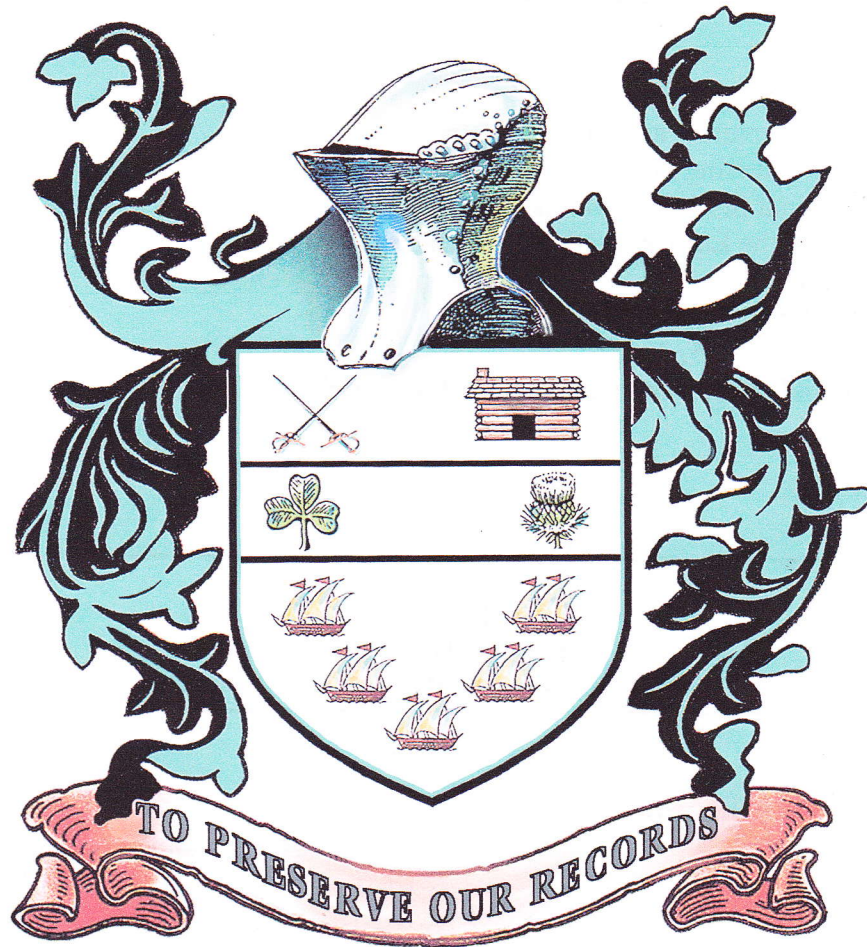


THE BULLETIN



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CHESTER DISTRICT GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P. O. Box 336, Richburg, SC 29729

Serving Chester, Fairfield, Lancaster, Union and York Counties

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The Bulletin

March 2015

www.ChesterSCGenealogy.org

Dear Members~

We would like to take this opportunity to thank our many members who have rejoined the CDGS so promptly this year, and we look forward to receiving the dues from those who have not yet renewed. It is not too late, renew today! A copy of the Membership Application has been included in this issue of *The Bulletin* for your convenience, or you can download the application from our website, www.ChesterSCGenealogy.org, or our Facebook Page at "The Chester SC Genealogy at Richburg on Facebook".

Since its inception in 1978, the Chester District Genealogical Society has actively worked to preserve the rich heritage of the five counties (Chester, Fairfield, Lancaster, Union, and York) that compose the society and the families residing therein, and to share this information with those interested in both local and family history. This quarterly journal is but one way in which society members make this information come to life for you.

Due to the extremely cold weather that has gripped most of the United States, it has been a quiet three months here at the CDGS Library. We had a few local members visit, but our calendar is beginning to fill up for Spring and Summer with members from out-of-state coming to visit and do research.

Remember, if you are in the area, we would welcome you to visit us at the CDGS Library at 203B North Main Street, Richburg, SC 29729. We are only open on Tuesday mornings from 8:30 am – 12:00 noon, but we are always happy to open the library by appointment. All you have to do is email us at Research@ChesterSCGenealogy.org.

Website Update and New Phone Number

Our CDGS website, www.ChesterSCGenealogy.org, is back online. The webmaster is still updating forms and information, but hopefully in the very near future, we will be able to make the necessary updates to the website ourselves.

In order for our visitors to have better access to Wi-Fi, we have installed a landline in the CDGS office. The phone number is 803.789.0272. If you do not have access to a computer to contact us at our email address, Research@ChesterSCGenealogy.org, then please call and leave your name, phone number and a brief message, and we will get back in touch with you as soon as possible.

Tom Mayhugh, President

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

CHAPTER 2

The cruel War of 1812 is at last over. This second war of independence is over and all of the loved ones, fathers, sons, and friends that are left or spared to return are now at their loved homes. Some with sad heart find their homes in ashes and their families scattered.

Among those who return and feel happy to find their beloved old mother is Mrs. White's sons, and John Mills returned to claim his promised bride. He finds her at Mrs. White's as he supposed he would, for he has never received an answer to the sad one he had written to her telling of the sad death of her beloved brother.

And now as he is riding along the quiet rode leading up to Mrs. White's, he wanders how "this girl" is going to receive him. Will she think he maybe could have saved her brother from being placed in the hottest part of the battlefield? So by the time he reaches Mrs. White's comfortable home, he is more nervous than he was on that battlefield. As he reined up his handsome horse (that he captured from a British officer), he was greeted by a welcome voice calling out, "Why John Mills, is that you in the flesh?"

She tripped with a light step down the steps to meet her "favorite" as she called John Mills. She was so happy now she had all of her dearly beloved sons "at home" once more, and now knowing that this noble young man had no father, mother, or any kindred in this country to welcome him. She felt that she must make him feel that she at least was glad to "welcome him home."

He had been a county magistrate before the war broke out and had made his headquarters at Smith's Crossroads and boarded at a Mr. Robert Gills, a cousin to Mary's father. This cousin had sent and kindly offered Mary a home with them, but she felt better to be with her old friend, Mrs. White.

She told her cousin, Robert, she felt grateful to he and his good wife for offering her a home. They were sorry she could not come, but they had a large family that took up their attention so there was no hard feelings about her not accepting their offer of a home.

Now Mrs. White had asked her sons as soon as they came home, "Where is John Mills?" One of her sons said, "He will be along in a few days." He had to go to Charleston to have some papers signed, so he had accompanied General Thomas Sumter who also had to be in Charleston.

After shaking hands in her most cordial manner, she asked, "Where did you come from?" He laughed and told her he came from Mr. Robert Gills. She laughed and said, "You be sure you did, but I was thinking maybe you was straight from Charleston." "No ma'm, I left Charleston several days ago, reached Mr. Gill's last night, and now I am here to see you." He put such an emphasis on "you" that she looked at him in such a way that he could not resist smiling.

They had just reached the broad { } and she said mischievously, "Well, you have come only to see me. I need not trouble myself to call Mary Gill or the boys." She motioned fro him to be seated in a large armchair that was always kept there for the comfort of the boys coming in tired from the field.

Col. Mills took the offered seat and looking at the fun loving old lady, he said in a very tremulous voice, "Oh, Mrs. White, do call her. I am just wild to see her dear face once more." The tears came into the tender hearted old lady's eyes, and she laid her hand on his head and said, "My poor boy. Yes, I will call her at once."

She went to the back door and called for Garner in a loud voice. He answered out in the orchard where he and Mary had gone to gather some ripe peaches. On hearing his mother calling in such an excited way for him, he handed Mary the last peach he had pulled off a high limb, saying, "Well, Mary, I guess Ma thinks we have stayed long enough to gather all the peaches in the orchard, so we had better hurry to the house." Mary laughed a low pleasant laugh and said, "Well, Garner, we have got a good many." They hurried to the fence, but Garner said, "Let's go through the gate and that will take us to the house."

Mary was willing for she was really tired. For Garner could soon break her down in rambling the "wild rough ways" he took. As they got in the road, Garner stopped and started back. "Oh, Mary, just look. There is the finest horse I ever saw hitched up at our gate, and who is that man sitting in the piazza?" Mary craned her neck and being taller than Garner, she could see the piazza to better advantage.

Her heart gave one wild bound, and then she flushed crimson. For in that one look, she recognized her lover, Col. John Mills. Garner looked at her "boy like" and said, "Why Mary, what ails ye?" "Nothing," she said, but turned abruptly into a little path that led up to the back of the house and walked so rapidly that Garner could not keep up with her, as he now had the heavy basket of peaches to carry by himself. Mary had been helping him carry it until now she seemed suddenly to forget that there was a basket of peaches. He trudged along with the heavy burden. Mary beat him to the house, and by the time he reached the back door steps, he saw Mary flying in her room. The young boy was surprised for he had never seen Mary act so queer before. So when his mother came out to meet him, he looked so mad his mother said, "Why Garner have you and

Mary quarreled?" "No, Ma, she just ran off, and never helped me tote these peaches, and they is no light load either."

