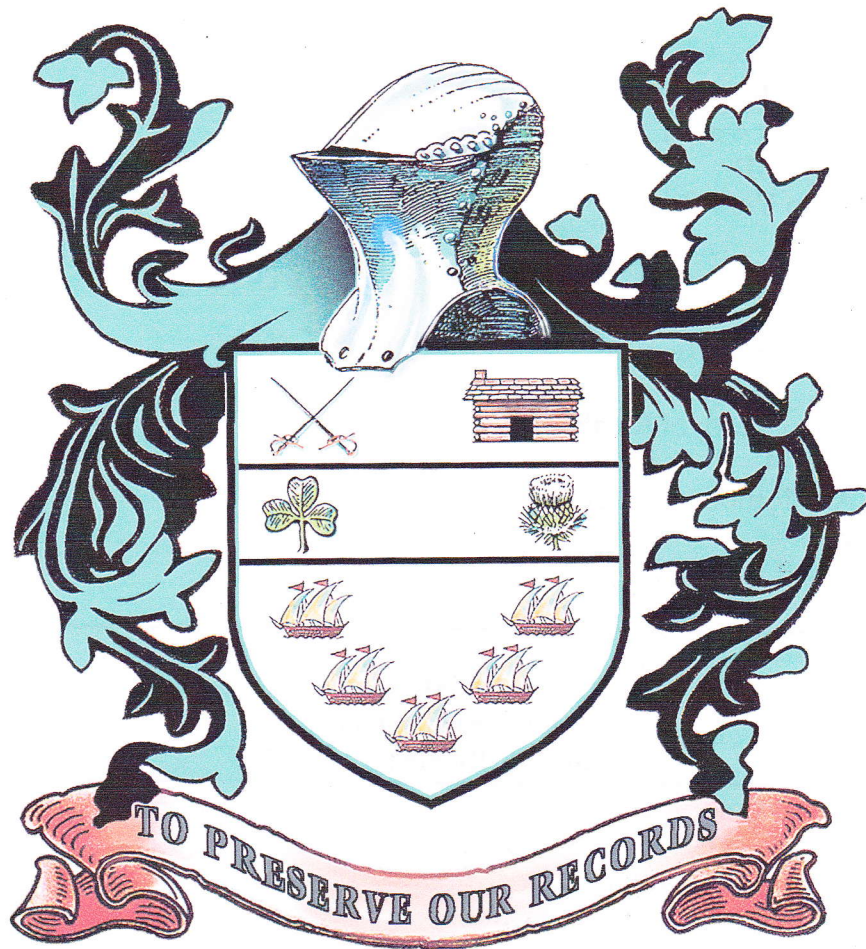


THE BULLETIN



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CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

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The Bulletin

December 2014

www.ChesterSCGenealogy.org

Happy Holidays~

Can you believe the holidays are here and that the year 2014 is almost over? Where has the time gone?

Our library, which is open each Tuesday from 8:30 am to 12:00 noon and at other times by appointment only, will be closed December 24, 2014 – January 5, 2015, and it will re-open on its regular schedule Tuesday, January 6, 2015.

Annual membership dues to the Chester District Genealogical Society (CDGS) are \$25.00 per calendar year. By joining, members are entitled to all issues of our quarterly publication, *The Bulletin*, free queries as space permits, and our Surname Book in the December issue. Enclosed in this issue of *The Bulletin*, you will find a form for renewing your membership. Along with your mailing address, please be sure to include your email address. Back issues of *The Bulletin* are available. Please see the Publications List at the back of each issue for prices.

Please remember to send in your dues. We depend on these to help keep us afloat. Also, any donations are most appreciated as operating expenses keep going up. We do appreciate all of you and anything extra you can do to help us. The Society needs your support in order to continue its important work and to survive in this difficult economy. Please consider giving a gift membership to someone you know who is interested in genealogy, or if you are able to do so, please make a tax-deductible contribution. It would be greatly appreciated.

If you are mailing us your membership dues or any other information, please be sure to use the following address, or the post office will not deliver it to us. Our mailing address is Chester District Genealogical Society, PO Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729-0336.

We would like to thank each one of you for bearing with us this past year as we have tried to save money by emailing the quarterly issues of *The Bulletin* to you. For those who do not have access to a computer or prefer a hard copy, we still have those available to mail to you.

A huge thank you to all who have very graciously shared your family histories, stories, and articles with us. They are greatly appreciated. However, MORE family histories or articles are needed for future issues.

The Chester County maps are available once again for \$5.00 per map. Many of you like to use the maps to mark the churches and graveyards that you wish to visit when you are here. The Chester County Chamber of Commerce was kind enough to allow us to purchase additional maps from them for resale.

As 2014 comes to a close, I want to express appreciation to all our volunteers who make our Society productive and to all our members who show your support each time you renew your membership in CDGS.

Tom Mayhugh, President

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

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

She was just beginning to feel anxious about Mary when she saw Mary and the boy Sam coming slowly up the road that led to the "secret path". She hastened to meet Mary, and telling Mary in an excited manner of the "danger" she was in of these men knowing of her trip to Gen. Marion's camp, and how she had pretended they had gone and took her off "against her will." Mary just embraced her old Mammy and said, "Oh Mammy Moll, my dear brother is dead. He was killed in that terrible battle." The old woman would have fallen if Mary had not supported her, but Mary saw that the old woman had fainted so she laid her gently on the ground, letting the boy "run get her some water, and tell Jane to come here quick". The boy ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He and Jane (Old Moll's daughter) soon came with the water and after bathing the old woman's face, and there was no sign of life, Mary grew alarmed and putting her hand over the old woman's heart, she had found it had "stopped beating". Feeling her pulse, she found as she had feared that the "faithful old woman" her "Old Mammy", who had cared for her ever since her own mother had died, and left her an infant. Oh God, was all the sorrow to come at once, for she knew her old father would soon be called on "that January from which none ever return." Looking up at Jane, with her beautiful large eyes full of tears, she said, "Jane your dear Old Mammy is dead." Jane, though a good hearted, hard working girl, never had had the sense her mother had, and now, she began to show the real Negro. She began to dance and waving her hands, and call upon "de Lord". "De Lord, hab marcy on her, a poor Nigger, hab no Mammy now. Come down and take her in de shinning chariot too wid her Mammy."

Mary looked so miserable that the stupid boy, Sam, noticed it, and said to Mary, "What kin I do fer you, Miss Mary? You help me and we will carry her to her house," and turning to Jane, she said sternly, "Go heat some water as quick as you can so I can wash and dress your mother." The boy came forward and Mary telling him to catch the old woman under the knees, she would support the shoulders, so they lifted the old Negro and carried her dead body into her little cabin, and Jane fully realized that when her young mistress gave an order, she meant to be obeyed, went at once to the kitchen where she already had a large kettle of hot water. She soon carried it out to Mary, who had Sam to wait outside the door in case she wanted anything.

