1982

Independent Republic Quarterly, 1982, Vol. 16, No. 2

Horry County Historical Society

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Pen and ink sketch of the McMillan house at the corner of Elm Street and Fifth Avenue, Conway, done by James H. Burroughs for the present owners, Eunice McMillan and Manning Thomas.
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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet on:

April 17, 1982
July 12, 1982
October 11, 1982

The Board of Directors will meet on:

March 8, 1982
June 14, 1982
September 13, 1982
December 13, 1982

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 publication in the IRQ are welcomed and may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 Fifth Ave., Conway SC 29526.

CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs. Palmer L. Arnold, Rt. 4, Box 8310, Lufkin, TX 75901: "I am searching for information about my great-grandfather Thomas H. Hardee, who left South Carolina somewhere between 1850 and 1860 and settled in Leon County, Texas. ... was born in South Carolina in Oct. 1825."
THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members:

It appears winter has finally left us and spring has arrived, evidenced by all the gorgeous ornamental blooms.

The Editorial Staff has been working very diligently on the Quarterly. I appreciate their efforts and I know you will enjoy it. I commend them on their good work and hope you will also.

The Landmark Conference may already have taken place by the time you receive this. It is at Spartanburg this year and I hope many of you will have had the opportunity to attend.

Mary Emily Platt Jackson, Catherine Lewis and Althea Heniford have been working on the Spring Tour. It will be in Loris this year and they have a marvelous itinerary lined up. The date is Saturday, April 24 and we will meet at the home of Douglas and Annie Lee Singleton Bailey. Please be on time to spread your picnic lunch with the rest of us at noon. Maps will be provided each car on the tour.

The Horry-Georgetown Homebuilders Home Show graciously donated a booth to the Society when it held its spring show at the Convention Center in Myrtle Beach. I would like to take this opportunity to thank them for their kindness. I would also like to thank all members of the Society who helped to man the booth. I thought that we had a very good display and I was very pleased with it, all in all.

Once again let's all check our calendars for the Spring Tour. You won't want to miss it, and I'll see you there.

Sincerely,

Carlisle Dawsey, President

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When Southern Hospitality Was in Flower, by Charles Mack Todd (second installment)
When my family moved to Conway from Mullins, S. C., in January 1920, we were returning to the area where many of my father's ancestors had lived. The move was a big change for all of us, especially for my parents. My father, Oliver Hoyt McMillan, had lived all of his life in the vicinity of Mullins and had established his law practice there. He had been elected to represent Marion County in the South Carolina State Legislature and had a growing law practice in Marion and Horry Counties. He was the second son of Malcolm Leonard and Mary Alice Keith McMillan.

While in Columbia serving in the Legislature, he renewed an old friendship with Mr. Edwin James Sherwood, who was practising law in Conway and representing Horry County in the Legislature. My father had known Mr. Sherwood while they were students at Wake Forest College Law School. They decided to form their partnership, "Sherwood and McMillan, Attorneys at Law", with offices in Conway.

For my mother the move to Conway was a big event also. She had three small children, the youngest, Malcolm Leonard McMillan, was only one year old. In addition, she had to leave her friends in Mullins and move farther away from her family and friends in Sumter County where she had grown up as Anna Margaret "Nan" Mellette, daughter of Peter and Eunice Mason Cain Mellette.

My father told us many things about the associations in earlier times that his ancestors had had with Horry County. He told us that his great grandfather, Neil McMillan, was born in Robeson County, N. C., in 1794, and died at his home in Horry County near Conway in 1839.

In 1822 (circa) Neil McMillan married Sarah Singleton Wilson, who was born May 12, 1806, on her family's farm located near Conway. She was the daughter of Samuel and Sarah Singleton Wilson.

SINGLETON

The genealogy of Sarah Singleton Wilson McMillan, my Horry County ancestor, is:

Sarah Singleton Wilson, mother of Sarah Wilson McMillan, was the daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Green Singleton. Her grandfather, John Green, Sr., was the father of Elizabeth Green Singleton. Richard Singleton died in 1807, naming two of his sons, John Singleton and Richard Singleton, executors of his estate.

The children of Elizabeth Green and Richard Singleton were:

I. Rebecca Singleton, m. (1) Thomas Fearwell, no issue; (2) Dr. Samuel Hodges, no issue.


V. Mary Singleton, m. A. W. McRae. Children: 1. John A. McRae. 2. Mary R. McRae. 3. Margaret McRae, m. ______ Canady. 4. Catherine McRae, m. Landers Moses McCall and moved to Texas.

(r) Believed to be Sarah Wilson McMillan, wife of Neil McMillan.

(1) Elizabeth Sarah Williamson McMillan, wife of Malcolm Samuel McMillan, 1829-1913

(below) Elizabeth Sarah Williamson McMillan with her two sisters and her four daughters.

VII. John Singleton never married. Will recorded Will Book A (Horry County), September 5, 1825.

It is interesting to note that Samuel Wilson, the father of my great-great-grandmother, Sarah Wilson McMillan, was a member of the Board of Commissioners of Horry County when the old County Courthouse, the present Conway City Hall, was built in 1828.

Neil and Sarah Wilson McMillan lived on their three hundred acre tract of land at Glass Hill. I remember their home as being an old two-story house located just across Kingston Lake from Conway on the north side of what is now S. C. Highway 905. Neil McMillan was a schoolteacher, and taught in Horry County schools. He liked to play the violin and his violin is still a treasured possession of one of his descendants. He was a Justice of the Peace and an Ordinary in Horry County and a number of documents bearing his signatures are in the records at the Horry County Courthouse. Another treasured heirloom held by a descendant is the walking stick with which Neil McMillan killed a black bear.

Children born at Glass Hill near Conway to Neil and Sarah Wilson McMillan are:

I. Malcolm Samuel McMillan (my great grandfather), b. 4 Dec 1823, d. 7 Oct 1864, m. 6 June 1849 Elizabeth Sarah Williamson (4 Mar 1829-13 June 1913), the daughter of Frances Phillips and John Williamson of Marion County.

II. Margaret A. McMillan, b. 13 Apr 1825, d. 1 July 1911. She never married. Aunt Mag was a schoolteacher.

III. John Alexander McMillan, b. 8 Sept 1827, d. 5 Feb 1895, m. about 1859 Mary Williamson (23 Mar 1840-29 July 1909). Mary was the sister of Elizabeth Williamson, wife of Malcolm Samuel (brother of John A.). Brothers married sisters.

IV. Elizabeth Jane (Betty) McMillan, b. about 1831, d. 1914, m. Joseph E. Oliver (1830-1863), son of Frances and Samuel W. Oliver of Horry County.

V. Costilo McMillan, b. about 1830, d. before 1858, m. Sam Oliver.

VI. Sarah A. McMillan, b. 1833, d. 17 Aug 1876, m. about 1851 William J. Rogers (1824-3 Dec 1874). They lived in the Scotch Community near Mullins.

VII. Neil Van Buren McMillan, b. 5 Feb 1838, d. 10 Dec 1903, m. 1864 Rebecca Brown (27 Sept 1847-4 Oct 1917)

When Neil McMillan died in 1839, his widow, Sarah Wilson McMillan, sold the family property at Glass Hill and moved with her children to a farm near Mullins. Her oldest son, Malcolm S. (my great grandfather) had gone to Marion County to oversee the farms of his great aunt Rebecca Singleton Hodges after the death of her husband. Malcolm S. was an industrious and skillful young man. While working at the farm of his Great Aunt Rebecca, he acquired seventy-two acres of land from a man who wanted to seek his fortune in the west. He traded a wagon, which he had built, and a horse for this property which was located near what is now Mullins, S. C. These seventy-two acres formed the nucleus of his farm which was added to over the years by purchasing adjoining property. It was to this farm that his widowed mother, Sarah Wilson McMillan, brought her small children after selling the property at Glass Hill near Conway. This is the same property his sons, John Wilson McMillan, Neil Alexander McMillan and Malcolm Leonard McMillan (my grandfather), farmed successfully throughout their lives and it is still owned and farmed by his descendants.

My grandfather and grandmother, Malcolm Leonard and Mary Alice Keith McMillan, raised their family on some of the acreage of this farm, which my grandfather inherited upon the death of his mother, Elizabeth Williamson McMillan.

Malcolm S., an excellent carpenter, was engaged in shipbuilding during the War Between the States. He was one of the men assigned to build the Confederate gunboat,
Mary Alice Keith and Malcolm Leonard (Make) McMillan were the parents of two daughters and eight sons. They are shown here with four of their children. All of them finished college. Two sons who became doctors took eight years to graduate; the two who became lawyers required extra years in school. They wanted their children to have a good education because they always said no one could take that away from them. The parents felt fully repaid to know their children had grown into good citizens. The children of Mary Alice Keith and Malcolm Leonard McMillan were:

Joseph Alexander McMillan, November 6, 1880–July 4, 1949
Oliver Hoyt McMillan, November 29, 1882–June 1, 1931
Beulah May McMillan (Mrs. Hillary D. Grant), May 8, 1885–June 19, 1973
Lonnie Malcolm McMillan, October 10, 1887–September 3, 1951
Edward Tate McMillan, December 20, 1891–October 24, 1935
Maxie Keith McMillan, February 16, 1895–July 19, 1967
John Lanneau McMillan, April 12, 1897–September 3, 1979
Claude Richard McMillan, November 8, 1899–February 12, 1961
Alice Louise McMillan (Mrs. David Sherwood Nye), July 14, 1902–July 7, 1968
Carl Brailsford McMillan, July 29, 1908–
TOP ROW (left) Granite marker commemorating the Pee Dee stands on the grounds of the Florence museum. (right) Honeymooning Nan and Hoyt McMillan are the passengers in the back seat of this Washington, D.C., tour bus.

MIDDLE ROW (left) O. Hoyt McMillan (middle) Nan McMillan (right) Their children, Eunice, Hoyt and Malcolm Leonard McMillan, about 1921

BOTTOM ROW The McMillan home at the corner of Elm Street and Fifth Avenue, Conway.
CSS Pee Dee, near Mars Bluff on the Great Pee Dee River. The CSS Pee Dee was sunk by its own crew near Pee Dee Station to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. He also went to Wilmington, N. C., to serve in a supervisory capacity in the building of other warcraft for the Confederacy. Here he became ill and attempted to make the trip to his home about 100 miles away, near Mullins. He was placed aboard a train and put off at the point closest to his home. Too weak to walk, he sat down on the cross-ties to wait for help. A neighboring farm lady found him unconscious in the chill of October. He died on October 7, 1864, at the age of 41, without regaining consciousness and was buried in McMillan Cemetery. His wife was left a widow at 35 with seven children to raise. These were Sarah, John, Neil, Malcolm Leonard (Make), Mary, Alice, and Bright. Bright died at an early age and was buried near the grave of his father.

In researching courthouse records, reading genealogical materials prepared by other members of our family and studying old letters, family Bibles and other source materials on the subject, I have been able to bring up to date a fairly complete history of my early paternal ancestors who lived in Horry County and those who immigrated from Kintyre, Scotland, to Wilmington, N. C., in the summer of 1771. My knowledge of the genealogy of my McMillan ancestors since their arrival in this country may be of assistance to others in tracing their family histories.

McMILLAN

John McMillan, the son of Lod McMillan, was born in Scotland in 1745. John married Margaret in Scotland and they were my first McMillan ancestors to arrive in this country. They were among the 54 shiploads of Scottish highlanders who emigrated and settled on lands along the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. They, with their oldest son, Malcolm (my ancestor), and other small children arrived in Wilmington, N. C., in the summer of 1771. John and Margaret McMillan settled near Philadelphus Church in what is now Robeson County, N. C. The will of John McMillan was recorded 19 December 1811 and is in the North Carolina Archives. The will of Margaret McMillan was recorded 30 August 1825 and is also in the North Carolina Archives.

My great-great-great grandmother McMillan, the wife of Malcolm (from Kintyre, Scotland), was Flora Patterson. She too came from Scotland to America as a child, arriving with her parents on a ship in the Wilmington, N. C., area. Her parents were Daniel and Mary McMillan Patterson (Mary was not a close relative of Malcolm's family).

Flora Patterson's father, Daniel Patterson, was born in Scotland in 1731. He was a teacher at Edinburgh University and came to the Fayetteville, N. C., area twelve years before the American Revolution. Daniel Patterson aided in the American Revolution, public records proving that as a member of the militia he was paid for services rendered. Malcolm McMillan and Flora Patterson were married about 1791 and were the parents of eight children.

I. Malcolm McMillan went west to La Grange, Georgia, and later to Alabama. (See note below).


IV. Daniel McMillan immigrated west (see note below)

V. Jane McMillan (no record)

VI. Mary McMillan, b. 1805, married 23 March 1833 Alfred Biggs.

VII. Margaret McMillan, m. Hugh Lammond and moved to Georgia shortly afterward.

Note: In a letter dated 19 May 1858 written by Sarah Wilson McMillan, widow of Neil McMillan, to her son, John A. McMillan, who was living in La Grange, Ga., his mother inquires about his uncles,
brothers of her deceased husband, Neil McMillan. She asked concerning Malcolm and John, who were living in La Grange, Ga., at that time. In another letter, dated 7 December 1852, written by Daniel McMillan and mailed from La Grange, addressed to his nephew, John A. McMillan, who was working in Ocala, Florida. The letter was signed "Your Uncle, Daniel McMillan". It appears, then, that three of the sons of Malcolm and Flora Patterson McMillan (Malcolm, John and Daniel) went West to La Grange, Ga., which is located near the state line between Georgia and Alabama.

