Masonic Temple in Conway, S.C. on Main Street occupied in the 1800's. The ground floor was occupied by the Horry Herald when Dr. E. Norton was Editor. Picture furnished by Mr. J.O. Carttette, and identified by the late Mr. H.H. Woodward.

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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet:
January 10, 1983
April Tour-date to be set
July 11, 1983
October 10, 1983

The Board of Directors will meet:
March 14, 1983
June 13, 1983
September 12, 1983
December 12, 1983

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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.

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OOPS! The last page of the Fall 1982 issue was lost by the printer. The staff regrets . . .
Dear Fellow Members,

We are entering into our new year 1983 with great expectations for a good year in recording Horry County's heritage. It doesn't really seem long ago when Ernest Richardson called a meeting of interested folks to begin the Horry County Historical Society. This was in 1966, and the Society began in 1967 with Mr. C. Burgin Berry as its first president. The first issue of The Independent Republic Quarterly was a mere five pages of mimeographed paper, edited by Miss Florence Theodora Epps. I think the motto that our society began with is very fitting to our people of Horry County: "The county with a heart that will win your heart".

Our society has come a long way since these early days, and the reason for it is the historians involved. With people like Florence Epps, Catherine Lewis, Burgin Berry, Eunice Thomas, Rick McIver, John Cartrette, and many others too numerous to mention I say we have a successful record. Because of our society there are many, many records written down that would have never existed had we not published the Quarterly.

I wish to commend Mary Emily Platt Jackson for the fine programs she brought to us in 1982, and we all look forward to more of them in 1983. We wish to thank Carlisle Dawsey for the splendid job he has done as president during 1982, and we trust that more young men of our good county will get involved in our society. We trust that membership will continue to grow, and we urge all of you to solicit new memberships. You must encourage your own children and friends to become members in order for them to receive this great publication, which in my opinion will be one of the great resources of Horry County in the future.

Sincerely,

Loy K. Hucks, President

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Possibly the oldest landmark in the beautiful Green Sea area of Horry County has now become part of history. The Old Bryant Home, built by James Calvin Bryant around the year 1881 was engulfed by fire on March 25, 1979. Although the exterior did not show extensive damage, the interior was virtually destroyed. Several attempts toward getting the old home moved and restored were made by Sue Canady, a great granddaughter of James Calvin Bryant. Due to the tremendous cost involved in moving the house to a suitable location with the added cost of restoration Mrs. Canady decided against trying to have the severely damaged house removed. Shortly after this decision, the owner, John Carlisle Bryant decided the most feasible decision would be to have the home torn down.

James Calvin Bryant was born in Marion County, S. C., on March 8, 1846. He was the son of Stephen D. and Martha F. Bryant. On March 4, 1863, Bryant enlisted as a private in the Confederate army and served in active duty for six months before being given a furlough because of sickness. He was discharged because of this sickness on February 13, 1865. Bryant married Nancy S. Mincey in her home on October 5, 1866.

On November 7, 1867, J. D. Bryant bought 175 acres of land in the Green Sea area for $350 from J. H. Derham, grandfather of Joe H. Derham of Green Sea. It is believed that Bryant lived in a log cabin until he built the Bryant Home. Some folks in the Green Sea area believe the home was built before 1881. However, Nancy Adeline Bryant Cannon, grandmother of the writer and daughter of J. C. Bryant, stated many times that she was not born in the Old Bryant Home but moved there when she was too young to remember. Nancy Adeline Bryant Cannon was born on February 22, 1881.
Through the years the Old Bryant Home has been remodeled very little. When the home was built there was a kitchen and dining room, each having a large fire place, attached to the main house by a covered porch. The main house had three bedrooms and a parlor downstairs. There were two bedrooms upstairs. The yard was fenced where Bryant always kept several dogs. The great earthquake of 1886 caused a crack in one of the chimneys, which was visible at the time of the fire. Nancy Adeline Bryant Cannon was five years old when this earthquake occurred and often told the writer how some of the neighbors gathered with her family in the yard. Some prayed while others cried. Nancy S. Mincey Bryant made pallets on the porch for anyone who wanted to sleep, as they were afraid to go inside the house. Some of the neighbors observed and heard the water in the well as it rumbled from the quakes underground.

James Calvin and Nancy Mincey Bryant were the parents of the following children: Mandy Mellie, who married John A. McDermott; Simpkins D., who married Emma Jenkins; Francis Elmina, who married J. Quincy Graham; James Adolphus, who married Blanche Harrelson; Warren Carl, who married Rebecca Elizabeth Watson; Eva Mae, who married Dan W. Hardwick; Jennie E., who married D. F. McCougan; and Nancy Adeline, who married Albert Franklin Cannon, Sr. All of the Bryant children were reared in Green Sea, S. C.

According to the Horry Herald newspaper, J. C. Bryant established the J. C. Bryant Company in 1884. This was a general store located in Green Sea. Bryant was also a farmer according to the 1880 agriculture census of the Green Sea Township. He was a member of the Iona Methodist Church located at Finklea Crossroads.

Around 1900 Bryant moved to Loris, S. C. and lived in a house located on the site where the Leder Potter Department Store is now located. Bryant's two unmarried daughters, Nancy Adeline and Eva Mae, were the only children who made this move with him and his wife. Shortly after his move to Loris Bryant rented the Old Bryant Home at Green Sea to a Mr. Coker who was a school teacher. Sometime between 1906 and 1914, Bryant's son, Warren Carl Bryant, moved his family into the old home. J. C. Bryant later bought and moved in the house where Mrs. Lena Bryant now resides in Loris. On May 13, 1914, Nancy S. Mincey Bryant died and Bryant then moved to the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Eva Mae and Dan W. Hardwick, in Loris.

On May 12, 1916, J. C. Bryant died in Loris and was buried in the Old Bryant Cemetery at Green Sea. This cemetery is now known as the Green Sea Cemetery. Warren Carl Bryant inherited the Old Bryant Home at his father's death. On January 1, 1953, Warren Carl Bryant died and the Bryant Home became the property of Warren Ralph Bryant, his son. At the death of Warren Ralph Bryant the property was left to John Carlisle Bryant and his two daughters, Carla Jean Bryant Lowder and Cheryl Bryant. Carla and her husband Ricky made the Old Home their home until it was burned.

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CAN YOU HELP?

Betty Day Cofield, 217 Old Perry Road, Bon Aire, GA 31005: I am interested in any information on the following: (1) William M. DAY, great grandfather, born 1828 in SC, who married Nancy M. CHAMBLEE, born 1830 in GA; (2) Ruben DAY, great great grandfather, born 1804 in SC; (3) George W. WALLER, great grandfather, who married Martha STALLINGS; (4) George W. WALLER, great great grandfather who married Martha ALFORD; (5) Daniel Rhodes WALLER, born 1772 in Maryland, who married Mary Jane KEY in 1794.

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IRQ will run queries as space permits free of charge. Members are encouraged to use this service and to respond to people who request information.
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT GURLEY

by Eugene Victor Sasser

In writing about the Presbyterian Church that I attended as a child, and of which I was a member, I rely on childhood memories and some notes taken a few years ago during most of a day's research of early minutes of Pee Dee Presbytery, housed in the vault at the Historical Foundation at Montreat, North Carolina.

In the handwritten minutes of the 47th Session of Pee Dee Presbytery, an adjourned meeting, held on November 11, 1901 at Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., it is recorded that Rev. E. E. Robertson reported the organization of the church at Bayboro and that the report was approved and the church enrolled.

I believe there is an inaccuracy here. I heard as a child that the community of Gurley was at one time Bayboro, or Old Bayboro. Present day Bayboro, since I can remember, has been located two miles west of Gurley. I will concede that the name of the church was Bayboro Presbyterian Church, although I knew it and have remembered it as Gurley Presbyterian Church.

I do not know that my father, having come from North Carolina and settled in Gurley sometime around the turn of the century—there is no record, to my knowledge, of the exact date—built in 1902 in what was then Gurley the house in which I was born in 1913 and continue to occupy.

