

# THE BULLETIN

Published quarterly in March, June, September, and December

EDITOR ..... Mrs. Barnette F. Nichols, P. O. Box 336, Richburg, S. C. 29729

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## THE CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P. O. Box 336,  
Richburg, S. C. 29729

Dues: \$20.00 Per Calendar Year

President .....	Mr. George H. Moore
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# President's Page

Again, I must apologize for our December, 2000 *Bulletin* not arriving until March, 2001. We have had one problem after the other with so many details that I cannot go into them.

We hope that you will join us again this year. We will do our utmost to get the *Bulletin* out on time. However, there is a real possibility that the March *Bulletin* will be a little late. It is terrible trying to play "catch-up".

Please use the yellow sheet that was enclosed in your December *Bulletin* when renewing. It makes the job for our volunteers much easier to handle the same size things coming in.

We are, as always, searching for volunteers. If you can help us at any time, please let us know. We can always find things for you to do. Also, if you do research for others, either for free or for a fee, please send your name and address to the society and please include which counties you are willing to do your research in.

Thank you, again, for your patience and understanding with the delays on the *Bulletin*.

*George*

## *From the Editor:*

We want to thank Mrs. Billie Goldwire for her donation of books to our library. Many of them are out-of-print volumes and will be of much assistance to anyone doing research. Billie has shared so many of her family histories with us over the years, and we always look forward to her visits.

We would also like to thank Mrs. Wofford Kee for her donation of some more of the Kee family papers for our files. They included wills, deeds, etc. She and her late husband shared so much of their family information with our society over the years. It is always greatly appreciated.

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Sympathy is extended to the family of our long time member and friend, Mary Davis Ross, who passed away on Sunday, April 15, 2001, at her home. Mary worked long hours for our society in many different projects. One of those projects was the transcription of the Saye diary. She also went through all of our exchange bulletins and marked the pages where there were articles of interest to our area, and she came down each week and sorted through all of the family information and put it in folders in file cabinets. These were just a few of the many ways that Mary helped out. She was always ready to share her family research with other family members, and she answered numerous letters to that effect. Mary will certainly be missed by our society.

### **Mary Ross**

CATAWBA – Mrs. Mary Frances Davis Ross, 64, died Sunday, April 15, 2001, at home.

A private memorial service will be held at a later date.

A native of Rock Hill, Mrs. Ross was a daughter of the late Horace N. Davis Jr. and Frances Lee Davis.

Surviving are her husband, Donald Ross; two sons, E. Robert Daniels Jr. and Thomas N. Ross, both of Rock Hill; her daughter, Kim Brechtel of Rock Hill; seven grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Memorials may be made to Hospice Community Care, 325 South Oakland Avenue, Rock Hill, SC 29730.

Bass Funeral Home is in charge.

# **Recollections of a Child's Refugee Experiences During Sherman's Invasion of South Carolina**

**By**

**Ida A. Moore, Daughter of Thomas Wade Moore, Signer of  
The S. C. Ordinance of Secession**

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The facts that I am about to relate are written just as they are remembered by me, during Sherman's Invasion. I was only a small child, but the trials and incidents during that exciting time are as fresh in my memory as though it were yesterday.

My father was a cotton planter owning a good many slaves. We lived in Chester County, S.C. This was the last year of the war and my father was at home with his family. One of my married sisters lived in the town of Chester, but during the war in which her husband served, she made my father's house her home – she and her two small children. My mother and married sister began to grow very restless and nervous, thinking that the Yankees would, of course, find their way to Chester, and if they did, what the consequences would be. My mother and a sister proposed to my father that we would take the whole family, servants and all, and refugee to some other part of the State where likely the Federalists would not venture. My father would not hear to such a thing at first, knowing what an undertaking it would be. A woman has lots of determination when she wants to carry out her own plans, and so it was with my mother and sister. They finally persuaded my father into the notion of refugeeing.

For several days before we left home everything was in a bustle and confusion about the house, packing up to leave home. I think that it was in March that we left home. Anyway, it was sometime in the Spring. My father had quite a large family of children and a good many of them very small, so, of course, we had to take several vehicles along to carry the family and servants. One Sunday morning the carriages and buggies were at the door, also the wagon, ready packed for us to start on our journey. I remember so well when we drove out of the yard that lovely Sabbath morning, how my heart ached for the poor old colored women mourning and weeping because their children were going with us, and they did not know that they would ever see them again. We did not take any of our aged servants with us. We took mostly the young and left the venerable ones at home to take care of the place during our absence. My father took his old carriage driver with him, Uncle Jim, and he was the only aged servant that went with the crowd. We traveled all day Sunday and that night we stopped on the Chester side of the Catawba River. I forgot to mention that we were journeying towards Chesterfield County, over in the eastern part of the State where we thought we would be safe from the Federal forces. The first night of our journey we stopped at a place near the Catawba River called

Becamville\*. There was a family living there named Becam\*\* and they were kind to us indeed, and they let us have an outhouse for the time that we would stop there. We carried all our silver with us, also bedding and provisions in abundance. The colored folks that went with us camped under the trees and cooked our meals for us and we would all go out there and partake of them, which we children thought was fine fun. Poor innocents! We did not know then the fiery trials which we would have to wade through ere we would see our home again. The next day, Monday, the Becam family took their family, servants, carriages, negroes and provisions and refuged to I know not where. We stayed at that place until Tuesday morning. When we reached the Catawba River, they put us over in a bateau or flat. We poor children were so afraid of the river, having never seen one before. After crossing the Catawba River we reached Lancaster County and that night we stopped with a family by the name of Perry, and oh, how kind they were to us. The Perrys, I think, were friends of my father's. I know my mother and sister appreciated their kind attention, after having traveled all day with so many little tired children. We only remained at the Perrys one night and by times the next morning we were all packed in the wagons, carriages, etc., and were on our journey again. The next night I remember we encamped in a beautiful pine grove on the roadside, and right there my father buried some valuable papers in an old carpetbag such as they used in those days. I believe that I could go to the very spot where my father buried his papers were I ever in that part of the country. We left the pine grove the next morning and started on our journey, and by this time we were in Chesterfield County in the eastern part of our State. In the afternoon of that same day that we left the pine grove, while we were still traveling, I noticed that my father seemed very uneasy and my mother and sister looked so pale and frightened, and we children commenced to cry, not knowing what was the matter. The awful secret soon revealed itself by looking into the distance and seeing the smoke looming up in the air and hearing the terrible crashing and booming of the cannons, we realized the fact that we would have to suffer destruction and misery at the hands of Sherman's forces, as well as those unprotected women and children of that land. That same evening we left the wagons on a very high hill and went a little farther and put up our tent on the side of the hill. Right opposite us over another hill our colored people were encamped. They also did the cooking over in their tent. That night they put the colored men on guard to watch for the Yankees. Old Uncle Jim was foremost among those that were guarding us and he made everything around him silent. The rain just poured all night long and every one got drenched, and the next morning we had to hang our shoes to the fire to dry before we could put them on.

There was a small branch near our tent and mother and sister took all our family silver and buried it in a box down in the side of the branch where no one could see it, but they happened not to bury it very deep. My father had left us and was

\* Beckhamville is across the Catawba River at the intersection of S.C. State Highway 97 (Chester and Great Falls Road) and S.C. Highway 99 (Richburg and Great Falls Road) 1 mile west of Great Falls.

\*\* Beckham

hiding a good ways off from the Yankees, as they had vowed vengeance to kill every white man that they came across. We had been encamped at this place and part of a day before Sherman's troops discovered us. As well as I can remember it was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the colored people raised a cry that the Yankees were at the wagons at the top of the hill making a raid on everything. And oh, what an awful time there was among us all. You could see our consternation and dismay pictured on all faces. The troops did not come down into our camp until they had demolished everything that they could find in the wagons, and I can see them now as they rode down the hill on their horses where we were. The servants all left their tents and hid in the woods as soon as they saw them coming. We children clung to our mother in terror, crying and screaming and my mother and sisters were frightened almost to death. Poor helpless beings, with not a man in sight to protect them. I remember how some of those hard-hearted creatures smiled and seemed glad that they could terrify us so. The first question that they asked my mother and sister was, "Where are your husbands?" The answer they received was that their husbands were still in the Army. Then the Yankees asked again, "Where is your silver?" and Mama's answer was that she buried it at home. They asked my mother several other questions that I do not remember. We had a mulatto woman with us who nursed for my mother and whose husband was a Catawba Indian (n.b. This "Nanny" lived with Maj. Ross' family until she died, and so did her mother, "Agnes Chisolm", who lived to be 100), but he looked so much like a white man and he was among the crowd of colored people that fled to the woods at the approach of the Yankees. The latter caught a glimpse of this Indian as he ran up the hill and they asked Mother if that was not a white man running away from them, as they came upon us. Mother could hardly convince the soldiers that the Indian was not a white man. The Yankees did not remain at our camp any longer than they could demolish everything within their grasp. After they left we all went to the wagons to see what had been spared us, but oh no, everything had been taken out of the trunks and they carried off all the horses and mules, took all of our clothing, provisions, and even took my father's two guns and broke them half in two. The ground was covered with pieces of our trunks that they had broken. Everything that they could carry off with them they took, and what they could not carry they destroyed, which showed that if they could not use the things, we should not. Sherman's troops had vowed vengeance and I think they practiced it to the fullest extent all over South Carolina and wherever they went. That night after the Yankees had left us and our colored folks had all gathered into their tents again, my father, not knowing that the soldiers had discovered us, rode over to the camp to see how we were getting on and also to get some cooked provisions to last him several days, as he was afraid to come too often and oh how frightened our mother was when she heard his voice. My father's natural tone of voice was very loud, and Mother thought that there might be some soldiers lying around in ambush and did not know what they might do if they discovered my father. We related to him the trials that occurred during the afternoon and told him that his life would be in danger if he undertook to come back there again. My father took his provisions and the Catawba Indian spoken

