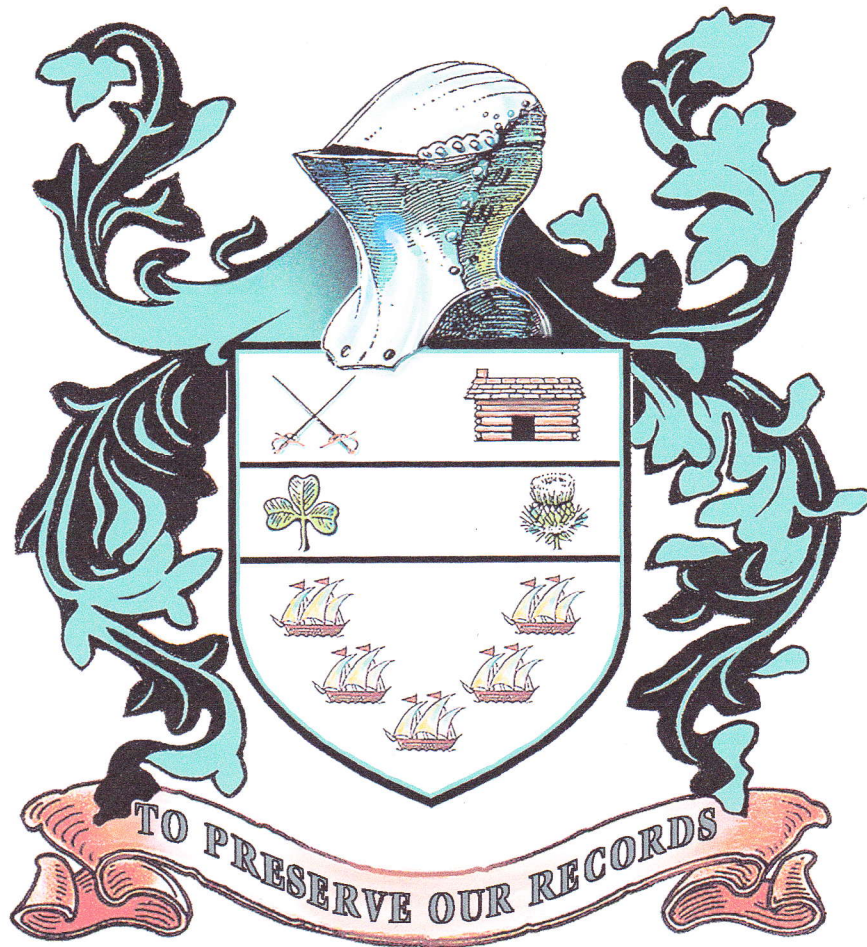


THE BULLETIN



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CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

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The Bulletin

June 2014

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Annual Birthday Party for the CDGS

SAVE THE DATE! Mark your calendars for our annual “Birthday Party” which will be held on Saturday, August 9, 2014, at the Wagon Wheel Restaurant, 5724 Lancaster Highway, Fort Lawn, SC 29714, at 1:00 pm. The cost of the meal this year will remain at \$20.00 per person.

Our guest speaker this year will be Gina Price White, the Director of Archives and Special Collections at the Louise Pettus Archives and Special Collections at Winthrop University in Rock Hill, S.C. She has nearly 30 years experience as an archivist—28 of those years at Winthrop. Her field of study is history, particularly the colonial and revolutionary history of the Catawba Region. She is a graduate of Winthrop and a native of and current resident of Chester County, S.C. She was previously Local History Archivist at the Chester County Library. She is a charter member of the SC Archival Association, and secretary of the Confederation of South Carolina Local Histories Societies.

Please mail your check for your reservation to the **Chester District Genealogical Society, PO Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729**. The deadline for the registration is July 31st.

We look forward to seeing you on **Saturday, August 9th at 1:00 pm!!!**

The Town of Richburg’s 125th Anniversary Celebration

Come and Celebrate with us! The Town of Richburg, founded in 1843 and established in 1889, has a lot to be happy about as it celebrates 125 years of “History and Progress.” The Town Council and the citizens of Richburg are proud of our small historic town and would like to invite everyone to come and celebrate with us.

The 3-day event will include a casual Drop-in on Friday, October 24th, 6:00-8:00 pm at The Gateway Conference Center; the 6th Annual Richburg Fall Festival on Saturday, October 25th, 10:00 am-4:00 pm, at the Richburg Town Park; and the semi-formal Anniversary Banquet on Sunday, October 26th, 3:00-6:00 pm at The Gateway Conference Center.

Tickets for the Anniversary Banquet will go on sale Friday, August 1st. Tickets prices are: \$25.00 per individual and \$40 per couple. To purchase a ticket, please send a check or money order to **Town of Richburg, PO Box 191, Richburg, SC 29729**. For more information, please contact: Councilmember Flora Barber at 803.789.6468, Town Clerk Debbie N. McMinn at 803.789.5052, or Email us at townofrichburg@yahoo.com.

Jean H. Nichols, Editor

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

(This is part 2 of 4. It will conclude in the December issue of *The Bulletin*.)

After giving the reader some idea of the officers who had our friends under them, we will now return to Mary Gill as she prepares to leave Marion's Encampment. As Mary Gill saw the brave gallant looking men with their followers pass down the line, she felt a glow of pride in her patriotic heart to feel that her country had such a noble set of (pg. 25) men to defend the country she loved so well. So with a brighter look and in quite cheerful voice she said to Col. Mills who had stand by her side as all this company of officers and soldiers were passing, "Oh I feel so encouraged now. I am sure we will be victorious now since I see what brave men and noble looking officers we have in our Army." Col. Mills smiled and said very quietly, "Oh yes, Mary when we had such brave hearts as yours to encourage us we can't help but do our very best to win our cause."

Just here John Gill and Jim were seen advancing. Jim leading his young mistress pony "Spot." So Mary hastened in to get on her jacket and hat while Old Moll was storing some of that good coffee in the old saddle bags. Her young master gave her a little sack of coffee and some other little things. A good plug of choice tobacco for his aged old Father at home, telling her to tell his Father, "There was tobacco right from across the water and was {"tip-top"}. It would make him feel like joining the Army after taking a chew."

Old Moll was highly delighted to think her young master had entrusted her with these little luxuriates that could but seldom be indulged in by the poor Americans, so when her young master called her off to one side before he went to get his sister's horse, and told her she was to carry this to his Father for him, she was repaid for all the teasing he had given her since she had been in the encampment. She could scarcely keep from hugging him in her deep feeling, and said ("Who ebber toughed I would live to see de day my little curly headed boy gib Old Molly tings to take to his Daddy. I take dem things straight to him. No Redcoats git them only over Old Moll's dead body".) As she said this she {brushed} her old hand with such an air of defiance that John on looking up at her from his kneeling position where he was wrapping the little dainties for his Father just roared laughing and laughed so loud that one or two of his comrades hearing the merry laugh of their { } ran around to the side of the tent (pg. 26) to see what was the fun. On seeing Old Moll with her fist doubled up looking so like an "Old Witch", the men fell back and one a more venturousness man than the others said, "Gill, where the devil did this Old Witch of Endor come from?" She glared at him with such a weird look out of her bright old eyes, that the man started and drew his revolver and pointed it straight at the old Negress. But quick as lightening young Gill sprang upon the man and snatched the weapon from him, crying out in a savage tone, "For shame, you cowardly dog. You would kill a harmless old woman! Wait you Cus until tomorrow and show what you will do when the Redcoats need shooting. I faith I bet you will run as fast as your bowlegs will carry ye." So saying he collard the man who was a much larger man than he was and fling him some distance from him. The

man and made at Gill with an ugly looking knife, but before he reached him several of the men had rushed in between them and the friends of the man led him off, for he had been drinking right freely to fire up his courage as he had told his comrades for the approaching skirmish with the Redcoats.

He was really a very cowardly fellow as Lieutenant Gill knew as he had run in every little danger that he had { } been threaten. So that when he drew his pistol on "Old Moll", Gill would have rejoiced to give him the flogging he so richly deserved for his previous cowardly conduct.

When all was restored to quiet, they were all aroused by the sound of the approaching troops and horses. We have before mention of so all was forgotten in the excitement of seeing such a handsome cavalry company advancing. All rushed to the front of the tent to see all that could be seen, and as the head officers passed by Lieutenant Gill's tent, one would never have imagined such a row had just taken place, for Gill with the other soldiers present gave their leaders such a salute and "cheer after cheer went up for "Davie Singleton" and their own loved Commander Marion. As soon as this troop had passed, Lieutenant Gill went round to the back of his tent and found Jim busy cleaning up his tin {pans} getting them in readiness (pg. 27) for the march on the morrow. With perfect system every thing of this kind is attended to in warfare as well as those at home would provide a meal away. So the soldiers prepared for a march with the same forethought, and soon as Jim heard that his young master had orders to march he at once set to sifting flour and baking such large quantities of breads excited his young mistress attention making her think her brother was a little wasteful. So now the fateful Negro boy had finished his cooking so the next thing for him to do was to wash and clean up all his pots and pans. He had just packed in the last tin plate in an old wooden box that they have used ever since they have been in the Army for the purpose of carrying their provisions and cooking utensils. Seeing his young master had something on his mind, he turns to him and quietly waits to hear what orders his master has to give. Lieutenant Gill is quite a favorite with this waiting boy of his, and they have been play fellows ever since they were boys, and when the Negro boy heard that his friend and playmate was really going to join the American Army and leave home, the boy went at once to his old master and begged to be allowed to accompany his young master. At first the old man flatly refused, but upon Mary his dear favored child going up to him and tenderly placing her arms around her father, saying, "Oh yes, Father, do let Jim go with John for he can be of such service, not only to John but to the other men who will have such a hard time having any cooking done. You know, dear Father, what a hard time you had in 1774 when you were fighting for this same cause, "the independence of America." At mention of that time when he was at war the old man at once began to consider of what use Jim might be to his son and say and "Old Moll" had given him thorough training in the kitchen so that now Mary felt that her dear brother would have a good cook as any Gen- would be proud to own. Her march to his son surprise and delight so he gave his consent. (pg. 28)

