



2016

The Ten Tribes of Wier in America - Accession 715 #6

Family History - Wier Family

William Swansea Wier

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The Ten

Tribes of *Thomas and*

Mary W. Wier

Wier in

America who settled at
Greenwood, S.C.

CS
77
.W54x

Compiled and Printed by
William S. Wier
Atlanta, 1933

Acc. 715

#6

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GIFT OF
Author

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Among the descendants
of Wm Newbu Blake and
Elizabeth (Wier) Blake, of
Greenwood, &c (by blood
or marriage) are such S. C.
family names as:

Cotton Peay Harrison
Byson Sterna Potter
Pitt Foyler Copeland
Grey Lewis Fulmer
Callow Ferrant Ball
Perrin Black Clary
Gilchrist Pedan Bradley
Wither Maxwell Line
Sourain Davis Faggart
Glam Patterson Phillips
Ferrant Johnson Webb
Crigler Keorell Waddell
Barnwell Mims seed
Hord McKellar mercy
Graham Ezell others
Simmons Lee
Dofford Watson S.H.B.
Barkdale Byrd
Plowden Sanders
Culveru Brock

See the folded insert at back
of this booklet

Wm S Wier, Atlanta, compiled and
Printed this booklet, principally
from records - 2. It is fragmentary and
contains some errors. But there is
much of possible interest to some
who bear family names
listed on first page.

The Ten Tribes of Wier in America

Compiled and Printed by
William Swansea Wier
identified in the story as The Printer

Hand-Set and Hand-Printed
As a Labor of Love
Atlanta, Ga., 1933

In 1941, Mr Wier printed a loose leaf -
titled "The Ten Tribes of Wier". The
main correct source don't add a
date and precedes. Copies of the 1941
booklet are filed in South Carolina and other
collections and in Greenwood, S.C. - 1911

Gift

11-27-60



*Margaret Emily Dunbar Britt,
That Grandmother of Mine
Who Dedicated Me
to the Lord*

Author

120674



*WILLIAM S. WIER,
The Printer-Preacher-Teacher
and Compiler of This Family History*



*CLARA VIRGINIA MULL WIER,
The Mother of the Twelve Children to Whom
This Book Is Dedicated*



*Your Mother When She Was 18,
With Her First Baby, Mary*



Daughters of
William S. Wier and
Clara Virginia Mull



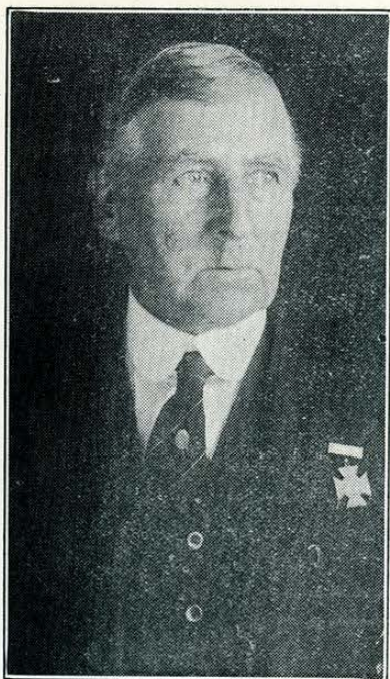
Above, left to right--
Clara Aline
Lucy Virginia
Mary

~~at~~ Bottom--
Margaret Adline,
Born Feb. 20, 1900
Died April, 1914

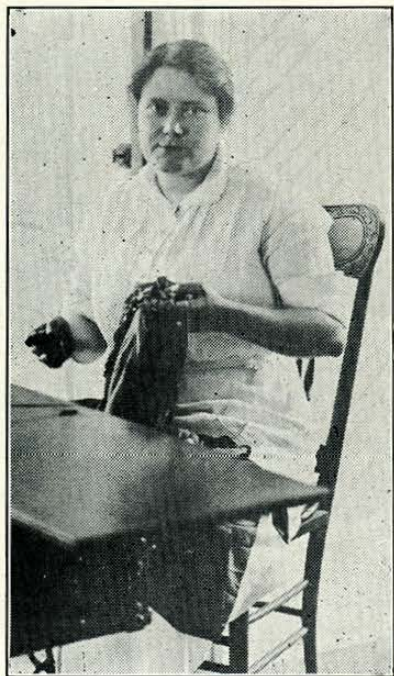


*Sons of William S. Wier and Clara Virginia Mull
Standing, left to right, Swansea, Hector, Dan, Bill
Seated, left to right, Stewart, Bob, Tom, Jean*

By a stupid oversight I failed to name Tom's wife in her rightful place. She is Mary Agnes Malloy, born in Boston, Mass. Of English origin on mother's side, of Irish on father's side. Second cousin on her father's side to Mayor Jim Curley of Boston. An accomplished musician, piano and string, and she's the mother of Barbara, my youngest granddaughter.



CAPTAIN D. B. MULL,
Who Served First Enlistment with Long-
street, and a Second Enlistment
with Wheeler's Cavalry
Your Maternal Grandfather



*MARY WITHROW WIER,
Great-Granddaughter of that other Mary
Withrow Wier who was the mother
of our Ten Tribes of Wier.
Your Aunt Mamie*

Foreword to the Children

Because I have scant hope, at the time for this publication, to leave my children any considerable of this world's goods, I set my hands to the task of printing this story of their antecedence, that when they read it they may feel they have at least inherited a good name.

The families of this story developed in Scotland for the most part, sojourned in North Ireland and by intermarriage with English settlers and Irish became more than Scotch, but retained the traditions, family habits and religion of that people. The Wier, Britt, Dunbar, Scott, Gregg, Peden, McDowell and McDill families settled, before and just after the Revolution, in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, and from these settlements have spread to all America.

The Mulls bring a strong German strain into Tents of The Printer's family, with added English from the Pages, Hathecocks and Davises, on Your Mother's side.

I have gleaned Bible records, deeds, old letters, Nancy Ferguson—Her Daybook (1657), and the following well-known books:

Patrick Walker's History of the Reformation.

Eleanor Hewell's Pedens in America.

Burke's Peerage; Landed Gentry; Commoners.

Andrew Lang's History of Scotland.

Bishop Gregg's Old Cheraws.

Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

Tribe, Castle, House and Tent, used in *Tracing the Line*, are a figurative device to show the de-

degrees of kinship to our tribal parents. When in the story I refer to The Printer the reference is to me and when I refer to Your Mother the reference is to Clara Virginia (Mull) Wier. You Children are in the Tents; your parents are in the Houses; your grandparents are in the Castles and your great-grandparents hold Tribal distinction after the Fourth Generation, under which classification appear Thomas Wier and Mary Withrow, father and mother of "The Ten Tribes of Wier in America."

There is a reasonable presumption that the Wiers settled in Scotland about the time of the Viking and Danish invasions of Britain, as, so late as Robert Bruce's time, the Wiers were water lovers — built their homes on islands in streams, on points near lakes, and called them wierholms. They practiced a form of family unity different from the feudalism of the Lowlanders and the clan system of Highlanders. At one time the wierholms (some rich and some humble homesteads) stretched from Glasgow eastward to the sea in an irregular chain, acting as a sort of buffer between Lowlands and Highlands.

A consistent characteristic of the Wiers has always been that one generation was frugal unto stinginess while the next were spendthrifts. On the other hand, the Pedens are thrifty and stingy from generation to generation. In the olden days all our people were Whiggish rather than Toryish but I have known quite a few who strutted like Aristocrats.

This Story is the truth (but not the whole truth) and I give it to you with love and my blessing.

The Printer.

The Ten Tribes of Wier in America

Chapter One

History and Tradition

The common noun is spelled wier, weir, waer, wear, were, waaren, weeren, warren. It is an obstruction made of brush, logs, rock, turf or earth, across streams. There is a verb value also which means to guard, defend. Those ancient people who built the wiers also guarded and defended them—thus preserving the fish supplies of the uplanders from the depredations of the lowlanders. This is the philosophy of Wier as a proper noun or family name.

Baltredus de Vere was secretary to King Malcolm II, of Scotland, and belonged to Wiers of Lanarkshire and used the Norman-French form of the name. This branch of the family is treated extensively in Burke's "Landed Gentry" and "The British Peerage," while Baltredus' country kin are traced in Burke's "Commoners."

From Scottish Heraldry I have gleaned this bit of interesting history:

WIER — Arms and Crests — WEIR

Shield—Burnished silver.

Crest—Demi-Horse issuant, wrought in gold.

Arms—A Blue Fess bearing three silver mullets.

Motto—"Vero nihil verius"—(Nothing truer than Truth.)

The Wiers of our particular Ten Tribes, by

our various kinships, may wear the tartans of the following ancient Scottish Clans:

Clan MacNaughton Clan MacDougal
Clan MacFarlane Clan Scott of Balweary

Clans — { Stewart of Appin
 { Stewart of Athole
 { Steuart and
 { Stuart, royal.