PATTERSON

The children of Mary McMillan and Daniel Patterson are as follows:

I. John, married and lived near the Waccamaw near Conway.

II. Margaret m. Peter Buchan (Buchanan). No record.

III. Mary, m. _____ Blue, and lived near the present town of Rowland, N. C. (no record)

IV. Alexander, b. 1760, d. 10 May 1815, m. about 1788 Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of Isobel McDuffie and John Patterson. She died in 1793, leaving one child, Angus, b. 5 Dec 1790, d. 26 May 1854, m. Hannah Frizzell Trotti 15 July 1819 in Barnwell, S. C.

V. Flora (my ancestor), b. 1769, d. 20 Oct 1814, m. Malcolm McMillan 1791.

VI. Katherine m. John McMillan of a different family from that of Malcolm and Hector McMillan.


Several members of this Patterson family settled in Horry County in the vicinity of the present town of Loris. The name of a Loris cemetery and formerly one of the main city streets of Loris were named for the Patterson family, and remind us of those early settlers and their contributions in developing this part of Horry County.

From the above tracing of my genealogy through Sarah Singleton Wilson and Neil McMillan I have established a distant family relationship with many others still residing in this area. Other early Horry County families related to the Wilsons or to the McMillans as direct descendants or through family relationships are:

Fearwell  McRae  Long  Singleton

Vereen  Williamson  Wilson  Ayers

Patterson  Green  Waller  Shackleford

Clark  Oliver  Hodges


Neil Patrick McMillan
Three hundred years have elapsed since the first French huguenots arrived in South Carolina, fleeing religious persecution not only in France but in England as well. They were attracted to South Carolina by her policy of religious freedom. England had long been dependent upon France for silk, wine, and olive oil. The King and Lords Proprietors were anxious to be free from such dependency. In the hordes of French refugees then settled in England, they saw an opportunity to gain wealth by encouraging them to settle in Carolina and develop a silk, wine and olive oil industry similar to that from which they had fled in France. The Franch dissenters from the Roman Catholic Church were desperately seeking freedom from religious persecution (dissent from the established church was looked upon as synonymous with disloyalty). The King and Proprietors seized upon this opportunity to attract them to Carolina by offering religious freedom. The scheme succeeded and forty-five Huguenots arrived from England early in 1680. There were, doubtless, Huguenots among the first Carolina settlers in 1670 at Charles Town, but those forty-five, who came on the ship Richmond, and arrived at Oyster Point in Carolina on April 30, 1680, are the first to come as a group. There were other emigrations as the persecutions continued in France and these were accelerated, especially after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and a group of some six hundred came in 1687.

The Huguenots settled not only in Charleston but in outlying areas on the Eastern branch of the Cooper River and on the Santee River. The Cooper River settlement was on a tributary that came to be known as French Quarter Creek and the settlement was called Orange Quarter which later was constituted a parish called St. Denis. Because St. Denis lay within the bounds of another parish called St. Thomas, the area came to be known as the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis. St. Denis appears to have been named for a town near the Northern suburb of Paris with the same name.

The first evidence of a church in Orange Quarter (St. Denis) is contained in the will of one of the settlers by the name of Caesar Moze dated June 20, 1687 and proved the same year, by which he bequeathed thirty seven pounds sterling to be used in the construction of a French Protestant church or "temple" and it is believed that a small wood structure, with the aid of this bequest, was erected later that same year.

The so called Church Act of 1706 established the Church of England as the official church by law and, in order for the existing churches to be recognized and receive benefits from the government, it must conform to the tenets of that church. This was difficult for the settlers of Orange Quarter because they could not understand the English tongue. They therefore petitioned the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in England, to send them a French speaking minister. This was done. In a letter to the Bishop of London, dated Nov. 29, 1732, Rev. John LaPierre wrote: "As I am one, who in Queen Anne's Reign 1708 was by your Lordship's most worthy predecessor, sent to South and North Carolina to officiate in both at several times as minister of the Church of England under the Royal and Episcopal Protections, having for the full space of 20 years, shared my office between a French Parish named St. Denis and an English Parish called St. Thomas."

John LaPierre was born in 1679, the son of Charles LaPierre, gentleman, of France. He entered Trinity College, University of Dublin, Ireland, 8 August 1701, age 22, and graduated B. A. in 1706. His schoolmaster in France was called Queron.

A questionnaire sent to LaPierre and some of the other Carolina clergymen, about 1725, throws light upon their activities. LaPierre's answers: Give your previous location. Ans.: No prior church. How long have you been inducted into your living? Ans.: 17 years. Are you ordinarily a resident of the parish to which you have been inducted? Ans.: Occasionally absent. Of what extent is your parish and how many families in it? Ans.: 16 French families in the center of St. Thomas Parish (30 x 20 miles). Are there
any infidels, bound or free within your parish and what means are used for their conver-
sion? Ans.: Masters will not consent to instruction of slaves. How often is divine
service performed in your church? What proportion of parishioners attend it? Ans.: 
Every Sunday and holy day. Between 50 and 60. How often is the ritual of the Lord's 
Supper performed; what is the usual number of communicants? Four times; about 15 com-
municants. Of what value is your living, in Sterling-money? Ans.: 60 pounds sterling. 
Have you a house and glebe? Ans.: No. Have you, in your parish, any public school for 
youth? Ans.: A school at Shrewberry kept by LaPierre.

LaPierre was evidently hard put to prevent discord among his parishioners. He com-
plained to the Society, in 1719, that their defection and falling from the Church of 
England have rendered my functions ineffectual amongst them. He said it was impossible 
to please both the "People" and the "Establishment." But the church was quick to resort 
to authority and threaten ministers with punishment by loss of salary and ejection from 
cures if they deviated from prescribed forms of administering the sacraments. Commissary 
Gideon Johnston admitted that LaPierre stood his ground, but that when in the course of 
time he made a promise not to deviate from church order he has "been as good as his word 
ever since."8

La Pierre lived near Governor Nathaniel Johnson. They became good friends and often 
walked and talked together. Although he was questioned about it, LaPierre never revealed 
what the governor told him, if anything, about his promise to the French in Orange 
Quarter to have only a minister sent to them who would administer the communion in the 
Calvinistic form. Governor Johnson died with the matter still one of contention, and it 
was never settled.

Commissary Johnston wrote: "Tho' Mr. LaPierre lived not far from Sir. Nath'. and 
did often fisit him and converse with him and had many opportunity's of knowing the truth 
of what was alleged he said to the French of Orange Quarter, yet to this very day Mr. 
LaPierre has never pretended to fasten anything of this kind upon that worthy Gentleman, 
who was a true member of the Church of England."

While LaPierre's great work for the Church of England was in Orange Quarter (St. 
Denis), he did serve other churches. He served in St. Thomas Church, also known as the 
"Brick Church" located between Orange Quarter and Cainhoy, which was built about the 
time he came to America in 1708, and in Pompinian Hill Chapel, built as a Chapel of Ease 
to the main parish church (Brick Church) located about a mile west of the community of 
Huger. He also served the church on the Santee River for about a year following the 
death of its emcumbent, Philippe de Richebourg, in 1717.

One of the houses in which LaPierre ministered is still standing. This is Middleburg, 
near Pompinian Hill Chapel, seat of the early Simons families. From "Some Early Simons 
Records" as contained in the South Carolina Historical Society Magazine is the following: 
"The 11th. was a girl born 1 March 1712 in our house on our Middleburg Plantation, was 
baptized by Mr. LaPierre, Minister. She was named Judith."

Whether it was because his congregation had learned the English language or some 
other reason, LaPierre left South Carolina in 1728 and moved to old Brunswick Town on 
the Cape Fear River in North Carolina and became the first minister there of old St. 
Phillips Church, two years after the town was settled. The ruins of the old church, 
built long after LaPierre's departure, are still standing.10 Frederick Dalcho, in his 
history of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, printed in 1820, erroneously reported 
that LaPierre died in 1728. This same error is repeated in the parish register of St. 
Denis and St. Thomas Church, by Robert F. Clute, Rector, reprinted by the Genealogical 
Society unveiled and dedicated a highway historical marker to John LaPierre at the old St. 
Phillips ruin in Brunswick town on November 24, 1968.11

In 1735, La Pierre left Brunswick Town and moved Northward to New Bern, N. C., where 
served Christ Church until his death in 1755.12 When Rev. George Whitefield was 
traveling south on his way to Savannah, Ga., he arrived in New Bern on Christmas Eve 
1739. He received the sacrament from the Rev. LaPierre and preached on Christmas day in
the courthouse. He was grieved that the minister encouraged dancing.\textsuperscript{13} LaPierre remained in New Bern for nearly twenty years but his activities during this period are obscure because the parish records were destroyed or lost early in the nineteenth century.\textsuperscript{14} Inscriptions on the wall of the small Fordham Cemetery in New Bern are as follows:

"JOHN LAPIERRE - Ordained a priest by the Bishop of London, 1707. He was sent to S. C. in 1708 to serve as minister to a French Colony on the Santee River. Called to the Cape Fear Region in 1728. Moved further North in 1735. He lived on Jones Street near here. Died after 1755." And for his daughter, "MARTHA LAPIERRE - The daughter of John LaPierre. She married Benjamin Fordham, Sr., prior to 1740. Buried Here. This Memorial erected in 1968 by the Descendants of Benjamin Fordham and his wife, Martha LaPierre." Also, "BENJAMIN FORDHAM, SR. - He Acquired this lot from Town Commissioners June 3, 1753. He set this part aside 'To Be Used As A Burying Ground Forever.' He Died in 1777 and is buried here."\textsuperscript{15}

John LaPierre and his wife, Susanna, had at least two daughters:
1. Martha LaPierre m. Benjamin Fordham
2. Jeanne La Pierre m. Andrew Mansfield

1. Benjamin Fordham, of Craven County, N. C. married Martha LaPierre, daughter of Rev. John LaPierre.\textsuperscript{16} Martha died after 1754, as she signed a deed in that year. An old manuscript list in the Hall of History at Raleigh, N. C., shows that Benjamin Fordham was a gentleman soldier in 1753. Information in this record identifies only one son, Benjamin Fordham, Jr., married Mary. From the family Bible, carried to Georgia in 1812 by his son, Benjamin Fordham, III, are taken the names of his twelve children who were:

a. Elizabeth, b. Jan. 10, 1767, married a Mr. Small.
b. Tena, b. Dec. 7, 1768, m. (1) Blakshear; m. (2) Williams.
c. John Fordham, b. Feb. 26, 1771, d. Dec. 7, 1845; m. (1) Catharine Koonce April 18, 1799; m. (2) Nancy Miller Feb. 13, 1816; m. (3) Nancy Lavender March 18, 1819.
f. Leah Fordham, b. Sept. 6, 1776, d. March 9, 1853, m. James Stanley, Jr., a brother of John Stanley, who m. Mary. Moved to Georgia.
g. Susanna Fordham, b. March 31, 1779.
h. Martha Fordham, b. Feb. 17, 1782, m. (1) John Koonce; m. (2) Stephen Miller
i. Benjamin Fordham, III
j. Alcy Fordham
k. Caty Fordham
l. William Fordham

2. Jeanne LaPierre m. Andrew Mansfield\textsuperscript{17}

a. Susanna Mansfield born prior to 1743 m. John H. Beaty, II.
b. Mansfield m. Elizabeth. Their daughter Jean, m. George Sessions and had children: Silas Sessions, Mary Sessions, Ann Sessions, Elizabeth Durant Sessions and Martha Hemingway Sessions of Horry County, S. C.

3. Susanna Mansfield m. John H. Beaty, II.

a. John Beaty, III, m. Elizabeth Mary Prince
b. James Beaty
c. Susanna Beaty m. (1) _____; m. (2) Thomas Crowson; m. (3) Gen. Robert Conway (his second wife; no issue)
Some descendants of Rev. John LaPierre at the unveiling and dedication ceremonies for a Highway Historical Marker at old Brunswick Town, North Carolina, Nov. 24, 1968. (Courtesy Brunswick Town State Historic Site)

A granite cross with inscription marks the site of the early Huguenot Church at Orange Quarter. The marker was erected in 1922 by the Huguenot Society of South Carolina.
Middleburg Plantation, believed to be the oldest frame house existing in South Carolina, built about 1690.


Above: Tombstone of Henry Collins and Rachel Moore Flagg at "Brick Church", St. Denis & St. Thomas Parish, Charleston.

St. Denis & St. Thomas Church. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McIver are among the group. Behind them the sarcophagi of John Moore and his wife, Elizabeth VanderHorst and the Flagg tombstone.
For descendants of John Beaty, III and Elizabeth Mary Prince, see IRQ, v. 10, no. 4, October 1976, p. 4 (Norman, Cooper, Buck, Burroughs, Graham, Spivey, Collins, Springs, etc.)

In 1980 the South Carolina Landmark Conference was held in Charleston. The activities during that conference included a plantation tour along the Eastern branch of the Cooper River and a visit to the church of St. Thomas and St. Denis or the "Brick Church." Here are located the graves of Rachel Moore (1755-Dec. 27, 1839) and her second husband, Henry Collins Flagg (1745-April 1, 1801), progenitors of the prominent Flagg family of Georgetown County. Her parents, John Moore, esq. (1726-1788) and his wife, Elizabeth Vanderhorst (1737-1790) are buried nearby. Rachel's first husband was William Allston of Brookgreen Plantation (now Brookgreen Gardens), who died in 1781. They were the parents of the famous artist, Washington Allston. The site of the original St. Denis church is located on French Quarter Creek about five miles northward from the "Brick Church". To reach the site, turn west from Highway no. 98 at French Quarter Creek and follow the road that parallels that creek for half a mile. The site was acquired by the Huguenot Society of South Carolina and marked with a granite cross. It was at these two churches that John LaPierre divided his time among French speaking Huguenots from 1708 until 1728 when he left for old Brunswick Town, passing through what is now Horry County during the transfer, and in which many of his descendants now reside.

