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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

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

The Board of Directors will meet on
March 9, 1981
June 8, 1981
September 14, 1981
December 14, 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.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION

The INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY is controlled and published by the officers and editors listed above. There are 550 copies published each quarter. Three hundred ninety copies are mailed and distributed to the membership and 146 copies are for sale to the general public.

E. R. McIver, Editor
LEWIS GIVEN RICHARDSON AWARD

The Ernest E. Richardson Award was established to recognize and honor members of the Horry County Historical Society whose work and contributions to the Society are above and beyond the call of duty and whose talents have promoted and enriched the Society.

The fifth recipient of the Award is a charter member of the Society, has served frequently on the Board of Directors, served as president for three consecutive terms, 1977 through 1979, and has set up county meetings and seminars which broadened the usefulness and knowledge of the Society. She has written articles, corrected grammar and spelling, and has spent many hours typing for The Independent Republic Quarterly. She has been unstinting in her labor for the Quarterly, not only by sharing a vast quantity and quality of knowledge, but by cheerfully performing the menial tasks necessary for mailing it out to the members--such as stuffing, sealing and addressing envelopes.

Her loyalty, wisdom and sacrifice have greatly improved the Horry County Historical Society and to her a large portion of the success of the Society is due. The Society proudly presents the Ernest Edward Richardson Award to Mrs. Catherine H. Lewis.

THE PRESIDENT’S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members:

I wish to thank the members of our Society for the honor of being president for the coming year. It is with deep humility that I accept the challenge. Also, appreciation is expressed to the members and outgoing officers who have given such splendid leadership and cooperation to the interest of our Society.

Congratulations and a special "Thank you" to Mrs. Catherine H. Lewis, the recipient of the Ernest E. Richardson Award for Outstanding Service to our Society. She has certainly given of her time and talents to help carry on the projects of the Society.

Rick McIver and his staff have worked long hours to produce our quarterlies and we appreciate their willingness to continue with this work. Bruce Chestnut and his committee have agreed to continue with their project, the cataloging of historic sites and buildings. Ted Green has kept us on a sound financial basis and we know he will continue to do so. Miriam Tucker has made an excellent secretary and will continue.

We will be making some committee appointments in the next few days and if you are called upon, please respond graciously. This is your Society.

On January 12 we had a good attendance at our Winter meeting in spite of the bitter cold. Dr. Charles Joyner, a native son, who has recently been appointed to head the Center for Waccamaw Studies at Coastal Carolina College, gave a very informative talk on his work.

Ours is a strong and viable organization, and my own vision is that it will continue to be so as the years go by and we progress in further service to our community, our state and our beloved country. Please, if you have any ideas, suggestions, or materials, do not hesitate to let it be known.

Sincerely,

William H. Long, President
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The F. A. Burroughs house which stood on the corner of 5th Ave. and Main St., Conway, present site of Peoples Savings and Loan

Ethelinda Cobb Burroughs

Snow Hill, the house which was moved to Applewhite Lane

Snow Hill, the house which burned
Some Historical Facts About

THE BURROUGHS FAMILY, THE BUSINESS AND HORY COUNTY

which were compiled by Mrs. S. G. Godfrey for her children and her grandchildren in 1960.

It has been suggested that I give a fuller explanation or description of the people mentioned in these sketches. For the sake of the younger generation, and for others who might be interested, I am including the following information:

Franklin Gorham Burroughs
Adeline Cooper Burroughs
--- "The Old Man", Papa
--- Mama, "Miss Addie" to her many friends, white and black
Effie Tolar Burroughs
Franklin Augustus Burroughs
--- Sister, "Miss Effie", our benevolent dictator
Ruth Adeline
--- Frank, "Dock", Buddy, so young to have assumed so much responsibility--we adored him
Ella Edith
--- Gracious, charming. She was drowned at Myrtle Beach in 1902
Arthur Manigault
--- Usually called Lella, because Ruth could not pronounce her name when she was small
--- named for General Arthur Manigault, fun loving, a general favorite, he was killed in an explosion in 1912
Sara Best
--- our gifted one. After two years at Greensboro College she went to Boston and continued her studies at Curry School of Expression. Dr. Curry recommended her to the English actor Sir Henry Irving as "the girl you've been looking for." This unfortunately created a crisis, Dr. Curry offering to pay the cost of further training. "Readers" were highly respectable, but to become an actress was not to be considered. Pressure from the family caused her to give up her calling. She expressed herself in original needlework, painting and particularly in wood carving which she took up late in life.
Donald McNeill
--- Don, who figures so much in these sketches and without whose help much valuable information would have been lost.
Lucille Norton
--- who is attempting to collect some reminiscences of an almost past.
Aunt Ellen
Benjamin Grier Collins
--- Mama's sister who has left us her "memoirs".
--- partner in "Burroughs and Collins" and in charge of the steamboat line. He married Mama's sister Laura.
Miss Jessie
--- "Precious" to her many friends. She is a sister of Iola or "Ilo" and Hal Buck. Iola married Frank Burroughs and Hal married Lella Burroughs. Miss Jessie married D. V. Richardson.
Dear Sam
--- Samuel Godfrey Dargan, my grandson
Dear Sam,

You are the first of my grandchildren to graduate from Conway High School, which grew out of the old Burroughs School. I feel that you will be interested in a little history about that.

Aunt Ellen says in her "memoirs" that "not until 1880 did we have a continuous school to run successfully."

Your great-grandfather, Franklin Gorham Burroughs, was born in Martin County, North Carolina, December 28, 1834. This was not long before the Mexican War. His mother, Ethelinda Cobb Burroughs, said they called him "Santa Anna" because as a boy he was such a fighter. He lived out in the country from Williamston. His education depended on the public schools which sometimes ran for six weeks—seldom over three months. His education was very limited, and he curtailed that pretty drastically at an early age. He and three or four big boys were given the job of clearing some stumps out of the school yard. Uncle Don suggests that perhaps the teacher was willing to find an excuse to get the work done. They protested that digging stumps was not what they had come to school to learn, that they had cleared stumps on the farm. I wish I knew more details about the affair. All that we know is that the boys took the teacher by his arms and legs and threw him in the spring. You don't need to follow his example in this.

His lack of formal education made him appreciate its worth, and he was determined that his children and other young people should have a better chance than he did. You must understand that in those days each township raised the money for its school and hired their own teachers. Of course some sections were better able than others to employ good teachers. There is a sort of tradition that Socastee School was always outstanding. It seems that the rice planters had been interested in its organization. Floyd's also had a similar reputation. Mrs. Honor Sarvis Higgins, who is now staying with Uncle Don and Aunt Georgia, remembers that often the Socastee patrons would be obliged to supplement the funds in order to keep the school open the full term.
In 1854 the old Academy was built. Mr. James Mahony was the founder of this school. He was also the pastor of the First Methodist Church. He was a fine teacher and much liked by the people of Horry. His school was largely attended by scholars from this and other counties.

I have a picture of the old Academy. It was located on Fifth Avenue on the property now belonging to Mr. Walter Cook and Mrs. Eva Oliver. My oldest sister, Effie, learned her letters there under Colonel Tom Gillespie. She and Sally McCaskill were the youngest, and on fair days the Colonel would let them play out until lesson time. Then he would call, "Come on in, my little 'T-y-tees.'" They loved it and the playhouse built of moss and bits of broken china. Frank and Ruth probably went there, too.

Prior to the building of the Academy, the teachers taught either in their homes or in rented quarters. Aunt Ellen gives a good account of these teachers so I will not repeat.

In 1880 my father, you great-grandfather, purchased a lot from C. L. Johnson--Aunt Ellen's husband, "Uncle Charley." He was born in Sanbarton, New Hampshire. He and a younger brother came down in 1860, the brother as a teacher. He died soon, and I believe, is buried in the Presbyterian Church Yard. Uncle Charley entered the Confederate Service under Longstreet. He lost a leg in the Battle of the Wilderness. Grandmother never forgave him for being from the North, and would not call Mr. Johnson just Johnson. The lot was located on the corner of Main and Lakeside Drive. Papa donated the land and the building. Dr. Norton told Don that the determining factor in the selection of the school site was the Peggy Ludlum Spring, for good drinking water was hard to find. The spring was lovely, clear, running water near the bottom of the hill. Mrs. Sherwood has had it bricked up for many years, as the children continued to gather there to drink and play.

The first Burroughs School became a graded school in 1898, and many changes were made to accommodate the larger number of pupils. In 1905 bonds were issued for a new building. The old was burned a few years after the new school was built. At the time it was being used as a boarding house.

Uncle Don, who is the next youngest in our family, says he distinctly remembers when many children went to the Academy to public school as long as it was in session, and then came to the Burroughs School for the remainder of the term. Sometimes a family could not pay for all their children, in that case the eldest and most ambitious attended. Often they rotated. Tuition was charged at the Burroughs School and everyone paid if they could. I started school in this building in an upstairs room. Maude Mayo, Evelyn Snider's mother, was my teacher. The word "do" was incomprehensible to me--it suggested absolutely nothing. As I remember there were two large rooms upstairs and down with fireplaces. A porch ran across the front. At the back, probably a later addition, was a rather large assembly room. This room had some kind of removable partitions which were used to shut off the stage from the classroom. They were taken down for the "Friday Speakings." The stage was used for recitals, plays, and lectures. I remember Arthur in some comic act he and another boy put on. Also I recall being quite crushed because Don told Mama that Lucille could not sing. He never said a truer word! At Christmas-time the stage was used for the tree. At strategic places willing boys stood ready and hopeful with brooms and buckets of water, in case the candles set fire to the holly leaves. Sometimes we had ice cream socials; the ice came by boat from Georgetown. The older boys turned the cranks on the big freezers, and we were given big helpings right on the spot. Sometimes we had an oyster supper with oysters brought by wagon from the coast.

When Don went to the university, one of the professors looked him up. Don, now, is a little uncertain of his name as he had no courses under him, but, to use his expression "he stood high with the faculty." He thinks his name was Herndon Moore. He asked him if he was the son of Frank Burroughs. He said that he was the first teacher in the Burroughs School and that he came by boat from Georgetown. As Don recalls it, he was from the Low Country, probably from Charleston or below.
Don explained to me that the trustees by establishing a nine month school could attract teachers of a higher caliber than those who taught in the public schools. Those teachers moved to a different community every few months. Among the outstanding ones that he recollects was Mr. Dysinger, a Pennsylvania Dutchman who was a splendid teacher but a very strict disciplinarian. A Professor A. B. Bethea, M. C. Woods, later a lawyer in Marion, L. B. Bethea and Zack McGee. He wrote a book called "The Dark Corner" which was mostly of local interest. Later he was a newspaper correspondent in Washington.

Another thing that Don pointed out to me was that while our Independent Republic of Horry was isolated from the rest of the state by her rivers, there was quite close contact with the North. At that time Horry County was one of the biggest turpentine producers in the country. There were many large turpentine operators, "Buck and Beaty", "Dusenbury and Sarvis", the Hollidays, and many others, but "Burroughs and Collins" was once the largest operator in the country. The Bucks, Bells, Gilberts, Congdons, Dusenburys, Beatys and others had teachers from the North for their children. Miss Sara Delano from Maine was governess for Mr. Henry Buck, Miss Jessie's grandfather. She married Mr. Jimmy Dusenbury and lived at Port Harrellson, then at Socastee. It is interesting to note that she was related to F.D.R.'s mother. The name Delano is heard often in Horry.

The Franco-Prussian War sent naval stores skyrocketing. There was a lot of lumber shipped north. Northern commission merchants came south on the vessels. One of these was Mr. Potter of "Gilbert and Potter" of New York. He and Mrs. Potter stayed at "Snow Hill" while the vessels were unloading six miles below Conway at Potts Bluff. The cargo was either rafted up the river or hauled by wagon. Mr. Potter had the use of the "Ruth", the smallest of the Company's boats, to go up the Pee Dee and the upper Waccamaw to contact his customers. They were devoted to Sister and had her visit them in New York where a friend sent his yacht to sail them around the Sound.

Many adventurous souls came along, some married and settled here. Expert northern carpenters were brought down by old Captain Buck for ship building. Two vessels, "The Henrietta" and "Hattie Buck", were built at Upper Mill. The "Henrietta" was lost in a storm in the China trade. There is a picture of her in a museum in Bucksport, Maine. Northern carpenters built some of our most attractive houses: the old Beaty home, later called the Norton Place, though this has now lost its charm from repeated alterations; the Paul Little house on Main Street, which was also a Beaty home; and in the country is the Graham house, near old Grahamville.

The vessels often used blocks of natural ice for ballast on the down trip. There was an ice house at Snow Hill heavily insulated with saw dust. It was dug in the side of the hill near the wharf. It was not in use in my day, except it was a wonderful place to dig out clay to model animals. A hefty milk cow was the model I hoped to perfect.

We had another contact with New York--Daisy, the horse. Mr. Tolar and Mr. Hart had left Horry and become very successful commission merchants in New York. One year the Tolars were going to Switzerland to put their children in school. He did not want to sell his horse, so he gave her to Sister and shipped her down. By this time the railroad had come in and was still a thing to make our mules and horses bolt when the engine came by. But not Daisy--her only fear was a pig. She was absolutely terrified when she saw one and it was some time before she could be safely driven in the country. If you question Daisy's appearance in this narrative, I can be very logical and claim that it was because of her very close association with the Tolar children who were being sent to Switzerland to school.

