Anne Sheritt

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John P. Kennedy's account of an early 1800's visit to the area of present-day Oconee County

According to the introduction to a reprinted 1852 edition of *Horseshoe Robinson* (the book was originally published in 1835), John P. Kennedy, the author, was in the area of present-day Oconee County in the early 1800's collecting information for a book about the Revolutionary War events connected with one Horseshoe Robinson. Kennedy identifies the man in his book as Galbraith Robinson, "a blacksmith at the breaking out of the revolution...the owner of a little farm in the Waxhaw settlement, on the Catawba, and having pitched his habitation upon a promontory, around whose base the Waxhaw creek swept with a regular but narrow circuit, this locality, taken in connection with his calling, gave rise to the common prefix to his name throughout the neighborhood, and he was therefore almost exclusively distinguished by the sobriquet of Horseshoe Robinson." (Kennedy, 1852, reprint date unknown, pp. 12-13). Obviously the person was claiming to describe was one James Robertson, whose land grant of some 200 acres on the major bend (some would have it a "horseshoe") of the Chauga River in 1784 is catalogued as number 963 by Fredrick Van Clayton in *Settlement of Pendleton District 1777 - 1800* (Easley, S. C.: Southern Historical Press, 1988). This man is presumably the same James Robertson described by Prof. Bobby Gilmer Moss in *Roster of South Carolina Patriots in the American Revolution* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1985) as being born in North Carolina. Moss's entry reads:

> While residing in Ninety Six District, he enlisted during 1776 and served under Capts. William McClintock, Bowie and Benjamin Brown, and Cols. Thomas Sumter, and Henderson (Sixth Regiment). He transferred to the First Regiment under Capt. Charles Lining. He was in the battle at Fort Moultrie and was taken prisoner. After one month, he escaped. thereafter, he joined Capt. John Thompson and Col. Brandon and was in an engagement with Cherokee Indians. He was also the battles at Stono and Cowpens. (Moved to Ala.) A.A. 6401; Y163; N.A.246; N.A.853

Within the text of *Horseshoe Robinson*, one of the heroines says to her brother of Robinson: "That is a famous soldier, Henry; he was at the siege of Charleston, and last year at Savannah." Within the story, Horseshoe manages to be in such a remarkable number of places with an equally remarkable cast of Revolutionary War notables as to almost make the story absurd. Fortunately for the reader, Kennedy's careful constructed narrative not only makes the story semi-believable, but also entertaining.

At the end of the book, Horseshoe is at the battle of King's Mountain, where he rides to the top of the mountain and slings a captured Whig, Major Arthur Butler, onto his saddle and carries him to safety. Obviously James Robertson would have mentioned in his pension applications being in Charleston at the time of the surrender, being at the battle of Savannah, and being at the battle at King's Mountain. These subjects not being mentioned by Robertson, we may safety assume them to be nothing better than the product of Kennedy's creative imagination coupled with known historical data.

It remains unknown if Kennedy actually met James Robertson. If he did meet Robertson, it is unknown how well he actually knew him. But if the man being described was not, in fact, James Robertson, then who was Kennedy describing? Although the character was a composite of a number of individuals whom Kennedy met at one time or another, I found the descriptions particularly interesting because the man being described fits almost exactly my image of Benjamin Cleveland. Certainly, the detailed description that Kennedy provides of the Battle of King's Mountain almost forces one to believe that Kennedy was acquainted with Cleveland or some other person who could recall in detail the events at King's Mountain on October 7, 1780.

Kennedy apparently did come into the area of present-day Oconee County and his opening comments about his initial meeting with one Horseshoe Robinson, while perhaps contrived to introduce the story he unfolds, contain brief bits of information that can be partially collaborated from other data and that are of some value to the historian. Such passages are printed in a bold-face type in the materials that follow. Of most importance, Kennedy indicates through his description that major points of settlement within the county were limited and separated by vast expanses of forest. This description is little different from that provided by Andre Michaux in 1788:

> On December 2, 1788, I left the confluence of the two river Tugulo [Tugaloo] and Kiwi [Keowee, but actually referring to the river today called the Seneca] to go up the Tugolo and I spent the night with Sr. Larking Cleveland, Esqr. 19 miles.
>
> On the 3rd of December I crossed the Tugolo river at the only place in use for passage... I had breakfast with John Cleveland on the other side of the river. I was told that there were no more settlements and I passed through country covered with forest the same as all the Southern provinces, but on top of that it was very hilly and I arrived in the evening at sunset at Seneca after a march of 19 miles.

And while Kennedy and others indicate that settlements were "upon the rich bottoms of the river valleys," both he and the majority of antebellum travel accounts extending almost to the time of the Civil War repeat a related theme: the area was predominantly vast tracts of forest. Another major theme of the antebellum years, which never directly surfaces in the documentary materials, is that almost everyone was lacking in diversions. The least happening was enough to warrant crowd attendance totally out of proportion with any current-day event (other than perhaps a Clemson football game) and almost any visitor of any consequence what-so-ever received lavish attention from their host and/or hostess. Kennedy says that his purported host inquired "into the numberless matters that may be supposed to interest a frontier settler in his intercourse with one just from the world of busy life."

