

# President's Page

I wish to thank the numerous members who are planning to attend our Birthday meeting in July. It should be a great time for all.

**THIS IS JUST A REMINDER: WE WILL HAVE OUR ANNUAL MEETING ON 31 JULY 1999, AT PURITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FELLOWSHIP HALL IN CHESTER, S. C. AT 1:00 O'CLOCK PM. WE MUST HAVE YOUR PAID RESERVATION BY 20 JULY. THE COST IS \$8.00 PER PERSON FOR THIS LUNCHEON. BRING A FRIEND. WE HAVE HAD NUMEROUS REQUESTS THAT WE NEEDED SOMEONE TO SPEAK ABOUT COMPUTER USE AND GENEALOGY. WE HAVE GOTTEN THE BEST.**

**JENNIFER SCHMIDT----WILL BE OUR SPEAKER.** She is the editor of the North Carolina Genealogical Society newsletter NCGS NEWS. Past-president of the Olde Mecklenburg Genealogical Society (Charlotte, NC). Advertising Manager of the Association of Professional Genealogists Quarterly, Recipient of an APG Certification of Appreciation in 1997. Editor: "Federal Census of Mecklenburg County, NC", and "Olde Mecklenburg Genealogical Society Surname Index". Has also written several small booklets about her family. Member of numerous genealogy societies, including APG, GSG, NCGS, NGS, WSGS. Vice-President of Appleton's Books and Genealogy Bookstore, (a genealogy bookstore named for her hometown in Wisconsin). From 1996-1999 she has given lectures in GA, IN, IL, KY, MA, NC, SC, PA, and TX; including Genetech98 and the 1997 NGS Conference. She will again be a lecturer at the 1999 NGS Conference. She is well qualified.

**COME EARLY; JOIN US; ENJOY A GOOD MEAN AND FELLOWSHIP.**

We are still trying to tie another project together about several families in the area where the member has vast knowledge and will share their expertise on the family. I do not have enough information at the present to say who these families are.

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**LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING EACH OF YOU  
AT OUR BIRTHDAY MEETING IN JULY!!**

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On Sunday the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Of November 1998 at the morning worship service of Bethesda Presbyterian Church (near McConnells in York County) a dedication service was held in honor of it's longtime Historian, Miss Rebecca Williamson. This honorarium consisted of placing framed photographs of Bethesda's twenty former full-time Pastors. These photographs were compiled and prepared by the Harold Walker family and placed in the Session Room.

Many of Bethesda's earlier Pastors served and helped organize several churches in Chester and York County.

Bethesda was organized circa. 1769 by William Richardson of the Waxhaw Presbyterian Church. This old historic church is indeed fortunate to now have a complete set of all it's former full-time Pastors beginning in 1794. Prior to this time the church was supplied by the Synod or Presbytery. Of note was Joseph Alexander from Bullocks Creek and John Simpson of Fishing Creek.

The following is a list of Bethesda's former Pastors.

1. Robert Becqum Walker 1794-1834
2. Cyrus Johnston 1834-1839
3. Andrew Harper Caldwell 1840-1846
4. Pierpont Edwards Bishop 1846-1856
5. John Stitt Harris 1857-1864
6. John Lowrie Wilson 1869-1886
7. Benjamin Palmer Reid 1887-1893
8. Joseph Kirkland Hall 1894-1909
9. James Joseph Harrell 1910-1912
10. John Addison McMurray, Jr. 1912-1916
11. Frank Harper Wardlaw 1917-1924
12. Parks Watson Wilson 1925-1926
13. Walter Gray Somerville 1927-1944
14. Clarence Nicholson Morrison 1945-1953
15. Samuel Browne Hoyt, Jr. 1954-1964
16. Roger Paddison Melton 1965-1975
17. William Bryant Carr, Jr. 1976-1980
18. Austin Clark Wiser 1982-1986
19. Neil Harward Bain 1987-1989
20. James Bonham Carter, Jr. 1990-1996

REVEREND WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M.A.  
A PIONEER MISSIONARY, MINISTER, AND EDUCATOR

by  
Nancy Crockett

Who can comprehend the scope and depth of the influence of a consecrated individual who has given his heart and dedicated his life to the spiritual and moral advancement of himself and his fellowman?

In the "Garden of the Waxhaws", now in Lancaster County, South Carolina, such a man lived and labored to the glory of God shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century--the Reverend William Richardson, truly a man of vision. The imprint of his hallowed life upon his own and subsequent generations, only God can measure.

that the Waxhaws became the center of Presbyterianism and of education in the back-country of the Carolinas prior to statehood can be attributed to his personality and his devotion to "letters".<sup>1</sup>

### BEGINNING OVERSEAS

William Richardson was born in Ruthwell Parish, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1729, the son of David Richardson and Janet Johnstone.<sup>2</sup> His parents died when he was a lad, and his sister Mary supervised his early training. A great religious revival swept Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century and the young Richardsons became imbued with the deep religious fervor of that period. While a student at the University of Glasgow (1747-1751), William, with his companion Archibald Simpson, often spent hours in some quiet spot "in prayer, praise, and reading God's word."<sup>3</sup> These two friends whose lives and paths so parallel each other were destined to meet again in South Carolina.

### VIRGINIA SOJOURN

In the early 1750's, William Richardson sailed for America. He resided for several years in a Hanover County, Virginia, in the home of the noted theologian, the Reverend Samuel Davies, under whose guidance he prepared himself for the ministry.<sup>4</sup>

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Churches when he was enroute to the Cherokee Nation.<sup>10</sup> This lively and high-spirited young lady added her talents to those of her eminent husband in making the Waxhaws a cultural oasis in the Carolina back-country.

The Richardson home was probably often enlivened by Agnes' attractive sisters for Mary Craighead married Samuel Dunlap and Elizabeth married Alexander Crawford, men of the Waxhaw Congregation while Jane Craighead, presumably visiting the Richardsons became the first wife of Patrick Calhoun.<sup>11</sup>

The early years of the 1760's were uneasy ones for the new minister and his flock. As Richardson had feared, the Cherokees went on the warpath. Indian depredations caused frontier inhabitants to take refuge in the Waxhaws and sent everybody scurrying to the forts. For the protection of these people the Reverend Richardson petitioned the provincial militia for a scout to operate between the Broad and Catawba Rivers.<sup>12</sup> These Indian uprisings and influx of refugees extended his sphere for service beyond the Waxhaws.

### APOSTLE ON THE FRONTIER

Exacting demands were made upon a frontier minister and especially upon the Reverend Richardson since he was the only ordained minister within a radius of a hundred miles or more. Besides ministering to his own people, he held several near-by congregations in his charge, and performed a large amount of evangelist work for the benefit of other Presbyterian communities. He visited the people, baptized their children, performed marriage ceremonies, gathered them into congregations for service, and directed the building and the naming of their churches.<sup>13</sup>

He was a fairly regular and punctual member of the meetings of Presbytery in Charles Town although he had to ride on his horse "Bucky" two hundred miles to attend. Recognized by this body for his sound doctrine, zeal for the truth and honor for the Master, he was elected Moderator in 1769.<sup>14</sup>

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By 1767 the Waxhaw Settlement had grown to one hundred twenty families.<sup>15</sup> Even Woodmason, the itinerant Anglican minister, admitted that Richardson's "Congregation is very large...Seldom less than 9, 10, 1200 People assemble of a Sunday."<sup>16</sup>

Among those who worshipped at Waxhaw were the Jacksons. The Reverend Richardson conducted the burial service for Andrew Jackson, Sr., in February, 1767, and baptized young Andrew a few months later. Knowing the deep impressions of childhood experiences, it is reasonable to assume that the Reverend Richardson's ministry had a strong influence upon the life of the boy who later became the seventh President of the United States.<sup>17</sup>

### WAXHAW ACADEMY

Having no children of his own, the Reverend Richardson persuaded his sister Mary, still in Scotland, to allow his nephew and namesake, William Richardson Davie, to join him in the Waxhaws hoping that young William might be his successor in the Waxhaw pastorate.

It was to direct the studies of this nephew that the Reverend Richardson organized the Waxhaw Academy where the classics were taught for the first time in South Carolina. In keeping with the custom of many Presbyterian clergymen of that day, he combined the duties of schoolmaster with those of the pastorate.

As a result of Richardson's efforts, "...this part of the State (the Waxhaws) could boast of having the best institution for learning in the upper country: nay, the only one above Charleston...In this institution many gentlemen, who afterwards distinguished themselves, were educated."<sup>18</sup>

Davie did not "wear the cloth" as his uncle had planned, but he did continue the Reverend Richardson's interest in education, the culmination of Davie's achievements being the founding of the University of North Carolina.<sup>19</sup>

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## DEATH AND BURIALS

At the height of his ministry, the Reverend Richardson fell into a state of deep melancholy, brought on perhaps by earlier illnesses, incessant labors, and his ascotic practices. He was found one day in his study, apparently having died while kneeling in devotion, but with a bridle about his neck! His inexplicable, tragic death and the resulting "trial by touch", an ancient Scottish test to which his wife was subjected to prove her innocence a year after his burial, were peculiarly distressing ordeals to those who held the Richardsons in high esteem.<sup>20</sup>

In 1927 his remains were again exhumed, this time to be reinterred along with those of his illustrious nephew, William Richardson Davie, and other members of the Davie family in the handsome Memorial erected on the Waxhaw Church grounds.



### IN MEMORIAM

But The Reverend William Richardson's real legacy lies in the lingering influence of his ministry. The labors of this brilliant and sensitive Scotsman--"Sunday Man" to the Indians, "beloved pastor" to his people, and an advocate of classical education on the frontier--continues to bear fruit as Old Waxhaw and the other churches nurtured by him move forward with the work to the glory of God. "From men like these our Nation's grandeur springs!"<sup>21</sup>



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HERE LIES  
THE BODY OF THE MUCH LAMENTED  
REVD WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M.A.  
PASTOR OF WAXHAW CONGREGATION  
for 12 Years and refted from his La-  
bours on the 20th Day of July,  
A.D. 1771, Aged 42 Years.



He lived to purpoe  
He preached with fidelity  
He prayed for his people  
And ben's death he speaks

On the back of REV<sup>D</sup> WILLIAM RICHARDSON's tombstone in WAXHAW CEMETERY

HE LEFT  
to the amount of  
£ 340 Ster<sup>g</sup>  
to purchase religious books for  
THE POOR.

In his will the Reverend William Richardson bequeathed to the Society in London for propagating Christian knowledge among the poor, the Monies arising from the sale of the plantation he bought from Thomas McElhenney if his wife married again.<sup>23</sup>

On October 16, 1773, Agnes Dunlap sold the plantation.

The books were distributed in the Waxhaws with this inscription on the inside front cover.

**I**T is desired, that no Persons will offer to *sell* this Book, but (as it is freely given) first read it with serious Attention, and earnest Prayer to GOD for his Blessing upon it, as a Direction to heavenly Wisdom and Happiness; and then lend or give it to their Friends and Neighbours for the same kind Purposes.

**THIS BOOK** is given by the Society, in LONDON, for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor, agreeably to a Legacy left to the Society by the Will of the late Rev. William Richardson, of South Carolina, for purchasing BIBLES and other religious Books to be distributed among the Poor  
**IN AMERICA.**



## ADDENDA

Agnes Richardson as executrix with Robert Patton, Esq., carried out the terms of the Rever'd William Richardson's will. The plantation on which they lived was left to her, but after she married George Dunlap, she sold the plantation and applied the money as bequeathed in the will.

She had one of the finest of the Bighams' monuments, renowned carvers of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, erected near the Waxhaw Meeting House in memory of her husband.

Agnes Dunlap survived the stormy scenes of the Revolution. Her husband George Dunlap served as a captain of the militia while Agnes Dunlap ministered to the wounded at the Waxhaw Meeting Houaw after Buford's Massacre and after the Battle of Hanging Rock. She accompanied Andrew Jackson's mother, Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, to Charles Town to nurse the soldiers from the Waxhaws who were sick aboard a prison ship in the harbor and helped to bury Mrs Jackson who died in Charles Town. She is said to have caused the Tories to flee, leaving behind their prisoners and plunder in 1781 following her "whispering campaign" at the home of her brother-in-law, the Reverend David Caldwell, in Guilford County, North Carolina.

The Dunlaps had five children. Jane, the first child, was born 24 June 1774. She married Edward Crawford and left many descendants who live in this area today, including some officers of this association. The next child, a son, was named David Richardson. He was not only a successful physician, but also has been credited as the founder of Methodism in Charlotte. David Richardson's only son who lived to maturity, George Hamilton Dunlap, moved to Alabama from where his descendants scattered nation-wide. Agnes Dunlap, born 26 November 1778, married Andrew Crockett. They had ten children, eight of whom were still living at the time of her death 25 January 1846. George Dunlap, Jr. moved to Anson County, N. C. where he left numerous descendants. The last child of George and Agnes Craighead Dunlap was Rachel. She married Major John Neely of Chester County. They had seven children baptized in Fishing Creek Presbyterian Church. Rachel Dunlap Neely died in Drew County, Arkansas 13 October 1869, having gone there with her daughter, Jane Neely Goudelock. <sup>24</sup>

Agnes Craighead Richardson Dunlap died 9 November 1790. A government marker to Captain George Dunlap and a monument to Agnes Craighead Richardson Dunlap by Haynes Dunlap have been erected in the Revolutionary Plot in Old Waxhaw Churchyard in Lancaster County, South Carolina, in their memory.

