

The Anderson Record

Volume 38 Issue 2

Apr/May/June 2024



THE DR. KING HOME – Circa 1881

Our present River Street once was called Rocky River Road. Standing at 505 East River Street was the Dr. King Home, built on a 1½ acre tract included in three acres bought in 1881 by Luther Smith from Col. James L. Orr, son of South Carolina Governor James L. Orr. The builder and year of construction of the original house, a five room, one-story structure, is not known. A slave cabin once stood in the back yard. In 1901 Dr. William Josiah King, Anderson dentist, bought the house. He added the second story in 1908.

The six square columns at the front are one of the most interesting features. The hollow core of these columns is fashioned of forty-eight heart pine boards which formerly formed the floor of a covered bridge that once spanned Rocky River. Two of the 12 ft. long boards were joined together to make the 24 ft. -high columns, with a total of eight boards per column. The finished columns are approximately 65 inches in circumference. Through the years the house was known for its beautiful grounds and gardens. Dr. King was a graduate of the school of dentistry at Vanderbilt University in 1895. He and Mrs. King reared eleven children. The house became the home of a daughter Neva King Smith and her husband George W. Smith.

Special points of interest:

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Three Early Colleges :

Newberry ... Adger Walhalla Female College

When the Stone Church area annexation ratification in 1967 officially moved the geographic location of Clemson University into neighboring Pickens County, it is likely few citizens actually realized there had already been three colleges in Oconee County.

One of them, in fact, was Newberry College which moved to Walhalla in 1868 . . . the same year that Oconee became a county. The second was Adger College which was organized in Walhalla in 1877 and the third was Walhalla Female College, also founded in 1877.

The misfortunes and lack of funds brought on by the Civil War had apparently brought Newberry College near the end of its road, and its governing board decided it either had to fold up or find new quarters.

Under the guidance of the Rev. J. P. Smeltzer, who became its president in 1861, the school had struggled through the war years in spite of handicap after handicap. In the summer of 1865 the college building at Newberry was occupied by a Federal garrison.

In his effort to continue operation of the school, Dr. Smeltzer baked bread and peddled it to Union soldiers, who would make him eat a portion of each batch in their presence so they might be sure he wasn't trying to poison them.

Because of damage done to the building by troops, and to the inability of the Synod to make the necessary repairs, the structure was declared unsafe for occupancy.

It was on June 25, 1868, the board of trustees accepted an offer to move the college to Wahalla. Dr. Smelter later pointed out with some amusement that it wasn't really a different undertaking.

"By that time there was nothing to move but the college bell, the remnants of a library and a few backboards and benches", he often remarked.

It was in 1876, during the statewide jubilation of Wade Hampton's election as governor, that citizens of Newberry raised sufficient funds to "bring their college back home". The school moved back to its point of origination in the fall of 1877.

When Newberry College left, Adger College was organized as its successor and it operated about six years with Dr. J. R. Riley as chairman of the faculty. The college ceased operations about 1884, and the building was then used as a grammar school until it was destroyed by fire on October 22, 1888.

Dr. Smeltzer had not returned to Newberry when that school moved. He had grown to love the town and new county which had given his school haven in its time of dire need . . . and from the fact that several county landmarks bear his name, it is evident the citizens returned his affection.

In 1877 he established the Walhalla Female College and it operated successfully for eight years. He died October 31, 1887, almost two years to the day that his wife had passed away. They were buried in the Lutheran Church cemetery.



Carolyn Mahaffey Duncan Cummings

Obituary

!

April 25, 1935 - June 2, 2024

Townville - Ruby Carolyn Mahaffey Duncan Cummings, 89, wife of Clyde Edward Cummings, passed away Sunday, June 2, 2024.

Born in Pelzer, she was a daughter of the late Roland Waymon and Edith Ware Mahaffey. She was an educator and retired from Anderson, Oconee, and Greenville County schools. She attended Roberts Presbyterian Church and belonged to the Anderson County Genealogy Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Order of the Eastern Star.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by sons, Mike Duncan (Connie) of Piedmont and Jerry Duncan of Seneca; sister, Bobbie Williams of Anderson; brother, Tommy Mahaffey of Williamston; 4 grandchildren, 7 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren.

She was predeceased by grandson, Corey Duncan and sister, Shirley Lewis.

A graveside service will be held at 11:00 a.m. Wednesday, June 5, at Greenville Memorial Gardens Mausoleum Chapel with visitation following the service.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to the Carolyn Duncan Research Center of the Anderson County Genealogy Society, Arts Center Warehouse, 110 Federal St., Anderson, SC 29625-4363.

