THE ROANOKE NEWS.

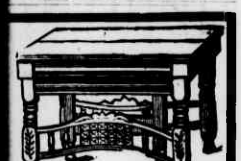
JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXII WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1897. NO. 20

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer *50 years ago.* In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—*50 years of cures.* Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the *same old plant* that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. *It* has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the *same old sarsaparilla* because it works the *same old cures.* It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—*it's Ayer's.*



No. 8. Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a piano—has six massive legs. The four outside legs are connected, braced and finely ornamented. It measures 4.x42 inches when closed and 6 feet long when spread. Special Price,

$3.95

(Orders promptly filled.)

The above is but one of over 1000 bargains to be found in our new catalogue. It contains all kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Sewing, Iron Beds, etc. You are paying local dealers double our prices. Drop a postal for our great money-saving catalogue which we mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturers and you will make the big profits you are now paying your local dealers.

Julius Hines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

HERE IS A SNAP.

☞The early bird—You know the rest.

MEYER IS

Opening a large lot of sample STRAW HATS, and SHOES which he is not

GIVING AWAY

but is selling at half of first selling price

STRAW HATS.

by the thousand. Everybody able to have a nice hat at small price. Also fine line

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Silks, Cheviots, Table Damask, Curtains, Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, or anything you ask for. Full line

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at prices lower than ever. Come in and examine my stock.

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—Special Display of—

HATS & BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

—Be sure to attend.—

MRS. W. R. HART,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

P. SALE, Proprietor. WM. LINN, Manager

MANSION HOUSE.

...BATH ON...

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Main Street, NORFOLK, VA.

The Farewell Days.

There's a murmur in the maples, a whisper in the vines,
A subtle sense of sorrow in the shadow of the pines;
And the stream in music flowing has the echo of a sigh,
And ripples: "Summer's going. Good by—good by!"

The lily seems to languish, the rose is ghostly white;
The golden sunflower droops and dreams through the enchanted night;
The wind is singing round the eaves, and ever with a sigh
That thrills and stills the listening leaves, it sings, "Good by—good by!"

"Good by," the valleys echo, "Good by" the hills repeat;
"Good by," from daisied meadows, from gardens violet-sweet;
And bells in dells of twilight, beneath a misty sky,
Seem singing in their ringing: "Good by—good by!"

And all the hills sing: "Linger!" and all the valleys: "Stay!"
And all the gardens: "Rest thee here on jeweled beds of May!"
But a sigh is thrilling—filling the earth and weeping sky;
And love, with lips unwilling, kisses "Good by—good by!"

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

QUAINT OLD HALIFAX

A Story of Persons and Places Which Figure in the History of the State.

[WRITTEN FOR THE ROANOKE NEWS.]

PART 1.

WITH no pretention to literary accomplishments I have a simple story of true life to tell. I shall talk of a people who actually lived and whose deeds are recorded in history, and whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of their descendants, the present inhabitants of a grateful country.

Departing from the usual custom of story tellers I shall give true names of persons and places, many of whom are of national as well as local importance; and because of this historical feature will ask the indulgence of a generous and not over critical reading public.

I am an angel of commerce, traveling the South for a Northern business firm, and in meandering through Eastern North Carolina, I found myself one morning unavoidably detained in the historic town of Halifax, a little village situated on one of the grand trunk lines running through the South and also on the southern bank of the beautiful, though turbulent, Roanoke river. It was my first trip through this part of the country, but when the brakesman called out, "Halifax," I knew I was approaching a place of importance, not only in the history of the state, but of the nation as well, for while other sections had previously inaugurated a war of resistance to British oppressions, to the Halifax Congress of April 1776 was left the crowning glory of being the first in all the colonies to declare for absolute independence of the Mother Country, [See Moore's history of North Carolina.] and it was here the first State Congress, as the General Assembly was then called, was held, before the permanent removal of the official business to the present State Capital.

Alighting from the train at the depot I was greeted by the usual incorrigible negro hotel porter, crying, "Hotel Waldoff" and "lemme ka'r yer grip, boss," and was taken by him down the one business street leading from the depot to, and by the Court House, and deposited at the one hotel of the place.

Proceeding to make myself comfortable, notwithstanding the unsought delay which was chafing me, I accepted the situation with the best grace possible and made up my mind to take advantage of the opportunity to see the old place and learn more of its individual and personal history. It was my pleasure to hear many stories of the former greatness of this ancient and arristocratic but now decayed ex-capital, and some of the notes gathered there, will, I trust, prove of more than local interest.

After partaking of a dinner, the "best the market afforded," as my genial host assured me, I sauntered forth the situation to survey. The hotel above mentioned, is a modern brick structure and seems a little out of place among the surrounding buildings which, by their ancient and quaint appearance, cannot fail to interest and attract a person when seeing them for the first time.

