

3, 4, 4
Mrs. McLeod: On page 5 of the enclosed diary, you will find mention of Gladdens' Grove. This place was 12 miles from Winnsboro and "just where the road forks, the left [fork] heading to Chester, the right [fork] to Lands Ford." I originally read this location as "Gladdens' Gin," Mrs. Dick at the SCHS read it as "Gladden's Grove." ~~I am not sure that either of us is transcribing it correctly. I suspect this place to have been about 2 miles north of Bethel Church on Hwy. 321 and about 2 miles south of Blackstock, probably where Hwys. 321 and 130 join. Do you know anyone that does research on that area of Fairfield County or anyone that might assist in identifying Gladdens G___?~~ See also the questions I ask Mr. Teal because these places may be in Fairfield County.

apparently
Gladdens
Grove is
correct! -
on May 52
I would still
like to
know
Gladdens'
first
name

J & J, Inc.: do you have any material that would indicate the first name of the "Anderson" who lived in Chester County about 7 miles southwest from Landsford? Also a Mr. Walker? (both mentioned on p. 6 of the diary).
WONDERFUL DESCRIPTION OF CROSSING THE RIVER—I hope both of you enjoy it as much as I did!

Mr. Thomas: On page 7 of the diary, the troops have passed by Waxhaw Presbyterian Church and crossed into Union County, N. C., where they camp "near a church in Pleasant Valley" Does that reference mean anything to you? Are you aware of a Pleasant Valley in Union County, N. C.?

Drs. Jones and Ferguson: On page 11 is found: "Tuesday, Feb. 28 Resumed our journey this morning. There is a wooden rail road coming from the Blowing Mills on Pacolet River on which I walked . . . Walked 8 miles to the Blowing Mills, situated in a **delirious dale through** which the Pacolet river winds its furious way. There I got into a wagon and rode as far as Bivingsville 3 miles . . ." Though I am somewhat unsure, my reading of ~~about~~ "delirious dale," "the Blowing Mills" was perfectly readable. Do either of you have any idea to what this expression refers?

~~Also, where is Bivingsville these days within the sprawling, greater Spartanburg area?~~

Mrs. McCuen: On page 12, I simply was unable to make the word following "Mr. Beatties" into "house." I suspect it may be "store." In your opinion, does this seem reasonable—or do you know of something else this near unreadable word might be.

Also, what is Beatty's first name?

Mrs. McLeod - ~~see next page circled in red~~
see bottom of this page & top
of next

Mid March. 95

Frederick C. Holder
159 Dodd Farm Road
Seneca, South Carolina
29672-9681

The enclosed journal of F. A. Porcher's journey in 1865 was among papers located at the South Carolina Historical Society. It was listed as a trip from Abbeville to Charleston—hardly an accurate description. (I suspect the correct title hardly registered in the mind of the Charleston cataloguer, who could not imagine that someone might actually be leaving Charleston rather than going to it!) A corrected card that might indicate a journey from Charleston to Abbeville would be almost as misleading.

I transcribed the material as best possible from a rather dark photocopy, and Mrs. Susan Dick at the SCHS examined my transcription and make corrections and additions. Her suggestions were compared against my re-reading of the material. Even with all this effort, some words are guesses and a few words seem impossible to read. (He apparently wrote with a bad stylus on bad paper.)

I suggested to Mr. Stephen Hoffius, publications director of the South Carolina Historical Society, that he seek out someone interested in the Civil War years to edit the material and prepare a short introduction. It then might be submitted to the *SCH Magazine* for possible publication. I assume that should Mr. Hoffius locate an interested person, he/she will carefully examine the transcription and perhaps make further additions or corrections. Considering the possible errors that might be found in the enclosed transcription, I ask that those receiving this material keep it for their personal files.

I have no plans to do any additional work to the journal because I know almost nothing about the Civil War. Even so, I think it might prove valuable to others. Your help or comments will be appreciated, and any information you may be able to supply will be forwarded to Mr. Hoffius.

Mr. Teal: I suspect the references on pages 3 and 4 deal with Kershaw County. Do you know anyone who can provide more complete information about the name of the Whitakers and their location (probably near Rabon Crossroads or else between Beaverdam and Bell branches of Twenty Creek).

