

**2015 Fall Meeting of the
Edgefield County Historical Society**

Celebrating Holly Hill



3:30 P.M., Sunday, November 8, 2012

**Holly Hill
312 Gray Street
Edgefield, South Carolina**

The Spirit of Edgefield

(Air: The Bells of St. Mary's)

The Spirit of Edgefield,
Whatever betide,
Is calling her children,
From far and from wide;
In city and village
Or far out at sea,
They hear her voice calling,
“Come back, sons, to me!”

Old Edgefield, dear Edgefield
Thy children all love thee;
Thy great men, thy good men,
Wherever they be,
Turn back to the scenes off'
Remembered in story
Thy children all come back,
come back
To thee, to thee.

The Spirit of Edgefield
Is calling today
Her young men and maidens,
Her youth, to the fray
To build a great nation
As strong men of yore;
A challenge she offers:
“Go forward once more!”

Old Edgefield, dear Edgefield
Thy children all love thee;
Thy great men, thy good men,
Wherever they be,
Turn back to the scenes off'
Remembered in story
Thy children all come back,
come back
To thee, to thee.

Hortense Caroline Woodson (1896-1990)
Officer of the Society for Half a Century

Edgefield County Historical Society

2015 Fall Meeting

3:30 P.M., Sunday, November 8, 2015, Holly Hill

Program

Invocation

Welcome

Mr. William Morgan “Billy” Benton
President, Edgefield County Historical
Society

Pledge of Allegiance

“The Spirit of Edgefield”

The Story of Holly Hill

Mr. Bettis C. Rainsford, Historian of
the Society

Unveiling of the Historical Marker

Closing Remarks

Tim and Julie Prince

Benediction

Reception and Tour



Pencil sketch of Holly Hill by Ann Rauton Smith commissioned as a Christmas gift for Tim by Julie in 2010. Ann has sketched many other buildings in Edgefield and surrounding towns, including the Village Blacksmith shop, Park Row and the Courthouse, to name a few. Several of these other sketches hang in the Prince home.

The Story of Holly Hill

By Bettis C. Rainsford

The Story of Holly Hill is an interesting one, stretching back over nearly two hundred and fifty years. The house is believed to be the oldest standing house in the Town of Edgefield and possibly in Edgefield County. Located on a hill on the south side of Beaverdam Creek, approximately a half-mile from the Edgefield Courthouse Square, the original core of this house was built in the eighteenth century, perhaps as early as 1768. It was in that year that the 350 acre tract of land upon which it is situated was granted to James Robeson. A decade later Robeson sold the property to Sarah and Jenkin Harris. Harris's sons, Jenkin, Jr., John and Moses, were all involved in the early development of the Edgefield Courthouse Village in the 1780's and 1790's.

Over the years, this house became the residence of a series of very interesting people, including early physician and planter, Dr. V. P. Williamson, lawyer Major Charles Goodwyn, Mrs. Sarah Drysdale, Edgefield County Sheriff Humphrey Boulware, Irish immigrant and Catholic church leader Peter McHugh, Edgefield County bachelor physician and planter Dr. C. Prescott DeVore, Edgefield society newlyweds Wallace and Adrienne "Dolly" Dugas Sheppard, and the Benjamin T. Lanham family. The earliest documented use of the name "Holly Hill" was in an 1824 deed to the property which was described as "being known by the name of 'Holly Hill,' the late residence of the said Charles Goodwin [sic] Senior."¹

Architectural Discoveries

Author's Note: The "discovery" of Holly Hill's early origins came about as a result of the restoration of the house in 1977 and 1978 by the author. The following article by the author of this Story of Holly Hill, "Architectural Discoveries," appeared in the Edgefield County Historical Society's newsletter in 1985.

¹ Deed of Edmund B. Belcher, Sheriff to Sarah Drysdale, dated March 2, 1824, and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 40, at Page 412.

On one hill high above Beaverdam Creek, the Edgefield County Court House presides magnificently over the Town Square. Directly across the creek, on the opposite hill, is a rambling tree-shaded old house known as "Holly Hill," perhaps less imposing but equally as charming as the Court House. Facing southward onto Gray Street, this structure seems to be, at first glance, a rather typical two-story piedmont plantation country house of the nineteenth century to which wings on the east side and the rear have been added. All the elements seem to be here: the chimneys at either end of the "main house," with a room on either side, that would indicate a fairly common structure built during the nineteenth century.

Yet as one observes the house more clearly, an impression grows of something older. Perhaps it is the ancient and massive oak anchoring the front lawn, or the magnolia spreading its somber limbs and fragrant scent over the premises, or the gnarled old wisteria vine creeping its way into the sky, or the line of stately cedars standing guard at the western border of the yard. Perhaps it is those flawed old window panes sprinkled over the entire house which seem to peer back at the observer. Perhaps it is the quaint and crooked window sashes which predominate on the east "addition" to the house. Or perhaps it is the spirit of those who have lived here and walked in thee grounds in years gone by that convey to the observer the musty awareness of a long, rich, and special history. Whatever the source of the impression of ancient secrets which this house imparts, this author felt it when he first toured here in 1976.

Some months later, through a rather unintended and circuitous course of events, the author was drawn into the project of renovating this old farmhouse. What has sometimes seemed a laborious and frustrating project has, on the whole, proved to be a most rewarding experience. Only days into the renovation work in February of 1977, a number of interesting facts about the house had been discovered:

In taking up linoleum and carpets from the floors and in taking down wallboard and wallpaper from the walls and ceiling, it became obvious that the so-called east "addition" to the house was really no addition at all, but rather was part of the original house.

The floorboards in both of the front and back rooms of this east wing were ancient eight-inch wide heart pine boards. The floorboards in the adjoining room in the central section of the house were of the same vintage. Directly over this room upstairs and in the adjoining upstairs hallway the floorboards were of a similar vintage. Based upon our observations of other homes around Edgefield, we were convinced that these boards predated 1825. Thus, these observations convinced us that the original house must have included the so-called "east wing" and the eastern side of the central section.

This conclusion was further supported by the fact that the floorboards of the parlor at the western extremity of the central section were clearly of late Victorian vintage. The room above was likewise floored with the boards of a later period. The floor level of this room was even raised above that of the remainder of the second story, thus indicating a later construction date.

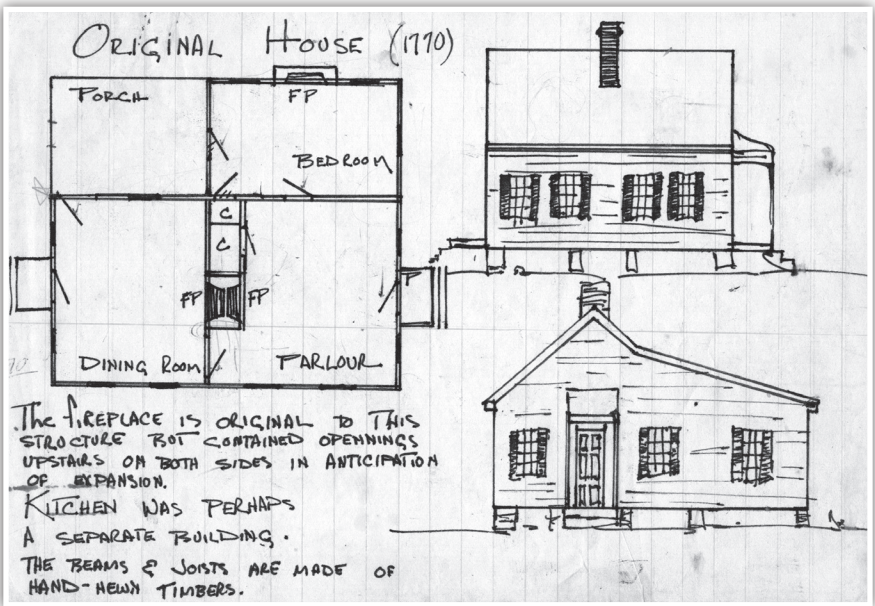
Moreover, the floors in the older portions of the house had definitely settled around the chimney between the east wing and the central section. Upon closer reflection it was clear that the original house was built around that chimney.

The two rooms around which the chimney was built and the rear room of the east wing had rather simple, but beautiful woodwork. The mantelpieces, the wainscoting, the doors and the window sashes and trim were of that simple but beautifully proportioned and detailed style that predominated in the finer houses in Edgefield between 1810 and 1825. As we considered this woodwork, we began to believe that the house was probably built in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Yet we wondered, the floorboards seemed to be earlier. Could they be? We continued our investigations.

Another point of great interest was the boards which we found under the draped wallpaper in the dining room and in the bedroom above and in the adjoining hall. These boards were incredibly wide (up to 24 inches) and bore the unmistakable mark of the whip saw of frontier days. The boards had (unfortunately) been re-used a number of times through the years when the house had been remodeled and were cracked, broken and pieced. There was no hope of making

use of them in any practical restoration. However, these boards were of key importance in causing us to think that this house possibly predated the fine woodwork – that it was possibly one of the earliest houses in Edgefield.

In investigating the attic areas of the house we discovered several most interesting features. Above the east wing in the garret that was then accessible only from the window in the front, we found that the ceiling joists were axe-hewn members of an obviously early date. Moreover, in the side of the chimney which goes up through this



Original House. This 1977 sketch done by Bryan M. Haltermann during the initial investigation shows what the original house probably looked like.

garret was a fireplace, obviously original to the chimney, which had apparently never been used. All indications were that this garret space had been intended, at the time the chimney was built, to be an additional room. However, the room had never been floored and finished and the fireplace had never been used. Instead, the house had apparently been expanded to the west. As to why the house had been expanded as it had, rather than in accordance with the intentions of its original builder, we have an idea which will be discussed below in connection with the historical developments of the house and of Edgefield Village. In any

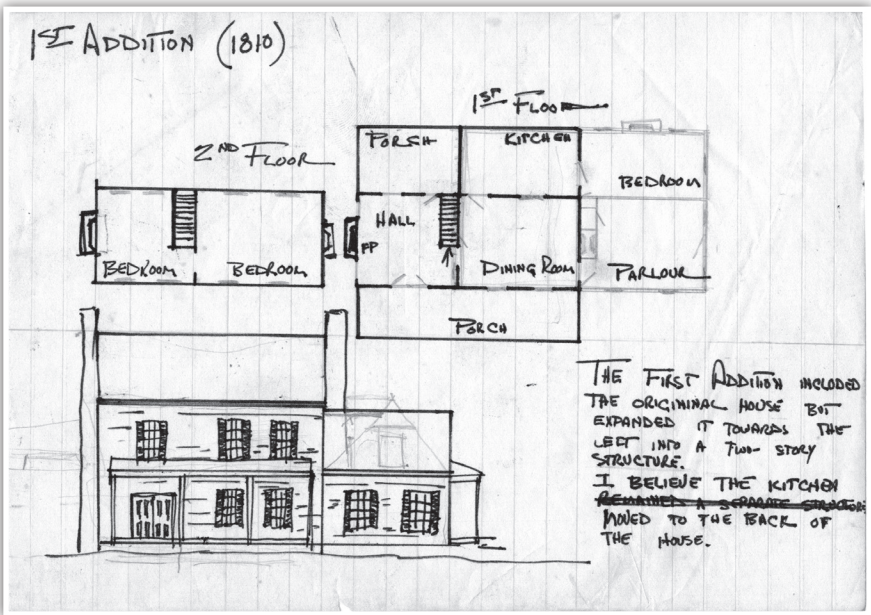
event, the axe-hewn joists and the planned, but unfinished, garret room were further indications of a very early date of construction.

