



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PO BOX 874, SHALLOTTE, NC 28459

VOLUME XLVI

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NUMBER 3

AUGUST MEETING TO BE HELD AT BEMC IN SUPPLY, NC AUGUST 14, 2006 7:30 P. M.

The next meeting of the Brunswick County Historical Society will be held at the Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation Building, 795 Ocean Highway West, Supply, NC. The meeting begins at 7:30 P. M. Refreshments will be served at 7:15 P. M. **We always meet the 2nd Monday in February, May, August and November.**

The speaker will be Jim McKee, local historian and Confederate reenactor. He will speak on the topic, "Civil War Along the Cape Fear." The program will focus on the influential role the military has played in Brunswick County's history. Come hear about the establishment of Fort Johnston, Fort Caswell, blockade runners, and Fort Anderson.

One of our faithful members, Donald Jenrette, died July 13, 2006. Mr. Jenrette was currently serving as a Director of the Society.

At the August meeting our President will appoint a nominating committee to present a slate of officers for 2007-2009. The slate will be voted upon at the November meeting.

The Treasurer reports a bank balance of \$1,237.66. This bank balance is as of June 30, 2006. Total membership stands at 79. This includes 11 Life Memberships. Newsletters are sent to 5 libraries, 1 historical society and 1 historic site. **For \$100 one can become a life member and never have to worry about dues again.** Today, this is truly a bargain. Talk with your friends and invite them to the next meeting. Don't assume they know about the society. We are receiving good publicity due to Jarvis Baillargeon and the meeting notices he places in area newspapers.

PRICELESS: I'd like a little line engraved on my headstone: "Dig here for genealogy. They were going to put it all in the dumpster, so I took it with me." Anonymous

