



GOZA PLACE

was also a sportsman and lover of fine horses. His animals were raced on all of the South Carolina tracks, taking many honors and trophies. His son, Eli Hunt Harrison, who married Elizabeth Fleming Douglass, became owner of the Moores' place. Eli and his three sons were all in the Confederate Army. His daughter, Lucy Rives, married Samuel Dixon, from Liberty Hill and owned and lived at the Moores' place which is now called the Dixon place. It is still owned and occupied by their daughters who are all well along in years.

John Douglass Harrison, Jr. came back by way of Washington, D. C. after his service in the Confederate Army. He was a barefooted, ragged, scantily clothed young man as he made the long homeward journey by foot. In passing through the nation's capital he encountered unusually large crowds of people on the streets. After inquiring he learned that they were waiting for President Lincoln's funeral procession which he waited for and witnessed.

When he finally reached home his mother saw that he had a proper hero's welcome. He was given a hot bath, fresh clothes, a wholesome, festive supper and a clean, soft bed in which to relax and sleep to his heart's content.

Before awaking the following morning a detachment of Federal troops rode up to the house. They told the inhabitants that they were looking for the notorious Nick Myers (his family's home was across the road from the Harrison place) and with no more ado entered and began to search the house. When they found young Harrison asleep in his bed they seized him, thinking that he was Myers, and dragged him into the yard with the intention of hanging him to the nearest tree. The boy's mother and others of the household pleaded for him and told the soldiers that they did not have the man that they were seeking. Finally the leader of the group agreed to send to a nearby plantation for someone to further identify the prisoner. When the good neighbor appeared on the scene he said, "For God's sake, John, what are they hanging you for?" This statement satisfied the Federals that they had the wrong man so they removed the rope from his neck, untied his hands and hurried on their way in search of "Old Nick."

Mrs. Robert Hayne McKelvey, the former Edna Dixon, one of the present owners of the old house, states that according to family tradition Cornwallis passed by and rested at the site of this place on his way from Camden to Winnsboro during the Revolutionary War.

## GOZA HOUSE

TIDWELL – HARRISON – ROCHELLE – HARRISON – GOZA

This old house stood on a high hill below FAIRVIEW until it was razed during the past decade. This sketch is done from a picture that was made before the house was dismantled.

The property on which the house was located was a part of the original Harrison tract that was granted the first of that family to come to South Carolina from Virginia before the Revolutionary War. Reuben Harrison, a son of the first settler, owned this property after the Revolution. He built the house for one of his daughters who married into the Rochelle family. The Rochelles moved West with other members of the family in the 1830's and in 1835 Mrs. Rochelle's brother, John Harrison, purchased her property.

Little can be learned of the place from this point until after the War Between the States when the place was occupied by the Goza family. They lived here for many years and the plantation became known as the GOZA HOUSE. One member of this family who was reared in the old building was the late Mr. E. C. Goza, who was for many years postmaster at Columbia, South Carolina.

When the Gozas left the house several tenants inhabited it and the last to live here was a Negro family. After them it remained abandoned and vacant. It was a bleak, eerie-looking old building, with its porch gone, and rear wing falling in, as its empty windows seemed to peer down the road from the lofty perch on a rough hilltop. Many stories and legends became linked with the place and it finally became known as a "haunted house" or the "Ghosty House." The latter name probably originated with and became confused in pronunciation with "Goza."

An interesting episode took place in this old house just after the close of the Confederate War.

A young Confederate soldier had but recently returned home from Lee's surrendered forces in Virginia. He was staying with an elderly uncle who had a plantation in the Lebanon community near old Jackson Creek Church. While defending his uncle's property and honor he shot and killed a Federal soldier. The soldier was a Negro who had formerly belonged to the uncle.

He reported the deed to friends in Winnsboro and asked for advice. Some told him to flee the country but others counseled that he surrender to the sheriff before he was apprehended by the military. At the time the sheriff was at his plantation at Longtown. The troubled youth rode out to find him but upon reaching Ridgeway he was informed that the soldiers were already looking for him. He was instructed to hide with a widow at her house near the town and not far from the sheriff's home where he should remain until receiving further word.

When he reached the place, the good lady had already received her instructions. She was to house the refugee for the night and at daybreak send him back to Winnsboro where the sheriff would be awaiting him at the jail to give him proper protection from the soldiers.

After a light supper he went upstairs to rest while his hostess remained on watch for the night.

The weather was rainy and disagreeable. The harassed young veteran was genuinely thankful for his haven and shelter in the warm old house. His peace and comfort was short-lived, for before he had time to sink into the warm featherbed, a Yankee officer and four soldiers arrived in search of him. When he heard them, he climbed out onto the porch roof and concealed himself under the sweeping, wet branches of a tree that grew near the porch. After the search was completed, he heard the officer tell the men that they would spend the night and renew their quest after an early breakfast.

Two of the upstairs rooms contained two double beds each. Three of the men occupied one of these rooms and the officer the other. The fourth man was left on watch for the night.

When the miserable and uncomfortable young man on the porch roof heard heavy breathing and snoring coming from the officer's room, he stealthily

crept back through the window, wrapt himself in a blanket taken noiselessly from the empty bed, and fitfully tried to rest for several hours. When he thought that all was clear, he opened the door, hoping to slip downstairs and make his getaway. He was astonished when he saw the man who was posted on guard, nodding on the narrow stairway.

Retreating again to the room, he realized that his only escape would be through the window. Climbing cautiously back onto the roof, he leaped to the rain soaked ground without hurting himself and made a dash to the stable. Leading his horse some distance from the house before mounting, lest his hoofs plodding into the wet mud and striking against the bare rocks might be heard. Once astride the animal he raced madly through the woods and country roads and reached the jail in safety.

Upon his arrival at the jail he was treated as a guest by the sheriff and his family until his trial was arranged and he was cleared. A romance developed during this interlude which ended in his marriage to the sheriff's beautiful daughter.

## HUNTER HOUSE

FERGUSON — HUNTER — RION

Well back from the Old Camden road, peeping over an old-fashioned stile, is one of the most attractive old homes in the Longtown section.

Its proportions are pleasing but deceiving, for the house is much more spacious than it appears to be at first glance. The first floor is on the ground level and is built of brick. The second or main floor is fronted with a portico, supported by slender columns and enclosed with plain picket bannisters. The interior walls are paneled with wide pine boards. All of the trim and decoration is simple, and some of the old English-made locks are still in use.

One of the most attractive features of the house is the back porch, which extends across the east side of the rear wing on two floors. The second-floor porch commands an excellent view of the countryside. It is enclosed with turned pickets, and a flight of steps leads down to the first floor, which is covered with brick tile.

The house was built before 1820, for it was in that year that the will of the builder, Abraham Ferguson, was probated. He left the property to his adopted daughter, who at that time was attending the Chesterfield Academy. She later married a Mr. Hunter, and this became known as the HUNTER PLACE.

The Hunter family lived here until after the War Between the States. When the North finally emerged as the victor after this hard-fought contest, Mr. Hunter, a staunch Confederate, made the statement that he would never live in a country ruled by the Yankees. He was a man of his word, who was also true to his strong convictions. As soon as he could, after the war ended, he got his affairs in order and with his family moved to British Honduras. His descendants still reside there. Mrs. Hunter and one child are buried at St. Stephen's in Ridgeway.