Near by stands the Court House, originally erected, I am told, before the war of the Revolution, and after suffering many repairs is still an imposing building, retaining the original style of Corinthian architecture. There seemed an unusual excitement pervading the town, a motley mixture of the *genus homo* were gathered here and there in groups around improvised tables of upturned dry goods boxes, set beneath the shady trees along the side of the street and in convenient corners loaded with edibles prepared in plantation style, such as barbecue, fried chicken, apple-pies, or turnovers, corn bread and the inevitable sweet-cake, which is the glory of every darkey's dinner. These were presided over by neat looking negro women, who served their customers as required and vied with each other as to who could provide the most inviting spread. On inquiry I learned that it was court week also the day appointed for holding a political convention, the color of which I was unable to determine from the complexion of the crowd assembled around the Court House.

Quietly I wended by way to this dignified structure and took in the surroundings. These I shall not attempt to describe, it is a scene common in the judicial halls of the rural districts of the South and particularly in North Carolina under the fusion regime. Shades of the departed aristocrats whose bones some of them rest in the church yard across the way and who were wont to tread these halls administering justice to refractory ones. Could you but return and view the changes of a few years you could but try with the inspired writer, "All flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass."

Mine being neither a legal or politics mission I felt no inclination to linger long in the august presence of the court and reaching the outside I strolled leisurely along until I reached one of the most unfrequented streets of the town This little village of perhaps 600 inhabitants, previous to the late civil war, was an important town, one of the oldest in the State, and enjoyed many honors both civic and military. Here men high in the councils of State and nation have lived and died and while they have passed away their lives have left their impress on the whole community. The homes of some of them are still pointed out by those who venerate their memory

Among these in a grove at the southwest of the town is that of General Wm. R. Davie, who by his stubborn resistance at the Court House, in Charlotte, of the advance of the army of Cornwallis, won for that village the soubriquet of "Hornets Nest" which that officer bestowed upon it. He also figures in the history of the State as officiating as Grand Master of Masons in laying the corner stone of the University at Chapel Hill. The place has been kept up and of course changed, as it has long since passed into the hands of strangers. On the next lot to this stands the Masonic Lodge. It is kept in good repair, but is among the oldest buildings as well as lodges in the State.

At the extreme south of the town there is a large grove in which stands the wreck of a house built by Willie Jones, the patriot son of Robert Jones, the Attorney General of North Carolina to His Majesty King George II, in 1749 He died while his son Willie was at Eaton College, England. On his return about the year 1765, he had the Grove House erected. The four front rooms were brought from his father's home called "Jones' Castle," in an adjoining county. All the building material having been brought from England in 1740 The outside walls are still standing, though it has long since fallen to ruin and the wild vines are running rampant over decayed trellis and through floors, windows and other places once made bright and joyous by the presence of mirth and beauty. This old house is noted for having been at different times the headquarters of a part of three armies. In revolutionary days Lord Cornwallis was here entertained by Mrs Jones, while the British army was encamped at Halifax on its fatal march from Wilmington to Yorktown, and it was here the witticisms of Mrs. Jones and her accomplished sister were indulged as recorded by Mrs. Ellett in her "Women of the Revolution."

During the war between the States General McCrea had his regiment of Confederates quartered there by invitation of the owner and at the close of the war, being unoccupied, it was taken possession of by part of the Federal army. Willie Jones, Sr, left the place to Willie W. Jones who lived there, dying in 1846.

In addition to these on a slight elevation called "Constitution Hill" stands a small house said to be the one in which the Constitution adopted by the Congress of April 1776 was framed, and near by the old Colonial church, surrounded by its numerous dead, some of the monuments dating back to the 17th century. Then at a later period when sweet peace had spread its wings over the American Colonies and that beloved and honored guest of the Nation the Marquis de Lafayette was making a tour of the land he had aided so much in its time of sore distress, it had been the privilege of this old town to accord him a royal welcome. The old "Mansion House" where he spent one night has given place to the modern brick hotel, but for years had been held in veneration by the old time inhabitants and pointed out as a place of peculiar interest to visitors.

Filled with these recollections and anxious to add anything possible in the way of tradition and folk lore I accosted a venerable looking colored man whom I found seated in an arm chair on the low porch of a small cottage which I had reached in my walk. His beaming countenance and intelligent expression indicated a well stored mind, and a few minutes conversation convinced me that I had accidentally fallen in with the one person whom of all others, best suited my present purpose.

"Good morning, uncle," I said politely, "have you lived here long?"

Knocking the ashes from a short stem pipe he replied:

"Who, me, marster? well I think I has. My name is Billy, sah, I'se been livin' here all my life," and slowly striking a snowy beard, grown unusually long for one of his type, asked, "Has yer got a chaw terbacker, 'bout you sah, if you please?"