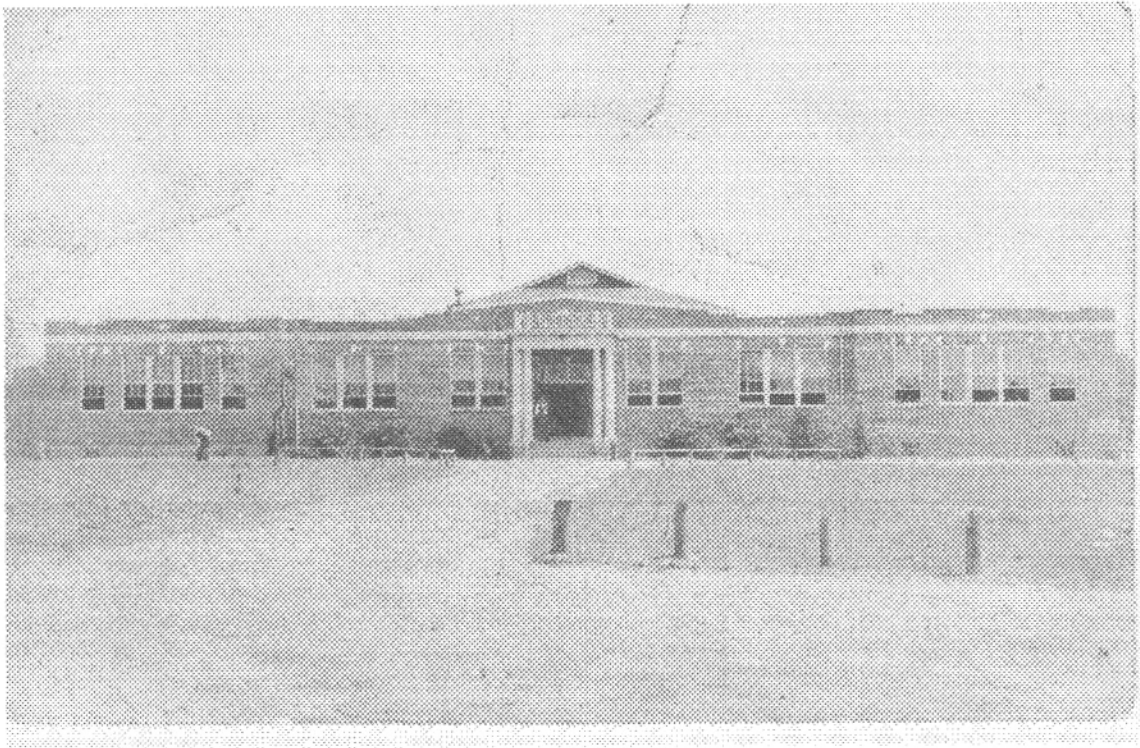
Society Officers 2004-2006

President: Joe Carter
Vice-President: Bertha Grohman
Secretary: Tammy Sellers
Treasurer: Gwen Causey
Directors: Hulaine Holden, Donald Jenrette
Newsletter Editor: Gwen Causey
Refreshments: Janice Pigott
Publicity: Jarvis Baillargeon

*Waccamaw today we hail thee
And the none shall ever fail
The good work thou has done
And yet shall do
You've been our Alma Mater
And to us there's none so great
This song of praise we hail to you.*

LOG SCHOOL IS GONE, BUT ALUMS KEEP SPIRIT ALIVE.
Excerpts from the Wilmington Morning Star, November 1, 1996.

For the country kids who graduated from Waccamaw High School, with its log gymnasium and a lunchroom where you had to bring your own meat and vegetables to make that day's batch of soup, memories are precious and dear.



Every year since the mid-'60s, the graduates of the small country school between Shallotte and Whiteville have held reunions because, as they will tell you time and time again, they weren't classmates—they were family.

The school, built in 1927 and seldom graduating more than 25 students at a time during its five decades, was torn down 20 years ago, but the reunions continue to thrive.

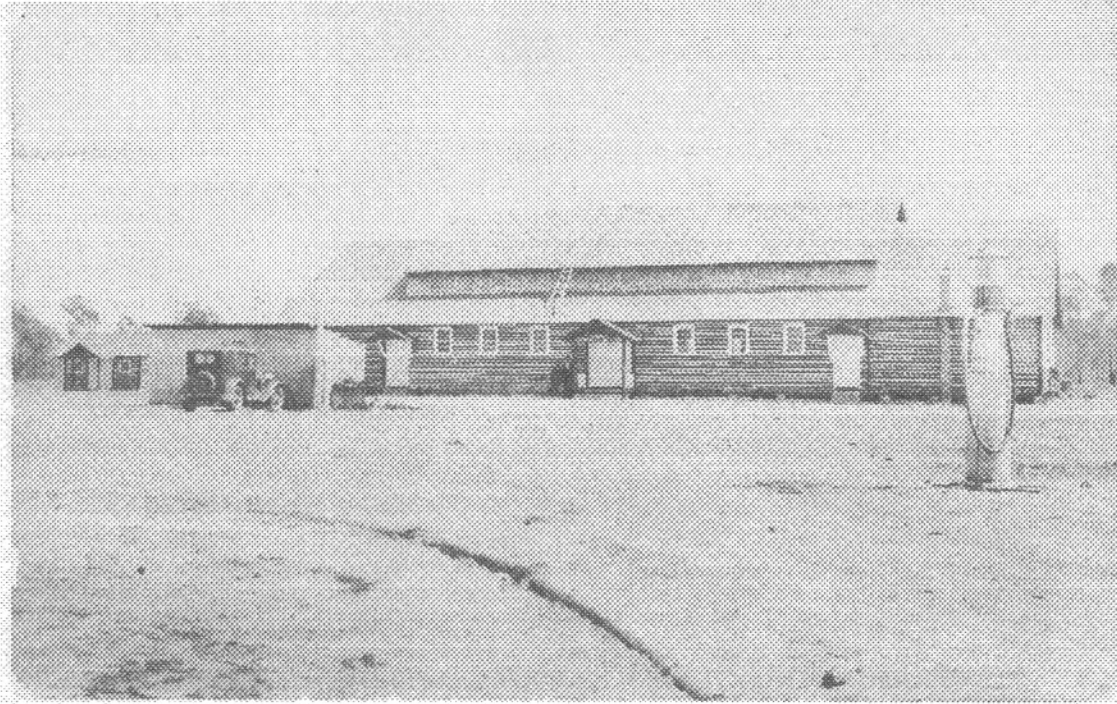
Students from Ash, Exum, Russtown, Grissetown, and Longwood have since been herded to big, shiny West Brunswick High School, but their parents and grandparents never forgot the little school in a grove of whispering pines.

