

# THE ANDERSON RECORD

## Barton Wagon Train—1854

Greenville News—June 26, 1962

My father was Dr. Welborn Barton. He was born in Greenville, SC, Sept. 25, 1822. His father was Col. Wilson Barton, born in Greenville March 17, 1796. He died in Burnett County, Tex., Oct. 25, 1803. He was the first judge of Burnett County.

My mother was Louise Cox Barton, born in Greenville Oct. 8, 1835, and died in Salado, Tex., Nov. 17, 1920. Her father was Col. Robert Cox and her mother was Bathsheba McCoy. My great-grandfather McCoy was born in Scotland. He lived in Salado and owned 100 Negroes.

When my father was a boy, he was swimming in Saluda River and, in diving, hit a hidden log and so severely hurt his leg that he was confined to his bed for many months. He began studying and reading and at that time (portion missing in article) permanently crippled.

Later, he went to Louisville, Ky., and studied to be a doctor. He was graduated with his cousin, Ben Barton, who later started to California with him on horseback in 1849. They went alone, on horseback with packsaddles, and they made it to Texas, where my father got cold feet. He stopped and located in Washington County, TX, while his cousin, Ben, went on through to California.

My father located there in Texas and practiced medicine for a year or more, but it seemed too far away from his sweetheart, whom he had left in South Carolina, that he returned and was married in 1851 to Louisa Cox. I was born March 31, 1852.

By this time, my father began to feel that he must go west again to Texas. Being excited and talking a great

deal about it, some of his closest friends became interested and began to press him to pilot for them. Families kept coming until there were a hundred families wanting him to guide them through, as he had been over the ground. So, in 1854, they started out.

Among the train were my uncle's five brothers, Uncle Alex, Uncle Perry, Uncle Dave, Uncle Poinsett and Uncle Columbus. My grandfather was also with them. All my uncles and my late father went to the Civil War and were among the first volunteers. Uncle Perry and Uncle Dave never came back. My father served four years in the war as a surgeon.

It took some time for all to get ready with covered wagons. All the families had Negroes to bring. Some of the families had big carriages for the women and children to ride in, but most rode in wagons. The Negroes walked most of the time. My father and a few of the men rode ahead to provide camping places, provisions and feed for the horses each day.

We swam all the rivers and streams except the Mississippi, which we crossed by ferry. My mother often would tell me how excited the Negroes were upon seeing the big steamboats. My first words were "boo-boo", mocking the steamboats. At this place was the first railroad any had ever seen.

We were on the road three months. The route taken was South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. We came through without any sickness or accidents and arrived in Texas—Williamson County—in December 1854. I was two years old. News had gone ahead somehow that the train was coming and the neighbors were all ready to greet us and had provisions gathered for us—wild honey and a beef killed.

One man, John Owens, had his camp on his place. All of the wagons in the train, of course, did not camp in the same place each night, so when we arrived in Texas, it took us several days for the wagons to gather. The train naturally was very long, and on the trail, men and horses rode up and down the train to keep in touch with those in the rear.

From there, all the families went out and bought land in a radius of 50 miles. We got there in time for all to make crops. My father stayed right where he stopped and made a crop on Mr. Owens' land the first year, also practiced medicine, riding miles to see his patients. Texas was so unsettled that San Antonio and Austin and a few other cities were the only ones at that time.

Sam Houston had just been elected governor of Texas. Up to this time he had been president of the Republic of Texas. My father made his acquaintance and they became fast friends.

When we went to Texas, there were scarcely any churches, but it seemed that every community had a Masonic Lodge, where we would meet for Sunday school and church. The country was bothered with Indians stealing horses and killing children on the way to school and killing herders out with the sheep. Neighborhoods were so far apart that we had to go and come in two days to church and people would camp at the lodges because of fear of the Indians and return the next day.

My father bought a farm in Burnett County about 12 miles from Burnett, one of the oldest towns in Texas, and the Negroes put in a crop and began a sheep ranch. The Masonic Lodge at this place was near Sam Mather's Store and Mr. Mathers was the grand master of the state. Sam Houston (*portion missing in scanned article*) three stations of stage stands between Burnett and Austin, where men riding horseback could change horses, as did my father, who rode very hard getting to his sick patients.

About two miles from our house, the Mormons had stopped and built a grist mill and a wheat mill and stayed long enough to make money and go on. They made gra-

ham flower and it was said that the miller was named Graham, and that was the first time any had ever heard of it.

We had very little to do with. There were few stoves to cook on and ours that we brought from South Carolina was the only one that I remember seeing until I was a big girl. It was a curiosity to the other children in the country.

When I was about 10, an agent from Austin came to sell us a sewing machine. It was fastened to the table like a meat grinder.