Mrs. White laughed a soft laugh. She imagined what had been the cause of Mary's deserting Garner. She, too, had seen Mary rush into her room as though she was very much excited. She and Col. Mills had seen Mary and Garner from the front piazza, and she had noticed how suddenly Mary had turned and ran to the house leaving her little partner to carry the heavy basket of peaches. She turned and looked at John Mills. He half rose as though he would follow her, but Mrs. White motioned him not to saying, "Don't go after her. She will soon come in." She then went into the house, and opened a door on the right hand of the hall and soon she had the windows up and the cool air blowing through the pretty pearl white { } curtains that adorned Mrs. White's little sitting room windows. It was a very pretty little room take it all in all with its neat furniture and bright home carpet. After arranging the chairs to her notions and looking around to see that everything was in its place, the old lady bustled out on the piazza and said, "John, you just step in here; I kinder think Mary would rather meet you by yourself." He at once arose and followed the old lady into the sitting room. She then left him to his own reflections and went in quest of Mary. As she tapped lightly on Mary's room, she thought she heard a sound like someone sobbing, so she did not wait for an invitation to enter, but just opened the door and went straight in. Sure enough, here was Mary kneeling by her bed sobbing like her heart would break. She had kept the grief so buried in her own heart that now that one had come whom she knew would sympathize so deeply with her that she could not help but sob.

As soon, however, as Mrs. White touched her gently on the shoulder, she sprang up, and without a word ran to the wash stand and poured out some cool water and said, "I will be out directly." Mrs. White then left her to find Garner with the basket of peaches so mad at being deserted by Mary. She said in a caring way all her own, "Well, Garner, I will help you, and we will have some nice peaches peeled and fresh cream for supper, will make you forget that you had to tote the basket by yourself."

She went into her pantry and came out with a large bowl and a waiter with two sharp knives that she kept in her pantry for peeling fruit. "Come, Garner, wash your hands and help Mother, for we will have to have a large bowl full, as Col. Mills will be here with us for supper."

The boy jumped off the steps where he had been riding "pants pony" over { } having had the basket to carry by himself. But now all displeasure was gone out of his usually pleasant face, and he said, "Gee whack. I know what Mary run for now." His mother said, "Well now, since you know, just come right along and help about peeling these peaches for the boys will soon be in for supper." So the boy, now all smiles, set to work with a will and soon he and his mother had a large bowl full of the delicious peaches peeled and ready for the table.

Mrs. White then got a large glass stand and emptied the juicy peaches into it. Then she went into her dining room where everything was neat and clean, taking a thin net off of the already neatly set table. She placed the glass dish of peaches at the end of the table where she sat so she could serve them. The little glass dishes were already stacked there for that purpose.

The busy old lady went to her dairy and skimming the rich yellow cream of two large pans into a glass pitcher, she carried that into the house and put it on the tea table.

Now for the kitchen, as she went into the kitchen, her cook was just taking some beautifully browned rolls out of an oven, and said in a pleasant voice, "Miss, we was lucky to have cooked some cake dis morning, for now Miss Mary's beau has comed. We is sure lucky." Mrs. White said, "Yes, Nancy, we are lucky for now all we will have to do for supper is to fry the chicken. So now you go and kill the chickens." "Oh, Miss, I dun killed dem an hour ago, and go dem in de pan salted down." "Well, I am so glad you have been so thoughtful, for it makes them taste so much better to be salted down for an hour or so before cooking them."

Here we will leave Mrs. White and her good cook preparing their good supper while we go and see what has become of John Mills. We will see if he is blessed with patience or whether or not Mary will try this devoted lover or not.

After Mrs. White left him alone, a good many thoughts flashed through his mind. It had been a year nearly since he had seen this girl for whom he had such a deep love for. She, like himself, had no very near kindred, and now that he was so soon to claim her as his wife, a warm glow of pride swept over his handsome face. He had grown into perfect manhood now and had let his beard grow so now he had a long jet black beard. He was wondering how Mary would like him with this heavy beard when he heard her quick foot steps coming next to the sitting room.

She came hurriedly in and he also advanced to meet her. She gave a little cry and nearly fell. She started back and said, "Oh, John, I scarcely knew you with that beard." He just caught her in his strong arms and said, "Well, darling, I know you." He seated her in a low chair and seated himself by her, and tenderly placed her head on his knee, safely patting her on her head.

She seemed to feel such happiness in being near this one being whom she could claim all as her own. They told each other of all that had happened since the long separation. He telling her of how nobly and bravely her dear brother had died; of all the loving things her brother had said of her. How proud he was of her being so brave as to venture over to Camden with only "Old Moll" for her companion.

The tears streamed down the noble girl's face, but John Mills saw that he must cheer this lonely girl up and not allow her to dwell so much on her past sad life. So he began

in a teasing manner by telling her of a young lady who had promised to marry a fellow if he would go to fight for his country and asked her if she knew any thing of such a girl. She blushed rosy red now and got up and sat on another chair saying, "John, don't let's have any foolishness in our affairs. I promised to marry you when the war was over, provided your life was spared." And running to him and throwing her arms around his neck, she burst into a half sob and a half laugh. "And oh, how I thank God He has spared your precious life." He tenderly embraced this girl whose love he felt proud to possess.

After talking of their arrangement, he proposed that they marry at an early date, and she then could have her heart's desire to go back to her father's home (her home now) to live again.

He laughingly told her she was going to marry a very poor man. That she was going to give him a home instead of him giving her one. She smiled and said, "Oh, John, I am the gainer in this transaction."

"Well, Mary, dear, if you are willing to take me to live with you, I am sure I will not object." So it was arranged that they would be married at the earliest opportunity. John laughingly telling Mary, "We will have to have our {bands} read from the pulpit." Mary blushed and said, "Oh, John, suppose we don't have that done." "Why, Mary, are you ashamed to let the folks know you are going to marry such a poor man as I am."

He looked a bit annoyed and Mary saw he was sensitive over his poverty. As he considered himself, {time} the only thing he could call his property was the high-spirited horse that had excited Garner's admonition.

(Garner, as soon as his mother allowed him to slip out of her sight, ran round to the front gate to look at the beautiful horse.)

She went up to him and put both hands on his broad shoulders, and said in a reproachful tone, "John Mills, you know I am proud to think I am to be the wife of such a man as you are. So now you may have our marriage bands published from the pulpit as soon as you like."

He smiled very sweetly and said, "There is a dear girl. When can I tell Mr. Davis to announce it." "Well, just wait until I consult Mrs. White who has been a real mother to me." "Of course, ask Mrs. White's advice, and do tell her not to put it off long."

Just here there was a tramping as of two or three men coming in and Mary seated herself up as prim as any old maid of 40 could have done. A mischievous smile played around John Mills' mouth as he watched the girl he was so soon to call his own.

Here soon in came Frank White and William to greet their beloved Col. He seemed delighted to see them, too, and they all began chatting about things that had taken place since they separated near Charleston.

Mary seeing that they could entertain each other, quietly left the room and went to see if she could do anything to assist her old friend. Mrs. White noticed what a happy look was on Mary's face and that for a while she had a bright color in her cheeks. It made her old heart glad to think that once again her young friend would be the lively girl she had been before her father and brother's deaths.

Mrs. White said, "Mary, see how I have fixed up the peaches." Mary looked where her old friend pointed, and said, "Oh, how delicious they look. Oh, Mrs. White, you are so good and so thoughtful of other people's pleasure."

She looked at the tempting supper Mrs. White had so kindly prepared, and Mary thought of how much kindness she had received in this hospitable home. When she thought of how soon she would leave this home to go into one of {her} own, a little feeling of sadness came over her. Mrs. White said, "Now Garner, tell the men folks to come into supper."

All enjoyed the fine supper and John Mills said he hadn't tasted such peaches and cream since he left "Old Fishing Creek."

After supper was over, Mary told Mrs. White of her intentions, and Mrs. White, though sorry to give up her young friend, said, "Well, Mary, I think it is a wise move for you and John to get married as soon as possible." Mary said, "I promised him to ask your advice, and we would do what you thought best."

Mrs. White motioned to Mary to follow her, and she led the way into the sitting room, then telling Mary to call John Mills in there to her. He soon came at Mary's call, and seeing Mrs. White wished to see him herself, he walked up to her and said, "Mrs. White, I suppose Mary has told you of our plans." "Yes," she replied, "Mary tells me you want to have the "marriage bands" read from the pulpit as soon as possible." "We do," he answered, and she then told him he had better put it off for two weeks in order to allow Mary to have her clothes fixed up and then to go over and have the old house cleaned up so they could occupy it as soon as they were married.

All being settled, John Mills bid his old friend good night and telling Mary he would be back again in a day or two, he then told her good night and went out on the piazza where the stout sons of Mrs. White were stretched out on the floor enjoying the cool breeze that was now blowing out there. They at once got up and said they almost came near saluting him from force of habit.