Back to Burroughs School. Mrs. W. B. King tells me that her mother and aunt from Gallivants Ferry and Hal Buck from Bucksport were among many others who boarded here while attending school.

I confess that I have wandered shamefully and this is not strictly an account of the Burroughs School. However, I want you children to have some conception of the con-
ditions which prevailed in our county at the time the school was organized. I like to think of those qualified, adventurous teachers who came into our big backward county to make possible a fuller life for all. I like to think also of the part your great-grandfather played in the development of a better school system for the entire community. When you read his letter written to his oldest son on his going away to Bingham School in Asheville, you will see what a remarkable man he was. I am not so sure that he was uneducated, though his spelling is phonetic, pure and simple. I am afraid that his poor spelling is a legacy that he has left most of us. Don handed in a history paper and his professor told him that it was the best that he had ever turned in—but that when the young man wrote home, he did hope he would not write on University letterhead paper.

Grandmother

ANTHONY BURROUGHS AND JIM BURROUGHS

F. G. Burroughs came to Conway in 1857, planning to visit a cousin, Jim Burroughs, then to go on to Tennessee where another cousin had asked him to come. Each offered to help him get into business for himself. He clerked for Jim Burroughs the first year—the store was located on the corner where Sears & Roebuck now stands. [3d & Main, now a municipal parking lot—ed.] They used him as a deputy sheriff at times. Still planning to go on to Tennessee, he bid on small public works—a gallows and a bridge, and by the time this was completed he had decided to remain in Conway.

I had always thought that my father's first contact with Horry County was in 1857, but today Don told me that sometime before then his father, Anthony Burroughs, had come down. It was customary for the turpentine operators, of which there were many in the county, to hire large groups of slaves to work the woods. My grandfather had been hired either by the operators or the slave owners to bring a number here. Those from North Carolina were trained in the work. The Negroes below us were more familiar with rice culture. This group probably came in near Little River. Aunt Ellen says she had seen as many as 100 brought in. Evidently this was an early type of migrant workers. While there someone asked him if he knew Jim Burroughs. He did not, but he became suspicious, remembering that a cousin of his had got in trouble in North Carolina for killing a Negro, and had left the state. He found out that this was the man, really Jim Pulley, but that he had taken his cousin's name "Burroughs."

After we moved back to Conway in 1935, some years later, a Mrs. Theresa Pozaro from Charleston came up here to find out what she could about her grandfather, Jim Burroughs. She said she always found him much more intriguing than the Beaty grandfather who was a preacher. Aunt Laura Cooper Collins was still living so we went to see her. It happened that she, in fact, had "stood" for Mary Ellen Burroughs when she married Samuel Stevenson Beaty. She described the "First, Second and Third Day" dresses—it seems that all brides had three special dresses. As I remember it, Aunt Laura said the wedding was in the house that Paul Quattlebaum now lives in. [225 Kingston St., Conway]

Aunt Ellen says that during the Civil War the Colonel Quattlebaum house—later remodeled—was the home of Jim Burroughs, also of Tom Morgan, a refugee from Georgetown. The Paul Quattlebaum house was the home of Samuel Bell when he first came to Conway, but was later the home of Jim Burroughs. This is where his daughter was married. He was a very successful man for many years, but lost out in his later years. He moved down the river near Bucksport, afterward to Georgetown County where he died at Smithville. He is buried in the family plot at Lakeside Cemetery. When his body was being brought to Conway for burial, the mules plunged off the flat at Yauhannah Ferry and the coffin slipped into the river, but it was recovered. The Negroes had weird superstitions about this event, feeling that it was a sort of retribution on him for killing one of their fellows in North Carolina.
He was in prison in Fort Douglas, Illinois, in the winter of 1865—from his capture in Nashville in December until the close of the war. We do not know just when they were released. They suffered terribly from the bitter cold and their lack of warm clothes. Papa had a kinswoman out in that region either Illinois or Nebraska. Grandfather Anthony Burroughs had helped some of her family when they left North Carolina to pioneer in the West. He had furnished a team and wagon. This was customary for friends and relatives to contribute money or equipment to the adventurers, and they in turn would lend a helping hand to others who might go later. When the farms could no longer support the big families, the older often moved on, leaving the younger members on the home place.

The prison rules required a man to give up a meal for every letter he wrote. Their food was very scanty and poor. It took great determination, however, to give up a meal. He did so, and wrote his letter, asking for a loan to buy himself sufficient warm clothing for the winter. He promised to repay her as soon as he was released and could get work. She replied that she would help him if he would take the oath of allegiance. It made him so mad that he gave up another meal in order to tell her that if he had been willing to take the oath he would not have had to ask her help. He did not take the oath.

In prison with him was Jim Dimery, a Croatan from near Aynor. Jim could carve little trinkets out of mussel shells and bone, and peach kernels. These he was allowed to sell to visitors who flocked to see the captured rebels. With the little extra cash Jim could supplement his prison fare and he always shared with Papa. Don tells me that he saw that Jim never suffered from need as long as he lived.

I have the ring Jim carved, in the lock box. Also I have my share of the original $40.00 that his mother, Ethelinda Cobb Burroughs, gave him when he first left home. He never spent it. In the course of the years, a few extra pieces got put in with it. So that some of the coins are of a later date, but there are a few of the originals in each share.

Often before a battle, the soldiers would will certain of their personal belongings to a friend in case they were killed. There was a Jessie Boyd, we don't know just where he was from. He left Papa his soap dish and shaving mirror. Egerton Burroughs has the mirror and Bess Sherwood the blue glass dish. Jessie was killed or died on the retreat from Murfreesboro where there was terrific fighting. They did not have time to bury him, but put his body in between a cleft rock, and covered it with other smaller rocks to keep it from being disturbed.

Mr. J. R. Tolar who wrote the sketch about F. G. Burroughs' war record was a son of Captain Tolar. His mother was dead. When the war began, he was about twelve years old. His father took him with him, not into the fighting lines, but to work with Mr. Kaminsky in the Commissary Department, seeing that the provisions reached the proper units. Mr. Kaminsky was a Jew, and very efficient. He was very highly regarded by everyone. He was from Georgetown. But his family and the Emmanuels also refugeed in Conway. When the war ended, John Tolar was about sixteen years old, and a regular soldier. He had a business later at Red Bluff. After a few years, he moved to New York as a commission merchant. Mr. Hamp Hart, who was then in partnership with F. G. Burroughs, sold out his interest to E. G. Collins and the firm of "Burroughs and Collins" was organized. Uncle Collins was also in the firm, but his name was not on until after Mr. Hart sold out his share to him when he went to New York. The firm's connection with "Tolar and Hart" in New York was most advantageous to both parties. Soon the Franco-Prussian War sent Naval stores skyrocketing and Mr. Hart was able to pay off his indebtedness to the Gurganus estate; which interest he had bought when he went into partnership with F. G. Burroughs. There were many large turpentine operators in Horry County. "Buck and Beaty", "Dusenbury and Sarvis" at Socastee, "The Holidays" and many others, but "Burroughs and Collins" was the largest turpentine shippers in the country at one time.
My brother Frank once told me that Uncle Collins and my father made a splendid combination. Uncle Collins was more interested in town real estate, and my father in land in the country. While Papa was having a rough time in Tennessee, fighting, he got a letter from his business partner in Conway—Mr. Singleton had not volunteered at the beginning of the war. At this stage of the conflict, a man could pay a substitute, provided he could find one, $40.00 to do his fighting for him. He wrote and suggested the firm hire a substitute so that he might remain here with the business. This did not appeal to my father. He wrote back that if he had to pay $20.00, his share, he might as well pay the $40.00 and come home himself. On his next furlough the business was dissolved. This was in 1859 (?J). When it was organized after the war in 1866, it was as "Burroughs and Gurganus". Mr. Gurganus lived only a few years. He is buried in the Presbyterian Church yard. His son is buried in St. David's Cemetery in Cheraw. When Mama visited in Cheraw, she wanted to find Hyman Gurganus' grave, and seemed much touched. Mr. Gurganus left his family in good shape, but his widow became infatuated with a stranger who came along, a man not altogether trusted by my father. So he proceeded to warn her against him, and as usual got no thanks. She told her suitor, and he proceeded to pitch in to fight and was winning until some of Papa's friends came to his assistance. After this he did not try to advise in matrimonial affairs. However, he must have been partly right at least, as years later Mama had a letter from her—she was living in another state, and was asking for help, said she was penniless.

The Military Service of F. G. Burroughs
by J. R. Tolar

F. G. Burroughs joined a Military Company organized in Conwayboro, S. C., just before the state seceded, which was named "Brooks Rifle Guards" in honor of ex-United States Senator Brooks of South Carolina who had caned Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts for an insulting remark in the United States Senate reflecting on his state of South Carolina.

The Brooks Rifle Guards were among the very first to tender their services to their state before any other state had seceded and were at once ordered to Georgetown, S. C., for Coast Guard duty and were, on the 19th day of July, 1861, enrolled as Company B in the organization of the Tenth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, which, like most of the early organized Regiments, volunteered for twelve months.

Dr. J. H. Norman, a graduate of the Military Citadel of Charleston, S. C., was the first Captain of Brooks Rifle Guards. The tenth South Carolina Regiment did duty on Coast of South Carolina till the spring of 1862 when they were ordered to join the Western Army, then commanded by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, soon afterwards killed.

The battle of Shiloh took place a short time before the arrival of the Tenth South Carolina Regiment and the Regiment joined the Western army at Corinth, Miss., where they were encamped for sometime and while there this regiment, as well as all twelve months volunteers, were called on to re-enlist for "three years or the war"—and at the same time a new election of officers was called for. Some of the original officers resigned, among them Capt. J. H. Norman and others failed of re-election, and still others newly elected failed to pass examination. W. J. Tolar, first Lieutenant of "Company B" was unanimously elected Captain to succeed Capt. Norman and served in that capacity for the balance of the war. Mr. F. G. Burroughs had served faithfully as a private in the ranks from the very first organization of his company was a splendid soldier, a great favorite with his officers, and was asked a number of times when vacancies in Company offices would occur, to stand for promotion or election to office, but always refused to let his name be used, stating he preferred to serve as a private in the ranks, which he did from the beginning to his capture at the disastrous battle of Nashville, Tennessee, in December, 1864, a few months before the ending of the Civil War in the April following.
A history of the Tenth South Carolina Regiment is a history of Mr. Burroughs' war record as he served with it from the beginning in all its Campaigns, never failing to respond to a call to duty, up to date of his capture. He missed probably one great battle, in which his regiment was engaged, the battle of Murfreesboro, being on detached special duty at that time.

The Tenth South Carolina Regiment, after a short stay at Corinth, moved into Tennessee and was a part of Gen. Bragg's Army. Soon after they joined this army, Gen. Bragg reviewed them and they were twelve companies and 1200 strong, recently uniformed, and Gen. Bragg said they were the best drilled regiment in the army.

They followed through his campaign into Kentucky, took gallant part in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., at Missionary Ridge, fought gallantly at Chickamauga, fought with Joseph E. Johnson at Resaca and the battles of Atlanta where Capt. Tolar was terribly wounded and disabled for service on balance of the war and the history of the campaigns of Gen. Jos. E. Johnson and Gen. Hood in his last campaign into Tennessee and of the remnants of the Army up to its surrender by Gen. Jos. E. Johnson near Greensboro, was the history of the Tenth South Carolina Regiment and of F. G. Burroughs up to the date of his capture at Nashville and no soldier in the confederate service, officer or private, served his country more faithfully wherever duty called him than did Franklin G. Burroughs. He was known personally by all his officers from his Brigadier General Manigault down, and all were familiar enough with him to call him "Frank".

ARTHUR MANIGAULT BURROUGHS

I remember having dinner with Frank and Iola once. I believe we had just come back from the mountains. Arthur and Mr. Tolar were there, too. He said to Arthur, "I know you are in the lumber business, but I understand you are also interested in Coles now." You see, Mr. Coles had moved here from Virginia and he had an attractive family, Frances, Emmeline, and John. Arthur was very much in love with Frances. She had lots of beaus, but I was mighty glad when she and Arthur were married. He was a good man. They had lots of trouble in their eight years of marriage, but also much happiness in their two sons Jack and Franklin. Francis says she is the only bride to spend her honeymoon in a Round House in New York where he was buying an engine.

Arthur never could resist a train whistle. He went to Bingham School two years and then to Clemson. He did not stay long, but came home without permission—he just had to run that engine on the beach road. The night he came in on the train, Bess sneaked him in and presented him as a surprise to Mama before breakfast. It did not go over too good, but it was a dramatic moment. Years before a Methodist minister was an overnight guest, he was having family prayers in the parlor, and he was especially long-winded. Arthur always watched the train coming through the cotton patch (where I now live) [905 Applewhite Lane, Conway] so when she blew, he bolted for the door. I am sorry to say Papa gave him a paddling.

