1977

Independent Republic Quarterly, 1977, Vol. 11, No. 1

Horry County Historical Society

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The Independent Republic Quarterly

VOL. 11  WINTER 1977  NO. 1

Published quarterly by the Horry County Historical Society, 1008 Fifth Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526. Second class postage paid at Conway, S.C. 29526.
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PROGRAM OF
The Second Annual Horry County Fair to be held at Conway October 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1914

Tuesday Oct. 13th. - Merchants Day. - 10 a.m. - Second Annual Horry County Fair throws open its gates to the people of Horry County.
11 a.m. - Midway shows and concessions open.
1 p.m. - Demonstration of model Dipping cat.
4 p.m. - Ban concert.
5 p.m. - Fair buildings close for the day.
Wednesday, Oct. 14th.- Ladies Day
10 a.m. - Fair Grounds open.
10:30 a.m. - Judging of exhibits begins.
11 a.m. - Midway shows and concessions open.
11:30 a.m. - Wm. S. Luckey makes sensational flight in Curtis aeroplane.
12 m. - Demonstration of model dipping vat.
1 p.m. - Demonstration by Girls' Canning Clubs.
4 p.m. - Wm S. Luckey makes second flight in Curtis aeroplane.
5 p.m. - Fair buildings close for the day.
Friday, Oct. 16th - Educational day.
All School Teachers and School Children half price.
10 a.m. - Fair grounds open.
11 a.m. - Midway shows and concessions open.
11:30 a.m. - Address by Hon. J. E. Swearingen, State Supt. of Ed.
12:30 a.m. - Demonstration Model Dipping vat.
1:30 p.m. - Announcement of winners in Carnival Queen Contest.
4 p.m. - Band concert.
5 p.m. - Fair buildings close for the day.
Thursday, Oct. 15th. - Boys and Girls Clubs Day.
10 a.m. - Fair grounds open.
11 a.m. - Midway shows and concessions open.
11:30 a.m. - Wm. S. Luckey makes flight in Curtis aeroplane.
12 m. - Demonstration of model dipping vat.
1 p.m. - Demonstration by Girls' Canning Clubs.
4 p.m. - Wm S. Luckey makes second flight in Curtis aeroplane.
5 p.m. - Fair buildings close for the day.
9 p.m. - Carnival Queen crowned on the Fair Grounds.
Dear Friends:

Gene Anderson handed me the HCHS gavel at our quarterly meeting January 10 with due ceremony and a kiss for extras. I wish I could have been more eloquent in expressing our appreciation of his service as our president for the last two years. We are certainly indebted to him and to the officers and board members who shared his responsibility.

I welcome the opportunity to serve you and to work with the new officers and board. You will find the list of us inside the front cover of this issue. Having elected us, it is up to you to help us make good. We welcome your suggestions about anything connected with the Society--programs, publications, projects.

I hope each member will pledge some personal contribution this year that will add to the body of historical information about Horry County and its people. Catalog a cemetery, record an oral history interview, research and write about some topic that catches your interest, prepare a family history--and share these and your treasured photographs or keepsakes with IRQ.

The last quarterly meeting featured a talk by Evelyn Snider about the fun maps she has made of Horry County (see IRQ, July 1976) and Conway (see elsewhere in this issue). She has created keepsakes which will give pleasure for years to come.

The members voted to change the time of the April meeting to a Sunday afternoon, the exact date to be determined. James P. Blanton, a charter member of the Society, will help us prepare a tour of the Green Sea-Floyds section. You will receive information about this later.

The Society has completed its first decade. Working and sharing, we can make the second rewarding for all of us.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Catherine H. Lewis
The County with a heart
That will win your heart
Ernest Richardson

HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS

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SCHEDULE OF SOCIETY MEETINGS FOR 1976

Regular Society Meeting:

January 10, 1977
April, Date to be announced
July 11, 1977
October 10, 1977

Board of Directors Meetings:

March 14, 1977
June 13, 1977
September 12, 1977
December 12, 1977

Please mark these dates on your Calendar.

Dues: $5.00 annually for individuals; $7.50 for married couples and $3.00 for students. Checks may be sent to F.A. Green, 402 · 43rd Avenue North, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577. One subscription to the QUARTERLY is free with each membership. If a couple desires two copies, the dues are $10.00.

Material for the QUARTERLY may be submitted to Mr. John P. Cartrette, 1008 · 5th Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526.

Back issues of the QUARTERLY may be obtained for $2.00 each plus .25 cents postage from Miss Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526, as long as they are in print.

Copies of the 1880 CENSUS OF HORRY COUNTY, S.C. may be obtained by writing the Horry County Historical Society, 1008 Fifth Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526, or in person from the Horry County Memorial Library. The price is $7.50.
LETTER FROM PAST PRESIDENT

Dear Members,

I wish I could thank each of you personally for giving me such fine support during the last two years. I can’t do that but I am grateful and I hope you will accept my thanks through this letter.

Some people must be singled out. Rick, Ted Greene, Osby, our Secretaries, and members of the Board. Also thanks to the Delegation for our Financial support.

I need not say anything about the good hands in which this office is being placed. I hope that all of us will render our support to her.

Again, thank you and please remain active in the Society.

Sincerely,

Gene Anderson

MEMORIES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES

by Elizabeth Collins

Taunton: Barnicott, Printer, Albion Office, Fore Street 1865

Note: In the mid-nineteenth century Conwayborough was a sleepy hamlet of about three hundred souls. It was so remote as to provide a haven in which the Plowden C.J. Weston family of Georgetown could “refugee” during the Civil War, deeming themselves and their servants and slaves to be safe from possible Yankee incursions. It is astonishing that two books printed in England during the 1860’s should describe this sojourn. Because of their descriptions of life in this area in general as well as of the Weston family, the IRQ editors have decided to print pertinent portions of both books serially. We will begin with the account of a Elizabeth Collins, a genteel English lady who was a sort of companion-servant to Mrs. Weston, and follow that with excerpts from An Errand to the South in 1862 by the Rev. William Wyndham Malet.

P.C.J. Weston was elected lieutenant governor of South Carolina while his family was in residence at Conwayborough. Snow Hill is located at the corner where Lakeside Drive reaches Kingston Lake. The house in which the Westons lived was moved first about 1880 and again later to 905 Applewhite Lane and was the home of our Society’s charter member, the late Lucille Burroughs Godfrey.

CHAPTER I.

It was in early part of November, 1859, that I took leave of my mother, brother, and sister, to travel with a family to the western part of the world. Doubtless some of those who will condescend to read my little book, have experienced the many sad feelings on leaving England, their own native home, to share with strangers, not only the dangers of the sea, but the trials and difficulties of a foreign land. But with my good mother’s consent, and with the prospect of returning home the following year, all was bright to me; I did not so much as complain of the many tumbles and bruises which came to my lot from the old slippery steam-ship Canada; the sea at times being so rough that it was necessary to confine even the tea-kettle, coffee-pot &c., between two people; this was not a very pleasant, and perhaps some may say not a wise plan, but this and eating up that which was before us as quickly as possible, was the best and surest way.

Before I proceed further I had better give the name of the family with whom I travelled, Mr. and Mrs. W----, both English people, but who had long lived in South Carolina. It was their rule to visit England every other year, and they were on their return to the sunny South for the seventh time, and never encountered a more unpleasant passage. I did not suffer more than two days from sea-sickness, so that in a day or two more I was able to assist those who were worse off than myself. Mrs. W. who suffered very little from sea-
sickness, was very kind to me, also the good stewardess, whom I afterwards pleased well by making her a dress. Of course, but little was done in the way of fitting, and perhaps many long stitches have since made their appearance.

Two weeks had passed when we arrived at Halifax, but our stay there was very short, and after taking in a fresh supply of coals and water, on we steamed for Boston.

The first thing done after our arrival at Boston was the turning out of trunks, &c., but the agent, or whatever, he might have been called, was a very clever man, and did not give much trouble, so that business was completed in less than two hours, and after resting a night at the Brevost House, we “took the cars” for New York (about two days’ journey). New York is a very gay city, and for the first time in my life I beheld a negro (black enough). I was a little daunted at first sight, but his face soon became familiar and his language almost as plain as a white man’s; this man was free, for there are no slaves in New York.

The fifth Avenue Hotel was our resting place, and a well managed house it was; every room heated by steam. Cooking and washing done by the same process. After resting a day, a kind of nurse, who was staying there, took me to see General Washington’s monument, which is considered the greatest sight in New York. On my way back to the hotel, I called into a Jew store (not knowing Jews from Gentiles), to purchase a few little articles in remembrance of this flourishing city. We were much refreshed by our short stay, and about tow o’clock the fourth day, we got on board the steamer Nashville, bound for Charleston, South Carolina. So different was this vessel to the Canada, but luckily we reached Charleston in less than three days.

At the Charleston Hotel we remained another three days, where things seemed more homelike, indeed, I felt quite at home, for I had the pleasure of seeing an English housekeeper, who appeared to take great interest in me, and I afterwards found out that she came from London.

The weather was very fine and as warm as any summer day in England. About seven p.m. we got on board the steamer Nina, bound for Georgetown; our stay at this place was not more than one hour, and from thence we steamed up the Waccamaw River leading to Mr. W.’s plantation, and about three p.m. reached my new home. I cannot describe the excitement and joy at the return of the master of the plantation, neither can I express my own feelings at the sight of so many black faces, for they appeared to me to have come up out of the earth, and they were as pleased to see me as if I had long known them. I must say I was not sorry when the shaking of hands was over. We walked from the boat to Hagley House which was not more than five minutes’ wald. It is a very large building, surrounded with trees of different kinds, amongst which are some sweet-scented jussamine, and, what is still more beautiful, an orange tree which shades the kitchen in the summer, and produces its fruit for the cook in the winter. After resting an hour or so, some little time was occupied by Mrs. W. pointing out to me the different apartments in the house, and the many little duties which would be required of me. I must say things were different from what I expected, one in particular, which was having to study weights and measures (apothecaries’) so as to be able to assist in case of sickness among the negroes. This sort of business I rather dreaded, feeling I should do something wrong, and perhaps kill instead of cure, however, this feeling soon wore off, and I took great delight in my little surgery.