When John heard that his father had really given his consent for Jim to go with him to the Army, he remarked to his sister, "Yes, I know who I may thank for this favor. Your influence, my dear sister, over my father is wonderful." She laughingly ran at him, and pulled his ears and

slapped his face for him. He struggled to free himself from his sister's clutches and said, "Oh, you know it is so. Father would do anything for you twice as quick as he would for me. But that's alright for you deserve it and I know I don't. So there now, let's go in and thank him. All the same, I am to get the benefit of your influence over our father. Jim is to be my waiting boy through your influence." He had a gloomy look on his usually {knightly} face...a look that would come into this young man's face at times when he had to deal with his father. Not that he wasn't fond of his father, but the old man had always expected the most implicated obedience from his son, and his son being of a gay thoughtless nature, often called down the wrath of his "sire" much to the sorrow of Mary, who always tried to shield her brother, and really always succeed in bringing about peace and harmony between these two loved ones. So now as she and her brother went into the house, she cautioned him not to speak hastily, "But to submit to whatever the old man said to him, in silence and not say something that he would feel sorry for". As they entered the room, the old man was seated in his plain home made chair, and looked so feeble that the son and daughter both noticed how rapidly their old father was failing. John walked straight up to his father's side and said more gently than he had ever before {druhess} to his father, "Father, I thank you for being so kind as to allow me to take Jim into the Army with me." The old man looked at him in surprise, for he had never had John to address him in such a nice voice before. He looked at his son a moment, and all at once it seemed to flash across his mind of how soon this son would be gone to face danger, perhaps never to return. Much to his son's surprise, there his father arose and threw his withered old arm about (pg. 29) him and clung to him, showing all the fondness he had always felt for his only son. But having been raised by a father who always treated his boys in a stern exacting way, he had thought best to govern his son in the same way. Now when it is almost too late, he realizes that he as made a mistake. As he clings to this manly young man, he feels all a father's pride that he has such a noble specimen of manhood to send out to defend his country. His son tenderly embraces his old father and a warm glow passed through him, for now he is assured of his father's love. Yes, the old man found voice enough to say, at last, "You can have Jim and a dozen Jims if I had them to give you, my son."

From that day until his son left home with the little troop, we have before mentioned, Mr. Gill could scarcely stand to have his son out of his sight.

So now we will return to Lieutenant Gill and his waiting boy at the encampment. Jim glances at his young master to see if there is any trace of displeasure still lingering from the little fracas he had with the drunken soldier, in his noble defense of "Old Moll."

While the Negro is looking at him in this close way, a loud blast of a bugle is heard. Lieutenant Gill who has been in a deep study, arouses himself and says hurriedly, "Bring my sister's horse. She must be at once on her way." Soon the boy was back with "Spot" and he and his young master was seen advancing as we have already said and Mary hurried to get her hat and jacket on, as soon as Old Moll got the saddle bags ready they went out at the front entrance of the tent. There was Col. Mills, John Gill and several others to bid the brave girl fare well. A sad looking set they were. While John was himself adjusting the saddle bags on "Spot", Major Bradley was seen rapidly approaching followed by his boy Silas leading a mule. As soon as

Major Bradley got near enough to be heard, he called out in a cheerful voice, "Why Miss Mary, (pg. 30) are you really going to desert us." She only bowed for she was very sad at having to say good bye to so many who were near and dear to her. Well, he said, "You have certainly cheered us by your coming. Now here is a mule Gen. Marion has sent for you to let your escort ride as he heard you had to walk part of the way so the old colored Mammy could ride, so he has sent me to you with his compliments and begs that you will accept this mule "which he says to tell you is a very slight token of his high respect for your bravery." With a deep blush, Mary extended her hand to Major Bradley and said in a voice that was filled with deep emotion, "Please thank Gen. Marion for me, and say to him, I trust God will protect him and his army and bring us an early close of these troublesome times."

Just here Major Bradley said to Lieutenant Gill, "Suppose you change those saddle bags and put them on the mule. Miss Mary's horse looks pretty well jaded out from the late journey it has just made. " Old Moll here, walked up to Major Bradley and made him a low curtsy, and said, "Masser, is dat beast fit for dis old Nigger to ride, cause I don't want my old bones broken up, on dat ere mule." On Major Bradley assuring her that the mule was perfectly gentle and she need not feel the least afraid, "That it would neither buck nor throw her."

Jim and Silas, the two colored boys here looked at each other, and grinned, and winked at Old Moll so mischievously that the soldiers standing around could not resist a little run at the old Negroess' expense. So with a loud laugh, they yelled, "Hurrah, for Aunt Molly. She is a tom cat." Old Moll turned on them, and said, "{At her} mind making fun of Old Molly. When dem Redcoats git after you, your goine to have something to "holler for."

Here Major Bradley motion to the fun loving men and all was order in a moment. Mary turned and in a faint voice bid her brother fare well. She could scarcely restrain the tears, but with a determined effort she controlled her feelings. After kissing her brother tenderly, she then shook Col. Mills hand and without a word to him, she then extended her hand to (pg 31) Major Bradley. He grasped her hand, assumed a cheerfulness he was far from feeling, and said, "Now Miss Mary, try and be a brave girl you have always been. And don't leave us down hearted." She tried to smile, but soon Jim led "Spot" up to a stump for his young mistress to mount and she ran to the horse and mounted with as much ease as one of the cavaliers would have mounted. Soon Jim and John Gill were assisting "Old Moll, to mount her "Beast" as she would persist in calling the mule, and after all the good byes were given again with a warning from Lieutenant Gill to his sister to go by the pathways and avoid the public roads as much as possible. He shook his sister's hand and looked at her fondly saying, "God Bless you, my own brave sister." Then going to Old Moll, he shook hands with her was so kindly and slipped a silver piece into her hand, saying, "Now ride on and don't give my sister any trouble. The mule is safe." There Jim and Silas came to the old woman and all ideas of making fun of her had passed out of their minds so shaking hands with her in a quite respectful way they sent messages of love to their colored kindred at home.

Mary sat erect in her saddle and as she quietly rode away with Old Moll sitting equally as erect as her young mistress. The soldiers could not keep back a smile for the old Negress looked for

all the world like an "old monkey" so erect was she seated on her mule. Soon they had passed out of sight, and then the party of soldiers separated each to go make every thing in readiness for the morrows march. Here we will leave the encampment and follow Mary and her old colored companion.

Mary told her after they had passed out of sight of the tents, "Well Mammy, we have been and now we must go home as fast as possible." The old woman felt the necessity of "making hay while the sun shines." So when Mary gave her pony a sharp tap with her riding whip, and reached over (pg. 32) and gave Old Moll's mule a sharp cut with the whip, the mule jumped and plunged so Mary could not help laughing out right for Old Moll's bonnet flew off and a very ridiculous figure she cut trying to catch her bonnet and holding on to the pommel of the saddle with all the strength she could muster up, for she was so fatigued that Mary actually felt very much embarrassed as to what would be the best plan to pursue her. She did not know which to do, turn back with the mule or make Moll ride "Spot", and she try to ride the mule herself. Thinking the latter plan the best, she rode up and caught the loose bridle that Moll had dropped in her fright and said quite sternly, "Now Moll, don't act like a fool," for the old woman was just crying and wringing her old withered hands and calling on the "Blessed Lord" to just help her out of dis trouble, and she would "serve Him to the bitter end." Mary at last got her quieted and told her she would let her ride "Spot", and she herself would ride the mule. The old woman gave a long sigh, or grunt of relief and scrambled down off the mule as fast as her stiff old limbs would allow her. When she put her foot on the ground and shook down her tumble up clothes and caught her old homespun bonnet that was hanging halfway down her back, pulling it with a nervous jerk, she drew it on her head and tied it so tight that Mary said, "Why Mammy, you will never be able to get your bonnet off tonight. You have tied it so hard and fast." "Neber mind, child, I don't want to take dis bonnet off till I gits in my own "little cabin" by de creek. Lord knows I wish I was dar now, dis blessed minit."

Mary seeing that the poor woman was really nervous, she felt that she would have to exert herself to keep her old companion from giving up all together so going to the saddle bags, she took out a canteen that her brother had given her to carry some fine whiskey to his father. She handed it to the old woman and said very quietly, "Now, Mammy, you drink some of this whiskey, and there, I don't want to hear of any more complaints for everything depends on our reaching Mr. Kelsey's before dark." (pg. 33) The old Negro took the canteen from her young mistress' hand and like all of her race, she showed her fondness for strong drink, for she drank so eagerly that Mary was afraid she had done an unwise thing to give it to her, but hoping that she had not taken quite as much as she feared she had, she extended her hand and said rather coldly, "There would you drink it all?" The old woman handed it back with a grateful "Thanky, thanky, my child, Old Moll aint going to gib you no more trouble." At once Mary replaced the canteen in safe keeping in the old saddle bags and told Moll to lead "Spot" up to a log and mount at once. The old woman did as she was bid, and Mary leading the mule up to another log was soon seated in her saddle with a very anxious look in her large grey eyes. For she could not resist the gloomy feeling that had been creeping upon her ever since she had heard of the approaching "skirmish" as Major Bradley called it, but she saw from Col. Mills and her brother's faces when they heard who they were to face in that "skirmish" that they considered it more

serious than they wanted her to think they did, so when she saw that Old Moll was seated on "Spot" and a look of safety was now in Moll's face, she struck her mule and these two ill assured couple trotted with a brisk trot down the long red lane.

