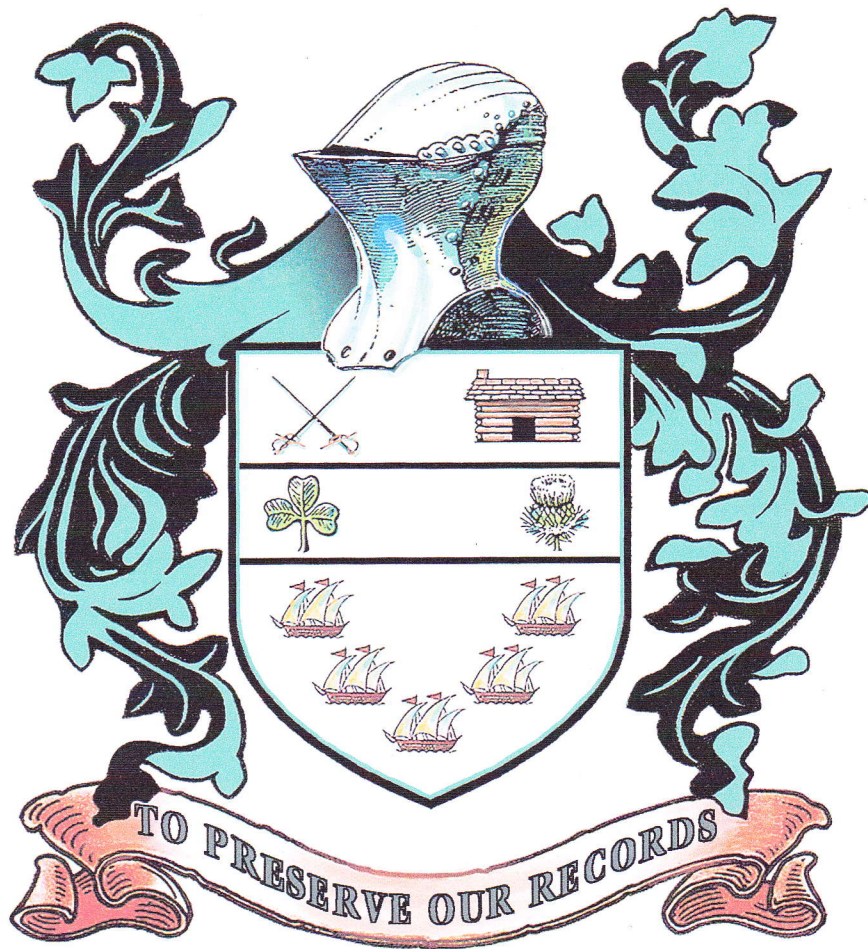


THE BULLETIN



VOLUME 38 * SEPTEMBER 2014 * NUMBER 3

CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P. O. Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729

Serving Chester, Fairfield, Lancaster, Union and York Counties

THE CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
PO Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729

Published quarterly in March,
June, September, and December

VOLUME 38

September 2014

NUMBER 3

Table of Contents

	Inside Front Cover
The Bulletin, September 2014	Page 1
The Family Chronicles (Part 3 of 4)	Page 2
Letter from Thomas Franklin "Frank" Clinton to his mother	Page 11
New Information on Some Descendants of William Ferguson	Page 18
Richburg News	Page 23
<i>Publications for Sale</i>	Page 30

EDITOR

Mrs. Jean H. Nichols
PO Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729

President Mr. Tom Mayhugh
Vice President..... Mr. George Moore
Secretary Mrs. Debbie N. McMinn
Treasurer Mr. Ken Davis

Dues: \$25.00 Per Calendar Year

The Bulletin

September 2014

www.ChesterSCGenealogy.org

Welcome back from Summer break. We certainly hope you had an opportunity to do some family research and were successful. Here at the CDGS, we have been very busy...

CDGS Annual Birthday In August 2014

On Saturday, August 9th at 1:00 pm, at the Wagon Wheel Restaurant in Fort Lawn, SC, twenty-five members of the CDGS gathered to celebrate 36 years since the founding of our society in 1978 by Coy Stroud, Jean Clawson Agee, and Jean Hicklin Nichols. The food was delicious and the speaker was Gina White, Director of Archives and Special Collections at the Louise Pettus Archives and Special Collections at Winthrop University in Rock Hill, SC. Gina shared various ways to preserve our family histories, photos, scrapbooks, etc. For example, using scotch tape, glue, and laminating are all harmful to your old photos, papers, etc. It was very interesting and educational. We wish more of you could have been present to enjoy our time of fellowship and celebration!

CDGS Website

Our CDGS website, www.ChesterSCGenealogy.org, may be offline in the near future for a short period of time. Our webmaster has retired, so we are taking this opportunity to refresh and enhance the look of our website. The publications price list will also be updated.

A Note from the Editor

We have had a wonderful summer entertaining so many of our members and welcoming new members. We enjoyed the time we were able to spend with each and everyone of you, and we hope that we were able to assist you in finding information on the surnames that you were researching.

The Fall season here in our area is quite beautiful with cooler temperatures and much less humidity! It is the perfect time to get out of the house and enjoy the outdoors by visiting some of those churches and cemeteries. Be sure to take pictures of the grave markers. Also pay attention to the location of the cemetery, and the community it represents. Note the religious denominations, nationalities, and the dates and styles of the grave markers. Go visit local and distant family members that you have intended to visit for years, and find out what resources and stories they have to contribute to that unique tapestry that is your family. Take notes and be sure to write up your trips and record your conversations because there will always be those scandalous family stories that will make your family saga more complete and doubtless more interesting for present and future generations.

Jean H. Nichols, Editor

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

(This is part 3 of 4. It will conclude in the December issue of *The Bulletin*.)

Mary seemed to grow very anxious and said "Moll did you hear that sound just now." "No Honey, I neber heard nofin." "Oh, yes, there it is again," and looking back in the distance, she saw a party of horsemen rapidly riding next to them. Her heart sank within her, but believing full well that all depended upon her own coolness, she turned to "Old Moll" and in a strained voice said, "Moll, those are soldiers coming up the road. Don't be afraid. I don't think they will harm us, so you be quiet and let me manage them." They road along just in the jog trot that they had been. Soon, the horsemen were upon them, and as a merry voice called out, "Halt there, you two ill sorted females, and let us see what kind of stuff you are made of." Mary at once stopped her mule, and "Old Moll" so thoroughly frightened that she did not know how to stop her horse. Mary quickly reached out and caught the bridle of "Spot", and the pony stopped and rubbed his head against his mistress arm in glad recantation.

Just then the horseman who had called out to them to halt, rode up and looking at Mary in a surprised way said, "Well I'll be {dang}, this is the oddest pair I have ever met with since I have been in the wild woods of America." Mary sat so erect in her saddle, with her hat slightly pushed back off of her "fine forehead". Her beautiful hair had become unfastened in the furious race they had taken with Mr. Kelsey. So now it was flowing down her back like a great black veil. Her large gray eyes had a defiant look in them that caused the young British officer to touch his plumed hat. With a hand as fair as a ladies, on which sparkled a handsome diamond ring, the young officer, calling out so boisterously when he first rode up, caused his men to ride up to these strange looking { } they had overtaken. So now they all came pushing up, but to their surprise, their officer ordered them to "Stand back, men. Here is no 'common folks'. This young lady is or may be a noble huntress and will allow me to join her in the chase." Mary maintained her quiet dignity and said not a word. She was struck with the handsomely dressed English officer. He was really the finest dressed person she had ever seen, with his dark red coat all trimmed in gold lace, and his soft silk hat with its elegant plumes waving in the strong breeze. But his own handsome face was one that an artist would have loved to have as a model.

He had a thin face, not too much so, but just enough to give the face a refined look of elegance. His high forehead showed a man of intellect, and the mouth was like cut marble, only that the rich color gave you the idea of life, for the lips were rosy red and now that he was smiling at Mary she thought she had never seen such a fascinating smile in her life before. He had large brilliant brown eyes in which was now gleaming a mischievous look of real amusement.

The men fell back at once at his command. He then turned to Mary, and taking his hat off which showed off his curly brown hair to advantage, said in his most courtly manner, "Pardon my rudeness, but we soldiers soon forget our home training after being in the army."