He worked with the railroad until he went into the lumber business with Mr. Raper from Norfolk, Virginia, forming the Conway Lumber Co. They did well. Then Mr. Raper sold his interest to Wilson Brothers from Pittsburg with the provision that Arthur be allowed to sell his stock for the same price. He decided to put in his own mill, etc. and sell out his interest in the Conway Lumber Co. to Wilson Brothers.

He lost his arm during this time. His mill was across the lake from "Snow Hill"—the old bridge connected it to this side. He had put on a new pair of leather gloves and when he attempted to show one of the hands something about a saw, his glove got caught and his arm was badly mangled. He almost died from shock. I came home from Converse. He was a good sport.

I am not certain of the time, but I think it was the following summer, he had not been too well. Aunt Effie and amongst them decided on a trip as a good change. Mama,
sister, Mitchel Collins, Arthur, and I went north. We went to New York, seems to me
to Buffalo and over a lot of lakes--to Montreal, Quebec, then down the St. Lawrence,
through the Thousand Islands stopping over Sunday in Clayton, New York. No doubt this
itinerary is mixed up. Sunday was slow in Clayton, the daughter of our landlady advised
us to go to the Presbyterian Church. "The minister wore well," she said. Arthur agreed.
He also got a good laugh over a joke he found in an old book. The lawyer said to the
widow--"You have a nice fat legacy."--and her horrified expression--modestly pulling
down her skirts. He used to tell me that he would rather I tie his neckties and shoes
because Aunt Effie cried everytime--not that I did not feel like it.

He had gone in with the "Southern Woods Product Co." as night superintendent. The
pay was not much, but with Francis and the two boys and hard times, he had to work. One
Sunday afternoon he and Don were talking over at Bess', while she and Francis were out.
Arthur said the work was too dangerous and that he was going to resign. Don advised
him to quit immediately but he wanted to give more notice. He was killed the next week.
Mr. Ambrose got a letter the day he was killed asking for a job. Ella Sessions and I
were at the station in Hendersonville starting to Toxaway when Dr. Egerton came and got
us off the train. Again Mama had to make a sad journey home. Lep met us in Florence
and came to Conway with us.

The explosion at the plant happened on the night of August 14, 1912. Bess tells
how afterwards, in the stillness, Dr. Dusenbury who lived on the lake could hear a man
running along the track and across the trestle. The doctor had his horse and buggy
ready and his bag in his hand when Hal Bryant, almost in a state of collapse, reached
him.

They brought Arthur home to "Snow Hill" on the "Mitchelle C." He would have been
31 years old the following week. He died in the front living room. Francis says he
spoke once, asking for a drink of water.

ELLIA EDITH BURROUGHS BUCK

Lella died in 1899. She and Uncle Hal Buck had been married in 1898 and lived
where Eugenia Cutts now lives. [701 Elm St., Conway] She wanted to come home to "Snow
Hill" for the birth of her baby. They both died. She was always considered the prettiest
one of the girls, and was sweet and gentle. The night she was so ill they waked
Don and me to send us out to find a fresh egg. We knew where Blacky had a nest so we
were able to get one. And we were so sure that she would be well again, because we
had been out in the black night to get this egg which we knew would cure her.

SNOW HILL AND TAUNTON, ENGLAND

On the porch of the U. D. C. Museum in Charleston, in the Market building I be-
lieve, is a mounted cannon. This was given to the Confederate Government by Plowden
C. J. Weston. His family, in order to escape the threat of Yankee gun boats on the
river, refugeed here and lived at Snow Hill. He had been educated in England and had
married a very wealthy English woman, a Miss Emily Esdale of Taunton. During the war
it was necessary for her to sign some papers. Her family sent a friend, a Clergyman,
to attend to the legal affairs. When he arrived in the North, he found everything
blockaded and it was necessary for him to go to President Lincoln to get permission to
come south. He was put on a gun boat and sent into Charleston--from there he worked
his way to Conway. According to a newspaper article in Mrs. Sherwood's possession, he
was most impressed by the fact that Mrs. Weston and her English maid were living here,
unafraid, in this isolated country with forty slaves. Mr. Weston was taken ill during
his war service and came home. He died at Snow Hill, and his body was taken by his
slaves down the river to his plantation.
Another point of contact with Taunton, England, was the Fowlers, who came over after World War II, to be with their daughter who had married James Taylor. Mr. Fowler was living next door to me then. My home, the original Snow Hill house, has been moved to its present location. One day Don told Mr. Fowler that he was living very near where a fellow townsman had lived during the Civil War, a Miss Emily Esdale, and wondered if there was any of that name still there. "What, old Charlie?" says Mr. Fowler.

TURPENTINE STILLS

Mr. Sam Bell sold Papa his first turpentine still. It was located on Elm Street on the Gully Branch near the present Methodist parsonage (709 Elm St., Conway). In the trade he assumed the distilling of a good amount of turpentine for which Mr. Bell had already committed himself. In order to get ahead, he ran two shifts, one for himself. Don says he used to laugh and say that he killed the old gentleman, because Mr. Bell in selling him the still did not really believe he would be able to pay off the debt in the prescribed time.

The first shipment of spirits of turpentine after the war almost met a fatal end. Papa had borrowed money to send it north by sailing vessel. When he got his bill of lading here it was short a good many barrels from his tally handed in at Potts Bluff. He rode horseback to Georgetown where he overtook the captain just before sailing. He was not anxious to go down in the hold and count barrels—there is a possibility that it was not altogether an oversight. At any rate Mr. Hazard, who knew Papa and the captain, was able to work out some arrangement between them. After it was settled, Mr. Hazard suggested that he take out insurance on his load. He did and the vessel was never heard of again. If he had lost this load, it would have been a terrific blow; as it was, the insurance enabled him to hold on. Don gives this view. As I remember it, Mama's version was more exciting. A hard ride to overtake an absconding captain.

Once when returning from Cool Springs, he became very ill. Dismounting from his horse, he lay down under a tree. Thinking he might die and foul play be suspected, Mama said he scribbled a note: "If I die it will be of my own free will and accord."

Cool Springs, they observed, meant improved health for the clerks and workers. Men from other turpentine stills would often be sent there for a change. There were fewer swamps, the land dry and sandy.

Mama spent at least one summer there—Lella was born there.

When he was a young man, he bought a piece of land near his old home in Martin County, North Carolina. After his death, his brother John wrote to Frank and Don telling them that someone wanted to buy it. So they went up to assess its value. While they were walking over the property, Uncle John stopped and said, "This is the spot where your father decided he did not want to make his living farming. He had been ploughing, and had cut the toes off his shoes to let the sand run out, and had run a splinter in his foot. He did not see his brother approaching with his dinner, and Uncle John heard him cussing away: "Be damned if I am going to spend the rest of my life trying to make a living farming." He had been talking before this of leaving home, and going out for himself, but this was the day he made his decision.

TO GREENSBORO & HENDERSONVILLE
BY RIVER BOAT, OCEAN STEAMER & TRAIN

Aunt Effie graduated from Greensboro College in 1887. It is difficult to grasp the fact that the first year she went to Greensboro, she had to go by boat to Georgetown, then by ocean steamer to Charleston where she caught the train to Wilmington. We used to go to Hendersonville by steamer to Georgetown, then take a train to Lanes, which connected with the one from Charleston to Columbia. One summer the boat missed the train, and Papa hired an engine, and put his numerous family with their many big trunks in a box car and got them to Lanes in time to make the Charleston train.
When I was very small, I kept begging Mama to let me go to Hendersonville to visit sister. Thad Elliott, who stayed at Snow Hill then in charge of the barns, was going up to his home and offered to take care of me. Finally Mama reluctantly agreed and Ruth and Arthur took me down one night about nine o'clock, as the "Burroughs" would leave with the tide at 4:30. It was exciting going to bed in the lower bunk, but my heart sank below the lowest deck when I heard them walk over the gang plank, across the wharf, then get in the buggy and drive away. In about two hours Mama sent Ruth back for me, and I was so glad that her heart had failed her too, and it was good to be carried home to Snow Hill and safety.

Up until two daily trains were put on the Chadbourne line, it was very difficult to make any sort of connection without spending either most of a day or night there. This road was later bought by the A. C. L.

Shooting alligators was great sport for the men passengers. I have seen huge ones, with open jaws and slashing tails, slithering down the banks trying desperately to escape. I was always sorry for them and ran to the other side.

There were certain landings where cord wood was stacked for firing the boilers—the Negroes would form a line, a sort of bucket brigade, and pass it quickly to the deck. Often there were women as well as men, and they would sing, and cut steps, and shout back and forth to the crew.

On one trip a rather shabby old gentleman got on at one of the lower landings. He sat down by Mama, and they got to talking. He was a Confederate veteran and when he found that she was Addie Cooper, he told her that he was with her brother, Tom, when he was killed. All those years the family only knew that he was missing. It was at night after the Battle of Cedar Creek, and their group was around a camp fire cooking supper. A sniper's bullet struck Tom and his friends buried him there. Mama told me that her brother Tom was the only one in the family who had brown eyes.

HOMWOOD

Mr. Joe Brown, after he had developed and sold much of his holdings at Chadbourne, North Carolina, bought from the company a large tract of land at Homewood—then called Grantville after Dr. Grant who lived there. It was also known as "The Forks of the Road". Plans were drawn, streets laid out—on maps of course—and the development renamed "Homewood". A community hall was built for a gathering place for the new settlers who came mostly from the Middle West. These women started the first Homemaker Club in this section of the state and it was the model on which others were patterned. They taught the local people much about improving their homes, gardens, canning, and general homemaking. I remember Mrs. Whitlock from Vermont telling Mama how hard she worked with a promising young girl to get her to give up chewing tobacco. She was to have a new dress, among other things, if she was willing to give up tobacco. Mrs. Whitlock was so happy when she could fit her up in her clothes, but was a little dashed when the girl told her that she did not mind quitting chewing because she liked dipping snuff a lot better.

These settlers were very interested in strawberries and truck. Don says the woodland sold for $2.50 an acre and more, and more for cleared. Mr. D. T. McNeill was trustee and handled everything. Mr. Brown paid him for the land asking his own price when resold. A lot of it was never claimed and nothing paid after the first down payment. It was quite a job getting all the titles cleared when it reverted to Mama's estate. Many stayed only a short time, but others became some of our best citizens. Probably the most colorful of all were two old bachelors, Ashby and Eastrope, who drove here from Colorado in a covered wagon. They got some of the best land and were pretty successful. Later they left and went to Cuba or some island to grow pineapples. Mr. Hanson came as a buyer for the vegetable markets—he later made the contact for the sale to Mr. Chapin of Myrtle Beach lands.
Weimers cultivated blackberries. Lewis--Rev. John Lewis--Jake Zimmerman, Dietz, Lees, Waddingtons, Sales, Whitelocks, Lyons, Wards, Rollinsons (Mrs. Stalvey's parents), Brays, George Dickson, Jack Jacoby, Cultras (returned to Tenn.), Bolts, Hadleys, Pettingers.

RIVERBOATS

A little about the "Waccamaw line of steamers." The first boat "The Juniper" was bought in Wilmington. She was old to begin with, when the hull got leaky, they built a new hull and renamed her. "The Driver", "The Ruth", "The Mitchelle C." and "The F. G. Burroughs" were built in front of Perry Quattlebaum's house about where the Waccamaw Lumber Mill now stands. In the beginning the boats were operated as Burroughs and Collins Company, but in 1895 when "Burroughs and Collins" was incorporated, the river steamers were made into a separate company.

Before this time "The Church Perkins", a sailing vessel, was built here in Conway. There were two "Maggies" named for Captain Williams' daughters--the second "Maggie" burned. "The Mitchelle C" of course was named for Uncle Collins' daughter.

She was heavily loaded with fertilizer for delivery up the Pee Dee. She lay at the wharf from Saturday night until Monday morning. When the "Burroughs" passed on her way out to Georgetown, the backwash struck the "Mitchelle C" and caused her to sink. It developed that she had sprung a slow leak. Don bought a pump that had been used in the rice fields. The first time they put the pump line down in the hull, it was too near the bow of the boat. She began to come up too rapidly--bow up. Don and Purdy McNeil were on top directing. When we saw the boat beginning to stand almost straight up, we were terrified. The pump was stopped and placed nearer the center. This time it worked fine, the "Mitchelle C" righted herself. She had to be sent to Mr. Lachicotte's ship yard at Waverly Mills for some repairs.

At this time Mrs. Williams, widow of J. P. Williams and the only woman ever to be president of a railroad in this country, was here in her private car which was on a siding near the wharf. Things were so interesting that she stayed over two or three days to see the job finished. Mama took Bess and me to visit her. I had on a blue hobble skirt costume bought from the "Sumter Dry Goods Co". It was so extreme that the porter had to find a box to make an extra step before I could manage to get up in the car. When I was married, the "Sumter Dry Goods" made my two prettiest dresses. We had to go up there for the dressmaker to measure me. She had trained in France. You were mighty lucky if you could have one of her originals. She thought that I was a little thin, so she said that she would put in cotton where the Lord had forgotten.

