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Old Bulloch Personalities

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Milton Rahn

Scott Collins

Smith Callaway Banks

Chloe P. Mitchell

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**Southern Folkways Journal Review:
Number 6**

**Old Bulloch
Personalities**

**Edited by
Daniel B. Good**

Auspices
***Bulloch County Historical Society
Post Office Box 42
Statesboro, Georgia 30459***

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INTRODUCTION

This issue of *Southern Folkways Journal Review* represents a wide range of articles dealing with Bulloch County personalities. The three poems contributed by Smith Banks were handed down in three Bulloch families. Milton Rahn's paper on the Salzburgers was presented before a Spring 1993 meeting of the Bulloch County Historical Society. Many individuals in Bulloch County are descendants of the Salzburger settlement. A "Tale of Two Cities" is Scott Collins' interview with Mrs. Daisy Trappnell. Scott Collins is a Life Member and former board member of the Bulloch County Historical Society. "A Sure Cure for Bitin'?" is an account assembled by Smith Banks of an interesting personality - "Bitin' Jake". "A Gift of Caring", by Chloe Mitchell, is a letter concerning Isaac Chadburn Daniel, reprinted with permission of The Claxton Enterprise. "Revolutionary Soldier" is a query from Robert D. Hemphill concerning the lives of John and Robert Dunwoody. The Bulloch County Historical Society is pleased to present four sketches by Rita Turner Wall. Originals of her sketches are in Special Collections at the Henderson Library, Georgia Southern University. Special thanks to Angel Reed who typed the manuscripts for this publication.

The interpretation of history many times depends on original eyewitness accounts recorded in diaries, letters, poems, sketches, and interviews. A letter written back home, for example, provides a wealth of information of the time it was written and insight about the personalities in the letters.

Statesboro, Georgia
1993

Daniel B. Good
Board Historian
Bulloch County Historical Society

BULLOCH COUNTY FAMILY POEMS

by Smith Callaway Banks

Every family has its own set of tales and legends about olden days and the old folks. I find it interesting that many families also have traditions of family poems. Some of these poems were written by relatives; others were poems that the old folks enjoyed reciting. Sometimes they were called "Grandpa's poem" or "Auntie's poem" after the folks who recited them. Many times our families attributed the authorship of a poem to the reciter even though it was written by someone else.

Herein is a collections of three "Bulloch County family poems".

The first and oldest poem was supposed to have been written by my ancestor, Elisha Fowler Banks. Banks settled on the Ogeechee River at Scull Creek in the early 1790's. His land was in Screven county and was cut into the newly created Bulloch County in 1796. Elisha F. Banks died in 1795; therefore, this poem was supposed to have been written prior to that time. A photostat of the original copy was sent to me in 1963 by a distant cousin, a member of the Callaway branch of the Banks family. I was told that the beautiful script was in Elisha's own hand. The poem had been preserved among the loose papers in the Bible owned by Elisha Banks' granddaughter, Amanda Ann Serena Callaway Britt.

LONG BALLAD

By
Elisha F. Banks

1st

'Tis finished so the Savior cried
and meekly bowed his head and died

'Tis finished - yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2nd

'Tis finished - all that heaven decreed
And all the ancient prophets said

Is now fulfilled as was designed,
In me the Savior of mankind.

3rd

'Tis finished - Aaron now no more,
Must stain his robes with purple gore

The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rights no more remain.

4th

'Tis finished - this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone

Millions shall be redeemed from Death
By this my last expiring breath.

5th

'Tis finished - heaven is reconciled
And all the powers of darkness spoiled

Peace, love and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

6th

'Tis finished - let the joyful sound
Be heard thru all the nations round

'Tis finished - let the echo fly
Thru heaven and hell thru earth and Sky.

The second poem is a humorous piece. It was "passed-down" in the Bulloch County family of Benjamin Jasper Williams, a Confederate Veteran. Jasper Williams was born in 1846, a son of Margaret Jones and David Williams. Jasper's grandparents were among the earliest settlers of Bulloch County. His paternal grandfather was Garrett Williams, Sr. and his maternal grandparents were Barry "Berry" Jones and Rebecca Wise Jones. Jasper Williams was married twice and had 15 children.

The Fox Trot

By Benjamin Jasper Williams

On a cold winter night,
While the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out to prey.
As they trotted along,
With a frolicking song,
They cheered the dreary way.
Through the woods they went,
But could not scent,
A rabbit or a goose astray.
But at length they came,
To a better game.
In a farmer's yard by the way.
On a roost there sat,
Some chickens were fat,
The two foxes wished for their dinner.
The two rascals found,
A hole in the ground,
And they both went in to the center.

They both went in,
With a s-q-u-e-e-q-e and a grin,
 The chickens were quickly killed.
One stuffed, lunched, and stuffed,
The other, more wise, looked about with both eyes,
 And soon had quiet enough.
These matters went on,
Until the night was gone,
 And the farmer came out with a pole.
The two foxes flew,
One went through,
 But the greedy one stuck in the hole.
In the hole he stuck,
So filled with his pluck,
 The chickens he was eating.
He couldn't get out,
Nor turn about,
 And he was killed by beating.

Benjamin Jasper Williams enlisted in the Confederate Army in Co. D, 2nd Regiment, Georgia State Troops (Stapleton's) in July 1864. Captain Samuel Harville was his commanding officer. Williams surrendered in Augusta, Ga. in April 1865. In 1992, three of his sons, Wiley, Roger, and Willis Williams were honored by the Georgia Society of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. They were recognized as True Sons of a Confederate Veteran. The late Dr. Leslie Williams, former pastor of Statesboro First Baptist Church, was a grandson.

The third poem is a tradition in the John B. Rushing family. It was known as "Aunt Queen America's Poem".

On June 7, 1986, a special memorial service was held at Union Missionary Baptist Church in the Sinkhole district. The service was to dedicate a monument to the memory of John B. Rushing, Sr., and his family. He was born August 10, 1810 and died November 18, 1894. He is the ancestor of many Bulloch Countians, especially folks from the Sinkhole and Register communities. He fathered 18 children by two wives.