Mary's idea was to reach her old friends, Mr. Thomas Kelsey's home, before night, but she knew they would have to ride with some speed to go 6 miles before dark. She felt much encouraged though when she saw that Old Moll was a good as her word and was now urging "Spot" on with speed to keep at her side for she found that Gen. Marion had certainly given her an easy riding, as well as a swift going mule. So on they rode, not a word passed between them for Mary was too much engrossed in her own serious thought to think of talking. "Old Moll", too, had such a comfortable warm feeling ever since she had imbibed so freely, and having no fear of "Spot", she just jogged along in peace with herself and she even had forgotten to think of the Redcoats. On they rode and as it began to grow dark, they were made glad by seeing (pg. 34) the high white chimney of old Mr. Kelsey's home.

As they rode up to the big gate that opened in a lane leading up to the house lined as shaded on both sides by the grand old American water oaks, Mr. Kelsey had seen them coming in the distance and was now waiting at the gate to open it and give them a hearty welcome.

"How now Mary Gill, you sure did not let the Redcoats get you. Now here is Old Moll, looks like she had been on a {Xmas} spree." Old Moll, here roused up and said, "No, No, I is not drunk Masser." Mr. Kelsey exchanged looks with Mary and said, "Oh no, Moll, you haint had a drop of whiskey since last years corn shucking." Old Moll looked a little embarrassed and said in her most humble tone, "I has not had enough to make me drunk, for de Lord I haint." Just here they had reached the house which was built in quaint style. The early settlers of any means built their houses. Mary was indeed glad to see this comfortable home and felt she could rest her weary limbs for the night.

Mr. Kelsey and his wife were the most generous hearted people and were always glad to welcome Mary Gill to their hospitable home, and tonight they were doubly glad to have her company as they were feeling blue over some news that they had heard the day before. Mary was met by Mr. Kelsey on the {braard jriyeya} that fronted the house and after telling Moll to go around to the side door and the boy that had come to take their horses would show her where to find the kitchen. Mrs. Kelsey caught Mary's hand in her own warm palms, and said so friendly, "Oh child, I am so glad to see you come back. I told the "old man" when you road away from here the other day I was afraid the Redcoats would take you prisoner, and my child the uncertainty of this was nearly killing me. Did the old man tell you we had heard that Thomas is wounded, but this Col. wrote to us and say it is not a dangerous wound, but we don't know." Whereupon, the old lady fell to crying pitifully. Mary tried to soothe the old lady. Mrs. Kelsey, who was a {hurtful} nature soon dried her tears by wiping her eyes vigorously and said, "Oh pardon me Mary, here I have kept you standing in the hall instead of taking you to your room to take your things (pg. 35) off." Hurriedly going to a door, she opened it wide and invited Mary to enter and take her hat and cloak off. Seeing Mary look as though she missed something she said, "Oh, you want your saddle bags brought in here." Mary thanking her said

she would like to have them where she could keep an eye on them. The old lady hustled out of the cozy little room and soon returned with a stout Negro girl carrying the much valued saddle bags. Mrs. Kelsey told her to put them in a little closet in the room, but Mary said, "Wait one moment. I wish to get something out of them," and crossing over to where the girl stood with wide {stretched} eyes, for she wondered at a fine young lady like this traveling with such old ugly "saddle bags", but Mary did not notice her lack of contempt. She was intent on opening them to get the package she had brought as a gift from her brother to his old friend, Mrs. Kelsey. She at last found it was down in the bottom of all the other things, and with a flush on her fine face, she said, "There, Mrs. Kelsey, is a small package of "real coffee" that my brother, John, sent to you." "Oh now, he didn't really think of me? Why where did he get it?" She was so pleased that she did not know which to do, cry or laugh, but as she was of a jolly nature, she did the latter and a right merry laugh it was for John Gill knew he could not please his old friend more than to send her a package of "real coffee." Now that everybody had to use so many substitutes, real coffee was a luxury not to be indulged in every day. So Mary felt gratified that her brother had been fraternal enough to have in his possession something that just pleased his old lady friend so well.

She was so much pleased to think that her favorite John Gill remembered her so kindly. So telling Mary "over and over" again to thank "my dear boy for me," she did not forget that Mary had not told her "where he got it from." Mary soon gratified the old lady's curiosity (and she had her share of it.) By telling her some of the soldiers had captured two or three commissary wagons from the British, and the officers had kindly (pg. 36) given her brother some of the good things. After hearing this much, her curiosity was roused up and poor Mary felt almost like her patience was fast leaving her, for Mrs. Kelsey, though a very kind hearted woman, could make herself very disagreeable by her endless curiosity. She found out all she could about the capture of the coffee, then that started her, and she asked Mary the closest questions concerning herself and Col. Mills.

Mary began to feel real vexed at some of the close questions this prying old woman asked her until at last in perfect desperation she said, "Oh Mrs. Kelsey, I want some water so bad." At once the old lady was ready and willing to wait upon her young friend. So she snatched up a white china pitcher that was there to serve any guest with drinking water and rushed out with {alacrity} to get some fresh cool water for the young guest.

By the time she had gotten back, Mary was getting over the feeling of annoyance, and she gratefully drank a glass of the cool refreshing water. After seeing that everything was in the rooms to add to the comfort of Mary Gill, she said, "Now, Mary, you lie down on this lounge," pointing to a pretty {oavued} lounge in the corner of the room. She hurried out then, but soon put her head inside the door to tell Mary not to hurry out for she would come in time to call her for supper. "Just lie down now, honey and rest your dear self. I will call you in time for supper." Mary was so tired that the offered rest was quite a {bvon} to her aching head, so thanking the old lady, she drew off her jacket. She had already taken off her hat so she threw both on the bed and at once went to the lounge with it bright red chianti covering, and soon she was enjoying the much needed rest that her poor tired limbs and had head had gone

without now for four days. Traveling in those days meant some thing hard and trying both on man and beast.

Mr. Kelsey had gone out of the gate after escorting Mary and Old Moll to the house. He was in search of some missing hogs that he was afraid the British would see and capture, in their wandering through the country gathering up forage and provisions for their men. He was fortunate enough however to find the hogs a short distance from the house so he soon returned driving these fat hogs to his lot (pg. 37). After driving them all in, he saw that the gate was securely fastened, then turned to go into the yard leading to the house saying to himself, "Well by my faith, they didn't get my pigs this time. Darn them Niggers, they will not shut a gate," so saying he went into the kitchen. There he found his busy wife and the stout Negro girl busy preparing a very tempting supper for their young visitor.

As he came round to the dark side of the tidy little cook room, he {started} as he saw Old Moll seated in a chair with her head drooped or hanging off to one side of the {made} chair she was invited to take a seat on. When she was asked first into the kitchen, she had scarcely taken her seat than she was so completely over come by the long journey she had taken, that soon the stout Negro girl (Sallie) was grinning and showing her snowy white teeth, for at first the girl was frightened as the queer unearthly sound that issued from the corner in which Old Moll was seated. Tip-toeing up to the old woman, she found that the queer sound she heard was caused by the old woman breathing. She was sleeping as only the jaded traveler can. So satisfying her self that it was nothing to run from, she went back {to} the table and commenced to heat up the butter her mistress had left to have beaten by the time she returned.

Just as she reached the table, her mistress returned to the kitchen carrying a pitcher of rich cream and some other things for the supper. As she entered the kitchen, she looked startled just then the most unearthly chocking sound came from the corner, just as though one was being chocked to death. With one wild scream, the old lady dashed out of the kitchen and started for the large bell that hung out-side the kitchen door, but just before she caught the rope that hung suspended to ring in case of any danger threatened the farm, the girl caught her mistress by the arm, but she was so convulsed with laughter that even then she could not explain what she knew had frightened her "Old Miss" until the old lady now thoroughly aroused, brought (pg. 38) the girl a smart blow on the cheek, which must have jarred the white teeth of the Negro. Mrs. Kelsey, mean time, turned on her, freely calling her a "low down hussy."

At last Sallie half crying and still not withstanding the blow ready to laugh in her "Old Miss" but thinking it better to inform her, she tried to steady her voice, "Dat noice you heard in de kitchen, is dat old woman what camed here with de young lady what bringed dem old saddle bags." At this speech, Mrs. Kelsey realized that it was the old woman snoring and feeling provoked with herself for being so easily frightened, now took her displeasure out on the unfortunate girl, by giving her another sound slap and ordering her into the kitchen to her work. She soon followed and for the life of her she could not keep from smiling as one snort after another came from the corner, louder and louder the terrible chocking sound came until

at last old Mrs. Kelsey looked in the direction of the corner and exclaimed, "My God, the old devil will chock to death if she keeps this wild cat noise up." The colored girl, taking courage from this speech of her old mistress, ventured to say, "she sound like de debil." "I think Sallie," said her mistress, "bring the nose spray I have on the table in my room, and lets spray her with come {campl----}. The girl, eager now for the fun of spraying the sleeping old Negro, ran in haste to get the spray bottle and came back with a grin on her good natured face. Her old mistress took it and went into the dark corner and told the girl to hold the candle so she could see the "pool ole devil." As soon as the girl brought the light, Mrs. Kelsey busted into laughter she could not control and laughed until she had to sit on a chair to keep from falling. Old Moll certainly presented an awful picture. Her mouth was extended to its fullest capacity. She really presented a very "scarecrow appearance," as they held the candle, but she also excited the pity of kind hearted old Mrs. Kelsey, for she said, "Take the light away, Sallie. { } old creature. Let her snore to her hearts content."