NOTES
2. Ibid.
3. Huguenot Society of South Carolina. Transactions, no. 28.
12. Carraway, Gertrude S. Crown of Life, History of Christ Church, New Bern, N. C., 1715-1940 (Owen G. Dunn, Publisher, New Bern, N. C., 1940)
16. Wood, Mrs. Ernest H.
THE SETTLING OF BRITTON'S NECK

By Robert D. Bass

In 1867 Bishop Alexander Gregg published History of the Old Cheraws. The bishop published and thus preserved many valuable letters, minutes of meetings and conferences, and lists of people, places, and things. But he made so many errors in narration and interpretation that his history cannot be trusted. The South Carolina Department of Archives and History will not accept a citation from Gregg as proof of claim for anything in connection with the Bicentennial.

People in Marion County should be especially suspicious of the Old Cheraws. In chapter IV, page 69, after saying that John Godbold had settled in Marion in 1735, Gregg says: "About the time John Godbold came to Peedee, two important settlements were made in the region. One of these was in Britton's Neck . . . It was composed of the families of Britton, Graves, Fladger, Davis, Tyler, Giles, and others. They came directly from England, as one colony; and being members of the Established Church, one of their first acts was to erect a house for the worship of God."

Subsequent historians have embroidered this simple account. One wrote: "Some sixty years after the first permanent settlement in South Carolina a group of English settlers sent out by the Lords Proprietors, landed in Georgetown and moved up the Pee Dee River to the junction with the Little Pee Dee about half way between Georgetown and the present town of Marion."

Another working from the point of view of a churchman wrote: "Marion's first churchmen are said to have brought with them to the wilds of Britton's Neck the brick for the foundation of a church as well as their rector, Dr. Robert Hunter."

Still another wrote: "About 1710 there came over a goodly number from Great Britain, and therefore they were called the 'Brittons' or 'Brittains'."

There is not a single word of truth in any of these accounts!

John Godbold did not come to Marion in 1735. The South Carolina Archives has one of the best collections of colonial records of any state in the union. They have a complete file of the land grants issued to the early settlers. One of these reads as follows: "Pursuant to a Precept to me Directed by George Hunter Esquire Surveyor General dated the 15th of February 1754 I have admeasured and laid out unto John Godbold a Tract of Land containing Three hundred acres Situate Lying and Being in Craven County on Catfish butting and bounding on all Sides on Vacant Land and hath such shape form and marked trees as are specified in the above delineated plat. Surveyed 3d March 1754 By James Thomson, deputy surveyor"

The three hundred acre grant of 1754 located on Catfish Creek without any neighboring landholders was John Godbold's first recorded grant in what is now Marion County.

But on February 19, 1732, dupty surveyor Peter Lane admeasured and laid out to a John Godbold another plantation of two hundred and fifty acres on the north fork of Black River, obviously in Clarendon County. John Godbold's son John was born in 1739 and so it is obvious that the grant in 1754 was to John Godbold, Senior.

The Lords Proprietors did not send a shipload of colonists to Georgetown in 1735. The reason is set forth in chapter 24, volume 1, of The History of South Carolina by Wallace as "The Proprietors Overthrown, 1719."

The third generation of Lords Proprietors used Carolina only as a place for revenue and expended little on the colony. When the settlers were in a struggle to survive during the war with the Yemassee Indians in 1715, the Proprietors gave them no help. When the Spaniards threatened Charles Town in 1719, the governor again called out the militia. After the Spanish fleet had sailed away the militiamen rebelled, turned out the governor, elected General James Moore their governor, and petitioned King George I to accept Carolina as a Crown Colony. On August 11, 1720, the King's Council recommended that he accept them as a Royal Colony. After George II came to the throne in 1728, he urged Parliament to pay the Lords Proprietors for Carolina.
In 1729 Parliament paid off the proprietors. And so the dispossessed and bankrupt proprietors had neither authority nor desire to send a colony to Georgetown in 1735.

The Brittons did not come to Georgetown. They were born in South Carolina according to information in the files of Phyllis Britton (Mrs. Marvin) Canady of Charlotte, gathered from Index to Royal Grants, Warrants for Land in South Carolina, Charleston Miscellaneous Records, Journal of His Majesty's Council, Charleston Wills Book and parish registers. Francis Britton came to Charles Town about 1697, married Elizabeth Sealy, probably of Colleton County, received a grant for a plantation in Berkeley County on June 17, 1697, and then another for 314 acres in Colleton County. Part of his eleven children were born in Berkeley and part in Colleton.

There were seven Britton brothers. When Francis Britton died on July 14, 1731, his children began to scatter. Six sons, Francis, Timothy, Phillip, Daniel, Moses, and Joseph and daughters Hannah, Mary, and Sarah moved into the neck between Peeedee River and Cypress River (Little Peedee).

The succession of events leading to their settling on Peeedee runs roughly as follows: King George II inherited the Royal Province of Carolina in 1728. He was distressed at the lack of colonists and so sent out Colonel Robert Johnson as Royal Governor. Governor Johnson admired the township plan of settlement that he had seen in New England. He therefore ordered that eleven townships be laid out in South Carolina.

The Eastern Sioux Indians, represented by the Santees, the Weenees, the Peeedges, and the Waccamaws had been so thinned out by smallpox and alcohol that the remnants had forsaken their ancestral hunting grounds and joined the Catawbas. This left the northeastern section of the province open to settlers. The commissioners for townships laid out Williamsburg Township on Black River, with its center around Kingstree; Kingston Township on Waccamaw River, with its town at Kingston (now Conway); and Queensborough Township, with Queensborough to be on Peedee about three miles above the mouth of Lynches River.

The deputy surveyor who ran out Queensborough Township was John Ouldfield who lived on a plantation near Georgetown. On an adjoining plantation lived Daniel Britton. And this writer believes that Ouldfield said to Britton something like, "If your brothers wish some good free land, why don't they settle up at Queensborough?"

Several of the Brittons went up to Queensborough. They selected the land they wished, applied to the Surveyor General of the Province, and he appointed a deputy surveyor. The deputy appointed for the Brittons' land was John Horry, the father of Colonels Peter, Hugh and Daniel Horry, later friends and followers of Francis Marion.

Timothy and Phillip were the first of the Brittons to receive grants of land in the Neck. Timothy received his grant of 850 acres on May 15, 1735. It bordered what is now called Thomas Lake and contained the old Thomas field. On the same day Phillip received his grant for 500 acres. It contained what is now known as Blue River.

In 1743 Timothy married Mary Goddard, the sister of Jane, the wife of Phillip. They were the daughters of Francis Goddard, a tavern keeper in Charlestown. Their brothers Francis and William Goddard followed the sisters to the Neck and settled on Goddard's Ridge between what we call Port's Ferry and Dunham's Bluff. William married Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Britton. She outlived him to become the famous Widow Jenkins of the Revolution. Francis married Ann Snow, sister of William and James Snow who gave their name to Snow's Island.

On June 15, 1736, Francis Britton received two grants of land totaling 850 acres. The upper grant contained what is now known as the old McDuffie field and the lower contained Ball Slough and Hickory Hill. Francis died in 1768 and it is probable that Widow Jenkins, his niece, was living in his old house when she defied Colonel Watson.

Francis seems to have been the most industrious of the Brittons. He was an overseer of the poor in Prince Frederick's church, a captain of the militia, the developer of Britton's Ferry, and a large landholder in North and South Carolina. He married Ann Hyrne, the daughter of Colonel Edward Hyrne of New Hanover, North Carolina, and sister of Elizabeth Hyrne who had married Daniel Britton. Daniel owned land from the upper end of Hickory Hill to the site of Britton's Ferry. Joseph Britton does not seem to have
staked out a claim for land, but he inherited the 500 acre Blue River tract of Phillip. He was the father of Elizabeth, the famed Widow Jenkins.

Moses Britton received a grant of 363 acres on October 29, 1736. His land lay northeast of the McDuffie field and extended toward the present Highway 378. The same year John Jouly (Jolly) received a grant bordering that of Moses Britton. Five years later Moses married Hester Jouly, presumably the daughter of John.

And the land of John Jouly bordered on that of Robert Fladger. Like the Brittons Fladger did not come from England on a ship as reported by Gregg. He was already living in Georgetown. In his History of Georgetown County George Rogers says that in 1729 Robert Fladger married Elizabeth Horry Lewis in Charlestown. He was the executor of his father-in-law's will in 1732. The lands of both Jouly and Fladger were in Queensborough Township.

Another supposed passenger on the ship mentioned by Gregg was William Graves. On July 13, 1734, he received a grant containing 400 acres "on the north side of PeeDee River." Robert and James Graves, apparently the right age to be the sons of William, were in the seventeen sixties granted considerable land on Catfish Creek and Little PeeDee.

The Davis family came to Marion County in 1739. The Davises were Welsh and came in the settlement of the Welsh Neck. John Guldfield was ordered to survey this tract on November 16, 1736, and the settlers began arriving some time in 1737.

Benjamin Davis was born in Pennsylvania and in 1739 moved down with the Welsh in Craven County. According to the Register of Prince Frederick Parish on February 21, 1748, he married Rachel, the daughter of Thomas Port who established Port's Ferry about 1780.

According to The Davis Family by Major H. A. Davis, Benjamin's grandson Francis Davis married Argent Gerald. They lived in the upper end of the McDuffie place. Several tombstones to their family are in the old Britton graveyard in that field. The land just north of Madcap Slough is still known as the old Davis field.

Several Davises received land grants on Catfish Creek, Drowning Creek, Reedy Creek, and Beaver Dam Creek in the seventeen hundred forties and fifties.

The Giles family reached Britton's Neck twenty years after the date given by Gregg. According to The Register Book for the Parish Prince Frederick Winyaw on February 8, 1747, Abraham Giles married Elizabeth Fletcher, a widow. On the Tan Yard road about a mile below Old Neck cemetery there is a low sand ridge called "the Fletcher field". Without a bit of proof whatsoever, this writer believes that the old Fletcher field belonged to Widow Fletcher. She and Abraham settled there and Hugh Giles was born in 1750.

According to the late Harold M. DeLorme, a genealogist working in the Archives, Abraham Giles received a grant of six hundred acres on September 24, 1754, the first grant in Marion County to a Giles. Dog Lake cut through his land. The maps of both Cook and Mouzon show his house on the upper end of the lake about three miles below Godfrey Ferry Bridge.

At age nineteen Hugh Giles obtained a grant of one hundred and fifty acres at the lower end of Dog Lake. By age twenty-three he had obtained grants to more than a thousand acres. During his lifetime he became one of the great landholders on PeeDee River.

In conclusion, this study has shown that
1. John Godbold did not come to Marion in 1735.
2. The Lords Proprietors did not send a ship to Georgetown.
3. The Brittons, Graves, Fladgers, Davises, Tylers, and Giles did not come into Britton's Neck as one colony.
4. No members of the Established Church came rushing across the roadless sand ridges from the Tan Yard to Hickory Hill dragging a shipload of bricks to "erect a house for the worship of God."
BROOKGREEN GARDENS
by Sara Wachtman Zinman

As you barrel down I-95 to Florida, with the kids whining in the back seat, do you ever wish for a tranquil stop-over? In my homeland, the romantic South Carolina Low-country, lies just such a spot.

Brookgreen Gardens, now observing its 50th year, contains not only the world's largest outdoor collection of American sculpture, but also a wildlife preserve and an aviary. "I cannot compare it to other sculpture gardens," says Robin Salmon, its historian. "It is unique. Nothing else quite like it exists."

Little-known to those above the Mason-Dixon Line, Brookgreen is 18 miles south of the Myrtle Beach home where I grew up. Born the same year, it and I grew up together. My family's favorite Sunday diversion was to visit the then new and wondrous garden. While my parents examined each piece of sculpture, my brother Jack and I scammed around the walkways, trying to avoid a giant panther whose blazing cobalt eyes warned us of punishment for misbehavior. Our reward was a visit to the adjacent zoo. Later, our high school classes figured the positions of sculptures in Geometry, sketched them in Art, and wrote about them in English Lit.

Age has not withered nor custom staled Brookgreen's infinite variety. Age has, in fact, brought it to a majestic prime. Last year, according to Gurdon Tarbox, Jr., seven million visitors viewed 412 sculptures by 187 artists (67 of them women). "It is not a static exhibit," says Mrs. Salmon, "we expect four new pieces this year." Each time I go home, I make a bee-line for Brookgreen. It is still wondrous.

Brookgreen is the outgrowth of the imagination of railroad heir Archer M. Huntington and his wife, Anna Hyatt Huntington. Before their marriage in 1923, she was already a noted sculptress. Her "Joan of Arc" has stood since 1915 at Riverside Drive and 93rd Street in Manhattan.

Casting about for a vacation home, the Huntingtons came upon four former rice plantations half-way between Myrtle Beach and Georgetown, one of them called "Brookgreen." Both realized the potential of these adjacent properties, spreading across 6,500 acres, as a setting for a sculpture garden. Today her monumental "Fighting Stallions" (one of the largest aluminum sculptures ever cast) guards the entrance and has become the symbol of Brookgreen.