Jessie knew the Williams real well, in fact, he wanted to adopt her. He came down from North Carolina and drove a wagon to Port Harrellson. He told her that everything he touched turned to money. He made a fortune, and sold out to "Dusenbury and Sarvis". They over-expanded and were caught in the panic and lost out. Mr. Williams went to Georgia where he built a short line into Gainesville. Jessie does not remember the route. She said that he was the worst despot she ever knew. She visited them in Georgia. He had beautiful horses, and the groom had to keep the harness on all the time so as to be ready to dash off at a moment's notice. The cook told Jessie that she finally learned how to manage him. He would come in the kitchen demanding his breakfast, often before the fire was started. When she saw him coming, if things were not ready, she would sit down in the chair. When he asked how soon he could be served, she would say, "Anytime you want it." Then he would go out and work his roses! Mrs. Williams told Jessie that when they went to New York, she had to sit in the hotel with her hat and gloves on and her bag ready to go when the whim struck him.

At the time of Mrs. Williams' arrival in Conway, Jessie was visiting Mr. Richardson's people in Whiteville. He called her from Bucksport to come home to see her. She was to return to Whiteville and although Mrs. Williams wanted her to go to Atlanta, she
only went to Chadbourne. She says that she bets that she is the only person who ever rode out of Conway in an upper berth at four o'clock in the morning. She told Jessie, too, that the happiest days of her life were spent in Port Harrellson in a little unfinished house.

HORRY RAILROADS

First train from Chadbourn to Conway December, 1887. The cars stopped at Homewood. Van and Jamie Norton drove there to meet Doctor Evan Norton, who was returning from Columbia. Van had to bring the horse and buggy home, but Jamie, Doctor Norton, and several others were allowed to ride on in the engine, getting off in front of the Methodist Church.

The engines were named the "Horry" and "Blanche". Blanche Dusenbury Harrelson is a namesake.

The first locomotive used on the Conway-Myrtle Beach road was formerly used on a tramroad, made of wooden rails, built from Pireway out toward Shallotte, North Carolina. When the Road was abandoned, the engine was hauled by ox team to Whiteville, North Carolina, and later bought by the Myrtle Beach road.

She was named "Black Maria".

First train to Myrtle Beach--1900.
First train to Aynor--1906.

DEED TO SNOW HILL

On Sept. 18th, 1867, W. A. Gregg conveys to Franklin Gorham Burroughs the Snow Hill 4 acres, along with other lands. Effie was born in the house by "the Gully" on Nov. 10th, 1867. She always felt that she was cheated out of her birthright! This house was the home of Mr. Jolly for years—he was the wheelwright, a very important person with so many wagons to keep in repair. In later years the house was enlarged. Thad Elliott bought the home site and his family lives there now. The old Snow Hill house was built by Barnhill. Aunt Ellen says he was a large man. He went hunting on a hot day, became overheated and had a stroke. A doctor came from Wilmington but he died. Snow Hill was conveyed on October 6, 1863, by J. A. Thompson to Plowden C. J. Weston. Mr. Weston was Lieutenant Governor of S. Carolina. He died during the latter part of the war. St. Julian Mazich, trustee, conveys Snow Hill to Benj. Hazard. B. Hazard June 6, 1866, to W. A. Gregg. This was the Gregg, a Presbyterian minister, that sold Snow Hill to F. G. Burroughs. Six children were born there. Arthur was the first baby born in the new house, he was born in 1881, so probably the house was built about 1880. It was burned in 1922 when Don was remodeling—he was making the front face the lake. By this time the saw mill, the cotton gin and grist mill had gone out of operation. Aunt Ellen has left a good account of Snow Hill in her memoirs.

MYRTLE BEACH

The usual practice then with turpentine operators was to lease the rights, not buying the land, but moving on to new sites when the trees had been boxed and worked out. The land nor the timber in what is now Myrtle Beach area had any value because of its inaccessibility. My father had found that he could buy the land outright for very little more than he could lease it. Of course, there were many, many small tracts acquired in this way. But there were also many big holdings bought in single tracts. With Don's help I have been trying to get the land at Myrtle Beach more clearly defined. He says that the people there have it in their minds that a big portion was bought direct from the Withers' Estate in one big tract. By the time Burroughs and Collins was
operating there, the Withers land had passed into the hands of Joshua Ward's heirs. This had been cut up into tracts. The largest single tract was purchased by Burroughs and Collins from "Buck and Beaty", another from a New York firm, "Gilbert and Potter". The Withers tract extending approximately from Ocean Forest Hotel to Spivey's Beach was bought, in part, direct from "Dusenbury and Sarvis". The Todd land came in here. It was not owned by Burroughs and Collins--there were several hundred acres. Spivey Beach is on part of this land.

By 1890, or earlier, Burroughs and Collins could see that the turpentine business was on the way out. Georgia was becoming the center. In order to market the timber, or to realize anything for this land, it would be necessary to get some means of transportation. The turpentine products had to be hauled, though laboriously, by ox and mule team to the river, shipped first by sailing vessels, then later by river steamers to Georgetown, then North.

The first train to Conway from Chadbourne, North Carolina, came in December, 1887. This opened up great possibilities. Just when he and Uncle Collins began thinking of a railroad to their holdings in the beach area we do not know. Neither do we know which was uppermost in their minds--the sale of timber or the development of the beach itself. My oldest sister, Effie, once told me that she was with him on the strand and he said, "Effie, I won't live to see it, and you may not, but someday this whole strand will be a resort."

F. G. Burroughs died in February, 1897. The plans for a beach railroad had not been completed, but were carried out by his sons, F. A. Burroughs, A. M. Burroughs and D. M. Burroughs. The first train to Myrtle Beach ran in 1900. The first survey for the railroad was made by F. A. Burroughs before the death of F. G. B., I think in 1896.

The first locomotive used on the Conway-Myrtle Beach road was formerly used on a tramroad made of wooden rails, built from Pireway out toward Shallotte, North Carolina. When the road was abandoned, the engine was hauled by ox team to Whiteville, North Carolina, and later bought by the Myrtle Beach Road. She was named "The Black Maria". These engines had wheels with broad rims so that they could be used on either the broad wooden rails or the regular iron rails.

The first engine to be used on the completed road was bought in New York when the old steam elevated trains were being replaced by electricity. They were not large--but were much used in the South for logging and were very powerful. The company bought two cars. One regular coach--the other, open like a street car with seats across and steps running the length.

Mr. Jim Saunders sawed lumber at Pine Island to be used in buildings at Myrtle Beach. The old "Seaside Inn" was opened in 1901. I remember the night when they voted on a name for the new resort. The guests and many of those working there met in the old pavilion. A great many names were written on paper slips and handed in. The only other that I recall was "Edgewater". That thought that something fine and original! Because of the lovely myrtle which grew there in great abundance, mama's suggestion was "Myrtle Beach" and this seemed to meet with general approval and received the most votes.

Don thinks the first house built as a summer house was built by Malcolm Collins about 9th Avenue and Chester Street. Before then Mama, Ruth, Bess, Don, and I, Mr. and Mrs. Dozier, Sally, Jeff, Charley--the Elkins family, Paul and Will, spent one or two summers in small company houses that were built for the "force". Mr. Elkins was the Methodist minister from Conway--they probably did not stay all summer as we did but they added a lot of life and fun. Mrs. Elkins--who was Lenora Reed from Cheraw--was most attractive. She played the zither and sang. We had a well encased in a cypress log which had been hollowed out. This was a great attraction to Paul. Mama lost various things--Paul said he threw them in the well but his mother thought that he was teasing "Miss Addie". Finally when the kitten went in, she had the well cleaned out, and sure enough there were the scissors, cups, and spoons.
The Martin family was fun, too. Sue, Leroy, Frank, and James. They left a little before we did and Leroy told me to look in the window for a shell. It was a wing shell, big and beautiful. Lots were sold to Mr. Martin and Malcolm Collins the same day. Which built first is uncertain. Sue thinks her father. Both places were later bought by the Company.

Mr. Martin, Sue Quattlebaum's father, had worked at Grahamville—then he was made construction foreman in building the railroad to the beach. Frank had disagreed and discharged the first contractor. When the road was completed, Mr. Martin was the conductor. Mr. Baxley was the engineer; Buck, his son, was fireman. Only once have I had a special train run for me. I was very sick on Sunday and the nearest doctor was in Conway. Mr. Baxley fired "Black Maria". He told Buck, so Ruth reported, "Put the fire to her, Buck, and let her go." Ruth rode the engine to Conway to get Dr. Norton. I can hear her laughing now as she described the trip to Mama. Ruth was drowned at Myrtle Beach on July 29, 1902. The following is from a newspaper report:

Miss Ruth Burroughs was drowned while out bathing at Myrtle Beach last Tuesday evening, and her remains were not recovered from the waves until about daylight yesterday morning, when her body was found by Charley Barron about 3 miles up the Beach in the direction of Singleton's Swash.

Sometime about seven o'clock, a party of fifteen or twenty went to bathe in the surf. In the party besides the deceased were H. S. Collins, Mrs. F. A. Burroughs, Milton Read, a Mr. Johnson, W. A. Freeman, and others well known about Conway. Miss Ruth and Messrs. Read and Freeman were apart from the rest of the party. It seems that there was an outgoing tide, and a consequent undertow and they were carried out farther from the shore than they suspected. Mr. Read went to Miss Ruth's assistance when he discovered that he could not find bottom to keep her above the waves until assistance could come from the shore. Some men were getting a boat ready, but there was some necessary delay. Mr. Read became exhausted. Miss Ruth was unconscious, and although trying to cling to him for support, a large wave swept her out of his reach. She was not found until yesterday morning. The boat was too late to render assistance. Mr. Read was picked up in an exhausted, and almost unconscious condition, nearly drowned. The death of Miss Ruth Burroughs is a blow to the entire community. A nobler, more Christian character is not found among young women of today. She was loved by everybody.

Mama, Don, Bess and I had left the beach and gone to Hendersonville for the rest of the summer. Ruth had stayed over, because she was expecting Eva King from Baltimore to visit her.

The trip home was so sad. Old Mr. Barron arranged for us to stay at "The Gresham" which was new, and he knew the manager. He thought this place right at the depot would be better for Mama than the uptown hotel where she always stayed. That meant a long carriage ride there, then the ride back next morning to catch the five o'clock train to Florence.

Ruth loved all animals. I was so happy one Christmas when she made cute celluloid collars for my two kittens—one pink and one blue with little bells on them. Of course, the kittens tore off to the gin and lost the bells in the cotton. Once sister sent a pretty little collie puppy. Ruth went to get him at the depot. It was cold weather and snow was falling. She had on a fur neckpiece and was holding the puppy up close to her face. The picture is very clear to me now.

The first year at the beach, before the hotel, the Negroes ordered a gramaphone for their church, this was just a shelter covered with boughs. Evidently their selection of songs was not sent. There were three: "In the Good old Summertime", "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight". They were mighty pleased otherwise, but told Mama, "Miss Addie, dey ain't suit." They serenaded her one night and sang "Home Sweet Home". They only knew these words, but made many variations.
Before the "No Fence" law the cattle roamed at will everywhere. When there was a land breeze, great droves came down to the strand and stood right at the water's edge, patiently waiting for the wind to shift. Some even waded in the shallow water. There was little green on the beach front then--the cattle and the goats kept it cropped. The beach was shite, with big sand hills behind--the myrtle, scrub oaks, growing just beyond.

In those days, Myrtle Beach Sanitary Department was handled pretty efficiently by Uncle Billy Rainbow. He had a cart and mule and several helpers. He made the rounds early in the morning and soon his barrels were full with feed for his pigs. I doubt if it was kosher. Uncle Billy was ably assisted by an old sow and her brood. She began her day soon after sunrise, coming up from Spivey Beach, snorting, squealing, and upsetting containers from Aunt Molly Holman's, the Hall's, Thurman Collins', Barretta', Epps', Freeman's, and Godfrey's. Uncle Billy came along cursing. Garbage collection was colorful in those days. Early one morning we heard a great commotion in the kitchen--the old sow had walked up the back steps, torn through the mosquito netting screen door into the kitchen and ripped open a sack of flour. Mrs. Epps went to the station to meet Miss Margaret Klein, who was coming from New York. When they got back to the cottage, the sow had eaten up all of the home-made rolls she had left on the table.

One hot day, an old Negro couple drove up in a wagon from Murrell's Inlet. They had caught and boiled a wash tub of shrimp the night before. The shrimp were nicely covered with myrtle leaves for protection from the sun, but Ilo and Frank warned us all of the danger of eating them. It was a major tragedy for them and a minor one for the housekeepers. There was no refrigeration then except the blocks of ice sent packed in sawdust in freight cars. Sam and Jim Bellamy delivered this in a covered wagon. If the freight was late getting in at night, these men would call out as they approached the cottage, "Ice man, ice man," so that the women who were alone with the children would not be frightened. I was there without Lep from Monday until Friday, but we were among friendly people and were not afraid.

Housekeeping was not easy in those days. Mr. Bryan kept Jule Cooper hired to buy fish, and scour the country for fresh eggs, chickens, and vegetables. If the weather prevented the Negro fishermen from going out at Myrtle Beach, the same conditions prevailed at Little River and Murrell's Inlet. When this hapened, Mr. Bryan would order Jule to kill another goat. Finally Jule said, "Mr. Bryan, I have already fed those people so much goat that they are walking around on banisters."