Going to her old nurse's old hair trunk, she knew she would find suitable clothes to bury the old woman in for from the time she had been a little girl Old Mammy had showed her the clothes she wished to be buried in. A lady in Penn., her former owner, had given them to her when she was to be sent to South Carolina to be sold to the highest bidder. The old Negro kept these clothes as {precious} as though they were fine gold, and now her dear child, as she was so fond of calling Mary was carrying out the Old Mammy's wishes. She put the clothes on the old dead body as tenderly as though she was afraid she would hurt her, and now she felt that she was not half doing enough for the dear old woman, who had so tenderly cared for her every since she could remember.

Mary Gill was one who when she started to do anything usually carried it through as quickly as possible, so she soon had the old Negro dressed or shrouded, and going to the door, she called Sam to come in. All Negroes are of a very superstitious nature and especially where there is a death or dead body, unless there is a great gathering of Negroes all singing and wringing their hands, then they will go in crowds to "a wake" as they call setting up with a corpse. But to quickly go and dress and lay out a dead body, they have the most dreadful ideas of death and are really afraid to venture where a death takes place unless they go in gangs.

So when Mary called the boy Sam to come in, he came in with wide stretched eyes and his teeth chattering. Mary so free from superstition herself looked at the boy and said, "What on earth is the matter with you?" He trembled and said, "I is scared old Aunt Molly is going to ketrch me." Mary looked at him with an air of contempt, and said in her most determined tone, that the Negroes knew so well, "You fool, its the living you had better fear, not the dead. Go at once and get me as broad a plank as you can get." The boy was glad to get out of there on any excuse. So he almost ran as he came near the corpse lying there, as Mary had not as yet put the shrouding sheet that was always spread over a dead body. So Sam had a full view of the pool old dead woman and the handkerchief tied round her jaws to keep the mouth in place. He almost jumped out of the low cabin door.

Jane in the meantime had sat there in the little cabin with her face buried in her hands. Her curiosity was so great however that she would peep between her fingers to see what Mary would next do toward getting her dead mother ready for burial. Mary seeing this said, "Now Jane, you much stay here until I go in the house and look after my father." Seeing that the girl did not like the idea of being left alone, Mary said in a very kind tone, "Jane, don't feel afraid of your old mother. She will not harm you now, anymore than she did while living."

So saying, she left the cabin and walked rapidly toward the house. Seeing the boy getting a broad plank from under the house, she called to him, "Sam, leave that plank until you go and saddle Spot and ride over to Mrs. White's and old Mr. Crawford and tell them to please come to me. Tell them to come as soon as they can." Knowing the boy would tell of the sudden death of Aunt Moll. She went straight into the house where she found her old father well covered up on a small lounge where Jane had coaxed him to lay down after she had given him his light supper of mush and milk.

She had just returned to the kitchen when Sam came running in for the water, with the message from Miss Mary to come quick. So now Mary find him just as Jane had covered him. He usually rested there every night before going to bed. (I am not sure about this sentence.) Mary now went to the couch and bent over him, and what was her horror to find that he too was dead. She almost fainted, and dragging herself up from off the couch where she had fallen, in her awful surprise at finding her dear old father really dead. She took a seat near the window to await the coming of her friends.

There were so few men in the neighborhood, and what was here were old men too feeble to be in the Army. So in sending for Mr. Crawford and Mrs. White, she felt that she was indeed left in a desolate condition. Her dear brother dead, killed in the act of fighting bravely for the country he loved so well. Father dead, her staunch old friend and companion, "Moll", dead. Oh what a lonely heart breaking feeling came over her, and thinking of the letter she remembered she had put it hurriedly in her apron pocket, and hastily felt for it, and found to her sorrow that it was gone. Remembering that she had taken her apron off in the forest to use as a flag for the soldiers, she at once supposed she must have lost it then.

With a wail of despair, she sank on her knees and asked God to take care of her now in her lonely condition. The Negro, Sam, always ready to do Miss Mary's bidding, got Spot saddled as soon as he could and galloped every step of the way to Mr. Crawford's. Telling the old white haired man of Miss Mary's trouble, and her message to come to her at once. The old man and his wife and daughter had been in bed for a long time when the Negro boy came, but knowing how troubled Mary Gill was over Old Moll's death, they all decided to get up and go over to help her all they could. So soon old Mr. Crawford, a very active old man for his age, soon had the little wagon and horse ready, and they soon found to their consternation after reaching Mr. Gill's house that not only was the faithful old Negro woman dead, but old Mr. Gill himself was dead, and then to add to their sorrow, Mary told them of her sad news she had of her dear brother having been killed in the last battle that had taken place near Camden. All were sad and tried in every way to sympathize with Mary Gill who was now completely overcome with the many sorrows that had come all at once. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford took charge of everything for the poor afflicted girl, and as soon as Mrs. White and her youngest Sam Garner came, it now being nearly daylight. Mrs. White said she was not surprised to hear of Mr. Gill's death but did not think of "Old Molls" dying, "thought she was good for 10 years longer at least."

She just took Mary by the hand as soon as she had heard all the said news, and led her into the little room Mary called hers, and kindly and lovingly, helping her to unfasten her clothes, and unbinding her beautiful hair. She soon had it in a long plait hanging down to the girl's waist. Soon she had her ready for bed. Quickly doing everything for her young friend and never saying a word to her, but just managing this girl in her own kind hearted way, for she knew Mary Gill well enough to know that she did not want any noisy sympathy in her deep grief.

Mr. Crawford sent Sam on Mary's pony to let their minister, the Rev. Thomas Neely, know of the sorrow of this household. Also to tell Polly Gill, who lived some distance away with her widowed mother. Mr. Crawford also sent for some Negro men to come so that he, with the help of the Negroes, could go to Chester to get the two coffins for Mr. Gill and the poor old woman.

As soon as Mrs. White had snugly tucked the bed clothes around Mary, she bent down and tenderly kissed the sorrow stricken girl, and leaving her now to try and sleep a little she went out and assisted Mrs. Crawford and her little daughter to clean up the kitchen, as Jane of course had not had a chance the night before to make the kitchen tidy as Mary always required her to do. Leave everything in its proper place. Mrs. White and Mrs. Crawford were good friends and

they just got everything to looking so neat and tidy that when poor grief-stricken Jane came creeping into the kitchen she said, "Lord, who did clean up dis kitchen?"

The sun was now shining bright and cold, when poor Mary awoke from a deep sleep. She felt very sad and lonely this bright morning, for she felt that was indeed an orphan. When she came out, there was a calm look of resignation on her noble face, and as she went into her father's little room where she knew her father's dead body lay awaiting to be buried, she felt that if it were not for one loved one, she would pray God to take her with the rest. But the thought of this loved one made her heart feel warm and some of the chill passed off.