of and he went away from us and we did not see them for days afterwards. That night we put our faithful old guide, Uncle Jim, to keep watch over us while we reposed. We all looked up to Uncle Jim after Father left us. The next morning several soldiers rode down to our camp, I don't know what for. I was standing near the tent door. There was one of our servants standing near with a pair of home-made shoes in her hand. One of the soldiers asked the girl whose shoes they were and she replied that they were hers. He said to her, "Give them to me first". She would not but he threatened and the poor barefooted girl gave the shoes to him without a murmur. Child that I was I can remember the contempt that I had for that man and how low he must have been. They had vowed vengeance and I suppose they would have it in every conceivable way. That same morning one of the soldiers was crossing the little branch where our box of silver was buried and his horse's foot came within a few inches of stepping on the box. If the horse had put his foot on it, the soldier would have discovered our hidden treasure, but we brought all of our hidden silver home with us. The Yankees did not get a piece. A real polite and clever Federal officer came down to our camp, and told my mother and sister that he would advise them to take the children, servants, etc., and get away from that place as quick as possible and try and find some house where they could stop until things would quiet down. He said he could not do much with his troops and would not answer for that they would do. This officer said we did a wrong thing to leave home and that he seemed to be well-raised. He seemed to sympathize very deeply with us (and he told my mother that he recognized that she was a northern woman by her speech). The Yankees took all of our horses except two old blind ones that would not work in harness, but Uncle Jim thought that he would give old blind Dixie and the other old horse a faithful trial, so he harnessed them to the carriage for us to leave that place. We had packed what little we had and were ready to start but the horses would not work. They really kicked. While Uncle Jim was doing his best to make them go, a Yankee soldier rode up dressed in my brother's clothes (He had died in the Army and this man had taken his clothes) that had died in the Confederate Army and he saw how much trouble we were having with horses. He took the horses in hand but he did not succeed any better than Uncle Jim. The colored people took what little clothing and provisions we had on their shoulders and we all started off walking. Our intentions were to try and reach some house before night came on, as there were so many little children. We walked five or six miles that afternoon and by night we reached the house where some well-to-do people lived, but they would not take us in, but directed us to another house where they said we could get lodging for the night. We went on in the darkness for a long time and were almost about to give up in despair when Uncle Jim said he saw a light in the distance and we kept that light in view until we came right up to the house it shown from. Some very poor people lived in that house, but they said that we could stay there all night. They had no place for us to sleep. My mother said all she wanted was a place that we might be sheltered until morning. There was no sleep for the grown people that night. We had a mulatto boy among our servants and several of the Yankees came around the house while we were there and they saw this boy and took him

for a white man. They were told repeatedly that the boy was only a mulatto, but to convince themselves of the truth they took him to the firelight. Then they found out their mistake. One of my sisters was about fourteen years old, and she would just tell the Bluecoats what she thought about them. When they took this mulatto to the fire to see if he was white, this sister of mine poured forth a torrent of abuse upon their heads. Mother tried to get her to hush, as she saw what would take place. Uncle Jim tried to smooth things over by telling the soldiers, "Not to mind that gal as she did not have good sense", and not to pay any attention to what she said. (N.B. This sister then turned on the old colored man and began to talk to him in the same manner she had talked to the Yankee, and old Uncle Jim said, "Didn't I tell you, Mister, she don't have good sense, she talks to everybody like that") My sister was the only one among our crowd who had any spirit, or courage enough to say anything to the Bluecoats.

The following morning our crowd started off on foot again and someone must have directed us to the house for we had not gone far before we stopped at a nice large comfortable house. The lady that lived there was named Mrs. Massey and she made us very welcome and anyone may imagine what a treat it was to get to such a nice place, after the severe hardships that we had endured for the past week. Mr. Massey was away from home, hiding in the woods just like all the other gentlemen had to do. The Masseys were well-to-do people and had plenty of everything around them. They were so kind to us, especially to my mother, as her little baby was very sick from the severe exposure of camping out. We had not been at Mrs. Massey's long until the Federal troops found their way to that place too. There were hundreds of them encamped all around there. Sherman's Army came first and it seemed as tho they could not destroy poor Mrs. Massey's things fast enough. They swarmed into the yard like bees. The first thing that they did was to ransack the kitchen and pantry and take out all the eatables and divide among themselves. Next the provisions. Then they went out into the garden and took down the potato hacks, then into the smokehouse, taking out the nice hams and other meat which were there in quantities. They pillaged the dwelling house from garret to cellar, destroying, tearing up, and stealing everything that they could find. I think that there was another company that joined Sherman at this place under the command of Kilpatrick. We remained at the Massey's one week and I shall never as long as I live forget what awful suspense we lived under. We were afraid to go to bed at night for fear that those briganding creatures would burn the house over our heads, as they had threatened several times to do. They took every hog, cow, horse, chicken and turkey they could find. When they had destroyed everything that they could find around the yard, then they set fire to the gin house, also the cotton packer and burned up gin house, cotton and all. Mrs. Massey was an aged lady and how her heart must have ached to see all of her things go in that way and yet she did not dare open her lips. They had vowed vengeance and they must carry it out, even if they had to lay all principle aside. They must have their vengeance even if they had to turn poor helpless women and children out of doors and have them at their mercy. I was standing in the piazza one morning when a dirty-looking



soldier rode up to the door and looking at me, asked, "Do you love the Yanks?" I only smiled, and did not reply. All that we had to eat while we were at Mrs. Massey's was big hominy which was made by the colored people over in another house that they occupied, but one day the same officer that had advised my mother to leave the tent, came to us and told Mother and Sister to send down to the camp and he would send them some provisions. His kind heart was touched at seeing so many little children and nothing to eat. Mother did send to him and he sent us quite a lot of provisions. This officer asked Mother if she was not from the North and she told him she was. He said that he thought so from her speech. One Saturday morning the whole army of Federalists left the place and it seemed like a calm after a storm, though they had caused so many heartaches and so much destruction around us 'twas a relief to be rid of their obnoxious presence and the air we breathed seemed purer after their departure. There were two very kind-hearted officers that guarded the Massey's house every night to keep the soldiers from burning it over our heads and one of these happened to be either Major or Colonel Harper, one of the same that was connected with Harper's Magazine. I don't know whether Col. Harper is still in the land of the living or not, but if it had not been for his kindness and generosity to an afflicted family such as ours was, I do not know what the consequences would have been. I shall always reverence his name with profound respect. After the Yankees had taken their departure we concluded that we would start homeward again. We knew that we would have to foot most of the journey or until we could reach Lancaster anyway, where my father had warm friends there, and we knew that they would do all they could to help us. One morning we gathered up what little we had, also servants and children and started on our journey, not without thanking kind Mrs. Massey for her kindness towards us. The first day of our journey we walked about eleven miles, stopping for the night with a kind neighbor. The next day we walked about the same distance until we came to Lynches Creek and we stopped there for the night with a very kindly family whose name I do not remember. Our journeying reminded me somewhat of those of the "Children of Israel". We were so journeying in a strange land where we knew no one and no one knew us. Uncle Jim was our leader and guide. 'Twas he that received the directions of which road to take to Lancaster village. The third day of our journey brought us to Lancaster. I remember the sun was just setting when we came in sight of the town and we met such a nice looking lady walking with a gentleman. She asked where we had been and we told her and she said "Poor little children". We went into the town ashamed and mortified that we presented such an untidy and shabby appearance. The only one of us that was presentable was one of my older sisters and she had managed to keep a nice calico dress from the mauraders. Before she got into the village she combed her hair nicely, put on her dress, put a pair of gold earrings in her ears and looked very gentele. I remember how pretty and white the houses in Lancaster looked to us children and to us all after having been in the woods so long. We walked on into the village stopping at a nice large house where a gentleman lived by the name of Mr. Crockett. I think he kept a boarding house. He and his wife were so kind to us and did everything in their power to make us comfortable. It seems that Mr.

