

1980

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Horry County Historical Society

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The Independent Republic Quarterly

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VOL. 14

SUMMER 1980

No. 3



Pleasant Hill Baptist Church



Clayton Stanley and Brice Livingston arranged for the Society to meet at Pleasant Hill. Mr. Livingston spoke briefly about Red Bluff community.



Brice Livingston, Austin Todd and Etrulia Dozier. Mr. Todd is speaking about the area around Board Landing.



Left to Right: Harry Vaught, Lucile Butler, Lucile Barnette, Margaret Thomas, Olene Russ, Hansie Watson, Linda Butler, Etrulia Dozier.

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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet on
July 14, 1980
October 13, 1980
January 12, 1981

The Board of Directors will meet on
September 8, 1980
December 8, 1980
March 9, 1981

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

Back issues may be obtained for \$2.00 each (plus 50¢ postage and handling each) from Miss Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Ave., Conway, SC 29526, as long as they are in print. Copies of the 1880 Census of Horry County, S. C. may be obtained from Miss Little or from the Horry County Memorial Library, 1008 5th Ave., Conway, SC 29526. The price is \$5.00 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling, if mailed).

Materials for the Quarterly may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 Fifth Ave., Conway, SC 29526.

1850 CENSUS NOW AVAILABLE

Janet H. Woodard has edited the 1850 Census of Horry County, the first census to list the members of households by name. It is therefore extremely valuable to people researching Horry County families. Published by A Press, it is a handsome blue hard-bound volume of 132 pages and has a surname index for easy reference. Copies may be purchased from her [Mrs. Janet H. Woodard, 15 Hunter's Forest Dr., Charleston, SC 29407] for \$15.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. For a limited time copies will be available for purchase at Horry County Memorial Library.

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The contents of the Quarterly depend entirely upon those members who contribute articles, documents, photographs, maps, cemetery catalogs and other materials. The editorial staff encourages you to send along whatever you think may be of interest to the membership.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members,

It was my misfortune to be unable to attend our Spring Tour on April 19. However, it is my good fortune, along with all of you, to have in this issue a comprehensive report on what obviously was a banner event. On behalf of our Society I should like to thank the residents of the Highway 905 area for their interesting presentations and particularly Mrs. Lucile Butler for her effective work in planning and coordinating the program.

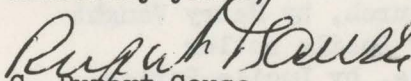
My letter in the Winter issue reported the establishment of a Preservation Committee. I regret to report that Joe Pinson has found it necessary to relinquish the chairmanship, but am pleased to announce that Jon Bourne has taken over. We are fortunate to have someone with his enthusiasm and interest in preservation, plus his training and experience as an architect. Progress has already been made by the committee in updating the 1973 Survey and in efforts to preserve the Burroughs Main St. School as an historic site and as a facility for community events. The expanding work begins to call for larger participation and Jon would be glad to explore possible areas of contribution with anyone interested.

On March 22 about forty members enjoyed a genealogical workshop conducted by Janet Woodard of Charleston. This all day event included a break for lunch and lively exchanges of personal notes on "family history".

At the June 9 Board meeting considerable discussion took place in regard to optimum tactics in the investment of our Memorial Fund. In view of the many uncertainties in interest rates which seem destined to prevail, I set up a Financial Committee consisting of Bobby Richardson, chairman, Ted Green, and Carlisle Dawsey. This committee will be responsible for making recommendations to the Board not only with respect to immediate investment actions, but also with respect to long term financial policy.

I have asked Lacy Hucks to serve as chairman of the Nominating Committee. At the October meeting election of all officers except President (to be assumed by Bill Long, president-elect) as well as three Board members (to be nominated from the floor) will take place.

Sincerely yours,


G. Rupert Gause

THE SPRING MEETING OF HCHS

by Annette E. Reesor

April 19, 1980 was a perfect day for the Society's annual tour. Trees, flowers and newly planted fields along Highways 905 and 9 were at their best. At noon members and guests parked near Pleasant Hill Baptist Church and spread a picnic lunch in its modern fellowship hall.

After an excellent meal Vice President Carlisle Dawsey conducted a brief business meeting. This was followed by a program developed by people who live or have connections along Hwy 905 from Conway to the N. C. line. Much of the material they gave is printed elsewhere in this Quarterly.

The tour divided into two groups--those who preferred to follow a specially prepared map and those who joined the cavalcade led by Mrs. Lucile Butler through Longs, Buck Creek, Camp Swamp, Sweet Home and Goretown. Surely the home owners who opened their homes to the Society are among the most hospitable people in the world! Family keepsakes, furniture and gardens were beautifully displayed. Several people in the tour made photographs to record their visit and some of these are also found elsewhere in this issue.

MEMORIES OF DAYS GONE BY ON HIGHWAY 905

by Garland Murrell

One of my earliest recollections is the old wooden bridge that stretched across Kingston Lake at the old ice plant and its condemnation and replacement by a steel bridge during the years of 1910 to 1912. This newer bridge had a network of steel braces and beams overhead. This bridge was in turn followed by another steel bridge in 1927.

Incidentally, my great-grandfather, Alexander Murrell, had operated a ferry at this location in the early 1800's. He succeeded a Mr. Crowson and another man who had received a franchise from the South Carolina Legislature to operate this ferry in 1904-1805. Alexander Murrell resided in the house which is the present home of Mrs. Marjorie Langston (219 Kingston Street, Conway). The county courthouse records show that this property changed hands seven times from the time that Alexander Murrell sold this property to Henry Hardee in 1857 until it was acquired by Col. C. P. Quattlebaum in the latter part of the 19th century.

The road leading from the bridge out as far as Hickory Grove was known as the Conway Whiteville road. From Hickory Grove to the state line was known as the Conway-Pireway road. The South Carolina Highway Department later designated this stretch of road as 905.

Being the oldest resident on Highway 905 between Conway and Hickory Grove, I can recall when there were only two houses between Conway and the present location of Langston Memorial Baptist Church. One was the Moss Ballen home and a farm house on Glass Hill.

1924 was the year of the so-called Bigham freshet because of the trial of Ed Bigham in Conway. He had allegedly killed five members of his family in Florence County. There was a great deal of interest in this trial. People from places like Shell and Red Bluff came and they were forced to park their horse teams or their Model T's at Glass Hill because of the freshet or the overflowing and flooding of Kingston Lake. These people had to be transported in paddling boats from Glass Hill to the bridge of Kingston Lake. I personally took part in this operation. The fare was 15¢ per person one way or 25¢ for the round trip. The road from Glass Hill to the Kingston Lake Bridge, of course, was much lower in those days than it is today.

There were not many people who actually lived in the Langston community in the twenties and early thirties. There was no church or social center in this vicinity. Finally, Mrs. Marjorie Langston of Conway started coming out and holding prayer meetings in the homes of some of the local residents. In that way a church mission was established which later grew into the present day Langston Memorial Baptist Church.

In the early thirties at the depth of the Great Depression, the United States government set up the Civilian Conservation Corps, better known as the C.C.C. One of the C.C.C. camps was located at Glass Hill on the present site of the home of Mrs. Nita Burroughs. The men lived in barrack styled buildings. The whole company or camp consisted of 150 to 200 men. These young men were trained in forestry work and they erected fire towers on several locations in the county.

I recently asked a local resident if she recalled the C.C.C. camp at Glass Hill. She said only vaguely. She remembered, however, that her older sisters and the girls in their age group always made it a point at every opportunity to drive by the camp and wave at the young men. A few of these boys married local girls.

W. E. Sessions of the Langston Community was elected county sheriff in 1932. The power company ran an electric line to his home to provide him telephone service. In that way other people in area were able to get these services.

The W. E. Sessions home was originally constructed by a Mr. Harby, one of a group of mid-westerners who came to the Conway area about the turn of the century to go into farming operations. Mr. and Mrs. Sessions were wonderful neighbors and a real asset to

the Langston Community for many years. They moved to Myrtle Beach at about the end of World War II.

Shortly after World War II a cemetery was started on the Glass Hill farm, but the location proved not suitable for this purpose. In big flooding rains the coffins would come right up out of the ground. During one of these wet spells a trial was going on in Conway. Two boys had allegedly killed a Little River citizen for a small sum of money. The coffin of the murder victim came up out of the ground during this wet spell while the trial was taking place. Law officers are reported to have brought great terror and fright to the two prisoners in the jail by telling them what had happened.

EXCITEMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT COMES TO CONWAY

by Garland Murrell

By modern day standards the early 1900's in Conway might be considered very uneventful and even boring. However, most people are not aware of some of the more exciting and entertaining events that did take place during this time. Two events that demonstrate that Conway had a livelier side than most people are aware of are the Carnival and the arrival of one of the first airplanes in this area.

The carnivals usually came in the fall of the year after the crops had been harvested and sold and before the Christmas shopping days had started. It was timed to catch the local economy at its peak. The carnival was usually in conjunction with the county fair. The combination usually drew big crowds. I think it may have been in 1911 that the first airplane came with the carnival. Anyway, I am positive of the following.

One of the first airplanes that came to Conway was either in 1912 or 1913. The plane landed and took off on Second Avenue between the jail and courthouse. It took two men to hold it while the pilot cranked the motor and crawled up on what appeared to be a box to operate the craft. The pilot would circle around over the area to draw crowds to the carnival which was located on the courthouse lawn fronting on Elm St.

I do not recall this specific happening but I have it on good authority from one of Conway's leading citizens. The airplane crashed on Mr. B. G. Collins farm at about the intersection of Twelfth Ave. and Main St. Some of the students were penalized for leaving the schoolground to look at the wrecked plane. This may puzzle some people today, but at that time Main St. stopped at the old school building now on Main St.

As has been stated, the plane was used to draw crowds to the carnival. Col. William F. Cody, frontiersman, scout, and Indian fighter, better known as Buffalo Bill, was with the carnival. He was accompanied by a troop of Indians and cowboys who put on some rope and trick riding acts.

In one night performance, the show was divided into two parts. After the main show tickets were sold to some of the patrons to see a cowboy ride a mule that had never been ridden before. Tickets to the main show were 25¢ and to the second part the price was 15¢. The young mule, which was locally owned and named Mike, was brought in and saddled by the cowboys. A cowboy mounted the mule and Mike just froze in his tracks and wouldn't move. A prize had been offered to anybody that was able to stay on the mule, so the cowboy won the prize very easily.

Buffalo Bill, the star of the carnival, made quite an impressive appearance dressed in his cowboy and Western regalia. He gave a talk on what life was like in the old West when he was a younger man. He made millions as a showman but lost it all to his creditors through mismanagement. He died penniless at his sister's home in 1917.

These are just two of the incidents that help to show that the early 1900's in Conway weren't all work and no play. The arrival of the airplane and the carnival offer definite proof of the fun and excitement that existed in those early days.

BOARD LANDING

By Austin Todd

Board Landing is located on the Waccamaw downriver from Red Bluff and Todd's Ferry. In the early 1900's when I first remember it turpentine was going out and people were turning to farming. Farmers would buy fertilizer and supplies at Conway and would have it sent to Board Landing by the steamer Ruth. Later a larger steamboat, the F. G. Burroughs, was used to ship supplies from Conway. People of the community picked up supplies from the warehouse at Board Landing and later at a warehouse at Cain's Landing. Merchandise for community stores such as B. M. Chestnut's and Will Sarvis' came by steamboat up the Waccamaw to Board and Cain Landings. Mr. B. M. Chestnut applied for a post office permit and opened up the Shell Post Office in his store, which was located on S. C. Hwy 905 approximately 8 1/2 miles from Conway. He named the post office Shell and the community became known as Shell.

Charlie Johnson dammed up the Mill Branch located near Waccamaw River and built the area's first water powered grits mill. People in the community would bring corn to the mill and have hominy grits and meal made from the corn.

Board Landing was used for years for the annual baptizing of new members for Bethlehem Baptist Church.

People in the Shell Community farmed in the summer months and cut and hauled logs to river in the winter. These logs were bound or "rafted" together at Waccamaw River and sent downstream to Conway. Logs were hauled from the woods to the river with a mule or ox team and log carts.

MOUNT CALVARY #1 BAPTIST CHURCH

By Etrulia P. Dozier

Mount Calvary No. 1 Missionary Baptist Church is located about 9 miles east of Conway beginning at a corner on the southern margin of Highway 905 adjoining lands of W. K. Woodard. The church is bounded on the east by the W. K. Woodard and Lewis Asbury Dozier Estate, on the south and west by the Lewis Asbury Dozier Estate, and on the north by Highway 905. The church originated in a tiny wooden frame building which was built by the community on the Lewis A. Dozier family estate. Because of the growth of the church, Mrs. Ellen Gore Dozier, widow of Lewis Asbury Dozier, along with her heirs donated the land for the construction site of a masonry church building sometime in the 1940's; however, the legal aspects of this transaction were not recorded until the early 1970's. The legal transaction began September 7, 1970 and the document was filed January 5, 1971. A figure of \$10.00 was recorded as the purchase fee, paid by Deacons J. D. Graham, Leroy Bryant and Mayo Dozier. There is a stipulation in the deed that says, "If for any reason the church organization should be discontinued for religious purposes, then this lot of land is to revert back in fee simple to the heirs at law of the Lewis A. Dozier estate." Reference to this transaction is recorded in Horry County Deed Book 440, page 692.

Mt. Calvary Church is a typical rural family church. It has a traditional once a month 2nd Sunday pastoral day. Recently church officials and members have decided that the church doors should be opened more regularly and have established a 4th Sunday worship service using an assistant pastor. Also, the first Sunday is usually used by the Missionary Society of the church. At this service Rev. Bryant, father of one of the deacons, Leroy Bryant, and probably one of the oldest ministers in the Kingston Lake Baptist Association, preaches.

For years the church served a dual purpose for the community. It was both school and church. Later the Horry County Department of Education built a wooden building to the left of the church which was used until it was demolished after the consolidation of schools.