Presbytery's minutes divulge that "Rev. Doak was received July 24, 1906 at Bayboro Church." It is further stated that on Monday, August 6, at 11 o'clock a.m. Rev. Meltain (?) Clark was to preside, propound the constitutional questions and preach. Rev. T. E. Simpson was to charge the pastor, and Elder J. P. McNeil was to charge the congregation.

Rev. John Mills Lemmon, undoubtedly one of the finest Christian gentlemen ever to settle in Horry County, married to Frances Gordon Dusenbury of Conway, both buried in Lakeside Cemetery in Conway, was, as revealed in Presbytery's minutes, pastor of the church at Gurley in 1923-1924. At that time there were two elders, two deacons, eleven resident communicants and three non-resident communicants. Rev. Lemmon was pastor in 1925 at which time there were two elders, two deacons, five resident communicants and three non-resident communicants.

The portion of the pastor's salary paid by the Gurley church at that time was $10.00. Whether this was for a month or for a year is not recorded. I tend to think that this was the yearly amount paid. I wonder what the train fare from Conway to Gurley and return was at that time. I recall that Mr. Lemmon traveled by train from Conway to preach at Gurley and always spent the night at our house. I remember his talking to me about giving my heart to Jesus as we sat before the fire in the living room (then called the parlor). I still think of this whenever I go into that room. The fireplace is there, but no fire burns in it now.

Mr. Lemmon was highly regarded, not only by the Presbyterians, but by all who knew him. I recall that two neighboring families who were members of the New Light Baptist Church, now Gurley Baptist Church, attended services at the Presbyterian Church follow-
ing services at the Baptist Church because they liked Mr. Lemmon and liked to hear him preach.

Presbytery's statistical report for 1928 contains no mention of the church at Gurley. By that time only members of the Sasser family were members of this church.

Minutes of Presbytery during 1929 contain the recommendation that Bayboro Church be dissolved and that the Stated Clerk be directed to give letters to any members to any church designated by them, also that the Superintendent-Evangelist be given authority to dispose of the building, turning the proceeds from the sale into the Presbytery's Home Mission Treasury, and that the fund be known as the Bayboro Memorial Fund. Rev. D. P. Patrick was the Superintendent-Evangelist.

The Bayboro Presbyterian Church was recorded as not being represented at the Pee Dee Presbytery meeting at Ruby, S. C., on April 16 and 17, 1929.

In the Report of the Home Mission Committee in 1931, as contained in minutes of Pee Dee Presbytery, it is written that the church buildings at Dumbarton and at Bayboro were sold in 1930. (They still thought the church was at Bayboro!) For Dumbarton, Presbytery held a 300-pound bale of cotton, and for Bayboro received $50.00. This amount, as revealed in a deed in my possession, was paid by my mother, Mrs. Joanna Sasser, who was widowed at that time, my father, John William Sasser, having died in 1921. The lot on which the building stood was included in the sale. It is reported that the seats at Dumbarton brought $15.00. All this was to be turned into the Loris Building Fund.

I recollect that the pews from the church at Gurley were purchased by or were given to, I do not know which, a black church then located a short distance north of Bayboro. I wonder if they are still in use. They were comfortable pews. I remember them well.

The church building, as I clearly recall, was a wooden structure, painted white, square in shape, with a belfry and a steeple. There was, however, never a bell. I used to wish for one, because it seemed such great fun seeing others pull the rope to ring the bell at the Baptist Church.

In this connection my mother then provided room and board for the local school teachers. Two of the lady teachers—I won't reveal their names—once rang the bell at the Baptist Church on New Year's Eve, welcoming in the New Year and scandalizing the community.

I might add here that I recall the old pump organ, the wood-burning stove and the oil lamp suspended from the ceiling. When services were held at night, an additional oil lamp, which I still have, was taken next door to the church and placed on the pulpit, since the preacher, true to Presbyterian custom, preached from notes.

Insofar as I know, there is no picture of Bayboro Church extant except the one in my mind's eye and a snapshot, taken with my old box camera, showing a partial view of the steeple and roof.

As a teen-ager, together with my mother, two half-brothers and a half-sister, the latter four deceased, I transferred my membership to what was then the young Loris Presbyterian Church, now First Presbyterian Church, Loris.

CAN YOU HELP?

James M. Frink, P. O. Box 481, Matthews, N. C. 28105 seeks any information about the FRINK family which has not been previously published in IRQ.

Ms. Kay Nelson, 511 North River Oaks Drive, Indialantic, FL 32903: "I am trying to locate any information on Benjamin John TOMPKINS (THOMPKINS) born about January, 1843, in Cool Spring, Horry County, SC." An ancestral chart supplied by Ms. Nelson appears elsewhere in this issue of IRQ. (See p. 24)

Orrin M. Prince, 912 Prospect Ave., Ashland, KY 41101: "I was quite surprised and highly elated to find ... the Family Bible of the John W. Hardee and Frances Boyd records in the current issue of The Independent Republic Quarterly. ... I have no information on Frances Boyd. Can you tell me who her parents were? or, refer me to someone who does know?"
The Independent Republic Quarterly

THE FAMILY BIBLE

PAGE BIBLE RECORD

Submitted by Pansy Page Jensen

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Temple, Lake View, S. C., I was given the opportunity to copy the following Page Bible Record from the records of her late husband, Dr. L. Wade Temple. Mrs. Temple also gave permission for the record to be printed here.

David Page, son of Abraham Page and Mary His wife born November 24th 1744
Sarah Page wife of David Page was born April 6, 1745
Elizabeth Page a daughter of David Page and his wife Sarah Page was born July 14, 1766
David Page son of David and Sarah his wife was born September 21, 1768
Jehugh Page a son of David Page and his wife Sarah was born February 15, 1773
Mary Page a daughter of David and his wife Sarah was born January 24, 1775
Darhah Page daughter of David and his wife Sarah was born October 2nd, 1776
Barzilla Page daughter of David and Sarah was born Sept. 9, 1779
William Hill son of James Hill and wife Nancy was born November 25, 1782
Abraham Page son of David and Sarah his wife birth August 11, 1786
David Hill son of William Hill and his wife Elizabeth was born June 15, 1802
Sarah Grainger daughter of William Hill and his wife Elizabeth was born April 10, 1804
Joel Grainger son of John Grainger and Charity his wife was born May 30, 1806
Betsy Powell daughter of William Hill and His Wife Elizabeth was born January 17, 1812
James S. Hill son of David Hill and his wife Mary was born May 26, 1829
Nancy Johnson Daughter of David Hill and wife Mary was born Sept. 17, 1831
Mary Hill Daughter of John Grainger and Charity his wife was born February 15, 1802.
Died September 24th Fifteen minutes before seven O'clock 1854
Romulus Ivey a son of Jo E. Ivey was born October 3, 1872
Edgar G. Ivy son of Jo E. Ivey was born December 16, 1874
Nancy Hill wife of David Hill departed this life March 15, 1879

HCHS FALL 1982 MEETING

Mrs. Robin Salmon, who has been associated with Brookgreen Gardens for many years, was guest speaker at the Society's October 11, 1982 meeting in the San- tee-Cooper building in Conway. She talked about the Gardens and the Alston/Alston family.

President Carlisle Dawsey presided at the business meeting, the chief item being the election of officers for 1983. They are Lacy K. Hucks, president; Carlisle Dawsey, past president, Mary Emily Platt Jackson, president-elect; W. H. Long, vice president; F. A. Green, treasurer, and Miriam Tucker, secretary. W. E. Copeland, Jr., Catherine Lewis, and Eunice Thomas were named directors for another year.
Chester Arthur Jones was a brick mason by trade. He was born on November 10, 1880 in Conway, S. C., the son of Benjamin and Lue Jones and the grandson of Henry and Susan Jones. He was one of nine children, four sisters and four brothers: Ella J. Williams, Cora Jones, Victoria J. Moore, Sarah Jones, Benjamin Jones, Herman Jones and Woodfine Jones. He was married to Cinnie Johnson, daughter of Mollye Johnson. Mama was born March 10, 1882 in Conway behind the Citizens and Southern Bank on Main Street on the spot that was formerly occupied by the Conway Chamber of Commerce. The acquaintances of Chester usually called him "Chess".