All the works on display are either by native-born or naturalized Americans. They include "The Puritan," by Augustus Saint Gaudens; the brooding "Benediction," a World War I memorial by Daniel Chester French, who created the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C.; "Nature's Dance", by A. Stirling Calder, the father of Alexander Calder; "The End of the Trail", by James Earle Fraser; and "The Mare of Diomedes" by Gutzon Borglum, who carved Mount Rushmore. Other famous sculptors are Malvina Hoffman, Brenda Putnam, Frederic Remington, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Elie Nadelman, Gaston Lachaise, and Paul Manship.

Brookgreen has something for everyone. Art lovers will appreciate the sculpture. Romanticists will come by surprise upon small monuments inscribed with poetry and set into the niches created by the butterfly-shaped open-work brick walls designed by Mrs. Huntington. Jack and I learned "Thanatopsis" there 45 years ago and are still word-perfect.

Nature lovers can spend hours examining the 1,600 groups of plants native to the Southeastern United States, plus exotics. Each specie is identified. Magnificent live oaks, with Spanish Moss swaying in the breeze, arch over the former plantation carriage entrance. Azaleas, camellias, dogwood, lilies and roses line the walkways.

Restless children can let off steam watching the fox, deer, turkeys and bobcats in the wildlife preserve (the descendant of the small zoo of my childhood). Parents, too, may like the snapping alligators and playful otters. In the new aviary, egret, ibis, heron, stork, duck, bittern and anhinga live in a natural cypress swamp habitat.
Weary travelers can relax in the visitors' pavilion, refresh themselves at the snack bar, or the adjacent picnic ground.

Probably the best is for history buffs. They can mull over the fascinating story of Theodosia Burr Alston, daughter of Aaron Burr (New York Legislator, Attorney General, and Senator, who became in 1801 Vice President under Thomas Jefferson). Looking for Southern votes, Burr married off his beautiful and vivacious daughter to Joseph Alston, a wealthy rice planter and owner of "The Oaks", one of four plantations which now comprise Brookgreen.

In December, 1812, after her only child, Aaron Burr Alston, died of malaria at 10, the grieving but always loyal Theodosia set out to meet her father. He had just returned from Europe where he fled after his infamous duel with Alexander Hamilton and his unsuccessful attempt to establish his own empire. Alston, by then Governor of South Carolina, was restricted by the Legislature from leaving the state during wartime.

So Theodosia left alone from the plantation dock, boarded "The Patriot" in Georgetown harbor, and neither she, nor the crew, nor the ship was ever seen again. Perhaps they went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras or Cape Fear. We locals prefer to believe the romantic legend that they were taken by pirates. It took many years for Jack and me to work up courage enough to walk down the steps to the landing where she bade goodbye to her husband and went to her destiny.

Directly across Highway 17 from Brookgreen is the former vacation home of the Huntington family. Called "Atalaya", Spanish for "Watchtower", this property is now part of Huntington Beach State Park. Here children can swim in the Atlantic while parents walk through an eerie castle built during the Depression by the Huntington family to provide work for the unemployed. A campground and snack bar are on the site.

Brookgreen is a private, non-profit facility. It is governed by a board of 12 trustees. Its formal name is "Brookgreen Gardens: A Society for Southeastern Flora and Fauna". Admission is $2.00 for adults, .50 for children 6-12, and under 6, free. Ramps accommodate strollers and wheelchairs. Huntington State Park has no admission charge.

Right down 17 are Pawley's Island, where one can buy an original, hand-made hammock, and financier Bernard Baruch's estate, Hobcaw Barony, now an institute for marine biology.

Every type of accommodation is available in the Myrtle Beach area, from swanky high-rises on the oceanfront to modest motels and campgrounds. Fast food restaurants and elegant dining places crowd each other. My advice is to drive past them and head for one of the seafood houses in Murrells Inlet (on the old Route 17, not the by-pass). There you can start with an oyster roast, and if that doesn't fill you up, move on to the tiny sweet local shrimp served with corn dodgers (hush-puppies to Yankees).

Children are welcome at Brookgreen and Huntington. The garden is at its most beautiful (and most hot and crowded) during spring and summer. I always go in October --less people and a moderate climate which extends during most of the winter. The Gulf Stream warms Atalaya's beach, so swimming is feasible during all except the coldest months.

Getting there depends upon your life style. If you love through-ways, take I-95 from the Jersey Turnpike to its junction with 501 in Hamer, S. C., then on to Conway, Myrtle Beach, and 17 south. The scenic route is 13 from the Delaware Memorial Bridge (at the end of the Jersey Turnpike), across the Chesapeake Bay bridge, on to Windsor, N. C. Then 17 straight down. Piedmont flies to Myrtle Beach each day from LaGuardia.

Dress casually and wear stout walking shoes. Brookgreen is not for the faint-footed. And take me with you, will you?
Solider Recalled

By Ethlyn Missroon
(from The Georgetown Times, December 20, 1981)

A number of Georgetown descendants of the late Capt. Richard Green (1757-1827) attended services held recently in his memory by the Peter Horry Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution.

Attending the services held at Camp Ground Cemetery on Conway's 9th Avenue West were Mr. and Mrs. Wright S. Skinner, Jr., Theron Pipkin, and Jimmy Johnstone, all of this city.

Mrs. W. H. Long, regent of the Peter Horry Chapter of DAR, presided during the service during which a flag ceremony and taps blown by young John Bourne, took place.

The grave of the honored military man was distinguished by red poinsettias bearing red, white and blue ribbons.

During the event, Dick Dusenbury, one of several descendants present from Conway and Florence, told the story of the George Washington sword.

This sword is a treasured memento of the Green family, one which it is said, was presented to Richard Green by George Washington, Commander-in-Chief during the American Revolution.

Mrs. Flossie Sarvis Morris of Bucksport, also a descendant of Green, had been instrumental in seeing a bronze marker placed upon his grave by the Veterans Administration in Washington. Capt. Richard Green was Mrs. Morris' and Jimmy Johnstone's great-grandfather, and Skinner's great-grandmother was Rebecca Johnson, who married into the Green family.

Around 23 descendants were present for the ceremonies, Mrs. Morris said.

An obituary, giving an account of Capt. Green's life was written in the "Winyah Intelligencer", an early Georgetown newspaper dated Sept. 29, 1827.

Capt. Green was "...a member of the corps of General Marion. With four other brothers, Green volunteered into this corps immediately after the capture of Charleston, and continued, a brave and active soldier, even unto the close of the war.

"He was one of the chivalrous few at Moncks Corner; and at the battle of Quimbie, he was stationed in the van.

"That van was routed and compelled to retreat but Green, with some others, fell in line and formed under their old commander."

Another story of those tense and stressful days concerned a Maj. Ganey, a famous Tory who led a band of 500 men, men who joined in Killing Col. Kolb, "a respectable American Militia officer" who had surrendered.

The deed was done before Kolb's wife and children and this aroused great indignation among the populace.

Maj. Ganey, emboldened, decided to descend with the aid of another Tory, a Mr. Dewitte, upon the plantation where Mrs. Green, the mother of Richard Green, lived.

He was unaware that two of the brothers, Richard and James, were visiting her, and they put Ganey to rout, pursuing him through the swamp to the bank of a river.
As he hurried into a boat nearby, he was struck by a shot from one of the Green brothers. The fire was returned, wounding James Green, and Richard, seizing the firearm, continued the fight. Maj. Ganey rode from Whites Bridge to Georgetown with a bayonet placed by Sgt. McDonald, still sticking his his back. Asked if he was in great pain, Maj. Ganey said that there was some pain but not half as much as that from the ball fired by Green which knocked half of his teeth down his throat. It was said that Richard Green, in later life, was less than wealthy, but he determined to make his own way, refusing the opportunities of appealing to the County for monetary aid. He died as a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the faith of Christians and was buried as he had lived, in humble manner.

---and thanks!

Re: IRC, Vol 16, No. 1 (Winter 1982) page 16
Please correct error in spelling of the Goff family. John H. Goff (GOFF) was my great-grandfather, Rosa Goff, his wife; Liston E. Goff, Rosa B. Goff, and M.T. Goff, were children from 2nd marriage.
Thank you for your wonderful magazine, keep up the great work, but please make note of correction. Thanks.
Sincerely,
(Randal Page)

CAN YOU HELP? Malcolm E. Jordan, 2407 Elm St., Selma, AL 36701: Milbridge (Milly) Jordan removed to Alabama in 1847 with four minor children. Who was her husband and who were her parents? Were they John C. Dennis and his wife Margaret?

THE LIBRARY HAS IT: Horry County Memorial Library has received Dr. G. Wayne King's new history of Florence County entitled Rise Up So Early (Reprint, 1981). A relatively "new" county which did not come into separate existence until 1888, Florence was carved out of Marion, Darlington and Williamsburg on the basis of common geographical features. The first six chapters deal with the settlement and development of the area prior to 1888. There are a number of appendices which list soldiers, officials, land grants and the like.
WHEN SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WAS IN FLOWER

By Charles Mack Todd
(Second Installment)

SCHOOL DAYS

Down in the South after the Civil War, educational advantages were poor, especially in the rural districts. Most school houses were one room, one teacher institutions. Many of the houses were log houses. The pupils of all ages and sizes were housed and schooled in the same room. Many school houses had wooden shutters that closed the holes sawed in the logs, called windows. Some of them had giant fire places to warm the building. Home made benches were made for the children to sit upon. The small children sitting upon these benches, their feet could not touch the floor. But very thorough work was done by the student body in the subjects, reading, writing, arithmetic, and especially were they good in spelling. The students all had slates and pencils. The teacher had so many ages, grades, and sizes in the same room that he had to hasten his work and have perfect discipline. This he did. He had a big blackboard for his personal use.

Down on the Pee Dee, on the north side of Brown Swamp, at High Hill, was the typical rural school house of this community. It was bigger and better than many rural school houses of that day. Here Nathan Hale had taught many terms of school and was very successful, being liked by the student body and their parents. It was here Negro John Brewton sent Big Pete, Roxie and the other brothers and sisters to school. Here also, Willie and Charity Lamore, Boy Jake, Nora Smut, all the Toll kinsmen and many others attended school.

Attending this school, all of them walked those crooked narrow roads that led from their homes to the school house. School was in session in the winter time, when the days were short, and because the children had to walk, they had to start to school early in the mornings, as school took in at eight and continued until four except for an hour noon and short morning and afternoon recesses. All children carried their lunches, some of them poorly prepared, as they were shut up tight in tin buckets which made them sweat and sometimes look very unappetizing. But the lunches were all made of such nutritious foods as soft baked yams, home cured bacon or ham, eggs, butter milk biscuit, jams and jellies.

At noon time each day, assembled near the spring, where they got their drinking water, the student body ate their dinner, enough of them for a picnic, had they all spread together. Close by the spring and on by the school, ran a road from north to south. On the east side of this road the girls had their privacy, and on the west side the boys had their privacy, as there were no toilets.

In spite of all the things that we modernly call terrible and inconvenient, they were endured with pleasure; for school days to them were great days. Besides learning the fundamentals of a good education taught, they played games and had that blessed thing that all real girls and boys crave, called fellowship, through association. All day long, while not recessed, they eagerly pursued wholeheartedly their studies. All of them had a Blue Back spelling, a reading and an arithmetic book. Some of the more advanced had English and geography books also. The best scholars always stood at the head of their classes, in spelling, mental arithmetic, geography and English, as they were directly asked questions. If one missed a question, the next one below was apt to answer correctly and turn him down. Then he who missed felt terrible because he had lost his standing in the class, and he often shed tears and some wept audibly. There were no reasons why they should have not liked to attend school, for there were no other places in the community that offered such entertainment or association as school did. The little fellows at home, who were too young to attend school, were happy under the
old dairy house scratching in the sand for doodles, bringing in splinters for kindling, watching a young litter of pigs suck, hunting a hen nest, cracking brown walnuts on the root of the tree, or doing a dozen other things around a southern country home.

At school it was especially interesting to hear a class in mental arithmetic solve problems, giving oral answers and analysis concisely. In spelling, regardless of the length of the word, they spelled and pronounced separately and clearly each syllable in the word. In spelling the word inaccomprehensibility, the speller would spell and pronounce thus: in-ac-inac-com-inaccom-pre-inaccompre-hen-inaccomprehen-si-inaccomprehensi-bil-inaccomprehensibil-i-inaccomprehensibili-ty-inaccomprehensibility. In so doing each syllable in a word had a special sound and meaning to them; thus most all students became expert spellers. Then too, they spelled and defined the different meanings of the same word as: Write-did write, rite-a ceremony, right-not wrong, and wright-a millwright.

In a reading lesson, the most important words that most clearly defined the lesson, were drawn out of the reading lesson and assembled into a spelling lesson, with each word defined. The one who could spell and define these words perfectly stood at the head of the class.

In those days it was thought most important for beginners to learn to say their A B C's accurately forward and in due course of time learn to say them backwards also. They were taught to learn them by singing the following little chorus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A*B*C*D*E*F*G*-} \\
\text{H*I*J*K*L*M*N*O*P*-} \\
\text{Q*R*S*T*U*V*W*-} \\
\text{X*Y*Z-, oh dear me,} \\
\text{I can sing my ABC's.} \\
\text{Now I've sung my ABC's} \\
\text{Now I must have a kiss from thee,} \\
\text{Now I've got a kiss from thee,} \\
\text{Say kind Miss, won't you marry me?}
\end{align*}
\]

Anyone who failed to get his lesson well was punished thus: First offense to stand in the corner on one foot and get the part missed. Second offense he had to stay in at recess or after school and get the part missed. And the third offense meant that he got a good whipping with a keen green switch. This punishment was usually meted out regardless of size, age or sex. The children all knew this punishment was coming at school for these offenses, for the teacher's rules were plainly written on the black board where all could read them. They were told at home, "If you get a whipping at school, you will get another one when you come home." With this kind of backing at home, it was easy for a teacher to maintain perfect discipline and order. The children were taught at home and at school always to be mannerly towards anyone, and especially to those who were older than they. Swearing, profanity or the use of tobacco were strictly forbidden. A liar was always severely punished, and fighting or unnecessary quarrelling were forbidden.