Since the Hunters left the house, it has had many tenants, and in spite of the absence of tenant-owners it has remained in a good state of preservation

# Melrose and its Builder

4 Jan '59

By KATHLEEN LEWIS

"MELROSE," the house which Nicholas Adamson Peay built over a century ago in the plantation section of the Fair-Field county, was the first to ever grace Fairfield County; and though it was never quite completed, was one of few of such magnitude in the South. It overlooked a view of thirty or more miles from his hill crest, from an elevation of 700 feet, and was lit from clear evening lights from neighboring communities could be seen across the darkness.

"Nick" Peay built his house when plantation life was at the zenith, in the early 1800's. Like his associates, he was a member of the wealthy, powerful, planter aristocracy which dominated the life of South Carolina politically, economically and socially. However, the lavish life enjoyed on the Peay plantation, Flint Hill, was on a grander and more elevated scale than the majority of others.

The ownership of over 2,000 slaves and 9,000 acres—stretching from Fairfield County to Camden—placed him in the position of being the wealthiest man in

the upcountry. (He was one of 17 men in the South owning over 500 slaves and one of eight in the Fair-Field county.)

At his birth, February 8, 1811, he was already rich, inheriting from his father as the only son in the family. His father, Augustus Peay, grandson of the first Peay in the South Carolina line who had settled at Camden, accumulated large holdings of lands, Negroes and horses after he had crossed the Waterlee in Fairfield.

With his inheritance from his father, by thrift and business ability, Nicholas added to his wealth, acquiring several plantations, each of which was identified by a particular name. All had comfortable homes for the overseers, and individual slave quarters which were laid out with their own streets and gardens. Barns, numerous out-buildings, gunneries, shops for artisans and stables were clustered nearby.

Cotton was responsible for a great deal of his added wealth, because after the advent of the cotton gin—and in the 1850's the

the bastions who saddled the horses and hitched up the wagons, and took up front with him. The footman saw that the ladies' robes were well wrapped in paper to prevent their catching cold, and helped them alight from the carriage by placing a footstool for their convenience.

On long journeys, outcrops packed along to repair broken harnesses, spurs, tires or the like. Nearby the stables—said to have been as fine and comfortable as modern brick homes—was the laundry house where clothes were washed and ironed. This building stood until only a few years ago as the single remnant of "Melrose."

Spinners and weavers worked the year 'round to keep the plantation clothed, as did the shoemakers who provided shoes from "splint lengths." A task which Mrs. Peay loved to perform was her morning visit to the nursery which was in charge of slaves too old to work. Here were squalling, laughing and sleeping children, and newborn babes, of servants at work in the house or fields.

At the Sick House, also on her daily agenda, she dispensed medicines and called in a physician if the malady were beyond her knowledge.

Wings projecting from the side of the field hands house contained kitchens, pantries and servants rooms. The entire top floor was given over to the ball room which afforded life in the hothouse; he had a magnificent view of the beautifully landscaped gardens of

state drawing rooms were also divided by folding doors, and the girls were either in school, or with relatives.

The burning of Columbia two days before may or may not have reached the community by this time, but from the reputation already established, the servants knew not to expect mercy. (In his Memoirs, Sherman states that the 15th Corps under General Oliver Otis Howard—the body of soldiers who called at "Melrose"—was noted for doing its work pretty well.) One soldier lost his life in the holocaust; he had ridden his horse up the front

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their mistress had taught them, and sang "her" hymns, ending with their own special music, much of which was haunting African refrains.

Much of her home Mrs. Peay perhaps saw rather infrequently. Mrs. Melrose contained three-fourths of an acre. But what a joy it must have been to have had running water in the 19th century which the Colonel had so thoughtfully provided!

Water for the mansion was pumped by hydraulic ram over the hills from a cool spring in a deep ravine, according to one of his descendants, a granddaughter who died in 1928.

Embracing the front of "Melrose" was a two-story portico which was supported by large white columns. The colonial entrance was flanked by large double doors which opened onto an extremely wide hall, ending in a circular stairway to the upper bed chambers. The back hall was divisible from the front by folding doors; and the two,

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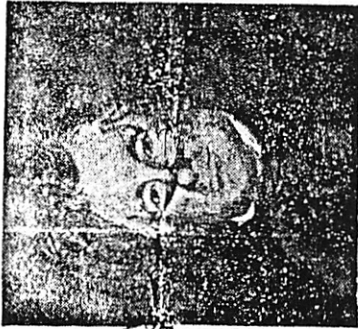
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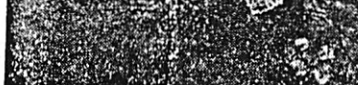
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Nicholas and Martha Peay lived in the grand manner of their home, "Melrose," one of the most impressive private residences in South Carolina in the ante-bellum era.



Memorial shaft to Nicholas and Martha Peay in the burial ground near Longtown, granite post. They stand side by side to the dead as they once did to the living at "Melrose," where their white gates swung open and shut from the side garden. These are among the first reminders of "Melrose," which now yellowed pages in history.



Colonel Peay was educated at the University of Virginia and Columbia University, and owned a large library at "Melrose."

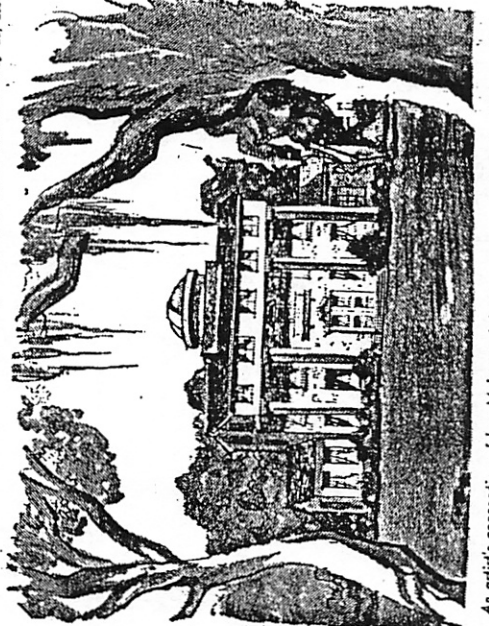
Following his success as a planter, he became interested in politics, and was serving as state senator from Fairfield at the time of his death. He had taken the oath of office in a special session November 4, 1856, and was succeeded by his very good friend, Edward Gordon Palmer of Ridgeway, who qualified for the 1857 session.

### EDUCATION, POLITICS

During the days of their friendship, Colonel Palmer was trying to get a Ridgeway church established. Colonel Peay contributed \$100 on the condition that it not be mentioned to his wife who was of a different denomination, and that it be situated close enough for his sister in the vicinity to attend.

"Melrose," in a way, was a reflection of the master who presided there; and his lovely wife, Martha. Their pyramidal monument, in the Baptist cemetery, sits some scattered bricks on the highway from Ridgeway to Longtown, is cut with blending hearts, two sides of which are dedicated to the husband, and two to his wife. It is inscribed with mentions of charity, faithfulness to duty and good works.

