The Dutch Fork

by

O. B. MAYER

Edited-
With an Introduction by

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AND
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The end papers are a reproduction of a Dutch Fork taufschein done in 1801 by an unknown artist for the Kuhn (Koon) family of the Prosperity-Stoney Hill area of the Fork. Its intricate design is painted paper cutwork. Courtesy Mrs. Hugh B. Kerr.

INTRODUCTION

A folklore that is really to count must transmit, in other places than graduate school seminars. The true cherishers of the folk tradition are, first, the family in its traditional role, securely established on the land, in occupations not hostile to song and dance and tale; and, second, the stable community which is really a community and not a mere real estate development.

—Donald Davidson

Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.

—Deuteronomy

Orlando Benedict Mayer (1818-1891) published *The Dutch Fork* in his local village newspaper, the Newberry, South Carolina *Herald and News*, in the last four months of his life. It appeared as a preface and eleven serial installments,[1] three of which consist of his previously published short story "The Cob Pipe," used here, as he said, for the purpose of illustrating in story form the matter of the previous section. As his preface to the series explains, he planned to gather from legend and his own experience "the most prominent events occurring in the Dutch Fork" and "to publish them in the form of a book, with the introduction here and there . . . of my Dutch Fork stories printed many years ago,—and beyond the remembrance of nearly every one now living," to "illustrate and recall the manners and customs of this community of people." This project he hoped to complete and publish by the fall of 1891, but his death 16 July 1891 prevented his doing so.

The Dutch Fork is difficult to classify. Although partaking of the nature of history, the work, Mayer warns, may sometimes depart from the mere facts, when the facts are not available to him, thus allowing the freedom of creative

embellishment. The skeleton of salient details, as far as it is possible for him, is historical; but the fleshing out of the story is Mayer's own. It is the latter which allows Mayer's "history" to edge into the realm of myth. The work, therefore, in Mayer's own words is an "inferential narrative." While based on historical fact, it is not limited to factual history and is actually more often popular lore, augmented by the author. Rather than as historian, Mayer acts as bardic interpreter of his community, passing on to the younger generation what he deems significant. He thus becomes recorder, interpreter, and transmitter of a living tradition, much in the same way as he said the old people of this rural society had always passed down information to their children. "Knowledge resided in patriarchal experience," Mayer stated, "and the instruction must come from sexagenerians and octogenerians." Having himself passaged a sexagenerian age, he had therefore become qualified to transmit history's highest and most essential truths through symbol and myth. And these, he states at the end of his first section, "must be accepted as true."

The Dutch Fork consists of lore which possesses the reality of fact to Mayer and to those to whom it is communicated; but it is well to repeat, one will not always find here truth in the professional historian's sense of the word. For example, Johannes Adam Summer, portrayed as a kind of Dutch Fork hero in section two, was, contrary to Mayer's statement, definitely not the first white settler in the Dutch Fork. Mayer probably believed he was; but far more important is what he attempts to achieve through his portrayal of him as the first pioneer: the faithful delineation of Dutch Fork character. Mayer's fictional Summer is a man who embodies those traits which his creator felt the early settlers possessed in common—in other words, the distinctive "national" traits of the Fork. In Mayer's hands Summer becomes the archetypical Dutch Forker whose character surfaces again in the other men of the community in the work's later sections, and in later generations.[2] In this particular case, Mayer's lore departs from historical fact with the result that his character can play out a mythic role and achieve, in a way, a higher truth. Hence *The Dutch Fork* is more akin at times to folk myth than to history.

The work is also nostalgic and humorous reminiscence,

containing much accurate social and cultural history. Mayer is recalling the old days of his boyhood or of even earlier times by way of tales passed down to him by elders like his grandmother, Eve Margaret Mayer. His voice is again that of the familiar bard, speaking out of the wisdom of old age, and transmitting traditions to a new generation. The tone is at times elegiac, at times warmly humorous, occasionally filled with regret, but always intensely personal. Throughout the work at its best, one hears the accents of the spoken voice; and that voice always assures the reader of the warmth of the speaker's personality. Mayer exhibits none of the sharp dissociation of the modern author from his reader. As narrator, he speaks directly to his village community of family and friends, and is thereby performing an important bardic role: speaking to the people of his community in order to articulate meaning from experience and to lend better understanding of who they are. As such, *The Dutch Fork* bears some similarity to books like *The Odyssey* or *The Aeneid*, works he knew well.

Although richly alluding to literary works by such authors as Shakespeare, Swift, Cowper, Pope, and Scott, Mayer does not write a "bookish" book. Instead, he practices an essentially preliterary tradition; that is, a tradition stemming from and growing out of a culture in which art is not yet cut off from its roots in the ballad, oral tale, and yarn—hence the inclusion of a wealth of folk ballads, folk tales, superstitions, dialect, and folk customs. His form and style are not determined by the book as a medium of publication. The serial nature of the eleven-part newspaper appearance of the work points to a structure which is loose and episodic, very much in the manner of Mayer's novel *John Punterick.*[3] *The Dutch Fork* is, therefore, a loosely-structured series of narrations held together by a single narrative voice and purpose, subject matter, and theme.

While it is true that *The Dutch Fork* abounds in accurately detailed cultural and social history, Mayer is no mere distant, scientific recorder or collector of lore, no mere local-colorist or detached social historian. Instead, for example, as a skilled musician interested in ballads, Mayer did not stop at simply recording them, but participated in the living tradition by

modifying and performing them, frequently adding new stanzas of his own. It is interesting to note that in "The Cob Pipe," Mark Moyer tries to sing a local Dutch Fork ballad, but is criticized harshly by the new schoolmaster who "hisses": "such a song should not be tolerated in elegant society." Mark Moyer echoes Mayer's own feelings when he relates, "I dunno wat de world is comin' to . . . Effer sence dis schoolmaster's bin amongst us, nottink wat's true and comes from de heart is allowed to be said or sung. It's all in de head, and don't git below de tongue. People's gettin' so dat dey likes nottink but wat's ornamenshal and agin natur. It's no tellin' wat it's gwine to pe in years to come." Here in "The Cob Pipe" the story ends happily. The heart and naturalness triumph over the head and artificiality; and the schoolmaster has to flee the community, leaving Mark to sing ballads whenever he pleases. It is a complete victory for art that is traditional, preliterary, and unselfconscious. But the passage has ominous overtones; Mark's "no tellin wat it's gwine to pe in years to come" is a foreshadowing of the evil days ahead when art will be bookish, "ornamenshal," "agin natur," and for all practical purposes, so out of touch with men's lives that it is dead. Mayer as local bard speaking to locals is, conversely, far different from many a modern author speaking to a select group of other authors. In effect, he succeeds in reattaching art to its tradition.

The fact that Mayer was an enthusiastic participator in the ballad tradition—as writer, adapter, and singer—is indeed an important indication that he does not merely stand apart as a scientifically detached chronicler of dead fact. His accounts of local superstitions such as *using* reveal the same. He is not embarrassed, and, in fact, is adamant about not being embarrassed to say he believes fully in the power of *using,* for even when a fellow physician tries to "disembarrass me of my belief," Mayer's refusal is good natured but firm. Mayer emerges from his works as a man who is a participating member in the traditional community, not separated from it by his Charleston-Heidelberg-Paris-Giessen-Berlin-Edinburgh medical education, resisting wisely and cheerfully all attempts to cut him off from the source of his strengths. His works are neither "agin natur" nor "ornamenshal," and the evil times have not seduced or overtaken him.

Appended to *The Dutch Fork* in this edition is a closely related sketch, "A Stroll in Dutch Fork," which appeared in the Newberry *Herald* in September 1873. In this work, Mayer recounts a return visit to the place of his birth; and while listening for his favorite sound (the familiar voice of Cohees Shoals on Broad River), he is suddenly startled by the noise of a locomotive, a terrible roar which fills the valley. The train is described as a dragon-spectre, symbolizing the degenerate present, traversing a landscape which has fallen into ruin. Now the place of his birth is a site only of deserted, decaying cabins and barns and overgrown fields. The spirit of the present, clearly imaged by the train's unsettling noise and its associations with fire, speed, and force, has completely destroyed the peace, serenity, and harmony of the old traditional community, so completely, in fact, that it has vanished, leaving behind only decaying remnants to show that it ever existed. In symbolic terms, the restful sound of Cohees (i.e. remembrance of the past) is temporarily hushed by the noise of the machine (modernity). Had Mayer lived two more decades, he would have found an even more powerful symbol in seeing the Broad River dammed at this favorite spot, forever silencing his "glorious old Cohees," the site today of a nuclear power plant.

It was just such startlingly swift change witnessed from 1830 - 1890 that provided Mayer with some of the major themes of his works. In *John Punterick* (ca. 1860), the threat to the traditional community is loss of husbandry owing to greed. The homestead of the main character, John Punterick, is deserted through his desire for the wealth of western lands. It falls into ruin; a snake lives in the muddied water of the spring in the abandoned spring-house. The mythical overtones of this last cannot be overlooked. The imagery is that of the corrupted garden.