[ADDITIONAL HISTORICAL INFORMATION: Kennedy's description of an upcountry plantation is valuable:

> On the very apex of the hill up which our travellers were now clambering, was an enclosure of some three or four acres of land, in the middle of which, under the shade of a tuft of trees, stood a group of log cabins so situated as to command a view of nearly every part of the farm. The principal structure was supplied with a rude porch that covered three of its sides: whilst the smoke that carried upwards from a wide-mouthed chimney, and the accompaniment of a bevy of little negroes that were seen scattered amongst the outhouses, gave an air of habitation and life to the place that contrasted well with the stillness of the neighboring wood. (Kennedy, reprint date unknown, p. 99)]

[COMMENT ABOUT THE BOOK: My original intention was merely to examine the introduction. While the book was available to me, I decided to dip into a bit of the text. I soon found myself totally engrossed in the work. Though Kennedy's language is often archaic and even a bit dull at times, the plot is rich, the devices used to tell the story are clever, and the identity of one of the characters remains a mystery not revealed until the end of the story. Quite truthfully, I thoroughly enjoyed the book! Curiously, the work is not about Horseshoe Robinson -- at least not in terms of the major plot -- though he does provide the thread that is woven throughout the text. The story is actually about one Mildred Lindsay, Major Arthur Butler, and the Revolutionary War in upper South Carolina. Among the many interesting characters making an appearance are Lord Cornwallis, Banastre Tarleton, Francis Marion, Mary Musgrove, Alexander Innes, Issac Shelby, Charles McDowell, Patrick Ferguson, William Campbell, John Sevier, and Benjamin Cleveland. Kennedy's descriptions of places and events are particular good and provide the detail that makes an otherwise incredible story believable.]

HORSESHOE ROBINSON

INTRODUCTION

In the winter of eighteen hundred and eighteen-nineteen, I had occasion to visit the western section of South Carolina. The public conveyances had taken me to Augusta, in Georgia. There I purchased a horse, a most trusty companion, with whom I had many pleasant experiences: a sorrel, yet retained by me in admiring memory. A valise strapped behind my saddle with a greatcoat spread upon that, furnished all that I required of personal accommodation. My blood beat temperately with the pulse of youth and health. I breathed the most delicious air in the world. My travel tended to the region of the most beautiful scenery. The weather of early January was as balmy as October; a light, warm haze mellowed the atmosphere, and cast the softest and richest hues over the landscape. I retraced my steps from Augusta to Edgefield, which I had passed in the stage coach. From Edgefield, I went to Abbeville, and thence to Pendleton. I was now in the old district of Ninety-Six just at the foot of the mountains. My course was still westward. I journeyed alone, or rather, I ought to say in good company, for my horse and I had established a confidential friendship, and we amused ourselves with a great deal of pleasant conversation -- in our way. Besides, my fancy was busy, and made the wayside quite populous -- with people of its own; there were but few of any other kind.

In the course of my journey, I met an incident, which I have preserved in my journal. The reader of the tale which occupies this volume has some interest in it.

"Upon a day," as the old ballads have it, one of the best days of this exquisite climate, my road threaded the defiles of some of the grandest mountains of the country. Huge ramparts of rock toppled over my path, and little streams leaped, in beautiful cascades, from ledge to ledge and brawled along the channels, which often supplied the only footway for my horse.

The few inhabitants of this region were principally the tenants of the bounty lands, which the State of South Carolina had conferred upon the soldiers of the Revolution; **and their settlements, made upon the rich bottoms of the river valleys, were separated from each other by large tracts of forest**.

I had much perplexity in some portions of this day's journey in finding my way through the almost pathless forest which lay between two of these settlements. That of which I was in quest was situated upon the Seneca, a tributary of the Savannah river, here called Tooloolee [Tugaloo]. It was near sundown, when I emerged from the wilderness upon a wagon road, very uncertain of my whereabout, and entertaining some rather anxious misgivings as to my portion for the night.

I had seen no one for the last five or six hours, and upon falling into the road I did not know whether I was to take the right or the left hand -- a very material problem for my solution just then.

During this suspense, a lad, apparently not above ten years of age, mounted bare back on a fine horse, suddenly emerged from the wood about fifty paces ahead of me, and galloped along the road in the same direction that I had myself resolved to take. I quickened my speed to overtake him, but from the rapidity of his movement, I found myself, at the end of a mile, not as near him as I was at the beginning. **Some open country in front, however, showed me that I was approaching a settlement**. Almost at the moment of making this discovery, I observed that the lad was lying on the ground by the roadside. I hastened to him, dismounted, and found him sadly in want of assistance. His horse had run off with him, thrown him, and dislocated, as it afterwards appeared, his shoulder-joint.

Whilst I was busy in rendering such aid as I could afford, I was joined by a gentleman of venerable aspect, the father of the youth, who came from a dwelling-house, near at hand, which, in the engrossment of my occupation, I had not observed. We lifted the boy in our arms and bore him into the house.

I was now in comfortable quarters for the night. The gentleman was Colonel T______, as I was made aware by his introduction, and the kindly welcome he offered me, and I very soon found myself established upon the footing of a favored guest. **The boy was laid upon a bed in the room where we sat**, suffering great pain, and in want of immediate attention. I entered into the family consultation on the case. Never have I regretted the want of an acquisition, as I then regretted that I had no skill in surgery. I was utterly incompetent to make a suggestion worth considering.

In the difficulty of the juncture, a thought occurred to Col. T., which was immediately made available. "I think I will send for Horseshoe Robinson," he said, with a manifest lighting up of the countenance, as if he had hit upon a happy expedient. "Get a horse, my son," he continued, addressing one of the boys, " and ride over to the old man, and tell him what has happened to your brother; and say, he will oblige me if he will come here directly." **At the same time, a servant was ordered to ride to Pendleton, and to bring over Dr. [William] Anderson**.