The original "Seaside Inn" and pavilion was located behind the sand hills near the railroad. My children, the Sherwoods & Epps, used to go up with an alarm clock and light so that the nurse, Louise Rosa Ryan, would know when to leave. Later the Inn was moved down nearer the ocean front, still later it was torn down, and the Fayette Manor was built by Mr. Woodsides. Now that is gone, and we have a big parking lot and amusement center. Music was furnished by local Negro musicians--with fiddles. Once daddy had a Negro driver, Wade. The hotel guests found out that Wade could play the piano and they would not let him stop--threatened him--he was exhausted by early day light.

MR. CHAPIN

Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Chapin's daughter, came over with Mrs. Lind to talk about Myrtle Beach. Don and Bess came, too, so we could ask him questions and clear up some things. He said that the company went ahead developing the beach on a very modest scale. People from nearby and Columbia and Florence mainly came. Front lots sold for $25.00 if you agreed to build. It was not always easy to hold onto the land, and they managed to do so by running things as economically as possible, letting some of the overhead be shared by Burroughs & Collins. For instance, at first Mr. Jim Bryan divided his time between the two places, and other similar steps had to be taken. By 1912
they had decided to sell a part of the land. Mr. Hanson, who was here buying and consigning strawberries and other produce to northern markets, was consulted because he had many contacts. He talked to a real estate agent in Pine Hurst, North Carolina. This man knew that Mr. Chapin was interested in a real estate investment—so he contacted him in Chicago.

He sent an appraiser down who spent quite some time studying the land. He gave a very favorable report, the interesting thing is that he placed comparatively little value on the beach front.

A good bit of time had been taken up in this survey. One day, unannounced, Mr. Chapin appeared in Conway at Burroughs & Collins Company. He had come from the North himself to tell them that he had decided not to take the land. He said they had been so accommodating that he did not feel that a letter of refusal was quite the thing. His agent had told him that the land was everything they represented and possibly more, but that it was too far from his Chicago and New York interest. Here Mrs. Patterson told us that her father had a prospective partner in view, but the man backed out. She said her father told her that he had gone out of the door, having called the whole thing off, when he looked back in and said, "Unless I could find some interested fellows like you that I could depend on." This is how the partnership was formed and I think it has been a happy one for both sides. Mr. Chapin bought one-half interest.

SINGLETON SWASH

Don and Georgia ate supper with me and we talked about the early days at the beach. They camped at Singleton Swash. Most of the supplies were loaded on the boat the night before. "The Driver" left around sunrise and went to Grahamville where she was unloaded—the camping things were put in the turpentine wagons and the drive to the Swash began. Of course there was no inland waterway then. The campers would get to the Swash in the late afternoon, planning to arrive at a time to take advantage of the low tide. They forded the creek from the Dunes Club side, probably a little lower down than Franklin's house. There was a spring there, but the water to be used for drinking had to be hauled from Mr. Will Vaught's, two or three miles away. One team with a driver was left at camp to attend to this and other necessary work.

When the boat unloaded at Grahamville, the mattresses and everything were transferred to the wagons. It was a big day for everyone, especially for the children of the family and friends who came along. Those who wanted or needed to rode in the wagons. Mostly the young folks ran along ahead or behind the wagons, playing games, hopping rides, picking huckleberries, and enjoying the raw peanuts and stick peppermint candy which papa always had put on at Grahamville.

Mama rode in a buggy and I can still hear the sand creaking as the wheels turned. Once the teams got in a stretch of soft sand in crossing the swash, almost like quicksand. The men lifted us out, riding horses close to the wagons. Then they got the teams out. It may not have been too dangerous, but we were terrified; it was certainly equal to a western.

Things were primitive, of course; there was one small house which was used by the women and children. Mattresses were put on the floor. This building was about 16 x 20—there was no partition. The men slept either in the wagon or on the sand. Later they sometimes had tents. Bathing suits were old clothes for the men. The myrtle and scrub oaks affording all the privacy needed. The women and children, of course, had their own "baths". I remember the stylish suits made of bed ticking, high at the neck, long sleeves, and gathered at the ankles. They wore big straw hats tied close under the chin—sometimes bonnets.

Food was prepared over open fires and on crude platforms with a heavy layer of sand on which to build the fire. This saved much stooping. A school teacher from inland went one year. She had filled a glass bottle with ocean water to take home. I was small and in some way upset the bottle—she was very put out and had a lot to say.
Miss Addie was quite provoked with her since she had the whole Atlantic Ocean for a refill. Old Man Milligan lived in this house at one time. He was there during the earthquake and was nearly scared to death. Years later he was waked up by a roaring noise and thinking it was another quake, he pulled the bed clothes tightly over his head. When he peeped out the roof was blazing and almost ready to fall in.

The Singleton Swash tract was bought from a Negro, Frank Keel.

The company sold Mr. D. T. McNeill a place on the creek. He and his family and friends went there many years—they loved it. Margaret and Mr. Hunter were married there. When the Company, at Mr. Woodside's request, was getting the titles and options on small scattered holdings, Mr. Mac decided to sell so that this went into the Woodside trade.

Grahamville was once a busy place and now there is no sign of it. It is ten miles by river and six from Conway. It was quite a center for the turpentine industry, with the store, the stills, and the boat coming up to load. The "Ruth" was the smallest built for the run up the Waccamaw and the Little Pee Dee—even she could not make it when the water was low.

Don had his first job there and roomed with Mr. Jim Bryan at Mr. McNeill's. He was nervous enough on his first day. When he saw a little colored girl was to be his first customer, he felt reassured. But his confidence was shaken when she said, "Mamma say send she two eggs wort o' lard." Knowing Don, I am sure she got good measure.

When Don was a little fellow, one night he was taken very sick. Papa, Mama, and Aunt Binah Scott, who nursed most of us, drove home to Conway to the doctor.
About

Papa bought "Woodlawn" at Murrell's Inlet--so that the family went there. I have a little recollection of it. Don thinks he boarded us with Mr. and Mrs. Parker who lived there. For one reason, we sent a barrel of crackers which we could eat between meals--but we were not allowed the run of the kitchen. This trip was made by boat to Wachesaw and then by wagon to the inlet.

THE WOODSIDES

In 1926 Mr. Woodside bought out the Myrtle Beach Estates. He carried on the old company's policy, but on a much bigger scale than they had been able to do. Lights were improved over the old plant run by Harry Cushman, city water, wide paved streets, the Country Club, and the Ocean Forest Hotel. The section that this was on was released.

Mr. Woodside had big cotton interests in Greenville. "Islin & Company" were his bankers in New York. His credit was so good that he could always get any amount he called for. Everything would have been all right if the big Depression had not come along. The land was repossessed in 1933. For two years of that time the Woodsides were out of the picture. "Islin & Company" was in control. Both parties tried to work out a solution. The taxes had not been paid. A group from Greenville failed to raise the necessary funds. Finally by mutual agreement the land was repossessed. The company had to sell 40,000 acres to pay the back taxes. The deal was pending with Mr. Woodside. The Company went on with the arrangements.

I think it well that you children know the facts. I have sometimes been questioned in such a manner that I knew the person doubted the ethics of the settlement with the Woodsides. The relations between Mr. Woodside and the Company was always good—it was just one of those tragedies of the great Depression and the "Islin & Company" was not interested in a resort development.

The tract that Burroughs & Collins sold to the Woodside interests contained 65,000 acres. Later when the land was repossessed, 40,000 acres was sold to P. A. Meade from Charleston. This part lay between the old highway and the Inland Waterway. Meade later sold this to the International Paper Company. Our Coastal Carolina College is being built on some of this property.

PINE ISLAND

The railroad had not quite reached Myrtle Beach our first summer there. Don and I would take old Molly and the buggy and drive to Pine Island to shop. Mostly it was for feed for the horse and cow, but often we were able to get fresh eggs. This, I think, was in 1900—Thad Elliott ran the store.

There was a big lumber mill there operated by Mr. Jim Sanders. The lumber was used to build the old Seaside Inn—and houses for the force.

At one time a Mr. Paletto, an awfully nice man, tried farming and using Italian labor. Dasheens, or elephant ears, were probably started under his supervision, but they were not a success in the Northern markets.

Mr. Cant bought Pine Island as an experimental farm—he was an efficiency expert and felt that a farm should be run like a factory. He laid it off in small tracts and kept records, etc. It did not last long. Mr. George Dorman was manager.

WHALE

A whale washed up near Herle Rocks in 1900 (?). The railroad had been completed to near the present Inland Waterway bridge. Several flat cars were fitted up with cross ties placed around the sides of the cars and boards were laid across for seats. A
crowd went to see the whale, walking from the train to the beach. There were a few wagons. The old woman who discovered the whale had come screaming the news, saying that until now she never had believed that story in the Bible. There was a picnic too. Don thinks it probably took the place of a church picnic usually made by boat to some landing down the river.

To protect themselves somewhat from the cinders many ladies carried umbrellas, but they were burned full of little holes through which you could see the stars that night when "Black Maria" came puffing home. There was no railroad bridge then in Conway, so the passengers piled out of the cars and onto the flat to be ferried across the river. To most of us it was the most stupendous event of our lives.

Mama had taken a white table cloth to the picnic and one of the camp cooks had been so pleased with it that she gave it to him. It had a tragic end. One of the razor back hogs strolled into camp a few days later and made short work of Pete's table cloth and dinner. They say he cried.

FIRST BATH HOUSE

June 1st, 1960. This morning I was in Jerry Cox in the hardware department. Don introduced me to Mr. Bill Cox. He managed the first bath house at Myrtle Beach. To begin the summer season they had twelve suits--six for men--six for the ladies. Mr. Cox said that they were long, nothing showed like it does now. I asked if the ladies did not wear corsets and he said, "Yes, but you weren't supposed to know that--they were hung back to dry." He said he cut the top out of a tomato can, punched several holes in it, put a piece of haywire for a bail--this was fastened under the water spigot to make a shower.

One helper (Bob Montgomery, now manager of farm), whose job it was to keep several barrels pumped full of water soon found that he could save himself some hard work. If the barrels were full and left standing in the sun the bathers luxuriated in a warm shower, whereas they jumped out in a hurry when the cold water struck them. As Don says, there are tricks in all trades.

DID YOU KNOW?

THAT the Waccamaw River was once the life of the county?
THAT the first steamboat, "Francis Marion", came up for soldiers about 1862?
THAT two ocean sailing vessels were built here at the shipyard before the Civil War? One was named "Church Perkins". Sailing vessels from the North came up to Bucks-ville and Potts Bluff, and their cargo was sent on flats to Conway.

SAILING VESSELS


STEAMBOATS


TUGS

THAT two presidents, Washington and Monroe, passed through Horry--on the King's Highway?

THAT F. D. Roosevelt visited the Myrtle Beach Air Base Hospital during World War II? Gillespie Godfrey Pringle born at Myrtle Beach Air Base Hospital June 25, 1945. German war prisoners were used as orderlies.

THAT indigo was grown near Myrtle Beach?

THAT Horry County was at one time the largest turpentine producing county in the country?

THAT some of the first lumber used in the Brooklyn Bridge was sawed at Bucksport?

THAT Horry lumber was exported to the West Indies for sugar plantations?

THAT seventy years ago mail came by horse and buggy from Fair Bluff, Green Sea, Conway, by boat to Bucksville--later to Toddville--then by horse to Conway?

THAT first delivery wagon, an ox and cart, was driven by John Doyle, now of Cool Springs, when he was ten years old? There were six merchants here then: Jim Burroughs, John Mayo, Isaac Lewis, Fish, and Buck & Beaty. Pines grew on Main Street. The Market was an open shed in the middle of the street about opposite Platt's present stand? Mr. Doyle is now 82 (This was about '39 or '40). When he was a boy, the nearest drugstore was in Charleston. Dr. Grant and Dr. Norman were the physicians, Gillespie and Walsh, the lawyers.

THAT seventy-five years ago all tobacco was brought into Horry from North Carolina? Now Horry is the largest tobacco producing county in the state.

(This material collected by the women of the Episcopal Church for a fair of Horry County, stressing old tools, clothing, relics, shells and Indian finds.)

**TO BATHE OR NOT TO BATHE**

_by John P. Cartrette_

Bath tubs are fairly new furniture. In summer the laundry wash tub might be set out in the sun and filled with water for a warm bath. In winter it might be a cold water bath or one slightly warmed by a kettle of hot water.

At Myrtle Beach bathhouse the Company hired a man to keep a barrel located on top of the house filled with water for the summer sun to warm for the showers. I took some under the spigot under the barrel in almost dark room. There were no lights except sunlight from under the eaves and the door.

During the days of the silent movies (and Saturday night baths?) theater managers sprayed perfume in the air of the theater over the heads of the audience when the odors became too rank.

Woolen underwear was donned at the first cold spell in October and removed after the first cold spell (sheep shearing time) in May. As late as the early 1920's some children from poor families were sewed into their suits during this period. The teacher put the worst offenders near a window to air them out.

