
Horry County Historical Society

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Acknowledgments

Catherine Lewis, that saint of Horry County history, bears sole responsibility for my study of Peter Horry. Despite protests that Horry and his times were out of my established research areas, she insisted, and I was bound to obey. My initial handicaps were greatly ameliorated by a summer residency at the Institute for Southern Studies, USC-Columbia, then directed by Walter Edgar. The South Caroliniana Library, headed by Allen Stokes, was wonderful in assisting me, as was the South Carolina State Archives. I was particularly helped by Peter Shillingsburg, of Mississippi State University, who gave me his transcription of an important and unpublished Horry work, and by Robert Joyner, the State Department of Natural Resources' resident biologist at the Tom Yawkey Wildlife Center and the expert on North Island. Further assistance came from Coastal Carolina University's faculty development programs, private donations to the Coastal Educational Foundation's Peter Horry Fund, and the Horry County Higher Education Commission, which named me its first Scholar-in-Residence. To the sponsor of this series, and for the opportunity to reach a larger audience about this neglected and fascinating man, I am especially grateful. In partial repayment of these debts, and those I owe to many others, including several students, I hope to write a more complete description of the elusive Peter Horry. Here I offer this view, with all its shortcomings, for which I alone am responsible.

Introduction

Horry is South Carolina’s largest county and the home of the internation-
ally known Grand Strand and Myrtle Beach, but the reading public knows very little about the person after whom it is named. There is no biography of Peter Horry, not even an essay of any length. For nearly two hundred years, when professional historians noticed him at all, they paused for a few humorous and embarrassing anecdotes and ignored the several ways he earned considerable historical significance. Invariably, they got his dates wrong. Even the modest stone at his grave is incorrectly marked.

In 1812, Peter Horry reckoned that he was born on March 12, 1732 or 1733, in what is now Georgetown County. He came from Huguenot stock, a descendent of Elias, the original Horry who fled France for the religious freedom of colonial South Carolina. Peter always regretted that his family did not return to the old country for an education, and what learning he got came at a free school established by the Winyah Indigo Society. He also retained bad memories of his days as a youth apprenticed to a Georgetown merchant. Conditions were horrible, and he might have run away, had not his aunt, Magdeline Horry Trapier, helped him. “Even now,” he wrote of the experience, “Tho 50 years have Passed, I feel what I cannot describe.” Peter’s family developed rice plantations on the North, or “French,” Santee and on Winyah Bay. Eventually he possessed four plantations, the best known of which is Belle Isle, now a marina and community south of Georgetown. Dover and Prospect Hill adjoined Belle Isle, and Cove plantation was on the Santee. Briefly put, he was part of the well-to-do planter class, owning over one hundred slaves.

**Horry the Revolutionary Hero**

At the outbreak of the Revolution the two oldest Horry brothers, Peter and Hugh, were among the first to join the rebel cause. On June 12, 1775, a year before the Declaration of Independence, the State Congress chose captains to lead the regiments being established. Out of the twenty elected, Francis Marion tied for third, and Peter Horry was fifth. He rightly had, as he later insisted, considerable seniority. Horry and Marion were in the Second Regiment, which distinguished itself at Fort Moultrie in 1776. In late 1779, Horry gained his own command, the new Fifth Regiment, and the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the regular Continental Army. He also held a full colonel’s commission in the state militia.

Perhaps his claim to fame is that he simply survived. When the British seemed triumphant in the south, he was one of the few senior officers left in the field. The surrender of our large army in Charleston was the greatest disaster of the war, but both Horry and Marion were out of the city at the time. Shortly thereafter, a boat-destroying assignment spared them from the catastrophe at Camden. Their good fortune made Marion and Horry, and a handful of ragged guerrillas, the only force left to oppose the British in the lower half of South Carolina during the dark days of 1780. Hiding out in our great swamps, they perfected the tactics of hit, run, and ambush, and they played an invaluable role in sealing Cornwallis’ fate as he headed for Yorktown. Horry had his horse shot from under him, and he received minor wounds on other occasions. He was involved in innumerable firefight and dangerous missions; and near the end of the war, when Marion was away, he commanded the Swamp Fox’s Brigade. After the war, he held several official posts, some obviously given as rewards for his service, and a seat in the state senate was his for the asking. In 1801, he was honored with the creation of the Horry Judicial District, which became the present-day Horry County. It is fitting that Marion and Horry counties are side-by-side, as tribute to those great men who stood nearly alone against the British.

**Horry’s Human Side**

Behind his heroic portrait, however, is another, more human Horry, for, like General Marion, Peter was afflicted with a thin skin and a brooding nature. Unlike Marion, he was not a natural leader. After Charleston, Horry served basically as a volunteer in what, though called Marion’s Brigade, was a small, irregular organ of the state government. Consequently, he never felt secure about his earlier commission in the Continental Army Establishment. He spelled out his problems in frequent letters to Marion, to Major General Nathanael Greene, commanding the Southern Army, and to South Carolina’s Governor John Rutledge.

He loved the cavalry, but he was a clumsy horseman. While fording a flooded swamp, he lost his seat and had to hang helplessly from the branches of a tree,
Carolina regiments reduced to three. The reorganization created a surplus of officer, and Peter, who gone to check on his plantations, was among those who did not get commands and were listed as supernumerary and retired. Horry may have understood that command was denied him because of his age—he was the youngest lieutenant colonel in the South Carolina line—and he may later have appreciated the fact that being sent away kept him from capture when Charleston surrendered. His supernumerary status, however, raised the question of whether or not he had lost his early date of rank.

After Charleston, Horry fled to North Carolina, where Major General Johann de Kalb took him on his staff, but only as an observer. In the summer of 1780 he came back to South Carolina with Marion, leading one of his cavalry units, yet he always felt hurt by having been among those relieved, and in his writings late in life it was his habit to refer to himself as “an old supernumerary officer.”

In June 1781, Horry received what appeared to be a wonderful opportunity of command, but instead it began a dispute that came close to destroying Marion’s Brigade. General Greene, with Marion’s advice, created two new units, with the commander of each designated “Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of a Battalion of Light Dragoons for the State of South Carolina, to be employed in the Service of America.” Each commander was to recruit his own men and to impress his own horses. Horry hesitated until he was assured that “the acceptance of the commission shall not invalidate any claim you may have to rank in the Federal Army,”

bellowing loudly until his rescue. Horry also had some sort of speech impediment, and when he was under pressure he tended to stammer. In one instance, when ready to order his troops into the fray, he simply could not utter the word “charge.” Finally he shouted in exasperation, “Damn it, boys, you, you know what I mean, go on!” Weight may have accounted for some of Horry’s equestrian problems. I am not certain that he was a particularly fat man, though it is a familiar story, but I do know that in his old age he always took a slave to help him in and out of his carriage.

When he found himself attended by only three adults and two children, he remarked that this was “barely sufficient to Raise & take me out of my bed.”

While his orderly books show a great concern for good order and discipline, he had his share of problems as a commander. Once his troops got so drunk he had to bring them back to camp without completing his mission. In another case, the behavior of his men in confiscating horses was so rough that it drew reprimands from Marion and Rutledge. Horry demanded a court-martial to vindicate himself and Greene had to intervene to smooth things over.

**Horry’s Feud with Maham**

The best known incident in which Peter Horry was involved was a bitter quarrel with Hezikiah Maham. It was a petty, ugly, and not very patriotic fight over status. The basis for the feud, and the first downturn in Horry’s career, came in early 1780 when the Continental Congress ordered the six undermanned South Carolina regiments reduced to three. The reorganization created a surplus of officer, and Peter, who gone to check on his plantations, was among those who did not get commands and were listed as supernumerary and retired. Horry may have understood that command was denied him because of his age—he was the youngest lieutenant colonel in the South Carolina line—and he may later have appreciated the fact that being sent away kept him from capture when Charleston surrendered.

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meaning his old Continental commission. The other command went to Hezikiah Maham, and both commissions bore the same date of rank.

Friction between Horry and Maham developed from the beginning. Maham felt that only one battalion should have been authorized, and he was reckless in his criticism of Horry, who, he said, had been “throne out [of the army] as a supernumerary.” When placed under Horry’s direction in a plan of operation, Maham demanded to see his commission and refused to admit that Horry’s older Continental rating gave him seniority. General Greene sided with Horry, but the damage was done, and a scheme that had been designed to increase mobility in the South actually hampered operations.