An important part of the dedication program was the recitation of this poem by Delmas Delmar Rushing, Sr. He gave his recitation from memory on his own 81st birthday. The poem was taught to him when he was 10 years old by his aunt, Mrs. Queen America Rushing Harrington. Mrs. Harrington was born in 1844 and was a daughter of John B. Rushing, Sr.

The Last Charge of The Battle of Gettysburg

'Twas just before the last fierce charge;
 two soldiers drew rein...
for a parting word and a touch of hand:
 They might not meet again.

One had blue eyes and sunny curls;
 nineteen but a month ago.
Down on his chin and red in his cheeks;
 he was only a boy, you know.

The other was tall, stern, and proud;
his faith in the world was dim.
He only trusted the more in those
who were all the world to him.

They'd ridden together in many a raid;
they' traveled for many a mile...
but never til now had they faced their foe
with a calm and hopeful smile.

But now they looked in each other's eyes
with an awful, ghastly gloom.
The tall, dark man was the first to speak;
Said he, "Charlie, my hour has come".

"I shall wear a face upon my breast...
you'll see it in the coming fight...
With soft blue eyes and clust'ring curl
and smiles like the morning bright".

"Like the mornin' bright was her love to me,
which gladdened a lonely life.
Little I cared for the frowns of fate
When she promised to be my wife".

"Oh, write to her Charlie, and send her back
that fond, fair face...
and tenderly tell her how I died,
and where's my resting place".

"Tell her my soul will wait for hers
in the borderland between...
Earth and Heav'n, until she comes;
'twill not be long, I deem".

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy;
his voice was low with pain.
"I'll do thy biddings, comrade mine,
if I come back again".

"But if you come back and I am dead,
please do as much for me.
My mother at home must hear the news;
Oh, write to her tenderly".

Just then the order came to charge,
for a moment, hand touched hand...
eye answered eye, then on they rushed?
That gallant devoted band.

On they rushed, toward the crest of the hill,
the Yankees sent shot and shell...
poured scores of death in their struggling ranks
and jarred them as they fell.

They turned with a horrible, dying yell
from the heights they could not gain...
And those that death and doom had spared
marched slowly back again.

Among the dead that were left behind
was the boy with the curling hair...
And the tall dark man, that rode by his side,
lay dead beside him there.

And there's no one to write to the blue-eyed maid,
the words that her lover had said.
And the mother at home who waits for her boy...
will hear only that he's dead.

She will never know the last fond thoughts,
he had sought to soften her pain...
Until she crosses the river of death,
and stands beside him again.

This poem was of special significance to Queen America Rushing and her family because their brother, William Harrison Rushing had been killed in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Harrison Rushing was born in 1840. He was mustered into Confederate service as a Private on September 9, 1861 into the "DeKalb Guards" from Bulloch County. This was Company D, 61st Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment. He was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania on July 1, 1863.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE SALZBURG PROTESTANTS,

1731/2

by Milton Rahn

"The EXODUS of the Salzburgers had hardly begun when all of Protestant Europe seemed to rise to the occasion. Almost overnight all Europe was flooded with a mass of literature extolling their virtues. Old and young alike were praised as martyrs who were ready to take leave of their beloved and enchanted homeland and brave wind and weather for the sake of their faith... Wherever they traveled the old and familiar folk songs seemed to take on new meaning, and Luther's battle song of the Reformation, Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott (A Mighty Fortress Is Our God), Scheitberger's "Song of an Exile", and many other spiritual anthems sung by the Salzburgers added fuel to the embers of waning Protestantism. Medals and coins were struck commemorating the occasion, and about a half century later, the poet Goethe memorialized one of the scenes from the trek in his Hermann und Dorothea.

Dr. Carl Mauelshagen

Salzburg Lutheran Expulsion and Its Impact

(1962), page 117

Salzburg, after the 8th century, was an independent Catholic principality governed by a series of powerful Archbishops. The rich salt and ore deposits in the area made Salzburg wealthy. This was one of the reasons why it was able to maintain its political independence until the beginning of the 19th century when it became a part of Austria.

During the two centuries following the Diet of Worms, the Archbishops fought against the growing Protestant movement in their domain with varying degrees of ardor and success. In 1648, at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, the treaty of Westphalia attempted to establish the norm for religious matters forever. The peace of Augsburg was approved but now included the Calvinists. Catholics and Protestants were to be treated as equals in the Empire. While a ruler could decide by fiat the religion of his subjects, his subjects also had the right of emigration. These provisions applied only to Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists and not to the various sects.

During the 17th century, the Archbishops sporadically exiled individuals, families and small groups. The first major expulsion was of the Lutherans in the Deferegen Valley in 1684, and two years later of those in the Durrnberger mining community.

In 1727, Count Leopold von Firmian was elected Archbishop of Salzburg. With his ruthless chancellor, Christian di Rallo, he resolved to suppress all forms of heresy. He moved immediately against the Lutherans, declaring them rebels intent upon the overthrow of the government, and thereby not subject to the protection of the Treaty of Westphalia. Furthermore, he charged them with being members of a sect and

not Lutherans. He attempted to force them out of their homeland in less than the three years required by the Treaty.

Many neighboring Protestant princes, and even the Pope, urged him to honor this Treaty. Firmian refused to do so, however, for he felt that the heresy was limited to only a few troublemakers. Then, on July 13, 1731, one hundred and fifty deputies of the Lutheran communities met at Schwarzach and swore to stand by their faith, sealing this oath by licking salt according to an ancient local custom. Firmian's resolve to complete the expulsion of his Protestant subjects was strengthened. At this time there were about twenty thousand Lutherans living in the territory of Salzburg, more than a sixth of the Archbishop's subjects.