So saying, she aroused and busied herself about performing her supper. She called to Sallie now to go "set the table for supper" in a voice (pg. 39) that Sallie knew now "all fun" was over with her "Old Miss."

She at once obeyed and soon had the snowy table cloth on the table and plates laid for three. Mrs. Kelsey now came bursting into the dining room her face very red from the heat. She had been over in "frying fritters" for supper to be eaten with the delicious honey she had taken from the bee gum that morning. She went to her closet and got a large glass stand in which she had put a nice quantity of the beautiful strained syrup on the homey. It certainly looked very tempting. So placing it on the table with real house wife pride, the old lady then returned to the kitchen to find Mr. Kelsey holding his sides to keep from busting, so convulsed with laughter was he at "Old Moll's" terrific snoring. For she was still holding forth and had never ceased throughout the whole time of preplanned supper. So when Mrs. Kelsey saw her husband was so amused at what had been a great annoyance to her while being heated up over the fire, her patience could hold in no longer. "Thomas Kelsey, don't make a fool of yourself." Her sharp words had no effect upon her husband's idea of the ridiculous. So he just laughed the louder, and at every out-burst or snort from Old Moll, the more he became tickled for he saw how perfectly furious his "better half" was becoming. At last his merriment was completely exhausted, and he said in a gay voice, "Oh Nancy, what a fine serenade you have had while sweating over the fritters." Indignantly, his wife swept past him and went out of the kitchen thinking what "a fool" her old man could make of himself at times, but with a softened look she thought he was a very "dear old fool". She decided it was time to go and "call Mary Gill," as supper was ready to be placed on the table.

As she knocked at the door and receiving no answer, she went into the room at once, not a sound did she hear, and as it was too dark for her to distinguish any objects in the room, she went to the little dresser and struck a match and lit a wax candle. She held the light up so she could see, and seeing (pg. 40) Mary lying so still, she grew alarmed and took the light and went straight to the lounge where she found that the poor girl, like her "old companion" was completely over come with sleep, but unlike the old woman, she was scarcely breathing. So

pale did she look that Mrs. Kelsey felt anxious and called her husband, who she had heard come into the next room. "Come here, my dear, quick." He came busting into the room, "thinking he did not know what "to think." Mrs. Kelsey's shrill voice had aroused Mary. She started up and rubbed her eyes, in a dazed state, and said, "Oh, I did not know where I was." Seeing that Mary was alright, the "old man" left the room, feeling sure that his wife could attend to Mary's wants much better than he could.

So she could, for she at once poured out some water in a large basin, and said, "Now Mary, you just bath your face and comb your hair, and you will feel like eating some supper. I was scared most out of my life when I came in here. You looked so pale and did not seem to be even breathing, much less snoring." Seeing that Mary had not fully aroused from her deep sleep to feel like chatting, Mrs. Kelsey told her of the "awful serenade" Old Moll had given her while preparing supper, and Mary, although feeling very blue could not resist a hardy laugh over "Old Moll's" giving Mrs. Kelsey a scare. She now had to bath her face in the nice cold water and felt very much refreshed. She went to the little dresser, and took down her hair. Mrs. Kelsey was a great admirer of pretty hair (always having to wear a fake braid herself). So when Mary let fall her long full suit of jet black hair, Mrs. Kelsey could not resist running up to her and catching the hair she admired so much in her hands. "Oh, Mary, you have such handsome hair. No wonder Jack Mills has fallen in love with you."

Mary turned away without a word and began to arrange her hair, saying "Don't let me keep your supper waiting." Mrs. Kelsey saw in a moment that she had struck the "wrong key" and going next to the door she said rather stiffly, "Well, Mary, I will go and have supper put on the table. You can come when you get ready," leaving the room before Mary (pg. 41) could answer. Mary thinking of what had happened, thought to herself that perhaps she had treated the "old lady" a little bit rudely in not noticing her allusion to John Mills, falling in love with her on account of her abundant head of hair and of not even thanking the old lady for complimenting her hair. She really was vexed with herself for not being more polite.

Mary Gill was one of the most straight forward girls never given to flattering other people. She thanked no one to flatter her. She would not stoop to tell people nice things that she in her own heart knew she did not believe of the person. Consequently she had few friends among the girls of her acquaintance, only among the very sensible older ladies was she a favorite. The men all liked and admired Mary Gill because they recognized in her many noble traits of character that few girls of her age possessed and the younger men felt easy in her company because they knew she did not expect them to entertain her with complements and silly speeches about things that would not in the least interest her. She only had one intimate friend in whom she confided, and that was a cousin of hers {Sally or Polly} Gill {folly Polly}, who in disposition and looks was so like her cousin Mary Gill that people in their neighborhood called them the "twin cousins." (Several lines crossed out with a note on the side, a mistake in name.)

Mrs. Kelsey, I guess will not be so willing to excuse us though as we have no doubt kept her waiting so long that her "steaming fritters are about dried up." How ever we will see that Mary

has her head combed, and will now hurry with her into Mrs. Kelsey's neat dining room. She was escorted into the table by Mr. Kelsey, and Mrs. Kelsey said in her most welcome tone, "Now Mary dear, you just sit right here next to me. For I know, child, you are hungry and want a good cup of tea." Mary seated herself and determined to make amends for her seeming indigence in the bed room, so thanking (pg. 42) Mrs. Kelsey in her most gracious manner said, "I expect you think I am an ungrateful girl, Mrs. Kelsey, but you will please excuse me. My mind has been in such a chaos ever since I left home that I am afraid I am making my self unpleasant to my friends."

This was enough for the old lady who really did feel hurt at the cold way in which Mary had treated her "little pleasantries" in the room. She reached over and patted Mary on the shoulder and said very kindly, "Never mind, Honey, it's all right now. You just eat your supper now," and with a sweet smile of pleasure on her rosy old face she began pouring out the tea, and handing Mary a dainty little china cup of tea, she said, "Thomas drinks milk for his supper. He says tea keeps him awake. So as he likes to get a good night's rest, he don't drink tea." Mr. Kelsey here looked at Mary with a mischievous twinkle in his small blue eyes and said, "Mary, I think "Old Moll" must have been treated to some mighty "fine drinks" while she was in camp, for she is still serenading Sallie in the kitchen." Mary laughed and said, "No, she did not think she had been set up to many drinks in camp," but she related the scene she had had of "Old Moll" nearly being thrown by the mule Gen. Marion had "kindly given her for the old woman to ride home on." Mary's descriptive powers were good and by the time she had finished telling her old friends of what a ridiculous figure her "old companion" {cut bate}, Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey were so overcome with mirth, that the tears ran down their old cheeks, until they both had to use their handkerchiefs to mop the moisture from their faces. Their laughing caused Sallie "from curiosity" to open the door leading into the dining room from the kitchen. No sooner was the door open than a sound of a "wild beast burst in upon the party seated at the table." Mr. Kelsey knowing at once it came from the same cause of the merriment, said in a chuckling voice, "Close that door Sallie. Mary," he said, "I have laughed at the "old Nigger" of yours "snoring" until I am sore all over. Does she always snore that kind of way?" Mary laughed and said "Yes sir, I can remember when I was a child how she always frightened (pg. 43) when she would go to sleep." They had all finished supper by this time, and Mrs. Kelsey told her old man to take Mary into the sitting room, and keep her company until she would get through with "her working out there." So Mr. Kelsey was willing to be gallant to the ladies, opened the door for Mary to pass out into the hall, then went ahead to open the sitting room door. Mary was struck with the air of comfort that {forevailed} in the tidy room. The fire place was quite a large one and the quaint old andirons were polished as bright as could be while the bright homemade carpet liked the comfort that a carpet always give a room on a cold winter night. An old fashion "great clock" stood in one corner and kept the time with all regularity.

Mr. Kelsey drew up a comfortable low rocking chair that his wife was very particular to for Mary to be seated on, but she being a tall girl liked a "high straight chair." She had never been accustomed to such ease, as having rocking chairs at her home. Seeing that she preferred the "straight chair," Mr. Kelsey then walked across and got his huge pipe, saying Mary, "I guess you

don't object to me smoking." She told him she did not. So seating himself on a comfortable leather chair, for this old man liked "ease and comfort," he lit his pipe, and began to puff with an air of real enjoyment of this luxury, and now facing Mary, he said, "Well Mary, tell me something about the soldier boys and how they are doing." Mary told him all she had seen and heard of the expected skirmish that was to take place on the "morrow" and they stopped off talking and the old man sighed, and said in a sad voice, "Oh, I would to God this war was over. Mary, my boy is now in the hospital in Charleston wounded, not seriously. The Col. wrote us, but I will go to him on tomorrow, for I am more anxious about my son that I care to let the "old woman" know. Our other sons are with Gen. Thomas Sumter, where ever (pg. 44) he is, but I don't know." Mary told him she thought Marion was to join Gen. Sumter the next day, so the old man knew then that his eldest sons were likely to be in danger, too, of being wounded or perhaps killed.

He looked so dejected that Mary could scarcely realize that he was the same merry old man of a half hour ago. He, with an effort tried to shake off his gloomy feeling, and said in a low tone to Mary, "Please don't tell the old woman about this expected battle of tomorrow." Mary nodded her head and he added, "My wife is subject to heart trouble, and should she hear of this new trouble, she, I fear would not be well enough for me to leave her to go to "any wounded son" in Charleston." Mary quietly said, "You will journey a little of the way with me then." "No," he said, "that would be going out of my way." "Well," she said, "you can't go direct for the British have taken possession of the road you would have gone." He said, "So ho'....the Redcoats are there are they?" Just here Mrs. Kelsey entered the room and all allusion to the Army was dropped, and Mary noticed how old Mr. Kelsey tried to be gay to hide his real feeling of anxiety from his wife.