The tension, by late 1781, led to the first of several breaks between Horry and Marion. “I used to submit to General Marion’s Orders with pleasure,” Horry wrote Greene, “but at present I assure you it is disagreeable to me and all my officers that have experienced his late usage.” Greene responded gently that Marion “is a good Man, few of us are without faults. Let his virtues veil his, if he has any.” Horry finally visited Marion’s camp where they talked out their differences.

Even after Cornwallis’ surrender at Yorktown, on October 19, 1781, the situation remained tense in South Carolina. The British still held Charleston and the area around it, and in the interior there were pockets under Tory control, such as that nasty piece of territory up the Little Pee Dee River where Loyalists raided either side of the Carolina border. In South Carolina it was absolutely essential that the patriot army remain in the field to subdue the Tories and to see that the British in Charleston did not attempt an offensive. It was also imperative that the state get its government organized.

Francis Marion was among those elected to the new state senate, meeting at Jacksonborough, and when he departed for that place in January 1782, he left Peter Horry in command of the Brigade. The feud with Maham broke wide open, and the two appear to have come close to blows. They wrote terrible letters to each other, with Horry complaining to Marion that “Maham interferes with my command so much I can scarcely act.” Peter literally begged Marion to come back to camp, and Marion actually asked for permission to leave, but with barely enough senators present for a quorum, Marion was needed at Jacksonborough. So it was Horry and Maham at each other on the Cooper River up from Charleston. Initially both Marion and Greene backed our hero, but they actually believed that Maham was the better cavalry leader.

Both Maham and Horry finally left: Maham to take his seat in the legislature, and Peter on sick leave, still suffering from an illness he had contracted in the swamps in the summer of 1780. Meanwhile, the British had heard of the turmoil in the Brigade, and within hours of Horry’s departure, they struck the camp, on February 24 and 25, 1782, inflicting some of the worst punishment that Marion’s men ever endured. The British even captured “General Marion’s Tent and his Canteens full of Liquor, which afforded a timely supply for the Troops.” Interestingly enough, Horry and Maham each blamed Marion for the disaster.

Despite the continued British threat, morale in the American forces was quite low, with enlistments running out and desertions increasing. Horry and Maham’s battalions were considerably under strength, and the logical decision was to combine them. But who would get that single command? It never occurred to Peter Horry that Marion would consider Maham. Yet the Swamp Fox had to give him the nod because, as he wrote Greene, “It is the wish of most of Horry’s officers to act with Col. Maham.” First, he gave Horry command of Georgetown which at the time looked like a reward of easy duty.

The End of the War

In fact, Georgetown had turned into a tough assignment with privateers attacking and businessmen
unhappy with continued military authority. Horry also learned about this time that, despite a recommendation from Marion, he had been turned down for promotion to brigadier general. Horry must have sensed that he was being had, and he resisted the consolidation of units. A plan that had been concocted in mid-March 1782 hung fire for two months, until Marion summarily stripped Horry of his horses, gear, and swords.

The next month, after some furious letters to Greene saying more mean things about Marion, Horry relinquished command of the Georgetown garrison to Captain William Allston and went home. He soon returned and made Georgetown a vital supply base for American forces in the South. In August, he retired again, only to change his mind and ask General Greene for a command. By then the British were preparing to leave Charleston, signaling the real end of the war, and Horry's help was no longer needed.

The relationship between Horry and Marion was too close not to overcome the damage done by the Maham feud, and within a few months after the war, the old comrades were reconciled. They both served in the state militia, and after Marion retired in 1794 and the system was reorganized, Horry commanded the sixth brigade, finally achieving his long desired rank of general. He may have been the last of the old fighters to see the Swamp Fox alive when he made one of his frequent visits in February 1795, shortly before Marion died.

Horry ran his regiment quite effectively, most noticeably in 1798, when there were hysterical rumors that the French were about to invade what is now Myrtle Beach. He successfully mobilized his troops and marched them to Cox's Ferry, near the present site of Coastal Carolina University, until the false alarm ended. He retired from the militia in 1806, when Robert Conway succeeded him.

**Horry the Historian**

Much of what we know about Horry, including the less heroic episodes, comes from his own writing. Indeed, he prepared the first account of Marion's Brigade, a collection of documents and war letters which he lovingly organized. To him it was the only way to tell the story properly. Late in 1803 he offered his "history" to the Georgetown Historical Society, which delayed and finally decided that it could not afford the cost of printing.

Somehow, during the next three years, Horry met one of the great scoundrels of American historiography, Mason Locke "Parson" Weems, the Episcopalian minister and traveling book salesman who had just published in 1800 his famous *Life and Memorable Actions of George Washington*. It was Weems who gave us so many lies about Washington, including the cherry tree fable. He was looking for a new topic, and Horry wanted a publisher. So, the two struck a deal with Weems to put the finishing touches on the manuscript. In 1807 he wrote Horry, "Knowing the passion of the times for Novels, I have endeavoured to throw some Ideas and facts about General Marion into the Garb and Dress of a Military Romance." Horry was astonished at the liberties taken by Weems and complained, "You have carved and mutilated it with so many erroneous statements that your embellishments, observations and remarks must necessarily be erroneous as proceeding from false grounds. Most certainly, 'tis not my history but your romance." Weems' wild imagination created the mythical Swamp Fox that survives to this day.

After the bitter experience with Weems, Horry was a tired old man. He had outlived most of his fellow Continentals, and he could seldom make the trip to Charleston to meet the survivors at the Society of the
This map is from John Drayton’s *A View of South-Carolina, as Respects her natural and Civil Concerns* (Charleston: Young, 1802) in the South Caroliniana Library; reprinted by the Reprint Company, Spartanburg, 1972. Peter Horry opposed this scheme, fearing that tampering with the barrier island would hurt his plantations on the bay. Later, a canal was dug, only to be filled in by hurricanes.
Cincinnati. In post-modern terms, he suffered from low self-esteem: “I now feel myself Nothing--nay worse than Nothing, tho I have been 43 years in the Service of my Country. I Certainly wish to be happy. but don't know how to attain to it, sometimes I think it Almost within my Grasp, yet I cannot Seize it.” Perhaps as a way of dealing with these feelings, in 1812, he tried to tell his story one more time, in an autobiography.

He wrote one hundred and thirty-four pages, seventy-six of which focused on the war. Unfortunately, those very pages are missing. William Gilmore Simms had them in the 1840s. After that they disappeared, giving Horry the distinction of attempting two histories of the Revolution, one hopelessly mangled by Weems and the other apparently lost forever.

**Horry’s Summer on North Island**

After Horry finished his memoir, which he labeled Book One, he confessed that he found such writing “too Laborious,” and he switched to keeping “a Journal [of] daily Transactions,” as a “mode ... best suited [to] my Present Situation.” He was sixty-nine or seventy years old, and he was alone. When his youngest brother, Jonah, died in 1812, his nearest blood kin were two first cousins. Moreover, his childless marriage of nineteen years was not a close one. In fact, Margaret Guignard Horry spent the entire summer of 1812 with her relatives in Statesburg and Columbia.

“I live,” he complained, “a Painfull Life,” but at least he was “at Liberty to write.” And to the reader he gave equal freedom, “to Read or not & if he finds it not worth his time. I Suppose he will read but Little of this my Amusement.” What he gave us was Books Two through Eight, covering June 10, 1812, to December 14, 1814. These pages are mostly intact and stand as a rich and rare manuscript from that time and place.

When they were younger, Peter and Margaret traveled a great deal, to the West Indies and to each of the thirteen original states. By 1812, they had moved to Brown Town, a new suburb of Georgetown, and their journeys were limited to escaping the sickly summers. She headed for the High Hills of Santee, and he removed to North Island in Winyah Bay. Nearly half of his journal covers that last, long summer at the beach.

Book Two opens with Horry dispatching Buddy, his slave and chief carpenter, with a team of workers to put his beach house in order. It is clear from the routine manner in which he prepared for the trip that it was a custom of some standing. He, his servants, and his furniture were transported in the three-hour trip across the bay in his big vessel, powered by two sails and three oarsmen. His carriage, sedan chair, and livestock followed on his “flat” or barge, and Scipio, a slave, brought over a third, smaller boat for fishing.