Chess and Cinnie had 9 children: Cecil Gardner, Elois, Arthur, Thillian, Lamond, Benjamin, Samuel, Wilhelmina and George. Cecil was the eldest and George is the youngest.

Chess' occupation led him to labor with a diversified number of important buildings in the Conway and Myrtle Beach area which included the Horry Furniture Company (now Heilig-Meyers Furniture Company), City Hall, the courthouse, the Ambrose mansion, the Hal Holmes home, the Chapin Company, Ocean Forest Hotel (now demolished), Papa along with Mr. John Moore was employed by Mr. Huntington to do the masonry work at Brookgreen Gardens.

He also helped to build the church of which he was a member and steward, the Bethel A.M.E. Church located on the corner of Racepath and Smith in Conway. Chess' grandfather, Rev. Henry Jones has been credited with the founding of the Bethel A.M.E. Church. His grandfather is said to have journeyed by foot from Conway to Wilmington, N. C., to preach. Once when a cyclone came through Conway, people are said to have tugged on the coattail of Rev. Henry Jones and said, "If you go to heaven, we're going too."

The Smith-Jones Recreation Center was named in honor of Paul Smith and Chester Arthur Jones for their humanitarianism to their community. Mrs. Lucile Burroughs Godfrey, sensing his typical character of caring about people, donated the plot of land for the recreation center, giving Papa specific instructions to be carried out under his direction, although she was consulted from time to time as the work progressed.

My Papa was a lover of children, his own as well as those of his neighbors. He wanted to see boys and girls grow to their fullest potential in body, mind and spirit. He was patient, tender and understanding. He ran a little store in front of our home and there stood a Chinaberry tree in front of it. Every afternoon I'd run to Papa so he could ride me home on his back, piggy back style. We had great times around the hearth with Papa cutting sugar cane for us. He'd vow not to buy any more coconuts and we'd plead until we'd wear down his resistance. He'd tell us that we could have the bananas that fell from the bunches and I'd see that plenty fell by pulling them off. Papa had the wisdom for counseling us and he could always soothe our ruffled feelings better than anybody else in the entire world.

Papa worked very hard during voting time. He was a conscientious pollwatcher for years.

Until the time of Papa's death his mind was alert, clear and thoughtful. He left his family and community a legacy to remember. To me he was the best Papa in the world. According to the commission of God given to me, like a skilled master builder I laid a foundation, and another man is building upon it. Let each man take care how he builds upon it.

I Corinthians 3:10
JOSIAS SESSIONS (1764 - 1837)

HIS REVOLUTIONARY WAR RECORD

Declaration. In order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress of the 7th day of June 1832.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
HORRY DISTRICT

On the 8th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty three personally appeared in open court Josias Sessions, before me William D. Martin one of the Circuit Judges of the paid state, and presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the district of Horry and state aforesaid, aged sixty nine years, who first being duly sworn according to law, doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress passed June 7th, 1832 -- That he was born November 14th, 1764 in Craven County, now All Saints Parish, in the district and state aforesaid. That whilst he was at school in the spring of the year 1777, being then but thirteen years old he was drafted to join the Company of Captain Daniel Murrell, attached to the Brigade of General Francis Marion; he was drafted to serve one month at a time and in this way he served one year, making six months actual service under said drafts. During this service the company to which he belonged was employed in guarding the sea coast on the Long Bay beach in All Saints Parish, from (illeg.) British (illeg.) shipping, but nothing very material transpired during this term of service: That after the expiration of one year Cap't. Daniel Murrell's Company to which he belonged subject to the same drafts was ordered to join the main army under General Marion then encamped on the Santee River in Georgetown District: That the army did not continue stationary at any place but continued to march to different posts on the Santee, Pee Dee, and Black rivers: That he was frequently detached to join skirmishing parties and one morning whilst on an expedition of this sort his party had a severe conflict with a party of the enemy near Georgetown who were driving some cattle to the towns; that his party succeeded in repulsing the enemy and took the cattle from them: That Georgetown was at this time in possession of the British and he marched with the main army and after the town was surrounded the enemy was compelled to leave it, which they did taking to their shipping: That he served three months at this time and was then relieved and returned home: But that during the several short respites that allowed him to be home he was almost constantly called in skirmishing parties against the Tories who very much infested the region of County in which he lived: That he continued his service in the war attached to General Marion's Brigade to the end of the war sometimes serving with the main army and sometimes in detached Company's. He was in the company of Cap't. Daniel Murrell in a severe battle with the Tories at a place called Bear Bluff in All Saints Parish the Tories were commanded by Joshua Long, after a very sharp conflict our company was under the necessity of capitulation but rather than be taken he and eight others swam the Waccamaw River and effected their escape: That he afterwards served under Major Warden in various excursions after the Tories on the Waccamaw River in Georgetown District in
which the Tories were generally routed and reduced to subjection. Whilst he
was in the main army he was principally in the company of Cap't. Wm. (illeg.)
He also knew and served with Major (illeg), B. G. Peter Horry, Col. Ervin,
Major Marlow and Major James; and his companions in same known now living are
John Green, James McCracken, Thomas King, Joseph King, Loften Munnerlyn and
James Booth, and also Robert Lourimore who herewith certifies to his services.
He has no documentary evidence and from the lapse of time and in beseiged
age and frailty of memory, he cannot be more explicit: but he knows that he
continued in the service from the time he was drafted under the command of
Cap't Murrell to the close of the war when the army was disbanded making in
all, including his service against the Tories a period of five years, and ex-
clusive of this, including the periods of his actual drafts, a term of two
years and six months. He resided eleven years from the time he was born in
All Saints Parish, and ever since in Horry District. He hereby relinquishes
every claim whatever to a Pension or Annuity except the Present and declares
that his name is not on the Pension Roll of any state.

Sworn and subscribed this day and year aforesaid in this Court.

Wm. D. Martin
Presiding Judge

Robert Lourimore appeared before me in open court and being duly sworn ac-
ording to law states that he knows Josias Sessions who both subscribed the follow-
ing Declaration. That he has had read to him the foregoing Declaration and
believes all the facts therein to be pretty true. That he has a personal
knowledge of the fact that he was a soldier of the Revolution that he was in
service with the said Sessions though not the whole time but believes he served
the whole time as stated by him. Deponent is positive the said Sessions
served two year at least. He knows that faithful full time soldier and has
never heard his (illeg.) questioned, doubted or denied and that he is of the
age he represents himself to be. Deponent and the said Sessions have resided
in Horry District from their boyhood to the present time.

Sworn to before us in
Open Court this 8 Nov 1833

Wm. D. Martin
Presiding Judge

Robert Lourimore

(Reference: Revolutionary War Pension File no. 18202, National Archives, Washington,
D. C. Submitted by George Q. Sessions, 109 Judy Street, Williston, SC 29853.)

+++ IRQ invites you to submit articles, genealogies, Bible records, documents, and
pictures for publication.
EARLY MASONIC LODGES IN HORY COUNTY, S. C.
by J. Osby Cartrette P.M.-P.D.D.G.M.

From Mackey's History of Freemasonry in South Carolina I find the following:

Horry District:
"Brother Congsdon writes as follows: 'The oldest citizen of the place, a lady, informs me that about the year 1808 or 1810, her father used to meet with the Masons in an old jail in this village, that Mose Floyd was then the Master, and that she had often seen what, to her description, must have been its warrant.'"

Of this Lodge I find no record. In 1807 there was a Lodge at Barfield's Saw Mill on the Little Pee Dee river whose number was 22. I have been unable to find its location or any further record.

Conway Lodge No. 65 A. F. M.

On December 11, 1843, and of Free Masonry 5943, a Dispensation was granted to Brother James Potter, to Act as Worshipful Master, to Brother Hartford Jones, to Act as Senior Warden, and to Brother Samuel Pope, to Act as Junior Warden, of a Lodge to be held under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of S. C. by the name of Horry Lodge No. 65 in the Register and to be held in Conwayboro in Horry District.