Quickly lifting the sheet that covered her father's dead body, she looked at him steadily. He had been a very handsome ruddy faced man in his prime, and through he was so thin now, still there were traces of his former good looks. Mary was struck with the likeness that she now noticed, more than ever before of her dear brother.

Mr. Crawford was seated on the little porch and as Mary comes out he calls to her in a very kind way, "Mary, I have sent for Mr. Neely to come to the house at 12 o'clock for these troublesome times. We folks can't stay away from our homes long, so you had better have the funerals of both your father and Moll preached here at the house, and then both bodies can be taken to Fishing Creek Church in the same wagon. Mary looked worried as he said this, and he at once knew what was troubling her. So he said rather brusquely, "Mary, this is no time to pick and choose. It will not hurt your Paw to have Old Moll carried in the same wagon to the graveyard. We are all worms of the dust and sooner or later, the rich and poor, high and low, will all have to come to this dreadful end."

Mary looked at him at first as though she would give him an answer that he would not likely forget soon, but thinking of how very dependent she was on this very old man, though he was a very cranky old man, still he meant well, so she answered very quietly, "I will leave everything to your good judgement, Mr. Crawford."

Mary went into the house where Mrs. White and Mrs. Crawford insisted on her taking some thing to eat. They had found the package of coffee her brother had given her to bring to his father, and now they were telling her of the nice coffee they had found in her little safe. At mention of the good coffee, Mary burst into tears, the first real tears that had come into her eyes since all this sorrow had come upon her. She put her head down on the breakfast table and just sobbed like a little child.

Mrs. Crawford was inclined to want her to cease this show of grief. "Come, Mary, we are all mightily sorry for you," but in a voice of meek submission, she said, "We must all submit to the Lord's Will." Mrs. White looked at her with an angry flash coming into her rosy old face. "Oh, let the child cry, it will do her good. "Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Crawford, "but I like to see a submissive spirit to God's chastisements." At length, Mary ceased to cry and sat up in her chair with a look of such deep sorrow in her large grey eyes, that Mrs. Crawford said, "Mary, you will make yourself sick sure if you keep taking on so much." Mary looked at her and said in

a dry hard tone, "Mrs. Crawford, I am sorry to annoy you, with my deep sorrow, but I cannot help myself. God gave me a heart to love my father and brother and now my heart is breaking to think I shall never hear their loved voices again."

She jumped up and ran out into the yard to a tree that had been there from her earliest recollections where she had often played with her rag doll which Old Moll had made for her little Mary's amusement. After she and her brother had taken their dinners out to eat under the shade of this massive oak, now she sat on the crude branch and trying to collect her thought. But all was chaos in her mind. She had been sitting there about half hour when the wheels of a carriage was heard coming down the lane and looking up she saw it was Major Bradley's carriage.

Soon the carriage reached the gate, and she saw Mrs. Bradley, a stout well-dressed lady and another lady whom Mary knew was Mrs. John Kennedy, one of the most popular ladies in the village of Chester. Mary saw from where she sat that Mrs. White had gone out to receive these ladies so she did not hurry to go into the house until her sad thoughts were broken into by Mrs. Crawford's little 6 year old girl coming at a break-neck speed down the back steps, calling her in a very pert way, "Mary, Mary, Ma says for you to come straight into the house for them ladies will think strange of you sitting outdoors." Mary looked at the child and her large eyes flashed, but she controlled her quick temper and arose and went quietly into the house.

As she entered the large room used for a sitting room, she found that a good many of the neighbors had gathered, and Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Kennedy came forward to speak to the poor grief-stricken girl. They embraced her tenderly, but not a word was spoken. They then took their seats for the Rev. Thomas Neely and his son, Harvey, were ushered into the room now and soon Polly Gill and her widowed mother came in. So at the coming, the old clock on the mantel struck 12 and Mrs. White going to a book case in the corner took out a well-worn Bible. She handed it to Mr. Neely and soon in a whiny weak kind of voice, he began to read a Psalm. Soon, they sang a "funeral tune" that was doleful in the extreme. Then, as in these days, they called taking the corpse way from the house, "Lifting the corpse."

So Mr. Crawford, who had everything in charge, called to the Negro men who were waiting outside, "Come in. We are going to lift now." The Negroes came in and with Mr. Crawford and the minister's help, they carried the dead body of John Gill out of his humble little home. He had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War, and now his son had given up his life in the same cause. They carried the coffin (which was a very plain wooden one, stained a dark walnut color, for coffins like everything in these hard times were hard to get.) to a large wagon that stood outside the gate. Two large mules owned by Mr. Crawford were hitched to the wagon. This being the property of Mrs. White. Soon they had placed the coffin in the wagon, and now Mr. Crawford ordered the driver round to the back gate. Nearby stood the little cabin of poor Old Moll. All guessed why the order was given for the wagon to be taken there. So Mr. Crawford, together with the two Negroes, went into the little cabin and soon the by-standers saw what they had thought was so. Their object in going in there was to get the dead body of the "Old Negro Woman" to carry her remains to the graveyard. At the same time, they would

carry her "former Master." Now she and her earthly Master were to appear before the "Almighty Master of the Great Universe." Soon everything was in readiness to start. Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Kennedy insisted on poor Mary's riding in the carriage with them.

It was a lonely little procession that passed up the lane, the large wagon with the driver, a big Negro man seated on a high seat, and two other Negroes and Mr. Crawford in the wagon with the coffins of the "Master" and "slave." Sam was mounted on Spot, with Jane, the daughter of Old Moll riding behind him. Mrs. Bradley was a proud little woman, and she prided herself on having as good a pair of horses as Chester County could produce, and a neat carriage. So as this little procession moved along; there was quite a contrast in looks of the equestrians of Mrs. Bradley and the others. The minister's horse was one of these lean, lank sorrel horses that looked like it had too much corn.

The lonely little funeral procession moved on without any interruption and soon Fishing Creek Church, an old-fashion building that had been there all during the Revolutionary War, the old graveyard standing off to one side of the church.

(Here the writer of this story will tell the readers. That Church is still standing, "the same building" now in 1902. A legacy has been left the church by a Mrs. {Harley} for its improvement. Her parents and grandparents worshipped there from the earliest recollection.)

Our little procession moves up to about the middle of the graveyard leaving the wagons and vehicles on the outside with one Negro to guard Old Moll's remains until the men bury Mr. Gill. They are not long for all are ready to help, for in these troublesome times, these poor Americans don't feel safe from an attack from the British. So all are in haste to get their dead friend laid to rest without being delayed. The men soon come and take the old woman's remains, soon they have lowered her dead body into a grave near the little iron gate.