He ran on with some little pleasantry with these brave men who he had seen tried in times of danger. Going out to mount his fine horse, he found Garner seated on the fence watching his horse with all of a boy's admiration of a fine horse.

Garner got down off the fence as Col. Mills neared him and said, "Mr. John, did you kill the "General" you took that horse from." "Oh {no}, I did not kill him, I just took him prisoner, Garner, and he is now in the prison in Charleston waiting to be exchanged with some other prisoners."

Mounting his fine horse and saying, "Good bye" in a pleasant voice, he rode rapidly down the road where he soon struck the public road.

Two weeks passed away and Mary did not have a very elaborate outfit to make up as times were too hard for these poor Americans to think of anything, but the very plainest dressing. So after a few nice dresses of plain white lawn was brought by Mrs. White at Mr. George {Kennedy's} store in Chester, and made by Mrs. White and Mary. They made the young lovers very happy on one of his many visits by telling him things {were} in readiness for the marriage which would take place the following Sabbath.

CHAPTER 3

The day for the marriage dawned bright and clear, and a large crowd of friends and relatives had assembled to see their two favorites married. "Old Fishing Creek Church" seemed to have put on a real festive garb. Here and there were groups gathered talking in a pleased, subdued tone. All appeared to be watching a certain road that led up to the "Old Church." At last, a buggy with a fine spirited horse is seen rapidly coming up that road. All are anxiously watching for the party in the buggy to arrive. Soon the young couple drive right up in the midst of a party of friends standing on the outside near the road.

The young man reined in his spirited horse and jumped out to assist the blushing girl to alight. As soon as she was out of the buggy, the friends of both she and the young man came up to them with smiling faces and all shook hands with this handsome young man and lovely dignified young lady.

It was soon known all over the church grounds that the "bride and groom" elect had arrived. Mr. Leroy Davis, the minister, was seen advancing in the direction of the favored young people who had caused such a sensation among his flock.

Col. Mills saw him coming, and at once he went to greet him in his manly cordial manner. Mr. Davis looks very little and insignificant by the side of this tall (six feet in height, and weighing about 240 lbs.), but all the same he feels his importance for he is dearly beloved by his congregation of Fishing Creek Church where he has been pastor since the death of Rev. Thomas Neely.

After shaking hands with Col. Mills, he turns in a laughing tone and says to Mary, "Well, Miss Mary, I see you did not allow the "Colonel" to give you the slip." She smiled and shook the minister's hand with quiet dignity.

Mr. Davis then turned to Col. Mills and motioned him to one side. They chatted together for a few moments and then the young man went up to the girl and said, "We will go into the church."

So the crowd of friends who had gathered around the young couple now accompanied them into the church. A young girl, very much like Mary Gill in appearance, came up and caught hold of Mary's hand saying, "Oh, Mary, you are looking so sweet today in your white lawn, and I am so glad you are going to be married." The two cousins, Mary and Polly Gill, went into the church. Just ahead of them walked Col. Mills and Rev. Leroy Davis.

The minister went on to the high old-fashioned pulpit with its quaint sounding {board} over head. Col. Mills opened one of the little narrow pew doors to allow the two girls to enter. The pews were the style of those days, so high that it would take quite a tall person to even see over them.

Those old Puritans believed when they went to church to look at the minister, and keep their little children from rambling about the church while service was going on. In those days, the sermons lasted at least an hour and a half.

As Col. Mills and these two girls entered this high pew, all eyes that could see over their pews were turned in the direction of these young people. All were now assembled in the church, and as soon as Mr. Davis realized that all were in, he arose for a prayer. He prayed very earnestly for all young people, especially for those who were expecting to take serious step in this life as it some times filled with sorrow and trials. While he was praying in the {strain}, Polly reached over and pinched Mary.

Then an old hymn was given out when the lengthy prayer was ended. The clerk of man, who raised the tunes, now began to "line out" and the congregation sang louder than usual. One might have heard a pin drop, so deep was the stillness that prevailed after the loud outburst of singing had ceased.

The Rev. Leroy Davis, at length, opened the doors that shut him in the pulpit and with slow dignified steps, he descended the pulpit steps and walked in front of the high pulpit, then in the most solemn voice said, "Mr. John Mills and Miss Mary Gill will now present themselves before the congregation to take the very solemn vows of wedlock." Col. Mills arose and opened the pew door for Mary, who had also rose up, and as they walked up the aisle of the church, all eyes were turned upon them. They had seldom seen a handsome couple present themselves for the Holy bond of matrimony than this

one. For Col. Mills was a man of a very commanding appearance. Tall and with a carriage of so {dignified} a bearing, that he would call forth respect from all who were thrown in contact with him.

Mary Gill, too, was a tall girl, and as she walked up the aisle with the man whom she had chosen for a life time companion, there was some things so pure and warmly in her manner that all thought what a noble looking pair to start out in life they were.

Soon the marriage vows were taken, and they were made "man and wife". With a fervent prayer for their future happiness, and their spiritual welfare, the prayer ended, and the Rev. Mr. Davis giving each a hearty shake of the hand and in a low tone, "God bless you, God bless you".

He returned to his high {perch} and Col. Mills, with a look of grand happiness on his fine face, escorted the blushing girl back to the pew where Polly Gill sat awaiting this newly wedded pair. Her big grey eyes looked {larger} than ever. And so Mary came in and took her seat by the side of this cousin she was so fond of. She reached her hand out and took hold of Mary's hand and held it in a loving way for a little while, and turned her attention to the sermon for she knew Mr. Davis liked his "flock" to pay close attention to his sermons. For every week, he visited around his congregation and {catechized} his members as to what they knew of his sermon the Sabbath before.

The long sermon was finally over, and now all the friends and kindred crowded around Col. Mills and Mary, his blushing young bride, congratulating them and inviting them to go home and dine with them.

But Mary preferred the quiet of Mrs. White's, and she has already promised her old friend she and Col. Mills will remain at her home until they get their things moved to Mary's old home so thanking their many friends for their good wishes and invitations.

Mrs. White, now coming up and giving "her children", as she calls Mary and John Mills, a hearty shake of her plump hand, she says, "Come, Mary, let's go home now." John Mills is quite a favorite with all these plain good Irish people and has endured himself to them by his kind hearted treatment during the trying times in the late war.

So now as he goes to get his horse and buggy, he is summoned on all sides by these honest home men, all wishing him happiness and a long life.

Mrs. White has invited Polly Gill and her beau, James Crawford. (A son of our old acquaintance who helped Mary Gill out so much when her father died.) Several others were invited who had served under Col. Mills. Alex Pagan was there also as happy a youth as could be found over "his Col." marrying such a fine girl as he considered Mary Gill. The Rev. Leroy Davis was also a guest on this occasion.

Mrs. White had certainly tried herself to prepare an elegant dinner, which all enjoyed to the utmost. After the party had finished enjoying the sumptuous dinner, they all adjourned to the sitting room where they passed away the afternoon singing good old fashioned hymns and Psalms.

It was understood that Mary and her husband were to move that week to old Mr. Gill's farm home so when the friends bid them good bye that day, (as we shall too), they were invited by Col. Mills and Mary to come to see them at their own home.

Here we shall leave them and introduce others who are to come into this true life story.

* * * * *

Charleston News & Courier – Monday, February 13, 1899

THE COLD SNAP IN CHESTER

**Suffering for Want of Coal or Wood – A
Mill Full of Operatives and their Families
Trying to Keep Warm**

Chester, February 12 – Special: It has been snowing fast and furious here today since 6 o'clock this morning. As night approaches it is still steadily coming down. By careful measurement the snow is 12 inches deep and where it has drifted in some places it is between two and three feet deep. It is extremely cold here and the older inhabitants affirm that never before has so continuous a snow and so severe a spell of weather been known in Chester. There is greater suffering among the poor. Under the personal supervision of Mayor Spratt and city engineer James Hamilton, wood in wagon loads has been delivered to the destitute, and suffering from cold has been to some extent relieved. The factory operatives at Eureka Mills have been caught without wood and coal, and all day the mill has been full of the families leaving their houses in order to get warm. They will remain in the mill building all night.

A. M. A.

* * * * *

(**Editor's Note:** We would like to thank Scott Coleman of Chester, SC for contributing the following article.)

“OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR”

The Lives They Lived; The Deaths They Died.

From
The Weekly News and Courier,
Charleston, S.C.

No. 16 – Stirring Days in Chester (By *Mrs. F. G. DeFontaine, New York City*)

The 16th of February, 1864! What a train of memorable events, sad recollections and buried hopes this date recalls. The day opened bright and beautiful, and with the cheering news that the enemy had been repulsed and Columbia was safe. At four o'clock the situation changed. Cannon and musketry were distinctly heard across the river, and troops were hurrying hither and thither in a state of excitement. Baggage wagons, quartermaster's and commissary's stores were being sent to the rear in the most expeditious manner, and every one who could leave the city was hurrying in the direction of the depot.