Gray Mortuary, Pelzer

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THE ANDERSON WATER, LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

The Anderson Water, Light and Power Company, which owns and operates the water works and electric lighting system, is now engaged in developing a fine water power five miles from this city. Now, this scheme, which is of unusual magnitude and importance receives the greatest attention from every live businessman in Anderson, and they are numerous for a city of its size. They are all pulling together for the successful and early consummation of this enterprise and its value to the city can not be overestimated. This splendid water power will be transmitted to the city as electrical power and will be used by the company for operating its own works and will be furnished to manufacturers at prices 95 percent cheaper than steam power.

The company is putting in the more up to date plant that could be purchased and now has the heavy work almost completed. The machinery has arrived and by the middle of March the new plant will be in operation. It will be quite different in some respects from anything of the kind that has been attempted in this country. The generator, which will be placed at the water power, and which will be driven by one of the latest improved turbine wheels, designed especially for this plant, will be furnished by the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company of Pittsfield, Mass. The generator will be a two-phase alternating machine generating a current of electricity at the very high pressure of 5,500 volts. This current will be transmitted over four small copper wires to the central station in the city and there by means of step-down transformers, the voltage of the current will be reduced to 10.40 and then distributed over the city with the present system. This one generator

will be made to operate with incandescent and arc lamps and motors, all of which will be taken from one circuit in-which respect the plant, will be very unique, as there are none in this country to-day doing all of this work.

The company has also recently bought Portman Shoals, a very fine water power on Seneca River, nine miles from the city. It is the intention of the company, as soon as it has fully demonstrated to the satisfaction of its stockholders and the community the practical working of this smaller plant to undertake the development of Portman Shoals. This will give Anderson unlimited power in the most available form it could be placed. It is estimated that 7,500 horse power can be obtained at Portman Shoals alone, so the outlook is hard to overestimate. The work will surely be done and Anderson soon bids fair to be the electric city of our State, as she is now one of the liveliest and most flourishing. Mr. W. L. Redday is president of the company, Mr. W. G. Whitner is general manager and chief engineer and Mr. J. L. Mauldin is superintendent.

Remembering The Fallen Heroes of Boys High

*They shall always be with us, faces on our mind's eye.
Alive in present memory – down the lanes of time.*

There are 55 names listed on bronze plates. They all died violent deaths while in the sweetness of their youth. Now when we remember them they are always in our mind's eye. These are the 55 young men from Anderson's Boys High, now McDuffie High, (*now called C. F. Reames Education Center*) that died in World War II. The youth of our area have always answered their country's call.

*Remembering The Fallen Heroes
of Boys High*

Continued from Page 5

They were at Gettysburg and some died there; they were at Belleau Wood and some died there; They were on Omaha Beach and many died there. In the air over Europe, off carriers in the Pacific, on small islands in the midst of a vast sea, they gave their best and they gave their lives – and for what? Not at any time in all of the world's history has there been such a vast struggle between definite good and evil as there was in World War II.

Thousands of this area willingly answered the call to arms. These were the ones who saved the world from evil – herein I don't use the word evil loosely – the Nazis and the Japanese Empire were the manifestation of evil in this world.

It is most fitting that a plaque to these men who went to Boys High and who gave their lives for their country, and for all of us, is installed to honor them. There are many kin and friends on that list. As I read down the engraved names I once again saw many of these young faces, full of life, never to grow old.

I can see them now. There is Sam Hammett, always nattily dressed, walking briskly down Crayton Street. There is Dexter Brown on the hockey field behind Anderson College, fading back to pass the football. I still see John Belton Watson, he's leading up a Troop 84 Scout hike, I find a round rubber device on the ground and start to pick it up, saying, "What's this?" John Belton stops me and explains what a condom is. Later I see him in his new officer's uniform with his navy wings of gold. He's waving his big ham of a hand and excitedly saying, "Bill, I've just been assigned a carrier," which was the last time I ever saw him.

So many on this list were flyers, like Booty Young, P.O. Kelly and Harold Major. I can see Booty following his older brother Jimmy around. With ease I conjure up a vision of P.O. just flying on his bicycle down Calhoun Street. He has a shoulder bag of neatly folded Daily Mails, he's cutting his bike off and onto sidewalks while sailing his papers onto porches – surely a born fighter pilot. His last delivery was as a fighter pilot in the Pacific.

Harold Major sat across the aisle from me at North Fant Grammer School. He was quiet and smart. His last

minutes of life were in a B-17 over Berlin.

There's Preston Lanier, long and lanky and always smiling, one of the North Fant Street boys. There is Bobby Trip, he had a perpetual grin. We are in our overalls running through the woods of the Three and Twenty. And Calhoun "Brother" King, who lived across the street from us on the corner of Fant and Crayton. Freckle-faced, always serious, he died at the foot of Mount Cassino in Italy. (He's the only one I know to be inadvertently left off the list).