Seeing that Mary was some what embarrassed, he quickly added, "I will at once move on with my men so that we will not annoy you further." Mary looked steadily at him, and he was struck with the splendor of her large gray eyes. She simply said, "I thank you, sir, very kindly for your great consideration." He looked as though he had a notion of staying behind, and let his troops go on, but remembering he had the strictest orders to come on to a certain point before night fall. So turning to his men to "Forward on," he lingered long enough to warn Mary of the danger she and her old companion were in. He said in a low tone, "I have some more men belonging to my command coming this road, and they are terrible rough men, and I am afraid they would treat you with more rudeness than I did." So saying, he lifted his hat in the most courteous manner, and galloped off at full speed to overtake his troops of horsemen.

Mary gave a sigh of relief and commenced to twist her hair up into a tight knot. While tucking her hair up, she said to Old Moll, "Well Mammy, we have had a sight of the British." At this Old Moll said, "Bless de Lord, dat purtty man is not one of dem Red Coats." Mary nodded her head and smiled to think that she agreed with Old Moll about the young officer being a "purty man." She could not help wondering who he was. She knew he was an officer of high rank, but who he was, she did not know.

Soon she and Old Moll were at a full gallop for Mary did not want to be over taken again. About dark, they came in sight of Mr. Woodburn's home, and Mary and Old Moll were soon riding into the yard. Mrs. Woodburn called to them to hitch their beasts up to the post that was out there, and "just come on in to the fire". Mary and Old Moll did not take long to do her bidding for they were both stiff and cold from their hard day's ride. Mrs. Woodburn seemed scared when they went in and soon told them they had a visit from the British, and that Mr. Woodburn and the men folks of the farm had been away since day break, hiding "with all their stock, horses and cows". After hearing that all danger was over at present, Mrs. Woodburn said she thought she would blow the horn kept to call the laboring men to dinner. So going to the back porch of the house, she blew a blast that could be heard for at least two or three miles. She returned and began to spread the scanty supper she had on the table, telling Mary she must excuse her "poor supper," but that she had been so upset ever since them British soldiers had been there that she could not cook to save her life.

Mary told her what she had "was good enough," so she and Mrs. Woodburn seated themselves at the table and ate a nice homemade bread, butter, and pear preserves with a fresh glass of water. Mrs. Woodburn saying that the cows had to be taken so early before she had them milked. Old Moll was seated in the corner by the fire and did not seem inclined to give them a serenade as she did the night before.

Mary was so tired from her long ride that she asked Mrs. Woodburn soon after eating, and Old Moll had eaten, to allow them to go to bed. Just as they were about to go into the little bedroom, Mrs. Woodburn started and said, "Oh, I hear Mr. Woodburn." So delighted was she to hear her husband's welcome voice that she rushed to the back door and hastened to unbar it to admit her dear husband.

He hurried in and on seeing "Mary Gill" and "Old Moll", he laughed a hearty laugh and said, "Well, Ile de'clar. You an't got back from the camp." Mary went forward to shake his extended hand and told him, "Yes sir. I am glad to say I am this far." After talking to him awhile of all she had gone through, she begged him to excuse her as she was so tired. He was a good hearted man and said in his most honest way, "Why, of course, I'll excuse you, my gal. Get right along to bed."

Mrs. Woodburn here came bustling in. She had been to see that the cows would be milked and well attended to, so she said, "Go Mary to bed, and Molly can sleep on the cot at the foot of your bed." Soon these two were in the neat clean little room. Mary said her prayers and Old Moll watched her. She muttered, "Bless de child, she puts her trust in de Lord." She soon laid on the comfortable cot good Mrs. Woodburn had fixed for her and thanked God, too, in her own quaint way for bringing her this far on her journey.

She was soon asleep and snoring, but much to Mary's relief, not such an awful snore as she had had the night before. Mary, too, was so wearied that she was soon fast asleep, and never awake until broad day light. She was soon up with her clothes on, for she was so anxious to reach her own home today, and now that she was nearing her home, she began to think of her feeble old father, and wonder how he had fared while she was away.

Going to the cot, she caught one of Old Moll's hand in hers and said, "Poor, Old Mammy, she was so good to go with me on this trying journey." At the touch of her young mistress, the old woman sprang up and said, "Bless the Lord, dis child is up and dressed," and jumping off the cot, she soon made her self ready saying, "I see if Mrs. Woodburn got any water in dis pitcher." Finding that there was water there for her young mistress, she said, "I go to the kitchen and get de basin out dare to wash my face."

So saying, she left Mary to come out into the front room to the fire. Mrs. Woodburn, hearing Mary say the night before that she wanted to make an early start, now called to Mary to come in to breakfast. She had gotten up very early so she could prepare a good meal for Mary Gill, and when Mary entered the small dining room, the breakfast certainly had a most appetizing smell, and Mary felt hungry for the first time since she had left home. So Mrs. Woodburn felt repaid for her trouble when she saw with what a hearty appetite Mary ate her breakfast.

She told Mary Mr. Woodburn had taken the cattle off again to hide as the "Red Coats were likely to come now at any time."

A white boy was eating, who did chores about the farm, at the table with Mary and Mrs. Woodburn, and as he started to leave the room, Mrs. Woodburn said to him, "Bring Miss Gill's horse and mule at once. I gave Molly her breakfast in the kitchen." Mary, at once, got up and went for her hat, bringing the old saddle bags out herself. So bidding Mrs. Woodburn farewell, she and Old Moll were soon on their way home.

About 12 o'clock, they rode up the old familiar lane leading up to the home of Mary O {Walker}. He was standing in the yard and seemed to be looking for them, for he hastened to the gate as fast as his fleetness would allow him, and a glad smile lit up his old face as he saw his beloved daughter and Old Moll at home once again. With all hast, Mary sprang from her saddle, and Old Moll said, "Praise de Lord Massa. We is at home again."

Mary ran to her father and embraced him in the most loving embrace. "A Negro boy had taken the pony and the mule and was now giving them some water at the old fashion well. Spot gave a glad "neigh" for he seemed to realize that he, too, had gotten to a place of rest. Mary went with her father into the house, after telling him of her brother's welfare, of Alexander Pagon, the White boys, and also of a young friend, James Crawford, who was a Fishing Creek boy, too, but he was out of camp, so she did not get to see him.

Mary then went to the old saddle bags and began to take out all the nice little things her brother had sent home to her father. The old man would smile and then cry and when Mary handed him the choice plug of tobacco his son had sent him, he was greatly pleased. The package of coffee also pleased him. She also told him of Gen. Marion's kindness on giving her the mule to ride home but told him Gen. Marion would send a man in a day or two for the mule, as they need all the mules and horses they can get for the use of the Army.

After the first excitement was over of hearing of his son, the old man sunk into a drowsy state that lasted all afternoon. Mary began to realize that her old father would not be with her much longer and was feeling very much depressed when she looked out of the little window next to the lane and much to her delight, she saw her old friends, Mrs. White and Polly Gill riding up the lane in Polly Gill's old fashion buggy. She ran out to meet them, and they were overjoyed to see her back. They did not know positively whether or not she would get back that day or not, and as they walked up the steps, Mrs. White caught Mary by the arm and said in a half whisper, "How is your Pa? Polly and me did not like the way he acted yesterday when we were here." Mary told her he was alright, but "seemed weak and wanted to sleep." "Yes," she said, "that was just the way he was yesterday."

As they entered the room, their coming in did not disturb the sleeping old man, so they all seated themselves, and Mary told of how she was received in Marion's encampment, of Jim's dinner, of Marion's kindness in lending her the mule to ride home. As Mary told some of the ridiculous parts, Mrs. White, who had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, just laughed until the tears would stream down her rosy cheeks.

She was eager to hear of her son's welfare and was much pleased when Mary told her how very much pleased and thankful Col. Mills was for the "nice socks" she had sent him, of Major Bradley's asking so kindly of her. She said, "Yes, Henry Bradley is a true hearted man and though he is a "Grande", he never forgets his { } old friends." And she added, "His wife is just like him. I was in Chester the other day, and she saw me going into Duravants store, when here come her servant girl to tell me to be sure and dine with her." Says the girl, "My mistress say she will take "no excuse" and bowing to me like a French dancing mistress, the girl Sallie, left

the store leaving that young rascal, Middleton McDaniel snickering. I just felt like pulling his ears for he hasn't got no manners at all to brag on. So he need not be a laughing at that gal of Mrs. Bradley's for her polite manners."

Here Mary and Polly both laughed for when Mrs. White got started on those "village clerks" she usually grew {wathy}. But to see the girls laughing at her for allowing her Irish blood to get so hot she cooled down and laughed good naturedly. "Well, Mary and Polly, you gals may laugh at me as much as ye like, but them idling set in Chester shant, I tell ye."