The present church building was completed in 1971 under the pastorate of Rev. Anthony T. Graham (Rev. Graham's daughter, Frances Graham Grissett presently lives in the Pine Island section of Horry). Rev. Graham was supported by Deacons M. L. Woodard, James A. Dozier (son of land donor, Ellen Dozier), and J. D. Graham. The church secretary at this time was R. J. Dozier (brother of Lewis Asbury Dozier) and the assistant secretary was Lora Allen Dozier (wife of C. V. Dozier). Henry Richardson was treasurer. After the passing of Rev. Anthony Graham, the church was renovated under the pastorate of Rev. Elijah Patrick. Rev. Patrick died in 197__ and Rev. Ronnie McCray was elected pastor in February 1979. Other ministers who served as pastors of Mt. Calvary in the early days were Joe Gore of Pine Island, Eddie Dewitt of Conway, Herbert Livingston of Wampee, Homer Bellamy of St. Paul, Frank Gore (brother of Mrs. Mary Richardson) of Myrtle Beach, Anthony Graham of Pine Island, Elijah Patrick of Longs and the present pastor Ronnie McCray. Among the teachers who taught at old Mt. Calvary School were _____ Vaught of Wampee, Bernie White of Marion, Bessie Moore, Ruby Lee _____, Albertha Brown, Martha Sheran, Elizabeth Treadwell, Gracie King Alston, Alnetha McNeil Williams, Lora Allen Dozier and Ida Bell Reaves.

Family names synonymous with the Mt. Calvary Community are Dozier, Richardson, Woodard and Vereen. The name Dozier is of French derivation and means a dweller in or near a willow grove. In the 1880 Census the name is spelled Doisher and the following are listed: Gibb, John W., Louis C. and Mary E. Linder Dimery married Gibb Dozier I. Isom Gibbs was a slave who was sold to a Dozier. The final s was dropped from the last name and Gibb became the first name. Linder Dimery Doisher was a slave. She lived in a house once called "Old Boss House" which was located near Shell. The name Woodard is an English name that is a variant of Woodward, and the other names are also of English origin.

Two of the third generation descendants of Gibb A. Dozier I and Linder Dimery, Gibb A. Dozier III and Gussie Dozier Crosby, son and daughter of Lewis A. and Ellen Gore Dozier made the followikg observations concerning their family background and heritage. on April 4, 1980:

There was a post office at Hammonds, S. C., near the stores at Red Bluff. Martin Williamson's father, Chess Williamson, was postmaster. This was probably in the early 1900's. Mt. Calvary Community is situated between Shell and Red Bluff. Mt. Calvary is predominantly a black settlement, taking its name from the church. The Red Bluff residents often refer to the Calvary Community. It is common to hear the statement, "We're going to Calvary Sunday." Residents of Mt. Calvary often say, "Up at the Bluff." The people who attended McNeil Chapel generally buried their dead in Mt. Calvary cemetery until recent years. Just beyond Red Bluff is Todd Swamp and McNeil Chapel Church is located in this community.

The Doziers and Richardsons were the planter families of the Mt. Calvary Community. The Woodards came from Georgetown County. Boston Vereen was one of the oldest Vereens. Other pioneer Woodards were Marcel and Emiah Woodard who migrated from the Georgetown County rice fields near Young's Crossroads. John Dozier went to Florida to reside; Lewis and Mary resided in Conway; Lucy (who married a Georgetown ferry worker) moved to Georgetown; Arthur moved to Georgia; R. D., P. C., and Ada Dozier remained in Horry County and Gibb who moved to Lumberton, were all members of the second generation Dozier family. School was once taught in Mt. Calvary Church for about 4 months of a year, from November until February or March. School was held at Mt. Calvary Church and McNeil Chapel Church at the Bluff for about four months a year. The Bluff School was called Todds Swamp School. There was only one teacher in each school, and the students read Baby Ray, Little Red Hen and used a little green back speller.

On the second Sunday, Pastoral Day at Mt. Calvary, the preacher would arrive by horse and buggy at the home of Lewis A. Dozier. He would stay from Saturday evening until Monday morning. Entertainment in the Mt. Calvary community consisted of fishing, swimming, circle games generally on the banks of Waccamaw River, attending church and going into town by cart or mule and wagon. Lewis A. Dozier would go into town about once a month to buy food; he bought in very large amounts--for example, 100 lbs of rice and 100 lbs. of flour.

Lewis A. Dozier had the facilities for making syrup from sugar cane. He performed this service for blacks and whites. For those who did not have money to pay for his making their syrup, the barter system of exchanging syrup for service was used.

When freight had to be transported by boat, there were certain landings along the Waccamaw where families and storekeepers would meet the steamers. People sometimes walked for miles to purchase supplies and even the children helped carry the sacks of provisions home. At times folks would get so hungry that they would stop and make a fire to parch corn. When the corn was cooked, the ashes would be blown off and the corn eaten.

MOUNT CALVARY CEMETERY UPDATE
April 6, 1980

Compiled by Earnestine Dozier Allen and Etrulia P. Dozier

[The earlier catalog of this cemetery was printed in the January 1975 issue of IRQ.]

Bellay, Ethel, 1939-1970
Crosby, Elzie B., Dec. 15, 1947-Apr. 3, 1974
Crosby, D. Ezel, March 4, 1912-Mar. 27, 1974
Dozier, Darnell C., 1975-1976
Dozier, James A., May 1909-July 13, 1966
Dozier, Lora A., Aug. 10, 1915-Sept. 8, 1965
Parmley, Carala, 1978-1978
Parmley, Douglas V., June 23, 1960-June 29, 1974
Parmley, Helen Richardson, Jan. 4, 1932-Dec. 15, 1973
Parmley, Ida D., Feb. 10, 1905-Jan. 12, 1974
Parmley, Marsia D., 1977-1977
Parmley, Robert, Mar. 4, 1911-Dec. 12, 1967
Pratt, Lottie D., March 20, 1934-Sept. 9, 1978
Richardson, Wilbert J., April 12, 1935-June 26, 1970
Vander, Joe, May 15, 1890-April 17, 1972
Wilson, Cain, Apr. 2, 1889-Aug. 4, 1976
Wolf, Essie, Oct. 12, 1912-Apr. 27, 1971
Wolfe, Mary E., Jan. 22, 1908-Apr. 23, 1975
Wolfe, Rossie J., Aug. 8, 1908-Feb. 17, 1967
Woodard, William K., Oct. 10, 1906-Oct. 26, 1971



This is the 100th anniversary of the 1880 Census. The Society still has a supply of the printed edition which it published in 1970. This publication is extremely valuable to people doing family research and costs only \$5.00 if you pick it up in person at Horry County Memorial Library. Add \$1.50 for postage and handling if you order it by mail. Back copies of the Quarterly from 1974 forward (with the exception of three issues) are also available. Order from Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Ave., Conway, S. C. 29526. Back issues are \$2.00 each, plus 50¢ postage.

McNEIL CHAPEL MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

Organized 1885 - Rebuilt 1950

by Etrulia P. Dozier

Through the years McNeil Chapel and Mt. Calvary have worked together. Members have attended McNeil Chapel on its Pastoral Sunday and vice versa. The two churches have also helped each other during revival meetings, the feeding of conventions, etc.

McNeil Chapel land was purchased for \$400.00 December 8, 1955, according to Horry County Deed Book 169, page 646. Beginning at the run of Todd Swamp on the Red Bluff and Loris Road, bounded by the road on the east; by T. W. Livingston on the north and west and on the south by the run of Todd Swamp. This is the identical tract of land conveyed by T. W. Livingston to J. L. Hughes, N. C. James and Jas. M. Todd, trustees of Todd Swamp School by deed dated April 11, 1930 and recorded in Deed Book Y-6 at page 154. This land was sold by Lula Scott to William Bell, Jerry Wilson and Joe Wilson, Deacons of McNeil Chapel. "This is the identical tract of land conveyed to William Bell, Jerry Wilson and Joe Wilson, Deacons of the McNeil Chapel Baptist Church by W. F. Davis, M. A. Bennett, W. K. Rogers, R. E. Bell, J. C. Winburn, J. C. Ayers, F. G. Burroughs and T. W. Anderson, members of the Horry County Board of Education by deed dated December 8, 1955 and recorded in Deek Book 169 at page 646, Public Records of Horry County."

Other churches reached by traveling Highway 905 are: Mt. Zion, organized in 1905; Myrtle Hill, organized in 1953; and Freemont, organized in 1909.

OAK GROVE MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

by Annie B. Johnson Edge

Oak Grove Missionary Baptist Church is said to have been organized in 1888. It was rebuilt in 1956. At some point the church split and some of the members built Mt. Zion Missionary Baptist Church in the Neck. According to courthouse records on June 18, 1963 Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hammond deeded one acre more or less to Oak Grove Trustees Marion White, James White and Andrew Jackson for the sum of \$100.00 with the stipulation that in the event the land ceased to be used for the church, it would revert to the grantors. This transaction is recorded in Horry County Deed Book 245, page 415.

The first pastor of Oak Grove was Rev. Bill Graham, who was the father of Rev. Anthony T. Graham. During these early days a pastor would receive \$50.00 or less for an annual salary. Sometimes they received food by the poind instead of money. This was called pounding the preacher. It was common for the members to pound him at Christmas time. A pound of butter or a dozen eggs was probably much appreciated by preachers in those days. Other past ministers of Oak Grove were Julius Chestnut, A. T. Graham (son of Bill Graham), Solomon Chestnut, Herbert Livingston, R. A. Fisher, James Bradlyn and Frank Gore. The current pastor is Sylvester V. Riggins. Among past deadons were Jimmy Wilson (grandfather of Annie B. Johnson Edge and C. J. Dewitt), George Gause, Wilson McCray, Fred Parker, Freddie Johnson, Boston Dewitt, Joe Grissett and Joe Stanley. Current deacons are C. J. Dewitt, chairman, Alford Doctor, Lonnie Johnson and Archie Johnson. Other officers are Harold C. Johnson, Clerk, Jeannette Johnson, wife of Archie, finance secretary and Archie Johnson, Sunday School superintendent. Effie Johnson, mother of Geraldine Johnson Collins was the first Missionary Society president. The current Missionary Society president is Elizabeth Johnson.

Kingston Lake Association was organized at Oak Grove Baptist Church in 1888. There are now 36 churches in the Association.

Information about Oak Grove was provided in part by Rev. G. W. Watson, longtime pastor in churches of the Kingston Lake Association. Courthouse documents were researched by Etrulia P. Dozier.

OAK GROVE COMMUNITY CEMETERY

compiled by Annie B. Johnson Edge

Booth, Deltha, 1889-1939
Bryant, Sam T., 1924-1977
Collins, Geraldine, 1921-1964
Cox, Winnie, 1931-1979
Crawford, Rosa, 1909-1968
Dewitt, Annie, 1919-1942
Dewitt, Bride, 1890-1940
Dewitt, Chris, 1972-1978
Dewitt, Edward M., 1943-1977
Dewitt, Monroe, 1908-1972
Farewell, Ida, 1883-1961
Farewell, Nellie, 1892-1973
Gause, Elneta, 1884-1942
Gore, William G., 1904-1973
Green, Ned, 1906-1972
Grissett, Annie M., 1935-1976
Grissett, Leona, 1931-1969
Grissett, Rockie, 1958-1979
Hill, Willie, 1926-1947
Johnson, Nellie M., 1914-1978

Jenkins, Larance (infant), 1979-1979
Johnson, Effie (mother of Geraldine Collins)
1892-1965
Johnson, Glennie, 1910-1968
Johnson, Greer, 1920-1955
Johnson, Ossie, 1887-1974
Johnson, Tossie, 1900-1978
Ludlam, Hassle, 1896-1945
McCray, Ruth, 1926-1967
McDowell, Bertha, 1912-1955
Parker, James, 1940-1971
Parker, Stanley, 1921-1970
Parker, William, 1923-197
Simmons, Bessie, 1912-1974
Vereen, Wilhelmenia, 1925-1971
Weather, Percy, 1911-1972
Williams, John H., 1925-1961
Wilson, Ceasar, 1892-1980
Wilson, J. C. 1850-1942
Wilson, S. A., 1869-1939

LONGS COMMUNITY: AN OVERVIEW

by Lucile Cox Butler

Longs was a progressive community around 1900. About this time W. L. (Willie) Long and W. L. (Luther) Hardee purchased and set up at Longs a sawmill, a cotton gin, and a grits mill. Farmers came from far and near to get their lumber sawed and planed, their cotton ginned and their corn ground into grits and meal for food for the family. Most of the homes, churches, schools and stores in the community were built with lumber sawed at the Longs Mill.

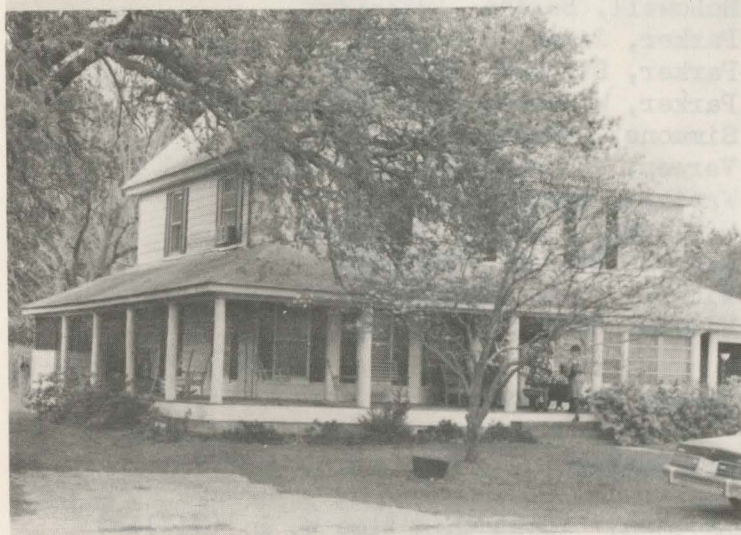
Flax, cotton, and indigo were grown on the farms, gathered, dyed and spun on the family spinning wheel to make thread. This the women wove on the loom to make cloth from which clothes were made for the family. Mothers had to spin, weave, cut and sew most of their time to keep the family in clothes. They not only wove cloth for dresses and suits, but they also wove blankets and curtains. Some of the most beautiful blankets are still owned by a few of the folks.