When it was built, Waccamaw was the only school for miles around.

Pat Armour, the youngest of six children to attend school, said the school was so entrenched in the community that it was like an extension of family.

“A lot of the time, your teachers were your aunts or cousins,” she said. “They’d taught all your brothers and sisters, and they knew how to keep us straight.”

There’s no trace of the old school today. The log gym—the largest log building in the Southeast when it was built in the 1930’s—is long gone, along with the main school building, the agriculture annex and the teacherage where 16 teachers, some with families, rented rooms for \$25 a month.



Waccamaw students were from hardscrabble, hard-working farm families. Families with names like Inman and Bennett and Gore.

“We all worked hard,” said Pat, who graduated in 1963. “We wormed tobacco before we went to school in the morning, and when we got home we worked in the fields, fed the animals and cut wood.”

The schedule would stagger an urban student today, but to the children of Waccamaw, it was perfectly normal to work until dark, hacking at trees with a cross-cut saw and stacking the wood for winter.

“I think all that farm work that we shared kept us on the right track,” said Pat.

The community was so close-knit that it wasn’t uncommon for the students and their families to barn one another’s tobacco, bring in one another’s crops.

Country kids had to be creative when it came to having fun. Pat remembers lying flat on her stomach in a watermelon patch while she and some friends plotted the theft of a neighbor’s prize watermelon.

After dark, they rolled the monster melon onto the back of a borrowed truck, but they drove too fast and the melon bounced off the back of the truck and splattered onto the highway.

When they got bored and it was too dark to play softball in someone's field, the children of Waccamaw resorted to stealing chickens, sometimes just "moving" them from one's neighbor's pen to another's.

.....

At their annual reunions there is time for reminiscing about playing basketball on the Eagles team, about getting smacked on the back of the head with a pencil until it broke (a common Waccamaw School punishment and one that, today would probably earn some lawyers a lot of money), about the lean years when the PTA decided to raise money to buy books for all the students; about buying Baby Ruth bars for a penny apiece at the school store, which was almost always operated by the principal's wife...

"It was—and is—a very special community," Ray Walton, a retired Southport attorney who graduated from Waccamaw in 1939 then went on to law school at Wake Forest University.

In his school days, it was a luxury to wrangle an automobile for a date, and when you were successful, the date was no more than a ride to the store for a couple of Cokes.

"It sounds so simple now," he said. "But the longer you live, the more you appreciate growing up in a rural community."

Waccamaw School was about a feeling of belonging, a sense of place as deep and lasting as those whispering-pine breezes that still flirt around the grove where the school once stood.

"At the reunions, when we hear about a classmate who has passed away, we all feel like we've lost a family member," said Pat. "We're that close."

And no matter how many of the graduates have gone on to live in big cities and work fancy jobs, when they return for the annual reunion and reminiscing, they slip back into the comfort of family.

"In all the time they've had these reunions, I've never seen anyone take a drink," said Ray. "You just wouldn't do that. Not here."

History of the Largest Log Building in the South

The Old Gym at Waccamaw High School was known as the largest log building in the South. It was believed to have been started being built in 1931/1932 and completed on or about 1933. The name of the building then was the "Waccamaw Community Building". It was used for any gathering that the community needed it for. The funds for the building came from the W.P.A. or Work Project Administration Funds, also known as the "Hover Funds", as this was in time of the Deep Depression of the 1920's and the 1930's. The county commissioners at time were Mr. John Jennerett, Mr. Levey Swain and Mr. McLamb [not sure what his first name was] they gave some money from the county later on as the building progressed.

The building was made from large Cypress and Cedar trees that were cut from the Green Swamp in Northern and Western Brunswick County, In getting the information together I learned that the men who were working in the C.C.C. camps or Civilian Conservation Corps which were set up by

President Hoover so that people would have work to do, were brought in by wagons and trucks to the school to help build the gym, they came from as far away as the camp in the Green Swamp by Juniper Creek and where the State Forests Fire tower sit now, some even came from Pireway in Columbus County.