Here we will leave them, for Poor Mary is so overcome by her grief that Mrs. Bradley, who is one of the most active "high strung" women says to Mrs. Kennedy, "Come let's take this poor child home. She can't stand this any longer." So taking Mary by the hand, she says kindly, "Come dear, we will take you home now. You have been tried enough for one day." She hurried Mary to the {family} carriage where the high spirited gray horses were getting very restless to be on the go. She helped Mary in, then turning to Mrs. Kennedy said, "Get inside. I will sit outside with {Polly}. I really owe you an apology for riding inside in coming here. But I had almost lost my reason. Listening to that doleful Mrs. Crawford talk about "these hard times. Oh, she would just give me the "nervous conniptions" if I had to listen to her everyday. Why she predicts the most awful ending of this war. Says she really believes we will be "wiped out" by the British, and made slaves." At this, she broke into the most hearty laugh that Mrs. Kennedy could not help but join in, and when Mary looked more cheerful, she was a very chatty person, and being of a very lively turn, she just entertained Mary and Mrs. Kennedy the whole way back from the graveyard, telling {Pampy} who could not help but snicker, at his mistress comical way of expressing herself. She looked at him while in the act of laughing, said to him,

"You fool, what are you snickering about? You just mind your own business and make these horses go along for they are just creeping along at a snail's pace like Mr. Neely's old beast."

At the idea of his horses being compared to "dat old rip of de minister's, Pampy determined his mistress should not say they went like a snail." So he gave the horses a sharp crack with his whip which put them at a brisk trot down the road leading to the lane.

Well remembered by the reader, they reached the humble little cottage some time before the others arrived. So as Mrs. White had the house key, Mary proposed the ladies to come round at the back of the house and be seated on the {crude} bench under the tree. They accepted Mary's invitation, and on seating herself Mrs. Bradley said, "Oh what a beautiful tree this is. I know it makes a grand shade in the summer time." Mary answered that it did make a fine shade. Mrs. Kennedy here asked Mary if she could get some water to drink. Mary, at once, started into the little back porch to get the bucket, and Mrs. Bradley knew that it was Mary's intention to get the little water bucket and go to the spring. Calling to Pampy, who was still seated in the carriage holding the restive horses, "Pampy, get out of the carriage and hitch those horses up and then come here." He did as his mistress bid him and came, hat in hand, to see what his Miss wanted of him.

Mary had come into the yard by this time and the boy at once knew it was to get the ladies some fresh water. So without anyone saying anything to him about the water, he stepped up to Mary and in the most respectful tone said, "Miss, let me hab de bucket. I bring you some water." Mary said, "You know the way to the spring, I suppose." He bowed and said, "Yes ma'm," and off he went and soon returned with a bucket of cool water, and handing each a dipper of water first to Mrs. Kennedy, then to Mary, and then with an extra bow to his mistress, he handed her a dipper of water which she seemed to enjoy, for she smacked her lips, and said, "Thank you, Pampy." She then said to Mary, "You have good water here, Mary dear." By this time, the others who had to pass by here to get to their homes were seen riding up the lane. Soon Mrs. White rode up to the gate and alighting, they came into the backyard where Mary and her lady friends were awaiting their arrival.

Mrs. White said, "Mary, I thought in my soul I would never get here, for Mr. Neely was just in front of us, and he just drove like he was going to his own funeral. Oh, I was so put out with him, for I hated to ask him to give us the road to pass him. I knew I had your house key too, and at last, Polly and me just drove past him any how." "Oh," said Mrs. Bradley, "these old preachers think it a sin to trot to church. But Mr. Neely is a good conscientious man, but oh, so slow," said Mrs. Bradley. Then in her quick manner, she turned to Mary and said in such a kind { } tone. "Mary darling, you have my deepest sympathy. Come to see me as often as you can, and tell all { } what you mean to do. You can't live here alone." So saying, she told Mrs. White to bring Mary up to see her. She made Mrs. White promise to come up, if possible, the next week. Mrs. Kennedy was now telling Mary goodbye. So the two ladies got into the carriage and rode rapidly down the lane, then turned into the public road leading directly to Chester.

Mrs. White and Polly Gill agreed to remain with Mary a day or two so she could pack up her things to move everything she owned over to Mrs. White's. For her old friend soon convinced her it would not begin to be prudent for her to remain there with only Jane and the boy, Sam, for protection. So it was all settled that very afternoon after the burial of her father, that she would for the future, or at least until the war was over, be making her home with her old and tried friend, Mrs. White.

Mrs. White never did anything by halves. So she and Polly just went right to work and in two days everything was in readiness for being moved to Mrs. White's. She had a large old outhouse that she told Mary was at her disposal to put all of her furniture in. Spot could be taken care of over there too, by Sam. As Mrs. White said she needed just such a boy. So it was understood that Sam would accompany Mary, but as Mrs. White had a good cook and weaver, she did not need Jane, so it was settled that "Poor Jane" must be hired out, much to the sorrow of Mary, as well as Jane, who pleaded with her young mistress to let her go with her. Mary tried to reason with the poor girl, telling her she herself had no home now and had to leave her own home very much against her will.

But these days of war troubles, it would not be safe to stay there alone. Jane was better satisfied, though when she found out that Mrs. Gill, Polly's mother, wanted to hire her. She knew Miss Polly and liked her, so that Mary had no more worry on that matter.

So when Saturday evening came, everything had been moved over to Mrs. White's, and now Mary, with tears in her eyes is locking the front door on the outside, ready to leave her dear old home. Mrs. White is seated in her buggy at the gate and as Mary comes to get into the old buggy, the lady sees the tears in the dear girl's eyes. Her warm heart is touched deeply so tenderly does she sympathize with her young friend. But she makes an effort to throw off the sad feelings and said, "Mary, Garner is so glad you are coming to live with us. He has missed his brothers so much since they have been gone. Did I tell you I got a letter from William?" On Mary's telling her no she had not said, "Yes, I think William's opinion is that this war won't last much longer." Mary answered very earnestly, "God grant that it will not."

They rode along in silence now until they came in sight of Mrs. White's comfortable old fashioned house. Her husband had been deeded or granted a large tract of land about three (3) miles southeast of Chester by George the III.

(End of Chapter 1)

* * * * *

Alexander Quay Bradley, M.D.