Our preparations were expedited by the bursting of a bombshell, which so completely demoralized us all that the subsequent packing was rather on the unique order. For instance, a pair of chickens which were in the stove being roasted for dinner, were taken off and jammed into a jar half filled with preserves; a handsome crape veil I found a week afterwards tucked in a bag of meal; knives and forks were huddled in among bonnets and laces, and everything else was done in the same peculiar, warlike style.

My servants all proved faithful in this emergency, with the exception of a bright mulattress, who showed unmistakable signs of disaffection, laughing hysterically whenever the report of a gun was heard and acting in a most unusual manner. It was impossible to gain her attention in any way. Observing this, and fearing that it might demoralize the others, who were doing all in their power to help me, I quietly walked to the mantel-piece, took down my pistol, and strapping it about my waist, said, "Nancy, I am still your mistress, and as such I demand respectful obedience from you. If the Yankees take the city and you prefer going with them to remaining with me, you are at perfect liberty to go, but now you must obey me."

Looking first at me and then at the pistol she accepted the situation temporarily, but made her way to the enemy the next day.

During the afternoon Col. Wm. Johnson, then president of the Charlotte and Columbia Road, sent me word that if I desired to leave the city he would retain a place for me in his special car; but I still entertained hope in the ability of our army to repulse the foe, who were even then thundering at our very gates. This hope, however, was soon dispelled by the bursting of a shell, thrown from the enemy's batteries just outside of the city.

Jumping into a wagon in which our goods were thrown helter-skelter, we made our way to the depot in the midst of the cursing and shouting of the teamsters, who were hurrying the army trains to the rear. This, with the lurid light from burning buildings in the

background, that seemed to reach to the very heavens, produced a pandemonium which only the Inferno of Dante could equal.

Flying From the Federals

Reaching the depot everything was bustle and confusion. Hundreds were seeking admission to the already well-filled cars. Husbands looking for wives and wives calling for husbands and children screaming in affright at the glare of the flames.

The President's car was a small coach, attached to the rear of the train. In this, we found several friends already seated, who greeted us in a sad, distracted manner.

The passengers on this train, which was the last of sixteen already ahead of us, were an odd mixture, consisting of the Governor of the State, several ex-Governors, the treasury department, which had been removed from Richmond to Columbia, a number of colored prisoners and a company of "galvanized Yankees," as deserters from the Union army were then called.

We felt that "touch of nature which makes the whole world akin." Each was leaving home and friends behind, for we were all refugees, going forward to an untried future in which there seemed little happiness in store. As the train pushed out from the depot the young ladies of the treasury department struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Everybody on the train joined in the song, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the company.

When near Winnsboro we came to a standstill, the train just ahead of us having jumped the track, and we were compelled to remain quiet until it was restored to its position.

Every one on the car, worn out by the fatigue and anxiety of the day, was fast asleep except myself. My baby being restless kept me awake. Soon I heard in the distance sounds that resembled the approach of another train, although it was understood that ours was the last which would leave the city. The sound grew nearer and more distinct, and there was now no doubt but that another train was right upon us.

Quick as a flash the thought came to me about the "signal light," and arousing my husband, who sat next to me, I said, "Quick, for God's sake, take that candle and wave it in front of the door, for something tells me that the signal light is out."

It was the work of a minute, but the minute saved hundreds of lives. In an instant a sharp whistle sounded upon the still night air, and the approaching train stopped only a few feet from us.

The engineer entered our car as pale as death, saying, "In God's name where is the brakeman, and why was there no signal light? If it had not been for that little light which some one waved, you'd all have been in eternity by this time, so you may thank the one who waved it for your lives."

"No," said I, "thank the baby, for if she hadn't wakened me none of us would have heard your train."

In the morning, before we were ready to start again on our journey, Major Robinson, of Winnsboro, played the part of our good angel, and sent us a donation of biscuits and coffee which were the only things that stood between us and starvation. Biscuits and coffee will never be eaten again with such relish.

Unique Homes in Chester

Arriving in Chester, we found all the old, discarded cars which had been switched off on one side, fitted up as dwellings for the "refugees." In these they had placed their "little all" that was left of the general wreck. From one issued sounds of a harp, from

another a piano, and the inmates seemed as happy and contented as if residing in their own beautiful homes.

We were too late to secure one of these palatial residences. The only shelter left in the village was a pitched roof attic, over a drug store. This magnificent apartment had once been the abode of a shoemaker. He had left arabesque designs, in grease and wax, over everything capable of receiving an impression. The walls were painted a deep dark, desperately blue, the sort of color that is calculated to take all the sunshine out of one's nature and provoke thoughts of suicide. The windows were so high from the floor that in a standing position your chin just reached them. The fireplace was large enough to accommodate a family. The furniture consisted of a set of shelves and two broken chairs.

This was a pleasant picture to contemplate, after a long, tedious ride, hungry and tired. At first I thought I should go mad. I cried until I was hoarse. After that I felt better, and began to philosophize, and with one *coup d'oeil* took in the situation and prepared to make the most of it.

Soon after our arrival, Mr. Loftos Clifford sent over to us a bedstead, with the message, "that he was sorry the screws could not be found." Here was a dilemma, a bedstead without screws. I rose to the emergency, however, and taking four boxes in which my household effects were packed, I laid the sides and ends of the bedstead upon them and placed the slats crosswise. Then placing my bed, which I had brought with me, upon this structure, we soon had a very respectable-looking couch. Our dining table was a large dry goods box which the cobbler had left behind. We sat on boxes covered with shawls, and our pantry was made of bedslats nailed in the floor and hung round with tablecovers of various hues. Despite all of these drawbacks to elegance we enjoyed this "roughing it" immensely, and entertained in our little blue attic many whose names have brightened the pages of history.

Gen. Hood called one day, and hearing the sound of his crutches upon our rickety staircase, I said: "General, is your life insured? You are in more danger from those steps than a dozen Yankee bullets."

In his wonted graceful style, he replied: "The cause is worthy of the effort, and if I fall, I fall."

Chester was threatened with a raid, and some of the events which occurred during that time were exceedingly ludicrous. Everything of any value was buried or mysteriously secreted. I was for several days a perambulating conveyance of assorted goods. Besides my war pockets, which reached to the hem of my dress, I carried, hung upon a heavy cord about my waist, one piece of flannel, twelve yards of dress goods, twelve yards of muslin, two pounds of tea, five pounds of coffee, two pounds of sugar, a silver cup, two dozen silver forks, the same of spoons, spools of cotton, silk, needles, pins, &c., &c. In my skirts were sewed my watch, money and private papers. As most of these goods were purchased at the "Bee store" in Columbia, at the risk of life and limb, and at an enormous expense, I determined, if possible, to retain them.

Waiting for the Attack

The night before the attack was expected all of the arms-bearing men left the town to the care of the women and children and a few disabled men who were in charge of the Government stores. At midnight when the echo of the last horses' hoofs died away, carrying from our midst Gen. Chesnut and staff, a feeling of utter desolation and despondency took possession of us. Hagar in the wilderness was not more disconsolate.

Most of the night I spent at my attic window watching the pale stars looking down, seemingly in pity upon us, and the glimmer of lights from every window told that the inmates were awake and anxiously awaiting their fate.

Shortly after daylight I walked out upon the balcony, and in the distance saw a cloud of dust. My heart stood still with fright, and calling a lady friend to my side, who was pale with fear, I said, "Courage! the cavalry are coming; in God's name what shall we do?"

I determined in spite of my terror to stand my ground and await their arrival. Soon a ragged, wretched-looking, devil-may-care fellow, in advance of the leading company, rode up and halted just in front of us, saying, "Where're all the men of this town?"

Still thinking they were Yankees I replied in an independent tone, "They've left for parts unknown, and the town is in possession of the women, and we mean to hold it."

"God bless your soul," said he, "I wish the men had half your pluck."

"Who are you?" I inquired; "Stoneman's cavalry?"

"In the name of God," said he, "you don't take us for Yanks, do you? Why, we're Wheeler's cavalry, sent here by General Beauregard to protect this town, and we're going to do it, by Jupiter."

Seeing that he was a desperate sort of fellow, whom it was better to have as a friend than a foe, I determined to enlist him in our behalf and asked him to protect our house in case the enemy came in. With an oath he swore that he would do it.

After reconnoitering for about an hour, they returned to camp, which was on the outskirts of the town. In passing the house this same man pulled off his war-worn hat, which was only held together by a freak of cohesion. He was in a terrible rage, and the oaths rolled from his mouth.

"What is the matter," said I; "you seem very angry about something?"

"Why," he replied, "one of them d___ commissary chaps says we shan't have any rations; that we're spies and they'll drive us out of the town and take our hosses. If they do drive us out, it'll be by the puttiest fire they ever see in all the days of their life. As to takin' our hosses, by Jupiter, one of Wheeler's cavalry hosses wouldn't tote a civilian." Here he slapped his horse on the flank, threw his remnant of a hat high in the air, and, with a loud yell, dashed off.