About 1640 John Wier (some Dutch records make it Jan Veyer) lived in Antwerp and had shipping relations with Findlayson & Ferguson, Dundee, Dublin and Liverpool. His home was a refuge for Presbyterian ministers and one of his ships, the Red Falcon, was condemned for smuggling "political malcontents from the King's justice." He had a son named John Wier who was a physician. An Encyclopedia (Carnegie Library, Atlanta) sketches a Doctor John Wier who was adventurous in experimentation and who enriched his profession with discoveries. Some Latin notes in sketch name him Johan Wierus. This Dr. Wier had a son named John who studied theology in Edinburgh and lived at the home of Rab Ferguson and wedded Janet, a daughter of this house. They settled in Ireland, "on the Derry Road, five leagues from Lough Neagh."

In Reid's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland" (pages 420-445), in the Congressional Library, the following is recorded:

The Wier family has long been seated in the Lowlands of Scotland. In the Seventeenth Century one branch lived in Lanarkshire, between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, near Glasgow. Rev. John Wier, in 1643, was the Presbyterian minister at Dalsersf. The next

year he and other ministers bore the National League and Covenant to the Soldiers and Protestants in Ulster. On his return his ship was captured by the noted Alistaire Macdonnell. He and others were imprisoned in Mingarie Castle. Here he died. His wife survived him. The Reverend Wier had a large family connection and upon expulsion of the Stuarts many of his kin settled in Ulster—Antrim and Tyrone Counties—where they prospered for a hundred years.

We of the Ten Tribes derive from the Doctor Wier, whose father was the Antwerp shipowner. The Reverend Wier was that shipowner's first cousin. The grandfather of these cousins (I am reasonably sure) was Malcolm "Langshoon" ★ Wier, who lugged a peddler's pack about Midlothia. He was a crony of George Wishart, who was hanged and burned by the Papists for preaching from the Greek Testament. "Langshoon" carried forbidden Bibles concealed among gew-gaws in his pack. He was wealthy and only practiced "peddling" as a ruse to enable him to contact the secret friends of the Great Reformation at that time in the period of gestation.

The wife of "Langshoon" Wier was a sister or a niece of Wishart the Martyr, but her name is lost in the confusion of the troubled times.

I have made a sincere evaluation of records, history and tradition and I am convinced that our name is W-i-e-r—the i before the e, and is pronounced wi as in with, er as in other—Wi-er. It

★ Some Ingle-Nook story tellers call him "Longshoes" and some "Langshanks." He died in Geneva and is buried there.

is never ware nor wire. However, printers will invariably spell the name wrong the first time—and persist in their meanness unless watched. Many of our kin are ignorant or indifferent.

There were James and Isabella Wier (brother and sister) noted in Scotch history. Isabella's husband, named Brown, was killed by Claverhouse's soldiers when that bloody butcher was persecuting the Covenanters. The full story may be read in Patrick Walker's History of the Reformation.

This James and Isabella Wier were uncle and aunt of the James and Isabella who are second in our Line Chart, and who are treated in Chapter Two. After her husband's death Isabella lived out her life in the home of an elder brother and settled with his family in North Ireland. From this point in our story, counting down from the niece and nephew Isabella and James Wier, Bible records sustain our history.

In the quaint churchyard at The Rocks Presbyterian Church, Greenwood, S. C., our Tribal parents sleep side-by-side. See typographic sketch:



In Memory of

THOMAS WIER

Born —, 1763

Died June 1, 1851



In Memory of

**MARY
WITHROW**

Beloved Wife

of

THOMAS WIER

Etc.

Chapter Two

Pegging Down the First Link

John Wier and Jane Ferguson "wedded beyant Annan Water and cam by hame this day riding twaun, Janet muckle proud o' her mannie—the quean." Thus wrote Nancy Ferguson in her Day Book.

Thomas Wier, of Greenwood, S. C., our Tribal Patriarch, wrote to a granddaughter—

My great-grandmother was Jane Ferguson and her Sister Nancy wedded Captain Robert Faulkner, to which ilk my mother, Elizabeth Faulkner, belonged.

On the strength of these and other circumstantial statements I peg the first link of our Bible records to the James (son of John and Jane Ferguson Wier), the nephew of the historic James and Isabella Wier, for whom he and a sister were named. He had other brothers and sisters, but the faded records yield me only the names of himself and his sister Isabella. This

James Wier was born in Ulster, 1683, and his wife was Margaret Agnes O'Marra (or O'Malla). Their children were *Thomas*, James, Robert, John, Margaret, William and Agnes.

Thomas Wier of this family was born in 1708, and his wife was Elizabeth Faulkner. Their children were James, Samuel, Nancy, and *Thomas*, who is the Patriarch of our Ten Tribes of Wier in America.

(James of this family emigrated to New England and Deacon Stephen M. Wier, noted in the Baptist Church, Glastonbury, Conn., is a descend-

ant. Samuel settled in Pennsylvania and is the progenitor of many Wiers and Weirs.

(Nancy, our Patriarch's only sister, wedded Uncle Jimmy Boyd and they came over with our Tribal parents and eventually settled in Georgia. Their grandson, State Senator Wier Boyd, was the father of Mrs. Mattie Boyd Gaillard, who is the mother of several distinguished lawyers and newspaper men. Her husband, Professor Gaillard, was distinguished as an educator located for many years at Dahlonega, Ga.)

Chapter Three

Tracing the Wier Line

Thomas Wier was born in County Tyrone, 1763, and wedded Mary Withrow in 1787. Her limited chronology says—

Stephen Withrow, whose wife was Marjorie Swansea, had a son named William Withrow, who wedded Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Stewart, of Raithfriland, on Bann Water, in County down. They had a son named Robert, noted as a blind fiddler, and a daughter named

Mary Withrow who, as the wife of Thomas Wier, is our cherrished Tribal mother.

They settled in South Carolina in 1795. Our Patriarch, in a letter to a granddaughter, said:

“We landed in Charles Town on Saint Patrick's Day in the morning. Church bells were ringing and seemed to say—
‘Welcome, weary ones, welcome’.”

They located first in Laurens. then perma-

nently in Abbeville District, South Carolina, and the homestead they established came to be known as Patrick's Cross Roads. It was at the intersection of two popular stage lines.

This year, 1933, I visited this place. Nothing remains of the homestead except the well. The water now serves the Greenwood Golf Course and is lifted by a pump instead of a windlass.

They united by letter with The Rocks Presbyterian Church and he was an elder. He was also a Mason. He died June 1, and she July 7, 1851. He was 88 and she was 80. They sleep side by side in the old grave yard at The Rocks.

Their children were---

Robert Wier

James Wier

William Wier

Samuel Wier

John Wier

Thomas Wier

Elizabeth Wier Blake

David Stewart Wier

Andrew Wier

Swansea Wier

THESE ten children of Thomas and Mary Withrow Wier head each one of the Ten Tribes in this story, and their stories will be continued in succeeding chapters divided by tribe, castle, house and tent, except as to Swansea Wier, who will be traced as of the Printer's cardinal line.

Swansea Wier, whose name appears immediately above in italics, was born at the old home, April 28, 1812, the youngest child, hence his is the youngest of the Ten Tribes. He was duly baptized in the old Rocks Church. He married Rebekah Scott, daughter of Patrick Scott, pioneer Georgian, on January 30th,

1834. They settled in Griffin, Ga., and for a time he was city marshal and a merchant. Later farmed in Pike County, near Zebulon. His children were--

Andrew Wilson Wier

Born November 11, 1834; baptized at The Rocks Church. Served in Army of Virginia.

No Further Data.

Mary Ann Withrow Wier Speights

See Tribe of Swansea Wier, Castle of Mary Speights

Thomas Patrick Wier

See His Castle, Above Tribe

Eliza Jane Vance Wier Burrow

See Her Castle, Same Tribe

Elizabeth Josephine Wier

Born October 30, 1845, died October 6, 1846.

Addison Milton Wier

Printer's Line Bearer. See presently

David Peden Wier

Born 1857, died 1879

Rebekah Scott Wier Megahee

The only one of these children now living.

See Her Castle, etc.

Swansea Edwin Wier

Born February 1857, died August 16, 1858

Addison Milton Wier, in italics above, was born in Pike County, November 9, 1847. Served in Confederate Army. Had three minnie ball scars, one from bayonet thrust, one shell-chip scar on cheek which became a cancer 61 years later and of which he died at the age of 78, in 1925. For many years he was a writer for newspapers and magazines under the pen name of Sarge Plunkett. His book, *Old Times in*

Georgia, has run to several editions. His marriage to Mary Ida Britt calls for another tracing, which will lead back to this point eventually. The following bit of verse, which he wrote out of his experience at the Battle of Chancellorsville, is a fitting ending for the chapter:

Pines grew thick at Chancellorsville,
And shells were falling fast,
The ground was covered o'er with straw,
And twigs and withered grass.
The battle raged. The Confeds charged
And drove the Blue-Coats back,
And held the field, with wounded strewn,
Amid the battle's rack.
The cry of "Fire!" above the din
Was heard and, like a storm,
The flames swept o'er the battle-ground,
O'er many a soldier's form.
The Men in Blue took in the scene
With horror and dismay,
Between them and their burning friends
There loomed a Line of Grey.
"Fix bayonets!" was the tense command
Of officers in Blue,
"We'll save our comrades from the fire
Or we will perish too."
"Steady, steady!" The battle's rage
Was fiercest of the day
But not a single backward step
Was forced that Line of Grey.