The logs were cut, peeled and brought out of the swamp on railroad skidders and put on large wagons and brought to the saw mill on the Mill Branch Road {now known as The Big Neck Road} that was owned by my Father Robert Maness, the mill was known at that time as the "Hover Mill"

Robert Maness came here from Asheboro, N.C. as his profession was a timber cruiser. He was responsible for selecting the timber that was used in building the gym. At the mill he made sure the logs were the right length, and that they were notched on each end to fit together.

Mr. Olean Hughes was the superintendent of the building, and things were going along very well until a log fell on his leg and broke it, he was out of work for a few weeks but some one made a makeshift wheel chair and back he came to work, making sure the work was done right. The logs were sealed with dobbing made from the white sand from the bottom of the Waccamaw River and cement, the way we used to dobb the wall [or logs] of the tobacco barns years ago. The floors were made from very tall heart pine trees and boy would they take a shine before a game of basketball was played. The roof was made from Cypress hand drawn shingles and there were thousands of them as this was a very large building.

This gym also had two large rooms on each end to be used in different ways. During the first years of the building, one room was used as a soup kitchen, or the "community canning room" where the ladies would come and can their vegetables and meats. If the children who were in school had money they could pay .04 or .05 cents and eat lunch but if they did not have any money they would bring a jar of food, give it to the cooks who were cooking the lunches and they could eat for free,[or for the jar of food].

The other room that was connected to the soup room was used as a school store they sold candy, drinks, paper, pencils. One student who told me about one of the first Baby Ruth candy bars she got for .04 cents and how large it was, boy she said that was the best candy she had ever eaten from then on she loved Baby Ruth candy.

The opening for the store was a long narrow window that had wood shutters to close/open when the store was in operation. The drinks were kept in those old type drink cases that you put ice in with a drain that was run to the outside of the building.

On the other end of the gym were two rooms that were used as dressing rooms for the ball players and class rooms. There were a large number of students who spent one to two years in those rooms, as there were not enough class rooms in the main school building, to heat these rooms they also had the big potbelly stoves and some times the boys would put so much coal in them they would almost get red hot, then the teacher would have to open the windows to cool things off, the students would catch the teacher writing something on the blackboard and out the window they would go, the next thing you would hear was the basketball bouncing, bouncing on the court, so those boys and [yes] girls were keep in at recesses for a couple of days. This was done by all the students who spent time in those rooms and I will always believe that helped our school to keep the champion ship in basketball for many, many years, at Waccamaw High School.

In the earlier times of the 1930's 1940.s and 1950.s the gym was used for a community voting place, meeting of interest to the area residents and the juniors and seniors would decorate the gym for their junior/senior banquet, there were a vast number of decorating ideas used in that building,

*Given by Roberta Brady
"Rabbi's Menus"*

THE STANLAND FAMILY
MISC. HISTORY
(also spelled Stanaland- Standland)

(From the files of Bill Reaves, Wilmington, N.C., 1993.)

1884

A very unfortunate cutting scrape occurred at Calabash, a small coast village in the lower part of Brunswick county, on Saturday last. It seems that D.B. Stanland keeps a store there and is a man of good standing and some means. A few days ago a man named O'Quinn, with whom he had some misunderstanding, called at his store in his absence and got some goods from his clerk, representing that Mr. Stanland owed him. A conversation on this subject sprung up between them at Wilson's store on Saturday, during which Mr. Stanland threatened to have Mr. O'Quinn arrested for false pretence. O'Quinn, it is said, cursed Mr. Stanland at a terrible rate, but the latter, not being easily excited, merely retorted by saying that he "considered the source" and making other such like remarks. This seemed to add to O'Quinn's irritation and his determination to bring the matter to a violent issue, and he finally struck Stanland three times over the head with a stick, when Stanland finally rushed upon his adversary with a drawn knife and succeeded in plunging it into his back near the left side. A surgical examination subsequently made revealed the fact that one of the kidneys had been split open. At last accouths it was thought that the wound would prove mortal. Mr. Stanland, we understand, is very much distressed on account of the unfortunate termination of the affair. WILM.WEEKLY STAR, 6-20-1884.