A Terrible Secret

About noon of that day Mrs. Gen. C. called and said she had a terrible secret to confide in me. "Promise me," said she, "that you will not divulge it, for it may cost me my life."

"Oh! dear," said I, "if it is anything so terrible I don't want to know it."

"But you must know it," said she with a look of mysterious bewilderment, "somebody must know it or I'll die trying to keep it; but first tell me which way your husband went. There's a courier here and he wants to see the General, for if he don't see him the town will be burned if the Yankees enter."

"How do you know this?" said I.

"That's the secret," said she, coming near me and whispering in my ear. "It's the notice of an armistice that he's brought with him, and I've broken the seal of the dispatch. I know it's a punishable offence, but I couldn't help it; only think of it—an armistice!"

"If you are sure," said I, "that this man is not a spy, and that this is a bona fide paper, I will tell you where our husbands are. If he will go at breakneck speed upon the Union road he will probably overtake them."

The suspense that day was something awful. The fear lest Stoneman should reach the town before the dispatch was delivered to the commandant of the post, and the

ardent desire to proclaim the news from the housetops, were conflicting emotions which kept me in a continued state of unrest.

When the General arrived late in the evening and found it really was a genuine dispatch containing information of an armistice, I went up to my husband's printing office and ordered a number of notices to be struck off in large type, and posted in the most conspicuous places in the town. It was done and delighted the eyes of all who looked upon them, although with our joy was mingled a deep sorrow, when we witnessed the bowed heads and broken spirits of the brave men who for four long years had stood in the breach and were now returning to homes, many of them made desolate by war.

Off for Spartanburg

We left our attic and made our way to Spartanburg in a wagon drawn by Confederate mules that had been relegated to the "retired list."

Owing to the want of "going" capacity in our team, we were compelled to camp one night on the roadside. The next morning we performed our ablutions in a spring near by. After this I returned to the back of the wagon, where I had left my hair switch hanging, preparatory to arranging my hair. The switch was gone; I questioned Primus, the driver, about it, but the only satisfaction I received was this: "I dunno nothin' 'tall 'bout no switch, Miss G _____, but I see dat black mule bin de chaw'pon somethin' dat looked like a hosse's tail; I specs dat's whar your hair done gone, Missis."

Picture it! Think of it! A woman's whole crown of glory gone into the stomach of a miserable uncompromising mule, our ports blockaded and not the remotest possibility of getting another for months. I entertained serious thoughts of having the wretched animal killed and dissected.

We took out breakfast, which consisted of fried bacon, rye coffee and corn bread, at a house nearby. When I asked for a little more sugar, the dish was handed to me and I put the spoon in, and finding that it struck the bottom looked in and discovered that sorghum was the "long sweetening" used on this occasion.

Rice, potatoes, rye, peanuts and various other things were employed as substitutes for coffee, casina berries and herbs in place of tea. The exchanges carried on between refugees and those from the rural districts amounted to a regular traffic, and were sometimes very amusing.

Just before the fall of Columbia we invested in a large amount of candles. These subsequently proved a perfect God-send to us, the farmers being willing and anxious to exchange any of their produce for these wax candles. We let our "light shine" to the best advantage you may be assured.

"When I left Columbia it was with flying colors, my dress being trimmed with State buttons, bearing the motto "*Animus opibusque parati*," but soon after my arrival in Chester a dear old minister called and insisted that if I "valued my life I must have those buttons cut off." In order to satisfy him I stood up and was shorn of my glory.

A Curious Coincidence

A rather curious coincidence occurred not long since at one of my evening receptions in my New York home. One of the guests of the evening, a grandson-in-law of John Quincy Adams, in looking over a large book of war photographs, came across a picture of Atlanta after its destruction by the Northern army. "Ah," said he, "here's the very house we burned down to see how the chimneys were built."

I overheard the remark and replied, "I presume then, that your curiosity must have been thoroughly gratified when you finished with Columbia, for you left nothing but chimneys remaining there."

He confessed that he was in Columbia some time before its burning, but being confined to rather close quarters, had very little opportunity for seeing much of the city.

"Why," said I, "what were you doing there?"

"Serving my time out in your jail," said he, "for having visited your fair in the disguise of a Confederate naval officer, and flirting with all the pretty Columbia girls."

Struck dumb with amazement I regarded him earnestly for some seconds, and then said: "You re the blue-coated Yankee that kissed his hand as I passed the jail one day and happened to look up at a window."

"Ah," said he, "then, it is to you that I owe a grudge, for I was placed in the back of the jail, my liberty restrained and my rations reduced for throwing that kiss."

"I'm delighted to hear that I was instrumental in bringing at least one Yankee to punishment," said I, "and now, only think of your being an invited guest in my house."

It would be possible to fill a volume with the incidents, humorous and pathetic, which came under my observation during the eventful "four years;" but many of them would only serve to reopen old issues and embitter the feeling, which policy teaches us it is better to bury with the dead past. It is enshrined in our hearts; there is its mausoleum, and from it shall rise an incense of love and gratitude, purified and sanctified by the memories of those who sacrificed their lives in the endeavor to make us a nation among nations.

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**Address and Surname Corrections for the 2014 CDGS Surname Book
published in the December 2014 issue of *The Bulletin*:**

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(**Editor's Note:** The following article was taken from the Sunday, March 13, 2005 issue of the "York & S.C." section of *The Charlotte Observer*. It was written by Ms. Louise Pettus, a retired Winthrop University history professor.)

She Mastered Her Medicinal Skills Around The Globe

Chester County native took giant step beyond typical roles for women

A local woman who helped transform the role of women in the field of medicine was Margaret Whiteside (1880-1969). The daughter of Isaac Newton and Clara Lathrop Whiteside, she was born in the Chester County community of Lewisville, now Richburg.

After attending public and private schools in Lewisville, Margaret was admitted to Due West Female College as a senior. The next year, she was sent to Elizabeth College in Charlotte, which was on the present site of Presbyterian Hospital. The following year, she attended a business college in Charlotte and next spent a year working in Atlanta.

It was a time when women found it very difficult to break out of the limits that public opinion assigned them. The expectations were that an educated woman who didn't marry would likely become a teacher, a nurse or a librarian.

In 1908, Margaret Whiteside enrolled in the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore and spent two years there.

She next went to summer school at Harvard Medical College, followed by a short course in Obstetrics at New York Lying-In Hospital. Then on to the Medical College of Virginia for two years where she received her medical degree.

Whiteside found a position with the Northern Presbyterian Board of Home Missions in White Rock, N.C., located about 36 miles from Asheville. Roads were so rough, she rode horseback, carrying her medicines in saddlebags. While at White Rock, her father died and her mother insisted she not return to White Rock.

Whiteside toured Europe and then enrolled in the University of Edinburgh in Scotland to study obstetrics. After completing that, she went to the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin, Ireland, for further study. Meantime, she worked in the slums of Dublin as a physician.

Then, she returned to the United States where she intended to specialize in obstetrics but, at the same time, she had developed an interest in psychiatry. She was offered a position in the S.C. State Hospital (originally named the S.C. Lunatic Asylum) and became the resident physician in the "White Female Department." Later, she said she was "talked into accepting the position." Perhaps it was Dr. Havilah Babcock, head of the hospital, a psychiatrist and a native of Chester County, who talked her into it. Two years later, she was back at Harvard doing special work in psychiatry.

In 1916, her pastor, an Associate Reformed Presbyterian minister, urged her to go to India to open a mission hospital of the A.R.P. Church there. The hospital had not been built, so Whiteside spent time studying the local language. When the hospital opened, she worked both in the hospital and in conducting clinics outside. Five years later, she had a severe case of malaria and was not able to function well with the heat and primitive conditions.

Whiteside didn't take the shortest route back to the United States. Her biography in the "Sesquicentennial History of the A.R.P. Church" says that after her work in India, she spent some time in England, France, Egypt and Jerusalem.

Returning to the United States, she was offered the position of resident physician at Winthrop College by Dr. D. B. Johnson. She stayed two years, then resigned and set up a camp for adults outside of Hendersonville, N.C. Several years there and Whiteside left for a position with the New York State Health Department to set up a prenatal clinic. It was the first such program in the United States. From that position, Whiteside retired in 1943.

Whiteside decided to retire to Florida for half the year and to spend the other half in Hendersonville, but was still very active or as it was written about her: "No grass has been suffered to grow under fast flying feet."

She died in Tampa, Fla., age 88, and is buried in Union Cemetery in Richburg.

* * * * *

Caspar Sliger, Sr.: One of the Very Earliest Settlers in Chester County

The German immigrant, Caspar Sliger, Sr., and his wife Elizabeth, received on September 25, 1754, a Royal grant from the Governor of North Carolina comprising some 768 acres located in the fork of Fishing Creek and the Catawba River. This tract ultimately achieved notoriety in 1780 when the Battle of Fishing Creek of the American Revolution was fought in the peach orchard and cornfield of Caspar Sliger, who had occupied the land since c. 1750-52.