The next difficulty was to know one servant from another, for to me they looked all alike. I, however, got to remember their voices one from another; their dress, too, was different, some of the women being very gay, and they would now and then give a swing, so as to display their taste. At last I could see some of their complexions lighter, which very soon led me to discover a decided difference.

I remember telling Mrs. W. I had great difficulty to know one from another; she was amused, and told me to look at the up-
per housemaid (Selina) who was considered very good looking. I did take a regular view of her, she certainly had a very pleasing countenance, particularly when she smiled and showed her very white teeth. I have since remarked that the eyes and teeth of a negro are almost always beautiful.

Their dress in the winter consists of very thick woolen, figured (as they call it) with different colours. They have no taste whatever to cut or trim a garment. I have seen many very pretty prints sewn together upside down. Ruffles and cross pieces are the general way of trimming their clothes. A handkerchief (called a bandana) is worn by the females, tied tight about the head and at the back part is stuffed a thick piece of paper, to look like a comb. Earrings and rings on the fingers are frequently seen, the effect very pleasing, and I doubt not these ornaments are more suitable to the shining face of a black person than to a white one.

A few weeks had passed when I knew them all, as well as their dispositions; the good looking Selina was not very good tempered, which would at times cast a very disagreeable look over her countenance. It may not be amiss to give the names of all the servants, which were eleven men and eight women: Jemmy, Renty, Hector, Prince, Gabriel, Caesar, Jack, Napoleon, Fortune, Frank, Agrippa; Rachel, Dolly, Josephine, Selina, Mary, Hannah, Susannah, Phillis.

It must be remembered the negroes have their titles as well as the white man. I have often noticed they use them among themselves, and have no doubt if slavery is abolished that they will claim the recognition of their titles as well as the white man. I have often noticed they use them among themselves, and have no doubt if slavery is abolished that they will claim the recognition of their titles; but poor creatures, what would become of them if they had to care for themselves? Any one who knew the inability of such persons, would not, I am sure, vote for their freedom; I cannot but compare them to little children, and they must be treated as such. Each one must have a task, for they have no idea of time, it must be a very clever negro to distinguish one hour from two, and perhaps three.

The women’s house work was generally done about eleven o’clock, and the rest of the day spent in making garments for the field hands. Of course, the cutting out, &c., came to my lot, which was no play game, the number of negroes being between three and four hundred.

Christmas is a jolly time with them, three days being allowed them to enjoy themselves with singing and dancing, both of which the negro can do well. The servants were allowed the same time as the field hands, but had to take turns, so as not to interfere with the comforts of the family. A ham, turkey, goose, plum pudding, gingerbread, apples, oranges, &c., were also allowed them.

Vinegar sweetened with molasses (or what is called in England treacle), was their beverage; this will appear a strange kind of refreshment to an English heart, but it what the negro is very fond of.

**CHAPTER II.**

The spring of 1860 was very warm, and every tree appeared to show the beauties of nature; roses putting forth their buds, could be seen in the month of March. This month brings to mind many observations on an event which must not be forgotten—the opening of St. Mary’s Church. Renty, who is a very clever builder, had been employed about two years in building this church; the windows and seats (which are very beautiful) were sent out from England. There was also a clock put up for the use of the black people, who, as I have before said, are no judge of time. It used to be a rule of Mr. W.’s when giving them physic to say to them, take this when you hear the clock strike such an hour, and so on. The month of April was spent in gaiety among the ladies of Waccamaw, there being a wedding (Mr. Lance’s), who was one of the ministers of Mr. W.’s Parish (All Saints). A wedding in Carolina is very difficult from an English one; there is no
waiting ten or a dozen years to make up the mind, but as soon as a gentleman sees a lady he likes, and the one is as willing as the other, they marry in a few days (I do not mean to say it was the case with this minister).

The month of June came, when we had to move to Pawley's Island, a summer residence lately built by Renty. I can only compare this building to a castle so lofty that we could find a cool place almost in any part of the house. I witnessed some very heavy thunder and lightning through that summer; the clergyman's (Mr. Glen-nie) house was struck by lightning, and some little damage done, but, fortunately, no loss of life. I must now make a very singular remark in regard to this lightning. There was a closet near the fireplace, where Mrs. G. kept her groceries, in which was a box containing matches; this box was opened by the effect of the lightning, and its contents scattered about the room, and not one caught fire. A silver spoon, which had been left in the sugar basin, was partly melted, which makes the case of the matches still more wonderful.

My life on Pawley's Island was very lonely, but as I am very fond of my needle, the summer passed very pleasantly; and before our return to Hagley, I had completed working a scarf for Mrs. W.'s mother, it being Mrs. W.'s intention to take it to her the following year.

About a month previous to our leaving the Island, there was an election for the members of the legislature; Mr. W. was elected a member for Georgetown district, so that before we had spent much of the winter, the time arrived to go to Columbia (the capital of South Carolina), where matters of State business are generally settled. Columbia is distant 170 miles from Hagley, 100 of which we went by water. We had not long been in C. before the small pox made its appearance; this caused the Legislature to adjourn, to meet again in Charleston in a few days. We then returned to Hagley, but stayed only long enough to say how d'ye (meaning how do you do) to the negroes, before the time came to return to Charleston.

There appeared to be great anxiety at that time; this was caused by electing a President for the U.S. who was very much against slavery and the South, and after two days of thoughtful consideration, the Convention passed the ordinance of secession, so that on the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina was a separate State; this, however, did not long continue, for her sister State, Georgia, soon followed the same plan, thus robbing the old flag of two of her stars. Never shall I forget the joy on that day. In a few days we were again at Hagley where we spent another Christmas, but with (as will be supposed) more anxiety than the previous one.

Having had a long talk with the black people and pointing out to them the difficulty of the times, and warning them not to be led away by wicked people who were trying to injure them, Mr. and Mrs. W. took their leave for Charleston, leaving me at home until the following week, but on account of the crowded hotel, and of the danger of getting to her, I was obliged to remain at home. Mrs. W. wrote to me at different times during her absence, and would now and then mention the opinions of many people in Charleston, who all thought a war must be the consequence of secession. This was not a pleasant thought for me, and my readers will think so when I tell them my only companion was a little dog (a sweet little pet of Mrs. W.'s), who knew the tune of "God save the Queen," as well as I did; we often used to have a tune together, "Dixie's Land" was also a favourite tune of little Queenie's. A month passed, when Mrs. W. returned home. She had that same day received a letter from England, announcing the death of her nephew; this sad news, together with the idea of war made her feel very sad, for as affairs stood, it was impossible for her to return to England that year.

The month of April brought the news of the surrender of Fort Sumpter, a fort in Charleston Harbour, held by Major Anderson, U.S. There was no loss of life on either side. The bombardment lasted about two days. Much honour was due to the brave Gen. Beauregard, who gained the victory,
and a day of rejoicing it was when the "Palmetto" flag first floated on the walls of Sumter. It was on this occasion that an old gentleman of Virginia, Edmund Ruffins, distinguished himself by firing the first gun at Fort Sumter. He had left Virginia, and declared he would remain away till she seceded, and this resolution he kept. He was at this time 80 years of age, and of a most commanding appearance.

CHAPTER III.

It was now the time for every true man to study the interest of his country, and to prepare for the many dangers staring him in the face. Mr. W., who was a true patriot, gave up the luxuries of home, and went as a private in the Georgetown Rifle Guards. Then in a short time (not more than two months), he raised a company of soldiers, 120 in number, furnished each man with a suit of clothes and a testament; also ordered 120 rifles from England.

Our second summer on Pawley's Island was not a very pleasant one, Mr. W. being at camp, and Mrs. W. and myself listening for the sounds of cannon, which would now and then reach our ears. Towards the end of the summer, Mrs. W. visited the camp for the first time, leaving me at home with my usual little companion. She had not been long gone whin I was aroused by the sound of heavy cannon, which appeared to be not far distant, and on going out on the bridge which led to the sea, I discovered a vessel trying to get into an inlet. "What can I do," thought I, and while I was thus thinking, the doctor's wife (Mrs. Post), came in, her husband being away at the same time. She was also in a puzzle as to what to do. We at last concluded to pick up the silver and other valuables, in case the enemy made further progress, but no further firing was heard, and by the time Mrs. W. had returned, we had got over our fright.

It was amusing to see the black people on that occasion; they would say to each other, "Dem Yankees must hab bery big guns shoot so far," "Do master Jesus sabe me." By the next day the enemy had disappeared, evidently disappointed in their designs. It was no longer safe for us to remain so near the coast, and on this account Mr. W. was anxious for us to leave the island sooner than usual, so that we were soon again settled at Hagley. Before I write about the events of the winter I will inform my readers of Mr. W. being made captain of his company (then stationed at South Island, near Georgetown), and entering the 10th S.C. Regt. as comp. A. This was, of course, an honour, but it foretold the many hardships which would be likely to come upon him. At that time there was a Ladies Relief Association, of which Mrs. W. was vice-president. This Association was for making garments for the 10th regiment, and the greater part of the winter was spent in this way, many of the ladies on the Waccamaw devoting much of their time to knitting socks.

In the early part of November, Mrs. W. visited Capt. W. at camp, who requested her to look out for a place of refuge, for it would not be safe, he thought, to remain at Hagley. How painful was the idea of leaving her home, perhaps never to see it again! However no time was to be lost, for the enemy was fast surrounding us.

Christmas passed without any enjoyment for the negroes, but fortunately a few figs and currants were saved for their Christmas pudding, and with the exception of apples and gingerbread, their suppers passed off with great satisfaction.