Polly here asked about some of the soldier boys, and Mary was telling of the ones Polly had asked after, and Mrs. White pinched Mary and said, "Mary Gill, why on earth don't you tell Polly about the one she is longing to hear of." Polly blushed crimson and looked so girly that Mary too laughed with Mrs. White in her merry laugh. "Oh, now Polly, do tell me who is the favored one you so much want to hear of," but Polly only twisted in her chair and said she did not know of any favored one. Mrs. White she said could maybe tell, for she could not. At this Mrs. White said, "Why Mary, you know it's nobody but James Crawford that Polly's a dying to hear from." Mary turned to her cousin and said, "Why Polly I am so sorry, but he was out of camp, out with some foraging party, so I did not get to see him, but I gave your little package to John, and he said he would see that he got it alright." After hearing of her well thought of friend's welfare, (for he was as yet no acknowledged lover), Polly and Mrs. White said they must be leaving after promising Mary they would come "soon again". They looked at the sleeping old man but did not disturb him.

They were soon seated in the buggy, and shaking hands with Mary, they drove rapidly down the lane. Mary felt very lonely and thought she would go in quest of her old companion. Not finding her in the kitchen, she asked Jane, the daughter of Old Moll, where her mother was. She said her Ma had gone to her own house to put on some clean clothes. Mary then turned back into the house with the gloomiest feeling she had ever felt. Things went on in this dreary way for about two weeks, and not a word had been heard of any of the dear ones, or of the expected battle. Late one evening, Mary sat on the door step of the little cottage alone, for her father just passed away most of his time dosing in his old arm chair, scantily rousing up to take any nourishment. He would let Mary put him to bed like a little child, do whatever she said with not a murmur. Mary began to feel that death really would be a happy relief to her old father, although she knew his death would leave her almost alone. Still the state he was in now distressed her terribly.

She was just thinking of all that might happen to her in case of her father's death, and thinking that it might be months or years before her dear brother could be at home, when she heard the sound of horses feet, and looking up the road coming next to the lane was a party of mounted men. She knew from their dress that they belonged to the "American Army," and a wild thought came into her mind. Suppose it should be her dear brother and perchance Col. Mills, too, was along. A crimson blush came into her pale face. Soon she saw that though this party of men were no enemies, still they were strangers. They came to a halt at the gate and asked her if she could tell them the way to Mr. John Gill's. She answered that this was Mr. John Gill's

home. One of the horsemen alighted and handed her a sealed letter. The poor girl almost fainted, for it was not in her brother's familiar hand writing. She looked so wretched that the soldier who handed her the letter said in a kind voice, "Sit on the steps, lady, you are faint." She took his advice and broke the seal. She saw it was from Col. Mills. She read the letter through, and then said, "I felt all this coming when I last saw him," and put the letter in her apron pocket. "Oh, God, I am truly left alone."

The men looked on in sorrowful silence, for though this girl did not scream and wring her hands to give vent to her grief, still this quiet grief struck them more forcefully for they felt this girl was wounded at the heart core. One of the soldiers who had an eye for business said, "Well fellows, it's no good us standing here like we was on {trial}." So saying, he said in what he tried to make an apology to Mary, "Gen. Marion sends his compliments to you, Miss, and say please let us fellows have that mule he lent you. So, Miss, though I am most powerful sorry for you, that your brother the lieutenant was killed, still you have got lots of company."

The other men looked at him as though they would like to know him down, but much to their surprise Mary arose and went to a side gate and called a Negro boy who attended to her pony and the mule and told him in the calmest voice, "Bring the Army mule here, and put the same saddle on it that was on the day I brought it home." The Negro went to her stable and bringing it up to a little out house in the back yard, he got a fine Army saddle out, and put it on the mule, leading the mule round to the front gate. He looked at Mary who was standing like one in a dream. She {started} from her {reverie} as the Negro stopped near her holding the mule for further orders. Mary turned to the man who had asked so brusquely for the mule saying in her most cold tone, "Please say to Gen. Marion I thank him for the loan of the mule." She motioned to the Negro boy to give the mule over into that man's keeping.

The man had just taken hold of the bridle and was about to mount the mule, for the old rip of a horse he had rode there looked as though it was hardly able to carry itself, much less the weight of this great bulky man. The other soldiers knew why the man was so eager to get the mule, for the man had done nothing but cuss and beat the poor old horse ever since he had left camp.

This party of men had been sent out to look after getting up some mules and horses, as so many had been killed in the battle that had taken place the week before. Now the man is mounted on the mule and a look of relief comes over his hard face, as he knew that he will not have to worry with the darned old horse on their way back to camp. The old horse is turned over to a Negro boy to ride who has been riding behind one of the other men. It was nearly dark now, and the orderly who was in command now hastily ordered his men "to saddle."

Just at that moment, a hatless man came at break neck speed down the lane, to warn his commander of their danger. He had been left at the ford of the creek to give warning should any danger threaten them. So now as he dashed up at a mad gallop, all called, "What news of the British?" He at last found breath to say a large troop of British were crossing Fishing Creek and would soon be upon them.

The orderly turned to Mary now, who no longer looked like a girl in a dream, and as the orderly looked at her, he was struck with the likeness she bore to her dead brother. She had folded her arms, and with her head thrown back, her large eyes all aplay, she looked the picture of defiance. The {young} knew he could depend upon the girl's judgement. So riding up to her, he touched his hat and said in a quick excited tone, "Can you direct us to a path, or near cut to cross the creek. We can't follow the main road, for the British will have us sure if we attempt to return the way we came." Mary said, "Yes, I can show you a path. Follow me," and calling to the Negro boy to come with her, she led the way down a hill that was back of the cottage. The men followed after this swift walking girl as fast as they could, for they knew it would not take the fast horses of the British long to bring them up from the creek.

So gladly they followed Mary Gill, but soon they entered such a dense wood, and night now upon them, they became desperate. That one who thought by getting the mule, he would end all his troubles, now called up gruffly, "Where the devil is that gal leading us?" He had scarcely said mean speech, than the man riding next to him said, "Shut your _____ mouth. Don't you see what that brave girl is doing for us."

The man's attention was here attached to the party in front. They had come to a halt, and he could hear Mary's determined voice. "Yes, it is very steep here, and only one can come at the time. In order to follow directly after me, I will tie my white apron on a stick and carry it over my head, and you follow that. You will be able to see that, and then we will get along faster." She told the Negro boy to break a long stick. He did as she told him. She then fastened her long white apron to it, and waved it over her head, calling out in a commanding tone, "Now follow me." So without another word, she plunged into the deep forest. The young orderly following her and on the little party of American soldiers came in single file, up they climbed the ragged path, still the white flag went on. It was all that directed the men, for the path was so deep in the forest that even at midday it seemed night here. The path had been used by the Indians as a war path. Few people in the neighborhood knew of this lonely path, but Mary was always fond of ambling about the forest with her brother and they had come across this path, and bound to try their strength in climbing to see which could reach the high hill first. So tonight, Mary found she was getting along so much faster than her followers that she had to walk a little slower.

Her thoughts were sad indeed as she accented this familiar path where she and her dear brother had spent so much of their childhood rambling in these grand old forests. Tears of real anguish stole down her cheeks, but brushing them away with an impatient wave of her hand, for she had unconsciously walked faster than she was aware, and now felt provoked to think her followers were so far behind. Soon, however, she was relieved for she heard the orderly. "Yes, there she is," and calling to her said, "You have climbed this hill before tonight, Miss Gill." She answered very quietly, "I have often climbed this hill with my poor dead brother."

All was quiet now except the noise made by the stumbling horses as they struggled up the steep ascent. Now they have reached the top of the hill, and Mary says, "You will now come

round the side of this hill and soon we will reach the creek." So saying, she turned down a side path and walked straight along. The men had nothing left them but to follow.

This path was slanting and the slope was so great that the men had to dismount and lead their horses. Fortunately for them, they did not have far to go, for as Mary had said, they soon reached the creek.

Here they all came to a stand still. Mary now called out to them, and as she stood now in the "moon shine", with the stick over her shoulder, with her apron waving in the night air, there was a feeling of read admiration for the brave girl. Mary, as we have already mentioned, called to the men saying, "Cross the creek here and take the road to the right hand and that will take you right to your camp."

The orderly here rode up to where Mary Gill was standing and extending his hand to her said, "Miss Gill, I thank you more than I can tell you, for you have kept us from being prisoners in the British camp tonight by your bravery, and may the great God take care of you." So saying, he rode rapidly into the creek, for he did not want his men to see the deep emotion that he felt at parting with his brave lieutenant's sister.