On October 31, 1731, the Archbishop issued his Edict of Expulsion, the Emigrations-Patent, which required all unpropertied Protestants, such as tradesmen, servants and farm laborers, to leave Salzburg within eight days. Those who owned property had three months in which to sell it, at whatever price they could get, before having to emigrate. The time limit was particularly hard on people without property who were expelled just as winter was beginning in all its fury. Many died on the way as they had to march in snow and ice. The propertied people fared a little better, for they did not leave until it was springtime, and some of them had horses and wagons. Also, by then, the Protestants in the lands they marched through had made provision for their feeding and temporary housing.

Frederic William I, of Brandenburg-Prussia, the "Soldier King", accepted responsibility for protecting the expelled Protestants. In addition to his desire to be of help to them, he also

needed colonists for East Prussia and Lithuania, areas that had recently been depopulated by plague. In time, nearly twenty thousand Protestants settled in these districts. As columns of the homeless wayfarers approached the Protestant cities in Germany along their route to East Prussia, they were well received by the inhabitants. Later, numerous pamphlets were published describing these events and telling how the local townspeople had given the exiles food and shelter.

Other countries besides Germany were moved by the plight of these Protestant martyrs. In England, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (SPCK), a leading charitable organization of that period worked closely with the Trustees for Establishing a Colony in Georgia to create in this state in the new world a refuge for some of the persecuted Protestants. As a result, some of the Salzburger en route to Prussia became interested in settling in Georgia. Their passage to England was defrayed by the SPCK. In Rotterdam the exiles were met by the two pastors who were to minister to most of them for the remainder of their lives: Johann Martin Boltzius and Israel Christian Gronau, two instructors from the pietist Francke Foundation in Halle. In England they were met by representatives of the SPCK and the Georgia Trustees, and with their help swore allegiance to King George, thereby acquiring the rights of native-born Englishmen. Though the voyage to America was a difficult one, the Salzburger eventually settled in Ebenezer, Georgia near Savannah. There they built the Jerusalem Church, the oldest house of worship still in use in Georgia.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By
Scott Collins

Collins: "Who were the founding fathers of old Portal?"

Trapnell: "Ah, the only thing I can tell you is the Foys were the founders and it was for lumber. But now there was a big mercantile store there and that supplied the whole community. My mother used to go there to buy and I can show you before you leave a pitcher that Mr. Hamp(ton) Johnson gave her. He was a clerk in the store which was owned by Foy. But ah... in ah.. Dr. Andrew Johnson was one of the doctors that built a house there and Mr. J.E. McCroan, who McCroan Auditorium is named for in Statesboro, was a clerk in and a bookkeeper for Foy. And ah.. then there was Dr. Ed Chance and ah... Hamp Johnson who was a clerk in this store and who is a relative of Wilbur Johnson and he moved from here to Biloxi, Mississippi. And ah... there was four big houses and they were built real high up off the ground. I can remember that very distinctly. And ah... a lot of the oxen were kept in my father's barnyard. And the oxen, one of them, fed his way up the stairway to the, what we called, the fodder loft. And they had to blindfold him and pull him down by his tail...down the stairway by his tail! (Laughter) So you're getting history! But ah... this ah.. but there were lots and lots of blacks. There was a murder there, but I can't tell you about that since I don't know enough of the details."

Collins: "What was the purpose of organizing the town?"

Trapnell: "It was timber. That was the... it was the center."

Collins: "Was the Foy family in control of the lumber business there in old Portal?"

Trapnell: "The Foy's were the ones that had the road... the tram road. And ah... so they pulled the timber out with these big oxen. And ah... you see all of that was virgin timber. There wasn't any boxing or anything about it. And you know timber in that day, lumber was mighty cheap. But now where they sent that lumber to, I don't know."

Collins: "Who were some of the other families that moved into the area?"

Trapnell: "Well, that ah... I can't tell you too much about except I can tell you this now. Mr. McCroan, who was a young man, and I think he was one of the most important men in this center and he went to Tennille and he brought his bride and they stayed in my mother and daddy's house until they built a house. And ah... so the same thing happened with Dr. Ed Chance. You see now they had two doctors, Dr. Andrew Johnson who was another doctor. Now the dentists I don't know anything there except the dentist traveled over the country. He carried his little wheel and he'd come into the home and do the dentistry, which I hated!"
(Laughter)

Collins: "How did the citizens of the community earn their living?"

Trapnell: "Well, you see my daddy was a farmer and a merchant and most of the people that lived around were farmers. Mr. Bill Finch was one that lived right nearby, he was a big farmer. And ah... you see people lived in such a different atmosphere of that day as they do now. You see people made their

own syrup, grew their own meat and meal. And ah... the meal... the corn was carried up to either the Mincey mill where Mr. Elmer Oglesby lives which is close to the old grist mill or to DeLoach's mill" (located on the present Lake Collins).

Collins: "Was there a school in old Portal?"

Trapnell: "Well, old Portal had Bradwell School right over here by Comer Bird's place. Comer Bird's barn was the first schoolhouse then they moved that to a new location, but I can't remember just where that was. Then the school was brought up to new Portal and our first school was located over the bank. And ah... so there's your school problem."

Collins: "Was there a principal at the old school?"

Trapnell: "Yes, ah... Mr. Ambrose Temples was one and an old Mr. Hoffaker. My sister died in the year 1907 and the Mr. Hoffaker that came here from Kentucky taught in this school and he took the whole school when my sister was just a corpse at home and brought the whole school about a mile to our house here which was heartbreaking. And ah... then we had another, Miss Ollie Denmark, who was reared right over here and the elementary was Miss Lillian Lee."

Collins: "How was the school supported?"

Trapnell: "Ah... that I couldn't tell you because we bought our own books but ah... I don't know how the teacher was paid, but I do know that the teachers boarded around in different places because we have had teachers stay in our house. But how they were paid, I can't tell you that."

Collins: "Why do you think the old school in Portal was discarded?"

Trapnell: "Well ah... the timber business you see played out and ah... so then the railroad, the Georgia-Florida, came through here from Garfield to Statesboro, and ah... then on to Savannah. And ah... so that took all of the interest that was anything left in old Portal and brought it up here to new Portal. Then ah... new Portal just kinda sprung up because in those first years my dad's house was built, Will Parsons house was built, the Dr. Stewart house was built, and Mr. Lucius Parson's house was built, and Dr. Miller had a house built here and all of that happened in the first years. And then in about 1910 the bank was organized, and my brother organized the bank, he was W.J. Davis. And ah... so then that went on for a while and then when everything went broke the country went flat and the bank had to fold up."