On September 1, 1768, Caspar Sliger and Elizabeth sold one half of their 768-acre tract of land for £5 North Carolina money to one Archibald Elliott. The deed, witnessed by Caspar Culp (a close neighbor of the Sligers) and James Clark, was recorded at the April term of court in 1769. The tract aforesaid was located in those days in the Royal Province of North Carolina.

Caspar Sliger, Sr., was born in Germany, c. 1710-20 and immigrated to America, landing in Pennsylvania. He married Elizabeth (---). He died after February 17, 1792. Issue:

- I. Caspar Sliger (sometimes Sleeker). He was known as "Caspar Sliger, Jr." and was born c. 1750-55, probably in what became South Carolina. He died in 1805, between October 1 and November 30. Married ---, who died before 1805. Issue:
 - A. George Sliger. A minor at the time of his father's death.
 - II. Elizabeth Sliger, married William Shadrick. He died about the same time as his brother-in-law, Caspar Sliger, Jr.
 - III. George Sliger, born c. 1758; died 1788. He married Nancy (Agness) White, daughter of Edward White and wife, Elizabeth (Martin) Lockhart. She died after 1810. Issue:
 - A. Elizabeth Sliger, born 1779; died after 1850. She married Nathaniel McCammon. Issue:
 1. John McCammon.
 2. William McCammon.
 - B. George Sliger, Jr., born c. 1781. Removed to Williamson Co., Tennessee.
 - C. William Sliger, Jr., born c. 1783; died before 1819.
- IV. William Sliger, born c. 1745, probably in Pennsylvania. He married Sarah (---). See Chester County, S.C., Deed Book S, page 82. William Sliger was a soldier of the Revolution. According to the Census of 1790, the Sligers had one son and three daughters.

The name SLIGER is found in the eighteenth-century records spelled variously Sliger, Sleeker, Suger, Skipper, Sleager, Keagar. The original German spelling was doubtless Schlacher. The family name of Caspar Sliger's neighbor, Caspar Culp, is found in the records under both the original German Kolb and Kulp, as well as under the familiar American Culp, and sometimes Kolp.

SIMPSON AND ALLIED FAMILIES

During the American Revolution, John Alexander and his family were living near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He owned several large farms and British and Continental armies fought on his plantation, until in a fit of exasperation, he moved his family to Rockingham County, Virginia. Here the family resided until after the Revolutionary War, then removed to Washington County, Tennessee (then North Carolina), circa 1779. John was a soldier at King's Mountain; and was a Member of the Grand Jury in Washington County, North Carolina, 1781. Before Tennessee became a State, he was commissioned a Justice of the Peace on April 23rd, 1796, by Governor John Sevier. John Alexander married, Agnes Craighead, daughter of Rev. Alexander and Agnes (Brown) Craighead. Agnes Craighead was born in Pennsylvania, circa 1736. She died probably in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, circa 1776.

The Ancestors of Agnes (Craighead) Alexander

- I. **THOMAS CRAIGHEAD** = **MARGARET**, whose surname is not known.
- II. **REV. ROBERT CRAIGHEAD** = **AGNES HART**.
Died at Londonderry, Ireland,
22 August 1711, a native of Scotland; pastor of Presbyterian church of
Donoughmore, Ireland, 34 years; subsequently he became a minister at
Londonderry. Issue:
1. Catherine Craighead married 1693, Rev. William Homes (1663-1746), both were buried at Chilmark. Their eldest son, Robert, md. 1716, Mary, sister of Benjamin Franklin.
 2. Thomas Craighead.
 3. Robert Craighead, b. Derry, Ireland, 1684; d. Dublin, 1738.
- III. **REV. THOMAS CRAIGHEAD** = **MARGARET**, daug. of a Scottish Laird,
Born Scotland, 1660; died born Scotland, 1664; d. Pa., 1738, and
Newville, Pa., 26 Aug. 1739; was buried at White Clay Creek, Del.
md. in Scotland, 169__.

Rev. Thomas Craighead first studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh, and received his A.M. degree 28 July 1691. Not wishing to continue in the field of medicine, he informed his wife that his desires were the gospel and subsequently was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian church at Donegal, Ireland, 1698, where he ministered until 1714, when he left with his family to America. Arriving at Boston, October 1714, in the ship *Thomas and Jane*, he settled first at Freetown, Massachusetts, from January 1715 to 1723, when the family removed to Delaware. Settling at Brandywine from 1724 to 1730, then to Pennsylvania where he instituted numerous churches. Thomas was the author of *Advice for Assurance of Salvation*, 1695; and *Walking with God*. Thomas and Margaret Craighead were the parents of five children:

1. Thomas Craighead. Born North of Ireland, 1702; died August 1735. He married Margaret Brown, who was born in Ireland, 1702; died September 1765, and both are buried at White Clay Creek, Delaware. Issue:
 1. Robert Craighead, b. 01 June 1721; d. East Indies, unkm.

2. Margaret Craighead, b. 03 March 1723; d. 17 Aug. 1799; married John Miller.
 3. Ann Craighead, b. 01 July 1725; married Alex McDowell.
 4. Thomas Craighead, b. 06 May 1727; d. in Virginia, unm.
 5. Elizabeth Craighead, b. 08 Aug. 1729; married firstly, Capt. James Mackey; secondly, Rev. Matthew Wilson.
 6. William Craighead, b. 13 June 1731; married 18 January 1767, Mildred Thompson.
 7. George Craighead, b. 10 May 1733, d. 1811, married 05 June 1769, Ann Brittain.
 8. Patrick Craighead, b. 04 Feb. 1735; d. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, unm.
2. Jane Craighead, born North of Ireland, married 23 October 1725, Rev. Adam Boyd. Issue:
1. Margaret Boyd, b. 05 Sept. 1726; mar. Rev. Joseph Tate.
 2. John Boyd, b. 15 April 1728.
 3. Janet Boyd, b. 18 March 1730; d. 1800.
 4. Agnes Boyd, b. 14 May 1732; d. 1770.
 5. Thomas Boyd, b. 23 July 1734; mar. Catherine Wallace.
 6. Mary Boyd, b. 14 July 1736; married Andrew Boyd.
 7. Adam Boyd, Jr., b. 25 Nov. 1738; d. Natchez, Ms., 1800.
 8. Andrew Boyd, b. 20 Oct. 1740, married 17 Feb. 1780, Jane Whitehall.
 9. Hannah Boyd, b. 07 Jan. 1743, married Samuel Scott.
 10. Elizabeth Boyd, b. 04 April 1745, married John Hays.
 11. Samuel Boyd, b. 11 June 1747; married a daughter of Col. Brooks, of Virginia; she died 1780.
3. Andrew Craighead, died unmarried at White Clay Creek, Del.
4. John Craighead, born North of Ireland, ante 1713; married 1736, Rachel R. Montgomery. Issue:
1. Thomas Craighead, b. 05 March 1737; d. 1807; married Margaret Gilson.
 2. John Craighead, b. circa 1742; d. Letterkenney, Pa., 20 April 1799; married Jane Boyd.
 3. James Craighead married Isabella Gilson.
 4. Catherine Craighead, b. Nov. 1748; married Nov. 1788, William Geddes.
 5. Rachael Craighead, d. 15 September 1776.
5. Alexander Craighead, born at Freetown, Massachusetta, circa 1715; died at Rocky Creek, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, March 1766. Alexander Craighead was licensed 08 October 1734 and ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church at Middle Octorora, Pennsylvania, 18 November 1735, where he ministered until 1749. He then removed with his family to Windy Creek, Augusta County, Virginia. He was a Cameronian from 1745 to 1753. On 27 September 1758, he instituted both the Sugar Creek and Rocky River Center Presbyterian Church in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. He was the only minister in 1766 between the Yadkin and Catawba Rivers, and third minister to settle in North Carolina. Father Craighead was the author of a pamphlet on political independence, 1743. He was the Father of the *Mecklenburg Declaration*, and worked for the cause of Liberty in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, before the Revolution. He is considered to have been the first Presbyterian

minister in the South, and a Monument has been erected to his memory in Charlotte, North Carolina. Rev. Alexander Craighead married firstly, about 1734, in Pennsylvania, Agnes Brown; two children were born to this union, Agnes and Margaret. His second wife was Miss Scott of Virginia. Alexander was a widower when he came to North Carolina, and married Jane Martin as his third wife. Issue:

1. Agnes Craighead, born in Pennsylvania circa 1736; died in North Carolina, circa 1776. She married probably in Pennsylvania, John Alexander.
2. Margaret Craighead, married Mr. Carruth.
3. Nancy Craighead, born in Virginia; died 1790; married firstly, 1759, Doctor William Richardson, who died 20 July 1771 in the study room of his home with a bridle twisted around his throat. This tragedy took place in present day day Union County, North Carolina. Nancy married secondly George Dunlap, a member of a large and wealthy local Waxhaw family.
4. Rachel Craighead, married in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, 1766, David Caldwell.
5. Jane Craighead, married Patrick Calhoun, who by his second wife was the father of Hon. John Caldwell Calhoun (1782-1850), Vice President of the United States. He was elected in 1824 as a Democratic-Republican with John Quincy Adams; in 1828 as a Democrat with Andrew Jackson; resigned in 1832, having been elected U. S. Senator.
6. Mary Craighead, married Samuel Dunlap.
7. Elizabeth Craighead, married Alexander Crawford.
8. Thomas Brown Craighead, born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, circa 1750; died 1825; married 1780, his cousin, Elizabeth Brown.
9. Robert Craighead, born 27 June 1751; died in Tennessee, 07 May 1821; married Hannah Clark.