James Potter was installed Worshipful Master of Horry Lodge by Clinton Lodge No. 60 A. F. M. Marion Court House on December 21, 1843. And the first communication of Horry Lodge was held in Conwayboro on January 1, 1844 and opened in form. Members present:

James Potter Worshipful Master I. B. Johnson Secretary
Hartford Jones Senior Warden Peter Vaught S. Deacon
Samuel Pope Junior Warden Robert J. Deacon
Sol King Treasurer N. C. Hollan Tiler P. T.

and four visiting members.

Lodge buys lot:
Charles Murrell ) Deed dated January 29, 1845
to ) Part of Lot 6 Conwayboro, S. C.
Horry Lodge No. 65 A.F.M. ) 30 x 40 feet, consideration $20

Conveys: A certain portion of ground measuring as follows VIZ. Thirty feet on Street leading from Waccamaw river to the Methodist church and Forty feet deep; being part of Lot No. 6. in the plan of the Village of Conwayboro.

For more information about Conway Lodge No. 65 A.F.M., see History of this Lodge, by J. O. Cartrette, P.M. & P.D.D.G.M.

Little River Lodge #163 A. F. M.

Charter was granted in 1870. First officers:

W. J. Stanley Worshipful Master S. A. Sealy Senior Deacon
Thomas C. Dunn Senior Warden J. W. Stanley Junior Deacon
Thomas Hickman Junior Warden W. A. Bessant Steward
L. D. Bryan Treasurer Elkman Hickman Steward
Thomas W. Gore Secretary Sam Perminter Tiler

First report to Grand Lodge, 1871: Members reported 24; Grand Lodge dues at 50c each--$12.00. Meetings: "Night of the Full Moon in each month." The Charter was surrendered in 1880.

Trinity Lodge #175 A. F. M., Bull Creek

Charter was granted to Trinity Lodge #175 A.F.M. at Bull Creek in Horry County in December, 1873.
## Green Sea Lodge #205 A. F. M.

Charter was granted in 1879. The first record I find from the records in the Grand Secretary's Office is for November, 1883 to November, 1884. Officers:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Bryant</td>
<td>Worshipful Master</td>
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<tr>
<td>Daniel Suggs</td>
<td>Senior Warden</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph Fowler</td>
<td>Junior Warden</td>
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<tr>
<td>Josiah Williamson</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td>George W. Suggs</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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| Place of meeting: "Iona (Methodist) church over which the Hall is." |
| Time of meeting: "4th Saturday One O'clock P.M." |

| Members  | $1.00 each   | 15.00 |
| Degrees  | $1.00 each   | 15.00 |

Graddy Lodge No. 257 A. F. M.

Dispensation granted to Albert P. Johnson, as Worshipful Master, W. F. Holt, as Senior Warden, and W. P. McQueen, as Junior Warden on July 6, 1904.

Charter granted to Graddy Lodge No. 257, A. F. M.

I find of record in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Horry County, Book QQ, Page 163, Amanda v. Graddy conveyed to The Masons of Calivants Ferry Township, Horry County, S. C. One acre of land. Consideration: "The esteem I have for the Masonic Fraternity and One Dollar." Date of deed, April 24, 1903. "The land in this deed is given or conveyed solely for the use of the Masonic Fraternity and should same ceased to be used by the Masonic Fraternity then the land herein conveyed shall revert to the then owner of the Graddy estate."
I find from the Grand Secretary's records what appears to be the first return to Grand Lodge bearing date Nov. 10, 1904, the following:

Officers: Albert P. Johnson Worshipful Master W. H. Gore Senior Deacon
W. F. Holt Senior Warden C. T. Altman Junior Deacon
W. P. McQueen Junior Warden B. F. Graham Tiler
H. Floyd Treasurer H. B. Roberts Tiler
W. L. Mishoe Secretary *only one

Place of meeting: "Graddy Lodge near Galivants Ferry, S. C. Time of meeting:
First Saturday 1 o'clock, P. M."

Note: Apparently the Masons secured lot of land for their temple before petitioning for Dispensation.

This is the Lodge I was Raised in, Saturday afternoon, June 5, 1915.

Jordanville Lodge No. 297 A. F. M.

A dispensation was granted for a Lodge at Jordanville on November 21, 1911, to Albert P. Johnson, as Worshipful Master, T. Monroe Lundy, as Senior Warden, and O. M. Johnson, as Junior Warden.

On December 10, 1912, M. W. George S. Mower, Grand Master issued his Commission for Jordanville Lodge No. 297 to be Constituted by R. W. John C. Sellers D. D. G. M.

First Officers:

Albert P. Johnson Worshipful Master
T. M. Lundy Senior Warden
T. M. Lundy Junior Warden
O. M. Johnson Treasurer
E. P. James Secretary
J. C. Roberts (No other officers named.)
J. N. Horton Senior Deacon
G. Edwards Junior Deacon

Time of meeting: "Saturday night on or before Full Moon."
Fifteen degrees conferred, 5 raised this report. Grand Lodge dues $15.00.

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CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs. Palmer L. Arnold, Rt. 4, Box 8310, Lufkin, TX 75901: "For some time I have been looking for information about my great grandfather, Thomas H. HARDEE, born October 1825, somewhere in S. C. He came to Texas before 1860 and settled in Leon Co. That is all I know about him. By looking at the early S. C. census records it seemed as if most of the Hardees were in Horry County. I subscribed to the IRQ hoping for some information about my g.g. father.

"I have made several trips to Leon County, Texas, talking to all the old timers about the Hardees. I met a Mr. Jess Durant. When he found out I lived in Lufkin, Texas, he told me he had an Uncle who lived in Lufkin. His name is Benjamin F. Durant. I called Mr. Durant. He told me that he remembered my great grandfather Tom Hardee and would be glad to talk to me. He told me he had heard that Tom Hardee came to Leon Co., Texas the same time his Grandfather did in 1856. He told me what little he could about the Hardees, and then he started to tell me about his own family, the DURANTS.

"I was so surprised when I received the Fall IRQ and saw Mr. Durant's family mentioned in the article Mr. Berry wrote on the Gause family. The John Wesley Durant who came to Leon Co. Texas in 1841, was a half-brother to Mr. Durant's grandfather. His grandfather was Bethel Durant (born 1823-died 1891). His grandfather came to Leon Co. in 1856 with his wife and 3 children: William Bethel (b. 1853-d. 1907; he was Mr. Durant's father), Virginia Carolina, and Hannah.

"When Mr. Durant saw the article, he was so pleased. He is such a delightful man and very interested in genealogy. Mr. Durant is 84 years old, born April 24, 1898. He would be so pleased to hear from any of the Durants in S. C. about his family. His address is: Mr. B. F. Durant, Rt. 1, Box 3190, Lufkin, TX 75901."
AMONG THE PINES:
or,
SOUTH IN SECESSION-TIME.
by
Edmund Kirke.

(This account of travel in the South was published by J. R. Gilmore, New York, in 1862. Kirke is a pseudonym of the publisher. A number of articles in IRQ have referred to this book, which contains a description of a visit to Bucksville. That portion is reprinted here.)

The sun was wheeling below the trees which skirted the western horizon, when we halted in the main road, abreast of one of those by-paths, which every traveller at the South recognizes as leading to a planter’s house. Turning our horse’s head, we pursued this path for a short distance, when emerging from the pine-forest, over whose sandy barrens we had ridden all the day, a broad plantation lay spread out before us. On one side was a row of perhaps forty small but neat cabins; and on the other, at the distance of about a third of a mile, a huge building, which, from the piles of timber near it, I saw was a lumber-mill. Before us was a smooth causeway, extending on for a quarter of a mile, and shaded by large live-oaks and pines, whose moss fell in graceful drapery from the gnarled branches. This led to the mansion of the proprietor, a large, antique structure, exhibiting the dingy appearance which all houses near the lowlands of the South derive from the climate, but with a generous, hospitable air about its wide doors and bulky windows, that seemed to invite the traveller to the rest and shelter within. I had stopped my horse, and was absorbed in contemplation of a scene as beautiful as it was new to me, when an old negro approached, and touching his hat, said, “Massa send his complimens to de gemman, and happy to hab him pass de night at Bucksville.”