Nearer to Ridgeway, on the opposite side of the road, is the Longtown Presbyterian Church where many other Peays are buried. Guardians of the entrance to this cemetery are two



An artist's conception of how Melrose might have appeared. An exhaustive search was made for a drawing or print of the famous old mansion, both in libraries and in family papers, but none could be found. (Drawing by Jack Smyth)

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stands beside a table on which cards were played at her great-grandfather's mansion "Melrose," at Longtown in Fairfield county. The table was one of a few pieces of furniture Sherman's soldiers before the home was burned by the family. Mrs. Melrose's father was Nicholas Adamson Peay, namesake of Nicholas Peay, the owner of "Melrose," at Longtown in Fairfield county. She grew up in Camden and Chester and has lived in Columbia for some years. (Staff photo by Vic Tetter)

Mrs. James McIntosh of 2510 Stafford Road, Columbia stands beside a table on which cards were played at her great-grandfather's mansion "Melrose," at Longtown in Fairfield county. The table was one of a few pieces of furniture Sherman's soldiers before the home was burned by the family. Mrs. Melrose's father was Nicholas Adamson Peay, namesake of Nicholas Peay, the owner of "Melrose," at Longtown in Fairfield county. She grew up in Camden and Chester and has lived in Columbia for some years. (Staff photo by Vic Tetter)



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**Subj: Re: Peay Family of South Carolina**  
**Date: 10/26/2002 6:39:13 PM Eastern Daylight Time**  
**From: JPEAY389**  
**To: SMason5515**  
**File: PEAYFAMILY1.jpg (125434 bytes) DL Time (1796248 bps): < 1 minute**

Our Peays came from South Carolina to Mississippi I think in the 1845 Since the youngest child was born in Mississippi  
Chickasaw Co. 1850  
George 42 SC  
Martha 42 SC  
Mary 15 SC  
Martha 13 SC  
Wiat or Wyatt 12 SC  
John 9 SC  
Austin 5 MS

I am having a meeting set up with several of the Peay men who live here in Ms. I do have the old Peay-Montgomery bible at my house.

I am sending an old picture I have several but dont know who they are. I am taking all the photos i have at the meeting hopefully some time this week. It will be at Jeff Peays house and he is 85.

Hope to hear from you soon,  
Jackie Walker Peay

**Subj:** Re: Peay Family of South Carolina  
**Date:** 10/26/2002 7:21:08 PM Eastern Daylight Time  
**From:** JPEAY389  
**To:** SMason5515

These Peays were from Fairfield Co. South Carolina. I forgot to mention that I think. George who was born in 1808 was married to Martha who was born in the same year. Do you think the oldest woman in the picture could be Martha?  
Jackie

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February 17, 2000

## Search Results

**Database:** Full Context of Slave Narratives

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"I b'longs to de Peays. De father of them all was, Kershaw Peay. My marster was his son, Nioholas; he was a fine man to just look at. My mistress was always tellin' him 'bout how fine and handsome-like he was. He must of got use to it; howsomever, marster grin every time she talk like dat.

(2.)

"My pappy was bought from de Adamson peoples; they say they got him off de ship from Africa. He sho' was a man; he run all de other niggers 'way from my mammy and took up wid her widout askin' de marster. Her name was Lavinia. When us got free, he 'sisted on Adamson was de name us would go by. He name was William Adamson. Yes sir! my brothers was: Justus, Hillyard, and Donald, and my sisters was, Martha and Lizzettie.

"Deed I did work befo' freedom. What I do? Hoed cotton, pick cotton, 'tend to calves and slop de pigs, under de 'vision of de overseer. Who he was? First one name Mr. Cary, he a good man. Another one Mr. Tim Gladden, burn you up whenever he just take a notion to pop his whip. Us boys run 'round in our shirt tails. He lak to see if he could lift de shirt tail widout techin' de skin. Just as often as not, though, he tech de skin. Little boy holler and Marster Tim laugh.

"Us live in quarters. Our beds was nailed to de sides of de house. Most of de chillun slept on pallets on de floor. Got water from a big spring.

"De white folks 'tend to you all right. Us had two doctors, Doctor Carlisle and Doctor James.

"I see some money, but never own any then. Had plenty to eat: Meat, bread, milk, lye hominy, horse apples, turnips, collards, pumpkins, and dat kind of truck.

"Was marster rich? How come he wasn't? He brag his land was ten miles square and he had a thousand slaves. Them poor white folks looked up to him lak God Almighty; they sho' did. They would have stuck their hands in de fire if he had of asked them to do it. He had a fish pond on top of de house and terraoes wid strawberries, all over de place.

(3.)

See them big rock columns down dere now? Dats all dats left of his grandness and greatness.



They done move de whippin' post dat was in de backyard. Yes sah, it was a 'cessity wid them niggers. It stood up and out to 'mind them dat if they didn't please de master and de overseer, they'd hug dat post, and de lend of dat whip lash gwine to flip to de hide of dat back of their's.

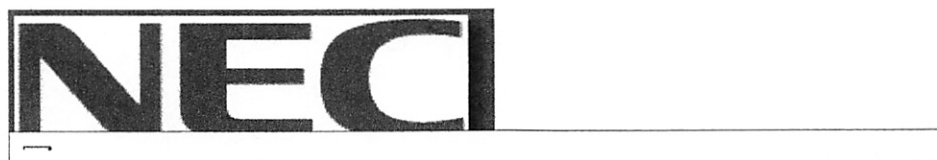
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February 17, 2000

## Search Results

**Database:** Full Context of Slave Narratives

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"I ain't a complainin'. He was a good master, bestest in de land, but he just have to have a whippin' post, 'cause you'll find a whole passle of bad niggers when you gits a thousand of them in one flock.

"Screech owl holler? Woman and man turn socks and stockings wrong side out quick, dat they did, do it now, myself. I's black as a crow but I's got a white folks heart. Didn't ketch me foolin' 'round wid niggers in radical times. I's as close to white folks then 'as peas in a pod. Wore de red shirt and drunk a heap of brandy in Columbia, dat time us went down to General Hampton into power. I 'clare I hollered so loud goin' 'long in de procession, dat a nice white lady run out one of de houses down dere in Columbia, give me two biscuits and a drum stick of chicken, patted me on de shoulder, and say: 'Thank God for all de big black men dat can holler for Governor Hampton as loud as dis one does.' Then I hollers some more for to please dat Bady, though I had to take de half chawed chicken out dis old mouth, and she laugh 'bout dat 'til she cried. She did!

"Well, I'll be rookin' 'long balance of dese days, a hollerin' for Mr. Roosevelt, just as loud as I holler then for Hampton.

(4.)

"My young marsters was: Austin, Tom, and Nicholas; they was all right 'cept they tease you too hard maybe some time, and want to mix in wid de 'fairs of slave 'musements.

"Now what make you ask dat? Did me ever do any courtin'? You knows I did. Every he thing from a he king down to a buntty rooster gits cited 'bout she things. I's lay wake many nights 'bout sich things. It's de nature of a he, to take after de she. They do say dat a he angel ain't got dis to worry 'bout.

"I fust courted Martha Harrison. Us marry and jine de church. Us had nine chillun; seven of them livin'. A woman can't stand havin' chillun, lak a man. Carryin', sucklin', and 'tending to them wore her down, dat, wid de malaria of de Wateree brung her to her grave.