In the absence of the first messenger, the lad grew easier and it became apparent that his hurt was not likely to turn out seriously. **Colonel T.**, assured by this, **drew his chair to the fire beside me, and with many expressions of friendly interest inquired into the course of my journey, and into the numberless matters that may be supposed to interest a frontier settler in his intercourse with one just from the world of busy life**. It happened that I knew an old friend of his, General ______, a gentleman highly distinguished in professional and political service, to whose youth Colonel T. had been a most timely patron. This circumstance created a new pledge in my favor, and, I believe, influenced the old gentleman in a final resolve to send that night for his wife, who was some seven or eight miles off, and whom he had been disinclined to put to the discomfort of such a journey in the dark, ever since it was ascertained that the boy's case was not dangerous. I am pretty sure this influenced him, as I heard him privately instructing a servant to go for the lady, and to tell her that the boy's injury was not very severe, and "that there was a gentleman there who was well acquainted with General ________" I observed, hanging in a little black frame over the fireplace, a miniature engraved portrait of the general, which was the only specimen of the fine arts in the house -- perhaps in the settlement. It was my recognition of this likeness that led, I fear, to the weary night ride of the good lady.

In less than an hour the broad light of the hearth -- for the apartment was only lit up by blazing pine fagots, which, from time to time, were thrown upon the fire -- fell upon a goodly figure. There was first a sound of hoofs coming through the dark -- a halt at the door -- a full round, clear voice heard on the porch -- and then the entrance into the apartment of a woodland hero. That fine rich voice again, in salutation, so gentle and manly! This was our expected counsellor, Horseshoe Robinson. What a man I saw! With near seventy years upon his poll, time seemed to have broken its billows over his front only as the ocean breaks over a rock. There he stood -- tall, broad, brawny, and erect. The sharp light gilded his massive frame and weatherbeaten face with a pictorial effect that would have rejoiced an artist. His homely dress, his free stride, as he advanced to the fire; his face radiant with kindness; the natural gracefulness of his motion; all afforded a ready index to his character. Horseshoe, it was evident, was a man to confide in.

"I hear your boy's got flung from his horse, colonel," he said, as he advanced to the bedside. "Do you think he is much hurt?" "Not so badly as we thought at first, Mr. Robinson," was the reply. "I am much obliged to you for coming over to-night. It is a great comfort to have your advice in such times."

"These little shavers are so venturesome -- with horses in particular," said the visitor; "it's Providence, colonel, takes care of 'em. Let me look at you, my son," he continued, as he removed the bedclothes, and began to handle the shoulder of the boy. "He's got it out of joint," he added, after a moment. "Get me a basin of hot water and a cloth, colonel. I think I can soon set matters right."

It was not long before the water was placed beside him, and Robinson went to work with the earnestness of a practised surgeon. After applying wet cloths for some time to the injured part, he took the shoulder in his broad hand, and with a sudden movement, which was followed by a shriek from the boy, he brought the dislocated bone into its proper position. "It doesn't hurt," he said, laughingly; "you are only pretending. How do you feel now?"

The patient smiled, as he replied, "Well enough now; but I reckon you was joking if you said that it didn't hurt."

Horseshoe came to the fireside, and took a chair, saying, "I larnt that, colonel, in the campaigns. A man picks up some good everywhere, if he's a mind to; that's my observation."

This case being disposed of, Horseshoe determined to remain all night with the family. We had supper, and after that, formed a little party around the hearth. Colonel T. took occasion to tell me something about Horseshoe; and the colonel's eldest son gave me my cure, by which he intimated I might draw out the old soldier to relate some stories of the war.

"Ask him," said the young man, "how he got away from Charleston after the surrender; and then get him to tell you how he took the five Scotchmen prisoners."

We were all in good-humor. The boy was quite easy, and everything was going on well, and we had determined to sit up until Mrs. T. should arrive, which could not before midnight. Horseshoe was very obliging, and as I expressed a great interest in his adventures, he yielded himself to my leading, and I got out of him a rich stock of adventure, of which his life was full. The two famous passages to which I had been asked to question him -- the escape from Charleston, and the capture of the Scotch soldiers -- the reader will find preserved in the narrative upon which he is about to enter, almost in the very words of my authority. I have -- perhaps with too much scruple -- retained Horseshoe's peculiar vocabulary and rustic, doric form of speech -- holding these as somewhat necessary exponents of his character. A more truthful man than he, I am convinced, did not survive the war to tell its story. Truth was the predominant expression of his face and gesture -- the truth that belongs to natural and unconscious bravery, united with a frank and modest spirit. He seemed to set no especial value upon his own exploits, but to relate them a items of personal history, with as little comment or emphasis as if they concerned any one more than himself.

It was long after midnight before our party broke up; and when I got to my bed it was to dream of Horseshoe and his adventures. I made a record of what he told me whilst the memory of it was still fresh, and often afterwards reverted to it, when accident or intentional research brought into my view events connected with the times and scenes to which his story had reference.

The reader will thus see how I came into possession of the leading incidents upon which this "Tale of the Tory Ascendency" in South Carolina is founded.

It was first published in 1835. Horseshoe Robinson was then a very old man. He had removed into Alabama, and lived, I am told, upon the banks of the Tuskaloosa. I commissioned a friend to send him a copy of the book. The report brought me was, that the old man had listened very attentively to the reading of it, and took great interest in it.

"What do you say to all this?" was the question addressed to him, after the reading was finished. His reply is a voucher which I desire to preserve: "It is all true and right -- in its right place -- excepting about them women, which I disremember. That be true, too; but my memory is treacherous -- I disremember."

April 12, 1852.

Of Railroad Towns and Their Origins

About four years ago, an effort commenced to discover select information about the railroad towns of far-northwestern South Carolina. With a number of our members doing work on these towns, it seemed all important to provide some explanation of their origin other than simply saying that the railroad was built and towns developed -- such would obviously be an oversimplified statement! Unfortunately, the needed information was not easily forthcoming. The following, rather short reprint of information is the crux of what has been discovered after over two years of research activity and numerous telephone conversations, and this material only surfaced within the past three months. A combination of factors caused the development of towns in the post-Civil War years, but the railroad, followed closely by cotton production, appears to be the most important agents of economic change in the upper piedmont of South Carolina during the decade following the Civil War.