Towards the end of January, 1862, Mrs. W. made up her mind to visit Conwayboro', a country town (if such a place can be called a town), where she had been informed was a cottage that would be likely to suit her. At an early hour of a very fine day, Prince drove us to Conwayboro', a distance of 40 miles, through a rough country, full of stumps of trees, and the roads of very deep sand.

After driving about 18 miles, it was necessary to rest the horses, and take a little refreshment; having a few hours before met a kind old country farmer who invited Mrs. W. to call on his old woman, we went there. On our arrival at the farm house, we
were welcomed by the farmer’s wife and a host of dogs, one looking as pleased as the other, and in less than half an hour a smoking dish of sweet potatoes was brought in; they did not in any way look tempting, but I could not refuse the hospitality of the generous woman. Mrs. W. having her little pet dog with her who was very fond of sweet potatoes, we managed to eat two.

We then continued our journey, and after some little detention at the ferry, we arrived at Conwayboro’ about five p.m. We took up our abode at Capt. Pope’s, who very kindly informed Mrs. W. to whom she had better apply about the cottage, and feeling somewhat refreshed by a cup of tea, she called on the Captain’s friend, Mr. Walsh, who had the management of affairs in that way, and who proposed to go with Mrs. W. to the cottage.

The next morning came, and off we went to view the intended new home (Snow Hill), which was very pleasantly situated on a bluff, and nicely sheltered by a grove of elm trees. The number of rooms was very small to that of Hagley House, however, Mrs. W. was pleased with the look of the cottage, and agreed to rent it for the sum of a hundred and twenty dollars a year. The out-houses, stables, &c., were very much out of repair. There were about eight acres of land cultivated, and about 100 of pine land, also an orchard of peach trees, which promised us a good supply of peaches, but they failed. The following morning we bid the Captain good bye, and returned home. We did not forget to call on the farmer’s wife, who was very pleased with Mrs. W.’s success.

A few days after our return, Mrs. W. visited the camp once more, to inform Capt. W. of her visit to Conwayboro’, and the Captain was very much pleased with her decision.

It is not a very easy task to describe the anxious feeling of Capt. W. with regard to his negroes; after many considerations, it was agreed that part of them should remain at Hagley under the care of the overseer, and that a form should be secured in the interior of the state where they could seek shelter from the enemy’s incursions.

The time came when there was much to be done in the way of packing up valuables; the library, being one of Capt. W.’s greatest treasures, was the first thing to be secured, after which came the plate, wine, &c., the latter was deposited in deep graves in the cellar. I superintended this as Mrs. W. was away at camp. Two weeks passed, when the greater part of the packing was over, and Renty at liberty, so it was agreed that he should go to Snow Hill, to build up a few little cottages for the servants Mrs. W. intended to take with her. In another week, Renty and a few more carpenters were busy at Snow Hill, the books and silver having been sent a few days before, by flats up the river.

It was when the house was robbed of its furniture, and every room looked deserted, that I began to feel sorry at leaving all that I had enjoyed there, and taken great interest in (especially my little surgery), but what must Mrs. W.’s feelings have been compared to my own?

It had been quite a year since I had heard from my mother, or any of my friends in England; this deprivation weighed heavily on my mind, and I would feel at times I had done wrong in leaving my own happy home, and the many kind friends who did not much approve of my departure from Haselbury; then again that sweet promise made to Jacob was often remembered by me. "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." -- Genesis 28th chapter, 15th verse. This promise, I considered, was intended for me as well as Jacob, and for every one who endeavors to follow the right path of duty, therefore I did not fear, though in a foreign land, and far from my earthly home.

CHAPTER IV.

Our last Sunday at Hagley was spent in sorrow, for we were quite aware, it would be some time before we should enjoy the services of the Church again, (the only Churches at Conwayboro’ being Methodist and Presbyterian).

The morning for our departure was very gloomy, the weather, too, did not at all
cheer us, and threatened a disagreeable journey; however, and hour or two passed, when we bid Dolly good bye (the housemaid who was to take charge of the house), and arrived at the place of refuge about five p.m., and, with the exception of a little trouble with some mules that followed the carriage, our journey had not been so unpleasant as we anticipated. Gabriel, who had been sent to Snow Hill to get the house in readiness, had arranged the furniture very neatly in each room, so with the light of an old fashioned wood fire, the little cottage looked very comfortable. This was the 22nd January, 1862.

The weather for two or three days was very unpleasant, which prevented Mrs. W. from making arrangements with her little farm. It was a rule of Capt. W.'s to call over the list of field hands every morning, but for Mrs. W. this was an awkward plan, so she proposed that they should knock at her window at six o'clock, each one answering his, or her, name.

In a few days, I had unpacked my stores, and arranged them as best I could, in a closet in my sitting room. It was some time before I felt at home, my room being so small compared to that at Hagley, and having its walls surrounded with chests, trunks, &c., I was regularly packed in.

Jemmy, who was the butler, found his pantry very small, after the one he had been accustomed to, and not having been far from home in his life, he became very sick, so as to be obliged to call for medical advice, and it was quite two months before he was restored to health, in fact, poor Jemmy will never be as before. I used to hear him and Gabriel conversing together about the war, &c., the former would say, "I don't want them Yankees make me free," to which the latter would say, "No, Master Jesus, do sen we peace, we poor nigger neber born to be free, dem Yankees wicked kind a people, drive me from me home."

It used to be very amusing for me to listen to their conversation, though I never allowed them to know I was listening to what passed between them. Prince, who was rather gay, did not altogether like his new home. I remember hearing him telling the cook, "Conwayboro' must have been the last place God made," but I think poor Prince was at that moment rather cross; this, however, did not last long, and in less than two hours he favoured us with a tune on the banjo.

The month of April came, when it was known that the 10th regiment should leave South Island, and be sent to Charleston, to await orders to march to Tennessee, where the war seemed to be raging, so in a few weeks Capt. W-- with his company, was encamped at Corinth, Tennessee. It was not long before a battle took place (Farnington), in which the Captain was engaged, and where he and some of his brother officers were captured by the enemy, while on their way to the hospital, where the Captain was obliged to deliver up his sword. They remained, however, but a short time, being rescued by a corps of Confederate cavalry, who in turn captured a number of Federals, and killed some. It was a daring act on the part of the enemy, who stated that they had been guided by a Lieutenant of the Confederate army.

This piece of news gave great anxiety to Mrs. W--, and to make the matter still worse, she had not long before received a letter from England, containing the painful news of her sister's death. It is not easy to know which was the greatest grief to her; however, a few days passed when a letter came from the Captain, giving an account of his capture, and safe escape from the enemy.

I must not forget to tell my readers, that in the month of May, it was quite necessary to move the negroes left under the care of the overseer, to their place of safety, which had been secured in the interior of the State, for the enemy had a few days previous to their being sent away, made their way up the Waccamaw river, and opened fire on a mill, taking all the rice, as well as some of the negroes, of a neighbouring plantation; the rice which was taken was intended for the Confederate Government, and accounts, in some measure, for the conduct of the enemy.

The 13th day of June was unusually warm, and having some tedious needlework on hand, I took my seat by the door to get as much air as I could, when Jemmy came
running up the steps, out of breath, "Miss Collins, O Miss Collins, Messus broder came from Englan, Messus broder." "What did you say Jemmy?" "One gentman at de gate tell me say he Messus broder, is Messus dare?" and before I could give him an answer, Mr M-- walked up the steps as if very much fatigued from the hot sun.

What a blessing from Heaven just at the moment when Mrs. W-- needed help! but her trials did not end here, for Mr. M-- was the messenger to tell of another great loss, which was the death of her mother. Mr M-- had great difficulty in getting through the United States, or he would have been at Conwayboro' at an earlier day, his passage from England to New York not being more than ten days. I was rather disappointed in not getting a letter from my own friends, but Mr. M--'s departure from England was rather unexpected, which prevented him from making known his intentions. Not many days passed, when he received a request from the Presbyterian minister (Mr. Gregg) to preach at his church. Mr. M-- could not well refuse, although it was not his own Church, (he being a minister of the Church of England). The congregation seemed very much pleased with the English minister's sermon. The text taken from St. John xi. 25,26. "I am the resurrection, and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

During the hot months of July, August, and September, Mr.M-- visited Pawley's Island, Richmond, and Flat Rock. At Pawley's Island he had an interview with the enemy, who had found out that some parties were making salt on the sea shore, and they were come with the intention to destroy the works, as they said the salt was intended for the use of the Confederate Government; they also damaged a cottage, and took a quantity of clothes, as well as some money, the property of Mr. La Bruce.

Mr. M-- thought he should like to go on board the enemy's vessel to see if he could prevent any further damage, which he did. The commander of the vessel assured him that they did not intend to molest private property, whereupon Mr. M-- asked if he thought he had not already done so, and begged that they would return the clothes, &c., but the Yankee commander refused, saying they had plenty of negroes on North Island, it would do for them.

Mr. M-- spent part of his time at Mr. Rosa's, then Capt. W--'s catechist, but since acting as overseer of the plantation. The enemy very much pressed Mr. Rosa to take the oath of allegiance, but he being a man of a very strong mind, took the matter very quietly, so that after firing a few more shots, and killing a poor old mule, the enemy retreated at the sight of a few soldiers who were guarding the coast, and had arrived on the spot hearing of the disturbance.

CHAPTER V.

From the year 1861 to the summer of 1862 no less than 13 States had seceded, South Carolina being the first, next came Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Missouri, Kentucky. Maryland called a convention with the intention of joining the Confederacy, but some of her members were unfortunate enough to be captured by Mr. Lincoln, and put into prison; thus showing the "liberty of the subject" in this land of liberty!