Continuing our investigations into the attic areas, we discovered further proof that the western end of the central part of the house was the latest addition to the house. The ceiling joists and roof structure of this end were obviously added after the central and eastern parts of this section of the house. The date of this latest addition was almost certainly the latter part of the nineteenth century.

At this point we had discovered a number of features which seemed to indicate a very early construction date: the floorboards, the axed-hewn ceiling joists, the old wallboards which had been sawn by hand with a whip-saw, peg and bean construction, and the garret fireplace. All these features indicated that the house could well be of the eighteenth century. Yet, the woodwork found in this older portion indicated a later date – perhaps 1810-1825. Could the woodwork have been added later? And if so, how could we ever tell?

We happened onto this answer quite by accident. It was suggested that we strip the paint from the mantelpieces and get back to the natural wood. We decided that we would do that but only after removing them from the fireplaces so that the stripping job would be easier. Upon removing the mantelpiece from the eastern wing we discovered a most interesting feature which confirmed that the woodwork had in fact, been added later: Behind the mantelpiece we found, in the brickwork of the old chimney, the large arch of the original fireplace which was clearly of the eighteenth century. This original fireplace had obviously been used for a number of years when the woodwork was added, probably around 1810. When the paneling and mantelpiece were installed, the large arched fireplace had to be cut down in size. At least one brick in the added portion of the fireplace had the name “Landrum” on it, indicating that it was made at Pottersville, one mile north of Edgefield, by Dr. Abner Landrum, the founder of the Edgefield Pottery tradition. This brick may have been installed when the woodwork was added in the early 19th century, or it may have been added later when the fireplace was reworked.

Having verified that the house did, in fact, predate the early nineteenth century woodwork, I set about to do a title search to see what else I might find as to the house's origin and its later history. After



First Addition: This sketch, also by Bryan M. Haltermann in 1977 shows what the house looked like after the first addition.

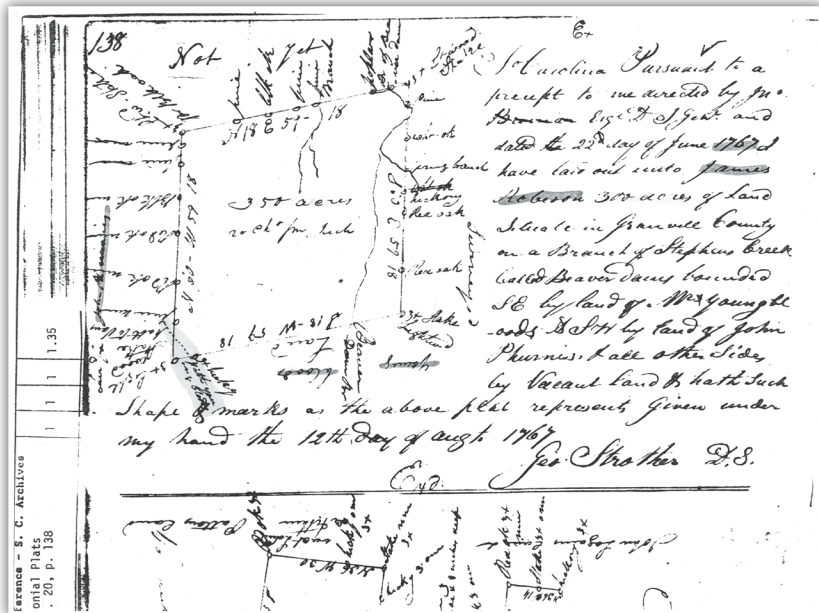
hours upon hours of work and drawing upon knowledge gleaned from years of research into the early development of the Town of Edgefield, I was able to put together a nearly complete title chain from the property, beginning with a Royal Grant from King George III in 1768 and coming up to the deed by which Commander Raymond Quarles acquired title from me in 1979.

The earliest recorded reference to this property is found in the Colonial Plats in the South Carolina Department of Archives and History in Columbia. There, in Volume 20 at page 138, is a plat for 350 acres with the accompanying text:

“So. Carolina. Pursuant to a precept to me directed by Jno. Bremar Esq. DS Genl, and dated the 22nd day of June 1767, I have laid out unto James Robeson 350 acres of land situate in

Granville County on a Branch of Stephens Creek called Beaverdam bounded SE by land of Mrs. Youngbloods and SW by land of John Phurnis and all other sides by vacant land and hath such shape and marks as the above plat represents. Given under my hand the 12th day of Aug. 1767. Geo. Strother, D.S.

The grant to James Roberson for this property was dated March 2, 1768 and is recorded in the South Carolina Archives in Book 15



Plat: Plat of 1767 for James Robeson

at Page 563. Strangely the grant provides only 300 acres and references a plat of different date which we have been unable to find.

Thus begins the Story of Holly Hill.

The Robeson Family

In 1767 the Beaverdam Creek on which James Robeson's tract was laid out was perhaps one of the least settled areas in the lower portion of the Ninety-Six District on the South Carolina frontier.

Robert Goudy's trading post at Ninety-Six, some twenty-five miles to the north of the Beaverdam Creek had become an important outpost through which the steady stream of settlers coming down from Virginia, North Carolina and other colonies to the north, as well as from Charleston to the south, passed before fanning out over the surrounding creek bottoms. The frontier town of Augusta, also twenty-five miles from Beaverdam but to the south, was an important outpost as well. Settlers from the South Carolina and Georgia "low countries," as well as Europeans coming via Charleston and Savannah, passed through Augusta before moving up the tributaries of the Savannah to settle.

Those creek bottoms closest to Ninety-Six, including Log, Turkey, Little Stevens, and Mine, and to Augusta, including Stevens, Chavous, Horn's, and Cedar, were settled first. Beaverdam Creek, being at nearly the midpoint between Ninety-Six and Augusta, was one of the last creek bottoms in the area to be settled. The first grant on Beaverdam Creek – and one of the few predating the Robeson grant – is dated 1758. It was really not until after the Revolution had broken out that Beaverdam Creek began to get thickly settled.

Of James Robeson (or Robinson or Robertson, as the name is variously spelled) we know very little. In all likelihood he was a typical backcountry settler. He may have come from the British Isles or the South Carolina low country up to Augusta and thence up to Beaverdam Creek. Or, more likely, he may have come overland from North Carolina or Virginia to Ninety-Six and then down to Beaverdam Creek. Robeson must have brought with him a wife and children and perhaps parents, brothers, sisters, Negro slaves or indentured white servants. From the fact that he was granted 350 acres, we know that he must have had a total of seven in his party for under the warrant system a settler was allowed 50 acres for each "head" he brought with him.

Robeson probably arrived in the Ninety-Six District in the winter or spring of 1766-1767. In choosing his land, Robeson was likely influenced by three factors: (1) nearness to the path by which he traveled, (2) the width of the creek bottom and (3) the proximity to neighbors.

Because of dangers of the frontier and the desire of companionship, settlers often chose to establish their farms fairly close to oth-

ers. This seems to be the case with Robeson for he had chosen land adjoining other settlers on two sides. The property to the east of the Robeson grant which was owned by Peter Youngblood in 1767 had originally been laid out in 1757 for a John Lamar. The plat for Lamar's grant is quite interesting for it shows an "old Chericky Path" crossing Beaverdam Creek at a point somewhere to the Southeast of where the Kendall Mill was later built. Lamar had sold this property to Youngblood in 1764. The Youngblood family had definitely established themselves on the property by 1767 because we note on the Robeson plat that a "path Youngblood" runs across the southeastern corner. This may well have been the Youngblood's path to other creek bottoms to the south (Cedar, Horn's, and Chavous) and Augusta where they undoubtedly went from time to time for supplies and companionship. It is believed that the Youngblood house stood on the site where Magnolia Dale now stands.

We can imagine that when the James Robeson family arrived on Beaverdam Creek in the winter of 1766-1767, the Youngblood family was very excited about the prospect of getting neighbors. This meant that there would be playmates for the Youngblood children and companions with whom Peter Youngblood and his wife could spend the long winter evenings. It is certainly possible that the Robeson's stayed in the Youngblood house until their own house was completed. The first Robeson house was possibly just a lean-to built upon the creek bank.

The Robesons Come to Edgefield

The following is a novelized, or imaginary, account of how the Robeson family came to settle in Edgefield. It is not based upon any specific knowledge of the Robeson family which might have been revealed in letters or diaries, but the author believes that this account provides a fairly accurate picture of how a typical family might have come to settle in the South Carolina backcountry in the period before the American Revolution.

We might imagine Robeson and his party arriving at Robert Goudy's trading post at Ninety-Six in late February, 1767 after a

many months journey down from Virginia. The crude tavern and store and the nearby stockade fort must have been a sight for sore eyes to the Robeson party as they pushed their two-wheeled cart across the ford of Ninety-Six Creek which was much swollen by the winter rains. Weary of the raw monotony of the long trek, the Robeson children probably perked up with excitement as they heard the cries of other children playing on the meadow before the fort. Robeson's wife probably sighed with relief as she contemplated the several days of rest which the family would get. She would at long last get a chance to bathe the children and wash and mend their clothes; and, perhaps most importantly to her at the moment, was bathing herself, resting and having a little time to herself.

She had not been very happy about leaving Virginia. They may not have had many prospects for getting rich living in the cabin on her father's farm. Her elder brother would, of course, inherit the entire farm – her old father was so old-fashioned in that way – but at least they had a clean, warm house in which to live and that is more than they had sight of at this moment! And yet she realized how James felt. It wasn't that he didn't like her father and brother – nothing like that – he just wanted something he could call his own – he wanted a farm for himself – and he had vowed that when he died, he would leave each of his children an equal portion of what he had! Yes, she admired James, and she would be at his side if he wanted to go all the way to the other side of the world!!

James Robeson stood slightly behind his wife as she was deep in reverie. He was proud of her too. He knew that she had not wanted to leave Virginia. Yet she had loved him enough to do it, and he was going to prove to her that it was all worthwhile. They would have themselves a farm of their own soon. It would be a fertile farm, and not many years from now he would have more cleared land than her father had. He was going to build her a house that was better than anything she had ever dared dream of. He was going to put it high on a hill above their bottom land so that she would look out and see all that they owned.

Bringing himself back to the present, Robeson looked at the stockade far ahead. He breathed a sigh of relief. Although he had not dared share his fears with his family, he had been under growing apprehension of Indian attack. The Cherokee War had, of course, been over five years before, but several traders that they had met along the path had taken him aside and told him of stories about a massacre up on the Saluda and a separate attack near Long Canes. He hadn't known whether to believe these men – in fact, their gossipy ways weren't his – but he had, nevertheless, loaded his musket with fresh powder every night before going to bed.

After the Robesons had pulled their wagon into the meadow before the fort where a half dozen other settler families had established temporary campsites, the family quickly dispersed. The Robeson children had raced off to join the group of other children playing tag at the far end of the meadow. Mrs. Robeson knew that it was hopeless to try to bother the children now, so she had begun the process of setting up camp and washing clothes. James Robeson had gone directly to the general store and tavern where he had introduced himself to Robert Goudy, the famous owner of that establishment. He then bought a drink of rum. Goudy was a pleasant enough fellow. Like most men whose daily routine consists of meeting strange travelers, he had developed a remarkable facility to talk endlessly about the weather. Robeson appreciated Goudy's conversational ease, but he became increasingly impatient with his meaningless repartee about the weather. It was rather abrupt, he admitted to himself, but he cut off Goudy's monologue. Robeson wanted to get down to important matters.