There's my brother Sam, six years my senior and always my hero. I remember him in a thousand ways and sometimes see him with his tux on with Sis Stribling hanging on his arm, they are going to a dance and I'm wishing I could go with them. Sam will always be young.

None of these forever boys will ever be forgotten

*They shall not grow old
as we are left to grow old;
Age shall not weary them
nor time condemn.*

*At the rising and the going down of the sun
we will remember them.*

From "Tales From Seventeen Mile Hill" By Dr. William H. Hunter, M.D. - Compiled and edited by Ray Chandler

I started out calmly, tracing my tree,
To see if I could find the making of me,
And all that I had was Great-Grandfather's name,
Not knowing his wife or from whence he came.

I chased him across a long line of states,
And came up with pages and pages of dates.
When all put together, it makes me forlorn,
Poor old Great-Grandpa had never been born.

One day I was sure the truth I had found,
Determined to turn this whole thing upside down.
I looked up the record of one Uncle John,
But then found the old man to be younger than his son.

Then when my hopes were fast growing dim,
I came across records that must have been him.
The facts I collected made me quite sad,
Dear Old Great-Grandfather was never a Dad.

It seems that someone is pulling my leg,
I'm not at all sure I wasn't hatched from an egg.
After hundreds of dollars I've spent on my tree,
I can't help but wonder if I'm really me!

The Anderson County Research Center Corner

By Gary Farmer

People have come and visited the Research Center to research their family genealogy: They were,

Linda Chapman Robinson from Taylors, South Carolina visited the center on late April 2024.

Sara Hademenos drove all the way from Huston, Texas and stopped in on 30 April, wanting to research the Elrod, Williams, Ables, Newton, Swaney and Swords families.

Amanda E. Robinson, from Boiling Springs, South Carolina came by also on April 30th wanting information that could be found on the Manly/Manley and Hampton family.

Ann Gambrell, of Easley, visited us on the 2nd of May. She was looking for information on the Aron/Aaron Anderson.

Arther B. Milford of Melbourne Beach, Florida was looking for anything we had on Robert Milford. He stopped by on the 7th of May.

Lea Edward, living in Fairfax, Virginia came by on 14 May looking for info on the Breckenridge, Richards, and Watson families.

Jim Harris, from Townville, SC on 21 May, came by the Research Center to see what was available on the Milwee, Harris, Tribble, Durham and Hudgins Families.

William J. (Joey) Hawkins, who lives here in Anderson came by in May, to see what he could come across.

Mary Keep Mallory, drove up from Bowdon, Georgia on 28 May, looking for information on a Will of Isaac Clements which was probated in Anderson, SC.

Donald & Wanda Somers, came by on 29 May 2024 from Graham, NC, looking for information on Elijah Butler who was born in Anderson, SC about 1806—1808. Research show that Elijah Butler was born here but moved down toward the coast to Duplin, NC.

Gail Christancy, from Nampa, Indiana came together with **Brenda King**, from Pendleton, SC on 29 May looking to get a tour of the Research Center and possibly find information on Whitten and Coe family as well as the Kings.

Eleanor Robins, stopped by on 27 June 2024 to bring the Research Center some books to add to our collection.

The Anderson County Genealogical Society Is Accepting Your Family Genealogy Information

Please consider sharing your family research with us for others to use in their search for family connections.

Do you have research books that you have bought and would like to donate them back to the Research Center for resale.

We Would Gladly Accept Them

GENERAL'S ROAD

BY RICH OTTER

In preparation for our country's sesquicentennial celebrating the signing of the Articles of Independence, Anderson County's 250 Committee is planning a number of projects emphasizing education, community historical events and locations. One such project is for the erection of a historical monument in recognition of the General's Road, a portion of the road that includes Main Street in the City of Anderson.

Anderson County Museum's Curator Dustin Norris described the General's Road as emanating in Abbeville County and roughly following what is now Highway 28. The road reached the home of General Andrew Pickens at Hopewell before continuing into present-day Oconee County. In fact, the General's Road gained its name due to Pickens' frequent use of the route for business trips between Pendleton and Abbeville.

The road passage, as described on the proposed plaque, includes notable sites such as in Abbeville County's *Temple of Health* stagecoach inn, proceeding then to Anderson County's *Varenes Tavern*. It passed what in 1826 became the Anderson County Courthouse location on the way to the White Hall stage stop. Its final resting place in Anderson County was in Pendleton before crossing the Seneca River at Cherry's Crossing (*known as Pickens Ford*) to General Pickens' retirement home at Tomassee.