When the tall clock struck ten, Mrs. Kelsey, who had been showing Mary with much pride the socks she had knit, now said, "Well, dear, you have a long journey ahead of you and so has Thomas, as he is going to Charleston to see about William, who is wounded, but I know it is nothing serious, so his Col. wrote us," and with a smiling face she lit a candle to see if all was in order for Mary Gill to go into her room. As she went out, the old man said in a gentle voice, "You see how it is with her. She does not realize what a terror war is." Mary felt a real sorrow for this old man, bearing all of his anxiety alone rather than excite his wife with his fears. Mary really felt a deeper respect for him than she had ever felt before.

Mrs. Kelsey here came to tell her that her room was in readiness, and that she would hold the light until she would "cross the hall" to her room. Mary arose to leave the room, but stopped and asked Mrs. Kelsey if her old companion was still asleep. Mrs. Kelsey said, "Oh she (pg. 45) is alright. I gave her a cup of coffee and made Sallie show her where she was to sleep, "so she hobbled off to sleep all night", I hope." Mary now turning said, "Good night" to Mr. Kelsey in a very kind tone, for she had a deep sympathy for this old man, since she saw how bravely he bore his sorrow all by himself. As she passed Mrs. Kelsey, the old lady reached up to kiss her young guest a pleasant "Good Night." The girl kissed the old lady and was soon in the cozy little room that had been assigned to her by her old friend. It did not take her long to undress and

after kneeling at the bedside, she sent a "humble prayer" up to her Heavenly Father asking His loving care of those near and dear to her.

She arose feeling better since praying, put her little wax candle out, and got into the nice clean bed where she was soon asleep, and did not awaken until Mr. Kelsey was ringing his big farm bell to call his working men up.

She sprang out of bed and was soon ready to go out into the sitting room, where a good fire was burning, making everything look so cheerful by its warm glow.

Mrs. Kelsey soon came in and said, "Come into breakfast, Mary. The old man is in "hot water" to get started on his trip to Charleston. He says you want to make an early start, too, so he has had Old Moll up a long time, and some are things she has been telling him in the kitchen about them soldiers. Thomas has had his fun again this morning. He will not forget Old Moll soon."

Mr. Kelsey here called out, "Do come on to breakfast. Nancy, when you get to chatting, you forget how time flies. Mary and I ought to be on our way." "Well, well, Thomas, you shall have your breakfast this blessed minute." So they all sat down and soon the early breakfast was {dispatched}. None felt like eating although Mrs. Kelsey had tried her best on the egg omelet. She insisted on Mary taking this and that, but Mary had no appetite. So much to the disappointment of the old lady, none of her nicely prepared breakfast was scarcely touched.

Mr. Kelsey and Mary got up hurriedly from the table (pg. 46) saying they must be going. This thoughtful old housewife had fixed up a nice lunch for both her husband and Mary, and calling to Sallie, to bring out Miss Mary's "saddle bags," she crammed the lunch into one side. Then sent her girl to get Mr. Kelsey's nice rubber traveling bags, which made Mary's old saddle bags look worse than ever in comparison, with these neatly finished ones of Mr. Kelsey's. Mrs. Kelsey took no notice of this however, and stuffed all she could in both sets of traveling bags, that she could possibly get crammed in.

Sallie however looked the {contempt} she felt for these "old poor folks looking bags." Old Moll ever alive to any insult offered her "white folks" had seen the girl when she brought her own master's neat bags in and "look and grin at Mary's old ones."

So as soon as Mrs. Kelsey left, then loud Old Moll bristled up to the girl and said, "You is one sassy gal. I just like to gib you one good beating afore I leave here." Sallie tossed her head and left the room far from the savage way the "old Negro" looked at her. Sallie thought she might take a notion to beat her anyway so she thought she would leave this "old debil" to her own reflections.

Mr. Kelsey, Mary, and Mrs. Kelsey were now assembled on the front porch and the man who attended to the house, now came round leading a fine spirited mare, Mr. Kelsey's favorite riding horse, and another boy came leading Mary's horse "Spot" and the fine mule.

Mr. Kelsey now kissing his dear wife "good bye" and telling her what to do about "this and that" went down the steps, and called to the boy to come and get the traveling bags. As the boy lifted up Mary's "old bags", he caught Sallie's mischievous eye, and he grinned until Old Moll, who was on the alert now from the former "tiff" with Sallie "glaring at the two young debils" as she growled out in a savage undertone.

Mary was this time bidding Mrs. Kelsey farewell, and thanking her in her most grateful manner for her kindness to her. The old lady brushed the tears from her eyes and said, "Oh, child, I did nothing to be thanked for."

Mr. Kelsey now helped Mary to mount the mule, and the Negro boy who had excited Old Moll's "ire" now led up "Spot" for the old woman to mount. He had a (pg. 47) grin still on his face, that made the old woman still madder. She snatched the bridal out of his hand, and said, "Get away, Nigger. I git on horses fore you was borned." So saying she sprung on the horse's back with the activity of "a monkey."

There was a general laugh at the old woman's expense, but little did she care for their laughing at her, now that she was safely mounted on her young mistress pony. As the little party was now all mounted, Mr. Kelsey, in a cheerful voice said, "Forward charge the enemy!" So with a kiss of his gloved hand to his wife, they started down the lane, Old Moll bringing up the rear. As she happened to look over her shoulder, she saw Sallie and the Negro boy pointing at her and laughing, "fit to burst." She turned "Spot" so she could face them, and shook her fist furiously at the two young "debils" as she called them.

Mrs. Kelsey ever of a helpful nature, now turned and calling to Sallie to come straight into the house to her work. She said, "Well now that Thomas will be away this week, I will have some of these dirty floors scrubbed. So run, Sallie, and tell your Ma she is to help me in the house this week."

So we will now leave this good old housewife to clean her house, and we will follow the little riding party. {Mr. Kelsey} finding that he would have to go some distance out of his way as "the near route was blocked up by the enemy." He traveled along some distance with Mary and Old Moll. At midday, Mr. Kelsey proposed they come to a halt. Mary agreed. So under a large oak, they rested and enjoyed the "nice lunch" Mrs. Kelsey had so thoughtfully fixed up for them. As they were pretty near a small cabin, Mary told Moll to go and see if she could get them some water. Old Moll gladly went, as she was mighty dry for water herself. Soon she returned with a pitcher of cool water. Just back of her came the owner of the "humble little cabin." He was a rough looking man with "deer skin cap" on his head, his hair was of a redish color and his bushy red beard was ugly to look upon. Mary really felt a fear come over her, (pg. 48) when he boldly stepped up to them without any ceremony and looking first at timid little Mr. Kelsey, then turned his blared eyes on Mary with such a blink, that Mary though a brave girl, felt a shiver creep over her. After looking at the stranger until he was fully satisfied, ignoring Mr. Kelsey's polite, " Good Morning. We are much obliged to you for the water." The man said gruffly, "Whar is ye goine ter." Mr. Kelsey moved nearer to Mary for he was beginning to feel nervous

over the "savage looking man". The man noticed the look of uneasiness on the travelers faces and said even more gruffly, "What the ____ are you afraid of me for, I an't gwine to eat yull."

Mary here spoke for the first time, and the cold determined voice she answered, "I am going to my home with that old woman for my companion." Pointing at Mr. Kelsey, "This gentleman is on his way to Charleston." "Oh he is, is he?" laughing scornfully. Mary drank some water, gave Mr. Kelsey some, and then filled the glass mug and offered it to Old Moll. As soon as she drank, Mary threw the remainder of the water out, and walking up to the man said, "You don't treat strangers with much politeness," and handed him the "dirty pitcher."

Mr. Kelsey seeing he had Mary to back him said, "No sir, you are not polite." "Wall you old "milk {sop}, you just put your hand in your jeans and pay me for "my water". Quick I say." On seeing Mr. Kelsey moving off instead of doing as he told him, Mary here interfered and said, "Now, man, listen. We will pay you for the water. Your so mean by charge us for, but then you take "yourself away" from here as fast as you can go. " They were on the public road and the man knew they had no more right to it than himself so he just sneered at her, "Oh, I {rlcass} I will leave when I git ready, Miss." Mr. Kelsey now thoughtfully alarmed handed the man a silver dollar. As soon as the ugly wretch saw the money, he snatched at it, and said, "Well, I recon this will kinder pay me far my trouble," and walked away, never looking back to see what had become of the travelers.

He had hardly left them before Mr. Kelsey mounted his horse, and calling to Mary to mount her mule. Mary needed no second bidding, and Old Moll (pg. 49) was already on "Spot". Mary was safely packing the remainder of the lunch into her saddle bags. She had not allowed Mr. Kelsey to take his out, as he had so much longer journey to make than she and Old Moll. Mr. Kelsey turning restlessly in his saddle said impatiently, "Do for God sake come on, Mary dear. That man has made me feel like a coward." Mary now came riding up beside him and laughing good naturally said, "Well now, Mr. Kelsey, we will have a race." So saying, she gave her mule a sharp crack with her riding whip and away she went.

Mr. Kelsey, as he saw Mary flying down the road, now got his courage up and giving his spirited horse a tap, he went after Mary. Old Moll, not to be "outdone" came tearing after them in the most "approved style" of a jockey riding. At this rate soon brought them to the point where Mr. Kelsey would have to leave them. So as they here came to a halt, Mary said, "Goodbye, Mr. Kelsey. I hope you will find your son out of danger when you reach Charleston." Thanking her for her good wishes, the old man seemed real sorry he had to part company with this "brave girl." But as he said, "Mary, the best of friends have to part." He shook hands with a hearty "God Bless you, my girl," and called out to Old Moll, "Goodbye old serenader."