Also, does "Langtons? Road" mean anything to you?

↓
may ~~also~~ be
in Fairfield County

I may have this idea of location completely wrong because a Whitaker home is shown on the Mills Attr Map in Fairfield County - not far from the Kershaw/Fairfield line - end on the Cumden road

Property of the South Carolina Historical Society
 Manuscript Ref: 11-316-4 ?

Diary of a journey from Charleston to Abbeville,
 [February and March 1865]

Wednesday Feb 15th 1865. As all apparences indicated a speedy evacuation of the city by our troops, and as I could not reasonably hope by remaining any longer to accomplish the objects which had carried me to Charleston[,] I determined to leave this day at 12 o clock on the N.E. Railroad. Knowing that Major Wardlaw would leave at the same time, as the disposition of my journey would require me to stop one day on the road, I wrote a letter to be committed to his care to apprise my wife of my departure. At 12 o clock I started in a crowded train, and after divers mishaps which detained us a long time on the road, arrived at Bonneau's depot at a late hour, where I found the carriage which conveyed me to Cedarspring. At Monck's corner I saw the wagon train of Gen. McLaws division making their way from the S.C. Railroad to the Santee bridge.

Thursday Feby 16th. This morning whilst we were at breakfast, the overseer burst into the room, saying, Mrs. Porcher, "the Yankees are upon us, they are at Morefield plantation and are overrunning the country," I said that I thought it more likely that if any troops were at Morefield it was a part of McLaws division, whose wagon trains I had seen the evening before at Monck's C. (p.2) Frederick [Porcher?] mounted a horse to ride to Saracens in order to learn the truth as the overseer's report had come from Saracens. The truth as reported by him illustrates the prolific character of a gossiping rumour. Mrs. Porcher at Morefield had sent to inform the people at Saracens,

that she had heard the evening before, that the Yankees were within 30 miles of Walworth, and that Mr. Thomas W. Porcher had on that account quit his plantation & taken refuge in Santee swamp. At 1 o'clock I took leave of my daughter, my son, and my niece and resumed my journey. On my way to Bonneau's depot, I overtook 2 wagons laden with provisions, belonging to William Caine, who having heard the same report that had startled us in the morning, and believing that he would be an object of the special malignity of the Yankees, had hastily quit his home and was seeking a refuge in the lower part of the district. When I reached Bonneau's depot, as there were no indications of the arrival of the train, I determined to go on to Santee bridge and spend the night with Carew's regiment stationed there. To reach this bridge I followed the old church road, so that my last day and my last ride in Charleston district, took me to the church where my ancestors worshipped and to the graves where reposed all the friends and associates of my youth. When I got to St. Stephen's depot, I found (p. 3) that the train had come up and I took my place in it. I was informed by persons in the train, that the authorities were that day burning all the cotton that was in the city and that that (sic) was probably the last passenger train which would be despatched from the city. The train took us to Florence without any incident worth recording. At Florence, heard that the enemy had been repulsed near Columbia, but that they were shelling the town. Supposing the road to be still open, I took the road for Kingsville.

I have no idea where
Kingsville is located

Friday Feb 17th. Arrived at Kingsville early this morning & was informed that no train could proceed to Columbia in consequence of the communication with that city being cut. Gen. Clayton with his division was there, he informed us that he had received orders to proceed to Winnesboro