## NOTES

1. Edward McCrady, **THE HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA UNDER THE ROYAL GOVERNMENT, 1719-1776** (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1899) p. 315..."Around the 'old Waxhaw Church in Lancaster-the first church above Orangeburg-was formed the settlement which gave tone and thought to the whole upper country of the State." Robert L. Meriwether, **THE EXPANSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1729-1765** (Kingsport, Tn., Southern Publishers, Inc., 1940) p. 144.
2. Preston Davie, **THE EARLY YEARS AND ANTECEDENTS OF WILLIAM RICHARDSON DAVIE,, 1756-1820**, unfinished typescript sketch, 1951.
3. Archibald Simpson's **DIARY, 1748-1784**, in manuscript in the Charleston Library Society, 164 King Street, Charleston, South Carolina. His references to his "dear comrade, W.R.," are important sources of information concerning William Richardson.
4. Ibid.
5. George Howe, **HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN SOUTH CAROLINA, 2 Vols.** (Columbia, S.C.: Duffie and Chapman, 1870) p. 292; Manuscript Records, Hanover Presbytery, vol. 1755-1785, p. 24 Historical Foundation, Montreat, North Carolina.
6. William Richardson's **DIARY, October 2, 1758-March 17, 1759**, a manuscript report of his mission to the Cherokees sent to the Reverend Samuel Davies, in the Wilberforce Eames Collection, MS Division, New York Public Library. Photostatic copy in possession of the writer.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Wadesboro, Anson County, North Carolina, Register of Deeds, Deed Book 5, p. 153; Lancaster County Court House, Lancaster, South Carolina, Office of Clerk of Court, Old Deed Book H, pp. 7-8.
10. Richardson's **DIARY**.
11. Reverend James Geddes Craighead, **THE CRAIGHEAD FAMILY**, (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1876) p. 81.
12. South Carolina Archives Department, Columbia, South Carolina, **COUNCIL JOURNAL, 1763**, pp. 89-91. Letter from William Richardson to Colonel Richard Richardson, August 31, 1763.
13. Howe, **HISTORY OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN SOUTH CAROLINA,I**  
Fishing Creek, pp. 297; 334  
Catholic, pp. 298; 426  
Pon Pon, p. 291  
Port Royal or Beaufort, p. 291  
Salem, Black River, pp. 327; 410

Fairforest, p. 332  
Indian Creek and Grassy Spring p. 333  
Union or Brown's Creek p. 333  
Bethel, pp. 336-337  
Bethesda, pp. 338-339  
Bullock's Creek, p. 340  
Long Canes, p. 342  
Lower Fishing Creek (Richardson's) pp. 423-424  
Charles Town pp. 291; 305-306; 316-317; 381-387

14. Ibid. I, p. 381

15. Howe, op, cit., I, p. 363, Enumeration of Dissenters through out the English colonies in North America in which the Reverend Elam Potter reported to the Reverend Ezra Stiles of Yale College. "Waxhaw, 120 families, Pastor, Mr. Richardson. Nearby, 70 families, but vacant."

16. Richard J. Hooker (ed), THE CAROLINA BACKCOUNTRY ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION: THE JOURNAL AND OTHER WRITINGS OF CHARLES WOODMASON, ANGLICAN ITINERANT, (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1953), p. 14.

17. Marquis James, THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, complete in one volume (Garden City, New York; Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., 1940) pp. 10, 17.

18. Robert Mills, STATISTICS OF SOUTH CAROLINA, (Charleston, South Carolina, 1826) p. 599.

19. Blackwell P. Robinson, WILLIAM R. DAVIE, (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1957) pp. 222-276.

20. Howe, HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN S.C., I, pp. 426-421.

21. Variation of THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs," by Robert Burns.

22. Tombstone of the Rev. Wm. Richardson in the Davie memorial located in the churchyard of the Old Waxhaw Presbyterian Church, Lancaster County, S.C.

23. Charleston, South Carolina, Will of William Richardson, Probate Court, Will Books, 1771-1774. The New Testament which was photographed is in the possession of the family of the late J.D. Glenn, Waxhaw, N.C. Mr. Glenn was a descendant of the Ramseys, original owners of the book.

24. Reverend James Craighead, THE CRAIGHEAD FAMILY, Philadelphia, PA 1876, p. 78.

**THE FAMILY OF  
THOMAS WALLACE  
of  
YORK AND CHESTER  
COUNTIES, SC**

**812 Descendants  
and  
A Full Name Index of  
1,585 Names**

**+++**

**Probate Records**

**Perry County, Alabama  
Land Grants**

**===**

**Records, Fishing Creek  
Presbyterian Church**

**Revolutionary War Record**

**===**

**Land Grants, Purchases and Sales**

**===**

**Estate Administration of  
Jonathan Wallace**

**Robert E. Wallace  
950 Torchwood Dr.  
DeLand FL, 32724**

**Copyright**

**June 1984**

**Revised 1989**

**Revised 1992**



Robert E. Wallace  
 Lt.Col. AUS (R)  
 950 Torchwood Drive  
 DeLand, FL 32724

THOMAS WALLACE, "born 18 August 1744 " at "Chester County, Penn or South Carolina Appears in at least three different genealogies, although nothing has been found about his parents or details of his early days, and no source of the data given.

THOMAS WALLACE was a son of a Thomas Wallace. He received a land grant from SOUTH CAROLINA; No. 349, Volume 6, Page 36, dated 4 July 1785, of 500 acres: "For Eleven Pounds thirteen shillings & 11 pence ,Sterling. To: "THOMAS WALLACE, JUNIOR".

This same land, in two parts, was conveyed to his sons: "Chester County, SC, Book N, page 155, page 328.

THOMAS WALLACE, "born in Chester County, Penn"

A personal trip to Chester County Archives found that there were two Thomas Wallace: 1744-1750" ONE: in Londonderry Township was "Gone", 1750. Tax records. OTHER: in London Grove Township, # 1211, died 1748, leaving a widow SARAH; no mention of a son, four years old. Or any other Wallace, in Probate File. This seems to be the same Wallace on tax record, London Grove,

1744.

In records of Lancaster County, 1748-1760, there were no records or reference to a Sarah Wallace in Land or Marriage records.; nothing suggesting her movement to Augusta County, Virginia, before 1766, when he was reputed to have been married there.

1789, York County, South Carolina, Probate record, Case 69, File 2993, File 2993. ESTATE OF OLIVER WALLACE (Jr), SON OF OLIVER WALLACE, GRANDSON OF JAMES WALLACE.

Will, witnessed by James Mitchell, James Wallace (son of Oliver, brother of Oliver Jr.) William Davisson, 17 July 1789,"...I do constitute, Ordain and appoint my Friend, Thomas Wallace and Andrew Love, Esq. My Executor..." "Monday, October 12<sup>th</sup> 1789. Thomas Wallace came and qualified Administration."

13 Oct 1789. Appoints Thos. Wallace Joseph Boggs" James, Wallace, Adms"

October 22th day 1790, Appraisalment Bill."... Estate shown by THOS. WALLACE, Excr.... Signed: Wm. Davisson, John Finlay, Jas. Wallace.

Case 68, File 3202, dated 21 Jan 1804. James Wallace, THOMAS WALLACE, guardians of Oliver B. Wallace ,Son of Oliver, Jr.

Oct 23, 1804, SETTLEMENT Case 64, File 293, Thos Wallace.

Sept 10 1806 Settlement, Estate of Oliver Wallace .Dec'd, THOMAS WALLACE (Note: Page 7, Oliver, Jr.)

"History of Bethesda Presbyterian Church" York, SoCar.

"The Families of Captain James Wallace, John and THOMAS WALLACE were early members of Bethesda Presbyterian Church." Captain James Wallace and Thomas Wallace are buried there. Thomas lived in Chester County, but was not a member of a Chester County church.

1775, 29 Aug, Mecklenburg County, No. Car.

Oliver Wallace: Deed to his son James L. Wallace, of land adjoining Oliver, Junior and John Wallace.

1777, 4 Apr.. Mecklenburg Co. Alexander Lewis & wife, Hannah: deed; 300 acres near Edward Guvens

1778, 30 May, Camden County:: THOMAS WALLACE purchaser at sale of Nicholas Bishop preperty.

1785, 4 July, South Carolina; Land Grant: 500 acres to THOMAS WALLACE, Junior in York District.

1793, July, York County Court Court: THOMAS WALLACE and Joseph Wallace

1800: Chester County THOMAS WALLACE deeds 250 Acres to son Hugh Wallace And 250 Acres to son James Wallace, the "...land of 4 July 1785."

MECKLENBURG COUNTY, North Carolina , Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions:

Minutes, Wallace:

- 1775, January: THOMAS WALLACE, fined for non-attendance as juror  
 William Wallace on list of jurors for January  
 " " on Grand Jury for 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of January 1775  
THOMAS WALLACE on petit Jury
- 1775, April Ordered by court, that Daniel Alexander(Jr) an orphan of Daniel Alexander, dec'd,  
 be bound to THOMAS WALLACE, house Carpenter, for a term of 8 years & 5 months.
- 1777, July THOMAS WALLACE, Tax Collector
- 1777, Oct THOMAS WALLACE, Odered by the Court that THOMAS WALLACE, produce  
 Daniel Alexander(Jr) in court to be held on 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday next, and that a summons issue to John,  
 Edward and Saeah Alexander as evidences to support a charge of illusage of said orphan by sd  
 Wallace.
- 1778, Apr. Deed from Alexander Lewis and wife Hannah, to Benjamin Wallace, proved by THOMAS  
WALLACE, (Bk 7, page 454)  
 James Wallace, Ezekiel Wallace jurors.  
 Deed from Benjamin Wallace & wife Elinor to Joseph Wallace, proven by Benjamin Wallace
- 1778, July, Ord'd that a citation issued to THOMAS WALLACE to appear tomorrow at 12 o'clock.  
 Ordered that THOMAS WALLACE deliver unto Robert Harris, Esq., Dan'l Alexander, orphan of  
 Daniel Alexander, dec'd, in order that the said orphan be presented in court at next session.
- 1779, Jan. THOMAS WALLACE, Grand Juror
- 1779, Jul, THOMAS WALLACE, Tax Assessor, also appointed Constable, instead of William Black  
 Servd on Jury, 1780-1781
- 1792, Jan Ord'd... THOMAS WALLACE, appointed guardian of William Miller Line, orphan of  
 James Linn, dec'd, age 15 yrs.
- 1795, Deed from Eddy( Adlai) Linn to THOMAS WALLACE, for 150 acres, daed 23 Sep 1794, poven  
 by Jonathan Wallace...
- Deed from William Miller Linn to THOMAS WALLACE, for  
 By Jonathan Wallace, son of

OLIVER WALLACE, Jr b. ca 1748; m. ca 1780, Judith \_\_\_\_\_; d. 1789

- |           |        |        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------|--------|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1770      | 18 Jun | TRYON  | Chain bearer, survey of grant to Thomas Rainey & James Williamson, 110 Ac. SF FC; Grant #324                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 1776      | 29 Aug | CAMDEN | Land adjoined the 271 Ac. deeded by OLIVER, Sr. to son JAMES L., SF FC.                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 1778-1782 |        |        | *Served 186 days as a horseman under Capt. Robert Sadler at Oconee River, 1778; 90 days under Capt. Wm. Hannah in 1780-81; 47 days on foot under Lt. John Hanna, 1782; all in SC militia (SCR A.A. 8159; L483).                                                         |
| 1789      | 17 Jul | YORK   | *WILL, OLIVER WALLACE, Jr., bequeaths 100 Acres to his son, OLIVER BERRY WALLACE, SFFC; names wife Judith; dau Jean; dau Sally, who m. John Kidd; oldest dau, not named, md. or d. before 1804, as not named in settlement of estate. <u>THOMAS WALLACE</u> , Executor. |
| 1789      | 13 Oct | YORK   | * <u>THOMAS WALLACE</u> , JAMES WALLACE & Joseph Boggs named to appraise estate of OLIVER Jr. (64-2993)                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 1789      | 28 Dec | YORK   | *Will recorded (York Probate File 64-2993)                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 1802      | 12 Mar | YORK   | *THOMAS makes second settlement report.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 1804      |        | YORK   | * <u>THOMAS WALLACE</u> appointed guardian of OLIVER WALLACE, a minor; JOHN WALLACE & JAMES WALLACE, bondsmen. York Probate: 66-3161; 66-3203                                                                                                                           |
| 1804      | 23 Oct | YORK   | * <u>THOMAS</u> makes settlement: "John Kidd in right of his wife, SALLY (WALLACE)."                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 1806      | 4 Mar  | YORK   | * <u>THOMAS</u> makes final settlement of estate                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 1809      | 28 Feb | YORK   | *OLIVER B. WALLACE, son of OLIVER, sells 100 A. on Beckey's Branch to JOHN WALLACE, son of JAMES adj. JAMES WALLACE, Wm. Bratton, heirs of Elijah Fleming. G-415. Deed proven 13 Jan 1813.                                                                              |

1809 4 Mar YORK \*Samuel Carson, guardian of OLIVER, makes final settlement for 1807-1809, incl "cash to BETSY WALLACE \$1.25" (?)

1821 5 Aug PERRY,AL OLIVER BERRY WALLACE married Elizabeth Daily.

\* indicates have copy of original document)

( 5 Nov 1990)

OLIVER WALLACE, JR., ESTATE ADMINISTRATION  
WILL

In the Name of God Amen.

The Day of in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred & Eighty Nine.

I, Oliver Wallace, Jun<sup>r</sup> of York County in the State of Carolina, being weak in body, but sound & Disposing mind & Memory (blessed be God) and calling to remembrance the Transitoryness of this life and that it is appointed for All men once to Die:

Do Make and Ordain this my last Will & Testament in manner & form following My Will & Desire is, that All my just Debts & Funeral charges be justly & fully paid by my Executor<sup>s</sup> hereafter named.