“Bucksville!” I exclaimed, "and where is the village?”

"Dis am it, massa; and it am eight mile and a hard road to de 'Boro" (meaning Conwayboro, a one-horse village at which I had designed to spend the night). "Will de gemman please ride up to de piazza?" continued the old negro.

"Yes, uncle, and thank you," and in a moment I had received the cordial welcome of the host, an elderly gentleman, whose easy and polished manners reminded me of the times of our grandfathers in glorious New England. A few minutes put me on a footing of friendly familiarity with him and his family, and I soon found myself in a circle of daughters and grandchildren, and as much at home as if I had been a long-expected guest.

CHAPTER II.
Wayside Hospitality.

Years ago—how many it would not interest the reader to know, and might embarrass me to mention—accompanied by a young woman—a blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of New-England—I set out on a long journey; a journey so long that it will not end till one or the other of us has laid off forever the habiliments of travel.

One of the first stations on our route was—Paris. While there, strolling out one morning alone, accident directed my steps to the Arc d’Etoile, that magnificent memorial of the greatness of a great man. Ascending its gloomy staircase to the roof, I seated myself, to enjoy the fine view it affords of the city and its environs.

I was shortly joined by a lady and gentleman, whose appearance indicated that they were Americans. Some casual remark led us into a conversation, and soon, to our mutual surprise and gratification, we learned that the lady was a dear and long-time friend of my traveling-companion. The acquaintance thus begun, has since grown into a close and abiding friendship.

The reader, with this preamble, can readily imagine my pleasure on learning, as we were seated after our evening meal, around that pleasant fireside in far-off Carolina, that my Paris acquaintance was a favorite niece, or, as he warmly expressed it, "almost
a daughter" of my host. This discovery dispelled any lingering feeling of "strangeness" that had not vanished with the first cordial greeting of my new-found friends, and made me perfectly "at home."

The evening wore rapidly away in a free interchange of "news," opinions, and "small-talk," and I soon gathered somewhat of the history of my host. He was born at the North, and his career affords a striking illustration of the marvellous enterprise of our Northern character. A native of the State of Maine, he emigrated thence when a young man, and settled down, amid the pine-forest in that sequestered part of Cottondom. Erecting a small saw-mill, and a log shanty to shelter himself and a few "hired" negroes, he attacked, with his own hands, the mighty pines, whose brothers still tower in gloomy magnificence around his dwelling.

From such beginnings he had risen to be one of the wealthiest land and slave owners of his district, with vessels trading to nearly every quarter of the globe, to the Northern and eastern ports, Cadiz, the West Indies, South America, and if I remember aright, California. It seemed to me a marvel that this man, alone, and unaided by the usual appliances of commerce, had created a business, rivalling in extent the transactions of many a princely merchant of New York and Boston.

His "family" of slaves numbered about three hundred, and a more healthy, and to all appearance, happy set of laboring people, I had never seen. Well fed, comfortably and almost neatly clad, with tidy and well-ordered homes, exempt from labor in childhood and advanced age, and cared for in sickness by a kind and considerate mistress, who is the physician and good Samaritan of the village, they seemed to share as much physical enjoyment as ordinarily falls to the lot of the "hewer of wood and drawer of water." Looking at them, I began to question if Slavery is, in reality, the damnable thing that some untravelled philanthropists have pictured it. If—and in that "if" my good Abolition friend, is the only unanswerable argument against the institution—if they were taught, if they knew their nature and their destiny, the slaves of such an owner might unprofitably exchange situations with many a white man, who, with nothing in the present or the future, is desperately struggling for a miserable hand-to-mouth existence in our Northern cities. I say "of such an owner," for in the Southern Arcadia such masters are "few and far between"—rather fewer and farther between than "spots upon the sun."

But they are not taught. Public sentiment, as well as State law, prevents the enlightened master, who would fit the slave by knowledge for greater usefulness, from letting a ray of light in upon his darkened mind. The black knows his task, his name, and his dinner-hour. He knows there is a something within him—he does not understand precisely what—that the white man calls his soul, which he is told will not rest in the ground when his body is laid away in the grave, but will—if he is a "good nigger," obeys his master, and does the task allotted him—travel off to some unknown region, and sing hallelujahs to the Lord, forever. He rather sensibly imagines that such everlasting singing may in time produce hoarseness, so he prepares his vocal organs for the long concert by a vigorous discipline while here, and at the same time cultivates instrumental music, having a dim idea that the Lord has an ear for melody, and will let him, when he is tired of singing, vary the exercise "wid de banjo and de bones." This is all he knows; and his owner, however well-disposed he may be, cannot teach him more. Noble, Christian masters whom I have met—have told me that they did not dare instruct their slaves. Some of their negroes were born in their houses, nursed in their families, and have grown up the playmates of their children, and yet they are forced to see them live and die like the brutes. One need not be accused of fanatical abolitionism if he deems such a system a little in conflict with the spirit of the nineteenth century!

The sun had scarcely turned his back upon the world, when a few drops of rain, sounding on the piazza-roof over our heads, announced a coming storm. Soon it burst upon us in magnificent fury—a real, old-fashioned thunderstorm, such as I used to lie awake and listen to when a boy, wondering all the while if the angels were keeping a Fourth of July in heaven. In the midst of it when the earth and the sky appeared to have met in true Waterloo fashion, and the dark branches of the pines seemed writhing and tossing in a sea of flame, a loud knock came at the hall-door (bells are not the fashion in Dixie),
and a servant soon ushered into the room a middle-aged, unassuming gentleman, whom my host received with a respect and cordiality which indicated that he was no ordinary guest. There was in his appearance and manner that indefinable something which denotes the man of mark; but my curiosity was soon gratified by an introduction. It was "Colonel" A____. This title, I afterward learned, was merely honorary: and I may as well remark here, that nearly every one at the South who has risen to the ownership of a negro, is either a captain, a major, or a colonel, or, as my ebony driver expressed it: "Dey 'm all captins and mates, wid none to row de boat but de darkies." On hearing the name, I recognized it as that of one of the oldest and most aristocratic South Carolina families, and the new guest as a near relative to the gentleman who married the beautiful and ill-fated Theodosia Burr.

In answer to an inquiry of my host, the new-comer explained that he had left Colonel J----'s (the plantation toward which I was journeying), shortly before noon, and being overtaken by the storm after leaving Conwayboro, had, at the solicitation of his "boys" (a familiar term for slaves), who were afraid to proceed, called to ask shelter for the night.

Shortly after his entrance, the lady members of the family retired; and then the "Colonel," the "Captain," and myself, drawing our chairs near the fire, and each lighting a fragrant Havana, placed on the table by our host, fell into a long conversation, of which the following was a part:

"It must have been urgent business, Colonel, that took you so far into the woods at this season," remarked our host.
"These are urgent times, Captain B____," replied the guest. "All who have any thing at stake, should be doing."
"These are unhappy times, truly," said my friend; "has any thing new occurred?"
"Nothing of moment, sir; but we are satisfied Buchanan is playing us false, and are preparing for the worst."

"I should be sorry to know that a President of the United States had resorted to underhand measures! Has he really given you pledges?"
"He promised to preserve the statu quo in Charleston harbor, and we have direct information that he intends to send out reinforcements," rejoined Colonel A____. "Can that be true? You know, Colonel, I never admired your friend, Mr. Buchanan, but I cannot see how, if he does his duty, he can avoid enforcing the laws in Charleston, as well as in the other cities of the Union."
"The 'Union,' sir, does not exist. Buchanan has no more right to quarter a soldier in South Carolina than I have to march an armed force on to Boston Common. If he persists in keeping troops near Charleston, we shall dislodge them."

"But that would make war! and war, Colonel," replied our host, "would be a terrible thing. Do you realize what it would bring upon us? And what could our little State do in a conflict with nearly thirty millions?"

"We should not fight with thirty millions. The other Cotton States are with us, and the leaders in the Border States are pledged to Secession. They will wheel into line when we give the word. But the North will not fight. The Democratic party sympathizes with us, and some of its influential leaders are pledged to our side. They will sow division there, and paralyze the Free States; besides, the trading and manufacturing classes will never consent to a war that will work their ruin. With the Yankees, sir, the dollar is almighty."