Alexander Quay Bradley, physician, was born April 1, 1808, at Chester, SC, and died in Marion; son of Gen. Henry and Charlotte Anderson Bradley, the former a native of Ireland, who came to this country with his father, Charles Bradley, when he was eight years old and settled in York District, SC moved to Chesterville, SC; was commissioned major in the state troops during the War of 1812, served in the state legislature from Chester, SC, in 1816, and was subsequently elected colonel of the Twenty-sixth regiment of SC militia, brigadier general of the Sixth brigade, major general of the Third division, and lieutenant governor of the state in 1822. Dr. Bradley's maternal grandparents were resident of London, England. He received his early schooling at Chester, SC, and Lincolnton, NC; entered the South Carolina College in 1824 and withdrew from the college the next year, because of his father's death. He immediately began to study medicine at his home in Chester, SC, attended lecture courses at Transylvania University, Kentucky, and at the medical college of Charleston, SC, from which later college he was graduated with honor in 1828. He practiced medicine in Chester, SC, for two years, and in 1830, moved to Marion, Ala., where he practiced until 1857. He was elected to the State legislature from Perry County, in 1839, served through the sessions of 1840 and 1841, and was defeated for the senate by Col. Richard B. Walthall, in 1842. He was again elected to the house in 1859, where he opposed the adoption by the legislature, in view of the election of an abolition candidate for president of the United States, of the resolution authorizing the governor to call a convention to take such steps as might be necessary to preserve the rights and honor of the people of the state, believing that such a resolution would amount to revolution. With the beginning of the War of Secession, and immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, Dr. Bradley enlisted as surgeon of the Fourth Alabama regiment, and remained with the regiment until it was ordered to Virginia, when owing to the failure of his health, he was compelled to withdraw from the service. He was a Whig, later a Democrat; a Presbyterian; and a Mason. He had strong antiquarian tastes and had collected around him many rare books, publications and manuscripts, among the latter an autographed report of the celebrated leader of British cavalry, Tarleton. Last residence: Marion.

Source: p. 197-198 Dictionary of Alabama Biography History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography - Thomas McAdory Owen, Mrs. Marie (Bankhead) Owen - Google Books

Alexander Quay Bradley, (Dr.)

SOURCE: [W. Stuart Harris](#) "Heritage of Perry County"

p. 112 - "A doctor and politician in Perry county, Dr. Alexander Quay Bradley was born in Chester, SC on April 1, 1808. He began his education in 1824 at South Carolina College, but was compelled to withdraw the following year due to the death of his father, General Henry Bradley.

"Starting his medical education by taking 'home study' courses, he completed the requirements for his degree in 1828 at Transylvania University in KY. After practicing for 2 years in Chester, he moved to Marion in 1830 and practiced until 1857.

"He began his political career in 1839, when he was elected to the state Legislature serving through 1841. He was defeated for the AL Senate in 1842, but returned to the legislature again in 1859.

"After the fall of Fort Sumter, he enlisted as a surgeon in the 4th AL Regiment, but was soon after forced to retire because of poor health. He died in Marion on August 16, 1874.

fn 13 - "He is buried in the Marion Cemetery. His mother lies beside him - Mrs. Charlotte Bradley, who was born in 1784, and died October 21, 1857."
[end Harris quotes]

[Gen Henry Bradley; Chesterville; Militia]

Date: Saturday, April 23, 1825 - Paper: Charleston Courier (Charleston, SC); p: 6
We regret to learn, that Gen. Henry Bradley died a few days since at his residence in Chesterville. Gen. Bradley it is stated broke his leg by a fall on the pavement a few days previous to his decease - a mortification ensued, which terminated in his death. The high stations Gen. Bradley has filled as Major General of Militia and Lieut. Governor of this State, afford the best evidence of his standing in society. Yorkville Pioneer.

Furniture Comes Home to York County

By Peter M. Judge
Herald staff writer

(The article was taken from the Monday, March 3, 1986 issue of the Rock Hill *Herald*.)

It's a homecoming of sorts.

A set of early Victorian furniture returned to York County this year after a century-long trek that took it to Chester County and then on to Massachusetts.

The burnt orange upholstered furniture set – sofa, rocking chair, two hassocks and eight side chairs – was donated to Historic Brattonsville by Mrs. Frank Deland of Chestnut Hill, a suburb of Boston, Mass.

Reached Sunday night at her Massachusetts home, Mrs. Deland explained the furniture was inherited from her grandmother, Martha Robertson Jordan, who was a York County native, and her grandfather, Dr. Robert Hall Jordan, a long-time resident of Chester County.

Dr. Jordan doctored Confederate soldiers until he was captured by the Yankees and imprisoned in Petersburg, Va.

"By the time he came back to York County he had lost his plantation," Mrs. Deland said. The young couple then moved on to a home near Richburg in Chester County, taking the furniture with them.

"My grandmother and my mother cared a great deal for South Carolina," she said. "I had a whole set of furniture. There's not many complete sets left.

"Now, I'm not going to be around forever and I got to thinking that after I'm gone my children won't know what to do with it. I think it's nice for things to go back where they came from."

In addition to the furniture, Mrs. Deland's donations also include three pictures. One is a photo of her grandparents taken the day after their wedding.

She said she regrets donating one of her grandmother's quilts to the Museum of Southern Decorative Art in Winston-Salem, N.C., because she would have liked to keep the items together at Brattonsville.

"But I have a few more of her things that will probably be making their way down there," she said.

The Jordan furniture graces the front drawing room in the large Homestead at Brattonsville. The furniture replaces items on loan from the Columbia Historical Foundation.

The furniture is just one of a few changes visitors will see at Historic Brattonsville this year.

Brattonsville Director Wade Fairey said the most notable change will be in the gardens behind the Homestead.

Historical Commission members have begun a project to overhaul the district's gardens. On Saturday, volunteers began assembling a grape arbor.

Also peach, apple and crabapple trees have been ordered to form a very small orchard between the Homestead's detached kitchen and Dr. Bratton's office.

Other plans call for redesigning the existing herb garden, planting vegetables and removing the boxwood bushes that now surround the garden. Those bushes will be planted along walks.

Although the gardening has already begun, Fairey said he expects the work won't be complete until the 1987 season.

As in past years, Brattonsville will feature a Sunday series of craftspeople, demonstrating their ancient arts. Already scheduled for this season:

-- Peggy Chasin will demonstrate fireplace cooking March 16 and April 20.

-- Sharon Town Councilwoman Patricia Dennis will demonstrate her method of basketmaking March 23 and April 27.

-- June Ross will demonstrate weaving April 13.

Robert Smith
1774 – 1855
A Forgotten American Historic Figure
By Elmer Oris Parker

Thomas Jefferson was a great American, so great that he was one of four of our Presidents chosen to be carved on a mountain in the Black Hills of South Dakota. He wrote the Declaration of Independence, but may I remind you that he never fired a gun during the War for American Independence to achieve it. In this writer's opinion, his greatest accomplishment was the Louisiana Purchase by which we obtained the Great West. President Jefferson selected two explorers—Meriwether Lewis and Lewis Clark to go in search of geographical and scientific information and map the vast new territory west of the Mississippi and see if he got the country's moneys worth. After this was done, Lewis started to Washington to report to Jefferson but he never got there. On the Natchez Trace, something happened to him and the post rider carrying the mails between Natchez and Nashville in Tennessee found his body.