"I sorrow over her for weeks, maybe five months, then I got to thinking how I'd pair up wid dis one and dat one and de other one. Took to shavin' again and gwine to Winnsboro every Saturday, and different churches every Sunday. I hear a voice from de choir, one Sunday, dat makes me sit up and take notice of de gal on de off side in front. Well sir! a spasm of fright fust

hit me dat I might not git her, dat I was too old for de likes of her, and dat some no 'count nigger might be in de way. In a few minutes I come to myself. I rise right up, walked into dat choir, stand by her side, and wid dis voice of mine, dat always tracts 'tention, jined in de hymn and out sung them all. It was easy from dat time on.

"I marry Kate at de close of dat revival. De day after de weddin', what you reckon? Don't know? Well, after gittin' breakfas' she went to de field, poke 'round her neck, basket on her head and picked two hundred pounds of cotton. Dats de kind of woman she is."

(Project 1885-1, FOLKLORE, Spartanburg Dist.4, 10 Jun 1937, Edited by: Elmer Turnage)

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"His wife, old Miss Mary, was sister to Congressman Joe Woodward. Deir house and plantation was out at Buckhead. I was a boy eleven years old and was in de house when he died, in 1874. He was de oldest person I ever saw, eighty-seven. He had several chillun. Thomas marry Eliza Peay, de baby of Col. Austin Feay, one of de rich race horse folks. Marse Boykin marry Miss Cora Dantzler of Orangeburg. Him went to de war. Then Nicholas, Austin, John, and Belton, all went to de Civil Waf. Austin was killed at second Bull Run. Marse Nicholas go to Alabama and become sheriff out dere. Marse John marry Miss Norris and was clerk of court here for twenty-eight years.

"One of Marse John's sons is Senator Lyles, de cotton buyer here in Winns-boro. De youngest boy, just a lad at freedom, marry Miss Cora Irby. Two of deir chillun marry Marse Jim and Marse Bill Mobley in Columbia. De youngest child, Miss Rebecca marry Marse DuBose Ellison in Winnsboro.

"First time I marry Emily Kinlock and had one child. Emily die. Then I marry Lizzie Brown. Us had six chillun. When Lizzie die, I marry a widow, Frances Young. Us too old to have chillun.

"I live at Rion, S. C. Just piddle 'round wid chickens and garden truck. I sells them to de stone cutters and de mill people of Winnsboro. I's past de age to work hard, and I'm mighty sorry dat our race was set free too soon."

(Project #1655, W. W. Dixon, Winnsboro, S. C.)

Eli Harrison

EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS.

Eli Harrison lives on a small ten-acre tract of land near Dutchman Creek, in Fairfield County, approximately seven miles southeast of Winnsboro. The house, which he owns, is a small shack or shanty constructed of scantlings and slabs. He lives in it alone and does his own cooking. He has been on the relief roll for the past three years, and ekes out a subsistence on the charity of the Longtown and Ridgeway people. He is small, wiry, and healthy, weighing about 110 pounds.

"I sure has hed a time a finding you! I was up here to Winnsboro befo' dis Welfare Society, tryin' to git a pension and they ask me who know my age. I tell them a whole lot of people out of town

knows it. Then they ask if anybody in town know my age. I gived in your name. They say they will take your affidavit for it and tell me to bring dis paper to you.

"I b'long, in slavery, to your step-mother's people, de Harrisons, in Longtown. You 'members comin' down when I was a young man and you was a boy? Don't you 'member us playin' in de sand in front of de old Harrison house? Dat house older than you and me. 'Member how I show you how to call de doodles from de sand? How was it? I just git down on my hands and knees in de sand and say: 'Doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle, come up your house is afire!' Them black little doodles would come right up out of de sand to see what gwine on up dere 'bove de sand. Mighty glad you keeps dat in your mem'ry, 'til dis blessed day.

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"They say I was six years old when de war commence poppin' in Charleston. Mammy and pappy say dat I was born on de Graham place, one of de nineteen plantations of my old marster, Nick Peay, in 1854. My pappy was name Bob and my mammy name Salina. They had b'longed to old Marse Tom Starke befo' old Marse Nick bought them. My brudders was name Bob and John. I had a sister name Carrie. They was all older than me.

"My marster, Nick Peay, had nineteen places, wid a overseer and slave quarters on every place. Folks dat knows will tell you, dis day, dat them nineteen plantations, in all, was twenty-seven thousand acres. He had a thousand slaves, more or less, too many to take a census of. Befo' de numerator git 'round, some more would be born or bought, and de nominator had to be sent 'round by Marse Nick, so old Miss Martha, our mistress, say. Her never could know just how many 'twas. Folks used to come to see her and ask how many they had and her say it was one of them sums in de 'rithmetic dat a body never could take a slate and pencil and find out de correct answer to.

"Her was a Adamson befo' her marry old marster, a grand big buckra. Had a grand manner; no patience wid poor white folks. They couldn't come in de front yard; they knowed to pass on by to de lot, hitch up deir hoss, and come knock on

(2.)

de kitchen door and make deir wants and wishes knowed to de butler.

"You wants me to tell 'bout what kind of house us niggers live in then? Well, it 'pend on de nigger and what him was doin'. Dere was just two classes to de white folks, buckra slave owners and poor white folks dat didn't own no slaves. Dere was more classes 'mongst de slaves. De fust class was de house servants. Dese was de butler, de raids, de nurses, chambermaids, and de cooks. De nex' class was de carriage drivers and de gardeners, de carpenters, de barber, and de stable men. Then come de nex' class de wheelwright, wagoners, blacksmiths and slave foremen. De nex' class I 'members was de cow men and de niggers dat have care of de dogs. All dese have good houses and never have to work hard or git a beatin'. Then come de cradlers of de wheat, de threshers, and de millers of de corn and de wheat, and de feeders of de cotton gin. De lowest class was de common field niggers. A house nigger man might swoop down and mate wid a field hand's good lookin' daughter, now and then, for pure love of her, but you never see a house gal lower herself by marryin' and matin' wid a common field-hand nigger. Dat offend de white folks,

specially de young misses, who liked de business of match makin' and matin' of de young slaves.

"My young marsters was Marse Tom, Marse Nick, and Marse Austin. My young misses was Miss Martha, Miss Mary, and Miss Anne Eliza. I knows Marse Nick, Jr. marry a Cunningham of Liberty Hill. Marse Tom marry a Lyles and Marse Austin marry and move to Abbeville, after de war. Old marster die de year befo' de war, I think, 'cause my mammy and pappy fell in de division to Marse Nick and us leave de Graham place to go to de home place. It was called de Melrose place. And what a place dat was! 'Twas on a hill, overlookin' de place where de longtown Presbyterian Church and cemetery is today. Dere was thirty rooms in it and a fish pond on top of it. A flower yard stretchin' clean down de hill to

(3.)

de big road, where de big gate, hangin' on big granite pillars, swung open to let de carriages, buggies, and wagons in and up to de house.

"Can I tell you some of de things dat was in dat house when de Yankees come? Golly not Dat I can't, but I 'members some things dat would 'stonish you as it 'stonished them. They had Marseille carpets, linen table cloths, two silver candlesticks in every room, four wine decanters, four nut crackers, and two coffee pots, all of them silver. Silver castors for pepper, salt, and vinegar bottles. All de plates was china. Ninety-eight silver folks, knives, teaspoons and tablespoons. Four silver ladles, six silver sugar tongs, silver goblets, a silver musterd pot and two silver fruit stands. All de fireplaces had brass firedogs and marble mantelpieces. Dere was four oil paintin's in de hall; each cost, so Marse Nick say, one hundred dollars. One was his ma, one was his pa, one was his Uncle Austin and de other was of Colonel Lamar.