Both *John Punterick* and *The Dutch Fork* are works in the pastoral tradition. Sentimental and complex pastoralism are distinguished in this way: "sentimental" shows the pastoral world of peace with no threat or conflict; "complex" brings the "more real world" of the present into juxtaposition with an idyllic vision.[4] In both *John Punterick* and *The Dutch Fork,* Mayer has written complex pastorals because, although both

works show a nostalgic longing for the Arcadian past, they still reveal an unflinching acceptance of the fact that this Arcadia no longer exists. These two works, and indeed all of Mayer's works which treat the subject, face this hard truth. As Mayer relates in the very first paragraph of *The Dutch Fork,* the old community still exists only in the heart and imagination. In the work which follows, it is more a matter of looking to the past before the idyllic life was destroyed, than attempting to regain those times. Mayer felt the past could be reached again in one of only two ways: through portrayal in art and through (in his last years) "the gateway which is the grave." The new age of technological progress and change, symbolized first by the locomotive, and then later in "A Stroll in Dutch Fork" by another machine, the double-barrelled shotgun which has killed off all the game, comes into shocking collision with the nostalgic reminiscence of Dutch Fork days gone by and of a mythic Dutch Fork whose boundaries "have become as misty as the confines of Dreamland."

John Punterick is more a consideration of how the change from the old ways to the new came about, or, in other words, the fall. Here in *The Dutch Fork,* the focus is more clearly on the old—in an attempt to recreate the society through art and to keep alive this knowledge by transmitting this picture into the present. Throughout *The Dutch Fork* Mayer presents in numerous asides a contrast between the truth and honesty of the past as opposed to the dishonesty of the present. There were, he says, no locks in the Dutch Fork of his childhood, and naked truth could walk about the streets without shaming or shocking. There was less laziness then; there was a more wholesome attitude toward courtship. Devotion to family ties was far stronger than love of money. The heart was honored over the mere intellect (Samuel Burns, the itinerant schoolmaster of "The 'Cob Pipe" tries to change, through book learning, the emphasis from heart to head, with disastrous results for himself). Cotton becomes the symbol of the new shoddiness, standing in contrast to the tough and long-lasting fiber of flax, used in the old days to make linen. Mayer's ruffled shirt story in section five and the accompanying description of how linen was made from flax in section six illustrate how things in the past were made slowly, patiently, honestly, and

with pains, so that they would last. The more recent industrial-mechanical cotton culture, on the other hand, is based on speed, laziness, shoddiness, waste, and, in a single word, "decay" (that is, decay of values). It was this cotton culture which had replaced the original Dutch Fork community of small, independent farms owned by hardworking, honest families, a system which was not based on slavery and, in Mayer's opinion, infinitely superior to the great plantation system. Mayer remarks that the cotton fiber is an apt symbol of rottenness:

> Strange! that a stuff of such little duration as cotton should ever threaten to become a substitute for linen,—cotton, the very symbol of rottenness and decay, while linen is the symbolic immortal material for the marriage dress of the Lamb's Bride,—to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. . . . [But] Multiplicity must ever be at the expense of durability. Desire can be strained beyond gratification. Neither the strength of steam nor the rapidity of electricity shall ever be able to satisfy the imaginations of men's hearts, rushing on from "vanity of vanities" to "vexations of spirit." The time is, therefore, on the way when mankind reeling under satiety shall turn towards the "Valley of Anostan" to seek for the simplicity of former times. Then the distaff and the little buzzing wheel, coming forth from their Sabbath of rest, will greet the children of repentance with a louder and yet more melodious hum while spinning the thread for the fine white linen in which the millenial people are to be robed.

In the symbolism of these two fibers, therefore, Mayer summarizes many of his thoughts about the old ways versus the new. This theme of the degeneracy of the present as opposed to the wholesomeness of the past runs throughout Mayer's canon and is particularly strong in *The Dutch Fork*. As in his other works, he uses no bitter invective when describing the present day to his village community. His criticism is couched in mild, quiet asides, sometimes rising to eloquence, but usually accompanied by the play of light humor, under which, nevertheless, is always the sense of seriousness and grief at the loss.

In the preface to *John Punterick,* Godfrey is most surely the pastoral shepherd. In the novel proper, Hiob has the same

role. It is significant that Mayer's novel of the fall from the pastoral life involves largely Hiob's failure, his loss of happiness (in the person of his sweetheart Happy Punterick) and his uprooting from the land that bore him. Instead of sheep, Hiob has a comic horse named Futterfresser, who, other than Happy, is really his only friend. He must leave Futterfresser to die, and sell the homeplace he has just inherited, owing to his henpecking wife from outside the community, who demands that he go live with her people. John Punterick's plight is virtually the same as Hiob's, only occasioned by different reasons. The plight of *The Dutch Fork*'s main character, the man whose narrative voice the reader hears throughout, is again the same as Hiob's and Punterick's. He, the barefooted young swain of section five on his first visit to town, is now a man who lives in a town (like the one whose inhabitants had made fun of him); he no longer resides on the land, a countryside which has fallen into ruin since his leaving (and mythically perhaps *owing* to his leaving, as in the case of a Fisherking or Persephone). The descendant of a long line of Dutch Fork farmers, Mayer, in becoming a physician, was the first of his family to leave the land. Unlike Hiob and Punterick, however, the narrator of *The Dutch Fork* maintains close ties to that land, lying some ten miles distant, ties that are as strong as they *can* be in the technological, "progressive" present.

The Dutch Fork is a delightful affirmation of traditional values. It in fact exhibits a hard-fought, toughly-willed triumph of these values over the seductive forces which would undermine them. As one of Mayer's final creations, the work is a fitting parting statement, containing some of his deepest feelings about the old world of his memory, and the new, where he has no other choice but to live. It is clear that at all times he stands unequivocally for warmth, respect, charity, honesty, simplicity, permanence, and quality against the detachment, irreverence, greed, dishonesty, artificiality, transience, and shoddiness of modernism.

3 April 1982

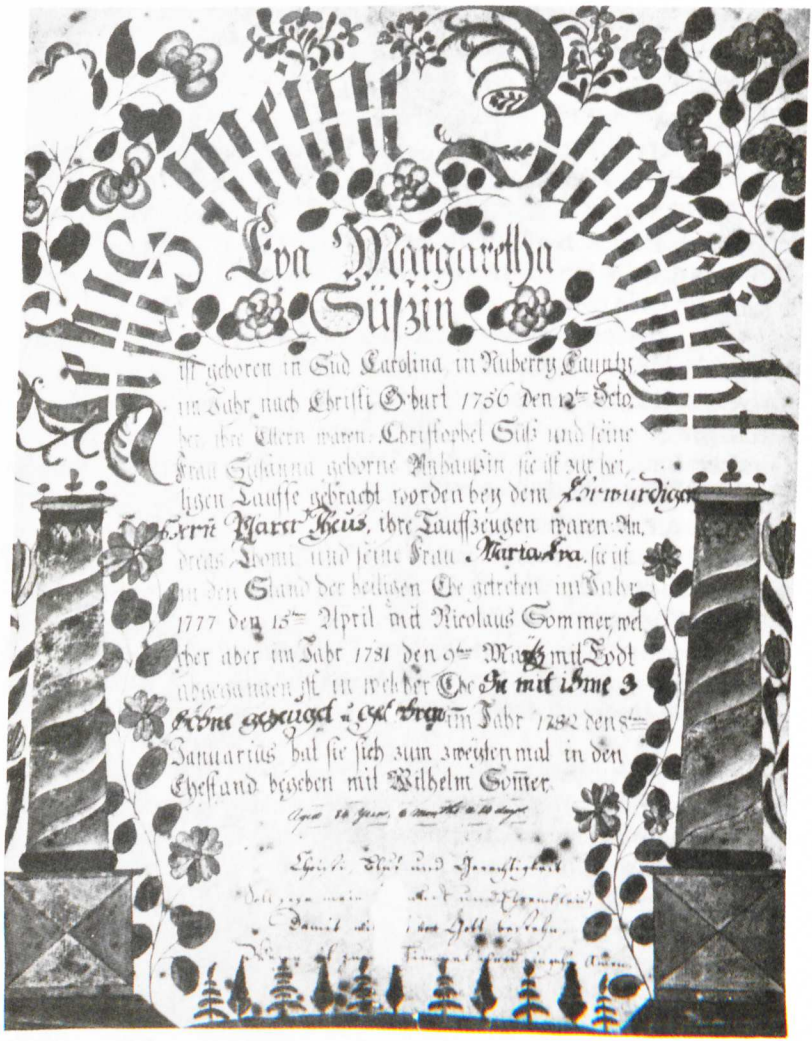
NOTES

[1]Newberry *Herald and News*: Preface (23 April 1891); No. 1 (30 April 1891); No. 2 (7 May 1891); No. 3 (14 May 1891); No. 4 (21 May 1891); "The Cob Pipe" No. 1 (28 May 1891); "The Cob Pipe," No. 2 (4 June 1891); "The Cob Pipe," No. 3 (11 June 1891); No. 5 (18 June 1891); No. 6 (25 June 1891); No. 7 (2 July 1891); No. 7—Concluded (9 July 1891).

[2]John Belton O'Neall listed these traits in 1859 as "honesty, hospitality, untiring industry, fidelity in the discharge of every duty, public and private, devoted and unchanging friendship, intelligence and a desire for education." O'Neall, from a Quaker background, lived on the western boundary of the German community (O'Neall, *Annals of Newberry,* Charleston: Courtenay, 1859).

[3]O.B. Mayer, *John Punterick: A Novel of Life in the Old Dutch Fork,* ed., James E. Kibler (Spartanburg, S.C.: The Reprint Company, 1981).

[4]As defined by Leo Marx in *The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964), p. 25.