There was a large colony of what Horry called “settlers,” perhaps two hundred, who summered on North Island and nearby Debordieu. Horry was very close to his distant relatives, the Trapiers, and he had long-standing ties with the other families represented there, the Blythes, the Cheeseboroughs, the Shackelfords, the Taylors, the Wraggs, and many more. Living there seems to have been an informal arrangement, and Horry was uncertain whether Paul Trapier or someone else owned the land where he had his house, on the Debordieu side of the island. The lighthouse, which still stands where nature has destroyed all else, is on the other end, toward South Island.

With no radio, no television, no stores, no restaurants, nothing of the modern beach culture, one might ask how they spent their time. They were on the beach a good bit, walking or riding in carriages, but they do not seem to have entered the ocean. Once, when a house guest, well into his cups, spoke of swimming in the sea, Horry commented, “a shark would Soon Cutt him to pieces.” He strongly disapproved of drunkenness and, at the plight of this prominent lawyer, he observed, “Liquor, Oh Liquor what Mischief has thou Occasioned in the World.”

Horry prided himself on keeping the beach clean for his neighbors’ use. Almost daily he removed fallen trees and dug up stumps. “The Ladies of the Island,” he congratulated himself, “ought to thank me to Give their Carriages so fine a beach as Soon they will have.” He, or rather his slaves, did this labor despite a very
warm summer in 1812. “I never felt it so hot,” he noted, “& I Almost went Naked.”

The settlers eagerly awaited shipments of precious newspapers, which they shared among themselves. As Horry said, “I am as Eager after News as I ever was, tis Gratifying to hear how matters Goes on in the world.” Any beach resident can appreciate one other island activity--pest control. “I daily Kill flies,” he wrote, “when Sitting at my Table ..., by Such means my House has no superabundance of these Trouble-some Insects.” His location made the “Musketoes” bearable, but he was well aware of the parts of the island where they swarmed. He also worried about “flees,” but whether he meant the real thing, gnats, or the infamous no-see-ums is unclear. He rarely mentioned wildlife, which must have declined as the small island developed.

Visiting was the vacationers’ favorite recreation, and Horry faithfully recorded every conversation and dinner. He was happy to entertain his guests by letting them read from his war letters and his writings, and he particularly liked talking to the ladies about their romances. “I love young Women & girls,” the aging veteran wrote, “but I Cant Love old Women tho’ I Venerate them.” After one visit, he made this remarkable entry in his journal: “She was Inviting, & I felt myself but aLass, the Thought of Sinning (Altho’ the Devil Tempted me) prevailed & my better Sense Predominated.”

While there was no church building on the island, religious services were held frequently in private homes. Horry regularly worshipped, either with his Methodists or the Episcopalians. There were Baptist meetings in the area, but Horry does not seem to have attended any. Georgetown also had a sizable and influential Jewish community built around the Cohen and Myers families. Shortly after he arrived, Horry encountered two Jewish ladies walking on the beach, perhaps in the surf. He told them “not to mind their Cloaths being a Little Lifted for their Stockings were clean.”

What brought people to the beach, back then, was not so much its pleasures as it was their desire to save their health. Sickness and death were common topics of conversation. Any sinus-sufferer must agree with Horry, who warned, “We live here in a Low damp & Wet Country & a Warm one it is so Lyable to Colds, w[hich] brings on many Complaints we seem not aware of.” Brandy was his favorite remedy, either ingested or warmed as a rub for his aching bones, and to be without was a concern. Figs he found very soothing to the stomach.

Dr. Edward Manning was the island’s physician in residence, and laudanum was his strongest dose, but laxatives and poultices were the most common prescriptions. Jesuits Bark was a typical cure, good for malaria, the stomach, or as a general tonic. Horry firmly believed that, when summer fades into fall, “Changing Cloaths & Coverings of Beds Are particularly dangerous.” On the island, he thought his best bet was to a void crabs for supper and to stop venturing out in the night air.

Horry’s day began with an early ride to gather firewood ... to work on the beach, chores he imposed on himself to fill his hours, which he said “hang heavy on me.” After a late breakfast, he might relax in the “Bathing Tub” he had ferried over. He was quite proud of that tub in his bedroom, and he allowed guests and slave children to use it. He often enjoyed a mid-day nap, followed by lunch about two o’clock. In the late afternoon he took another tour of the island, returning at dusk for dinner and an early bed.

He was a great correspondent, though few of his personal letters have survived, and he wrote often to his wife to report island gossip. As a struggling businessman, he stayed in close touch with his rice factors, or agents, in Charleston. The details of managing his household occupied much of his time, as he directed repairs on his house and boats. There were also his mules, a cow and calf, several hogs, ducks and chickens, and dogs and cats to care for. Horry hoped that they would forage for themselves or live on table scraps and rice tailings, the milling waste. Feed was expensive, and with an economy that had been in terrible shape for years, Horry had to watch his budget.
Waiting for the price to rise, he had sold little of his 1811 rice crop. “I find,” he said, “I cannot make both Ends meet by a Thousand Dollars.” When his corn was nearly out, he asked his Dover plantation to spare him thirty bushels, otherwise he would have to order some from Georgetown, where, he said, “tis cash & that Article and I are Unacquainted.” Only the ducks seemed to thrive on the island, where, for the other animals, “The sun & Sand Cause Great Thirst without fresh water Plenty given these; They would Greatly suffer if not absolutely die--& here the Loss would be Irreparable.” Horry eventually began feeding the mules corn twice a day and fodder at night. The ranging hogs were fed in the evening in an attempt to draw them back from the woods and marshes. He served the dogs and cats from his plate, and the canines also shared from slave Billy’s food allowance. “I now have a prospect,” Horry recorded, “of much better Living & to see my Domestic Animals in Good Condition.”

Horry’s Menu

The white gentry on the island enjoyed a varied diet, although Horry complained, “I can Get no Dainties here.” As families received shipments of fruits and vegetables from Georgetown, they shared with their friends. At one point, Horry worried that he had only “Water Mellions” to give away. He was the recipient of grapes, figs, pears, apples, and even oranges and limes from the West Indies. Other staples included rice, okra, snap beans, and Seewee beans, their word for our limas. The real delicacies came from the sea. Horry relished shrimp, oysters, clams, and crabs, and, to our environmental dismay, his very favorite dish was the egg of the sea turtle. Though he watched the moon and tides closely and searched at first light, the hogs always seemed to find the eggs first.

Monday was beef day. Joseph Lessesne had brought over about thirty cattle from his place on the Waccamaw. Horry was a good customer, but he hated to pay cash. After eating beef for twenty-three days, he got his first bill. Peter raged against butcher Lessesne: “He that Owes him money may Expect no indulgence, he is as bad as a 3 day fever & Augue.” The General paid the six dollars, but when he got the next bill, he “Returned it Immediately--Saying to the Bearer I will Pay when it Suited me.”

Although he did not care a great deal for fish, it was a valuable food for his slaves, and he listened eagerly to the fishing exploits of his neighbors, who relied largely on nets set on poles. Scipio also used the hook and line, from the boat and in the surf after the awning on his large vessel was mended. Horry hoped to “Venture out to fish myself” and to use it for parties. In the Basin, he recorded, there were shrimp, mullets, and crabs, and in the Inlet whiting, croakers, and catfish. He never mentioned flounder. “Having now a suitable Boat & Seine,” he bragged, “I hope never to want fish of all Kinds.”

The most common catch was mullets, and Scipio could bring in as many as three hundred a day, which were salted in barrels. Like many fishermen, Horry concluded that “Young Mullets are Good Bait.” The most interesting aquatic sighting he made was of “two amazing Fish--Large & almost Round,” swimming near the surface. Horry could not identify them, but guessed that they were “Devil fish, such as I have heard Of.” Whether giant squid or no, “Many Persons both Whites & black Came to behold Such Monstrous Large fishes.”

The War of 1812

With his beach front property, so close that a very high tide brought water around his house, Horry kept a sharp eye on the ocean, using his spy glass to speculate on the intent of the numerous ships he spotted. In 1812, this was more than a mere pastime, for, as of June 18, the country was again at war with Great Britain. In addition to the usual summer visitors, North Island was now occupied by a troop of militia. On the one hand, Horry was very worried about the fate of the America he had helped liberate. “The present times are Awfull & full of Doubts & fear,” he wrote, adding, “My Country Engroce[s] my thoughts both nights (by Dreams) and days by Meditations.” On the other hand, the presence of 160 soldiers on the island stirred his warrior’s heart, and he followed the fighting very closely, rightly observing that the Navy was much better than in the Revolution, while the Army was vastly inferior. There is no evidence of the sectionalism that would all too soon divide the country. Horry was still the American patriot, and, as an
ardent nationalist who deplored partisan politics, he constantly urged his countrymen to rally and conquer. The Yankees, his term, and the Middle States could take Canada, and the South would drive down upon the Floridas and Mexico.