Mr. O'Quinn, who was so badly wounded in the lower part of Brunswick county a week or two ago, in an encounter with Mr. D.B. Stanland, and who it was thought would die, is now reported to be getting better, with a fair prospect of final recovery. The matter was alluded to in the STAR a few days ago. WILM.WEEKLY STAR, 7-4-1884.

The Long Day of Dunbar Davis -- 1893

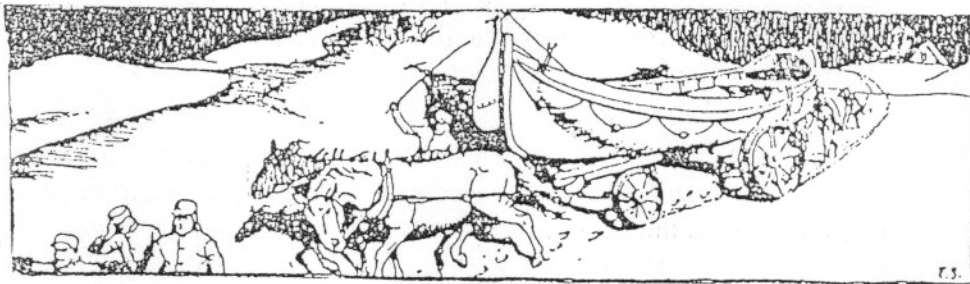
Part 2 of 2

(From "Graveyard of the Atlantic, Shipwrecks of North Carolina" By David Stick).

"After landing the crew of the schooner *Three Sisters* at Southport," Dunbar Davis, Keeper of the Oak Island Lifesaving Station, reported later, "I saw a signal on the pole at the station indicating that there was a vessel in distress." The crew of volunteers had departed, and Keeper Watts was occupied with tending to the wounded men they had taken off the schooner. So Davis scouted around the village, rounding up the two Newtons, Watts, Smith, and Weeks of the original group of volunteers, and D. W. Manson, J. L. Daniels, and T. B. Carr to take the place of those he could not locate.

When they reached the station Davis learned that his wife had hoisted the signal. The German brig *Wustrow* had stranded about nine miles west of Oak Island Station, near Lockwoods Folly, and gone to pieces. Subsequently, however, word had been brought to the station that the crew of the brig had reached the beach with the aid of some fishermen in the vicinity Davis was on the verge of dismissing the volunteer crew, but before doing so he climbed to his watchtower on the off chance that he might be able to see the *Wustrow*. Almost immediately he spotted a vessel, closer to the station than had been reported, and obviously still intact. For a moment, a very brief moment, the tired, fifty-year-old lifesaver felt a surge of relief; but as he focused more clearly on the vessel he suddenly realized that the situation was worse rather than better, for this was not a brig, but a three masted schooner. Two ships were aground west of his station!

The schooner seemed to be anchored and was beyond the line of breakers, so Dunbar called on his volunteers and once again they put off in the Cape Fear surfboat. This time, however, they got only as far as Cape Fear Bar; the wind and tide and breakers combined to hold them in an almost stationary position no matter how hard they rowed, so finally they gave up and started back inside again.



Another hope appeared, for a pilot boat and a tug, larger vessels built for rough weather, had come down the river on learning of the vessel in distress. But though Davis pleaded with the captains of both craft to tow his tiny surfboat across the bar and into the open water beyond, he was twice refused, and was left with only one other course - to return to his station and proceed down the beach on foot with his lifesaving apparatus.

It was midafternoon when the ten men - they had been joined by Tommy St. George, one of Davis' winter crew - began the long trek along the coast, pulling the apparatus cart behind them.

"The beach was so cut through in many places," Davis said, "that we made very slow time, and I saw that we could not reach the wreck (the schooner, which later proved to be the 419-ton *Kate E. Gifford*, of Somers Point, New Jersey) before night; and further saw that she was not aground. I unloaded a part of the gear and pushed on, thinking to be of some service to the crew of the brig. On coming within about two miles of the schooner I met a man with a mule and cart who stated that the crew of the brig had gone to a farmhouse and a party of fishermen was taking everything as it came ashore."