of
William
Cain
in
lowcountry

by way of Camden, and kindly offered me a seat in his car to the latter place. As Winnesboro was one of the points which I expected to make in my journey I thankfully accepted the invitation, and at about nine o'clock the cars proceeded with the division for Camden where we arrived at two. I now determined to follow this division on their way to Winnesboro and after they had marched through the town I took up my baggage and followed them. I overtook them at the bridge where they had made their first halt and walked (p. 4) to the head of the column and stopped on the bridge. While there I entered into conversation with a young officer who proved to be Captain Whitehead, Adjutant General of Stovalls brigade. When the column resumed its march I walked with him and [at] the next halt made the acquaintance of Col. Johnson who was then in command of Stovalls brigade, with these gentlemen I continued until they halted for the night at Mrs. Whitakers plantation, when they kindly invited me to join them for the night. We had advanced about 6 miles, Mr. George Douglass the Sergeant Major of Johnsons regiment had been sent on ahead to engage lodgings for the Colonel commanding and his staff, and I made the acquaintance of this most excellent and agreeable gentleman on arriving at Mrs. Whitakers house. We were shown into a comfortable room with 3 beds and were assured that dinner would be provided for us. In the course of the evening Gen. Clayton arrived with his staff. Gen. Clayton hearing of my intentions kindly offered to take my baggage in his wagon, we all partook of Mrs. Whitakers excellent supper, whilst we were eating which we heard that Columbia had been evacuated by our troops. The General issued orders to be on the move at 4 o'clock in the morning and we retired to bed.

722/ }

(p. 5)

Saturday Feb. 18th. In obedience to orders we started this morning at 4 o'clock, by the light of the moon. The wagons having come up, my baggage was placed on the generals wagon and on starting Col. Johnson insisted on my riding his horse. I may as well mention at once, that during the expedition I was frequently mounted upon the horse of either Col. Johnson, Captain Whitehead or Major Douglass, so that I seldom had occasion to walk, until the last two days of the march, when Capt. Whitehead having received another horse, placed his own entirely at my service. Yesterday Stovalls brigade commanded by Col. Johnson, led the march. This morning the order was changed, and the column was headed by Jacksons' brigade, commanded by Col. Gordon. After proceeding on the Langtons road a few miles we observed the advance column returning and learned that they had been advised by a countryman to take another road which he recommended as both shorter and better. This proved to be false, as the road was four or five miles longer, and rather sandy. Soon after we turned into this road we met a body of men under arms apparently under the command of an officer. They represented themselves as belonging to Manigaults' brigade, going home on furlough. We learned some days afterwards that they were deserters. They numbered about a hundred. During the whole day we perceived a large ^[were] smoke in the direction of Columbia, and informed that the enemy was glutting their revenge on that unfortunate city. In the evening the sun was of a deep red colour, in consequence of the smokiness of the atmosphere. The road (p. 6) recommended by our officers quite would have taken us to Ridgeway on the Charlotte R Road, and we were within three miles of it when we turned suddenly to the right. This was fortunate as we afterwards learned that a large force of the enemy was there at that point. It was near

Feb 1

7

Lower
Fairfield
County

sunset when after a forced march we halted for the night about ten miles from Winnesboro, then we bivouacked—with orders to move at sunrise.

Sunday Feby 19. I hoped this morning to arrive at my destination but to my dismay when we got to the Rocky Mount Road the column turned to the right instead of the left, and I suspected that were to make either for Chester or for the Catawba river. The former point would have suited my plans; the latter was entirely out of my way. Soon after we had taken the road Gen. Clayton told me that my plans were frustrated, and handed me a dispatch which he had that morning received from Gen. Stevenson, stating that the enemy had crossed Broad River in great force, and was hastening to get in his post, Gen. Clayton was directed to proceed to Gladden grove and there he would receive further order—Gladdens grove is about 16 miles from our night's camp, twelve miles beyond Winnesboro, and just where the road forks the left heading to Chester the right to Lands ford. The road was hilly and the country beautiful. We arrived early in the afternoon at Gladdens' grove where we bivouacked, a good dinner was provided for Col. Johnson's family at Mr. Gladdens' house, and it was well respected by the Col., Capt. Whitehead, Major Douglass and myself. We could see today large smokes in the directions of Winnesboro.