"That may be true," replied our host; "but I think if we go too far, they will fight. What think you, Mr. K____?" he continued, appealing to me, and adding: "This gentleman, Colonel, is very recently from the North."

Up to that moment, I had avoiced taking part in the conversation. Enough had been said to satisfy me that while my host was a staunch Unionist, his visitor was not only

*I very much regret to learn, that since my meeting with this most excellent gentleman, being obnoxious to the Secession leaders for his well-known Union sentiments, he has been very onerously assessed by them for contributions for carrying on the war. The sum he has been forced to pay, is stated as high as forty thousand dollars, but that may be,
and I trust is, an exaggeration. In addition—and this fact is within my own knowledge—five of his vessels have been seized in the Northern ports by our Government. This exposure of true Union men to a double fire, is one of the most unhappy circumstances attendant upon this most unhappy war.

a rank Secessionist, but one of the leaders of the movement, and even then preparing for desperate measures. Discretion, therefore, counselled silence. To this direct appeal, however, I was forced to reply, and answered: "I think, sir, the North does not yet realize that the South is in earnest. When it wakes up to that fact, its course will be decisive."

"Will the Yankees fight, sir?" rather impatiently and imperiously asked the Colonel, who evidently thought I intended to avoid a direct answer to the question.

Rather nettled by his manner, I quickly responded: "Undoubtedly they will, sir. They have fought before, and it would not be wise to count them cowards."

A true gentleman, he at once saw that his manner had given offence, and instantly moderating his tone, rather apologetically replied: "Not cowards, sir, but too much absorbed in the 'occupations of peace,' to go to war for an idea."

"But what you call an 'idea,'" said our host, "they may think a great fact on which their existence depends. I can see that we will lose vastly by even a peaceful separation. Tell me, Colonel, what we will gain?"

"Gain!" warmly responded the guest. "Every thing! Security, freedom, room for the development of our institutions, and such progress in wealth as the world has never seen."

"All that is very fine," rejoined the "Captain," "but where there is wealth, there must be work; and who will do the work in your new Empire—I do not mean the agricultural labor; you will depend for that, of course, on the blacks—but who will run your manufactories and do your mechanical labor? The Southern gentleman would feel degraded by such occupation; and if you put the black to any work requiring intelligence, you must let him think, and when the THINKS, he is free!"

"All that is easily provided for," replied the Secessionist. "We shall form intimate relations with England. She must have our cotton, and we in return will take her manufactures."

"That would be all very well at present, and so long as you should keep on good terms with her; but suppose, some fine morning, Exeter Hall got control of the English Government, and hinted to you, in John Bull fashion, that cotton produced by free labor would be more acceptable, what could three, or even eight millions, cut off from the sympathy and support of the North, do in opposition to the power of the British empire?"

"Nothing, perhaps, if we were three or even eight millions, but we shall be neither one nor the other. Mexico and Cuba are ready, now, to fall into our hands, and before two years have passed, with or without the Border States, we shall count twenty millions. Long before England is abolitionized, our population will outnumber hers, and our territory extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as far south as the Isthmus. We are founding, sir, an empire that will be able to defy all Europe—one grander than the world has seen since the age of Pericles!"

"You say, with or without the Border States," remarked our host. "I thought you counted on their support."

"We do if the North makes war upon us, but if allowed to go in peace, we can do better without them. They will be a wall between us and the abolitionized north."

"You mistake," I said, "in thinking the North is abolitionized. The Abolitionists are but a handful there. The great mass of our people are willing the South should have undisturbed control of its domestic concerns."

"Why, then, do you send such men as Seward, Sumner, Wilson, and Grow to Congress? Why have you elected a President who approves of nigger-stealing? and why do you tolerate such incendiaries as Greeley, Garrison, and Phillips?"

"Seward, and the others you name," I replied, "are not Abolitionists; neither does Lincoln approve of nigger-stealing. He is an honest man, and I doubt not, when inaugu-
rated, will do exact justice by the South. As to incendiaries, you find them in both sections. Phillips and Garrison are only the opposite poles of Yancey and Wise.

"Not so, sir; they are more. Phillips, Greeley, and Garrison create and control your public opinion. They are mighty powers, while Yancey and Wise have no influence whatever. Yancey is a mere bag-pipe; we play upon him, and like the music, but smile when he attempts to lead us. Wise is a harlequin; we let him dance because he is good at it, and it amuses us. Lincoln may be honest, but if made President he will be controlled by Seward, who hates the South. Seward will whine, and wheedle, and attempt to cajole us back, but mark what I say, sir, I know him; he is physically, morally, and constitutionally a COWARD, and will never strike a blow for the UNION. If hard pressed by public sentiment, he may, to save appearances, bluster a little, and make a show of getting ready for a fight; but he will find some excuse at the last moment, and avoid coming to blows. For our purposes, we had rather have the North under his control than under that of the old renegade, Buchanan!"

"All this may be very true," I replied, "but perhaps you attach too much weight to what Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln may or may not do. You seem to forget that there are twenty intelligent millions at the North, who will have something to say on this subject, and who may not consent to be driven into disunion by the South, or wheedled into it by Mr. Seward."

"I do not forget," replied the Secessionist, "that you have four millions of brave, able-bodied men, while we have not, perhaps, more than two millions; but bear in mind that you are divided, and therefore weak; we united, and therefore strong!"

"But," I inquired, "have you two millions without counting your blacks; and are they not as likely to fight on the wrong as on the right side?"

"They will fight on the right side, sir. We can trust them. You have travelled somewhat here. Have you not been struck with the contentment and cheerful subjection of the slaves?"

"No, sir, I have not been! On the contrary, their discontent is evident. You are smoking a cigar on a powder-barrel."

An explosion of derisive laughter from the Colonel followed this remark, and turning to the Captain, he good-humoredly exclaimed: "Hasn't the gentleman used his eyes and ears industriously!"

I am afraid he is more than half right," was the reply. "If this thing should go on, I would not trust my own slaves, and I think they are truly attached to me. If the fire once breaks out, the negroes will rush into it, like horses into a burning barn."

"Think you so!" exclaimed the Colonel in an excited manner. "By Heaven, if I believed it, I would cut the throat of every slave in Christendom! What," addressing me, "have you seen or heard, sir, that gives you that opinion?"

"Nothing but a sullen discontent and an eagerness for news, which show they feel intense interest in what is going on, and know it concerns them."

"I haven't remarked that," he said rather musingly, "but it may be so. Does the North believe it? If we came to blows, would they try to excite servile insurrection among us?"

"The North, beyond a doubt, believes it," I replied, "yet I think even the Abolitionists would aid you in putting down an insurrection; but war, in my opinion, would not leave you a slave between the Rio Grande and the Potomac."

The Colonel at this rose, remarking: "You are mistaken. You are mistaken, sir!" then turning to our host, said: "Captain, it is late: had we not better retire?" Bidding me "good-night," he was gone.

Our host soon returned from showing the guest to his apartment, and with a quiet but deliberate manner, said to me: "You touched him, Mr. K----, on a point where he knows we are weakest; but allow me to caution you about expressing your opinions so freely. The Colonel is a gentleman, and what you have said will do no harm, but, long as I have lived here, I dare not say to many what you have said to him to-night."

Thanking the worthy gentleman for the caution, I followed him up stairs, and soon lost, in a sweet oblivion, all thoughts of Abolitionists, niggers, and the "grand empire."
I was awakened in the morning by music under my window, and looking out discovered about a dozen darkies gathered around my ebony driver, who was clawing away with all his might at a dilapidated banjo, while his auditory kept time to his singing, by striking the hand on the knee, and by other gesticulations too numerous to mention. The songs were not much to boast of, but the music was the genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, darky article. The following was the refrain of one of the songs, which the reader will perceive was an exhortation to early rising:

"So up, good massa, let's be gwoin',
Let's be scratchin' of de grabble;
For soon de wind may be a blowin',
An' we'se a sorry road to trabble."