Though many of our Journal articles are intended to convey useful factual data, the enclosed materials are more intended to provoke comment and discussion, and hopefully serve of some value to those currently working on publications about one a railroad town.

Unfortunately, and to my knowledge, no researcher is currently doing work on Seneca. Since I have empathy with the unfashionable, at least two journal articles on Seneca will be appearing within the next several months to conclude the publications for the 1992 year.

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Of Railroad Towns and Their Origins

Some explanation for the formation of of the numerous railroad towns that sprang up in the early 1870s along the Air Line Railroad (commonly known as the Southern) has been one of the most perplexing tasks facing a number of area researchers in recent years. Exact reasons for the formation of the individual towns in far-northwestern South Carolina remain unknown, and thus far discovered diaries or letters relating information about area railroad towns have failed to provided a clear explanation. It now seems possible, however, to offer some rationale for the rise of such towns.

Donald McCaig in discussing some of the property near the one time Beverley's Mill in what was part of Augusta County, Virginia (the one time home of both Robert Anderson and Andrew Pickens) presents some useful information. Speaking of 1873:

> IN 1873, William R. Stuart's farm was rich... But western wheat was flooding eastern markets and the wheat price wouldn't climb above a dollar a bushel again until the First World War. The Panic of 1873 closed banks and manufacturies all over the nation. [*An American Homeplace* (New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1992), p. 39.]

McCaig, a sheep farmer, sheep-dog enthusiast, and a commentator on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" is not a professional historian, but he did enough research into Virginia history to uncover an important piece of information.

The spread of cheap wheat products from the western states to the southern states had origins in the immediate post-Civil War years, and the availability and price of these products, combined with other factors, had a major impact on the history of far-northwestern South Carolina. Research into the history of Oconee and Pickens counties has clearly revealed that cotton production was limited until after the conclusion of the Civil War, and that grains and corn were the major crops of the area before the 1870s.

Edward L. Ayers, a major historian of the South after Reconstruction, addresses some of the issues relating to the development of towns in the post-Civil War South. Certainly, Westminster, Seneca, Liberty, and Easley were not the only Southern towns to develop during the 1870s. As Ayers points out, "Birmingham: a dreamed-of Southern industrial city had struggled into life despite the brutal depression of the 1870s..." [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992), pps. 59.]

Of more interest, Ayers identifies many of the reasons for the development of the numerous aspiring towns after 1865.

> While some general stores had grown up at junctions on Southern railroads in the 1850s, the clientele and impact of those stores had remained small. Slaves could buy nothing, and small farmers, who spent most of their energy producing for their household or local market, had little currency and little need for credit. Most of the things small farmers could not import or make themselves -- shoes, harnesses, plows, hinges, nails -- were crafted by local artisans, slave and free. Farm women usually made their families' clothes, sometimes with store-bought gingham, but more often with homespun; slave women and mistresses did the same work for plantation slaves. Infrequent purchases from local stores usually involved staples such as salt, molasses, and coffee.
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> The situation changed after emancipation with rapid emergence of country stores in the late 1860s and early 1870s. National laws written during the Civil War put most banks in the North and left stores to dispense the vast majority of credit in the Southern countryside. With cash scarce, Southern legislators created lien laws that allowed the use of unplanted crops as collateral for loans to get cotton and corn into the ground. Because the few Southern banks had little incentive to lend either to small farmers or to rural stores, stores operated on credit dispensed by wholesalers, who in turn obtained credit from manufacturers or town banks. The stores increasingly stood at the center of the rural economy.
>
> Stores sped the reorientation of plantation-belt economic life. Many freedpeople, at the demand of their landlords, concentrated on growing cotton and abandoned their gardens; they turned to stores for everything they needed. Other freedpeople, working for wages and having some say over how they would spend their money, also turned to the store, eagerly purchasing symbols of their independence. The lien proved a powerful political and economic weapon for those who wielded it. In legislative and court battles throughout the 1870s, planters and merchants scrambled for control over the crop liens of small farmers. In some localities, planters and merchants made compromises that allowed both to do business, sometimes working together; in others, merchants decided there might be less competition in regions without powerful landlords. They left for the upcountry.
>
> **Upcountry merchants** had already begun establishing stores of their own. Farms outside plantation areas had been growing more cash crops even before the Civil War, as railroads proliferated and as high cotton prices beckoned. The war had temporarily halted cotton sales but they accelerated in the decade after Appomattox. In the first years after the war, pent-up world demand raised the price of cotton. Northern manufacturers and commission houses sent agents to drum up business in the South; they met eager clients behind the counters. Hundreds of new

> upcountry stores emerged to loan money, market crops, and make profits from the rapidly spreading cotton economy. [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992), pps. 13-14.]

> The great majority of the South's smaller towns were built for the same reasons: to bring commodities together in central locations to be purchased by wholesalers, stored, sometimes repacked, and shipped. Towns grew up around the railroad depots that made all these practices feasible and profitable, whether the commodity was cotton, tobacco, lumber, or fruit. In turn, other people came to these consolidation points to sell goods to the farmers, loan them money, educate some of their children, fix their implements or build them new buildings, furnish them occasional legal and illegal entertainment,... and provide the services of lawyers and doctors and undertakers. [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* , p. 56.]

Cotton became and remained for many years the principal commodity that was shipped from (and following the development of textile mills: into) the railroad towns of far-northwestern S. C. Ayers quotes one cotton farmer discussing the reasons why many farmers first started growing the crop:

> We were poor, had nothing to go on, had no collateral, and we just had to plant the crop that would bring money right away. We did not have time to wait. [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* , p. 14.]