"No, uncle, I have not," I answered, but handing him a half dollar and noting the twinkle of appreciation and satisfaction in his eye, asked:

"Uncle Bil ie can't you tell me something about the people who used to live here?"

"Yes, sah, dat I can, but, law boss, yer jest orter come before ole Sis Aggie Jones died, she could er ole yer all about General Washington, and Mister Lafayette comin down here an' de big doins' dey had over ter de "Grove House," whar ole Mars Willie Jones use ter live."

I had evidently resurrected a favorite theme with the old timer and warming up he continued, "Yes, sah, dem was big times she use ter tell er 'bout. Why sub, she say ez how she wus head cook at de Grove, an' when dey hear dey was comin' she jest tried ter cook up de whole plantation Dey wuz cookin' er whole week, an' sich times ez dey did have eatin' an' er drinkin', an' all de quality dar to meet 'em, why sah, de ole sidebode is here yit and Sis Aggie said how it fairly groaned under dem gud things an' she kep' one ole out glass goblet an' 'kunter long as she libed, cause she had seen 'em drinkin' toasts and makin' speeches arter dinner an' membered it well. An' Mister Lafayette he spent one nite down here at de hotel an' ole Missus Eppes she sont one o' her chiney cups an' sassers over dar an' axed Miss Mary to let him drink his coffee outen it. Long ez she libed she uster say, 'here's de cup dat General Lafayette drink his tea from.'"

"Well, Uncle Billie, who were the quality an' what became of them?"

Thoughtfully scratching his head at the parting of snowy hair he inquired.

"What, sah, all un 'em?"

"Yes, sir, all of them."

"Well, den, ole Mars Willie Jones when he died he lef' de Grove House ter his son, young Mars, Willie. He had two darters, one on 'em, Miss Marthy, married Col. Eppes, of Buckingham, Fergiuny, an' de yuther, Miss Sally, married Guverner Burton. But de ole man had so much Inglish blood in him he tuk an' lef' all dis ter his son. Young Mars Willie never got married so when he died his sisters got de property arter all. Den somehows, Miss Marthy Eppes an' her son, Dr. Willie Eppes, got it all. He married Miss Tempe Jyner (Joyner) an' went ter Buckingham ter live. Den dar was de Daniels an' ole Mars Jesse Bynum an' de Popes an' Mister Sterlin' Marshall and Cap'n Jim Simmons an' Mister Tom Burgess, *he* was des er mi'acle suh.

"How is that?" I asked. "Didn' yer ne'er hear tell er how ez he wuz dat sick de doctors had all gin him out ter die, dead dey did; wouldn' let nobody go ter see him an' nothin'.

"Well, did he die?"

"No, sahree, you see dere wus er man Mister Burgess wuz mighty good ter, an' he wanted ter see him mighty bad, so de doctor said he wuz gwine ter die ennyhow, so he mout ez well see him. Well, dis man wuz er sinner but he got right down side er dat bed an' sought de Lord right He said: Good Lord, I am er mean man an' I know yer dunno me, but Tom Burgess is er good man an' I wants ter ax yer ter spare his life, jes' take enny de res' er dese fokes, jes' take er hole cuppen (cow-pen) full, but jes' plense save Tom Burgess. Fore de Lord he did sah, an' de good Lord heerd him, an' Mr. Burgess got well, too."

"That was fortunate for Mr. Burgess."

"Yes suh but yer see de Lord allers hears pra'ers when yer goes ter Him right."

"But where are all these people now?" I asked.

"Dead, sah, deed dey is," he answered solemnly, shaking his head.

"This must be quite an' old town," I ventured.

"Deed 'tis, boss, ez ole ez some dem cities in de Bible, I reckon. Over yonder to de ole graveyard deres some ov de headstones so ole you can sca'cely read what's on 'em an' dats de curiesos lookin' ole church, 'tuint ben used fer years, an' deres Quankey creek where de 'rora (Tuscarora) Injuns used ter march up an' down comin' ter de settlement, and den way yonner 'fo de war de dun hed er big celebration kase de town wus er hundred years ole, dem wuz big times too in my own recollections, fact is since I was growed up an' settled. You see, dar wuz Mars June Daniel, who wuz jes' come home frum Wes' Pint an' he look so gran' in his fine close with brass buttons on 'em, dat it put all de boys in de notion to wear brass buttons, too. Den dey goes to work an' gets up a company an' dey marches and drills, an' he'ps an' he'ps, 'twell you'd er thought dey wuz gwine right off ter war, somewhurs, but dey all felt so gran' an' proud ov dey fine close dat dey wanted ter show 'em off, so dey put out a noration dey wuz gwine ter have or big time, case de town wuz so ole. So dat day dey jes' marched an' paraded an' had de fine marshals wid sashes an' horses, an' Mars June head un 'em all Den dere wuz de speakin' an' de ban' er playin' an' er big dinner nuff fer everybody in de county. Den dere wuz de ladies in de kerridges an' de pranciu' horses, wid de silver harness, er noddin' dey heads, an' de han'som' gentlemens ridin' behind 'em, an' tryin' ter see who could get de mos' smiles fum de party gals. Den dere wuz de dance dat nite.