With a new war and troops on parade, his days in the summer of 1812 were full, and he found it "quite Agreeable in the Company of these Military men." When he spent an afternoon at the commander's house with fifteen other officers, he drank more wine than he had in a year. After the group consumed two cases, Horry concluded, "I was really merry for my head ached at Night." The General found it especially gratifying to ride to the encampment and watch the soldiers drill because "Some of them always pulls off their hats to me & also Some of their Centinels Rest their firelocks to me as I pass their post." He always returned their salutes.

**Horry the Slave Owner**

One of the central themes in Horry's journal is his relationship with his slaves. Not the field hands--they are nameless souls back on the plantations, under overseers. It was what he called "our family" that he wrote about. Just as he had during the war, Horry was always accompanied by a male servant, and he kept at least two domestics. He generally had more, calling specialists to the island when he needed their skills, and various children appear to have come and gone almost casually.

From Horry's point of view, it really was a family. "I am in the hands of Negroes," he recorded, "& two of my house Wenches, Susie & Rachael are Kind to me--I may Say they are my Sisters & tends me as a Child (so helpless am I) they therefore are my Tryed friends, & they are found not wanting." Later he said of Susie and Rachael, "the former Acts towards me as a Mother & the latter as a Sister, at all hours they attend to my Calls with Cheerfulness & tenderness used towards me. I wish I may ever have it in my Power to Reward their attentions to me ..., these were born on my Plantation & brought up by my hands--I will ever Acknowledge their Goodness to me."

A product of his day, Horry took the slave system for granted, and he never came close to seeing the truth. He felt disappointed that "few Negroes Possess a Sense of Gratitude." And when a second pig went missing, he knew who to blame: "Negroes Loves Pork, & few Negroes are honest I dont Know one--when a fair Opportunity Offers & they think the Fact Cannot be Proved on them; they are all Liars & of Course are Thieves." Even Susie and Rachael were not immune from punishment, and Horry had standing orders to maintain a handy supply of switches. "Words from me to them," he believed, "without Switching are of no Avail." Unfortunately for that strategy, and as an example of passive slave resistance, Susie developed a bad habit of forgetting to gather the switches. When he grew exasperated with a slave, he simply exiled the offender to an overseer's mercies. This happened to Scipio, who "had taken up again his old Trade of Lying & Keeping [with] Mr. Wm. Shackelfords Wench in Spite of all my Endeavours to prevent it, & by my Express Orders to him to desist therefrom." Horry shipped him off at two o'clock in the morning. Scipio's services as chief boatman, however, were so valuable that he soon returned.

His favorites received light punishment. Rachael, the maid, ran away, and when she returned after eight days, she "Begged pardon for her Ill behavior, so I forgave her." They could also receive special favors. When ordering broadcloth for a new coat, Horry bought enough for Billy, who was nearly his age and...
had obviously been with him a long time. Horry gave his old coat and straw hat to Zemo. While most slaves wore homespun, he dressed his women domestics in ticking. They also got special food privileges. Scipio kept the catfish, and others might be given treats, such as the broth from boiled beef. When Billy and the dogs caught a raccoon, Horry gave him a quart of rice to go with it.

A slave's usual food allowance, which Horry distributed himself, consisted of a peck of corn a week, plus small amounts of whatever garden produce, such as potatoes, was in season. Christmas was an exception, when Horry gave his slaves rice and a bull to slaughter. Once, when he had a crew of slaves raising a new house, he rewarded them with rice, bacon, and whiskey. For the winter, he issued blankets and new “Negro shoes.”

House servants and their children also received better medical treatment, including being taken to the doctor. When young Daniel, Rachael’s nephew in whom Mrs. Horry delighted, grew sick, Horry delighted, grew sick, Horry had him brought to the island, where he took him on rides, hoping that “Exercise and Sea Air will Restore his health.” For the rest of the slaves at Brown Town and his plantations, Horry could only pray that they survived the fever season. They were, after all, the bulk of his worth.

The difference in treatment was clearly apparent to the slaves. In 1813, Buddy, the trusted carpenter, threw such a violent tantrum about the state of his clothes that Horry, fearing for his life, put him in jail. Buddy escaped, convinced Cudjo to go with him, and the pair stayed away for over three months. When recaptured, Horry left Buddy in jail until he could be sold.

What happened to Susie is not clear. There is a “Susy,” aged forty, and valued at $375.00, listed in the inventory of his estate, but he made no provisions to reward her in any way in his will. He did free Rachael and Billy, but that gesture hardly makes Horry a race reformer, a very rare species in those days. He was what he was: a rice planting slave-owner who trusted that the world would ever remain as he had known it.

**Horry's Departure**

In early October Horry began to anticipate the first frost, and he announced that “Surely then no Risk Can be apprehended by Going to George Town.” For weeks he had directed the shipment of conk shells and gravel back to the mainland. He also collected great quantities of something he called “Sea Mud,” which, despite its salt content, he valued highly as a manure for his Brown Town garden. Early on the morning of October 7, he loaded up his three boats and set sail for home.
He saw the island and its beach one more time, in the following winter when he returned briefly to inspect the troops. By the next summer, he had moved to Columbia. He visited Georgetown, in his official capacity as a commissioner for the town’s defense, but he never made it back to North Island. The move to the capital was recognition of Horry’s advancing age, and in Columbia he and Margaret would be near her well-off family, the Guignards.

He continued keeping his journal, and he entered elaborate details of the construction of the home that still stands, with a historical marker calling it the Horry-Guignard house, near the University of South Carolina. He enjoyed the social life of the city, especially the company of the young “scholars,” but the planter in him grew restless. Perhaps he also wanted to put some distance between him and Margaret. He bought a farm a few miles outside of town and was soon growing crops, including cotton and rice. “I shall refer to the town house,” he declared, “as that of Mrs. Horry and to the farm as my house.” It is tempting to suggest that there was some great rupture between the two, but Horry continued to make frequent overnight trips to see her. Their relationship certainly seems odd, but perhaps it was simply a lifestyle into which they settled as they aged. In any event, he needed the farm as a place to house the dozen or so slaves he had brought to Columbia. Their labor, he noted, would provide food and cut his costs.

In very poor health after the summer of 1814, Horry died on February 28, 1815, and he is buried in the Guignard plot at Trinity Cathedral in Columbia. His personal property, including slaves but not real estate, was valued at just over $38,000. To his wife, he left Belle Isle, the Brown Town house, thirty-four slaves, and “my household and kitchen furniture, my riding chair, carriage horses, and mules.” The other plantations and slaves he divided among relatives.

It was time for Peter Horry to go. As he said in 1812, “I am an Old Superannuated Revolutionary Officer--Unheeded by all & treated as all are Whoes Services are Past--& as an Old almanac--or Old Rubbish." Despite his lack of economic success and his self-pity, I cannot believe he died feeling a failure. Until the last, he had hopes that he could find a publisher for his journal. His heart never was in making money. If it had been, he would not have deserted his lands, at great loss, to fight the war, nor would he, later in life, have spent so much energy on chronicling that conflict and engaging in public service. It seems right for us to forgive him for not becoming one of the legendary planters. He was first and foremost a patriot, and the legacy he left us is priceless.

### Bibliographical Essay

With all the kind generosity of this lecture’s sponsor, it is still necessary to limit the length of the printed version, so I have foregone my usual habit of extensive footnoting and here offer only the essential sources. Though seldom used, parts of Horry’s journal have been available for years; the great Alexander S. Salley published much of it in serialized form back in the 1930s and 1940s in the *South Carolina Historical Magazine*. In his haste, however, Salley failed to include nearly all of the surviving pages of Book One, and he missed entirely the last sixty-eight pages of Book Eight which Horry recorded in the blank space of his 1792 militia orderly book. The originals are available in the Guignard Family Papers at the South Caroliniana Library, where the researcher will find a very valuable first edition of Weems’ *The Life of Gen. Francis Marion* on which Horry made numerous corrections.

