

Leitner family

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Dear Nannie Sue; In May 1891, more than fifty years ago, father and mother had me excused from classes and finals in the Marion Graded Schools so that I could go to Columbia and attend the Centennial Exercises--commemorating the Founding of Columbia in 1791. Stayed with cousin Neal Glenn--Mrs Pamela McCants Glenn, widow of Hargrove A Glenn, the son of Arthur Hargrove Glenn and the great grandson of Arthur Hargrove, one of the first settlers of Newberry, who lived near Pematia--long before there was a Pom Arthur Hargrove Glenn married Margaret Thompson, the daughter of Elizabeth Martin and Gen Wm Thompson; so that Peggy Glenn, cousin Hargrove's mother, was the <sup>See NOTE</sup> ~~grand~~ daughter Elizabeth Martin the only sister of John and Robert Martin. John Martin's daughter, <sup>the</sup> married Christian Leitner Sr and became the mother of aunt Sue--Mrs Susannah Leitner, for whom you are named in part

Pamela McCants Glenn was the thirteenth and youngest McCants child to be born in the house where you were born. She had but recently moved to Columbia. Your father helped to move her --and I recall with pleasure how thankful she expressed herself as for his and uncle Jack's many kindnesses in what was a sad and terrible ordeal for her

While at cousin Neal's at the Centennial, a very old gentleman, a Mr Co of Newberry called to see cousin Neal. He seemed at first a silly sort of an old fellow but I found him to be one of the most interesting men I ever met. He was the first who ever told me about the original settlement of five Leitner families between Head Creek Second (Leitner) Creek and Broad River at Parr Shoals. In particular he was so definite in his description of "The Old Leitner Cotton Field" which he said was "about three miles above Peake Station, about three miles from Pematia and three from Parr's" that when I Robinson and I hunted up that old Cotton Field in 1923--after thirty two year--I knew was looking at it the moment I saw it. Besides we had a Mr Finckney Summers with us who had been born right there some seventy odd years before

When we were there twenty years ago the old house, on the right of the road just after you cross the creek, going up from Peake, was just about done for--in by negroes. The fine old oaks surrounding the house were badly broken and the tops broken. But the old fish-pond across the road and the splendid field--The Old Leitner Cotton the first such field in all America, was just as Mr Counts had described it. I hope you will drive out there some time and see if you do not think Joseph Leitner knew good land

Over where the Broad River Power Company's dam is now, Michael Leitner had a mill--lumber mill, grist mill and flour mill---and the millhouse was used Sundays as a meeting house--before there was<sup>a</sup> church anywhere in South Carolina above a line drawn from Augusta to the confluence of Broad and Saluda rivers and thence to Charlotte. Michael married Maria Beard, sister of Jonas Beard--another of the original settlers. At that time there were less than twenty five families of white people in all Upper Carolina--that is above the Columbia-Charlotte line as mentioned. He surrendered with George Washington on July 3, 1754 in the French and Indian War--and as Maj Michael Leitner he fought at King Mountain in the Revolution. His granddaughter, Barbara, was the second wife of John George Leitner. Her eldest son, Jacob, married Mary Eve Graddick. They had a little boy named Daniel. Daniel married Martha P Lever and had a son named John Daniel Lever Leitner who married Susannah Leitner, your father's mother

John George Leitner's youngest son was named Christian. He was my grandfather and William A Tremble too J Leitner's grandfather too, on his mother's side. Christian Leitner Sr was a bit older than you are when he got married; in fact, he was forty eight

A third Leitner family named Lewenhardt and Sabina--usually called Lowie and Lavinia Leitner, lived between where Joseph Leitner lived and where Michael Leitner lived. They had only one son, John George, and he was eighteen years old when they moved there in 1743. He married a neighbor's daughter named Katrina Zweicord-- called Katherine Swyge. She became the mother of seven little girls and died; but when they had only four little girls, in October 1752, John George Leitner became possessed of the lands on Little Creek--now known as Little River, in the extreme NW corner of Richland County, and settled across the road from where old cousin Henry Leitner used to live. Cousin Henry Leitner really Henry Leitner Jr; his father was the third son of J George and Barbara Leitner.

So much for the tedious details of the family outline--like the bones of a skeleton; necessary, but not particularly interesting. I suppose you are already rather familiar with these facts. But now for the romantic side of your history which I doubt you have ever had a chance to know much about

After a long struggle--which seems ridiculous to us now--the Protestant people in France, called Huguenots, got the right to own property, to get married and have children, and so on, under a law called The Edict of Nantz. But in 1685 the Catholic Church persuaded the King of France to revoke and annul the Edict of Nantz. That made owning property illegal against the law for Protestants--all of which you doubtless have known for many years. Thousands of the best families in France had to flee the country. In particular some Levers and LeFebres, LaRuss and LaRoques crossed the Rhine and went up the river Main to Hanau in Hesse-Darmstadt. It is recorded that they were fairly well educated people of sterling worth and some of them were very fine artisans. Hanau at the time was famous

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all over the world as a center for engraving on gold, silver and various precious metal. It still is. But remember that was the long before the day of photos.