During the year 1861, the following victories were gained by the Confederates: Feb 16th-San Antonio, March 12th-Fort Brown, April 13th-Fort Sumpter, 15th-Fort Bliss, 20th-Fort Indianola, May 19th-Sewell's Point, 31st-Fairfax, C.H., June 1st-Aegura Creek, 5th-Pigs Point, 10th-Great Bethel, 16th-Binena, 17th-Ransas City, 19th-New Creek, 26th-Romney, 27-Mathias Point, July2nd-Haynsville, 5th-Catbange, 17th-Seavey Creek, 18th-Bulls Run, 21st-Manasas, 25th-Mesilla, 28th-Fort Strawntun, Aug. 10th-Springfield, 15th-Mathias Point, 20th-Hawks Nest, 25th-Bailey's Cross Roads, Sept. 3rd.-Big Creek, 10th-Ganley, 11th-Lewinsville, 13th-Toney's Creek, 12th-Barboursville, 20th-Lexington, 25th-Almasa,Oct. 1st-
Steamer Fanny, 3rd-Greenbrier, 5th-Chickamacomeo, 9th-Sunt Rase, 12th-Mississippi Passes, 16th-Boliver, 21st-Leesbury, Nov. 6th-Belmont, 8th-Piketown, 9th-Guyantelle, 16th-Upton Hill, 18th-Falls Church, 22nd-Pensacola, 26th-Near Vinena, Dec. 2nd-Andale, 13th-Alleghay, 17th-Woodsonville, 26th-Opetheyahole, 28th-Sacramento.

The Confederate losses in these battles were: killed, 1135; wounded, 3315; prisoners, 1487. Total 5967.

In 1862 the Confederates' victories, although less in number, were of greater importance. March 8th-Naval Battle in Hampton Roads, 23rd-Kernstown, April 6th-Shiloh, Tenn., May 23rd and 24th-Fort Royal, V., 25th-Winchester, V. June 16th-Secessionville, S.C., July 1st-Wills Church, Oct. 22nd-Pocotaligo, Dec. 31st-Murfreeboro, Tenn.

The Confederates were very successful in the naval battle near Norfolk, Virginia. The Merrimac defeated the Abolition vessels Congress and Cumberland, and other damage was done, which I cannot well remember.

In the battle of Kernstown, Jackson with four thousand men, defeated the enemy, who numbered eighteen thousand.

While I write about the successes of the Confederates, I will, as far as I can, give an account of their losses. New Orleans, Louisiana, had for some time been surrounded by the enemy, and although it was thought quite safe from capture, yet the enemy made their way in gun-boats to New Orleans, and for some time remained in front of the city, but could gain no entrance without capturing some fort. After much hard fighting, Fort Jackson surrendered (April 25th), and by the first of May, the city of New Orleans surrendered, and was occupied by Butler (or as I have often since heard him called Beast Butler). This name was given him immediately after his proclamation to the women of New Orleans who were not respectful to the United-States-Officers. I will mention one woman in particular-a Mrs. Phillips-who happened to be laughing with her friends as a Yankee officer's funeral train passed by. She was cruelly seized and tried for the offense, her sentence pronounced by Butler, and she put into prison, where she stayed four months.

The rule of Butler in New Orleans is especially noted for the murder of William Munford, a citizen of the Confederate States, who was charged with insulting the flag of the United States. The fact was, that before the city surrendered, Munford had taken down the enemy's flag, which had wrongfully been put there. The city had not surrendered; and, even if it had, the act of Munford was simply one of war, not deserving death. The horrible crime was completed on the 7th of June, in the presence of many citizens. None spoke but the martyr himself, "I consider," said the brave young man, "that the manner of my death will be no disgrace to my wife and child; my country will honour them." The pitiful pleading of the unhappy wife did not in the least soften the heart of the brute. The experience of New Orleans gave a good lesson to the South; it showed the consequence of submission to the enemy. Their homes would be taken possession of, their negroes taken and made free, their cattle and provisions eaten up by a brutish lot of soldiers, their trunks broken open, and the contents torn in pieces, or sold to get a supply of whiskey, and many other insults too numerous to mention.

The greater part of the citizens of New Orleans were French, many of whom were very anxious to claim the protection of the French Government, but this Government, I have heard, was very much disturbed by the fall of the city of N.O., and therefore refused to take part in the disaster.

South Carolina, as well as other States, entertained great hope of assistance from foreign nations, but from what little judge I am of warfare, I think if independence is gained without the help of other nations, the more honour to those who gain it.

Various efforts were made by the enemy, in 1862, for the capture of Charleston, the hot-bed of rebellion (as they call it): Charleston having been for some time blocked up by the enemy's vessels, we were deprived of getting even the
necessaries of life.
Salt, which could not be done without, was at the enormous sum of twenty and thirty dollars per bushel, so that after a time, most people made enough for their own use, and so they got on until they could make and sell to those who could not manage to make their own. I have no doubt that many people have made their fortunes by boiling salt. Shoes were also very expensive. A decent pair could not be had for less than twenty or twenty-five dollars, so that I thought it time to make my own shoes, in which I succeeded very well. I do not mean to say I put on the soles, for this part I got Prince to do for me. Mrs. W-- was one who did not encourage high prices, so I made her a pair as well, with which she was very well pleased, and gave them the name of war-shoes, but I very much fear the war will last longer than the shoes. And speaking of the war, it is well to mention the spirit with which the cause was taken up in Horry District, in which Conwayboro' is situated. Its voting population averages between 800 and 1,000, and the ordinary strength of the Militia Regiment, about the same. It will be seen by the following record, that nearly, if not the whole of its active arms-bearing men are in the service:

Horry Volunteers, Capt. W.C. White, 7th Regiment S.C.V., (in Virginia) .... 102
Horry Rebels, Capt. T.P. Alston; 1st Regiment S.C.V.; (in Virginia) .... 98
Brooks Rifle Guard, Capt. J.H. Norman, 10th Regiment S.C.V., (in the State). 95
Lake Swamp Volunteers, Capt. A.H. Johnson, 10th Regiment S.C.V., (in the State) .... 97
Horry Rough and Readies, Capt. Sam Bell, 10th Regiment S.C.V., (in the State). 89
Horry Dixie Boys, Capt. W.J. Taylor, 10th Regiment S.C.V., (in the State) .... 93
Watchesaw Rifles, Capt Jos. Blythe Alston, PeeDee Legion,(local service)75
Bull Creek Guerillas, Capt. Samuel Smart, Pee Dee Legion, (local service) .... 75
In Georgetown Rifle Guards, Capt. P.C.J. Weston, 10th Regiment S.C.V., (in the State) 23

In Waccamaw Light Artillery, Capt. Joshua Ward, 10th Regiment S.C.V., (in the State) 68
In North Carolina Companies 30

Total 925

HORRY LANGUAGE

The members of the IRQ staff have had great fun compiling a list of expressions heard in Horry. Many are in general use in South Carolina, but an attempt is made to select those indigenous to The Independent Republic. Additions from our readers are welcome. One word of warning: an expression may be so familiar to the native that only an outsider will recognize it as a colloquialism.

pixchur - picture
dun - any bill, whether overdue or not.
sallet - salad. Any green leafy vegetable that is cooked with a piece of streak of lean bacon. Virginians have been known to cook sallet greens, too.
col'yum - . Ex.: The house has six colyums around the poach.
poach - porch, veranda or piazza.
cor'ju roy - corduroy. Cloth for making winter britches. Also an unpaved road with horizontal ridges in it.
deed double dam dare - to dare. Ex.: "I deed double damn dare you to set a foot o' yourn on my propitty."
stripe'ed - striped Ex.: she bought herself a striped dress.
all gommed up - soiled, in great confusion. Ex.: "A man in the kitchen will git things all gommed up." I'll do something to you the devil won't do." - I'll leave you alone, or I'll have nothing more to do with you.
I don't keer if I do - "Yes, I would like to." Probably from modesty. Ex.: A hostess may ask, "Would you like more cake?" The guest, who has already eaten, but wants another piece of cake, hides her desire by saying, "I don't keer if I do."
Dear Sarah Cooper:

The best evidence of my appreciation of your lovely letter is my answering it forthwith, in spite of more drawbacks than you can imagine.

In the first place, I wish you to give Annie Louise a piece of my mind and tell her I am shocked at her growing into a young lady, and thereby depriving me of my playmate. As a nine-year-old girl, she was perfect, came down every day for me to swimming with her, hatched a plan with me for saving our Mockingbird from Cat, who was making frantic efforts to capture him and shut off our music, for the Mockingbird was our only songster. Annie Louise suggested that we stuff Cat with mullet, raw and cooked, all day long, and Cat unable to resist the toothsome fish, succumbed and became so fat he could just waddle around, and she lost interest in the Mockingbird, which sang fearlessly above, even "sassed" me with impunity. Some time after I left Cat gave birth to kittens and Annie Louise promised me one but I have not yet seen hide nor hair of a kitten. Annie Louise would never eat dinner with me, though I begged her, Mrs. Bennett begged her, all to no purpose. She would trip back to that store and eat dinner with her Father and brothers.

Once, when her father had fever, Annie Louise was lost to me, for she stayed right by him, night and day. I got a peep at her through a crack in the door, and that was all; so when, at last, the fever was gone and she came back, it was sunrise, and we had a glorious day.

All things have an end, especially happiness, and my only sight of Annie Louise was at Socastee school, when she came to the door to greet me. She quit writing and your letter was the only news of her I have had in all these years. May be she feels guilty about quitting me and growing up; for you cant have a sixteen or seventeen year old girl for a playmate. The boys would murder you!

I am mighty sorry to hear she has grown up.

In the fall of 1898 I drove down from Conway and met your father. It is necessary to explain that I had been editor of The State newspaper for three years, and pulled it out of bankruptcy, though most folks have forgotten that now.

