

THE BULLETIN



CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P. O. Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729

Serving Chester, Fairfield, Lancaster, Union and York Counties

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The Bulletin

March 2014

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We would like to take this opportunity to thank our many members who have rejoined the CDGS so promptly this year, and we look forward to receiving the dues from those who have not yet renewed.

Back in March 1981, our first CDGS President, Coy Stroud, issued a challenge, and I feel that we need to issue it once again. The challenge is to make 2014 *our greatest year by providing you—our members – with here-to-fore unpublished, lost, hidden in trunks and attics, or unshared information that, hopefully, will unlock some of the dead-ends of our genealogical pursuits. We promise to do our best and with your support and help this can be your and our BEST YEAR EVER!*

But how can you help so many miles away from Chester County?

1 – By sharing what you have with the rest of us. That’s what genealogy is all about and what makes genealogy the delightful hobby it is and the wonderful maker of unseen friends. All of us surely have some bit of family information – a letter – a book - a statistic – or something relating to the early families of Chester – York – Lancaster – Fairfield or Union Counties that would help another find answers he or she has long sought. Send us copies of what you are willing to share so we can make our Bulletin more interesting and helpful.

2 – Think over your list of relatives, acquaintances, or friends who “might” be interested in joining us. Send us their names and addresses and we’ll send a complimentary copy of our next Bulletin inviting them to join and they’ll never know where we got their name. The more members, the more material and information we are likely to gain, and the additional numbers of members enhances the response to queries. But, perhaps, greatest of all – we’d like to think we’ll be doing them a favor also... (In 1981, we could not send the Bulletin by email, but if you would like to send a complimentary copy of our Bulletin to someone you feel might be interested in joining, please send us their email address.)

You can help us meet the challenge to make 2014 our greatest year ever by your personal participation... We’ll do our part to make it so on this end.

Also, we wanted to be sure and thank all of our members who came to visit us in 2013. We had wonderful visits from members living in Alabama, the Carolinas, Florida, and Texas. We also had delightful visitors from England and Germany. In the first three months of 2014, we have had visitors from California, the Carolinas, and Colorado. It was so good to be able to spend time with each one of you, and we hope that many more of you will take advantage of the resources we have to offer and come and visit us this year.

Jean H. Nichols, Editor

Dr. George Ross, Jr.
(1778-1825)
Names in His Estate File Loose Papers (1825-1832)
Laurens County, South Carolina, Probate Court
Bundle 61, Package 6
Compiled by
Robert J. Stevens, Sr.

Dr. George Ross, Jr., lived and died at his home near Musgrove's Mill in Laurens County, South Carolina. He died intestate on 15 November 1825, and his estate was filed in the Laurens County Probate Court on 17 November 1825. After the appraisal of his belongings, the estate sale was held on 5, 6, and 7 of January 1826. Due to the location of his home, and the size of his estate, the estate buyers came from Laurens, Spartanburg, and Union Counties.

Dr. Ross maintained his own medical practice, serving the residents of his area in Laurens, Spartanburg, and Union Counties. He also was in partnership with Dr. James Craig in his final years, plus he was a partner in a hide tanning business with James Martindale. All of the following names, other than the estate buyers, were on his account books, most of which, it can be assumed, were for medical services. This is a very valuable genealogical tool to place people in that location at that time because many families avoided probate for their deceased, and it was a time of migration to the western states. As an example, I found a name which I had been hunting for twenty nine years.

It must be remembered that if a married woman received medical treatment from Dr. Ross, the charge would usually be entered on the account of her husband. Only widows and mature single women would be charged by their name. Children, of course, would be charged by their parent's name, the father if alive, the mother if a widow.

Some names were duplicated many times, suggesting that they had numerous charges, but I have shown the name only once. Also, since the estate was in force from 1825 until 1832, some persons may have died in the interim and they are shown by name and also by "Est. of" [estate of].

I have transcribed the names verbatim as they appeared in the estate file. The bracketed information is mine. In many cases, the ink had bled and the name was difficult to read. For that reason, if the reader finds one of interest I would strongly suggest viewing the estate file for verification.

The Estate Sale Buyer Names

Adair, James
Alexander, Sampson
Anderson, John
Beasley, John C.
Bird, Benjamin
Bobo, Capt. Barrum
Bobo, Dr. William
Bobo, Spencer A.
Bobo, Kindred
Boyce, John
Burk, James
Burk, Levi
Campbell, Leroy
Cargile, Dr. John
Craig, Dr. James
Craig, John
Craig, Thomas
Crenshaw, A., Est. of
Dean, Joel
Dillard, James
Dillard, Samuel
Dillard, William
Elmore, Capt. Benjamin F.
Farrow, Chainey

Farrow, John
Farrow, Waters
Ferguson, Charles
Foster, Edmund
Fulton, Thomas
Gamble, John
Gamblin, Juny[?]
Gamblin, William
Gilaspy, Edward
Gillum, Mark
Gillum, Samuel
Glen, William
Goss, William
Grier, Joseph
Grissel, Joel
Harlan, Josephus
Harmoning, John D.
Harris, Joseph
Hill, Bird
Holland, Abraham
Holland, Weyman
Jeans, Edward
Kennedy, Parson [J.B.]
Kime, John

Kirkpatrick, Thomas
Lanford, William
Langston, Henry
Lauson, George
Leake, Moses
McCrary, George
Meaders, Washington
Murphy, John D.
Parham, John
Pearson, William
Pitts, Ephraim
Pitts, Robert
Pucket, Allen
Pucket, James
Rice, Dr. Hezekiah
Rice, William
Ross, Sophia S.
Sheldon, William B.
Starns, Aaron
Starns, Andrew
Starns, Richard
Templeton, Robert
Toland, Hugh
Whitten, Basdell

The Account Book Names

Able, John
Able, John
Abrams, William
Adair, Ben and Nancy
Adair, Benj.
Adair, Benjamin, Jr.
Adair, George
Adair, John
Adair, John
Adair, John
Adair, John

Adair, Thomas
Alexander Angus
Alexander, James
Alexander, Jesse
Alexander, Sampson
Alexander, William, Esq.
Allen, William C.
Anderson, David
Armstrong, [unreadable]
Arnold, Willis
Bailey, Harrison

Bailey, Samuel
Barksdale, A.
Barksdale, John
Barnett, Isaac
Barry, James
Baushett, John
Beasley, John C.
Bennett [Burnet?], Richard
Est. of
Bishop, Thomas
Black, John

Blackburn, William
Blakeley, Saml.
Bobo, Absalom
Bobo, B.
Bobo, Baram
Bobo, Burrell
Bobo, Dr. Wm.
Bobo, Lewis
Bobo, Spencer A.
Bobo, William
Boland, William
Bouk, Jane
Bower, Samuel
Bowie, Samuel
Boyce, Alex, Est. of
Boyce, David
Boyce, David, Esq.
Boyce, Drury
Boyce, John
Brigs, Jessee
Brown, Euphemy
Brown, James
Brown, Joshua
Brown, Rodger, Est. of
Burke, James
Bush, Barbara
Bush, Levi
Bushe, James
Byrd, Benjamin
Byrd, William
Campbell, J. T.
Campbell, James
Campbell, William
Cargill, Daniel
Carswile [Creswell?],
James
Casey, Aaron, Sr., Esq.
Casey, Abigail

Casey, Catherine
Casey, Jacob
Casey, James
Casey, Jerl.
Casey, Moses
Casey, Moses, of Wm.
Casey, Moses, Sr.
Casey, Randolph
Casey, Saml.
Casey, W. W.
Clarke, William
Clayton, James
Cooper, Joseph
Copeland, William
Couch, Delilah
Couch, Elizabeth
Couch, James
Couch, Levi
Craddock, Archilus, Est. of
Craddock, Sidney
Craddock, William
Craig, Dr. James, Est. of
Craig, James
Craig, James L.
Craig, James, Est. of
Craig, John
Craig, Saml.
Craig, Thomas
Craig, William, Est. of
Craig, Wm.
Crenshaw, Abner
Creswell, Robert
Crooks, Hugh
Cunningham, Robert
Dashields, Bailey
Davis, Wm. G.
Day, N.
Day, Nat.

Dean, Joel
Devaul, Charles
Devaul, James
Dillard, George
Dillard, George W.
Dillard, J. J.
Dillard, James Esq.
Dillard, John
Dillard, John
Dillard, Samuel
Dodd, Edward
Dodd, Jesse
Dodd, Mary
Dollar, Joseph
Downs, William F.
Ducker, Dorah
Ducker, Henry
Ducket, Jacob
Ducket, John
Ducket, R.
Ducket, Richard
Ducket, Thomas
Duckett, J.
Duckett, Mrs. Sarah
Duckett, Richard
Duckett, Sarah
Duke, Hardyman
Dunlap, William
Durham, Isaac
Edmondson, Wm.
Elmore, F. H.
Elmore, J. A.
Fair, Samuel
Fairborn, James
Fairborn, Alex.
Farrow, Col. William
Farrow, John
Farrow, John, Sr.

Farrow, Mary B.
Farrow, Richard
Farrow, Saml., Est. of
Farrow, Thomas, Jr.
Ferguson, Charles
Ferguson, Miles
Filson, A.
Finney, John, Est. of
Fitch, Doct. A.
Flin, James
Foster, Edmund
Foster, Joel
Foster, Joel and Fielding
Fowler, Drury
Fowler, Joel
Fowler, Nathan
Free Tom [Black]
Fulton, Thomas
Fulton, Thomas, Jr.
Fulton, Thomas, Sr.
Fulton, Wm. H.
Gaines, Benjamin
Gaines, Benjamin B.
Gamble, David
Gamble, John
Gamble, William
Garlington, J.
Garret, Capt. Joseph
Garrett, Charles
Garrett, Levi, Est. of
Garrett, Noah
Garrett, Thomas
Garrison, George
Gillaland, John
Gillaland, Robert
Gilland, Robert
Glenn, Alex, Est. of
Glenn, Alex.