For instance, when Lowenhardt Leitner was getting ready to come to America he paid a hundred pounds---and hard money was worth twelve times as much then as it is today--to have a picture of his father's home--his little boat on the river--the church steeple above showing where his grandfather preached--all engraved upon the solid gold face of watch. The very worst thing he could have done; every time he looked at that dial it made him homesick. You see, he was an old sentimental Tommie, even if he was our great grieve granddaddy. Cousin Henry Leitner used to carry that old watch around when I was a child and he handled it as tenderly as if it had life. Charles inherited it and thought so little of it that he would let the little children play with it. I swapped him out of it and so enough on it to buy a new watch. But that was not the point: already I had a dozen watches. You will probably be the only person in the world to be interested in knowing what I saw for that watch. Well, believe it or not, I gave Charles a little Elgin watch Dr J D F L took in part payment for a bill and gave to Aunt Nan. Mother gave Aunt Nan \$50 or \$60 for it. I bought it from mother and boxed it to give to you when you graduated; actually wrote a letter to you when you were graduating but changed my mind simply and solely because I did not want the other children to feel that I was making a bridge over their noses.

Sabina LeFebvre, the exquisitely handsome young daughter of one of those French nobles at Manau, married Count Joachim von Propst, and lived in Castle Probstra which date back to old Roman times. They had two little girls. But the long arm of the Catholic Church reached out and got those little girls when they became seven years old--took them away and put them in a Catholic school--and forced the Count to pay the bills!!! The Countess had spirit as well as beauty; that is where Lowenhardt Leitner came into the picture.

Lowenhardt Leitner was a rather smart lawyer; but what was more to the point, the son of an old Leitner who was in the cabinet of King Frederick William the First--that cabinet known to history as the Tobacco College, because they all got together evenings and sat around and smoked--usually on three-legged stools--the Emperor even as the other Leitner's "pull" and Propst's money got those little girls released. But it was a long-out affair. The Count von Propst died; the little girls both married Catholics--and at some years, Lowenhardt Leitner married the Countess--despite the fact that she was nine years older than he. When she was several years older than you are now she gave birth to a little boy, named John George Leitner--she always called him Jerrick-- and I suspect you have heard of him as "old George", since everybody in South Carolina pretty much think of him as the progenitor of all the Leitners in the State. Not quite true however, as we can see. But it is quite true that Sabina LeFebvre--afterwards lovingly remembered as Lavinia Leitner, was your Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother. Whenever my father spoke her name

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Father was very partial to the name, Lavinia. He had two or three little stories of which he was very fond. One was to the effect that she was actually voted the prettiest and the loveliest woman aboard ship when they came over; by both the men and the women. I suspect the vote in so far as the women were concerned. I've checked up, after many years and considerable searching, I found that the ship on which they came--the "Samuel" of London in command of Capt Hugh Percy, had 88 women above sixteen years of age, and 62 under. Now you know a woman forty six years old had to be good looking to get that vote. By the way according to the ship's log or register, rather, Lowie was nine years Lavinia's junior. John George Leitner was but eight years old when they landed in Philadelphia Aug 17, 1743. Both father's and cousin Henry's stories were a little bit faded and hazy; true in the main but not quite exact. For instance, I've heard cousin Henry tell how that "old George" came to America because he got tired of being gayed for having "married an old goose and he's half-plucked". He certainly had not married many times before his eighth birthday!!! It is true, however, that the Countess had borrowed and expended so much money upon these graceless girls--or used the money in some other way, that she lost her interest in the Castle in 1731 or '32. Reading between the lines you may find a very sound reason for their being willing to brave the hardships of the deep and the wild country over here. Certainly they came. And I think I should vote that she was "tops" too for she said she would rather listen to the mocking birds and whippoorwills on Broad river and be out of debt than listen to the nightingales along the Rhine and owe everybody. She shocked her neighbors by riding astride--and like the wind; but where there was illness or a confinement father said she was always there--and very efficient. She could sing and loved to sing and was everybody's close friend. The nearest Doctor was at Savannah.

When they came to America they first settled on Pequea Creek--about 60 miles West of Philadelphia--near the Adam Leitners and the Michael Leitners. Then, just two hundred years ago--in March 1743 they removed to South Carolina and settled on Broad River right near where you are now. Their sacred dust lies interred in your immediate vicinage. Wish I could make a few inquiries about any old graveyards thereabouts. I may visit you some of these days. Hardly expect to find any gravestone. There probably weren't any in these earlier days. Besides, I think no public or consecrated burying ground had been used in that section before the time of their deaths; though I'd have to look up my data before saying so definitely. However, I'd like to visit some of the old family burying grounds of that neighborhood if I can find any trace of them---just to stand quietly, hat in hand to do them reverence.