I had come back to the United after six years in South America and one year in the Far East, in 1891, with the firm resolve to return to South America, if I ever got well from wounds, received in the Argentine army. The doctors of Buenos Aires said I would die; and they sent me home. When I got to South Carolina, about twenty of our best doctors, in Columbia, Augusta, Atlanta and Charleston said there was no possible hope for me to get well. I was shot in the head and through the left breast (which I feel even now at times). The doctors united in advising that I go to the North Carolina coast and there await the end

I went to New Bern.
There, through some mysterious change, I began to get better and finally well, so that, in January, 1891, I was able to come back to South Carolina, visiting a half-uncle at Vance, Orangeburg county. After six weeks with him, I went up to Orangeburg and lived through glory until mid-summer, when the Barnwell people elected me superintendent of their city schools.

Having got better I was more than ever determined to return to South America and would have done so, were it not that a certain young lady of Allendale, whom I had never seen or heard of, made up her mind that I was going to stay right here in these United States.

Paraphrasing Mr. Dooley's quotation of Admiral Cervera, in the Spanish-American war:

"I met the enemy and I was there!"

How many of men's nice calculations have girls, past and present, demolished without half trying!

You probably read the account of our wedding, forty-one years ago at Allendale, in the State, April 30, our anniversary.

From Barnwell I went on to Chester, where had the best and biggest school in the State at that time; and I drew the largest salary of any South Carolina teacher, $100 a month!

The years, 1892 and 1893, were pleasant years in Chester. Mrs. Rice and I were treated like royalties by a highly cultured community.

It is well known to thinkers (and I knew it then) that, after ten years of teaching, idiocy begins to manifest itself; and, to avoid weak-mindedness, I determined to quit teaching, spending the year, 1894, in traveling the West and Southwest for an educational book house.

Early in 1895, The Columbia Evening News was founded and I was offered the place of editor, took it and went through in a blaze of glory, winning my fight for a constitutional convention over The State, The News & Courier, and other big newspapers. It was a barren victory for me. The Evening News never had any money, to speak of, and was bought up by political interests. I quit, went to Atlanta with James Creelman, then of world-wide fame as a correspondent of The New York World in the Sino-Japanese war. The plan was for me to do the work, in reporting the Atlanta exposition for The World and Creelman to sign dispatches and get most of the pay. However, I was much better paid and stayed there until the exposition closed, then came back to Columbia, at the urgent invitation of Ambrose E. Gonzales, to do editorial work on The State, while his brother, N.G.G., was out West, getting back his health. It fell out that I wrote most of the Bryan-Free Silver editorials and N.G.G. got the credit, which he never thought of refusing. I continued doing most of the editorial work on The State until the spring of 1898, when war clouds were gathering. Early in May, N.G.G. and Ambrose Gonzales both enlisted for war, the first in the Cuban, the last in the American army.
The state was on its last legs, did not own a pen in the office, though I knew nothing of it. The entire paper was turned over to me. I was sent to sea in a sinking ship. Nobody believed that a single member of the Gonzales family would ever come back to Columbia. Very likely they would not have, for they looked on The State as dead.

It gave me a weak feeling at the pit of the stomach when I learned the state of affairs; but I determined to fight.

A big-hearted planter, then in the cotton seed oil business in Columbia, Christopher fits Simons, came to me and opened his pocket book, promising salaries to be paid and paper bought.

The circulation was about 3,000, little of it paid.

In 90 days I ran it up to 8,500 and saved the paper. I have never been thanked for it, have never been paid for it, nor was any recognition given of the generous and vital aid of Christopher fits Simons. In several write-ups of the past career of The State, my name has not been mentioned.

Well, it's all in a lifetime and I do not worry.

When N.G. Gonzales got back to Columbia from Cuba, in August, 1898, he was half starved, penniless and an object of compassion. He never forgave me for doing what he had failed to do.

Ambrose became my friend and remained so until his death. He was a big man, the biggest man who ever bore the name.

During the summer of 1898, I had a hard time to live; and, although The State offered to continue me on the editorial staff, I had had enough; and made an arrangement with F.H. Hyatt, general agent of The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, to undertake writing life insurance, as a special agent.

(There is a romantic history involved here, which I must pass over now, through which I became connected with the Atlantic Coast Lumber Co., of Georgetown, and was its czar for four years, holding no position, but my will was law, as everybody knew).

To make a long story short, I wrote over $1,300,000 of business during the year 1898-99, and made about $33,000 cash, the general agent having robbed me of $12,000 more.

In the fall of 1898 I went to Conway.

Could you see it as it was then, you would not know it. The older people can tell you something, though nearly all the older lot, the generation ahead of your father, are dead.

Uncle Jerry Smith and his wife kept the hotel, 25 cents a meal, $8 by the month. They gave bountiful fare, well cooked. Dr. E. Norton had the only drug store in the county; Spivey's bank (built that year) and the Methodist church were the only brick buildings. The little snacks, here and there, were festooned with coon hides, possum hides, &c. There were no lights. Conway had about 400 people. Grown men played marbles and knuckled on the sidewalks.

The day I arrived, about 2 p.m., I went to Uncle Jerry's place, found him gone turkey hunting; but his wife welcomed me. From that time on, she was always my loyal friend. God rest her soul!
At that time, I held all the world's shooting records; all lands were filled with my fame as a shot. I celebrated my arrival in Georgetown by killing six Bullneck ducks out of a passing flock, one with each shell of a repeating shotgun. There were four ducks in air at once.

The newspapers carried scareheads, even the State. I took two of my shotguns to Conway and two pointers. Having told Mrs. Smith that, as Uncle Jerry was away, I would like to take a walk into the country and shoot a few partridges, she said:

"There's no use to go into the country," she said, "you'll find plenty right here in Conway."

She advised me to speak to the town marshal. Somebody—I forget his name. I did and he told me to go into the field where now stand the tobacco warehouses and shoot all I pleased, only to be careful and not shoot toward the road. "You might hit some of the kids," he said.

I killed thirty-two birds right there in less than one hour, and quit. The bag I brought in created a sensation. Nobody in Conway had ever seen such a pile of partridges. The following February I brought in 94 (two hundred and ninety-four) doves, killed in the big Burroughs field. That paralyzed the town. Dead doves were picked up for a week. These birds were given away to people all around town.

The very next week I was to see miles of frozen doves around Bucksport and the species became almost extinct. It was an impressive and frightful lesson in game protection, and cured me.

In one of my walks around Conway, in the fall of 1898, I killed 25 woodcock one afternoon and brought some to Col. C.P. Quattlebaum, hearing he was sick. He was charmed, said he had not seen a woodcock since he was a boy, and begged me to send some to Col. Tom. Gillespie, who had been sick and was now too old to hunt. I did so at once and the next day the old colonel drove in and hailed me from across the street, insisting that I get right in the buggy and go home with him.

I went the next day and had a delightful time with the old man, who walked around his field with me and saw me shoot. "I didn't believe there was a man in the world, or that there ever was a man in the world, who could shoot like that," he said.

Men and boys all over the county, all over several counties, left home to follow me and see me shoot. It almost killed my business.

One of my first trips was to Socastee to see Tom Cooper and we had glorious sport all over the region. So good that I insisted that R.L. Montague should go up there with me on a big hunt.

We took the tugboat, Henry P. Williams, loaded it with all we required for two weeks, including four horses, and went up to Enterprise, sending word to Tom Cooper when we would call on him.
The debarkation at enterprise resembled the unloading of a small circus. It was our intention to sleep aboard. Bill Singleton met us and sharply vetoed the plan, insisting that he could lodge and feed us, and he certainly did. He fed daily from 40 to 60 men. A swarm of girls from the surrounding region came in at daylight to help Mrs. Singleton and the service was exceptionally fine.

For a week we hunted out from Bill Singleton's, making big bags of partridges, woodcock, and doves. I remember telling about how a woodcock should be cooked and served; and Mrs. Singleton, Bill's first wife, and the prettiest girl she had (I forget her name, I am sorry to say, but heard years ago that she had married and was living in Bucks township over the river. Her family were neighbors of the Singletons) called me around to the back door for a conference, getting my ideas in detail as to cooking woodcock. Next day, the lass brought me a covered dish, opened it and there was my woodcock, beautifully cooked; it was her first effort.

At the end of the week, we moved on and went up to Tom's, spending delightful days with him and Mrs. Cooper. With all the lure of hunting, the nights had more charm than the days. Leaving Tom, we kept on to Pine Island, now Burcol, and moved gradually down Waccamaw Neck.

We were out altogether, eighteen(18) days and there were two tired hunters whom Capt. Jim Porter picked up. Both of us went to sleep and slept until we entered the mouth of Sampit and steamed up to the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company's wharf.

That winter I killed seventeen deer, three bears, 103 turkeys and unnumbered small game.

Early in 1901 I quit hunting for good, except that, on two occasions I went out at Mrs. Rice's request, killing eight(8) partridges straight the first time; the next time I missed the first two in royal style, never touched a feather; then killed six straight, put up the gun and went home—my last hunt in 1918.

Inevitably, there has been much, most, about myself, though only a fraction has been told; but it seemed proper to bring up the story so you could follow it.

I spent many a day of charm and night of bliss at Minick Stalvey's, Annie being my chum in those days, though she was a mere girl; but Rob, the doctor, Bertie, Mrs. Stalvey, Minick and the rest all made life pleasant for me. The welcome was always there.

John F. Vereen's was another rendezvous of mine. He and I were fast friends from first to last.

I knew of Mr. Sam. Sarvis's death, but have not heard whether old man Mose F. Sarvis still lives. Does he? If so, he must be a full 100.

When Jim Lewis was courting his second wife, I made many trips with him. He was deeply in love.
He has nice daughters; one is married; I do not know if the other is.

Bessie Burroughs Sherwood wrote me a nice, long letter after Adelyn's wedding, telling me the details. Bessie was a pet of mine when she was a small girl. It is hard to realize that she has a married daughter; and even harder to think of John McNeill and his wife having grandchildren.

Over the swamp from you, many dear friends of former days sleep in the graveyard.