“Excuse me, Sir,” blurted out Robeson as Goudy was in mid-sentence about the frequency of February rains. “Where have most of the newcomers been settling?”

Goudy smiled to himself. Boy, this one is anxious. “Well,” began he, “the choices are so numerous I do not know where to begin. The Long Cane section has fertile soil. There are al-

ready many settlers there and have been for nearly a decade. A new group of Frenchmen came in about two years ago and settled about Long Cane Creek. They call their settlement "New Bordeaux." Then last year, a group of Germans arrived. They settled east of New Bordeaux on Hard Labor Creek. Their settlement is known as "Londonborough." Either of these two areas would be an excellent location for a young man like yourself starting out."

Robeson thought on this for a moment. Fertile soil he liked, but Robeson wasn't sure about settling among Germans or French. Not that he disliked them. He had met many German settlers along the way on the trek down from Virginia. Several German families had even invited them to stay in their homes. They were hard working and kindly folk. But even so Robeson didn't see any point in raising his children in a community where they would be picking up strange words and habits. He much preferred to build his home where he had English and Scots-Irish neighbors, or, even if the neighbors were not English or Scots-Irish by origin, at least they could have been here long enough to learn to speak English.

"What other areas are there, Mr. Goudy?" inquired Robeson tactfully.

"Well," responded Goudy, "you know, all the creek bottoms in the so-called Northwest Frontier are fertile. If you are looking for areas not so fully settled, I would suggest that you go down to some of the lower tributaries of Stevens Creek. There is Turkey Creek, Log Creek, and then way on down, there is Horn's Creek. I believe that there are some other creeks in between, but not many people live down there. A family by the name of Youngblood settled somewhere down there several years back. I don't see much of them though. They must buy their supplies at Fort Augusta or at George Galphin's further down on the Savannah. If you are interested in that area, I'll introduce you to an Indian trader who is here now and who travels down the path to Fort Moore quite often. He knows the area well and can tell you a lot more about it

than I can My goodness, speak of the devil . . . !”

Robeson turned around to see what or who had caught Goudy’s attention. There, completely filling the doorway of the tavern, was a giant of a man. Dressed in buckskins, this bearded Goliath emanated a feeling of savage strength. Swarthy in the cheeks with steel blue eyes, his hair fell helplessly on his wide shoulders. Just when Robeson’s impression of frightful and evil apprehension was nearly crystallized, the man broke out into a broad grin. The steel blue eyes, now balanced by the expense of near-perfect teeth, took on a friendly and engaging look. “Hello, Robert, how are you today? And who is this fine young fellow you have with you?”

“I’m fine, Sampson, how are you? This is Mr. James Robeson. James, this is Sampson Tucker, one of the best and most honest traders in all of Carolina. James here is a newcomer to Ninety-Six – from Virginia. He was just asking me about places to settle. I told him about the different creeks on the path to Fort Moore. But you know that I don’t know those creeks nearly as well as you do. Tell James what you know about them.”

“Well, there’s some mighty fine land between here and Fort Moore. Every creek bottom is covered with cane. Not many people down that way though. More and more have been moving in during the last several years. On the lower side of the path near Fort Moore, Nobles Creek – sometimes called Horn’s Creek – has quite a few settlers though. Back this way Mountain Creek, Turkey Creek, and Log Creek also have some settlers. And then there is that creek that Peter Youngblood is settled on – they call it Beaverdam Creek, I think. I’m headed to Fort Moore tomorrow morning. I’d be pleased to have you go with me if you would like. That way you could look over the land, talk to some of the settlers and make up your mind about where you’d like to settle without forcing your family to take the trip.”

“That sounds like a great idea to me,” said Robeson. “Are you sure you wouldn’t mind my coming along?”

“Not at all,” said the big man, “Not at all. It’ll be good to have some company.”

Early the next morning, after saying goodbye to his family (for he wouldn’t see them again probably for a week or two), James Robeson set out with Sampson Tucker on foot leading two pack horses down the path to Fort Moore. Robert Goudy had certainly been helpful. He had arranged for Robeson to move his family closer to the fort where they would feel safer and he promised to look after them in James’ absence. The heavy winter rain made travelling difficult but long strides and Robeson’s enthusiasm helped them make good time as they crossed the ridges between the creeks.

But at each creek bottom Robeson looked for signs of settlers and the pair traveled considerably out of their way to find the cabins and lean-to’s hidden away at the edge of the clearings in the bottomlands. Sampson was understanding and patient of Robeson’s desire to get to know the land and people. The first night they spent with a family on Turkey Creek. The following morning they trekked down across Log Creek and then to Beaverdam. It had a wide bottom where the path crossed. There was a large clearing in the bottom and a cabin on the hill above. Working in the clearing was a man, his wife and four children. Sampson knew the family and introduced them to James. This was the Peter Youngblood family who had arrived in the area about five years before. The Youngbloods invited Sampson and James to have the noon meal with them. While eating, Peter Youngblood told James about an inspiring preacher by the name of Daniel Marshall who had founded a church down on Stevens Creek. A meeting was being held there later that afternoon and Youngblood suggested that James go the meeting so that he could meet all the settlers in the area. Though not particularly religious, James admitted that it was probably a good idea and agreed to go.

Before setting out for Stevens Creek, James and Sampson walked up Beaverdam Creek from the Youngblood farm. Then

they doubled back and went downstream. Just below the Youngblood farm was a wide stretch of bottomland on the south side of the creek. Peter told them that this was the site of a fierce battle between the Euchee and Mongohelia Indians a number of years before. The bottom was obviously fertile; the path from Ninety-Six to Fort Moore lay just along the eastern edge of it; and from the southwestern side of the bottom a steep hillside rose up. High above the bottom land at the crest of the hill, the land flattened out to a ridge at one end of which was a knoll. Climbing to the top of this knoll, James looked out across the bottom. Being late February and without foliage, James could see the entire bottom. At the eastern edge he could see the path to Fort Moore and the Youngblood clearing beyond. Although the Youngblood cabin was hidden by an intervening hill, they could see the curl of smoke from their chimney rising out of the bottom.

Sampson didn't say anything and he regarded James standing there deep in thought. He wasn't one to give unsolicited advice, but he knew that James had found the land upon which he would settle.

That evening after the meeting, they stayed with the Rambo family on Horn's Creek. Lawrence Rambo was friendly enough, but fiercely independent and set in his ways. James didn't want to have to cross Rambo but didn't think he'd have to either.

On the afternoon of the third day they arrived at Fort Moore. There Sampson stored some skins and picked up some powder and blankets to take back with him to Keowee. When they met another trader who was headed up the river to Fort Augusta in a canoe, Sampson suggested that they go with him so that James could become familiar with this trading post as well. Just at dusk as the moon was rising behind them above the river and shimmering its muted light across the ripples caused by the paddles, Fort Augusta came into view. The trading post, the cluster of houses, and the church, all under the shadows of the fort were crude structures. Several unsavory traders were gathered in the tavern at the trading post drinking rum. Under normal circum-

stances, James would have expected trouble out of them. But he found that travelling with Sampson Tucker had its advantages – few unpleasant words were said in his presence.

The following day the pair started the trek back to Ninety-Six. Having carefully toured the bottoms on the way down, they had no need to tarry now. By the end of the first day they were back at Beaverdam where they spent the night with the Youngbloods. Early the next morning they set out again, but not before walking through the wider bottom and up the hillside to the overlooking knoll. James knew now that he had found his farm. He had seen nothing which compared to the place on the entire journey. And he liked the Youngbloods. Their children were just the same age as his. Moreover he liked being near the main path from Ninety-Six to Fort Moore. This would mean that they would get visitors fairly frequently which would be nice in the long winter evenings. All in all, it was the perfect spot. He hoped that his wife would like it as well.

The trip from Beaverdam to Ninety-Six was a long one. By dark they were still several miles from the fort, but due to the full moon they were able to travel on. A couple of hours later they arrived at the meadow. Though exhausted from the long journey, James was elated to see his children run toward him. As he scooped up each of the two youngest in an arm, the children shouted simultaneously, “Did you find us a place to settle, Paw? Did you, huh?” “I certainly did, children, I certainly did.”

Two days later after stocking up with supplies, the Robeson family set out for Beaverdam. During the first several months, they built a crude but adequate lean-to at the edge of the bottom and began to make a clearing in the forest. Fortunately a large section of the bottom was covered with cane. After cutting this and plowing and pulling up the roots, the Robesons had a fairly good spot for their first year’s crop. Later clearing would involve cutting massive trees and digging up the stumps. There would be time for that though. Right now, it was just important to get that crop in the ground so that they could have a good harvest in the fall.

After Robeson got his crop in the ground and his family temporarily established, he made the long journey to Charles Town where he swore to his headrights before the governor and council and thereby secured the warrant for survey of his property. The warrant allowed him six months for the survey to be made. In August, the Deputy Surveyor General, George Strother, came to Beaverdam and with Robeson's help, laid out the tract. It was not until the following March that the grant was actually issued in Charles Town and another month before the Robeson's had word of it.

It was a joyous day indeed that the Robeson family were all out in their clearing planting their spring crop when they heard a shout in the distance. There, standing tall in the edge of the woods, was Sampson Tucker. He had his broad grin upon his face and was holding something aloft in his hand. The children rushed out to meet him, with their parents not far behind. When they met at the edge of the clearing, Sampson announced: "I have a present for you from His Majesty King George III," and with that he handed a folded parchment to James Robeson. "Our grant! Our grant!" cried everyone in unison. James carefully unfolded the paper and stretched it out. He read aloud, ". . . ." The tears began to flow down his cheeks. This was undoubtedly the finest day of his life!

Other Robesons in this area include Israel, Samuel and David Robeson. Was this David Robeson the same as David Robinson who appears in Regulator history? Samuel Robeson had obtained a grant of land where Horn's Creek Church was later built. Was Samuel Robeson James' brother? James Robeson also obtained grants to other properties, including one for 100 acres on Log Creek dated April 1, 1774 and another dated September 9, 1774 for 200 acres about a mile further up Beaverdam Creek.

The Harris Era (1778 – 1795)

On January 30, 1778, James Robeson sold his Beaverdam Creek property to Sarah and Jenkin Harris by Lease and Release.² The Harris family had been in the area for some years as we find Jenkin Harris and his son Moses Harris acting as witnesses to a deed to property in the neighborhood on January 26, 1774.³ This suggests that the Harris's were already living in Edgefield and possibly on the Robeson's property as tenants in 1774 before finally acquiring ownership in 1778.

The Harris family had three sons, Moses, Jenkin, Jr. and John. Moses played a significant role in the Revolution, serving under Captains Simfield Foster, John Thomas, John Ryan and John Carter. He was at the battle at Stono and the siege of Augusta as well as on an expedition against the Indians.⁴ John may also have served, but we find no record of Jenkin, Jr. serving.⁵ After the war, John Harris built a house on the northern side of the family tract, near the location of the present-day Old Edgefield Grill, as the Judges of Edgefield County Court held their sessions in his house between January and October of 1786.⁶ Jenkin, Jr. and Moses were also involved in the first days of the development of the county seat as they each purchased lots fronting on the "Public Lot" to build taverns in 1787.⁷

The Harris, Sr. family began to sell portions of their land after 1785, including forty acres that had been deeded to John Harris.