But these other men, rough in appearance had very tender hearts and all lifted their battered old hats to the girl as they rode past her into the creek. They too had crossed on the other side, and waving their hats again and { }, they soon galloped rapidly down the right hand road.

Mary turning to see where the Negro boy was saw him seated on a log. Calling to him, "Come, Sam, we must now get back to the house." She at once began to ascend the slanting path on the side of the hill. So rapidly did she walk that the boy could scarcely keep up with her. On she went like a deer, and was soon descending the steep path so fast that the boy thought he would break his neck before he reached the foot of the hill if he tried to keep up with Miss Mary. Just as Mary and the boy left the woods and came into the open road, they saw a troop of horsemen riding at full gallop down on the opposite road also leading to the creek. They road as though they were in full pursuit of something, and Mary saw them with their shining guns and flashing sword flying in hot chase after the supposed enemy. A hard smile came over her face for she knew Old Moll must have put them on the wrong trail, as she was standing in the yard as Mary passed her leading the way for the American soldiers. No sooner had Mary and the soldiers passed out of sight than Old Moll "stood on guard." She had over heard the man saying they were in danger of being over taken by the British, so she understood at once why her young mistress had hurried them off the "secret path" in the woods.

She went with a swift step into the cottage to see where her old master was, and finding him in his arm chair asleep as usual, she quietly closed the door and muttering to herself, she said, "Poor old man. He aint gwine to be here much longer." She walked out on the front porch. She waited for some time, and seating herself on the steps, it now being too dark to distinguish objects, she said, "Neber mind dem debles come along by and by, and I see what I kin do for dem. De moon will shine out torecly. Dem I see Dem coming up de lane." She was right about

both the moon shining and also about the British coming, for it was not long before she heard a noise that she knew to be that made by a "troop of horsemen" coming at a furious rate up the lane.

She was not the least bit frightened, now that she felt all depended upon her to throw the British off the "trail of the Americans" that her young mistress was trying to get of their reach. So watching them with her keen bright eyes, as they soon reached the gate, two of the men rode in the yard. Seeing her sitting there, they swore at her for being an "old witch" and said, "Has any of those "plow boys" calling themselves soldiers, belonging to this "rag-tail Army of America" been here? Old Moll looked at them like she was half an idiot. One of the men rode up to the steps where she was seated. He cursed her for an "old fool" and drew his sword, and started to strike her, but she screamed and began to howl, so the man told her to hush, he would not harm her if she would tell him the truth, if there had been any Americans there. She "hemmed and hawed" so that the British officer asked her in a stern commanding voice, "Where is your young mistress?" Molly was now fully aware she must not allow them to know any thing of her young mistress movements, so rubbing her eyes, she said, "Oh dem rascals what was here took my young miss away with dem, and I am most crazy for de poor gal is just cried her dear eyes out cause she did not want to go, but dey dis made her go to show dem the road." "Well—you tell us the road they took, and we will bring your young mistress back with us." "How did you know about my young miss?" One of the young men laughed and said, "Oh we have heard of your young miss. She has been to Marion's camp so we have heard." Old Moll here almost screamed for she was really frightened for her dear child, if she should happen to fall into their hands. So she just kept saying, "Dey is got her and gone right down dat road. Dey has took her, and may-be dey will kill her." The young officer yelled out to his men, "Forward, charge down that road." So off they went, and Old Moll just laughed in her sleeve to think how she had fooled these fine British officers.

* * * * *

(A note from one of our members: In the "Publications" section, it concludes with the note, "NOTE: All DVDs are in PDF format and require Adobe Reader which is available 'free' on the internet." In the last two years, there have been many malware attacks on all Adobe software, including Adobe Reader. For that reason, many people are reluctant to use it. Instead, they are using Foxit Reader, which is secure and also available for free on the Net. [Go Here.](#)

Letter from Thomas Franklin 'Frank' Clintonⁱ
to his mother Rebecca [Reid] Clinton

Letter dated: July 24, 1861, Camp near Manassas, Virginia

The letter describes the Battle of Bull Run [The First Manassas]
date of battle: July 21, 1861



[Photo source: www.civilwar.org/bullrun] The first big land battle of the American Civil War took place near Manassas in Prince William County, Virginia, on July 21, 1861. This episode is called the First Battle of Bull Run and is also known as First Manassas, the latter being the name the Confederates used.

Camp near Manassas, July 24, 1861

Dear Mother - I embrace the present opportunity of addressing you a few lines, you will observe we are at the seat of war. The Confederate troops have achieved another great & glorious victory. The battle commenced early on Sunday morning about four miles from Manassas Junction and lasted till about five in the evening.

The Confederate troops were commanded by Gen. Beauregardⁱ in person, & the Federalists by Gen. Scottⁱⁱⁱ, in the first part of the engagement the Linconites^{iv} appeared to have the advantage as the battle was commenced by about two thousand on our side and some say from 10 to 20 thousand of the enemy—but soon our men were reinforced and things changed for the better, and by 5 o'clock in the evening the enemy were completely routed and the Confederates achieved one amongst the greatest victorys on record. The number engaged on either side cannot be ascertained but our troops are estimated from twenty-five to forty thousand, while the enemy are reported by various prisoners at from fifty to ninety thousand. The loss on either side cannot be ascertained. Reports say from 1000 to 1500 on our side killed wounded and prisoners the majority wounded and a great many mortally. The enemy loss is variously /estimated/ at from 8 to 10 and some say 15 thousand killed wounded and prisoners a great many of the latter. The battle is said to extend from 8 to 10 miles, about 3 o'clock in the evening Jeff Davis^v arrived on the field himself and ordered a charge when the enemy gave way and were drawn off the field in the utmost confusion our troops following some 8 or 10 miles killing wounding and taking prisoners. It was just at this time the 6th Regt arrived in sight of the conflict, in time to witness the achievement of a glorious victory, but too late to be participators in the scene.

We have learned of reports going south that the 6th Regt was in the fight and nearly cut to pieces, for such report there is no foundation, we merely arrived in time to see and hear the closing scenes of the battle. I forgot to mention in the proper place that among the killed on our side were many of the best men such as Gen. Bee^y of So. Car. Col Fisher^y of N. C. & many others. The 2nd So. Car. Regt & the Hampton Legions suffered heavy losses, and also, the 8 and 9 Geo. Regts. And oh the worst of all to see the poor wounded men hauled in by the wagon load, but it is wonderful to see with what endurance they would bear it scarcely ever making moan. Our Regt. lay on arms all night about one mile from the field of battle. The wagons were running all night and most of next day gathering the wounded & even up to the present they are finding a few in the woods which have been over looked though diligent search was made by all companies for these lost and missing. I visited the battlefield the next evening after the battle our dead were nearly all buried, but oh it was an awful sight to see the dead Yankees lying threwed all over the ground some places so thick that one could nearly walk on these dead bodies & I am told there is places they are lying too deep, our men are burying the dead Yankees today. Among the valuables captured from the enemy were about 1000 fine horses, 100 pieces Cannon & magazines and munitions of war supposed to be worth one Million dollars. The

Yankees are completely disheartened it is said they have all retired to Washington City and are there fighting among themselves. Over sixty thousand Federalist whose term of service were for 3 months are there trying to make their way home, but the government has destroyed the bridges over the Potomac and will not let them escape at least such is the report in camp. I cannot tell you all therefore I may as well stop my descriptions—suffice to say we are all tolerable well—and are only tolerable well cared for—I have seen Tom Culp^{viii}—Tom Walker^{ix} and many of our friends & acquaintances they are well. Cousin John F. Chambers^x will be here in a day or two—was left behind not well—but nothing dangerous—write soon direct to Richmond Va. Company A, care Col. Winder^{xi} 6th Regt. S. C. V. The post boy is leaving I must close—I have written in haste sitting on the ground writing on my knees—Remember my love to all—and except the same yourself from very Truly

Your Son - Frank

We dont know where we will go when we leave here—show to Capt. J. Kelsey^{xii} & others will write soon again - yours & c. T. F. C.

Thomas Franklin 'Frank' Clinton was the son of Rebecca Reid and James Clinton. He married the widow of William Wood - Nancy Elizabeth McKeown Wood, daughter of Caroline Atkinson and Samuel Mobley McKeown. Frank and Nancy Elizabeth McKeown Clinton were the parents of five children: Sidney Eugene Clinton, Carrie Clinton Ferguson, Ida

Clinton Reid, Bessie Clinton Faris, and May Clinton Westerlund. This 'eye-witness' letter has been shared by granddaughter Jane Westerlund Oneppo of Edgemoor, SC.