* * * * *

Some Simpson Family Notes

By William B. White

Family tradition has it that three Simpson brothers immigrated to the United States from Northern Ireland, through Charleston, S.C. William Simpson was a farmer who settled in Lancaster County, S.C. Walter Simpson was a physician who settled permanently in Pennsylvania. John Simpson was a mechanical genius who settled in Chester County, S.C. It is with the family of John Simpson that this sketch is concerned.

John Simpson was born in Northern Ireland on March 9, 1770, and died in Chester County, S.C., on April 23, 1834. He was married three times: first to Mary Jane Adams, second to (---) Miller (no issue), and third to Sarah Stone.

Issue by the first wife, Mary Jane Adams:

- I. Mary ("Molly") Simpson. Married William Hamilton. She was born on Dec. 11, 1800, and died on Nov. 24, 1867.
- II. Solomon Simpson. Born 1798. In a naturalization petition filed on Oct. 22, 1827, Solomon Simpson stated that he was born in the Kingdom of Ireland and that he had formerly resided in the Parish of Donaghady, County Tyrone, Ireland. He gave his age as about 29 years. He also declared that he arrived in Charleston, S.C., from Ireland in the year 1821. He married Rebecca Wylie.
- III. John Simpson, Jr. Born Feb. 9, 1803. Died July 12, 1884. Owing to his mechanical ingenuity, he was widely referred to as "the smartest man in Chester County." Married first in 1823 to Sarah ("Sallie") Wylie. Born 1803; died May 15, 1866. Issue:
 - A. Thomas Elihu Simpson. Born near Chester on Mar. 2, 1824. Died on Sept. 21, 1874. He lived near Edgemoor and manufactured cotton gins. He served in the Engineer's Department of the Confederate States Army. Married Margaret Bigham. Issue:
 1. Brown Simpson. Married Mattie Bigham.
 2. Francis McDonald Simpson. Born May 31, 1855. He was a farmer and was possessed of mechanical talents of a high order. He was an active member and officer of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Married Harriet ("Hattie") Wylie, who died in 1915. Issue:
 - a. William Elihu Simpson, M.D. Born in Edgemoor, S.C., on March 13, 1883. He earned the Bachelor of Arts degree at Erskine College in 1908 and the Doctor of Medicine degree from the Medical College of South Carolina in 1915. He served his internship at Fennell Infirmary in Rock Hill, S.C., and then spent two terms in post-graduate work in Chicago, where he specialized in children's diseases. He set up his practice of medicine at Rock Hill in 1916. After a time, he brought into his practice John L. Bundy, M.D. Dr. W. E. Simpson was married on July 21, 1915, to Lydia Beckett of John's Island, S.C. Issue:
 - 1' Harriet Simpson. She was married to Frank M. Swift of St. Simon's Island, Georgia. She died on Thursday, Jan. 9, 2003, at Hospice of

The Golden Isles in Brunswick, Georgia. Age: 84. She was a graduate of Winthrop College. Issue: two children.

Dr. Ellie Simpson married second Josephine Hull of Rock Hill, S.C.

3. Belle Simpson. Married Stewart Ferguson.
4. Henry Calvin Simpson. Born Oct. 1, 1860. Died May 22, 1927. Married on Jan. 25, 1882, to Sarah ("Sallie") Pauline Wylie. Born Feb. 17, 1853. Died May 23, 1928. Issue:
 - a. William Blair Simpson. Born Mar. 17, 1883. Died Nov. 30, 1964. Married Janie Whiteside. Born May 11, 1882. Died Dec. 7, 1966. Issue:
 - 1' William Blair Simpson, Jr. Born Nov. 27, 1907. Died Nov. 27, 1984. Married Adelaide Williams, who died on Feb. 18, 2002. Issue:
 - a' Lurline Simpson. Married on April 22, 1961, to John Mears. (Div.) Issue:
 - 1'' Sallie Simpson Mears.
 - 2'' Jennifer Alice Mears.
 - 2' Henry Betts Simpson. Died young.
 - 3' Martha Lurline Simpson. Died young.
 - 4' Margaret Wylie Simpson. Died young.
 - 5' (Infant son).
 - b. Florence May Simpson. Born May 27, 1893. Died June 20, 1984. Married Martin Luther Leslie. Born May 18, 1887. Died Dec. 8, 1938. Issue:
 - 1' Pauline Leslie. Born June 23, 1917. Died Aug. 6, 1921.
 - 2' David C. Leslie. Born Dec. 18, 1919. Married Ruth Gettys. Issue:
 - a' Lynn Leslie.
 - b' Harriette Leslie.
 - c' David C. Leslie, Jr.
 - d' Kirk Leslie.
 - 3' Martin Luther Leslie, Jr. Born May 31, 1922. Married Anna Kate Williams. Issue:
 - a' Marguerite Leslie. Married William McGowan.
 - 4' Jean Leslie. Born Jan. 15, 1924. Married Harold Auten. Issue:
 - a' Jerry Auten.
 - b' Cynthia Auten.
 - c' Pauline Auten.
 - d' Harold Auten, Jr.

5. Rebecca Leslie. Born Feb. 2, 1926. Married Joe Simpson Faris.
Issue:

a' Joe Simpson Faris, Jr.

5. Agnes Simpson.

6. John Simpson, III.

B. Martha Simpson.

C. Mary J. Simpson. Married William A. Burns.

D. Margaret Simpson. Born Sept. 14, 1829. Died Oct. 1, 1862. Married John C. Moffett of Tennessee.

E. William Blackstock Simpson. Born July 9, 1831. Died Jan. 5, 1901. Married on Jan. 14, 1858, to Margaret Millen, daughter of John Millen and sister of Harper Millen. Born July 26, 1837. Died Oct. 13, 1901.
Issue:

1. John Millen Simpson. Born Nov. 16, 1858. Died Nov. 21, 1928. Married Rachel Elizabeth Dunbar.

2. Joseph Wylie Simpson. Born July 30, 1860. Died Feb. 6, 1924. Married Martha Eliza Lesslie. Born June 5, 1855. Died Dec. 13, 1927.
Issue:

a. Rev. W. T. Simpson. Married Easter Hooten.

b. Mattie Belle Simpson. Married on June 17, 1913, to James Craig Faris, son of John A. and Mary (Wylie) Faris.

c. Ollie Simpson. Married Earle P. Glasscock.

d. Mary Simpson. Unmarried. Taught in the public schools.

e. Nannie Simpson. Unmarried. Taught in the public schools.

f. Lessie Simpson. Married Nathaniel Lesslie.

g. Jane Wylie Simpson. Died in infancy.

3. Barbara Isabel Simpson. Born Oct. 12, 1862. Died June 21, 1927. Married Hugh J. Millen.

4. William Harper Simpson. Born Oct. 15, 1864. Married Lou Gill.

5. Sallie Simpson. Born Apr. 20, 1867. Died Mar. 27, 1909. Married Thomas Faulkner Lesslie. Born Sept. 4, 1863. Died Sept. 1922. She was his first wife. They were married on Dec. 16, 1884. His second wife was Lillie E. Boyce. Issue by his first wife:

a. Joseph Lesslie. Married Nettie Boyd.

b. Bessie Lesslie. Married Kilgore Williford.

c. Alma Lesslie. Married Charles Anderson.

d. Dallas Lesslie. Married Ruby Hook.

6. Martha ("Mattie") Millen Simpson. Born Dec. 17, 1868. Died April 15, 1922. Married John Simpson Neely. Born Jan. 1, 1862. He was the son of Lt. Willis Wherry Neely, C.S.A., and his wife, Martha Caroline White, daughter of Peter and Martha Randal (Rives) White. Issue:

- a. Willis Simpson Neely. Born Mar. 22, 1888.
- b. Mary Gill Neely. Born Sept. 22, 1889. Married Otis Plaxico Thompson of Rock Hill, S.C.
- c. Margaret White Neely. Born May 29, 1892.
- d. (Twin). Born and died 1895.
- e. (Twin). Born and died 1895.
- f. John Millen Neely.