² This Lease and Release was apparently never recorded, but it was referenced in several subsequent deeds.

³ See deed of Peter Youngblood to John Frazier dated January 26 & 27, 1774 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 6 at Pages 130-131.

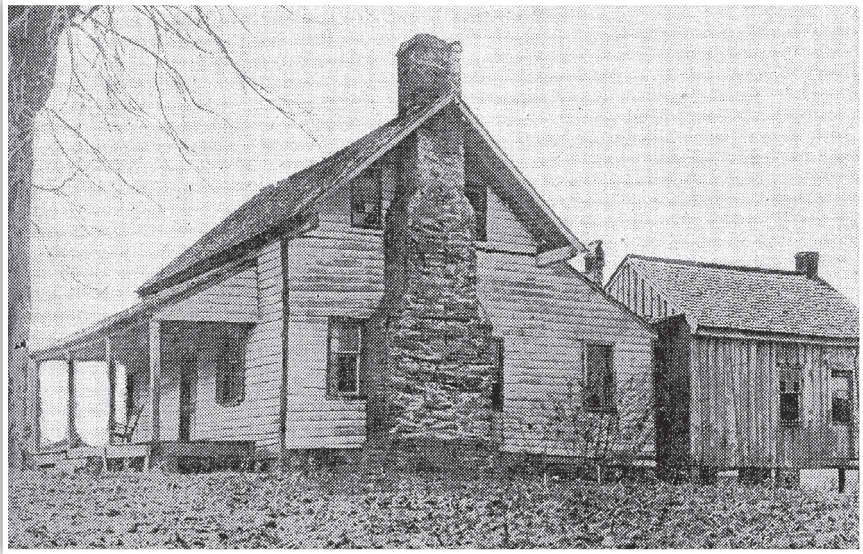
⁴ Moss, Bobby Gilmer, *Roster of South Carolina Patriots in the American Revolution*, Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1983, p. 420 which references the National Pension Claim number S17996.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 419-420.

⁶ *Minutes of the Judges of the Edgefield County Court*, January 10, 1786 and October 9, 1786, Edgefield County Archives.

⁷ Edgefield County Deeds, Edgefield County Archives, Deed Book 2, Page 34; Edgefield County Deeds, Edgefield County Archives, deed book 2, page 69.

John in turn sold this to his older brother, Jenkin Harris, Jr. in 1787. Sarah and Jenkin Harris, Sr. sold 140 acres, to be known as “Merlain Plantation” to Richard Tutt, who became Clerk of Court, in 1791.⁸ Tutt built his house facing Penn Street, just south of the Gray Street intersection. The Harrises also sold 60 acres to Rachel Cheney (also known as Oliver) in 1791 which included the property which would



The Richard Tutt house which was built in 1791 was located a short distance away, facing Penn Street, just south of the Gray Street intersection. It was demolished circa 1900. Holly Hill probably resembled this in its original form.

later become known as Hillcrest.⁹ Moses Harris sold the remaining 100 acres of the family land, including the house at Holly Hill, to Dr. V. P. Williamson in December of 1795.¹⁰

⁸ Lease and Release of Sarah and Jenkin Harris to Richard Tutt for 100 acres, dated August 8, 1791 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 6 at Pages 11-17.

⁹ Lease and Release of Sarah and Jenkin Harris to Rachael Cheney (Oliver) for 60 acres, dated December 12, 1791 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 6 at Pages 64-65 .

¹⁰ Deed of Moses Harris to Dr. V. P. Williamson, dated December 8, 1795 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 12 at Page 472.

The Williamson Era (1795 - 1815)

Dr. Vincent Peter Williamson was a significant person in early Edgefield. We believe that he may well have been a son of General Andrew Williamson, the commander of the state militia during the Revolution from 1775 to 1780. However, we have not been able to establish this definitely, and he may have been a nephew of General Williamson or completely unrelated.¹¹ Dr. Williamson is described as “a distinguished physician and Revolutionary soldier” by Judge O’Neill.¹² Several weeks after buying the Holly Hill property, on December 28, 1795, Dr. Williamson purchased a four acre parcel from William Simkins upon which there was a dwelling house and a mill.¹³ The site of this property is where apartment buildings are located off of Jeter Street, across Beaverdam Creek and several hundred yards away from his Holly Hill property. At one time we thought that he lived on the property he purchased from Simkins,¹⁴ but we are more inclined to believe that he continued to live at Holly Hill and that the Simkins property was used primarily as his mill.

¹¹ One source, Toulmin, Llewellyn M., Ph.D., “Backcountry Warrior: Brig. Gen. Andrew Williamson,” *Journal of Backcountry Studies*, Volume 7, Number 1 (Spring, 2012), pages. 77-78, states that Andrew Williamson’s sons were Andrew Williamson II (born 1771 and who died without issue before 1805) and William Williamson (1777-1805). The primary source for Toulmin’s information is apparently the obituary of William Williamson who was described as “the youngest and only surviving son of the late Brig. Gen. Andrew Williamson of this state.” If the name of the other son was Vincent P. Williamson instead of Andrew II, this reference to William being “the only surviving son” would be correct, because V. P. Williamson died in 1802. However, we have found genealogical sources which suggest that V. P. Williamson came from Maryland and North Carolina and arrived in Edgefield in 1794. These sources indicate that Mrs. Williamson was from Philadelphia.

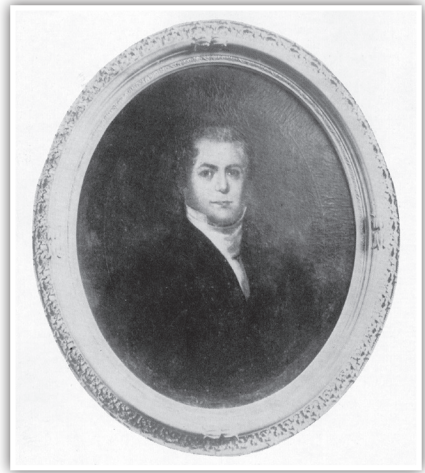
¹² O’Neill, Judge John Belton, *Bench and Bar of South Carolina*, Vol, II, S. G. Courtenay & Co., Charleston, SC, 1859, Vol. I, page 191.

¹³ Lease and Release of William Simkins to V. P. Williamson, dated December 29, 1795 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 12 at Page 475-479.

¹⁴ See Rainsford, Bettis C., *The Story of Halcyon Grove*, Edgefield County Historical Society, 2011, pp. 2-3.

Dr. Williamson was married to Elizabeth White who had been previously married to a Williams. They had two daughters: Sarah (17??-1824) who married John C. Allen (1781-1854), Sheriff of Edgefield District and Deputy United States Marshall, and Harrietta (17??-1824) who married William D. Martin (1789-1833). Dr. V. P. Williamson died in 1802¹⁵ but his widow and two daughters continued to live at Holly Hill.

The husband of Harrietta Williamson, W. D. Martin, was the son of John Martin of the prominent Martin family of Edgefield. He later became a lawyer, State Senator, Congressman and Judge.¹⁶ Judge Martin left us a very interesting glimpse into the warmth of the Williamson household at Holly Hill in the early days of the 19th century. An orphan of sorts inasmuch as his father had moved around and been married several times, he had boarded with the Williamson family for about two years, beginning in 1807. He had found Mrs. Williamson to be a very loving adopted mother and would ultimately marry her daughter Harrietta on May 28, 1811. After two years at Holly Hill, through the generosity of Edmund Bacon, he was sent to Litchfield, Connecticut to study law. He kept a journal of his travels from Edgefield to Litchfield. As he begins this journal, he describes his deep affection for the woman who would become his mother-in-law:



William Dickenson Martin (1789-1833), lawyer, State Senator, Congressman and Judge, boarded at Holly Hill circa 1807-1809 and married Harrietta Williamson in 1811.

¹⁵ See the Estate file of Vincent P. Williamson, Edgefield County Archives, Box 47, package 2011.

¹⁶ Bailey, N. Louise, Mary L. Morgan and Carolyn R. Taylor, *Biographical Directory of the South Carolina Senate 1776-1985, Vol. II*, University of South Carolina Press, Columbia, SC, 1986, page 1066.

My heart vibrated with the most grateful emotions for the tender care & anxious solicitude expressed by some of my friends, particularly the good Mrs. Williamson under whose parental roof I had so long resided, & whose kindness had been so often heaped upon me "as a burden too heavy to bear." I know not in what language to express my gratitude, or how to pay a just tribute to the benevolent affection for this amiable woman.

For nearly two years, I had been so fortunate as to constitute a member of her family, during which time, she had always extended towards me, a mother's counsel & expressed for me a mother's care. Bereft of the best of mothers, while yet I had scarcely passed the threshold of my youth – before I knew how to appreciate her merit or scan the extensive train of difficulties to which the stern decree of providence had subjected me, - my residence was not unfrequently changed, in most of them I formed an adopted mother. But alas! How great the contrast. From them, nothing sounded on the tablet of my ear but the arbitrary voice of command, or the cold tone of indifference. No friendly salutations issued from their lips, as welcome of my approach, no parental fondness beamed in their eyes, which would warrant me in saying, "in you is repaired the loss I have sustained, in you I behold a mother."

On the other hand, in the lady of whom I am now speaking, were united the warmth & zeal of the most disinterested friendship, with the maternal affection of tenderest of parents, for so I will call her. Oh madam! Had I always been of your family; had I been snatched by you from the heaving bosom of a dying mother, what miseries should I have escaped! You would have shielded me from the various ills that have assailed me, & the misfortunes which accompany the fate of every orphan. But I will not complain, rather will I rejoice that chance or accident introduced me to, & made me a member of, your family. If happiness consists in contentment, I were certainly happy then. Daily the object of

*the most sincere hospitality: social converse, the emblem of generous & liberal souls, here prevailed uninterruptedly; & friendship, that balm of misery, the antidote of all our misfortunes gave a zest to all my joys.*¹⁷

Thus, Judge Martin has given us testimony of the love and warmth of Holly Hill in its earliest days.

Mrs. Williamson died sometime prior to 1817. It is likely that it was upon her illness or death that Holly Hill was sold. We have not been able to find a deed for Holly Hill out of the Williamson family. Presumably the deed was never recorded, but interestingly the next owner of the property was a man who was married to a Williamson, Charles Goodwyn. Could there have been a relationship between Goodwyn's wife and the Dr. V. P. Williamson family?

The Goodwyn Era (1815 – 1824)

Major Charles Goodwyn had married Elizabeth Williamson, the daughter of General Andrew Williamson, on the 17th of April, 1788. If Dr. V. P. Williamson was the son of Andrew Williamson, then Goodwyn would have been his brother-in-law. Perhaps someday the issue of Dr. Williamson's origins can be verified and this question answered. Although the date of Goodwyn's acquisition of Holly Hill is unknown, later deeds note that he had bought the property from the heirs and widow of Dr. Vincent Peter Williamson.