Horry’s war letters, the five volumes of documents he gave to Weems, have survived. For the portions of a

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*Trinity Cathedral located at the corner of Sumter and Gervais Streets. Photo by Heather and Matt Stalvey*
set which stayed in South Carolina, see Mylma Anne Wates, “Meanderings of a Manuscript: General Peter Horry's Collection of Francis Marion Letters," in the South Carolina Historical Magazine, LXXXI, October, 1980. A complete version, including the Weems-Horry correspondence, eventually wound up in the Peter Force Papers in the Library of Congress, and a microfilm copy is available in Coastal Carolina University's Waccamaw Room. Many of these letters were also included in Robert W. Gibbes' Documentary History of the American Revolution which appeared in the 1850s and was reprinted in 1972. Horry's orderly books have also survived, part edited by Salley in the Historical Magazine in 1934, and the rest owned by the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. Copies are at the South Carolina State Archives, which also contains other Horry material, including his will. Another neglected primary source is Georgetown County Library's account book of merchant John Cogdell, which records the purchases of Horry and others in 1786.

Since the days of Weems, Horry has always been a prominent figure in the numerous biographies of Francis Marion that have appeared. They all suffer from a reprehensible reliance on the discredited Weems, but the work of two authors have a special significance, William Dobein James and William Gilmore Simms were perhaps the only writers to see the now lost pages of Horry’s memoir. As a youth, James rode with Marion in the last days of the war, and his 1821 A Sketch if the Life of Brig. Gen. Francis Marion is required reading. So too is Simms’ 1844 The Life of Francis Marion. Though neither work is properly annotated by today's standards, and in that time plagiarism was an art not a crime, taken together and used with Horry's corrected copy of Weems' tales, they give us the best opportunity to piece together the story that our supernumerary wanted to tell.

Modern works on Marion are also tainted by their use of Weems, but the best is Hugh F. Rankin's Francis Marion: The Swamp Fox (New York: Crowell, 1973). For an accurate, if brief account of Horry's career, see the entry on him in that monumental contribution to South Carolina history, the Biographical Directory of the South Carolina House of Representatives (University of South Carolina Press, 1981). This writer is the author of the entry on Horry in University of South Carolina Press' forthcoming South Carolina Encyclopedia. For Horry's post-war role in the state militia, see Jean Martin Flynn's The Militia in Antebellum South Carolina Society (Spartanburg: Reprint Company, 1991). On his plantations, see Alberta Morel La-chicotte, Georgetown Rice Plantations (Columbia: State Commercial Print, 1955). Although Horry as a slave owner has not been analyzed, the larger slave society of his area has been admirably chronicled in Charles W. Joyner's Down by the Riverside: A South Carolina Slave Community (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1984) and William Dusinberre's Them Dark Days: Slavery in the American Rice Swamps (New York: Oxford University Press, 1996).

Lastly, some thoughts on further avenues of research suggested by this present investigation. An astonishing number of Revolutionary War orderly books are available, and I am surprised that no student has focused on the issue of morale and discipline in both the Continental Establishment and the militia. As I read the original sources, this seems a major matter to me, with so many cases of corporal punishment. I am similarly perplexed by the neglect of the horrors of the war. It is all too easy to write it off as a “bloody civil war,” but it seems to me that the sources are there to give the awful details that make that description so accurate. While the violence in the backcountry has been illuminated, I’d like to see an account of the lowcountry freebooters and brigands, on both sides. It is clear to me that house burning and plundering were common occurrences, along with lynch law and murder. I am certainly confused by the fact that even modern authors praise Marion for his gentlemanly treatment of the enemy and then quote eye-witness James to the effect that “we didn't take prisoners.” Surely there’s a story here. I’m amazed that no one has added up the number of hangings and killings committed by off-duty Marion militiamen.

I would also like to see someone do a really good study of Parson Weems. What a character, and his remarkable correspondence with his boss, the legendary Mathew Carey of Philadelphia, has survived. Similarly, I am perplexed that the State Archives' bountiful Audited Accounts, those post-war reimbursements for patriotic aid, have apparently been studied by few other than genealogists. It seems to me that we have a won-
derful opportunity to get a much clearer picture of just what supplies Marion’s rebels had.

The misty accounts of the war in South Carolina are so unreliable that we have spent a century sorting out the chronology, and perhaps we have missed important aspects of the war itself. Rankin comes the closest to setting this right for Marion’s territory, but the struggle which I found is so violent and brutal that it merits more serious examination. This rewriting of the history of the war, at least in my part of the state, must begin with a very careful study of Horry’s edited version of Weems' Marion, followed by a painstaking textual analysis of both the James and Simms biographies. Anyone willing to put forth that effort should be able to reconstruct Horry’s lost history of Marion’s Brigade. When that happens, we shall see Peter Horry restored to his rightful place as the original historian of the Swamp Fox.

Roy Talbert, Jr. received his Ph.D. from Vanderbilt University and came to Coastal Carolina University in 1979 where he is professor of history. He is largely responsible for the creation of the Kimbel Library’s Waccamaw Room for rare books at the university. The author of numerous books, Professor Talbert hopes to mount a major project to publish the life and works of Peter Horry. Contributions may be made to the Coastal Educational Foundation’s Peter Horry Fund.

Pawley Swamp and Brownway Baptist Churches
by V. Chyrel Stalvey

Pawley Swamp Baptist Church is located southwest of Conway in the Pawley Swamp section of Horry County. In the beginning, the name of the church was spelled “Pawley” after Pawley Swamp, which had been named for the family of Major Percival Pawley who owned tracts of land in that area. (Pawleys Island was also named for the family of Major Percival Pawley.) Sometime around 1990, the church started spelling its name “Pauley.” Hence, the spelling of the name will vary in this article according to the date.

Pawley Swamp is the mother church of the old Bucksport Baptist, later named Grace Chapel, and also of Cedar Grove, Greenwood and New Hope in Bucks Township; Oak Grove in Marion County; and was instrumental in organizing Jamestown in Conway.

According to a 1955 newspaper article entitled “Home Coming Marks 215th Birthday of Pawley Swamp Baptist Church,” the organization of the church, as handed down by word of mouth, took place in 1740. This article states that “Mr. Cleveland (J. C.) Brown read the history of the church, or as much as he was able to correctly assemble. There being 120 years that he did not have full details...” Dolores Beverly Charles learned from her grandmother that the early records were destroyed by fire when Samuel Smart Sr. was the church clerk, which accounts for the lack of available history.

J. Glen Clayton of the S.C. Baptist Historical Society questions the date of organization as there were no organized Baptist churches in the Pee Dee area that early. His research indicates that Pawley Swamp was originally organized as the Little Peedee Church in 1790. The minutes of the Charleston Baptist Association from 1791 state, “A church on Little Peedee applied [for membership in the association] but some doubts arise respecting their state.” Rev. Botsford and Mosley were asked to visit them previous to any further proceedings. In the minutes the following year we find, “The church
on Little Pee Dee again applied for admission. Botsford and Mosley reported in their favor. This church was constituted in 1790.” Rev. Jeremiah Rhame was pastor for its 25 members and the church joined the Charleston Association in 1792.

There are many instances where unorganized church services started in the homes. Or, as their local history alleges, the first services were held under the huge oak trees in that vicinity prior to the formal establishment of a church. Perhaps this accounts for the first 50 years.

The church’s name varied through the years. Little Pee Dee Church of Christ was listed in the Baptist Church Conference minutes of January 1868. This was shortened to Little Pee Dee Church in the 1873 minutes. By 1875 the title The Baptist Church of Christ was given and later The Baptist Church at Pawley Swamp from 1879-1887.

Little Pee Dee Church joined the Welsh Neck Association when it was formed in 1832 and remained a member until it became part of North Carolina’s Cape Fear Association in 1872. In 1875, Pawley Swamp was dismissed from the Cape Fear Association to join the Waccamaw Association.

The first church building was used about 40 years and located on the site of the present church. It was built about 1800 with the use of slave labor and made of logs. Whites and blacks worshipped together but were separated by a 2-3 ft. partition. In order to allow the blacks sitting behind the partition to see and hear better, a 6-8 ft. rostrum was installed for the speakers.