Glenn, Barrett
Gordon, George
Gordon, George Esq.
Gore, Joshua
Graham, William
Greer, Joseph
Greer, Samuel
Greer, Samuel
Griffin, Wade
Grimke, Mrs. Mary
Grizzle, Joel
Haig, James
Hames, David
Hanna, James (Little)
Hanna, William, Jr.
Hanna, William, Sr.
Harland, Elizabeth
Harland, Joseph
Harland, Mrs. Eliz.
Harland, Val.
Harmoning, J. F.
Harmoning, John D.
Harris, Joseph
Harris, William
Hays, John
Henderson, John
Hendricks, Thomas
Henry, Eleanor
Henry, James
Henry, Robert
Higgins, David
Hill, Isaac
Hill, Moses
Hill, Stephen
Hill, Widow
Hill, William
Hills and Clarke
Hitch, John

Hitch, John, Esq.
Hitch, Joseph
Hitch, Luther D.
Hitch, William W.
Hix, Edward
Holland, Abraham
Holland, Abram
Holland, Jane
Holland, Jeremiah
Holland, Mary
Holland, William
Holland, William, Est. of
Hopkins, Martin
Hopkins, Mastin
Horn, John F.
Houestion, Miss
Houston, Robert
Howard, Edward
Huckaby, William
Hunt, Mrs.
Hunt, Saml.
Hunt, Saml., Est. of
Hunt, Samuel
Hunter, Col. James
Hunter, Humphry, Est. of
Hunter, James
Hunter, John
Hunter, Matthew
Hunter, Stanhope
Hurlbrat, William
Hurlbut, William
Huston, Elizabeth
Hutchison, Mrs. Sarah
Hutchison, William
Irby, J. H.
Janes [Jones?], Alexander
Johnson, David
Johnson, Henry

Johnson, Patey [Patsy?]
Johnson, Robert
Jones, Col. Thomas F.
Jones, Edward
Jones, Edward, Jr.
Jones, Edward, Sr.
Jones, Elizabeth
Jones, Genl.
Jones, John, Jr.
Jones, Lewis
Jones, Susan
Jones, Thomas
Kendricks, John
Kennedy, John B.
Kennedy, John B.
Kennedy, Rody
Kern, John F.
Klinch, Col. John G., Esq.
Langston, Henry
Langston, Jacob and Nath.
Langston, James
Langston, John
Langston, Solomon
Law, James
Law, William
Leak, Armistead
Leak, James
Leak, John
Leak, Moses
Leak, Thomas
Lewers, S. B.
Little, Charity
Long, Robert
Luke, Alexander
Luke, John
Luke, Martha, Est. of
Luke, Samuel, Est. of
Lunch, Mrs. Sarah

Lyles, John
Lyles, Thomas
Lynch, James
Lynch, Jas., Est. of
Lynch, Joseph, Est. of
Lynch, Lynna
Lynch, M. E.
Lynch, Mrs. Sarah
Lynch, Nancy
Lynch, Riley
Mahon, John, Jr.
Martin, Robert
Martindale, J.
Martindale, James
Martindale, William
May, William
Mayson, David
McClusky, Elizabeth
McClusky, Hugh
McCoy, Barnett
McCoy, John
McCrary, George
McCrary, George, Est. of
McCrary, Matthew
McKelvey, John
Meador, Jason, Est. of
Meadors, Mrs. Mary
Meadors, Mrs. Susan
Meadors, Reuben
Meadors, Susan, Est. of
Meadors, Washington
Meredith, Nelson
Milam, Mrs. Jane
Miles, William
Miller, Wheat
Milner, Arnold
Mims, John
Montgomery, William

Morgan, Samuel
Morrison, A., Est. of
Motes, Jeremiah
Murphy, Isaac
Murrell, John C.
Musgrove, Sarah
Musgrove, William
Nabor, John
Naughton, Thomas
Neil, Henry S.
Newman, Chasity
Newman, Reuben
Newman, Simpson
Nobles, James
Norman, Jesse
Norman, John
Norman, John, Esq.
Oliphant, Robert
Owens, Elizabeth
Owens, Judge
Parks, James
Patton, Mrs.
Pearson, William
Phillips, John
Pitts, Henry, Jr.
Posey, B. L.
Potter, Thomas G.
Prather, Archer
Prather, Austin
Prather, Francesca
Prather, Josiah
Prather, Josiah, Est. of
Prather, Thomas
Pucket, D. I.
Pucket, James
Pucket, John, Est. of
Pucket, Sarah
Pucket, William

Puckett, Benjamin
Puckett, Robert
Ramage, Nelly
Rammage, Jessee
Rammage, Robert
Reader, Elijah
Ross, John
Ross, Moses
Ross, Sophia S.
Saunders, Mrs.
Saxon, David P.
Saxon, William
Sheldon, William B.
Shell, Henry
Shelton, Joseph
Simmons, John
Sims, Sarah
Smith, Joshua
Smith, Noah
Starnes, Aaron
Starnes, Andrew
Starnes, Richard
Stewart, J.
Stone, Abner
Stone, Avery
Stone, Chaney
Stone, Chassy

Stone, Elis
Stone, Govan
Stone, Richard
Stuart, John, Esq.
Stuart, Robert
Stuart, Samuel
Stuart, Walter
Swanson, Joseph
Taylor, Robert
Templeton, David
Templeton, James
Templeton, James, Sr.
Templeton, John
Templeton, John, Jr.
Templeton, Robert
Terry, Joseph
Tinsley, William
Todd, Doct. Saml., Est. of
Todd, John
Toland, Doctr. Hugh
Toland, Hugh
Toland, James
Toland, John
Tucker, Genl. Starling
Turner, A.
Vance, Saml.
Vickery, Michael

Waldrep, Harmon
Waters, Margaret, Est. of
Waters, Phil
Waters, W. M., Est. of
Waters, West L.
Waters, Widow Jane
Waters, Wilkes
Welbourn, Alfred
Wesson, J.
West, William
Wheat, Basil
Whitehead, Daniel
Whitmore, John
Whitten, John
Whitten, John, Sr.
Whitten, Lindsey
Wilder, William
Williams, John
Williams, Lemuel G.
Wilson, B.
Winebrenner, Eli
Wright, Booker B.
Wright, Genl. Thomas
Young, George
Young, George, Jr.
Young, George, Sr.
Young, Henry C.

Estate Slaves Appraised and Sold
African-American Roots

Negro boy Ned, \$500: Bought by Capt. Benjamin F. Elmore, \$570.

Negro boy Dave, \$500: Bought by Parson Kennedy [Rev. Mr. John Brandon Kennedy], \$550.

Negro boy George, \$500: Bought by Robert Pitts, \$581.

Big Tom, \$500: Bought by Capt. Barrum Bobo, \$600.

Little Tom, \$500: Bought by Sophia S. Ross [widow of Dr. George Ross, Jr.], \$330.

Negro woman Cynthia, \$100: Bought by James Dillard, \$100.

Negro woman Rosetta & child, \$450: Bought by Ephraim Pitts, Rosetta & 2 children, \$600.

Little boy Isaac, \$100.

Molly & her child, Charles, \$450: Bought by Capt. Benjamin F. Elmore, Molly, Charles, and Milly,
\$525.

Girl Patsy, \$500: Bought by Dr. William Bobo, \$411.

Little boy Daniel, \$250: Bought by George McCrary, \$350.

Girl Adalin, \$100: Bought by Dr. William Bobo, \$201.

Boy Peter, \$150: Bought by Dr. William Bobo, \$250.

Girl Milly, \$90: Bought by Capt. Benjamin F. Elmore [see Molly above].

Girl Lucinda, \$350: Bought by Sophia S. Ross, \$425.

Girl Matilda, \$285: Bought by Sophia S. Ross, \$305.

Boy Jack, \$150.

Girl Chasity, \$100.

Girl Sylvia & her child, Sam, \$450: Bought by Sophia S. Ross, Sylvia & her 3 children, \$841.

[The appraised slaves with no buyer shown could have been in the family of Rosetta or Sylvia.]

The Family Chronicle
By Catherine Bradley Hood
Transcribed by William David Craig

(This is part 1 of 4. It will conclude in the December issue of *The Bulletin*.)

Note from the author: This book is dedicated to my beloved Grandmother Charlotte Zublely C. Mills. It is written by her Granddaughter, Catherine Bradley Hood, Chester, SC in November 1902.

Great Grand: "Charles Bradley"

"Great-Grand Parents": Col. John Mills, Mary Gill

Mr. John Clark, Anne Helena Zublely

"Grand Parents: "John Mills, Charlotte Zublely Clark

Gen. Henry Bradley, Charlotte – Q Anderson) Bradley

Parents: John A. Bradley, "Helen Zublely Mills" Bradley

INTRODUCTION

When I commenced to write a sketch of my ancestors I little imagined it would ever be read by any one but myself, as I did it to while away some very weary hours that otherwise would have dragged very heavily on my hands. Being in watched health at the time I was unable to take any active part in my household affairs so concluded I would amuse myself with writing an account of "MY ancestors". Having been raised by my grandmother who was of a very communicative nature and of an excellent memory, delighted to tell her nine grandchildren all about her past life, and many things that were of great interest to them. I being her constant companion received the full benefit of all of her knowledge, as far back as she knew. So to bring in all who will be connected in this true life Sketch, I will have to bring in four families, first the Mills and Bradley of upper South Carolina, and the Clarkes and Benders of Beech Island on the lower part of the state. I of course feel now that I have undertaken quite an arduous task, but as I have been urged to copy "my Sketch" off into some kind of form, I will attempt it however, as it may afford my descendants some amusement as information concerning their ancestors. I think that such records should be kept in every family, for it is a positive fact that some of the young people of the present age can't tell you who either grandfather or grandmother were, or any thing concerning them, can hardly tell you their mother's maiden name. Hearing of this state of affairs so much these days, I am more determined, that if I can by my poor attempt at writing, leave my children, nephews and nieces any knowledge of their ancestors, I will feel repaid for such an arduous undertaking.

Chapter 1

About the time this story opens is a very trying time for the early settlers in York and Chester Counties of South Carolina. The War of 1812 is about to break out and of course all of the men who are at all able bodied are ready and willing to take up arms in defence of their hard earned homes. For they had hardly settled down in to quiet time from the Revolutionary War, when this fresh persecution comes down upon these poor hard working American people.