The proposed marker indicates that the General's Road was in use by that name from the 1780's and on into the late 1800's. The trip was an uncomfortable and tiring sojourn. Passengers would freeze in the winter, and the dust thrown up on the rustic roads meant flaps had to cover the windows creating a suffocating enclosure in summer. When the wheels mired in mud, the passengers had to get out and push. If an axle broke, they were likely treated to a long walk.

The stage would make 10 or 15 mile runs between each stop where passengers greatly welcomed food and likely a stimulating beverage. The horses could be

changed and the stops often included a night's rest. It was a rugged ride.

Before entering Anderson County heading north through Abbeville County, there was respite at the Temple of Health stage stop in a community at least large enough to warrant a post office. It was speculated by a DeKalb County newspaper that the area had acquired its name based upon the Cherokee Indian belief a spring in the area had healing qualities. Undoubtedly the available beverages offered at the Temple of Health tavern provided



Believed to be "Temple of Health Stage Stop"

equivalent recuperation.

The next stop along the bumpy dusty stage route was in Anderson County at the *Varenes Tavern* operated by the Norris family in Varennes Township. It was a large structure with a hallway running through the center of the tavern with two rooms, a parlor and a dining room. A large fireplace provided comfort in the winter. There were four rooms in the back, two for the family and two more to accommodate up to four people each, one for males and one for females. The second floor also had two rooms appropriately separating by gender. Out back was a privy, a trough to clean off the trail grime, and the kitchen. The stop also had a post office.

On the road again, the stage bounced past the lo-



Varennes Tavern Stage Stop

cation of what would become the center of the town of Anderson County Courthouse toward Pendleton, reigning in at White Hall, the next welcomed stop.

Author Louise Ayer Vandiver, writer of *“Traditions and History of Anderson County”*, identified the stop as being just outside North Anderson. It was where Whitehall Road and Concord Road now intersect with North Main Street. It had been one of the locations considered for the new town of Anderson Courthouse. It already was a stage stop, had a store and a fine white washed home. Vandiver, however, reported one of the buildings had a basement where a man had been murdered and, of course, was haunted. That may have encouraged those searching a new courthouse site to move on to the next tavern. There they settled a location disagreement, avoiding fisticuffs, determining the new Anderson County courthouse would be adjacent to the tavern. Undoubtedly they then returned to the tavern and toasted their success.

The final stage stop in Anderson County was in the growing community of Pendleton. From there, travelers galloped into present Oconee County and, following the remainder of the path, would eventually terminate at General Pickens’ retirement home at Tomassee.

It would be interesting to glimpse how a travel brochure could have described the General’s Road tour and its accommodations. But the days of the stagecoach were limited. In the late 1850’s those romantic trips were replaced by the iron horse, *Train*, that extended it run all the way up to the town of Walhalla where it thereafter abruptly ended inside an unfinished Stumphouse Mountain Tunnel. All was not lost, however.

The abandoned tunnel subsequently produced delicious cured blue mold cheese for Clemson University.

Article by Richard Otter, Originally Posted in the Community Section of “The Electric City News”, February 13-29, 2024, Page 15.

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THE DAYS OF THE INDIANS

By LOUISE AYERS VANDIVER

For more than a hundred years after the coast of Carolina had become a prosperous British Colony, and Charleston was the most elegant and cultured city of the New World, all the "back country," as it was called, was gloomy forest peopled sparsely by Indians, and abounding in wild animals.

The Red Man lived in rudimentary towns, and one of the chief of these was almost where Walhalla now stands. Many of the names of upper South Carolina are of Cherokee origin, Seneca, Tugaloo, Generostee are instances. Keowee or Kewhohee means the river of mulberries: Enoree is the river of muscadines.

It is doubtful whether the famous Keowee trail passed through what is now the city of Anderson, but smaller trails did. One started at the "Whitehall," which was very close to the residence of Mrs. Nelson Green, ran through North Anderson, through the grounds of the Anderson County Hospital and Fant Street School, ran back of where Mr. John Hubbard's house stands, went through Mr. Raymond Mattison's premises, through the grounds of "Arlington" and on towards Belton. It probably joined the Keowee Trail lower down. If that is truly the lines followed by the trail, the Indians did not travel as the crow flies, but followed devious and crooked paths.

Along this old trail are sometimes still found arrow heads, pipes, hatchets and other remains of Indian handiwork.

On the Williamston road near the Bailey home was an Indian town. The arrowheads found about there are different from most that have been picked up in the vicinity of Anderson. They are beautifully polished, and look almost like fish scales. It has been suggested that they were brought to the place by hostile Indians, and

that there may have been a battle there between two tribes. Some of the articles discovered in this section have been sewing awls of stone and bone, stone pipes, remnants of pottery of a rude kind, flat stones with hollowed center, corn mills and stone knives.