Crockett was a good friend of my father's and the latter had sent us word to stop at this house. We had not seen anything of my father since the night that he came to our camp on the hillside to get provisions until we joined him in Lancaster at Mr. Crockett's. The Catawba Indian was with him the whole time that they were hiding. He also came to Lancaster with Father. (n.b. By putting his ear to the ground, this Indian could determine if the sounds were those of marching troops or horses and he guided Dr. Moore safely through all those Federalists). There were so many of us that we could not all stop at Crocketts and some of us were invited to stay among the families who knew us. It seemed as though we had reached a haven of rest at the homes of these dear people at Lancaster, and as long as I live, I shall ever have a bright spot in my memory and tender feelings in my heart for the people and place. It seems that Lancaster had been raided on just like the other places they had passed through. In going from Chesterfield to Lancaster I shall never forget the marks of destruction that greeted our eyes at every plantation that we passed and I do not believe that a single bale of cotton or a gin house in the whole country was spared by them. Father said he owed his life to this Catawba Indian. Sometimes he would just put his ear to the ground and tell if the cavalry was coming near where they were. My father said sometimes the Yankees would be within a few yards of them and they would get down and crawl through the bushes on their hands and knees. This Indian was ever on the alert and when they were surrounded by danger he would give the signal and away they would go. We only remained in Lancaster one night and the next day our kind host sent us all down to the Catawba River with his wagons. After crossing the river we were then in our own county. We all walked a few miles which brought us to the house where a family lived by the name of Jordan. Part of our family were received there very cordially, and the others went on a little farther to a Mr. Stinson's house who was also a friend of our family. Both of these families spoken of last lived there near the little town of Fort Lawn which now stands on the Chester and Lancaster narrow-guage railroad. We remained with these friends several days as it was so that we could not get home. Mr. Stinson sent us in his conveyances to a friend's house and from there we were sent all the way back home. I can remember what a joyful time there was among the colored folks when we arrived home. We were thankful to a kind Providence for bringing us all back safely, but at the same time, if we had remained home as my father wanted us to do we would not have lost a thing for the Yankees never came to Chester at all. Kind friends flocked in to see us after our arrival home and aided us in every possible way that they could. Mother had a little girl, my sister, and she, a little boy and Mother died about a year after our refugee trip. All of their deaths were caused by the severe exposures they had been subjected to. I am a young lady now but those trying times will always be remembered by me, who was a wee child then.

The End.

## Addenda (from the sisters of Ida)

Aunt Fanny Moore and Aunt Rebecca Moore Hardin sewed the flat silver in the hems of their skirts and petticoats, made the silver cake basket into a bustle and Aunt Fan wore it and saved it from the Yankees.

A Yankee soldier picked up Aunt Rebecca's four year old son, put him on the horse in front of him and rode off. He kept him all day and returned him that night.

From:

"South Carolina Secedes" by John Amasa May and Joan Reynolds Faunt, published by the University of South Carolina Press, 1960, Columbia.

Page 187:

Thomas Wade Moore, Physician of Chester District, was born near Blackstock, Chester District, in 1809, the son on John Michael Moore of Fairfield, who came from Ireland, and Rebecca (Wade) Lunsford, widow of Captain Swanson Lunsford, the Revolutionary soldier buried on the State House grounds in Columbia. Thomas Wade Moore entered the South Carolina College at the age of sixteen, leaving after his junior year. He was graduated from the Medical College of South Carolina in 1829, age twenty-one, and settled in the Fishing Creek section of Chester District. He gave up the practice of medicine and turned to planting. He married first, Sarah Dabney Chisolm of Charleston, and second, Marian McDonald of Albany, New York. He was a member of the House of Representatives from Chester for several terms, 1838-40, 1848-52, and 1855-56. He was defeated in the race for the state Senate on the secession issue, but was elected to the Secession Convention and signed the ordinance. During the war, he was Confederate district fund treasurer. A son, Thomas Wade Moore, Jr., was killed in the War Between the States. Dr. Moore died in Chester in 1871 in his sixty-second year."

Preface—VII

"One hundred years ago on Dec. 17, 1860 the South Carolina delegates met in convention to make plans for secession from the United States. Gathering in the First Baptist Church in Columbia, the representatives from the forty-five districts and parishes responded to the call, solemn and earnest, and gravely determined.

"Seventy-two years before, South Carolina had joined with other States to form the Union, governed by the sentiments of the majority. Neither at that time nor later had South Carolina been convinced that such a decision was irrevocable. Through the years it had made attempts to assert the popular belief in the doctrine of state sovereignty.

"The Convention had more to achieve than merely the passage of the Ordinance of Secession. After the seceding, the state had to establish itself as a sovereign

state, an independent republic. Later it must make the decision to unite with the Confederate States of America.

“Thus, the Convention, after adjourning to Charleston because of smallpox in Columbia, achieved its prime objective on the fourth day of the meeting.”

### **AN ORDINANCE**

“To dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled “The Constitution of the United States of America”.

“We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained.

“That the Ordinance adopted by such Convention, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying amendment of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that this union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of “The United States of America” is hereby dissolved.”

“Done at Charleston, the 20<sup>th</sup> day of December, in the year of our Lord 1860.”

Convention voted on the document in St. Andrew’s Hall but went in procession to Institute Hall where every member of Convention signed and when signing was completed, the President of the Convention said, “The Ordinance of Secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina an Independent Commonwealth”. The Convention adjourned at 9:15 P.M.

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## **The Great Falls Of The Catawba And The Lock Keepers Rock House (From the *News and Reporter*, September 1972)**

From time to time we have given the history of the Rock House and repeated a description of the Great Falls of the Catawba, for which Great Falls is named.

We think it can bear repeating, for the benefit of readers who may not have seen it before.

First, an account follows of the old falls, before they were obliterated by the dams. The words are those of former Governor John Drayton of South Carolina, written in 1802.

“For quantity of water and grandeur of appearances perhaps the Catawba Falls are the most interesting of any in the State. They are situated a little above the Rocky Mount, and the approach to them is over the hills which line the sides of the river. On either side of the rocks are piled up in a wall many feet high, and the hills rising above them in sharp conical summits nod over the rupture below. Now the Catawba is arrested in its course, and from a width of one hundred and eighty yards this river is forced by the hills and rock on either side to shoot down ‘the gulch’ in a channel sixty yards wide. Collecting its waters impetuous and noisy it thunders down tumbling over mossy rocks and foaming from shore to shore, wheeling its large whirlpools and glancing from rock to rock with maddening fury, not ceasing its troubled waves until it has leaped over twenty falls in the distance of two and a half miles, and precipitated from its height to a depth of ninety feet. Here below Rocky Mount it begins to subside and spread over a channel three hundred and eighteen (318) yards wide, but it is not composed. Four miles below rocks are scattering in its way, at times irritating its waters and provoking the rapidity of the stream.”

The Rock House was built about 1820 as a residence for the Rocky Mount lock keeper of the Santee Canal. A brief story of this by the late L. M. Ford follows:

(This Rocky Mount canal begins above the head of the falls and extends some distance below Rocky Mount Ferry. Several locks were built on it to lower and raise the boats at the declivities. They are splendid specimens of stone masonry, and are well preserved and seemingly as firm and tight as when they were first built.

I am indebted to Thomas Cain for the date of the digging of this canal. He left Liverpool, England, in 1816 and landed in Charleston in the same year. Briggs and Thomas were the contractors of the Fishing Creek Canal, which they began to dig in 1817, and Thomas Caine came up to do their smithing. A picnic was given at Beckhamville July 4, 1823, to celebrate its completion.

Shortly after this picnic, John McCullough, contractor, began to dig the Rocky Mount Canal, and completed it in the early thirties. Thomas Caine did his smithing also. After this canal was finished, Thomas Caine did the smithing for the farmers around Beckhamville, as along as he was able to perform the labor. He died 1883, nearly ninety years of age.

About a mile below the road, entering the picnic ground at the Falls, a Rock House was built for the lock keeper. The stone walls are in good condition still; the wood part has decayed and disappeared. John McCullough, contractor, was the first occupant of this house. Green Robert, the second, and Huldah Arledge and her family were the last who lived in it. Jonas Backstrom the first and only lock keeper never occupied it. He resided on his own farm nearby.

It is said this canal cost the state three hundred thousand (\$300,000.00) dollars. William Wall, Beckhamville section, used the entire length, and Wm. Nichols and Jerry Gaither below the ferry, but very few boats ever passed

through it. Shortly after its completion, the S. C. railroad reached Columbia and the trade of this section was diverted to that city, and transportation was carried on in wagons.)

The Rock House was later restored by Duke Power Company and used as a club house in the early years of this century. Now, in ruins again, it is scheduled to be moved to Landsford and become a part of that state historical park.

**(From *The Chester Reporter*, January 1970.)**

The canals' contribution to the economy and growth of the state prompted the chartering of a company to create a suitable waterway linking the low country with the up country. There were four principal falls along the Catawba River route around which canals had to be built: (1) the falls at Wateree canal, (2) Rocky Mount, (3) Catawba, and (4) Landsford.

In 1918, Joel Poinsette, president of the newly created Board of Public Works, asked and received from the Secretary of War, Calhoun, permission to place one of the four canals through land belonging to the U.S. Government at Rocky Mount and Fishing Creek. He wrote to Boston and Philadelphia for 100 workmen in stone, contracted for 20 tumbling carts, 12 scrapers and four ploughs, and work on the canal began.

Within a two-mile section of the fall of 34 feet had been overcome by a lateral canal of one mile and 76 chains, which contained one guard lock, dam and four lifting locks, six culverts and two abutments. The total cost of construction, including the lockkeeper's house, was \$122,903.13.

John B. Carter was the lockkeeper and received \$250.00 per year for his services.

The canal was used as late as 1916 to carry cotton from Belmont, N.C. to Great Falls.