Chapter Four

Tracing the Britt Line Down to Wier

We begin this chronology with William McDowell and William Britt, of South Carolina, both soldiers in the War of the American Revolution. They hail from Scotland, via North Ireland, and were staunch Presbyterians. Of William McDowell, Bishop Gregg, in his *Old Cheraws*, says:

He was a patriot. Was killed by Tories in South Carolina. The Swamp Fox commended him for courage and discretion.

He had two sisters: Betsy, who married a William Cole, and

Isabella McDowell, of whom presently.

He had a daughter called "Polly." Bishop Gregg names her Mary and says:

She was born in 1769. She married William Britt shortly after the Revolution. He served with Francis Marion, and because he knew the pikes and traces, was sent to guide General Greene southward.

William Britt and Aunt Polly settled in the Great Pedee River Valley and lived to be very old. Their children were---

William Britt, whom we'll call William 2
Mizelle Britt and
Daniel Britt

In 1918, while on World War service, I saw at George Town, S. C., an old rice barge that had been carved out of a giant poplar. On its side was cut and burned "W. Britt". It had not been in use since the Civil War. I saw it and many other antiques burned to make room for war activities.

John Gregg, of a large family in the Pedee Valley,

as early as 1752, had the following children by wife unknown---

James Gregg

John Gregg, 2

Margaret Gregg

Robert Gregg

William Gregg

Mary Gregg

Janet Gregg

Note the names in italics, and presently you will see a remarkable crossing of family lines into unique kinships.

The wife of *John Gregg, 2*, was Eleanor McKnight, who gave him nine children, of whom was

William Gregg, who married Isabella McDowell, the sister above italicized. They had eleven children, of whom *Selina Melvina Gregg*, born Sept. 1, 1805, was the second in age. She wedded the *William Britt* italicized above as William 2. Thus we have him wedding his mother's aunt's daughter. They had two children: Mary Isabella, who married Andrew G. Peden, and

William Gregg Britt, who wedded Emily Dunbar. These are The Printer's grandparents on the maternal side. This grandmother is so dear to me that I am devoting a new chapter to tracing her chronology back to the point of detour here.

EMILY DUNBAR was a flare-back to her Scotch great grandmother, Peggy McDill. Had her blue eyes, yellow hair, fair skin, and lissomness, together with the accent of the midlanders. I was her first grandchild, and she was just 38 when I was born. That day, after she had dressed me, she took me into the open and, reaching me heavenward, prayed God to call me to the ministry. Fifty years later her prayer was granted.

She was dead then, but I am quite sure that she knows all about it in her home over there.

Chapter Five

Tracing the Britt-Dunbar Line Down to Wier

Alexander Peden, called "The Prophet" in Covenanter History, is the remote ancestor of the Peden line, and on the distaff side the Hamiltons.

John Peden and Margaret McDill are the immediate ancestors of our line. John was born in County Antrim, Ireland, 1709. Margaret, or Peggy, as she was better known, was the eldest daughter of John McDill and Janet Leslie. She was born in County Antrim in 1715. They were married in 1730. They had nine children, of whom the youngest was

David Peden, born Nov. 1, 1760.

All of this family settled in Carolina in 1770, and all the boys and the father served in the American Revolution under General Dan Morgan. David married Eleanor, daughter of Captain Robert Goodgion. They settled in Greenville County and helped to organize the Fairview Presbyterian Church. They had ten children, then she died. David's second wife was Margaret Hughes, who gave him

Eleanor Goodgion Peden, born June 16, 1809, and of her presently.

Andrew G. Peden, born Oct. 28, 1811.

David Hamilton Peden, see Blake-Wier story.

Dan Morgan Peden, died a baby.

The wedding of Eleanor Peden (in italics above) to James Dunbar brings a touch of romance to our story. Peden means the open field; Dunbar the stone wall. When James Dunbar was 18 he left Londonderry a stowaway and arrived in New York a penniless boy. He shipped as common sailor in coastwise trade for a few months. One day he found himself stranded in Charleston, S. C. A Presbyterian preacher made his

acquaintance. This led to his going to the Fairview Township, Greenville County, where he set up a school, many of his pupils being married and older than himself. Among these pupils was Ellie Peden, 12 years old, a wisp of a black-eyed gipsy. She went to school two years and married her schoolmaster. Both of them lived into their nineties. He was quietly independent in all things, loved his dram and didn't care a damn who knew. He was stalwart in body and studious in mind. His motto was "*Use your head and save your back.*" He was an elder in his church, superintendent of the Bible School for 40 years; postmaster; justice of the peace, and master of his lodge. Granny Dunbar is the only great-grandmother that I have any personal knowledge of. I knew her for the first 25 years of my life and the last of hers. She was toothless for the last 50 years, yet could eat a "patridge" as quick as I could, with all my teeth. Her only vice was smoking her pipe. She raised her own weed. She was thought to be stingy, but she always had "*brown lump*" hid away for me, even when the family had come to sorghum for their sweets. I used to light her pipe at the embers, stealing a puff in the doing of it. These two dear old people had

Elizabeth McConnell Dunbar, born Aug. 29, 1825.

Margaret Emily Dunbar, born Dec. 9, 1834.

Jane Caroline Dunbar, born 1837, died 1864.

William Gregg Britt and Margaret Emily Dunbar were wedded at Fairview, Dec. 1851. They settled in Pike County, Ga. The Printer's Mother wrote a letter about her family which I here reproduce:

Dear Willie: I was only ten years old when father died, but every incident of my association with him is fresh in my memory. He used to

take me on his old white horse and ride me over the plantation. He had the love of his negroes as well as the high esteem of his neighbors. They came to him in their troubles. He was kind to the slaves, and did much for them at Christmas. They would often come in the yard and dance while father played the violin. Father was dignified but very gentle, and I never saw him show his temper, but Uncle Jack Lee told me that father was never afraid, and often forced back the bullies at the polls with his fists. I never saw him sick-a-bed until just before he died of typhoid fever, though he had suffered long from a pneumonia in one lung. He was devoted to mother and us three children. He was a scientific farmer and mother was a good housekeeper and manager, and there was not a woman in Pike could beat her in preserving and curing. We always had plenty of turkeys, geese, stock and cattle. Mother and father loved the young people and gave them many parties. There was never a wedding but mother helped; never a death but she was there to comfort. I remember a sweet old grandmother who lived near-by surrounded by loving negroes, who were always spoiling brother and I, and Hewell, our baby brother, as well as all the Pedenville kin. Oh, it was a fine old country before the war, and we were very happy.

Mother.

Mary Ida Britt Wier

The three children of this family were Mary Ida, Marion Cassius, and William Hewell Britt. Mary Ida's story will continue in the regular text, under the Wier Line tracery. The brothers are sketched in the following parallel columns:

Marion Cassius Britt, was born Oct. 10, 1852. He wedded Lizzie Hurt. No children. He was a most scholarly minister of the Presbyterian faith. Served charges in Atlanta, Quitman, Fairview, and for the last 21 years of his life at Sparta. He was a classmate of Woodrow Wilson at Columbia. I have 700 of his sermons, written in his beautiful, but difficult to read, græco-gothic long hand. These sermons are a comprehensive exposition of the Bible.

William Hewell Britt, born Sept. 2, 1860. Married Hattie Denmark. He is the only one of this family now living. He has one daughter and several grandchildren. Like his grandfather, James Dunbar, he is a man of robust body and mind, and at this time owns and operates the Drummers' Home, at Sparta, one of the most popular hotels in Middle Georgia. He is a past mayor of the town and a Mason.

Chapter Six

Uniting the Wier and Britt Lines

Mary Ida Britt, was born Oct. 8, 1855, died Jan. 6, 1933. She and Addison Milton Wier were married Nov. 9, 1870. They are the parents of:

William Swansea Wier, For further particulars, pick up the Line in Chapter 7.
The Printer of This Book

And the six other children, whose stories will be told in their order under the Tribe of Swansea, the Castle of Addison Milton, and their respective houses. Somewhere in this book, place not yet fixed, I will pay proper tribute to my mother, your grandmother, who so recently died, and who sleeps beside your grandmother, Nancy Mull, and Margaret and Hector, in Hollywood Cemetery.

Chapter Seven

Drawing the Mull-Page Line to Wier

With the marriage of William Swansea Wier and Clara Virginia Mull, we draw close to the end of our line. I was born in Lee County, Alabama, March 6, 1872. Your mother and I were married on June 11, 1895, by Rev. R. H. Robb, at his residence, 162 Luckie Street, at 8 p. m.

Jacob Mull, wife unknown, came from Germany and settled in North Carolina. He had a daughter named Amanda, and two sons, Mason Mull and

Daniel Brison Mull, who wedded Nancy Adline Page, daughter of Frederick Page. They are the parents of thirteen children who will be treated in a chapter to come, except

Clara Virginia Mull, their ninth child, and the mother of you twelve children to whom this story is addressed. She was just a slip of a school girl when I married her. Her eyes brown; her hair, the color of a new penny, was shot with gold. She could walk under my extended arm, and I was man enough to tote her in my arms. She was neither lean nor fat--and was as active as a cat. She could kick my hat off my head. Oh, she was a pipin.