Collins: "Were there any churches in old Portal?"

Trapnell: "No, there was nothing there except Pleasant Hill, ah... do you know where Pleasant Hill Church is? (Yes) Well, that was the closest church, well the next closest church was Poplar Springs, but really in Old Portal there was not a church."

Collins: "I've often heard my grandfather speak of the tram road, what exactly was the tram road?"

Trapnell: "A tram road was a little railroad not a big railroad. Ah... it had an engine and, but it was not a big railroad. There was a man by the name of Lott Cowart and he had a cousin that worked with him, Bill Cowart, and they ran the tram road engine." (The mini-railroad which crisscrossed portions of

northwestern Bulloch County was used to carry the logs out of the forest to the main railway).

Collins: "Do you know anything about the old Two-Chop Road?"

Trapnell: "Yes-sir, I should say, I was born on it! So ah... that was just a 3-path road. You see in that day, Scott, nobody had cars, it was all horse and buggy. And roads would be built with three paths to them; paths for the buggy wheels and for the horse in the center. And so you didn't have the worked up public roads that you have today, you had roads that would go through the fields and ah... but all roads were named. I don't know the names; however, and I'm sorry."

Collins: "Were the woods very thick back then?"

Trapnell: "Yes, very thick and there was some fine virgin timber. My dad had some in front of his place which he never allowed to be cut, but in that day that was before turpentine became popular."

Collins: "In naming the settlement of Old Portal, do you think that the members of the community picked up the word since it meant gateway?"

Trapnell: "I have no idea there. Do you suppose that they even reasoned? Maybe the name of Portal just came to them and they named it that. I just don't see how they could reason that because they were too many other things to do!"

A SURE CURE FOR BITIN'?

By
Smith Callaway Banks

We are told that in the early days of Bulloch County our ancestors were prone to fight. Many times they fought for the fun of it -- for recreation. Other times they fought because they were mad!

In 1903, The Statesboro News published a series of letters of the reminiscences of A.J. Gibson. Mr. Gibson, who then lived in Waco, Texas, gave descriptions of life in Bulloch County as it was during his childhood and youth. Dorothy Brannen stated in her Life in Old Bulloch that Mr. Gibson's letters are the best and fullest accounts of life in Bulloch County before the War Between the States.

Mr. Gibson had this to say about fighting: "There were always fights at every public gathering, and often at the private ones. When a man came home it was as natural for his wife to ask "who fought today?" as it was to inquire "what did they have for dinner?". It sometimes happened that men who had been good neighbors would get drunk, fancy themselves, insulted, quarrel, and fight like dogs; and these were "sure enough" fights -- no Marquis of Queenborough (sic) rules then, but the combatants knocked, kicked, bit, gouged, choked and pulled hair at will. ... I have known men to suffer an eye pulled out before they would "holler out", and others to be so terribly gouged that they could not see for days afterwards, having to be led about; sometimes a finger or an ear would be bitten off."

In 1849, The Reverend George A. White said of Bulloch County: "Whilst awarding praise to the inhabitants of this

section of the state for many good qualities it is our duty to say that so far as temperance is concerned they are behind the times."

With these facts in mind, it was amusing to note an interesting reference to my ancestor, Jacob Neville, Sr., in Hugh Floyd's The Neville Family of Bulloch County, Georgia. Floyd states that Neville, the ancestor of every Neville (Nevil or Nevils) of old Bulloch, was known "around Bulloch County as "Bitin' Jake". It seemed that when he got mad at people or animals, Jake would bite them.

Jacob Neville, Sr. was born about 1769 in St. George's Parish, Georgia. Jacob was an only son. His father, John Neville, had been a colonial resident of Georgia and had been a Revolutionary Soldier. John Neville had married Frances Ann Nixon in 1768 at New Ebenezer in Effingham County. John settled in the Nevils Creek area that later became known as Bulloch County. It is certain that the creek is named after him. The D.A.R. marker to John Neville is located in front of the present-day Nevils Creek Primitive Baptist Church. The Nevilles family were progressive folks and were prominent in the community and political affairs of the county from the earliest days of Bulloch County.

Garrett Williams, Sr. and his family had migrated to Georgia from North Carolina soon after the Revolutionary War. He was said to be a son of William and Mary Ward Williams who came from Duplin County, North Carolina to Screven County. Garrett was granted land in 1794 in what later became Bulloch County. The Williams family settled on Williams Creek in the Nevils Creek area and were next-door neighbors to

the Nevilles family near the Old River Road. Garrett Williams, Sr., who was born about 1765, was the first Bulloch County Coroner. Today his name, with Bulloch's other first officials, appears on the Historical Plaque in front of the Bulloch Courthouse. The Williams family, like their Neville neighbors, were also progressive and prominent in the affairs of the County. Garrett's son, John G. Williams, (my great-great-great grandfather) and John G.'s son, William W. "Bill" Williams, were both noted and able Primitive Baptist Ministers.

As Bulloch County became more settled, the Williams and the Neville families moved to land on Lott's Creek. This was in the Register-Lott's Creek Church area. Again the families were close neighbors to each other.

We do not know if it was intemperance or temper or a little of both that made it necessary to record the following document that I found in the Bulloch County Clerk's Office. I believe that it is a unique document because I have found no similar cases in the early deed records of Bulloch County.

Here is the document made 9 February 1811:

"Whereas GARRETT WILLIAMS and JACOB NEVIL have chosen JAMES WILLIAMS and JAMES HOLLOWAY as arbitrators and they with the consent of said parties has chosen JAMES JONES as an umpire to assist in settling a controversy (To Wit) for said Nevil biting of(f) part of said Williams' EAR.