Some smaller boats traveled down the canal with other products. James Cloud Hicklin, a farmer and man of means, who resided in the Fishing Creek District of Chester County, had experience and knowledge as a boatsman, and was connected with the Fishing Creek and Rocky Creek Canals.

A toll book of the Fishing Creek Canal is still in possession of the Hicklin family and attached are copies of some of the pages.

J

(831)

Joseph Carter

May, No 22

Lockkeeper at present

Sept 18

Will Doate

to  
for

Fishing Creek

Doate

Doate

The original Fishing  
Creek Canal Toll Book  
owned by Charlie  
Hicklin, Richburg, S.C.,  
grandson of J.C. Hicklin.

WILLIAM WICKERS WAREHOUSE 1859

Date of Release	No	Owners Names	Ballrooms	Empty Boats	Loaded Boats	No Bales Colled	Int. tolls	cts.
Jan 2	1	Amoyat brought	London from	old	Boats	24	20	71
		John Rogell	Joe	"	"	15	"	90
	4	M. Davis	Davis	1	"	"	"	75
	9	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	1	"	"	"	75
	"	John Rogell	Joe	1	"	"	"	75
	15	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	"	"	48	2	58
	18	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	1	"	"	"	75
	19	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	"	"	32	1	98
	28	John Rogell	Joe	"	"	36	2	16
	30	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	1	"	"	"	75
Feb 4	8	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	"	"	31	1	20
	20	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	1	"	"	"	75
	"	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	1	"	"	"	75
March	13	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	"	"	38	1	98
	"	Barnett & Burnett	Barnett	"	"	34	2	04
	15	Barnett & Burnett	Gunnels	"	"	49	2	94
	2	John Rogell	Joe	"	1	"	2	25

\$43.99

The above account of tolls examined, and the amount, forty three dollars, nine ty nine cents is this day received of Joseph Cate Lock keeper, in full. Chas. J. Walker

March 1871. Chas. J. Walker

Mr. Samuel O. Wicklin  
 Sir will you be so good  
 as to let me have your  
 Feb 18th 1871  
 42 Market St



- FISHING CREEK CAUSAL - Canal

Amount of  
Tolls  
\$          
        

Date	Person Name	Color	Loaded B	Empty B	No. of Bales	Tolls
1834						
1/1	N. Barnett	Wheat	"	1	"	75
3	N. Barnett	Tom	"	1	"	75
6 3	N. Barnett	Tom	"	"	40	2 40
8 4	N. Barnett	Howard	"	"	"	75
9 5	N. Barnett	Barnett	"	"	41	2 46
12 6	N. Barnett	Tom	"	"	43	2 58
March 27	Wm Cobb	Red	"	#	"	
31 8	N. Barnett	Tom	1	"	"	2 75
Apr 6 1839	N. Barnett	Tom	"	"	40	2 40
20 10	N. Barnett	Charles	"	1	"	75
21 11	N. Barnett	Antony	"	"	36	2 16
23 12	N. Barnett	Tom	"	1	"	75
24 13	N. Barnett	Tom	"	"	35	2 10
30 14	N. Barnett	Tom	"	1	"	75
May 10 15	N. Barnett	Antony	"	"	18	1 8
16 16	N. Barnett	Barnett	"	"	16	" 96
			2	"	31	1 86
June 16 18	P Cobb	Cobb	1	"	"	2 25
July 22	N Barnett	Tom	1	"	"	2 25

\$ 29 25

The above account of Tolls accruing on the Fishing creek canal is examined, and the amount twenty nine dollars & twenty five cents accounted for to me by John Carter Lock, Keeper this 24th, October 1834.

J. H. Mead  
Sup. Pub. Works

# Fishing Creek Canal

1856	During Name	Persons Leased	No. Days	
July 10 1	J. Steinthal	Sally	Sally	2 25
Aug 27 2	" "	" "	bottoms	1 38
Apr 12 3	S. B. Gibson	Anthony	28	1 68
" 4	" "	Anthony	22	1 32
Apr 30 5	S. R. Gibson	Anthony		75
" 6	" "	Jane		75
May 7 7	S. R. Gibson	Anthony	37 bales	2 22
" 8	" "	Sam	30 bales	1 80
May 17 9	S. R. Gibson	Anthony		2 25
" 10	" "	Sam		2 25
				\$ 15 65

I have examined the account of tolls accruing on the Fishing Creek Canal from the settlement in February last to this day and the amount Sixteen dollars & sixty five cents is accounted for to me by E. H. Johnson, Lock Keeper, on settlement.

Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 1856

J. H. Mason  
Sup. Pub. Works

I have examined the amount of tolls accruing on the Fishing Creek Canal from the settlement in February last to this day

J. C. H. Mason  
Sup. Pub. Works

W. A. James  
W. A. James

# Washington Creek Canal 1837

52  
 06  
 56  
 75  
 75

1837	Owner's Name	Pls	Empty	Loaded	No	Bs	Ampl.
March 20th	Saml. W. Gibson	Anthony	"	"	"	"	\$ 1.00
" 28th	"	"	"	"	"	34	2.00
April 10th	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 75
" 18th	"	"	"	"	"	40	2.40
May 1st	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 75
" 17th	Thomas Parker	Ben	"	"	"	"	" 75
" 23rd	"	"	"	"	"	"	2.25
June 5th	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 75
" 8th	"	"	"	"	"	"	2.25
" 24th	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 75
" 27th	"	"	"	"	"	"	2.25
	Abner Athy.		"	"	"	31	1.80
Sept 17th	Wm. Wall		"	"	1740	14	1.00
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	75

\$ 19.25

May 10 to 11 days work @ 12 1/2¢ = 15.12 1/2  
 1 grass blade ————— 1.50

Balance Due Canal \$

New Was. Wh. & Mill

# **Catawba Of 1890s Sportsman's Dream**

**(From *The Charlotte Observer*, September 3, 1944)**  
**By Holmes H. Scott**

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**(This interesting story about fishing and hunting along the Catawba river in the 90's was written by the principal of Bain-Clear Creek schools in Mecklenburg county. Mr. Scott is well known as a school man and sportsman.)**

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As I read the stories of hunting and fishing that appear on this page from week to week I can see in my mind's eyes those childhood days when the shad ran in the Catawba, when my father and I hunted wild geese and 'coons, when we called wild turkeys in the river swamps and hunted other animals and birds that abounded along the river. Those were the days of real sport.

As a child and during my early 'teens I lived near what is now know as Great Falls, a beautiful town that has developed during the last 30 years. My father was a country doctor practicing his profession over a wide area along the east and west banks of the Catawba river.

Often my father would take me with him when he visited his patients on both sides of the river. I was always especially delighted when he rode horseback and let me accompany him on another saddle horse across the river. He let me ride the horse that knew the ford best and avoided the dangerous places. One time his horse fell, throwing off the saddle bags into the water. We could not find them and did not hear from them until years later when a seining party found them with medicine intact and the bags in good condition. As the modern medicine tablet was not then in use, my father rolled his own pills and concocted liquid tonics.

On these trips my father pointed out to me the landmarks and places of history interest. There was Point Rock where a sentinel was placed to look out for the enemy during the Revolution. Then there was Drummer's Hill, from which the young drummer boy sounded the alarm. Old Fort Dearborn was standing in ruins near Catawba Falls. This fort came within one vote of being chosen the United States Military Academy, my father told me. The oldlock canal was there, the first built in the United States, and the blockhouse, a storage for powder, was still standing.

## **FISHING IN CATAWBA.**

These places made a lasting impression on my child mind. I loved them, particularly Catawba Falls, the most beautiful work of nature I had ever seen. I learned to know all the territory between the Falls and Wateree creek. It seemed strange to me that so small a stream could change so great a river's name, for from its mouth onward the river is known as the Wateree.

Along this course there were several fish dams built by planters with slave labor—long worm-like piles of rock extending across the river. Some of these stones were so large that I marveled that slaves were able to place them there. The stones of the Pyramids, mentioned in my history book, could have been no larger. My father said it was true, and I believed it more certainly than I believe slaves had built the Pyramids.

Although these relics were interesting they were useless. There were a few exceptions, however. Here and there were a few fish traps of two types. One was a crate-like affair with sharpened staves that was wedged between the rocks. The fish entered through the opening but could not escape because of the sharp staves. At times there would be good hauls of fish from these traps. The other type trap was the "fall trap," a contraption shaped like a wagon body, with slats in the bottom, through which the water flowed and left the fish enclosed.

### **100-POUND STURGEONS.**

These traps were successful only during freshets when the fish were washed down by strong currents. I remember once that we saw some men taking fish from one of these traps. My father and I decided to see what they were doing. They had caught two sturgeons, each weighing 100 or more pounds. They cut up the fish and gave us some choice pieces. While father continued his visits to see his patients, I hurried back home so my mother could cook the fish for his dinner. It was not very palatable because of its coarse grain, but at least it was a novelty.

The Catawba in those days contained many catfish. Many were the seining parties we enjoyed, many the wounds received from sharp fins, and much was the tobacco juice spat upon our eager, boyish hands. Red horse, native carp and suckers gave us some good sport with hook and line. Sometimes we fished with a cane pole and sometimes we fished with hand lines from home-made boats. We wore mittens to prevent a large fish from cutting our hands with the line. For bait we used corn mush mixed with cotton. After a rain when the river was rising, we often fished with poles from the bank. Once, using red and black grasshoppers three of us caught 150 fish!