Davis immediately hired the man with the cart to take him to the spot where the *Wustrow* had come to grief, and arriving there they found the beach littered with boxes and crates and wreckage, but of it all there was only one chest which had not been broken open.

"In the meantime," Davis' report continued, "the schooner had tried to get underway and had grounded. It was now sunset, so I signaled to the schooner that I would assist her as soon as possible. I left a man to keep a fire opposite the schooner, and engaged the man with the mule to return for the balance of the gear. Even with the mule's help we could make but little headway, for the sand was boggy and every half mile or so we would come to deep gullies. On one of our stops a man came up with a yoke of oxen. I engaged them, and while hitching them up Keeper Watts came up with F. W. Fulcher, D. W. Fulcher, H. E. Mints, L. A. Galloway and Ramon Williams. This was about 10 p.m., and still a hard job was before us, but I made no other stops and reached the vessel at 2 a.m."

There in the darkness, with the waning winds of the hurricane striking them from across the open sea, with the spray and spindrift rolling across the flat beach like tumbleweed on an open prairie, with the debris from one wreck washing at their feet, and the lights of a second dimly visible in the treacherous breakers before them, Dunbar Davis and his volunteer crewmen methodically set up their Lyle gun, sank a sand anchor, hooked on the line and ball, loaded the gun with powder, and with careful aim sent the shot straight and true toward the stricken vessel.

The line landed on the schooner; they knew this, even though they could not see clearly at that distance, for the line was held aloft and in place, not drifting in the surf as it would if it had missed the mark. But the seven men aboard the nineteen-year-old *Kate E. Gifford* - which already was going to pieces, did not see the line in the darkness, so it just dangled there, the ball swinging back and forth in the wind.

Forced to wait until daylight to resume their rescue attempt, the lifesavers built great driftwood fires on the beach, affording some assurance to the shipwrecked sailors that they had not been left to their own meager devices. And when dawn came at last the line was soon spotted and made secure at a point high on the mast, and heavier lines and the breeches buoy were hauled aboard.

The breeches buoy looks like a pair of English hiking shorts with a sort of round toilet seat at the top where the belt should go. It is designed so that a shipwreck survivor can put his legs through the two openings, hold on to the line to which it is fastened, and be drawn to shore in safety, if not in comfort. The round rim at the top keeps the breeches buoy spread open and in the event the thing dips into the water - as frequently happens - this buoyant rim helps keep it afloat.

One of the *Gifford* crewmen climbed into this contraption as soon as it reached the vessel, raised his arm and waved to the lifesavers, and was quickly drawn ashore. Back again went the breeches buoy, and a second survivor climbed in and was hauled out on the beach; then a third, a fourth, until finally all seven of the crewmen had reached the beach safely. Dunbar Davis immediately loaded six of them in the ox cart and sent them to the station; the seventh, the mate of the *Gifford*, remained at the scene with Dunbar Davis to watch over the gear that had come ashore and the shingles from the schooner's deck cargo, already littering the beach.

It was afternoon by then, August 30. The record to that time contained three vessels: schooner *Three Sisters*, grounded, captain and mate washed overboard, crew of five saved; brig *Wustrow*, beaten to pieces in the breakers, crew of nine safely ashore and cared for by near-by farmers; schooner *Kate E. Gifford*, grounded and breaking up, crew of seven rescued in breeches buoy.

Dunbar Davis thought again of his wife's cooking, and of sleep, but the job was not yet done. He and the *Gifford's* mate built up the driftwood fire and had about decided to take turns sleeping, when they spotted a small boat coming in from the sea. The boat, a ship's yawl, came up opposite them and then headed into the surf, landing safely with the assistance of the two men on shore.

There were seven men in the yawl - cold, wet, hungry, and exhausted. The boat, they told Davis, was from the three-masted schooner *Jennie E. Thomas*, which had become waterlogged about thirty-five miles southwest of Cape Fear. All food and water on board the schooner had been exhausted, so the mate and three men left her and boarded a near-by vessel in hopes of getting supplies. But the other vessel, the 371-ton schooner *Enchantress*, carrying a cargo of railroad ties from Port Royal, South Carolina, to New York, was in as bad a condition as theirs; worse, even, for one member of the crew, the mate, had been washed overboard already, the captain was injured, and the *Enchantress*, waterlogged and unmanageable, was drifting toward

shore. So the captain and two of her crew had joined those in the yawl from the *Jennie Thomas* and the seven had headed for the beach, eventually spotting the fire which Davis had built. (Later, the *Enchantress* stranded near Lockwoods Folly and became a total loss, and the *Thomas* was towed into Southport and repaired, the remaining crew members of both being saved.)