He road off at a brisk trot down the road and was soon out of sight. "Now Mammy, we must travel hard to get to the Wood house by night." So at a steady trot these two unlike each other jogged along the lonely public road.

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EMANUEL EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CHESTER DISTRICT

Contributed by Brent H. Holcomb,
editor of the *South Carolina Magazine of Ancestral Research*

This church is now extinct. It existed from 1843 to about 1854. An article about its beginning appeared in the *Charleston Gospel Messenger* (the Episcopal publication for South Carolina) on pages 57-58 of the May 1847 issue. This article is reproduced below. The marriage and death notices from this publication are being published in the *South Carolina Magazine of Ancestral Research* (see www.scmr.com).

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Missionary Lecture at St. Stephen's Chapel. – That for April was by the Assistant Minister of St. Paul's Radcliffeboro'. His subject the obligation of endeavors to convert out relatives, friends and neighbors. The "state of Missions" at home and abroad "was briefly reviewed by the Bishop, who read extracts from "the Spirit of Missions."

Special Ordination. – On the 9th April, at St. Philip's Church, Charleston, William Bell White Howe, was admitted to the holy Order of Deacons presented by the Rev. C. Wallace, Rector of St. John's Berkley, who also preached the Sermon.

Thanksgiving and Prayer-Day. – This day appointed in reference to late victories—was observed by all of the Churches in the city. The following was the Bishop's "Circular."

To the Presbyters and Deacons of the Diocese of South-Carolina:

Beloved In The Lord. – Your attention is invited to the following Order of Services for *Thursday*, the 6th of May next, the "*Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer*," appointed by "the Civil Authority" of our State.

I remain with respect and regard, yours in "one Ministry."

C. E. Gadsden, *Bishop of the Diocese.*

Georgetown, April 27th, 1847.

Order of Services. – The 7th Selection of Psalms.

First Lesson. –

2 Chronicles, Chapter xv. *Second Lesson.* – Matthew, Chapter xviii. From verse 21 to the end. Prayer for “Time of War,” inserting after the word “Victory,” these words—“*And grant that the blessings of Peace may be restored to us, and to all Nations.*” *Thanksgiving* for deliverance from enemies.” *Collect.* – That for the 5th Sunday after Trinity. *Epistle.* – 1 Peter iii. Chapter, verses 8 to 13 inclusive. *Gospel.* – Matthew v. Chapter, verses 1 to 9 inclusive.

Consecration of “Emanuel Church” Landsford, Chester District. – Morning prayer was read by Rev. Mr. J. Obear; the Lessons and the Sentence of Consecration by the Rector, Rev. R. S. Seely, the Ante-Communion and the Sermon, by the Bishop.

The Church is a simple, neat building on an elevated spot about 6 miles from the Ford over the Catawba river, called Landsford, and 16 from the Court-house at Chesterville. It is 40 by 30 feet, ceiled, and raised from the ground by about 3 feet on granite pillars, and is capable of accommodating more than 200 persons. Its cost was about \$400, and is quite creditable to those have designed and executed it. Not rich in earthly treasure, they have thus given some evidence that they are not without faith, and not unmindful of “those things which are not seen but eternal.” The following was the Sentence of Consecration.

Whereas, in the year of our Lord, 1843, the “Ecclesiastical authority” of the Diocese of South-Carolina instituted a Mission in the Districts of York and Chester; the means for supporting it being provided by that pious and charitable association, “the P. E. Society for the Advancement of Christianity in South-Carolina,” occasional services having been held in the year 1839, by the Rev. C. Wallace, a Missionary of the same Society. *And Whereas*, by the blessing of God on the faithful labors of the Missionary, the Rev. Robert D. Shindler, a congregation was gathered, organized by the election of Vestry and Wardens, and in the year 1844, duly admitted into union with the Convention of the Church in this Diocese. *And Whereas*, chiefly by the efforts of the Missionary, seconded by the liberality of the members of the Congregation, and of their brethren and friends in other parishes of this Diocese, there has been erected this building, plain and small, but corresponding with the condition of the worshippers, and well adapted for sacred purposes, which at this time has been consecrated, the Bishop, being assisted in the solemn services by the Rev. Josiah Obear, and by the Rector, the Rev. Richard S. Seely; the Rev. R. D. Shindler having resigned the charge and being now the Rector of St. Matthew’s Parish.

Now therefore, be it known, that from and after this 16th day of April in the year of our Lord, 1847, the date of the said Consecration this house at Landsford in Chester district, under the name of “Emanuel Church” is to be set apart from all worldly uses whatever, and used exclusively for Prayer, the holy Sacraments, and

Ordinances, and instruction in the word of God, by the reading of the same; by Sermons and Lectures, and by catechizing in conformity to the standards and customs of “the Protestant Episcopal Church” in South-Carolina, in the United States of America.

Given under my hand, on the day, in the year, and at the place above written.

Christopher E. Gadsden,

Bishop of the Diocese of S. C.

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the P. E. Church. – The “Spirit of Missions” for April informs us as to Missions—viz:

Georgia. – “The prospects of the Church in this part of Georgia (Cass and Floyd counties) were never so flattering as at present, and it is with deep sorrow that I leave a Church the foundations of which were laid by my own labors. I once expected to labor in this field many years, but God seems to have ordained differently. A local cause of ill health, the lime-stone water of this country, prevents all hopes of ever being able to return.”

Mississippi. – “It may be proper to mention, that many Prayer-Books have been sold or given away, and that about 23,000 pages of Tracts have been distributed. By all these means, and by conversations, and by circulating sound Church books, your Missionary trusts that some good seed has been sown.” . . . “Here, as elsewhere, the Church of God meets wit no small opposition. On the right hand and on the left she is assailed bitterly; but we faint not, the ark will quietly and securely ride the waves until she arrives at length into the holy haven of rest. May the Lord soon deliver us from all “our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers,” and hasten the time when “all who profess and call themselves Christians,” shall “hold *the faith* in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and righteousness of life.”

Joseph Wylie Obituary

Date: Tuesday, July 3, 1900

Paper: Charleston News and Courier (Charleston, SC); Page: 2

Serious Loss to Chester

Death of the Venerable Joseph Wylie, who Endowed Erskine Theological Seminary and Made Other Generous Gifts to Public and Educational Causes

Chester, S. C., July 2 – Special: Again Chester is called upon to mourn the death of one of her oldest, best and most highly respected citizens. Joseph Wylie is dead. He passed to his eternal reward this morning, surrounded by his faithful servants, his loving niece and a circle of his closest friends and businesses associates. He was 77 years of age, and today closes a life that was full of hard work, industry and many noble, patriotic, benevolent deeds. Mr. Wylie was born in York County and at the age of 12 years he came to Lewisville, Chester County, where he first embarked in his chosen vocation that of merchandise. After clerking a number of years he went into business under the firm name of Wylie & Moffat. Several years later the name of the firm was changed to Wylie & Roddy. Just after the war, having passed through the Confederacy as a private, he came to Chester and entered business with Capt. Roddy, now of Rock Hill, and Capt. John L. Agurs, of this city. This firm was soon changed to Wylie & Agurs and in 1885 it was again changed to the present firm of Joseph Wylie & Co. This firm has done a most prosperous business since under the guidance of Mr. Wylie's wise and conservative direction. In 1890, largely under his influence, the Exchange Bank was organized and he was at once placed at its head as president, which position he held until death.

Mr. Wylie was a most successful business man, amassing in his life time a fortune amounting to over \$100,000. Of late he has been most liberal with his worldly goods. The public will remember his magnificent gift some years ago of \$8,000 to Erskine Theological Seminary. Shortly after this he gave \$7,500 to be used in building a dormitory at Erskine College. This work is now completed and stands as a handsome monument to the generous donor.

He had always contributed liberally to the endowment fund of this institution as well to all charitable objects within his reach.

In 1897, when the A. R. P. congregation of this city decided to build a new church, Mr. Wylie presented them with a most suitable site and contributed most liberally to the building fund. Not only has his immediate religious sect felt the blessings of his generous heart, but the city of his home has always received its full share of his generosity. Only two years ago he presented Chester with a beautiful property for a public park. This park bears his name as also does the new Wylie Mill, of which he was a large stockholder. Joseph Wylie was a citizen whose death the whole State may mourn. His influence for good and his noble deeds were felt in other sections of the State besides Chester County. His remains were interred in Evergreen Cemetery this afternoon, the funeral services being held from the A. R. P. Church, of which he was a

devout member. The active pallbearers were John G. White, John R. Alexander, J. S. Colvin, R. R. Hafner, Joseph Lindsay, C. B. Betts, G. B. White and Joseph Walker.

Honorary: James Hemphill, John L. Agurs, Wm. Lindsay, J. M. Fudge, J. K. Henry, S. W. Pryor, J. J. McLure, J. T. Bingham, J. K. Glenn, R. A. Love, S. B. Latham, John C. McFadden, B. M. Spratt and W. H. Hardin.

All Business houses closed today at 12 noon out of respect of the memory of the beloved deceased.

A. M. A.

Parents and Siblings of Joseph A. Wylie

THOMAS³ WYLIE (*WILLIAM², WILLIAM¹*) was born Aug 1780 in Chester County, South Carolina, and died Aug 21, 1869 in York County, South Carolina. He married NANCY J BIGHAM 1809, daughter of JOHN BIGHAM and MARY GRIER. She was born 1792 in Steele Creek, Mecklenburg, NC, and died Aug 19, 1872 in York County, South Carolina.