When spring came the shad came by the thousands. Today, my thoughts in spring turn to shad, the most delicious of all fish. I was enormously tickled when my father would say: "Son, take this dollar and go to the Falls for some shad. This will buy enough for us and our neighbors." I would then mount the best single-footing horse in the community and ride to the fishing grounds at the base of the Falls.

The falls were really cataracts—rolling, seething, foaming, rushing water over a distance of half a mile. At its base strong Negroes stood holding dipnets, basket-like, attached to long poles. Expertly they dipped into the pools—dipped from sunrise to sunset—with rhythm accompanied by Negro reels and spirituals. They shouted with glee when they caught a very large one and cursed when the largest in the lot got away, which seldom happened. After lingering enraptured often too long, I returned home with the best fish ever spawned in the Catawba. In my heart there yet lingers a mild resentment against the great Duke because of their extinction.

## HUNTERS' PARADISE.

In the 90's the rugged hills, steep bluffs and deep ravines along the Catawba were truly a hunter's paradise. There were geese, ducks, quail and wild turkeys. There were squirrels, opossums, raccoons, and foxes. There were a few boars gone wild and the last of a herd of deer—several does without a buck.

A highlight of my childhood was duck and goose hunting. Once we stalked a flock of ducks and bagged three of them. Another time I hid in a blind with my father and a neighbor while a flock of geese approached. The men whispered their plan of attack as the geese circled down. Then they rose quickly from the blind and killed two geese each. When the geese were divided, our friend chose the old goose and a young one for some guests at his house. On the way home my father whispered that his neighbor would regret his choice. He later told us his poor wife never could get the old goose cooked.

Once we treed three 'coons up one tree and we cut the timber down without thought of waste. There was a fight to the finish and the 'coons were winning until a small bulldog entered the scrap and killed them just like our boys are killing the Germans in France.

How I remembered the thrill of lying in torturous positions in a blind as we called a turkey and heard a big gobbler respond. The imitation call of his mate from our quill had to be perfect or he would disappear into the dark recesses of the Catawba swamps. I remember once that we bagged four turkeys just before sundown. And that was about the time we chased a wild boar and cornered him and I wept because our favorite young hound was killed in the wild fight.

# **FORT LAWN**

## **By Ward Pegram**

Fort Lawn is on the Lancaster and Chester and Catawba valley Railways, one mile west of Catawba river and four miles north of where Fishing Creek runs into the river.

Early Revolutionary history shows that Alexander Walker and Esther Gaston were hero and heroine of the American Revolution, he helping to fight its battles and she a ministering angel to the wounded, sick, and dying soldiers. She not only worked in her own community, near Rocky Mount, but at Hanging Rock and Waxhaw Church, which was used as a temporary hospital and probably as good as many of the permanent ones.

After the close of the war these two young people married and settled between Fishing Creek and the river, not far from her father's home – that of Justice John Gaston – and only a few miles from where the present town of Fort Lawn is located.

John A. G. Walker, a direct descendant of theirs not far removed, and Jesse Clifton, whose wife was Walker's sister, owned all of the land in and around the location of Fort Lawn. Clifton was the father of the late J. A. Clifton, an able and noted preacher of the Methodist Conference in his day. His only surviving brother is living (written in 1941) in McKinney, Texas. Walker's house, right in the town, and Clifton's nearby still stand and are reminders of the days that have passed and gone.

Frank Ingram, a progressive and prosperous farmer, owner of a large and fertile plantation, lived only three miles away. His house was on the highest elevation between Fort Lawn and Nitrolee. It still stands. It can be seen from miles away. James Wilson, "Uncle Jimmie" Wilson as he was called, lived near Ingram. J. J. Edwards, father of the late Capt. W. H. Edwards, lived nearly all of his life within one mile of Fort Lawn. Dr. Daniel G. Anderson, a cousin of Stinson and a descendant of William Anderson, who was killed in the Revolution, lived only a mile away.

Henry Culp, born before the Revolution, but not old enough to be a soldier, lived and died only two miles from Fort Lawn. His house is still standing. These and many others lived in the surrounding community. The ones mentioned were all too old for service in the Confederate Army. Many worthy citizens live in and around Fort Lawn, but they will have to be on due guard to be up to the record of the ones mentioned.

The first Methodist Church in the county east of Fishing Creek was near Fort Lawn. *Methodist Union* was its name. This church and graveyard were abandoned in the 1850's and nothing remains to mark the place except a few

tombstones and many graves of the noble men and women of their day. About the time of the abandonment of this church the tide turned toward Landsford and Roddey Town; five miles north the Methodist built a church there. It was named El Bethel and it was for 35 years one of the strongest churches in the county. In the days of J. M. Boyd and John W. Kelly, they had the best Sunday School in the county, town not excepted, and the superintendent was a woman.

After about 35 years the influences turned back to Fort Lawn and today they have only a handful, comparatively, of men and women at El Bethel.

A few years after the close of the Confederate War, Dr. Fort came into the community and married a daughter of John A. G. Walker. They continued to live there and he turned his attention to farming. His wife did not live long and after a number of years he married a Miss Jefferies from Gaffney. He continued living, not in the Walker house, but nearby for a short while before they moved to Gaffney. His daughter by his first wife, and only child, married his second wife's brother, Claude Jefferies. She still owns part of her grandfather's plantation near Fort Lawn.

Dr. Fort was a good man. It was unfortunate for Fort Lawn and the surrounding country that he went away. In the year 1874 or 1875, the Chester and Lancaster Railroad was surveyed and grading commenced. In 1878 the first train rolled into Richburg. In 1879 it came into the station between Fishing Creek and the river, so they named it Fort Lawn in honor of Dr. Fort.

The town has been very unfortunate. A continuation of fires burned down the business houses almost from the beginning retarded her progress, and she has progressed very little since the commencement of the operation of the Southern Power Company (Now Duke Power Co.)

**Note -- readers should bear in mind that the above information was compiled in 1941.**

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## **Old Minute Book Traces Court Session To 1794** **(Taken from *The Chester Reporter*, January 14, 1970)**

In the Minute Book begun for Chester county January 24, 1794, mention is made of court being held here. Joseph Brown and William Gaston were judges of the Chester county court at that time.

The petit jury, who served at that term of court, was composed of William Love, Robert Kelsey, Benjamin Elliott, Abner Wilks, Hugh Banner, John Morriss,



James Wilkie, John Jones, Robert Coulter, Williamson Harper, William White and John Bradford.

The grand jury follows: Alexander Daniel, foreman; Nathaniel McClintick, Haze Hardwick, James McCaw, William Dunn, John Rodin, Jas. Bowls, Alexander Crawford, William Whiteside, Peter Conrad, William Nisbit, James Crawford, James Wilson, and Benjamin Culp.

The above are probably the oldest petit jury and grand jury lists on record in Chester county.

Hugh Knox was sheriff and Richard Taliaferro was the Clerk of Court at that time.

## **Roads**

In the same Minute Book of 1794, one finds some orders.

1. "That the public road be laid out and cleared from Landsford on the Catawba river to the Cedar Shoals on Fishing Creek and John McCreary, Esq., and Alexander Crawford are appointed overseers of said road, and all persons within three miles of said road are to be called on to clear and keep the same in repair."
2. "That a public road be laid out from Cedar Shoals on Fishing Creek the nearest way towards Winnsboro, until it intersects the county line of Fairfield and further orders that the said road be laid out and that Samuel Ferguson be appointed overseer of the said road from Egnews mill to the line of Fairfield county and all persons convenient to said road are to be called on to clear and keep the same in repair."
3. "Instead of Phillip Walker, deceased, formerly overseer of a road leading from the Cedar Shoals on Fishing Creek to Chester Court House, William Gaston, wagon maker, is appointed overseer of the said road and all persons within three miles of road are to be called on to keep the same in repair. And, Hugh Stuart and James Crawford are continued as overseers of said road."
4. "Instead of John Daniel, Nathan Jagers is appointed overseer of the Saluda road from Sandy river at Alexander Daniel's mill to the Fish Dam ford on Broad river and all persons within three miles of said road are to be called on to keep the same in repairs."
5. "That a public road be laid out and cleared from Chester county Court House leading the nearest and best way to York county Court House, so

far as the dividing line between the said counties, and that Edward Lacey and George Saddler superintend the same."

6. "That a traveling road be laid out and cleared the nearest and best way from Wade's Ferry road near to William McDonald's, leading to the Buck Shoals on Fishing Creek, and from thence the most direct way leading down the river, until it intersects the Mountain Gap road, and that Captain John McCown, John Edwards and William Dunovan be appointed commissioners to superintend the same and keep the said road in repair. All persons within the three miles of this county, are to be called on, all the hands living between the said road and the river inclusive, to clear and keep the same in repair."

## **Brewery**

In the Charleston Courier, under the date of August 2, 1828, appeared the following: "We learn from an unquestionable source that Hyden Davy, Esq., the son of the late General Davy, who spent a portion of his days as plenipotentiary to France, has nearly completed the building necessary to an extensive brewery in Chester District, S. C., and that last spring he planted the greater part of his plantation, on which he works about 150 slaves, in barley for malt.