"We do award that First said Williams shall as far as the Law admit - stop all Law proceedings against said Nevil that has a foundation in said controversy and do further award that

said Nevil shall give his obligation to Garrett Williams for fifty dollars payable on the 15th of April and another note for fifty dollars payable on the first day of October next also that to(o) Nevil must pay the sum required to record the biting of said Williams' ear, and also the money due for granting a warrant obtained by said Williams against said Nevil."

"Witnessed our hands this 9th Febr. 1811.

JAMES WILLIAMS

his

JAMES X HOLLOWAY

mark

JAMES JONES, Umpire

"Recorded this 15th Novr. 1816

ELY KENNEDY - CLK"

As you see in the above document, Jacob Neville's penalty for biting off that ear was to pay Garrett Williams \$100 plus the court cost. This was a large settlement for that day and time! They definitely were not young blades out for a scuffle; Jacob was 42 years old and Garrett was 46 years. They both would have been called "old men" in 1811.

In order that we understand the value of \$100, I have taken a sampling of land values from deeds in the Bulloch County Clerk's Records for 1806-1812. I found the following:

In 1806 a 10 acre lot in the new town of Statesborough sold for \$17.50 or \$1.75 per acre. This land is located in the present-day vicinity of First Methodist Church.

In perusing the deed books from 1808 to 1812, one finds that on an average, a 200 acre plot of land usually sold for about \$100.00 or \$.50 per acre.

During this same period other land prices varied from \$.15 an acre to \$2.50 per acre. It is amusing that this lowest and highest price had been paid to Jacob Neville in 1809 and 1811 for his land.

That bit of Garrett's ear was indeed an expensive bite! I wonder if Garrett's bite from Jake Neville's pocketbook was enough to cure Jake?

A NOTE BY SMITH C. BANKS:

Williams and Neville were not related to each other although their land always seemed to border. It is interesting to note that Garrett's granddaughter, Sarah Charlotte Williams, married Jacob's grandson, William Raleigh Neville, Sr. and they left many descendants. In later generations other descendants of these two men intermarried.

Today, I am one of many people in Bulloch County who descent from both Jacob Neville, Sr. and Garrett Williams, Sr. They are both my great-great-great-great grandfathers.

A GIFT OF CARING: ISAAC CHADBURN DANIEL

By
Chloe P. Mitchell

My mother showed me the copy of my great grandfather's diary, also a letter written to him by an officer in his regiment. Both were faded from age, the diary having been written from 1862-1865 and the letter in 1910, but when we read them it was like listening to voices, faint and faraway, echoing down the corridors of time.

The letter and diary were about not only great historical events, but about the caring of these two men for the men who served under them, and about their memories and the reality of now. The diary had blood stains and the letter speaks of one man's admiration for another. I could feel their sincere warmth on the brittle paper.

The letter from Ben S. Williams to Isaac C. Daniel reads:

"My dear old Comrade, Your letter, dated the 25th Inst. received. It affords me great pleasure to receive a hearing from one who was once a member of the 47th Ga. Regiment. Dear to my heart is the name and memory of our old Command and often do I traverse in my memory, our marches, our camps, and our battles. I can muster in my imagination, today, each company of the Regiment and see them as plainly as I once viewed them on the field in their regular formation. Old Co. G. with Capt. Tippins, Lieutenants Kennedy and Parker, the sergeants, corporals, the whole rank and file rise up out of the eternal past and are before me in vivid remembrance at the present moment.

There are only a few of us left on this side of the deep dark

River. The greater number by far, have passed over and are awaiting us in the Bivouac of the Dead where we will all soon sleep until the sound of the last reville awakes us for the great roll call beyond. It would afford me great and sincere pleasure to join you in your county reunion on Saturday next and I would certainly do so and bring with me the tattered old flag we loved and love, so well; in my possession ever since the surrender; but I am just recovering from sickness, am weak and unable to take the trip. I thank you for the invitation. Oh, I would like to meet you all and be with you once more. Remember me kindly, affectionately, to every member of the old 47th who may be present. May you have a pleasant time -- a day of pleasure and true joy.

I hope to be well enough to go to the Bulloch County reunion in acceptance of the invitation extended by Waters. Can't our men from Tattnall Old Co. G. be there, too?

Write me as soon as your reunion is over. I am anxious to hear from you, 'all. With best wishes, love and kindest regards, Very truly, Ben S. Williams."

Where did they get the fortitude to go through the hardships of life? The answer lay in these long-saved mementos. They got it from one another. They told each other how much they cared. There it was, the faith, the encouragement, written to last, so that those receiving the letters could read over and over what was said when they needed reassurance.

Where has letter writing gone? Most of us use the excuse that we don't have time. We pick up the phone and say a few words. It's so much quicker. But, isn't it wonderful when we go to the mailbox and there's a letter from a faraway family member, a

card with a note from a neighbor, or a newsy letter from a longtime friend.

That's a gift of caring.

Isaac Chadburn Daniel (1840-1919)

Isaac Chadburn Daniel was born in Tattnall (now Evans) County on April 5, 1840, about two and one-half miles north of Bellville, Georgia on a farm owned by his father, James Pierce Daniel, who was born March 10, 1802 in Bulloch County, Georgia. Isaac's mother was Elizabeth Glisson, the daughter of Joseph and Martha Glisson from Burke County, Georgia.

Isaac's grandparents were Elias Daniel and Elizabeth Pierce. Elias was born in 1762 in Tyrrell County, North Carolina and Elizabeth, his wife, was born in 1772 in Burke County, Georgia. Elias was a Revolutionary Soldier. Isaac's great grandparents were Ensign Aaron Daniel, Sr. (R.S.) and Elizabeth Whitfield. Aaron Daniel was born in 1739 in Tyrrell County, North Carolina and his wife, Elizabeth, was born in the Pee Dee Section of South Carolina.

Before marriage Isaac lived two and a half miles east of Reidsville, just off of the 280 Highway near the turn to the Tattnall County Methodist Campground. The original house was still standing until 1980, about 125 years old, when it burned. The house and farm were owned by Grady Rogers, a descendent of James Pierce Daniel.