ITEM. I Give and bequeath to my wife Judith Wallace my oldest Bay Mare, with a woman's Saddle & bridle, Also a Feather Bed & Furniture with all her wearing apparel and an equal part with my 3 daughters in my household Furniture all of which I allow to be to her use & at her disposal ForEver. And my further Will, is that my said wife do have as comfortable & Genteel a living off of the Plantation I now live on, as the same will admit of, Together with Service or assistance of my Negroe Boy Snow to aid & assist in the raising & supporting my four children during my wife's state of widowhood, if a change of which takes place before my son arrives to the Age of maturity, my Will is in that case, that the said Negroe be Hired out to the best advantage untill my son arrives to full age, When, if he, or any of my then Surviving children is of ability to purchase a slave & make the surviving number of children Equal shearers(sic) in the negroes Value then; It wo<sup>d</sup> be my wish But if not able, I then desire the negroe to be sold to the best advantage & the money or sum arising from it to be equally divided between my then surviving Children & my said Wife (if she be living) If not to be equal among the then living number of Children. I further bequeath one Cow & calf to be chosen out of my Stock by my sd wife for her use & benefit for Ever:

ITEM. The remainder of my cattle Stock my desire is to be equally divided between my 3 daughters and the same of the unbequeathed part of my household furniture Together with my present Sheep & Hogs Stock I bequeath to my Two young daughters, & one Sorrel mare to my oldest daughter for Ever.

Item. I Give & Demise unto my Son Oliver Berry Wallace the Plantation whereon I now live, being estimated 100 acr. of Land. Together with all my Plantation Utensils, one of the Steel-yards, one pr. Spoon-moulds & one young horse Colt. All to be to his use & benefit For Ever.

And further & lastly I do constitute, Ordain and appoint my friend Thomas Wallace, & Andrew Love Esq<sup>r</sup>. my Executor<sup>s</sup> & my said wife Judith Wallace Executrix of this my last Will & Testament. Hereby revoking all others by me heretofore made.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the day & year above written.

Sign<sup>d</sup> Seal<sup>d</sup> Published  
& Declared by the Testator  
to be his last Will &  
Testament in Prescence of--  
Jas Mitchell  
Jas Wallace  
Wm Davison

Oliver Wallace ( )

17 day of July 1789

(Recorded 28th day of December 1789 John McCaw, C.C.)

+++++  
YORK COUNTY COURT, MINUTES, Monday October 12th, 1789, p. 231

"Will of Oliver Wallace was proven by James Mitchell and James Wallace,  
evidences thereto. Ordered to be recorded. Letters Testamentary to Thomas  
Wallace, executor named in said Will (Andrew Love and Judith Wallace having  
relinquished the Executorship). Thomas Wallace came and qualified."

YORK COUNTY PROBATE RECORDS Case 64, File 2993

OLIVER WALLACE, JR

OLIVER WALLACE

13 Oct 1789

Know all men by these presents that we, Thos. Wallace, Joseph Boggs, & James  
Wallace are held and firmly bound the Justices of the County Court of York  
or their Successors in Office in the penal sum of four Hundred Pounds--for  
the true payment whereof we bind ourselves, our Heirs, Executors and  
Administrators firmly by these presents, Sealed with our Seals and dated  
this 13th day of October 1789.

The Condition of the above obligation is that if the above bound Thos  
Wallace, Joseph Boggs & James Wallace Adm<sup>r</sup> of the Last Will & testament of  
Ollifer(sic) Wallace deceased do make or cause to be made a true & perfect  
inventory of all & singular the Goods Chattels & Credits of the said  
deceased, which have or shall come to the hands possession or knowldege of  
the said Thos. Wallace Joseph Boggs & J.L. Wallace\* or into the hands or  
possession of any other person or persons for them and the same so made do  
exhibit or cause to be exhibited into the County Court of York at such time  
as they shall be thereunto required by the said Court and the same Goods  
Chattels & Credits, and all other the Goods Chattels & Credits of the said  
deceased at the time of his death which at anytime after shall come to the  
hands of the said Thos. Wallace Joseph Boggs & J.L. Wallace or into the  
hands or possession of any other person or persons for them do well and  
truly administer according to Law and further do make a Just account of  
their actings and doings herein when thereunto required by the said Court,  
and also, do well and truly pay and deliver all the legacies contained and  
specified in the s<sup>d</sup> testament, as far as the said Goods Chattels, and  
Credits will thereunto extend according to the value thereof and as the Law  
shall charge then this obligation to be void otherwise to remain in full  
force & Virtue.

Test: Thos Wallace (LS)  
Joseph Boggs (LS)  
Jas. Wallace (LS)

John Martin



\*Note: Above use of "J.L. Wallace" is source of my using  
 "James L. Wallace throughout records. No idea of what  
 the "L" stood for. While Thomas Wallace had a son named James  
 L. Wallace, he was not yet of age in 1789.

+++++  
 October ye 22 Day in the year of our Lord (1790)

This is the Apraisement Bill Given by us under Named of the Goods And  
 Chattels of the personal Estate of Oliver Wallace J<sup>r</sup> dec'd As Shown to us BY  
Tho<sup>s</sup> Wallace Excr Being Duly Sworn Do to the Best of our Knowledg\_ Give our  
 Verdick as Such by Single Articles and Sum<sub>e</sub>d up

|                                                                         | £..S..p  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| One Larg pot one Small oven one Looking Glass                           | 1.10. 4  |
| One pair Cotten Cards Tea Ware Six tins one set knives & forks          | 0.16. 0  |
| Eight Spoons one Counter <sup>pain</sup> Two Collors & pail & small Hog | 1. 4. 8  |
| One Spining Wheel one Beson(basin) four plates & a dish                 | 1. 2. 0  |
| Some Wheat Some flax & oats some plank three Bee gums                   | 4. ?. 0  |
| two Barrels one slide one cart one Bag of Feathers(?)                   | 4. ?. ?  |
| One pair of Scails & weights one set spools                             | ?. ?. ?  |
| two Sides of Lether one bell two Books one pair Specks                  | 2.18. ?  |
| ten Head of Cattle                                                      | 11. 7. 0 |
| One Mair at seven pounds & one colt at one pound ten shillings          | 8.10. 0  |
| twelve Head of Hogs & three Head of Sheep                               | 4.15. 4  |
| Plow & Shovel plow Large & Small ax Small oagrs(augers?)                | 2. 7.10  |
| One Saw and Hamer one pair Drawing Chains                               | 0. 9. ?  |
| Some Gears and Half Bushel one pair Spoon Molds &                       | ? ? ?    |
| _____ Churns too pails one tea Cattle(kettle) one skilet                | 1 ? ?    |
| One Large oven one small pot and Hooks & two bead steads                | 1. ? ?   |
| One table Jug & Sifter one tub one pair wool Cards                      | 0. ? ?   |
| two smoothing Irons two Drinking glases five plates & mug               | 0. 8. ?  |
| Some erthen were Six Besons three chairs & Candle Stick                 | 0.18. ?  |
| two Cags(kegs) two Sheets one pot and Hooks & pot rack                  | 1. 9. 6  |
| One Reel. Some Cotten & Bag Some Clean Flax                             | 0.14. 6  |
| One peacs of Two(tow) Cloath one Bar of Iron one Barrel & Salt          | 0.13. 4  |
| One Salt Box and Salt one Bead Matt one Large Barrel                    | 0. 7. ?  |
| One jug one Bag & flaxseed one Chest one small Ditto                    | 1.17. ?  |
| one Puter Quart & pint two Black Jacks & case of bottles                | 1.13. ?  |
| one box of Old Iron one puter Dish & five plates two Besons &           | 1.15. ?  |
| gens poro(?)                                                            |          |
| two Half Beads(beds) two Sheets one Emty case one jug two baskets       | 1. 6. ?  |
| one Blanket Bead cover Quillon & bolster cases                          | 1. 0. ?  |

("?"= original paper torn away.)

Wm. Davison  
 John Finley  
 Jas Wallace

+++++  
 The probits Against Oliver Wallaces Estate is

|                                                       | £..Sh...p |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| first) Elijah Bayley                                  | 1 17 4    |
| John Garvin probit for                                | 0 8 0     |
| Robert Bratton probit for                             | 1 4 0     |
| Thomas Bratton By probit                              | 0 14 0    |
| Wm. Davidson to probit of                             | 1 6 6     |
| Thos. Bratton By probit                               | 1 3 11    |
| William Calley By probit                              | 0 18 0    |
| Genl Lacey to probit of                               | 0 18 11   |
| George King to probit of                              | 0 14 0    |
| John Davidson to probit of                            | 1 4 10    |
| John finlan to probit of                              | 0 7 0     |
| John Ratchford tp probit of                           | 2 9 8     |
| Samuel Bratton to probit of                           | 0 10 10   |
| John price his probit for                             | 1 0 0     |
| Elijah Flemins probit for                             | 0 10 8    |
| Philop Santeford Account for (Sandiford)              | 1 19 8    |
| John Finlan Bt Brandy Eleven gallons and half         | 2 13 8    |
| John Wallers for Crying Vendue                        | 0 12 6    |
| John Finlan for two days prising property(appraising) | 0 9 4     |
| James Hemphill for prising                            | 0 9 4     |
| Joseph Bogs his probit for                            | 0 18 0    |
| James polks Account for                               | 0 3 8     |
| Mr. George Kings Note for                             | 10 0 0    |
| And interest for one year                             | 0 12 3    |
| James Wallace By two gallons and half brandy          | 0 11 8    |
| paid to Mr. John McCaw                                | 0 11 8    |
| Alowed for my own Attendance                          | 4 10 0    |
|                                                       | £ 98 19 9 |

+++++  
YORK COUNTY PROBATE RECORDS, Case 64, File 2993

Thomas Wallace Esq<sup>r</sup> Settlement of the Estate of Oliver Wallace Deces<sup>d</sup> for  
 the Year 1802- as Ex<sup>d</sup> to the Same

|                                                                                              |            |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Amount of Estate in my Hands as per former<br>Settlement under the County Court System _____ | £ 24. 9.11 |
| I have Received for Hire of a Negro Snow                                                     | 20. 6      |
|                                                                                              | £ 44.15.11 |

Sworn to before me this 12th Day  
 March 1802

Alex<sup>r</sup> Moore Ordinary Y D

+++++  
Thomas Wallace Esqr Settlement of the State of Oliver Wallace Deceased for  
 the Years 1803 & 1804 as Excr.

|                                                     |            |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Amount of Estate as on former Settlement in my hand | £ 44.15.11 |
| on this settlement for hire of Negro man            | 13.18.02   |
|                                                     | £ 58.14.13 |

Divided amongst 5 legatees £.11.18. 9½  
 This half of which Sum  
 divided amongst 3 legatees £ 1.19. 9 ¾  
 makes £ 13.18. 7 each

Sworn to before me August 8th 1804

Alex<sup>r</sup> Moore Ordnry Y.D.

Know all men by these presents that we James Wallace, Thomas Wallace & John Wallace are holden and firmly bound unto James B. Richardson Governor and commander in chief, and ordinary of this state, in the full and just sum of two thousand pounds current money of the said state to be paid to the said governor and ordinary. or to his successors, governors and ordinaries of the said state---

To which payment will and truly be made and done, we hereby bind ourselves, jointly and severally, our heirs, executors and administrators in the whole and for the whole, firmly by the Presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated the 21st day of Jan<sup>ry</sup> Anno Domino 1804 and in the 28th year of American Independence.

The condition of this obligation is such, that if the above bounded James Wallace do and shall carefully and handsomely bring up the said Oliver Wallace during his minority and nonage, with necessary meat, drink, washing, lodging, apparel, and learning according to his degree; and shall during the time the said James Wallace shall be guardian and tutor unto the said Oliver

Wallace defend him from hurt of body, loss of goods and lands, so far as in his power lieth; and such portions as shall due, unto the said Oliver Wallace, of the goods and chattels of any person whatsoever, according to the inventory thereof, or by any other ways whatsoever, shall deliver and pay unto the said Oliver Wallace when shall come to age to receive the same by law: And if it happen that the said Oliver Wallace shall die before that time, then if the said James Wallace do contract and pay the portion and other rights of the said Oliver Wallace to whom the law shall appoint the same to be paid, or who, by proximity of blood, ought to have it; and shall also render a true and perfect account upon the tuition to him granted, when thereunto required; that then the above obligation to be void and of no effect, or else to remain and be in full force and virtue.

Sealed and delivered  
in the presence of  
Alex<sup>r</sup> Moore

James Wallace (LS)  
Tho<sup>s</sup> Wallace (LS)  
John Wallace (LS)

+++++

YORK PROBATE RECORDS, Case 64, File 2993

Thos. Wallace Settlement of the Estate of Oliver Wallace in addition to his former Settlements 1804 as Execr

|                                                  |   |           |           |          |
|--------------------------------------------------|---|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Amount of Estate in my hand on former Settlement | £ | 58        | 14        | 1        |
| add This Settlement sum                          |   | <u>38</u> | <u>9</u>  |          |
|                                                  | £ | 97        | 3         | 1        |
| Deduct my Commission ordinary's fees &c          |   | <u>3</u>  | <u>17</u> | <u>4</u> |
|                                                  | £ | 93        | 5         | 9        |

Divided amongst Three Legatees Viz: Sally )  
Wallace Jean Wallace & Oliver Wallace is ) £ 31/1/11 each

Produced Receipt from John Kidd in full for Kidd  
the above sum of Lb 31 in right of his wife Sally Wallace

Sworn to before me October 23rd 1804

Alex Moore Ordinary

Sam<sup>l</sup> Carson Received of Jas Wallace \$ 144.25

On Thomas Wallace Settlement on the Estate of Oliver Wallace Deceased

|                                                     |   |           |           |           |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Amount of Estate as per former Settlement           | £ | 93        | 5         |           |
| To each Legatee                                     |   | <u>31</u> | <u>1</u>  | <u>11</u> |
| Add to Oliver Wallace legatee His interest on money |   | <u>7</u>  | <u>8</u>  | <u>2</u>  |
|                                                     |   | 38        | 10        | 1         |
| Has credit by payment                               |   | <u>3</u>  | <u>19</u> | <u>4</u>  |
|                                                     | £ | 34        | 10        | 9         |

Sworn before me Sepr 10th 1806

Alex Moore Ordny

---

|               |   |           |          |              |
|---------------|---|-----------|----------|--------------|
| Amt of Estate | £ | 63        | 17       | 2            |
| Agts & Estate |   | <u>26</u> | <u>4</u> | <u>3 1/2</u> |
|               |   | 37        | 12       | 10 1/2       |

|                 |  |          |           |        |
|-----------------|--|----------|-----------|--------|
| There is in the |  |          |           |        |
| Adms hand       |  | 37       | 12        | 10 1/2 |
| Excr Com        |  | <u>4</u> | <u>10</u> |        |
|                 |  | 33       | 2         | 10 1/2 |

\*\*\*\*\*  
 (Note: Apparently, in 1806, Thomas Wallace was discharged as the Executor, having fulfilled his obligation. James Wallace's guardianship was also terminated, possibly because Oliver Berry was eighteen years of age. He was superceded by Samuel Carson.)  
 \*\*\*\*\*

YORK COUNTY PROBATE RECORDS, Case 66, File 3161

Know all men by these presents that we Samuel Carson, Reuben McConnell & William House are holden and firmly Bound unto Paul Hamilton Governor and commander in chief and ordinary of this State in the full and just sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid to the said governor and Ordinary or to his successors, governors and Ordinaries of the said State. To which payment well and truly to be made and done, we hereby bind ourselves, jointly and severally, our several heirs, executors and administrators, in the whole and for the whole, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated the 5th day of March Anno Domino 1806, and in the \_\_\_\_\_ year of American Independence.