From his talents and means, it is not doubtful that complete success will crown his efforts, and that he will soon be able to supply the whole State with beer, equal in quality to the best from the North, and lower in price. This single establishment will annually keep from going out of South Carolina at least \$200,000. Why does Georgia not follow the example? Because our big men are fonder of talking over half broiled hog, than investing their capital for their own and their country's good" – Georgia Statesman.

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## **McNINCH FAMILY BURYING GROUND**

*(From the Editor: The following article was sent to us by George L. Irwin, PO Box 4262, Greenville, SC 29608. We appreciate Mr. Irwin sharing this information with us.)*

Leave Chester on Lancaster Street, turn right on Belt Line Road just beyond the By-Pass, stop at the junction of the road with the L & C Railroad tracks. Walk back toward Lancaster road on the RR tracks about 220 paces, then turn south at right angles to the RR tracks. About ½ miles across a small creek, slightly to your left on top of a hill. Surrounded by a rock wall. Site of old McNinch Presbyterian Church.

Mary McNinch – consort of Samuel McNinch – died 23 November 1839 – aged 66 years

Samuel McNinch – Sen – died 28 August 1833 – aged about 59 years

Sam Irwin, Jr. – died 3 September 1847 – aged 38 years

Sam'l Irwin, Sr. – died 31 October 1843 – aged 62 years

Rosey Isabell McNinch – died 18 June 1820 – aged 21 weeks

William Campbell – died 24 September 1825 – aged 48 years

Mary Campbell – wife of William Campbell – died ... - 69<sup>th</sup> year of her life

John Irwin – died 11 March 1833 – aged 21 years

William Irwin – died 10 July 1831 – aged 23 years

All Irwin's listed above are sons of Samuel Irwin, Senior, died 1843. The wife of Samuel Irwin, Sr., has no stone, but was Elizabeth McNinch, sister of Samuel McNinch listed above. I am descended from Samuel Irwin, Jr., whose wife Elizabeth Moore Irwin was buried at Woodward Baptist many years later with other Moore family members. A brother of Samuel McNinch, Elizabeth McNinch Irwin, was John McNinch who established the McNinch Church and whose wife is buried at Old Purity. John McNinch has no stone here.

I know nothing about the Campbell couple.

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## **William Turner of County Antrim, Ireland And Fairfield County, South Carolina – His Family and Descendants**

**By B. J. Kennedy  
Torrance, CA**

On Thursday, December 31, 1767, the snow "James and Mary" commanded by Captain John Moore, arrived in the harbor of Charles Town (Charleston), South Carolina, carrying about 150 passengers from the port of Larne in County Antrim, Northern Ireland. Among these immigrants were the patriarchs of several of the leading families of Fairfield County, South Carolina, with descendants spreading over the United States. Of interest to this author are the Turner, Young, and Gladney families, all passengers on the "James and Mary".

The members of the William Turner Family were: William, Margaret, Alexander, John, and James.

The members of the Hugh Young Family were: Hugh, Margaret, Sarah, Elizabeth, Agnes, James, Jane, and Samuel.

The members of the Gladney (name spelled Glegney) Family were: Samuel, Mary, and Joseph.

On January 12, 1768, petitions for warrants of survey on the bounty were read for the land and grants based on the act of the South Carolina General Assembly of July 25, 1761. Petitions were read for the following grants:

Hugh Young – 300 Acres  
Sarah Young – 100 Acres  
Jane Young – 100 Acres  
Samuel Gladney – 150 Acres  
Joseph Gladney – 100 Acres  
William Turner – 200 Acres  
Alexander Turner – 100 Acres  
John Turner – 100 Acres  
John Waugh – 00 Acres (Did not appear on first list)

The head of household plus all children over 15 years of age received 100 acres of land. Wives and all children under 15 received 50 acres each, which was added to the grant of the head of household. This brochure focuses on the William Turner family, but there were intermarriages between the Young and the Turners, the Gladneys and the Turners and other well-known families in Fairfield. Among them are:

Sarah Young m. James Turner  
Agnes Young m. Alexander Robinson  
Elizabeth Young m. John McDonald  
Jean Young m. James Roseborough  
Margaret Young m. John Neal  
Mary Young m. Patrick Gladney, son of Samuel Gladney

Jean, Margaret and Mary Young, all daughters of Hugh and Margaret Young, were born in South Carolina.

Mary Young Gladney was born in 1769 and died December 1, 1812. She was buried at Gladney Cemetery in Fairfield Co., SC. Jean (or Jane) Young Roseborough was born in 1778. Died ? James Roseborough later married Jane Martin, b. 1798, d. 1880s.

A brief description of the children of the William Turner family and descendants follows:

- (1) Alexander Turner – Born about 1747 in Ireland, was a surveyor of land grants from the time of his arrival until the Revolutionary War. When the royal land grants ended, he, along with other surveyors, had accumulated large tracts of land in South Carolina.

Alexander Turner apparently served in the Revolutionary War and may have been killed in the war. Shortly before the Revolution, he married Jane (McAllister?) \_\_\_\_\_. They lived on a 550-acre plantation on Rocky Creek in Chester County. They had one known son, William McAllister Turner. Alexander Turner apparently died about 1783, at the age of 36.

Born about 1775, William McAllister Turner was a merchant in Charleston. Like his father, William McAllister Turner died as a young man. He was only 31 years old when he died in 1806. His mother, Jane Turner, lived with him in Charleston. An obituary listed his mother as his only survivor.

William McAllister Turner left a large estate in land and cash and willed almost all of it to his mother, his uncles, John and James Turner, and to cousins. His land totaled 3300 acres, most of which he inherited from his father, Alexander.

A "Widow Turner" is listed in the 1790 Census of Fairfield County. This probably was Margaret Turner, widow of William Turner, the immigrant, and mother of Alexander Turner. According to the 1790 census, the Widow Turner's household included 1 male under 16 and 4 females. The females may have included Jean \_\_\_\_\_, Alexander Turner's widow. The one male may have been William McAllister Turner. William McAllister Turner did not list any sisters in his will and may have been the only child of Alexander Turner and his wife, Jane.

Margaret Turner was mentioned in the estate settlement of Alexander Turner. William McAllister Turner received most of the estate. He willed "the Widow Turner's old place" to his cousin, John Turner Jr., son of James Turner and Sarah Young Turner.

- (2) John Turner – Born in 1750 and died in 1807. He served as a captain in the Revolutionary War. According to historical records, he "distinguished himself as a valiant soldier and true patriot." For

many years, he was a member of the Mt. Olivet Presbyterian church and was described as “a humble devoted Christian.”

After the Revolutionary War, the people of Capt. John Turner’s district elected him to the state Legislature for 14 years. He was first a member of the House of Representatives, then became a state senator representing the Fairfield, Chester and Richland Districts. He also served as a justice of the peace of Fairfield County.

In 1773, John Turner married Margaret Adger. Born in 1755, Margaret died prior to 1800 and John married Jean \_\_\_\_\_. He was a man of considerable wealth, owning many tracts of land, a number of slaves, a grist mill, a cotton machine, a carriage and large stocks of horses, cows, sheep and hogs. He lived in north-eastern Fairfield County near Mt. Olivet Church. The children of John Turner include:

- (a) Molly-Peggy Turner – M. John McCrorey (or McCreary). They had a daughter name Peggy McCrorey.
- (b) William Alexander Turner – B. ca. 1783. D. ca. 1833. M. Isabella Bell, daughter of John Bell (B. 1752 – D. 22 January, 1819) and Margery Bell (1756 – January, 1799). Children: (1) Samuel Law Turner, b. ca 1812, m. Mary \_\_\_\_\_; (2) John Bell Turner; (3) Peggy Marguery Turner, m. Joel (or John) B. Gibson; (4) Alexander Kerr Turner.

Samuel Law Turner was in Fairfield County in 1850. The family was listed in the Fairfield census as follows: Samuel, Mary, Martha, Alexander, John, Kerr B., James, Arabella, and William.

John Bell Turner, the second son of William Alexander Turner, and his family may have moved to Grenada County, MS, before the Civil War.

Alexander Kerr Turner was a minor when his father, William Alexander Turner, made his will in 1833. The author has no further information on him.

- (c) Margory Turner married Samuel Law.

- (d) Martha Turner married James Law, brother of the Samuel Law who married Margory Turner.
- (e) Agnes Turner married David Boyce.
- (f) Elizabeth Turner married James Hughs. They had sons named Alexander Hughs and Josiah William Hughs. Elizabeth Turner Hughs died before her father John Turner, made his will in 1807.
- (g) Nancy Turner was willed 400 acres of land on Turkey Creek by William McAllister Turner in 1806. The author has no further information on her.

David and Agnes Boyce lived in Union County, SC. He died in 1830 and is buried at Padgett's Creek Church Cemetery. Agnes Turner Boyce and her family moved to Panola County, MS. She died 27 Dec. 1857, at the age of 69. (She was born Ca. 1788). She was the last surviving member of the John Turner family.

The history of the McCrorey and Law families is incorporated in McMaster's "History of Fairfield County". The book includes sketches of Molly-Peggy McCrorey's family and descendants and sketches of Marjory and Martha Turner Law and their families.