It is not the policy of this story to praise, but rather to state simple facts and let inferences be drawn, but to your mother this is due: She is a good wife and a good mother at the same time. Her thriftiness and self-reliance has made your home comfortable, and her graces of mind and heart have made it happy. She is not stingy but no man can swindle her and enjoy it, yet even the jew and the gipsy like to trade with her. She is a tireless worker in church and P.-T.A.

Before I make the final record for this part of the

story I make the following statement of facts about myself:

At 61 years of age I am in good health. I am a member of the International Typographical Union. I am an ordained Baptist preacher; a school teacher in the department of printing, Atlanta System. In political faith I am a Christian Socialist without a party, but for many years was a Watsonian Democrat. I am a Royal Arch Mason. I was chosen by the State Convention of the Georgia Peoples' Party to go on the Thomas E. Watson ticket against Theodore Roosevelt as a presidential elector for the state-at-large, and received 56,000 votes. The following letter suggests the only other political honor in my bag:

State of Georgia, Executive Department

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 19, 1908.

Hon. Wm. S. Wier,

Dear Sir---On the 7th and 8th of December a meeting of the Southern Commercial Congress will be held in Washington, D. C., devoted to the interests of the Southern States. On Dec. 9th to 11th the National Rivers and Harbors Congress will hold a convention, devoted to the consideration of the development of inland waterways.

At the same time the Governors of the States will meet with the President of the United States to consider the conservation of our national resources.

I anticipate that these meetings can be made productive of great benefit to our State as well as of pleasure to those that attend them. I desire therefore to appoint you a delegate to the Southern Commercial Congress.

I desire also that your designation in this

body constitute an ex-officio appointment to the National Rivers and Harbors Congress.

Very truly yours,
Hoke Smith, Governor.

And now I bring the Tracing of the Line part of the story to a close by setting down you children in the order of your tents:

Mary Wier Daniel,

born March 22, 1896; married Tracy L. Daniel, a sturdy Christian boy, of a large pioneer family, who did his bit in the World War. Have two boys, Leonard and David.

Thomas Patrick Wier,

born December 13, 1897; three children, Billy, Ruth and a tiny babe named Barbara. He served in the U. S. Navy during the World War.

Margaret Adline Wier,

born February 20, 1900; died April 1914. A beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie. She sleeps in Hollywood.

Robert Bruce Wier,

born October 29, 1901; married Lucille Trainer, of a large Kentucky family. Served over-seas in the infantry during World War. Four boys: Eugene, Thomas, Frank and Kenneth.

Clara Aline Wier Ogletree

born February 26, 1904; married Howell Ogletree. Two Children, Robert Louis and Mary Jane. These two are their grandmother's particular pets.

Daniel Milton Wier,

born July 15, 1906. Civil engineer. Resides in Arizona.

Hector Wier,

born March 29, 1908. This boy had in his veins the

restless blood of some of his forbears and enlisted in the Navy. His ship was at Shanghai at the time of the rioting in 1927. On April 6-5, while patrolling The Bund, he was "*killed in line of duty.*" The Navy Department brought his remains, in a beautiful bronze casket, draped with the flag, from Shanghai to Atlanta. A naval detachment escorted his body to the grave at Hollywood, where he sleeps beside his sister Margaret and his two grandmothers.

Swansea E. Wier,

born February 9, 1910. Is in the Navy, on the U.S.S. Houston, in Asiatic waters.

William Gregg Wier,

born March 28, 1912. He is the owner and operator of the print shop in which this story is being printed, doing business as The Center Hill Printing Service.

Stewart Withrow Wier,

born January 9, 1914. In the Navy, U. S. S. Indianapolis, Atlantic Fleet.

Virginia Wier,

born February 28, 1916. In high school.

Jean Wier,

born January 4, 1920. In elementary school.

So, we come to the end of our line. Your mother and I say "God bless you all," and let Bobbie Burns sing the Epilogue:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;

But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Chapter Eight

The Other Children of Addison Milton Wier of the Tribe of Swansea

Marion Britt Wier, married A.J. Bean, one child, Hugh,
both deceased.

Mary Withrow Wier, born 1878. This daughter, a few
years before our mother's death, built for her a
modern brick bungalow, on the site of the old
family home, where mother spent her last days
in comfort. She is a brave, impulsive, conscien-
tious woman, to be depended on when the clouds
hang low.

• Addison Milton Wier, Jr., married Emelia Bass. Has
Margaret, Mary, Kathryn and Betty.

Kate Wier, see the Blake story on insert.

Robert Lee Wier, has Eugene, Geneva, Harold and
Buddy. Holds high position in the National
Switchmen's Union. Has given much of his
life and talents to promotion of working class
betterment, and is a Mason of high degree.

Ernest Wier, has one child, Doris. Civil engineer.

Chapter Nine

The Other Children of Daniel Brison Mull

Daniel Brison Mull, father of Clara Virginia, came home from Appomattox, like many others, with nothing but a clear conscience, to find with his young wife such fortune as was to be. They became the parents of thirteen children, as follows:

ALICE, married Morris Fink, one daughter, Inez, and several grandchildren.

LOUIS, wife Natie Wallace; several children. Dead.

ARTIE, married M. C. Kiker; Several children. Her husband died this year, 1933.

WILLIAM T., married Johnnie Rorex; has several children; wife dead.

ELLA, married Charles Brightman; several children.

ROSA, died 1904.

JOHN, served in Spanish-American War. Dead.

LENA, married John Royster, one child; married the second time to Joe Gray; several children.

WADE TILDEN, lives in Cuba.

CLARA VIRGINIA, see Chapter Seven.

ORA, married Roland Ladd, he is dead.

KATIE, died young.

MARGARET, married Grove Porter. Has several children.

Captain D. B. Mull, as the father of the above children was known, was a successful merchant and a leader among the Confederate Veterans. He never missed a re-union. He is buried at Fitzgerald, Ga.

Nancy Adline Page Mull, the mother of all these children, was a brave woman, true to every call of life. When Robert and Margaret, of our house, were

at point of death with typhoid fever and diphtheria, and the mother with newly born babe helpless, this old grandmother came and nursed until the tribulation was passed. See elsewhere for special appreciation.

Chapter Ten

The Other Children of Swanser Wier

Mary Ann Withrow, eldest daughter of Swansea Wier, born Nov. 28, 1835, married William Thomas Speights. Their children are:

Clyde, who married Fred *Russell Blake*, who married Helen Muller.
Lilie, several children.

Guy, who married Mary *Rosa*, who married Richard Nash, have several children.
Williams of Greenwood, S. C.

Thomas Patrick Wier, married Martha Harper (Stinchcomb). See family sketch. Their children are:

Frank Harper, married *Swance*, a noted song-leader, married and several children.
Zora Martin. Have Lucia, Rose, Frank.

He is deceased. *George Stinchcomb*, half sister to these; see the sketch of family.
Mattie, who was a musician. Deceased.

Eliza Jane Vance, married Dan Burrow. Their children are:

John, married and several children. *Susie*, lives in Georgia.

Swance, farmer, lives in Alabama. *Stella*, lives in Georgia.
Dan, see sketch for further notice.

Rebekah Scott, married Rev. Lum Magahee, and has two children, Freeman and Helen. She is the only one of the children of The Printer's grandparents now living.

Chapter Eleven

The Other Tribes of Wier

Following are the tracings of the children and the grandchildren of Thomas and Mary Withrow Wier not otherwise disposed of:

Robert Wier, born July 17, 1788, County Tyrone, Ireland. Settled in South Carolina in 1804. Married Nancy Jean Boyd and being opposed to slavery moved to Sparta, Ill.

James Wier, born in Tyrone, April 1, 1790; married Rebekah Smith, daughter of the noted patriot scout, John Smith, who often entered British camps disguised as a woman. Their children are:

Thomas, born 1819, died 1823. and died in Confederate service. He was the

John Smith, born 1820, died 1822. first Mississippi volunteer.

Mary Elizabeth, born Feb. 12, 1822; married J.G. Longmire. **William Withrow**, died at four years.

James Harvie, born 1825. He married Elizabeth Taylor; three children. **Andrew**, died young.

Levi Swansea, born 1827, died 1838. **Rebekah Ann**, died baby.

Robert Stewart, born on Aug. 5, 1829; raised **Martha Jane**, married H. B. Latham. Settled at Carrollton, Ala.

The Enterprise Guards with Pickens County Guards and was killed at Manassas.

John Wier, born July 18, 1798. He is buried at The Rocks Church, in the family plot. He was a merchant at Old Greenwood.

William Wier, born June 5, 1792, Tyrone. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Dabney Lipscomb. Settled in Mississippi; became a Methodist preacher,

and was noted as a fearless frontiersman. His children were:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Amanda</i> , died young. | <i>James Benson</i> , was a physician and killed in the Civil War. |
| <i>Mary</i> , died unmarried. | |
| <i>Lipscomb</i> , died young. | |
| <i>William</i> , married Abbie Heller. | <i>Susan</i> , married Dr. Parker. |
| <i>Thomas</i> , married Mary Baker; was a Methodist preacher. | <i>Ellen</i> , died unmarried. |
| <i>Howard</i> , died unmarried. | <i>Dabney</i> , married in Mississippi, thence westward. |

Samuel Wier, born March 5, 1796, settled in Alabama in 1830. Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pickens County. Married Jane Lusk and his children are:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <i>Swansea</i> , married Francis, daughter of Dr. William Owen. | <i>Ann</i> , married Col. John Chapman, and settled in Alabama. |
|---|---|

Thomas Wier, born July 8, 1800; a physician; married Nancy Long. He and four sons all killed in Civil War. His children are:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>Thomas</i> , a physician and lived at Reno, S. C. | <i>A Daughter</i> , married Dr. G. G. Glenn. |
|--|--|

Elizabeth Wier Blake, see the Blake-Peden chart on the supplemental insert.