Taufschein of Eva Margaretha Suss from the St. John's area of the Fork, done around 1800. Mayer translated this document from the German in 1855. Eva Suss was the grandmother of his friends Henry and Adam Summer of Pomeria Plantation. Courtesy of Mrs. Rosalyn Summer Sease.

PREFACE

I have often been requested to write a history of the section of country known as the Dutch Fork. Such a request can refer only to an account of its settlement by white people, a description of its boundaries, and a narrative of incidents tending to portray the characters of leading individuals. All else is properly embraced in the history of the State of South Carolina. In complying with this request, I shall endeavor in the following sketches to arrange in some sort of order the most prominent events occurring in the Dutch Fork within my recollection, as far back as sixty years ago; and beyond that time what I have gathered from legends coming down through many years preceding my early boyhood. When these sketches shall be completed, it is purposed to publish them in the form of a book, with the introduction here and there, among them, of my Dutch Fork stories printed many years ago,—and beyond the remembrance of nearly every one now living. These stories are to be re-written and republished in the forth-coming volume to illustrate and recall the manners and customs of this community of people, so remarkable for their sturdiness of bodily constitution, honesty and untiring industry, fondness for humor, and simplicity in their unaffected love for God and love for neighbor.

"The Easter Eggs," published last week, will indicate the character of these stories. Their titles are, "The Cob Pipe,"—to illustrate the old-time log-rollings and cardings; "Polly Pompernickel, or The Wedding in Mollohon," —to recall the merry-makings at weddings in days long gone by; "Eberhart Koselhanz, the Wizzard Gunsmith (Büchsensmied),"—a picture of the superstition that held sway over the people of the Dutch Fork, during the war of "de Intepentency;" "The Two Marksmen of Ruff's Mountain;"—detailing the trials of

Katreena of the rosemary breath; "Old Nick,"—a story delineating Dutch Fork magnanimity; and perhaps "John Punterick," the man who never ate fewer than seventeen apple dumplings at one meal, unless the apples of which the dumplings were made (one apple to a dumpling) happened to be very large.

Next week will appear the first member of the Historical Sketches.

O. B. MAYER, SR.

NO. 1

* * * at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's bank we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

CADYOW CASTLE.

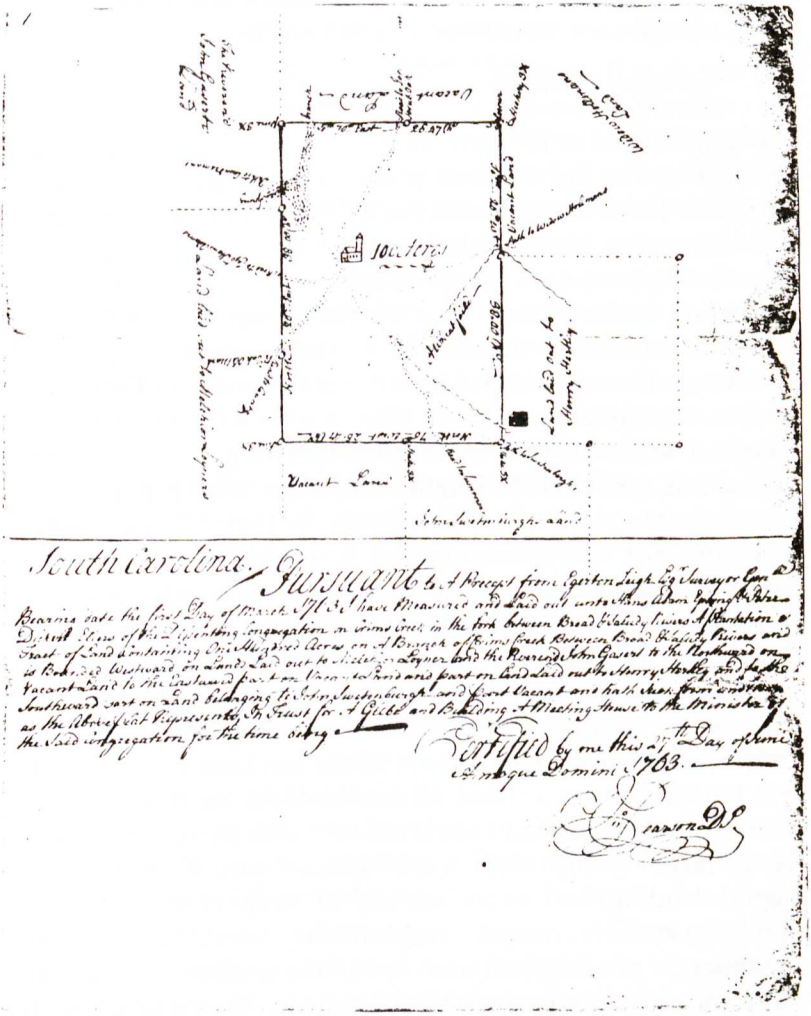
The boundaries of that small portion of South Carolina known as The Dutch Fork cannot be so definitely determined at this date (1891) as it could have been done sixty years ago. As long as German was the language spoken by the citizens, every homestead in which it was recognized as the mother tongue might be placed with certainty within the bounds of The Dutch Fork. Since, however, the English language has now entirely superceded the German, the borders of this once well-known section of country have become as misty as the confines of Dreamland. Difference in languages is the most reliable surveyer's compass for determining the dividing line between two nations. A traveler on the continent of Europe, before he at nightfall settles himself to rest in a railway sleeper, may hear some one say in French, "Good Night!" to another; and at dawn the next day he may be awakened by hearing the salutation, "Good Morning!" uttered in German; and thus he is made aware that at some moment in the past night he has crossed a line which separates France from Germany,—a line fixed to his own satisfaction by difference in language, although its permanence has not yet been established, in the confidence of nations, by millions of infuriated men shedding one another's blood, for that purpose. Returning, now, quietly to our boundary question, after this lofty flight and wide departure, I will venture to say that now-a-days The Dutch Fork may be placed with as little hesitation in the neighborhood of Santuc, in Union, as around Pomaria, in Newberry, since English is spoken as commonly in one locality as in the other.

The German schools had disappeared more than a quarter of a century before my expeience began with the first edition of

Noah Webster's spelling book. My parents were taught to spell and read by a German schoolmaster, though they were afterwards instructed by English teachers. It comes within my easy recollection how obstinate were the old people of two generations ago in fostereing their antipathy against the introduction of the English language to take the place of the German. They were compelled, by the increasing encroachment of English-speaking emigrants, to accustom themselves to the use of the hated tongue; but whenever it became necessary to give expression to passionate thoughts, English words were thrown aside as altogether too insignificant by the side of the thunder-claps in the German idiom, to give emphatic expression to indignation.

It has not been long since I pointed out to a friend, while strolling with him about St. John's church, a little mound remaining from the *debris* of the first schoolhouse ever built by these German settlers. It is now scarcely discernible; but I can well remember when a portion of the hearth could be easily traced on the top of it. This humble school-house stood here opposite the gate of the now neglected graveyard,—across a road that grows dimmer and dimmer every year; and it must have been built at least a hundred years ago. Here, the offspring of the pioneer settlers went to school, learning the same lessons, and prattling in the same language as did the children away over in the Fatherland. It requires, now, quite an effort of the mind to realize that the magnificent original forest still surrounding St. John's church once reverberated with the sounds of no other words but German. The original church-house—the one in which Rev. Geiselhart preached—stood within the limits of the graveyard just mentioned, about twenty paces from the schoolhouse. This primitive church-building gave place to a new one, standing about seventy-five steps further on towards the centre of the forest, and erected in 1809, under the name (in German) "St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church"; and the old schoolhouse went into disuse about the same time,—the rapid increase of population and the settled predominance of the English over the German language necessitating the changes.

This introduction and prevalence of what was considered a foreign tongue must have been somewhat sudden. It is highly



Plat of the glebe of St. John's Lutheran Church in 1763 showing a small church with a steple, likely the second church structure. Courtesy of the South Carolina Archives.

probable that not an English word was spoken in The Dutch Fork before the beginning of the present century; and already in 1824, there was not one of the rising generation who could converse in German. About the year 1824 I commenced in the new schoolhouse my career as a schoolboy.