Major Goodwyn was a native of London, England who arrived in South Carolina in 1780. He became a naturalized citizen in 1783 and was admitted to the bar in South Carolina on May 28, 1784. He settled at Ninety-Six which was renamed "Cambridge" just after the War.¹⁸ Early in his career Goodwyn owned a plantation near Biggin Creek in present-day Berkeley County, but later lived at "Henley"

¹⁷ Elmore, Anna D., editor, *The Journal of William D. Martin*, Heritage House, Charlotte, 1959, pages 1-2.

¹⁸ O'Neill, Vol II, pages 146-147.

in the Edgefield District.¹⁹ In 1796 he purchased with his brother-in-law, Ephraim Ramsey, Silver Bluff Plantation, the former home of the old Indian trader, George Galphin, which spanned the Edgefield/Barnwell County lines. Goodwyn lived on the Barnwell side of the property and represented Barnwell County (then known as Winton County) in the South Carolina House of Representatives (1800-1801) and then in the State Senate (1802-1805). In 1801 he was made a Major of the Cavalry of the Fifth Brigade in the South Carolina Militia, and was afterwards almost always known as “Major Goodwyn.” He also held a number of other public positions, including Commissioner for improving the navigation of the Edisto and Ashley Rivers (1786), Trustee of the College of Cambridge (1787), Justice of the Quorum (1798), Trustee for establishing public schools in the District of Orangeburgh (1798), Commissioner of the road from Horse Creek Bridge to Minor’s Bridge on Hollow Creek (1801), Special Circuit Judge (1810), Commissioner to study a survey road from Granby to Augusta (1814).²⁰

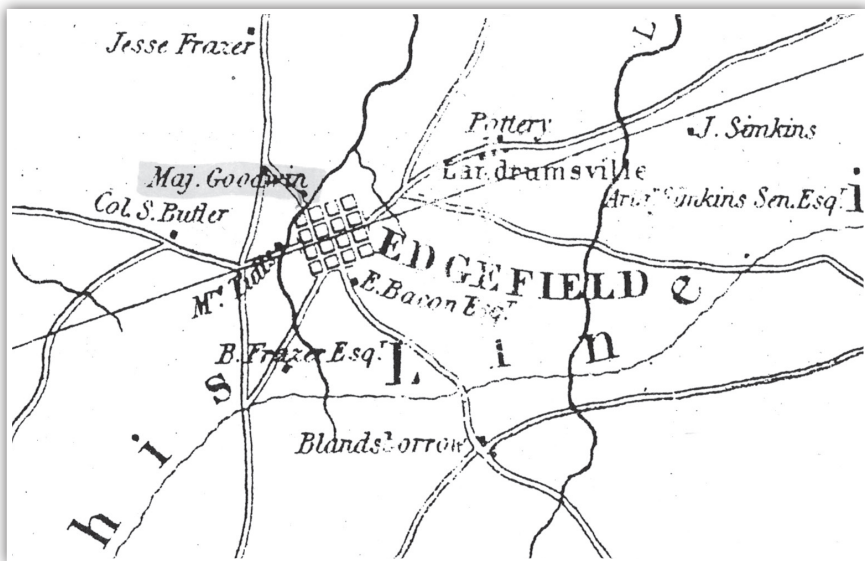
Sadly, because of debts which he incurred to purchase Silver Bluff, he began to encounter major financial problems in the period after 1812. By 1818 he had lost his Silver Bluff property and continued to be pressed by his creditors for many years.²¹ Although we have been unable to find the exact date upon which Major Goodwyn acquired Holly Hill, we know that he was living there in 1816 from Thomas Anderson’s Map of Edgefield County of that date. The Robert Mills Map of 1825 also shows Holly Hill as Major Goodwyn’s residence. It is likely that either the Williamsons or Major Goodwyn had substantially upgraded Holly Hill by adding the beautifully designed and carved woodwork which we find in the rooms surrounding the eastern chimney.

¹⁹ The reference to Henley comes from the obituary of the son of Charles Goodwyn, Chamberlain L. Goodwin (1791-1851) who is said to have been born there. See McClendon, Carlee T., *Edgefield Death Notices and Cemetery Records*, The Hive Press, Columbia, SC, 1977, page 84. Henley is located just south of Ninety-Six.

²⁰ Bailey, Vol. II, p. 583; and O’Neill, Vol. II, pages 146-147.

²¹ *Ibid.*

We have been unable to find a date for the death of Charles Goodwyn but believe he died before 1824, for, in that year, James Biggs,



1825 Map of Edgefield District by Robert Mills showing "Maj. Goodwin"

Chambers L. Goodwin and Charles Goodwin, Jr., presumably the heirs of Charles Goodwyn, sold the property to Sarah Drysdale. At that point the property was described as being 134 acres, the late residence of Charles Goodwyn, Sr. and being known by the name of "Holly Hill."²²

²² See Deed of James Biggs, Chamberlain L. Goodwyn and Charles Goodwyn to Sarah Drysdale, dated February, 1824 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 40 at page 336. Interestingly, this deed to Mrs. Drysdale was followed by another deed to her from Edmund B. Belcher, Sheriff, which recounts that he is levying on the property of Charles Goodwyn, Sr. pursuant to the writs issued pursuant to the suits of John Porter, Charles Hammond and others. Deed Book 40 at Page 412. This was obviously the result of the financial problems which Goodwyn had endured as a result of the Silver Bluff acquisition.

The Drysdale Era (1824 – 1835)

We know relatively little about Mrs. Drysdale except that she is known to have owned a substantial plantation on Horn's Creek surrounding Horn's Creek Church²³ and to have been an original subscriber of the Edgefield Village Baptist Church in 1823.²⁴ She apparently lived here from 1824 until approximately 1836. We have not discovered when Mrs. Drysdale moved out or died.

Following Mrs. Drysdale, the property was owned by a succession of owners. Nathaniel Ramey (17??-18??), a potter and owner of Pottersville, bought the property from Mrs. Drysdale. He sold it to John Bauskett (1794-1867), a lawyer, planter and businessman.²⁵ Bauskett sold the property in 1838 to George Pope who lived here and died here in 1844.²⁶ Thomas Pope inherited the property from his father and sold it to Edmund B. Bacon (1805-1885)²⁷ who in turn sold it to Humphrey Boulware.²⁸

The Boulware Era (1845 – 1869)

Humphrey Boulware was the son of Spencer Boulware whose family had originated in the Newberry or Fairfield Districts. We have not determined when Spenser Boulware first arrived in the Edgefield District. Humphrey Boulware became Clerk of Court of Edgefield

²³ See Plat Book II, Page 326, Edgefield County Archives, plat of 363 acres belonging to Mrs. Sarah Drysdale on Horn's Creek and Marshall's Creek, drawn by Jesse Bettis, D.S., March 29, 1825.

²⁴ Woodson, Hortense and Church Historians, *History of the Edgefield Baptist Association*, the Edgefield Advertiser Press, Edgefield, 1957, page 211.

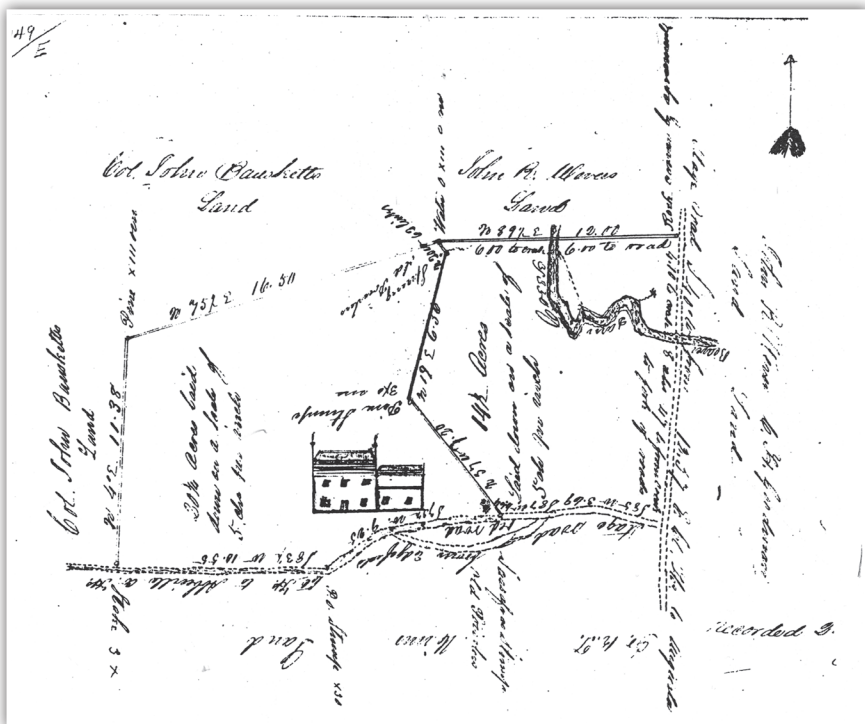
²⁵ Deed of Nathaniel Ramey to John Bauskett, dated April 18, 1835 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 47 at Page 514.

²⁶ Deed of John Bauskett to George Pope, dated January 4, 1838 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 48 at Page 401.

²⁷ Deed of Thomas Pope to Edmund B. Bacon, dated and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book DDD at Page 12.

²⁸ Deed of Edmund B. Bacon to Humphrey Boulware, dated and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book DDD at Page 270.

County from 1834 to 1836 and Sheriff from 1844 to 1848.²⁹ He was married on December 20, 1836 to Mrs. Rachel Blakely Richardson (1810-1887),³⁰ whose first husband, Jefferson Richardson, was



1846 Plat of Holly Hill property done for Humphrey Boulware.

Clerk of Court and then Ordinary of the District until his death in 1836.³¹ He was later (1860) known as “Captain Boulware.” We have not been able to determine the date of death of Humphrey Boulware or where he was buried. We suspect that he may have died during the war. His widow sold Holly Hill in the late 1860s to William Gregg, the textile entrepreneur and founder of Graniteville, and apparently moved to Johnston for she is buried in the Mount of Olives

²⁹ Chapman, John A., History of Edgefield County, Elbert H. Aull, Publisher, Newberry, SC, 1897, p. 417.

³⁰ McClendon, Carlee T., Edgefield Marriages, R. L. Bryan Co., Columbia, 1970, page 18.

³¹ McClendon, Death Notices, page 9.

Cemetery there. Gregg resold the property in 1869 to Lewis Jones³² who in turn sold it to Peter McHugh.³³

The McHugh Era (1869 - 1886)

Peter McHugh (1820-1885), a stonecutter, perhaps like his wife, Margaret Logue McHugh (1826-1902) a native of Ireland, came from Philadelphia in the late 1850's to assist with the construction of the Catholic Church in Edgefield. They initially lived in the house adjoining the Catholic Church which the priest had purchased for a boarding house for the workmen who had been brought in to build the church. Mrs. McHugh ran this boarding house until the church was completed. By 1869 the McHugh's had apparently decided to purchase their own house and selected Holly Hill. They lived there from 1869 until the mid-1880s. The McHugh's had many descendants here who were involved in the Catholic Church over the years and a number of their descendants still live here. The McHugh family sold Holly Hill to Mrs. Lucy G. Durisoe who in turn sold it to Dr. C P DeVore.

The DeVore Era (1888 – 1908)

Dr. Charles Prescott DeVore (1852-1927), son of Dr. James A. DeVore (1816-1885), was a physician and planter who lived the early part of his life near his father's plantation on Horn's Creek some ten miles south of Edgefield. He purchased Holly Hill in 1888³⁴ and lived here until 1908.