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"Old marster die. De 'praisers of de State come and figure dat his mules, niggers, cows, hogs, and things was worth 200,000.00. Land and houses I disremember 'bout. They, anyhow, say de property was over a million dollars. They put a price of \$1,600.00 on mammy and \$1,800.00 on pappy. I 'member they say I was worth \$400.00. Young Marse Nick tell us dat the personal property of de estate was

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Probate records of Fairfield County. See Roll 110 of the Judge of Probate for Fairfield County.

'praised at \$288,168.78. (a)

"De Yankees come set all de cotton and de gin-house afire. Load up all de meat; take some of de sugar and shovel some over de yard; take all de wine, rum, and liquor; gut de house of all de silver and valuables, set it afire, and leave one thousand niggers cold and hongry, and our white folks in a misery they never has got over to de third generation of them. Some of them is de poorest white folks in dis State today. I weeps when I sees them so poor, but they is 'spectable yet, thank God.

"After de war I stuck to de Peay white folks, 'til I got married to Will Harrison. I can't say I love him, though he was de father of all my chillun. My pappy, you know, was a half white man. Maybe dat explain it. Anyhow, when he took de fever I sent for Dr. Gibson, 'tend him faithful but he die and I felt more like I was free, when I come back from de funeral, than I did when Marse Abe Lincoln set us free. My brudder, Bob, had done gone to Florida.

"I nex' marry, in a half-hearted way, John Pearson, to help take care of me and my three chillun, John, Bob, and Carrie. Him take pneumonia and die, and I never have a speck of heart to marry a



colored man since. I just have a mind to wait for de proper sort, till I git to heaven, but dese adult teachers 'story dat hope. They read me dat dere is no marryin' in heaven. Well, well, dat'll be a great disappointment to some I knows, both white and black, and de ginger-cake women lak me.

"Is I got any more to tell you? Just dis: Dere was 365 windows and doors to Marse Nick Peay's house at Melrose, one for every day in de year, my mistress low. And dere was a peach tree in de orchard so grafted dat dat peach tree have ripe peaches on it in May, June, July, August, September, and October."

(Project #1655, Dixon, W. W., Winnsboro, S. C., JOSEPHINE STEWART, EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.)

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(Project #1655, Dixon, W. W., Winnsboro, S. C., JOSEPHINE STEWART, EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.)

Stewart, Josephine

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de June place. It was called dat because old Doctor June built it and sold it to Marster Ed. I nussed her first chillun: Edward, Moses Hill, John and Katie. It was a large, two story frame house, with chimneys at each gable end. Marster Edward got to be as rich as old marster; he owned de June place, de Rochelle plantation, de Peay place and de Reebuck place. Yes sir, course us had overseers for so many slaves and plantations. I 'member Mr. Oze Brown, Mr. Nesly and Mr. Tim Gladney. In course of time I was took off de nussin' and put to de field. I drapped cotton seed, hoed some, and picked cotton.

"I don't 'member no poor buckra, outside de overseers, 'cept a Mr. Reed dat lived down on wateree, passin' our house sometime. Me was a Godforsaken lookin' man dat marster or mistress always give somethin'!

"Our neighbors was de Peays, de Durhams, de Picketts, de Barbers and Boulwares. Doctor Henry Gibson was our doctor. All dese folks kep' a pack of hounds to run deer and foxes. Yes, I has eat many pieces of deer. Good? I wouldn't fool you, taste it and you'll hunger for it ever afterward.

"Yes sir, at certain times we worked long and hard, and you had to be 'ticular. De only whipping I got was for chopping down a good corn stalk near a stamp in a new ground. Marster never sold a slave but swaps were made wid kin people to advantage, slaves' wives and husbands sometimes. I never learned to read or write. I went to White Peplar Springs Church, de Baptist church my mistress 'tended. De preacher was Mr. Gartledge. He allowed Miss Marion was de flower of his flock.

"Slaves lived in quarters, a stretch of small houses off from de White House. Patrollers often come to search for stray slaves; wouldn't take your word for it. They would search de house. If they ketch one widout

(3.)

a pass, they whipped him. We got most our outside news Sunday at church. When farm work was not pressing, we got all of Saturday to clean up 'round de houses, and wash and iron our clothes.

"Everything lively at Christmas time, dances wid fiddles, pattin' and stick rattlin', but when I jined

de church, I quit dancin'.

"After de war, a man came along on a red horse; he was dressed in a blue uniform and told us we was free. De Yankees dat I 'members was not gentlefolks. They stole everything they could take and de meanest thing I ever see was shoats they half killed, cut off de hams, and left de other parts quiverin' on de ground.

"I married Mose Jackson, after freedom, and had a boy, Henry. Last I heard, he was at Shelby, North Carolina. We had a daughter, Mary, she married Eph Brown. She had ten chillun, many gran' chillun, they's my great-gran' chillun. My mistress was a good Christian woman, she give me a big supper when I was married. Her house, durin' de war, always had some sick or wounded soldier. I 'member her brother, Zed, come home wid a leg gone. Her cousin, Theodore, was dere wid a part of his jaw gone. My mistress could play de piano and sing de old songs. I 'members Marster Theodore had trouble wid de words. Dere was a song called 'Jaunita', 'bout a fountain. Marster Theodore would try hard, but would say, everytime, 'Jawneeta', and de folks would laugh but mistress never would crack a smile but just go on wid another song. I thinks everybody should jine de church and them live right. Have prayers in de family befo' gitting in de bed. It would have good change, 'specially in de towns I thinks.

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"Yes, women in family way worked up to near de time, but guess Doctor Gibeon knewed his business. Just befo' de time, they was took out and put in de cardin' and spinnin' rooms.

(4.)

"Yes, I see folks put irons in de fire and some throw a big chunk of fire into de yard to make de screech owl stop his scary sounds.

"Befo' I forgits, Marster Edward bought a slave in Tennessee just 'cause he could play de fiddle. Named him 'Tennessee The' and he played 'long wid Ben Murray, another fiddler. Sometime all of us would be called up into de front yard to play and dance and sing for Miss Marien, de chillun and visitors. I was much happier them days them now. May be it won't be so bad when I gits my old age pension."

(Project 1885-1, FOLKLORE, Spartanburg, Dist.4, 09 Sept 1937, Edited by: Elmer Turnage  
STORIES OF EX-SLAVES)

Jackson, Cordelia

Cordelia lives in a small shack with some friends. She is quite an actor and a tireless teller of yarns. She still ties her head up in a white rag and has large eyes set far apart and a very flat nose. She is ebony colored. She is a firm believer in her religion and she enjoys shouting on any occasion for joy or for sorrow.

"White folks tells stories 'bout 'ligion. Dey tells stories 'bout it kaise dey's 'fraid of it. I stays independent of what white folks tells me when I shouts. De Spirit moves me every day, dat's how I stays in. White folks don't feel sech as I does; so dey stays out. Can't serve God all de time; allus something getting in de way Dey tries me and den I suddenly draps back to serving de Holy God. Never does it make no difference how I's tossed about, Jesus. He comes and saves me everytime. I's had a hard time, but I's blessed now --- no mo' mountains.