¹ Gen. Beauregard - Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard [May 28, 1818 - February 20, 1893] was a Louisiana-born American military officer, politician, inventor, writer, civil servant, and the first prominent general of the Confederate States Army during the American Civil War. Today he is commonly referred to as P. G. T. Beauregard, but he rarely used his first name as an adult. He signed correspondence as G. T. Beauregard.

¹ Gen. Scott - Winfield Scott born near Petersburg, Va. on June 13, 1786, having already served as the country's general-in-chief for two decades, America's preeminent military figure—perhaps the most celebrated since George Washington, Scott was nearly 75 when he commanded the Union armies at the start of the Civil War. By that time, Scott, a Virginia native who refused to join the Confederacy, was clearly nearing the end of his brilliant career. Hero of the War of 1812 and Black Hawk War, commander of U.S. forces in the Mexican War, unsuccessful Whig presidential candidate in 1852, Scott, called "Old Fuss and Feathers" because of his devotion to military pomp and protocol, now suffered from gout and vertigo, weighed more than 300 pounds, and could no longer ride his horse. Because of his infirmities, he required a field commander and urged Lincoln to appoint his fellow Virginian Robert E. Lee to the position. George B. McClellan, who got the post after Lee turned down the Union commander's personal appeal, soon began to resent Scott and took to contradicting him in staff meetings and snubbing him in public. By then, however, the general-in-chief was being amply ridiculed elsewhere as well. Blamed for the Union's dismal showing in the first months of the war, Scott received sharp criticism for his "Anaconda Plan," in which he recommended a naval blockade to press the Confederacy while the Union gradually developed its armed forces for what he anticipated to be a long struggle. Although Scott was more clearheaded on the subject than the majority of military and political figures—Union and Confederate alike—who believed the war would conclude quickly, many suspected Old Fuss and Feathers was growing senile. On November 1, 1861, after another Union battlefield defeat at Ball's Bluff, Lincoln accepted Scott's standing offer to resign. Succeeded the same day by McClellan, he retired to write his two-volume memoirs, travel through Europe, and see the essential elements of his Anaconda Plan ultimately prove effective in the waging of the war. Scott lived to see the Confederates defeated, dying in West Point, N.Y., May 29, 1866. Though he was buried at West Point, he never attended there.

Source: "Winfield Scott, The Soldier and The Man" by Charles Winslow Elliot

¹Linconites - A follower of Abraham Lincoln or of his policies: a person oriented toward or serving the Northern side in the Civil War

¹ Jeff Davis - Jefferson Finis Davis (June 3, 1808 - December 6, 1889) was the President of the Confederate States of America during the entire Civil War, 1861 to 1865. Jeff

Davis was a planter, politician and soldier born in Kentucky and raised in Mississippi. Davis was the tenth and youngest child of Revolutionary War soldier Samuel Davis and his wife Jane Cook Davis [Finis in Latin means final—the couple wanted no more children after Jefferson]. He was heavily influenced by his oldest brother, Joseph, who saw to it that he was well educated. Davis attended college in Kentucky at Transylvania before entering the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1824. Jeff Davis died in New Orleans, Louisiana. Source: www.civilwar.org/education/history/biographies/jefferson-davis.html

¹ Gen. Bee - Barnard Elliott Bee Jr. (February 8, 1824 - July 22, 1861) was a career United States Army officer and a Confederate States Army general during the American Civil War. He was mortally wounded at the First Battle of Bull Run, one of the first general officers to be killed in the war. During that battle, he was responsible for inspiring the famous nickname for Brig. Gen. Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson.

¹ Col. Fisher - Charles Frederick Fisher (December 26, 1816 - July 21, 1861) was an American attorney, legislator, engineer, and soldier from Rowan County, North Carolina who during the American Civil War became the Colonel commanding the 6th North Carolina Regiment. Fisher's gallantry leading a charge on a Union Army battery at the First Battle of Bull Run cost him his life and made him an early hero of the Confederacy; Fort Fisher, N. C., was named for him.

¹ Tom Culp - could have been Thomas Henry Culp, son of Benjamin F. and Dorothea/Dorothy Culp, who lived in Chester and York County, SC. If so, this Tom Culp enlisted in Company H, Georgia 9th Infantry Regiment on 06 Jun 1861. He was promoted to Full Jr 2nd Lieutenant on March 1, 1863; promoted to Full Captain on March 1, 1864. He was wounded in the left leg below the knee, necessitating amputation, at Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, and on wounded furlough at the close of war.

¹ Tom Walker - possible Thomas Alexander Walker, son of Rachel Eliza McCullough and Col. William Walker of Chester, Chester County, S. C. If so, this Tom Walker lived in the town of Chester, however, he enlisted in the war at Crawford, Lowndes County, MS, on April 27, 1861 as a private in Co. E, 11th Regiment Mississippi. He was taken prisoner of war on July 3, 1863 at Fort Delaware and released on June 11, 1865. He was of dark complexion; dark hair; blue eyes; five feet, eight inches in height. After the war, he moved to Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, NC, living near a sister and brother. Tom Walker never married; he was born December 28, 1834 and died February 24, 1884. Emma O. Walker Hart, sister of Tom Walker, is the person who had saved the obituary of J. Frank Chambers, therefore, giving us the date of John Franklin Chambers' death as January 29, 1899.

¹ Cousin John F. Chambers - John Franklin 'Frank' Chambers' [b. April 12, 1854 - d. January 29, 1899] his degree of kinship to Thomas Franklin 'Frank' Clinton has not yet been proven. Most likely his mother could have been a Reid or his father was

probably John M. Chambers, son of David Chambers. Frank Chambers married Margaret 'Maggie' Rebecca Crook [b. October 31, 1860 - d. April 13, 1917], daughter of Esther Ferguson and Robert LeRoy Crook. They had ten known children: Minnie Chambers, Leilia Chambers, Katie Chambers, Carrie Chambers Bird, Janie Chambers, Thomas Franklin Chambers, Mary Alethea Chambers Jacobs, Isabel Chambers, Vannie Chambers Diehl, and Irene Chambers Neely. Maggie Crook and Frank Chambers are buried at Edgemoor ARP Cemetery, Edgemoor, SC. John Frank Chambers was one of the 'City Fathers' of Edgemoor.

¹ Col. Winder - Charles Sidney Winder - Civil War Confederate Brigadier General. Born October 18, 1829, in Talbot County, Maryland, he graduated 22nd in the West Point class of 1850. He served on garrison and frontier duty for the next decade. While en route to California in 1854, he displayed outstanding heroism when the troopship he was on was battered by a hurricane. His performance earned him promotion to Captain, supposedly the youngest man of that rank in the army at the time. Resigning his commission on April 1, 1861, he entered Confederate service as a Major of artillery. He participated in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, South Carolina, and on July 8 he became Colonel of the 6th South Carolina. On March 7, 1862, he was promoted to Brigadier General and selected by Major General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson to command the Stonewall Brigade. Jackson's decision enraged both the officers and men of his old command. A strict, disciplinarian, he enforced the rules, and veterans despised him. The regimental commanders greeted him coldly, and the enlisted men hissed their new commander when he rode past the ranks. Some in the ranks threatened to kill him when an opportunity in battle offered. He, however, refused to bend. He led them into battle for the first time during Jackson's 1862 Shenandoah Valley Campaign. Though his conduct did not gain the brigade's affection, it earned their grudging respect. On one occasion, when he stood up to Jackson, the brigade cheered him. During the Seven Days' Campaign, he directed his men with gallantry. On August 9, 1862, during the Battle of Cedar Mountain, he was horribly mangled by an exploding shell. He died a few hours later on the field, his death mourned by Jackson and General Robert E. Lee, but not by the Stonewall Brigade. (bio. by: Ugaalltheway) Source: www.findagrave.com/cgibin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=11112

¹ Capt. J. Kelsey - John Randolph Kelsey, son of Sarah Agnes Boyd and William Elliott Mills Kelsey. His father William E. Kelsey [1816-1862] built the Kelsey plantation home which later was purchased by Thomas Franklin Clinton in 1868. The Clintons named the old Kelsey home Clinton Hall. Clinton Hall was where Nancy Elizabeth McKeown Wood and Thomas Franklin Clinton raised their family. The home was a three-story, federal-style house that was built in 1858 on the Chester-York County line.

CABAL SCHOOL – Broad River District 12
(Described by Mrs. Madeline Carter)

Cabal was a one teacher school located in the western part of Chester County. It was a one room wooden building. There were twenty-five students enrolled in grades one through six.