The old Byrum place, now converted into a country club, stands on the site of an ancient Indian camp. On the plantation of Mr. Henry McFall near High Shoals they buried some of their dead. It is said that near that locality is still to be found a root of which the Indians made bread. At High Shoals also they had a burial place, and on the old Bailey Breazeale place between Anderson and Belton are to be seen several Indian burial mounds.

An Anderson man tells of having seen an Indian burial mound opened when he was a boy. Deep in the ground was a pen of pine piles filled with parched corn; but in wonderfully good condition considering its age, and the length of time it had been buried. There were in the grave tomahawks, white clay beads, colored glass beads, long stemmed clay pipes, decorated pottery, arrowheads, and knives of stone and bone-things which the savages thought would be serviceable to the departed spirit on its journey into the unknown. The gentlemen said that chickens killed on the place were frequently found to have swallowed some of the same kind of clay beads.

In 1908 a freshet changed the course of the Savannah River, and in the old bed were various pieces of Indian pottery. A government expert was sent from Washington to examine the things exposed by the river, and he discovered many interesting relics.

The old Johnson University buildings were erected on a spot where many Indian articles have been found; among them pieces of stone so hard that ordinary tools were broken in trying to cut it. It is supposed that the stone must have been brought to the locality by Indians, as none like it has been found anywhere else in the county. Pieces of this stone were used for stamping Confederate money for the short time that the Confederate Treasury occupied the University buildings.

Most if the Indian mounds were burial places, but the very large ones were probably community dwellings; whole tribes being herded into one mound for shelter. The red people usually lived in squalor and thrived on dirt. Some mounds bear evidence of having been places of public meetings, sort of council chambers.

Some very small ones were probably picket posts where sentinels were stationed to guard the settlements.

Between Anderson and Walhalla run several creeks bearing singular names. One Mile, Six Mile, Twelve Mile, Eighteen Mile, Four and Twenty, Six and Twenty, and farther down the line of the Keowee Trail lies the town name Ninety-Six. These names are accounted for by an Indian tradition about which there has been some controversy. Iconoclasts loudly proclaim the whole story a fabrication, but Dr. J. W. Daniell, South Carolina's highest authority on Indian lore, thinks the story is founded on truth. At any rate it is a pretty legend, and if the annals of a people or people or a land be shorn of legend and tradition, none but the Gradgrind family will ever read its history.

It is said that long ago a young Englishman named Allen Francis taught an Indian school at Keowee. Among his pupils was Cateechee, a Choctaw maid, captive of Kuruga, the Cherokee chief. In her own tongue her name was **Issaqueena**. Both words mean deer's head. The two fell in love with each other, and when Allen left the Indian settlement it was with a promise to return for his dusky sweetheart at some future day. He went to Fort Cambridge and established himself there in a trading business with his father and brother.

One night Cateechee overheard Kuruga and his warriors planning an attack on Fort Cambridge, intending to massacre all of the white people living there.

The girl determined to save her lover. After the Indians were asleep she stole away to go to the fort ninety-six miles from Keowee, and warn the white people of their danger. When morning came she was missed, and the Cherokees, suspected her errand, started to pursuit.

As she ran, a succession of mountain streams crossed her path, and she named them as she sped on, comforting herself with the sound of the number of miles

she had thrown behind her. At nightfall, footsore and exhausted, she told her tale. When a little later the Indians reached the place the fort was garrisoned, and the attack was easily repulsed.

Naturally Cateechee remained among the people whom she had saved, and she and Allen Francis were married. For several years they lived in peace among the people of the little town, then called Ninety-Six in memory of her race with death over ninety-six miles of forest.

But in far off Keowee, Kuruga had not forgotten nor forgiven. He waited his chance for vengeance – and one night when a violent storm was raging, preventing cries from being heard, the Indians descended upon Allen Francis' cabin and bound both Allen and his wife, taking them back over the dreary mile to Keowee. Cateechee carried in Indian fashion her infant daughter on her back. When the Indian town was reached the mother and child were sent to the wigwam of the chief, there to resume her life of servitude. Allen Francis stood bound in the midst of the Indian council, awaiting whatever cruel fate they chose to mete out to him. But so stoical and indifferent did the young man appear that he won the admiration of Kuruga, who in place of putting him to death, determined to adopt him as his son. Henceforth the little family was united; they, however, were so closely watched that two years had passed before they found an opportunity to escape. Then one wild night when the Indian women were returning late and in confusion from a nutting expedition, the opportunity occurred; Cateechee, hampered by the weight of her child, lagged behind the women who were hastening to reach home before the fury of the tempest burst upon them.