Among the early settlers on Fishing Creek, Chester County, was a family of Gills who were very patriotic during the Revolution and though they suffered hardships and death for their patriotism, still those of the sons who were still living, are now shouldering arms for the defense of their country against Great Britain.

At a small cottage, on a dark dreary morning in October 1812 are assembling a large crowd of men from their anxious faces, one judges there is something of a very serious nature going on, as about to happen. Soon all is explained when a young man of a commanding appearance rides up accompanied by another equally as fine looking. When these two young officers ride into the little yard all the men who have been standing with such anxious faces seemed to be suddenly transformed into "wide awake spirited" brave men, all anxiety gone, now that their leaders have come to give them the word of command. As these two young officers reach the side of the yard next to the little cottage, a young man with a musket comes out and with a gallant wave of his hand; he salutes his two superior officers, Major Bradley and Col. Mills. They return his salute, with all cordiality, and he hastens down the low door steps to assist them to alight from their spirited horses. The volunteers assembled in the yard give one mighty cheer for "Bradley, Mills, and their young Lieutenant, John Gill" whom they had known from infancy. These brave men were now all ready to trust themselves with the officers, whom they had chosen to lead them out in defense of their loved country.

Here I will give you a brief sketch of these three officers. First then I shall tell you of Major Henry Bradley. He was a native of Ireland, and had immigrated to the United State with his Grandfather "Charles Bradley" in the Fall of 1792. He {Charles Bradley} settled in York District, South Carolina, on the waters of Clarks Fork, where he continued to reside until his death in 1828. Henry had at an early age when quite a boy come to Chester County to seek employment, where he finally settled and won the respect and confidence of all who were thrown in contact with him. So deeply had he endeared himself to the people that now at this trying time they with one accord have elected him Major of their band of brave men who are now ready to march at his command.

Here now comes Col. John Mills, who was brought to this country from Ireland by friends. He being an orphan boy, his father was a preacher, but had been so persecuted, that he died, leaving his girl wife so miserable and poor that she soon followed her beloved husband and left her infant son to the tender care of friends and now he has grown to the handsome young man we now see him. And as he stands on the humble little porch of the "Gill Cottage" we are struck by his manly being. Lieutenant John Gill is a hardy young farmer and looks so fresh and

rosy cheeked, that it seems odd to think that he is called upon to shoulder a musket. He is an only son of an old man, John Gill, who is now standing by his manly looking boy, with all of a father's pride. This old man with his silvery hair is a true patriot and though it nearly breaks his heart to give his boy up, still he will give him up, without a murmur. His wife is dead and his son and young daughter Mary have been his only comfort since the death of his wife.

But now the dear lad must go to fight for the dear America he loves so well. But the old man with a brave effort threw off his sadness, and with slight smile greeted the young officers. By his side stood his young daughter, a lass of about 18 years of age and her large young eyes sparkled with a spirit that told of a brave heart, that beat underneath that plain homespun dress that fit her finely shaped form so well. She had silently crept to her loving brother's side and caught his strong big hand in her own warm clasp, and was regarding him with a proud loving look, as only a sister can feel for the only brother she has. She and her brother have been all-in-all to each other, for {since} her mother died on the voyage over to America leaving her an infant. So her father and young brother have always been her constant companions since her mother was taken, and the old Aunt Kelsey too, who had cared for her wants when her mother was first taken from her. She too died suddenly leaving no one but her father and young John to look after baby Mary. But she, like the patriotic old father, was willing now to give up this beloved brother. As he looked down at her trying to keep back the tears, he bent down his handsome head and whispered in her ear and said, "Mary, if we whip out the British as nicely as you have made my uniform, why, we will soon be back home as happy as can be." "Tut, boy. You will none find it so easy, whipping out the British." Just as she spoke the tears came into her eyes, and she threw her arms around her brother's neck and clung to him with all a sister's fondness.

Col. Mills stood off looking on in silence with a wistful look in his bright black eyes. Soon the bugle sounded and turning to the girl, the young Col. {Col. Mills} took her hand in his and said most tenderly, "Mary, you will be true to me and fulfill your promise, when this war is over." "Oh, yes, my own loved one." He then turned from the girl whom he loved with all of a true lover's devotion, for he and Mary Gill had plighted their troth several months before.

As he turned from the girl he loved so well, a mist came into his eyes and he hastily brushed away the tears that would come in his bright eyes. He walked up to old Mr. Gill and taking him kindly by the hand said in a very gentle voice, "Good Bye, Mr. Gill. Please take good care of dear Mary for me." The old man, completely overcome, answered in a half smothered tone, "I will, I will." And catching the young man's hand between both of his withered up old hands, he burst into tears. His son had just rushed up to his father and tenderly kissing him and then with almost a cry of anguish had embraced his sister for the second time, rushed out into the yard and mounted his horse. Soon all was in readiness, and the order to 'Forward on' was given by the officer in command. All the 'Good Byes' had been given; now all the loved ones were separated, perhaps never to look into each others faces again in this world.

The lonely women to return to their dreary homes made desolate by war, the familiar footsteps of the loved ones no longer to be heard or the merry laugh of the father or brother coming in from the day's labor. Mary Gill, however, did not allow herself to dwell on her lonely and sad

feelings, now that her merry and fun loving brother was gone and her handsome lover. She felt that she must turn her attention to something that would add to their comfort, such as carding and spinning, and knitting socks. The long winter nights for the loved ones who were so nobly risking their lives for those they loved at home. So Mary thought she could only add to their comfort by sending the soldiers good warm clothes, socks and getting good wholesome food to the camp of Marion's men.

She could mount her little pony and ride over to Mrs. White, an old Irish lady who was a brave patriotic woman, and who had sent six of her brave boys to fight for their country, leaving only her youngest son, Garner. He was too young to join the gallant band who had gone to fight for the American cause. Mary Gill delighted to go and hear what the brave old woman was doing for the noble heroic sons she had so willingly sent to defend their country. Mrs. White was also only too glad to see Mary ride up for she said, "It did her old heart good to see a young woman who had some 'pluck' in their heart and not afraid of their own shadows. Several months had passed since the soldier boys had been gone, and those at home were trying in every way to economize so as to have provisions for the hungry men and their horses that were having such hardships, only as war could bring.

It was early in the morning, but Mrs. White was an early riser, and she had seated at one of her little front windows. She heard a little noise and looking up she saw 'Molly Gill', as she called her bright young friend, riding up to the small gate. She rode with more speed than usual, and the old lady noticed an air of excitement on her usually calm face, and as soon as she could lay aside her knitting, she bustled to the door and called out to the girl, "Light, and come in Molly," but as Mary Gill did not dismount, the little old lady took it for granted that something had gone wrong at head quarters, as she call "Marion's Encampment". So she hastened out to the gate to meet the young girl who had by this time dismounted, and after fastening her horse securely to the hitching post, she turned and looked at Mrs. White in such a mischievous way that Mrs. White could not help laughing. And, she called out in her merry voice, "How now, Molly Gill. What news brings ye? Good I am bound to believe since I see that mischief in your bright eyes." "Oh, Mrs. White, I have had lots of fun with those "British devils". "Molly, do tell. I am on pins to hear what you have been up to." "Well, Mrs. White, just at dark last night a party of those wretched rode up to our house and straight to our barn they went. Some of the men came back to the house and told my father to bring them a torch so they could see how to get some fodder for their horses. So, I volunteered to go and hold the light. Father was sick, so I went and a right merry time I gave them. I held the torch for them to get all they wanted. As they rode out of the gate, I struck the torch to every bundle of fodder they passed by. And, of all the stampedes you ever saw as heard of those devils had it down that lane last night. I just laughed in my sleeve for I pretended I could not help it and just acted as silly as I could. So well did I act out my part that they left me, cursing themselves for trusting that simpleton of a girl to hold the torch for them. So, after cursing to their hearts content, they left us, without doing us any more mischief." Mrs. White laughed at Mary's account of how she set the torch to the fodder until the tears ran out. "You must be careful, my child. Those horrid British will 'murder ye' if ye do many such tricks as that. Be careful. Ah, do ye hear old friend?" Mary laughingly answered her she would in the future try and act more prudently.

She then looked very serious and said, "Well, I must tell you what brought me over so soon this morning. I have heard of the trouble our men are in and have fully determined to venture myself over to Camden where Marion's men are now stationed, and carry them all I can in a pair of old saddle bags that Father brought from Ireland with him. I can, at least, take the boys some warm clothes and good new socks and I know you are ready and willing to assist me in my dangerous journey. But, with God's help I hope to reach them all in safety. Mrs. White was too much surprised and overcome to speak at first; but in her warm heart overflowing with pride for the girl who had so much real "Irish Blood" and pluck, old Mrs. White had the sincerest admiration. So in a moment the old lady and young girl were scheming and talking over the expected journey to Camden, as though it was some pleasure trip. Never once was any mention made of the dangers and hardships the dear brave girl was to undergo in so perilous a journey as passing through the British lines unattended, only her own brave heart to keep her from failing in such an undertaking. The old woman eyed her for a moment. After they had arranged every thing about the socks and clothing, the old lady seemed to realize what a brave thing this slender girl was about to undertake, and rushed to her and threw her arms about the girlish form. "Oh Molly, you are true "Blue Blood", and that's a sure fact. And sure how are ye going to Camden?" "Oh, Mrs. White, I am going to ride my pony, {Spot} there with Father's saddle bags which will hold all that you and I have ready to send to the boys." "But ye are not going alone?" "Yes, mam, I am going alone, for it would not be safe to excite the suspecting of the British, whose lines I will have to pass through." "So mam, I will only take "Ole Moll", (the old Negress who had nursed her when a baby) and you know, Mrs. White, she will help to scare the "Devils" off, with her old witchy look." Mrs. White could not resist a smile here, for she imagined what a figure "Old Moll" would cut in the British camp.