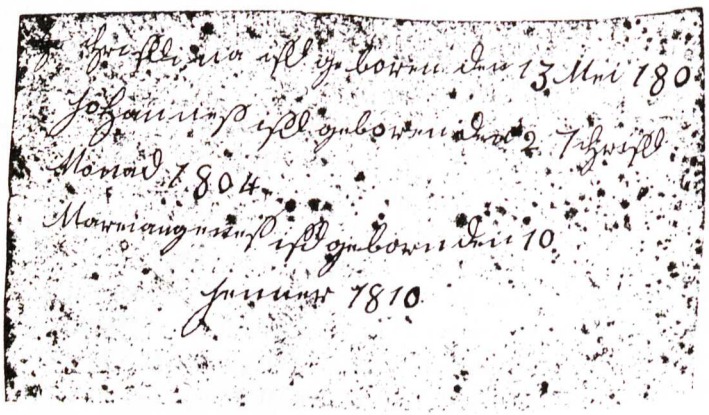
> ——with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school;

though unlike the modern child I was considered a prodigy, because at the age of seven years I could repeat the English alphabet forwards and backwards. What a change had come over the echos of the fickle forest! Twenty years before those my first school-days, these sturdy oaks with their pretty dogwood brides would take up the words of the German children exercising themselves in their sylvan sports, and would seem to waft their shouts over towards the far distant Odenwalds; and then after so short a time would traitorously resound with the yells of English-speaking boys and girls. Thus, it is seen that the English language, after it had gained entrance into a few of the families in the Dutch Fork speedily pervaded the whole community. It would be an interesting study to trace the beginning, progress, and completion of this predominance of one language over another, but it is impossible to collect any facts relating to the subject. It is certain, however, that the surrender to this infringement was not without much dislike, and considerable resistance. Whenever a half dozen or more of the old time people would get together, what a feast of conversation in German they would have! Often have I observed with indescribable pleasure how large groups of aged ladies would engage in superintending and even helping to prepare the wedding dinner at some marriage,—and how they would cast aside all semblance of English and give themselves up to an unrestrained intoxication of enjoyment, in speaking their darling old mother tongue. Likewise, would their "old men" (as their dames always called them) revolt against custom, while they tottered about the yard in their tight knee breeches giving quite a bow-legged appearance to their nether limbs; and while displaying bright silver buckles on their shoes and

broad brimmed hats on their heads would revel in an overflow of German,—singing songs and telling anecdotes, and frequently ejaculating the ancient joyous exclamation: "Hochzeit! Heilig gefreut!" which roughly forced into English might read: "It's wedding time! Let there be holy rejoicing." I also well remember, in regard to my grandmother (a granddaughter of the first white that ever came among the Indians living between the Saluda and Broad River), how, whenever she became weary under four or five days of speaking English, she would send an easy ambling horse, whose name was Shack, for her excellent friend, Mrs. Amy (Ommee) Lohner. Then would there be a night of glorious talk until the clock struck one, and in my little trundle-bed, I would fall asleep to dream of goblins and witches. At length, however, the German language was heard less and less frequently until it was as seldom used in Newberry and Lexington as anywhere else.

About the year 1826, the boundaries of Dutch Fork might have been delineated by a course starting from Ashford's Ferry, and running by Prosperity (Frog Level in those days) to strike the Saluda at the mouth of Buffalo Creek; then following the Saluda as far as Dreher's Ford to pass over to Broad River at Bookman's Mill, and up the river again to Ashford's Ferry. The center of Dutch Fork, with such circumference, might be fixed at St. John's church. At this time, the farthest back of my reliable recollections (when I was eight or nine years old), I was familiar with the names of more than fifty families in Dutch Fork.

Following the Broad River road, and including the neighborhoods at short distances from it, I call to mind between Spring Hill and Maybinton, Veals, Boyds, Eleazers, Whiteses, Eargles, Haltiwangers, Stucks, Hillers, Wises, Schulers, Swigerts, Stoudemayers, (from whom the gentle, winding ascent, known as Stoudemayer's Hill, derives its name), Minnicks, Bundricks, Busbys, Countses, Eichelbergers, Summers, Mayers, DeWalts, Slighs, Cummerlanders, and Aughtreys.



Dutch Fork documents in German script. The first is in the hand of Ulrich Mayer, Jr. (born 1771).

Along the road diverging from the Broad River road at Busby's public house and proceeding towards Newberry Court House, were Brights, Wilsons, Buzzards (after whom is called that stretch of thoroughfare so notorious as Buzzard's Lane, in the by-gone days of wagoning), Fulmers, Slices, Parson Moser, Ricards, Koons, Mathises, Smiths, Chapmans, Folks, Dickerts, Subers, and Ruffs.

On the road, and at short distances from it, leading from Ruff's across to Hughey's Ferry, on Broad River, (Bierly's, in Tarleton's *Campaigns*), were, Cromers, Kinards, Claps, Wickers, Ridlehoobers, Rutherfords, Lakes, Metzes, Cannons, Swittenbergs, and Ropps.

Along the road setting off from Suber's (now Holloway's) and ending at Hope's (formerly Mayer's), were Millers (old Johannes), Mocks, Setzlers, Lohners, Swarzes, and Fikes.

On other roads passing through the Dutch Fork, in various directions, were Eptings, Hipps, Feagles, Wertzes, Houseals, Kiblers, Montses, Aimicks, Bowerses, Singleys, Berlys, Barrs, Longs, Aulls, Piesters, Singleys, Wiedemans, Leitners, Bedenbaughs, Wheelers, Risers, Sheelys, Kunkels, Waller (the pastor), and others.

A short time ago, I stood near the spot where lately could be pointed out the grave of the first white man that ever established a home in Dutch Fork. My old friend who pointed out the place said to me: "His name was John Adam Summer. It was thought that he had power to put spells upon the Indians, for they never troubled him, in the least. They let him build his house; and it was not long before he secured titles to large tracts of vacant land, as all the land through here was so considered, at that time. After a while, he was joined by two other men, named John Adam Epting, and Nicholas Piester, who both purchased farms from Summer. Epting came from Heidelberg in Germany; and Piester also came from that country, but it is forgotten in what town he was born. It was not long before a fourth man joined them, and his name was Aimick. He also bought a farm from Summer; and these farms were all contiguous."

In my next sketch it will be my pleasant task to elaborate from the few data extant an account of the adventures of this John Adam Summer, who had the audacity to come down here with his witchcraft to cajole the poor Indian into leaving his hunting ground of the raccoon and the opossum. My task will be somewhat like that of the skillful algebraist. Give him three feet square of clean blackboard and a piece of chalk with an x plus y equal 0 in the left hand upper corner of the board to start him, and in an hour he will cover the whole space before him with the most improbable looking results which, however, nobody with common sense would dare deny. So I, with a few established facts, expect to write out an inferential narrative exquisitely romantic, which, however improbable it may seem here and there, must be accepted as true, because the preponderance of truth usually converts improbability into fact, and absorbs it.

NO. 2

In history there must be many gaps, resulting from contradictions or silence among the chronicles consulted, which have been bridged over by inferences fairly drawn from established events, and thus the current of narrative has been made smoothly continuous. So it is in biography;—and remarkably so in the life and adventures of the first white man that ever stalked through the virgin woodlands of the Dutch Fork. I have gathered many truthful records which, strewed along his career like stones in a boggy path, enable me to step from one to another without mishap, and thus to present a narrative not only highly romantic, but probably very slightly deviating from the true account.

I think, then, that I may safely begin the story of this adventurer, by stating that he was born in Württemberg, among the Odenwald Mountains. It will be seen, further on, that the romantic admiration of the beautiful and the novel, so certainly manifested by him in his developed manhood, had its origin in the charming scenery that surrounded the cottage in which he was born. The first out-door objects that met his infant gaze were the beautiful mountains with their acclivities so gradual that their sides more than half way up towards their tops were cultivated in narrow, alternating red, yellow and green strips of various productions, presenting appearances not unlike Scottish Highlanders, whom he long after saw, with their plaids wrapped around them. I can fancy this pioneer visitor of the Dutch Fork strolling forth in his boyhood among the valleys of the Odenwalds, following the murmuring brooks invisible under the luxuriant grass overlapping and concealing their channels; and I can admire the eager attention he gives to the old peasants telling him of St. Hubert's chase—St. Hubert

who, with his pack of dogs, often passes through the air over the mountain tops,

"The hunter and the deer a shade,"

impressing his young imagination with this old legendary superstition by recounting how often they had heard this aerial chase of the weird monk. Then, no doubt, the boy would sometimes stand after dark before his cottage door, listening to the flight of a flock of storks seeking their roost, (the true explanation of St. Hubert's chase), and believe that he heard the phantom monk with his dogs in full cry through the air.

He has grown to manhood. He has become a stalwart peasant, laboring in the meadows. From time to time he has walked northeastward along the Bergstrasse—the great thoroughfare designating the sharp line that divides the Odenwald Mountains on the right hand from the vast valley of the Rhine on the left. On this great highway did he often look northwestward, beyond the Teufelstein in Rhine-Bavaria, far away into France, and wonder at the wide-stretching Donnersberg, dimly defined like a misty cloud against the evening sky; or turning his eye directly northward have his gaze arrested by the conical form of the Melibocus, forty miles away, and hard by the city of Darmstadt. Then, some Sabbath evening, after spending the morning in strict devotion at his church, I follow him to Ziegelhausen on the Neckar, where he dances like a demon, and falls in love with a dozen rosy-cheeked, fat-armed maidens whose shadows cast upon a wall would measure eight feet across by dint of the multiplicity of undergarments.

But Germany was in distress. The wave after wave of war, that had for centuries been sweeping over the country to satisfy the whims of potentates, left little security for life, property, or hearthstone. Vast numbers of people were forced to become soldiers, who, during wars hired themselves to ambitious princes, and in peace were divided into robber-bands who chose their captains, and committed depredations upon the

unprotected peasants. A rumor had reached the Odenwald region that many Germans had fled from this lawlessness to the new countries across the great waters. My hero was not long making up his mind. He would go and establish a home in these far-off lands. Now, he has left his native valley, and there he goes, working his way on a timber-raft down the Neckar. He enters the Rhine at Mannheim; and, after toiling day and night for a month, he reaches Rotterdam. His offer is accepted, to work his passage to America on a Dutch galliot freighted with Holland gin. Forty days is he on the Atlantic Ocean, tossed and sea-sick; and he arrives in New York. There, he finds compatriots who tell him that in a country further south, called Pennsylvania, he can find large colonies of Germans. Thither he goes. What strange appearances meet his gaze! What vast forests! What strange looking people inhabiting them! He meets with the Indians. He becomes fascinated with their habits,—their endurance,—their contempt of danger.