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

I can not permit myself to indulge recollection of them now, for the letter is already too long.

You did not tell me where Tom was buried. Please do.

George Holiday's girls were pets of mine, one by one, beginning with Flora May. On my last stop there (for a half hour), only Louise was at home; Ruby at the beach; and Louise said that, as Ruby was to be married, all my love must settle on her and I must let Ruby go.

For all that, the young woman failed to answer a letter I wrote her two years ago. Who can tell anything about girls?

Give Mrs. Cooper my affectionate regards and the same to Julian, with the hope that he may have health, blessing and peace the rest of his days.

I am very sure you will bring him around, if it can be done.

***

There can be no hope of seeing Socastee again, though I wish it were possible to back and "re-weave the old charm", even though my heart would start at the changes and quicken at the familiar signs and faces. I would like to spend a month there, just to sit on the piazza and have you run out between tasks inside, with the other home folks, would be joy enough. Alas; there is no hope of it.

Mrs. Rice is incurably ill with cancer; and our two home boys are invalids. I force myself to work.

"My oldest son's oldest daughter, Margie (12), is ill here with fever now; it came on this morning. I have telephoned him in Charleston and he may come down tonight, though his office said he was in Georgetown, expected home tonight."

Not many of our dreams come true in this life. Many is the lovely face and loving heart I have seen fade into everlasting silence. I have the memory. Time is powerless to mar that -- "a treasure in the heavens that fadeth not".

I am rich in memories and adding to them when you rise out of the void and make another.

May God bless and keep you, leading you by the still waters and in the green pastures, a mother, blessed in her flock and leading them. I am with affectionate regards.

Mrs. J.B. Cooper, Socastee, S.C.

JAMES HENRY RICE, JR.
Note: James Henry Rice, Jr., was born in 1868 in Abbeville County. He attended South Carolina College (U.S.C.) and taught school until, at age about 27, he entered the field of journalism. After working as an editor on the Columbia Evening News and The State, he came to Conway and was editor of The Field (1903-04). He fell into a permanent love of the coastal country. After he left Conway, he worked briefly with the Carolina Field (Georgetown), but the remainder of his career was spent chiefly in jobs related to wildlife conservation. He was for several years South Carolina's chief game warden. He wrote two books which extolled life in this area, Glories of the Carolina Coast (1925; second edition, 1936) and The Aftermath of Glory (1934) and spoke to all who would listen about the potential for recreational development of our strand. He died on March 23, 1935.

In connection with another feature in this issue of IRQ there is an interesting chapter on Plowden Weston in The Aftermath of Glory (pp. 105-110).

IRQ is grateful to Mrs. Sarah Page Cooper for sharing this fascinating letter with us.

CENTENARY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, A TRIBUTE

By Annette E. Reesor

The editors of The Independent Republic Quarterly were unable to locate a written history of Centenary United Methodist Church. It seems fitting, however, that some recognition of its past and present should accompany the cemetery catalog featured in this issue. This article is, therefore, a tribute to those dedicated people who began worship services on a sandy pine and scrub oak clearing by the old Myrtle Beach road nearly a century ago. They, and their descendants, typify the many Horryites who have contributed to the religious vigor of South Carolina. Young men have been inspired to go into the ministry as a result of worshiping with its congregation of neighbors.

Centenary is in the Waccamaw Charge, which also includes Socastee, Antioch and Salem Churches. Rev. Dan Morrison, Jr. is the pastor. Others who have served this church during the past generation are: J.H. Armbrust, P.B. McLeod, Jack Watts, and Robert Page. A complete list would necessitate detailed research through the Conference office.

Many Horry churches are built on grounds similar to Centenary's. The hard-packed sandy soil is high and well drained, with a low water level. It is poor farm land, but suited for buildings and burial sites.

The cemetery is neatly kept. Bright red poinsettias are lovingly placed in it during the Christmas season. Among the granite and marble tombstones there are older ones of wood. Cement markers were popular during the Depression when money was scarce. Those at children's graves are especially touching. Several have a dove in flight or a lamb impressed into cement. Occasional misspellings on epitaphs do not detract from the tenderness of the sentiment. Two large concrete ledgers have hand lettered inscriptions on them. These cover brick underground vaults.

A reasonable assumption is that the first church was built in 1875. As a lad, Charlie Causey helped the men haul logs from Jackson's Bluff. Dan'l Brown supervised the job, Mike Clardy and Daniel Oliver assisted. Centenary Church was literally built by its members, who used their tools and skills to glorify their God.

There are no records of a deed for the land, but an educated guess is that it belonged to Burroughs and Collins, and was used with permission of the owners. These two Confederate veterans were well known for their generosity to young churches in land, material and money. Additional property was acquired in 1950 from Canal Wood Corporation, and in 1954 from Burroughs and Collins Co. The total area is about three and a half acres.

In 1954 construction was begun on a new sanctuary, Rev. Armbrust was the
pastor. The new site was one to which the church had a fee simple title. It seems almost providential that the church was under construction when Hurricane Hazel struck in October. The wooden church was battered to the extent that it was dangerous to enter it.

On the first Sunday after the storm members gathered, as usual, for Sunday Services. They didn’t dare meet in the damaged building.

One man called out, “Let’s fetch the piano out of this rummage!”

All set to work moving splintered wood, broken glass and other debris. They extracted an almost unscathed piano and mounted it on Mr. Wesley Dunn’s pickup. Gently it was transferred to the building that was barely more than a floor and a roof. Mr. Lloyd Causey, layman, delivered an inspiring message. The congregation joined in singing beloved old hymns, accompanied by the salvaged piano.

In less than a month, the trustees, Joe Mills, Frank Ammons, L.C. Dunn and R.L. Dunn took steps toward complete financing of the new building. By April plans were completed for a Disaster Loan from the Small Business Administration. Several years before the $3600.00 mortgage was due, it had been paid in full. From time to time improvements have been made. The building is now centrally heated and air conditioned, carpeted and furnished with oak pews, altar rail and pulpit. Sunlight splashes through arched translucent glass windows. A large addition is attached to the rear of the sanctuary. Modern Sunday School rooms occupy the second floor and the ground floor is used for a fellowship hall. The Jennings Armstrong Hall was named in honor of a devoted member in recognition of his help and enthusiasm. When one of their girls marries, most of the congregation gathers there to wish her happiness. Weekly meetings of older adults are held around the fireplace. On a winter’s night the open fire gives warmth and a sense of security to those who lovingly helped Centenary grow.

In 1975 a steeple, bell and porch were added. They greatly improve the structure’s appearance.

Home Coming is the last Sunday in May. The day was chosen because the weather is usually good, and it is near the time of the Methodist Annual Conference. It could serve as a farewell to a pastor, should the bishop transfer him. People come from distant places to renew friendships, greet guests, and meet new members. The feast after worship service includes delicacies prepared by some of the best cooks in the county.

The Charge parsonage is across Highway 544 from the church. It was built during Rev. McLeod’s tenure. Set in a pine grove, this modern brick home is a far cry from the small wooden houses, with a pump and a privy, that used to serve as rural parsonages.

There are several rapidly growing developments in the area. It is evident that the future growth and service of Centenary United Methodist Church is assured. Daniel Oliver, first superintendent of Sunday School, Charlie Causey, Dan’l Brown and Mike Clardy, all trustees, surely planted a seed that has grown and flourished.

The old building of Centenary Methodist Church after it was struck by Hurricane Hazel.
Dove in flight on a child’s tombstone.

Ledger above an underground brick vault.

Wooden marker.

Cement head marker with lamb.

General view of several tombstones.

CATALOG OF CENTENARY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH CEMETERY

The cemetery of Centenary United Methodist Church is on Highway 544, south of Conway, was originally cataloged by Johnny Kirkpatrick and Danny Smith in 1969 under the supervision of Laura Quattlebaum Jordan. Annette Reesor and Catherine Lewis checked and updated it in the fall of 1975.
Abrams, James Edward, 1920-1935  
(son of Wille J. and Mable B. Abrams)

Abrams, Mable Brock, 1896-  
(wife of Willie Joseph Abrams)

Abrams, Willie Joseph, 1888-1929

Allen, Estelle Marlowe, 1913-1942  
(daughter of Ira and Susie Marlowe)

Ammons, ---, April 18, 1947  
(infant of Ike and Jane Ammons)

Bellamy, Charlotte Adaline Brock, 1889-1949, (married J.L. Bellamy, Feb. 2, 1908)

Bellamy, James Nollie, 1921-1958

Bellamy, John Luther, 1892-1965

Bellamy, Luther Loid, 1914-1918  
(son of J.L. and Lottie Bellamy)

Bellamy, Martin, Nov. 7, 1928

Bellamy, Sarah M., 1876-1951

Brock, Charles Donald, 1936-1957

Brock, Clara, 1879-1950

Brock, Dawzelle H., 1913-1955

Brock, Essie McCormick, ---1926 (age 51)

Brock, Janie Olela, 1899-1903

Brock, Martha L., 1869-1913

Brock, Martin Luther, ---1934 (age 67)

Brown, McD., 1853-1920

Causey, C.O., 1861-1914  
(wife of W.F. Causey)

Causey, Charles Nathan, 1865-1957

Causey, Jessie C., 1888-1927

Causey, Martha Jane, 1879-1962  
(wife of Charles Nathan Causey)

Causey, Mary Brock, 1863-1897  
(wife of C.N. Causey)

Causey, Mildred Berry, 1896-1954

Causey, Willie M., 1888-1959

Chestnut, Diana Lynn, 1965-1965

Chestnut, Sims Ment, 1867-1949

Chestnut, Tiney Long, 1872-1947

Claridy, ---, 1913-1913  
(infant son of Eddie and Aletha Claridy)

Claridy, Aleatha Powell, 1883-1957  
(wife of John Eddie Claridy)