The post rider was Robert Smith (1774-1855) who was born near Smith's Turnout in southeast York County, S.C. and was a son of James Smith (1737-1795) and Eleanor Cooper (1775-1824). She was a daughter of Captain Robert Cooper (1746-1798) of the Revolution, and his wife Jane Hamilton (1752-1823) who lived next to Robert's brother, John, also a Revolutionary veteran and his wife, Elizabeth Walker. Both plantations were between the York-Chester County line and Fishing Creek Meeting-house where they worshipped.

Robert and Eleanor Smith had two children, William Cooper and a daughter, Narcissa, who they had baptized in Fishing Creek on August 11, 1799. Robert Smith received his inheritance on April 23, 1803, and moved his family to Maury County, Tennessee where by this time his wife's people had already settled. Robert and Eleanor had at least two children born after their move—Robert Orville (1807-21 Jan 1884) and Elizabeth, who was married in Tennessee on May 10, 1838, to Lewis S. Akin.

Early on the morning of October 11, 1809, Robert (not Robert Orville Smith is the name usually given mistakenly by historians) was trotting his horse along the Trace and when he approached the log cabin, known as Grinder's Inn, he was surprised to find a man lying against a tree. He dismounted and discovered the man was dead. A bullet had penetrated his lower trunk and nearby he noticed a bit of gun wadding. A few minutes afterward, he was told by persons at Grinder's that the victim was Meriwether Lewis, Governor of the Louisiana Territory.

A coroner's jury was impannelled and an inquest held to investigate his most unfortunate death. Virtually all records of this inquest have disappeared, but from what is known it seems a better case could be made for murder rather than suicide, though the latter was suspected.

A tree was cut and split into four rough boards for a coffin. Smith's brother-in-law, Robert Melville Cooper, who lived in the vicinity went to his brother's blacksmith shop and wrought the iron nails used to make the coffin from the split boards and the body was interred without appropriate ceremonies due so important a personage. Years later, when the U. S. Government desired to place a monument at Lewis' grave, if it could be found, Colonel Robert H. Cooper was still alive and was able to positively identify the grave from the old iron nails he made.

When years afterward Smith died, his body was buried near that of Meriwether Lewis in Lewis County which had been created to honor Lewis also.

The Porters and Byers

Researched and written by Elmer Oris Parker

The Porters and Byers came to present York County, S. C. from Pennsylvania and Virginia in the 1760s—Samuel Porter and David Byers to the headwaters of Turkey Creek, and William Byers to the headwaters of Bullocks Creek.

Samuel Porter's wife, Sarah, undoubtedly was a sister of David and William Byers. David Byers married, first, Margaret Carson of Chester County, Penn., and second, Mrs. Sarah Carson, apparently of the same place. William Byers married Elizabeth Walton of Augusta (after 1778, Rockbridge) County, Virginia.

Matthew and David, sons of Samuel Porter, were granted land on Turkey Creek in 1768 and 1771, respectively. David sold his grant to his father, Samuel, in 1771, and David Byers and Nicholas Walton witnessed the deed. David (1747-1816) married his first cousin, Jane Byers (1753-1817), daughter of David Byers, and in 1772 bought half of a 535 acre tract on Bullocks Creek from his uncle, William Byers, who obtained it the previous year from James and William Wright. In the summer of 1778, David Porter, sold to his brother, Nathaniel, half of his land on Bullocks Creek for a negro and thirty pounds N. C. currency, and moved to Virginia, possibly to avoid service in the S. C. militia during the Revolutionary War. Nathaniel served under Col. Thomas Neel and Maj. Francis Ross in the New Acquisition District regiment, and was in the Brier Creek (Ga.) Campaign in March 1779.

Samuel Porter made his will in 1774, and his son, Nathaniel, made his in 1784. Both named William Byers as their executor. William Byers raised a company of horsemen in 1775 and commanded it until the fateful battle of Stono on June 20, 1779. Charleston fell to the British in May 1780 and Elizabeth Byers, wife of Capt. William, fled with her family to North Carolina where in July 1780, Nathaniel Porter came and brought her deeds to his land. After the inglorious defeat of the British at Cowpens and the removal of the Redcoats under Lord Cornwallis to North Carolina, Elizabeth and her children, including her son, Edward, then 20, left in January 1781 for her former home in Rockbridge County, Va. On her way, she stopped at David Porter's and gave him the deeds to Nathaniel's land on Bullocks Creek. Nathaniel, after willing his land to his mother, Sarah Porter, and to his sister, Ann Kennedy, died in 1784.

David came back to South Carolina after the war ended and claimed the land that he had sold to his brother, Nathaniel, and on which his mother and his brother-in-law, Robert Kennedy, were living. He brought suit against his uncle, Capt. William Byers and his mother, Sarah Porter, executors of his late brother Nathaniel's will, in 1793, and the court ordered that testimony be taken from his brother, James, then living in Iredell County, N. C., where he had moved after his service in the Rowan County militia during the war. James moved in 1823 to Dallas County, Alabama, where he died in 1838. The court appointed arbitrators in 1793 to divide David's land, and they awarded the western 200 acres on Bullocks Creek to his mother and sister in conformity with Nathaniel's will. The next year David sold the eastern 200 acres half on Beaver Dam Fork to David Scott and moved to Rutherford County, N. C., where he died in 1816. Robert Kennedy, after the death of his mother-in-law, Sarah Porter, sold his 200 acres to his wife's first cousin, Edward Byers (1761-1832).

Samuel Porter died in 1786, at the age of 82 and is buried in the churchyard of old Beersheba Presbyterian Church, five miles west of York. Beside him lies his daughter, Ann Kennedy, and both graves, in the Byers lot are marked by simple fieldstones on which are carved, "S. P. 82" and "AK."

When Edward Byers died in 1832, his widow, Mary, not wishing to take upon herself the burden of administering the estate and willing for her nephew-in-law, Nathaniel Porter Kennedy, to take the responsibility and he was appointed by the court.

Revolutionary War Pension Claim Statement of James Hemphill

Presented Before the Justices of the County Court of
Lincoln County, Tennessee on
16 October 1832

Testimony of James Hemphill, Sr.

State of Tennessee, Lincoln County, October 1832 on this 16th day of Oct. 1832, personally appeared in open court, before the Justices of the County of Lincoln County, Tennessee now-sitting, James Hemphill a resident of said county and state, age eighty-three years the 19th day of November next who being first duly sworn according to said oath on his oath makes the following declarations sign order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832 that he entered the service of the United States under the following named officer and served as here in stated. Some time in the month of December 1775 he served two months in the regiment commanded by Col. Thomas Neel in Camden district South Carolina, the company to which he belonged was Commanded by Capt. William Bratton and Lt. Hugh and John Bratton. Major Kirkpatrick also commanded in said regiment in the same month our regiment joined the forces under the command of Col. Richardson on the Congaree River, a few miles from which Columbia is now situated. A larger body of Tories near Ready River were collected against – whom we marched. We had some skirmishing with the Tories and took several prisoners. Some time in June 1776, I volunteered under the same officers to go against the Cherokee Indians who had murdered several people and burned happy houses on the Seneca River. Our regiment was then under the command of Gen. Williams or Williamson, I now forget which was his name. We destroyed three of the Indian towns of the Seneca River which town I think was called Eastatoe Sugar town and Kershaw. We had two fights with the Indians, one called the Ring fight about five miles from Sugar town. Another skirmish with the Indians placed to guard the squaws and children, who after firing, fled and succeeded in their escape by the night putting our warriors out against the Cherokee – I supposed about two months.