Allie Long has his mother's spinning wheel. He has an anvil which was shipped from Sheffield, England, in 1880. He also has a drawing knife, one hundred years old, which was used to draw shingles from cypress blocks. The shingles were used to cover the house.

Lumber for the new building was selected in the woods nearby, cut from heart pine, sawed, and planed at the sawmill at Longs. The foundation and framework are of fat lightwood. There is a chimney at either end of the house, and a larger one was built at the kitchen. This one was torn down when the house was renovated about 1960. The brick were made by hand. In the renovation the beaded ceiling was covered with sheet-rock and celotex except for a small area in the hall. The carpenter was Henry Russ, father of Ed Russ.

There was no indoor plumbing until after electricity came to this rural area about 1940. Before the day of electricity handmade candles were used for light. Later the kerosene lamps took the place of candles. My, how excited we were when the gas white light with mantles replaced the kerosene lamp! Then the Aladdin lamp burned kerosene oil and gave beautiful white light. This was used until electricity came.

A pump was dug in or before 1900. It was drilled through several layers of rock. This pump served the family and the animals with nice, fresh, cool water. The water was pumped into a large trough hewn out of a cypress log. Since the lot was across the road from the house, for convenience sake a pipe was run under the road to another trough on the other side of the road to water the animals. It took hours to pump enough water to fill both troughs, especially when the mules and horses were watered after a hard day's work.



The Hansie Watson House near

Chestnut's Crossroads

CHESTNUT'S CROSSROADS

by Lucile Cox Butler

Mr. Iredell Chustnut owned and operated a general store on the south side of highway 905. His daughter Lizzie is now living across the road from the spot where his store was located. Mr. Chestnut erected a sign which extended above the narrow dirt road from one side to the other, advertising his store. According to his daughter this was around 1900. It is assumed that since the roads crossed at Chestnut's store, Chestnut's Crossroads was an appropriate name.

CONCORD METHODIST CHURCH

Information supplied by Allie Long

Concord Methodist Church was located just inside South Carolina on the north side of highway 905 around 1800. When the Baptists who were scattered in the area east of Buck Creek began progressing, Concord started diminishing, until it finally disbanded around 1900.

LONGS SCHOOL

By Margaret Thomas

Ebenezer, the first schoolhouse in this section, was built in the 1880's. A small one-room building, it was built with lumber hand hewn and put together with pegs. There were only two windows with wooden shutters, one door in front and one in back. Boards with blocks under them were the seats. There being no way to heat the building, the schools had vacation in the winter months. School had only six week sessions and the salaries of teachers were very small.

Mr. Will Watson taught here in 1890. Other teachers were Monroe Stanley from Loris and Willie L. Long, my father. He told many times about his first salary, \$18.00. He bought his first blue serge suit for \$5.00 and had money left until next session.

In the early 1900's a two room building was constructed a few yards away from the old building with lumber from the sawmill at Longs. The first teachers in this building were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hucks and they in turn lived in the old schoolhouse.

A new building was constructed in 1920, a three room structure. Another teacher was added and I taught in that one. In 1966 the area schools were combined and a brick building was constructed on Highway #9, seven miles west of Longs. The name of the consolidated school was Sweet Home. This schoolhouse has since been discarded when a new, very modern building was constructed at Daisy, three miles from Loris. Daisy Elementary serves a very large area, including Longs.

LONGS POST OFFICE

by Mrs. Margaret Thomas

In 1895 Mr. William H. Long of this section, a leader in the community, was appointed chairman of the Democratic Party. Soon after this a post office was added to what was called Ebenezer. He became the first postmaster and this community was then named Longs after him.

A mail carrier on horse or muleback would leave Longs each morning taking the mail to Hammond Post Office. A carrier in turn took it to Shell Post Office, and so on to Conway, S. C. In the early 1900's a Star Route was added instead of the relay of the carriers to Conway. Mr. Gardner Hewitt, driving a horse and buggy, would leave Longs before day going to Conway with the mail and return the same day, very late, bringing mail back.

Mr. W. H. Long was postmaster for several years. He then turned the post office over to his son, J. Hiram Long, who was postmaster for several years before he turned the post office over to Willie L. Long, also a son of W. H. Long. Mr. Willie moved it into his store at his house, only a few hundred yards from the present site. This exchange continued in their family until the 1950's.

The Longs Post Office is a third class one now with a rural route leaving Longs every morning.

THE HENRY GORE HOUSE

By Mrs. Lucille Barnette

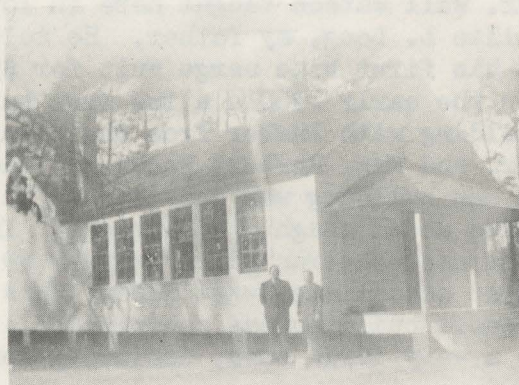
Henry Gore was a leader in the community of Longs. His family consisted of his wife Mattie and five children: Roscoe, Johnny, Essie Gore Bess, Ludy Gore Bryant, and Gladys Gore Swann. Henry Gore and Mr. Willie Long owned a sawmill together. He cut from his farm and sawed the lumber to build his house in 1910. By 1913 they had a deep

well and later, when electricity was available in 1941, lights were installed and running water was added.

In 1962 Carlisle Shelley bought the house. Later in 1968 Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Barnett purchased the house and have since remodeled it. Certain rooms had to be paneled and closets installed in them. Painting changed the looks. The bedrooms still have the homemade doors. The house has two and a half baths; storm windows were installed. Part of the porch which ran around the house was taken in and made into a pantry, bath, storage room and flower house. We are blessed with plenty of room.



THE HENRY GORE HOUSE



DEEP BRANCH SCHOOL after the addition of new room. Grier and Lucile Butler, teachers.

DEEP BRANCH SCHOOL

By Lucile Butler

Deep Branch School began before 1890. At that time school was in a small one room building. The school year was short, only six weeks. Teachers were few. A teacher would teach a six-week term in one community and move on to another, and another, the same year. Parents in this area wanted more than a six week school for their children, so they secured Miss Lou _____ to come and stay in the home to tutor their children. She later married Vance Gore. Other parents in the community heard of this arrangement and asked permission to send their children and to help pay the teacher.

The children loved to tease Miss Lou. Corbett Cox got a big kick out of asking her, "Which is right, Miss Lou, $6+5=13$ or $6+5$ is 13? She quickly answered, " $6+5=13$ " and Corbett would say, "No, Miss Lou, $6+5=11$." All would laugh and this made Miss Lou angry.

Some of the teachers who followed are: Isaac Cox, Monroe Stanley, John Lay, Rob Bryan, Mack Caines, Ford Chestnut, Edna Parker, Gertrude Parker, and Miss Effie Joyner, who is still living and taught in the year 1915. Other teachers followed: Lush Gore, Thelma Felker, Jettie Wilder, Flossie Cox, Ollie Justice, Velma Price, Mrs. Mishoe and Dalma Suggs. In 1916 Miss Sallie Ellis, a college graduate from Montgomery, Ala., came to teach at Deep Branch School. She stayed for six years and built the school to the point it was recognized as the best school in the county. It had a library of a hundred or more books of interest for all age levels. Miss Ellis taught grades 1-11. The school was equipped with patented desks, 3 large chalkboards, pictures, an unabridged Webster's Dictionary and a cooler which sat on a shelf in the corner and was kept filled with fresh water. Children were taught to brush their teeth after each meal, and if

they could not buy tooth paste, they could use a mixture of salt and soda which was even better. Each child was required to have his or her own folding cup. The old slate went out when Miss Ellis came in.

Deep Branch remained a one teacher school until the year 1937-38 when Grier R. Butler, the teacher, made the enrolment and average attendance for two teachers. The next year, a new room was added and his wife, Lucile, was hired. They taught together until Grier died in 1945. In 1946 Deep Branch consolidated with Sweet Home School.

GEORGE M. LONG

Information supplied by Allie Long

George M. Long and Columbia Richardson were married in the late 1800's and they had three children, Allie, Bettie and Jeffie. Their home, which was completed about 1896, had been started some years before. Much of the material was hewn out of heart timber and the sills and framework were put together with pegs. The weatherboarding is heart pine sawed and planed at the mill and put together with nails. Bricks for the chimney were made by hand. Ethel Devon Richardson, father of Columbia Long, built the chimney. He was a captain in the Civil War.

The house had four huge rooms and was typical of other homes built in this period. There was a passageway between the main part of the house and the kitchen and dining area.

An open well with a bucket on a chain, or a rope and pulley, provided water for the use of the family. When Allie was five and a half years old he and Bettie had typhoid fever, which prompted the testing of the water. As a result, about the year 1907 or 1908 a deep well with a pump was dug which gave pure water for the use of the family and the farm animals. There was no indoor plumbing.

When the farm was purchased by C. H. Whittington he completely renovated the house, running partitions through the large rooms, making several smaller ones. After the death of Mr. Whittington, Porter Hooks bought the place. His son, Paul Hooks, and Gary Bell now own it jointly.

COX CEMETERY

By Margaret Thomas

The Cox Cemetery is located on Highway #905 east of Longs. S. C. in the mid-1800's there was no burial ground in that section and Mrs. Adeline Long Cox, wife of John M. Cox, gave land for that purpose. The first and oldest grave was that of her husband, who was born in 1829 and died in 1871. Mrs. Cox, born in 1837, was buried beside her husband in 1889. Since that time family members and relatives have continued to be buried here, the last burial being on March 3, 1980.

A few hundred yards beyond this cemetery was the burial ground for slaves and Indians. The last burial was in the 1920's. There are no markers except wooden ones. It is said Mrs. Adeline Long Cox gave this land also. This burial ground is no longer used and has long since been under cultivation.

BRYAN CEMETERY

By Margaret Thomas

The Bryan Cemetery is located on highway #905 just one mile east of the Cox Cemetery. This is a family cemetery in which only Bryans are buried and family members still use it. The first tomb was a daughter that was buried in 1907; the next a son, Harry, who was buried in 1914. It is maintained by family members.

BELLAMY CEMETERY

By Margaret Thomas

The Bellamy cemetery is located one mile south of Longs, S. C. on Highway #9. The site of the cemetery was an indigo and flax field owned by Addelton Bellamy, who gave the land.

There were three Bellamy brothers who came to America from France in the early 1700's. One settled in Arkansas; John R. Settled in Wilmington, N. C.; and Addelton settled in this section of Horry County north of Waccamaw River. He owned many slaves, who built the house in which he lived in 1775. The lumber was hand hewn and put together with pegs. Across the field was a slave dwelling and cemetery with no markers, only mounds which can barely be seen today where large trees are growing.

Near the Bellamy house land was given for the white cemetery and in it today there are wooden markers which are weather worn and decayed. One has a visible date, 1803. The first stone marker is Nancy Long, born in 1816, died in 1850. There are other markers with dates of burials in 1880 and 1884, and so on. Members of these early families still use the cemetery and it is well kept by them.



Old wooden grave markers in the BELLAMY
CEMETERY



BUCK CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH

BUCK CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH

By Fred Lay, Jr.

In 1821, in a small community east of Buck Creek, Ruth, S. C., a group of consecrated Christians met to worship the Lord under a brush arbor. The road, then known as a "cart path" with only foot logs across the creek nearby, made it very difficult at times for those old pioneers to make much progress in church life. Under the leadership of the Holy Spirit the Buck Creek Baptist Church was organized in 1821 after which a small log structure was erected. J. Melvin Cox, William Edward Gore, and William Hardee were three of the charter members.

A close relationship has always been maintained between this church and nearby Ebenezer Methodist. Toward the last of the nineteenth century Mr. William Long, better known as "Uncle William," was Sunday School superintendent at both, serving one church one Sunday and the other the next.

In those days worship services were held only once a month, later twice a month and since 1951 every Sunday morning. In the early 1900's some of the members organized a church at Mt. Leon and in 1923 another one at Sweet Home. In 1928 a group felt the need for a church in the Olyphic community. Marvin Gore, Major Gore and Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Anderson were four of the charter members with Mr. Dow Harrelson as their first pastor. Out of Olyphic has grown Riverside Baptist.

Important events in the history of the church follow:

- 1821 Buck Creek Baptist Church organized. A log structure was built east of Buck Creek in the corner of J. M. Cox's yard. C. Hamilton was the first pastor. Another church building was constructed a few years later.
- 1850 Third church built and changed to west side of the creek. Rev. Josh Soles, pastor.
- 1892 Fourth church building erected on the same site. W. L. Hardee was first full-time Sunday School superintendent.
- 1935 Fifth building, two stories with Sunday School rooms on first floor.
- 1932 Missionary Society was organized.
- 1938 First Vacation Bible School
- 1941 Dr. Rufus Ford was called as Honorary Pastor for life to preach on 5th Sundays.
- 1945 Church was remodeled and brick veneered.
- 1956 Rev. Charles Sneed was called as the first full-time pastor. Pastorium was built at a cost of about \$15,000.00.
- 1962 Ground was broken for new modern education building. First Homecoming was held with an attendance of 189 and an offering of \$3,900.00.
- 1964 New education building was used for the first time.
- 1965 Youth Choir organized, entered the Music Festival and made grade A rating
- 1966 First Mother-Daughter G. A. banquet. First Standard Vacation Bible School.
- 1967 First Easter sunrise service held in the cemetery
- 1968 Organ purchased
- 1969 Church air conditioned
- 1970 Carport added to pastorium
- 1971 Library furnished and dedicated. Sesquicentennial celebration all during the year. Educational building dedicated Sept. 12, 1971
- 1972 Three stage renovation planned.
- 1973 There was no service on February 11, 1973, due to 12-14 inches of snow, the deepest in a hundred years. Construction begun on stage I, a connecting structure between the church and the educational building.
- 1974 Stage II, redesign and renovation of the sanctuary, begun and completed.
- 1979 Stage III, renovation of the facade and the addition of a steeple, begun and completed except for the front doors. Sunday School Director, Fred Lay, Jr., completed twenty seven years, 1952-1979, and was succeeded by Mike Blanton.
- 1980 Stage IV, an extension of the original renovation plan, was undertaken and completed. The basement became a social hall with kitchenette.