It was not unusual for Boy Jake, Nora Smut, or for Lonnie or Lannie Thomas to have to stand on one foot, to have to stay in at recess or after school, or to be whipped for missing lessons or for disobedience otherwise. A few times Big Pete had to stand on one foot. This was so funny to Si Jolson, who seemingly could not refrain from laughing and continuing to laugh, until he got almost all of the student body to sniggering. Then the teacher would have to send him out of the house so he could cease laughing, with the promise that he would have to stay in after school for unnecessary disturbance. But giggling was a part of Si's natural disposition, and the next time something funny happened he would giggle and then giggle some more.

Willie Lamore was the best all round student in school, excelling in reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling, while Elizabeth was the best female student in school. Roxie Brewton ran Elizabeth and Willie a close second, and Big Pete, though behind them
in scholastic standing was the best athlete. But in the hundred yard dash, foot race, the broad jump, and the two hops and jump, Willie was threatening to take some of these honors away from Big Pete.

In the Friday afternoon "Spelling B," it was a guess who would be the winner, Willie, Elizabeth or Roxie, for all three of them had had this honor many times. But sometimes the smaller and younger ones in school would stand up and spell until the very last, having worked and tried so hard for this honor. The "Spelling B" was a greater attraction amongst the student body than any of the games they played at recesses.

Town ball, played with a home made yarn ball and home made bat, was a great game with the boys. Oft times the grown-up girls played this game with the boys. They chose sides, by one side leader saying, "I'll take Bill," then the other side leader saying, "I'll take Pete." In this way no one knew which team he would play with until he was chosen just before the game began.

Running base was a good game, too, that all could play. Bases (usually a tree) were selected about one hundred yards apart. One player was a bear, and stood at one base alone, while all the rest of the players were at the other base. The game was played, by exchanging bases. The one who stood alone, and was the bear, in the exchange of bases, those he caught themselves became bears, and helped him catch the remainder of the players in future exchanges of bases. The last one caught became the bear for the next game.

School being out, the pupils took off toward their homes. Willie and Charity Lamore, Big Pete, Roxie, and the other Brewton children, Alva, Ferney, Felix, Elizabeth and Fletcher Toll, Boy Jake, Nora Smut and many others came by the road that lead through the lane at Uncle Henry Lamore's, on to the ford of the swamp, and across the swamp, to Negro John Brewton's and to Captain Jim's and Sol Toll's place. Immediately after passing through the lane, before it came to the ford of the swamp, a road forked off to the right, leading to Aunt Betsy Turver's place, where Boy Jake lived, and to Uncle Sidney Smut's place, Nora's home.

Through the passing years since Captain Jim Toll and his kinsmen settled in this Brown Swamp community, Willie Lamore and Elizabeth Toll's regular association had grown from friendship to courtship and love. Big Pete too had a glowing love for Elizabeth, and even though she had not heartily accepted his ardent advances, she had not wholly rejected them. Big Pete's sister, Roxie, had a burning love for Willie Lamore, and reflected it on many occasions, much more than was customary for a young lady of her day to do. Fletcher Toll and Charity Lamore were in love also and happy about it too because no one molested them. Nora Smut was madly in love with Big Pete, who did not accept it, but she was determined to get him some way.

Big Pete was now a giant youth, erect, six feet four tall, weighing over two hundred pounds, muscular, dark gray eyes, strong limbs, big feet and hands, splendid facial features, light brown nappy hair, smooth tan skin and was twenty years old. Roxie, his sister, was seventeen, five feet and five inches tall, weighing one hundred thirty, brown curly hair, blue eyes, pretty face, perfect breasts, big hips slightly stuck-out buttress, beautiful legs and arms, strong wrists and ankles and pretty feet and hands. Willie Lamore was nineteen, six feet tall, weighed one hundred sixty, black hair and mustache, and was handsome as any Spanish Cavalier ever was. Elizabeth Toll was seventeen, five feet and five inches tall, weighed one hundred twenty, auburn hair, brown eyes, and with head, trunk and two pair of limbs that even Venus herself did not surpass in physical symmetry and beauty. Fletcher Toll was short, erect broad shoulders, dark red hair and beard, a perfect Irish type. Charity Lamore was of the same complexion as her brother Willie, and was as beautiful for a lady as he was handsome for a man. Boy Jake was short, rolled shoulders, a little stooped forward, bow legged, curly black hair, but not very handsome to look at. Nora Smut was big and tall, ashen blonde, big head and pretty face, big body and breast, with small lower limbs.

On the road from school before they reached Uncle Henry Lamores place, Willie and Elizabeth, desiring to say some words of endearment to each other, before they parted for the day, were walking close together holding hands, but Roxie seeing this, was so
ardently aroused that she could bear it no longer, so she ran up and grabbed Willie by the shoulder, telling him, "I can throw you down Indian Hug Style." Willie shied away because Elizabeth was present. Roxie pursued him catching him and clinching him. A friendly wrestle began, they clinching each other tightly in their arms. Finally they fell to the ground holding tightly and rolling over, Roxie first on top, then Willie. At last they ceased to roll, and Roxie was on top, with her pretty breast bearing down hard on him, and was rubbing her nose against his, while her pretty brown hair covered his face. It seemed that she had won the wrestle.

In the wrestle Roxie's dress tail had worked up a little too high and was showing too much of her pretty legs to be pleasing to Big Pete. Elizabeth was angry and aroused too, so she and Big Pete lifted Roxie off of Willie and stood her on her feet. This episode had marred Willie's and Elizabeth's courtship for the afternoon.

Before they reached Uncle Henry Lamore's, Nora Smut, having seen the wrestle between Willie and Roxie, forced herself upon Big Pete, trying time and time again to wrestle him down. This she could not do, but Big Pete tired of it and took her down across one knee, and gave her hinder parts a good spanking.

Having arrived at Uncle Henry's, Willie and Charity went in to do their chores. Big Pete, Elizabeth, Fletcher, Boy Jake, Nora Smut, and the other students who went this way, passed on through the lane to the forks of the road. At the forks of the road, Boy Jake and Nora took the right that lead to their homes, while Big Pete, Elizabeth, Roxie, Fletcher and the other students, continued towards the ford of the swamp.

Boy Jake and Nora being on the road alone, and she having already greatly aroused her passion, by forcing herself upon Big Pete, desired to do something that she might accuse Big Pete and perhaps get him for herself. She thrust herself upon Boy Jake and fully gave herself to him. This once done, they continued it regularly for months and months.

When they reached the ford of the swamp, they started to walk the foot log, arranged parallel to the ford on the west side of the road. Brown Swamp was overflowed from side to side. In some places the water was running over the foot log and swift too. Even though Elizabeth could walk the foot log better than any Creek Indian squaw ever could, she appeared frightened. She allowed Big Pete to hold her hand while she walked the foot log, but when they neared the run, the water being swift and foamy, she appeared to be greatly frightened. At this Big Pete took her pretty form in his big strong arms, and carried her across the run as though she were a baby. While he carried her, she was thinking she was getting even with Willie for letting Roxie wrestle him down. At her touch, Big Pete's heart pounded much harder than it did when he pulled the strongest man in the community down, at the other end of a hand stick.

Soon they were all at home doing their chores but they had many things to remember that they would not soon forget. You can see that a day spent in school in the South at this time was not so bad, and they had many others that might surpass this one.

**CHURCH AND HOSPITALITY**

No doubt, the greatest institution on earth is the church, has been since its beginning, and will be until its rapture. It is here a standard is lifted up for the people, a code of morals are inaugurated and hope is established.

In this community down on Brown Swamp were two churches, the Methodist and the Baptist. The doctrines proclaimed from their pulpits differed but little. At times the Baptist accused the Methodist of being too dry, while in return the Methodist would accuse the Baptist of being "close communionist." This did not hinder the friendship nor the fellowship of the people of this community, because hospitality abounded everywhere with the people.

The Methodist church was a frame structure, setting long way from north to south. On the south end of the church were two doors. Inside were two rows of pews, from near the door to near the rostrum. The rostrum and the pulpit were in the north end, aisles were
between the two rows of seats, and at the outer end of the seats near the wall, an altar rail was across the front of the rostrum. Across both sides, on both sides of the rostrum, were rows of short pews, and in old style organ sat between the rostrum and the end of the middle aisle. The short rows of pews to the right of the rostrum were called "The amen corner" and usually were occupied by aged godly men and small boys, while the short rows of pews to the left of the rostrum were occupied by aged saintly women and small girls. From the joists hung brass kerosene lamps to furnish light when services were held at night.

To the back of the church was a big cemetery where most of the dead of the community had been buried for many years. Just behind the cemetery was Brown Swamp. In front of the church was a big yard well filled with trees that were good for shade and for hitching their horses and mules. A little ways east of the church was a cool spring of water, used by the church congregations. A road ran from east to west by the southside of the church yard. The east end went by Captain Jim Toll's and on to Conway, while the west end led by Negro Brewton's and on to the Pee Dee.

The Baptist church was a frame structure by the roadside and was very much similar to the Methodist church.

Once a month, a "circuit rider" preacher preached at these churches on Saturday and Sunday. On the Sundays when the "circuit rider" was absent, services at these churches were conducted by local talent. At the Methodist church, when the "circuit rider" was absent, Captain Jim Toll, who was an ordained elder, preached at the Sunday gatherings. Uncle Henry Lamore conducted Sunday School as Sunday School superintendent here for more than twenty years. Prayer and song services were held too. Negro John Brewton was always present at all these services, in the "Amen corner," in fervent worship.

Captain Jim was now nearing fifty, short, stout, rudy complexion, and with red hair and beard slightly graying.

Uncle Henry was a small man, not very tall and with a heavy gray beard that resembled an ancient prophet's.

Negro John was big, tall, heavy, dark, and his kinky black hair and mustache were beginning to gray.

Reverend David Harrison, the "circuit rider," drove in once a month by horse and buggy or rode in on horseback from another community. When the weather was good and the swamps were low, he drove a big bay horse in shiny harness, hitched to a black buggy with red wheels. His lap was covered with a many colored lap-robe, and a long keen buggy whip was in the socket. When the swamps were over-flowed, he rode a big pacer steed with saddle pockets thrown in place on the big horse. When he came, all eyes were fixed upon him, for it was a time looked forward to, from one coming to another. He always came on Saturday and stayed until Monday; holding services at eleven o'clock on Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday at eleven and Sunday night. He almost always stopped at Captain Jim's, Uncle Henry's or at Negro John's. But he would go and dine with and spend the night with the most lowly, and make himself at home and so set all at ease, that no uneasiness or anxiety were felt.

At every service when the "circuit rider" was absent, much interest was shown and fair attendance was assured, but when he came, special interest was shown, and the community attendance was almost unanimous--only the sick or crippled were absent. It was a time of glad handshakes by the men and a time of fond embraces by the women.

The crowds came from every direction, by ox and cart, mule and wagon, or horse and buggy or carriage, as they were able to afford. Many came on foot. They all came dressed in their best suits, whether poor or fine, none felt ashamed, because each one seemed to be glad the others had come. Everyone came early to visit--none were late.

The Reverend Harrison was a well-to-do farmer from another community, who never thought of preaching for a salary, and he got but little, oftimes less than one hundred dollars per year. He preached because he felt the call to preach and because he had a burning soul passion to preach the everlasting gospel, to wayward dying mankind, hoping that he might persuade many to look to Jesus and live.

The Reverend Harrison was tall, erect, with keen blue eyes, dark flowing beard, well groomed hair, often wearing striped trousers and a black cut-a-way coat, and black derby
He was a handsome man indeed, with a broad smile, warm handshake and soft kind words. His very countenance and bearing told you that he was head and shoulders above the common run of men. He was God's anointed, bringing a great message for the people, coming to preach deliverance to the captives, to comfort those who mourned, to bury the dead, to marry those in love and to enhance and share their great spirit of hospitality.

The preaching hour having arrived, they all filed into the church, each one finding a seat. The men and boys came in the right door, the older men and small boys sat in the "Amen corner," while the rest of the men and boys found seats in the row of pews on the right side of the church. The women and girls came in the left door, the older women and small girls sat in the short row of pews to the left of the rostrum, while the other women and girls found seats in the rows of pews on the left side of the church.

A blessed quietness hovered over the whole congregation, as the Reverend Harrison took his place on the rostrum behind the pulpit. All eyes were focussed on him as he arose, and said, "Miss Lottie, please come and play for us."

Without a word, she arose and came to the organ and sat on the stool. (Miss Lottie was Negro John's daughter, just older than Roxie. She was a pretty, quiet, dark-skinned girl, a fine musician and a great alto singer.)

Reverend Harrison standing behind the pulpit, said, "We will sing number one hundred, Amazing Grace."

Miss Lottie began playing beautifully and loudly. The sweet music filled all the house where they were sitting and all the countryside round about. They were all visibly moved by the concord of sweet sound.