The condition of this obligation is such, that if the above bounded Samuel Carson do and shall carefully and handsomely bring up the said Oliver Wallace during his minority and non age, with necessary meat, drink, washing, lodging, apparel and learning, according to his degree, and shall, during the time the said Samuel Carson shall be guardian and tutor unto the said Oliver Wallace, defend him from hurt of body, loos(sic) of goods and lands, so far as in his power lieth, and such portions as shall fall due unto the said Oliver Wallace, of the goods and chattles of person whatsoever, according to the inventory thereof, or by any other way whatsoever, shall deliver and pay unto the said Oliver Wallace when he shall come to age to receive the same by law. And if it happen that the said Oliver Wallace shall die before that time, then the said Samuel Carson do contract and pay the portion and other rights of the said Oliver Wallace to whom the law shall appoint the same to be paid, or who, by proximity of

blood, ought to have it, and shall also keep a true and perfect account upon the tuition to him granted, when thereunto reequyred, and save and keep harmless the above named Governor & Ordinary and all other officers and Ministers under him for or by Granting the said Letter of Guardianship that then the above obligation to be void and of none effect or else to remain and to be in full force & virtue.

Sealed and Delivered  
in the presence of

Saml Carson (LS)  
Reuben McConnell (LS)

Margaret Carson

William House (LS)

+++++  
YORK PROBATE RECORDS, Case 64, File 2993

Sam<sup>l</sup> Carsons Settlement on Oliver Estate as guardian to Oliver Wallace,  
minor

|                                     |               |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| Amount of Estate in Guardians Hands | \$ 296.00     |
| Credit by payment made              | <u>311.56</u> |
|                                     | \$ 25.56      |

|                                   |                           |           |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|-----------|
| Jany 14th 1807                    | Adicks Note               | \$ 16.80  |
| May 1806                          | to Alws quar(terly)       | 18.00     |
| March 31st 1806                   | Money given               | 40.00     |
| June 17th 1807                    | Do Money given            | 90.00     |
| April 5th 1806                    | Ordneys fees              | 3.00      |
| March 2nd 1807                    | Pd McCaw                  | 5. 6      |
|                                   | Do                        | 15.30     |
| 1807                              | my own acct               | 96.65     |
| Febby 20th 1808                   | Cash                      | 4.00      |
|                                   | one hatt                  | 5.00      |
|                                   | Cash to Betsy wallace (?) | 1.25      |
|                                   | Do to Do                  | 2.00      |
|                                   | Do to Do for cloth        | 4.00      |
| Ordinary fees for this settlement |                           | <u>3.</u> |
|                                   |                           | \$ 304.06 |
| Commissions                       |                           | <u>7.</u> |
|                                   |                           | \$ 311.56 |

March 4th 1809 produced Oliver Wallace receipt in full for the same in settlement

March 4th 1809 Saml Carsons Receipt in full was produced for the above ballance

Sworn to me March 4th 1809

Alex Moore Ordny Y.D.

+++++  
(Note: On February 28th, 1809, Oliver B. Wallace conveyed 100 acres on Beckey's Branch of Fishing Creek to John Wallace, son of James (John G.) for \$200 silver. The deed was proven Jan 5th 1813, probably when John G. Wallace was preparing to leave for Alabama. Deed: Book G, p. 415)  
.....

PERRY COUNTY, ALABAMA, Marriage Book E, Page 26

Oliver B. Wallace to Elizabeth Daily 5 August 1821

NOTE: While not proven, at this time, I am of the opinion that the daughters of Oliver, Junior, are the same girls named in the will of Oliver, Senior:

In 1789, Oliver, Jr., refers to his "3 daughters" but does not name them.

On 23 March, 1802, Oliver, Senior names "two daughters, Hannah and Jean" and "Sally Loveless".

On 23 October, 1804, Thomas Wallace, Executor, names children of Oliver, Junior: Sally, Jean and Oliver, then writes "Sally Wallace Kidd. so it appears that Sally Wallace had married only a very short time before 23 October 1804.

In 1802, Oliver Senior was about 82 years old; the girls were minors, not yet 14 years of age.

In 1802, Thomas Wallace distributed to 5 legatees, then to only 3 which indicates that something probably happened to two, Judith & Hannah.

If Oliver Berry Wallace was just 21 in 1809, when he sold the 100 acres he had inherited, then he was born 1788, and was only a year old when his father died, and James Wallace was appointed guardian in 1789. In 1804, when Samuel Carson was appointed Guardian, he would have been 16, and in 1809 he would have been 21, of age to inherit the farm, and sell it. In 1821, he would have been 33.

I believe that Oliver, Senior adopted the daughters of his son in 1789, and took them to Georgia with him. They would have been older than Oliver, Jr. or about 15-17 in 1802. Sally "Loveless" (Lovelace?) Wallace was single when Oliver, Sr made his will, 1802, and was Mrs. Sally Kidd in 1804.

No adoption records on the children has been found in York Records.

No record of the widow Judith has been found. Who was "Betsey?"

+++++  
( 5 Nov 1990)

WILL of THOMAS BLAIR, County of Chester, State of South Carolina  
Will sg. 14 Sept. 1795, no proven date, rec. 14 Sept. 1796.  
Names in his will:

MARGARET... Dearly beloved wife..."to have stock, household goods maintenance for her whole life, 1/2 to be paid by WM. and other 1/2 to be paid by THOMAS..." Also he names: JAMES BLAIR... Son and Ex to have 5 shillings. THOMAS BLAIR... grandson, son of JAMES, to have L 1/5 sh. worth of hogs. JOHN BLAIR... son... 5 shillings. ALEXANDER WALKER... 5 shillings, and relationship not stated. THOMAS BLAIR... Son... 5 shillings. MARY BLAIR... Daughter, Black mare which she now claims, bed and furniture and 1/2 household goods, 1 cow. ELIZABETH... No surname... Daughter... Bay mare she now claims... etc. WILLIAM BLAIR... Son... also Ex... Plantation whereon I now live... etc.  
Witnesses: William Crawford, Samuel McCoy, Nancy X Armour.

No papers in the file which would identify men whom the daughters married. It would seem that the above THOMAS BLAIR and his wife MARGARET were the parents of the MARY BLAIR who wed ALEXANDER GASTON.

In gratitude  
to  
Biggers Mobly  
of  
Chester, S.C.  
Who took me when an Orphan  
And  
Clothed, fed and sent me to School,  
This Book  
Is affectionately Inscribed  
By  
The Author.

Preface.

Some of the pages of this book were written for my own amusement and to kill time, and not for publication; but the Editor of the Printing Trades Magazine, of St. Louis, Missouri, happened to get hold of the copy, and exclaimed: "By George! this is the very stuff I want for my magazine to feed to my readers!"

The Editor begged me so earnestly for the copy that I finally let him have it.

The serials continued to appear monthly in this Magazine for two years, when they were discontinued.

At the solicitation of many friends, however, later on to codify and put these serials, in a book that my comrades of the Stick and Rule might have the opportunity to peruse the "Reminiscences of a Tramp Printer", I have with some distrust, consented to do so, knowing their proverbial and universal fairness and just decision in all matters between man and man before placing their seal of approval or disapproval.

I have added considerable matter my "Reminiscences", aside from the magazine matter.

(now and then a pine knot being tossed into it to give light) some carding, spinning, sewing and knitting, while the cobbler of the family would be pegging away on a pair of shoes or mending the harness; and to make this family picture complete, in a quiet corner might be seen tabby perched on a chair taking a cat-nap; or, if the meal barrel has run low a squad of "black cattle" (Slaves), shelling corn for the mill-boy to take to mill on the morrow; and in the midst of these slaves, a lot of tow-headed, unkempt children (white and black), busily engaged in building corn-cob houses.

And when the corn has all been shelled and sacked, the rubbish removed, and the night far advanced, then the potatoes and ashcakes are dug out of their hot beds and dusted, the keg of hard cider is rolled forth, and these industrious night workers (both white and black), set to eat and drink their fill.

### SOME QUAIN OLD CUSTOMS

But it was not always work, work, work with these early pioneers. At times there was some relaxation from their labors, though allied with work, such as "log-rolling", "corn-shucking", "cotton-picking", "house-raising", "hog-killing", "quilting", etc., merely reciprocal courtesies between neighbors, where they would meet at the home of one of their number to perform such work as might be assigned them, the affair ending with a dance and a supper.

Then there were horse-racing, cock-fighting, foot-races, target-shooting, fox hunting and deer hunting, etc.

There were no prairies, and the forests had to be felled to open up land for cultivation. The large trees were left standing, after being "deadened" at the trunk. In the course of time these giants of the forest would wither, topple and fall, and would then be cut up in ten foot lengths, to be rolled together and burned. Then the owner would invite his neighbors to his log-rolling, who would bring their wives and daughters, and while these muscular yeomen would be collecting this dead timber in huge piles for the torch, the hostess would have these visiting ladies gathered around one or more quilting frames plying the needle with the nim. A big dinner and supper awaited the active co-workers, and a ball finished the days doings. In like manner a cotton-picking was conducted.

A corn-shucking (husking), was looked forward to with fond anticipations by all as a joyful event. After the corn had been hauled



from the fields and tossed into a huge pile by placing a fence-rail in the center, pair off, and then would commence a race for a prize that would be very exciting. The "little brown jug" was kept on the jump all the time wetting the whistles of the busy multitude until the end, when a fine supper awaited the contestants; and, if time permitted, the husking bee would end with a dance by the young men and the wives and daughters of the farmers.

The saving of time and labor by these farmers seemed to be no object in gathering their crops of corn; for, instead of permitting the corn and fodder to remain on the stalks until the grain would mature, the fodder was first pulled, bound and stacked, then the corn was gathered and shucked; and lastly, the barren stalks cut and burned, when it all could have been done at one fell swoop later by cutting the stalks with the fodder and corn adhering to it and stacking it in the field.

It is hard to discard old customs and habits and adopt new ones sometimes. Like an old slip-shod shoe, all run down at the heel, and looking as bad as possible, we cling to it like a leech, because it is easy on the foot and pleasant to wear. So it was with these easy-going farmers - they had a motive for giving so much of their time in gathering their corn. By cutting the stalks with the ears and fodder intact and shucking it in the field, would deprive them of the pleasure of having an old-time "corn-shucking" and blowout. It would never do to omit this time-honored autumnal feature. It had been handed down from father to son, almost from the days of the landing of the Pilgrims, and was looked forward to with fond anticipations by both young and old.

## THE MAN WITH ONLY ONE IDEA

This double labor of gathering the corn and fodder reminds me of the fellow who had only one idea. However, notwithstanding he had only one idea of a certain thing he intended to do, he was tenderhearted and of a feline disposition. He had two cats - one large, the other small. Now, he wanted these cats to have free access at all times (night and day), to his domicile. With this view he had two circular holes cut in the door of his residence - one large, the other small - never thinking the little cat could crawl through the big hole!

So it was with the rusty farmer gathering his corn. Or, the story of the old Dutchman and the sack of corn, which you have, no doubt, often heard repeated, who was in the habit of putting a stone in one end of the sack of corn to balance it when his son went to mill.

One day the boy forgot to put the stone in the sack, and tossed it across the horse's back, and it balanced itself! His eyes bulged out, and gazing on the sack of corn in astonishment and wonder at what had happened, cried out to his father:

"Farder, farder! Run here quick and see vat I'se done! I'sed balanced der corn widout der stone!"

"Now, Hans, you just put der stone in der sack. You tinks you know morn dan your ole farder."

## REVERSES

By long years of industry, thrift and economy, pa had secured a comfortable home for himself and family, but in the course of time, by injudicious speculating, he lost his farm and "black cattle". He then moved to town and opened a hotel. In this new enterprise he was succeeding fairly well, when an incendiary applied the torch and destroyed the hotel. No insurance! Added to these reverses, mother sickened and died! But pa tried to overcome his financial loss and sad bereavement in the death of mother, by taking charge of a rich planter's farm on a salary, as he was a skillful farmer and an excellent manager of slaves, and was kind to them, and treated them humanely. The owner had confidence in pa and left everything to his discretion, and everything moved along smoothly without friction or turmoil, and the crops were abundant.