BUCK CREEK CEMETERY

By Margaret Thomas

The Buck Creek Cemetery, located on Highway #905, east of Longs, S. C., has a very unusual beginning. An infant was born in February 1894 and died in March the same year. Since there was no cemetery on this side of Buck Creek Swamp, the parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hardee, were in a dilemma. Knowing about this sandy hill, which was woods then, they buried their infant there, supposing it to be all right. The land belonged

to Boss Bellamy, grandson of Addelton Bellamy, who owned all of the land on this side of the creek. He was a shy, peculiar man and was not willing for the grave to remain there. He became so angry and disturbed about it that he threatened to dig the casket up and throw it in the road. Mr. George W. Jacobs, a close friend, prevailed with him to let the grave remain there and to give a quarter acre for a cemetery.

William Bell Hardee, born in 1816, who lived nearby wanted to be buried here too, but not without a deed or written agreement. Boss Bellamy finally consented to this and gave the first agreement or deed. William Edward Gore, born in 1820, died in 1903 and was the first adult to be buried here. When William Bell Hardee died in 1903, he was buried here, too, as he had wished. Continuous burials have followed until more land had to be added. Jim Bryan, owner of Myrtle Beach Farms, bought all of the land bordering the cemetery and land was purchased from him to enlarge it. He gave the first real deed. More land has since been added. It is known as Buck Creek Cemetery because of its association with the church.



The family of William D. and Walker Lewis Cox (except Lucile)



The William D. Cox home, now owned by Lucile Cox Butler

THE COX FAMILY: ANCESTORS OF LUCILE COX BUTLER

John M. Cox, b. 19 June 1829, d. 8 Sept 1871

m.

Sarah Adaline Long, b. 8 Nov 1837, d. Feb 1898

J. W. P. Lewis, b. 5 Feb 1829, d. Feb 1897

m.

Eliza Cox, b. 21 Aug 1839, d. 1911

William D. Cox, b. 3 Nov 1867, d. 3 Dec 1935

m.

Walker Lewis, b. 19 Jan 1870, d. 16 Oct 1938

To William and Walker Cox were born six children: Corbet, Lizzie, Dallas, Buna, Flossie and Lucile.



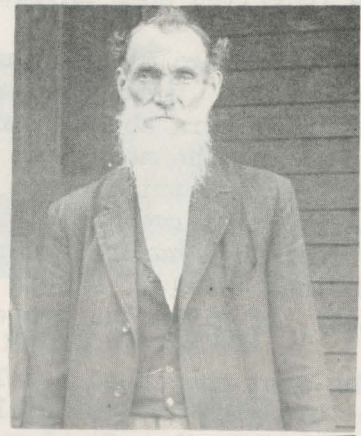
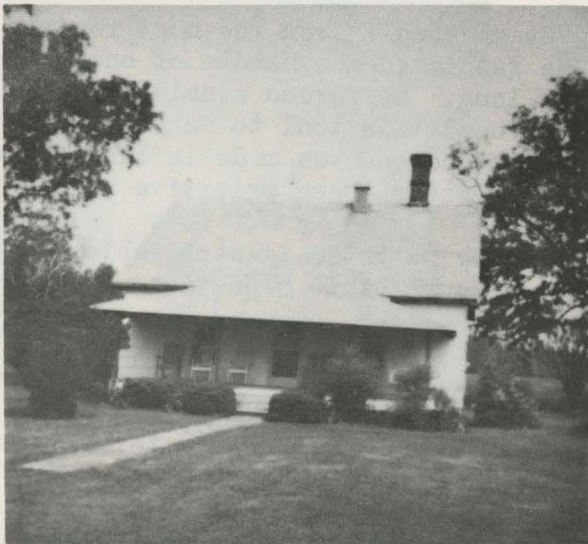
SARAH ADALINE LONG COX

THE COX FAMILY HOME GREW

by Lucile Cox Butler

The old home of John M. and Sarah Adaline Cox was built about 1855-1860. Their son, William D. Cox, and all of his children were born in this house. It was made of good material, plastered, with an open breezeway connecting the kitchen and dining room to the main part of the house.

It seemed that by this time the family was getting larger and the house smaller, so there was a need for a larger and more convenient house. The present house, now owned by the youngest daughter, Lucile, was built in 1910 over the old house, salvaging and using as much as possible of the material from the old house. It is a 1 1/2 story building with nine rooms and a bath. The old kitchen was moved out by the road and was used as a buggy house. Wagons, carts, and the surrey were also sheltered in the old kitchen.



Isaac P. Stanley
31 Jan 1851-28 July 1916

(left) Edward P. Russ House built in
1908

EDWARD P. RUSS PLACE

by Olene Russ

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Russ are the present owners of the Isaac P. Stanley farm located on highway 905 approximately two miles from the N. C. state line. Isaac Stanley purchased this tract from Joseph T. Bellamy in 1876.

[Note on the spelling of the name Stanley: Isaac Stanley's birth and the members of his family are recorded in the Bible spelling the surname Standley. Around 1900 the d was dropped.]

The first house the Stanleys occupied after purchasing the land was a log house where the family lived and slept. The kitchen was a separate small log building located about 50 yards from the main house. At one end of the kitchen was a clay chimney used for cooking. This chimney was made from clay, a small amount of pine straw and fat lightwood sticks. My husband tore this chimney down as late as 1925 and he explained to me something of the way it was constructed. The lightwood sticks were used to make the form for the chimney and the clay and pine straw served as mortar. Beginning at the ground the sticks were pinned up in an upright position. As each stick was added, a

sufficient amount of clay mortar was used to hold the sticks together and make the chimney fireproof. This process was repeated until the desired size, shape and height was reached.

A small portion of the main house was used as the Ruth, S. C. post office. Isaac Stanley served as postmaster. I have a receipt for a registered letter issued at Ruth, S. C., dated in 1898. The letter was addressed to the Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn. Signed I. P. Stanley, post master. I do not know the date of the establishment of this post office--but do have an envelope addressed to Ruth S. C., as early as 1894. This post office served the community until the R.F.D. began operating out of Loris in 1906.

In 1908 Isaac Stanley, the maternal grandfather of Edward P. Russ, built a large one and a half story frame dwelling. The floor joists and sills were handhewn from "lightwood trees." The siding was also cut from heart of pine and the shingles were hand drawn from cypress blocks. This house was renovated in 1966 by Edward P. Russ. Some inside changes were made, but the overall structure of the building was not changed.

We inherited some antiques from my husband's grandparents that remain in the house today.

A century ago man made many of his tools. He made them from the most readily available materials. Isaac Stanley made two awls. He fashioned the handle of one from a piece of deer horn about four and one-half inches long. He forced a nail into the handle and then filed the nail down to a sharp point. He used this tool to make holes in leather when repairing shoes for his family. The second one was made in like manner, using a wooden carved handle. According to family members these primitive little tools are at least one hundred years old.

Another antique, a Seth Thomas clock activated by weights, is still able to tick time away, if given the proper care. Isaac Stanley bought this clock second hand in 1875.

The most cherished heirloom handed down from three generations is a cut glass pitcher belonging to Mrs. Orilla Stanley. The exact age of this pitcher is not known, however, Grandmother Stanley was married in 1871.

Left in our care is an old account book belonging to E. J. Russ (paternal grandfather of Edward P. Russ). This old account book was in the breast pocket of E. J. Russ, Co. G, 8th N. C. Regiment, when he was hit by a bullet from a gun during the Civil War. The bullet penetrated the book, leaving a hole all the way through, but did not kill him. He was wounded in 1862. Grandfather Russ was living in N. C. during the Civil War, but years later moved to Horry County, S. C. He lived in the Buck Creek area and was a member of the Buck Creek Baptist Church.

We have a collection of postcards that were postmarked as early as 1907. Some of these cards are as old as the old homes on the spring tour. Yes, they are old and worn around the edges, but like the old houses that have been well cared for, they grow more beautiful with the years.

Another note of interest concerning Isaac P. Stanley: When he was only twelve years old he drove a horse and cart from Red Bluff to Charleston S. C. and back. He carried his mother to visit his father, Samuel Stanley, who had been wounded while serving as a Confederate soldier in the Civil War and was in a Charleston hospital.

Back in the early days the young people married and intermarried with boys and girls in the community. Travel was so slow that they could not get far from home to court. The first time an automobile came through the community was around 1910. Grier and Grant Butler heard it coming and ran to get to the road to see it pass. They stood and watched it go out of sight and it was the talk of the people for weeks afterwards.

Later, when the Model T arrived, boys came to see the girls, and they sat in the living room and played the old Edison record player and talked. Boys always dressed neatly with collar and tie and wore a coat. Shoes were always shined so you could see yourself in them. He was considered a gentlemen in the eyes of the ladies.

Mr. Calhoun Butler had a large general store and a turpentine still located about two miles north of Deep Branch. Farmers would bring their pine sap to sell or exchange for goods from the store. Mr. Calhoun also served as the people's bank. He would keep their money and give it back to them when they needed it. There was a turpentine still at Red Bluff also. Among the early settlers' names are Ballamy, Long, Gore, Butler, Russ and Cox.



CAMP SWAMP METHODIST CHURCH

(left) EBENEZER METHODIST CHURCH

CAMP SWAMP COMMUNITY AND CHURCH

by Linda Butler

Camp Swamp United Methodist Church is located about nine miles east of Loris, S. C., just off Hwy. #9 on S-26-55. It is near the North and South Carolina state line. Camp Swamp community borders Dothan, N. C. Today, as in the founding of the first church, the membership includes residents from both North and South Carolina.

A swamp which is now part of the Buck Creek Flood Control Project divides the community. No one can say for certain how or when the name Camp Swamp came into being, but we believe several things contribute to the name. We know many Indians camped near the run of the swamp because along this area have been found Indian burial grounds. As farmers work the land today they still find Indian spear heads. Several church members recalled that in the 1800's one could see people traveling in covered wagons who camped along this swamp area. Many of these were people traveling from North Carolina to the beach area. Camp Swamp Church was near this camping ground. In front of the church was an artesian well which provided these people and their horses with fresh water.

The first place of worship was described as being a "brush arbor"--rough shelter over a crude frame to protect the people from the wind and sun as they worshipped. On October 28, 1873, M. D. Butler conveyed one acre of land to the trustees of Conwayboro

circuit of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the use of the church there on Camp Swamp. Sometime later a small building was erected. This was built somewhat like an old clay chimney in that there was a layer of boards, then a layer of mortar used to frame it.

At this time the mothers dressed their infant sons in long dresses somewhat similar to our christening gowns today. Quilts were brought from home and laid under the pews. The pre-toddlers were placed on these to play during worship.

When meetings lasted into the night people hung their own lanterns in the church for light.

The Archives of the Historical Society of the South Carolina Methodist Conference shows us that in 1880 Camp Swamp Church was in the Marion District and on the Conway-boro Circuit. One preacher served several churches.

The congregation grew and an early membership roll book shows 82 members by October 19, 1890. At this time the preacher was Rev. Murdoch McIver Ferguson. This church building served the community as a one teacher school during the weekdays.

Along with the turn of the century came several changes. Loris Circuit, which included Camp Swamp, was combined with Little River to form Loris and Little River Circuit. Rev. Marion F. Dukes served these churches as pastor. In 1901 a new building for worship was made of boards hewn by hand. The older building continued to be used as a school until around 1906. One Sunday afternoon in 1920, as the people were gathering for worship, this new church was destroyed by fire caught from the flue of an old wood heater. The organ, pews and much of the furniture was saved. The pastor, Rev. Charles Shuford Felder, led the people in worship on the church grounds as the building finished burning. The furniture saved was moved to a storehouse belonging to Mr. Quince Graham. Worship continued there until in 1921 when a larger and much nicer building was built. Rev. Felder was still pastor at this time.

In 1940 this building was destroyed by lightning and fire. Rev. B. C. Gleaton was the pastor. With his help plans were drawn up and the work started on a new building. It was soon ready to be used for worship. Those serving on the building committee were W. B. Marlowe, E. F. Cox, H. G. Marlowe, N. H. Bellamy, R. E. Marlowe, C. B. Cox and I. C. Marlowe. The new building consisted of a sanctuary and four classrooms. This was completed and in 1952 was dedicated by Bishop Coston J. Harrell. In 1958, while Rev. P. B. McLeod was pastor, the church was enlarged by adding a kitchen, restrooms and fellowship hall. The lovely stained glass windows in the sanctuary were also added. These bear the names of many families of the church.

The beautiful three bedroom brick parsonage located next to the church was built in 1962 when Rev. C. C. Thompson was pastor. He moved in upon completion of the parsonage.

In 1971 with the encouragement of the pastor, Rev. Bob Wesley, plans were made for the first homecoming. This was such an enjoyable success that the decision was made for it to be a yearly event.

Rev. Chesley Covington became our pastor in 1972. With his help and leadership many improvements have been made on the church building and parsonage. Camp Swamp is very active in mission work on the local level and worldwide. The United Methodist Women are well organized and contribute much through financial and spiritual help. The Methodist Youth Fellowship was reorganized this year and has become a very important part of the church.

The children from nursery through junior high are offered the advantage of attending Vacation Bible School during the summer. Music is an important part of our worship. There are two active choirs, the adult and the youth. Many beautiful and useful memorials have been placed in the church during the past few years. These are recorded in a memorial record book given by the United Methodist Women.

For a period of time many of our youth left to attend school and enter various vocations. Many of these have now returned, bringing with them young families and adding new interest to the church.

The people, through their own determination and with the help of God, have struggled through the loss of two churches to make Camp Swamp a useful instrument for God's work.

We know of 42 pastors who have served this church, each contributing an important part.

[Mrs. Ada Hodges supplied much of the information about the history of the church.]

CAMP SWAMP COMMUNITY CEMETERIES

by Linda Butler

There are three known cemeteries in this community.