Isaac Daniel, along with his two brothers, volunteered at Reidsville, Tattnall County, Georgia on March 4, 1862 to fight in

the Civil War. He was a Private in Tattnall County Invincibles, 11th Battalion and transferred to Co. G. 47th Ga. Infantry as 1st Corp. May 12, 1862. He was appointed as 1st Sgt. on December 8, 1862. The Roll for February 28, 1863, the last on file, shows him present. Pension Records show he surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina on April 26, 1865. See page 67, volume 5 - Roster of Confederate Soldiers of Georgia - compiled by Lillian Henderson, Director of Confederate Pension and Record Department, printed in 1960 at Hapeville, Georgia. They reassembled and later surrendered, not as G. 47th but as H 1st.

They were given \$1.14 each to travel nearly 400 miles home. Isaac and his brother, William W. Daniel, came home after nearly three years. The other brother, James Wiley Daniel, had come home earlier and died of disease.

Isaac married Nancy Brewton on June 6, 1867. She was the daughter of Samuel Brewton and Mary Ann (Polly) Smith and the granddaughter of Nathan Brewton and Nancy Fontaine. After marriage, Isaac and Nancy lived on a farm about a mile south of Hagan, Georgia just off Perkins Mill Road (earlier called Bull Creek Road). He farmed the land for a living and raised cows. He had a blacksmith shop in the yard and worked on his own tools and made some furniture; they had split rails for fences.

Their first home was a log house. Around 1875, Isaac built a large house and the log house was then used to store canned fruit. Nancy washed her clothes in a hollow log, which had a partition in the middle so as to put the dirty clothes in one end and clean ones in the other. Holes were bored to turn out the water. A well sweep was used to pull up water from the well.

Travel was done by horse and buggy or mule and wagon. In those days families were large, averaging from eight to thirteen children. Many children were necessary to help clear and tend the land since they did not have tractors or the modern machinery of today. Isaac and Nancy had nine children and lived in the house Isaac built until their deaths. Nancy died February 23, 1910 and Isaac died March 27, 1919.

The land was handed down within the same family until 1970 when it was sold. The land was an original land grant to Nathan Brewton, inherited by Samuel Brewton, and then Nancy Brewton Daniel. The original land grant papers are still in the possession of Mona Lee Daniel Allen, a granddaughter.

Troy Moore owned the farm for a while, but tore down the original house and built a new one in 1974. As of 1988, the site of the original house was owned by John and Peggy Perkins.

This information was furnished from Mona Lee Daniel Allen's personal records, tombstones at Brewton Cemetery, Isaac Daniel's family Bible, and from marriage records at Reidsville, Georgia.

6. James (b 1751 - d 7/1809) m Esther Dean (widow of Splatt), a doctor to Liberty Co., Ga.

7. Rebecca (b 6/20/1755 - d 1855) m 1 Lt. McKain 2 Hugh McWilliams 3 Consart to Mooresburg, Pa

8. Sarah () m James Freeland, Esq., to NC

Tradition says that John Dunwoody, the father, had brothers James and Samuel who settled in Maryland, Virginia or elsewhere in the South. One James Dunwoody appears in the assessment of Nantmeal for 1739, and a Robert Dunwoody in 1740 - possibly brothers of John, but no Samuel is found in the county.

John Dunwoody, son of John and Susanna, was probably born about 1745⁽¹⁾, as he died May 19, 1824, age 79. He married Jane Hamilton, who died April 25, 1832, in her 73rd year. It is said that he and his brother, Robert, were in the Battle of Brandywine and assisted in carrying the wounded Lafayette to a place of safety.⁽²⁾

1 - The date of birth given by his grandson as June 30, 1747, which would make his age at death less than 77 years. His age, given on his tombstone, is probably incorrect. (I believe the 1745 is correct as his brother Robert was born in 1747 and they were not twins).

2 - As a matter of fact, Lafayette was not carried by anyone, but rode off the field on horseback. (History tells us that Lafayette was wounded in the thigh in this battle and was taken to a Dunwoody home for care. This home was practically on the battlefield. We do not know if it was John's, the father, John's, the son, Robert's or some of the other Dunwoody's. It would make the best story if it was the widow, Susanna's and she is the woman in all of the pictures of Lafayette in this house).

He was also one of the pickets to keep the camp fire at Trenton to deceive the British while Washington crossed the Delaware,

and was in the last boat which crossed the river. His team was much employed in hauling cannon from Joanna, Hopewell, Warwick and other furnaces, for the government, it being the only single team in the neighborhood suitable for the work.

The will of William Creswell, of "Derry" township, dated September 8, 1741, mentions his daughter Susanna, "wife of John Dunwoody".

William Creswell was massacred by the Indians shortly after this. He is buried in what is now Binghamton, Va. near the joining of the Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee state lines. This is 200 miles from Philadelphia. (I assume he was on a military expedition?)

About 1788, Robert Dunwoody (1747 - 1794) married Mary Creswell (1750's - ca 1808). She was his first cousin as she was the daughter of Henry Creswell, brother to his mother Susanna. Their first son, Reverend Samuel Dunwoody (8/3/1780 - 7/8/1854) was born at Brandywine Manor, Chester Co., Pa. during the Revolution. He became a noted Methodist circuit rider, minister and teacher in Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina. He is buried at Cokesbury, Abbeville Co., SC. His brother, Reverend James Dunwoody (5/4/1790 - 7/31/1884) was also a Methodist circuit rider, minister and teacher in Georgia. He was born at Black Creek, Scrivens Co., Ga. and is buried in Houston Co., Ga. They probably had brothers and/or sisters who are unknown to us today. Robert's brother, Dr. James Dunwoody (1751 - 1809) of Liberty Co., Ga. had a grandson, Reverend James B. (Bullock) Dunwoody (1816 - 1902) who was a Presbyterian minister in South Carolina. Quoting from a letter he wrote on Feb. 19, 1884, from Walterboro, SC "My

grandfather Dunwoody was a determined Whig and a surgeon in the war of independence. One of my grandfather's brothers came to Georgia some time after he did. He died early in life. I think his name was Robert. Dr. Dunwoody assisted his widow in rearing her children. One of her sons, Robert also, moved to Louisiana. There was a rumor that he became a very prosperous citizen of that State. Two other sons, Samuel and James, became ministers of the Methodist Church. Samuel rose to distinction in this State (SC). He had a iron memory. It was generally believed by his neighbors that he could repeat the Scriptures verbatim and could, if you quoted a text, give you chapter and verse."