"Ever since I a child I is liked white folks. Dey's good and dey does not know why dey tells stories 'bout Jesus. I got a heap mo' in slavery dan I does now; was sorry when Freedom got here I 'specks I is nigh to a hundred, but dat's so old. I jest calls myself any whars twixt seventy-five and a hundred. I recollects slavery, though. Ma was Charlotte Anderson and she lived in Union



County wid de Tuckers, jest across from de Richards Quarter.

"Biggest sight I ever see'd was dat balloon when it come down on Pea Ridge. De man in it everybody addressed as Professor (Prof. Lowe - 1861). He let uncle Jerry git in it. Mr. McKissick helped uncle Jerry up in it. It was de first balloon ever come to Union County, and 'til dis day I don't like no balloons.

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**Database:** Full Context of Slave Narratives

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(Stories Of Ex-Slaves --- (Cordelia Jackson), Page 2)

"Airplanes jest tickles, I cannot tell you how come, but dey jest does. I went out dar (throwing her arm in the direction of the landing field) and see'd 'em light. Dressed-up white folks hopped down out'n it from a little do' dat a man wid leg'uns and a cap on opened. Thing gwine on wid lots of burring and all like dat. When dem folks got out, some mo' clam'ned in. Dat same man opened de do', shot (shut) it, and de plane tuck off. White folks lowed dat it was gwine to 'lanta, Ga.

"Right dar I low'd, when I goes up like dat, I sho ain't gwine up wid no man --- I'se gwine up wid Jesus.

"Dat white woman went up and ain't nobody found her yet and it been two months. Lawd, she looking fer de world's end. God don't mean fer womens to do nothing like dat. Womens is stumbling blocks at times.

"I got a boy dat been through school. He stays off, but he treats me so good and talks to me like white folks does; so I calls him, 'white child'. I 'longs to de church club. He tries to larn me to talk proper when I goes out to dem meetings, but I fergits how befo' I reaches de meeting. Us named it de 'Mothers' Club'. 'White child' pays fer me to 'long dar, and when I is down wid spells, dey nurses me. 'White child' says fer my 'insurance' so dat I does not have no worriment to aggravate my soul.

"White child birthed one Sunday morning jest a year atter de big earthquake. It was also Christmas morning, kaise my child drapped a year to de day atter dat earthquake and I feared dat he was not gwinter have no sense. But My God, how he can read!

"One night, Aug. 30th, our house started rocking. We thought a panther was a-rocking it, kaise my old man had see'd one.

(Stories Of Ex-Slaves - (Cordelia Jackson), Page 3)

He run out wid a gun and went to de wood pile; den he hollered to me and said, 'Delia, come out here, de whole world is shaking'. God sho showed his power dat night. Ever since dat I been fixed wid God. It won't long atter dat, us heard a noise in our other room. Old man went in dar

and see'd a panther climbing up fer our rations. He grabbed his gun from over de do' and shot dat panther in de corner.

"I used to think dat niggers was fools dat called me a nigger. I go and tell Miss Nellie Tucker. She low, 'No, you ain't no nigger when other niggers calls you one.' Marse William whistle like a partridge; den Miss Nellie play her pianny. I dance and Marse send fer me a sugar an butter Biscuit. Marse git his banjo and he pick it fer me to sing 'Oh. Bob white, is your wheat ripe? No no, not quite.' Dat when I lived as a little gal on Marse William's home tract, called Musgrove Tract.

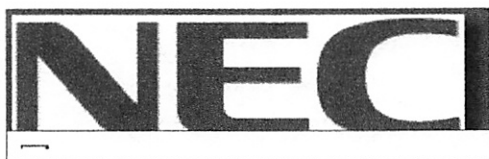
Viewing records **71923-71932** of **107748**

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February 17, 2000

**Search Results**

**Database:** Full Context of Slave Narratives

**Combined Matches:**

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VISION: "Was traveling in a gold chariot to Heaven. De overseer had come to bleed me, but I went up. Something say to look back and see whar you been. I looked back and said, 'Lawd, take me whar no rent won't bother me! Lawd answer, 'Do not pray dat way. Pray fer Him to do His will'. Den I axed de lawd whar is I. He say, 'Did you look down on dem chimneys?' Den I see'd dat I was in de chariot wid water all under me. It looked like de sky.

"To-day, I am so glad to walk about in Jesus' care. I wish people could see my faith. I am a Christian."

Source: Cordelia Anderson Jackson (78), 157 Kings St. S artanburg, S.C Interviewer: Caldwell Sims, Union, S.C. (9/2/37)

(Code No., Project, 1885-(1), Prepared by Annie Ruth Davis, Place, Marion, S.C., Date, 12 Jan 1938, No. Words, Reduced from words, Rewritten by, Page 1., MOM AGNES JAMES, Ex-Slave, 80 Years)

James, Agnes

"Yes'um, I used to live in slavery time, but de Lord above know, I sho don' really recollect nothin much to tell you bout slavery time. I don' know exactly how old I is. Think I bout 80 some odd. Think dat bout de age Bubba Gregg say I is. I tell you, I was so chillunfied in slavery time, I ain' had no time to study bout no age. I say, I was so chillunfied. Yes'um, dat it. Dat somethin dat I ought to had ax my grandmammy bout how old I is, so den I might could call it up to you right sharp. Oh, I wishes now I had ax my grandmammy dat word fore she die."

"Us belong to Mr. Hector Cameron fore freedom come here. Right down dere to Salem Church, dat whe' I was born. You hear talk of Miss Janie Little over dere to Marion, ain' you? Dat who used to be my mittis in dem days, Yes, mam, boss had pick me out to tend to Miss Janie. You see, he give all his daughters one of us to have a care for dem."

"My white folks, dey had a right smart of colored people dey own en far as I can reckon, dey been spend mighty good treatment to dem all de time. I know bout old Miss used to love to feed us, my mercy! White folks would send for all us chillun to go up to de big house en get somethin to eat twixt meals. Yes'um, dey had a colored people quarter dat been settin way back up on de hill. Had to have a quarter

(Code No., Project, 1885-(1), Prepared by Annie Ruth Davis, Place, Marion, S.C., Date, 12 Jan 1938, No. Words, Reduced from words, Rewritten by, Page 2.)

cause dat w'en us been stay all de time old Miss won' stuffin somethin down we mouth. I remember, dere used to was de most pretty flowers in de lane gwine through dem woods from us house right up to old Massa's yard en my Lord, honey, I did love to be de first one long dere on a mornin to see could I find a blossom to fetch to old Miss. Look like old Miss would be so please to see my granny marchin all we chillun up dat path cause when we would go dere on a mornin, she would set right down on de steps en talk wid us. Would set dere in listen to see could all us say dat prayin blessin she had learned us to speak fore she would hand us anything to eat. Den she would give us everyone a spoonful of dis here worm cure. Great Jerusalem! Miss would make dat herself out dese black lookin seed mixed up in molasses. I remember, she would bring a big bowl of dat out dere en would make Pickle tote it round for her while she put it in us mouth. Yes, mam, Miss would give us all a spoonful of dat every mornin en den she would ax us de next mornin if any us had any worms. No, mam, she never didn' give us any other kind of medicine as I can remember. Just give us dat en den feed us some milk en bread. Dat all she give us, but I tell you, I was as proud of dat milk en bread as I is of de rations I get dese days cause I never know no different den. No'um, didn' nobody eat den like dey do now. All de people would make dey own gardens in dem days en would fix soup en fry meat. I used to been so glad to get