But Mary Gill did not notice her old friend's smile, too much engrossed in the perilous journey she had voluntarily put in front herself, so she continued to explain how she meant to go; more like she was talking to herself than to any one else. "I shall ride awhile on {Spot} and then I shall walk and make "Old Moll" ride. She is perfectly willing to go with me, so you see Mrs. White, I have one {followers at any rate} who is not afraid to enter British Encampment."

"Mrs. White, I will leave you "so pray for my safe return." Mrs. White assured her that she would do that very thing, "Sure" and arising from her low rocking chair, she went into the next room and brought out a bunch of heavy wool socks, and said, "Do you think you can carry these in your saddle bags?" "Yes Mam, I can and will take them to your boys for you." "Well {Miss} I will {woats} "them up as for you to take". "But now, Mary, this dark blue pair is for John Mills for though he has got to be Colonel, I know he likes my warm socks, so you give them to him with my blessings, and tell him I pray for him when I kneel to ask God's blessing on my own sons." Mary blushed with pleasure as the old lady handed her the soft socks thinking of the real comfort they would give the dear absent one.

Thanking her kind friend for being so thoughtful of the dear loved ones comfort and tenderly holding the soft-warm socks up to her cheek to hide the bright blush that would come to her usually pale face, for she saw Mrs. White look at her in a teasing way. Her old friend knew that

Mary and John Mills were lovers, and that he would claim her for his bride as soon as the crisis was over, and he was spared his life. Mrs. White fully approved of the match for she was very fond of both these young people, and showed her willingness in every way to assist them in their love affair. Mary now took her leave, and telling Mrs. White she would come and tell her about her trip on her return from Camden.

Suffice to say Mary Gill and Old Moll made a safe and successful journey and gadded the hearts of many a poor soldier by good clothes and eatables that those "old saddle bags" carried to the camp for their use. Mary was treated like the true heroine she was and she felt it was worth all the peril she ran. So gladden the hearts of the loved ones so cut off from all home comforts.

Col. Mills and her brother John Gill met her on the out-skirts of the encampment and escorted she and Old Moll through the rows of tents that were stretched for about a quarter of a mile. As Mary dismounted from her pony to greet her brother and Col. Mills she threw the reins to "Old Moll" who was looking so bewildered that John Gill could not resist a 'hearty laugh'.

So when he shook her old withered up hand, he said kindly, "Why Mammy Moll, have you come to join the Army?" "No Mass John dat I is not." She seemed more at ease as her young master stepped back and walked with her, till he could take her to his tent soon and she should have the "best coffee" she ever drank. She was very fond of coffee, so at the mention of "good coffee," she felt that all danger of the British was over, and began to look about with a good deal of curiosity which greatly amused John Gill who was a fun loving fellow. So he called to his sister, "Mary, you and Colonel Mills wait. I want to take "Mammy Moll" up to the General's tent and present her to the officers up there. I will tell them she has a fine horse and wants to join the Calvary."

Mary turned around {from} her fine loving brother and spoke in rather a stern voice, "For shame John to make a game of Mammy Moll when she has risked her life to come here with me to bring things for your comfort." At this rebuke from his sister, he flushed crimson and said in a very repentant voice, "Oh Mary, don't be vexed. I was only having a little fun." "Old Mammy is not mad at her boy," said the Negress with a smile on her ugly old withered up face that made one feel an uncanny feeling creep over them. As this little party passed through the line of tents, the soldiers would salute the officers, and their look in wander and surprise at the two women, one so fair to look upon, with her close fitting home spun dress and close home made riding jacket, a {fancy} black felt hat that she wore with an air of a queen. Her fine gray eyes looking straight ahead of her. Some thought her a {prisoner} while others had some idea who it was, as they had heard their young lieutenant saying his sister was coming to the camp.

Just as our little party was passing one of the tents, there was an outcry and several hardy looking fellows regardless of their officers being of the party, rushed out with a cry of "Welcome Miss Mary and Mary we are so glad to see you." She turned with a beaming face to speak to the dear home boys, whom she at once recognized as boys she had known all of her life. Among those who pressed forward to shake hands was an old friend of the Gill family, Alexander Logan, a handsome curly headed young man that just seemed delighted to meet

with any one who hailed from his neighborhood. Then came the stout-healthy Whites, who greeted Mary with all the warmth of their kind hearted old Mother. After shaking hands with all in reach our little party then turned to move to John Gill's tent. As they came near John's tent he said to Mary in the most loving tone, "Mary dear we have but poor accommodation here for you, my noble sister, but you know a soldier's quarters are not the most comfortable place one can go." "Oh Tut, John, make no apologies. I came not to find comfort but rather to bring it."

Col. Mills looked the admiration he felt for the brave self-sacrificing girl and said "Well Miss Mary, you are certainly welcome to our { } house, our tent." As he said this he drew aside a canvas cloth and stood aside for Mary and her brother to enter followed by "Old Moll". As they entered the tent he withdrew with a bow and then turned to see that the man who had Mary Gill's horse in charge would feed and water the faithful little pony "Spot," for its young mistress would leave soon after the noon meal. So after telling the man to attend to the horse at once, he moved into another tent a little larger in size than the ones around it. He had a "very serious" look on his face as he entered, so very serious did he look after saluting his superior officers who were seated in their tent taking a little smoke of some fine cigars that had been captured from the British supply wagons a few days previous.

Major Bradley ever ready with his polite manner motioned to a camp stool and said in his hearty way, "Be seated Mills and tell us if you have heard any "bad news" from our heroic girl who Lieutenant Gill told us he was expecting. Have the British taken her prisoner?" and with a flash of his sword he jumped off his seat and said, "If so, we will to her rescue."

He was a very handsome young man, but as he stood with his fine gray eyes all excitement, Col. Mills thought he had never seen him look so grand as he did at that moment when he so willingly offered to go to Mary Gill's rescue.

Col. Mills hastened to explain that the girl was now in their camp and was with her brother at his tent at that very moment. On being informed that the young lady was free from any danger the handsome young major reseated himself and relighted his cigar that he had hastily thrown down when Col. Mills caused him to be so alarmed on account of the danger he imagined from Col. Mills serious looks that something had gone wrong. But now he turned on Col. Mills and said in a rather sarcastic tone that was his greatest fault his most devoted friends often fell under this unpleasant sarcasm of Major Bradley but no sooner did he find that he had wounded his friends feelings than he was willing to make all amends and would seldom leave a friend after cutting at him with some sharp answer until that person knew that Bradley hated it, that he had allowed his sarcastic remark to wound a friend. Now he felt a little {frightened} because of his unnecessary out burst of his when Col. Mills so quickly explained that the young lady for whom he had drawn his sword so gallantly was in the tent of her own brother, and no cause of alarm on her account. He had looked around and saw a {caveat} smile on the face of some of his brother officers and at once his hot temper was up so he turned on Col. Mills with his grey eyes flashing and said, "Why the devil sir do you come in here looking for the {world} as though you had buried your last friend?" "I beg your freedom Major Bradley if any presence is

disagreeable to you I will leave at once." So saying the young officer retired and soon his firm foot steps had died away in the distance. No sooner than those in the tent could no longer hear this {retreating} foot steps of the young Col. there was a look on all who were present in the officers tent a hush that was very unpleasant in much so that one {or two} got up and moved out until all were gone out except Gen. Marion and Bradley.

Marion had a hard look on his fine face and Bradley puffs at his cigar as though he would puff out his every existence. At last he looked at Gen. Marion and says in his most subdued tone "Marion I am the most arrant fool to take my spirit out on Mills, when it was those – fellows {sneaking} laugh at my impulsiveness that angered me. Now what am I to do, but go and humble myself and beg Mills pardon. Oh curse this temper of mine." Marion regarded him in silence for a while and then spoke in his ever calm voice, "Bradley you are the most impulsive man I ever knew. I am sorry for you, but I don't see any other way out of this difficulty but for you to go like a man and apologize to Mills. I know you have given him great cause for offence, but I think Mills understands your impulsive {firing disfrvsitora}, and with a suitable apology from you I think he will overlook your unkind treatment to him." (Several lines marked out with a note "Too Wordy")

After saying this Gen. Marion turned to the table and {taking up a roll of parchment} walked toward the door of the tent. Being entirely alone Major Bradley fell into a {reverie} that was not very pleasant to him, his thought flew back to when he was a school boy, of the hard fist cuff fights he had with boys older than himself and of his and Tom McLure's fight at an election of county officers the year before the war came on. Of how they struck at each other and in the fierce struggle which ensued he had by some means or other gotten McLure's finger in his mouth and with a bite equal to a "bull dog" he had bit off the young man's finger.

Then came the prosecution by law in which Mr. McLure gained the case and he had had to pay {\$5.00} dollars for the bite. He had promised himself after that unpleasant affair that he would guard against his hot temper. But alas he had no {mother's training or home influence}.

His mother and father died when he was too young to remember them and his grand father's time was so taken up in his milling business that he had left him to do as it so pleased him. So he had never had any restraining influence over him. When he left his grand father in York Co. and came to Chester he seemed to realize that he was now left to make a man of himself or go down. So he determined he would win the respect of the people and though he started out as a clerk in the Geo. Kennedy store, he soon won the confidence of his employers, who found him an excellent bookkeeper.

A young man well read and with quite a taste for { }. Soon he was selected for places of greater responsibility's and mingling with the good people of Chester. He met with a Miss Charlotte Anderson who was also a native of Ireland and come to America to make her home with an old aunt, a Mrs. Quay who had one son, Aron and a daughter Cathrine named for her mother. Charlotte Anderson's parents had died leaving her a right nice little sum of money and no kindred. She cared half so much for as she did for the Aunt Quay who had left some years since

and gone to America with her husband and two children, a boy and girl. They first settled in Chester Penn. But as they heard of so many of their friends coming to South Carolina that Mr. Quay with his jolly wife and two children determined to try their fortune too. With their friends in Chester, So. Carolina, but soon after they came to little village of Chester, Mr. Quay took very ill and after a short illness he died. So by his death, the widow felt very lonely in a strange land and no relatives of her own to look to for comfort. When she received her niece's letter telling her of her last remaining parents death, her {father's} death, leaving the young girl without any near kin to go to and asking if she could come to America and make her home with her. She gladly sent for her sister's child to come on the first sailing vessel and live with her. She was very fond of Charlotte, when a little girl, and when the rosy faced damsel alighted from the stage coach Mrs. Quay felt that she was going to be a great comfort to her here in this new country. They had sought for peace and comfort. Charlotte was a gay lively girl full of energy and a very domestic {turn}, and she so soon helped her Aunt so much that the Aunt was always telling her, "Why Charlotte, you are worth half a dozen of these {tufling} Negroes we have here."