Reverend Harrison said, "All stand while we sing." With all standing, Reverend Harrison hoisted the tune and led out singing loudly and clearly with his beautiful strong leading voice, while all the congregation joined in the singing with him.

In the singing standing near the organ, you could clearly hear Big Pete's bass voice, Willie's high tenor voice, Roxie's strong alto voice and Elizabeth's clear beautiful soprano voice. From the men's "Amen corner," Captain Jim, Uncle Henry, Negro John, Neal Thomas and any others sang fervently. From the ladies' "Amen corner," you could hear Miss Lula, Aunt Jane, Aunt Betsey, Aunt Eula and others singing sweetly. Thus the whole congregation eagerly worshipped God in song.

My! such singing of those "old fashion airs." Few before or since have ever heard anything like it. While they continued to sing those old spiritual airs, the saintly ladies of the "Amen corner" spiritual fervor glowed until some of them clapped their hands for joy and shouted loudly. The shouts once begun, were not confined to the saintly ladies "Amen corner," but spread to the men's "Amen corner," where Uncle Henry's, Sol Toll's, Captain Jim's and Negro John's cups ran over with joy.

At the close of the singing, Sol Toll, a mighty man in prayer, being asked by the Reverend Harrison, led the congregation in intercessory prayer.

After the prayer, the Reverend Harrison opened the Bible and read clearly the most of the fourteenth chapter of Saint John, exhorting here and there as he read. Having finished his reading, he took for a text, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there you may be also." Then for more than an hour, with eloquent persuasion, he reasoned with them of righteousness, of temperance and of judgment.

So convincing was his discourse that the good rejoiced and the bad quaked. The good were lifted to a higher plane, resolving anew to grow continuously in grace, while the bad were admonished to seek the Lord and to mend their ways.

The sermon being ended, at the request of the Reverend Harrison, the congregation all stood, and as Miss Lottie hit the chord on the organ, they began singing, "Come Ye Sinners Poor and Needy," and wound up with "I Will Arise and Go to Jesus."

At the invitation many came forward for prayer and remained until they were sure they had been blessed of the Lord.

The services being ended, they all filed out of the house. Once in the yard, visiting, handshaking and invitations, to go home with me, began. This day the Reverend Harrison went home with Uncle Cary and Aunt Eula Edmonds.
Captain Jim Toll, beginning to walk towards the road that led to his home, exclaimed, "Every one who will go home with me, come. You all know the way, and you are welcome."

As he walked toward his home many followed him. Willie and Elizabeth accompanied by Big Pete, Roxie, Boy Jake, Nora, Ike, Gerald and several other young folk walked, while Aunt Sarah, Aunt Jane and Aunt Betsie rode with Miss Lula, in the carriage.

They all arrived at Captain Jim's, hungry, as the dinner hour was now past, but Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma, who had stayed at home, almost had dinner ready for the big crowd, having been previously instructed by Miss Lula.

Captain Jim's home was a big double-pen log house with a wide porch all the way across the front of the house and big shed rooms built on the back of each pen. There was a wide hall between the double-pens and the shed rooms. The west pen of the big house was the parlor, furnished with home made woolen rugs on the floor, comfortable sitting and rocking chairs made by Uncle Cary Edmonds, an organ, a big fireplace furnished with fancy firedogs, and a mantel over the fire place, on which sat a big kerosene lamp. The east pen was a big bed room, with two double beds. The shed rooms were big enough for two double beds each. In the hall sat chairs and a hall-tree for hanging coats, hats and umbrellas.

Immediately to the north of the west shed room, was a big log kitchen. On the east side of the big kitchen a wide porch was built. The south end of the kitchen porch met and joined the north end of the wide hall of the big house, while on the north end of the kitchen porch, a room was built that housed the loom, the spinning wheel and the carding cards. The big kitchen had a door that opened on the kitchen porch, a big window in the west side and a big fire place in the north end, used for cooking. In the middle of the big long log kitchen sat a long home made dining table with long home made benches on either side. To the left of the big kitchen fireplace in the corner of the kitchen was a cupboard, to the right of the fireplace in the corner was a good size cooking table. On the wall near the table was fastened the coffee mill.

Near the kitchen, in the back yard, was a log smoke house, filled with home cured bacon, hams, shoulders, jowls, butts, sausage and lard.

Under a big black walnut, near the smoke house, was the dairy house, where they kept milk, butter, pies, eggs and other victuals fresh and cool.

Near the end of the kitchen was a cool well of water, curbed at the top and bottom, the water being drawn with a well sweep and a juniper bucket.

The big house was set about one hundred yards from the road, on the north side of the road that led from Conway to the Pee Dee. A wide lane led from the road to the front yard gate. In the jams of the rail fence that enclosed the lane, stood here and there chinquapins, sasafras and peach trees. To the left of the lane as you approached the yard was a grape vineyard. To the right was a mixed orchard of peaches, apples, plums, figs and pears. In the lane stood two big white oak trees, one red oak and one black walnut. On each side of the walk that led from the front gate to the front door steps were rows of cape jasmine bushes. Honeysuckle vines, trellissed, covered the ends of the front porch, from the bannisters to the house eve. In the front yard away from the rows of cape jasmine stuck a crepe myrtle. Between the east and west ends of the front porch and the yard fence were trellissed Marshal Neal rose vines. In the back yard a variety of trees grew, underneath which, set here and there, hives of bees in home made gums.

Back behind the house and back yard were the barns, stalls and sheds, in the lot, fenced in with a high rail fence, staked and ridered. In the lot was a well and sweep for watering the stock. In the southeast corner of the lot was the fowl house. In the northeast corner was a pig pen. To the north, east and west of the house and lot was the big farm.

This crowd of hungry guests that followed Captain Jim from church entered the lane, passed through the front gate, between the rows of cape jasmine, and ascended the front steps into the house. The men folk were given seats on the front porch and in the hall, while the women folk hastened off to the kitchen to help Miss Lula put the dinner on the table, that Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma had almost ready. But Aunt Emma and Uncle Alfred
had not done all of this today, for she, Miss Lula and Elizabeth, had been busy two days previously, preparing for this hour.

While the women were getting the dinner on the table, the men had one by one washed their faces and hands in a tin pan, that set on a wash shelf on the front porch, dried them on a big clean home made towel that hung on a nail in the wall nearby, had looked into a mirror that hung on the wall, and had combed their hair with a comb that lay on a small shelf, just under the mirror.

When the dinner was on the table, the men folk were summoned to dinner. As big as the table was, it could not hold all of the crowd at one time, so the women waited for a second table.

Captain Jim led the way, saying, "Come on, boys." They came in and filled the table. Captain Jim sat in a chair at the head of the table, while the boys sat on the long home made benches on each side of the table. Big Pete sat in a chair at the other end of the table.

Elizabeth stood at one side of the table near Willie, waving a home made shu-fly, while Aunt Emma stood on the other side waving one; each trying to frighten the multitude of flies away, that came in to help eat this fine dinner. The flies would have been much worse, had not Uncle Alfred gone to the pond yesterday, got some trumpet lilies, brought them to the house, smeared molasses in their throats, tuck them in a bottle of sweetened water, thereby luring the flies into the bottle—drowning them in the water. When Elizabeth stood near Willie waving the shu-fly—her pretty arm barely missing him at times, he experienced almost joy unspeakable; Willie experienced no more than she, for even though she was attempting to frighten flies away, in truth she was just looking after Willie—training she hoped for life.

My, such a dinner was on that table that day; chicken and dumpling, pork and rice, fresh green field peas, potatoes, biscuits, pies, custards and cakes. Everybody at the table were eating heartily except Willie who was filled with love and jealousy, as Elizabeth stood near waving the shu-fly, when he saw Big Pete's eyes leave his food and fasten themselves on Elizabeth, with longings in them. Roxie too was in the kitchen making herself busy waiting on the table—especially Willie—to Elizabeth's chagrin. Nora stood in the kitchen door looking at Big Pete with lustful eyes, which somewhat annoyed Boy Jake. The rest at the table were busy filling themselves, being told by Captain Jim, "Help yourselves. Makes yourselves at home."

Of the men, women and children at Captain Jim's that day, there were three tables full. Such was often the case at Captain Jim's, Uncle Henry's, Negro John's and many other places, in this community down on Brown Swamp, when southern hospitality was in flower.

THE PROTRACTED MEETING

In the community down on Brown Swamp, once each year, it was customary to have what they called their annual protracted meetings, at Pleasant Hill, the Methodist Church, and at Shiloh, the Baptist Church. These meetings were held in late summer or early autumn, usually beginning on Thursday and continuing until the following Sunday week, ten days. This was the greatest time of the year to these people—the time that all looked forward to, from one time until the next. Hens were set at the right time so they would have plenty of big friers for this occasion. Hogs were fattened so they could have plenty of fresh pork. Cows were fattened to slaughter for the meeting. One year Captain Jim would slaughter a beef and lend Uncle Henry a quarter, Negro John a quarter and some other neighbor a quarter. Then the following years they each would in his turn do likewise, thus practicing being more neighborly to each other, besides furnishing an abundant supply of nutritious meats to the great crowds who attended those wonderful annual meetings. This was the time of year when everyone wanted some new clothes if possible, whether home made jeans or store bought suits and dresses, it seemed to matter but little. Almost every year, at least one couple would be married, at the church, by the Reverend Harrison or the visiting evangelist. Lovers seemed to delight in having a church wedding on these occasions.
This was the one event of the year that everyone of the community looked forward to with such great expectancy, that none planned to miss but all planned to the present at every service, if possible. Not only did they come unanimously from the Brown Swamp community, but they came from other adjacent communities. Those who came from other communities planned to stay throughout the meeting, making the rounds visiting friends or loved ones. Those who had them, came wearing their best clothes and driving their best rigs. But the poor came too, afoot, wearing the best clothes they had—and none seemed to be ashamed of his estate in life, for it was not clothes and rigs that the people at these gatherings came to show, but to enjoy friendship and hospitality, everywhere abundant, meeting old friends and making new acquaintances. Most especially, they came to hear the great gospel preaching and singing. They came in droves until the church yard and adjacent woods were filled with oxen and carts, mules and wagons and horses and carriages. The animals were unhitched and fed. They seemed to enjoy this occasion, too, as it was a rest from their labors for their masters on the farms. The oxen switched their tails, chewed their cuds and lowered, the horses whinnied and the mules brayed, being fretted with biting flies. Someone who had ridden or driven his fine stallion, tied him with a strong halter to a swinging limb where he bowed his big neck, switched his tail, shook his great mane, foamed at the mouth, chewed the bits, pawed the ground and occasionally squealed, as he tried to break his strong halter. Across the yard a mare or filly ridden or driven, whickered back an answer.

They came until the church house was filled and the yard was standing full. Those who were unable to get in the house tried to get near a window so they could see the preacher make his gestures, hoping that they might hear him better and the great singing, led by Elizabeth, Roxie, Willie and Big Pete, standing near the organ, with Lottie playing, Elizabeth leading the soprano, Roxie the alto, Willie the tenor and Big Pete the bass, the rest of the congregation hearing them, and he or she singing the part they chose. But those outside could hear the singing, for the singing was never starchy or formal, but spontaneous and worshipful from the heart. It was also easy for them to hear the preaching, for loud preaching in those days never seemed to get on any one's nerves. The preacher walking the rostrum, would preach as loudly as he pleased, so that all in the house and many in the yard and countryside round about could easily and distinctly hear him. The preacher also preached as long as he pleased, for all came to stay—none were in a hurry to leave. Mothers who came brought sheep skins or quilts to make the little ones pallets, if they tired or became sleepy.

During the protracted meetings, those who came from a distance, came to stay, staying with Captain Jim, Negro John, Uncle Henry or other good people of the community. So many came and stayed with these good clever families that oft times their dining tables were filled two or three times each meal, at nights their beds were overfilled, but they made them pallets on the floor, in the hay loft or cotton house, with little trouble, for they had ample home made cotton or feather beds and pillows, and soft cotton quilts. It was not a hardship for these good people to entertain their visiting guests, for they had worked hard for just such a time, and to see it come to pass greatly pleased them.

If among the surging crowd who came to the meeting, any came to scoff, they almost always remained to pray. In those days skepticism and infidelity were practically unheard of, except a few infidels. Those who had heard of him thought he was the biggest fool in the world.

In those days, suicide was rare, heinous sex crimes were never committed and juvenile delinquency never existed. Youth in those days came to church not because there was a special program put on for them, for there was none; but they came because many had previously planned to come to repent, to reform, to take the church vows, to become Christians, and to render a life of service to God, the church, the community, the nation and to their home.

If in our nation at this present time we had such a revival of church going, of believing the Bible, of friendliness, of good manners, of hospitality and better home life, juvenile delinquency and the crime wave would vanish. Communism would have about as good
a chance in this country as a snow ball would have in a smelting furnace. It would make no difference whether we were Democrats, Republicans or Dixiecrats, for common sense and Christianity would soar so high above the race and creed questions that they would overshadow them and solve them for good.

Yes, a big surging crowd was at this protracted meeting. Among them was old Neal Thomas and his family. Even though he had never cut his hair or shaved, he had his hair and beard washed and combed pretty respectable. He even found a seat up in the "Amen corner," near Uncle Henry, Captain Jim and Negro John, hoping that it might help his temper and occasional bad language. He sat there dressed in his shirt sleeves, which was a bit uncouth in those days, wearing both a home made shirt and home made breeches. He had attempted to hold up his home made drawers that were too big in the waist, by splitting them and running his suspenders through the slit. Well, it did hold them up it seemed too high, as they had worked up about four inches higher than his trousers. But he would not have it any other way, for Captain Jim once offered to buy him a suit if he would agree to wear it, and he refused the offer. However, he was thankful for one thing, that there was a knot hole in the floor, in the "Amen Corner," near where he sat, that he could spit through. He had his mouth full of "spit-quick-or-drown" tobacco, which furnished a little too much amber to swallow, and when he thought no one was looking, he spit through the knot hole.