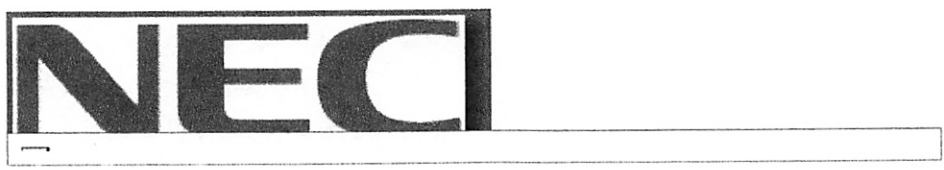
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"The American Slave: A Composite Biography"  
Volume 3 South Carolina Narratives Parts 3 and 4  
George P. Rawick, General Editor  
Greenwood Publishing Company Westport Connecticut  
1972

This is from a WPA Project  
Page 147  
Project #1655 W.W. Dixon Winnsboro, South Carolina

Rosa Starke, Ex-slave, 85 years old (probably done in  
the 1930s)

Rosa's grandfather was a slave of Solicitor Starke. Although she has had two husbands since slavery, she has thrown their names into the discard and goes by the name of Rosa Starke. She lives in a three-room frame house with her son, John Harrison, two miles south of Winnsboro, S.C. , on the plantation of Mrs. Rebecca V. Woodward. She still does farm work, hoeing and picking cotton.

"They say I was six years old when de war commence poppin' in Charleston. Mammy an pappy say dat I was born on de Graham place, one of de nineteen plantations of my old marster, Nick Peay, in 1854. My pappy was name Bob and my mammy name Salina. They had b'longed to old Marse Tom Starke befo' old Marse Nick bought them. My brudders was name Bob and John. I had a sister name Carrie. They was older than me.

"My marster, Nick Peay, had nineteen places, had a overseer and slave quarters on every place. Folks dat knows will tell you, dis day, dat dem nineteen plantations, in all, was twenty seven thousand acres. He had a thousand slaves, more or less, too many to take a census of. Befo' de numerator git 'round, some more would be born or bought, and de nominator had to be sent 'round Marse Nick, so old Miss Martha, our mistress, say. Her never could know just ho many dey was. Folks use d to come to see her and ask how many

they had and her say it was one of them sums in de 'rithmetic dat a body never could take as slate and pencil and find out de correct answer to.

"Her was a Adamson befo' her marry old marster, a grand big buckra. Had a grand manner; no patience wid poor white folks. They couldn't come in de front yard; they knowed to pass by on de lot, hitch up deir hoss, and come knock on de kitchen door and make deir wants and wishes known to the butler.

"You wants me to tell 'bout what kind of house us niggers live in then? Well, it 'pend on de nigger and what him was doin'. Dere was just two classes to de white folks, buckra slave owners and poor white folks dat didn't own no slaves. Dere was more classes 'mongst de slaves. De fust class was de house servants. Dere was de butler, de maids, de nurses, chambermaids, and de cooks. De nex' class was de carriage drivers am de gardeners, de carpenters, de barber, and de stable men. Then come nex' class de wheelwright, wagoners, blacksmiths and slave foremen. De nex' class I 'members was de cow men and de niggers dat have care of de dogs. All dese have good houses and never have to work hard or git a beatin'. Then come de cradlers of de wheat, de threshers, and de millers of de corn and de wheat, and de feeders of de cotton gin. De lowest class was de common field niggers. A house nigger man might swoop down and mate wid a field hand's good lookin' daughter, now and then, for pure love of her, but you never see a house gal lower r herself by marryin' and matin' wid a common field-hand nigger. Dat offend de white folks, 'specially de young misses who liked de business of match makin' and matin[' of de young slaves.

"My young marsters was Marse tom, Marse Nick, and Marse Austin. My young misses was Miss Martha, Miss Mary, and Miss Anne Eliza. I knows Marse Nick, Jr marry a Cunningham of Liberty Hill. Marse tom marry a Lyles and Marse Austin marry and move to Abbeville, after de war. Old marster die de year befo' de war, I

think, 'cause my mammy and pappy fell in de division to Marse Nick and leave de Graham place to go t de home place. It was called de Melrose Place. And what a place dat was! 'Twas on a hill, overlookin' de place where de Longtown Presbyterian Church and cemetery is today. Dere was thirty rooms in it and a fish pond on top of it. A flower yard stretchin' clean down de hill to de big road, where de big gate, hangin' on big granite pillars, swung open to let de carriages, buggies, and wagons up to de house.

"Can I tell you some of de things dat was in dat house when de Yankees come? Golly no! Dat I can't, but I 'members some things that would 'stonish you as it 'stonished them. They had Marseilles carpets, linen table cloths, two silver candlesticks in every room, four wine decanters, four nut cracker, and two coffee pots, all of them silver. Silver castors for the pepper, salt, and vinegar bottles. All de plates was china. Ninety-eight silver folks, knives, teaspoons, and tablespoons. Four silver ladles, six silver sugar tongs, silver goblets, a silver mustard pot and tow silver fruit stands. All de fireplaces had brass firedogs and marbel<sup>3</sup> mantelpieces Dere was four oil paintin's in de hall; each cost, so Marse Nick say, one hundred dollars. One was his ma, one his pa, one was his Uncle Austin and de other was of Colonel Lamar.

"De smoke-house had four rooms and a cellar. One room, every year, was filled wid brown sugar just shoveled in wid spades. In winter they wud drive up a drove of hogs from each plantation, kill them, scald de hair off them, and pack de meat away in salt, and hang up de hams and shoulders 'round and 'bout de smoke-house. Most of de rum and wine was kep' in barrels, in de cellar, but dere was a closet in de house where whiskey and brandy was kep' for quick use.

All back on de east side of de mansion was de garden and terraces, acres of sweet 'taters, water millions (watermelons) and strawberries and two long rows of



beehives.

"Ol marster die. De "praisers of de State come and figure dat his mules, niggers, cows, hogs, and things worth .200,000.00. Land and houses I disremember 'bout. They, anyhow, say de property was over a million dollars. They put a price of \$1,600 on my mammy and \$1,800 on pappy. I 'member they say I was worth \$400. Young Marse Nick tell us dat the personal property of de estate was praised at \$288,168.78. (a)

"De Yankees come set all de cotton and de gin-house afire. Load up all de meat; take some of de sugar and shovel some over the yard; take all de wine, rum, and liquor; gut the house of all de silver and valuables, set it afire, and leave one thousand niggers cold and hongry, and our white folks in a misery they never has got over to de third generation of them. Some of them is de poorest whit folks in dis State today. I weeps when I see them sop poor, but they is 'spectable yet, thank God.