In November or December 1777, our regiment was drafted to go against the Creek Indians on the South side of the Ocmulgee River in Georgia. We marched through Ninety Six District and camped on the Savannah River about twenty miles above Augusta – but we had no battles with the Creeks. We moved out on this expedition about two months. I was in the same regiment and camp and under the same officers except that I commanded as 2nd Lt. having been listed in the place of John Bratton. In May 1779, one half of our regiment was again drafted, Col. Neel commanding. Capt. William Bratton being elected Major. Hugh Bratton Captain and myself 1st Lt. in our company – we marched down through the head waters of Edisto by order of Gov. Rutledge to avoid being taken by the British who were in our way by doing a direct course and joined the army commanded by General Lincoln at Bacon's Bridge off Ashly River. The army was engaged in reconnoitering the enemy and were marched about several places in that vicinity not now remembered until about the first of August when our army attacked the British who had fortified Cherokee's on Stono River where our army suffered considerable loss and failed in driving the British from their fortifications. Shortly after the Battle at Stono, the North Carolina troops came in and our regiment was discharged. We were out on this campaign about three months. Samuel Watson was also with our regiment during this campaign as Lt. Col. Some time in the summer of 1780 having moved to Mecklenburgh County in North

Carolina after the taking of Charleston by the British, our regiment then under the command of Lt. Col. Watson and Major Bratton (Col. Neel having died) joined the forces commanded by Col. Sumpter and a few days afterward moved down to Hagler's Branch in S. C. and after staying there between one and two weeks went about eighteen or twenty miles to the mountains having understood that there were several British Dragoons and Tories in that neighborhood and when we had a battle with about four hundred British and Tories commanded by a Capt. Huck of whom we defeated very badly. About three weeks afterwards, we marched to a place called "Rocky Mount" where the British were encamped. Commanded (as I now think by a Col. Bull with whom we had a battle but not decision of victory for either side). Three or four weeks afterward, I was in the battle on the Catawba River, near the mouth of Fishing Creek where Col. Sumpter's army and us among the rest were defeated. We crossed the Catawba after our defeat. Returned to Mecklenburgh County North Carolina. I think I was in service during the year 1780 between four and five months. In May 1781, we again volunteered Major Bratton being Col. of our regiment and I being still 1st Lieutenant and marched down about 100 miles to a place called Fridays Fort where the British and Tories were encamped. When we joined the camp under Col. Lee, shortly after we arrived, the British surrendered. After this our regiment was principally engaged in scouting parties in destroying the British out posts. I was not engaged in any other battle. I think we were out about four months on this tour. I never received any written discharge. I was acquainted (in addition to the officers already mentioned) with Gen. Marion, Col. Brandon Hill, Lacy, Winn, Lee, Washington, also Gen. Morgan and Count Pulaski.

I have no documenting evidence nor do I know of any person by whom I can procure to verify to my service. I was born in Ireland Londonderry County on the 19th of Nov. 1749 and came to America in Aug. 1767. I lived in Camden District S. C. at the time I entered the service. I have no record of my age but speak from information and recollection. After the Revolutionary War, I lived in York and Chester District in South Carolina until 1815 when I moved to Williamson County, Tennessee and live there about nine years and then moved into this county where I now live. I had a commission both as 1st and 2nd Lieutenant which were given by Gov. Rutledge of South Carolina but they are both now lost. I would refer for my character for veracity and to Dr. Alexander Rosborough and Capt. GWC Edminston and would also state that there is not any Clergyman in my neighborhood to whom I can refer. I hereby relinquish every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except the present and disclaim that my name is not on the pension roll of the agency of army.

Sworn to and subscribed this day and year.

James Hemphill

Testimony: Bobby Inge, Clk.

We, Alexander Rosborough and GWC Edminston, residing in Lincoln County, Tennessee, in the neighborhood of James Hemphill, hereby certify that we are well acquainted with James Hemphill who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration – that we believe him to be eighty three years of age, that he is respected and believed in the neighborhood where he resides, to have been a soldier of the Revolution and that we concur in that opinion sworn subscribed the day and year.

A. Rosborough
G.W.C. Edminston

Bobby Inge, Clerk

This transcription was transcribed by Gene A. Wheat, Oct. 15, 1985, taken from the hand written copy of the testimony of James Hemphill.

James Hemphill Sr.
Born: November 19, 1749
Died: 1836

**Last Will and Testament of James Hemphill
taken February 13, 1836.**

In the name of God, Amen. James Hemphill of Lincoln County and State of Tennessee being of sound mind and disposing judgement and enjoying calmness of mind do make and declare this to be my last Will and Testament in manner and for in following and do hereby make all former Wills by me made null and void.

First I commit my soul to God who created it and my body to the dust, to be buried at the discretion of my family.

Second, I will that my burial expense be paid, also my just debts if any.

I will that my land be divided in the following manner, beginning at the Northwest corner of my fifty acres entery and from there in a direct line through the center of my barn. Then Eastward from fifteen to twenty-five feet, so as to leave the fence of the North field to the Western division till the line running along the meander of said fence to the corner near a poplar stump. Fence along the Eastern side of said fence to the Northeast corner of said fence or fields. Then to in a direct line to Johnson's south boundary, leaving as near as possible equal quantities of timber to each division of said lands in this part. I do hereby bequeath unto my son, James Hemphill the Eastern division of said lands, including my two enteries. I hereby bequest unto my son Jesse Hemphill the Western division of said lands.

I will until my wife Else Hemphill a comfortable support, equally off each division of the above lands with the full use and comfort of my dwelling house, and one half of my orchard and full acres to my spring, including a comfortable supply of fire wood laid in the yard during her widowhood. I will unto her my cow named Gintto and sucking calf forever. I also will until her one bedstead, bed and bed furniture, my cupboard and furniture, also my kitchen furniture. Also the one half of my sheeps. I will and bequeath until my son James Hemphill above named, the other half of my sheep, and all my stock of hogs. I will until Margaret, my daughter, my bay mare and three head of young cattle, also one bedstead, bed and bed clothing. I bequeath unto my sons John Hemphill, William Hemphill, Robert Hemphill, and Nathan Hemphill and my daughters, Esther Hemphill, Jane Bell, Martha Williams, and Mary McKnight each two dollars.