A building prior to the one completed in 1925 “faced west towards the cemetery and had two doors for entrances. The women entered in one door and sat on one side, while the men entered the other door and sat on the opposite side of the sanctuary (Thomas).”

Growth during the early years is gleaned from the Charleston Baptist Association minutes: 1803—16 members, no pastor; 1805—Solomon Reaves, pastor, 30 members; 1809—49 members; 1819—Solomon Reaves still pastor, 67 members; and, 1821 or 1831—Jason Singleton, pastor, 131 members, gave $2.75 to missions. Rev. W. D. Martin notes that there were 76 members by 1879 and 50¢ was paid into the Waccamaw Association Fund. In 1886, Samuel Smart Sr. deeded two acres of land to Pawley Swamp Church.

In his autobiography, Silas D. “Dock” Beverly (1881-1972) recounts his church experience as a young boy: While I was growing up, my parents and us boys attended regular church services. The only churches we knew were Pawley Swamp and Cedar Grove Baptist churches. Our family attended, and we were members of the Pawley Swamp Baptist Church. Church services were held once a month. Our preacher lived about ten miles from the church, so he would come on Saturday and would have dinner with some of the church families. After dinner, the preacher would conduct an afternoon service. He then would spend the night with another family in the near neighborhood and on Sunday morning would have another service. He received around $4 or $5 for each service, for which he was real proud. Then after a Sunday dinner with another church family, he would journey back to his home by horse and buggy before dark.

In the late 1700s and early 1800s, a controversy divided the Baptist Church regarding the organization of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, as well as the use of musical instruments in church, seminaries and temperance societies. Those who did not believe in these modernisms formed the Primitive or “Hardshell” Baptist Church. Those who agreed with the new innovations became Missionary Baptists.

During the 1870s the Little Pee Dee Baptist Church had this same division within the congregation. The separation was amicable; the Pawley Swamp Primitive Baptists and Pawley Swamp Missionary Baptists even shared the same building.

In the early years, baptisms were conducted in the closest body of water large enough to accommodate, i.e., Hunting Swamp, Cat Island, or Punch Bowl. The first recorded baptism for Pawley Swamp was Isaac Graham. Rev. W. C. McCaskill performed the baptism on September 4, 1882. An outdoor baptismal pool built in 1889 was supplied by a flowing artesian well. This pool was some distance from the church—at the far side of the property donated by Moses A. Martin and Samuel L. Smart. Both churches used this baptismal pool, as they did the cemetery.
The Primitive Baptists became members of the Mill Branch Association which included the Simpson Creek, Mill Branch, Pireway, and Pawley churches. The Sunday meeting services rotated during the month amongst the four churches. The women and men sat on opposite sides of the sanctuary during the service. The members traveled by horse or mule or wagon or foot to the different meetinghouses. Because of the distance, they sometimes left home on Saturday and camped out that night. Pawley Swamp was the only church in the association with a baptistry. The other churches held their baptisms in the Waccamaw River.

Larry W. Paul noted that it is said that Elder Samuel Moses Paul (1863-1942) ruled the church with an iron hand for many years.

After several years, the Primitive Baptists decided to construct their own house of worship. On December 18, 1889, Moses A. Martin deeded one acre of land and Samuel Smart Sr. deeded three acres of land adjacent to Pawley Swamp Baptist Church to the trustees of the Primitive Baptist Church—Reding Cannon, S. W. Martin and Robert J. Lowrimore. The Smart, Cannon and Paul families were instrumental in founding the Primitive Baptist Church.

Membership in the Primitive Baptist Church eventually dwindled away. When the last prominent member, Mina Williams (Mrs. Archie) Smart, died in 1997, Primitive Baptist Church meetings were no longer held.

Larry W. Paul was instrumental in preserving the land and the church deeded to the Primitive Baptist Church by forming the Primitive Baptist Trust and the Pauley Swamp Community Cemetery Trust. Paul donated another 4.5 acres of land for cemetery expansion, as well as almost another acre to the church site. Clarence W. Smart heads the cemetery trust and Freddie J. Brown Jr., H. Wyatt Cannon, Dolores Beverly Charles, and Billie Graham Richardson are also members. The trustees for the church include George W. Paul II, chair, Macy Paul James, Tiffaney Paul McDowell and Margaret Paul.

Larry W. Paul also contributed $20,000 for renovations to the Primitive Baptist Church which is currently leased to the Pauley Swamp Baptist Church for holding Sunday School classes. (The portion of the cemetery located on either side of the Missionary Baptist Church is owned by the Missionary Baptist Church.)

Now let’s turn back to
the Missionary Baptists whose current church building was dedicated in 1925. A notice from The Horry Herald carried the announcement “Invited to Pawley” with the following article, “Pawley Swamp’s new Baptist Church building to be dedicated Sunday, July 12, 1925. Services to begin at 11 o’clock. Pawley Swamp is one of the oldest churches in the county. This is the third or fourth building.” The program included: remarks by the pastor, Rev. R. O. Hendricks, a dedicatory sermon by Dr. M. M. Benson of Conway, and a historical sketch by Rev. J. M. Fleming of Lumberton.

This church was a 40 x 25 ft. wooden framed building. The exterior was painted white and the interior walls and ceiling were white and yellow. The two front entrances were kept very simple. The one-and-a half acres of land, including the cemetery with the church property, was valued at $5,000. Since 1925 this building has been remodeled twice.

Church records of 1932 tell us that the pastor’s salary was $85/year and Sunday School enrollment was 45. The total expenditures for the year were $145. By 1936, church membership was 155. When Solomon “Sol” H. Brown was Sunday School superintendent in 1940, the average attendance was 40.

As of 1995, the church clerk’s job had been in the Brown family for 83 years and included a father and three sons. When church clerk William J. Brown died in the mid-1910s, his son, Cleveland (later served as principal of Pawley Swamp School), was elected and served two years before going off to college. His brothers, Sol and Eddie, were then elected in succession. After the Browns, Billie Mae G. (Mrs. Clayton) Richardson was the clerk for about 45 years until 2006. Jo Fogle now serves in that position.

As you can see from the years of service performed by the Brown family, they were very active and filled numerous positions within the church.

Sol Brown, a prominent farmer and Horry County superintendent of schools, owned Brownway Farms. He served as a deacon, Sunday School superintendent and treasurer. His wife, Ida, taught at Brownway School and played the organ for church. Although they had no offspring of their own, the community’s children became their children. The Browns built the small Brownway Baptist Chapel on a portion of their land on Cate’s Bay Road for the sharecroppers and others in the neighborhood—offering a place to attend Sunday School in the late 1930s and early 1940s. Services were held on Sunday afternoons at 3 p.m. (After Sol’s death in 1943, the building was sold to Odell and Olivee Williams Cannon. They ran a store in the front of the building and had living quarters in the back.)

Betty Jo Graham Dunn, daughter of V. D. and Macie Graham of Cannon Town, recalls that after Sunday lunch, the neighborhood children congregated to Brownway Chapel for Sunday School—some walking several miles. Parents also came but it was mostly children. On fair weather days, three or four dozen children attended.

Ida Brown, the Sunday School teacher, picked out a scripture each week to be memorized by the next Sunday. Not only did she teach Bible lessons, but she also taught manners, hygiene, neatness, and obedience to parents.

As the offerings were dropped into a beautiful glass vase each Sunday, Ida and the children walked around it singing “Jesus loves Me” or “Jesus wants Me for a Sunbeam.”

During Pawley Swamp revivals, Sol gathered his neighbors and transported them on his flatbed truck. Sometimes it took two trips to pick up everyone. The last delivery trip home was sometimes late into the night.

The 1955 article noted that more than 500 people attended the birthday homecoming. Twenty-one area Baptist and Methodist churches were represented.
Rev. J. A. Seymour, the pastor at the time, delivered a sermon based on Hebrews 10, noting the importance of training children in order to make them better adults. He said, “Bring up a child in the admonition of the Lord and he will not depart from it.” One and all were admonished to be “loyal to his church and loyal to God.” Under the trees at noontime a delicious dinner prepared by the women was enjoyed. Good fellowship was enjoyed by all and the concluding event was an hour-long musical program.

The pews in the church had been a gift from Mr. J. C. Eddie, Miss Becky Brown, and Mrs. Anna Collins. These pews had originally been built by Willard Tindal for Sol Brown to use in the Brownway Chapel, which was no longer holding services. The pulpit was also a gift from the Brown family.