Allen Francis had gone to meet the returning party, and finding themselves alone, in spite of the storm they determined to escape. They were too wise to attempt to reach their home immediately, and for a time hid in the forest, making a big hollow tree their shelter. The Indians, suspecting that they had returned to Ninety-Six, sent messengers to discover them. But the messengers returned saying that the fugitives had not gone to the fort; the people there supposed them to be still among the Indians.

Most of the red-skins came to believe that on that fearful night the whole family had been struck by lightning, and that wild beasts devoured their bodies.

Not all of them, however, entertained that view, and a party of the doubters finally set out to fully explore the mountain fastnesses in search of the vanished family. The searchers found their rude shelter, which their leader, the medicine man old Salue, contemptuously named "Stump House," and Stump-House Mountain was christened. Finally the explorers discovered Cateechee standing on the banks of the stream *Tugaluyi* (Tugaloo), and started in pursuit of her. The frightened mother, clasping her child, plunged into the stream and fled along its course, arrows whizzing about her head. Finally she reached a high cascade, and the pursuing Indians believed that certainly they had recovered their prey. But in desperation she leaped over the fall, and they were sure that they had seen her dashed into pieces on the stones below, so they turned back to the hollow tree to await the return of Allen Francis.

But Cateechee had not been dashed to death. About ten feet below the fall there was a ledge, and on that she landed, and stepping behind the falling water was securely screened from view. At a little distance her husband had witnessed the whole episode. As soon as the Indians retired from the place, Allen Francis, by the help of leather thongs, helped his wife to regain the bank, and together they climbed down the rocks so as to leave to trail, and waded down the shallow stream until they reached the bark boat which Allen Francis had just completed. Into that they clambered, and floated down the river until next day when they came to the broad Savannah River where they abandoned their frail bark boat, and traveling across country, rejoined their friends at Ninety-Six.

Issaqueena Falls still makes the leap with Issaqueena made with her little daughter in her arms.

Another Indian story told of this vicinity is that of Kiessa.

At Swansea Rock on the border of Anderson County there lived at the time of the Revolution a stalwart Indian said to have been almost seven feet tall. His nearest neighbor and closest friend was "Horseshoe Robinson." Between them was a love as strong as that between David and Jona-

than. In the tent of Kiessa there dwelt with him his wife and their only child, a daughter whom they called Connesstee.

One day while Kiessa and Horseshoe were hunting in the forest, a band of Tories, cruel as the typical savage, entered the humble home seeking for their enemy Horseshoe Robinson, and willing because of their hatred of him to hurt his friends. Finding only women in the wigwam, they took them prisoners, stole everything of value, and burned all else, then went away towards King's Mountain to report their dirty trick.

Connesstee wore a robe ornamented with feathers from a pheasant's tail, and as she was carried away she often plucked a feather from her garment and threw it on the ground. These, her keen-eyed father observed as soon as he discovered his loss, and he and his friend Horseshoe were soon in hot pursuit. On the sixth night when they stopped to rest, they saw lights at some distance, and after eating some of the food they carried, the two slipped forward in the dark and came to the foot of a high bluff, on the top of which was pitched a tent. Stealing softly to the place where the tent was just above them, Kiessa stood close to the rock, then Horseshoe, standing on his shoulders and carefully pulling himself by bushes, found that he was in the rear of Ferguson's tent. The people within, thinking themselves perfectly secure, talked freely of a bag of gold which had that day been received to pay the soldiers. Ferguson did not intend to pay them until he had first dislodged a camp of American soldiers not far from him, and he planned to make an attack upon them early next morning.

As he lay close to the tent Horseshoe Robinson saw a brown object protrude from beneath the edge, and examining it closely, found it to be the sleeve of Connesstee's feather trimmed robe. Rejoicing in what he had learned, the woodsman cut a thong from his own shin hunting shirt, and by its aid descended to carry the good news to Kiessa.

Watching for dawn, the two waited for their opportunity. Reveille sounded in the British camp and preparations were made for the troops to go forward. Suddenly above the noise of camp activities sounded the clear notes of a mockingbird, or so it seemed to the British soldiers.

But Connesstee recognized her father's signal. As the sound of the soldiers' marching grew faint in the distance, Kiessa slipped beneath the rear flap of the tent, where lay his wife and daughter, bound with thongs. Severing their bonds, they were armed with hatchets, and when Robinson and the Indian man fell upon the guard, the two women attacked them from the rear, and every soldier who remained in the camp were slain. The invaders waited until they learned that Morgan had beaten his adversaries, then were fortunate enough to seize a two-horse wagon loaded with provisions and clothing, which with the gold, they carried to their ruined home. The gold they buried between the two branches of the Saluda River, and so secure was the hiding place that they themselves could never find it again.