In Fairfield County on road to Rocky Mount at the southern tip of Chester County or northern tip of Fairfield County

McLeod

McLeod

[p. 7]

Monday Feby. 20. As I anticipated, the column this morning took the right instead of the left hand road. Soon after we started, the general as a measure of caution placed the wagons between the two brigades. Our road was very hilly and rocky, and we had numerous streams to cross, among others the Little Wateree and Fishing Creek. At the first, a temporary bridge was quickly

into Chester County

5x3 }
 thrown over, but the men had to ford the other. In the course of the day saw Col. Vincent Martin of Barnwell, who was taking his son to join the Arsenal cadets; he himself was on his way to join the governor. We made a good days march today and stopped at Anderson's plantation where we bivouacked. In the evening Capt. Whitehead and I rode over to Mr. Walker's and partook of a most bountiful supper which had been prepared for Col. Johnson's party. Mr. Walker said that he could distinctly see fire in the distance the night before.

Tuesday. Feby 21. Up early this morning[;] no doubt now about the route which was to Lands ford, distant only seven miles. The weather has been cold; we made the river at about 11 o'clock, and halted about half a mile from the Ford. I walked down to the river and there found Major John McCrady, Col. Hatch, Arthur Huger, Lieut. Br field and Issac White. McCrady had come from Savannah with his engineering train, had been constantly evading the enemy and was on his way to join Gen. Beauegard. All of his wagons had crossed the river except one, and I was advised to avail myself of that in order to get over. I accordingly sent word to Col. Johnson that I would embrace that opportunity. (p. 8) Here too I again met Col. Martin. He had come from Chester, heard that the enemy was near that point; but was obliged to go to Camden to get his son with his command. Every thing was being ready I got into McCradys' wagon, laden with shovels and pick-axes, and crossed over the River. The river is here very wide. The distance across cannot be less than half a mile but so wide is the passage, and so long that it may be double that distance. At the distance of two or three hundred yards is a small island, which gives a little relief to the passenger. Then we got into the main river and the perils of the ford commence. The general rule in fording a

river is to follow the ripple; but here it is all shoal, which a little above assumes the shape of a horse shoe. After an exciting time, the duration of which I forgot to note, tossed in all directions and always in fear of an upset, I was safely landed on the opposite shore. There I met other acquaintances, W. Mikell, Robert Seabrook, and Macy—I sat down on the bank of the river and watched the crossing of the troops. Many of them had stripped. Others went in their clothes. I saw several mounted men fall with their horses, and get thoroughly submerged, but no serious accident occurred. After crossing we went into camp for a short time, but the order was soon given to move forward. We then passed by the Waxhaws Church, after marching about seven miles stopped for the night and bivouacked. In the course of the afternoon the remnant of Lee's corps under Gen. Stevenson and a portion of the baggage train of Hampton's cavalry crossed the river.

[p. 9]

Wednesday Feby 22. On the march early this morning; no doubt but that Charlotte is our destination. The roads were good, and the weather fine, but indications of a change. Heard through the day various _____ of the enemy and our scattered forces; but none of a trustworthy character. In the afternoon crossed the N.C. line, and camped near a church in Pleasant Valley. As it was now very likely to rain, a tent was pitched for us. During the march Col. Johnson was much annoyed at the report of men on the march straggling from their command. In order to put a stop to it, he this morning ordered all the stragglers to be put in the rear under the command of the Prevost Guard, and directed that every one should carry a rail in addition to his ordinary burthen. They presented a singular appearance on the march. After we had pitched our tent I walked over to the camp of McCrady and received letters

Thomas

from Hatch, Huger and Mitchell for their wives—we must have travelled today upwards of twenty miles.

Thursday Feby 23. Before we started this morning Gen. Stevenson's corps went ahead and ever as far as the eye could follow the road either forward or backward, could be seen a military body in motion. His people were evidently in consternation; several forces were moving off in wagons. Indeed one had seen this on our journey all the time and I very much fear that they were going directly in the way of danger. I met Mr. Tobias on his way to Columbia where he had been sent to secure from further damage which (p. 10) may have escaped the ravages of the enemy. It rained slowly all day. At 12 we came to a halt at the 4 mile post. As soon as I had ascertained the position of Col. Johnson's quarters, I walked into Charlotte to make inquiries respecting my future movements. I there learned that a train would start for Cherryville the terminus of the Rutherford R. R., at 7 1/2 o'clock next morning. I then walked back to the camp, got my baggage, and after waiting a while to give my friends time to finish the letters which they mean to convey to my care, I took leave of them—I had for a week experienced from them the kindness of an old friend, God bless them. It was late when I returned to Charlotte, and I slipped and fell several times in the dark. I took lodgings at a hotel and slept in a bed the first time for a week. I saw a great many acquaintances in Charlotte, but unfortunately none whose destination were the same as my own. It was with a heavy heart that I retired to think of the melancholy journey this day before me.