Before he left his fatherland, agents came through Württemberg, for the purpose of purchasing men not less than seven feet high for the giant regiment of Frederic William I, King of Prussia. My hero escaped forcible enlistment by just eight inches. When he saw the herculean men of the forests in Pennsylvania he thought that here would be the place for the King of Prussia to procure his men. He felt that he would be willing to return once more to Germany, to see five hundred seven feet Mohawks, exasperated by tyrannical discipline, tear off five hundred scalps—one of them the King's—and go leaping through the streets of Berlin, brandishing their hatchets and yelling war-whoops.

Among the Indians there was a young chief, between whom and the German adventurer there began an intimacy that grew rapidly into the warmest friendship. They were always together, sharing each other's fare and lodging. At last they betook themselves to wandering far from their homes, and were sometimes absent for weeks. In one of these expeditions the German saved the life of the young chief. It is impossible to conjecture what was the character of this rescue; but that it was

signal is proved by the intense friendship which not only the tribe to which the young chief belonged, but all the adjoining tribes or encampments, manifested to the strange white man. The danger from which the young chief was rescued was so great, that his father would not permit him again to absent himself from his tent, longer than one day. But this confined life did not suit the adventurous spirit of the German. He made known to the extensive colony of his compatriots, that he would take his dog and gun, and wander towards the South,—having heard that there was somewhere in that direction a colony of white people, among whom were some Germans; and that the name of the colony was Georgia.

When the Indians became aware of this determination on the part of their white friend, a conversation not unlike the following must have ensued between him and the old chief. Consequences resulting from such a conversaton did certainly take place, as will soon appear.

"Wid left ear to sunrise and right ear to sunset you go long way?" asked the old chief.

"Yes," replied the German, "I go South."

"You big fool," rejoined the chief. "What go for?"

The object of the journey was explained; and after it was very plain that no dissuasion would be of any avail, the Indian resumed:

"If you go sure, den wait ten day."

"Why must I wait ten days?" inquired the white man.

"You see, may be, in two day, after you gone," was the reply.

The adventurer remained among his countrymen and his Indian friends fully two weeks longer, and then he set out on his solitary journey. That day of departure caused throughout the colony deep sadness to which, no doubt, many a maiden gave her contribution of a tear; and there was one, I must think, who many and many a day sighed and sobbed as she sat at the buzzing spinning wheel, and drew out and twisted the woolen or the flaxen thread.

Many settlements of European people lay along his way, but he avoided them and sought out the Indians. The mystery of the "ten days" was, as the old chief predicted, explained on the second day of his journey. He must have been a man of very remarkable appearance. I have a child's recollection of two of his sons, in their old age, whom I frequently saw, sixty years ago. They were singularly tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered, long armed men, with features expressive of much kindness, combined with obstinacy of purpose. Their father, the pioneer, must have had some prominent traits, by a description of which he could be easily recognized; for the first Indians he encountered, which was on the second day after his departure, ran forward to meet him, as if they had been expecting him; and they showed him their willingness to serve him in every possible way. It was easily perceived that the old chief had requested him to tarry yet ten days, so that he could send messengers before him, to secure for him everywhere kind reception and service. This message preceded him, from tribe to tribe, from encampment to encampment, all along his route, as he experienced it, up to the day when he stood on the top of the eminence known as Ruff's Mountain,—the very first white man that ever viewed the surrounding landscape, from this elevated point.

I have no facts to guide me in following the pedestrian through Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. When he entered South Carolina he followed Broad River on its eastern bank, under the guidance of Catawba Indians.

Many years ago—not less than forty—I visited a friend near the small village of Monticello, in Fairfield. The site of that gentleman's residence was a very high ridge, and his back piazza commanded an extensive view towards the southwest. I looked from a window in the second story across the valley of Broad River, and saw Ruff's Mountain more than twenty miles away. The line of the horizon formed by piney woods was as level as the ocean, and in the center of the view the little eminences constituting Ruff's Mountain gently broke the continuity of this horizon, and were condensed by distance

into a delicacy of outline as pleasing as the tracery of the third evening's new moon upon the sunset sky. I do not think that a stranger, one hundred and forty years ago, could have travelled along the highland upon which Monticello stands to-day, without catching a sight of what is now known as Ruff's Mountain. I can figure to myself my wanderer pausing upon this ridge with his Catawba guide, and gazing towards the blue eminences. After a moment, he smites himself twice or thrice upon his breast with his open hand, points to the distant elevations, and, in his inability to speak the Catawba dialect, makes a gesture by throwing forward both hands and stepping firmly one step in the same direction, to intimate by such pantomime that he desired to reach that part of the country. I can hear the Indian grunt his acquiescence; and they start off.

It is said they crossed Broad River by stepping from rock to rock in the shoals at the place where now is Frost's Mills. They became satisfied after crossing, that they had gone too far down the river. They therefore retraced their steps on the western bank, until they came to the mouth of the small stream, at this time known as Crim's creek, near which the town of Peak is now situated. Here they encountered an incampment of Indians—probably Cherokees—by whom they were instructed to follow the stream on the bank of which they were standing, and taking every left-hand branch, the third one would lead them within a mile of the desired point. So they take their way along this pleasant water-course,—creeping under heavy festoons of wild grapevines,—watching the gray squirrels skipping along the branches,—and the spotted fawns flitting among the trunks of the countless trees. They pass through the very heart of what is to be the Dutch Fork in after days, and at short distances the wanderer pauses, to admire the beauties of the woods. The sun is now near the tops of the trees westwardly, and the moon nearly full is appearing above the forest towards the east. Suddenly, to the surprise of the Indians, the white man halts,—turns around, so as to look back upon the course he has come,—and gazes alternately upon the right hand and then upon the left. What does he see? He sees his fatherland;—the Odenwald Mountains on his right hand, and the valley of the Rhine on his left. Truly is it so, though in miniature. There, before him were the gentle hills,

known now, as the Stone Hills of Lexington, that could not fail to remind him of the mountains among which he was born; and stretching away into what is now Newberry were flat lands that recalled the valley of the Rhine. So impressed was he with the resemblance, that he struck his camp there for the night, parched his Indian corn grains, and broiled the savory venison. Deep in the night, he was aroused from sleep by unearthly shrieks and wild hallooing in the air; and he thought that St. Hubert had been following him to his new country. It was the flight of the blue cranes (herons) from the Saluda to the Cohees Shoals, in Broad River.

The next day, he found the little mountain, ascended it, and viewed the surrounding country. At nightfall, he was again at his camp. That spot did he select for his permanent home, because it so forcibly brought his fatherland to his remembrance. He soon returned to Pennsylvania; and made known his discovery; and it will soon be my pleasing task to make mention of some of the many who followed him,—among whom, no doubt, was the maiden that sighed and sobbed at the spinning wheel. My friend, Captain George Epting, can point out his dim grave, a few hundred yards down the stream from his old mill, though no trace of any dwelling house can be seen at this day. It has not been long since I and my friend made our way through brambles to the crumbling persimmon tree, at the foot of which the spring of the daring first settlers still yields good water, of which we took each a memorial sup by means of a dipper improvised with a poplar leaf. Such was the first white man that ever came to the Dutch Fork. It was about the year 1735–40; and his name was JOHN ADAM SUMMER.

NO. 3

Before the year 1730, the whole central area of South Carolina was occupied by Indians. Mills, in his *Statistics of South Carolina,* speaking of Orangeburg, says on page 656–'57, "The first white inhabitant who settled in this section of country, was named Henry Sterling. His occupation, it is supposed, was that of a trader. He located himself on Lyon's creek, in the year 1704; and obtained a grant for a tract of land at present in the possession of Col. Russel P. McCord.

"It was not until 1735, that any considerable accession of whites took place. At this period a considerable colony of Germans arrived, and settled in several parts of the district. From the third year of their settlement, they had the benefit of religious instruction from the Rev. John Gisendanner."

[Very probably this is the same name as Geisenhainer, sometimes Geiselhart, who preached in Dutch Fork, before the days of Parson Waller.]

"One of his children, born in 1742, is still alive, [in 1826, the date of publication of Mills' *Statistics*]. The first child that he christened, born in 1736, is also alive, [in 1826,—87 years old]. This reverend gentleman continued to officiate among the emigrants for twenty years after their settlement in Orangeburg; and his register is exact. Three or four individuals had previously settled at the Cowpens, northwesterly of the low country white settlements. These and the Cherokee and Catawba Indians were all the inhabitants who had preceeded the Germans. In 1769, another colony of Germans settled here, which with one of Irish, much increased the population. The district [i. e. Orangeburg] originally embraced all the country from Savannah river to Santee; and from Charleston and Beaufort districts to Edgefield, including the Dutch Fork; "

This quotation from Mills indicates the way in which emigrants to the interior of South Carolina obtained titles to the lands on which they desired to settle. When Henry Sterling applied, in 1704, for a grant to secure his rights to certain lands

in Orangeburg, the person authorized by the King of England to superintend such transactions with the settlers was Nathaniel Johnson, one of the Proprietary Governors. Fifteen years afterwards, a change took place in the titles of these dignitaries. After 1719 they were styled Royal Governors,—having received their appointment directly from the crown, instead of from the Lords Proprietors. Therefore, when John Adam Summer came to the section of country now called "The Dutch Fork " and drove into the ground the pine-knot-stake to designate the place of his future home, the person from whom he received the grant that confirmed him in his ownership was very probably the Royal Governor William Bull 1737, or James Glen 1743.