## MASSA GABRIEL

Now, everybody knows the negro is very superstitious, and a great believer in supernatural things. The Millerites were in full play then, and had the illiterate whites and negroes worked up to a high pitch about the world coming to an end, which would be announced by Gabriel blowing a horn and they therefore, kept their eyes and ears well open all the time listening and watching for Mass Gabriel's blast of the horn. They did not have to wait long.

The negro is very fond of sleep; I have known them to sleep so soundly as to burn themselves severely by cuddling up in the ashes

as the fire burned low in the wide fire-places in their little log cabins; and to arouse them from their deep slumbers in the morning it was necessary to have an "eye opener". So pa repaired to the country store and purchased a large tin horn, after the style of an old stage-coach horn. It was in the cotton picking season; when the weather was mild and mellow; the orchards loaded down with their golden fruits, sweet and juicy; the great big watermellons and yellow pumpkins, cantelopes, muskmellons and smaller vine products impeding your footsteps as you wander among the silken corn and white-clad fields of cotton; when the flowers are beginning to lose their lustre, and all nature is undergoing a change; the grasses are turning sear and yellow, and the forests are losing their wanted greenness and the brown nuts are falling. Yes, it is the cotton-picking season, and a hundred or more slaves are hard at work culling the fleecy staple from the burms and placing it in their sacks or baskets in a field surrounded on one side by a deep forest. All is quiet save now and then the "caw, caw, caw" of a crow, the hammering of a woodpecker on an old dead tree, or the notes of the mockingbird, when this silence is broken by the echoes (faint and low), of a horn in the deep forest, reverberating over hill and valley, and modulated like the waves of the ocean, when it dies away. The darkies stop their work and listen a moment, then resume their task. Once more the sound of the horn is heard; this time louder and nearer. The negroes cease their work, gather together to consult, and crane their necks in the direction of the horn-blowing, when a series of blasts of the horn roll forth as fiercely as to make the earth almost tremble. This is enough; the "black cattle" are on a stampede, and make for their little log cabins as fast as their legs can carry them, as Mass Gabriel sure enough has done tooted his horn and the world is coming to an end. And in the wake of these fleeing slaves, bounding out of the forest, is a noble buck persued by a pack of hounds, urged on by their owners on fleet-footed horses; and as they sped along through the pastures the cattle join in the flight, with pa bringing up the rear, killing himself with laughter and blowing a big tin horn he has purched to arouse the slaves at reveille.

Apropo, as the story goes, these Millerites had assembled once upon a time in their white robes on an elevated piece of ground to make an ascension, but were a little tardy in getting off on schedule time. So one of the "faithful" crawled up into a haystack near by and

fell to sleep. A wag set the haystack afire, and when the disciple opened his eyes and beheld the flames surrounding him, exclaimed:

"Just my d\_\_\_\_\_d bad luck - I'm in hell."

## A BITTER PILL

Time moved on apace as pa continued to sow and to reap. The crops were abundant and encouraging, yet pa keenly felt the loss of his hard earned possessions, his "black cattle", farm, hotel, and last, though not least, the death of my saintly mother. These he could not forget, no matter how he strived to do so. They were ever present in his mind, so much so, that from a cheerful and happy disposition, he became morbid and morose. Could you blame him? He had lost all, and had now arrived at the stage of life where it was impossible to commence anew again. And thus, from month to month, he grew into a rapid decline, and at last, the sadest of all death took him from us, and he passed away as quietly as an infant in a sweet repose, leaving us without a home and protector!

## IS BOUND OUT

There were then a drifting apart - a dismemberment of a once united, prosperous and happy family. My eldest sister had married, and she cared for my youngest sister, and my other sister went to live with an aunt; but there were no harbor of safety for me, and I was left to drift about on the high sea of adversity, like a rudderless ship, to be tossed and driven hither and whither by the force of circumstances, until I was finally taken by the civil authorities and bound out to a farmer named Turner Ferguson, for seven years and a half, until I reached my majority. His land was sterile and unproductive, as it had been overworked in raising cotton - some of it had already been cast aside as worthless, yet he had ample forest awaiting the woodman's ax to replenish this lost land. He had a wife and four children, and and lived in a substantial and comfortable house, of the type of Southern artitechture with all necessary outbuildings, barn, stables, etc. Possessed "black cattle" to the amount of eight man servants and maid servants, who dwelt in little log cabins near the "big house". His farm was well stocked with fine cattle, among which was a beautiful stud named "Sailor Boy", and was kept as a source of

revenue for breeding fine stock. Kept a pack of hounds, and a yellow cur named "Ring", that was vicious, and made things lively around the place at times. My newly found master was fond of the chase, and kept this pack of hounds on the trail most of the time, as he never worked on the farm, leaving his "overseer", a servile white man, to watch the "black cattle" and make things hum under the lash.

However, there were times when the horses and mules, had to be shod, and the farming implements sharpened and repaired. He had a fairly equipped blacksmith shop on the place to do this work, and was himself a very fair mechanic. With hammer and tongs, he worked, warped, and blended the metal into such shape as he desired, while I "blew" the bellows. Blowing the bellows, toting water for the ash-hopper, turning the grindstone were part of my duties, and often times did I wish that old grindstone were at the bottom of the sea, when it came to turning the crank for hours at a time under the pressure of a muscular negro bearing on a scythe, reaping hook, adze, an ax, etc. As soon as one negro was through sharpening his ax, another would take his place (it was in the wood-chopping season), and this circular work was very trying on me as it required all my strength to turn the crank. These Slaves ground, and they ground, until they had their tools down to a single edge. Then, again, filling that old ash-hopper with water, is an event I will ever remember. The hopper was capacious, the water buckets small, and the distance to the spring a long distance, and it seemed at times to me that that old ash-hopper would never commence to drip. But persistence will always win and accomplish your object, and at last the amber colored liquid began to drip, drip, drip, and my efforts were crowned with success! This lye was used in making soap. But besides the duties enumerated, I had to work in the fields with the slaves at whatever was required in planting time, dropping corn, sowing cotton seed in the drills, and hoeing same when it began to peep out of the ground and to grow; pulling fodder and corn, picking cotton, driving the gin horses in ginning the cotton; cutting the bands off the sheaves of wheat in "feeding" the thrasher, piling and burning brush in the "new ground"; grubbing; attending the cattle; and in fact, doing a thousand and one things that it is not necessary to mention here. I was kept busy all the time.

The lid of the meal barrel never became dusty, as there were fifteen mouths to be fed three times a daily (white and black), and no one had the dyspepsia, or ever complained of losing their appetite or

feeling ill, and consequently there was a steady run on that old barrel. I was the "mill boy", and had to keep the barrel replenished from week to week with meal, and early every Saturday morning (rain or shine), you could see me mounted on a full sack of corn on a horse leaving the old farm house on my way to the water mill several miles away. Up hill and down hill, across streams and difficult places, and along the natural highway, I wended my way until the mill was reached and the dusty miller lifted my sack of grain from the faithful animal's back and deposited it in the mill to wait my turn to have it ground. These weekly trips to the mill on the well-filled sacks of grain were thus the means of enabling me to become a fine rider, as it required the utmost skill to sit on the full sack of corn or wheat, balance it and keep it from falling to the ground, as I never let the sack of corn fall off but once, and that was when I reached the portals of the mill, the horse sometimes was hard to manage. I usually took along with me a few fishhooks, lines and bait, that I might fish while waiting for my grist. Sometimes I would be very successful in my piscatorial efforts, and return home with my sack of meal and a nice string of fish. Later on my master gave me a one-horse wagon to do the milling, which saved me going to mill so often, as I could carry a lot of sacks of grain in the vehicle.

## PARSON PERRY

Ferguson was a member of the Baptist Church adjacent to his farm. Its parson was named Perry, and of the home-made order of the backwoods preacher - illiterate; blunt, to the point; diction crude, home-spun, but in keeping with his hearers. His general make-up was not very costly, or in keeping with ye modern Bible *bragwanger* ~~U.S.~~ - a true prototype of our Uncle Sam (a varitable "Yankee Doodle" in his make-up), for all the world - red-headed; gaunt; tall; wearing a tile as if made in the long ago, and a long-tail coat almost touching the ground, pants with straps, with a small patch of red hair protruding from the chin. But when he took his place in the pulpit and got lit up, he soon had those hoosiers shouting and falling all over each other. Brother Perry owned a small farm, was married, and had a houseful of children, mostly girls. He was popular, and well liked. As the years rolled on, his flock would assemble at his log cabin and help him plant and gather his crops.

# REMINISCENCES of a TRAMP PRINTER

By "PERK"

"30"

NUMBER 1

## ... PROLOGUE ...

**T**HE last "take" had been set and the last form sent to press. It had been a long run and a heavy night. The disciples of Gutenberg and Faust were tired, thirsty, and hungry, and be-took themselves at once to the saloon on the corner over the way, and were soon eating, drinking, playing cards, singing, telling stories, and making merry.

The night was bitter cold, and the great big stove that sat in the middle of the room sent a glow of heat in every nook and corner that was truly refreshing and cheerful.

Men were coming and going all the time (mostly printers and carriers of the morning dailies), and the door was continually on the swing. The barkeeper was kept busy dealing out drinks.

Finally there was a lull. The rush was over. Then the door was gently opened and an old man entered. He was poorly clad, and his feeble frame shook from hunger and cold. He approached the stove and cast a wistful glance around the room, but no eye of recognition caught his. No money, no friends, and nowhere to lay his head. He was truly a pitiful object.

The barkeeper started toward the old man as if to eject him, when he commenced to repeat in a quavering voice the lines of "The Tramp:"

"Lemme sit down a minute—a stone's got in my shoe;  
Don't you commence your cussin', I ain't done nothin' to you.  
Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folks say we ain't no good,  
But tramps has to live, I reckon, though folks don't think we should."

"Come, now; that will do. Get out!"  
"What's that you say, barkeeper?" asked a young man sitting at a table reading a newspaper.

"I told that old tramp to get a move on himself."

"What's that for? Is this not a public house? That old man is not harming or molesting any one. It is too cold to send him out tonight. Come here, old man, and take a seat by me. Bring us two beers and some hot lunch, barkeeper, and be quick about it, too."

"Thanks, my young friend. Ha, ha, ha; that is a good one on the barkeeper," the old man remarked, as he took a seat at the table by his good friend.

As the two sat eating their lunch and sipping their beer the old man broke forth again, repeating more lines of "The Tramp:"

"Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes;  
That was afore I tumbled and gin got into my nose."

"Here, barkeeper," said the young man, "bring us two more beers, and see that you get a move on yourself; yes, and some 'weenies,' too."

"Down in the Lehigh Valley, me and my people grew;  
I was a blacksmith, Cap'n—yes, and a good one, too.  
Me and my wife and Nelle—Nelle was just sixteen;  
She was the purtiest creeter the Valley had ever seen."

"And so you are a blacksmith, then?"

"Ha, ha, ha! That is a good one on me. The term is familiar and applicable to my calling. I am an old-time printer, and the word 'blacksmith' is applied to anyone who proves inefficient at the 'case' and sets a 'foul' proof. But I disclaim the appellation. In my time I was called a 'swift,' and clean at that. Proof readers could rest on their oars when they came to my 'slug,' and devote their time in searching for turned esses. But things have changed with me. My eyes have grown dim, and my fingers are no longer nimble. No work, no money, no friends, it is with me, 'over the hills to the poor-house.'"

"Your name?" queried the young man.

"Rover."

"And yours?" asked the old-timer.

"Robbins," replied the young man, at the same time calling for two more beers, some lunch and cigars.

"By the way, Rover, as you are an old-timer, can't you tell me something of your travels?"

For a moment or two Rover was silent. He seemed to be evolving in his mind scenes and incidents in the misty past.

"Were I the possessor of wealth," he said, "I would not deny you anything you might ask, as you have been so kind to me; but to tell you of my past would prolong this sitting for hours. Please excuse me for not speaking of them, for—

As I sit and ponder of days of long ago,  
Forms and faces greet me of folks I used to know.

My, how time has changed them, their forms are bent so low  
You'd scarcely know them, their foot-steps are so slow."

And as Rover repeated these lines he drew from his threadbare coat pocket an old roll of manuscript and trust it into the hand of Robbins with the simple remark:

"This will suffice, Mr. Robbins, and save me digging up the past."

With these words the old tramp printer closed his eyes and was soon sound asleep—dreaming, perhaps, of "phat takes," quail on toast, and days that are no more.



THEODORE C. ALBRIGHT.

## ROVER'S NARRATIVE

**T** was away back in the latter part of 1848 that a printer arrived at Chester, a little village in the northern part of South Carolina, with a printing office on wheels. His name was Zion Bridewell. He rented a room and unloaded his printing office into it. He wanted a boy. I was a farmer's boy, and applied and got the job. The Observer was the name of the new paper. It was not long before Zion placed a stick and rule in my hand and told me to mount

a soap box. He gave me a piece of copy, which commenced thus:

"Mary had a little lamb,  
It's fleece was white as snow;  
And wherever Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go."

Nothing daunted I sailed in and wrestled and struggled with Mary and the lamb for hours until I grew very tired, and, like Samson, when Delilah had shorn him of his locks, began to think Zion was trying to pull the lamb's wool over my eyes. But I learned later that I was only practicing and getting my hand in. I must have "set" the piece up a dozen or more times.

Then Zion gave me the Lord's Prayer to set. It is needless to say I was right at home on this item of news. I had heard it said that old Ben Franklin was a "swift" when it came to setting up the Lord's Prayer, and as he was my ideal of a philosopher, statesman and lightning manipulator, I tried to follow in his footsteps, though I have not, as yet, reached the Court of St. James.

Next came the Ten Commandments. I soon yanked them up, and it was not long until I became quite valuable to Zion and his interests. He had a habit, while setting type, of patting his feet alternately, and I, supposing it pertained to the business, commenced to do likewise, but no sooner had begun, than Zion yanked me from that box and we had a lively matinee in the middle of the floor. I did not pat my feet any more after that—it wasn't part of the trade. He was a prudent editor, too, and to prevent duels, fisticuffs, and the like, usually submitted his editorials to his subscribers in the village before publication.