We had to make our candles and our soap. The candles were made in molds. We would drop the wick in the mold first and then fill it with melted tallow. As soon as they were cool, they were ready to use. To make soap, a hopper was made to hold wood ashes. A trough was put under the hopper to catch lye that was made by water dripping through the ashes. The lye was then poured into a big iron washpot and to this was added tallow, or any other grease, and boiled down to soap. This was then put into barrels for use. Lye obtained the same was boiled down to make salartia or baking soda.

We made cheese. We made all kinds of dyes from barks and roots. We made shoe black by boiling down a plant that grew on the prairie. We made cascara from the cascara plant that grew all over Texas. All the vessels that we had were chiseled out of wood to hold honey, lard and other things. In the kitchen, sugar, salt and soda were put into huge gourds that we raised, dried and hollowed out for that purpose. During the war, we had no coffee. We had to cut up potatoes fine and dry them, parch them with wheat.

We raised sugar cane and made sorghum molasses. Many things were traded with Mexico—wheat, flour, wool and barley were exchanged for sugar, coffee, domestic and calico. Those who drove through with wagons literally took their lives in their hands because of the desperados on the way, ready to kill and rob. There were Indians to murder and scalp them. Some came back and some did not.

We had to card and spin and weave. We made practically everything that we wore. In fact, the war was on and we made everything that the soldiers wore. We knit their socks and wove blankets to make their overcoats. We cut holes in the center of a square blanket which would fall down over their shoulders as a cape, and the only thing they had to keep out cold and rain. Capes were made out of the same kind of wool and they fit down over the shoulders to keep water out.

The women would meet on Sundays and sew and knit and weave. Everybody would be busy spooling, warping and putting the warp on the loom and someone else could cut a pair of jeans. The demand for clothes for the soldiers was so urgent that every woman had some task each day so a shipment of clothes could be sent back by some soldier who was home on furlough. The blockade was so tight things could not be gotten through to the soldiers any other way.

When the soldiers came home on furloughs, they were royally entertained by their mothers, wives and sweethearts. The boys at the war composed ballads and sent them home to their sweethearts. They could generally be sung to familiar tunes and the *(portion missing in scanned article)* them sung at parties when they returned. There was quite a rivalry among the girls about these songs, and once a girl received one, she would keep it quiet until a party was given, then she would spring it.

The Negroes furnished the music for dances and the boys were always glad to hear familiar fiddles. Some of the Negroes went to war, but those masters sent them were not very well thought of. The Negroes stayed at home and protected the women and children from the Indians. The Negroes only could have done the work on the farms and plantations. They had to finish the feeding and milking and bringing in the wood by early afternoon because the Indians began coming early.

The Indians would kill the Negroes if they were caught out. They would take away all the horses and mules and what they could not take away, they would leave dead. My father left his big horse when he went to war. My mother had the Negroes lock a chain around his neck

through the window pane into her room. The Indians came one night and cut his throat. We knew the signs they made to each other by calling and answering, imitating owls. We could never have lights at night and everything had to be done before nightfall.

On one occasion, a family by the name of Johnson was all killed by the Indians as they were going home from a neighbor's where they had been making sorghum. The Indians were preparing to make a drive that night and came upon the family in a narrow path. The Indians cut one little girl's head off and killed the mother and father. But the mother threw the baby off into the brush, where her little clothes caught in the branches. She hung there all night and was found the next morning unhurt, save an arrow in her arm.

My mother and I earlier that afternoon, had come the same path, and escaped a tragic end by only a few hours. My mother remarked afterward that our horses must have smelled the Indians because they acted queerly.

My mother was very young and had a little baby when she first came to Texas and other little babies came fast those first few years. She had come from a home where they had had servants and knew very little about house-keeping, so she depended upon the Negroes entirely to manage her household.

The same was true with men, mostly young and inexperienced. The Negro men were older and knew more about farming and managing, so they depended a great deal upon the judgment of the Negroes. The little White children were taught to be very respectful to the older Negroes and always called them and addressed them as "Uncle" or "Aunt."

The first death among either Whites or Blacks in Texas was a newborn baby of Mandy Barton's Negro, who was not married until after reaching Texas. Twins were born to her and one died. She was my father's Negro and she married a Negro belonging to another White man. The Negro women usually married that way, the children belonging to the master of the woman.

My father made a pine coffin and, with the father of the baby, carried the little corpse to a camp ground where the soldiers had been mustered out and buried it there. That was accepted as a cemetery from then on. The next one to be buried there was my grandfather, Col. Wilson Barton. At this writing (1929), Mandy is still living and must be about 98 years old.

The Negroes would go out every morning to hunt oxen and they had a song as near to a yodel as anything else. It was answered in the same way by neighbor Negroes, very sweet and melodious. They would wake us up in the dawn, singing these as well as other songs that they always sang, whatever they were doing.