When Mr. Quay came to Chester there was a sale of Negroes soon after and much to Mrs. Quay's disgust her husband bought three very healthy looking Negros. Two men to work the farm he had purchased and a stout Black girl to do the rough work about the house for his wife. She did not like the idea of having slaves and in fact never having had any servants in the Old Country except in busy seasons of the year, her parents would hire white help to get through with their work. But Mr. Quay had been raised to have servants at his beck and call so he did not mean to start life in the New World by making himself a general "waiting boy," and when the sale of these Negroes came off, he very willingly purchased them and took them home with a feeling of relief, knowing full well that his puritanical wife would not approve of owning slaves. Still he knew her well enough to know that she would enjoy the help they would give her and that she would treat them humanely. It was only those who held these slaves for sale who treated them like wild animals and cruelly beat them for the least offence.

So though Mrs. Quay told Charlotte she could do more work than a half dozen Negros, still she was very proud of the smart Negro girl that her dear dead husband had given her to wait upon her. She had forever a very great help to Mrs. Quay and had learned by her prudently showing her "how to cook as good a meal as any cook in the village of Chester."

Just about this time, Charlotte has become acquainted with the young bookkeeper in the Geo. Kennedy's store and she had been telling her aunt all about him or at least all she knows of him. Her aunt is watching her niece very closely and sees the telltale blushes coming into the girl's fair cheeks. She smiles a quiet smile and simply says "And you like this Henry Bradley". "Oh Aunt Quay why do you speak of him like that. You say 'this Henry Bradley' as though there was something unworthy about him," and with a toss of her head she walked to the window.

Her aunt knew exactly how to manage her by not noticing in the least her out burst of displeasure, for she knew the girl well enough to just let her alone, and she would soon come in alright.

Her sunny nature soon asserted itself and she ran to her aunt and said, "Oh Aunt Quay, how very foolish of us to quarrel over this Henry Bradley. Why he is nothing to me. While you are all in all to your little niece, forgive me Auntie. I am so impulsive and very ungrateful after all of your sweet kindness to me." She threw her white plump arms around her aunt and kissed her until Mrs. Quay said, "There now Charlotte – we want quarrel over this Henry Bradley any more." So all was peace and thoughtfulness between the two again.

Not many months after this little scene the little village of Chester was full of gossip over the marriage that was soon to take place. The contracting parties being one of the most popular young people in the town, one and all agreed that Henry Bradley and Charlotte Anderson would make the finest looking couple that had been there in a long time. She being a girl of wealth than fell to most of the lasses, and he having fallen heir to a large amount from some of his Irish kinfolks. So the young couple would start out in life with fair {prospects} in the co. as well as the state. So every body is happy their favorites are so well prepared to enter into life under such bright prospects on the night of April 23, 1806 (Thursday). Henry Bradley and Charlotte {l} Anderson were united in marriage by the Rev. Thomas Neely at the home of Mrs. Quay, who felt sad to think she would have to give up the cheerful companionship of her "loved niece" but she now knew and felt that Charlotte had made a wise selection in choosing the man she had. For he was raptly making a name for himself and though inclined to be "sarcastic" at times he was altogether a fine high-toned young man.

We will now return to Marion's Encampment where we so unceremoniously left Major Bradley to continue his unpleasant {review}, as he sits there alone he is thinking of his past life and dwelling on a great many things that he condemned himself most bitterly for, and feels that he has now placed himself in a most humiliating position by giving way to his quick temper in the way he did that afternoon, but he will rid himself of that miserable act and go at once {as with} an apology to Col. Mills and ask him to forgive and forget that he has ever said or done anything to wound his feelings. No sooner thought of than up he jumped on the impulse of the moment and wrote as humble an apology as ever one "humble man" could to another man of whom they felt the sincerest respect and friendship.

After writing this note he walked swiftly to the door of the tent and calling to his waiting boy a bright black eyed Negro, he said, "Here Silas take this note to Col. Mills tent and wait for an answer." The Negro bowed low and retired with his master's note. As soon as the boy was gone Major Bradley went to the table and took another cigar and lit it to have a smoke while waiting the answer. He felt sure Col. Mills would accept his humble apology. He would scarcely. He could not have worded to another such a meek epistle begging for their forgiveness, but for Col. Mills he had always had the "highest respect" and a real liking existed between these two men.

He seated himself in a large camp chair that belonged to Gen. Marion and as the smoke curled up from his cigar his thoughts began to grow into a happy mood for he was now thinking of the happy home he had left behind in the little village of Chester. He could imagine he was at

home with his two bright little boys Alexander and his fair haired little John playing around his knee and his dear wife with the chubby baby Margaret who was only a month old when he left home 8 months ago. How he would love to step in and surprise the loved ones and see their look of happiness on seeing him after so long an absence. He was so engrossed in his pleasant thoughts of the loved ones at home that when the Negro boy returned he had to touch the major on the shoulder. He started as if out of a dream and said "Oh Silas, I had forgotten I had ever sent you." The Negro looked surprised but respectfully handed the sealed note that had been given him by Col. Mills. He eagerly seized the note and hurriedly tore open the seal and his bright gray eyes had a deep look and his {tense} lips closed over his mouth that showed the determined man he was. As he read, a real look of relief came into his fine face, a look so pleasant that even the Negro Silas felt inclined to ask if "Misses and the children" was coming to the camp to. He remembered seeing Miss Mary Gill at her brother's tent where he went to deliver Col. Mills his masters note. Silas however kept his thoughts to himself thinking perhaps it would be wise to keep a silent tongue until his master thought {perhaps} to speak to him. He had an idea that something had gone amiss from the way the note was received at the other tent. The uneasy look of both Lieutenant Gill and Sergeant Pogan had answered the Negro's suspicion that something had gone amiss, but when he saw the happy look his master had on his face all of his anxiety for his master vanished at once.

Major Bradley threw a dime into his waiting boy's hand and said in quite a cheerful vice, "Silas you may go now and have my horse well curried and rubbed down for we may have a little skirmish tomorrow and I want my horse {"Paince"} to be in good shape. After the Negro had gone, he took the note out and read it with so much pleasure as a school girl would have read a note from a boy sweet-heart. With a sigh of relief he put it back into his vest jacket and then walked to their little dressing table and carefully brushed his hair and straightened his cravat. He was a very handsome man {so look ()} and though he was of such a fiery nature, when in a good humor he could smile as gently as the sweetest natured woman. He had that fascinating smile on his face now as he said to himself, "Well that note was so noble of Mills. Just like him to do so like the high-turned gallant gentleman he is. Miss Gill may well be proud of her beau lover."

He went straight to the tent of Lieutenant Gill and as he came in all arose for Mary Gill was quite a favorite with both Major Bradley and his wife, and she was so glad to see him. Not knowing any thing of the unpleasant {episode of the morning's affair at the General's tent, {far the fen}. He had been in to give his old friend's daughter a welcome and to tell her how fortunate he felt that America had such brave heroic women as she had shown herself to be to venture on such a dangerous journey to bring food and raiment to the soldier boys, and thanked her over and over for the grand pair of gloves she had knit with her own hands and had brought for him. She felt deeply touched by his kindness and appreciation of her effort to be of use to her country and the brave men who were now far from their loved ones fighting for the rights of the American people.

Soon after he took his leave, Major Bradley was {announced}, and he was equally as warm in his praise of the brave act in coming to aid the brave soldier boys. She went to the old saddle bag and took out another pair of gloves just like the pair she had given Gen. Marion except that his were dark brown while this pair was of a dark blue color. She went up to Major Bradley with a timid grace that sat so well on her and said, "Major Bradley, there is a pair of gloves I knit for you if you will kindly accept them." He took them with such a look of real pleasure and said, "Oh Miss Mary, you don't mean to say you thought of me too." She assured him laughingly that she had really thought of him too.

After thanking her in the most gallant manner, he walked over to where Col. Mills stood quietly looking on and grasping his hand said, "Mills you are a lucky man to have gained the love of such a woman, but he gave Col. Mills such a warm clasp of the hand when he said this to Mills that the young Col. knew all was right between he and his friend Bradley.

After talking a while in his most cordial manner to Miss Mary as Major Bradley always called her and asking if she would kindly take a letter to his wife for him, she saying she would only be too glad to take anything he wished to dear Mrs. Bradley for him.

He said, "Well Miss Mary, I will bid you good bye and God speed you and your journey home. We are going to have a little round with our "Red Coats" on tomorrow, and I trust we will all come out safe and sound. But I am sure there will be quite a hot little skirmish." Then turning to Col. Mills asked, "Did you know we have received orders to march early in the morning? I guess Davie will join us at the north side of {Waxhaw} Creek." "Yes Major I have every thing being got in readiness for our march." Then turning to the young girl who stood looking in an anxious way at them for she knew full well that their march would bring them face to face with the enemy and perhaps death. So seeing how gloomily she looked, Major Bradley took her hand and laughing in a gay way he said, "Oh Miss Mary, you must not feel blue over us stout men having to face the British when you have ventured into the very heart of their lives, and never showed a bit of a coward."