The following is an excerpt from the manuscript autobiography

³² Deed of William Gregg to Lewis Jones for 10 acres known as the Boulware Place, dated February 18, 1869 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 000 at Page 316.

³³ Deed of Lewis Jones to Peter McHugh for 10 acres known as the Boulware Place, dated March 9, 1869 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 000 at Page 315.

³⁴ Deed of Lucy G. Durisoe to C. P. DeVore, dated August 29, 1888 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 11 at Page 214.

of Francis Butler Simkins (1897-1966), the renowned Southern historian, which gives an interesting glimpse of Dr. DeVore. Simkins' memories of Dr. DeVore were from after Dr. DeVore sold Holly Hill and moved in with his sister, Mrs. Butler, at "Hillcrest," the house on Penn Street behind the Plantation House hotel which was moved to Aiken in 1930.



The Butler/DeVore Family showing Dr. C. P. DeVore in the wheelchair with "Miss Kate" Butler to his right and behind and Anna Butler Thompson on the far left with her husband, James W. Thompson kneeling.

Uncle Pat, as Dr. DeVore was known to his intimates,³⁵ was the perfect southern country gentleman in the actuality. A physician who had been forced by an invalid leg to retire from his profession, he sat on the back porch of the Hillcrest house chewing tobacco and reading good literature. At frequent intervals he talked to tenants from his plantation,

³⁵ The name "Uncle Pat" may be a mistake in Professor Simkins's remembrance, as Dr. DeVore's name was definitely Prescott, not Patrick. "Uncle Pres" may be what he was actually called. The family servant, Joseph Patrick, may be the one who was known as "Uncle Pat."

*which lay ten miles south of Edgefield. Standing on the white sands of the yard with their wool hats in their hands, these black men received bills of credit at the Edgefield stores from an apparently ungracious master. Like George Washington one hundred and fifty years before him, the doctor scolded the blacks for coming with exasperating tales, but he would have cursed them in louder tones had they failed to come at all. In return for the credit accorded them throughout the year, they deposited one hundred fat bales of cotton each fall behind one of the Hillcrest hedges. Uncle Pat was a rich and successful planter.*³⁶

Apparently while Dr. DeVore owned the house, his niece, Anna Butler Thompson, and her husband, James W. Thompson, lived here with him. Mrs. Thompson was the daughter of Dr. DeVore's sister, Mrs. Seth (Kate DeVore) Butler (1849-1940) who lived at "Hillcrest." James W. Thompson, a native of coastal North Carolina, is thought to have been affiliated with the mill in Edgefield. While the Thompson's lived here, they held a number of elegant entertainments which were described in vivid terms in the Edgefield newspapers.³⁷ One such entertainment was described as follows:

On last Wednesday evening "Holly Hill," the elegant and hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson, was opened to a happy throng of guests, where beauty and pleasure passed by. This brilliant entertainment was given by our esteemed friend, Dr. C. P. DeVore, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Tompkins of Mobile, Ala. The lovely hostess made everyone feel at perfect ease, and the games were unusually entertaining. After playing the customary number of games, the visitors were served with dainty and delicious refreshments. Mr. H. A. Smith was awarded the first gentleman's prize, being a handsome silver-mounted ink stand. Mrs. J. W. DeVore was the lucky winner of the ladies first prize,

³⁶ Francis Butler Simkins manuscript autobiography located in the library at Longwood University in Farmville, Virginia with a copy in the possession of Bettis C. Rainsford.

³⁷ Undated newspaper clippings in the possession of Bettis C. Rainsford.

*a beautiful purse; the consolation prizes were awarded to Miss Sophia Nicholson and Dr. J. G. Tompkins. The gay party of guests bid their adieu's and went home feeling that it was one of the most delightful gatherings had in Edgefield in many days, and all the young ladies, much to their sorrow, discovered that the reason Dr. DeVore remains a bachelor is because he has such lovely and entertaining nieces to do the honor for him.*³⁸

In 1908 Dr. DeVore transferred Holly Hill to his sister.³⁹ At some point, he had moved into Hillcrest with her. Mrs. Butler sold the property a few months later. She was an interesting person in the neighborhood whose description is also provided by Professor Simkins:

Miss Kate, as Mrs. Butler was known to her friends of both races, was the incarnation of the Southern Legend. There she sat in waxy aroma surrounded by dark walls covered with portraits which reflected the spare shafts of light which evaded the heavy blinds and shrubs outside great windows. Dressed in black satin with lace trimmings, Miss Kate never abandoned her perch except each Sunday morning to make a pilgrimage to the Edgefield Episcopal Church. Anything that she needed – a fan, a shawl, a dipper of water, a slice of cake or a book was brought to her by her two daughters. Her sedentary habits were in part caused by an unconscious cultivation of fatness but it was mostly due to her fondness for reading. Surrounded by a welter of books, newspapers and magazines, she read all day to herself; and when, in the late afternoons the Negroes stopped coming, she read aloud to her brother Pat. Miss Kate was most gracious to callers, listening attentively. And she, of course, told legends of the Old South, of the grandeur of plantation life during her girlhood and early married life. She was even able to talk of plantation life in Brazil, for she had relatives who migrated

³⁸ Undated newspaper clipping in the possession of Bettis C. Rainsford.

³⁹ Deed of C. P. DeVore to Kate DeVore Butler for 42 1/5 acres, dated July 10, 1908 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Book 22, Page 560.

*to that distant country when the fall of the Confederacy left it the only large country where slavery survived.*⁴⁰

The Sheppard Era (1908-1915)

The purchaser of Holly Hill from Mrs. Butler was Wallace Sheppard (1880-1961), the son of Governor John Calhoun Sheppard (1850-1931).⁴¹ Wallace was a handsome and able young man with a promising future who had married a few years earlier Adrienne Dorothea “Dolly” Dugas (1883-1947), the daughter of Dr. George C. Dugas (1852-1903) of Augusta and Francis Eugenia “Douschka” Pickens Dugas (1859-1893), and the granddaughter of Governor Francis W. Pickens (1805-1869) and Lucy Petway Holcomb Pickens (1832-1899). Dolly, as she was known, was one of the most attractive women to ever live in Edgefield.

Though much feted as the union between two of Edgefield’s most aristocratic and political families, the marriage was eminently unsuccessful. Dolly was apparently unable to be satisfied with the company of only one man. Thus, after several years and three children, the couple separated, with Dolly going to New York and Wallace to the Philippines and then to Washington. Their stay at Holly Hill was for only several brief turbulent years. Professor Simkins has also left us with a fascinating glimpse of Dolly and Wallace:

After Mrs. Pickens’s death in 1899, the decay of Edgewood proceeded at a still more rapid pace. The heirs to the Pickens family fortune were Lucy and Dolly, Douschka’s daughters. They were two flowers who became wild weeds as soon as they were old enough to escape their governesses. They would tolerate the restraints of neither high school nor college. Their ignorance of the things one learns in school

⁴⁰ Simkins manuscript autobiography.

⁴¹ Deed of Kate DeVore Butler to W. W. Sheppard for 21 3/5 acres, dated December 29, 1908 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 22 at Page 663.

is illustrated by their division of Governor Pickens's library. Dolly took twenty-four of Walter Scott's novels and Lucy took twenty-two. Dolly took three of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Lucy took two; and so on for the creation of an unimaginative triumph of broken sets. . . .

Miss Sallie was mistress of ceremonies at Dolly's marriage. Bon fires of the fattest pine knots led five hundred guests up the Edgewood avenue to an altar described as a "very miracle of beauty" before which Mr. Cornish, who had buried Douschka, heard the solemn vows. Mother was happy for two reasons. Her five-year-old son had a part in the ceremony. "Beautiful little Francis Simkins, habited like Puck in *Midsummer's Night Dream*," said the *Charleston News and Courier*, "bore the ring on an embroidered white satin pillow." Dolly was marrying Wallace Sheppard, the son of the Bourbon ex-governor whom Ben Tillman had defeated for reelection.



Dolly and her daughter
Douschka, 1905.

Young Sheppard belonged to Edgefield's best known family aside from the Pickenses and the Tillmans; he had recently graduated from Virginia Military Institute, the College of Stonewall Jackson; and he had ambitions to follow his distinguished father into the profession of law.

But Wallace's and Dolly's marriage was destined for a hectic failure. He disappointed his father and friends by turning to what, in the opinion of conservative South Carolinians, was worse than drink and murder. He proclaimed himself a free thinker, a sort of village atheist. He wrote a

book on the subject which might have been published had Governor Sheppard not threatened him with disinheritance. The chamber of horrors to the children of Edgefield was the secluded chamber in the Sheppard house where Wallace kept the works of Voltaire. He left Edgefield shortly after the controversy over his religious views to the antipodes where he became a member of the Philippine constabulary. He was doubtless running away from the embarrassment caused by the loose conduct of his wife. The people of Edgefield designated him a conscienceless weakling; by quitting his wife's bed, they said, he was subjecting her to moral temptations no spirited young woman could withstand.

Miss Sallie and her children loved Dolly. She was the daughter of a dearest friend and we believed her to be the most beautiful woman in South Carolina. She was described in the newspapers at the time of her marriage as "a radiant, Aurora-like beauty, tall, gliding, graceful." The greatest thrill of my childhood was to sit in the pommel of her saddle while she, Bonnie Belle and I dashed over the countryside. Among the greatest favors bestowed upon Mother was for Dolly to appear on the Simkins backdoor on news that Mother had unexpected company. In apron and cap the young lady waited upon the table with the grace of the best colored servant.

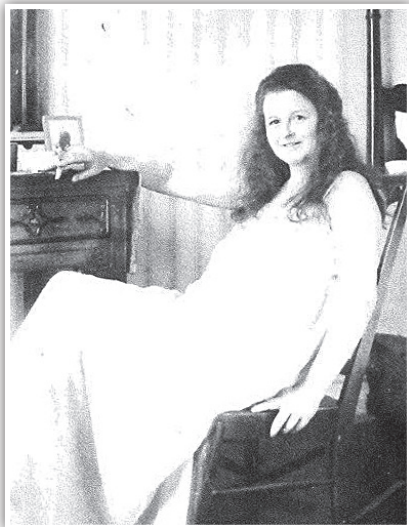
On her husband's departure, Dolly immediately threw her reputation to the winds. She was seen in the company of numerous men and held drunken parties in her apartment in her father-in-law's house.⁴² Her third child was believed to have been sired by Bob Matherly, a wealthy young rake of Edgefield County who ultimately died in an automobile accident.⁴³ Governor Sheppard, who had long prided himself on the spotless reputations of his five daughters, was

⁴² Wallace and Dolly had begun their married life at Holly Hill, but perhaps she had moved into her in-laws home as Simkins states.

⁴³ Simkins had used pseudonyms for people and places in his manuscript. We have not yet discovered the identity of this suspected father.

overwhelmed by the conduct of his daughter in law; he was either too timid or too kind-hearted to turn her out of his house. Undoubtedly, worry over her was a main reason he ultimately lost his mind. He lived on until 1931.