They all had a pack of dogs. These dogs would follow the men in the mornings to get the oxen. At night, when the dogs would go out with the men, they would hunt for possums and coons, bears and wild turkeys. Saturday nights were their great nights for hunting (*portion missing in scanned article*) coons and turkeys for their Sunday dinners, when husbands would join their wives.

Mandy's husband was old Uncle Jack, a Negro belonging to Parson Spencer. Parson Spencer would read his sermon to Uncle Jack and then Jack would preach it to the Negroes. Mandy had a cabin at her home which was my father's plantation, and her husband had a cabin at his home, the Spencer plantation, and they would take time about going to each home, every other week.

Uncle Jack had two mules and he always brought both for Mandy and the children to ride on when he came to our place. He was a very pious and good man. He would always come in to speak to my father. The Negroes would have prayer meeting at our house and the neighbor Negroes would come.

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Dr, Welborn Barton was born September 25, 1821/1822 in Greenville County, SC and died October 25, 1883 in Salado, Bell County, Texas. He was the son of Colonel Wilson Barton (1786-1878) and Mildah McKinney (1802-1848)

Rebecca Barton Eubank, daughter of Dr. Welborn Barton and Louise Adeline Cox (who wrote the article) was born March 31, 1852 in Greenville County, SC and died 1934 in California. Her husband was Reverend Joseph Crittenden Eubank.

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The Highland Sentinel—Friday, April 7, 1843

### KISSING

A story is going the rounds to the effect that some rascal in Ohio has been kissing a married woman and had to pay ten dollars for the offence. This frightened all the young gentlemen in the town where it occurred for they imagined that kissing girls was equally unlawful; and some of them calculated they were in debt \$10,000 on that score. Their fears, were however dispelled by the public declaration of an eminent jurist, that kissing girls and unmarried women was not only lawful but exemplary. The night this announcement was made the "courting" was severe.

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### IMPORTANT TO PLANTERS

We have in our possession, a fine, full grown ear of corn, raised on the plantation of Mr. Henry Howard of Pickens District, SC, for which a prize was received at the Agricultural meeting in Pendleton; we invite the attention of planters to the same. We are positively informed, that from eight to twelve ears of good corn grows on each stalk! And often a larger number—Planters will do well to procure this valuable corn.



Our member, Ann Medlin (center) at the Quilt Show at the Anderson Civic Center on Aug. 24, 2019. Ann is a quilter and works with Quilts of Valor. What a great job, Ann—thank you!

## UPCOMING EVENTS!!!!

October 7 meeting @ Senior Solutions—The Anderson Werewolf, and the Halloweens of Yesteryear.

November 4 meeting @ Senior Solutions—Dr. Walter B. Curry, African American Professor and member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, will share his family story and book: *The Thompson Family: Untold Stories from the Past, 1830-1960*. Dr. Curry will bring books to sell

December 2 meeting @ Senior Solutions—Christmas Dinner!!!! We will have our annual show and tell so bring a family heirloom or historic relic, or anything that is special to you to show and tell!

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The New Silverbrook Cemetery book is expected to head to the printer in September. Fingers crossed! It has taken close to five years, but this book will be jam packed with information. Thanks to Barbara Clark and her committee.

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We are adding new books to our library daily and trying to update our filing system to make your search easier.

We now have almost a complete set of *GENEALOGICAL ABSTRACTS OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR PENSION FILES*, and also the *INDEX TO REVOLUTIONARY WAR SERVICE RECORDS*—compiled by Virgil D. White.

David Beville's wife., Sandra, has brought in some of David's books to add to our library. We are still categorizing Jim Harper's paperwork as well as some from Ron Kay, and Connie Barnwell. We have received several books from the genealogy library in Edgefield as well.

Shirley, Sue, Sue, Carolyn, Annette and Meagan are working very hard with visitors and requests for genealogy help! Rich Otter is working to scan copies of the Anderson Free Press newspapers so we will have them on disk. Lots and lots going on. We still need help pasting and sorting and filing obituaries, (something that can be done at home if you have time) or, if any of you have grandchildren in school or college who need service hours, please send them over! We can certainly use the help.

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## AFRICAN AMERICANS MENTIONED IN ANDERSON COUNTY, SC INQUESTS

**ANTHONY**, a slave of **SAMUEL J. HAMMOND**, has said he was hurting in his chest. They said he had a bottle of liquor in his pocket when they found him. His body was found on the Hammond Plantation. 1855

**CAMPBELL, CLARISSA**: She was a freedwoman (after the Civil War) of color who was found to have died of natural causes.