In the Butler Cemetery the oldest recorded is that of James Butler, b. 28 Feb. 1788, d. 3 Aug. 1853. He was married to Martha D. Butler (believed to be Martha Stanlon Cox), b. 25 Dec. 1803, d. 6 May 1888. The cemetery is located on S-26-772 between Buck Creek and Camp Swamp about two miles from Camp Swamp Church.

The Marlowe Cemetery is divided by the North and South Carolina line but most of it is in South Carolina, according to Mr. Grady Marlowe. The oldest marked grave is that of Reuben Marlow, b. 12 Jan 1826, d. 24 Jan 1870. He was married to Nancy Butler, b. 24 Feb. 1833, d. 11 March 1917. Grady Marlowe recalls a Jesse Marlow buried there, but the marker has disappeared. The cemetery is located just beyond state line on S-26-908, directly in front of the home of Grady Marlowe.

Camp Swamp Church Cemetery is located near the church on S-26-772. The oldest marked grave is M. J. Cox, b. 16 Nov 1849, d. 10 June 1893. His wife was Francis C. Cox, b. 25 Dec. 1846, d. 31 Dec. 1928.

CAMP SWAMP SCHOOLS

by Linda Butler

One school used the building of the Camp Swamp Church in the late 19th century and is mentioned elsewhere in the history of that church.

A second school was said to have been built partially with some of the wood from the old Camp Swamp Church. Johnny M. Butler gave one half acre of land to be used as long as a school existed. This school was built sometime around 1906.

Water was carried from the Camp Swamp Church flow well to school in jars. Soon a well was dug at the school and this same well furnishes water today for the home of Victor and Josie Butler. They now own the school site.

Some of the teachers who taught at this one teacher school were Mrs. Mazie Butler, Mr. Glenn Foy Holmes, Mr. Rob Bryant and a Mr. Hucks from Conway. I am sure this list is incomplete.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Homewood Colony

Bucksville and Bucksport

The Dark Corner

When Southern Hospitality Was in Flower

Pre-Civil War Culture

And any other good material sent in by
the membership



HOMES IN CAMP SWAMP COMMUNITY

by Linda Butler

George Calhoun Butler built his home before 1900. He was born January 14, 1850 and died March 28, 1910. He married Crissie Caroline Butler, born January 15, 1844, died December 19, 1916. This house is built almost entirely with fat lightwood. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hooks. Only a few feet from this house is where the turpentine still was located that was owned and operated by G. Calhoun Butler.

Ransom McKenley Butler was born September 24, 1837 and died May 3, 1916. On February 12, 1869 he was married to Lidya Ann Caldonia Cox (b. November 17, 1849; d. July 18, 1931) and shortly afterward, about 1870, built this house. Their children were all born and raised here. Their youngest son, Rufus Clyde Butler (December 26, 1892-August 4, 1978) and his wife, Laura Cox Butler also raised their family in this same house. It is unoccupied at this time and is owned by James R. Butler, son of Rufus and Laura Butler.



The John P. Stanley house was built in the early 1900's. He was born July 23, 1890 and died Dec. 7, 1966. He married Nettie Butler, b. January 20, 1886, d. April 21, 1970. Their daughters Ruth and Estelle live in the house at present.

Part of the Edwin Cox house is said to have been built by Reuben Marlowe, who died January 24, 1870. It was lived in by his son George Marlowe and his grandson Edwin Cox, who in 1925 married Lelia Norton. Between 1929-1930 they built several additional rooms and remodeled it. The present owner is Harry Lin Norton.

OTHER OLD HOMES IN THE LONGS AREA

Other homes built around the turn of the century are:

Bill Hardee (now owned by Mrs. Ida Matthews, wife)

Will Gore (built in 1905 by William Edward Gore, now owned by grandson Alston Gore of Clinton, S. C.)

Percy Butler (built about 1910 by Henry Russ, carpenter, now owned by Leon Butler, son)

Luther Hardee (owned by granddaughter, Nannie Lou Wright, present occupant)

Hartford Richardson (built in 1902, now owned and occupied by son, Hoyt Richardson.

There was a log house back in the field before this house was built.)



Hoyt Richardson (son of Hartford Richardson) and his sister Mary Jewel Richardson Johnson

SWEET HOME BAPTIST CHURCH

by Harry Vaught

On Friday, April 13, 1923, seventeen Christian men and women met with Rev. T. M. Tyler and Rev. W. D. Stevens in the old Sweet Home School building with a song and a prayer in their hearts. They were there to discuss the need of a Church in the community. "Amazing Grace" was the first song the group sang.

Rev. Tyler, Rev. Stevens, Deacon George W. Gause and Deacon D. T. Cartrette formed the Presbytery. After being questioned, the small group decided the church should be called the Sweet Home Baptist Church, since the school in the community was called Sweet Home. Rev. Stevens questioned those present and after each person gave him satisfaction, he extended the right hand of fellowship.

On the following Saturday the first conference was held and three joined as candidates for baptism awaiting church membership. Officers were elected: Bro. George W. Gause was the first superintendent, Bro. Noah L. Lee, the first deacon. He was ordained the following Sunday.

Rev. Tyler met with them in conference each month serving as Moderator until June, when he was called to serve as Pastor.

In August 1923, the first building committee was appointed: Bros. N. L. Lee, R. K. Little, D. M. Bellamy, J. I. Cox and George W. Gause. The first building was completed in 1925.

In November 1929, Bro. Roland Lee was licensed to preach and in April 1930, Bro. Otto Edwards was licensed. Both were ordained for the ministry in March, 1931. Bro. Alton Gause was granted a licence to preach on February 8, 1964.

After the church realized the need of another building, a committee was appointed on January 5, 1963, to proceed with plans and means to start a new church building. The committee members were H. P. Vaught, J. B. Smith and R. M. Mills. The first service was held in the new building on the first Sunday in August 1964.

Since the beginning of Sweet Home Baptist Church twenty-one pastors have served the Church and thirteen of them are still living.

Rev. T. M. Tyler	1923-1924	Rev. L. L. Johnson	1946-1951
Rev. J. Walter Todd	1924-1926	Rev. R. W. Strickland	1951-1953
Rev. W. A. Williams	1926-1928	Rev. R. B. Carter	1953-1957
Rev. J. Robert Carter, Sr.	1928-1929	Rev. Crowell Powell	1957-1961
Rev. S. A. Hatley	1929-1932	Rev. Eugene Evans	1961-1963
Rev. P. B. Coats	1932-1935	Rev. Eugene Gardner	1963-1970
Rev. George Hunt	1935-1938	Rev. Carl Anderson	Jan.-Aug. 1971
Rev. P. B. Coats	1938-1941	Rev. R. M. Lee	1971-1974
Rev. Otto Edwards	1941-1944	Rev. Glenn Fowler	1975-1976
Rev. C. E. Brisson	1944-1946	Rev. Lee Singleton	1977-1979
Rev. Haywood Fowler		1980-	



Old Sweet Home School

SWEET HOME SCHOOL

By Lucile Butler

Shadrack William Vaught, born May 31, 1841, died March 1918, was a schoolteacher. He decided a school was necessary for this community. Perhaps the parents worked together to erect the first schoolhouse which was built on the property near the present Sweet Home Church on Highway #9 about nine miles east of Loris. This building was constructed about 1890. Mr. Vaught was the first teacher. He decided that his students were so nice and sweet to him that the school ought to be called Sweet Home.

Around 1904 the school had increased to the extent a new and larger building was needed, so a three classroom building was erected across the road. In the year 1924 a two story schoolhouse was built near the old building. This provided for four large classrooms with an auditorium occupying the entire second floor.

In 1966 a new brick building was constructed about six miles east of Loris and smaller schools were consolidated in it. It kept the name Sweet Home until 1978 when it was abandoned in favor of the large, modern consolidated Daisy Elementary School near Loris on the Red Bluff Road.



THE JOHN B. GORE HOUSE

by Lucile Butler

The farm, approximately two hundred acres, located about five miles east of Loris at Goretown, was to be sold for taxes. Mr. Christopher Columbus Gore bought the property and gave it to his son, John B., to be paid for as soon as he could. It didn't take him long, for John was a surveyor by profession and the proceeds were a great supplement to his farm income.

Mr. John and his wife, Bettie, moved to the farm in 1898 and lived in the house that was already there. It was a small two-room house with a shed across the back. Soon the decision was made to remodel. The top and sides were ripped off and the material used to help enclose a two-story, ten room house with porches upstairs and down. It took time in those days to complete a house, but this one was finished quickly.

Mr. John died in 1947 and Mrs. Bettie followed in 1950. Odelle, the youngest son, having stayed home and managed the farm before his father's death, fell heir to the home place. He has since added some fifty to seventy-five acres to the property.

In 1953 the house was partially renovated. In 1962 the back screened porch was turned into a large den, a utility room, and another bathroom added. The house now has eleven rooms, three bathrooms and a number of closets. The outside is covered with asbestos siding.

The old-fashioned telephone is on the wall in the den. One of the original pieces of furniture, a hall tree, is also in the den. Most of the home is furnished with antiques that complement the setting. An iron spiral stairway leads to the second floor from the living room. One room is now being used as a beauty parlor operated by Evelyn Gore, Odelle's wife.

The farm bell which used to let the hands know when to stop for dinner and the covered well are still there, adding atmosphere. Another unique feature is an old cart-wheel that is used to support the mail box.

The old water mill was in full operation when John B. Gore moved here. It ground corn for the entire community. A big flood came in 1916 and no one was there to raise the flood gate to let the water out, so the gate was broken and the mill destroyed.

The new four lane Highway #9 is being built about a quarter mile from the house. The beautiful old home, often called "The White House," will be in full view of passing traffic.

The children of John B. and Bettie Gore: Elbert, Dr. Aubrey (optometrist, Conway, deceased), Kermit, Oletta Gore Bryant, Odelle. The children of Odell and Evelyn Gore: Dr. Bobby (dentist, Charleston), Betty Gore Todd (R.N.), and Laura Gore Wadford.



The Spring tour is a fine time for socializing and learning. HCHS is grateful to the people of the community who share their rich heritage with us.

HCHS WINS AWARD; LONG ELECTED TREASURER AT LANDMARK CONFERENCE

By E. R. McIver

The 1980 South Carolina Landmark Conference was held in Charleston, S. C. on April 24-26. Members attending from the Horry County Historical Society were Mrs. Jewell Long, William H. Long, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Berry and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McIver.

The Preservation Society of Charleston was host for the Conference. The program was well diversified. On Thursday and Friday we were shown some of the elegant homes of old Charleston, which included the Russell House, Judge Robert Pringle House, Major Peter Becquet's House, William Harvey House, Sword Gate Inn, Toomer-Purse House, and the Robert Fenwick Giles House. On Saturday we saw the rustic and beautiful homes and churches on the Cooper River, which included Snee Farm, Christ Church, Oakland Plantation, Church of St. Thomas and St. Denis (here to our great delight we found the tombstone of Dr. Flagg and his wife), Pompion Hill Chapel, and Middleburg Plantation, where we were served a picnic lunch.

Meetings were held in very interesting buildings. The business meeting was held in the beautiful old Beth Elohim Synagogue. Conferences were held in the Fireproof Building, the Gibbs Art Gallery, and the College of Charleston. Meals were served at the First Scots Presbyterian Church and the Hibernian Hall.

Mayor Riley of Charleston gave a very interesting account of the development of the city, including its historic past. Nancy Marshall Smith gave a very good slide presentation, "Charleston Overview." The main speaker at the banquet was Dr. William J. Murtagh, Columbia University, New York City.

The 1980 Conference maintained the excellent record of past meetings. Every conference is of the highest quality. The next conference will be held in Georgetown and will be a fine opportunity for many of our members to attend.

The Awards Committee gave the Horry County Historical Society first place for the most interesting program during the year for the cruise on the Dixie Belle. Horry County was also honored by having W. H. Long elected treasurer of the S. C. Confederation of Local Historical Societies.

[Rick McIver represents this district on the governing board of the Confederation.

--CHL]

CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs. J. J. Hughes, 4700 Pine Lakes Drive, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577: 1. Who were the parents of Joseph GRAHAM (b. 28 April 1781, d. 2 Nov 1845) and his wife Mary _____ (b. 6 Nov 1786, d. 15 Jan 1831)? My maternal great grandfather, John William GRAHAM, was their son and he was born 17 March 1823, d. 10 June 1895, and m. 3 Jan 1850 Rhoda Caroline GRAHAM (b. 27 Oct 1827, d. 8 Aug 1903).

2. Who were the parents of William GRAHAM (b. ca 1782, d. ca 1852) and his wife, Mary GORE (b. ca 1810, d. ca 1866)? My maternal great grandmother, Rhoda Carolina GRAHAM, was their daughter.

3. Who were the parents of Joanna C. FLOYD (b. 1840, d. 10 March 1913)? She m. Wright J. WILLIAMS (b. 1830, d. 23 April 1914). I believe Joanna C. FLOYD had a brother, Johnny FLOYD (b. ca 1834, d. ca 1911), a sister Helon FLOYD (b. ca 1849) and seven other brothers and sisters. Alfred Pinkney FLOYD was the son of Hugh FLOYD (b. ca 1781, d. ca 1854), who was the son of Francis FLOYD (b. 28 March 1756, d. 22 Oct 1804).

4. Who were the parents of Robert Daniel BEST (b. 18 April 1830, d. 15 April 1900)? He married Dorcas GORE (b. 15 June 1834, d. 5 Jan 1913).

AN ERRAND TO THE SOUTH IN THE SUMMER OF 1862
[Third Installment]

By the Rev. William Wyndham Malet

CHAPTER IV.

A Move to the Sea, and First Visit to the Plantation.

Conwayborough is waxing warm; and besides the heat, if you walk out, there are little ticks which crawl upon your skin from top to Toe, and you must undress to get rid of them. As for mosquitoes, the muslin Curtains keep them out at night.