**CAN YOU HELP?**

K. O. McCracken, P. O. Box 12181, Florence, S. C. 29501 seeks parents of W. J. McCracken, b. 7 Nov. 1850, d. 10 Nov. 1923; wife's name Laura R. McCracken, maiden name Laura R. Parker. [Mr. McCracken notes that all McCrackens buried in Parker Cemetery are spelled "en"].

Mrs. Walter L. Tuten, 203 So. Freeman, Oceanside, CA 92054: Can anyone help me find the father of Cader Hughes, 1787-1850. He married Susannah Bellamy, then my great grandmother Anna Jane. Also does anyone have any information on Mary E. Grissett(s) Livingston, sister to George Reuben Grissette. She married Thomas Livingston and was in Horry District in 1817.

Rebecca A. Maples, Box 746, Fairfield, FL 32634 seeks information on John Green, father of Elizabeth Green (d. 1824), wife of Richard Singleton (d. about 1805).
SEVEN GENERATIONS OF BEATYS OF HORRY COUNTY

by Lalla McQueen Stevens

Some have referred to the Beaty family as the "foundation family" of Horry County, a statement meaning that most families of the vicinity were connected with it either by blood or marriage. Shown here are Mary Harriette Beaty, daughter of John and Elizabeth Mary Prince Beaty, and six of her female descendants in a straight line.

Mary Harriette Beaty Cooper

Frances Elizabeth Cooper McAnge Currie

Frances Ellen Currie McQueen

Lalla Corinne McQueen Stevens

Lalla McQueen Stevens West

Lalla Ellen West Carr

Ellen West Carr

Mary Harriett Beaty, daughter of John and Elizabeth Mary Prince Beaty, married Timothy Cooper, who was born in Horry County, 17 Feb 1803 and died in Conway 27 Aug 1818. Timothy and Mary Harriette Beaty Cooper are buried in the Methodist Church Yard, Conway.

Frances Elizabeth Cooper was the third child of Timothy and Mary Harriette Beaty Cooper, born 16 Oct 1835 and died 19 Apr 1896. She married first William N. McAnge,
was killed at Corinth, Miss., in the War Between the States. They had three children: Lula, Jeanette and William Norman McAnge, Jr. She married second William Currie, born 17 Nov 1817, Richmond County, N. C., and died 17 Oct 1894. Both are buried in the Methodist Church yard, Conway. They had four children: Frances Ellen, Thomas Cooper, Frederick Timothy and Eva Currie.

Frances Ellen Currie married Yancey Price McQueen 29 Jan 1890. They had eight children: Gilbert Donald, Lalla Corinne, Fannie Carolyn, Claudia-Virginia, Ellen Ford, Fred Currie, Eva Dalma and Ina Hope McQueen.

Lalla Corinne McQueen married McDuffie Stevens 30 June 1912. They had four children: McDuffie, Jr., Thomas McDuffie, James Price and Lalla McQueen Stevens.

Lalla McQueen Stevens married Grady West 17 Jan 1942. They have three children: Lalla Ellen, Grady James and Beverly Jean West.

Lalla Ellen West married James C. Carr, Jr. They have three children: Ellen West, Julie Corinne and Elizabeth McQueen Carr.

Ellen West Carr was born 24 Jan 1966.

HICKORY GROVE BAPTIST CHURCH CEMETERY

Catalog compiled by Ronald P. Todd, May 24, 1980

Alford, Keith McLain, 1979-1979
Anderson, _____, April 17, 1936 (infant son of Prudie H. & Freeman G. Anderson)
Anderson, Paul, Nov. 2, 1904-Oct. 10, 1910 (son of G. D. & Kate Anderson)
Bratcher, Bill, June 8, 1923-Jan. 11, 1942 (son of W. E. & Loo Bratcher; picture in stone)
Bratcher, Hoyest, Oct. 25, 1921-Nov. 4, 1921
Bratcher, Loo Todd, Nov. 11, 1893-June 11, 1969 (wife of William E. Bratcher)
Bratcher, William E., Dec. 29, 1887-Nov. 28, 1968
Chestnut, _____, Nov. 30, 1936 (infant son of Huey & Grace Chestnut)
Chestnut, _____, 1901 (infant twin sons of H. D. & Melvina Chestnut)
Chestnut, Clara M., Apr. 12, 1905-June 20, 1941
Chestnut, Clemmon Maybell, Oct. 21, 1910-April 24, 1917 (Dau. of H. D. & M. L. Chestnut)
Chestnut, Clemontine, Sept. 12, 1852-Jan. 15, 1934
Chestnut, Clinton B., Sept. 16, 1918-March 21, 1969
Chestnut, Dolly Rose, Aug. 3, 1927-Nov. 16, 1930
Chestnut, Elva G., Sept. 11, 1891-Nov. 1, 1975
Chestnut, Ethel Elueta, July 18, 1906-Aug. 17, 1918
Chestnut, Eva M., May 27, 1925-Dec. 29, 1940 (dau. of E. B. & Elva L. Chestnut; picture in stone)
Chestnut, George Only, Mar 23, 1895-May 4, 1972
Chestnut, Grace Jordan, March 16, 1919- (wife of Huey Davis Chestnut?)
Chestnut, Henry David, Sept. 28, 1871-Aug. 29, 1968
Chestnut, H. S., Nov. 11, 1846-Oct. 27, 1928
Chestnut, Huey C., Aug. 10, 1885-Jan. 7, 1888
Chestnut, Huey Davis, Sept. 12, 1916-Feb. 10, 1959
Chestnut, Hyman, Oct. 23, 1886-Apr. 15, 1962
Chestnut, I. Bertie, Jan. 3, 1889- (wife of Elva G. Chestnut?)
Chestnut, Ida J., Feb. 4, 1874-March 20, 1934
Chestnut, J. Commander, 1844-1917
Chestnut, Jeff C., 1905-1969
Chestnut, Johnie, Feb. 8, 1878-Jan. 15, 1888
Chestnut, June Rose, June 10, 1934-June 26, 1934 (daughter of George O. & Rose Graff Chestnut)
Chestnut, Leah Carrie, Aug. 29, 1908-Apr. 21, 1917 (dau. of H. D. & M. L. Chestnut)
Chestnut, Lizzie P., Apr. 16, 1885-Feb. 2, 1950 (wife of Hyman Chestnut?)
Chestnut, Louis H., Oct. 6, 1876-Jan. 12, 1888
Chestnut, Lucy, Mar. 13, 1880-Jan. 10, 1888
Chestnut, M. Trissy, 1845-1922 (wife of J. Commander Chestnut?)
Chestnut, Mary Beatrice, Apr. 19, 1894-July 6, 1970 (wife of William L. Chestnut?)
Chestnut, Maybelle Holt, May 16, 1919-Feb. 21, 1970
Chestnut, Melvina Lugenia, July 11, 1875-July 27, 1968 (wife of Henry David Chestnut)
Chestnut, Rose Graff, Aug 7, 1901- (wife of George Only Chestnut)
Chestnut, Ruth C., Nov. 12, 1921-March 21, 1969 (wife of Clinton B. Chestnut?)
Chestnut, Wm. Arland, Feb. 23, 1938-April 10, 1940
Chestnut, William L., Nov. 28, 1894-June 6, 1915
Cooke, Allen F., Jr., May 23, 1945-Nov. 19, 1971 (SP4 U.S. Army Vietnam)
Cox, A. R. G., Mar. 6, 1880-July 1, 1886
Cox, Blanche Patrick, Oct. 19, 1894-June 20, 1965 (wife of John Memory Cox)
Cox, H. S., Dec. 29, 1850-June 30, 1923
Cox, J. W., Sept. 11, 1849-Oct. 10, 1922
Cox, John Memory, Oct. 17, 1879-Nov. 8, 1955
Cox, Julius Furman, Sept. 18, 1896-Dec. 17, 1954
Cox, Mary Norris, d. Aug. 3, 1937 (age about 78)
Cox, Sally Estelle, April 23, 1918-Oct. 28, 1937
Cox, Sally A., d. Jan. 18, 1926
Cox, Sam P., July 28, 1889-Sept. 9, 1931
Edge, John M., 1899-1918
Edge, Maggie G., 1897-1916
Edge, Norah M. Patrick, Oct. 20, 1866-Aug. 14, 1940 (wife of Wilson Edge)
Edge, Ralph N., 1890-1910
Edge, Wilson, Dec. 13, 1841-Aug. 3, 1923
Galloway, __________, 1969-1969 (infant son)
Galloway, Isaac Benjamin, Mar. 29, 1900-Sept. 8, 1975
Galloway, Little Isaac, Aug. 29, 1949-Mar. 11, 1961
Galloway, Maggie Todd, Aug. 1, 1909- (wife of Isaac Benjamin Galloway?)
Hardee, _____, June 28, 1930 (infant daughter of Carson & Ruby Hardee)
Hardee, Andrew M., April 23, 1861-Oct. 7, 1933
Hardee, Berry Bertram, Oct. 29, 1929-Feb. 10, 1931
Hardee, Carl Dean, July 30, 1950-Aug. 16, 1951 (son of John D. & Lottie Hardee)
Hardee, Carson McLain, Dec. 21, 1905-
Hardee, Ruby Bratcher, Nov. 15, 1912-Oct. 27, 1878 (wife of Carson McLain Hardee?)
Hardee, William Berry, May 11, 1889-July 31, 1976
Holt, _____, b. and d. 1936 (infant daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Holt)
Holt, Elizabeth, Nov. 16, 1927-Oct. 28, 1928 (daughter of H. G. & Girtie Holt)
Holt, Ethel, March 4, 1931-April 18, 1931
Holt, Eva Estelle Todd, March 4, 1890-June 21, 1967
Holt, Girtie, Dec. 30, 1898- (wife of H. B. Holt?)
Holt, H. B., April 8, 1885-Dec. 24, 1970
Holt, Jesse E., May 11, 1891-Dec. 6, 1918
Holt, Thomas Arthur (June 23, 1909-July 3, 1915 (son of Melvin Holt)
Holt, William G., Jan. 31, 1914-Sept. 8, 1939
Holt, _____, Nov. 30, 1934-June 22, 1935 (son of H. B. & Girtie Holt)
Johnson, Michael Lynn, June 1, 1967-Feb. 6, 1968
Lupo, Boyd, 1895-1966
McCracken, Hattie, Apr. 17, 1891-Aug. 20, 1911 (wife of R. W. McCracken, dau. of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Chestnut)
McCracken, Mary Ila, Oct. 28, 1880-June 18, 1912 (wife of E. W. McCracken)
McDonald, "Sonny" Carl M., Jr., Feb. 29, 1956-July 2, 1960, son of Carl M. & Vera M. McDonald)
McDowell, (infant)
McDowell, John Taylor, July 1, 1921-Oct. 1, 1975 (PFC U. S. Army World War II)
McDowell, Julia Mae, May 12, 1906-Apr. 16, 1970 (wife of Louis Manigo McDowell?)
McDowell, Mavis Ann, Aug. 12, 1946-Nov. 38, 1948 (dau. of L. M. & Julia McDowell)
Padgett, Nannie, May 27, 1882-May 25, 1960
Parker, William Rosewell, Mar. 10, 1912-Dec. 17, 1914 (son of A. B. & Minnie Parker)
Prince, Doris O., Dec. 11, 1936-Jan. 25, 1937
Seals, Pearl Pate, Oct. 9, 1905-June 10, 1970 (wife of Thomas James Seals?)
Seals, Thomas James, Aug. 15, 1898-July 4, 1962
Stephenson, Darrel A., 1959-1959
Strickland, _____, May 23, 1940 (infant daughter of Dorothy & W. B. Strickland)
Thompson, _____, Aug. 26, 1944-Aug. 26, 1944 (infant son of Mr. & Mrs. Roscoe Thompson)
Thompson, Freddie A., 1948-1949
Todd, Elisha J. M., Jan. 9, 1835-July 15, 1898 (Co. M 10 S. C. INF CSA)
Todd, Joanna, Aug. 11, 1859-Oct. 2, 1920 (wife of Elisha J. M. Todd?)
Todd, John Thomas, June 1, 1879-March 27, 1964
Todd, Oscar E., June 5, 1908-May 22, 1910 (son of R. P. & E. E. Todd)
Todd, Oswell R., Aug. 25, 1910-April 15, 1913 (son of R. P. & E. E. Todd)
Todd, R. P., Feb. 15, 1879-Feb. 1, 1927
Todd, R. P., Jr., April 1927-July 29, 1927
Wilson, Homer F., March 11, 1897-Nov. 19, 1963 (SC PVT U. S. Army World War I)
Wright, Benjamin Hanson, 1877-July 25, 1922
Wright, Joe, Oct. 3, 1919-Jan. 31, 1942 (son of B. H. & Mellie Wright; picture in stone)
Wright, Nancy Vermellie Todd, June 7, 1882-Oct. 31, 1959 (wife of Benjamin Hanson Wright?)

[There are other graves in this cemetery which are either unmarked, the markers are no longer legible, or are outlined in brick with no other mark.]

THE FAMILY BIBLE

The family Bible of John Ferney HARRIS is in possession of his son, Ferney Oscar HARRIS, Rt. 4, Conway, S. C. It was copied 23 Oct 1978 by Janet H. WOODARD.