The storm of the previous night had ceased, but the sky was overcast, and looked as if "soon de wind might be a-blowin'". Prudence counselled an early start, for, doubtless, the runs, or small creeks, had become swollen by the heavy rain, and would be unsafe to cross after dark. Besides, beyond Conwayboro, our route lay for thirty miles through a country without a solitary house where we could get decent shelter, were we overtaken by a storm.

Hurriedly performing my toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, where I found the family assembled. After the usual morning salutations were exchanged, a signal from the mistress caused the sounding of a bell in the hall, and some ten or twelve men and women house-servants, of remarkably neat and tidy appearance, among whom was my darky driver, entered the apartment. They took a stand at the remote end of the room, and our host, opening a large, well-worn family BIBLE, read the fifty-fourth chapter if Isaiah. Then, all kneeling, he made a short extemporaneous petition, closing with the Lord's Prayer; all present, black as well as white, joining in it. Then Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," was sung; the negroes, to my ear, making much better music than the whites.

The services over, we adjourned to the dining-room, and after we were seated, the "Colonel" remarked to me: "Did you notice how finely that negro 'boy' (he was fully forty years old) sung?"

"Yes," I replied, "I did. Do you know him, sir?"

"Oh! yes, very well. His mistress wishes to sell him, but finds difficulty in doing so. Though a likely negro, people will not buy him. He's too smart."

"That strikes me as a singular objection," I remarked.

"Oh! no, not at all! These knowing niggers frequently make a world of trouble on a plantation."

It was after ten o'clock before we were ready to start. The mills, the negro-quarters, and various other parts of the plantation, and then several vessels moored at the wharf, had to be seen before I could get away. Finally, I bade my excellent host and his family farewell, and with nearly as much regret as I ever felt at leaving my own home. I had experienced the much-heard-of Southern hospitality, and had found the report far below the reality.

The other guest had taken his leave some time before, but not till he had given me a cordial invitation to return by the way I came, and spend a day or two with him, at his plantation on the river, some twenty miles below.

The sky was lowery, and the sandy road heavy with the recent rain, when we started. The gloomy weather seemed to have infected the driver as well as myself. He had lost the mirthfulness and loquacity of the previous day, and we rode on for a full hour in silence. Tiring at last of my own thoughts, I said to him: "Scip, what is the matter with you? what makes you so gloomy?"

"Nuffin, massa; I war only tinkin'," he abstractedly replied.

"And what are you thinking about?"

"I's wond 'rin', massa, if de Lord mean de darkies in dose words of His dat Massa B read dis mornin'."

"What words do you mean?"
"Dese, massa: 'O dou 'flicted! tossed wid de tempest, and habin no comfort, behold, I will make you sous'n of de fair colors, and lay dar foundations wid safomires. All dy chil'ren shall be taught of de Lord, and great shall be dar peace. In de right shill dey be 'stablished; dey shill hab no fear, no terror; it shan't come nigh 'em, and who come against dem shill fall. Behold! I hab make de blacksmif dat blow de coals, and make de weapons; and I hab make the waster dat shill destroy de oppressors.'"

If he had repeated one of Webster's orations I could not have been more astonished. I did not remember the exact words of the passage, but I knew he had caught its spirit. Was this his recollection of the reading heard in the morning? or had he previously committed it to memory? These questions I asked myself; but, restraining my curiosity, I answered: "Undoubtedly they are meant for both the black and the white."

"Do dey mean, massa, dat we whall be like de white folks—wid our own hous'n, our chil'ren taught in de schools, and wid weapons to strike back when dey strike us?"

"No, Scipio, they don't mean that. They refer principally to spiritual matters. They were a promise to all the world that when the SAVIOUR came, all, even the greatly oppressed and afflicted, should hear the great truths of the BIBLE about GOD, REDEMPTION, and the FUTURE."

"But de SAVIOUR hab come, massa; and dost tings an't taught to de black chil'en. We hab no peace, no rights; nuffin but fear, 'pression, and terror."

"That is true, Scipio. The Lord takes His own time, but His time will surely come."

"De Lord bless you, massa, for saying dat; and de Lord bless you for telling dat big Cunnel, dat if dey gwo to war de brack man will be FREE!"

"Did you hear what we said?" I inquired, greatly surprised, for I remembered remarking, during the interview of the previous evening, that our host carefully kept the doors closed.

"Ebery word, massa."

"But how could you hear? The doors and windows were shut. Where were you?"

"On de piazzer; and when I seed fru de winder dat de ladies war gwine, I know'd you'd talk 'bout politics and de darkies—gemmen allers do. So I opened de winder bery softly—you didn't har 'cause it rained and blowed bery hard, and made a mighty noise. Den I stuffed my coat in de crack, so de wind couldn't blow in and lef you know I was dar, but I lef a hold big 'nough to har. My ear froze to date hole, massa, bery tight, I 'shore you."

"But you must have got very wet and very cold."

"Wet, massa! wetter dan a 'gator dat's been in de riber all de week, but I didn't keer for de rain or de cold. What I hard made me warm all de way fru."

To my mind there was a rought picture of true heroism in that poor darky standing for hours in his shirtsleeves, in the cold, stormy night, the lightning playing about him, and the rain drenching him to the skin—that he might hear something he thought would benefit his down-trodden race.

I noticed his clothing though bearing evident marks of a drenching, was then dry, and I inquired: "How did you dry your clothes?"

"I staid wid some of de cullud folks, and arter you gwoes up stars, I went to dar cabin, and dey gabe me some dry cloes. We made up a big fire, and hung mine up to dry, and de ole man and woman and me sot up all night and talked ober what you and de oder gemmen said."

"Will not those folks tell what you did, and thus get you into trouble?"

"Tell! Lord bless you, massa, de bracks am all freemasons; dat ar ole man and woman wuddie 'fore dey d'd tell."

"But are not Captain B——'s negroes contented?" I asked; "they seem to be well treated."

"Oh! yas, dey am. All de brack folks 'bout har want de Captin to buy 'em. He bery nice man—one ob de Lord's own people. He better man dan David, 'cause David did wrong, and I don't b'llieve de Captin ever did."

"I should think he was a very good man," I replied.
"Bery good man, massa, but de white folks don't like him, 'cause dey say he treats him darkies so well, all dairn am uncontented."

"Tell me, Scipio," I resumed after a while, "how it is you can repeat that passage from Isaiah so well?"

"Why, bless you, massa, I know Aziar and Job and de Psalms 'most all by heart. Good many years ago, when I lib'd in Charles' on, the gub'ness learned me to read, and I hab read dat BOOK fru good many times."

"Have you read any others?" I asked.

"None but dat and Doctor Watts. I hab dem, but wite folks wont sell books to de bracks, and I wont steal 'em. I read de papers sometimes."

I opened my portmanteau, that lay on the floor of the wagon, and handed him a copy of Whittier's poems. It happened to be the only book, excepting the Bible, that I had with me.

"Read that, Scipion," I said. "It is a book of poetry, but written by a good man at the North, who greatly pities the slave."

He took the book, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said: "Tank you, massa, tank you. Nobody war neber so good to me afore."

During our conversation, the sky, which had looked threatening all the morning, began to let fall the big drops of rain; and before we reached Conwayboro, it poured down much after the fashion of the previous night. It being a cruelty to both man and beast to remain out in such a deluge, we pulled up at the village hotel (Kept, like the one at Georgetown, by a lady), and determined to remain overnight, unless the rain should abate in time to allow us to reach our destination before dark.

Dinner being ready soon after our arrival (the people of Conwayboro, like the "common folks" that Davy Crockett told about, dine at twelve), I sat down to it, first hanging my outer garments, which were somewhat wet, before the fire in the sitting-room. The house seemed to be a sort of public boarding-house, as well as hotel, for quite a number of persons, evidently town'speople were at the dinner-table. My appearance attracted some attention, though not more, I thought, than would be naturally excited in so quiet a place by the arrival of a stranger; but "as nobody said nothing to me, I said nothing to nobody."