- 7. Wilson Simpson. Born Nov. 11, 1871. Died May 22, 1901.
- 8. Mary Simpson. Born July 14, 1874. Married Robert Lee Brewer.

F. John Hemphill Simpson. Born Aug. 3, 1834. Married Elizabeth Moffett on May 6, 1866. He was a minister of the A. R. P. Synod.

G. Sarah Simpson. Born Dec. 25, 1836. Married John W. Baird on Aug. 19, 1858.

H. Henry Calvin Simpson.

I. Isaiah Simpson, D.D.S. Born in October, 1838. Died in 1911. Married on June 6, 1867, to Sally Patton. Born Mar. 2, 1838. Died in 1921. Dr. I. Simpson was regarded as one of the most progressive and gifted dentists in the South. He was a pioneer in the field of filling teeth below the gum line. His office was located at Rock Hill, S.C. Issue:

1. William Robinson Simpson, D.D.S. Married Anna Ross Pride, daughter of Col. C. J. Pride. Issue:

a. William B. Simpson, Jr. Married Elizabeth Truesdale. He served in the U. S. Navy in World War I and was in the 1930s and 1940s assistant postmaster at Rock Hill. Issue:

1' Robert Truesdale Simpson.

2' William R. Simpson III.

b. Cadwallader Pride Simpson.

c. Allen Jones Simpson.

d. John Sitgreaves Simpson.

2. Capt. R. L. Simpson of Spencer, N.C.

3. E. C. Simpson of Andrews, N.C., and Ball Ground, Ga.

4. Capt. Neil P. Simpson of Rock Hill.

5. Rev. J. Walter Simpson of Concord, N.C.

6. Mrs. W. D. Craig of Lancaster, S.C.

7. Amelia Simpson of Rock Hill and Atlanta, Ga.

John Simpson, Jr. (1803-1884) was married second on July 10, 1871 to Nancy Lathan.

Issue of John Simpson (1770-1834) by his third wife, Sarah Stone:

- IV. Eliza Simpson. Born Aug. 2, 1811. Died Oct. 14, 1885. Married in 1828 to John Bell Fennell, M.D. Born Aug. 7, 1810. Died Dec. 22, 1878.
Issue (among others)

A. James Flenniken Fennell. Married Alethia Beckham. Issue:

1. William Wallace Fennell, M.D. Born Aug. 29, 1869. Died at Rock Hill, S.C., on Oct. 11, 1926. He was one of South Carolina's most gifted, distinguished surgeons. He owned and operated Fennell Infirmary at Rock Hill. At his death he was chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Medical College of South Carolina. He was married on Jan. 11, 1899, to Mary Rose Lyle. Born April 2, 1877. She was a sister of Dr. David Lyle, a prominent physician of Rock Hill, mayor of Rock Hill, and member of the Senate of South Carolina from York County. Issue:
 - a. Alethia Fennell. Married William Wilson Pate of Greenville, S.C., businessman and manufacturer.
 - b. Henrietta ("Totsy") Fennell. Married on Nov. 13, 1935, to Joab Mauldin Lesesne, Ph.D., president of Erskine College, Due West, S.C. Issue:
 - 1' William Wallace Fennell Lesesne. Married Emilie Kelly.
 - 2' Joab Mauldin Lesesne, Jr., Ph.D. He was for many years the distinguished president of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C. Married Mary Ruth Osborne.
 - c. William Wallace Fennell, Jr., M.D. Surgeon at Rock Hill, S.C. Married Emily Cope of Savannah, Ga.
2. Julia Beckham Fennell. Married James Strait and removed to the Far West in 1916.
3. Alva Curtis Fennell. Born July 6, 1870. He was superintendent of the Manchester Mill at Rock Hill for many years. Married Willie Adams on March 19, 1904.
4. John Bratton Fennell. Born Feb. 27, 1875. Married Louise O. Summers of Columbia, S.C.
5. Alethia Addie Fennell. Married (---) Hegler of Oklahoma.

V. Hugh Simpson. Married Janet Lyle. Born 1820. Died 1897. Issue:

A. Mary Jane Simpson. Married John R. Patton of the Neely's Creek section of York County, S.C., Issue (among others)

1. Mary Patton. Married John Newton Gaston, M.D., of Edgemoor, S.C. Issue: (among others)
 - a. Frank Patton Gaston, M.D. Married Dora Jones Dunlap of Rock Hill.
 - b. John Newton Gaston, Jr., M.D. Married Martha Wilbur of Charleston, S.C.

VI. William Stone Simpson. Married Elizabeth McCammon. Issue:

- A. Green Stone Simpson. Married Eliza Jane Cherry.
- B. Carrie Simpson. Married Albert Nunnery.
- C. Margaret Simpson. Married (1) William Nichols; (2) Thomas Orr.
- D. William Duke Simpson. Married Molly Hefley.
- E. Mary Jane Simpson. Married John Dickey.
- F. Elizabeth Simpson. Died in infancy.

John Simpson (1770-1834) had no children by his second wife, (---) Miller.

*This sketch of the Simpson family was prepared in May, 2007, in
tribute to the memory of Dr. W. Elihu Simpson ("Dr. Ellie Simpson").*

* * * * *

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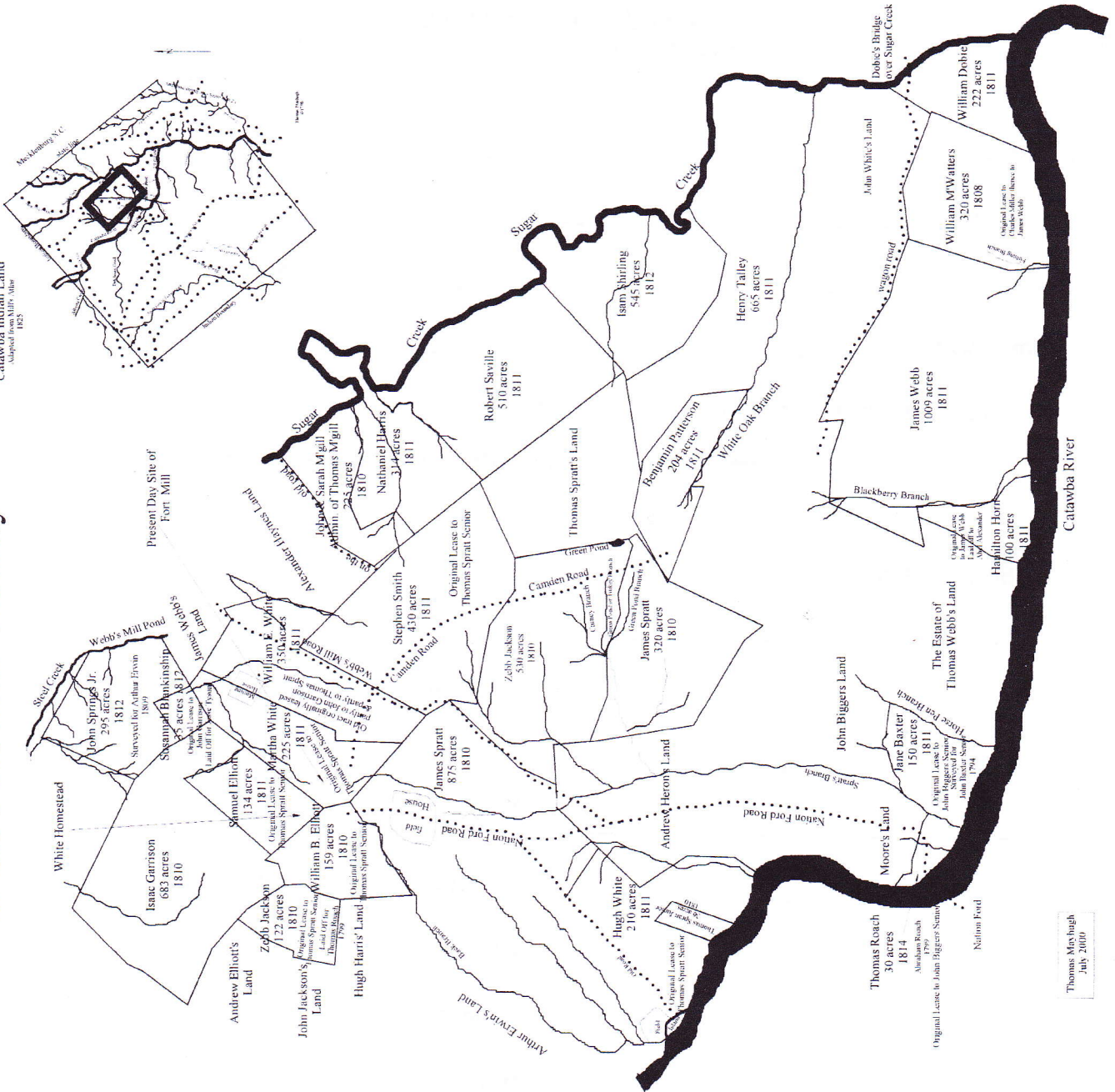
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