**GREEN, LEWIS**: He was a free man of color who died September 13, 1859 at the Williamston Hotel. They concluded after examining his body thoroughly that he had been poisoned by arsenic. His wife said she had brought him sponge cake and pudding after dinner. He'd also had coffee and boiled rice. They question the pastry chef at the hotel, but the conclusion was he has been poisoned by a person or persons unknown. (The documents about this took up 13 pages, one of the longest ones in the box. The paper it was written on was light blue)

**HARRY** was a slave of **JESSE GRAY**. Cause of death unknown. It was said to have been a "visitation from God." 1855

**HENRY** was a slave of **JOHN HASTIE**. His death was ruled a "visitation from God." 1830

**ISRAEL** was a slave of **JAMES GORDEN**. "The other negroes" said he was known to have fits." **MR. JAMES MARTIN** found him lying in the road by an old friend of **MR. D. GENTRY** "near a branch" (creek), 1845

**JACK** was a slave of the deceased **PEMBROKE JOHN-SON**. He died from a pistol shot inflicted by **GEORGE J. SMITH**, an overseer of **MRS. ANN JOHNSON**. Smith intentionally shot **JACK** because he had been disobedient. Nothing was said about **SMITH** being charged.

**MASON, JIM (JAMES)**: He was a free man of color who was found dead outdoors. **MATTHEW G. WHITE** said MASON was known by to a drunkard. He was drunk when he was last seen and he was said to have

died of exposure.

**MORRYS** was a free man of color. In January of 1858 he complained of shortness of breath and died.

**MOSES** was a slave owned by **CLAYTON WEBB**. In 1844 **WEBB** shot **MOSES** for being "an insolent and overbearing negro." **MOSES** was angry and cursed **WEBB** and then he took off running. **WEBB** said he fired a warning shot in the air. He then fired another shot in the direction of **MOSES**, and he fell to the ground. No charges were filed against **WEBB**.

**NORISS, CHARITY**; She was a freedwoman. In 1869 she was found murdered. A warrant was filed for **BILL EARL**. He was acquitted of the crime because witnesses testified that they had seen several black men they didn't know enter her house near the time she died.

**PAYTON, AMAZEAH**: He was a "coloured man late of New York City and formerly a resident of the town of Anderson. He had a wound a little above his groin from a pistol ball. He was found at or near the dinner house at Hodges Depot on the Columbia and Greenville Railroad in Abbeville District in 1866. It was mentioned that **REUBEN L. GOLDING (or GOLDEN)** might have shot him.

**SAUL** was a negro man who drowned in mill pond and was found 12 feet from the dam.

**SLOAN** was a freedman. In 1866 he burned to death in the accelerated fire in the house of **A.M. HAMILTON**. The fire might have been caused by **SLOAN** and the use of some matches.

**WILL**, a slave of **WILLIAM NEVETT**, was mentioned in a certificate about property in a will concerned in the death of someone.

Picture of Shirley Phillips and Sue Sears recently at the SCARE (S.C. Association of Registration Election officials) at the Civic Center. We had a great day, talked to lots of people and sold 2 cookbooks



### Visitors to the Center recently:

Joshua Price—Alabama—searching Price, Sadler, Beatty

Don & Gloria Ferro—from Kansas

Adam Guest—from Dallas, GA—searching Guest

Alton Owens—from Belton—searching Owens

Benjamin Lamb—from Richmond, VA—searching Baker, & Broyles

Heather Bigwood—from Hillsboro, Kansas, searching Welborn Duckworth

Henry & Julia Freeman—Moreland, GA—searching Freeman, Burton

Susan Williams—Georgia—searching Graham

## The Roof Tree

### (Charleston, SC)

In days past when a house was being built, as soon as the frame was completed the carpenters always nailed a bush to the top rafters of the roof. This not only was considered necessary to bring good luck to the house, but it also was a hint that the workmen expected either the owner or the contractor to “wet the bush” with a keg of beer. This practice served a two-fold purpose: to make the good luck of the house grow, and to show appreciation of the work thus far accomplished. The custom seems to have “gone with the wind” - it has been a long time since a “roof-tree” has been noted during the construction of houses in the city.

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## ANDERSON INDEPENDENT

MAY 22, 1929

Booze in the River—The person or persons who submerged fifteen and a half gallons of bootleg booze in a ditch full of muddy water near the River Street bridge over Rocky River, are requested by Sheriff W. A. Clamp to call the county jail as soon as possible and get the empty jars. The booze will not be returned, the sheriff said, as some unthinking person poured it in the gutter. The refreshments were seized yesterday afternoon by Constable Jule Duckworth and Jule Martin. It was contained in quart jars. The jars were stored in tow sacks, and the sacks submerged in a ditch full of water. No arrests were made in connection with the seizure.

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MEETINGS—Monthly meetings are held the first Monday of each month at 7 pm at Senior Solutions, 3420 Clemson Blvd., Anderson, SC.

Each month a program is presented that is of interest to genealogy researchers. Come early and discuss your family with our members.

Refreshments are provided Free prior to the program, and all Regular Meetings are open to the public.

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