"After de war I stuck to de Peay white folks, 'til I got married to Will Harrison. I can't say I love him, though he was de father of all my chillun. My pappy, you know, was half a white man. Maybe dat explain it. Anyhow, when he took de fever I sent for Dr. Gibson, 'tend him faithful but he die and I felt more lie I was free, when I come back from de funeral than I did when Marse Abe Lincoln s3t us free. My brudder, Bob, has gone to Florida.

"I nex' marry, in a half-hearted way, John Pearson, to help take care of me and my three chillun, John, Bob, and Carrie. Him take pneumonia and die, and I never have a speck of heart to marry colored man since. I just have a mind to wit for de proper sort, till I get to Heaven, but these adult teachers 'stroy dat hope. They read me dat dere is no marryin' in heaven. Well, well, dat'll be a great disappointment to some I knows, both white and black, and de ginger-cake woman lak me.

"Is I got any more to tell you? Jus' dis: Dere was

365 windows and doors to Marse Nick Peay's house at  
Melrose, one of every day in de year, my mistress  
'low. And dere was a peach tree in de orchard so  
grafted dat dat peach tree have ripe peaches on in  
May, June, July, August, September, and October."

(a) Probate records of Fairfield County. See Roll  
110 of Judge of Probate for Fairfield County.

**Subj: Re: Photos on Peay site**  
**Date: 10/30/2003 5:55:40 PM Eastern Standard Time**  
**From: [sjkubina@ameritech.net](mailto:sjkubina@ameritech.net)**  
**To: [SloMas7@aol.com](mailto:SloMas7@aol.com)**

Melrose Plantation is in Fairfield County, or rather "was" before Sherman's troops burned it to the ground. We were just there last week on a whirlwind trip and I have photos of all the grave stones we could find of the Peay family. I have several articles about the plantation--it was one of the best situations to be in, if you happened to have the misfortune of being a "slave" at all. Apparently, they were treated very well at Melrose and other plantations of the Nicholas Peay holdings.

So where does your family come in?

Thanks for your response--Janice Kubina

----- Original Message -----

**From: [SloMas7@aol.com](mailto:SloMas7@aol.com)**  
**To: [sjkubina@ameritech.net](mailto:sjkubina@ameritech.net)**  
**Sent: Thursday, October 30, 2003 12:46 PM**  
**Subject: Re: Photos on Peay site**

Janice, I do not have a lot of info. on this particular line, but would be glad to add yours. Is Melrose Plantation in Ala? I'm not sure where you are talking about.

A lady in Ala. sent me these pictures, and they were so wonderful I had to post them.

I would love to add yours, or any info. you have.

My ROCHELLE family married into the PEAY family in Fairfield Co., S.C. in the late 1700's, would be happy to share what I have if you want any of this too.

Please let me know.

**Subj: Photos on Peay site**  
**Date: 10/30/2003 12:42:27 PM Eastern Standard Time**  
**From: [sjkubina@ameritech.net](mailto:sjkubina@ameritech.net)**  
**To: [SloMas7@aol.com](mailto:SloMas7@aol.com)**

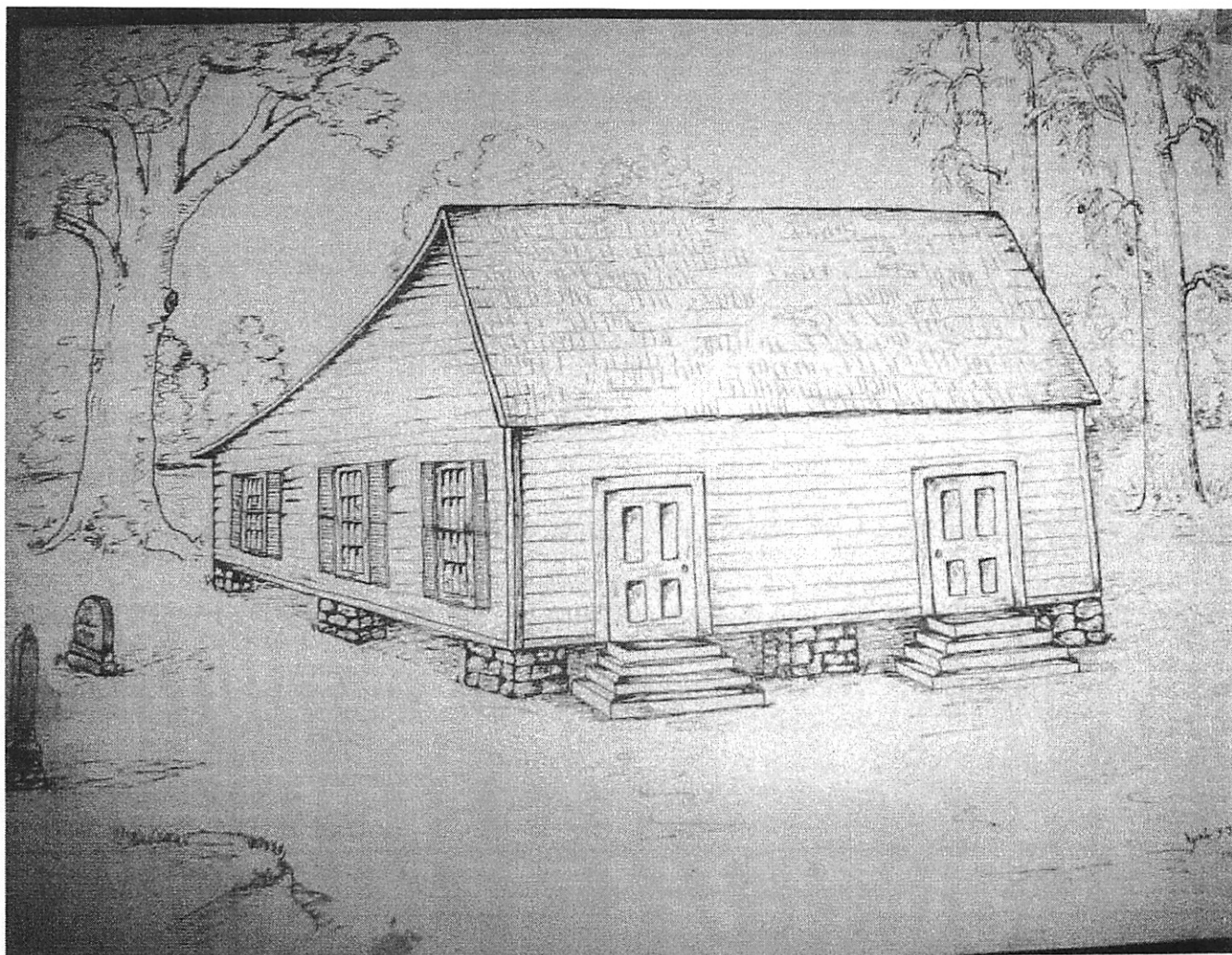
As to the photos on your site, the second one, the man on the top row, 2nd left resembles a picture I have of Nicholas Adamson Peay born 2/08/1811, owner of Melrose Plantation and it could be his wife, Martha Lamar Peay on the 2nd right below, or first row.

The next picture looks to me to be the same man, the 1st on the bottom right.

Do you know how old these pictures are?

Janice Kubina

I have alot of Peay information on that side of the family (well, alot to me). I just returned from visiting the old plantation site and the graves of the families.



**Description**

Picture of Longtown Baptist Church, 1831-1934, signed by Myrtle S. Thompson, 1965

*Peay family burials*