- (3) James Turner – Born about 1755, he married Sarah Young (B. ca. 1752), daughter of the immigrant Hugh Young and his wife, Margaret. James Turner served in the Revolutionary War like his older brothers, Alexander and John. James Turner accumulated a substantial amount of land, personal property and slaves. The 1790 census of Fairfield County reads:

James Turner

1 male over 16 (James) \*

3 males under 16 (John, Alexander and ?) \*

\* Added by Author

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## **FAMILY CEMETERY OF JOHN GOOCH (1780-1840)**

A few miles south of Fort Lawn, S.C. on the left side of highway 21, going south is the original home of John Gooch (1780-1840). This old home is a two (2) story wooden building and has in its front yard an old well. A short distance behind this house is the family cemetery of the John Gooch family. The following tombstones are still standing and readable:

In memory of  
Sara E.  
daughter of T. & J. A. L. Ingram  
who died June 23, 1843  
Aged 4 mo. & 17 days  
"I take these little lambs said He  
and lay them in my breast".

In memory of  
Elisabeth  
wife of John Gooch  
Born November 17, 1786  
Died January 27, 1836

Mary L. Gooch  
the third daughter of  
Henry & Martha  
Born Mary 18, 1840  
And departed this life  
September 10, 1840  
Aged 3 mo. & 23 da.

James C. Gooch  
Son of Henry H. & Martha  
Died October 22, 1846  
Aged 1 year 3 mo. 25 da.

Jesse T. Gooch  
Son of Henry H. & Martha  
Died December 2, 1844  
Aged 11 mo. 20 da.

Sacred to the memory of  
John Gooch, the husband  
of Mary Gooch.  
Born January 9, 1780  
And departed this life  
November 8, 1840  
In the 61<sup>st</sup> year of his age.

John T. Gooch  
Son of Henry & Martha  
Died December 15, 1844  
Aged 6 yrs. 3 mo. 21 da.  
"Suffer little children and  
Forbid them not to come unto  
Me for such is the Kingdom  
of God".

Franklin B. Gooch  
Died November 19, 1848  
Aged 5 mo. 18 da.

William R. Gooch  
Son of Henry & Martha  
Died November 27, 1844  
Aged 7 yr. 11 mo. 25 da.

John J. Kee  
Born April 17, 1835  
Died Sept. 11, 1840

The above-referenced house was torn down in 1963, and the land was sold off in lots. Some of the grave stones were stolen, others destroyed. Those left were moved to a family plot in Douglas Cemetery in Lancaster County, S.C. The names of those on destroyed markers were placed there also.



# KELL HISTORY

The estate of Dr. William Kell was administered by his brother, John Kell. Bond was given Oct. 4, 1825 by John Kell, Dr. Ben Scott, and Nathaniel Eaves. At the sale, Oct. 21, 1825 "Mrs. Kell" bought a teakettle and other articles, and John Kell and John Kell, Jr. were buyers.

A few years later James Crain "an heir at law of William Kell" called his administrator to account and he was summoned to appear before the ordinary of the district March 4, 1840. "John G. Kell, Adm." came into open court and made return on oath, June 7, 1841. In his settlement of bills etc. was a payment of \$330.17 to Esther Kell. (Esther Kell, the widow of Dr. William Kell was born Esther McCreary) (Letter from Alex Kell son of Thomas Kell).

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The will of James Kell was signed Dec. 23, 1811 and probated Aug. 6, 1813. In this very interesting will the testator mentions his two sons James and John who are to divide his land between them, each paying half of the annuity to the widow whose name is not mentioned but whose name was Martha as shown by deeds. The testator mentions his daughters Margaret, Sarah, and Martha, his son-in-law James McMullin and James McMullin's daughter Jane. Alexander English, David McCalla, and testator's son James were executors. At the sale, Oct. 26, 1813, James Kell bought "one sword". Numerous articles were bought by Peggy Kell, Martha Kell, and James Kell.

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*Will Book E p. 147.* John Galespy's will dated Dec. 1, 1808 shows Alexander Kell to be his son-in-law and said Alexander Kell had a son named John.

*Will Book A p. 56.* John Flemming of Bull Run of Rocky Creek in Chester County, his will dated July 28, 1790, made John Kell an executor, but in case of the death of John Kell be appointed another. He left 7 guineas for the use of the "Church of the Covenanted Dissenters" (Rocky Creek Meeting House) and one of the three overseers of the fund was John Kell.

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*Will Book A p. 99.* In the will of Robert Rainey of Sandy River he called his wife Jenat Kell otherwise Jenat Rainey. Another legatee was Robert Kell, son of my br. Arch. Kell and Sister Janet. He mentions generally the rest of the Archibald and Sister Janet's children. The executors were Wm. Rainey of Turkey Creek in York County and James Kell of Rocky Creek and Jenat Rainey, my beloved wife. If Wm. Rainey should die or move to too great a distance then I allow John Kell of Rocky Creek in his place. Will dated Aug. 11, 1790.

John Hunter, John Kell of Rocky Creek and Archibald Kell of Sandy River gave bond as executors of Joseph Walker Jan. 26, 1793. Walker's minor children

were Jenat, Elizabeth, Martha, Margaret, and Rachel. John Kell made a return on this estate Jan. 25, 1793. Ann Walker, the widow, remarried to William Thomas.

Judging from the executors and the names of the children, she must have been a Kell and sister of Robert Rainey's wife.

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## **ABSTRACTS OF DEED BOOKS 15-23, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NC, 1794-1830**

This books contains 354 + vii pages, a map, and a full name, place, and subject index with over 57,000 entries. The nine deed books abstracted contain a total of 3,811 pages. It contains 6, 616 abstracts of Mecklenburg County deeds submitted for registry from the January 1794 session of the county court through the August 1830 session. Most of the instruments abstracted are deeds, but it also contains land grants, powers of attorney, mortgages, trust deeds, bills of sale, and agreements of various sorts. All of the instruments in Deed Book 17 are land grants and other books also contain scattered land grants of the same approximate date as the deeds. Many of the persons encountered in these instruments were in the county during the American Revolution, and the powers of attorney oftentimes document the places to which former residents of the county have migrated.

Many of the deeds trace the title of the land conveyed back to the original land grants and some of these go back to well before the American Revolution. In fact over twenty of the deeds the title is traced to land grants made before Mecklenburg County was formed in 1762. For example in Abstract 70 David Alexander and wife Ann conveyed 90 acres to Ephraim Alexander and trace the title back to a 1749 land grant to George Cathey.

Plans for the industrial development of the county come out is some deeds like that of 3 September 1807 in which a group of four investors bought a small parcel on the Catawba River from James Beaty where they planned to build a boat yard and warehouse (see No. 2857). Gold mining is mentioned in 19 of the deeds.

More information can come from deeds than the transfer of land ownership, for in a deed made 5 June 1798 representatives of a Presbyterian presbytery purchased land for the support of the widow and children of the Rev. Alexander Moore (see Abstract 764), and from a deed made in 1824 we learn how the land was finally divided among the heirs of Rev. Moore (see Abstract 5149).

The connections with South Carolina are numerous in the records abstracted, and from an inspection of the index you will find that in about 300 of them South Carolina persons are mentioned. York and Lancaster District, to name just two, are each mentioned about 90 times. Chester District is mentioned in 13 deeds.

**The price of this book is \$32.50 plus 6% sales tax if in NC. You may order a copy of this book from Herman W. Ferguson, 600 Chad Drive, Rocky Mount, NC 27803-1512. Telephone number: (252) 443-2258. e-mail: FERGGE0GEN@AOL.com.**

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# Will of Hugh Hall

## HUGH HALL

Deceased

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN the Sixth Day of April in the Year of our Lord 1756, I, Hugh Hall of Derry Township Lancaster County Yeman calling to mind the Mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed for all Men once to die do make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament that is to say principally and first of all I give and Recommend my Soul into ye hands of God that give it & for my Body I Recommend it to ye Earth to be Buried in a Christian and Decent like manner at ye Discretion of my Executors nothing doubting but at ye General Resurrection I Shall Receive ye Same again by ye mighty power of God and as Touching Such worldly Estate wherewith it hath Pleas'd God to Bless me in this Life. I give, devise, & dispose of in ye following manner and form. Viz. I leave to my Son Thomas Hall one Shilling & one penny Sterling. ITEM: I leave to my Son John Hall one Shilling Sterling. ITEM: I leave to my son George Hall ten pounds Pennsylvania Currency. ITEM: I leave to my Son James Hall one Shilling Sterling. ITEM: I leave to my Son Hugh Hall ye Half of this Plantation I live on & two horses twenty pounds value when he marries. ITEM: I leave my well beloved Wife Sarah Hall all the Rest of my Estate to pay my Debts & to distribute to my other three Children (Viz). Samuel, Rose & William just as she shall think it is proper. It is my Will likeways that if my Wife and my Son Hugh cannot agree to live together on the place that it shall be at my Wife's discretion either to take One hundred pounds from him and leave the place or pay him One hundred pounds & he leave it to her. It is my Will likeways that my Wife give Credit on the Bond (which I have on my Son John) for Thirteen pounds. I do make & ordain my well beloved Wife Sarah Hall and Joseph Candour Executors of this my Last Will and Testament Ratifying and Confirming this & no other to be my Last Will & Testament IN WITNESS whereof I have set my hand & Seal ye Day and Year above written.