I cannot refrain from making another quotation from Mills on page 118, not only to fix the date when the Cherokee Indians had ceded by treaty to the King of England nearly all their lands in South Carolina, but also to corroborate, by a beautiful incident, the supposition of some learned antiquarians that the North American Indians are the continuous dispersion of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel,—having crossed over to America at Bering's straits. The transmission of an event to posterity by impressing it upon the mind of a very young boy, so that when he becomes an old man he may hand it down to some one of the next generation for the perpetuation of historical knowledge, results among the Indians, very likely, from the lingering of an ancient Israelitish custom. (See Exodus, xiii: 14, and Deuteronomy, xxxii: 7.)

"When Governor Glen"—so writes Mills—"met the Cherokee warriors in their own country, and held a treaty with them, after he had finished his speech, Chulochculla arose, and in answer spoke to the following effect. 'What I now speak our father the great king should hear. We are brothers to the people of Carolina; one house covers us all.' Then taking a boy by the hand he presented him to the Governor, saying, 'We, our wives, and our children, are all children of the great King George; I have brought this child, that when he grows up, he may remember our agreement on this day, and tell it to the next generation, that it may be known for ever.' Then opening his bag of earth [see 2 Kings v:17.], and laying the same at the

governor's feet, he said: 'We freely surrender a part of our lands to the great king. The French want our possessions, but we will defend them, while one of our nation still remains alive.' Then delivering the governor a string of wampum, in confirmation of what he said, he added: 'My speech is at an end; it is the voice of the Cherokee nation. I hope the governor will send it to the king, that it may be kept forever.' "*

In regard to John Adam Summer, it cannot be far from the truth to state that, after staking off his lands so as to have established points for description, he applied to the Royal Governor (James Glen, with scarcely any doubt) and obtained the grant which made him "Lord of all he *surveyed*" with his bullis-vine for a Gunter's chain, and a clear sun for his compass. I have not been able to find in any chronicles consulted the limits fixed for curbing the greed of first settlers. From the remembered fact that Ebting and Piester soon joined the solitary pioneer and bought farms from him; it is evident that John Adam Summer, at his very first grab, took more land than he needed. That his heart yielded more and more readily to the coaxing of covetousness, appears in his wonderful sagacity for locating mill-seats. In every infant community the first great and common necessity must reside in the absence of mills. At least, this was the case before the steam-engine ever whistled to attract the attention of progress. As, therefore, addition after addition was rapidly made to his young colony, Summer went forth upon all the water courses to spy out the points most feasible for the erection of mills. Now, my fancy gains the supremacy.

"The past returns—the present flies."

I can see the tall, wiry, square-set form of John Adam Summer followed by three spell-bound Cherokees bearing his vegetable Gunter's chain, and often by their natural, intuitive perception

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* Mills' *Statistics of South Carolina*, page 118.

correcting the aberrations of his compass—the sun. They creep along through the tangled forest. Look! they seem to grow thirsty. Summer stoops to dip up in the hollow of his palm some water from a brook purling at his feet. See! Wooly-dokky-doolah (as Summer pronounced his name) respectfully puts aside his hand, with a grunt of disapprobation, and points to a large tree covered with vines, one of which running along the trunk is grasped by Kitchy-witchy-wakkee (Summer never could pronounce any language correctly but German) who, with the stateliness of a lord of the manor about to ring for refreshments, gives a quick and strong pull, and a purple shower of muscadines comes pattering down upon them. Tungy-sukky-shuguree (possibly the most accurately pronounced of all) instructs the white man how to regale himself with this refreshment of nature, by sucking the delicious juice and spitting away the pulp and the hulls. Summer had never tasted fruit so delectable, neither in Pennsylvania nor away over in the Fatherland; and he would not have known when to leave off, had not the last muscadine on its way to his eager mouth been gently struck from between his thumb and fore-finger by Tungy-sukky-shuguree, who at the same time muttered in gruff monosyllables, "Enough is enough!" Already had these savage men enlightened their civilized visitor regarding the delicious persimmon and the luscious blackberry; and his satisfaction is now so great, with his thirst so pleasantly allayed, that he inquires of his wild companions, if these native fruits ever fail in their yielding. The reply is, "Never fail." They then tell, in their sententious utterances, how one of their number once visited the country far down in Orangeburg. White people were there;—had been there, long time. They cut down persimmon tree and vine of muscadine; and had dug away the blackberry bush to make place for peach tree, apple tree, pear tree, and plum tree. No go. Nature went on the war-path against them, and destroyed their fruits with the frost, the hail, and the worm. Muscadine, blackberry, and persimmon, though, are friends with the frost, the hail, and the worm. They never break over the line that

marks off and separates their seasons the one from the other.

Alas! I may as well mention here as anywhere else the sad result of a great mistake Summer made—the same that Noah made when he came out from the ark upon dry land. A year or more after tasting the musky sweetness of the muscadine, he expressed many gallons of the juice, and let it ferment according to the principles of making wine, with which he was familiar. Six months afterwards, in the early spring, the malign spirit lurking in the saccharine fluid had become disembodied, and was ready to sting like an adder. Tungy-sukky-shuguree, himself, was the first victim. After drinking six buffalo-horns of the new liquor, he began to hop and dance about on the sward in a very unseemly way. When he was about to fill his seventh horn, Summer saw the wrong he himself had done, and pushed the savage away from the rudely made clay vessel containing the liquor, saying to him persuasively, "Tungy-sukky-shuguree, stop!—enough is enough!" The savage made a high leap, and brandishing his long unused scalping knife screamed above the shrillness of a war-whoop, "Enough is not enough, but too much is enough!" Summer was too brave a man to quail before this danger. He merely stood aside, and Tungy-sukky-shuguree after drinking his tenth buffalo-horn sank upon a grassy bank,—tried to sing an old-time Indian love song, but broke down with an idiotic chuckle, and bestowing a warlike leer upon John Adam Summer he fell upon the earth in utter helplessness, just as the whip-poor-will began her lonesome song. It is to be hoped that very few of the Indians, living in those remote times within the borders of what is now called Dutch Fork, fell victims to strong drink. Romantic as the conception may be considered, I cling to the supposition that the contemporaries of John Adam Summer among the aborigines of Saxe Gotha were restrained from any degrading conduct by the respect they had for the message transmitted to them from the old chief in Pennsylvania; and they had all disappeared from that settlement before the days when whiskey had begun to trickle from so many undying worms in so many distilleries.

Returning to my foresters seeking mill-seats, I again direct attention to them after they had allayed their thirst. They move on through bramble thicket and cane-brake,—for the whole face of the country is covered with wild peavines and young tender cane. Suddenly Summer halts, listens intently at a distant roaring sound, as though it might be a water-fall, and looks at the improvised Gunter's chain. Kitchy-witchy-wakkee shakes his head, and his guttural response may be easily conveyed in a literal translation: "Wind make noise in pine tree-top;—wait—you see." The civilized man remains still;—the roaring sound dwindles to a sigh;—then to silence. Once more they move on. They at length reach an elevated point which includes a view more extensive than usual. Now, they all hear a sound that cannot be mistaken. It is the continuous roar of water rolling over rocks. "Co-hees!" grunt the Indians. Ah, Summer has heard this sound before, but he has never visited the locality that occasions it. Thither they wend their way.

The first mill of which I have any recollection is the one still standing on the Lexington bank of Broad River, about three-quarters of a mile below Cohees shoals, and a mile above Peak. How far beyond my recollection its existence reaches I cannot say, but there cannot be much question that John Adam Summer, the first, took possession of this mill-seat, although it may be that his oldest son, John Adam Summer, the second, erected upon it the first mill. Half a mile up the river and close to its bank on the same side can be seen to-day a mill-race thirty or forty yards long. It was dug out apparently with considerable labor; though it never was completed. Perhaps it was abandoned upon discovering that the site lower down, where the present mill still stands, was more advantageous. On the streams now known as Crim's and Cannon's creeks were mills in operation up to the last half century,—until, in fact, steam enabled men to put mills upon the tops of hills. Nearly all these enterprises, growing out of the proverbial principle, that necessity is the mother of invention, can be traced back to the energy of the original Summer family. Thus, however visionary my narrative may appear to be, in some of its parts,

nevertheless it may be received as correct, in the absence of known facts, since in this case fiction or truth has led to the same well-known results.

The disappearance of the Indians from the territory of Dutch Fork must have been very speedy. A few wandering bands of half-breeds, years ago, used to go through the land amusing the children by shooting with arrows at dimes placed in split sticks: but they have entirely disappeared. I must believe that at the beginning of this century (1800)—now, nearly a hundred years ago—there were none remaining in permanent encampment between Broad River and the Saluda. Wandering companies of various tribes were passing, now and then, through the Saxe Gotha region and remaining a few weeks among the farmers, up to a date within the remembrance of my grandmother. In the old house—yet standing—where she died and I was born, there was an Indian bow which I often saw and handled. It was left there by an Indian with whom all the household of the by-gone century had been well acquainted. This bow was fully six feet long. It was made of black locust wood, as it was thought, and was of such toughness that no white man was able to bend it, but only slightly. At each extremity was a short prolongation left for the attachment of the rawhide bow-string.