Horseshoe Robinson immediately returned to Marion's camp, and Kiessa moved for protection near to Keowee, and there was Connesstee wedded to a young Cherokee chief.

Almost in the old "General's Road" at Varennes, Very near the home of the late Colonel J. W. Norris, is an Indian mound which is surrounded with rocks fixed on end, which have retained their position amid the various changes wrought by time.

There are several localities near Anderson which traditions names as Indian burial grounds; and it is said that as late as 1855 Indians came once a year to care for these ancient cemeteries.

Very early in the history of the country, enterprising tradesmen from the coast colonies penetrated far into the Indian wilds, trading worthless trinkets, firearms and whiskey to the red men for hides, horns, baskets and pottery.

Closely following the trader came the cow driver in search of pasturage new for his cattle, and many cowpens, beside the one made famous by the chance of war, were established throughout the wild country. One step further placed the pioneer's cabin almost within sight of the Indian wigwam. From the seacoast, from Virginia, North Carolina and Pennsylvania came the frontier settlers. Forests fell beneath his axe. Fields appeared where somber woods had long held undisputed

sway. On horseback and on foot they came, with an occasional heavy wheeled cart, the wheels being slices of some huge log with a hole made through the center. The carts were without springs. Roads there were none, and travelers required courage and endurance.

With increasing anger the Indians watched sullenly the encroachments of the whites, and disputed with them every foot of ground.

About fourteen miles from the city of Anderson in the neighborhood of old Calhoun, occurred in the early days a brutal Indian massacre of a white family.

Their name is given variously as Smith, as Kemp, and as Callahan. There seems stronger evidence for the name Kemp than any of the others. At any rate, as Kemp they will figure in this narrative. Little is actually known about them. They may have been a part of the great Scotch-Irish migration which set in from more northern colonies towards the southwest in the middle of the eighteenth century. Tradition says they came from Virginia. Certainly they were people of some means for they brought with them slaves, the number unknown, though it is thought there were eight.

Mr. Kemp became friendly with some of the Indians who prowled about the country, entertained them in his home, and felt no fear of his red friends.

About the tragic fate of the family the late Judge J. P. Reed left in manuscript an interesting tale. How much is romance, and how much is history, at this distant day no one can determine. Judge Reed calls the name Callahan, but as he was writing a story, he most probably used fictitious names. He gives to the family a blooming young daughter and an adopted son, who as they grew up fell in love with each other, and were on the point of being married. He makes the family of the Catholic faith. Whether that is true, or whether as story writer he had to find some way to get the farther away as he would have use for him in the chase which followed, he at any rate sends him to Long Cane, the nearest settlement where the services of a Catholic priest could be obtained, to get the padre to return with him and perform the marriage ceremony for the young people.

It was then that the Indians, instigated by a notorious Tory of the locality, whose name was Vaughn, surprised the family and killed all of them except on small negro boy who escaped in the dark and climbed a tree in the adjacent swamp, clasping to his breast a pet dog.

The story of the boy has been handed down, and it was said that the Indians, knowing how many were in the family, missed the lad and spent several hours looking for him. The poor little fellow told when next day he reached Long Cane that sometimes the savages stopped under the very tree he had climbed, and that his little dog would bristle up as though he intended to growl, but never did, just cowered in the boy's arms in silence.

Mr. O. E. Horton, of Atlanta, tells the story as he heard it from his grandfather, Major Aaron Broyles, who knew the people, and lived as near them as anyone did. He calls the people Kemp, says nothing of the boy and girl of the love story, says there were five in the family, and that the story of the little negro and his dog is true. The house was burned, the bodies mutilated and left lying where they fell. The sorrowing neighbors took them up and buried them just back of where the house stood. There a neighborhood graveyard afterwards grew up.

Embedded in the earth is a large flat stone which was probably the hearth stone of the ill-fated dwelling. The place was bought some years later by the grandfather of Georgia's war governor, Joe Brown, and it was long known as the old Brown place, though no other house has ever been built on the spot where Mr. Kemp's pioneer dwelling stood.

The Indians continued to give trouble for some years after the Revolutionary War. The final treaty between them and the state of South Carolina was negotiated by General Andrew Pickens. It took place beneath a red oak tree near Cherry's Crossing, which stood until just a few years ago, when it was blown down in a storm. The tree was known far and wide as "The Treaty Oak." The place is now marked with a large boulder.

The first step toward the acquisition of the South Carolina Piedmont section by the white race was a treaty made in 1730 by Sir Alexander Cumming, emissary of Governor Moore, for the colony of South Carolina, and

for the Cherokee nation by its chief, Moytoy. Everlasting friendship was declared, and six warriors accompanied Sir Alexander Cumming to London in order to seal the compact by a personal interview with King George II.