David Stewart Wier, born September 17, 1805. Married Ann Puckett first time and his second wife was Narcissa Winn. His children were Thomas and Martha.

Andrew Wier, born 1808. First married Mary Puckett and had seven children who settled in Texas. By his second wife, Artemisa Ferguson, he had two daughters, Evalyn and Lizzie. His family has settled westward from Alabama. He held the militia rank of general in Civil War.

Chapter Twelve

The Tribe of Elizabeth Wier Blake

Only one of our Ten Tribes springs from the feminine stem, as our Patriarch had but one daughter, Elizabeth, who married William Newton Blake.

John Blake came to this country from North Ireland about the same time as did the Wiers and from the same urges. They were not pauper immigrants, for almost immediately they acquired land and slaves. They had enjoyed educational advantages in the Old Country and brought with them a culture that won for them a high place in Carolina's rural life.

Thomas Wier came a Free and Accepted Mason of high degree, and at once became a leader of the *craft* in Carolina. Very soon John Blake became noted as a man with a ready wit and a trenchant pen. He was a happy rhymester, and lent his gifts to the wooing swains about his settlement. He was sympathetic, sentimental, and sociable. His personality was magnetic and drew young people irresistibly under his influence, which was moral, religious, and idealistic. He must have had a strong Scotch background, because he could recite Robbie Burns freely and sing the old Scotch songs with Mid-Lothian tongue. He and Thomas Wier were contemporary elders in the Rock Church, and its first recorded minutes are in the writing of John Blake.

He was a skillful worker in wood; not merely a carpenter, but an engineer in architecture. He was a mathematician far ahead of his times. This summer, 1933, I visited the old Rock Presbyterian Church, four miles out from Greenwood, S. C., and I found its every beam and sill, every plank and rail, every stair and balcony, as sound and sturdy as when fitted and

joined more than a century ago. It is a piece of *cabinet* work on an architectural scale. It is built of oak and virgin pine and rests on natural rock foundations. John Blake and his son, Adam, built it with their own hands. This son settled in East Tennessee and is the ancestor of Morgan Blake, noted sports writer and poet on *The Atlanta Journal*, and beloved teacher of Atlanta's Agoga Class.

Mr. Wesley Norrell, originally of Abbeville, whom I knew in my boyhood, 45 years ago, and who was then in his 80's, told me the following story about the builder of the dear old meeting house:

Squire Blake had a clock in his shop that kept two "times" at once. One index would register rigid or a sort of standard time. Another index kept pace with the Sun, running "fast" or "slow," according to the time of year. It used to be a wonderment to us children to see Squire Blake, with his queer instruments, "shooting" the Sun, as he whimsically called it.

Eugene H. Blake, of Greenwood, who is a third cousin to you children, and who is as poetically whimsical as was this *great-great* grandad of his, like other Blakes, accepts Webster's dictum that Blake equals Black. This is merely a head-easer. I have dug a bit deeper. Our Blakes spring from the remote Scotch Bleckies. Later it is Blakey and in still later times it is Blake. Before the art of printing they were penmen to the illiterate feudal lords. Later they were law clerks and engrossers. Still later they were dominies or schoolmasters.

You children may scorn the idea of heredity, but con these details and presently you will see a grandson of this man, *John Rennie Blake*, writing his name in *Who's Who* by the crystallizing in himself of the gifts and graces of his forbears.

John Blake was born in Ireland in 1766 and died in South Carolina in 1850. He was the father of Adam Blake, who settled in East Tennessee and is the sire of a large and noted family. Another son was:

William Newton Blake, who married Elizabeth Wier, the only daughter of Thomas and Mary Withrow Wier. He was born in 1798 and died in 1875. His wife was born September 15, 1802 and died in 1874. Their children are:

Jane Blake	Milton Blake
John Rennie Blake,	Stewart Blake
Of whom presently	Bunny Blake
William Kennedy Blake	Swansea Blake
Lizzie Blake	Henrietta Blake
<i>Andrew Wier Blake</i>	Mackey Blake

This son (italicized) married

Jennie Peden. She was the daughter of David Hamilton Peden and Lucilla Jones. Her grandparents were David Peden and Margaret Hughes. John Peden and Peggy McDill were her *great*-grandparents. The children of Andrew Wier Blake and Jenny Peden were:

David Peden Blake, whose story is extended in the Line Charts in back of this book. His brothers and sisters are also named there.

John Rennie Blake

graduated from the University of Georgia, in the class of 1846. He began his long and brilliant career as a private tutor in the home of ex-Governor Hammond. Following this work he taught in several academies, and in 1852 was appointed by the Synod of South Carolina to complete the endowment of a professorship in Oglethorpe College. In 1853 he was elected Professor of Natural Science and Mathematics in the Synodical Female College of Georgia. In this work

he was associated with Rev. I. S. K. Axon, father of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. He took a post-graduate course in geology and chemistry at Harvard under Agassiz and Horsford. While there he became a member of the Natural History Society of Boston and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1857 he took the Chair of Natural Science in the college at Memphis which was under the direction of Dr. J. N. Waddell. His really great work as a teacher was done during his twenty-five years at Davidson Presbyterian College, as a teacher, as chairman of the faculty, and as a lecturer on scientific subjects. One of his lectures, "The Sunbeam", made him famous throughout the country in the field of scholarship and science.

This summer, 1933, I visited Greenwood, and met Eugene H. Blake, a great-grandson of my grandfather's only sister, Elizabeth Wier (Blake), and he took me in his car to all the points of family interest. He is a scholarly writer with a decidedly poetic temperament. I met his gracious wife and his lovely sister, in whose eyes I found that wistful, *spirituelle*, come-hither quality that I have noted in the eyes of all the daughters of John Blake, the Pioneer.

Circumstances *now make it imperative for me to "close the forms" of this little book. The Blake, Mull-Page, and some of Wier chronicles are incomplete. I can't wait longer for them to come in. A limited number of books, as is, will go out as a First Edition. Later, when more information is in, I will print a Second Edition. At that time I hope to have and to be able to print some rare, old pictures.*

Our Loved Ones Who Sleep in Hollywood

My father, Addison Milton Wier, sleeps in the cemetery at Decatur, and your mother's father, Captain Daniel Brison Mull, sleeps at Fitzgerald. Graves of both are under the loving watch-care of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

In Hollywood, Atlanta, five departed loved ones await Resurrection's Morn in our family plots. Here, to them, I wish to pay such tribute as the fullness of my heart will permit.

Your little sister, Margaret Adline, went to rest when she was just 14, in 1914. She was a ray of sunshine lent us for a little while, then taken away, in the winsome beauty of her girlhood.

The next one to go, Hector, rests just beside her. *The Atlanta Constitution*, in its home edition of June 10, 1927, says:

The body of Hector Addison Wier, fireman third class, U. S. S. Pittsburg, who was killed while serving with a landing force from that ship on the Bund, Shanghai, China, April 6-5, rested Thursday night on the flowered slope of Rose Hill, Hollywood Cemetery.

Seldom have more impressive ceremonies marked funeral rites than those which took place at the Fortified Hills Baptist Church, last afternoon at 3 o'clock. Attended by pall-bearers and escort from the United States Recruiting Station, the beautiful bronze casket, draped in the Stars and Stripes, was borne to the chancel of the church, of which, by the way, the boy's father is pastor, where a host of friends had gathered.

Softly, that silence that serves as a winding

Our Loved Ones Who Sleep

sheet for the dead was broken by the sweet and comforting refrain---

There'll be no sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

Rev. P. L. Maner, pastor of the Inman Yards Baptist Church, delivered the sermon from that most comforting text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and paid tender tribute to the dead. The exercises at the grave were witnessed by a great concourse of people, and the terrace was banked with floral tributes, one token from shipmates in Far Pacific Waters.

High on the hill, in his parents' plot, sleeps our little grandson, Thomas Wier, son of Robert and Lucille. This precious little boy was killed by a road tractor, in Knoxville, Tenn., while playing by the wayside with other children.

Beside Margaret and Hector sleep your grandmothers, Nancy Adline Page Mull and Mary Ida Britt Wier.

I had intended to pay elaborate tribute to these two women, the dearest possessions of your mother's and your father's lives, but now I am constrained, by a spirit that I cannot resist, to let your remembrance of them be their sweetest memorial. Just two old mothers who loved one another; who loved their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren; who kept the faith, made the good fight, and now have their crowns in Glory.

*"But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."*

Who's Who in 1938 and Children of the "Puptents"

This Family History was first printed in 1933 and sent to many members of the Tribes, but since then marriages, births and activities call for a new chapter. This will fill that need and is inserted in the first book, as of 1938.—The Printer.