Sis Aggie had come over ter help Miss Mary Pope get ready fer de ball, she wuz de widder Binford, you kno', and den married Mister Billie Pope and come here to keep du hotel I tell you in dem days a ball supper wuz sumthin'. De house wuz all dressed up in cedar, an' de table wuz sot an' all wuz ready. Dat table wuz a sight, great high cakes, as white as snow, pym'ids (pyramids) dey called 'em, all decked up wid candy hearts, an' roses an' cupids, an' oranges opened an' trimmed wid pieces of box, an' 'feotionaries of every sort you could think of, sides all de meats an' de drinkin'. I tell you we wus kept busy dat day. Miss Mary always did kno' how ter talk ter a half er dozen folks at once, an' she jes' had things fixed right. Well arter awhile dey got ready fer de dance. Den dere wuz Pomp. Didn't you never hear of Pomp? Why ole Mars Nick Long jes' raised Pomp fer ter play de fiddle. Dey used to take him wid 'em ter de White Sulphur Springs way up in Feerginny an' stay all de summer, an' when dey got back, Pomp he could put on more airs an' Mars Nick hisself, but when he'd draw his bow across de fiddle an' call out 'partners fer de fust kertillion,' dere wus some ole scamperin' in dat ballroom.

Who wus de belle? Why dere wuz so many party gals dere an' dey all looked so white an' fine in dere ball dresses dat all dey needed wus wings to make 'em look like angels a-flyin' through de air But Miss Ellen she wus de one Mars June wus payin' de mos' pertention to, an' when she looked at him wid dem big brown eyes o' hers, why you could see he'd er followed her ter de ends of de earth. What became of dem? Why dey wus married not long arter dat an' went out ter Red River ter live on his big plantation. You kno' dey wus all ez rich ez cream in dem days, an' dey stayed out dere 'twell he came home to go in the war. He got to be a Genral fo' he wuz killed. Yonder's his grave over yonder, pointing to the old churchyard in the distance.

Den dere wuz Miss Mary Long Daniel, she use ter live here, she married Gen. Gordon from Ferginny an' went dere ter live. He wuz killed in de war, too, but I hearn tell as her sons is monstrous smart, Mars Armstead Gordon writes fur de papers an' makes speeches in New York an' writes books, an' her yuther son, Mars James, has got to be er big man too, but den dey mother wuz of de fus quality an' dey orter be smart."

"What became o' de military company? Well, dey went in de war, too. You see dey hed been drillin' so long an' looked so fine I 'spec' as how dey jes' had er war ter give 'em sumpin' ter do. But, po' fellers', dey soon got er nuff an' I tell you dem few dat wus lef' wus glad er nuff ter get home arter Lee surrendered."

"Well, you all seem to have a quiet time now, Uncle Billy."

"Yas suh, you see 'taint never been de same since dat war, an' now ole Mars an' ole Missus an' all de chillun are gone an' Sis Aggie gone, too, an' I'se jes' here waitin' 'twell de Marster see fit ter take me."

"How long did Sis Aggie live?"

Why she lived a good long time arter freedom cum an' she loved her white fokes jes' ez good ez ever. So when she did die dey took an' buried her over dere wid de family. Want to see all dem ole graves? Well come over in de mornin', boss, an' we'll go down dere and look at dem an' de ole church, too.

The old man's talk had been disconnected and somewhat incoherent, but I had enjoyed it and determined to avail myself of his invitation, with what result I will give you at another time. By this time the shades of evening were gathering so I made my way back to the hotel.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

APHORISMS.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.—Locke.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue. —Hannah Moore.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparision with the babbler —Steele.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—South.

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have as for those they affect to have.—Chanon.

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.—Bruyere.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.—Franklin.

CONDEMNED.

When an innocent man is condemned for any crime he doesn't lose hope. His lawyers appeal from one court to another. They are bound to save him, if he can be saved. It is the same way with a good doctor when his patient seems condemned to death by disease.

But doctors make mistakes sometimes; they lose heart too soon. After they have tried everything they know and the patient is no better, they think there is nothing more to be done. They don't always get at the root of the disease. They frequently give a patient up to die of consumption, and are afterwards surprised to see him get strong and well again.

Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of Arlington, Phelps Co., Mo., writes: "My husband took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when he was (as he thought) almost into consumption, and we were very thankful that such a medicine could be found. I wish all persons troubled with cough would take it. Long may the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' be made. I shall always recommend and praise these medicines."

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The man who finds most fault with the preaching, is often the one who is doing least toward the preacher's support.

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