"These men had been without food for four days," Davis said of the seven who had come ashore in the yawl, "so we hauled their boat up and I sent them to the station for food and clothing. The team did not return until sunset, and the oxen were so badly used up that they had to rest for the night. By this time I was getting pretty fagged. I had gone without food for two days and without water for 12 hours, and had been wet all the time. So I engaged a man to watch the gear and the mate and myself started to the station."

When Dunbar Davis finally returned to Oak Island Station at nine o'clock that night he found the place crowded with shipwrecked sailors. There were six from the *Kate E. Gifford*, plus the mate; seven from the *Jennie Thomas* and *Enchantress*, and four from the brig *Wustrow*, who had come to the station in his absence, badly bruised and nearly naked. All of the food in the station had long since been used up, and the clothing too. But the keeper of the lighthouse and his wife had come over to assist Mrs. Davis in tending to wounds and cooking, and they had provided considerable additional food from their own larder.

Dunbar Davis found that the beds were all taken as well, but he did not care; the way he felt that night he could sleep anywhere and any way.

Also, he had to catch up on his sleep that night, for the next day was the last of August, and the winter crew was due back on duty September 1. Dunbar Davis' summer vacation was over.

BISHOP ASBURY IN BRUNSWICK COUNTY IN 1801

Bishop Asbury visited Brunswick County in March of 1801 after a six-hundred-mile trip in "barrens, swamps, savannah, rivers, and creeks in South Carolina." He wrote of his restful stay at Gause's Manor and of his visit to the "sea beach" where he thought of his people across the ocean, wondering if he would ever see them again. On this visit to the area he preached first at Gause's and at Charlotte meeting house (Shalotte). At Lockwood's Folly he stayed in comfort with the Bellune family, preached to the "public congregation," and visited the "class meeting."

After preaching at Town Creek, Asbury stopped and dined with

General Benjamin Smith at Belvedere Plantation where he was cordially received. Afterwards the preachers proceeded across the Cape Fear River to Wilmington where Jeremiah Norman preached in the crowded "tabernacle." This building was also called "the chapel" and was considered excellent by Bishop Asbury.

Bishop Francis Asbury made many friends in Brunswick, including the families of Gause, Bellune, Rourk, Wingate and Smith. He found help and encouragement in the visits.

SOURCE: "HEARTENING HERITAGE ON A CAROLINA CRESCENT" by Johnsie Holden.

**THE GENESIS OF CONCORD
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
BRUNSWICK COUNTY, SUPPLY, NC**

At Lockwood's Folly, Francis Asbury and Jesse Lee stayed with Daniel Bellune, a frequent host for Methodist preachers. The whole Bellune family helped make their guests comfortable and notified neighbors who would come for services at the old Brunswick County Courthouse near the Lockwood's Folly River.

Mr. Bellune told of a revival that took place the previous Christmas Eve. This quotation is from Jesse Lee's *Journal*, January 10, 1799:

We then rode to friend Belvieu's [Bellune's]. There I received some account of the beginning of the great revival of religion which began at this house. On the 24th of December last, one of our friends was at Mr. Belvieu's house and prayed in the family. The next night, Mr. Belvieu said to a young man "What shall we do about prayer tonight?" The young man said he did not know, he would read and sing a hymn, if the other would pray. The other said he could not pray. However, after supper the young man came out of the other room, and said to Mr. Belvieu, "I feel a desire to pray in the family, and I wish you would call the black people together." Mr. Belvieu told me he was struck with astonishment, and did not know whether he was in earnest or not; however, he went to the door to call the black people; but before he

had time to call them, one of the women in the house began to pray earnestly, and he ran back into the house, and they were soon in a flood of tears. All the people now flocked into the house, and the young man began to pray; and they continued praying till Mr. Belvieu's wife got converted; and the young man who prayed also became a subject of converting grace, and others were deeply distressed on account of their sins. And thus they continued praying and rejoicing, till late in the night; this was the beginning of a revival of religion on Lockwood's Folly; and it has prospered since; many having been born again, and brought into the liberty of the children of God. There is still a blessed prospect of religion in the neighborhood: Lord, increase it.