A Blake Ventures Far

The Blakes, at least since Father John's time, persist in research and adventure. Science is in their blood. John Rennie Blake, the most noted scientist and educator of our Tribes, has a grand-nephew who is running with the family bent. He is Emmett Reid Blake, of Greenwood, S. C.

Since 1933 he has been on an extended travel in the wilds of South America, particularly Guatemala, as an agent of the Field Museum of Chicago. His work has been manifold. He has sought rare flowers, woods, remains of forgotten cities, strange and primitive peoples, etc.

He has found many interesting birds and animals to be mounted in the department of natural history, and has hunted specimens to be furnished alive to the Chicago Zoo. When his work is completed he will have a story to tell the world.

Eugene Blake, one of his cousins, writes me that this youngster is the son of John Blake, the grandson of Milton Blake, the great-grandson of William Newton and Elizabeth Wier Blake. This

makes him the *great-great-grandson* of Thomas and Mary Withrow Wier, parents of the Ten Tribes of Wier in America.

A Wier Railway Switchmen Leader

Robert Lee Wier (from the Castle of Addison Milton), is an executive and organizer of the International Switchmen of America. His duties take him wherever trains run and railroad workers dream of standards of living. He is a Mason of high degree, like his great-grand sire, and an orator of distinction in the Labor Movement.

Robert Bruce Wier C. I. O. Leader

Robert Bruce Wier (from the House of The Printer), is actively associated with John L. Lewis in the militant and progressive Congress for Industrial Organization. His work while president of Knoxville Typographical Union and as 1938 delegate to the International Typographical Union shows him to have exceptional ability. He is a writer and an orator in Labor press and forum, and is a poet (when in the mood) like his grand sire, "Sarge Plunkett". He has the crusader spirit of his dad, The Printer, and the grit-to-take-a-chance of his mother (which she so eminently displayed, when, at 16, she ran away with and wedded *and has ever since henpecked, physicked and dieted* the erratic compiler of this family history).

He is making a valuable contribution to the unorganized, neglected and exploited semi and unskilled workers in East Tennessee.

A Composite of His Great-Grandsires

David Peden Blake, of Concord, Ga., seems to be a composite of his four great-grandsires. He has the science-bent of John Blake, the mental independence of Thomas Wier, the thriftiness of David Peden, and the quiet forthrightness of his Welsh Foredad Jones. He is, as a reference to the Line Chart will prove, a double-cousin, brother-in-law and uncle to the House and Tents of the Printer. He has reared two sets of children and may go down in history of the family as another "Father Abraham."

His children are all talented—some in music, some in scholarship, some in farming and business and his namesake, David Peden Blake, Jr., is a warrant officer in the U. S. Navy. A daughter is the wife of a Presbyterian preacher.

Keeps the Home Lights Burning

Eugene Blake, of Greenwood, S. C., is a sort of clan chieftain in the old Carolina home place of the Ten Tribes. He is a school-teacher and in 1938 is administrator and director of the enterprises of his father's estate. He is who's who to the Tribesmen because he keeps the old meeting house and burying ground at The Rocks in good shape. He has the spirit of "Old Mortality", that Scottish antiquarian who *refreshed* the names of worthy Scots on tombstones. He is the guardian of the family shrine.

He is a staunch Presbyterian, active in civic affairs and socially exemplifies the gifts and graces of the founders of the families in America.

Other Children of Printer's House

William Gregg Wier

Has graduated to full journeymanship as a printer and is associated with the Atlanta Journal. Is wedded to Lucille Stephens, a pretty Georgia lass. He is the third of our boys to follow their grandfather and father in affiliation with the International Typographical Union — "the greatest labor union in the world".

Swansea Ernest Wier

Was wedded to Birma Hudson on November 11 and living in Augusta, where he is a district manager for Addressograph. He takes leading part in civic affairs in his district.

Lucy Virginia Wier Walker

Has finished school, wedded and is the mother of a boy and a girl. Her husband is Robert Dixon Walker, Jr., a graduate of Georgia Tech. They reside in Rochester, N. Y., and he is connected with Chemistry at the Eastman Enterprises.

Tracy L. Daniel and Mary Wier

Have built a beautiful brick bungalow and Tracy has been ordained a deacon. He has the flaming passion for evangelism that marked that other deacon—Stephen.

Howell Ogletree and Clara Aline Wier

These children are living on a beautiful farm on Old Campbelton Road. He is a worthy Mason and she an ardent "Star." He is with General Motors.

Dan, Stewart and David Jean Wier

These boys as yet unwed but hunting. Dan is civil engineering in Arizona. David Jean is touring on his thumb and last heard from was with his elder brother, Tom, in San Diego, Cal.

Stewart has just returned from a visit in Scotland, where he boated on Loch Lomond and tipped his hat to Ben Lomond. He also visited the Battlefield of Bannockburn where, in 1314, his Peden forebears fought under Robert Bruce. He plucked some heather from the braes o' Bonnie Doon. He saw the site at Dalsersf where lang syne our Covenanter Minister preached.

The Children of the "Puptents"

I have invented a new figure, the Puptents, to give my grandchildren a place in this scheme for Tracing the Line. This is the last step-down (until my great-grandchildren come and clamor for their places) from the House of The Printer.

From the Tent of Tracy and Mary—

LEONARD—A quiet, sensitive boy, showing great promise in music; studious, healthy and like his father, keen to know the truth of a thing.

DAVID—Full of energy, fond of sweets and little girls, before whom he struts like a bantam rooster. Will fight for his rights and likes to "shine" at school.

From the Tent of Tom and Mary Malloy—

BARBARA—

As winsome as her Irish mother.

(There are in Tom's Tent BILLY and RUTHIE, by a former marriage.)

Who's Who in 1938

From Tent of Robert Bruce and Lucile Trainer:
EUGENE—A strong, healthy boy, climbing fast in his school work, and looks like he might become a gridiron hero.
THOMAS JACKSON—The dear little boy met a tragic death. (See "Our Loved Ones Who Sleep in Hollywood").
FRANK—Has the investigating disposition of his father and the fine sensitiveness of his Kentucky mother.
KENNETH—Very affectionate. Has a lot of his mother's grace and his dad's thirst for adventure.

From Tent of Clara Aline and Howell—
ROBERT LEWIS—A boy who has what it takes to make a man. His grandad calls him "Buzzy".
MARY JANE—A winsome lass who is a recast of her grandad's "Old South" mother—cultured and sweet.

From Tent of William G. and Lucille—
MARJORY—

An apple-dumpling among the family sweets.

From Tent of Lucy Virginia and Robert—
ROBERT D. WALKER, III.—Youngest grandson—who thinks I am Santa Claus.
NANCY PAGE WALKER—Youngest (19-38) of all the grandchildren—s-w-e-e-t !!!!!

Can there be an end to a family history? We see the Castles gone with the wind, the Houses bending to the blows of time. Only in the Tents and Puptents does the music of life ring strong. My great-grandchildren are on God's way. If I am spared 'til they come I promise them the coziest spot in my old tired heart. It was a happy Christmas, 1938. Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis.

Family Characteristics Reflected in Little Stories from the Ingle-Nooks

These little stories are family tradition, nothing more. They come down to us by way of the Ingle-Nooks. They were told me for the truth when I was a boy. I believed then, as I believe now, that they have the germ of truth in them.

Scots Who Ha' Wi' Wallace Bled

The Pedens were neighbors to Sir William Wallace, and when the Sothrons from the Lanark garrison killed his young wife, they flew to Wallace's banner and followed him until he faded out of the picture. At least one Peden fought with Robert the Bruce at Bannockburn. He died from wounds sustained in that fight. King Robert granted his widow a bit of land and freed his bairns from all feudal lords except the King of Scotland. They were to preserve their feudal status and title to the land by delivering a lamb each springtime to Holyrood Castle. They did this for all the centuries until King James the Sixth went to England and became James I of the United Kingdom.

Outwitting the Tories

The Greenville County Pedens belonged to Dan Morgan's guerilla band. They would stay at home and look after their farms, and when the leader needed them to make a raid he would send a runner to tell them where to meet. They would not rush off pell-mell on these occasions, but would let the girls, dressed in men's clothes, quietly take the boys' places at plowstock, or at whatever they were doing. In this

way the skulking renegades were often outwitted and the British were kept in the dark until Morgan's Rangers were on them "like a passle o' wildcats." One time, while the men were away, a child died, and two Peden girls, one Brownlee girl, and a Worsen girl, all dressed as men, carried the funeral and interment through without the spying Tories discovering the absence of the men.

One Wier Was Burned as a He-Witch

The burning of Major Wier in Edinburgh on the charge of being a "*worlock, a liar and breaker of covenants,*" is authentic history, but our ingle-nook authority asserts that he was burned because he had, while in India, learned a trick of making a walking cane dance by waving his hands above it. The Presbyterian rulers couldn't see anything but Satan in such, so he was burned. He is not in our records but let tradition give him a place in our hearts. *Verò nihil verius.*

Why Many Printers Pronounce It "Ware"

When Addison Milton Wier (better known by his pen name, Sarge Plunkett) with his family settled in Atlanta, 1876, he *caught cases* in the composing room of *The Atlanta Constitution*. The boys pestered him so often about the spelling and pronunciation of his name that one day he got the *Daddie to Call Chapel*, whereupon he said to them: "Call it WARE, and spell it any way you damplease." Since then only the *most intelligent* printers pronounce it correctly, Wi-er.