Zion was very religious, and had family worship night and morning, and insisted on my attending church and Sunday school. I struck on this, and was locked in my room all of one Sunday. Now, he had had trouble with one of his patrons, about an advertisement, and they were at outs. The next Sunday, rather than be kept a prisoner all day, I started to Sunday school, but on the way I met a comrade, and he easily persuaded me to enter the court house in the public square. There we found some watermelon rinds, and commenced to throw them at a drunken man below on the street, who proved to be, unfortunately for us, Zion's enemy and former patron.

After dodging a good many rinds, the man finally espied us and broke open the door and gave us a terrible beating. My chum made his escape and gave the alarm that I had been killed. Just at that moment Zion came along, going to church, and met my assailant, his old enemy, face to face. They had it out then and there in the public square. It was nip and tuck, but Zion put his man to sleep. That settled the Sunday school business with me and Zion. In the course of time Zion sold out and drifted away. The last I heard of him he was living in Atlanta, Georgia.

#### Breaking Home Ties.

**T**IME moved on apace, and my apprenticeship expired. I had saved a few dollars and, desiring to see something of the world, of which I had heard so much, with grip sack in hand, I bade adieu to scenes of my youth and soon found myself in the beautiful city of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina.

I called on I. C. Morgan, State Printer, and publisher of the Banner. Most of the printing was done on hand presses; yet, there were a few cylinder and job presses in his office. The old wooden press and buckskin inking balls were still in use in some towns, composition rollers having not yet put in an appearance. Everywhere tallow and sperm candies were the only light used in most printing offices and were adjusted in a tin candlestick set in a figure box. I did not tarry long in Columbia.

The Daily Press purchased a new press and had an old time blow-out. All hands got on a "jamboree" and the paper missed one issue.

I then made a bee-line for Charleston, S. C. Charles-

ton was founded by the Huguenots, and is situated at the confluence of the Cooper and Ashley rivers. It is, perhaps the best "laid out" city in the world, as a goodly portion of it is devoted to graveyards. It was here that the first gun of the Civil War was fired from Fort Moultrie on Fort Sumter by Edmund Ruffian of Virginia at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of April, 1861.

I worked on the Courier, A. S. Willington & Co., publishers. Henry W. Gwinner, of Baltimore, was foreman, and Tom Carle assistant. Old Ben Getsinger had been foreman of the Courier for many years, but foolishly gave up the place to become Street Inspector, which job lasted but a short time, and returned to work as a journeyman. The last I heard of him he had his nose in the space-box.



ZION INSTRUCTED THE BOY.

The Courier employed thirteen compositors and five boys. The foreman read proof. The wages were \$15 per week and long hours. The boys received \$4 per week, four suits of clothes per year, and medical attendance. The week ended Friday night, when all hands were paid. Saturday was kept in lieu of Sunday. Shortly after I went to work there all hands were employed by the piece at 38 cents per thousand ems. It was set in agate, nonpareil and minion, mostly leaded. The bills ran as high as thirty dollars or more per week, and notwithstanding this, the men asked for 40 cents per thou-



sand ems, and because they did not get it, struck and got left.

There was no typographical union there to regulate anything. I must say, however, that the Courier publishers were kind to their employes, and upon its fiftieth anniversary, gave a grand supper at the Pavilion Hotel to its own force and every old printer in town. I drank so much champagne that night that it took me a week to get on my legs again. You don't catch many latter day publishers doing things like that. They aren't born that way. It's the pound of flesh with most of them now.

One little incident I wish to relate that happened while I was in the Courier office. Hon. Henry Clay, the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," was laying at the point of death in Washington, D. C., and we were expecting his death at any time. We had his obituary all set up and corrected, ready to be emptied into the form. It occupied several columns. We kept waiting and waiting, expecting to use the matter every issue, until two weeks had passed. In the meantime the Courier was getting ready to put on a new dress, and only one more day remained, and if Clay did not die in that time, the whole biographical sketch of his life and works would have to be reset in new type, when lo! and behold, click-click came the news that Clay was dead,



BILLY GOT THE HEN.

and we saved the matter. Great care was taken in the typographical appearance of the Courier. No large type was used, and the spacing was like book work. Names of vessels, dogs, horses and negroes were italicised. No stools were allowed in the office, and one "comp." had stood so long in the same place that he had worn a hole through the floor. No loud talking was permitted.

I boarded at No. 1 Queen street, a fashionable place, kept by Mrs. E. Groves (there were no restaurants those days), and it was here that I slept with a yellow fever patient (who died) without contracting the disease. Eighteen months later I returned home on account of sickness.

## BILLY BARLOW



AFTER I had recuperated I started on the road again, and was joined en route by Billy Barlow, the famous minstrel, a typical tramp typo. Billy was a fine performer on several musical instruments, and always carried a bugle to announce our arrival and departure from town to town. This gave us prestige. He had traveled with the Kunkle

Minstrels (all typos) and, as I could do a lot of stunts myself, when we failed to get work we would set-up and strike off a few posters and give a concert. We gave free tickets to the printers in the office where we got our posters. By this means we always kept a little cash on hand.

Billy was a phrenologist, preacher, temperance lecturer, fortune teller, palmist, dancing master, or anything to suit the occasion. He also went well supplied with matches, salt, fish-hooks and lines, and corn. One day we were passing a farmer's house. Billy baited his hook with a grain of corn and cast it to an old hen with a brood of chickens. The foolish hen swallowed the grain of corn and hook, and Billy started on a run down the road with the old hen in hot pursuit, as it were, flapping her wings and squawking.

The farmer's wife, thinking Billy was fleeing from the angry hen, cried out: "Don't run, she won't hurt you." But Billy heeded her not, and made good his escape. We camped out and had roast chicken for supper that night. Billy and I finally drifted apart.

I worked for a short time on the Yorkville (S. C.) Miscellany, published by John Grist. It was in this village on the 25th of February, 1835, that I was born, and near it was fought the battle of King's Mountain between the British and Americans.

I worked on the Lancaster (S. C.) Ledger later on; Baily, publisher. Near this village General Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory) was born; also, a celebrated surgeon, with a world-wide reputation, Marion-Simms.

### Love in a Printing Office.

I KEPT drifting about until I struck Charlotte, North Carolina, the town where the first Declaration of American Independence was issued. It is a historical place, and occupies a niche in American history. When Lord Cornwallis, the British General, was retreating before the American troops under General Green, he camped here to give his tired army a brief rest before fleeing to Yorktown, Va., to meet his doom. I have been on the "old camp ground." I registered at the "Mecklinburg Hotel," kept by a man named Rea. The day after my arrival, I started out in search of employment and hit the "Hornets' Nest," a Democratic weekly newspaper (there were no dailies published in the town). The "Nest" was owned and published by a Congressman named Badger, whose editorials were strong and vigorous, and in keeping with the name of his paper. My efforts were futile in securing a job in the "Hornets' Nest," so I repaired to the Charlotte Whig, where I had better luck, and was told to shuck my coat and go to work on a double frame by the side of a beautiful black-eyed brunette of shapely form and graceful ways, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Holton, the proprietor, editor and publisher.

As this was the first female compositor I had ever met in my travels, I felt somewhat agitated and embarrassed in my sudden environment. A person always feels a little odd in commencing to work in a new place, and the young lady's presence made it more so for me in this instance.

However, with a full case, ample copy and stick and rule in hand, I grasped an em quad, twirled it around a bit, stuck it in my stick, yanked a letter from the cap case and sailed in. I saw at once that the little damsel was going to lead me a chase, by the twinkle in her eye and the way she was piling up the type. She had no false motions, and when she went for a type it landed in her stick, direct from the shoulder without any nonsense. It was a race from start to finish, though neither of us pretended to let on there was a contest of speed. We were very foxy. It was neck and neck, and the way the type went up astonished the old man when he came to take a proof, and he remarked in a low voice to his

daughter: "Sarah, I think you have found your match in that young man." She replied, "Yes, pa; and he doesn't seem to know I'm doing my level best to beat him, either." I kept mum, but was mighty glad when the day's work was done. Once she "pied" a few lines, and I was sure I had her bested, but she redoubled her speed and got in line with me again and kept it until we adjourned for the day.

I boarded with my new employer and slept in a good bed in a neat and comfortable room in the office building, a two-story frame. He also owned a fine residence, surrounded by tall oaks. He was a Methodist and had family prayers night and morning, first reading a chapter of the Bible as a starter, and always ending with the words, "And where we may sit under our own vine and fig tree, where none will harm, molest or make us afraid." By this sentence I always felt somewhat cheerful

(to be continued.)

at times, as I knew we would all soon rise and shake the dust from our tired knees, as the old gentleman was rather long-winded and had a good many favors to ask of the Lord.

However, to relieve the strain of bowing down so long and the monotony of the occasion, my little girl compositor and I passed the time making goo-goo eyes, as we had, in the course of our acquaintance, learned to love each other, finally becoming engaged. In brief, I asked the old gentleman for his daughter's hand, but he wanted a little time to consider (which really meant that he would consult the girl's mother, who was the boss.) By this I knew my cause was hopeless, as the old lady did not take kindly to me; besides, she had higher aspirations and did not want her daughter to marry a tramp printer. We intended to elope, but were betrayed by a pretended friend. The girl was spirited away and I lost her forever.

## BOOKBINDERS' LOCAL NEWS

By A. P. SOVEY, Secretary Bookbinders' Local Union No. 18.

### Bookbinders' Annual Picnic.

All of our members are looking forward to the annual picnic and outing to be given by this organization Saturday, May 29, at Normandy Grove. Inasmuch as we regard this event as a gala occasion, naturally our time is more or less taken up in arranging details. The festivities begin at 2 p. m. and will last until 11:30. There will be a hot game of baseball for a prize, besides other athletic sports (for prizes), music and dancing. Arrangements have been made to care for 5,000 people under shelter in case of rain. We are sparing no expense to make this the greatest outing ever given by this organization.

### Married Men vs. Single Men.

A feature of our outing will be the game of baseball between married and single men members of the Bookbinders' Union. As we have a number of fast and snappy players on both sides, it goes without saying that the game will be a hummer. The married fellows refer to the younger ones as milksops and their adversaries reply—"old mollycoddles." Of course the boys will dig hard to win for their respective sides, because the bachelors will have their best girls there to see them play and the Benedicts will be watched and criticised by their wives; so the latter won't dare lose. I know what it is myself, because I'm married. Fortunately, perhaps, I am not a member of the ball team.

### Kuelker Working on Airship.

President Vince Kuelker, of the Bookbinders, is working on a new and improved model of airship, I understand. So closely has his attention been directed to this new invention that he was unable to contribute anything to our magazine this month. However, we hope that by the time for the next issue he will have something good for us. Vince says time flies swiftly, and he hopes his airship will do the same.

### Officers Bonded With A. F. of L.

The bonded officers of this local have taken out bonds through the American Federation of Labor. This is a new proposition with us, but we find that by helping the parent body along we get better rates than those offered by other companies.

### New Blank Book Label.

Our new blank book label is meeting with considerable support. A meeting of the Joint Advisory Board was held on the evening of April 28 in the Secretary's office, at which it was decided to do everything possible

to bring this label to the attention of the public. This will take time, but the certain ensuing reward is worth much to us.

### Union's May Meeting.

The next regular meeting of the local will be held May 6 at New Club Hall, Thirteenth street and Chouteau avenue. Matters of great importance will come up and I urge every member to be present.

Hugo Thompson, a member employed at the Barnard plant, got married recently. He tried to keep it quiet, but the boys found it out and congratulated him. Our best wishes, Hugo.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Send in your copy by the 24th of each month at the latest. Call up Central 1334 if you have an important item after above date passes. Write on one side of paper. Be careful with proper names. The magazine will appreciate your support. Thanking our friends for their hearty co-operation, we remain, yours sincerely,

THE PRINTING TRADES MAGAZINE,  
GEO. E. VOGLE, Editor.

Panama Bldg., Room 310.

### BEWARE OF FAKE LABELS.

Users of union label printing are cautioned to watch for fake or counterfeit labels, which untrustworthy non-union printers sometimes use, in an endeavor to secure work to which they are not entitled. The growing demand for our label naturally causes these lawless trade



scavengers to take advantage of customers who may not know the difference between the genuine label and one of spurious make. We would advise patrons to refer to the Official Directory regularly published and corrected in this journal; or, if you have doubts, call up Secretary Warrington, Kinloch, Central 1334, Room 308 Panama Building.

Keep your card paid up and you will find that it will keep you paid up, too.

# REMINISCENCES of a TRAMP PRINTER

By PERK

"30"

NUMBER 2



**A**FTER losing my sweetheart I gave up the stick and rule, returning to Charleston, where I entered the wholesale boot and shoe house of E. B. Stoddard & Co., on Meeting Street, opposite the Charleston Hotel, as salesman. This was in 1855. I remained with this firm until March, 1856.