Claridy, Athenia E., 1876-1899

Claridy, James B., 1885-1959

Claridy, John Eddie, 1883-1967

Claridy, Mary T., 1861-1942  
(wife of Michael A. Claridy)

Collins, Fannie A. Shelley, 1878-1957  
(wife of Isaac Edward Collins)

Collins, Isaac Edward, 1874-1946

Collins, Juanita, 1942-1945  
(daughter of L.E. and Lee Collins)

Collins, Lee S., 1918-

Collins, Lloyd E., 1912-1968

Collins, Richard Darel, 1931-1950

Collins, Timothy, 1951

Cox, Charlotte L., 1823-1898  
(wife of Joseph A. Cox)

Cox, Joseph A., 1829-1897

Crawford, Etter Bellamy, 1869-1944

Darden, Arthur Otto, 1898-1968

Darden, Florige Mae Collins, Feb. 28, 1904-

Dewitt, W. Gillespie, 1868-1945

Duncan, Lela Maxine, 1942-1942  
(daughter of William M. and Lela Mae Duncan)

Duncan, Robert Earl, 1949-1968  
(son of William M. and Lela B. Duncan)

Dunn, Agnes M., 1918-

Dunn, Bertha C., 1885-1973  
(wife of John P. Dunn)

Dunn, Charles W., 1905-1970  
(SC Pvt U.S. Army WWII)

Dunn, Clifton H., 1892-1952  
(SC PFC Utilities Div. QMC, WWI)

Dunn, Edwin Bryant, 1911-1970  
(TEC 5 U.S. Army WWII)

Dunn, Ella Oliver, 1877-1920

Dunn, Emma, 1901-1907

Dunn, Emmette Vance, 1916-1963

Dunn, Gladys Miriam, 1918-1920  
(daughter of John P. and Bertha C. Dunn)

Dunn, Jeness V., 1929-1966

Dunn, John Milton, 1913-1974

Dunn, John P., 1876-1954

Dunn, John Wesley, 1840-1910

Dunn, Joseph P., 1885-1919

Dunn, Josephine S., 1855-1928  
(wife of John Wesley Dunn)

Dunn, Lance, 1903-1907

Dunn, Myrtle, 1915-

Dunn, Robert Lee, 1873-1940

Dunn, Robert L. Jr., 1899-1976

Dunn, S. Miltonette, 1944-1945

Dunn, Thomas De Los, 1890-1931

Franks, Eva Frances, 1926-1927  
(daughter of Henry D. and Fannie C. Franks)

Franks, Fannie Causey, 1893-1969

Franks, Henry Daniel, 1890-1962

Heyd, Curtis Leroy, 1953-1970
(son of Marvin and Frances Mills Heyd)

Johnson, J.H., 1878-1956
Leigh, Joseph Virgil, 1935-1936
   (son of J.H. and Iris Leigh)
Marlowe, ---, Oct. 15, 1926
   (infant son of Ira and Susie Marlowe)
Marlowe, Elwood, 1928-1933
   (son of Ira and Susie Marlowe)
Marlowe, Ira E. 1885-1942
Marlowe, Susie G. 1885-1948
   (wife of Ira E. Marlowe)
Martin, ---, Dec. 13, 1961
   (infant son of Pearly and Zeddie Martin)
Martin, Edgar Leon, 1912-1969
   (Pvt. U.S. Marine Corps Res WWII)
Martin, John M., 1885-1953
Martin, Retha M., Nov. 24, 1897-
   (wife of John M. Martin)
Mills, Alice B., 1909-1915
   (daughter of B.F. and Alice Mills)
Mills Alice C. Smith, 1867-1934
   (wife of Benjamin Franklin Mills)
Mills, Benjamin Franklin, 1859-1956
Mills, Don Washington, 1931-1974
Mills, Esther Lewis, 1900-
   (wife of George Mills)
Mills, George W., 1891-1970
   (Pvt. U.S. Army WWI)
Mills, Janet, 1962-1962
   (infant daughter of Elliott and Eula Mae Mills)
Mills, Joseph Willice, 1931-1954
   (Gone to rest but not forgotten by his loving family)
Mills, Zettie Tindall, 1897-1926
   (wife of George Mills)
Montgomery, Elmont Dunn, 1920-1965
Murdock, Melvina, ---1932
   (wife of M. Murdock, died Sept. 15, 1932 Age 43 yrs.)
Oliver, Claud M., 1899-1899
Oliver, Daniel W., 1839-1917
Oliver, Eugenia A., 1856-1925
   (wife of William H. Oliver)
Oliver, Eva Mae C., 1877-1962
   (wife of Joseph D. Oliver)
Oliver, Fannie Murrell, 1870-1954
Oliver, Jerome P. 1912-1971
Oliver, John W., 1910-1918
Oliver, John Windom, 1881-1950
Oliver, Joseph Ceals, 1878-1970
Oliver, Joseph D. 1871-1950
Oliver, Keith Baker, 1880-1962
Oliver, Lucy C., 1891-1895
Oliver, Mary E., 1847-1919
   (wife of D.W. Oliver)
Oliver, Mary H., 1886-1896
   (daughter of W.H. and E.A. Oliver)
Oliver, Pearl T., 1934-
   (wife of Jerome P. Oliver)
Oliver, Robert Lee, 1873-1944
Oliver, Ruth Baker, 1888-1962
Oliver, Samuel J., 1802-1894
Oliver, W.T., 1869-1904
Oliver, William H., 1852-1921
Patrick, Joseph H., 1905-1908
   (son of J.G. and E.R. Patrick)
Patrick, Kelly Stalvey, 1916-1917
Patrick, Noah, 1822-1899
Patrick, Russie Oliver, 1883-1969
   (wife of Joseph Ceals Patrick)
Player, Furman B., 1890-1964
Player, Janie M., 1888-
Player, Jepsey M. "Skip", 1919-1960
Singleton, Judith Carol, 1949-1969
   (daughter of Arthur and Mable Abrams Singleton)
Smith, Carl Leroy, 1943-1943
Smith, Homer Oliver, 1906-1974
Stalvey, Almand, 1925-1926
Tindall, Annice Adell J., 1874-1950
Turbeville, Annie C., 1891-1922
Turbeville, William Menich, 1888-1953
Wilson, Richard G., 1854-1923
Wilson, Sarah N., 1861-1901

FLOYD GENEALOGY
A New Member Seeks Information

Elizabeth C. Drake, 103 Moore St., Bennettsville, S.C. 29512, wants any data about Harmon Floyd, born Sept. 2, 1797 in Georgetown District, S.C., the son of Samuel Floyd (Revolutionary soldier), died March 9, 1865 in Marion County, S.C. buried in the Floyd Cemetery near Nichols, S.C.

Harmon Floyd and his brother Samuel Floyd received a deed of gift of land of their
father Samuel Floyd in 1821 in Horry County.

Harmon Floyd Married first _(name of wife needed) and they had two children:

1. Nancy Floyd married James D. Oliver and had three children. She died before 1850 and Oliver married second Ava Page.

2. Charles Pinckney Floyd married Zilpha Roberts and lived near Nichols, S.C.

Harmon Floyd married second Ada or Adah (maiden name needed), who was born Sept. 28, 1809 and died Dec. 31, 1887. She is buried in the Floyd Cemetery near Nichols. They had three children:


3. Lucy Nichols. born April 19, 1844, died Sept. 21, 1880, married James B. Williams.

Miss Drake will exchange information with anyone who can help her with information about the names of the wives of Harmon Floyd.

**EARLY KINGSTON PLAT**

*Note: HCHS member Ernest Harper forwarded this interesting document with the following note: "It was sent to me by Norman McCorkle at Archives when he was confirming the historic marker (Hebron Church). I believe it is the oldest recorded evidence of inhabitation in Kingston." Kingston Township was opened for settlement in 1735 and this plat is dated February 23, 1736/7.*
Whittamore Graded School.
PRIMARY, GRADED, GRAMMAR AND
Musical Departments.

O. Luther Levallie, B. S.
Principal.

Conway, S. C., Feb. 1, 1905

Report of collection and disbursements of supplementary funds of the Whittamore School from Oct. 3, 1904 to date, as follows:

Amount Collected $18.24

Spent for wood $6.90

" " " hay $1.60

" " " for repairs $1.00

" " " on all books $1.05

Paid for one drum $1.25

Total amount expended $11.80

Balance on hand $7.44

O. L. Levallie, Principal.
OSMOND LUTHER LEVALLIE

An interview of Mrs. Osmona Brown with notes from Mrs. Rosa Lee Prileau, daughters of Osmond Luther Levallie, Principal, Whittamore School, (1905- ) as interviewed and compiled by Etrulia P. Dozier, December 9, 1975.

Osmond Luther Levallie was a revolutionist, visionary, missionary and pioneer. He very well could have been called in simple words a father, teacher, preacher; or in more elaborate terms educator, scholar and minister.

His daughter, Osmona, named after her father diligently carried on the teaching career that her father had carried on before her time. She taught in Horry County for 42 years. Her father died when she was about eight years old; however, she recalls his telling her how he got the job as principal and teacher of the Whittemore Grade School. (The spelling of Whittemore changed from Whittamore.) There were three applicants seeking this job and each one had to stand on a platform and deliver a speech. The person who could deliver the most impressive and persuasive speech would be the one who would get the job. Osmond delivered some lines from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. He used lines from the speech of Brutus and Caesar. His speech was the most impressive so he got the position. At this time, Whittemore was located on Fifth Avenue somewhere near the Chester Jones residence and the Lynch's home.

Osmona says that she remembers her father as a very strict disciplinarian of his children. He provided his children with Shakespeare's books, and other books at Christmas, for birthdays and other special occasions.