How Gran'pa Dunbar Laid the Ghost

When James Dunbar, 18-year old lad, arrived in New York City from Londonderry, he earned his first board and lodging by laying the ghost of *Sea-*

men's Rest, an hotel near The Battery. The landlord, being Irish himself, felt sympathy for the lonesome lad from 'Derry, so he said to him: "Ye'll rest the night in the haunted room. If ye can find and lay the ghost, ye may lodge and eat 'til ye find a job, an' never a penny I'll charge ye."

Grandad looked the bed-room over. It was high in the roof and isolated from all but some plunder-rooms. From a near-by blacksmith shop he borrowed a claw-bar, and at bedtime was escorted to his chamber by the landlord and taproom loafers, with great mock-solemnity. He was advised to keep on his clothes, as the experience of others had been to depart so hurriedly as to preclude the possibility of a toilet being made. In due time, after the escort had retired to their toddy, to await developments, Gran'pa began to hear the usual weird noises: The patter of ghostly feet behind the wainscoting; now and then the shuffle of slippers; a far away groan and a near-by screech. For a long hour Gran'pa listened and thought. Then he attacked the walls and masonry of the big kitchen chimney that passed his attic in its upward reach. Soon the ghost was identified. An army of wharf rats nightly passed up from the basement to foraging grounds upon which the hotel roof abutted. The rodents rushed, a squirming, twisting, torrent, emerging on the roof beside the chimney, and from there scattering to the various feeding grounds.

All this happened before midnight. There were several hours of peace, then as the city began to wake up for another day, the horde of rats, now with bellies full, retraced, gathering from everywhere, took the tunnel downward to their dens.

Now for the denouement: Gran'pa in digging in the masonry dislodged brick and mortar that closed the downward passage. He dozed of into a happy

slumber. "Some time before morning light," Gran'pa talking, "I awoke to the most hellish din that had ever bitten my ears. Landlord was bawling for lights; guests were stomping and cursing. From basement to attic hell seemed to be popping."

The rats, returning and finding their tunnel choked, simply flowed into the attic and from there all over the house. The guests, ordinarily heavy drinkers and usually on the verge of *delirium tremens* anyway, had all that they could stand before 10,000 rats found cover. Thus Gran'pa laid the ghost. See page 14.

The Yankee "Shinplaster" and a Sockful of Confederate "Greybacks"

A few weeks before the Battle of Chickamauga, Uncle Tom Wier (see page 24) got a furlough for a visit to his home in Pike. While waiting in Atlanta to change cars he went into a little eating place run by an Italian lady near the present site of the Hurt Building. When through eating he laid a big sockful of Confederate money on the counter and told the lady to help herself. She shook her head and spread her hands, spread her hands and shook her head. Uncle Tom had one pitiful little shinplaster (Yankee paper for half a dollar), buried deep in his jeans. This he sorrowfully laid on the counter. The lady took it joyfully and, as she smoothed out its many wrinkles, pushed the fat sock back, saying: "I take dees, and you nize boy, eat nodder beeg dinner." Uncle Tom ate an odder beeg dinner before his train ran.

The first guns for the Battle of Chickamauga were booming when Uncle Tom got back from his visit home. He hurried to the front and found his regiment "giving the Yankees hell." Before the sun rose he lay with a shattered leg---"pegged" for life.

How Uncle Tom and Aunt Mat Built a Home on Christian Faith and a "Peg" Leg

If there was one hero among the men of this family chronicle it was Uncle Tom (*Thomas Patrick Wier, son of Swansea Wier*), and if there was one heroine it was his wife, Martha Harper (*Stinchcomb*). General Lee's surrender and Sherman's march to the sea left them facing a new life sans everything in the way of material wealth except a bit of land, and Uncle Tom on a peg-leg from Chickamauga.

Yet, when my time came to know them, in the middle 1880's, they had as happy and as sweet a home as ever rose out of the ashes of war. There were four children, Frank, Mattie, Swance, and George Stinchcomb, a blue-eyed, golden-haired lass, half-sister to the three first named. Of these children only this half sister and Swance are now alive. Swance lives on the old home place near Wedowee, Ala., and has a big family of boys and girls. George married Jake Walker and they have a family and live near Red Oak, Old Campbell County, Georgia.

Uncle Tom was not afraid of anything on earth, bowed to nothing but the will of God, and was the soul of honor in every contact of life, except in a horse trade. *He admitted, himself, sorrowfully*, that he could not be trusted on this point. And to be "*bested*" in a horse trade gave him the blues worse than anything. Aunt Mat was all that the Book of Proverbs says about the pearl of great price---and then some.

Frank Wier, one of these children, has a son who is forging forward in business and who is a poet of exceptional craftsmanship. Mattie died in the bloom of young womanhood. She was married at the time, but left no children.

How Great-Grandad Wier Used a Fencerail As a Closing Argument

Grandpa Thomas Wier [To identify see Chart, 4th Generation,
The Patriarch of the Ten Tribes] was a man of action rather than words. His plantation adjoined that of his pastor, the Rev. Edwin Cater. One day one of the Preacher's niggers attacked one of Grandpa's niggers with a fencerail. The Wier nigger countered with a knife-blade to the Cater nigger's gizzard. The Pastor and the Elder (Grandpa) met in court in behalf of their respective bad boys. The Preacher was an orator and a skillful debater and laid Grandpa in the shade. When it came Grandpa's turn to speak he handed the fencerail to the jury with a friendly Irish smile, and won his case.

Another inge-nook story illustrative of Grandpa's personality is this: He and another elder, riding to church, fell to discussing the fitness of a certain member of The Rock congregation (entirely ethical between elders, I guess,) to be raised to the deaconship. Presently they passed their subject's farm, where they noted some new haystacks. Said Grandpa: "A man who will stack hay in that way is not fit to be a deacon."

Mr. Wesley Norrell, of Abbeville, told me more than 50 years ago, the following story:

My father and your great-grandfather, Thomas Wier, came from Ireland on the same ship, a rusty old square-rigger, and rested in Laurens, but settled in Abbeville. Your great-aunt, Elizabeth, who married Billy Newt Blake, was of about my age, and we were in school together. Once all the Wier boys rode off to round up some stray cattle. Elizabeth, being the only girl among nine boys, was as brave a rider as the boys. But nought was left for her to ride but an old steer. This she blanketed and taking your grandad, Swansea, her baby brother, up in her arms, rode bravely to the round-up.

The point of this story is the sequel. Grandma had not intended for Elizabeth to go and for going she was sentenced "to spin and weave a full token of linsey-woolsey and to memorize certain Scriptures."

From Steer-Riding Tom-Boy to Glorified Mother in Zion

The young girl, remembered by her schoolmate, Wes Norrell, as riding a steer to round-up in 1815, in the Carolina hills, is remembered in far-away Choochau, China, a hundred years later (1915), by a great memorial enterprise, *The Elizabeth Blake Hospital*.

Here's the ingle-nook of it: She grew to womanhood, married William Newton Blake, another schoolmate, and became the mother of twelve children, one of whom was John Rennie Blake, who was a professor at Davidson Presbyterian College for 25 years. This worthy son of a noble mother founded the above named hospital in her name. Here 5,000 patients can be treated yearly.

When Grandma Mull and Your Aunt Laura Page Defied the Yankees

Your Grandpa Mull came home on furlough a few months before the surrender and married your grandma, Nancy Adline Page. She continued to live with her family while Dan'l went back to Virginia to help Lee worry the Yanks. Nancy, and her sister Laura, as yet unwed, both under twenty, were the only ones at home with the Old Folks, the other children, being boys, were away in the Army. Here is the way your Grandma tells how she and Sister Laura defied Sherman's Army:

When the Yankee foragers began to sift down on us, while the main fighting could be heard over toward Ringgold and Cartersville, Pa decided to kill all the meat and hide it in the swamp. He didn't want to do it so out of season, but it was this or let the Yanks drive the pigs away. So we had a hog-killing. We salted and packed the choice meat in tubs, and there

VIII *Little Stories from the Ingle-Nooks*

was not much with all the fuss, but it was ours. Sister Laura and I hid the small tubs down by the old beaver dam, but one big tub, containing our very best, was so heavy we waited for a wagon that had been promised. We hid it best we could in the plum orchard. There, a squad under a big fat corporal, aided by a nosy old dog, found it. They lightened the tub by distributing some larger pieces among them. The corporal then put the tub on his head and marched away. This was too much for us, so we followed him, tongue lashing him every step. When he reached the footlog over Pinelog Branch his pals had left him far behind. Laura ran up behind and at midstream kicked the tub off his head into the creek. He got so mad he cursed us and ran away. We saved the meat from the creek.

The narator of this story lived to be the mother of thirteen children, of whom your mother is one. She was a brave woman, true to every call of wifehood and motherhood. She spent the last few of her rich 88 years in our home, under your mother's tender care. Just a few days before she died, speechless from paralysis of tongue and throat, she took your mother and I by the hands and blessed us with her lustrous black eyes. She sleeps in our Hollywood plot, Margaret and Hector on one side, and your Grandmother Mary Ida Wier, on the other.