There was a coal heater in the center of the room and on cold days the children sat in a circle around the stove to keep warm. The children were grouped so that they could do their best work. The school day did not seem to have enough hours in it to get everything done. There was never a dull moment.

FISHING CREEK SCHOOL

(From Farm Women's Council Information)

Fishing Creek School was started in 1893 in the church session house. Miss Lizzie Reid was the first teacher. Her students were:

Frank Gaston

Will Hicklin

Frank Hicklin

Lizzie Millen

Lois Millen

Mattie Millen

Other teachers were:

Mr. Wilson Simpson

Miss Lottie Gaston

Miss Anna Gaston

Miss Anna Poag

A new school was built behind the church in 1926. When the school closed, the children were sent to Oakley Hall.

BOOKOUT SCHOOL – Leeds District 15

This was a small one room building built in 1921 at the edge of Halselville township. The school was closed after six or eight years. One teacher who taught thee was Mrs. Eva Wilkes Bramlett. After the school was closed, the children were sent to Leeds for the elementary grades and to Chester for high school.

New Information on Some Descendants of William Ferguson (b. abt 1740, d. 1801) and Annie Henderson of Fairfield District, South Carolina

By John T. Ferguson, 9 Beacon Place, Daufuskie Island, SC 29915, jtferg@hargray.com

July 2014

This paper addresses William and Annie's son William (b. 26 Dec 1765, d. 20 Mar 1836 or 1837) and his relationship to Joseph Ferguson whose will was proved 11 Nov 1816 in Fairfield District, SC. To keep the Williams straight, I refer to them as William Sr. and Jr. It is concluded that Joseph is not a son of William Sr. but of William Jr.

The Clan Ferguson Society of North America has on file a genealogy of some of the descendants of William Ferguson Sr. and Annie Henderson of Fairfield District, SC.

The genealogy is reportedly based, at least in part, on a hand written document obtained by Shirley F. Doran, Genealogist, Clan Ferguson Society, in 1988 from Jean C. Agee of Chester Co., SC. The document purports to contain information from records and letters reviewed by Eula Ferguson Taylor, 207 W. Olive St., Portersville, California in May 1929. The material concludes with the following note: "Records taken from old family Bible and sent by Lydia (Ferguson) Atkins 1999 [1899?]. Old records verified and additional facts given by paper written by Elizabeth Ferguson, wife of Jacob Ferguson. Paper dated 1858. Copies [of] this record made on May 27, 1955 [1935?] by Elizabeth Ferguson Roberson [Koberson?] at 289 West Olive Street, Portersville, Calif."

This genealogy shows Joseph as a son of William Sr.

Documents concerning William Jr. and his children and grandchildren were discovered a number of years ago in boxes in the attic of a building in Edgefield, SC. These documents were made available to the public in recent years and are held by the Edgefield County Archives, 124 Courthouse Square, Edgefield, South Carolina, 29824.

I have reviewed some of the documents mentioned in the preceding paragraph, including William Jr.'s will and marriage contract with his second wife, Rebecca. The remarriage of Rebecca after William Jr.'s death spawned a great deal of litigation in Edgefield, and the papers filed in that litigation clearly identify 7 of William Jr.'s 8 children and 6 of his grandchildren. The names of the 7 children match the names of the siblings mentioned by Joseph in his will; thus it must be that Joseph is the 8th child of William Jr.

What follows is a description of those documents as well as other publicly available information that is consistent with the genealogy of some of the descendants of William Ferguson Sr. and Annie Henderson that I set out below.

In *History of Edgefield County from the Earliest Settlements to 1897*, John A. Chapman writes that after the Revolutionary War, many Tories came to Edgefield from the Catawba and Broad River sections of South Carolina. According to Chapman, included among them were the brothers William and Abram Ferguson. Chapman incorrectly identifies these men as brothers of the British military leader, Patrick Ferguson, who was killed at King's Mountain.

The areas called Chester District and Fairfield District between 1800 and 1868, lie between the Catawba and Broad Rivers a little north of Edgefield. These districts were home to early Fergusons who migrated to South Carolina from Virginia.

Chapman reports in his book that William and Abram Ferguson owned Mickler and Denny Plantations, near Saluda, SC, and that they are buried at Denny's across the road from the store. I visited the area a few years ago and stopped someone who lived in the vicinity. They knew of the graves described by Chapman and took me to the grave site. There were no markers, but I observed grave depressions at the site.

The 1820 Edgefield Census has Wm Ferguson, 2M 16-26, 1M 45 or older, 1F 45 or older. This is

William Ferguson Jr. and his first wife, Unknown, the mother of all his children.

There is a marriage contract dated 10 Oct 1827, between William Ferguson and Rebecca Crowder, both of Edgefield District, South Carolina.

The will of William Furgerson Jr. of the State of South Carolina & District of Edgefield, dated 25 Dec 1831, references the 10 Oct 1827 marriage contract and leaves William Jr.'s real and personal property to his wife Rebecah so long as she continues to live in a state of widowhood. After her death or marriage, William's property is to go to his lawful heirs living in the United States of N. America, with limited exceptions. The will names Abraham Ferguson executor.

The 1830 Edgefield Census has W. Furgason, 1M 20 to 30, 1M 60 to 70, 1F 50 to 60. This is William and his second wife, Rebecca.

Rebecca Ferguson avers in an answer to a bill of complaint, sworn to and subscribed by her 29 Jun 1846 and filed in Equity in Edgefield, that William Ferguson died 20 Mar 1836 or 1837. Either date is consistent with the fact that William Jr.'s will was recorded in Edgefield on 26 Apr 1837 in WB D Pg 24.

A Bill for Relief filed 25 Mar 1846 in Edgefield, Equity 839, by John Ferguson et al., against Rebecca Ferguson O'Neall and Cullen O'Neall, states that the complainants, John Ferguson, Jincey M. Clark, Agnes Corley, Keziah Edwards and Anna Reeves are children of the deceased William Ferguson. The bill further states that Gideon, Lewis and Elizabeth Ferguson are the children of James H. Ferguson, deceased, and grandchildren of William Ferguson, and that Isiah, Martha and Abraham Ferguson are children of William H. Ferguson, deceased, and grandchildren of William Ferguson.

The 1840 Edgefield Census has Mary Furgerson, 2M 5 and under 10, 1F under 5 and 1F 40 to 50. This is Mary, the widow of James H. Ferguson and their three children, Gideon, Lewis and Elizabeth.

The 1840 Edgefield Census also has Rebecca Furgerson, the widow of William Jr., as a head of household.

The 1850 Edgefield Census has Mary Ferguson, head of household with Gideon, Lewis and Elizabeth. A Bill of Partition filed 2 Jun 1847 in Edgefield Equity 712, Ferguson et al. v. Corley et al., states that sometime during the year 1846, Rebecca Ferguson married Cullen O'Neall. The complainants are identified as John Ferguson, Jincey M. Clark, Kiziah Edwards, and Anna Reeves, children of the deceased William Ferguson; Jesse Edwards, husband of Keziah; James B. Reeves, husband of Anna; Gideon, Lewis and Elizabeth Ferguson, children of the deceased James H. Ferguson and grandchildren of the deceased William Ferguson; and Isiah, Martha and Abraham Ferguson, children of the deceased William H. Ferguson and grandchildren of the deceased William Ferguson.

Answers to this Bill of Partition filed by Rebecca, Cullen O'Neall and Agnes Corley admit that the complainants are children and grandchildren of William Ferguson as described in the Bill of Partition.

The will of Joseph Ferguson dated 22 Mar 1816, proved 11 Nov 1816, and recorded in Fairfield District Will Book 7, Page 93 on 16 May 1817, leaves the property of Joseph to his named brothers and sisters, John Ferguson, Agnes Ferguson, Anna Reves, Keziah Ferguson, Wm H. Ferguson, J.H.

Ferguson and Jancey M. Ferguson. Abraham Ferguson is named executor. A transcript of Joseph's will is attached hereto.

Before turning to the genealogy of certain of the descendants of William Ferguson, Sr., that is the focus of this paper, it will be noted that both William Jr. and Joseph Ferguson named an Abraham as their executor. The writer has not been successful in either case in establishing the identity of Abraham, the executor.

It is widely held that William Jr. had a brother, Abraham. As noted above, Chapman states in his history of Edgefield that the brothers William and Abram came to the Edgefield area following the Revolutionary War and owned the Mickler and Denny Plantations near Saluda, South Carolina. Chapman further states that Abram predeceased William and that they are both buried at Denny's Crossroad.