A parsonage was built in the early 1950s on land donated by George Miller, the church treasurer at the time. However, when Rev. J. Clarence Martin was the pastor, he owned his own home. The property was rented for several years and eventually sold.

Florence (Mrs. Jesse) Paul deeded 1.17 acres of land across the street from the church in April of 1966 for a fellowship hall. Church members rallied together to construct the addition.

The church bought an additional 1.62 acres of land adjoining the fellowship hall in 1974 from Hubert F. Moore that is located between the fellowship hall and the fork of Pawley Swamp Road and Pee Dee Highway. This land was traded with the Paul family in 1993 for a parcel adjacent to the fellowship hall. A basketball court was given in memory of the Randolph Graham family.

New pulpit furniture, pews, and green carpet were installed in 1980. In 1984 a porch was added onto the front of the church with steps at either side and adorned with black wrought iron handrails. A wheelchair ramp was also installed. In 1988, Rev. J. Clarence Martin’s family donated new light fixtures in his memory. An organ was donated in 1989. Flower stands and a table for the vestibule were donated in 1990.

In the early 1990s, the church building was completely renovated with new carpet and pew cushions, stained glass windows, and siding was installed. A new choir loft, baptistry, and office were also added. An anonymous donor funded the addition of a new educational wing onto the fellowship hall, adding four classrooms for Sunday School. This new wing was dedicated to the memory of lacy Doyle on June 30, 1991.
About 2004, the fellowship hall was enlarged to add a kitchen with new equipment and a larger dining area.

The congregation likes to claim, as one of their own, Marion Martin who served as a missionary in Naples, Italy. Martin attended Pawley Swamp Baptist Church as a child. Later, he and his family joined New Hope Baptist Church. After graduating from high school, he attended Columbia Bible College and moved to Illinois where he became involved with the Conservative Baptist Mission Board. That Board commissioned him as a missionary. Pawley Swamp licensed and ordained one of its members, Rev. Donnie Todd several years ago. In 1988 Lindsey Inman was ordained and became the pastor of Pawley Swamp.

A partial list of pastors include: Jeremiah Rhame—1792; Solomon Reaves—1805; Jason Singleton—1821 or 1831; A. M. Nobles—1868-1869; W. D. Martin—1870-1872 (served two other times); Mr. Tarte; M. M. Holmes; W. S. McCaskill (served two separate times); R. O. “Neil” Hendricks—served 40 years; J. H. East—served 10 years in the 1930s and early 1940s; Keith Gordon—served 3 years in the late 1940s; Wade Gainey—1950-1951; Maynard Allen—about 1952; J. A. Seymour—1953-1957; James J. Thompson—1957-1959; Julian Clarence Martin—1959-1988; and Larry Lindsey Inman—1988-1991.

Dr. Terrence E. Grainger became the pastor in 1991 and still shepherds the 185 members whose average Sunday School attendance is 78.
(The Pawley Swamp Cemetery catalog is located on the Horry County Historical Society’s website).

Many thanks to Evelyn Dittbenner and Dolores Beverly Charles for providing a substantial portion of information for this article. Additional information was gleaned from conversations with Verma Graham Anderson, Betty Jo Dunn, Mark Martin, Larry W. Paul, and Annette H. Wallace.

Bibliography


Bryan House Available for Special Occasions

The Rebecca Bryan House, ca. 1912, is the headquarters of the Horry County Historical Society. The house has been renovated and is now ready for weddings, events, and meetings. For rental fees and availability, contact Toni Montondo at Ray Realty, phone (843) 248-6363 or fax (843) 248-6721. The guidelines, pictures, and rental rates are also on the website at http://www.hchsonline.org.
Cedar Grove Baptist Church
Compiled by Anne Beverly and Edited by V. Chyrel Stalvey

Cedar Grove Baptist Church is located about six miles west of Conway on Highway 378 and is a member of the Waccamaw Baptist Association. The founding members of Cedar Grove Baptist Church originally attended the Little Pee Dee Missionary Baptist Church, now known as the Pauley Swamp Baptist Church, in the Pauley Swamp community.

In 1868, with the encouragement of Rev. John D. Coleman, pastor of Little Pee Dee Baptist Church, the Cedar Grove community decided to build a church. James B. McCrackin donated one and one-half acres of land and requested naming it “Cedar Grove Baptist Church.” There is no record of a church building until 1876 when the members gave of their time, money, and materials to construct a small wooden structure located on the site where today’s church cemetery is located. That year, Rev. A. M. Nobles was called to be the first pastor, and W. A. Spivey was elected to serve as the church clerk. Thus, the history of Cedar Grove Baptist Church commences.

On August 16, 1907, the members saw the need for a new church building. Rev. R. O. Hendrick and his son, Frank, contributed two acres of land on the opposite side of the road from the then existing church, and the members voted to build the new church building on this property and use the old church location as a cemetery. J. M. Cooper gave .23 of an acre adjoining the property to enlarge the cemetery. The following building committee was elected: W. J. Hendrick, chairman; J. L. Jordan, treasurer; and W. E. Causey, J. C. Singleton, and Ed James as members.

Construction began three years later in 1910. Members worked faithfully on the construction, and the structure was completed in early 1911. This building was dedicated on May 4, 1912, by Rev. R. O. Hendrick and Rev. Wilkins of Greenville assisted in the service.

The church grew slowly over the next couple of decades, in all likelihood hindered by World War I and the Great Depression.

By 1942, more space was needed and four new classrooms were added to the back of the church by way of a two-room wing on either side. On November 26, 1942, Thanksgiving Day, this addition was dedicated by Rev. J. Davis Harrelson and E. F. Kolb of Loris was invited to assist.

In 1950, the members felt directed to construct an entirely new church building to include classrooms. The building committee included Jim Causey as chairman; Arthur Capps as secretary; Alex Johnson as treasurer; and Earl Anderson, Roosevelt Skipper, D. Frank Davis, J. R. “Preach” Hendrick, and Hawley Johnston as members. The decision was made to start a building fund to construct a new building as soon as possible. With the first
collection of $150, the building fund was created immediately. Progress towards the goal moved forward quickly with the donation in 1953 of approximately 21,000 ft. of pine timber.

The foundation was laid on February 23, 1954. How fitting it was that the first service held in the meetinghouse was on Easter Sunday of 1957. The building committee, with the dedicated work of the congregation, constructed the church at a cost of $65,000. Its value at the time was at least $110,000.

Rev. J. P. Lanier invited several former pastors to participate in the dedication service. A dinner was to have been served inside, but, due to the large number of people present and the beautiful day, dinner was enjoyed on the church grounds.

On July 7, 1963, the church members felt it was time to build a parsonage adjacent to the church. Although there was not a fulltime pastor, they wanted to be prepared to provide a parsonage when it was needed. On August 18, 1963, Arthur Capps, Ford Hughes, Harry Bashor, Lacy Lundy, Bates Snowden, Doyce Norris, Sam Singleton Jr., Joe Hendrick, Earl Anderson, Johnnie Singleton, Woodrow Hucks, and Alex Johnson were elected to serve on the building committee. The old church building was sold to Carl Jordan for $300 and it was moved from the site. This money became the seed money for the building fund. Once again, because of the dedication of the members, the parsonage was completed within a few months. In June of 1964, Rev. Frank Johnson was called as the first full-time pastor and lived in the new parsonage.

Cedar Grove Baptist Church built in 1957
Photo by provided by Anne Beverly
In February of 1966, money was borrowed to pave the church lot; and, most likely, the work was completed shortly after the money became available.

In 1969, a new air conditioning system was installed, and a new organ and piano were purchased.

In June of 1978, construction for the fellowship hall began and completion was some time around the following October. Ford Hughes was a driving force in completing this project.

Today, as in the past, many programs further the training and participation in the work, such as the Men's Ministries (Brotherhood), Woman's Missionary Union (WMU), Girls in Action (GAs), Royal Ambassadors (RAs) and Mission Friends. After the arrival in August of 2003 of the present pastor, Rev. H. Thomas Swilley, his wife, “Mrs. Dibbie,” established a children’s church during the morning worship hour. Special programs for seniors citizens, widows, and the youth of the church have also been developed.