I determined on a trip to the sea. Mrs. W_____'s plantation rested on both sides of the Wakamah river, which runs from north to south parallel with the sea, leaving a strip of about three miles, and then a creek of the sea runs behind a sand island, called "Pawley." Here about fifteen wealthy planters have selected portions of land, and covered the island with neat marine villas. I left in the buggy and pair at 5 A.M.; at twenty-six miles rested half an hour, at a farm of a Mr. Macklin, who gave good entertainment for man and horse, and would take no payment. In spite of the blockade these farmers have abundance of good things. Here you are in a "foreign land," and meet with a regular old English reception and hearty welcome: corn bread --milk--butter--honey--cider--wine--all homemade; orchards filled with peach-trees and apples--the fruit not yet ripe. Mr. Macklin's eldest son is called "Lafayette." Talking of the United States blockaders, Mrs. M. said, "they could not reckon them anything less than pirates; they invaded unoffending citizens on the coasts, insulted the women, destroyed their property, and took away their servants and cattle."

The road was rough: often when a tree had fallen across it, a detour had to be made some yards through the forest. The woods were beautiful in all variety of foliage: oaks, cypress, cedar, pine, magnolias, azaleas, &c. I passed ten fine plantations with their negro villages; the houses are built in streets, and generally in échelons. The forty miles were done in seven hours. "Prince" never touched the horses once with the whip--only spoke to them; the voice is much used in the management of horses in the South. Though the sun was hot, and flies were numerous, yet the horses went along unmolested, being protected from flies by the "horse guards," which are immense black and yellow hornets; two or three of them keep continually hovering round each horse, devouring the flies and scaring them away; they are also constant attendants on cattle, to their great relief and comfort. Some miles of the road were deep with sand. It was sad to see the plantation called Hagley--its empty mansion being kept by a faithful negro and his wife. I entered under a raised portico, and walking on through a passage, came to a domestic chapel, where daily morning and evening service used to be said by the master. A three-miles drive further brought us to the hospitable house of Mr. Rosa, Capt W_____'s catechist--now acting overseer. Mandeville is shaded by a grove of ilexes--the tide coming to the foot of the garden; I felt at once the reviving influence of the sea air.

On St. Peter's day, 29th June, I served in St. Mary's, Weehawka, on the Wakamah river; a pretty wooden church with lancet windows; for coolness, the walls are double, and thus made about three feet wide. In the tower there is a capital clock, the moral influence of which among the negroes is said to be wonderful and indescribable. Mr. Rosa is appointed a "lay reader." This is an excellent addition to the ministry of the Church; and our bishops would do well to have it in England. He reads Prayers and Lessons; and if the rector be absent, he reads a sermon of his approval. The congregation (consisting of 250 negroes, men, women, and children) was very attentive. About a dozen of the men had prayer-books, and joined audibly in the service, all saying the "Amens" much better than many of our congregations in England. The "Selections" of the psalms and the hymns are a great improvement on our Prayer-book; many negroes who

cannot read, know the "Selections" by heart, as also they do many of the hymns, in the singing of which they join heartily and correctly. After service a great many of them came up to the chancel steps, and shook hands with me.

Next day I saw the rice fields on the south bank of the Wakamah: these fields are reclaimed from swamps: a high embankment is made along the river, through which at intervals are placed immense sluices, which are the means of keeping the fields flooded from seed-time till harvest. On the 30th of June the crops were about half grown; the harvest would be in September, nearly half the blade being under water continually till the ear ripens. Out of 300 acres this year, owing to the 150 negroes having gone to the new plantation, more than 100 were doomed to destruction. This is executed by drowning the crop, and then letting off the water suddenly, which lays it flat and dry for the sun to kill. However, the clever Mr. Rosa, who makes as good an overseer as he is Catechist, hit upon the idea of cutting the half-ripe rice, and making it into hay for the mules and oxen; and I doubt not it answered his expectations. In the garden of the overseer's house he raises two crops of "Irish potatoes," yearly; first in June, second in October: they are sown in trenches with layers of straw: they are called "Irish potatoes" because the "sweet potato" or yam, the staple vegetable (vast fields being full of it everywhere) has usurped the old name. The gardens here produce delicious figs, grapes, and melons, okra (what we call quash in India), egg plant, tomata--all in abundance. The negroes have all these in their gardens too. The woods produce whortleberries finer than any I ever saw in Germany or England, and carry their grateful shade down to the sea: they are mostly of second growth here, as about 200 years ago the whole ground was taken up by indigo fields. When the original planters took up land, it was all for indigo, while the swamps on the river margins were thrown in as worthless; but now these swamps, as just stated, give all the wealth of the planters; and indigo is left to grow wild in the second-growth woods. But how beautiful are those woods! The roads are drives through groves abounding with magnolias, bays, rhododendra, and azaleas: the aromatic scents by night, when your path is lit up by innumerable fire-flies, is delicious.

On the 1st July I left the sea-washed and forest-shaded Mandeville, at 3 A.M.; the Virginia steeds, Saratoga and Equity, dashing through the scented woods lighted by fire-flies and stars. These light buggies, with their slender wheels, are the traps to fly through a country in; when you pull at the horses they dash onwards--when you slacken your hold, they slacken their pace; and their eyes are free to gaze about--no blinkers to disfigure their beautiful heads; their "hoofs that iron never shod," uncontracted, spurn the earth: for the roads are all sandy in these parts; there is no "breeching" to hide their muscular, well-turned quarters: so away they go, with nothing but collars and traces and a tight girth. The whole affair is the acme of lightness and strength combined. We soon got over the thirty-six miles to the Wakamah ferry. "Prince" drove the carriage into the boat; luckily I got out; the "young man" of the ferry was gone to the war, so we only had a negro woman to manage it. In half an hour we reached the opposite bank. Our dusky propeller held on her pole at the stern, and I seized the iron ring at the prow; "Prince" gave a pull, and out sprang the steeds--but, alas! back went the boat, in spite of my pull and her push. Nobly the horses struggled up the slippery bank, their hind feet in and out of the water: the bank was steep, the water deep; in a moment the boat had slipped away, and the carriage was in the river, and poor "Prince" in a very uncomfortable position. I kicked and thumped the near horse, and urged them with my voice, telling "Prince" to let go the reins; and just as the horses made a last desperate effort to escape being dragged back into the stream with the floating buggy, both splinter bars broke, and away they sprang with the pole and reins. I rushed to the near fore-wheel, which was just disappearing, and by unexpected strength held it up to the edge of the bank. The moment the horse broke loose, "Prince" scrambled over the splash-board, sprung to the bank, and held the other wheel. The poor negro woman stood aghast; the horses began eating grass. We looked

down to the ferry head--how lucky! It was conscript-day at Conwayboro', and three planters' overseers had just arrived, and were getting into another boat to pass over. As soon as possible they came to the rescue, and by all our united efforts we pulled the vehicle onto terra firma, and with bits of wood and cords, splinter bars were extemporized, and in a few minutes we were off again for the Boro' with no more damage than my valise, with all its contents, my white surplice, my books and journal, stained with the dark-brown waters of the Wakamah.

On returning to Conwayboro' I hear the news of the Federal forces being driven from near Richmond several miles down the James River; but there are no flags flying, no outward signs of rejoicing--only the people seem, individually, as if a weight were removed from their minds, by gloom being exchanged for smiles.

A warm retreat is Conwayboro'. At midday, July 2nd, thermometer 86°, and little relief at night; yet people seem to live to a good old age here. I met a lady to-day, aged seventy, strong in mind and body; has a son who has been wounded four times; her residence is North Carolina. A friend of hers, a widow, had a plantation at Pollocks-ville; part of General Newbern's force went up the river and took away by force 100 of her negroes. She stated as a known fact, that four ship-loads of negroes had been taken from Port Royal to Cuba, and sold to pay expenses of the war. ... [pp. 78-85]

CHAPTER VI.

Back at the Refuge, and then to the Wakamah and the Blockaders.

When I arrived at Conwayboro', 185 miles east of Columbia, on the 11th of July, I found that the thermometer in my sister's sitting-room had been 93° all yesterday, but a thunder-storm this afternoon cooled the air--mocking-birds were singing all day close to the house. A negro nurse came to-day with a beautiful child, son of Mr. Emanuel; its name was "Plowden Weston," a name celebrated in South Carolina for true and unostentatious patriotism. The Emanuels were refugees from George Town; for which borough Mr. P. Weston is member in the House of Commons of the State, called the House of Representatives. Two of the young men are in his company in the 10th Regiment, South Carolina, fine handsome fellows of six feet each; and if ever Walter Scott's Rebecca was personified, she is in Miss Emanuel of Conwayboro'. Mr. Weston was invited to the "circumcision" of this infant named after him. How many Christians have had this mark of Jewish tolerance? but this is the land of toleration and mingling of creeds. When I looked on these beautiful forms, and heard of the Jews, of whom there are many in the South in high position and highly educated (for their colleges are excellent, even so good that many Christian youths attend them); when I heard of their joining the Christians in all works of charity which are now called to life in this struggle for liberty, I could not but long for them to see the truth of the 22nd Psalm, &c.--to look to the true Christ, the Messiah on the Cross--to give up their hopeless waiting for that atonement which has been perfected; and offered up a prayer for them to come to the true light.

Some ladies and gentlemen called, all handsome, all cheerful; neat carriage and horses. The features and figures of both sexes in these parts of the world are remarkable for correctness and beauty; there is often a want of colour in the cheek, no doubt arising from the heat of these latitudes, but the eyes are very brilliant, and the mouths are not slow to utter the thoughts of the minds which those eyes seem to reflect. The ladies are aware of their influence; yet without any pride or affectation, but with perfect good-breeding, do they accept the great deference, almost homage, which is always paid them by the stronger sex in the South. Perhaps this spirit of devotion has made Butler's insulting proclamations more irritating, and roused the ire with which, when the Southern regiments charge bayonets, amid their yell, they shout out, "Butler and New Orleans!"

Snowhill--nix a non nigendo--was a scene of rejoicing from my bringing a good account of the friends and relations of the negroes from Winsboro'. The fiddle and banjo sounded for the merry dance on the Saturday half-holiday, and bonfires blazed at night; and on Sunday morning, before daylight, I was awake by the sound of hymns from the negroes' court.

After I had preached in the Presbyterian church I was asked to preach in the Methodist, but was prevented doing so by absence till to-day, the 13th of July. Two venerable-looking yeomen, elders of the "Methodist Episcopal Church," offered prayers, and I preached on Isaiah liii., 2nd verse: "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him"--which I took to fore-show the shame of the cross, on which his beautiful form was marred and all his comeliness spoilt, and even his own disciples forsook him and fled from him; for while he was young "He grew in stature and in favour with God and man;" and when he went about doing good, and it was said of him "Blessed is the womb that bare thee," and multitudes hung on his words, there can be no doubt that his form was perfect and his countenance beaming with love. One of the Elders gave me the hymn-book, and I selected the well-known hymns, "Lord, we come before thee now," "Rock of Ages," and "When I survey the wondrous cross,"--from which I showed--that the shame of the cross was changed to glory now, to all the faithful--that we were not ashamed of the cross, and to look on the crucified Saviour; Christians used the pictures and crucifixes not as objects of worship, but as mementos of him who once was despised and rejected--that St. Paul's expression in his Epistle to the Galatians, chap iii, ver. 1, "before whose eyes," &c., I took to mean that the Apostles used pictures or figures of Christ on the cross to illustrate their teaching, pictures being, as it were, a book to the unlearned. I told them that their founder, J. Wesley, never meant his followers to leave the Church; that their having bishops and imposition of hands was an acknowledgment of the apostolic order, and that perhaps ere long they would see that the laying on of hands is utterly meaningless without faith in the apostolic succession. I mentioned my having lately seen a cross on the gable of a Methodist church; and indeed during my short stay in America I had seen many signs of agreement among various denominations of Christians, that are not seen in the Eastern Continent. How singular that I should be asked to preach for both Presbyterians and Methodists, when I had been for years past praying for and urging, in sermons and pamphlets, the unity of Christendom! Old Beatty's prayer was good and reverential: with tears and trembling he alluded to the war: he had just lost a son, who died of his wounds, received at the battle of Secessionville, in James Island; he has three more sons in the 10th S. C. Regiment, now in the Far West. Both congregations requested me to preach again to them, but I was prevented doing so.

In the afternoon I met a negro who had just been officiating at a negro funeral. Henry Wallace, a negro class-leader, preached in the Methodist church in the afternoon: having our family service at Snowhill, I could not attend. One thing is certain, that the four million negroes in the Southern States are all professing Christians, and all have spiritual as well as temporal provision. Bondservice has its evils; but have all the Missionary Societies together, in Africa and Asia, brought such a number to the knowledge of our Savior? This is a question I was often asked in my intercourse with Southerners; and even where negroes are hired for town work--e.g. in hotels and stables--they arrange for attending Divine service some time every Sunday, and the masters never think of refusing to let them go; but on inquiring of white waiters at hotels in America and London, I have generally had for answer, "O no, we have no time for that. Our work is from early morning till late at night, Sundays as well as other days."

The boat's crew from Hagley were again up at "The Refuge," and in the evening all met together, and I heard them singing a fine solemn hymn, several women's voices mingling. Then they sang a kind of epic hymn, improvised by one of the boatmen, going on for at least ten minutes. I marked down the following words:--

"The Jews killed my Jesus. (Chorus)--Hallelujah!
Upon the cross they stretched Him--Hallelujah!
They laid Him in the Sepulchre--Hallelujah!
Then early in the morning--Hallelujah!
Came Mary and Joanna--Hallelujah!
And asked for Master Jesus--Hallelujah!
Two angels were a-sitting--Hallelujah!
Where He had been lying--Hallelujah!
Jesus was a-standing--Hallelujah!
Hard by in the garden--Hallelujah!
Mary did not know him--Hallelujah!
And said, 'Where has thou laid Him?--Hallelujah!
'Mary, don't you know me?'--Hallelujah!
Then said she 'Rabboni'--Hallelujah!"

The hallelujah is prolonged so as to give the singer time to remember or improvise the next line.

The Voluntary system reigns throughout, and will not allow its ministers to want for the necessities of life, as, sad to say, is the case in hundreds of instances in the Church in England, where the "livings" are turned into "starvings," by the robbery of the tithes, mildly termed "alienation," and the lords of the soil take no steps to make up for the loss--muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn. The clergy of the Anglo-American branch of the American Church whom I met receive from \$1,500 to \$1,800 per annum, besides residence, and glebe of five acres or so, or in a town a house, rent \$400; if he has a family, the Elders pay him \$200 per annum, and allowance for children, and funds for superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans. In the Episcopal Church there is such a fund also, the clergy themselves paying an insurance rate, which is very light, as the laity subscribe largely to the fund.