But folk in far-northwestern South Carolina probably did a bit of waiting -- at least until the railroad arrived -- before Cotton began to develop as their major crop. (A railroad did not develop in western York County until the 1880s, and the towns in that area of the state date from the same decade.) Again quoting Ayers:

> In the immediate postwar years farmers could count on cotton when they could count on nothing else; it was easily grown by a farm family, nonperishable, in demand, seemingly profitable, and easy to get credit for. The fertilizer brought by the railroads extended the growing season in the upcountry and reduced the risks of growing cotton in places beyond the plantation areas. By the 1880s, cotton production had spread to thousands of new farms, into the upcountry of... South Carolina. [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* , p.14.]

After a town was established, it generally attracted a wide variety of people: unmarried women, blacks who had been farm workers, small merchants seeking to become prosperous merchants, and some professional people.

> Once towns began to develop, they lured numbers of country people. Well to do landowners began to move because it was a place of some "comforts and conveniences, where the servant question is not impossibly difficult, and where there are good schools for the children." They also moved because they had a growing fear of "living alone on great farms where white neighbors are distant." Young white men with the least bit of education would often "go to town and hire themselves out as most anything..." expecting their life to improve. Their were many advantages to being near a railroad town: "cheap coal,... convenient water supply... ; society and amusements draw the young: the chance to speculate, to make a sudden rise in fortunes, to get in the swim attracts others." [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* , pps. 201,198,20.]
>
> While some towns and cities prospered, others remained "fossils." ...many families bet everything they had that their town would be one of the few to emerge from the crowd, to find a more consistent and more profitable business than merely "swapping one thing for another." [*The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction* , p. 59.]

The last sentence is terribly important to an understanding of growth of towns in the upper Piedmont. While indeed such places as Westminster, Seneca, Liberty, and Easley existed from 1873 forward, enough study has now been completed to conclude that these places were little more than hamlets -- akin to present day Six Mile. In the early years of the railroad towns, before the coming of the textile mills, they awaited spurts of growth, but most were subject to periods of decline during the years from 1873 -1895.

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Bits and Pieces that might prove valuable to some

A few "bits and pieces" are offered, for whatever they may prove worth, from John Preston Arthur's *Western North Carolina: A History (from 1730 to 1913)* (Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, 1914). These selections are based on the known interests of some of our individual members:

LEWIS REDMOND:
(A small part of the story of the most interesting, and apparently the most charming -- or else sexiest -- man, to ever grace the prison cells of far-northwestern South Carolina.)

> LEWIS REDMOND, OUTLAW. He was part Indian, and was born and reared in Transylvania county, having "hawk-like eyes and raven-black hair." [Women adored him then, and women who have studied him in recent years contend that he is one of "the men" that they would most like to meet. The fictional Rhett Butler could have been modeled on this fellow.] When fifteen years of age he was taken into the family of "uncle Wash Galloway," a pioneer farmer of the county, and after he was grown and had left his home at Galloway's, he began "moonshining." Warrants were issued for his arrest, but the deputy United States marshals were afraid to arrest him. Marshal R. M. Douglass, however, deputized Alfred F. Duckworth a member of a large and influential family of Transylvania county. Redmond had sworn he would not be arrested, but young Duckworth went after him notwithstanding. Another deputy by the name of Lankford accompanied him. They came up with Redmond in the neighborhood of the East Fork, March 1, 1876. Redmond and his brother-in-law Ladd were driving a wagon. Duckworth told Redmond to stop, as he had a warrant for his arrest. Redmond stopped the wagon, and asked to hear the warrant read. Duckworth dismounted from his horse and began reading the warrant, but holding his pistol in one of his hands while he did so. Redmond said, "All right, put up your pistol, Alf, I will go along with you." While Duckworth was putting his pistol in his pocket, Ladd passed a pistol to Duckworth, and before "a man standing near by could speak," Redmond put the pistol to Duckworth's throat and fired. Then he and Ladd jumped from the wagon and ran. Duckworth followed them a dozen or more steps, firing his pistol as he ran; but fell in the road form the shock of his wound. He died soon after being taken to his home and Redmond escaped. Redmond was caught later in South Carolina for some offence committed there, but escaped.[9] Later on he was captured in Swain county at or near Maple Springs, five miles above Almond. He was living in a house

(Selections from John Preston Arthur's *Western North Carolina: A History (from 1730 to 1913)* (Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, 1914) continued:)

> which commanded a view of the only approach to it, a canoe landing and trail leading from it. A posse crossed in the night and were in hiding near-by when daylight came. Redmond left the house and went in the upper part of the clearing with a gun to shoot a squirrel.
> One of the posse ordered him to surrender. Redmond whirled to shoot him, when another of the posse fired on him from another quarter, filling back with buckshot, disabling but not killing him. He was taken to Bryson City, and while recuperating from his wounds received a visit from his wife. She managed to give him a pistol secretly which Redmond concealed under his pillow. A girl living in the house found it out, and told Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, who was one of the men guarding him at that time. He told his companions, and it was agreed that the should disarm him. This was done, warning having first been given Redmond that if he moved he would be killed. "Redmond served a term in the United States prison at Albany, N. Y., and after being released moved to South Carolina, where I am informed, he killed another man, an officer, and was again sent to prison."[9] During the term of Gov. Wade Hampton a long petition, extensively signed by many ladies of South Carolina, was presented to the governor for his pardon. He called himself a "Major," and claimed to be dying of tuberculosis. The pardon was granted in 1878, and Redmond has given no trouble since. He was never tried for killing Duckworth.[10] (pp. 304-305)

[9] Letter of C. C. Duckworth to J. P. A[rthur], May 1, 1912.