"This certifies that the Rite of Holy Matrimony was celebrated between John F. HARRIS, Grantsville, South Carolina and Mary Murchison, Grantsville, S. C., November 11th, A.D. 1875 at Maple Swamp, by Rev. Daniel Boyd."

Witness: George SESSIONS
Henry HARRIS

BIRTHS:
John Ferney HARRIS, b. 1 Mar 1850
Mary M. HARRIS, b. 16 Apr 1857
Frosty Etta HARRIS, b. 6 May 1877
George Walter HARRIS, b. 22 Feb 1879
Samuel Wilson HARRIS, b. 10 Jan 1881.

DEATHS:
Frosty Etta HARRIS, d. 5 Oct 1882
Mary F. HARRIS, d. 23 Sept 1885
John F. HARRIS, d. 9 Apr 1923
Mary M. HARRIS, d. 26 Dec 1938

BIRTHS:
John F. HARRIS, b. 1 Mar 1850
Mary M. DORMAN, b. 16 Apr 1855

John F. HARRIS and M. M. DORMAN joined the right hand of fellowship November 11, 1875.

Frosty Etta HARRIS, b. 6 May 1877
George Walter HARRIS, b. 22 Feb 1879.
Samuel Wilson HARRIS, b. 10 Jan 1881
Mary Frances HARRIS, b. 10 Jan 1883
John Henry HARRIS, b. 22 Sept 1885
Lewis Arthur HARRIS, b. 9 Nov 1887
Minnie May HARRIS, b. 27 Sept 1892
Ferney Oscar HARRIS, b. 29 Oct 1894
Sarah Laura HARRIS, b. 30 Sept 1897
Bennett Everette HARRIS, b. 21 Nov 1902
Katie Mae HARRIS, b. 13 Apr [no year recorded--JHW]
EARLY SETTLERS IN CAMP SWAMP

By James Irvin Marlowe

With reference to the article on Camp Swamp Community in the Summer issue, the use of the name "Camp Swamp" goes back at least as far as 1796, when it was used in the description of a land grant to Nathaniel Marlow. At that time he and Jesse Cox were the only residents of the area shown on modern maps as Camp Swamp.

I have laid out Nathaniel Marlow's original plat on a modern topographic map of the area, using as a baseline the N.C.-S.C. border which formed one boundary of the grant. Although a comparison of the map and the plat shows some discrepancies in closure of the survey, possibly due in part to changes in the present course of the stream, it is clear that Nathaniel's grant enclosed all the area now mapped as the Camp Swamp community. Jesse Cox's land adjoined it on the southeast and all other sides were vacant lands.

Nathaniel Marlow owned land on both sides of the state line. According to the Brunswick County Court minutes, he helped lay out the first road from Fireway toward Bladen County, N. C., in 1781. He was also listed in the North Carolina Census records. When he died in 1824, however, his estate was settled in Horry County. Some of his descendants lived in Horry County until the 1850's, after which they moved permanently into Brunswick and Columbus Counties, N. C.
On the 30th of July up at 2.40; breakfast of bread, stewed peaches, and "claber." This claber is quite a godsend in the absence of tea. It is simply "curds and whey:" a bowl of milk is put by in the evening, and by atmospheric operation becomes claber in the morning.

How fresh and beautiful it was to dash along the winding, noiseless road, the day gradually breaking forth, the dewdrops hanging on the varied and tangled woods of pine, oaks, maple, arbutus, cedar, magnolia, rhododendron, cypress, gum-tree, and bay! As we passed near the river we saw the masts of a Yankee gun-boat which was at anchor opposite a plantation belonging to Dr. McGill. One of his men told me five servants had gone on board: he said "they were fools; they would soon be sorry for it; they were house servants," and, as he said, "foot to foot with massa," who treated them "too well;" they had every thing they wanted; but they had been misled by his head servant, who was a "traitor."

July 31st.—To-day at Conwayboro' the sun rises at 5.10 and sets at 6.50, but in England it rises at 4.10 and sets at 7.50; thus we have two hours more night to cool us here: there is no twilight.

I read in a newspaper some remarks on the boundary between the United States and Canada, alleging that in 1842 Lord Ashburton had been outdone by the Yankee; for the true boundary, as agreed on at the peace between Britain and the United States, was the watershed from the Western Mountains to Mars' Hill in Maine.

A chaplain of the Confederate army writes from Richmond that the estimated loss of the Confederate army during the five days' fight near Richmond was 15,000 killed and wounded, that of the Federals 20,000. The prisoners taken by the Confederates, sick, wounded, and well, 10,000; cannon, 80; muskets and rifles, 13,000.

August 1st.—Thermometer at 7.30 A.M. 76°; rose to 80° at noon. Saw in a paper an order from Stanton, authorising commanders to pillage and destroy private property. I see the dry pine points are now being collected in the woods; the ground is covered with this, which is called "trash:" it is used for bedding for horses and cattle, and makes good manure.

August 6th.—Took tea at Mr. Beatty's. To see how hospitably these kind people entertain, one would not suppose war was raging. How well the negro women bake and cook!

Mr. B explained Stonewall Jackson's great strategy to get to Richmond and reinforce Lee with 50,000 men: he marched day and night 120 miles. Banks, Shell, Fremont, and McDowell had all joined to give him battle in the Shenandoah valley. He left vedettes and three or four regiments as a feint, marched to co-operate with Lee, and got up just in time on the 25th of June. I find, all praise General McClellan for the way in which he managed his retreat. General Huger, who had under him General Magruder, was ordered to intercept the retreat of the Yankees, and got within sound of them; but they slipped away in the night, and next day Magruder's division of 40,000 men came on their position, strengthened by fifty siege guns and twelve batteries of field guns placed in shape of a funnel, by the fire of which his attacks were three times repulsed, and time gained by the enemy to get off to the James River. By Tuesday, the 29th of July, the whole Northern army had retreated thirty miles, and got under cover of gun-boats.

This State of South Carolina has wonderful soil: to look at its sand you would think it sterile, but now we have dishes of delicious peaches and figs; the latitude
is about the same as Algiers. The soil must be good, for, slightly manured, it produces all fruits and vegetables: excellent apples, pears, figs, peaches, greengages, plums, grapes, strawberries, potatoes (sweet and Irish), peas, beans, okra, eggplants, tomatoes, rice, wheat, oats, maize, barley, rye, tea, coffee, flax, honey in abundance.

Thermometer rises now to 90°. I observed, "It will be hot for the soldiers." An old man replied, "It is usual at this time of the year; we are about the latitude of Fez: our men don't mind it, they are used to it; if they were not in the army they would be out in the corn-fields all day at work; a fine hardy race they are!" And looking at a boy twelve years old, he continued, "All these boys are longing to be soldiers: at nine years old they all handle a gun, go into the woods and shoot squirrels, and many of them shoot better than their fathers." Then, as an instance of courage, it was told me a family at George-Town were roused up at night by a fire raging next-door: the grandmother went to wake up a boy ten years old (and a dear, clever little fellow is Tommy Morgan), and saw him kneeling down in his bed. She asked him what he was doing. "Praying," said he, "that God Almighty would spare our house." The house burnt down was only separated by a space of two feet, and this house was not injured; the family were Roman Catholic, half Irish and half French.

On the 10th of August, the 8th Sunday after Trinity, thermometer 96° by day and 91° by night; had Divine service in the Piazza at 7 A.M. and 7 P.M.—hot work; at 3, Mrs. W____'s class up for catechism, six boys and five girls. Several of the Methodists and Presbyterians came to our service.

The negroes sung out the hymns more heartily than the whites: there is no reserve in the negro in his worship. The Nonconformists evidently like the decency and order of the Church service; and as I have long preached unwritten sermons, they could not say the teaching was as that of "the Scribes."

Sermones scriptae would no more do for the black labourers than they do for the white. It seems strange that, while in France and America members of Parliament are allowed to read their speeches, but not so in England, the reverse is held as to pulpit discourses. I do not mean to advocate extempore, or unprepared, preaching as a custom; indeed, I find much more thought is engaged in preparing sermons unwritten than written. I would call them spoken, or vivá voce sermons, instead of written ones. The pulpits in these churches are like platforms, in which two or three chairs are placed. A young man was preaching once in South Carolina, and a learned Anabaptist minister was sitting by him. When he began his sermon with the confession that he was quite "unprepared," "More shame for you," said the doctor. Then he went on to say, "As I was coming along the text struck me."

"Pity it had not struck you down," said the doctor.

In a pamphlet on Church Extension, which in 1840 I dedicated to Sir R. Inglis, I suggested to our English bishops that they should establish in each diocese a theological college, where candidates for orders should be obliged to study at least a year under the bishop's ken, so that he would know the character and qualities of his men; and that there, practice should be had in speaking sermons, exemplifying the excellent system in that respect which prevails in the college at Geneva. If colleges be required for the temporal army, surely they are for the spiritual, and it is proved that Oxford and Cambridge do not fully supply the need. As for the cures of souls, it would be well to take a hint from the Church in America, where every congregation has a committee for the church, something like "le conseil d'église" in France, composed of proprietors and chief men all belonging to the congregation, who should have the election of the incumbent under sanction of the bishop; thus putting an end to the iniquitous traffic in livings, whether for pecuniary or political motives. It is only wonder that when Englishmen have combined for many excellent purposes, they have never yet combined to get rid of this shameful and sacrilegious abuse. It would be well too if our Church in England would take a hint from her sister in America, and make good provision for the clergy and their families: surely our bishops might fairly bring this subject before the laity.
I baptized the infant daughter of Captain W.'s builder; he is called Renty, and his wife Josephine; their "title" is Tucker. Of course, when the negro domestic system, as advocated above, is adopted, these "titles" will all come out and be registered. The infant was called Dido. I can't account for the propensity for old classic names among them; is it that the masters have been men of education, and put these names into their heads? They have also Venus, Juno, Chloe, Hector, Horace, and even Jupiter!

August 12th.--Thermometer at 10, 88°; at 3, 91°; at 9, 86°. The negroes delight in this: the children go to sleep under the mid-day sun. The fine crops of corn, sugar-cane, and sweet potato, flourish under it and the heavy dews at night. The Charleston papers have the debates in our Parliament of the 18th of July, on Mr. Lindsay's motion, concerning the Confederate States. Regrets are expressed that he did not postpone it till full particulars of the Federal defeat at Richmond were known, as then the power of the South would, they think, have made such impression that "Recognition" would have followed. Mr. Whiteside's speech is greatly admired.

To-day we drove to a real farm, i.e., occupied by a tenant of a landlord, so that such tenure is already beginning in this new country.

August 13th.--Thermometer at 5.30 A.M., 81°; at 6 P.M., 89 1/2°. The papers report the heat as unusual, and not remembered so great by any living person. Notwithstanding the heat we take dour drives after sunset; and whirled along in the light "buggy" by Saratoga and Equity, who trot about twelve miles an hour, we make a breeze as we go from house to house in the borough; for this is the time of visiting here, and the lady of the house sets before you a trayful of peaches, or an immense watermelon, green without and pink within, and a decanter of water fresh from the well. The papers state that in Georgia, on the 23rd of July, at 4 P.M., a sword was seen in the heavens, having its hilt silver-white and blade red; size to the eye twenty feet long, pointing north-east. It is asserted here that last year, in July, before the battle of Bull Run, a similar sign was seen—an arm stretched out near the moon, holding a sword.

I determine to go to Richmond while the Senate and Congress are in session. On account of the heat Mr. Porter works his mail stage "buggy" by night. We left the borough at 10 P.M., the 14th of August, and a weary night it was in our cramped position; but the companionship of a South Carolina country squire (every one is an esquire here) passed the time away, by his narrating how he hunted the red deer in the woods and swamps of the Wakamaw in the fall and spring of the year; how the wild turkeys were hunted (for they never talk about "going out shooting"—it is all hunting), the hunter imitating their call, and enticing them to him; and how, now and then, they come across a bear in the swamps. My companion's name was Session, and he was a member of the "State Convention," an assembly, as he explained to me, only called out on grand emergencies, at the call of the House of Representatives, or State Legislature, who are to judge of the need of "the sovereign voice" of the people being heard through this their chosen organ. By this means each State is enabled to act in its "sovereign and independent character." It was this Convention that passed the Act of Secession from the Union in April, 1861, as above stated; and this body, I was informed, so far amended the State Legislature of South Carolina as to appoint members of Council to assist the Governor of this State on account of the great press of business arising from the war.

At 10 P.M., the 15th of August, the train left Fair Bluff, and reached Wilmington at 2 A.M.: the cars being full of soldiers, there was no seat to be got. The conductor walks up the centre passage and takes the tickets, or you can pay him without a ticket, showing the perfect trust which is placed in these officials.

An immense number of passengers bundled into the great steam ferry-boat over Wilmington River (Cape Fear River). There is no delay, the cry is "On to Richmond." We breakfast at Goldsborough, ... [pp. 138-147]

On the 8th October I was again en route de sable, with my friend Mr. Porter, mail stage coachman. Well, Mr. Porter, many passengers lately? Answer: Yes, sir, "right
smart." It was a warm day, yet a greyheaded man, aged 60, walked from Fair Bluff to within five miles of the Boro', carrying full saddlebags and a can; he is a farmer on the coast, a regular tough-looking Englishman. He said the white people do all this sort of thing; they never get "sun-stroke" in the South, but there is plenty of it in New York. In the summer they take bark—the bark of the willow or hickory—to keep off fever.