Dr. James Dunwoody (1751 - 1809) relocated to Liberty Co., Ga. about 1770. He was more or less introduced to the local society by Dr. Nathan Brownson, who had been there for some time. They both served in the war along with Col. Caleb Howell. As I understand it, Col. Caleb Howell took his land grants in Scrivens Co. (then Effingham Co.) and encouraged others to join him there. When Robert Dunwoody (1747 - 1794), who had served in the war in Pennsylvania, joined his brother Dr. James in Liberty Co., about 1785 or 1786, he formed a partnership with Dr. Brownson and they began securing land near Col. Caleb Howell in Scrivens Co. Their land surrounded the crossing of the Savannah-Augusta Stage Coach Road over Black Creek. At one time they owned either jointly or individually a total of over 3,700 acres. We do not know how successful this venture was. Robert was not a good businessman. Also, there are indications that he did not believe in slavery. Robert died about 1794. A few years later Dr. Nathan Brownson moved, I

believe, to Alabama. In 1805 Reverend Samuel, son, left to follow the Methodist ministry.

Anyway, I figure what happened next is unbelievable. We know that Susanna, the mother, was sixteen in 1737 a year or so before she married. She was born in 1721 and would have been 85 in 1806 (younger than her supposed death at 91 or 98). Mary Creswell Dunwoody, Robert's wife, must have been 40 to 47 when her last son was born in 1790. This gives her birth between 1743 and 1750 and an age of about 56 to 63 in 1806. Therefore, in 1806, there were left at the Black Creek plantation: Robert's mother - age about 85, Robert's wife - age about 60, and one or more children, James being age 16. One of these women died about 1808. My previous belief that it was Susanna was in error. It was Mary, the wife, who died about 1808. Susanna died about 1819 at age 98. Where she is buried is the big question.

I have a fragment of a copy of a letter from Mrs. Edwin Louis Borneisler to Mr. Ellis Garland Graydon which was written about 1895. Her husband was a New York City lawyer and a great grandson of Susanna Dunwoody McKaraker of Philadelphia. Mr. Graydon was an Abbeville, South Carolina lawyer and great grandson of Robert Dunwoody (1747 - 1794) of Scrivens Co., Georgia. They were both great-great grandsons of John Dunwoody (1707 - 1776). This John sometimes put a middle H. in his name and sometimes did not. Quoting from the letter (at the death of Susanna) "Creswell Dunwoody at the age of 98. She was a godly woman of superior ability and remarkable physical powers. Can it be possible ascertained what part of the South contains the grave of that splendid woman? She followed the fortunes of her son, Robert, who had married her niece, her

brother's daughter, and where some of her descendents lie. There she also lies. Where is it?"

Also quoting "Will you kindly inform me under what conditions of the murder of Mr. Samuel Dunwoody?" I believe there is some confusion here. I have heard of others refer to the murder of Reverend Samuel Dunwoody. So far, I have not found anyone or any document that proves this. Reverend Samuel Dunwoody's brother, Reverend James Dunwoody (1790 - 1884), had a son, Dr. Joseph B. Dunwoody (ca 1825 - 1874), who became a doctor and later was "murdered at the door-sill of his house in Houston County under circumstances of great atrocity. The physician was called out between ten and eleven o'clock at night as if to visit a patient, was shot down by the false messenger." The Methodist obituary states that Reverend Samuel Dunwoody died of paralysis in 1854 after being superannuated in 1846 for old age and his illness.

Quoting from the Methodist obituary of Reverend James Dunwoody (1790 - 1884) "The last quarterly conference of the Ocmulgee Circuit, embracing Twiggs and Wilkinson counties, for 1816, gave him license to preach the Gospel and recommended him for admission on trial in the traveling connection. His widowed mother being in debt, however, his application was withheld, and his admission deferred to the following year. The Presiding Elder employed him as supply junior preacher on his home work, the Ocmulgee Circuit, for that year." Although not stated, probably for the same reason Reverend Samuel Dunwoody was assigned to the St. John Methodist Church in Augusta, Georgia for the years 1817 and 1818, near Black Creek.

I do not believe the Methodist obituary was correct in saying Reverend James was given the job of Junior Preacher for a year because his widowed mother was in debt. First, I am not convinced that it was his mother and not his grandmother for reasons given above. Second, I am not convinced the problem was that she was in debt. What could a Junior Preacher do on his pay when a full time minister was only getting 75 to a few hundred dollars a year. I will guess that the problem was the ageless problem of a 90 odd year old aged Scotch woman had taken root in her old farm house miles from anyone and there were not enough people in Georgia to move her. She was happy as could be with her coop of chickens, her milk cow and her garden patch, just waiting for the Good Lord to come take her away. For her no problem. The neighbors and relatives had the problem in their minds eye as they see this old half blind woman rocking off the side of the porch or down the steps and being found dead week later. We will have to live with this fantasy until we find the true facts.

I want to get as much as possible of this story confirmed, or denied, and supplemented in hopes of promoting a marker for Robert and Susanna to be placed at their graves if we can find them. If not, on the road near the home site.