## Bleeding Kansas.

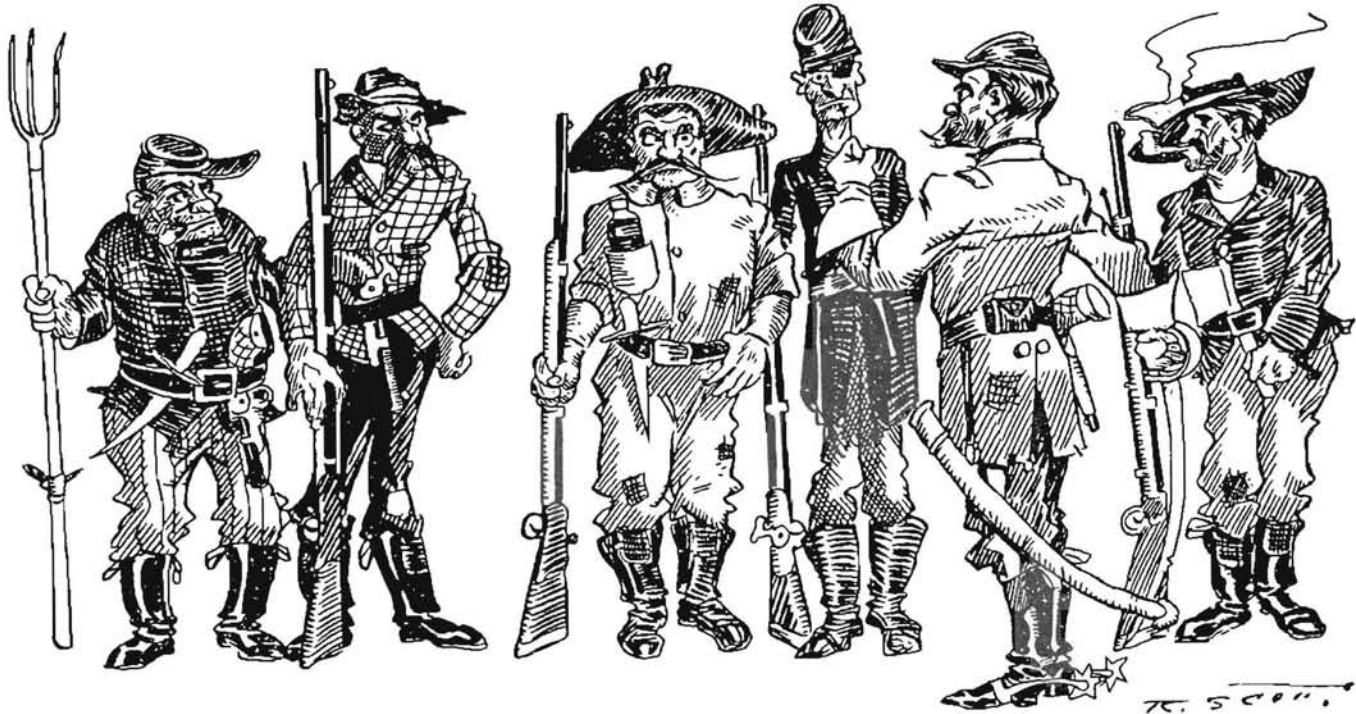
At this time the Territory of Kansas was claiming the attention of the people of the United States, whether it should be admitted to the Union as a free or slave State. In consequence, there began a rush of Abolitionists from the North and Pro-slavery men from the South to the territory. Emigrant societies were organized in the South and large sums of money contributed to send out bona fide emigrants. Free transportation and \$100 on arrival

Our arrival was duly noted by the daily press—the Missouri Democrat (Republican) holding us up as a lot of cutthroats on our way to Kansas to kill Yankees, and the Republican and Morning Herald, on the other hand, lauding us to the skies for our fine appearance and the good cause in which we were engaged.

## On the Old Missouri.

After we had transacted our business in St. Louis we went aboard the steamer James H. Lucas, Capt. Wineland, and ascended the Missouri River. The Lucas was a fine boat and the first to go up the Missouri that season.

When we arrived at Leavenworth, Col. Easton came aboard and begged me to land and go to work on his paper, the first number of which had just been issued. Without a room, or even a tent, the paper had been set up, made up



We Certainly Presented a Wild and Woolly Spectacle

in the Territory induced eighteen young men to accept this offer. I was one of the number. Every man was armed with a rifle, pistol, bowie knife (for close quarters, I guess,) and ammunition. Our captain was Wm. Brewster, a graduate of the Charleston Military School.

We left Charleston for Kansas early in March, 1856, and after a pleasant trip by way of Atlanta, Chattanooga and Nashville, arrived in St. Louis in time to take the first steamboat up the Missouri River.

We registered at the Everett Hotel on Fourth Street, between Olive and Locust. St. Louis had the appearance of a frontier town. Buffalo robes were displayed in front of the stores; ox teams loaded with coal were moving about; there were trappers and Indians dressed in grotesque style, mounted and afoot, and everything appeared strange and new to me; in fact, I was in love with the scene, so like what I had read in books. By it I knew we were fast approaching the "Wild and Woolly West."

and printed under the foliage of a few large trees near the banks of the Missouri River. Fritz Braunhold, deceased, late of St. Louis, was one of the compositors. I declined Col. Easton's offer and went on.

We arrived at Atchison in due time. It was a pro-slavery town, named after Hon. David R. Atchison of West-mo., who bore the unique honor of having been President of the United States for the brief period of one day! The town had about 100 inhabitants, but the transient, or floating, population was considerable, mostly emigrants.

There were only two houses of public entertainment—one conducted by a man named Dickinson and the other by an individual named Martin. Dickinson's Hotel was the "swell" place of the town, and consisted of a three-room cottage. He knew how to run a hotel, all right. Our party of 18 registered there, making quite an accession to his already crowded hostelry. But mine host was equal to the emergency. He certainly knew his business. The menu

was excellent, consisting of dried buffalo, venison, wild turkey, fish, etc. But the question that concerned us most was—Where were we going to sleep? There were only a few beds in the house, and as we were all tired and sleepy from our long journey, we soon packed ourselves away in the limited number of beds, and in a little while were in dreamland.

But our sweet slumbers were interrupted during the night by Pat Muldoon, a member of our party, and a somnambulist. Pat was a good-natured fellow and well liked. His quick wit and eccentric ways afforded amusement for us all the time. But Pat would walk and talk in his sleep, and we could not break him of it. So, on this particular night, when we were deep in slumber, some perchance, dreaming of their far-away home, the girl they left behind, relatives and friends, whilst others had visions of Yankees, Border Ruffians, Indians and things, we were suddenly awakened by Pat's voice crying out beneath us:

"How'd on, byes! Don't move fer the loffe o' yees. Bad luck to it. I've fell into the ciller, bejabbers!"

All hands were at once awakened by this ominous command of Pat, and wondered what it all meant. The landlord, however, was soon on hand with a light, and, wonder of wonders, there we were all "up in the air," literally. The landlord, to economize space, had our beds on pulleys, and we had been hoisted to near the ceiling, and poor Pat, in his somnambulist state, had fallen to the floor and thought he was in the cellar.

### Pioneer Printing Days.

It was not long before we went into camp. But I did not remain with the boys. Learning that there was a print-



They Set the Preacher Adrift

er among our number, the proprietors of the Squatter Sovereign sent for me and I went to work. The paper had just been started by Dr. Stringfellow and Bob Kelley. Kelley was a printer, but neither he or his partner ever came near the office. A printer named Hinton did all the work, until I went to his assistance. The office was in a two-room cottage. Hinton, his wife and one child occupied the front room, and the office was in the other. I boarded with them and slept under the press. It was better than being "hung" up in midair.

There were a few stores in the town, but no saloons. Everybody went armed and everybody did pretty much as they pleased. There were no officers to preserve the peace, no courts, no jails; yet there were no murders, no robberies and no lawless acts, except fights, save in two instances, and these were the outcome of sectional strife. The first was the arrest of Rev. Pardee Butler, an Abolitionist, by Bob Kelley of the Squatter Sovereign, and a man named Adams and others. A crowd placed the clergyman on a

saw log without oars and sent him down the Missouri River, with a warning that if he ever returned to Atchison he would be dealt with severely. This was in 1855. In April, 1856, he returned to Atchison and was given a coat of tar and feathers and escorted out of town. He went to his home on the Grasshopper River, a small stream near Atchison.

Lawrence was the stronghold of the Abolitionists, and this was the objective point of the Border Ruffians (Missourians). Here death and destruction reigned. To get a true idea of the early days in Kansas, it will be necessary to read the history of Kansas by some impartial writer. But I must say, save the Butler incident, Atchison was free from crime during the time I lived there.

The Border Ruffians had an original and unique way of "sizing up" a Yankee. Sometimes it was difficult to distinguish them from Southerners, as many of the "down-Easters" had acquired the "South dialect," to some extent, and everybody looked alike out there, any way, especially after being there awhile.

However, the Border Ruffians would locate their prospective victim, and one of their number, pointing to a cow grazing nearby, would ask:

"What sort of a critter is that?"

If the prospective victim said "cow," he was all right; but if he replied "kaow," giving it the green-bills-of-Vermont twang, the Border Ruffians wouldn't do a thing to him.

Finally the Yanks got next to the cow business, so the Ruffians switched their system. When they heard a suspect refer to a "bucket" as a "pail," they hopped on him just the same.

They certainly were a fierce-looking set, those Border Ruffians, and many were just about as fierce inwardly as they looked outwardly. However, the boys believed they fought for principle, and, thus guided, probably did things at times that were a little harsh. Variances such as these have made up the world's social history for ages, which seems to be founded on violence, oppression and injustice. I am glad the Kansas days are no more.

### Border Ruffians Attack Lawrence.

About the 21st of April, 1856, the Border Ruffians and their allies surrounded Lawrence and attacked it. Every man in Atchison, save myself and two others, joined in the attack on Lawrence. I remained behind to issue the Squatter Sovereign and take care of the women and children.

It was reported that Rev. Pardee Butler, with a force, was going to burn Atchison in retaliation for the harsh treatment he had received, and we three (the only men left in Atchison), held a council of war and resolved to defend the town to the last. We got all the women and children together and placed them in the house of P. T. Abel in the northern part of the town.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and objects could be seen at a great distance. We were ever on the alert, moving here and there and everywhere. Finally we separated, each taking up a position in different parts of the town. I posted myself at the residence of Dr. Stringfellow, situated on an eminence in the northwestern part of the village, and awaited, with palpitating heart, chattering teeth and trembling limbs, the appearance of the clergyman and his Yankee hirelings. It is a terrible thing, waiting to be shot. I thought of all the bad and good things I had ever done, but they wouldn't balance. There was always a big score against me. And thus I stood, watching and waiting for the enemy, until my frame shook like an aspen leaf.

Why didn't I go with the boys down to Lawrence instead of staying to issue the Squatter Sovereign, care for the women and children, and last, though not least, be killed? It was always thus, my d— bad luck, to be caught in a trap, and as I was soliloquizing, I espied in the distance men moving cautiously towards me, as if to prevent observation. Then I shook worse than ever. But I stood my ground, and when the men drew nearer, challenged them and found they were friends.

As there was an abundance of fine liquors in Dr. Stringfellow's house (then occupied by Joseph T. Carr, whose family was absent), we entered its portals and spent the remainder of the night in pouring the spirits down to keep the spirits up, and when daylight approached we were in such a mellow condition that we would have been willing

to surrender the keys of the city to Rev. Pardee Butler or any other man without the asking.

The Rev. Pardee Butler did not come and burn the town, as anticipated, but he did not forget, however, the cruel treatment he had received by being tarred and feathered. He wrote up the whole affair for publication in the Herald of Freedom, an Abolition organ, published weekly in Lawrence, by Brown & Miller. The article occupied the first page of the paper, which had been set up and worked off, and was waiting for the other side to be set up and run off before it would be given to the public. The company of Border Ruffians that went from Atchison to Lawrence invaded the office of the Herald of Freedom, arrested the editor, proprietor and printers, sacked the office and threw the press and type into the Kaw River. The town was full of Border Ruffians and Pro-Slavery men, and anarchy reigned supreme for several days. In a few days the contingent from Atchison returned and went into camp again.

I made a great mistake (the world is full of them) in not locating and entering 160 acres of Government land at \$1.25 an acre, where the major portion of Atchison is now situated. I did, however, buy a lot with a cool, babbling spring on it in the southwest of the town, agreeing to build a stone or brick home on it within 12 months. This I failed to do, but sold the lot in a short time afterwards and realized \$50 on my trade. Senator Ingalls later owned the lot.

#### Failed as a Woodchopper.

Becoming tired of setting type and sleeping under the press, I engaged to cut cordwood to feed the furnace of the "Million & Burns," a little steamer plying between Atchison and the Missouri shore. I was to receive the insignificant sum of 75 cents a cord and board myself. I stopped with the ferryman, who put me to chopping up the tops of dead cottonwood trees, the bodies of which had been converted into saw logs. With a sharp ax I sallied in, but it was not long before I found I was "up against it." I had chopped wood before, and prided myself that I could wield an ax with some vim, but chopping dead cottonwood tops beat anything I had ever struck—it was like cutting bars of iron.

After pounding away for a day or two I dropped the ax and took my rifle for a hunt in the deep Missouri forest. There was plenty of game, and while in pursuit of a bear I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a human voice as if in distress. I listened and was rewarded by the sound, "Hello! Help!" and at once started in the direction of the person in distress. Again the same words.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Me name's Pat Muldoon. I'm a Border Ruffian from South Carliny. I came out to Kansas to kill Yankees. I'm lost."

I came in view of a man standing on a log. He proved to be Pat Muldoon, who created so much fun at the hotel by "falling into the cellar." Pat had gone hunting and got lost. He was very glad to see me, for I saved him from spending a night in the wilderness.

We returned to Atchison, and the next day, bidding the boys good-by, I boarded the Morning Star, a fine steamer bound for St. Louis, and arrived there in due course of time, putting up at the Planters Hotel, Fourth and Chestnut streets.

(To Be Continued.)

### NEW LAWS AFFECTING LABOR.

Among the 464 new laws created by the Missouri Legislature, recently adjourned, will be found several of interest to working people. They are as follows:

By Senator Brogan: Requiring firms using polishing machinery to provide their shops with sanitary fans.

By Senator McDavid (revision): Repealing Sections 2156-57 and 2158, in relation to right of employees to join trades unions.

By Senator McDavid (revision): Empowering Circuit Courts to punish for contempt witnesses who refuse to appear to testify before the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration.

By Senator McAllister: Providing for the survival of the right of action in cases arising under the fellow-servant law.