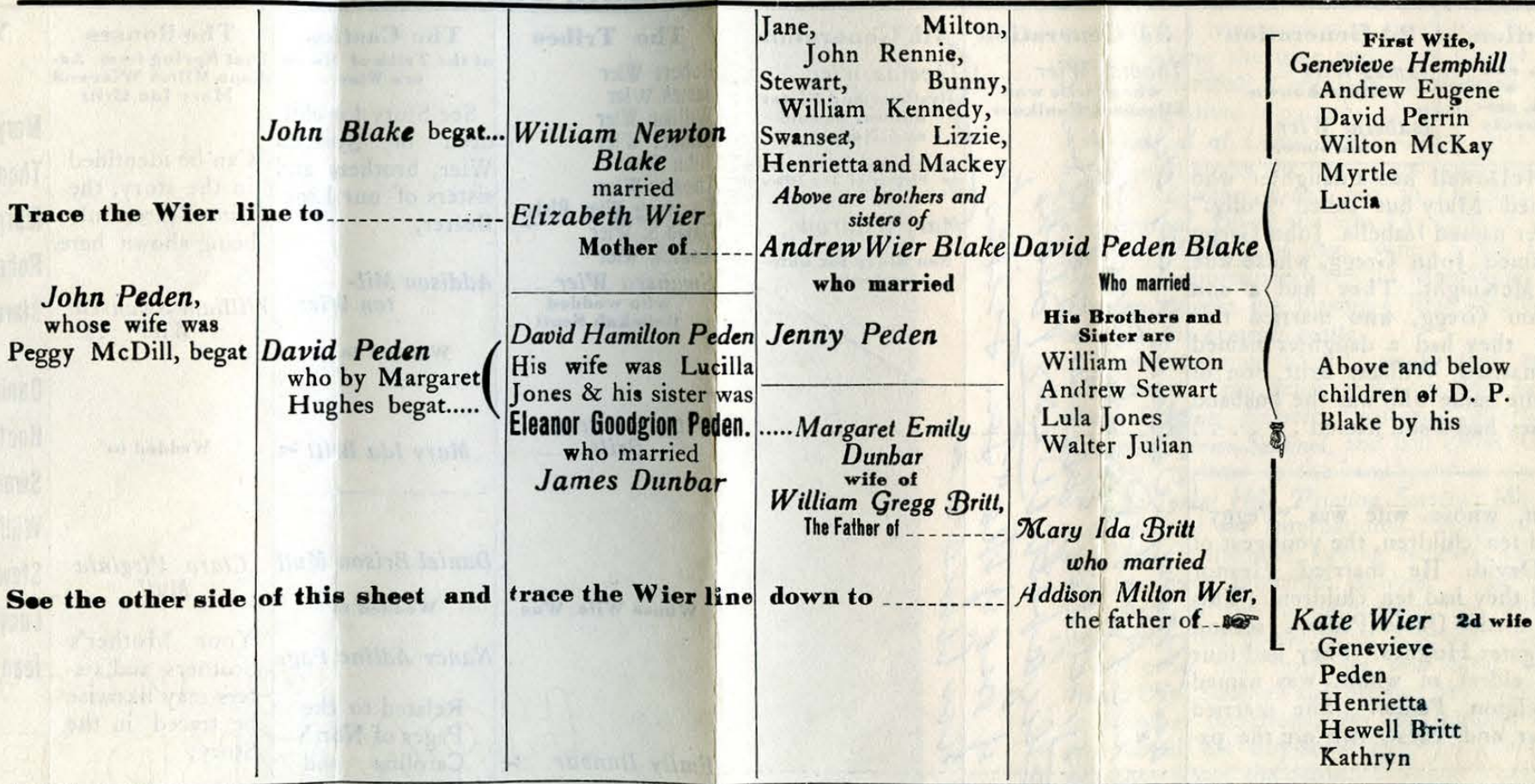
The Laura in this story married another Mull boy, cousin to your grandfather, and Dr. Joe Mull was their son. Widowed, she married second time Thomas Branson, and has a son, Rev. Tom Branson, a noted evangelist.

These two girls had one brother who never came home from the war. His name was Aaron Page, and he was never heard from after the Battle of Gettysburg. He is one of the many unknown heroes.

the lay of the case." I was setting *reprint* before I could spell in first primer. I was so small I had to stand on a flytable to reach the e-box. I have set many a stickful of small pica without knowing the meaning of a word. I have worked at everything in a printshop from cooking the glue and molasses for the rollers to superintending a big daily newspaper. I have read proof and edited telegraph. I wrote an editorial for *The Journal of Labor*, Atlanta, that Arthur Brisbane reproduced above the front-page name plate, in an 18-point bold letter, 8-col. box, in *The New York Evening Journal*. Of all the jobs I've held in 50 turbulent years I've been *fired* once. When I was about 15, in my junior apprenticeship, Old Man Wiley Harris, the foreman, caught me kissing a little bindery girl, and bounced me *exempli gratia*.

Then, stepping from house to tent, are my own three boys: Tom, crack make-up on *The San Diego Union-Tribune*; Robert, "editorial" operator on *The Knoxville News-Sentinel*, and Bill (Wm. G.) the only "master" printer in the bunch, owner and conductor of *The Center Hill Printing Service*. My father died a member of the International Typographical Union, and I am a member, having recieved all the local as well as many interstate honors. The boys, except Bill, (who is yet to matriculate), are also members, Bob being past president of Knoxville Union.

My other four boys are not likely to follow the trade, Dan, Swansea and Stewart being already launched in other directions. As for Jean, by the time he has passed his boy-scout age, the printing business will have taken the count. Printing, in the opinion of each generation of printers, has been going to hell just around the corner. Old Johannes Gensfleisch said it first, and there does not appear to be any other answer. "Thirty's on!"



1st Generation	2d Generation	3d Generation	4th Generation	The Tribes	The Castles of the Tribe of Swansea Wier	The Houses That Spring from Addison Milton Wier and Mary Ida Britt	Your Tents
<p>John Wier and wife, Jane Ferguson, presumptive parents of</p>	<p>James Wier wife unknown Isabella Wier his sister</p>	<p>Thomas Wier whose wife was Elizabeth Faulkner</p>	<p>Thomas Wier Brothers and Sister James, Samuel and Nancy</p>	<p>Robert Wier James Wier William Wier Samuel Wier John Wier Thomas Wier Elizabeth Wier Blake David S. Wier Andrew Wier</p>	<p>See Story for children of Swansea Wier, brothers and sisters of our Line-Bearer,</p>	<p>Can be identified in the story, the Line-Bearer only being shown here.</p>	<p>Mary Wier Daniel Thomas Patrick Wier Margaret Adline Wier Robert Bruce Wier Clara Aline Wier Ogle-tree Daniel Milton Wier Hector Wier Swansea E. Wier William Gregg Wier Stewart W. Wier Lucy Virginia Wier Jean Wier</p>
<p>William McDowell had a daughter who was named Mary but called "Polly." He had a sister named Isabella. John Gregg had a son named John Gregg, whose wife was Elinor McKnight. They had a son named William Gregg, who married this Isabella, and they had a daughter named Selina, who married William Britt, son of another of same name who was the husband of Polly. They had a son named</p>	<p><i>Thomas and Mary Wier are buried in Rock Presbyterian Churchyard New Brunswick N.C. So is Elizabeth Wier Blake's mother if one of the "Ten Tribes" of Wier in America.</i></p>	<p>This Mother and Father are the Parents of Ten Tribes of Wier. Mary Withrow See Story for antecedents</p>	<p><i>wedded</i> William Gregg Britt</p>	<p>Swansea Wier who wedded Rebekah Scott William Gregg Britt</p>	<p>Addison Milton Wier Wedded to Mary Ida Britt X</p>	<p>William Swansea Wier Wedded to</p>	<p>Mary Wier Daniel Thomas Patrick Wier Margaret Adline Wier Robert Bruce Wier Clara Aline Wier Ogle-tree Daniel Milton Wier Hector Wier Swansea E. Wier William Gregg Wier Stewart W. Wier Lucy Virginia Wier Jean Wier</p>
<p>John Peden, whose wife was "Peggy" McDill, had ten children, the youngest of whom was David. He married Eleanor Goodgion and they had ten children. This good mother died. David Peden's second wife was Margaret Hughes. They had four children, the eldest of whom was named Eleanor Goodgion Peden. She married James Dunbar, and these two are the parents of</p>	<p><i>Thomas and Mary Wier are buried in Rock Presbyterian Churchyard New Brunswick N.C. So is Elizabeth Wier Blake's mother if one of the "Ten Tribes" of Wier in America.</i></p>	<p><i>wedded</i></p>	<p>Whose Wife Was Emily Dunbar X</p>	<p>Daniel Brison Mull Wedded to Nancy Adline Page Related to the Pages of North Carolina and Virginia</p>	<p>Clara Virginia Mull Your Mother's brothers and sisters may likewise be traced in the Story.</p>	<p>Mary Wier Daniel Thomas Patrick Wier Margaret Adline Wier Robert Bruce Wier Clara Aline Wier Ogle-tree Daniel Milton Wier Hector Wier Swansea E. Wier William Gregg Wier Stewart W. Wier Lucy Virginia Wier Jean Wier</p>	