According to notes furnished by Mr. Levallie's daughter, Rosa Lee, Osmond Luther LeVallie was born in Georgetown in the year 1881, son of Rev. Pompy G. LeVallie and Sally Tucker LeVallie. He attended the public schools in Georgetown.
After finishing there, he went to Columbia, S.C. where he worked and supported himself through Allen University. He received his B.S. degree in 1901. His first professional job was the Principal of the public school in Conway of Horry County. While working there, he married Rosa E. Suber of Columbia who was assisting him in his work. They were married in Bethel A.M.E. Church in Columbia, South Carolina. They became members of the Bethel A.M.E. Church in Conway, S.C. During their stay in Conway, they were blessed with two daughters, Osmona and Rosa Lee.

In 1910 he left Conway to work in the Census Department in Washington, D.C. After remaining there about two years, he moved back to Columbia, S.C. to fill a position at Allen University as a mathematics teacher. After a few years there, he entered the ministry where he served for almost two years before he died of a kidney attack in 1917. He was buried in Columbia, S.C., July 4, 1917. He was memorialized on Independence Day. As we are reminded of the American Revolution between 1775 and 1783 and the Civil War between 1861 and 1865 and the passage of the Emancipation Proclamation Jan. 1, 1863 when the slaves were in theory free. We can see the impact that men such as Osmond LeVallie would have on society. He had left his census job in Washington, D.C. because he felt that he was not contributing to the uplifting of his people. He worked in a time when education was still in its historical infancy for the blacks as a race. He worked freeing the mind and spirit of the young blacks so they could become independent along with their country.

Whittamore Grade School, truly a monument to Horry County has undergone many changes. For many years it was Whittamore High School. In 1970, it became an integrated junior high school. It was Conway Junior High School housing grades 8 and 9 on its campus. In 1976 it became Conway Middle School housing grades 7 and 8 at the former Whittamore High - Conway Junior High campus and housing the 6th grade in the former Whittamore Elementary-West Conway Elemen-

tary School campus which has taken the name Conway Middle School Annex. Many changes have taken place in the role of this school; nevertheless, its essential role as an educational beacon freeing the minds of boys and girls marches on with the changing times. And Mr. LeVallie must be numbered among those who have kept the torch alive.

By:
Etrulia P. Dozier, Librarian
Conway Middle School Library
Conway, South Carolina 1977

THE LIBRARY HAS IT

BY
Catherine H. Lewis, Librarian
Horry County Memorial Library

Horry County Memorial Library has recently acquired 48 rolls of microfilm of Georgetown County newspapers. Georgetown County Memorial Library undertook the microfilming of its valuable holdings last year and HCML purchased copies. The earliest date is the Georgetown Gazette of Nov. 6, 1799. Not all files are complete, but there are runs of the Coastal Chronicle, Tri-County Tribune, Andrews News, Winyah Observer, Pee Dee Times, Georgetown Enquirer, The Outlook, Georgetown Daily Item, Georgetown Times, and Progressive Democrat.

The Marion County Library has filmed its holdings of the Marion Star. HCML hopes to acquire the 29 rolls covering 1852-1940 as soon as the approximate cost of $500 can be found.

Having the newspapers of Georgetown and Marion will greatly increase our local history collection’s reference capability. HCML would welcome suggestions from members of the Society about other materials they would like us to acquire. Several patrons have already suggested the microfilmed Census records of adjacent counties in South Carolina and North Carolina.
The Alstons and Allstons of North and South Carolina by Joseph A. Groves was originally published in 1901. It was reprinted in 1957 and has now been reissued with new material. The new edition is published by Southern Historical Press of Easley, S.C., and increases the number of pages from 367 to 534. New material includes photographs, the diary of Flora Bryce La Bruce, and genealogies of the LaBruce, Pawley and Ward families.

Mrs. Beverly T. Whitmire and others have compiled cemetery records of Greenville County which have been published under the sponsorship of the Greenville County Historical Society with the title The Presence of the Past. One hundred and ninety-nine cemeteries are included with directions for finding each. The book is reproduced from typescript and could easily serve as a model for a similar project for our Society.

GLOSSES ON THE MAPS OF HORRY COUNTY AND CONWAY

BY
Evelyn Snider

The memory map of Conway had its origin in a similar map done in the 1930's and illustrated by Kenneth Cartrette. It is now displayed at the Horry County Memorial Library. Mabel L. Riley is the illustrator of the 1976 edition.

The following explanatory notes give added information on its illustrations.

A mini-history of Conway was painted by C.H. Snider on a flat trunked cypress tree still standing on the bank of Gully Branch where it enters Kingston Lake.

The letters of LAKESIDE CEMETERY were clipped privet hedge plants.

The jail on Main Street (where board and room were free) was remodeled and became the Grace Hotel.

The Gully store was located at the convergence of the main roads of Horry County: the old Bucksville Road, the Dog Bluff Road, and the Playcard Road.

The Homewood Colony was a group of truck farmers from the mid-West who settled near Conway to raise vegetables and strawberries.

The Sawdust Road made of sawdust from the Burroughs mills became the uncertain foundation of Lakeside Drive.

The whistle of the Light and Ice Co. came from the lumber mill at Eddy Lake and was blown as a fire alarm, a signal to call workmen and to usher in the New Year.

The Once-upon-a-time map of "Hurray," otherwise known as The Independent Republic of Horry, is based on folk tradition rather than on historical fact, although many facts can be authenticated. Because it has grown out of the imagination of people, it mirrors the character of the county more clearly than an accurate geographic or historic map.

(Editor's note: If you have not purchased your copy of this map, turn to IRQ, July 1976, p. 42. The following explanation will increase your enjoyment of it.)

On the county map are (1) place names that show the physical aspects of the county, such as names of trees, animals, and various topographical forms (bays, savannas, bluffs, swamps) and (2) names of churches that reveal the basic influence of the Bible on the lives of the people.

Then there are picturesque names such as Playcard Road, Rough and Ready Road, Cushion Swamp, Hand, Justice, Ketchuptown, the Jamb (a one time rough section jambed between Dillon County and North Carolina), and the Ark (a nickname given to a house that survived a hurricane), now Surfside Beach.

On the map also are drawings illustrating various tales:

(1) The Boundary House was built on the N.C.-S.C. line and duels were fought there.
(2) The sandspur was brought into Horry in the feed of George Washington's horses.
(3) Loris was named for (a) a Saint Ber-
nard dog, or (b) a book.

(4) The ghost lights of Lucas Bay validate the ghostly appearance of a man (or a woman) searching for his (or her) head (or baby), the casualty of a family dispute.

(5) At Bear Bluff a black woman working at a loom (or spinning wheel) was killed during a Revolutionary War skirmish, and on certain nights her loom (or wheel) can still be heard.

The various ethnic groups who have contributed to the culture of Horry County are referred to: Indians (names such as Waccamaw, Pee Dee, Wampee, and the burial mounds), Spanish, French Huguenots, Poles, Germans, Negroes, English.

The Dimery settlement, a mixed "colony," was referred to as "free-persons of color." Children with lighter skin attended white schools and those with darker skin went to black schools.

Early efforts to obtain quality education are shown, among these being the Socastee School, Horry Industrial School (Methodist) and Pee Dee Academy (Baptist).

How citizens of the Independent Republic made a living is pictured: lumbering, building chips such as The Henrietta, moonshining, trading with Indians and others, getting salt from ocean water, distilling turpentine, grinding corn, and raising rice, cotton, corn and tobacco.

A cursory observation of the map confirms the epithet "Independent Republic." Bounded on three sides by the ocean, rivers and swamps, Horryites were forced to rely on themselves. This self-reliance is pictured in the disdainful glance of the Swamp Fox looking over its shoulder at the Horry farmer trying to fatten his pig by tying him to a pole and poking him into a 'simmon tree; and the Gator in top hat looks down on the Horryites who retaliated by securing a contract to build a barbed wire fence from the river to Mt. Gilead.

The illustrations are largely the work of Kevin G. Lewis.

(Editor's note: Copies of the maps may be obtained from Miss Evelyn Snider, 801 Sixth Ave., Conway, S.C. 29526. Two hundred prints of each map were numbered and signed in honor of the Bicentennial. These costs $5.00. Unsigned, unnumbered and copies are $3.00. Kevin G. Lewis, 1409 8th Ave., Conway, has numbered, signed copies of THE Horry County MAP FOR SALE AND Mrs. John G. Riley, Rt. 2, Conway, can supply copies of the Conway map.)

INFORMATION SOUGHT

Mrs. Jackson K. Chestnut, Sr., 37 Diana Drive, Savannah, Ga. 31406 would like to hear from anyone with information about the Patrick family or the families of W.G. Chestnut and Irvin Lambert.

Mrs. Ben M. Freeman, 33 Neva Ave., Lakeside Park, Savannah, Ga. 31406, will share information about the following Horry County families: Patterson, Futrill, Prince, and Marlow.

MARKLEY--"My grandfather's name was Harford Markley. He died while on a visit to his daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Hedley. Dr. Hedley was a veterinarian for the Federal Government. I think it was around 1915 that he (Markley) died. Would like to know the date of birth and death, and in what cemetery he was buried." --William F. Worley, 408 Fairview Ave., West Fairview, Pa. 17025.

W.J. ROWE

Washington, D.C. - William Joseph Rowe, 90, a former teacher and principal in the public schools of South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia, died Jan. 31 at his home after a long illness.

Born in Horry County, he had been a resident of Washington for more than 20 years. Mr. Rowe was descended from a family of rice and indigo planters which had settled in the coastal area of the state in the 1700s. He grew up in a rural area known as Sterritt Swamp near Conway, where he received most of his instruction at home from his father.

He was married in 1915 to Alverda Ragsdale of Lithonia, Ga. Together they taught in three states in a variety of schools, most of them rural, and several of them among the last of the small schools where one or two teachers taught.

Surviving are his wife; two daughters, Mary Frances Bell of Arlington, Va., and Marjorie R. Kulisheck of Washington; a son, James W. Rowe of Arlington, Va.; and four grandchildren.

Field & Herald 2/9/77