It is told that the savages, wishing to make a good impression upon the court of Great Britain, adorned their heads with feathers, their necks with beads and their bodies with paint for their visit of state. It was with difficulty they were induced to all blankets. The Indians were received with great courtesy, and much attention was shown them in London. The friendship with England then cemented, lasted to the detriment of the American Colonies through the Revolution.

In 1755 Governor Glen wished to strengthen the alliance between the white settlers and the Indians, so he met about five hundred Cherokee warriors in their own country. From them he purchased land, and entered into a solemn treaty. The territory then acquired is now embraced in the counties of Edgefield, Abbeville, Laurens, Newberry, Union, Spartanburg, York, Chester, Fairfield and Richland. The line between Greenville and Spartanburg counties was about the boundary between South Carolina and the Cherokee Province.

Immediately the new lands were settled by white people, and it was a short time only before the more daring were pushing into the Cherokee country. The name, Ninety-Six District, was given to the newly acquired territory. Later territory gained from the Cherokee also became a part of Ninety-Six District, which was afterwards divided into Ninety-Six and Washington. Still later Washington was divided into Greenville and Pendleton Districts, the latter named in honor of a popular Virginia judge of the time.

The divisions of the colony were first known as counties. Afterwards they were called districts, and in quite recent times became again counties.

All of what is now Anderson county belonged to the Cherokees until after the Revolutionary War, although probably before the war there were a number of white settlers located in the Indian territory.

* * * * *

The Family Tree

*Our family is like the branches
On an old but sturdy tree
The leaves resemble people
That make up our ancestry
The past has not been easy
And it could have made it fall
But the roots are cemented firmly
For this tree to stand so tall
As time goes by it's certain
That the leaves will wither and wilt
But new branches of the tree will thrive
On foundations they have built
Together we are stronger
It isn't hard to see
That isn't hard to see
That every leaf is needed
To make this family tree.*



York County Library

Genealogy & Family History Expo

Saturday, October 12, 2024, 8:30 a.m.– 5:00 p.m.

Courtyard by Marriott, Fort Mill, S.C. (*1-77 at Highway 160*)

- 13 Sessions from nationally known speakers.
 - Exhibitors & Vendors
 - Gifts and Door Prizes, including books.
- DNA testing kits, and free subscriptions to genealogy websites and software.
 - Delicious catered luncheon.
 - **Absolutely FREE**

Registration begins September 7, 2024

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yclibrary.org, john.skardon@yclibrary.org

Additional information, including schedule, *will be announced soon.*

John W. Skardon, Reference/Genealogy
MSLS Archives & Records Management
138 E. Black Street
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john.skardon@yclibrary.org

Anderson County Chapter of the South Carolina Genealogical Society

2024 Meeting Schedule

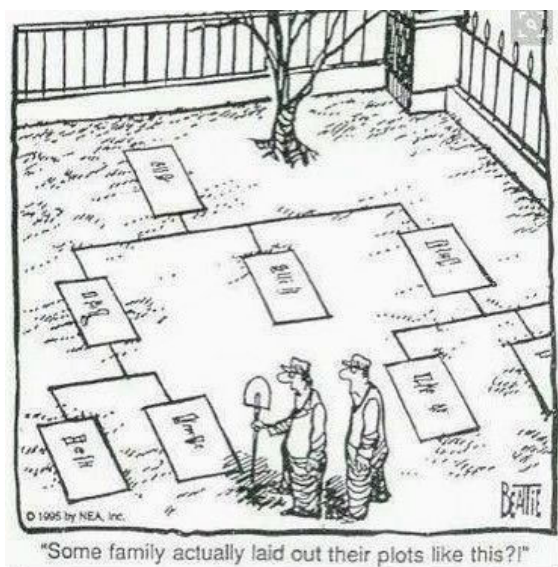
August Meeting - 5 Aug 2024 - Lamar Brooks - "Making Pictures
Come To Life"

September Meeting - 2 Sep 2024 - **No Meeting - Labor Day**

October Meeting - 7 Oct 2024 - Big Creek Baptist Church -
Pastor Ron Fousek

November Meeting - 4 Nov 2024 - Shelby Lollis, Joyce Gibson &
Joyce Seabolt

December Meeting - 2 Dec 2024 - **Christmas Dinner**



The Anderson Record is the official quarterly publication of the Anderson County Chapter of the South Carolina Genealogical Society. Contributions of historical articles, family histories, Bible records, notifications of reunions & queries are encouraged and welcome. The Editor reserves the right to edit articles prior to publication. Articles or emails should be clearly written (copy ready preferred) with name of contributor and source furnished. Permission to use material in this newsletter is granted if the source and author are noted. Submission of the article or email authorizes the Anderson County Genealogical Society the right to publish said material.

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