How valuable often is such a simple relic, not only in directing the thought to the condition and manners of our boyhood's home, so fast relaxing their hold upon the memory, but precious, moreover, as a support for the appreciation of literary beauties. When I came to the age at which I began to admire pictures in rhyme of stirring events, and my heart beat wildly as I read these lines in *The Lord of the Isles,* describing the commencement of the Battle of Bannockburn,

> Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
> Just as the Northern ranks arose,
> Signal for England's archery
> To halt and bend their bows.

this old primitive weapon enabled me by its inflexible

toughness to realize the impossibility of bending, while on the march, even such as its kind;—but the archer must halt for that purpose. Also when I came to the lines,

> Then stept each yeoman forth a pace,
> Glanced at the intervening space,
> And raised his left hand high;
> To the right ear the cords they bring—
> At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
> Ten thousand arrows fly!

This old Indian bow aided me in recalling the terrible turmoil resulting from the twang of ten thousand such bowstrings, and the rattle of ten thousand clothyard arrows against iron corslets and bull-hide targets mingling with the Highland slogan and the English yell;—but the talisman is gone; and my regret is great that through frequent and long absences from my boyhood's home I suffered this valuable relic to make its escape into the quiet of forgetfulness.

No collision between these Indians and the first settlers in the Dutch Fork was ever heard of. The friendship and confidence shown by one party for the other was truly wonderful, considering the horrible massacres that took place, nearly about the same time, in various other parts of the country,—such as Georgia, Alabama and territories further west. The enchantment by which Summer was supposed to fascinate the Indians and control them to his will—in fact, "to put spells upon them," has been satisfactorily explained. The message sent ahead of him by the old chief may have had much power in that direction; but I believe the true cause of this influence resided in the kind-hearted fairness that always characterized these old-time people of the Dutch Fork, as far back as we can know anything of their conduct towards neighbors and strangers, in business and in hospitality. So generous were they,—so importunate in pressing their kindness upon guests, that their reputation for loving care of wayfarers reached far beyond their borders. This brotherly behaviour, no doubt, disarmed any incipient inclination that might have started in the barbarous natures of these savages

towards massacreing the white intruders; and perhaps the instruction they received from the civilized race in agriculture and in the use of improved implements might have aroused in their natural selfishness expectations of subsequent and increasing benefits to result from the preservation of friendly relations between themselves and the new-comers.

NO. 4

Once more, I receive help from Mills' *Statistics,* on page 180. When Charles, the Second, was restored to the throne of England, in 1660, he, a few years after his restoration, granted all the lands in South Carolina, obtained by treaty from the Indians, to eight noblemen, namely, Edward, Earl of Clarendon; George, Duke of Albemarle; William, Lord Craven; John, Lord Berkeley; Anthony, Lord Ashley; Sir George Carteret; Sir William Berkeley; and Sir John Colleton. They were known as Lords Proprietors. The memory of four of these men is perpetuated in the names of certain places in South Carolina, as it can be easily perceived. They resided most of their time in England; and sent to Charleston their agents, under the titles of Proprietary Governors, whose duties were to sell tracts of land to the settlers, securing their ownership to the same by proper writings, and as the chief executive officers to manage the affairs of the new province. This state of things lasted about forty nine years, when "the Lords Proprietors relinquished their rights and interest in the government and soil of the province to the king." This was in 1719, and the King of England at that time was George 1. From this period to the beginning of the Revolutionary War the agents for continuing these business transactions between the crown and the rapidly accumulating settlers,—as well as for governing the affairs of the established citizens, were known as the Royal Governors. As far back as the times of the Proprietary-Governors near the close, however, of their administration,—the settlers had been demanding supplies of cattle for the purpose of breeding. The Proprietors objected to this,—having already expended £18,000 (nearly $90,000) for that purpose,—and were desirous that the settlers should begin to depend upon their own exertions. They therefore gave as a reason for refusing the demand, "that they wished to encourage planters, but not graziers."

The face of the country between the Saluda and Broad River presented originally very much the same appearance all the way through a distance of about forty miles, beginning at the line between Newberry County and Laurens County. In O'Neall's *Annals,* the face of the country is most graphically described by one Samuel Kelly who is remembered to have said in 1762 that, "In the spring of the year it was the most beautiful scene his eyes ever beheld. The open woods presented no obstruction to the view. The hills and vales were covered with pea-vine and maiden cane; the former in bloom made it look like a garden." Such productions growing without cultivation naturally directed the attention of first settlers to grazing. There are no longer any traces of the wild sweet pea appearing even in patches, as is the case with the "maiden cane," which can yet be found often in considerable extent, sometimes halfway up the hillsides. This inducement through such rich natural pasturage to raise cattle would probably have retarded the development of the agricultural treasures hidden under the roots of the oaks, the hickories, and the poplars. It was about the middle of the reign of George II, when John Adam Summer selected for his future homestead the spot already described,—located not far from the Saluda mountain. Nearly fifty years before his arrival, the settlers in the lower part of the State had been refused, as has been stated, the supplies of cattle necessary to their pursuit of the pastoral occupation to which the luxuriant native grasses were so inviting; and under the impossibility of being graziers and the alternative of becoming farmers, the onslaught upon the forests had begun in full vigor.

There can be no doubt that the settlement of Germans between the Saluda and Broad River grew very fast. It was not long after the current of immigration was started in that direction, before one neighbor could visit another along a short foot-path, and the curling smoke could be seen from cottage to cottage. To procure meat was a matter of sport. Only a few hours stroll, in the way of amusement, was required for supplying a household with venison for a week, and the

deer's forehead with his antlers attached was nailed above every door; at the same time that the buckskin breeches formed part of the paternal Sunday suit. Bread, however, was the great desideratum. Therefore the soil must be laid bare for tillage, and thus the blacksmith—the modern Tubal Cain—became "a man of might:"

> "By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
> The strokes of his hammer rung;
> And he lifted high his brawny hand
> On the iron glowing clear,"

to shape the keen-edged axe. Now the forests begin to ring with the strokes that fell their stoutest trees, whose trunks the wooden maul and the iron wedge rend into rails for inclosing the young clearing, while the air grows dim with the smoke that rises from the burning of the crackling brush heaps;—and thus the first field in the Dutch Fork is established. The origin of the sweat in which man must eat his bread is complex. It begins away back with the first wound the axe inflicts upon the oak; and passes through various stages of toil from the planting to the harvest. Here now the field is ready for the labor that is to bedew the face with the tokens of the curse; but before that can take place the craft of Tubal Cain must again be called into requisition, and the hammer of the neighborhood blacksmith rings upon the anvil, as he fashions the rugged ploughshare. Then soon the plough-boy's whistle is heard in the field, as likewise, at nightfall, the lowing of the milk-cow following to the milking shed. "He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding"; but, lo! Summer is ready with his mills.

I was once made acquainted with the fact that the distinctive manners and customs of the inhabitants of different sections in European countries remain the same for century after century. Thus, at the present date, a peasant of Burgundy can be as easily distinguished from one of Picardy, as it could have been done two hundred years ago; and this was on account of adherence to peculiarities of character and raiment

long established. Now, this is the case more or less all over the world; and has been through all times. It requires more than a half century to change notably the characteristic habits of a people. Therefore, the ways of the Dutch Fork families were very much the same in 1826, as they were in 1750; and as I am not satisfied with the meagerness of detail just given concerning their agricultural beginnings, and have a bright recollection of the state of their industry sixty years ago, I shall venture to describe a chopping and log-rolling by assembled neighbors when I was a boy eight or ten years old,—believing that such a description will answer for a similar gathering at the time when John Adam Summer, the First, was in the zenith of his success.

It was in the year 1826–'28. One of the most prosperous farmers in the Dutch Fork had two fields separated by about fifteen acres of primitive forest. His desire was to have these two fields united by the removal of the woodland—thus throwing all into one large inclosure containing in all fully forty acres. Accordingly, a negro boy of proper age and intelligence was sent to all the nearest neighbors, inviting them to repair with axes and handspikes to his "massa's" on the next Monday, soon in the morning, to assist in cutting down the woods in the gin-house field, and rolling the logs into heaps. At the same time he bore a message from his "Missus" for all "de young wimmins to come later on in de day, bringin' dare cards wid 'em to card rolls out o' cotton for spinnin' arterwards; and dare mammies muss come along to, for insistence in cookin' of de dinner; and dare was gwine to be 'musement tel fur in de night." The appointed morning came on, sparkling with sunshine and frost; for it was in the first week of January. At the first break of day, four light-wood stumps, at nearly equal distances from one another were set ablaze to give light and warmth to the neighbors when they should arrive at the place of labor. A stout jug of corn whiskey, made bitter by the liberal insertion of sprigs of double tansy, stood centrally in the woods at the roots of a wide-spreading dogwood selected to

remain for a shade-tree under which to rest for a little while when the heat of the coming summer seasons might be too oppressive. This whiskey was prepared with tansy as a stomachic for giving edge to their appetites for the breakfast which was to be brought to them, just as the sun should rise above the tree tops over towards the Cohees shoals. Now, the axe-men begin to make their appearance. The morning has scarcely begun to throw forward her crimson streamers, when their stalwart figures emerge from the darkness into the ruddy light afforded by the burning lightwood stumps. One by one at first and then in groups they come. Each one strikes his axe into the trunk of a doomed tree, goes to the fire to take a short warm, and to the jug to take a long swig, and then, with the invariable preparation of the palms of their hands, they grasp the axe-handles and begin the work of the day, though in a somewhat desultory manner,—not yet in the vigorous methodic effort that is to animate them under the inspection of the sun.