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Dinner over, I adjourned to the "sitting-room," and seating myself by the fire, watched the drying of my "outer habiliments." While thus engaged, the door opened, and three men—whom I should have taken for South Carolina gentlemen, had not a further acquaintance convinced me to the contrary—entered the room. Walking directly up to where I was sitting, the foremost one accosted me something after this manner:

"I see you are from the North, sir."

Taken a little aback by the abruptness of the "salute," but guessing his object, I answered: "No, sir; I am from the South."

"From what part of the South?"

"I left Georgetown yesterday, and Charleston two days before that," I replied, endeavoring to seem entirely oblivious to his meaning.

"We don't want to know what you war yesterday; we want to know what you belong," he said, with a little impatience.

"Oh! that's it. Well, sir, I belong here just at present, or rather I shall, when I have paid the landlady for my dinner."

Annoyed by my coolness, and getting somewhat excited, he replied quickly: "You mustn't trifle with us, sir. We know you. You're from the North. We've seen it on your valise, and we can't allow a man who carries the New York Independent to travel in South Carolina."

The scoundrels had either broken into my portmanteau, or else a copy of that paper had dropped from it on to the floor of the wagon when I gave the book to Scipio. At any rate, they had seen it, and it was evident "Brother Beecher" was getting me into a scrape. I felt indignant at the impudence of the fellow, but determined to keep cool, and, a little sarcastically, replied to the latter part of his remark:

"That's a pity, sir. South Carolina will lose by it."
"This game won't work, sir. We don't want such people as you har, and the sooner you make tracks the better."

"I intend to leave, sir, as soon as the rain is over, and shall travel thirty miles on your sandy roads to-day, if you don't coax me to stay here by your hospitality," I quietly replied.

The last remark was just the one drop needed to make his wrath "bile over," and he savagely exclaimed: "I tell you, sir, we will not be trifled with. You must be off to Georgetown at once. You can have just half an hour to leave the Boro', not a second more."

His tone and manner aroused what little combativeness there is in me. Rising from my chair, and taking up my outside-coat, in which was one of Colt's six-shooters, I said to him: "Sir, I am here, a peaceable man, on peaceable, private business. I have started to go up the country, and go there I shall; and I shall leave this place at my convenience—not before. I have endured your impertinence long enough, and shall have no more of it. If you attempt to interfere with my movements, you will do so at your peril."

My blood was up, and I was fast losing that better part of valor called discretion; and he evidently understood my movement, and did not dislike the turn affairs were taking. There is no telling what might have followed had not Scip just at that instant inserted his woolly head between us, excitedly exclaiming: "Lord bless you, Massa B 11, what am you 'bout? Why, dis gemman am a 'ticlar friend of Cunnel A — He'm a reg'lar sesherner. He hates de ablisherners worser dan de debble. I hard him swar a clar, blue streak 'bout dem only yesterday."

"Massa B 11" was evidently taken aback by the announcement of the negro, but did not seem inclined to "give it up so" at once, for he asked: "How do you know he's the Colonel's friend, Scip? Who told you so?"

"Who told me so?" exclaimed the excited negro, "why, didn't he stay with Captin B's wid Cunnel, all night last night; and didn't dey set up dar doin' politic business, togedder till arter midnight? Didn't de Cunnel come dar in all de storm 'pressly to see dis gemman?"

The ready wit and rude eloquence of the darky amused me, and the idea of the "Cunnel" travelling twenty miles through the terrible storm of the previous night to meet a man who had the New York Independent about him, was so perfectly ludicrous, that I could not restrain my laughter. That laugh did the business for "Massa B 11." What the negro had said staggered, but did not convince him; but my returning good-humor brought him completely round. Extending his hand to me, he said: "I see, sir, I've woke up the wrong passenger. Hope you'll take no offence. In these times we need to know who come among us."

"No offence whatever, sir," I replied. "It is easy to be mistaken; but," I added smilingly, "I hope, for the sake of the next traveller, you'll be less precipitate another time."

"I am rather hasty; that's a fact," he said. "But no harm is done. So let's take a drink, and say no more about it. The old lady har keeps nary a thing, but we can get the real stuff close by."

Though not a member of a "Total Abstinence Society," I have always avoided indulging in the quality of fluid that is the staple beverage at the South. I therefore hesitated a moment before accepting the gentleman's invitation; but the alternative seemed to be squarely presented, pistols or drinks; cold lead or poor whiskey, and—I am ashamed to confess it—I took the whiskey.

Returning to the hotel, I found Scip awaiting me. "Massa," he said, "we better be gwine. Dat dar sesherner am ugly as de bery ole debble; and soon as he knows I cum de possum ober him 'bout de Cunnel, he'll be down on you shore."

The rain had dwindled to a drizzle, which the sun was vigorously struggling to get through with a tolerable prospect of success, and I concluded to take the African's advice. Wrapping myself in an India-rubber overcoat, and giving the darky a blanket of the same material, I started. (pages 27-54)
Ancestor Chart

Person No. 1 on this chart is the same person as No. 1 on chart No. 1.

1 Kay Kathleen TOMPKINS
   b. 26 Oct 1941
   p.b. Jacksonville, Duval, FL
   m. (2nd) 27 Mar 1977
   d.
   p.d.

2 William Thomas TOMPKINS
   b. 23 Jul 1876 (Father of No. 1)
   p.b. Conway, Horry, SC
   m. 12 Jul 1900
   d. 12 Oct 1918
   p.d. Starke, Bradford, FL

3 Alice Mae CHESSER
   b. 18 Jan 1906 (Mother of No. 1)
   p.b. Lacrosse, Alachua, FL
   m. 19 Mar 1971
   d. Jacksonville, Duval, FL
   p.d. Lacrosse, Alachua, FL

4 William Elias TOMPKINS
   b. 23 Jul 1902 (Father of No. 1)
   p.b. Folk, FL
   m. 25 Sept 1921
   d. 16 Feb 1966
   p.d. Tampa, Hillsborough, FL

5 Cebia Elizabeth RIGGS
   b. 13 Jun 1882 (Mother of No. 2)
   p.b. Sherron, Clay, FL
   d. 21 Jul 1963
   p.d. Jacksonville, Duval, FL

6 Talnage Tabasco CHESSER
   b. 3 May 1875 (Father of No. 3)
   p.b. Lacrosse, Alachua, FL
   m. 19 Aug 1896
   d. 22 Jul 1914
   p.d. Lacrosse, Alachua, FL

7 Lillie Ardis FRIER
   b. 26 Feb 1876 (Mother of No. 3)
   p.b. Lake Butler, Union, FL
   d. 14 Aug 1954
   p.d. Jacksonville, Duval, FL

Richard Hugh NELSON
   b. (Spouse of No. 1)
   p.b.
   d.
   p.d.

Benjamin John TOMPKINS
   b. abt 1843 (Father of No. 4)
   p.b. Cool Spring, Horry, SC
   m. abt 1870
   d. 29 Aug 1925
   p.d. Plant City, Hillsborough, FL

Daisy Ann TOMPKINS
   (Mother of No. 4)

Pinkston Morgan RIGGS
   b. 27 Jun 1859 (Father of No. 5)
   p.b. Clay, FL
   m. 12 Jun 1861
   d. 30 Apr 1929
   p.d. Jacksonville, Duval, FL

Catherine (Katy) STARLING
   (Mother of No. 5)

Martha Ellen STEPHENSON
   (Mother of No. 6)

Alexander Anson FRIER
   (Father of No. 7)

Leroy CHESSER
   b. 1808
   m.

Nancy Orpelle (2d Louisa)
   b. 9 Jul 1839 (Father of No. 8)
   p.b. Tattnall Co., GA
   m. 22 Feb 1865
   d. 28 Feb 1918
   p.d. LaCrosse, Alachua, FL

Samuel Thomas STEPHENSON
   b. 16 Mar 1825 (Mother of No. 8)
   p.b. Charleston, SC
   m. 4 Jul 1875
   d. 19 Oct 1861
   p.d. Narcissa Elizabeth LYLE

Ansel Jordan BLOGGETT
   b. 1818
   m. 7 Feb 1799
   d. 7 Jul 1887

Daniel Jordan BLOGGETT
   b. 1818
   m. 7 Feb 1799
   d. 7 Jul 1887