Cherryville is in
northwestern
Gaston County
N.C.

Friday Feby. 24. Left Charlotte on the Rutherford train this morning. The car crowded chiefly with soldiers on parole, just released from Northern prisons.

Lincolnton: seat
of Lincoln County
N.C.

Rainy and gloomy weather. Passed through Lincolnton and at 1 o'clock reached Cherryville. Saw nothing to induce me to stop a moment, so took up my pack and commencing my journey, I was over 45 miles from Spartanburg by the _____ road, and had before me the prospect of swollen streams and bridge-less creeks. At one creek, the soldiers crossed over by walking on the rails of [a] fence, but as I ([p. 11]) had very little confidence in my steadiness, I boldly waded the stream, to the amusement of the soldiers. After walking about 3 hours, I asked for lodging at a house, but was refused because as the landlady said they were eaten out by the press of travellers. I said it was late, and I a stranger, I would require nothing but the shelter of the roof and the warmth of their fire. On this I was allowed to come in. The people were better than their **promise**, they gave me a good supper, a good breakfast, and a bed, which was very acceptable as I was quite **wet**.

Cherryville is in
northwestern
Gaston County,
NC

Saturday, Feby 25. Two men spent the night here **bound to Greenville**, they were mounted and I took that opportunity of writing a line to my wife to let here know where I was. Still raining. [Spartanburg?] District was 14 miles from Ellis Ferry. The _____ by the first road was impossible for carriages, but not for foot passengers. Encountered quite a formidable one called Buffalo creek which I crossed safely. I determined to make no great effort to _____ far in a day, fearing lest I might **break down**, but to be content if I was fairly over the Broad River. Reached the ferry before 2 o'clock and **we soon** crossed over and proceeded. After travelling about 3 miles there was much thunder and the rain became harder. Stopped at a Block house for shelter. The owner did not wish to take me in, but I claimed it as a right of humanity. On examination found that one of my shoes was broken. This was a sad discovery but fortunately my host was a cobbler and he undertook to

he was likely
in Cleveland Co.,
NC, when he
crossed Buffalo Creek

Buffalo Creek
is both
SC and NC

Ellis Ferry
must be
on the Broad
River -
NC or SC?

repair the [buckle?]. I got from him supper and a part of a lunch ([p. 12]) and breakfast. The house consisted of but a single room in which slept the husband, wife and 3 children, a sister of one of the heads of the family, a young man who came to court her, three soldiers and myself. In the night we had a great deal of thunder and rain.

Sunday Feby. 26. This morning our host informed us that as consequence of the rising of the creeks we would be unable to **move**. After waiting a short time the soldiers determined to try the passage and I followed them. We found the creek very much swollen but not absolutely impassable, and I succeeded in crossing it with very little wading. I was sadly and slowly making my way in when I saw two wagons by the road side. I _____ listfully at them when to my joy I thought I recognized James Ravenel, called to him, but got no answer, feared I was mistaken, but soon he turned towards me and I found that I was right. He was with a party that was moving the Union Bank and the Bank of Charleston to Greenville. The party welcomed me very kindly, assisted me to put my packs in the wagon; but they were all walking—I was so delighted at the meeting that I felt as if my journey was already accomplished. The wagons were heavily laden and made but slow progress. They stalled several time[s], and the creeks were severe obstacles. About 2 o'clock [we] were obliged to leave the Post Road, and diverge to the right [on] a road which was longer by about 5 miles, but which was far preferable to the first road. The _____ proved good. The road was better, and we crossed almost without knowing at Thicketty ([p. 13]) Mountain from which we had a splendid view of the Blue Ridge. The sun was out, and every thing seemed promising. We stopped on the ridge and bivouacked.