—Now, while the breakfast is being prepared, I will venture upon a digression. In the days of which I am now writing every farmer was boastfully proud of the qualities of his axe. No Collins' razor-edged, convexed, surfaced axes were then to be seen. The neighborhood blacksmiths kindly competed with one another in giving points of excellence to the implements they sent forth from their shops. At a working of some road or other I once listened to a conversation substantially the same as the following:

"Sam, who made your axe?"

"Why, Summers' York," replied Sam; "who made yourn?"

"John Setzler made mine," said the other, "and a better axe never jerked chips out of a tree."

"That's mighty true," remarked another, coming up at the moment, "You see, John Setzler is the grandson of the old witch-gunsmith, who could put spells upon folks."

"Bless your hearts, people," said a fourth party who heard what had been said, "John aint the man as would take advantage of sich a gift. I have hearn of guns what wouldn't go

off when the trigger was pulled, if the witch what put the spell on the gun warn't willin'. You all knows, Doctor Schmitt has frickently done that at schootin'-matches; but never have I know'd one of John Setzler's axes ever failin' to sink into the tree it was aim'd at, no matter who was agin it."

"Hello! Mike," exclaimed Sam, "wat have you got to say 'bout your axe?"

This was addressed to a small well-set man, five feet five inches high, with coal-black hair and a sparkling eye.

"Fellers," began Mike,—(Mike is still alive, bless him, close upon eighty years of age now, and as solid and as honest as "the American Eagle on a silver basis.")

"Fellers, dese here axes you've bin talkin' 'bout may very well suit you men up here in de oak-woods; but jes go down in de piney-woods, and make a lick at a well-season'd pine knot, and de aidge of your axe will crumple up like as ef it was made out'n pe-uter. Gentle*men*, ef you wants a axe wat kin chop off de horns of de d——"

"Whist! Mike none of your perfanity."

"Well," resumed Mike, "anyhow do you jess git old Adam Bush to make you a axe and temper it hisself, ef you wants pertection agin Satan."

"Well, well, Mike," cried all the bystanders in a bantering way, "let's see you try your tool upon this here log what the Capting has ordered us to split into splinters to git it out o' the way, 'cause it has been lyin' here a trespassin' on the rights o' the road for the last five year. Now let in, and let's see."

Mike advanced, and, after bidding the company scatter and give him elbow-room, he aimed a swinging blow at the offensive log and his axe flew off the helve,—thus causing a great outburst of laughter among his companions.

"Why, that won't do to make the Devil flee from you," exclaimed Sam.

" 'Tain't the fault of Adam Bush," cried Mike. "It's mine, owin' to the bunglin' way I put the helve in."

"Listen to me, men," began a swarthy giant who had been

resting a little while from his labor; it's not so much in the axe, arter all, but in the arm what swings it. Look'e here." Saying which he exposed an arm almost as hairy as Esau's, and muscles moving under his skin like piston-rods. Here the overseer of the road, who had been listening to the conversation, took part in it. He was a man of wide observation and sound thinking.

"Boys," said he, "you haven't got to the bottom of the thing yet. God may give a man a stronger arm than Jake here has got, and Setzler may make for him his very best axe, but if he hasn't got the will to work, why, it's just putting good gifts into the hands of good-for-nothingness. The Devil take a lazy man, say I."

"But, Capting," enquired one, "did you ever yit disciver a lazy man in de Detch Fork?"

"Not yet," replied the Captain; "but I'm afraid the time is coming. There is too much whiskey flowing and there is too much ——."

—Lo! here comes the procession of trays on the heads of several negroes bringing the breakfast. The axes are left sticking in the trees into which they had been chopped at the moment when the procession appeared. A loud hallo greets the morning meal; and gathering around the yet glowing lightwood stumps they spend one jolly hour in doing justice to the generous repast; and leaving prostrate on its side with stopper lost and nothing oozing from its mouth the jug that whilom contained the tansy bitters, they rush back to their work with readier wills and stronger arms. Now they are all present, and they organize themselves for systematic labor. In groups of four skilled axe-men they surround the largest oaks, and then commence those sounds so splendidly expressed by Pope in the celebrated lines:

> Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes,
> On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
> Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown,
> Then, rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

Often have I listened to such glorious sounds; and early in

life fostered an admiration for the above lines. See how four sturdy men surround an oak, a yard in diameter, two feet above the ground, and after examining as to where the preponderance of limbs will probably incline it to fall they direct their strokes upon it,—one, two, three, four;—one, two, three, four, in moderato time, until they see the mighty monarch totter,

Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

The length of ten feet of the fallen oak is cut off to be split into rails at the proprietor's leisure. Perhaps a second, and often a third cut of ten feet is left for that purpose, while the other parts are rolled into heaps to be burned with the brush-heaps.

In the early hours of the day, after setting the household in order for their day's absence, the cheerful dames, mounted upon the trusty family horse with their *thank'e bags* dangling from the long horn of the side saddle, and followed by their laughing daughters riding the gayer animals of the farm, are rapidly approaching the proprietor's house. Some few are coming along the road that skirts the clearing, and perhaps one may be heard accosting her "old man" with the words: "Now Apraham, don't you overdo yourself to-day wid liftin of dem logs." Listen at his reply: "Neffer mind, Eva Kratel, I'll take care of myself. Do you jess see apout havin me a goot dinner, and I'll pe readty to eat my share of it." Look at that young fellow stealing away to the road and beckoning to a damsel beaming with a blue, pellucid eye. Says he: "Polly, do you know that Henry Schneider is here to-day? Now, don't let him turn you agin me to-night." "Why, Fritz," she answers, "do you think I hain't got no sense?" Thereupon Fritz hastens back to his axe and handles it with a vigor altogether unusual with him.

So the day's work has been started on its course. The axe's stroke resounds continuously amidst the crash of falling trees and the whoop of triumphant labor.

Meanwhile, at the house the girls, with the inimitable red lips and rosy cheeks that result only from the free play of

untrammeled respiratory organs, range themselves around in the largest apartment, and ply their cards with that quick, grating sound which is no longer heard in these days, and remembered only by a few old people who, as if beckoned by it, follow after toward the realms of silence. How merrily ringing is the tell-tale laugh in answer to the playful insinuation. How unceasingly do the heaps of cotton rolls increase, and how gently are they lifted up to be carefully laid away in barrels for future spinning by the family on coming rainy days and bright winter evenings. Out in the yard under the wide-reaching white oak is heard the loud hammering connected with the construction of the dinner-table forty yards long with space for eighty plates and elbow-room enough for the guests to "help themselves and feel at home." Savory odors of baking meats spread over the premises, and the evidences of chicken-pies, custards, and rice puddings are overwhelming.

Thus the day passed on. About three o'clock, the axe-men looked about them, and found that all the trees in the gin-house field which had greeted them in the early morning now lay prostrate on the ground, except the spreading dogwood reserved for a short but refreshing rest in the midday heat of approaching summer seasons. When everything was ready at the house, the dinner-horn was sounded; and all work being ended, the axes and the cards were laid aside, and the guests prepared themselves to surround the table groaning under a profusion of delicacies and substantials for which not one cent was required to be expended.

> This, all this was in the olden
> Time, long ago.

when such a thing as a lock was unknown in glorious Dutch Fork; and when there was outlay of money for little else but sugar, coffee, and the diminutive hank of Turkey Red. The promise of the negro boy, in delivering the message of his "missus" "dat dere was gwine to be 'musement fur into de night," soon began its fulfilment, after the enjoyment at the

German cabin of the lower Dutch Fork from around 1750. The two windows were later additions. Courtesy of Lexington County Museum.

table.

The scene is vividly present in my mind's eye; and I must describe it in the present tense. The spacious fireplace glows with heat and light. The "old man" sits at one corner of the hearth and the "old woman" at the other; while some near neighbors, male and female, extend the circle, though leaving a vacancy toward the center of the large chamber where the girls had all day been engaged in their merry work. Now the mirth begins. The long-forgotten rustic plays have been thrust aside by the more elegant carnalities of cotillions and waltzes; but my recollection of these antiquated enjoyments are pleasant under the conviction of their harmlessness. They begin with the play of "Pleased or displeased?"—waving a knotted handkerchief for gently enforcing compliance. Next, perhaps, is heard "Here we go round the rosemary bush, so early in the morning"; nor do they discard the game of forfeits depending upon the question "fine or superfine?" in which that very fellow Henry Schneider, already mentioned, hoping that his forfeit might require him to kiss Polly Felder, is, through a plot matured by Polly and Fritz Vollmeer, condemned to look up the chimney and cry, "Fool, fool look at your brother; you're one and I am another." There is one more play which at this time is continued "tel fur in de night." In the reversed youthfulness of old age that precedes second childhood I look back, with feelings chastened by regret for the mistakes of manhood, and innocently remember the thrill which animated my heart, of only ten years throbbing, while I watched with delight the kiss so often passing from theory into practice, that night, and likewise admired the accompanying poetry. This is the manner of it. A chair is placed in the centre of the room; and around it marches a procession of swains and maidens. The young woman of the leading couple begins to sing in clear, high soprano tones:

> Ho, h'it rains, and h'it hails, and h'it's co-old stormy we-uth-er,
> And h'in-n-n-in comes the lan-hand-lord a drink-hing-ing of cider.

This is followed by the young man singing in deep, bass tones, as he places a hat on his partner's head:

> H'it's put this hat on your head, keep your head war-rum,
> H'it's take a swe-e-e-e-et kiss, and 'twill do you no har-rum.

* * * * *

The thick, rough curtain of recent change drops before my eyes; and the scene vanishes.