She tried to smile but it was with a great effort she kept back the tears. Seeing how much she was agitated, Major Bradley shook her hand kindly and left the tent. Just as he passed out, young Lieutenant John Gill entered from the rear of the tent and with his bright face flushed. He called out in a merry voice, "Come Mary, see what a grand spread I have prepared for your ladyship. Ole Moll wanted to help Jim and me cook dinner but I told her she was company here. So she agreed to sit on a camp stool and watch us." His rosy face showed he had been over the fire and when he ran to the little toilet stand, where they kept their brush and comb and a little square looking glass, he hurriedly picked up the brush and looking at himself in the little glass, he burst out laughing and said, "Why I look like I had a half pint of that good old burgundy that was captured the other day." On seeing his sister look at him in a very serious anxious way, he ran up to her and said, "Never fear, little Sis. I have never been arrested for being drunk since I have been here "fighting for my country". She and Col. Mills could not resist the gay youth's lively manner, so they both laughed {antaight-aloud}. Just here Jim the colored waiting boy knocked two tin plates together with such a noise that Mary jumped and caught

Col. Mills by the arm. He looked at her tenderly and said, "Why Miss Mary, did you think the British had you." She blushed crimson and looking up at him with a look of shy modesty said, "I think I am growing cowardly." John Gill said, "Well come in and eat some of Jim's good cooking, and all of your bravery will return. You are hungry, Sis, that makes you nervous. So now forward march into the banquet hall sister mine and partake of the "good cheer" that is set before you." Mary and Col. Mills followed the gay soldier boy into a little apartment that had been divided off for the dinning room and cooking department. On a {made} little table, was spread a coarse white home spun table cloth, (come by the way that Mary had brought in her saddle bags) and plates laid for four. After seating themselves on the seats made of boards, John Gill motioned to Col. Mills who at once bowed his head in "humble thanks to God for the meal that was spread before them". Mary looked {her} surprised and John could not help laughing when he saw how very much surprised his sister was that she was seated at a table so bountifully spread, for she expected to find her loved ones in almost a "starving condition." Instead of that here was a table spread with the most tempting {viands-vidles}. A wild turkey graced the head of the table and was browned with all the rich brownness that an experienced cook prided themselves upon, but just as Mary was about to express her great pleasure and surprise to see that they were not in such destitute circumstances the missing place was to be filled up by her side. For just then Alex Pogan bustling in and with a merry laugh said, "Good people, I hope you will excuse me for not being here in time but the Gen. sent for me, to present myself at his tent, at once. So duty before pleasure, you know, Miss Mary, he said. He was quite youthful in appearance and it seemed sad to think of this mere boy being in such a dangerous place as an army, expecting soon to face the destructive bullets and other hardships that follow-up a war. However they soon were all enjoying the good things that John Gill and faithful servant Jim had prepared for them. Mary was of an {economical} turn. After looking around and seeing such huge pieces of bread on a side table, and such quantity of fried meat, she said to her brother, "Why John, what do you cook so much at a time for." He laughed and said, "Oh that is cooked for our rations for tomorrow's march." "Oh," she said and then she began to look so serious that her brother knew what she was thinking of and with an effort he tried to be bright and gay to keep her mind off the sad future. He knew they were soon to be in close contact with the British, and of the uncertainly of life in a battle. He said at last, "Why Sis, Jim Crow will think you have not enjoyed his fine cooking. He and Mammy Moll are out side the tent, and I wish you might have what ideas she has had of camp life now that she has seen us in camp. I think she will go home better satisfied that we are not such a set of "cannibals" as she imagined we were."

The mention of 'Old Moll' recalled to Mary Gill that she too, must soon make ready to return to her home and her lonely "old Father." So excusing herself, she went to the out side of the tent where sat Jim and "Aunt Molly" as she called her. Mary seemed much pleased the two were able to "chat" to each other of the home folks. As soon as Old Moll saw her young mistress, she said, "Bless the child there she is now. Come Honey, you and me better be leaving dese quarters for Jim say dey is goine to fight dem Red Coats before sun-set tomorrow. So child let me take a little drink of dis good coffee and leave." "Yes Mammy, we must leave for we are in danger of being {Latin} prisoners, if we remain any longer." {His Moll} Old Negress set up such

a howl of distress that Mary had to speak to her rather sternly in order to quiet her fears. The old Negress imagined if she were taken prisoner that she would be put to all kinds of torture and at the very thought of the Red Coats catching her, she grew frantic with fright.

Mary told Jim to bring the poor old woman some of his good coffee so after drinking a steaming cup full of strong coffee the old woman seemed to feel more secure from British attacks.

Now Mary was talking earnestly to her brother, and it was plain to be seen that both of these young people felt a sadness coming over them for tears were in their eyes although they were struggling bravely to hide them, but at last Mary could restrain her feelings no longer and just threw her arms around her brother's neck and sobbed aloud. He with all his manly frame shaking with the deep emotion he had so bravely tried to hide to soothe his weeping sister. She soon contained herself and said, "Oh this is so cowardly of me to come here to cry instead of cheering you John to your duty. Go my dear boy and have "Spot" brought for me to leave now that I have grown to be such a baby. It is high time I leave a soldiers encampment." John brushed the tears from his eyes and hurried out the tent.

As soon as Col. Mills realized that he and his betrothed were left alone, he went up to her and said very tenderly, "Mary dear, we are going into a very serious affair I fear on tomorrow and should any thing happen to me, I want you have my watch and this ring that was my mother's. I want you to wear it for my sake." He took a small case out of his vest pocket and handed it to her. She had turned deathly pale and a cold shiver passed through her frame as she reached out her hand for the plain gold ring that he handed her. He noticed the shiver and seemed chilled himself by some {premonition} of coming evil. But with an effort at cheerfulness, he said, "Now Mary dear, let me place that ring on your finger with a wish for our future happiness, and that this cruel war will soon be over." "Oh my dear John", (she seldom called him by his given name), so when she started to finish her speech to him, she could not help noticing what a happy light shone in his handsome black eyes. She blushed and handed him her hand in a shy modest little way (that maids of the present day, 1902, would laugh at "and call prissy old maidish" some would say. Col. Mills held her hand only while he slipped the token of his undying love for the noble girl who sat beside him in this humble American tent. She at last found her voice and though it was a great trial to her, she at last said, "I have a premonition that some thing is going to happen to dear John. Oh do look after him and try and not let him rush in to danger {unmelassaly}." "I will do all I can to keep him from being rash but you only know John well enough to know that he is a boy who will not stand back from duty be it ever so perilous. So dear Mary, you will just have to pray to God to take care of him and me too. Darling you will pray for me too, won't you." She fell on her knee and he kneeled beside the girl he loved so well and a silent prayer went up to the Almighty for the protection that only He can give in time of need.

They had scarcely arose from their kneeling posture when they heard a terrible blast of a bugle and as they hastened to see the cause of the noise, they were surprised to see such a company of mounted horsemen riding through the line of tents. At the head road Gen. {Davie} who was one of the most splendidly mounted generals in the American Army, and now as he rode ahead

of his gallant troops his knightly figure showed off to {advantage}. He was a tall and {shihingly} handsome man and had won a brilliant name for himself by a number of brave acts in this war. So as he road down the line, many a brave soldier waved his "battered old hat or cap" to this noble brave man whom they felt perfect confidence in and willing to go at his command.

The Gen. and his staff of young officers rode on to Gen. Marion's tent. Here they came to a halt and Gen. Marion and Major Bradley hastened out of their tent to welcome the new comers they were expecting. So their arrival had caused no surprise as Davie dismounted from his handsome charger. He gave Gen. Marion and Major Bradley a most graceful bow and waved his plumed hat with such grace that he was the admiration of all the officers who saw him. It was not only handsome and graceful, but he was one of the most polished men and treated every man with real politeness. A brave good honest man he considered his equal and would bow as gracefully to a poor humble private as he would to an officer of high rank.

General Marion advanced with extended hand and hat off to welcome his brother officer. Here we will undertake to describe Gen. Marion. He was about 48 years of age, small in statue, hard in visage, healthy, abstemious and taciturn, enthusiastically wedded to the cause of liberty. He deeply deplored the condition of his beloved country. The commonwealth was his sole object nothing selfish, nothing {enercenry} soiled his { } charter. A ridged disciplinarian never avoiding danger, he never rashly sought it. He risked the lives of his troops only when it was necessary, neither elated with prosperity nor depressed by diversity. He fore-served an equanimity which won the admiration of his friends and exacted the respect of his enemies.

The country from Camden to the sea coast – between the Pee Dee and Santee Rivers was the theater of his executions. When in service, he was one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the South could produce, and whom when in fair pursuit nothing could escape, and when retreating nothing could over take.

Here we will say of Gen. Davie, he could not be claimed exclusively by North or South Carolina. He belonged to both, reared in the (Waxhaws) in South Carolina near the North Carolina line. This was the scene of all his military exploits. His command was composed of Carolinians of both sides of the dividing line between the states. Upon his retirement to private life after the war was over, he returned to Landsford on the Catawba in South Carolina.

* * * * *

The Chester Reporter – September 3, 1891

Alliance Meetings

Fishing Creek Alliance will meet on Saturday, September 12th at 2:00 p.m. A full attendance of members is desired, as business of importance will be transacted.

J. H. McMurray, Sec.

All members of the Bascomville Alliance are requested to be present at the next regular meeting on the 1st Saturday in September. When you read this notice please remember the day and don't forget to ask any other brother you meet if he had seen it for fear he may have not. And let us *all* meet promptly at the appointed hour 2 o'clock, p.m.

C. J. Stroud, Sec.

The Right Line.

We publish this week resolutions of Wylie's Mill Alliance, pledging its members to plant not exceeding twelve acres of cotton to the plow next year. This is in support of the Pleasant Grove Alliance, whose action on this subject was printed in *The Reporter* last week. The farmers have certainly struck the key note to deliverance from their disabilities. If all farmers, whether Alliance men or not, in the Southern States will reduce the cotton acreage one-half and increase the corn acreage in the same proportion they will find before two years that this policy will beat all the sub-treasuries in the world. We modestly venture this belief for what it is worth, and believe this practice will be worth much to the agricultural interest and, therefore, much to the prosperity of the whole country.

Reducing The Acreage.

At a recent meeting of the Wylie's Mill alliance the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Wylie's Mill Farmers' Alliance, in view of the present low price of cotton and high prices of supplies and the general financial inability of our class in cotton growing section of our country, do pledge ourselves individually, that we will not plant, in the year following this, 1892, more than twelve acres of cotton to every plough or one horse farm owned or controlled by us, and that a rise in the price of staple shall not induce us to violate or disregard these pledges and agreements with one another.