Thicketty
Mountain —
Cherokee
County/SC
near
Cowpens
Battlefield

Towards the end of this days march I began to suffer pain in my left leg—found that I had strained a tendon.

Monday Feby 27 This morning the sun rose brightly—we did not make a very early start, and had not proceeded a mile before a wheel of one of the wagons broke. It was sent to a wheel right two miles off, and I confess I was not sorry for the rest which the accident _____ gave me. During the day Mr. Pope passed with his wagon bound for Spartanburg. As we confidently expected the return of the broken wheel in time to make some progress, no preparation had been made for spending the night. But the wheel did not arrive until midnight, and soon after sunset, it began to rain. We had large fires built, and all, seven in number, got into the several wagons, which was provided with a leaky tent. There we spend the night, rather jolly.

probably impossible to identify

Tuesday, Feb. 28 Resumed our journey this morning. There is a wooden rail road coming from the Blowing Mills on Pacolet River on which I walked. The wagon road was good, and it was with difficulty that I kept up with the wagons. My leg was very painful and every step was an effort. Walked 8 miles to the Blowing Mills, situated in a delirious dale through which the Pacolet river winds its furious way. There I got into a wagon and rode as far as Bivingville 3 miles, when the road becoming intolerably bad I got out to relieve the wagon, and walking ahead soon left them out of sight, when I reached the ([p. 14]) rail road I walked on the track to Spartanburg where I arrived about 4 o'clock. We had been obliged to go off the main road today to avoid swollen creeks and I walked in all about 15 miles. In Spartanburg I tried to get landanum or camphor for my leg, but one druggist had neither, the

Toward Ferguson

present-day Glendale, a few miles east of Spartanburg

the railroad was about 3 miles from Bivingsville

Wonder if this could be lanthanum?

✓

Walker, Johnson, Means
these people
may be hard
to identify

other had no bottles to spare. The wagon stopped at Mrs. Walkers, was most kindly entertained by Mr. M. Evin Johnston and Mrs. Means. Offered a bed, but preferred weighing it with the party. Mr. Johns _____
_____ us tonight and reported the dangerous illness of Mr. Safe.

May be
Evan
or
Eruid

wonder who
Mr. Safe is?

Wednesday March 1 Got an extra wagon this morning and started at 9. Was advised to go far out of the way to avoid impassable creeks. As my leg was very painful I spent the greater part of the day in the wagon. At night stopped 16 miles from Greenville when we were provided with a lodging and beds by a Mr. Burton.

ask
Jenn
Flynn about
Burton

Thursday March 2 Felt better this morning and well and very _____ the which way, rain all day, and roads exceedingly muddy. Crossed the Tiger river on a foot bridge—passed by Chick Spring where I drank some of the water. At about 4 o'clock reached Greenville and heard of the death the day before of Mr. Safe. As all the hotels were converted into Hospitals the wagons stopped at Mr. Beatties store where we spent the night.

Near
present-day
Taylors, S.E.,
but on other
side of
Erwin Ridge

Mc
Coun

Friday March 3. On the rail road for Abbeville which I reached at 10 1/2, finding my family well, but utterly ignorant of my fate as none of my letters had reached them.

This sketch of a curious journey would be imperfect (p. 15) without some notice of the conductor of the Bank Wagons train. His name is Roberts, and his residence Cherryville. In appearance he was what his occupation seemed to _____ a wagoner, but it was observed that he used language far above his condition, and it turned out that he had been educated at Chapel

I recall
there is a
reasonable
history of
Rutherford
County, N.C.
There may
be one
for Lincoln
and Gaston
as well!

Hill college, and had been for some years Clerk of the Court at Lincolnton. Sheikh Roberts as we called him was a jolly soul, who lived to master his day and would often lose his way. He seemed to take a great fancy to the party, and when we parted at Greenville took all of our names, and making all promise whenever we should pass by Cherryville, to pay him a visit.