Si Jolson was there, too, at the meeting, whose weakness was laughter. Almost everything was so funny to him, that he could not become serious long enough to become religiously pious.

Among those who came to the big protracted meeting from other communities were Yollie and Eunice Mathis. Yollie was a thrifty young farmer and was very handsome. His sister Eunice was a beautiful ashen blond young lady. They lived across the river and drove over in a fine rig to this notable protracted meeting. Soon after they came, they met Big Pete, Roxie, Willie and Elizabeth, and many other young people. Immediately, you could tell that Yollie was smitten with Roxie and Eunice found much attraction to Big Pete.

The visiting evangelist for this year's protracted meeting at Pleasant Hill was the Reverend Abner Creel, a small man with a big voice, flowing whiskers and neatly dressed in a preacher's attire. He was a pulpit orator, a great Bible scholar and a persuasive reasoner of exceptional ability. He was such a fiery preacher, portraying the beauties of heaven and the horrors of hell, that the good wanted to be translated and the bad greatly feared. So great was that fear that many hated to see the lights put out at night, because of the evil they had done. (But that was not unusual for that day. Should you visit our National Capital today and observe those who lived in that day that we now have in the Hall of Fame, perhaps none would attract more attention than Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, who said, "I fear nothing above the earth, on the earth, or beneath the earth, but to do wrong.") That fiery preaching and great gospel singing brought many to repentance in youth, who became good citizens that might otherwise have become wayward.

At those protracted meetings, it was customary to observe the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At this meeting the Sacrament was being observed, the Reverend Harrison, the circuit rider pastor, was passing the bread, being followed by Captain Jim, who was passing the wine. Many were not taking the Sacrament but were silent observers, Si Jolson being among them. Among those who partook, was Aunt Julia Horn, who had lost all of her teeth many years before, and now sat gumming her bread with nose and chin almost meeting while she awaited the wine. As Si sat watching Aunt Julia gum her Sacrament bread, he being already almost tickled silly, saw the greater part of her Sacrament bread slip out of her mouth and fall to the floor, he became so tickled that he had to leave the house, bursting with laughter, while the congregation either thought or said, "Listen at that fool."

The morning service being dismissed, the congregation came out of the house into the yard. While the people were visiting around, Big Pete, who was always up for some fun, discovered...
Tom Nicholas, standing, leaning forward, hands dropped by his sides, legs bent backward at the knees and gazing at pretty Elizabeth as a hungry pup would gaze at a fresh piece of liver. Big Pete slipped up and goosed him in the ribs. Instantly Tom yelled loudly, "Kiss her," which was just what he was thinking about. Si seeing and hearing this, and not being over having already been almost ticked to death at seeing Aunt Julia lose her Sacrament bread, again burst into uncontrollable laughter.

While the women folk were gathering around the table to spread the great feast, Aunt Betsey Turver and Aunt Jane Hilton met up. They having not seen each other for several weeks, amde for each other to embrace and kiss. They being short and stout with short arms and big stomachs had some difficulty getting their heads together, but after the third attempt, rocking stomach over stomach, they finally succeeded. Poor Si, seeing this funny sight, became so tickled that he found it difficult to eat his dinner.

This great spread of the world's finest food was soon on the table. After the Reverend Abner Creel, the Evangelist, had offered thanks, they all began feasting.

Elizabeth fixed her and Willie a big plate full of food, Roxie fixed her and Big Pete one, and Elizabeth and Roxie fixed one for Yollie and Eunice. Together they were dining and talking. While they dined and talked, Roxie could not refrain from having Willie bite her pie and chicken. This made Elizabeth somewhat jealous, so she had Big Pete bite her pie and chicken, thinking she was evening the score with him. This somewhat perplexed and annoyed Yollie and Eunice as they were yet almost strangers. Had it not been for Roxie's beauty and for Big Pete's handsomeness that so thoroughly attracted Yollie and Eunice, they would have been disgusted. But Big Pete and Roxie seemed to sense that they were waging a losing battle in trying to upset the love and romance that had grown steadily for years between Elizabeth and Willie. It was perhaps for this reason, that before this protracted meeting had come to an end, romantic fires had been ignited between Yollie and Roxie, and Big Pete and Eunice, which oft times in the future, sent Big Pete and Roxie over the river to another community and brought Yollie and Eunice oft to the Brown Swamp community.

A HOG KILLING TIME

Many people in almost every walk of life have used the expression "We are having a hog-killing time," usually meaning that they are enjoying themselves--having a good time. But the people living in the South, in the rural districts, as down on Brown Swamp, have actually had a "Hog killing time." Oh they have not used machinery and run a big slaughter house and been meat packers as do the big packing companies of today, but by main strength, awkwardness and some skill, they were the pioneers in producing fine meats with real tasty flavors.

There was much to be done before they could have "a hog killing time" in the South at the time of this story. First they had to carefully select boars and sows for breeding purposes that would produce the biggest, best and strongest litters. After they had the litters they had to guard against diseases, especially cholera. There were no vaccines in those days to innoculate the pigs, but the farmers through their own experiences and traditional advices were fairly successful in saving the litters from most diseases. They had to be careful not to let their litters suffer malnutrition from birth until fattening time. They usually occasionally gave them some physics and some sulphur and cooper to keep off cholera.

The boars and gilts that were left after they had selected the boars and sows for breeding purposes, were just thought of as meat hogs. To make the best meat, the boars had had to be castrated when they were small, yet sucking.

A boy living in the South then thought himself almost a man, when he could sharpen his knife and catch a fat chuffy boar pig, with its mother angrily objecting, put its neck between his knees, properly mark each ear in the farmer's mark, lay the pig on his side, put one knee on the pig's neck, lay the pig's tail across a tree root under the shoe of his other foot, then while the pig was kicking and squealing, cut out each testicle, pour some spirits of turpentine in each incision, hold the pig up by the tail and
carefully cut the pig's tail off to a proper fattening hog length, and then let him drop to the ground easily, so that he could scramper away to a cool wallow hole where he could quickly stop the bleeding.

Early in life Big Pete and Willie became professionals in doing such operations as has just been told you.

The gilts selected for meat purposes were sometimes spayed, but this was not done often unless the farmer expected to keep her until she was two years old. The farmer had to be careful not to let the gilt be bred until about six weeks before he intended to slaughter her. The thought was that if the young sow was bred at this time that she would grow faster and still her udders would not be springing enough at slaughter time to spoil the belly meat for good bacon.

What has just been told you is only part of the process that leads to a "hog killing time." Plenty of feed must be provided. Most farmers had a pasture where rooting was good and there was ample mast for aiding in growing the hogs. With a little corn given to them daily at regular feeding places, they were kept in good growing condition. Feeding those hogs at evening time made expert hog callers out of country boys. Big Pete and Willie became expert hog callers, but on tests it was argues by some that Willie was the better. After the hogs had eaten most of the mast in the pasture, they were then put into potato, cheufa and peanut patches to root them out, before they were put on floored pens and finished off with corn, sometimes cooked with collard leaves, to make the meat firm and of better flavor at slaughter time.

Before the hog killing day, strong hickory gambrels were made, the gallows were erected, the scald barrels or kettle were inspected, and some scrape turpentine was brought in to throw into the scald water to make it a little sticky so that the hair could be snatched off better and faster.

But after they had spent all effort, they must have freezing weather before they could have "a hog killing time." They must have freezing weather as there was no artificial refrigeration. It must be cold to freeze while the meat was striking salt and getting ready for the smoke house. It must be too cold for blow flies to stir so there would be no maggots in the meat. The right kind of weather for a "hog killing time" was all important if they were to have a year's supply of cured meats and lard.

One year Captain Jim, Uncle Henry and Negro John had exceptionally big fat two year old barrows, that had steadily grown since the day they had been born, with two good years of masts in the pasture. Captain Jim had one old stag that was so big that there was almost a year's supply of lard in him besides pounds and pounds of fine meat. These good neighbors had always helped each other at "hog killing time," and this year it was more needful than ever, as winter was late coming and these big fattening hogs grew bigger and fatter.

Early in December a dark blue cloud came out of the north with a hard wind and a gust of rain, which soon turned into a fine snow, then sleet, continuing until the ground was covered with several inches of snow and ice and the ground was frozen several inches deep. The swamps and creeks were frozen over from side to side except where the run was swift. The ponds were frozen over sufficient for good skating. From past experience, the oldtimers knew that this freezing temperature would last for several days, so it was time for the hog killing.

The second day after the storm began it was fair and extremely cold. As they had planned it, Captain Jim and his sons were up before day filling the old big syrup kettle and the big wash pot brimming full of water and building roaring hot fires under them to heat the water. While the water was heating they fixed the scald barrel which was a big oak barrel. To fix the barrel, a hole was dug in the ground so that the barrel would have a lean of about a forty-five degree angle. The lower side of the top of the barrel was just a little more than ground level. Around the mouth of the scald barrel boards were laid, to lay the hogs on when they were dragged out of the scald barrel, while the hair was being snatched off of them.

Soon after Captain Jim's family had had an early breakfast, Negro John, Aunt Frona, Big Pete, Roxie and two smaller Brewton children drove up, riding in a new double seated
wagon, being drawn by a fat prancing iron gray mule, with ears perked high and his breath making frost at each nostril. A few minutes and Uncle Henry and Aunt Ann, Willie, Charity and Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma, arrived, riding in a double seated farm wagon. The wagon was snatched as though it were a feather by a big footed prancing dark bay horse. They would have arrived as early as Negro John and family had they not been detained at the ford of the seamp by ice.

As they were getting out of the wagon and all were greeting each other, Aunt Emma being the last one to get out, said, "Thank de Lawd. Jes de kindo wether I'se been lukiing fur, fir dis hoag killen time. Dese big fat fairs, sows and de old big stag, by de helpo de Laed we'll hab enuf mete and grese to las us de hole yer--enuf to grese all de killards an'to frie all de fish we'unz wanto ketch." Uncle Alfred joined with a "yes," sanction to all his Emma had said, and added, "You'ans jes kant kepe us ole Niggers way fum dese hoag killun times."

These three big friendly families were busy greeting each other and were anxious to get on with the hog killing, but they were not too busy to listen to what Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma were saying, for Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma were a part of their lives. When Captain Jim and his kinsmen moved down into his community, Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma lived over at Uncle Henry's all the time, but shortly after Captain Jim and his kinsmen got settled, Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma took a liking to Captain Jim, Miss Lula, Lizzie and the boys; so by mutual agreement between Captain Jim and Uncle Henry, Captain Jim built a house on his place for Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma, so now they spent a part of the time with one of these families, then the other one. But this was such a clean religious old Negro couple that either Captain Jim or Uncle Henry would have liked to keep them all the time, for right now Uncle Alfred was ready to cut the sage fine to be mixed with a little hot pepper to mix with the sausage meat before it was stuffed into the guts.

Greetings and conversation were soon over and the men folk were off to the fattening pen to kill the porkers. Big Pete brought along his new breech loading gun and some store bought shells, so they decided to let Big Pete shoot the porkers with his new fangled gun. Ordinarily it would have taken several minutes to kill them with an old muzzle loading gun, having to reload so slowly between each shot, or to knock them in the head with an ax. However it was understood that after Big Pete had shot the porkers that Willie, Alva, Ferney and Fletcher would help him stick them (bleed them).

Big Pete took dead aim with his gun and with eight shots he killed seven barrows and the big stag. With the other young men helping him, in ten minutes they had the eight big hogs dead and bled. These strong young men, led by Big Pete, quickly loaded these hogs on a wagon and carted them to the scald barrel in the back yard.

The scald barrel was quickly filled with boiling hot water up to the mouth and some scrape turpentine was thrown into it. Big Pete and Alva, beginning with the big stag, soused the porkers one by one into the scald barrel, head first, then the tail end, twisting them over while Captain Jim inspected each one, to see that each one stayed in the water just long enough to properly scald them and not set the hair. Quickly they were all scalded and snatched out of the barrel on the boards, where these many experienced hands pounced upon them snatching and scrubbing the hair off. Soon all the porkers that were alive a few minutes before, lay on the boards with all their hair off and ready for the gambrels and gallows.

As quickly as they had killed them, bled them, scalded and cleaned them they continued the ordeal. The boys led by Big Pete properly split their heels, laying bare their heel strings. These new hickory gambrels were stuck under their heel strings, and one by one, Big Pete and the other boys soon hung the eight big porkers on the gallows in a row. This was a pretty sight to them all, for Uncle Alfred, Aunt Emma and all the women folk had now joined the party as the cleaning progressed.

Elizabeth was there in the party watching Willie's skill and speed and admiring Big Pete's strength and zeal. Roxie was smiling admiringly at Willie's work and hoping he was learning for her. Big Pete made awkward licks trying to thoroughly clean the
hogs hanging on the gallows and look at Elizabeth at the same time. Willie often looked at Lizzie, but was amazed and over-joyed at Roxie's admiration of him. Charity was there, too, but she could see no one doing anything but Fletcher doing his part.

With all the men folk working fast and all the women helping them with their advice, the porkers were all soon washed and scrubbed clean and white as a plate.