[10] Letter from C. C. Duckworth to J. P. A[rthur], May 1, 1912; letter from D. K. Collins, June 7, 1912; statement of Hon. J. C. Pritchard, June, 1912. In "The Child That Toileth Not" ([on] p. 448) Pickens county, S. C., is given as the one in which Redmond held forth twenty years ago, etc.

OF MOONSHINERS IN GENERAL:

> The moonshiner, she declares, (p. 201) is "a product of conditions resulting from the Civil War, before which time the mountaineer converted his grain into whiskey, just as the New Englander converted his apples into cider. The act of distilling was not a crime, and became so only because it was an evasion of the revenue laws.... At the beginning of the Civil War for the sake of revenue a very heavy tax was placed on all distilled alcoholic liquors. After the war was over the tax was not removed, and this is the grievance of the mountaineer, who says that the tax should have been removed; that it is unjust and oppressive, and that he has a right to do as he

(Selections from John Preston Arthur's *Western North Carolina: A History (from 1730 to 1913)* (Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, 1914) continued:)

> pleases with his own corn, and to evade the law which interferes with his personal freedom." (p. 16)

[NOTE: the "she" being referenced and quoted is Miss Margaret W. Morley and her publication *Carolina Mountains* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1913).]

> Before railroads were constructed in these mountains there was no market for the surplus corn, rye and fruit; and it was considered right to convert these products into whiskey and brandy, for which there was always a market. When, therefore, soon after the Civil War, the United States government attempted to enforce its internal revenue laws, much resistance was manifested by many good citizens. (p. 272)
>
> Blockading is [the term] usually applied to the illegal selling of moonshine whiskey or brandy. (p. 273)

McKINNEY's ON TOXAWAY RIVER (present Oconee County area) and THE NORTH CAROLINA/SOUTH CAROLINA BOUNDARY

> But, although the commissioners from the two States [North Carolina and South Carolina] met at the designated point on the 20th of July, 1813, they found that they could not agree as to the "practicability of fixing a boundary line according the agreement of 1808," and entered into another agreement "at McKinney's, on Toxaway river, on the fourth day of September, 1813," by which they recommended that their respective States agree that the commissioners should start at the termination of the line of 1772 "and run a line due west to the ridge dividing the waters of the north fork of the Pacolet river from the waters of the north fork of Saluda river [this would reasonably near the present Greenville/ Spartanburg line]; thence along the said ridge to the ridge that divides the Saluda waters from those of Green river [in N. C.]; thence along the said ridge to where the same joins the main ridge which divides the eastern for the western waters, and thence along the said ridge to that part of it which is intersected by the Cherokee boundary line run in the year 1797 [?]; from the center of the said ridge at the point of intersection the line shall extend in a direct course to the eastern bank of Chatooga river, where the 35° of north latitude has been found to strike it, and where a rock has been marked by the aforesaid commissioners with the following inscription, vis.: lat. 35°, 1813. It being understood and agreed that the said lines shall be so run as to leave all the waters of Saluda river within the State of South Carolina; but shall in no part run north

(Selections from John Preston Arthur's *Western North Carolina: A History (from 1730 to 1913)* (Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, 1914) continued:)

> of a course due west of the termination of the line of 1772." (p. 29)

The men meeting at McKinney's house were John Steele, Montfort Stokes, and Robert Burton of North Carolina and Joseph Blythe, Henry Middleton, and John Blasingame of South Carolina. McKinney's is shown on the 1818 Stribling and 1825 Mills' maps

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WALHALLA:

> [Speaking of Highlands in Macon County, N. C.] Captain S. P. Ravenel of Charleston, S. C., came in 1879 and built a beautiful residence on the crest of the Blue Ridge, commanding a fine view, hauling all the lumber, except that for the frame , from Walhalla,S. C. (p. 499)

WALHALLA:

> ... An Indian named Christie lived on the site of the present town of Murphy [Cherokee County, N. C.], and a ford crossing Valley river between the two bridges of the present day was for years called the Christie ford. The first house built by a white man in Cherokee county was a large two-story log house with several rooms, erected by A. R. S. Hunter, originally of Virginia, but who moved into North Carolina from Georgia. Its furniture was of mahogany and was brought by Indians on their shoulders from Walhalla, South Carolina, there being no wagon roads at that time. Mr. Hunter, in about 1838, built a better house. General Wood and General Winfield Scott were entertained by the Hunters during the time of the removal of the Cherokees. [Scott was in charge of the Cherokee removal. One of the removal forts (as holding pens for the Cherokees were sometimes called) was Fort Butler near the Hunter home in Murphy, N. C.]. (pps. 337, 577)

Certainly Walhalla was not yet in existence in 1838 when Gen. Scott was in North Carolina and theoretically being entertained on the "mahogany...brought by Indians...from Walhalla." And curiously, Arthur makes no mention of the Hunters in his list of "first families" of Cherokee County, N. C. (p. 187) It is remotely possible that the Hunters ordered a shipment of "furniture" from Charleston and had it shipped by rail to Walhalla, where it would have arrived no earlier than June 14, 1861. (Shealy, *Walhalla: The Garden of the Gods*, p. 99.) If such an arrival of furniture did take place, it could have been carried by a number of wagon roads into any of several areas of western North Carolina. Again, it is remotely possible that such a shipment of furniture could have been carried the last short leg of its journey by Indians working as hired help or

(Selections from John Preston Arthur's *Western North Carolina: A History (from 1730 to 1913)* (Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, 1914) continued:)

servants. All things considered, especially the time during which a train could have first reached the West Union depot, such a story seems far-fetched! (It is just the sort of story that people love to "latch" onto and swear is gospel because they read in the prominent work by Mr./Mrs./Judge so-and-so.)