2nd, That we will unite with other alliances in urging a convention of cotton planters of all the Southern States to consult and determine on a universal reduction of the cotton acreage.

3rd, That *The Reporter* and *Enterprise* be requested to publish these resolutions.

R. B. Johnson, Sec.

Personal Paragraphs.

Rev. J. W. Daniel, Joseph Lindsay, Col. T. N. Berry, T. A. Salvo and Buford Atkinson attended the meeting of the District Lodge of Good Templars at Rock Hill last week.

Rev. J. C. McMullen, formerly of this place and now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Goldsboro, N.C. was in town last week.

Capt. and Mrs. J. L. Agurs returned last Saturday and Dr. G. B. White yesterday from Catawba Springs.

Mr. J. Wesley Davis, of this county, has been drawn as a petit juror for the February term of the United States court at Greenville.

Mr. F. M. Hicklin, who went from Bascomville last year to Greenville, has sold out his mercantile interests there and will return to his old home.

Mr. S. M. Jones and wife left on Monday for Baltimore. Mr. Jones will buy fall and winter stock for his firm.

Maj. J. N. Marshall left last Friday for Nashville, Tennessee, to visit his father, who is quite old and in feeble health.

Mr. Joseph A. Walker, returned last Friday from his trip to England and France. His mother came with him and will make her home here.

Mr. J. H. McLure, of the engineer corps of the South-bound Railroad, came up last Saturday on a visit to his parents.

Dr. E. L. Glenn, of York county, was here last Friday and Saturday, on a visit to his son, J. L. Glenn, Esq.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Love returned Monday from a trip to Cleveland Springs and Rutherfordton.

Fred Wood, who is just recovering from a spell of typhoid fever at Rock Hill, came home last Monday.

Miss McDonald of Sumter, daughter of the late Middleton McDonald, of this town, is visiting the Misses Grahams.

Rev. N. B. Clarkson is with the Rev. J. L. Ray this week in protracted service at Anderson School House, near Beckamville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Browne left Tuesday for Trenton, Edgefield County, where Mr. Browne will take control of the High School next Monday, 7th instant.

M. J. Hough, Esq. and Mr. M. W. Edwards of Lancaster and Capt. W. H. Edwards of Rock Hill were in town Monday.

Mr. Thomas Peden, of Taylorsville, N. C., has just been down on a visit in the county. "Tom's" numerous friends were glad to see him.

Mr. W. R. Nail left Wednesday for New York to buy the Fall and Winter stock of goods for the Red Racket Store.

From Wylie's Mill - Wylie's Mill, August 31.

Mr. Editor – No news and plenty of blues, would be a fitting heading for a communication from this quarter. The long "wet spell" still on us is, we think, injuring cotton and Fishing Creek has destroyed acres of corn along its serpentine coast. The pressure of high water keeps a breach in the dam of Capt. O. A. Wylie's popular mills; so that if merchants didn't bring on flour and meal ready for use we would get short of bread. But a facetious gentleman remarked recently that the merchants were accused of burning Barber & Watts mill at Richburg, and couldn't you suspect that our merchants may be pulling loose rock from Capt. Wylie's mill? You know we alliance fellows are always willing to believe that merchants in general, and in particular too, are anything but good Sunday school scholars. However, though a Baptist friend says that merchants are mostly too much afraid of water to even fool about a mill pond.

Engineer C. H. Ragsdale, with a party went from this place on Saturday last to Bascomville prospecting for a survey of the route for the proposed railroad, from Winnsboro to Charlotte via Catawba Junction. Our morning slumbers may yet be disturbed by the "melodious whistles" of the "coughing horse."

Our once highly efficient teacher at our Wylie's Mill academy, Miss Lizzie Martin, on last Thursday 27th, married Mr. Ed. Robbins, of Rock Hill. Our loss is Rock Hill's gain, but it makes us fellows down here like me feel that it must have been "mity slow" to get left so far.

The academy mentioned is a commodious frame structure built in conjunction with the alliance hall. It is large enough to contain a considerable congregation and Rev. Thos. Raysor, has promised to preach for us on next Sunday, Sept. 6th at 4 p.m.

Miss Jeanette Culp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Culp, near here, died last Sunday, Aug. 23, after a severe illness of two weeks of meningitis. She was buried in the family burial ground at home. Funeral services by Dr. Raysor. The bereaved family has the sincere sympathies of the community.

Mrs. Fanny Garrison, of Fort Mill, is visiting at Mr. F. A. Nunnery's, her brother-in-law. Mrs. B. J. Jordan, of Rock Hill, is spending awhile here among her friends.

Mr. W. H. Edwards, Jr. has returned after a fortnight's visit to Ebenezer.

Messrs. C. M. Ferguson & Bro. are busily engaged erecting a telephone line from their store to Richburg. Their popular and competent salesman, Mr. J. G. Hollis, is elated over the prospect of its early completion. Joe was raised in the Richburg vicinity and it is said that he "left a girl behind," and this wire will bring him into more convenient communication than that afforded by the pen and the mails.

Occasional.

Married.

Married – At the house of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph Martin, August 29th, 1891, by Rev. C. B. Betts, Miss LIZZIE MARTIN, of Chester county, and Mr. ED ROBBINS, of Rock Hill.

State of South Carolina,

Chester County.

In the Common Pleas.

Randolph Brandt, suing for himself and other creditors named herein,
Plaintiff,

vs.

James Hemphill, John J. McLure and A. H. Davega, as Trustees, and John J. Hemphill and Allen Leard as surviving Trustees, and James Hemphill, A. H. Davega, J. Harvey Smith, J. L. Agurs, John J. McLure, Giles J. Patterson, Wm. H. Hardin, Wm. H. Brawley, Joseph Wylie, E.T. Atkinson, D. S. Henderson, I. J. McNinch, John J. Stringfellow, John S. Withers, W. T. Robison, Isaac Heyman, John W. Walker, David Hemphill, S. B. Massey, J. L. Harris, H. M. Ross, Wm. Lindsay, James E. Curtis, Jno. C. McFadden, John S. Wilson, W. T. D. Cousar, and I. L. Gunhouse, Sam'l Gunhouse and Meyer Wachtel, formerly partners trading as I. L. Gunhouse & Co., S. C. Kaufman, Lucius H. Melton, Georgia Melton and Nettie Melton, minors over 14 yrs. And heirs of Geo. W. Melton; dec'd., and W. Gill Wylie, Annie W. Moore, Mary W. Miller, A. P. Wylie, W. Harry Wylie, Robert H. Wylie, and Juliet McLure, a minor over 14 years, Edna McLure, Alexa McLure, and Gill Wylie McLure, minors under 14 years all heirs of A. P. Wylie, dec'd, and Peter H. Walker, Ada W. Sanders, S. W. McCully and C. W. Meynardie, Florella Meynardie and Mary Meynardie and Mary Walker, Wash N. Walker, Wilkins Walker, a minor over 14 years, and Gill Walker, a minor under 14 years of age, all heirs of A. T. Walker, dec'd., and J. Henry Chambers, Frank Chambers

and Irene C. Dashiell, heirs of J. L. Chambers, dec'd. and Eliza Atkinson, Carrie Youngblood, Emma Woods, C. H. Alexander, Sample Alexander, N. B. Alexander T. L. Alexander, W. C. Alexander, L. H. Melton, Nettie Melton, and Georgia Melton heirs of S. Alexander, dec'd and Juliet McLure, Gill W. McLure, Alexa McLure, Edna McLure, and Mrs. _____ McLure heirs of E. C. McLure dec'd, and Margaret Jordan, Robt. H. Jordan, George Jordan, Charles S. Jordan, and Susan Jordan Graham heirs of R. H. Jordan, dec'd, and Rob't McNinch, James A. McNinch, Henry McNinch, Israel McNinch, a minor over 14 years and Eliza McNinch heirs of Jas. McNinch, dec'd, and F. M. Nail, W. R. Nail, Mrs. Mary Nail, Pink Nail, Mary Nail. Victoria Stahn, Rowena B. Blake, Emma McLarnon and S. B. Nail, heirs of Pinckston Nail, dec'd,

Defendants.

Summons.

To the Defendants above named:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is herewith this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for the said county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office at Chester, in the county of Chester, and state aforesaid, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

HENRY & GAGE,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

Chester, S. C., 1st Sept. 1891.

JOHN C. McFADDEN,
C.C.C.

L. S.

To Isaac Heyman, S. C. Kaufman, W. Gill Wylie, Robert H. Wylie, C. W. Meynardie, Mrs. Mary Walker, Wilkins Walker, Gill Walker, T. L. Alexander, W. C. Alexander, N. B. Alexander, Mrs. _____ McLure, Mrs. Margaret Jordan, Robert H. Jordan, George Jordan, Charles S. Jordan, Mrs. Susie Graham Jordan, absent defendants:

Take notice, that the summons and complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas, said county and State, on the first day of September, 1891.

HENRY & GAGE,
Plff's Attys.

1 Sept., 1891

Take notice, that the object of this action is to foreclose a mortgage executed 20 May, 1876, by James Hemphill, John J. McLure and A. H. Dawega as Trustees to T. C. Gaston, John J. Hemphill and Allen Leard as Trustees, to secure certain bonds issued and sold by the Chester Academy Association to sundry persons: and that no personal claim is made on you. The following is a brief description of the mortgaged property, to-wit: That parcel of land in the town of Chester,

said State, on Academy street, containing two acres, and bounded by said street, by Juliet Street and by lots of the G. C. & N. R. Co. and Mrs. Annie W. Moore, known as the Male Academy lot.

HENRY & GAGE,
Plff's Attys.

1 Sept. 1891.

A Correction and Books for Sale

A Correction for the December 2013 issue of *The Bulletin*:

We would like to thank Ms. Curry Walker for kindly submitting this correction to an item in the article "The Chester Reporter, December 6, 1905" cited under heading "Pencilings" on Page 8 of the December 2013 issue of *The Bulletin*:

"Mrs. C. A. Brown, formerly Miss Lillie Russell, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Russell, at Rossville, and her sister, Mrs. J. G. Cousar, in Chester, left Monday, for her home near Greensboro, N.C."