Children of THOMAS WYLIE and NANCY J. BIGHAM are:

- i. MARY GRIER⁴ WYLIE, b. May 04, 1810, York County, South Carolina; d. Apr 16, 1892, South Carolina; m. JOHN 'SQUIRE' RODDEY, Apr 16, 1829, South Carolina; b. Nov 01, 1805, York County, South Carolina; d. Jun 25, 1860, South Carolina.
- ii. MARGARET BARRY WYLIE, b. Apr 03, 1812, York County, South Carolina; d. Dec 22, 1849, South Carolina; m. JAMES HARVEY WHITESIDE SR., South Carolina; b. May 31, 1810, York County, South Carolina; d. Mar 17, 1874, South Carolina.
- iii. ELIZABETH ANN WYLIE, b. Nov 08, 1814, Rock Hill, York County, South Carolina; d. Jan 13, 1892, South Carolina; m. WILLIAM B WYLIE, Jun 18, 1841, South Carolina; b. Sep 19, 1811, Chester County, South Carolina; d. Feb 02, 1889, South Carolina.
- iv. SAMUEL WYLIE, b. Feb 23, 1817, Chester County, South Carolina; d. May 24, 1890, Neely's Creek, York County, South Carolina; m. MARY ANN ALLEN; b. Aug 31, 1817, Kershaw County, South Carolina; d. Aug 17, 1899.
- v. JOHN CLARKSON WYLIE, b. Feb 24, 1821, York County, South Carolina; d. Sep 03, 1829, South Carolina.
- vi. JOSEPH A WYLIE, b. Feb 11, 1824, York County, South Carolina; d. Jul 02, 1900, Chester County, South Carolina; m. MARTHA MARY MILLEN; b. Mar 20, 1829, South Carolina; d. Apr 16, 1897, South Carolina.
- vii. SUSAN JANE WYLIE, b. Nov 13, 1826, York County, South Carolina; d. Feb 11, 1908, Lesslie, York County, South Carolina; m. DAVID TAYLOR LESSLIE, Dec 20, 1849, South Carolina; b. Feb 05, 1828, Lancaster County, South Carolina; d. Oct 29, 1903, Lesslie, York County, South Carolina.
- viii. WILLIAM WYLIE, b. Mar 17, 1829, York County, South Carolina; d. Dec 03, 1844, South Carolina.
- ix. NANCY CAROLINE WYLIE, b. Mar 20, 1832, York County, South Carolina; d. May 24, 1900, South Carolina; m. JOHN THOMAS BOYD, Feb 14, 1860, York County, South Carolina; b. Feb 27, 1828, Fairfield County, South Carolina; d. Dec 08, 1899, York County, South Carolina.

Erskine Given Fifteen Thousand. Joseph Wylie of Chester the Donor.
Associated Reformed Presbyterian Synod
Date: Friday, October 22, 1897 - Paper: State (Columbia, SC); Page: 1

ERSKINE GIVEN FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

**Joseph Wylie of Chester the Donor.
Associated Reformed Pres-
byterian Synod.**

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 21.--The synod of the Associated Reformed Presbyterian church met at Belfast this morning with Rev. James L. Young of Monticello, Ark., moderator; Rev. James Boyce, Huntersville, N. C., stated clerk; Rev. E. P. McClintock, Newberry, S. C., second clerk, and A. G. Brice, Chester, S. C., treasurer.

Rev. G. G. Boyce delivered the opening sermon. The day session was devoted to reading and referring papers to the standing committees. The session tonight was devoted to a conference on the educational work of the church. Addresses were made by Prof. Wm. Hood, Bartow, Fla., and Rev. T. G. Boyce. Rev. S. M. Moffatt of Chester, S. C., addressed the synod upon the consideration and prospects of Erskine college. It was announced that Jos. Wylie of Chester, S. C., had given \$15,000 to build a new dormitory at Erskine college.

Capt. O Barber Obituary
Date: Sunday, December 25, 1898
Paper: Charleston News and Courier (Charleston, SC); Page: 1

Death of Capt. O Barber
Chester County Loses a Leading Citizen who served the South and his State
with Fidelity in War and Peace – He was the Father of Attorney General
W. A. Barber.

Chester. December 24. – Special: News reached Chester today from Richburg that the death of Capt. Oscar [sic] [Osmond] Barber occurred at his old home there this morning. In his death Chester County loses one of her oldest, most influential and most highly esteemed citizens.

Capt. Barber was born in Fairfield County, October 24, 1830, and was therefore in the 69th year of his age. He received his education in Fairfield and Chester counties, and has lived most of his life in the village of Richburg, this county. He has been a most successful farmer and he has in his time amassed a comfortable fortune.

He was a one-time president of and a large stockholder in the Cedar Shoals Cotton Manufacturing Company, near Richburg.

He entered the war as a private and served as a brave Confederate soldier during the entire four years of the war. At the close of the war he was captain of Company B, 4th South Carolina regiment, in Gen. M. C. Butler's brigade.

He has always been a political leader in this county, doing most effective work during the Reconstruction period. He was in 1876 chairman of the county executive committee, and in 1878 was elected to the Legislature as a Representative, where he served two terms. For the past two years Capt. Barber has been a great sufferer from the effects of two strokes of paralysis. Yesterday afternoon, as was his custom he was riding over his plantation, and seemed to be free of pain and in good health.

This morning early he was suddenly summoned to his eternal reward.

He leaves two sons, a widow, brother and a large circle of relatives and friends.

One of his sons, Mr. J. Barber, is in business at Richburg, and the elder is well known all over South Carolina as Attorney General W. A. Barber.

A special train will be run down to Richburg tomorrow morning, and the funeral will be held at Old Union Church, where the remains will be interred in the Old Union Church cemetery.

A. M. A.

Mrs. Mary Barber
Date: Sunday, April 17, 1910
Paper: Charleston News and Courier (Charleston, SC); Page: 6

Mrs. Mary Barber Dead
Aged Woman of Richburg Dies in Chester Hospital

Chester. April 16. – Special: Mrs. Mary W. Barber, widow of the late Capt. Osmund Barber, of Richburg died at the Magdalene Hospital yesterday morning at 4 o'clock. She had been in failing health for about a year, but had been at the hospital for only about five weeks. The remains were taken to Richburg this morning on a special train, and the funeral services will be held at the Presbyterian Church, at Richburg, this morning by the Rev. S. R. Hope, and the body laid to rest in Union grave yard.

Mrs. Barber was sixty-nine years of age. She is survived by two sons, Ex-Attorney General Wm. A. Barber, now of New York and Mr. Jay O. Barber, of Richburg. She was one of Chester County's most prominent and lovable women, and will be missed in her community.

Mortuary Notice – Mrs. Mary Barber
Date: Saturday, April 16, 1910
Paper: State (Columbia, SC); Issue: 6763; Page: 11

Special to The State.

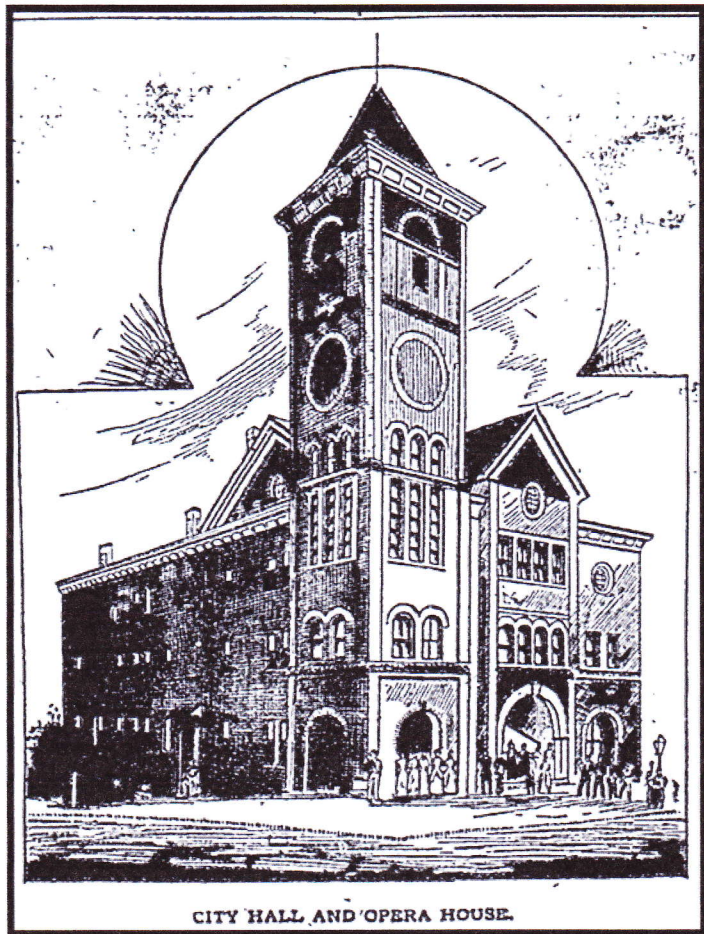
Chester, April 15 – Mrs. Mary Barber of Richburg, widow of the late Capt. Osmond Barber, died this morning at Magdalene hospital here, where she had been under treatment for several weeks, her health having been failing for about a year. She was 69 years of age, and is survived by two sons, Former Attorney General William A. Barber, now of New York, and Jay O. Barber of Richburg, and an only brother, J. H. Westbrook of Fort Lawn. From early life Mrs. Barber was a worthy member of the Presbyterian church. The pastor of that church Rev. S. R. Hope, will conduct funeral services tomorrow at 11 o'clock; interment in cemetery of Union A. R. P. church at Richburg.