On arriving at Conwayboro' I found the thermometer had sunk to 76° by day. A letter was received from Captain W____, giving an account of the taking of a fort from the Yankees; the name was Mumfordsville, in Kentucky. He commanded four companies of skirmishers; the place capitulated, and 4,500 men were paroled, and their arms were on the same day handed over to 4,500 Kentuckians.

At Conwayboro' I found a letter for me from the negro driver at Winsboro'. Here it is:—

"Winsboro', Sunday, September 21, 1862.

"Dear Mr. Mallet,

"I have not got any directions from the men since you left, and I thought I would write and let you know a bout it.* [Referring to some of the negroes being charged with helping themselves to bacon.] I was trying to find out, but I cannot find out anything a bour it. All is well since you leare.

"My dear Mistress,

"I take this opportunity of writting you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present, and I hope when this reaches you it will find you and all the rest in the enjoyment of good health. We stand very much in need of salt, as we are out. Mr. Calcutt says there is sent any to be had. the Meat which you sent on to us we have not receved as yet. We are very thankfull to you for allowing us more meat for our allowance when we receive it. We expect to commence picking cotton to-morrow, if the weather permit. I will be very glad to hear from you as soon as you hear from Master. I received the 8 dollars from Mr. Mallet which you sent me, and am very thankfull to you for it. We are all getting on very well at present, but I don't know how longe it will continue to be so, but I trust it will be all the time. I am very sorry that they did not make a confession to Mr. Mallet when he was here, and I cannot get any satisfaction from them myself. I hope, dear Mistress, I hope to hear from you very soon. No more at present. I am your ever faithf'ull servant,

"Anthony Westm."

Mrs. W____ and myself went to tea with Mr. Morgan and his family, refugees from George Town. He is an Irishman, and a very enterprising merchant. He says, the South wants emigrants from Europe to set up factories and open mines; there is abundance of iron in North Carolina and Tennessee, but the mines are rudely worked; scientific workmen are wanted. Twenty-eight miles north of Charlotte, in North Carolina, there are mines of iron, copper, and lead, provisions abundant and climate good.

The 11th October, being Saturday, Mrs. W____ gives out grain, &c., to the "field hand." The women carry by toting (i.e. on the head) 1 1/2 bushel. No doubt, this "totting" accounts for their remarkably upright figures; each adult male and female had one peck of clean rice, and half a peck to each child; sometimes cornflour is given instead. As soon as a child is born, the mother has half a peck a week for it; they can lay by plenty for their pountry and pigs. Meat is given out to the field labourers three times a week, in such quantities that every family may have meat daily; honey, sugar, and salt were also given out.

This 11th October we have a gale of wind; the pine forests all around roar like the sea; lightning, thunder, and rain—what they call here "battle rain." It is the day the Northern fleet departs from Hilton Head. Where is it bound?—no one knows. Conwayboro' has now a pleasant climate; we have no daisies in the grass, but, just as in June, we have the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale's song in the
woods, and all from the mocking-bird. Was it to cheer the Saxon emigrant in his hard-eared log hut that Dame Nature provided this wonderful bird? and while our birds are mute the mocking-bird still sings, and the Anglo-American race sit in their piazzas cheered by the varied song.

October 12th, 17th Sunday after Trinity.—Heavy rain; several of the Boro' families had agreed to attend our house Divine Service, and among them some Roman Catholics; but the weather kept all at home. The Holy Communion was administered to the family; several negroes received with great devotion. I preached to them on Solomon's Song, viii.7: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Dr. Harrill, the medical man here, has much ability; he considers that the Confederates driving back the Federals from Richmond warrants recognition from Foreign Powers. The Government has shown its stability. Dr. Harrill studied medicine in the North. In 1854 he was at Castleton.

"Judge Howe was there, and a Mr. Hall was at Prospect Hill, near White Hill. These gentlemen were friends of the family of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who was left badly off. This lady had traveled in the South, where few Northerners ever go, except it be to settle there; she had written notes about the slaves. Judge Howe concluded, as an abolitionist and universalist, to make out a book, and employed Hall, a clever hand, to write it. He called it 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a fiction on the said notes: it was agreed to bring it out under Mrs. Beecher Stowe's name. Hall was to be paid for writing, and Judge Howe was to give Mrs. Beecher Stowe part of the profits, which immensely exceeded all their expectations, and proved fortunes to them both. A conscientious Methodist minister in the same district, feeling that false impressions would be made by the book, wrote a pamphlet to counteract it; but he was threatened with dismissal from his congregation, and the pamphlet was quashed.

"The teaching of ministers and of Sabbath-school scholars all through the North was forced to include anti-slavery; also setting forth the Southern States as in a miserable state of ignorance, darkness, and destitution, all owing to the 'awful' and 'cursed institution.' No minister was reckoned fit for a call to a flock except he would bring this into public prayer; it was also lugged into the prayer at all public religious meetings. In these prayers they were openly to denounce slavery, and pray that the eyes of the South might be opened to see their sin and emancipate their slaves; yet all the while these people were totally ignorant of the condition of the black people, for the Northern people never come to travel in the South, only to settle and invest, and then they become zealous pro-slavery Southerners. The only travellers south are the English, and they have been very few. Those who have written of the South have shown that the condition of the slaves is good, e.g., Mr. Surtees, in the 'Monthly Magazine;' Meers. Oliphant and Fergusson, in 'Blackwood;' Mackay, in 'The Western World;' Featherstonehaugh, and the Honourable Miss Murray."

October 15th.—We are glad to have fires. Thermometer 66° to 68°. Here is the old hearth with its brass-headed dogs and blazing wood fire. The negroes have all got their supply of warm clothing, shoes and blankets. I baptized Carietta, the infant daughter of Curtis and Elvina Clewis. These people had only been with Baptists. I read portions of the Scriptures concerning baptism. They were anxious for their child to be baptized: like many others here, they wished to become acquainted with the Church of England, and were well disposed to join it as a Scriptural institution.

The uncle, Sylas Todd, is a blacksmith and farmer; he is growing an acre of rice on upland, dry; the crop will be full thirty-five bushels. He considers the rice grown on the upland is, if carefully cultivated, fuller in grain than on wet land.

Though rice is such a staple food of this country, and a food so much depending on its preparation by "the cooking animal," it is strange that the more approved East Indian mode of cooking it has not superseded the insipid long-boil-mash operation, and in the hopes of in some measure improving on this, and enhancing the value of one of the most nutritious of grain, I here transcribe the recipe:
"Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a table-spoonful of salt, then throw in one pint of rice after it has been well washed with cold water; let it boil twenty minutes; throw it out on to a colander, and strain off the water; when the water is well drained off put the rice back into the same saucepan dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire some minutes, or till required to be dished up." Thus the grains will appear separate, and not mashed into a pudding.

The least bit of fresh butter mixed up with it in your plate makes it most acceptable to the palate without accessories, and very wholesome and nourishing. I have seen how the hammals running dak in India work on it, and in my hog-hunting expeditions there, I always "stocked the garrison" with rice.

Cotton yields in South Carolina about 400 lbs. picked, per acre, i.e., one bale, for which Government gives 17 cents per lb. $68 for an acre $4.3s.4d.; but in Mississippi cotton grows twelve feet high, and yields 8000 lbs. an acre.

Dr. Harrill informs me the Wakamah Belt, i.e., the space between the river, which runs almost parallel to the sea for many miles, is sixty miles wide. There is never any typhoid fever: quinine is needed against ague, or, as they call it, "chill and fever." They now use barks of willow, &c. Quinine comes from Peru; its discovery is curious. In a certain district the people never had ague, and it was found they drank water from cisterns where the chinchona-trees grew. Some doctor then had the leaves prepared, and hence quinine—a blessing to the human race.

September 17th. A letter from Captain W told us that General Bragg's army had marched 300 miles in seventeen days (in twelve marching days), from Harrison's Landing, on the Tennessee River, to Bardstone, In Kentucky, thirty miles from Louisville.

Through the kindness of Mr. Molyneux, I had ascertained the sailing days of the Cunard steamers, and I fixed on the 5th of November, the "Australasian," reckoning to return to my flock at Ardeley after six months absence. From all I saw around me a blessing had been on my "Errand to the South." The lady who had been cast down with anxiety and sadness was not buoyant with hope. Her husband had been chosen M.P. for George Town, which would entitle him to furlough. Yet painful was my leave-taking—the negroes were much affected—the feeling was mutual.

On the 18th of October my compagnons de voyage were Mr. Swinnie, a shoemaker, who had left Ireland in 1858, and was settled at Marion, and a coachbuilder of Charlotte, who had been on the coast burning salt—it took 300 gallons of sea-water to make one barrel of salt. Land about Charlotte in North Carolina is very productive; their cows are kept as horses in stalls. At Fair Bluff met Dr. Frincke, who has a plantation near Little River, South Carolina, in All Saints parish; he agrees with me that the parish is too large. Here is work for the Church Convention of the South, who has no need to wait for an Act of Parliament to "lengthen her cords, strengthen her stakes, and spread out her curtains." Hundreds of thousands are fighting for their country; let the Convention move "pro Ecclesiâ Dei." The doctrines and discipline of the holy Apostolic Church only want to be known among these people. Hundreds of young men are now at home, and more will come who from their wounds will be unfit for hard work, but who could work in the ministry of the church, and many a heart has been touched with religious impulses. There are still many plantations where the negroes go their own ways and want guidance; there are many farms where the white people want the ministry of the Word.

On Sunday, the 19th of October, the people of Fair Bluff begged me to give them a service in their Methodist church; just as I was going to which, I met a gentleman, who told me my brother-in-law had come from Kentucky on sick furlough, and was gone from Marion to the Boro', and offered me a seat in his carriage; but I had promised the service, and it went on. I had a full and attentive congregation, and in the afternoon several ladies held a Sunday-school of white and black children mixed together. I determined to return to Conwayboro', if only just to say to the aged parent in England I have now seen both your daughter and her husband. So for the seventh time the weary way was traversed.
After a hunt through the Boro' the gallant and abnegatory Captain W____, of Bragg's pet regiment, the 10th South Carolina, turned up at the refuge of one of his constituents, the enterprising Mr. Morgan of George Town, whose kind and agreeable wife insisted on our celebrating the meeting with a bottle of sparkling champagne. The rough handling of Mars had made sad inroads on my relative's appearance; but the great improvement in the cause of the South cheered his heart, which will be the best guarantee for restoration to health. Nothing could exceed the joy of the negro servants at the safe return of their beloved Massa.

Brief was my interview with him; my time was to be kept. A parson is not his own master; my flock at Ardeley could not be forgotten. [pp. 264-275]

**REAVES CEMETERY**

This cemetery located between highways 905 and 90 in Horry County, S. C., was established in 1878. The catalog was compiled by Marguerite LEWIS and Janet H. WOODARD, October 20, 1978.

"Daughter"
Sarah Ann HERRING HANCOCK  
b. 25 Oct 1938, d. 4 Jan 1973  
Wife of Eugene Kenneth HANCOCK

"Mother"
Virginia Nathelle REAVES HERRING  
b. 9 July 1914-d. 4 Jan 1973  
Dau. of Willie H. & Henley REAVES

Perry J. JONES  
b. 16 Mar 1921-d. 6 Aug 1976

Anna REAVES  
Wife of W. H. REAVES  
b. 14 Feb 1884-d. 21 Jan 1905

Charlotte REAVES  
b. 7 Nov 1885-d. 25 Nov 1902

D. M. REAVES  
Son of W. H. & H. REAVES  
b. 7 Oct 1912-d. 28 Dec 1918

John D. REAVES  
Son of W. C. & M. E. REAVES  
b. 5 Sept 1876-d. 15 Oct 1878

Katina Michelle REAVES  
1973-1973

Mariah E. REAVES  
Wife of W. C. REAVES  
b. 1854-d. 26 May 1919

Robert J. REAVES  
Son of W. C. & M. E. REAVES  
b. 5 Oct 1880-d. 1 July 1882

Sarah Henley NIXON REAVES  
Wife of W. H. REAVES  
b. 4 Sept 1888-d. 25 Aug 1944

Tempie REAVES  
b. 5 Mar 1883-d. 5 June 1900

Infant  
Son of W. H. & H. REAVES  
Born & died 2 Oct 1919

William C. REAVES  
b. 29 Jan 1853-d. 28 Nov 1923

William Henry REAVES  
b. 16 Dec 1916-d. 24 Aug 1976

Willie H. REAVES  
b. 10 Oct 1878-d. 30 Jan 1926

"Mother"  
Rebecca Jane REAVES VICK  
b. 15 Oct 1887-d. 13 May 1978

Willie P. VICK  
Son of W. P. & Rebecca VICK  
b. 25 Oct 1906-d. 11 Jan 1907

Infant;  
Son of W. P. & Rebecca VICK  
b. 18 Sept 1912-d. 30 Sept 1912
Homewood Colony tract. The map accompanying the article in the Fall 1980 IRQ was so poorly reproduced that we are presenting it again.