INDIANS AND BETTY BLY (BLYTH?) WELSH:

> YONAGUSKA, THE BLOOD AVENGER. The late Col. Allen T. Davidson told the writer that John Welch, a half-breed Frenchman, killed Leech, a full-blooded Cherokee, near old Valleytown in Cherokee county [N. C.], and as Yonaguska was Leech's next of kin, he was therefore his blood avenger, and not only entitled to kill Welch, but the custom of the tribe made it his duty to do so. He, therefore, followed Welch first to the Smoky mountains, and then to Pain Rock [on the Tennessee/N.C. boundary west and north of Asheville, N. C.]; thence to the New Found range west of Asheville, and to Pickens [District], S. C., where Welch stopped and rested. Here it was was, though, that Welch became infatuated with a white girl named Betty Bly, and told Betty that he feared that Yonaguska, whom he had seen loitering near, was seeking a chance to kill him. She then sought out Yonaguska and persuaded him to let Welch off. (p. 573-74)

BUT yet, a page earlier, Arthur tells:

> NANAKATAHKE AND JUNALUSKA. The former was a sister of Yonaguska, and the mother-in-law of Gid. F. Morris, a South Carolinian who came to Cherokee county about the same time that Betty Bly or Blythe, came there, according to the statement of the late Col. A. T. Davidson.... (p. 572)

While all of the above is moderately interesting, it is impossible to place any of the information in a context at present. Does anyone know anything about a Betty Bly or Blythe, who married a John Welch? On p. 187, Arthur states that Gideon Morris, a Baptist preacher,...married Yonaguska's daughter. On this same page, he also relates that Betty Bly(the) Welsh was the heroine of Judge Strange's romance, "Yonaguska."

ROADS (THE UNICOI TURNPIKE)

[Two major (and several minor) roads brought traffic down from Tennessee and the mountains of North Carolina into South Carolina during the antebellum

(Selections from John Preston Arthur's *Western North Carolina: A History (from 1730 to 1913)* (Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, 1914) continued:)

years. The major road coming into South Carolina was over the Saluda Gap in northeastern Greenville County. A small part of this early road (which allowed wagons to reach Knoxville from Greenville as early as 1795) was later tied with the State Road coming from Charleston. The major road coming into northeast Georgia was the Unicoi Turnpike.]

> In 1813 the Cherokees agreed that a company should lay off and build a free public road from the Tennessee river to the head of navigation of the Tuggaloo branch of the Savannah [**this would be reasonably near Pulaski -- a once existing small settlement in what became Oconee County that remains a considerable mystery**]; and this road was completed within the next three years, and became the great highway from the coast to the Tennessee settlements. The road began where Toccoa creek enters the Savannah, and passed through Clarksville and Hiwassee in Georgia, and Hayesville and Murphy, N. C., though those towns had not been established by whites at that time. From Murphy it passed over the Unaka or White mountains into Tennessee to Echota, the capital town of the Cherokees. It was officially styled the Unicoi Turnpike, but was commonly known in North Carolina as the Wachese or Watsisa trail, because it passed near the home of a noted Indian who lived near the place at which it crossed Beaverdam creek -- his name have been Watsisa -- and because this portion of the road followed the old trail which already bore his name. (p. 572)

At some time, an attempt will be made to look at some of the minor roads that brought traffic down from N. C. and its adjacent states. One such minor road of came from near present Rosman, N. C. into what is now upper Pickens County near Rocky Bottom. Some of this route was an old Indian trail passing from the mountains to the Estatoe village. (See Arthur, p. 204, or see Buncombe County Deed Book No. 9, p. 200 -- grant to Charles McDowell for 500 acres on both sides of French Broad including the forks of said river where Path crosses to Estatoe.)

A few miles south of the settlement termed Holly Springs, the road went southwest and eventually joined with a road that is more or less modern Hwy. 183. Crossing the Keowee, this road passed through what later became Walhalla and then followed the course of Coffee Road. It probably then followed a route by or near the house commonly termed (correctly, or not) the Horseshoe Robinson house (west of Westminster, S. C.) on its way to crossings on the Savannah River. Though lesser used than the major roads, literally tens of thousands of turkeys or pigs may have traveled this route during the antebellum years.

NEWSNOTES OF THE OCONEE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 08/31/92

UPCOMING AND OF INTEREST

FIRST ANNUAL SOUTH CAROLINA ARCHAEOLOGY WEEK
SEPTEMBER 19-26, 1992

SEPTEMBER 23 (a Wednesday): From 10:00 to 11:00, Carol Cowan-Ricks will lead a tour of Cemetery Hill that will reveal some of the work being conducted on African-American burials at the site. (Cemetery Hill is on the Clemson University Campus behind the Tiger Side of the Football Stadium.) A luncheon will follow at Liberty Hall Inn in Pendleton from 12:00 to 1:00. Cowan-Ricks will present a lecture entitled "Calhoun's Pre-emancipation African Americans" from 1:30 to 2:30 in room 111 of Lee Hall (the Architecture Building near the Strom Thurmond Institute). Call Cowan-Ricks at 656-0972 BEFORE SEPTEMBER 9TH to make reservations for the tour and/or the luncheon. (NOTE: Carol Cowan-Ricks is hard to reach by phone. If your call is channeled to the switchboard at the Trustee House, ask to speak to Kathleen and ask if she can accept your reservation.)

SEPTEMBER 27 (a Sunday): Beginning at 2:00 and ending probably about 3:30, Don Seriff of the South Carolina Department of Parks, Recreation, and Tourism will conduct a tour of Oconee Station. Reservations should be made before September 25th through Mr. Seriff at 836-6115 or by writing him at Caesar's Head State Park/ 8155 Greer Highway/ Cleveland, S. C. 29635.