During the 2003 church year, Cedar Grove had one of the most successful years in its history. Sunday School had an attendance increase of 64%, and the morning and evening worship services also experienced substantial increases. The average attendance for morning worship was close to 200. Thirty-five new members were added to the membership roll, 22 coming from baptisms. From July 2002 to July 2003 the church witnessed 37 baptisms. With this growth, a sixth deacon was added. The deacon board began discussing the need for additional classroom space. Truly, these are exciting times at Cedar Grove.

In February of 2004, a building committee comprised of John Foglesonger, Sherry Sawyer, John Jordan, Lindsay Causey and Phillip Edwards was formed. By November, the committee presented a two-phase recommendation to the church. Phase I would construct a two-story addition onto the back of the church building to provide additional classrooms, a conference room, new restroom, offices and a gathering room. The church authorized the building committee to move forward with Phase I and construction began the following month. On February 5, 2006, a dedication service was held for the new addition.

Phase II would be a 6,450 sq. ft. family life center. Phase II was put on hold and the church is looking forward to the day when construction will start.

From the time Cedar Grove Baptist Church was established and to the present, there have been many faithful and devoted members of the congregation who have done great works. The fruits of their labors are reflected throughout the church buildings and grounds.

In addition to the founders and the first leaders who gave their loyalty and leadership, the many years of service rendered by Will Hendrick as superintendent of Sunday School, deacon, and teacher should be recognized. Other important contributions have been by Buddy Jordan, Ford Hughes, Arthur Capps, Roosevelt Skipper, Hamp Hendrick, Barney Johnston, Tink Bruton, Hamp Singleton, P.I. Graham, Alex Johnson, Theo Causey, Johnnie Singleton and Preach Hendrick, all of whom are now deceased. We won’t forget the wives of these devoted servants who also worked and sacrificed alongside their husbands.

A list of pastors include:

A.M. Nobles 1876-1882
W.S. McCaskill 1882-1889
H.D. Grainger 1889-1890
J. Davis Harrelson 1900-1902
J.D. Crosland 1902-1903
W.S. McCaskill 1903-1905
J.L. Skin 1905-1906
R.O. Hendrick 1906-1911
J.L. Means 1911
R.O. Hendrick 1911-1921
M.W. Gordon 1921-1922
R.O. Hendrick 1922-1939
J. Davis Harrelson 1939-1948
Dow Harrelson 1948-1949
Gaston Hester 1950-1952
Wade Gaine 1952-1954
(Without a pastor from June, 1954 - January, 1955)
Tommy Kellam (served 5 months) 1955-1955
(Again without a pastor from June, 1955 - May, 1956)
Rev. Wilkes (June – December) 1956-1956
J.P. Lanier 1957-1964
Frank Johnson (First full-time) 1964-1967
Douglas Parnell 1967-1971
Lanier Singleton 1971-1972
Billy Hackett 1972-1974
Dale Tanner 1974-1977
Billy Hackett 1978-1985
Herman Goodin 1985-1986
Terry Grainger (February – August) 1987-1987
Jim Shriver (Interim Pastor) 1988-1990
Kirby Winstead 1990-1993
Bill Thompson (Interim Pastor) 1994-1995
Chip Morgan (Interim Pastor) 1999-2000
Richard Moretz 2000-2002
H. Thomas Swilley 2002-Present

Today Cedar Grove Baptist Church remains a shining light in the community. As in the past, Cedar Grove continues to lean upon Matthew 6:33, Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added upon.

(The catalog for Cedar Grove Baptist Church Cemetery is on the Horry County Historical Society website.)

Many thanks to Anne Beverly for providing the material and photos for this article.

Erratum

Please note that we have discovered an error in the article entitled “The Boundary House” which can be found in the IRQ, Vol. 36, No. 3, Page 5. The article states that “Isaac Marion received the following message from Richard Quince of Old Brunswick town, N.C.” It should have said that the message was written by Isaac Marion and sent to the Committee of Safety of Little River after Marion received word of the battle of Lexington from R. Howe of N.C.

The following is taken from William Gilmore Simms’ book, The Life of Francis Marion, published in 1844:

“...A letter from ISAAC MARION, one of the brothers of our subject [Gen. Francis Marion], who dwelt at Little River, the Northern boundary of the province, is worthy of quotation, as serving to show that he was animated with the same public spirit that possessed his more distinguished kinsman. It was written to accompany the express, which brought the news of the battle of Lexington. A letter to him, from R. Howe, of N.C., forwarding the express, remarking, “I know you stand in no need of being prompted when your country requires your service” -- would seem to show that he too had shared in the reputation of his brother. The following is the letter of Isaac Marion, addressed to the Committee of Safety of Little River.

Boundary, May 9, 1775, Little River.

Gentlemen of the Committee; -- I have just now received an express, from the Committee of the Northern Provinces, desiring I would forward the enclosed packet to the Southern Committees. As yours is the nearest, I request FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR COUNTRY, AND THE WELFARE OF OUR LIVES, LIBERTIES, AND FORTUNES, you’ll not lose a moment’s time, but dispatch the same to the Committee of Georgetown, to be forwarded to Charleston. In meantime, am, gentlemen,

Your obliged humble servant, &c.

Isaac Marion.

To Danness, Hawkins and others.”

Society’s January Quarterly Meeting

On Sunday, January 14, 2007, the Historical Society met in the Conway Library meeting room. James Vernon Epps, Curator of the Moore Memorial Museum in Lake City was the guest speaker. Mr. Epps was dressed in a Revolutionary War outfit portraying Colonel Peter Horry. During his presentation, he spoke about the life of General Frances Marion, the Swamp Fox.

James V. Epps Dressed as Col. Peter Horry
Photo by J. Benjamin Burroughs
2007 Spring Tour

It was a perfect spring morning on Saturday, March 31, when more than 80 Horry County Historical Society members and friends met at Yauhannah Bluff overlooking the Pee Dee River to begin the spring tour.

Craig Sasser, manager of the Waccamaw National Wildlife Refuge, explained that the Refuge had acquired the 22-acre Yauhannah Bluff site in 2002. It is hoped to build an education center to demonstrate Native American use of the land, the rice culture and the role of timbering there. In the 18th Century, the bluff may have been the site of a trading post. The bluff overlooks Bull Island, which has been opened for hunting, fishing, hiking, canoeing, kayaking and wildlife viewing.

Our next stop was Mansfield Plantation which is located on the Black River. Susannah LaRoach Man, widow of Dr. John Man, purchased a 500-acre tract of land from James Coachman in 1756. Susannah used the tidal swamp to develop a rice plantation. Chris Boyle, gave a tour of the grounds which include the main houses, and slave quarters and chapel. The winnowing barn on Mansfield Plantation is the only remaining one in Georgetown County. Susan McMillan and the Waccamaw Archaeology Partnership are currently conducting archeological digs on the site. Shards of glass and pottery found on the property were on display.

Today, Mansfield Plantation is a bed and breakfast owned by Sallie and John Parker, encompassing almost 1,000 acres.

We next had a pleasant box lunch at Guendalos Plantation, the home of Furman and Ann Long, on the banks of the Great Pee Dee. The property was owned by Furman’s father. The winding entrance road was lined with blooming magnolias, azaleas and dogwoods. Their rustic home has timber from his father's original log cabin and is filled with Furman’s collection of antique fishing memorabilia, mounted deer heads and antlers. They have made it into a warm and inviting abode with large windows overlooking the river.

At the final stop, Sharon Hill told us that the original Prince Frederick’s Chapel was built in the early 19th century. As the congregation at Prince Frederick’s grew, construction began for a new sanctuary in 1859 which was completed in 1876 (now known as the Old Gunn Church). Eventually Old Gunn Church fell into disrepair and was demolished in the mid-1960s leaving us with only the beautiful bell tower and entrance to the monument.

Around the turn of the century, the demise of rice planting caused a shift in the congregation to the more populated Georgetown area and only infrequent services were held in the original chapel. In 1877, it was moved to Plantersville to be used as a summer chapel. It has been restored and occasional meetings are held there.
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*V. Chyrel Stalvey*
More Spring Tour Pictures from Mansfield Plantation

Top Photos Left to Right: North Guest House and Slave Chapel and Bell
Bottom Photo: Former Rice Fields

Photos by Eddie Dawsey
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Mansfield Slave Cabins and Chapel
Photo by Eddie Dawsey

Prince Frederic Chapel
Photo Courtesy of SC Department of Archives and History