The Thursday, August 5, 1824, edition of the City Gazette, Charleston, SC, posted the following obituary:

"In Fairfield District, SC on the 20th ult. Mr Abraham Ferguson."

A grave located approximately 2 miles north of the Hunter House outside Ridgeway, SC, the former home of Anna Ferguson, an heir of Abraham Ferguson believed to be his illegitimate daughter, contains the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Abram Ferguson who departed this life 20th July 1824 in the 51st year of his age. The memory of the just is blessed."

The grave of Abram Ferguson is adjacent to a grave marked with a stone inscribed "Sacred to the memory of William Ferguson." Some speculate that this is the grave of William Ferguson Sr.

An Abraham Ferguson who lived near Ridgeway, SC in Fairfield District prior to his death in 1824, names in his will dated 12 Jul 1824 and recorded in Fairfield District 6 Dec 1824, his brothers William and Jacob, sisters Myriana Lumkin, Annes Turbevill and Anna, and Keziah Edwards, child of William his brother. Thus, it appears that Abraham did predecease his brother William and could not have been the Abraham who William Jr. named as his executor. This Abraham may be the person named executor in the will of his nephew, Joseph Ferguson who died in 1816. He may well have owned a plantation in Edgefield, but it appears that he did not live there at the time of his death in 1824.

There is ample evidence of William Jr.'s presence in the Edgefield area as early as the 1800 census. The writer has found no evidence, other than statements by Chapman in his book, that Abraham lived in the vicinity of Edgefield.

I believe that the genealogy for certain of the descendants of William Ferguson Jr., son of William Ferguson Sr. and Annie Henderson, is as follows:

William Ferguson, b. bet 1760 and 1770, d. 20 Mar 1836 or 1837, married first Unknown. The writer is exploring whether this Unknown is Mourning Ferguson. Their children were

1. John Ferguson, d. aft 2 Jun 1847
2. James Hiram Ferguson, d. bef 2 Jun 1847, married Mary (Maynard, Culbreath or Edwards?), b. abt 1798, d. aft 15 Jan 1849. Their children were:
 - i. Gideon Ferguson, b. abt 1832
 - ii. Lewis Ferguson, b. abt 1834
 - iii. Elizabeth Ferguson, b. abt 1836

Note: A Petition for Guardianship filed by Lewis and Elizabeth in Edgefield Equity 2562, 15 Jan 1849, asks that Wesley Culbreath, cousin of the petitioners, be appointed their guardian. Mary Ferguson, mother of the petitioners, consents to the appointment, and Westley Culbreath accepts the appointment. There is a Westley Culbreath, b. 1811 Edgefield, d. 1880 Baker, GA, son of Edward Culbreath, b. 1788 Edgefield, d. 2 Jun 1868, Edgefield, and Elizabeth Maynard Culbreath, b. 1791 Edgefield, d. 4 Jun 1880 Baker, GA.

3. Jincey/Jancey M. Ferguson, d. aft 2 Jun 1847, married Unknown Clark, d. bef 2 Jun 1847.
4. Annes/Agnes Ferguson, d. aft 2 Jun 1847, married Unknown Corley.
5. Keziah Ferguson, d. aft 2 Jun 1847, married Jesse Edwards, d. aft 2 Jun 1847.
6. Anna Ferguson, d. aft 2 Jun 1847, married James B. Reeves, d. aft 2 Jun 1847.
7. William H. Ferguson, d. bef 25 Mar 1846, married Unknown. Their children were:
 - i. Isaiah Ferguson
 - ii. Martha Ferguson
 - iii. Abraham Ferguson
8. Joseph Ferguson, d. 1816

WILL OF

JOSEPH FUGERSON

Fairfield District
And State of South Carolina

In the Name of God Amen

I Joseph Ferguson of the above Dist and State being in my perfect Sences and right mind do make this my will and testament (being about to Start a Journey) namely I leave my Earthly property what it has

pleased God to give to me I leave Ito my Brothers and Sifters Namely Keziah and Wm H. and James H. and Jancey M. Ferguson the whole of my earthly property to be Equelly devided among them – Excepting all my cloths I give to my brothers above mentioned & fifty dollars to Anna Reves & fifty dollars to John Ferguson & fifty dollars to Agnes Ferguson my sister, after this one hundred and fifty dollars is divided between my Sister ann Reves and John Ferguson my Brother and Agnefs my Sister – then the rest or whole of my property Equel, devided amgnst my above mecend Brothers and Sisters Viz Kezianh & Wm H. and J H and Jancey M Ferguson – I want as much as possible of this property to be laid out Economically on the Education or tuetion of the above metioned Schold in I leave Abaham Ferguson my Executor where unto I Set my hand hand this 22 day of Mach in the year of Lord one Thousand Eight hun- and Sixteen & forheth year of the independency of the united States of a Macary

Joseph Fergerson
Proved Nov. 11, 1816
Jno Buchanan J.C.P.
Recorded in Book No. 7
May 16, 1817, Page 93
April 15 File 167

* * * * *

Richburg News

Charleston News & Courier - Sunday June 7, 1908

REID – ELLIS Wedding

Chester, June 6. – Special: The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reid at Richburg was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Esther Reid Cochrane, a sister of Mr. Reid, became the wife of Mr. T. G. Ellis, of Greenwood. The ceremony was preformed by the Rev. R. A. Lummus pastor of Union and Edgemoor A.R.P. churches,

who in a ceremony delightfully sweet and simple united the two in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Mr. P. T. Hollis rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march on the violin by way of prelude as the bridal party entered and took their places before the officiating minister. First came Mr. Mark Ellis, of Greenwood, and Miss Florence Bradford of Chester; then came Mr. C. O. Pratt, of Greenwood, and Miss Jessie Buchanan, of Charlotte, the only attendants, followed by the bridal pair themselves. The bride was dressed in a becoming costume of white silk.

After congratulations from the more than one hundred guests present, the hospitable dining room was thrown open and a delightful two-course luncheon was served by Misses Helen Reid, Mary Neely, Janet Simpson, Margie Millen, Florrie Betts, Susie McCrorey and Mary Joe Drakeford. On the way from the dining room the guests were served with coffee by Miss Janie Burns and presented with a ribbon and rosebud as souvenir by Mr. Charles Whiteside and Miss Susie McCrorey.

A lovely array of handsome and serviceable presents attested the great and general popularity of the contracting couple. After a few days in the upper part of the State, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis will go to Greenwood, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Ellis has for a number of years been in charge of the well-know Lewisville Academy and has done a splendid work as a teacher in inspiring young men and women to perfect themselves for life's battles. Mr. Ellis is a travelling salesman with a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

Charleston News and Courier - Monday, September 7, 1891

Round About Richburg

Richburg, SC, September 5. – Special: The crops in this community promise a very fair yield with suitable weather for harvesting. Mr. F. H. Barber has a field of twenty-five acres from which he expects to gather twenty-five bales, which is an excellent average for old run down Chester County land. The above tells the tale of several of our leading farmers, but with all the flattering prospects, times are dull on account of the present low price of the staple.

Richburg can boast of a fully equipped and first-class livery stable which stands as a monument to the enterprise of Mr. W. C. Kee.

Mr. C. H. Ragsdale, of Lancaster, was in town last week prospecting a line for the continuation of the Roanoke and Southern Railroad from Columbia to Charlotte, via Winnsboro, Catawba Falls, Richburg, Fishing Creek, Factory and Catawba Junction. Mr. F. H. Barber, the master spirit of the scheme here, seems to be sanguine of Richburg's chances.

Barber & Waters will replace their grist and flouring mill and cotton gin, which was recently destroyed by fire.

The Rev. Mr. Millard, of Waxhaws, has been extended a call to Richburg and Fishing Creek churches, and has signified his willingness to accept if the Presbytery approves it.

Charleston News and Courier – Monday, February 20, 1893

A Busy Coroner – A Move to Arkansas – Wedding Bells.

Chester, February 17. – Special: The new coroner of the county, P. M. Chisolm, has been kept active since his induction into office, the middle of December. Since then he had "sat" upon six cases. The latest of those was on Tuesday in the case of Hagar Shannon, colored, who fell dead from apoplexy on the afternoon before.

Mr. E. M. Ferguson and family, of Wylie's Mill, in the eastern part of the county, left here yesterday to work their home in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Mr. Ferguson has done for a year a prosperous mercantile business in this community. He is one of our best citizens, and it is with a genuine regret that his many friends see him "pull up" and move off to the far West.

Mr. William Miller, who removed from this county to Indiana in December, 1865, arrived here last week on his first visit since his removal. His many friends were glad to see him.