"Two things of note here – Mrs. A. H. Russell was Margaret McCullough Stevenson, sister to my 2gs great grandmother Elizabeth McCullough Boulware Stevenson – [Mrs Danl R]. Secondly Mrs. C. A. Brown is dau Maggie L. Russell b abt 1874 who md Cicero Addison GROOME of Rockingham County NC. The BROWN is incorrect.

Mother always said we were distantly related to the Groomes of Groometown as the area of Guilford County was called even then when I was young. NOW I put two and two together! Thank you for the article." ~ Curry Walker

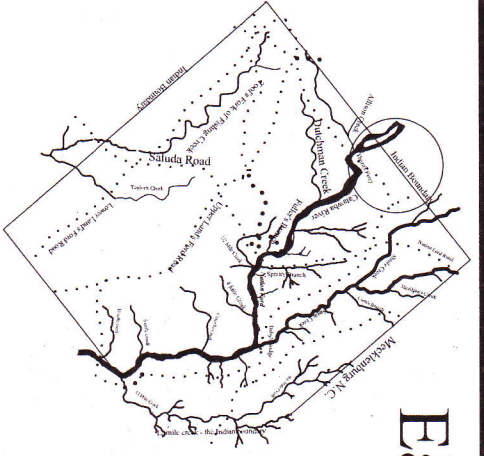
The Chester County Historical Society

The Chester County Historical Society has recently reprinted two very valuable books for anyone researching family histories in Chester County:

Chester County Heritage History Book Volume I \$65.00
Chester County Heritage History Book Volume II \$45.00

You may purchase these books from the Chester County Historical Society by visiting their new website, www.chesterschistory.org, or you may order them by writing to the Chester County Historical Society, PO Box 811, Chester, SC 29706.

Early Land Owners Fort Mill York County South Carolina



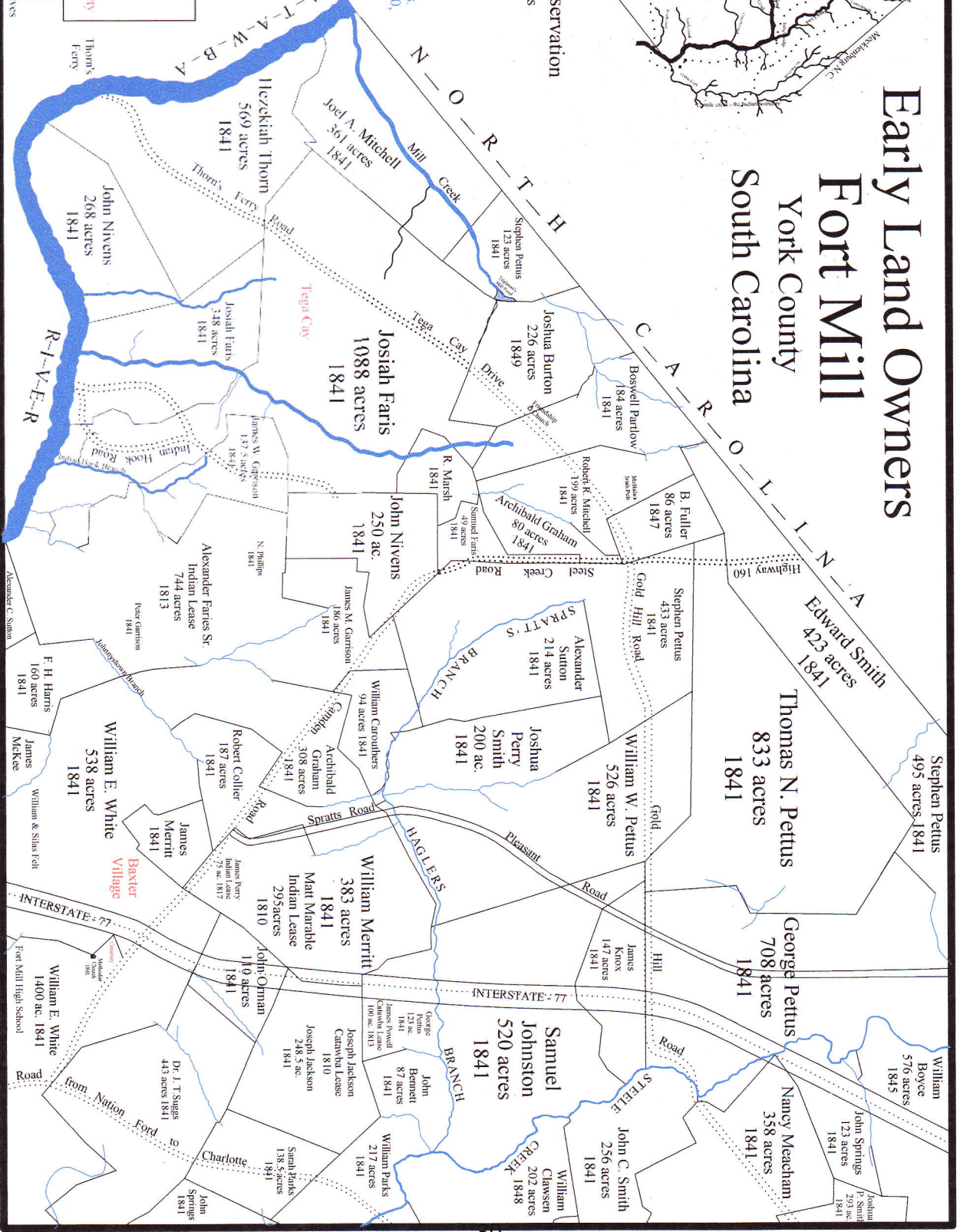
Catawba Indian Reservation
144,000 Acres
1763

Prior to 1840 all white settlers living within the Indian Reservation leased land from the Catawba Indians. After the Treaty of Nation Ford in 1840, the Indians traded away their rights to the reservation for \$21,000. All former leaseholders were then required by the State of South Carolina to have their land surveyed in order to gain clear title.



HERITAGE MAP
 Researched and Drawn by
Thomas Mayhugh
 2013
 In Association With:
Chester District Genealogical Society
www.chestergenealogy.org

Plats courtesy of Louise Pettus and SC Archives



INTERSTATE - 77

INTERSTATE - 77

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Publications For Sale

1. Back issues of Bulletins: 1978-present - \$20.00 per year -4 issues
Complete Index to Back Issues: Articles: 1978-2004 \$15.00
1978-2009 – “DVD” PDF format: \$35.00 S&H: \$2.50
2010-2013 – “DVD” PDF format : \$25.00 S &H: \$2.50
2. Hopewell A.R.P Church Cemetery Inscriptions, pictures, list of Elders from 1787 to date & brief Church history (27 pages):
Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
3. Records of Session Meetings of Hopewell ARP Church 1832-1892 (67 pages):
Paperback: \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format : \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50
4. Dr. Robert Lathan’s “History of Hopewell ARP Church”, (20 pages): Paperback: \$16.00 S&H: \$2.50
5. Revolutionary Soldiers (65), families (900), individuals (2700) of Old Catholic Presbyterian Church & Index (161 pages):
Paperback: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
6. Old Catholic Presbyterian Church Cemetery Inscriptions (28 pages):
Paperback: \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format: \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50
7. Minutes of Catholic Presbyterian Church Chester County 1840-1884 with index (99 pages):
Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format : \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
8. Dr. Robert Lathan’s, “Historical Sketch, Union ARP Church, Richburg, SC” (61 pages): Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
“DVD” PDF format : \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
9. Old Purity Presbyterian Church Cemetery Inscriptions (38 pages): Paperback: \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50
10. Minutes of Providence & Hopewell Baptist Churches 1826-1876 (131 pages): Paperback: \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50
“DVD” PDF format : \$10.00 S&H: \$2.50
11. Dr. Chalmers Davidson’s 1977 address to the American Scotch-Irish Society “The Scotch Piedmont Carolinas” (18 pages):
Paperback: \$5.00 S&D: \$2.50
12. 1825 Mills Atlas of Chester County, SC: Small Size 8 ½ X 11”: \$5.00 S&H: \$2.50
Large Size 20” X 30”: \$10.00 S&H: \$3.50
13. Rose Hill Cemetery Inscriptions (2200 stones) in York, SC(93 pages): Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
“DVD” PDF format searchable: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
14. Wardlaw’s “Genealogy of the Witherspoon Family”(139 pages): Paperback: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
“DVD” PDF format searchable: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
15. “A McFadden Chronology” by William T. Skinner. Begins with Candour McFadden (1710) and continues through 1900 (58 pages):
Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format searchable: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
16. Robert J. Stevens’ records and writings of Capt. W. H. Edwards, Co. A, 17th Volunteers CSA:
Captain Bill Book I (104 pages): Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
Book II (116 pages): Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format : \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
Book III (211 pages): Paperback: \$45.00 S&H: \$2.50 “DVD” PDF format: \$45.00 S&H: \$2.50
Book I, II, & III: “DVD” PDF format: \$65.00 S&H: \$2.50
17. Historical Sketch of People and Places of Bullock Creek – Rev. Jerry West:
Paperback: Not available “DVD” PDF format: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
18. Evergreen Cemetery Tombstone Inscriptions Chester, SC. 334 pages updated 2004.
Over 6000 names from 1841-Nov 30. 2004. Hard Back: \$25.00 S&H: \$4.50
“DVD” PDF format : \$25.00 S&H: \$2.50
19. Descendants of Ulster McFadden Settlers of Chester County 1710-2004 (142 pages): Paperback: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
“DVD” PDF format : \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
20. Recipes & Remembrances – “Cook Book”, submitted by members : Paperback: \$15.00 S&H: \$2.50
21. McDills in America (210 pages): Paperback: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
“DVD” PDF format: \$20.00 S&H: \$2.50
22. SC obituaries taken from “The State” newspaper, 1900-1920 (248 pages): Paperback: \$25.00 S&H: \$3.00
“DVD” PDF format : \$25.00 S&H: \$2.50
23. Chester County South Carolina Obituaries January 1880 – December 1899 Volume 2:
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