By Senator McDavid (revision): Repealing and changing the laws so that laborers may contract for payment of their wages in commodities other than cash.

By Senator Casey: Making October 12 a legal holiday and designating the same as Columbus Day.

By Senator Mayer: Prohibiting employers from requiring

minors or women to clean any part of machinery gearing when the same is in motion.

By Senator Kinney: Exempts fireproof office buildings from law requiring exterior fire escapes.

By Senator McAllister: Requiring railroads to equip their engines at night with electric headlights of not less than 1500-candle power.

By Senator Bradley: Requiring mine operators to pay their employes at least once every fifteen days.

By Senator McDavid (revision): Repealing the act creating an eight-hour day for telegraph operators and dispatchers, held unconstitutional.

By Senator Casey: Empowering the Grand Jury to open ballot boxes in the investigation of fraud in elections.

By Mr. Porth: Forbidding working convicts in the Penitentiary longer than eight hours a day from October 15 to April 15, and ten hours a day from April 15 to October 15.

By Mr. Salver: Creating a commission to arrange for the exhibition of resources of the State at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of St. Louis, and appropriating \$10,000 therefor.

By Senator Bradley: An act to make operative the initiative and referendum and prescribing the maximum and minimum number of signatures required.

By Mr. Ford: Amending the compulsory education law so as to require children between the ages of 8 and 14 to attend school three-fourths of the term, and making parents or guardians liable for their attendance.

By Mr. Busche: Regulating the hours of employment of females in manufacturing and mercantile establishments, laundries and restaurants during ten months of the year, limiting the maximum hours to fifty-four a week.

By Mr. Lindsay: Repealing Section 132. Resident taxpayers may send children to the schools of the district in which they pay school taxes.

By Mr. Anlmosa: That school districts with less than twenty pupils may be attached to an adjoining district.

By Mr. Sozey: Prohibiting the employment of females in dramshops or other places where intoxicants are sold, under penalty of from three to twelve months in jail, fine of from \$50 to \$500, or both, and a revocation of license.

By Mr. Conkley: Providing that no bakery employe shall be required or permitted to work more than six days in one week; forbidding persons afflicted with tuberculosis or disease with a communicable skin affection from being employed in bakeries.

By Mr. White: Giving to every mechanic or other person furnishing labor or material for sidewalks a lien upon the lot or land.

By Mr. White: That the hoisting and lowering device in coal mines where twenty-five or more men are employed shall be inspected twice each week.

By Mr. Carter: Authorizing the assignment of mechanics' liens.

By Mr. Muir: Creating a County Textbook Commission; regulating prices of school textbooks; prohibiting changes of textbooks oftener than once in five years.

By Mr. Porth: Authorizing boards of education, upon petition of fifty freeholders, to establish free night schools.

By Mr. Jackson: Requiring posting of notice when machinery, belting or shafting cannot be safely and securely guarded.

#### IT MAY COME TO THIS.

"You're in contempt of court," said the presiding high judge who was trying an injunction case against a labor leader. "I admit it, Your Honor," replied the accused, "and I plead guilty," whereupon the court took a recess until the P. J. recovered from his surprise. Resuming, the court said: "You cannot plead guilty; there is nothing in the law to show that such a course is justifiable." "In that event," replied the prisoner, "I shall throw myself upon the mercy of the court." "Good!" exclaimed the P. J. "Call in the main witness." [Enter stove manufacturer, sullen and determined.] Judge: "Was this defendant in your employ?" Stove manufacturer: "He WAS." "Why did he leave it?" "I don't know." Judge to prisoner: "Why did you leave this gentleman's employ?" "Well, you see, Your Honor, it was winter time, and my boss insisted on running an open shop. With all the doors and windows open I caught cold, so I quit. Then, Your Honor, when I wouldn't buy one of his stoves to keep me warm he had me enjoined, whatever that is." "Good!" exclaimed the P. J. "Six years!" "I appeal!" "Refused!" thundered the court. "Any man who hasn't the sense to work in an open shop during the day and sleep in a closed house heated by an open shop stove at night hasn't any appeal coming. Mr. Sheriff, get a broom and dustpan and remove this closed shop debris. Call the next case!"

#### Good Place to Buy Pianos.

Some piano firms take advantage of customers and some do not. We guarantee The F. G. Smith Co., 1115 Olive Street.

The printers are waging a telling fight against tuberculosis.

**QUERIES FOR THE JUNE, 1999 BULLETIN**  
(Queries are not indexed)

- 99-45. **CUMMINGHAM FAMILY, CHESTER AREA, 1785-1811.** Seward L. Andrews, 3008 Hampshire Drive, Sacramento, CA 95821-6019; Email andrews2@calweb.com: Presbyterian covenanters JOHN CUNNINGHAM and wife JENNETT (\_\_\_\_), both born Northern Ireland ca 1755, emigrated to South Carolina 1781 with son John Jr. and perhaps some of their other children--Andrew, Margaret, Elizabeth, Matthew, James and Robert. Probably lived Chester, SC area 1785-1811 then moved to Todd County Kentucky where John Sr. died 1827. John Jr. married ca 1804 probably in Chester area to Martha (\_\_\_\_) who was born in South Carolina. Martha's last name may have been "STEEL". John Jr. and Martha also moved to Kentucky 1811 with children Jennet, and Matthew John. Need proof of Martha's last name and proof of where Cunninghams lived in Chester area.
- 99-46. **WILLIAM GASTON.** Shannon Burdick, Rt. 4, Box 175, Pageland, SC 29728 looking for WILLIAM GASTON b & d, his parents and any info he m. Sarah (Isabell) Ware (Wear) (Weir). Sarah father John Wear (Ware)(Weir). Wm. and Sarah had a known son John m. Margaret? and possible James Gaston m. Elizabeth Burns. If any one has info to query and will share with me I will be thankful and will pay for all expenses.
- 99-47. **ALFORD TIMS.** Elois Watts Jones, 408 Ark Lane, Petal, MS 39465 read with interest the articles on the TIMS FAMILY. Does anyone have info on ALFORD TIMS who was born 1802, SC? He migrated to AL, married Vashti Coleman in Sumpter Co., AL 1833. Other names of TIMS at this time in AL were Benjamin, John and William.
- 99-48. **HENRY LEE.** Thelma B. Shannon, 1424 Center Road, Chester, SC 29706 seeking info on HENRY LEE. He was born probably around 1830. He was a soldier in the War Between the States. Mrs. Polly (Mary) Lee Rives in 1853 gave the land from her plantation on which Harmony Church was built she held in 1855. In 1865 HENRY LEE was said to own the plantation. Was he related to Mrs. Rives, and if so, in what way?
- 99-49. **BOOK: "CHEATWOOD AND ALLIED FAMILIES".** Laura K. Simpson, P. O. Box 451, Leland, MI 49654-0451 looking for book "CHEATWOOD AND ALLIED FAMILIES" by Mrs. Frank Ross Stewart (CSF1.C5114) 1984 (929.273 C41S) - if anyone knows where I can get a copy or loan please contact me. Also looking for book "Alabama's Cleburne County Vols. 1 & 2" by Mrs. Frank Ross Stewart (F332.C63 583) 1982 - if anyone knows where I can get a copy or loan, please contact me. Intra library Loan I am also interested in. My library is Leland Public Library, 203 E. Cedar St., P. O. Box 736, Leland, MI 49654-0736. 616-256-9152.
- 99-50. **FISHING CREEK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.** Genelle Feemster Stevens, 200 E. Stephen, #601, Martinsubrg, WV 25401-4144 would like to obtain a copy of the history of the Fishing Creek Presbyterian Church as well as cemetery records.

99-51. **MARVIN D. FERGUSON.** Paige Ferguson Walk, 531 Shelton Drive, Columbia, SC 29212; granpaig@aol.com: MARVIN D. FERGUSON, b. ca. 1861, Concord, NC > d. 1915, York Co., SC, bur Lauralwood Cem> mar Essie Lee CLARK, 1898 Lanc Co., SC. M. D. FERGUSON had a connection w / John Mills FERGUSON of Chester and York Cos., unfortunately, I don't know the nature of said connection...anybody out there with any ideas or knowledge? I will be happy to share the info that I do have.

99-52. **WILLIAM SIMS.** Agnes Bell Yount, 10031 Shortest Day Road NW, LaVale, MD 21502; Email albyg@juno.com. Who were the children of William Sims who lived in Chester or York County in the last half of the 18th century, may have moved to Richmond County, GA about 1790? Who was his wife?

99-53. **MATTHEW W. HARPER.** Curtis E. McDaniel, 3263 Foxgate Dr., Memphis, TN 38115-3111; email cmcda51153@aol.com: seeking contact with descendants of MATTHEW W. HARPER, b. abt. 1845 in York District, SC and married August 11, 1868, Emily W. McDaniel, b. 1850 YDSC, daughter of Robert Patrick McDaniel and Sarah E. Carroll. They lived in Bethesda Township near McConnellsville (today McConnells). Emily McDaniel had a brother, William, who married Eighty Coonrod (Conrad) and a sister, Sarah Ann, who married John Coonrod, brother of Eighty. Anyone knowing of descendants of any of those named, please contact me by letter or e-mail.

99-54. **THOMAS D. DYE.** Charles E. Dye, 12221 W. US 84, Newton, AL 36352 would like to know parentage of THOMAS D. DYE (1828-1910) wife of Mary M. Liles dau. of Betsy Liles. They left Chester District, SC in mid 1850's migrated through GA and settled in N.E. Alabama, about 1855. Their children were Elvina, Jane, James M. and my grandfather, Thomas Beasley DYE.

99-55. **STEWART FAMILY.** Horace L. Cawthon, 254 Halls Bridge Rd., Jackson, GA 30233 am a member of the Butts County, GA Genealogical Society. I have been doing research on the STEWART FAMILY. James Stewart (born 1797) and Elizabeth Collins (born 1792) were married in 1819. They are buried at Hopewell Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Newton County, Georgia. The church records show James and a Clark Stewart and maybe their families came from the Union A.R.P. Church of Chester District, SC. From the internet I found a list of publications by the Chester District Genealogical Society. I am interested in Dr. Robert Lathan's "Historical Sketch, Union A.R.P. Church", Richburg, SC, also surname index.

99-56. **JAMES HAMILTON.** Carl D. Hamilton, 344 Windwood Road, Kerrville, TX 78080; email hamltn@kctc.com: JAMES HAMILTON who died Chester area 1841, buried at Burnt Meeting House Cemetery. Lived on Fishing Creek. Who were his parents? His children were John M., William, Nancy, and Rebecca. John M. and William had adjoining land on Fishing Creek.

99-57. **ECCLES - HUEY - MOORE.** Caroline B. Johnson, 5117 Northview Drive, Meridian, Mississippi 39305 need info on REV. SAMUEL ECCLES, a prominent Presbyterian Minister in SC. Need names of children, etc. Did he have a son named William who married Margaret Huie? Also, need info on JAMES HUIE (HUEY) b. 1744 who married Mary Lynn b. 1748 in Ga. Need info on JEREMIAH MOORE b. SC in 1791 or 2. m. Susannah (?) b. 1801. d. ca 1866 Paulding Cty, GA.

99-58. **R. E. McCULLOUGH.** Jack D. James, 351 S. Ft. Christmas Road, Christmas, FL 32709; email xmas153@aol.com: looking for parental info on R. E. McCULLOUGH and Col. William Walker as listed in the 1860 census.

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### **RENUNION**

*The direct line of ARTHUR HICKLIN (ca 1710-1784) will have a family renunion the weekend of September 25, 1999 at the Chester State Park, Chester, S.C. We are planning a tour of the surrounding areas for early arrivals. For further information, contact Dr. Cloud H. Hicklin, 3099 Lyle Road, Chester, South Carolina 29706.*

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*You can still order the 1999 Membership Surname book until July 20, 1999. Cost is \$5.00. We think that this is a very valuable research tool.*

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*We look forward again to seeing you at our birthday meeting.*

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*Please check your address label. If it does not have 99 or later this will be your last issue of The Bulletin.*



## A SPECIAL OFFER TO SOCIETY MEMBERS

SCMAR is making a special offer to members of the Chester District Genealogical Society through September 1, 1999, only.

The following volumes of the *South Carolina Magazine of Ancestral Research* (SCMAR), usually \$27.50, are being offered for \$15.00:

|             |      |              |       |
|-------------|------|--------------|-------|
| Volume IV   | 1976 | Volume XV    | 1986  |
| Volume V    | 1977 | Volume XVI   | 1987  |
| Volume VI   | 1978 | Volume XVII  | 1989  |
| Volume VII  | 1979 | Volume XVIII | 1990  |
| Volume VIII | 1980 | Volume XIX   | 1991  |
| Volume IX   | 1981 | Volume XX    | 1992. |

The following books are being offered at special prices:

*Associate Reformed Presbyterian Death & Marriage Notices Volume II: 1866-1888* by Lowry Ware, Ph.D. Hard cover, 247 pages. Price: \$25.00 (usually \$30.00) plus \$3.00. These notices are for people who lived in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Illinois, Missouri, and Texas. The death notices are quite important for this period, not only because of the details of the lives of the individuals including the places of birth and former residences, but because during the difficult years of reconstruction, many persons could not afford tombstones or erected only wooden markers which have not survived. Marriage notices are especially important for South Carolina, where marriage licenses were not required until 1911. Included also are lists of persons who died during the difficult War period when the publication of the newspaper was suspended. Therefore, there are notices from an earlier period than the title would indicate.

*Marriage and Death Notices from Baptist Newspapers of South Carolina, Volume 2: 1866-1887* by Brent H. Holcomb. Hard cover, 354 pages, indexed. Price \$25.00 (usually \$35.00) plus \$3.00 mailing.

Order from SCMAR, PO Box 21766, Columbia, SC 29221. SC residents, please add 5% sales tax.

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(Queries are not indexed)

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