I met a clergyman who had a negro man and his wife, who had ten children, and one of them had married, and had four children, amounting to seventeen. The attachment between master and negroes was so strong that he could not bear to sell any of them: this is one of the difficulties in "the institution;" he must feed and clothe them all! If they were set free they would be helpless. Generally I found great reluctance to sell the negroes. Often it was observed to me, "See what a system we have had handed down to us, in which many difficulties arise," and this was an instance. It was often remarked to me, "We would gladly have free labourers, but the negroes are not for it, they are so dependent, like children; in fact, slavery is a curse to the white, but a blessing to the black man." I knew of an instance where, by the will of a proprietor, 150 slaves were obliged to be sold. The inheritor could not bear to put them in the market, so he looked out for some friend to take them, and was after a while successful; they were sold for much less than he might have got, to go 800 miles away. At the parting of master and negroes there was a scene of sorrow and weeping, and so they went on to the steamer in the river; but the negro is a light-hearted creature: music and refreshments for them were provided on board, and their sighs and tears were soon changed to laughter and merriment.

The Abolitionists are not always so humane to the negro, if it be true what was told me, viz., that among some property in South Carolina left to Mr. Sumner, the Senator, was a remarkably fine, intelligent servant. Some friends wrote to him in the North, saying, that if sold by private contract a good place could be insured for the man, though the price would be less than if put up for competition; the answer was, that he was to be sold for as high a price as he could fetch. Certainly, this was all fair; but what an opportunity was lost of practising the principle! I met a gentleman to-day on furlough from the 10th Regiment from Missouri: he declared that thousands of negroes in Missouri said they would rather help "massas" than strangers.

The heat of the middle of July at Conwayboro' is no joke: thermometer 89°. One of the George-Town refugees, Mr. Porter, was going down the river in a "four-oar," and kindly offered to give me a passage to Hagley. I was up at 2.30, but we did not start till past four. The negro captain of the boat was a jolly fellow: he blew a loud blast on his "conch" to call his men together: not an easy thing is it to sound the conch, but when once attained, it gives a far-resounding call. Captain Charlie had his wife on board to give her a trip to their dearly beloved home, from which they wished the Yankees far away.

The Wakamaw is a very winding river. There was no wind for sailing: the sun was extremely hot, and there being no awning to protect us, its effects were felt severely; but the negroes rowed merrily, every now and then singing their boat songs.. Instead of reaching my destination at the expected time, 2 P.M., it was 9 o'clock and pitch dark when I landed: the tide was for some way dead against us. The sea-side residence was more than three miles distant, which, on account of the darkness through the woods, the only light being the fireflies, I did not reach till eleven. On the next day I found the cool sea-breeze and bathing in the surf of the Atlantic very refreshing.

As I was walking along the beach, I saw some curious tracks in the sand, going to the foot of the high sand-banks by which the beach is bounded. The old negro who had charge of the house told me that they were turtle tracks, and that it must have made its nest there: after digging a few inches under the surface we found a heap of turtle eggs in a perfectly round hole about eight inches in diameter, each egg being the size of a small fives-ball. We took them all out, and counted 115. The most extraordinary thing is that though they will bear no pressure of the fingers without indenture, yet none are hurt by lying one on the other. The discovery delighted the negro, who said that they were "first-rate" eating, which, on having some for breakfast, I found to be the case. They have a delicate flavour, and must be very nutritious: their coating is tough instead of brittle. The usual time for laying these eggs is at the full moon, and they are hatched by the heat of the sun operating on the sand. Turtles abound on this coast.

On the 20th July, I preached at the plantation church, St. Mary's, Weehawka. Mr. Rosa, the catechist, is a "lay reader;" which office enables him to read the greater part of the service: thus he greatly helps the minister. The following prayer was used:--

"O God, King of kings, Lord of lords, the Ruler of sovereigns, who dost from thy throne behold all dwellers upon the earth: behold with thy favour and pity the people of this State; give unto them the spirit of courage and of holy fear, the spirit of faith and wisdom; so that all their counsels may be governed by thy word, and be under the guidance of thy inspiration. Give to all their rulers grace to execute justice with impartiality, and to maintain the laws and rights of the commonwealth. Give to all masters grace to keep order and discipline in their families, and to treat their servants with mercy, kindness, gentleness, and discretion; knowing that thou hast made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. Give to all servants grace to obey their masters, and please them well in all things; knowing that in thus doing they shall please thee who art the Master over all. Give to our enemies grace to cease from their evil designs against us. Assuage their malice, and bring to nought their wicked devices. Give to all thy people here and elsewhere, grace to live in amity, harmony, and peace. But more especially we pray thee to give thy special grace to this our State of South Carolina; that under thy care she may long flourish and endure, giving her victory over all her enemies; so that truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. All these things we ask for in and through thy dear Son Jesus Christ our Lord." [pp. 109-120]

[To be continued]

CIVIL WAR LETTERS OF JOHN R. BEATY
[continued]Monday Night
Camp Marion

My Dear Wife

I reached here late last night cold & tired, but have been up and Drilling to day. The Road was bad and the Horse tired out so I had to walk a good deal of the way. The Storm of Thursday night done a great deal of good. it Wrecked one Steamer for Lincoln on the Georgetown bar the Crew, 19 in number are in Georgetown Jail two of them are Negroes. the Boat was loaded with Provisions for the Lincoln Army Most of it is spoilt & Lost. out of 39 live Beef Cattle our folks have save 5 the rest were drowned. The Boat had a large lot of Bread Port & Irish Potatoes. they have got 25 Barrels of Potatoes & expect to get the Port. Another Steamer was disabled by the Storm & Captured by Col Manigault in the Nina. she professes to be Spanish but the Col thinks she is Yankee and has anchored her under the Guns of the Fort and waits Orders from Ripley. The Captain of the Yankee Steamer that was wrecked says there are 50,000 Troops in the Fleet and that they were destined either for Charleston, Beaufort or Brunswick G.A. he says we are bound to have our hands full, and says the Yankees say if we beat them this time they are going to quit. so you see that again Providence has caused the Elements to blast the well arranged Plans of our bitter foes, and who knows yet how far the disaster of the Storm has reached and whether or not it has not finished this unhappy struggle. Oh how thankful ought we to be if elements of wind and rain have interposed to save our Homes from the element of fire and the innocent inhabitants from the Swords. We are now in constant expectation of fighting some portion of the invaders if they should have changed their plans since the Storm & attempt to Land on this Coast which is probable unless the Storm was extensive & Very Violent both East and South of us. there cant now be the shadow of a doubt but what they were fully prepared to land & march through the Country as this wrecked Boat among other things had large quantities of Wag-gons on Board. The other parts no doubt being on other Boats, these Waggons were either to transport baggae for the Army or to haul Cotton & R ice to convenient Landings on the River to Ship it so you see they are Coming not only to Conquer but also to take possession. who knows but what each Vessell has negroes on Board to act as guides and to incite the Slaves to armed Rebellion this is the Standing threat of the Yankees.

I would write more to you about the Fleet and the Blockade &c if I Knew what to write, but I have given you all the news that has reached me so far and my own crude thoughts on it and as it is late and I am cold I will stop. do write me by every chance you get and let me know how you and the children are and how you get On. If we move to South Island it will be a bad chance for me to hear from you as there is no mail to the Boro, and traveling ~~will~~ to the Island will most likely be stopped. however I will make some shift to hear from you.

and now my Wife keep your spirits up dont alarm yourself needlessly about me for I still believe that Yankee Powder will never send Yankee lead through my clothes, for I trust in a Power higher than any earthly one

Goodbye kiss the children for me
God bless you
Yours till Death
John R Beaty

Camp Marion
August 13/61

My Dear Wife

As Mr. Bell goes up home tomorrow I write you a line informing you that I am well

except ocasional touches of Diahrea which continues to prevail here to great extent. it is owing I expect to the dry & hot weather.

I went to Town yesterday which is the first time I have been out of the Camp since I first Came here. I enquired the price of Sugar 13¢ Soap 10¢ if an opportunity occurs I will try and send you up some that is if I can get it on a credit--I have only 15 cts in the World & owe 25 cts now for Washing. I have taken to washing my own Socks and Hkfs. this leaves nogthing to pay for but Shirts & Drawers. I dont know what I am to do for money to pay for such things with unless some of the folks at Home that owe me would have compassion on me and pay me some, but I know it is useless to think of such a thing.

I am Very well satisfied here especially as I here from Home so often. some one from Home is here almost every day Visiting their friends in Camp.

I cant tell yet where we are to go from here nor when but the prevailing opinion is that we will not remain here more than two or three Weeks longer at most, after it is ascertained where we are to go, I will get leave of absence and come Home to see you. I am so anxious to see the children I have almost forgot how you and then look. tell them that I cant write them today as paper is scarce and I cant buy any.

Did you put my sleeve Buttons any where about in my Trunk? Cant you send my by Mr. Bell, or some one else a set of Vest Pads? My vests are so thin about the Breast that they rumple about my neck. I need a good many other things but am afraid when we move I might have more than the Rules would allow me to carry in which case I should have to leave them so I guess I had better do without.

Write me as often as an opportunity offers and let me know how you are & how the good people look after your comfort

Good by

John R Beaty

Camp Marion

October 13th 1861

My Dear Son

When I got your Mothers Letter last week telling me that she was coming to see me I was in hopes that she would let you come, or Pinty, but I reckon it was best for you that you did not as the weather was warm, the Road was long, and the Horses heavy loaded, and I did not know then nor do I Know now how long we will stay here.

We are expecting every day to move, either to South Island or to Cat Island or to some other Island, but when we do move I want you to come and stay with me about a Month. I will fix up a little Beadstead & Bed for you and John Tolar, and you can have good times. there are a heap of little Boys in George Town that call themselves Brooks Guard Boys. I want you down here to help them form a company of Boys to Drill. Would it not be nice to have about 20 Boys all in Uniform to turn out in the Evening at Dress Parade? John Tolar is going to Town in the morning to have his Uniform Cut out. I will save cloth enough to make yours, and young Shackelford Hennings' Mother will have it made up for you after it is Cut out. you must write to me and let me know whether you want to come or not, and then you must be smart and please your Mother so that she will be willing for you to come.

I must stop now as I want to write to your Sisters

Good night my Boy

Your Father

John R Beaty

Camp Marion

Saturday Night

Decr 14 1861

My dear Wife

It seems like an age since I heard from you. I would conclude that some of you are sick if Carrie had not written to Norman day before yesterday and did not say so.

I wrote to you last Saturday by Benj Sessions and sent you \$50 by him did you get it? I hope you did. I have not heard from you since and don't know whether you got it or not. I wrote you that I would try to send you some Rice and Rice Flour by Dick Marabe's Boat last Monday or Tuesday. Well, I went to Town on Monday and hired Dick & his Boat. Tried to borrow Bags but could not asked Morgan what he would sell them for. He said 25 cts each, then I enquired the price of Rice Flour, it was 25 cts a Bushel, so the Flour would have cost thus

50 Bushels Rice Flour	\$12.50
25 Bags c 25 cts	6.25
Freight	15.00
	<u>\$33.75</u>

making the Rice Flour cost 67 cts a Bushel. I could not stand it so I hired George Ward to carry up 25 Bushels of Rice Flour and one Cask of Rice on his Flat at 10 cts a Bushel for the Flour and \$1 for the Cask of Rice.

It will be at the Boro Tuesday or Wednesday and you must get Thompson to Haul it up for you. this is the best I could do. I had rather buy Pork at 8 cts a pound than to give more for Hig feed than it would be worth. by the way I think you might get Buck to buy you some Pork now. I expect there is plenty of it for sale up there now. it is worth 8 cts per lb if it is good.

We expect to move from here on Monday, so says the Col. he says he can't wait any longer for Marching orders. I expect Company B will be stationed on Cat Island 12 miles below Georgetown, at least that is the present arraignment. if we are, we will be under the orders of Col. Pressley in whose absence Norman will command all the forces stationed at that Fort.

I had rather be Stationed at the Cat Island fort, than at South Island, for several reasons. One is that it is a better place to Winter, there is plenty of Wood, another is, it is handy for our friends at Home to Visit us. they can come by Land by crossing Sampit Bridge or they can come down the Bay on a Boat every day. another reason and a good one is, Cat Island is only divided from the Mainland by a narrow Creek easy to cross in case it becomes necessary to abandon the Island and fight on the Mainland. It will take me sometime to become as Domesticated there as I am here in the Woods. I have got so used to the every day work of Camp Marion now that I really hate to leave it. It comes so natural for me to get up Just as day is breaking and go out to Roll Call, then come back, wash my face, then go around to where Phillip is making his fire and see to Breakfast, then wake Norman & Tolar up, then have Breakfast, then go out to Drill, come back at 10 o'clock look over the Provisions, go the the Commissary and hunt out something for Dinner, then see to the Various wants of the men, then have Dinner, after which comes one Hour of gloruios rest during which I can read the Papers and say what I please, then comes Battalion Drill, then comes Dress Parade, then comes Supper and then my day's work is over, for I am always snug between my Confederate Blankets by 8 o'clock unless it is when I am on Guard.

Now I have got used to all this rotine and it comes as natural to me as nature, but the Question is will it be the same after we move!

I am afraid not. Pressley told me today that he expected me to do the duties of Adjutant at his Post. if I do I will not do the duties of Judge Advocate, Lieutenant and Housekeeper too it will be a little more than I bargained for.

However I am willing to do all that I can for the good of my State & Country.

The recent fire in Charleston has been Very Destructive. it is the greatest Calamity that has befallen the South since the commencement of the Revolution, more than Three Hundred Thousand Dollars worth of Government Stores have been desbroyed, most of which was Bacon, Coffe and Salt, which can't be replaced. I was in Town today and saw a man Just from Charleston who said the fire had broke out again, on King Street. The

impression seemed to be, that it was done by secrete agents of the Yankes, with a View to attacking Charleston while everybody was busy with the fire. but luckily, the same wind which made the fire so destructive, made it dangerous for Vessels to cross the Bar. you will see nothing of this in the Papers and it is proper that it should not be published.