I do hereby appoint my son-in-law, James Bell, and my son James Hemphill joint Executors of this my last Will and Testament. I do hereby declare this to be a last Will and Testament in manner and forms above; done this thirteenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, and of the independence of the United States of America, the sixtieth year.

James Hemphill (seal)

Signed sealed and delivered in the presence

A. Roseborough
John Anderson

June 4, 1839

State of Tennessee, Marshal County.

The foregoing last Will and Testament of James Hemphill deceased was this day presented in open court by James Bell and James Hemphill, Executors, thereto and was therefore duly known by the oath of A. Rosborough and John Anderson, subscribing witnesses thereto.

Given under my hand this 4th day of June 1839.

M. M. Bakly, Clerk

This transcription was transcribed by Gene A. Wheat, October 15, 1985, from the hand written copy of the Last Will and Testament of James Hemphill.

Update on Ferguson Family Reunion

The date for the Ferguson Family Reunion has been set for 24 & 25 October 2015. The reunion will be at the Gateway Conference Center, 3200 Commerce Blvd., Richburg, SC 29729. This is located in Chester County, SC. There will be a representative from Clan Ferguson there Saturday morning, October 24th, to give a brief 15-20 minute talk on the Ferguson Clan and what all it offers. This will be followed by a meet and greet session and then we will have a sharing time where any and all can show their pictures, papers, and any family histories you may have. The Chester District Genealogical Society will be there with some of their Ferguson material for all to see. We are also working on a tour of 6 of the cemeteries that have many of our Ferguson ancestors buried in them. Two of them are old, abandoned cemeteries that will require a short walk off the road to access them, so if you plan on seeing them, please be sure to bring a comfortable pair of walking shoes/boots.

On Saturday evening, there will be a meal at the Wagon Wheel Restaurant in Fort Lawn, SC. The \$35.00 charge per person covers the cost of the meeting hall and the meal. It does not include the cost of the bus tour of the cemeteries. We are still working on the route and a price for the tour. When it is all finalized, I will pass that information on to you.

Sunday, October 25th, will be a day for everyone to explore Chester County and see where your ancestors lived. Some are planning on going to the church that their ancestors attended for morning service.

If you want to know more about the reunion or to make reservations, please contact Richard Ferguson at rwfdville@cableone.net or call 256-403-6802.

JOHN CONN

Applied for a Revolutionary Pension on
24 December 1832. As character witnesses
he gives ROBERT MEEK, ANDREW EGGER,
ISAAC BROWN and MOSES GRISSAM,
his neighbors.

Revolutionary Pension Record
S-17890

National Archives
Washington, D.C.

In his application JOHN CONN, states that he was born in the state of Pennsylvania in the year 1758. He cannot recollect the county in which he was born, he states, as he left Pennsylvania when a small boy not more than ten years old. He further states that his parents died when he was an infant and he was brought from Pennsylvania to Rockingham County, NC by his uncle, GEORGE SADLER. That he entered the service from Rockingham Co., NC about ten or twelve years later, and he thinks it was in 1780, when he was aged 22 years.

He states that he resided in Rockingham Co., NC, till about 12 years after the War, then removed to Chester District, SC where he has resided ever since.

ROBERT MEEK and JAMES WRIGHT, Clergyman, sign an affidavit as to their belief that JOHN CONN is telling the truth about his age and his Rev. service. Dated 24 Dec. 1832.

ANDREW EGGER, ISAAC BROWN and MOSES X GRISHAM also sg. an affidavit testifying to the same on the same date. State they have known him "upwards of thirty years..."

On Nov. 30, 1833, JAMES STEWART of Rockingham Co., NC, signs an affidavit that he served in the Revolution with the said JOHN CONN.

Same date WILLIAM X MOONEY of Rockingham Co., NC sg. affidavit to same.

There is no family record included in this Pension Application.

Note from Louise K. Crowder: This JOHN CONN died in Chester County, SC 1848/49 and is buried in the EGGER Cemetery near Lowrys, SC. He evidently married JANE AKIN, whose father, in his will sg. 1814 mentions his daughter "JAIN CONN."

ROCKINGHAM CO. was formed in 1785 from GUILFORD CO. The county seat is now WENTWORTH, NC. Rockingham is next to the Virginia line.

Other CONN Rev. Pension Records from SC.

CONN/GEORGE/S.C./Pension Records #S-17891

CONN/WILLIAM/N.C.-S.C./(Elizabeth) #W-8616

**Chester District Genealogical Society
Surname Book 2014**

BARKER, Jan Mercer, 3127 South Hiram Avenue, Wichita, KS 67217-2025
E-mail: jmercbar@sbcglobal.net
Surnames: Gaston, McClure, Knox, Craig, Kell, Rainey, Logan, Rankin, Lemon, Waugh

BAUMERT, Brenda, 301 Jordan Drive, DeSoto, TX 75115
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Surnames: Miller, McBride, Swan/Swann, Cameron, Wilson, Hindman/Hyndman

BRAKEFIELD, Peggy, 1907 Forest Drive, Camden, SC 29020
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Surnames: Bailey, Brakefield, Bland, Jennings, Modlin, Neal, Railey/Raley/Rawleigh, Lackey, Bennett, Palmer

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Surnames: Caldwell, Benfield, Ross, Whitesides, Plaxico, Elliott

CELY, Mary Wylie C., 5140 Furman Avenue, Columbia, SC 29206
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Surnames: Hugh Madison Ross, Jr. (1886-1943), Pauline Eaton Ross (1889-1972)

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CORDER, Tommy W., 1001A Mission Ridge Way, Kettle Falls, WA 99141
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Surnames: Corder, Boney, Hood, Wootan, Beasley, Culp, Gaston, Pickens

COTTY, Amelia Dunlap, 324 Valley Springs Road, Columbia, SC 29223
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CROSSETT, III, Edgar L., 5064 Roswell Road C-300, Atlanta, GA 30342
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Surnames: Kee, Key, Stewart, Reid

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ENGLE, Karen Davis, 437 Clearview Road, Hanover, PA 17331
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Surnames: Kenmore, Wiley/Wylie, McElwee, McFadden, Patton, Buford, Steele, Barclay, Boyd, Ragsdale

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Surnames: Strait, Gaston, Wylie, Baskin

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E-mail: perry1978@comcast.net

Surnames: Massey, Cornwell, Scruggs, Samuels, Vanlandingham, Sykes

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Surnames: Gregory, Parrott, Stone, Wells, Grubbs, Stack, Johnson, Hardwick, Sturgis, Ferrell, Dodds

HAMBLIN, Mary Ruth Miller, 16215 Mainsail Pointe Drive, Cornelius, NC 28031

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Surnames: Hill, Lackey, Bailey, Case, Harris, Ervin, Bolin

HOLCOMB, Brent H., PO Box 21766, Columbia, SC 29221

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