As is obvious, I have not had time to print out any Oconee County Historical Society Journal articles. (The Society membership needs to fire me one of these days.) But I and others have been busy. Peggy Rich, myself, and a variety of other folk, including part of the staff of the Caroliniana and several persons in Greenville County and areas of North Carolina, have been working to prepare the journal of William Ancrum for hopeful publication in the *South Carolina Historical Magazine*. Ancrum, a wealthy resident of Camden District -- whose sons would marry the "right people" -- traveled through this area in 1810, some four years later than an earlier diarist, Edward

Hooker. Ancrum's journal is particularly valuable because he relates a variety of material information. In effect, he describes people, buildings and travel routes. His discussion of his travels with members of the Pickens family around the Tamassee area is among the many valuable contributions of this important journal.

All of you should have received a copy of the recent Society publication: *Andrew Pickens.* This and an earlier small booklet have been extremely well received by the general public. Copies are now in numbers of libraries from Walhalla, Seneca, Westminster, and Salem, to Florence and Georgetown. In addition, numbers of copies have been donated to the Oconee County School System.

A condensation of George B. Shealy's work on Walhalla will soon join *Andrew Pickens* and *Historic Sites in Oconee County, S. C.* as part of the general reader series. The publication will contain approximately 24 pages of text and 10 pages of pictures. It will probably be produced as a private business venture.

Julia Jean Woodson's and Anne Sheriff's upcoming *Liberty, South Carolina: One Hundred Years 1876-1976* is now being prepared for the printer. A pre-publication notice offering the book at a special price will be mailed to you soon. This work makes yet another book about the railroad towns that came into existence after 1873 in Oconee and Pickens counties . A listing of businesses (more than I have ever seen in any other publication) and significant information on the development of utilities within the town are valuable additions to our knowledge about these activities within incorporated areas. In addition to discussing the town of Liberty, the book provides information about the antebellum Liberty Spring community that existed before a town was formed, as well as information about numbers of churches and schools that are, or once were, within four miles of the town. The school section will not answer all the questions one might have about the development of education after 1876, but it will provide a variety of helpful information.

(NOTE: Publications already exist on the railroad towns of Central, Seneca, and Easley. New work has already commenced on Central; Seneca and Easley need additional or continued work. As many of you are aware, a publication on Westminster is in preparation. Although publications on Calhoun/Clemson, Norris, and Fort Madison will probably appear in the next few years, they were not the same types of towns as those formed in the mid 1870's. One of the questions I had most hoped to see addressed in the various publications about the early railroad towns was the reason(s) why such towns were able to develop along the line after 1873. If there was such demand for them, why had they not developed earlier? Admittedly, cotton production in far-northwestern South Carolina had substantially increased and the railroad provided a means of both bringing fertilizer into the area and transporting the cotton out. Even so, I am going to suggest that many of little towns were fueled by little more than the enthusiasm of those inhabiting them. By 1873, more than enough people were willing to flee from the isolation of farm life for the anticipated prosperity of the towns to bring the little hamlets to life.

One of the issues not addressed by the various railroad town publications is the economic situation between 1880 and 1899. During these years, some of the towns undoubtedly floundered, or at least stagnated, after the initial optimism of the 1870s had passed. A more detailed study of these towns (as a group) using census records, comparative growth figures for the courthouse towns of Walhalla and Pickens, and growth statistics for the counties, would perhaps reveal that part of them remained little better than hamlets from less than a decade after their founding until after the first decade of the 1900's.)

Dr. W. J. Megginson is preparing for press a listing of black World War I soldiers from Anderson, Pickens, and Oconee counties, along with an informative introduction. This work will probably be published by the Oconee County Historical Society with assistance from other folk and groups.

(NOTE: It is most important to produce all the material on African-American History that Dr. Megginson will supply us. If we had to pay someone to gather this information, we would not take in enough money in the next 100 years to pay the bill -- even if we could find someone (which is unlikely) to do the work. If he ever completes his research and provides it to the public in printed form, it will make a significant contribution to our knowledge of the far-northwestern area of S. C. I personally think that most county and town histories are marred by their failure to take into proper consideration the contributions of various racial and ethnic groups -- although I am aware that the failure to include this type of information often results from the lack of any readily available information.)

Mr. Anthony Wise from Wake Forest University has been working on a Revolutionary War hero at the Battle of Kings Mountain, Col. Benjamin Cleveland, who later settled (1784) near the Tugaloo River. Unfortunately, the bulk of Mr. Wise's research was to center on Cleveland's early life and his activities in S. C. after 1784, rather than his Revolutionary War service. Data thus far gathered tends to indicate that not enough material will be available to pursue this research activity. Even so, Mr. Wise is still considering work on Cleveland and select other early settlers of the Tugaloo River area.

Donald D. Clayton, more often thought of for his work in astro-physics than history or historic houses, has announced his intention to attempt to form a Historic Building Association of Oconee County. Dr. Clayton and his wife Nancy and son Andrew occupy one of the larger historic structures in Seneca and have been working to preserve it. For those persons who, like myself, are interested in historic structures, this organization offers new opportunities. Please see enclosed flyer.

One of the best booklets received in recent months was Research in South Carolina! by the noted genealogical writer Ge Lee Corley Hendrix. The booklet provides a quick reference to South Carolina "Settlement", Archives, Libraries, and Societies", and "Major Resources". The description just provided does not really tell much about the contents, but it is a publication to keep on your working desk or in the glove compartment of your car.

COST: $6.50 (Members of the National Genealogical Society may purchase the booklet for $5.20)

POSTAGE AND HANDLING: $1.50 for first copy and $.50 for each additional copy.

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