Dolly's Edgefield career was ended suddenly by a dramatic incident. Riding whip in hand, she dashed up and down the main street of the town in an automobile driven by a young woman nurse from Augusta. Both women were wildly drunk. When the Mayor⁴⁴ was finally able to get them to stop, Dolly administered him a thrashing with her whip. That night a committee of citizens ordered her from Edgefield.⁴⁵ Never did she return alive.⁴⁶ But thirty years after her exile her body was brought back to rest beside Douschka. A goodly crowd bringing plenty of flowers turned out for the burial. They remembered her mother and her grandmother and her charm and beauty, forgetting, in Christian charity, the evil she had done to herself and to others.⁴⁷



Dolly circa 1917.

⁴⁴ Was this Dr. J. G. Edwards?

⁴⁵ Another version of this story, told by the late June Rainsford Butler Henderson (1895-1993), was that she was in a carriage and drove around and around the Square casting off her clothing until she was completely naked. The next day Governor Sheppard told her "Dolly, you must leave Edgefield" and presented her with a one-way railway ticket to New York City. She took the ticket and went to New York where she quickly found herself in the company of some of the wealthiest men of the City.

⁴⁶ She apparently did make a visit to Edgefield in her later life. See the *Edgefield Advertiser*, April 9, 1947.

⁴⁷ Simkins manuscript autobiography.

Following their separation and as a part of their property settlement, Wallace deeded Holly Hill to Dolly in 1913.⁴⁸ In 1915 Dolly sold the property to B. L. “Lovick” Mims⁴⁹ who, in turn, transferred it to his brother, James T. “Jim” Mims,⁵⁰ who then sold it in 1919 to B. T. Lanham.⁵¹

While the property was owned by Wallace and Dolly, it was apparently rented to several different families. Mrs. Agatha Woodson (1859-1952) lived here with her children, including Miss Hortense Woodson in the period around 1910.⁵²

The Lanham Era (1919-1976)

Benjamin Tillman Lanham (1890-1954) was from an old and distinguished family of the Horn’s Creek/Republican Road area of Edgefield County. He and his family lived at Holly Hill and operated a dairy farm there.

The following extracts are from *Wonderful Pilgrimage, A Family History and Personal Journey* by William Joseph Lanham, 1995. Joe Lanham did an excellent job in telling the story of this most interesting and prominent Edgefield County family. These extracts provide a wonderful picture of the Holly Hill in which he grew up.

Both of my parents were born in Meriwether Township, Edgefield County. My father, Benjamin Tillman Lanham, was born in the Ropers Cross Roads section on January 17, 1890, the fifth child – third son – of David Edgar and Wil-

⁴⁸ Deed of W. W. Sheppard to Adrienne D. Sheppard for 21 ¾ acres, dated September 30, 1913 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Book 24 at Page 500.

⁴⁹ Deed of Adrienne Dugas Sheppard to B. L. Mims, dated November 26, 1915 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Book 26, Page 329.

⁵⁰ Deed of B. L. Mims to James T. Mims, dated December 8, 1916 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 26 at Page 499.

⁵¹ Deed of James T. Mims to B. T. Lanham, dated November 26, 1919 and recorded in the Edgefield County Archives in Deed Book 27 at Page 688.

⁵² As told to the author by Miss Hortense Woodson in the 1970’s.

lie Josephine Williams Lanham. He grew up farming in the Meriwether section of Edgefield County and, while he continued in that occupation all his life, he was always strongly influenced by the philosophy of the person he was named for [Benjamin Ryan Tillman], thus trying to do whatever he could to better the educational opportunities for the young people around him.

My mother, Mary Shaw Lanham, was born in the Sweetwater section on October 24, 1891, the second child – and second daughter – of John Christie and Gertrude Pattison Shaw. The Shaw home was located just north of Cheves Creek, about four miles south of the Lanham home.

Ben and Mary Lanham were married on September 29, 1912, at the home of Reverend Preston Brooks Lanham, an uncle of Ben Lanham. They had seven children. Willie Gertrude was born in 1913, George Frederick in 1915 (died 1921), Benjamin Tillman, Jr. in 1917, Thomas Edgar in 1919, Mary Shaw in 1921, William Joseph in 1922, and John Pattison in 1929.

In their marriage Ben and Mary Lanham shared religious beliefs, a strong faith and similar values that focused on the well-being of family and a desire to see others do well.

The warmth of their home was a reflection of Mary Lanham's talents and served as a gracious backdrop to the accomplished hostess and pleasant conversationalist. With her clear, but soft, blue eyes and radiant smile, she undertook with ease the art of entertaining, instantly making visitors feel welcome. She, indeed, had a tremendously wholesome influence on the Lanham family and also on others who knew her.

Mary shared, through all her thoughts and actions, the dreams and beliefs of her husband for their family. Over the years, Mary Shaw Lanham maintained her high value

system – for herself and for her children – and taught all of us that material things add little to the intrinsic value of the human being. Her hard work and inner strength established the respect of her young charges. Her talents as a homemaker-exhibited through her sewing, cooking, gardening, and most importantly, caring for her children-bring great pride to all of us who were privileged to be a part of her family.

Farming success came early for the Ben Lanham family. The price of cotton was good – particularly during World War I – and his yields were outstanding. The entire farm debt was paid off during the next five years, and plans were made to purchase a second home in Edgefield so the children could attend the public school in that town, rather than the one-teacher school at Ropers.

The Edgefield home purchase was made in 1919, but unfortunately the boll weevil came and cotton prices also took a plunge at about the same time. The large debt incurred on the Edgefield home property left the family in a difficult financial situation that extended over the next two decades. Finally, during World War II, Ben Lanham cleared his property of all debt. While clearing the debt was a goal to be reached, it was not as important as raising the family properly and providing the necessities of life – good food, warm clothing, educational opportunities, participation in cultural



Mary and Ben Lanham, circa 1950.

and social activities – and all the while expanding the farm income base by adding more land, additional enterprises, and improving the farm management and the farming methods.

Young fanner Ben Lanham was constantly seeking new and improved ways of doing things. In this rural community he was among the first to own and operate a family cotton gin; a 10-20 McCormick-Deering lug-wheel tractor . . . and he added a retail dairy business in the town of Edgefield to complement his already large wholesale dairy farm operations.

Both Ben and Mary Lanham were “people” oriented-they cared for all in their family, their community-and they did much for the “colored folks” of the area. In this latter effort, particularly notable was their interest and assistance to the people of Jeter Church, Science Hill School, Bettis Academy, and in the individual and family housing, gardens, stock and feed, clothing, food, and credit management problems.

Benjamin Tillman Lanham died at his home in Edgefield on July 7, 1954, at the age of 64. Mary Shaw Lanham died in Edgefield on January 27, 1976, at the age of 84. During their lifetimes they were pleased that they could raise their children “properly” and sent all of them through college and on into productive lives on their own. We, their children, are blessed, of course, with much, much, more than that – the heritage we received from them is so great it goes beyond description and imagination! We are ever thankful.

Growing Up in Edgefield Our Home In Edgefield

[O]ur house on Gray Street in Edgefield was a great house in every respect. It was a large two-story house, of the type built by many of South Carolina’s up-country planters and merchants-the leaders of the small town and farm-based “populists” in the 1800s. From its earliest years-built before 1780 – when it was a three-room house, major additions had

been made at least two times during its first century. It now stands with a wide front piazza, central hall with stairs to the second floor; parlor, dining room, four bedrooms, bathroom, breakfast room, kitchen, and very large back porch. In the front yard was one of the largest, most beautiful red oak trees you'll ever see. Other prominent trees in the front where cedars and magnolias, with pear, peach and pecan trees off to the side.



The Lanham Family on the front porch side steps, 1946: Far back - Youngest son, John. Back - Son Tom, Daughter Gertrude, Joe's wife Grace, Son Joe. Front - Ben's wife Bernice, Son Ben, Baby Ben III, Tom's wife Ginny, Ben and Mary, Daughter Mary Shaw, and her husband, Tommy Cavanaugh.

In the oldest part of the house the wide heart-pine boards in the floors had a few big cracks between the 225-year-old boards but these cracks were adequately covered during my years there with large linoleum rugs. Obviously we found many things in the Edgefield house that we did not have down home on the farm – electric lights hanging by cords from the high ceilings, running water with occasional hot water from the tank by the wood stove in the kitchen, an inside bathroom with lavatory, tub and commode, large windows with weighted sash cords, plastered walls and

pretty wallpaper, and many other special “town conveniences” including a (dirt) sidewalk that went from our house all the way to town – about a mile. Out back was a large smokehouse with adjoining dairy room, a tool shed, buggy house, wagon shed, chicken house, and a very large barn with a wood fenced lot for the cows and horses. Also out back was a tenant house where Herbert and Lettie Martin and their little boy, Sherman, 2 lived. Herbert helped us with the Edgefield farm work and Lettie helped us in the house for several years. Sherman was my friend and companion during my early years, until they moved away about 1930.

High Tech

Prior to 1928 we thought the front yard at our home in Edgefield was really great – for playing all kinds of games, for just sitting under one of the big shade trees and talking, or for roaming around in the early evening catching lightning bugs or lying on the grass while watching the sky for shooting stars. But of course we had not yet seen or imagined how much better the front yard would be after Charlie Cheatham had come and executed his plans! I was five years old, with my sixth birthday coming up in December of 1928, so I had plenty of time to observe, along with Grandpa, the comings and goings of Charlie during the spring and summer months of that year.

Now, I must tell you here at the beginning of this informal, personal account of one of my earliest remembered experiences that Charlie Cheatham was no ordinary brick mason or cement worker – no, siree! – he was indeed an artisan of the highest caliber; a resourceful planner, a topquality technician capable of performing at the highest standards, an enterprising entrepreneur, and a man of unquestioned integrity, character and responsibility. You may be wondering how a five-year-old boy could gain such an impression of another individual’s attributes. Well, of course, I did have some help

from Grandpa-we were very close and we discussed things a lot. Also -and this is important more than six decades have passed and, while that vision still seems quite clear, some things, events, people and experiences of long ago seem to take on a life of their own. In this particular case, however, I really do remember the man, his work, his confident manner,



Charlie Cheatham's wall still standing 2015. This current photo is after a 7 year restoration period that included removing and replacing floors, rebuilding seals and significant supporting beams of the home, completely rebuilding the front porch (saving columns and ceiling), adding a new roof, adding a new back porch, the removal of numerous "modern" features (dropped ceilings, sheet rock walls, etc., that hid original, historical architecture,) remodeling of the bathrooms and innumerable repairs to ancillary elements. Wanting a wall that would have been appropriate two centuries ago, Tim uncovered and hauled rocks from throughout Edgefield County and built the rock wall in the forefront of this photo.

our respectful relationship to each other and – enduring to this day – the results of his work still standing and serving at that special place “at home in Edgefield.”

Of course, I knew about people building things with wood,

bricks, rocks, and even some cement structures like the floor in the milking barn, but I had never seen sculpturesquely-decorated, made-on-the-premises, cement blocks! Plus he also had a separate mold that he used to make the attractive cap for the cement block walls! And, when he was finishing off a walk, he would line it off so, if it cracked later, it would crack along that line and thus not be seen. Then he would pull a dappled roller over the entire surface of the walk to give it a pretty finish and a finish that would prevent someone slipping on it when it was wet or icy. Charlie and his two helpers did it all from scratch! Just sand, gravel, cement mix, water, a little equipment and “high tech” knowledge.