* * * * *

CHAT FROM CHESTER

Date: Monday, April 30, 1894

Paper: Charleston News and Courier (Charleston, SC); Page: 3



Chat From Chester A Novel Trades Display and who Took Part In It

Chester, April 27. – Special: The trade display in the Opera House, last Tuesday evening gotten up by Miss Fannie McFadden, was one of the most brilliant successes ever scored by Chester talent. One hundred and forty-nine dollars clear of expenses was realized. Too much praise cannot be given to Miss McFadden for her untiring efforts to make it a success. Each firm was represented by a young lady. Among the strikingly beautiful representations were:

Miss Fannie McFadden [in Joseph Wylie & Company's dry goods store] wore a bolt of their elegant material draped into a fashionable dress without a single cut or sewed place about it.

Miss McCraw [in White & Alexander's fire insurance] was lovely wearing crimson spangled, and holding a red light in hand, [Mr. J. W. Dunovant's Catawba Mill] in blue and white.

Mrs. A. M. Aiken [in Colvin's Millinery] was strikingly pretty wearing a lovely hat, plumes, flowers and fan from that store.

Miss Becca Douglass [in the Chester Bulletin] was splendid in short pink dress and cap.

Miss Bessie Smith [from S. M. Jones clothing department] as a dude made quite a hit.

Miss Ethel Means [as the Murray Drug Company of Columbia] was unusually pretty.

Mrs. J. W. Dunovant [representing Mr. L. D. Chile's in statuary] clinging to a marble cross as Faith. This was very effective, the curtain going up three times for it.

Miss Stahn [as the Red Racket store] was very fine, with large red racket overhead and in crimson.

Misses Louise McFadden, Lucy Lookabill, Annie Hardin, Isabel Stringfellow, Bessie Walsh and Mamie Thomson were splendid in their parts.

The last scene represented the Bar of Chester. Five young ladies were artistically posed around a lyre, with quills in their hair. This was splendid.

Little Tom McLure represented the United States mail, coming out of a mail bag dressed as Uncle Sam. This brought down the house.

It is impossible to mention the sixty-five stores and their representatives for want of space, but each and all were perfectly splendid.

* * * * *

Bits and Pieces

Robert Cherry married Letitia Leach, in Ireland, in 1780. The three sons by this union were William, Jamieson, and Gregory.

This was his second marriage. By his former wife, he had two sons and one daughter. The sons were John and Robert, the daughter was Mary.

Robert Cherry came to America in 1782. He brought the son named John by first wife, also the daughter named Mary. The youngest son Robert was left in Ireland with his grandparents. This Robert never came to America, but his children came later.

Of the children by second wife, William was born in Ireland, Jamieson and Gregory were born in America.

They all settled in Chester County.

The oldest son by first wife became Col. John Cherry, and he married Anne Jamieson. They had several children. In fact large families were the rule then.

Col. John Cherry and Anne Jamieson had a daughter named Elizabeth. She married a Mr. William Westbrook.

Mr. Westbrook and Elizabeth Cherry had a daughter named Mary, and she married Capt. O. Barber.

This is written hurriedly, and I am giving only the direct line.

For instance, Mr. Westbrook and Elizabeth Cherry had another daughter named Elizabeth Jane. She married a Mr. White the first time, becoming the mother of William H. White, John James White, and Margaret Irene White. When Mr. White died, she married Mr. Wylie becoming mother of Joe B. Wylie.

Mr. Westbrook and Elizabeth Cherry had another daughter named Catherine. She married a Mr. White, becoming mother of Letitia Jane White, W. Y. White, J. G. White, T. H. White, and Matthew White. When Mr. White died, she married Mr. Blair.

~ By Jean C. Agee

Lyle Family Doctors

By Miss Willie Wee Lyle of Richburg, SC

David Lyle, M.D. was the son of David and Jane Stuart Lyles Lyle. He was born June 9, 1838, and died November 10, 1902. He married Henrietta Antoinette Strait.

He enlisted in the War Between the States on November 18, 1861. He served first as Hospital Stewart (assistant to the Surgeon) and later as a private in the ranks until the end of the War. He was in Co. A. 17th Regiment S.C.V.

After the War, he studied medicine under Dr. Henry De Vaga of Chester and graduated from the S. C. Medical College.

He began his practice in the Lewisville area, then moved to Chester about 1873, and lived where the Duke Power Company building now stands.

While in Chester he operated an infirmary. He and Henrietta moved back to the Lewisville area about 1890, where he continued his practice until his death.

Note: We have written down dates on other people, but not on our own grandfather. These "above" dates I have meant to research but never have. I do not know where the infirmary was in Chester.

Mrs. Baskins was a daughter of the late Judge Peter Wylie, of Chester County, and a sister of Dr. Richard E. Wylie of Lancaster, S.C. Dr. Alex P. Wylie, of Chester, Dr. William Wylie of Lewisville, Chester County, and Dr. DeKalb Wylie of Arkansas—son-in-law Dr. Mobley.

Sons of Peter Wylie, Judge of Ordinary, and Annie Evans Wylie:
Dr. Alexander Pearson Wylie was born in Chester County, S.C. on the 16th day of March 1816. At age 16, he became a student of medicine under his brother, Dr. Richard Wylie, who was then practicing his profession in the eastern part of Lancaster County. He entered Medical College of Charleston in 1837 and took his degree of doctor of medicine in 1839.

He joined his brother in Lancaster, but in the Fall of 1841, at the insistence of many friends, he removed to Chester, where he resided until his death, on the 17th day of November 1877. He practiced 40 years.

~ By Jean C. Agee

Gilbert M. Lafayette Strait, M. D. was a son of Jacob Fox and Isabella Wylie Strait. He was born Sept. 30, 1834, died Oct. 18, 1863 at the home of his uncle, Dr. A. P. Wylie, in Chester, S. C. and is buried in the cemetery in that town.

Lafayette Strait studied medicine under Dr. Aylette in New York where he received his degree. He distained the exemption granted to his profession, and at the beginning of the War Between The States, he went forth as Captain of the Catawba Guards, Co. A, 6th Regiment, S.C.V. Failing health in the winter of 1862 inticed him to resign his commission as Captain and accept the job of assistant surgeon of the 17th Regiment. It

was while serving in this position that he took dysentery and came home. He died two weeks later.

When the women of Lewisville had a U. D. C. Chapter, it was named for him. He never married, but he was engaged to Elizabeth Wells Baskins.

Note from J.A.: I have a history of the organization of Lafayette Strait's Company and it's reorganization after he left. I also have a copy of a letter he wrote or rather a speech of thanks for the flag donated to this company.

Thomas Jefferson Strait practiced in Lancaster and in Columbia but I have no knowledge of his practicing here. (His adopted child is buried in Union Cemetery for what that is worth.)

Dr. William Francis Strait, son of Jacob Fox and Isabella Wylie Strait was born March 6, 1854; died October 1, 1898. He was early entered upon the study of medicine, entered Medical College of Charleston in the Fall of 1874, and graduated in March 1876.

For the first fifteen years, he practiced his profession in the Lewisville area and attained a fine reputation. He then moved to Rock Hill where his son practiced and where his grandson is now practicing. He married Rosa Strait Gaston on April 23, 1891, and she lived until 1969.

~ By Jean C. Agee

* * * * *

A Ferguson Reunion???

There has been some interest in having a FERGUSON family reunion in 2015 here in the Richburg area of Chester County, SC. If you would be interested in having a reunion, please contact Richard Ferguson at:

Richard Ferguson

394 Jamback Road

Anniston, AL 36207

256.835.6459

rwfdville@cableone.net

You may also contact the Chester District Genealogical Society for information. Our email address is Research@ChesterSCGenealogy.org or you may call Debbie McMinn at 803.789.5052.

Publications Price List

1. Back issues of Bulletins: Index to Articles & Maps (104 pages) 1978-2004 \$15.00 S&H \$2.50
Bulletins 1978 – 2009: "DVD" PDF format: \$35.00
Bulletins 2010 - 2013 "DVD" PDF format: \$25.00
2. Hopewell A.R.P Church Cemetery Inscriptions, pictures, list of Elders from 1787 & brief Church history (27 pages): Paperback: \$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
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. Cemetery Inscriptions of Old Catholic Presbyterian (28 pages): Paperback: \$10.00 S&H \$2.50
7. Minutes of Old 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&H \$2.50
12. 1825 Mills Atlas of Chester County, SC (B&W): Small Size 8 ½ X 11": \$5.00 S&H \$2.50
Large Size 17" X 22": \$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: \$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: \$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: \$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
Books 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:
“DVD” PDF format: \$15.00 S&H \$2.50 Paperback Not Available.
18. Tombstone Inscriptions – Evergreen Cemetery, Chester, SC. 334 pages updated 2004.
Over 6000 names from 1841-Nov 30. 2004. Hard Back: \$25.00 S&H \$4.50 ; DVD: \$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
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24. Minutes of Richburg Presbyterian Church. “ DVD” PDF format : \$20.00 S&H \$2.50
25. Chester County SC Obituaries January 1880 – December 1899 Volume 2 (368 pages) NO INDEX
Paperback: \$35.00 S&H \$3.50 (not indexed) “ DVD” PDF format: \$35.00 S&H \$2.50
26. 1876 Fairfield County Map in Color (18”X24”) Drafted by Wm. B. Elkin: \$10.00 S&H \$3.50
27. Chester County, SC Obits 1813-Dec 1879 (misc obits from “The State” 1891-1899 & 1921-1922:
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28. Bethel Presbyterian Churchyard York County SC (79 pages) Paperback Not Available; “DVD” PDF
Format: \$10.00 S&H \$2.50
29. The Colonial Scotch Irish of the Carolina Piedmont: Paperback Not Available “DVD” PDF format: \$5.00
S&H: \$2.50

NOTE: All DVDs are in PDF format and require Adobe Reader which is available "free" on the internet.

Chester District Genealogical Society
P. O. Box 336
Richburg, SC 29729

FORWARDING SERVICE REQUESTED