Now the time had come to gut the porkers. Negro John, Captain Jim and Uncle Henry were anxious for all the boys to do this job, as they were now almost grown young men and in a few years time should have a home of their own, and experience they thought was the only teacher worth a penny.

Under the instructions of Uncle Henry, Captain Jim and Negro John the boys did gut the hogs. This however was a tedious job, which had to be done carefully, or the guts would be cut letting the stool out spoiling the meat. They they were soon gutted and the guts caught in big tubs to be ridded of their fat later. The haslets were then removed.

The weather was so cold that shortly after the porkers were gutted, they were chilled sufficiently to be taken down, laid on a big table and cut up.

The job of cutting up the hogs was taken over by Uncle Henry, Captain Jim and Negro John. They hurriedly cut the back bone and spare ribs out of one for dinner. They must have spare ribs, liver and corn dumplings, and back bone and rice for dinner on a "hog killing" day.

Miss Lula, Aunt Frona, Aunt Ann and Aunt Emma took over the job of preparing a feast for them at the noon meal. Uncle Henry, Captain Jim and Negro John completed the job of properly cutting up the hogs into side bacon, shoulder butts, shoulders, hams and jowls. Alva, Felix and Perney cut up the hog fat into small pieces putting it into a big vat and cooked the grease out, leaving the cracklings to be used later in crackling corn bread or for making soap. Willie and Roxie, Big Pete and Elizabeth and Fletcher and Charity took over the job of ridding the guts of the fat.

As funny as it might seem to lovers in our modern time for lovers then to take over the lowly task of riding hog guts on such a cold day, at a hog killing time, it was thus. Even though Willie and Elizabeth for many months had been plighting their future, on this occasion they consented to help another do this job. It was not hard for them to do even though at times it hurt a bit, for at times they found it difficult not to love today's helpers better than each other. Roxie was so beautiful and congenial and loved Willie so much, that she did her today's work with pleasure. Big Pete was strong, full of fun and loved Elizabeth without stint or limit. Charity too loved Fletcher and Fletcher only did she love. She took it as an innocent one, not thinking that Fletcher would take up any time with any one else but her. Fletcher loved Charity tenderly and devotedly, but at the same time he knew that he had been seeing Janie Hammer secretly in the swamp hammock back of Old Joe Hammers field.

Yes, as time passed by, Old Hammer's part-breed-Negro children had made friends with Captain Jim Toll and his kinsmen, after John had been killed; the wound having healed showing little scar tissue. Often they toiled in Captain Jim's big cotton field picking cotton, with Captain Jim's sons and Fletcher. The time came when Fletcher was mostly overseer over his Uncle, Captain Jim's, cotton picking, as Captain Jim's sons were grown up and were out for themselves at times. While working in this capacity, Fletcher saw too much of Janie Hammer, who was now a very beautiful young bright mulatto woman. As she leaned forward picking cotton, her beautiful breasts that were a bit unruly because of their size, at times seemed to struggle to show themselves to Fletcher. But she wanted to tempt Fletcher, for he was handsome and congenial, and if there had been plenty of young Negro men in the community (which there was not) she did not want the them, for she was as white as Roxie, who suffered no ostracism; so she wanted a white man for herself. And she did succeed in tempting Fletcher, who oft times helped her pick cotton, where he might see more of what she desired to show him. He soon found himself making love to her and dating her to secretly meet him in the hammock swamp. Here he met her many times, and now Fletcher knew that she was going to soon be a mother and that he was probably the father of it, but Charity knew it not.
The ridding of hog guts went on—Willie holding for Roxie and pulling the gut towards him as she carefully cut the fat off of the gut, Big Pete holding for Elizabeth and Fletcher holding for Charity. This was a bad job on such a cold day, but the girls were prettily dressed, in tight bodiced knit jackets and pretty flannel bonnets with flaps that came down over their ears and tied under their chins. Even though their pretty hands were greasy cold and red, jokingly they talked and laughed as they worked. The presence and occasional touch of their helpers amply repaid them for all the exposure they were taking on this cold day. Then too they must work carefully not to cut the guts, for to do so could let the stool out and spoil the fat, besides making the gut worthless for stuffing sausage.

Light hearts and fast work did the job just before it was announced that the noon meal was ready.

While some ridded guts, some fixed fat, some cut up the hogs and some cooked dinner, Big Pete's two small brother, had gotten the bladders out of the hogs, drained them, stuck a quill into the neck of them and had blown enough air in them to inflate them into big balloons, and were having the most fun of any in the great crowd.

Soon they all sat down together at Captain Jim's big long table to enjoy this feast. They were all hungry, but not too hungry for Uncle Henry to ask the "blessing," and for them to use good table manners, for "grace" at the table and good table manners, in those days, were common fixtures in the issues of daily living.

Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma stood by as gracious hosts, to refill each food vessel emptied and to keep their cups full of hot coffee.

That afternoon, Captain Jim, Uncle Henry and Negro John, finished cutting up the porkers and salting them down. Miss Lula, Aunt Ann, Aunt Frona, Aunt Emma, Uncle Alfred and Captain Jim's sons, fried the fat and ground the sausage meat, mixing it with the flavoring, black pepper, hot pepper and sage. Big Pete, Roxie, Willie, Elizabeth, Fletcher and Charity carted the guts and maws to a swift spot in the Middle branch to wash them.

There was a swift spot in the Middle branch across which two logs were layed side by side. These logs were hewn flat on the top side, on which the tubs of guts could be set. Between these tubs on these logs over this swift spot, these lovers kneeled or squatted and washed them. These guts were cut into pieces about three feet long out of which the stool was tripped into the swift water that rapidly carried it away. After the pieces were stripped, they were then pulled over a round smooth stick and sere turned wrong side right. In this way they could be thoroughly washed.

This was a bad job on this cold day but they must do this to have the guts for stuffing sausage. This job would have been all drudgery and no fun had not these been lovers doing the job, and to be together at all in any kind of weather was all fun to them.

This happy crowd of good neighbors, friends and lovers did a good job 'hog killing" at Captain Jim's today, tomorrow at Uncle Henry's and the following day at Negro John's Before this long cold spell came to an end, at these three country homes, the meat was hung in the log smoke houses with bear grass, and sufficiently smoked with hickory-smudge to be past the danger stage for spoiling and was absorbing enough flavor to last it all the year.

MILKING AND MUSIC

To have enough milk cows to give plenty of milk and butter were a necessity in the rural South at the time of this story, because there were no dairies to supply fresh milk and neither was there any canned milk in the stores. If there had been, most people were too poor to buy it.

Down on Brown Swamp, Captain Jim had three milk cows, Sookie, Delcy and Beauty. Sookie was a small brown Jersey cow with short crumble horns, big pink bag and teats, and was a fine milker. Delcy was a big black and white pided cow, with oxen like horns, a big pink bag and black teats. She was a fine milker also. Beauty, so named
because she was such a pretty red and white pided heifer, had just come fresh for the first time. She had a little set of crumpy horns that came almost together at a point above her head. She had a big pink bag, and from the general appearance, it looked like she would become a better milker than either Sookie or Delcy. Sookie and Delcy were gentle and easy to manage, but Beauty was a regular she-demon that kicked and hooked so badly that none of the men folk at Captain Jim's cared to tackle the job of breaking her to milk, and it was beyond thought for Elizabeth, who did all the milking, to attempt it. She fought so badly that Captain Jim threatened to turn her out on the range and when she was dry, beef her. But she was such a beauty and bid fair to become such a milk cow, this idea did not please Elizabeth. When she had thought it over, she remembered that Big Pete had broken one to milk over at Negro John's that seemed worse than Beauty; so Elizabeth sent for Big Pete to come over and help her break the heifer to milk.

Big Pete, having heard the news, came over to Captain Jim's late in the afternoon, about milking time. When Elizabeth was ready to milk, Big Pete turned Sookie into the lot, and when her bull calf had sucked the milk down, Big Pete pulled him away and tied him to a post. Elizabeth then sat down on the stool and began to milk with one of her pretty hands.

Big Pete looking on, said, "Say, purty, let me how you how to milk a cow easy."

Elizabeth laughed loudly and handed Big Pete the pail. Big Pete sat down on the stool, put the pail between his big brogan shoes and grabbed hold of one front teat in one hand and one back teat in the other. He then began milking so rugged and fast, that Sookie not being accustomed to such, shied away. Big Pete said, "Sow Sookie," and she being gentle stopped when she learned that he was just milking and not trying to pull her bag off.

Elizabeth watching Big Pete milking so rapidly, laughingly said, "Let me try it some that way."

Big Pete handed her the pail. She sat down on the stool and tried milking like Big Pete did. At first it was a little awkward, but in a few minutes she was milking with both hands.

Delcy was then turned in and after her calf had sucked the milk down and Big Pete had pulled it off, he offered to milk for Elizabeth, but she refused the offer so she could become better acquainted with milking with both hands.

The big heifer was then turned into the lot. She came in with a bound, snorting and blowing. Elizabeth shied away but Big Pete stood firm. She ran at Big Pete blowing, pawing and hooking, but he stood still. Then she charged him, he stepped aside, caught her by the horns and held her fast. Elizabeth brought him a new strong plow line, he put it on her horns and tied her fast to an oak tree. When her calf had sucked a good while he pulled it away and tied it to a post. Then he attempted to wash her bag with warm water but she kicked so lively that Big Pete could not wash it, so he took another rope and tied it on her right hind leg near her foot, and stretched it backward, tying it to another tree, thus hobbling her. She now being tied fast and hobbled, seemed to sense that she could not best Big Pete, so she stood still, trembling, while he washed her bag. He then sat down and began to milk her with both hands. When he had milked a little while, he said, "She milks easier than any of them."

Elizabeth looking on, admired Big Pete's bravery and strength, and was almost wishing that she could have Big Pete always to help her milk the cows and do other difficult jobs.

He still milking, said, "Want to try her, purty? If she hurts you, I'll murder her."

Elizabeth shyly ventured up and began milking her. The big heifer now seemed to think that it was just the right thing to get that fevered milk out of her bag, as it was getting easy since they began milking her; so she quit trembling and stood still.

When they had finished milking her, Big Pete greased her bag with axle grease to soften it a bit, petted her a little while and loosed her.
As it was now supper time at Captain Jim's, Big Pete went in and ate supper with them. After they had eaten supper, he remained in the kitchen with Elizabeth to dry the dishes for her.

When the dishes were washed and dried, Elizabeth and Big Pete pulled them a couple of chairs up before the big fire place where the supper was cooked. In front of them a smouldering fire was on the hearth, behind them setting out he dining table was a kerosene lamp that gave a dim light.

Since that day when Big Pete carried Elizabeth in his arms across the swamp, when they were coming home from school, he had always desired a time—just such a time as this—since that day, when she got that magnetic thrill, while Big Pete carried her in his big strong arms, like she were a baby. Every time she had thought of it since, it pleased her and frightened her too.

Here sitting before the fire, they sat for more than two hours, talking of almost everything that had happened, since when they were much younger, at the "house raising," "rail splitting" and "log rolling," at Captain Jim's and his kinsmen, where they first met. But not once did they mention what was most in their minds, the thrill they both received when he carried her in his arms that day.

Finally, Big Pete, being tempted by her beauty, attempted taking her in his big strong arms one more time. As much as she desired this, she shied away and stood up. In those days, a young man sometimes took this to mean that it was time for him to depart, so Big Pete awkwardly bid her "goodnight" and left for home in the darkness, hoping that he had made some progress.

While Big Pete was over at Captain Jim's helping Elizabeth break a heifer to milk, eating supper, helping her wash the dishes and spending pleasant hours with her by the kitchen fireside, Willie was over at Negro John's teaching Roxie to play a banjo. That evening Willie dined at Negro John's, helped Roxie with the dishes and gave her banjo lessons in the kitchen. When they had practiced quite a while in the kitchen by the lamp light, they decided that the music might sound better out on the back kitchen porch in the darkness.

Sitting on a bench on the kitchen porch, Roxie tried playing a love song. When she had tried it, Willie took the banjo and played it so beautifully and sweetly that Roxie's love passion became greatly aroused, so much that she smothered Willie with hugs and kisses. Willie layed down the banjo and soon the hugs and kisses were mutual. So completely did she give herself to him in the darkness that few young men could have resisted going the limit with her. For many months, those who knew about this, when they spoke of it, spoke like their imaginations ran.

About the time Big Pete left Captain Jim's for home in the darkness that night, Willie left Negro John's for home in the darkness also. They would have met in the road not far from the ford of the swamp, had not Big Pete been whistling and Willie singing. They heard each other and each knew where the other had been. Big Pete was glad that Willie had been to see Roxie, hoping that this would give him a better chance at Elizabeth. Willie knew where Big Pete had been and it made him jealous and angry. He walked in the darkness with his fists clinched, after he heard Big Pete. He did not like for Elizabeth to be alone with Big Pete for he loved her dearly and wanted her to be his wife and the mother of this children. But when he thought of what he had shared with Roxie that night in the darkness, it made him relax his clinched fists and show signs of guilt on his face.

That night Roxie could not sleep for thinking of Willie, the one she would give her all for. Willie could not sleep for thinking of Elizabeth, whom he loved, and for feeling guilty for lavishing unlimited affections on Roxie. Elizabeth could not sleep for thinking of Big Pete, and for being angry with herself for giving her consent for Willie to give Roxie music lessons. Big Pete could not sleep for remembering those few precious moments that he had spent with Elizabeth and hoping for more in the near future. Roxie and Big Pete were both elated at their evening experiences and were tempted to say, "We will never go over the river any more to see Yollie and Eunice. (pp. 35-81. To be continued.)