Since Cherryville is in Gaston County and since Gaston County was created in 1846, Roberts would have been clerk of court of Lincoln County prior to that date - else, he was in residence somewhere in Lincoln County before moving to Cherryville

E T E R

FAIRFIELD SOUTH C

SURVEYED BY JO

18

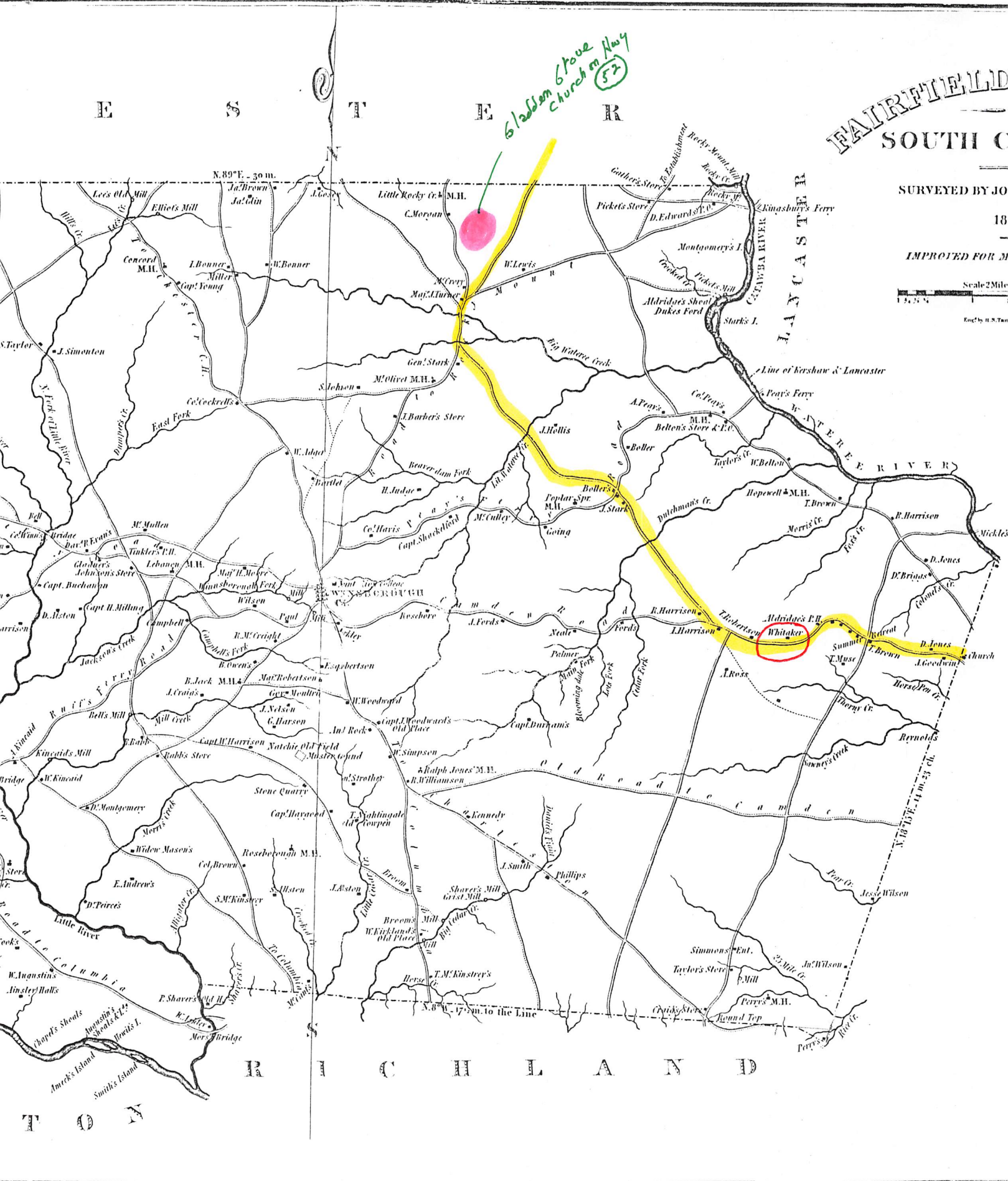
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Scale 2 Miles

1:62,500

Eng'd by H. S. Tamm

Gladson Grove Church on Hwy (57)



T O N

R I C H L A N D