Pequea Creek in Pennsylvania, and Conestoga Creek are just about like Cedar

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they were very probably more important streams; but so were Cedar Creek and Little River. There the Leitners hunted and fished--their principle occupation at first--with the Indians as companions and guides. They had very different notions of the Indians from what we were taught to think of them as having. In fact, the Connestoga Indians were largely influential in having the Leitners relocate in South Carolina.

Salutah is the Indian word for 'corn'. The Salutah Indian Fields were cornfields. The Saluda River got its name from being better cultivated lands along it than in any part of S Carolina. On one of the first maps ever made of Carolina there is noted at a point about thirty miles from where the Saluda joins Broad River to form the Congaree--just where Columbia is now--"The Salutah Indians were defeated here and forced to remove to Connestoga Creek in the island of Pennsylvania". Here is a note I made--translated from a letter: "These Indians do not steal; they want nothing which does not belong to them.. they make the best possible companions and guides when hunting or fishing and trapping. They talk much about their Salutah fields and the beauty of their rivers and forests". That was written in German script and I had a terrible time trying to read it but I will never forget it--that and much more. That battle was one of the most abominably cruel things which ever took place in South Carolina. All but about thirty of the young braves were exterminated. All the waters of Lake Murray are insufficient to cleanse such wickedness.

And there is something else I will never forget. When I went to Baltimore for the first time in 1897, Mrs Leitner Krouse had beside these old letters and a painting of old Adam Leitner--which looked very much like old cousin Henry Leitner-- she had a number of pieces of fine china which I thought the most beautiful china ware I had ever seen. In fact, up to that time I did not know any such china existed. But I made up my mind that I were able I'd possess myself of some as near like it as possible. I did --and we have enjoyed many a good steak, chicken and turkey dinner off of these pieces--on high-dinner occasions. I should like to present you with one of these plates as a wedding gift in honor of your Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother. Bearing the name of two of the leveliest mothers any girl ever had, this seems to me quite fitting. This is a replica; it is not of the originals. But it is the same kind of china--the best made--the same kind of painting and the same kind of gold. The main difference lies in that hers had an engraved coat of Arms of the von Frosts. But I dare hope that you will enjoy serving cake, cookies, other sweetmeats--cold meats or whatever--to your friends and guests--most especially to your loved and honored spouse and to your own lovely self. I hope too that this old picture may serve to tie you in with your own romantic past, in some measure making the past a daring of her life of long ago a very real part of your own for many long and happy years together.

Sincerely, fondly and affectionately



NOTE

What I had in mind to say, but missed it by a mile--was that John Niklaus Martin and Katy, who came from Zweibruecken, Germany, in 1754 and settled within about a mile of where you are at Pomaria, had a son, James Edmund Martin--known as "Capt Jim Eddy"--said to have been killed by the last shot fired in the Revolution. He married Martha Marshall of Va--a close relative of the first Chief Justice, John Marshall, and took his bride, by pack stage on their honeymoon with Daniel Boone to Kentucky in 1768. Capt Jim Eddy and Martha Martin left their eldest child in the first grave ever made for a white person in Ky--as far as known. They had three children who lived to maturity: John Martin, Robert and Elisabeth. Aunt Sue, your grandmother, was a granddaughter of John Martin. Mary W Leitner, my mother, was a granddaughter of Robert Martin. Cousin Hargrove A Glenn was a grandson of Elisabeth Martin. John Martin married Hester Rapson-- Ropsiman--Turnipseed; and their daughter, Hester, married Christian Leitner Sr. Robert Martin married Mary Holmes, and their daughter, Mary, married Joseph Willingham--mother's father. Elisabeth Martin married Gen Wm Thompson, and their daughter, Margaret ("Peggy") married Arthur Hargrove Glenn, cousin Hargrove Glenn's father. Aunt Sue, my mother and cousin Hargrove were all three grandchildren of two brothers and their sister -- and so, Great Grand children of "Capt Jim Eddy" Martin's Great Great Grand children of The Rev John Niklaus Martin of Zweibruecken--one of the original settlers of Indian Fields where you are. He used to preach in your father's field across Bookman Creek (think that is hardly the name of the creek) ever beyond where old man Jacob Bookman used to live--where you may have noted a single gravestone. Old man Trapp bought that old church in 1838 and moved it to where Eck Robinson now lives. Cousin Robert Jennings used to live in it. The date and name of the church (in part) was cut by a chisel over the front door. I've seen it and wondered at it, many a time. But nobody could tell me then what it meant. But that was the beginning of Bethel, of Horeb and of Crooked Run. Not very long ago I was in Charleston over the week-end and attended old Saint John's--which church he gathered in 1762--the year after he got together Bethesda Morven as the old Lutheran Church in your daddy's cotton field near the "Danne-Dan" was called.

Rev. John N. Martin  
preached along the  
Broad River meeting houses

Bethesda Auf den Morven  
Bethel  
Horeb  
Crooked Run

Cross reference  
to files on these  
churches