I hardly know how to tell you to direct your next Letter to me. I will say however direct it to Georgetown and if we are moved, it will be forwarded to me.

I will be Home the first of Jany.

Kiss the children for me

Bless you

J R Beaty

Now for my prediction,--Before 20 days this part of the Coast of South Carolina will be invaded by a large force. that force will take North Island & Fortify it. this will give the enemy full control of these Rivers Waccamaw, Black River, Big Pee Dee & Little Pee Dee. They will either occupy Georgetown or Burn it. They will then send large armed parties up the Rivers amongst the Rice farms, Cut the Rice Banks thereby destroying the crop of Rice & will sweep off the Negroes by the Thousands. What can't be carried off will fall a waste before the Bullet, the Knife and the torch.

All this I believe will happen unless a kind and Merciful God interposes his shield to protect this truly unprotected Country, from the ravages of an enemy whose tenderest mercies are such cruelties that a Devil would blush to follow their example.

God pity these people who have been so smitten with the Virginia fever as to leave home and homes Altars deserted ready to the hand of the destroyer whenever I have fore-shadowed this state of things, I have been sneered at, and tauntingly told that, old men & boys could take care of Home, but Men ought to go to Virginia to fight the enemy where he could be found. I may be selfish in my Patriotism but my Heart throbs at the name of Carolina its Soil contains the ashes of three generations of my people. more it contains the ashes of my own Lambs who are sleeping the the Bosom of their God, and I had rather lay my head on the soil of Carolina in her Defense never to be herd of in History, in Story or in Song, than to go to Virginia and win Laurels to bring Home and lay upon the cinders and ashes of a desolated Home.

Let us turn from the sad, sad thoughts of such a blight.

Write me a long letter by the Boat, let me hear how you all are, and how you get on with domestic affairs.

If we are moved from here I expect it will be to Bulls Bay or perhaps to Charleston. this is only conjecture. I only know this, that our Company will go with the Col where ever he goes, that he will not send us off under any of the other field officers and this is all we ask.

I will write you again by the first chance

Kiss the children for me you see I have written you a long Letter and shall expect one from you equally as long

Yours always

John R Beaty

Cat Island

Friday Night Decr 27th 1861

My Dear Wife

Your letter written on the 20th I recd last night, six days old! Yet I was glad to get it, old as it was I was glad too to hear from you all but the tooth ache that is not so well and for fear it is still aching I have cut out a soverign remedy for it out of the Courier and enclose it to you. try it. it cant do any harm.

We have been engaged yesterday and to day. Not with the Yankees however, but engaged moving our tents, out a little distance from the Fort say about as far as from our

House to Toms. The Engineers who are working on the Fort intend to cut down all the timber within one thousand yards of the Fort. this will be done in order to get good open range for the Guns on the Fort, and to prevent the enemy from covering themselves with the Woods to make an attack in the rear. it will however make the place very cold. indeed I find it so tonight. we have cut down all the trees inside of our Camp Ground and this wind comes sweeping down the Bay bitter cold.

I dont know so well about Edgars coming down here. Just at this time in the first place the weather is cold and he might get sick by coming out from a warm House out into the woods and sleeping on the ground in a cloth Tent with no chance of fire only out in the open air. then if it should come on to rain he would suffer with cold might take Pneumonia or Pleurisy. again there is no knowing at what time we may have an engagement with the Yankees, and I would have no chance to have him sent off to a safe place, as there is noboddy on this Island but Souldiers and they would not get the chance to leave on any sort of errand. Upon the whole I must forego the pleasure of having him here for the present. tell him to wait till I come Home and if all is quiet here then I will bring him down with me when I come back.

I intend to Build me a Log Hut and put a chimney to it as soon as I can then I will let Ed stay with me a long time.

We had a regular alarm here last Tuesday night You know I wrote you that on Tuesday morning a Schooner was run ashore by a Lincoln Vessel and that the crew escaped in their Boat after setting fire to the Schr Well the Yankees sent fire boats up the inlet to the Burning Schr to put out the fire and tow her off. Well it so happened that Lieut Hailler of Company D who are stationed on North Island with Six of his men were up the Beach Scouting and concealed themselves behind the Sand Hills from where they fired upon them and drove them off. they had fixed a Rope to the Schr and were about to succed in getting her off, but when Hailler fired on them they were in such a hurry to leave that they cut the Rope. they fired back at him but done no damage. they made a second attempt to land and he drove them off a second time. Well about 8 o'clock that night the Col wrote to Norman saying that he had received intelligence from a Messenger that the enemy had occupied North Inlet. Ordered us to Double our Guard and be ready at a moments notice for any emergency. the man who brought the Letter said that there was one thousand or fifteen hundred of them. You may guess we had an exciting time. We placed 18 men on Guard with Loaded Guns and with strict orders to hail everything walking on land or floating on water and to shoot everything that would not stop when hailed. About Eleven o'clock at night I herd one of the sentinels on the waterside hail. no reply. he hailed again. No reply then he fired and called for the Corporal of the Guard. the Corporal went to him and directly I herd him break out in a hearty laugh it seems that a Stick of Timber with an empty Barrel on it sent floating by and refused to halt or answer when the Sentinel ordered it to.

It proved next morning to be a false alarm. No attempt had been made by them to land further than to get the Schr.

Yesterday a Large War Steamer came so close to the bar that the men on board could be seen. She was loaded with Troops apparently the men on Board were practising with small arms the firing could be distinctly herd from shore.

I have no doubt they intend to give us a round before long and my only fear is they may attempt it before we are ready. we must trust to luck and courage but more so in Providence.

I still expect to come Home the first week in January if I dont you may know one of two things either that we are pitching into the Yankees or are about to do so.

I will write again by the first opportunity One of our men, William Moore died today very suddenly. he has been in bad health for a month or more but nothing serious until day before yesterday when he left here for the Hospital on South Island. he died with Pleurisy. he was a good souldier and will be missed by the Company

Write to me as often as you can

Good night - it is time to out lights

Yours

John R Beaty

Scat Island
January 30th 1862

My Dear Daughter

I am greatly at a loss to know why this place is called Cat Island. it worries me sometimes till I cant sleep. Why there aint a cat on it, and it dont look like there ever was, and I have come to the conclusion that for this Very reason the gave it that name. Now if they had called it Flea Island, then I could have understood it. My very legs understands the meaning of the word Flea, and sometimes my feet want to Flee away from the Fleas, and remain away till the Fleas have all Fled. I never saw such Whoppers they make ridges on the top of the ground like moles only not quite so large. I cant see what makes them so fond of this place there is no Hogs, no Dogs and no Cats here for them to play with and I am sure I did not ask the unmannerly things into my Tent. Well when I move into my new House, I intend to Kick the first one out that puts his foot inside the Door if I can.

There is a Creek about half a mile from the Fort call Musqueto Creek and I can understand that too. such Busters and so numerous, and they can sing Dixie almost as good as the Negroes that are at work on the Fort. How they do swam here about sundown but when I move I will get rid of them by putting my Musqueto Bar around my Cot.

We are getting ready to give old Burnside a few Balls if he comes up here we want to see how he can dance.

The people in Georgetown are dreadfully frightened for fear we will be sent to North Carolina Your Uncle Henry has just got back from there and says they are getting up a Petition to the Colonel asking him not to leave here Just like he could do as he pleased about it if Davis says go he will have to go Georgetown or no Georgetown. Surely the People in Town dont think much of Harllees Legion or they would feel safe with them. Well I know the 10th Regiment can whip Burnsides and get done time enough to cook supper before sun down.

do write to me and let me Know how you are and how Ned and that little Pint are and anything else that you will write

Goodby My Daughter
Your Father who wants to see you
John R Beaty

Cat Island
Feby 6 1862

My Dear Wife

Buck has just come into our Camp at this late hour of the night and informed me that he starts home in the morning so I will drop you a line if only to let you know that I am well. Why did you not write to me by Buck? I expect you did not know he was comeing. I wrote you once by mail and once by Benj Cannon both of which Letters I hope reached you, and found you still improving in health. I am constantly uneasy about you sometimes I get so lowspirited that I am no use to myself nor any one else, then I conclude if you were bad off surely I would hear of it.

If you get bad off do let me know it and I will come Home and see you.

I have not yet been able to get any part of my pay yet I am out of money and I owe a Negro for Building my House and my Washing Bill is unpaid for the last month.

Cant you make mo some more envelopes and send them to me by the first chance you get. We are living exactly hard here. Our daily food is Rice and salt Beef boiled together. Crackers without salt and our drink is Sasafras tea sweetened with molasses. It is rather hard but I suppose a boddy can get used to it at least it looks like we will have the chance before we get anything else. Well I dont care I keep fat on it and am willing to submit to even worse than that if the good of the Country requires it. tell Isa and Ned to write to me or I wont promise to write again soon

The sickness in the Regiment is fearfully on the increase there has been an average of two Deaths per day for the last four days. We have about thirty Cases of measles on[ly] one dangerous Tom Allen he will die

I must close & fix some plan for sleeping as I have company

Your Husband who []

you

John R Beaty

Cat Island

Feb'y 8th 1862

My Dear Wife

As Mr Long will probably leave here in the morning for home I will write you a long letter on a long piece of Paper and send it to you by Long.

I am out of all other kind of Paper and am therefore compelled to use this kind to write on and I hate it too for it is scarce Paper in these confederate States.

I am also out of this bad weather too. My House is completed and I am now under a good shingle Roof with a Roaring Fire in a Brick chimney with a Table before me a candle on the table a good chew of good Tobacco in my mouth and the rain pattering down on the Roof. Oh how it makes me think of Home and old times when we lived at Hickory Hill and I used to write of nights while you sat in the corner sewing I thinking of Isa and my writing and you thinking of Isa and your sewing while the Cat happy soul had nothing to think of but occasionally to help think and half dream that she was just in the Cat of having a nice old time with some unfortunate mouse. Neither you nor I nor the Cat once dreaming that a few short years would illustrate the words of Burns that "The best laid schemes of mice and men oft go astray", but even so it is this night of storm and tempest is a fit emblem of the Storm of anger that has been engendered in the hearts of the American people by a long series of offences on the one side and endurance on the other and the tempest is but a weak type of the tempest of War ~~en~~ raised by this strife. it is seen and felt every day and even now while I write I can hear high above the sullen roar of the maddened ocean, the dull heavy booming of minute Guns away far off on the Coast, telling that some armed Vessel is in distress, either having been shattered on the wide waters or what is more probable driven into shallow water by this North East wind. it is densely foggy tonight and I have no doubt that some of Lincoln fleet have gone ashore or otherwise got into trouble. Well the Lord in his Kindness send them speedily and safely into Belzebubs bosom, where they may find water scarce and material for killing Bees plentiful.

I would have made an effort to get the chance to go up the River tomorrow with Daggett on the Steam Boat, but she comes right back again on Monday so that if I went I could not go home and get back to the mill in time to take passage back here in her, and I don't care to be that near Home and not go all the way. I will however either come home to Equity Court (which is the 18th) or failing in that come home on Saturday next. there is so much sickness in the Regiment that the Colonel dislikes to furlough any one Home that is well. indeed he has refused a great many pressing applications from officers and some of them too in Cases where their families at Home were sick and really needed their presence. he does this I know not because he wants to be harsh or cruel but from a stern sense of duty. if we were attached here at this time it would be as much as we could do to retreat and save our sick; even to do this we would in all probability have to abandon our baggage ammunition and Stores, and then I think it would be hard work to save the sick. South Island on which the Hospitals are situated is surrounded on two sides by water and on the other sides by a marsh two miles in width. across this Marsh there is only one Road and since the Rainy weather has set in, this Road is almost impassable. so if the Steam Boat should happen to be absent our dependence would be in Waggon which is slow business. our Company have no men there. We keep our sick here and nurse them in their own houses. they are all mending except Allen. he is very lowe.

Why do you write me such short Letters?

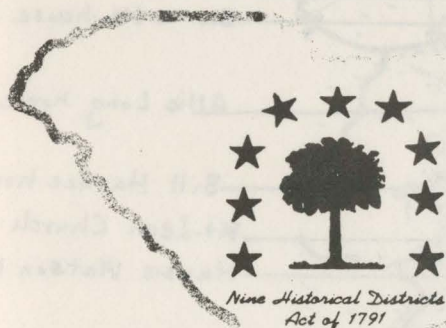
I am sorry that the spirits of the old Adam and old Amelia and the old Devil have again broke out in Nancys case. I dont know what to do if you cant get some of my friends to chastise them our of her. will you just say to her for me that as sure as there is a God above us if she puts me to the necessity of comeing home to settle accounts with her I will make the settlement final. I will sell her away from her children where she will never see or hear of them again. I mean exactly what I write. this is no time for her to commence any of her fool with me if I go home on her account Melly she travels sure.

so write to me by the first chance and let me know how you get on for something to eat, and how your health is and every thing about you that can interest me, and that will be anything you write.

Kiss my Darling children for me and tell them that the hardest thing I have to beare in my exile from you and them is the thought that you forget me.

I have fulfilled the promise with which I commenced and have written you a long letter and as it is now midnight I will close
Good Night

John R. Beaty



CONFEDERATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

May 27, 1980

Mr. Rupert Gause
162 Lakeland Drive
Conway, South Carolina 29526

Dear Mr. Gause:

We are returning materials which the Horry County Historical Society submitted for the Confederation's Awards program. The awards committee was impressed to learn of the series of lectures on Horry County history.

The awards committee appreciates your fine work and would like to encourage the society to enter the awards program next year.

Best wishes to you and the Horry County Historical Society.

Sincerely,

Ben F. Hornsby, Jr.

Ben F. Hornsby, Jr., Coordinator
Local Historical Societies

Camp Swamp Church
 Camp Swamp Cemetery
 Butler Cemetery
 Sweet Home Church
 and site of old
 Sweet Home School
 Hoyt Richardson house
 old Deep Branch
 School site
 Luther Hardee house
 Buck Creek Church
 Ebenezer Church
 Bellamy Cemetery

-Shell