When Charlie came to begin his work he was driving his old truck—really an old stripped-down T-model car that had been rebuilt into a sort of truck-pulling a make-shift trailer loaded with his supplies and equipment. My first look at Charlie was one of surprise – he was the whitest colored man I had ever seen! His helpers were typical brown, or mahogany-skinned, “darkies” like most of the others we usually saw around our area. I remember telling my father later that evening that Charlie looked and acted “almost like a white man,” which he did!

Before the work was started on the front yard, we had dirt (sand) walkways, rough red banks down to the road, wooden steps, a little grass in spots, and several washed out portions of the yard that made the yard rough and uneven. The plan that Daddy and Charlie laid out was to build a cement block wall – using decorative cement blocks, not like the ones you see used today – all along the front bank (about 250 feet) along the sidewalk at the edge of the road, put in a wide front concrete walk, build new matching cement steps at the front of the house, build cement steps with two landings from the front edge of the yard down to the road, build cement steps at the side entrance to the front porch, and build a cement curbing along all the sides of the other walkways at the front and the side of the house – those walkways were to remain

sand-filled. After all the cement walls and walks and curbing were completed then the front yard would be leveled by bringing in more topsoil. The final step was to seed the yard with grass so that we had a nice permanent level lawn.

The equipment that Charlie Cheatham's work team used to form the blocks was all hand operated. It consisted of two metal block-forming contraptions, each having spaces to make four blocks. Two blocks would be made at a time. They would let the wet soft cement blocks set for a short time while the other block-forms were being filled. The mixed cement was shoveled into the blockforms by the helpers, then they would remove the blocks after the correct amount of time, stack them aside, and refill again. This block-making process would start early and end late each day since time was required for the blocks to harden sufficiently before they could be removed and hauled by wheelbarrow to the site where Charlie would place them in the wall. But Charlie had it all worked out where there would be little, if any, lost motion in the overall operation.

A "corner pillar" of cement blocks with a "cap" on it was placed at each corner; plus one additional corner pillar was placed just across on the other bank of our driveway. I especially remember this latter corner pillar since it had particular meaning for me a couple of years later.

Soon after the walls, walkways and steps were completed, the town of Edgefield began a road improvement program and one of the improvements was to lower the road in front of our house-and thus lessen the height of the hill for the road traffic. During this process of road grading, our driveway entrance was graded down some also – and with that grading, the corner pillar that Charlie Cheatham built there had to be removed. Daddy thought it would be good to use that pillar – at least the top 14-16 inches of it – as a kind of yard seat placed at the base of one of the large cedar trees in the front yard. And it did look rather good when placed

there. The only problem was that one night when we children were playing kick-the-can in the front yard and I was running as hard as I could for “home” – it was pretty dark and I wasn’t looking too much – and I hit the edge of that concrete seat with my knee.

Even now, when I look at that big scar on my knee, I think about Charlie Cheatham’s wall and the walkways that still stand to remind me of his “high-tech” workmanship and his genial manner as he included me in his world of conversation and learning. I am ever thankful for these experiences.⁵³

After the deaths of Mrs. Mary Lanham and her son Tom, Holly Hill was sold to its across-the-street neighbor, B. L. “Lovick” Mims, Jr.⁵⁴ who then sold it to Bryan M. and Harriet S. Haltermann and Bettis C. Rainsford.⁵⁵ The Haltermanns subsequently conveyed their interest to Rainsford⁵⁶ who completed the restoration of the house. Rainsford sold Holly Hill in 1979 to Commander H. R. Quarles, Jr., an Edgefield native and U. S. Navy retiree who had become headmaster of Wardlaw Academy.⁵⁷ The Quarles lived here from 1979 until 1985 at which time they sold it to John & Leslie Drummond who only owned the property for a couple of years.⁵⁸

⁵³ Lanham, William Joseph, *Wonderful Pilgrimage, A Family History and Personal Journey*, privately published, 1995.

⁵⁴ See deed from Gertrude Lanham, Cecelia L. Shaw, Lila L. Lanham and Susan Lanham to B. L. Mims, Jr., dated July 13, 1976 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Deed Book 70 at Page 54.

⁵⁵ See deed of B. L. Mims, Jr. to Bryan M. and Harriet S. Haltermann, dated January 23, 1977 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Deed Book 71 at Page 214.

⁵⁶ See deed of Bryan M. and Harriet S. Haltermann to Bettis C. Rainsford, dated March 2, 1978 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Deed Book 75 at Page 153.

⁵⁷ See deed of Bettis C. Rainsford to Patsy S. & H. R. Quarles, Jr., dated July 9, 1979 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Deed Book 79 at Page 142.

⁵⁸ See deed of Patsy S. & H. R. Quarles, Jr. to John M. and Leslie K. Drummond, dated October 3, 1985 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Deed Book 101 at Page 66.

In 1987 Holly Hill was acquired by Henry J. Black, Jr. (1928-2004), a native of Savannah and an accomplished musician, concert pianist and music teacher.⁵⁹ He had studied at the University of Georgia and received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. He taught music at Shenandoah University in Winchester, Virginia from 1953 to 1986 at which time he retired to Edgefield.⁶⁰ Although he purportedly had no family connection to Edgefield, he had driven through town, recognized what a lovely town it was and saw that Holly Hill was for sale. He fell in love with the house and purchased it. While here, he taught music privately from his home and also played the organ at the Catholic Church.⁶¹ Interestingly, at Holly Hill he wrote many of his musical compositions on the walls of the rooms in the house. In recent years a scholarship has been established at Shenandoah University in his name. After Mr. Black's death in 2004, the house was sold to Mrs. Louise Able Murdock⁶² who then sold it to Harcourt "Court" Bull, IV and his wife Regina Bull.⁶³

In 2007 the Bulls sold the property to the present owners, Timothy Paul and Julie Ann Krantz Prince.⁶⁴ Tim was born in Edgefield, SC, and grew up in Nashville, Georgia. He is the son of Maxie Ray Prince and Catherine Roache Prince and the grandson of Talton Prince and Lounette Bussey Prince. He is the nephew of our well-known and highly-respected local citizens, Billy, Edgar and

⁵⁹ See deed of John M. and Leslie K. Drummond to Henry J. Black, Jr., dated July 31, 1987 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Deed Book 111 at Page 9.

⁶⁰ Website of Shenandoah University, 2011.

⁶¹ Telephone interview with Joseph Schneider of Edgefield, a former neighbor, student and friend of Black's on October 29, 2015.

⁶² See deed of the Estate of Henry J. Black, Jr. to Louise Able Murdock, dated May 14, 2004 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Record Book 926 at Page 211.

⁶³ See deed of Louise Able Murdock to Harcourt Bull IV and Regina Bull, dated May 14, 2004 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Record Book 926 at Page 213.

⁶⁴ See deed of Harcourt Bull IV and Regina Bull to Tim Prince, dated April 9, 2007 and recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Edgefield County in Record Book 1113 at Page 193.

Ned Prince and Bess Prince Tripp. Tim has a long and rich heritage in Edgefield County. His Bussey ancestors arrived here in 1755, and his Prince ancestors, in the 1790's. His many-times great grandfather, Rev. Charles Bussey, pastor of both Big Stevens Creek and Horn's Creek Baptist Churches in the late 18th century, was greatly beloved and did much to further the spread of the Baptist denomination in South Carolina and Georgia.



Henry J. Black, Jr.

Julie is originally from Dover, Ohio. Despite her northern heritage, she has a strong appreciation for the South and likes her tea a little sweet. Their primary residence is in Sandy Springs, Georgia, a few miles north of downtown Atlanta.

Julie and Tim have one daughter, Kendra Ashley Southard Fulford. In 2014 she and her husband, James Herbert Fulford, III, were also married at Holly Hill. They currently reside in Kennesaw, Georgia. Kendra and James have two children, Adrian and Landon, with number 3 due in March, 2016.

In 2006 Tim was looking for a historic property to restore outside Atlanta where he lives and works. He had begun working with his aunt, Bess Prince Tripp, and uncle, Tommy Tripp, to find the perfect project. After identifying a few good candidates in Georgia and South Carolina, he chose Edgefield so that he could be close to family and his long heritage.

He was also drawn by childhood memories spent with his maternal grandfather, Reverend W. Paul Roache, and his memories of his mother, Catherine Roache Prince, and her love of old Edgefield architecture. His grandfather had built and restored several Edge-

field properties in the 1960's and early 70's, including past restorations of the old Cochran house on Meeting Street, Little Stevens Creek Church, the Little Stevens Creek Church parsonage, and an Arts and Crafts bungalow on Columbia Road, in addition to the construction of other new homes in the area.

Tim and Julie became engaged soon after renovations on Holly Hill began. Restoration, of course required significant contractual labor, but has also involved many of Julie and Tim's family and friends, including Tim's father



Tim and Julie

Maxie, now deceased, and Julie's father and step mother, Joe and Mary Krantz, to name a few. Joe carved the house sign that currently hangs out front and made the copper, holly leaf embellishment that adorns it.



Kendra and James at their wedding, 2014: Kendra, Tim and Julie's daughter, was married to James Herbert Fulford, III, in July, 2014.

Tim and Julie were married at Holly Hill in June, 2009. Their latest project, as they wrap-up remaining restoration efforts on Holly Hill, is the "old Morgan house" on Jeter Street, ironically located through the woods and over the creek, on land once belonging to, and part of, the original grant to James Robeson. Purchasing that home in late summer 2015, they began a "personally-designated," long-term project to save what they consider an "architecturally signif-



Tim and Julie at their wedding, 2009: Tim and Julie were married at Holly Hill on June 9, 2009.

icant,” turn-of-the-twentieth-century, large southern cottage with a grand porch and dormers. The Edgefield County Historical Society is thrilled with what they have already done with Holly Hill, and looks forward to great improvements at the old Morgan house! Thank you, Tim and Julie!



Photo of Holly Hill in all of her glory, taken on Tim and Julie’s wedding day.



Upstairs bedroom: One of four bedrooms, this room's layout would have accommodated one or more beds, as currently arranged. Having been raised in a similar environment as a small child, when air conditioning was not common, Tim's father recalled pulling his mattress onto the landing to catch the summer, cross breeze. The antique portrait above the fireplace was a wedding present to Julie.



Front Hall: The staircase, if not added in the early 1800's, was certainly embellished in the early to mid-1800's. The newel posts resemble closely those used at Oakley Park. Other early redecorating elements include the red stained glass windows surrounding the front door. It is speculated that these were added around 1900 to add a little "color" to this old house.



Master Bedroom: Part of the oldest section of Holly Hill, this would likely have been the main living space in the late 1700's. The current mantle would have been an embellishment added in the early 1800's, while the original hearth and fireplace lie beneath.



Parlor: The 18th century, candle lit chandelier, is not part of the original dwelling. When constructed, lighting would have been provided by lanterns, candles, etc. The Prince's chose to not electrify the ceiling in this room and have had several candle-lit events. When renovations started in 2008, additional electric lighting and outlets were installed. At that time, the main hall, which measures approximately 24' x 14', had a single, overhead, pull chain light, and two outlets.



Kitchen: The original kitchen would have been detached. During renovations, it was suggested by the contractor doing structural work underneath the home, that portions of another structure, possibly an outbuilding or even detached kitchen, were used to assemble parts of the rear wing of the home. It may also be estimated that this wing was added in the late 1800's, as it existed when the Lanham's purchased the home in the early 1900's. It is clearly a later addition to the home.



Dining room: Another, original room of the house from the late 1700's, this picture was made during Julie and Tim's wedding, as it was set for the reception.