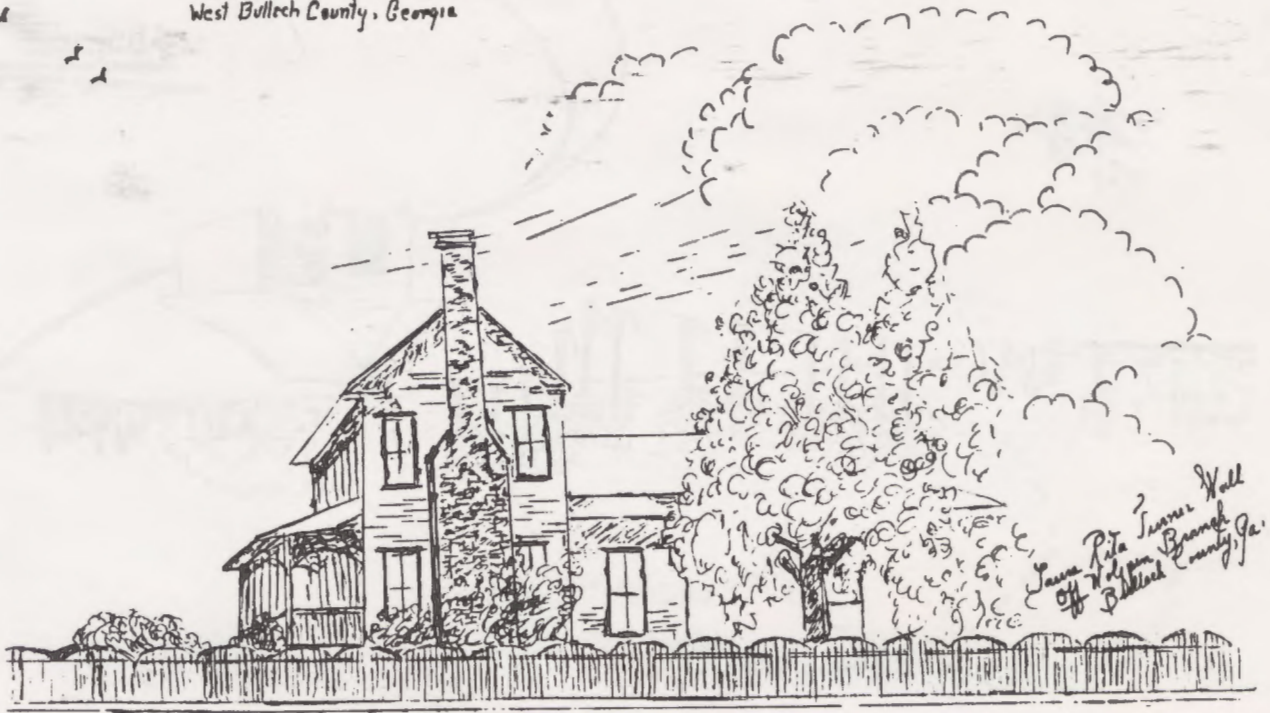
Robert D. Hemphill
2779 Hillcrest St. NE
Orangeburg, SC 29115
February 5, 1992



CeAmanhouse - Thomas Aldema
plantation scene, Cemetery,
On Wolfpen Branch
Dorset County, Ga 1907

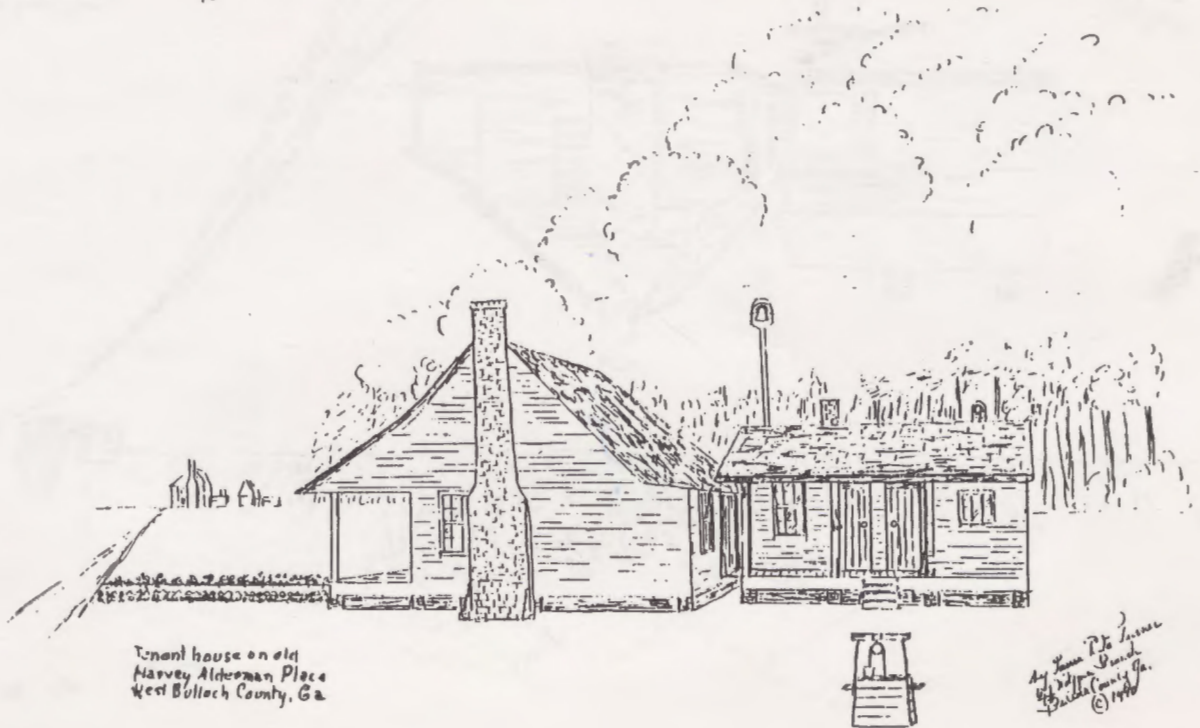
By Rita J Wall
944 N. Main
Blairsville

The Erastus Bird House, 1890
West Bulloch County, Georgia



James Pitts Turner
Off West Bulloch County, Ga.

Tenant house on old
Harvey Alderman Place
West Bulloch County, Ga.



James Pitts Turner
Off West Bulloch County, Ga.
© 1948



Old Tenant house
or Sid Miles place
Candler County, Ga.

to Farm Rita Thomas
at "Holly" Branch
Baldwin County, Ga.

NOTES

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