*Hugh Hall* (SEAL)

Signed, Sealed, Published & Delivered as ye Last Will & Testament of Hugh Hall:

*John McQueen*

*Jos. Candour*

LANCASTER COUNTY. March the 16<sup>th</sup> Day 1758 Personally appeared before me the Subscriber Joseph Candour and John McQueen the Witnesses to the within Will and on their corporal oaths did depose and say that they were present & saw and heard Hugh Hall, the Testator within named, sign, seal, publish, pronounce and declare the within writing as and for his Last Will and Testament, and that at the Doing thereof he was of sound and disposing Mind, Memory, and Understanding to the best of their Knowledge, Observation, and Belief.

*Edwd. Shippen, D. Rr.*

# QUERIES

(Queries are not indexed)

**HARRIS** – Col. William Franklin and Peggie Hartness Harris, 102 Redcoat Drive, Fort Mill, SC 29715 – Robert Harris migrated from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania circa 1759 and settled in the Fairforest Community in Union County at the Spartanburg County line. He was an elder in Fairforest Presbyterian Church. Any information would be appreciated.

**CHESNUT** – Janis Glenn Chesnut, 7510 Brigham Drive, Dunwoody, GA 30350 – Do you know if there is a Chesnut Reunion held in the Chester District or Camden area? I have been told of one held at the "Old Brick Church" A.R.P. in Fairfield County.

**BELL – STEWART** – Eleanor C. Richardson, PO Box 519, Flat Rock, NC 28731 – Seeking info on Thomas A. Bell (b. 1801) and wife, Mary Stewart (b. 1794). They left Chester/Fairfield Co. area in 1820s and settled in Newton Co., GA where they were charter member of Hopewell A.R.P. Church.

**MOORE – McLAIN/McCLAIN** – James O. Moore, PO Box 907, Pell City, AL 35125-0907 – Need correspondence with descendants of:

- (1) Andrew and Elizabeth (Moore) McLain (McClain)
- (2) Solomon, Jr.; Christopher; and William H. Moore – sons of Solomon Moore, Sr.

**MORRIS – McCOSLIN** – Leon D. McCoslin, Rt. 5, Box 5015, Brazoria, TX 77422 – Searching for the father of Isabella Morris, b. 1834 in GA. Was her mother Catherine, b. ca. 1800, probably SC? Also any information about John McCoslin and Andrew McCoslin, both in Chester District, SC in 1810. Andrew in York County, SC in 1820.

**LAEL – NORTHROP** – Mrs. Ann D. Marion, 138 West End, Chester, SC 29706-3805 - Seeking information on Adali D. Lael, Julius Lael, and John Northrop, members of Co. F, 6<sup>th</sup> SCV.

**BRICE – DOUGLAS – LAND – QUINTON – THOMAS** – Linda G. Hull, 104 Round Hill Road, Walden, NY 12586 – Seeking information on the following people:

James Henry Brice Family  
Alexander Douglas Family  
Eldridge or Ellege Hall Land Family  
Emma Sarah Quinton Family  
Nancy Jane Thomas Family  
They lived in the 1800's – 1950's.

**OWEN – CROWNOVER – THOMSON** – Margie Owen Hanna, 523 West Taft Street, Lafayette, LA 70503-2136 – Searching for info on the following:

- (1) Parents of Larkin Owen who sold his one piece of property in Fairfield Co., SC about the same time as a John Owen and Byrd Owen sold all their pieces of property. Was Larkin a younger brother or nephew to these men?
- (2) Joseph Crowover (Rev. War soldier) who appears in 1790 Union Co., SC census. What happened to him until he established residence in Tennessee?
- (3) Who were the parents of John Thomson, blacksmith?

Any information on these three men will be appreciated. They all have Arkansas descendants who also are descended from Pleasant Ferguson of Chester Co., SC.

**SIMPSON – USHER – ECKLES – THORN** – Mrs. Mary Ruth M. Hamblin, 16215 Hollingbourne Road, Huntersville, NC 28078-5732 – Would like info on Hugh Simpson, Sr. who married Anne Usher. Would also like info on Robert Winfield Eckles who married Catharine Hightower Thorn.

**RAINEY – CASWELL** – William A. Gamaras, 5010 Vescova Ct., Charlotte, NC 28212 – Need info on Charlotte Rainey, b. 1789, in SC. Father was John Rainey, who moved to GA. If possible, I need John's wife's name and his parents.

John had a son named Caswell which is possibly linked to the Caswell family. If you have any info on the Caswells I would appreciate your help.

**BLACK – EASTEN – EGGER** – Philip J. Black, 930 Shirley Blvd., Arcata, CA 95521 – Researching John Ellis Black, b. 1820, York County, SC. Want his parents origin. Will pay for good information. His mother could be Easten (Emily).

John m. July 1845 to Emeline Egger (b. Feb. 1826, Chester Co., SC). John d. Sept. 1864, Lockhart, Mississippi.

**ANDERSON – REID** – Sally Anderson, 145 Will Bomar Road, Greer, SC 29651 – Looking for the parents of John A. Anderson (b. 1773 in Kershaw Dist., SC; d. 16 Sep. 1867 in Leslie, York Co., SC). He m. Elizabeth Betsey Reid. Elizabeth's parents were Robert Reid and Rebecca Gregg (Craig)..

In bibliography of the Catawbas by Thomas Blumer, it was stated that John and William (bros.) moved to York Co. from Chester and leased land from the Catawba Indians on 18<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1810. They leased a total of 384 acres for 20 years for \$.50 and then \$4.50 for the balance of 99 years. So we know John had a brother named William. Both are also found as executors on a will for Thomas Anderson of Chester. There may be a connection. Thomas is listed in court records as selling spiritous liquers and was taken to court but died before the case was cleared in 1797.

**YARBOROUGH – MURPHY – SINCERNEE/ST-CERNY** – Martha S. Barnes, 2992 Woodhaven Road, Macon, GA 31204 – Looking for father and mother of my g-grandfather, John Thomas Yarborough, b. 1829-1839 in SC. He married Nancy Murphy.

Looking for info on my grandfather, Joseph Sincernee/St-Cerny. He died ca 1898. I have not been able to locate where he is buried.

**WILLIAMSON – ALEXANDER – IRWIN – UPTON – BYRUM – DAWSON – GRIER – PORTER – PEOPLES/PEEBLES – WALKER – PRESLEY – NORROD/NORWOOD** – Joan Buck de Korte, 527 Evergreen Ave., Newbury Park, CA 91320 – Wish to correspond with anyone researching the Williamson family of SC, Mecklenburg and Guilford Cos., NC. My family is connected to the Alexander, Irwin, Upton, Byrum, Dawson, Grier, Porter and Peoples/Peeples families.

Am seeking a connection with the Walker family of SC to my Joseph Henry Walker, born there 30 March 1796. He settled as an adult in Sullivan/Henry Counties, TN.

Am seeking family members of the Presley family of SC...Martha Presley m. a Norrod...his brother, Samuel settled in SC...name may be spelled Norwood.

**BLAKLY/BLAKLEY – COLLEY/COOLY – CLINTON – ARMSTRONG – TRAVIS/TRAVERS – GARRARD/JERRALD** – Ann Walker-Herzer, PO Box 161, Hamlin, KY 42076-9999 – John Blakly/Blakley Jr. m. Mary (Elizabeth?) Colley/Cooly and had daughter, Rachael, b. 5 Nov. 1788 in York or Chester Co., SC, d. 26 Mar. 1880. Rachael went with parents and Arthur Travis family from Chester, SC to Crittenden Co., KY in 1799, then to Livingston Co., KY. Need proof of parents of Rachael. Both John Blakley Jr. and Sr. born in Ireland. Need proof of Rev. War service for John Sr.

Seeking parents of Ann Armstrong m. Capt. James Clinton after Rev. War in York Co., SC. He was born in 1761 in Chester Co. She was b. \_\_\_\_\_ in 1765. They went to KY ca 1806. First name of mother may be Martha. His parents were John Clinton and Elizabeth Beecher.

Daniel Travis b. 1739 in SC; d. 1810 in Ky; m. Sarah Garrard. He served in Rev. War from SC. Family moved to KY 1795-99. Son James Travis m. Rachael Blakley 1805 in Livingston Co., KY. Need proof of Rev. War service for Daniel. Seeking parents of Sarah Garrard.

James, youngest son of Daniel and Sarah (Garrard) Travis b. 13 Apr. 1785 in Chester Co., SC; d. 17 Mar. 1838 in KY.

I have pension (Rev. War) for James Clinton and Arthur Travis (National Archives Pension Records). Will share information.

This will be your last Bulletin unless the mailing label has 2001 or later on it.

Our birthday party will be held at the Purity Presbyterian Church Fellowship Hall on Saturday, August 4, 2001 at 1:00 p.m. This is the same location as last year.

Our speaker will be Harvey S. Teal, who is the author of Partner's with the Sun, SC Photographers from 1840 - 1940. If you have some old photographs that you don't know the date, bring them with you and he can help you to identify that date.

He is an excellent speaker and we are looking forward with pleasure to hearing him. More information will be in the June Bulletin.

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