Soon after this incident Bishop Asbury, also approaching Lockwood's Folly, referred to the prayer meeting saying "Here are several young converts."

This group of converts were forerunners and ancestors of members in the present Concord United Methodist Church now near the site of the Bellune Tavern and the Old Courthouse. So, with James Jenkin's work, Bellune's cooperation, Lee's and Asbury's visits, Methodism at Lockwood's Folly had a good beginning. The Old Courthouse was the earliest regular appointment in Brunswick County.

PLANTATIONS FOR SALE

From: CAPE FEAR RECORDER, WILMINGTON, NC, June 29, 1831

FOR SALE

My Belvidere plantation, formerly the residence of General Smith, on the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. It lies opposite to and in sight of, and two miles from Wilmington on the stage road leading from Wilmington to Fayetteville and the road leading to Georgetown, S. C.

This plantation contains at least 200 acres of tide swamp, 160 acres of which are banked and ditched and now under cultivation. In fertility, I don't know that it is superior to other lands in the neighborhood but in every other respect it combines more advantages than any other rice plantation in this state. In the first place, it is situated precisely in that pitch of the tide which exempts it from the effects of the salt water and freshes, and it is also protected by woodlands adjoining, that my losses by storms have been very inconsiderable which render a crop certain, let what will happen.

Last thought not least, it is intersected by creeks in such a manner that it can be harvested in one third less time than it would otherwise require.

There are about nine hundred acres of Pineland which is poor and will remain so forever, except some fifty or sixty acres perhaps which has a clay foundation, the rest would require manure every year and with such lands I never meddle.

It is well watered, having many good springs; and a well of as good and as cold water as can be found in the lower part of the country.

Improvements—On the premises are a comfortable and convenient two-story dwelling house and a building one and one half story with kitchen, wash house, stable, carriage house, smokehouse, etc. A barn 110 feet long, 40 feet wide, two stories high in which is a threshing machine and other machinery. Also overseers houses and kitchen, all of which buildings are of brick, put up in the most substantial manner.

There is another barn built of wood directly at the river from whence the rice can be conveniently thrown into a flat or vessel and any vessel that can come over the bar can come to the barn. I have endeavored to render as permanent as possible all the repairs and improvements. I think it is upon the whole the handsomest and most pleasant residence in this part of the country. The improvements were made with the expectation that it would be my chief residence all my life, but the state of my health requires that I should reside more permanently in a high and dry part of the country.

ALSO

Another plantation called Mallory about four miles below and on the same river containing about 400 acres of tide swamp; of which 40 acres are under bank and ditch and in cultivation and 160 acres of well timbered pine land lying on both sides of an excellent stream on which once stood a saw mill which was but little used. The mill has been down for some time, but the foundation is perfect, and the mill dam is entire, so that it can be erected again at a very trifling expense. In addition to the pine timber there is a quantity of cypress above and below the mill. A pounding mill can be erected and a threshing machine with great advantage. A great deal of the high land may be very profitably cultivated and a part of it may be converted into a brick yard.

It is so situated as to admit of its being divided into two fine settlements of equal value and similar advantages. The advantage of the pond to the rice field is that when the tides are short or the water brackish, they can be supplied with water. The soil of the tide swamp is of first quality, elegantly situated for cultivation and I am informed not a creek in it except the one on which the mill stood.

I will sell either or both of these plantations on an extensive credit and on reasonable terms upon the payment being satisfactorily secure. Enquire in my absence of Mr. John Walker.

William Watts Jones

THE EDITORS OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER AND THE CAMDEN JOURNAL ARE REQUESTED TO INSERT THIS THREE MONTHS AND SEND THE BILL TO HIGHAM AND FIFE, CHARLESTON, S.C.