Mr. S. Ferguson, of this town, and Mrs. Susan Jackson, of Lewisville Township, were married on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Rayser, pastor of the Richburg Methodist Church.

Miss Mattie Mills, of Blackstock, an experienced and accomplished teacher, has taken charge of Armenia Academy in the western part of the county.

The State (Columbia, SC) – Sunday, August 29, 1909

MASONS OF RICHBURG PICNIC

**Give Very Enjoyable Entertainment to Fellow Members of Order –
Col. Lumpkin Speaks.**

Special to *The State*.

Chester, Aug. 27. — The Masonic lodge of Richburg yesterday entertained in a most bountiful and elegant picnic dinner the members of the fraternity of the various lodges of the county. The people of the community turned out in large numbers and everybody had a good time. Col. W. W. Lumpkin of Columbia was the orator of the day and fully sustained the reputation he has long had as one of the most forceful and eloquent speakers in the State. Mr. W. D. Knox, county superintendent of education, made an impressive speech. The speaking and picnic were on the grounds occupied by the recent rally of the Chester County Farmers' union.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hardin returned yesterday from a sojourn of several days at Glenn Springs.

Mr. G. D. Heath left for a stay of ten days or two weeks at Catawba Springs, near Hickory, N.C.

Rev. J. S. Snyder, pastor of Chester Baptist church, his wife and child returned yesterday from Trenton, Ky., where Mrs. Snyder spent three months with relatives and Mr. Snyder his vacation of one month.

Mrs. S. E. McFadden and children reached home yesterday afternoon from a stay of several weeks at Catawba Springs.

Mrs. C. A. Calvo of Columbia, who has been on a short visit to Mrs. M. A. Steinkuhler, returned yesterday to her home.

Miss Berta Heath left Wednesday morning for San Francisco to make a visit to her brother, Dr. G. D. Heath, now stationed in a government hospital in that city.

Mr. Colvin Cornwell has returned from a trip of several weeks to the Seattle exposition and Hot Springs, Ark.

Miss Sue Stoll of Kingstree arrived here Wednesday to make a visit for a while in the family of her brother, Mr. W. M. Stoll, at Great Falls.

Mrs. Clarence J. Brock and child of Anderson arrived here yesterday to make a visit to Mrs. Brock's mother, Mrs. W. Holmes Hardin.

Dr. D. G. Phillips, pastor of the A.R.P. church here, has returned from his vacation spent in Moody Bible school, and will occupy his pulpit next Sabbath.

***The State* – Friday, April 25, 1913**

FIRE AT RICHBURG

“Old Fripp” Home is Destroyed by Flames.

Special to *The State*.

Chester, April 21. – The “Old Fripp” home, one of Richburg’s prettiest residences, was entirely destroyed by fire this morning at 7:30 o’clock. It was owned by Mrs. M. E. Marion, who had been living there for many years. The fire was first detected belching forth from the roof and caught in the large garret, and in all probability it was the work of rats. The house was one of the landmarks of that section. The loss is estimated to be between \$2,500 and \$3,000, with \$1,500 insurance. Most of the furniture was removed, however, a good deal of it, along with other valuables, being lost.

It looked for a few minutes as if the home of F. M. Gale would also go, but by quick work a volunteer bucket brigade checked the flames. It caught several times.

***The State* – Thursday, May 8, 1913**

SCHOOL ENDS SESSION

**Malcolm M. Marion of Chester,
Orator at Richburg.**

Special to *The State*.

Chester, May 7. – The commencement exercises of the Richburg high school were held last Friday night. A large crowd witnessed the exercises. The programme was an interesting one. There were four in the graduating class: Miss Pearl Mayben, Miss Margaret Kee, Jacob Clawson, and John M. Neely. The commencement orator was Malcolm L. Marion of the Chester bar. His subject was “Success and How to Attain It.” It was a strong production. The commencement songs and music were also fine.

The trustees pronounced the last year one of the most successful in the history of the school. The attendance had been better and greater interest was taken in the work.

The faculty at the school during the year were: Principal, R. Fair Goodwin, Miss Jeannette Roddey, intermediate, and Miss Guineth Bratton, primary.

***The State* – Friday, June 4, 1915**

CLOSE AT RICHBURG.

Commencement Exercises End Successful School Year.

Special to *The State*.

Chester, June 3. – The commencement exercises of the Richburg high school were held Friday night. There was a large crowd present. Dr. J. P. Young of the board of trustees presided. The orator of the occasion was the Rev. R. A. Lummus, pastor of the Edgemoor Associate Reformed Presbyterian church. He made a vigorous talk and profoundly impresses all present with his logic and eloquence.

J. H. Drennan, also of the board of trustees, delivered diplomas to the graduates.

One of the special features of the evening was the music rendered by Misses Lottie Klutz, Adelyne Hood and Lucy Alexander of Chester.

Three plays were produced: "Fortune of War" by the high school department, "Everyday Fairies" by the intermediate department, and "All Day Work" by the primary department.

Joe P. Moore and his assistants, Misses Juanita Neely and Hallie McMurray, composed the faculty of this school the past year. This session, Mr. Moore stated, had been the best in years. The standard of the school has been raised and graduates from there are now able to enter the freshman class of any institution in the South.

***The State* – Thursday, October 11, 1917**

SCHOOL PICKS COTTON.

**Bale Gathered on Richburg Farm for
Benefit of Association.**

Special to *The State*.

Richburg, Oct. 10. – On Saturday, the school at Richburg had a cotton picking day. The teachers, pupils and many of the patrons met at the farm of J. M. McGarity at 8 o'clock in the morning and spent the day gathering the fleecy staple. Lunch was served by the ladies of the community in the grove of oaks that surround Mr. McGarity's home. The young people picked out a good bale of the staple and the proceeds from the picking were turned over to the association to be used for the benefit of the school. This was the first attempt at anything of the kind in this section and its success met the hearty approval of every one. F. R. Hemingway, principal of the school, the assistant teachers and the association of which Mrs. F. M. Gale is president are grateful at the result of the undertaking.

***The State* – March 1, 1922.**

Store of J. L. Mize Burns and Box Car is Set Afire.

Special to *The State*.

Chester, Feb. 28. – The little town of Richburg, 12 miles east of Chester, was visited by a fierce blaze this afternoon which destroyed the mercantile establishment of John L. Mize, along with his warehouse and a couple of other smaller buildings. The fire caused considerable concern among the inhabitants and for a time it looked like other structures were doomed. However, the bucket brigade, which were quickly organized, rendered effective work. A box car standing on the siding caught fire from a spark, but the blaze was extinguished without much damage. The burned building belonged to Mr. Gooche of Fort Lawn and stood close to the L & C depot. The amount of the loss has not been ascertained. A little over a year ago, Richburg experienced a big fire in its business section. The origin of the fire is unknown.

* * * * *

A Lee Family Deed

A deed of interest to the Lee family and connections, dated in 1825, was that of the heirs of Ambrose Lee to Thomas McDowell. This was a tract of land located on the waters of Sandy River and was signed by the following heirs: William Lee and his wife Coney; John Lee and his wife Polly; Jeremiah Lee and his wife Rebeccah; David A. Lee and his wife Fanny; Nancy Lee; and Thomas Preslar and his wife Sarah.

These six heirs deed their six-sevenths interest to Thomas McDowell and it is assumed that McDowell's wife was a Lee and owned the other seventh of the property.

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. The Colonial Scotch-Irish of the Carolina Piedmont By Dr. Chalmers Davidson (18 pages): Paperback: \$5.00 S&H \$2.50, "DVD" PDF format \$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
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
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. Lt. Col. Benjamin Herndon, by Robert Stevens, Sr. (44 pages): Paperback: \$20.00 S&H \$2.50 “DVD PDF
format: \$20.00 S&H \$2.50
24. Minutes of Richburg Presbyterian Church. “DVD” PDF format Only: \$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: Paperback
\$35.00 S&H \$3.50 (Not Indexed) “DVD” PDF format: \$35.00 S&H \$2.50
28. Bethel Presbyterian Churchyard York County SC (79 pages) Paperback Not Available; “DVD” PDF Format:
\$10.00 S&H \$2.50
29. The Last Confederates Who Live In Brazil By Edwin S. James 95 Pages Paperback Not Available
“DVD PDF format: \$15.00 S&H \$2.50

NOTE: All DVDs are in PDF Format and require Adobe Reader or Foxit Reader which are available “free” on the internet .

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

FORWARDING SERVICE REQUESTED