



in every way worthy of her distinguished husband, both in war and peace, and having attained a good old age, "entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Christopher Coleman.

In "Horseshoe Robinson," his name and residence is called "Christie's." The traditional name is "Christie's Tavern." It was a place where liquor was sold and travelers could get lodging. Coleman was said to be a Loyalist, but he must have been a very inoffensive one, as we have never heard of his afflicting any injury on his fellow-countrymen. It is probable that he fled to Charleston, for one of his descendants told the writer that he died there during the war.

According to a lingering tradition, Mrs. Coleman went out one dark rainy night, and near the house, buried a quantity of gold in a pot, and she never did unearth it, or tell where the deposit was made. It has been much hunted for. Only recently a descendant with divining rod in hand was trying to locate the hidden treasure, but so far all efforts have been unsuccessful. Coleman's posterity has ever lingered about the old hive, and as a whole, none are more quiet and peaceful, and no better citizens have ever graced any country. The locality of "Christie's Tavern," is about two and one-half miles northeast of Jonesville, near what is yet known as the "Coleman Branch." It was here that Habershaw halted for breakfast the next morning after the capture of Butler and Robinson at Grindal ford, and while the Tories were at the table, Robinson made good his escape.

Gen. Elijah Dawkins.

Elijah Dawkins was born in 1779, or '80. His parents resided in the "Dutch Fork" in Newberry district.

When a young man he came to Union and soon afterwards married Nancy, the youngest daughter of John and Agatha Nuckolls. He settled a few miles northeast of the Shoals, at the old Goudelock place, long known as the Derbin Littlejohn homestead. The state-ly old mansion that still stands there was built by him.

Gov. B. F. Perry speaks of him in the following terms: "He was a man of fortune, great personal popularity and extensive influence in his section of the state. He was a successful planter, merchant, Major General and member of the Legislature." A remarkable tribute this, to be paid to any man. Successful in farming, successful in the mercantile business, successful in military circles, successful in politics and successfully popular with the people.

He was a major in the war of 1812 and served in, and around Charleston. We take the following extract from O'Neal's Annals of Newberry: "In 1814 when a detachment of troops under Col. Means and Major, afterwards, General Dawkins, marched from Spartanburg and Union to Charleston, they were quartered for a night at Hendersons,—John Henderson's, who lived on the Enoree in Newberry county. His house and barn were opened for their accommodation, his beeves slaughtered and his flour and meal baked for their food, all without money or price."

After the war he became a General in the State militia.

Five sons and three daughters were born unto Gen. Elijah and Nancy Dawkins. The sons were, viz: Joshua Petty, who married Sarah Davidson; Thomas Nuckolls, who married, first, Harriet Cleaveland; second, Mary Poulton; Benjamin Franklin, who married Eliza Cleaveland; Elijah, who never married and James Baird, who married Caroline Taylor. The daughters were Elizabeth, who married Abner Benson; Susan B., who married

Hon. William T. Nuckolls, and Nancy Henly, who married General James Rodgers. One son, Thomas N., was a successful lawyer, and rose to the Judgeship in his native district, but like so many other good men of his time, lost his political scalp in the Republican regime, during the dark days following the Civil War.

It appears that Gen. Dawkins's career was cut short by sudden death, having only reached his fifty-fifth year. He is buried at Whig Hill, and the large slab covering his grave bears the following inscription: "To the memory of Gen. Elijah Dawkins, who died on the 16th of April, 1834 in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His conciliatory manners, exemplary conduct, and moral worth gave him a prominent station in society. He lived beloved and respected, and his death was regretted by his acquaintances. This stone is placed as a tribute to his memory by his affectionate widow and his children who sustained an irreparable loss in his sudden and unexpected removal from this, to a better world."

His widow, Mrs. Nancy Dawkins, died May 25th, 1861.

'Tis a little singular that, though so large and prominent a family, the name Dawkins is now practically extinct.

Henry Fernandis.

Henry Fernandis was born in the State of Maryland in 1769. His father was a Spaniard and his mother an English woman. He is described as being a rather tall, spare-built man with dark complexion, dark eyes and decidedly of foreign air. He possessed a fine intellect, was well informed, a close observer, reticent in his disposition and cautious in the selection of his friends.

He came from Port Tobacco, Md., to Union in the latter part of the 18th century, and soon after his arrival began teaching school. At that time the county

court was held at Pinkneyville and "The Supreme Law Court," as it was then called, was held at Ninety-Six. The most prominent business lawyer in the back country at that time was a Mr. Shaw, who resided at Ninety-Six. Shaw employed Fernandis as an assistant attorney's clerk, but becoming very dissipated, Shaw soon ended his career.

Maj. John Henderson was elected sheriff of Union district, and he employed Fernandis as his deputy. Soon afterwards he married "Betsy", the sheriff's daughter, whereupon Maj. Henderson becoming rather old, retired in a great measure from the office, leaving the management in the hands of his son-in-law.

Alexander Macbeth discovering that Fernandis possessed high qualifications as a business man, set him up in the mercantile business. Hard times and reverses came on, and he failed. He then retired to his plantation at Grindal where he became a successful planter. Prosperous times having come, he opened a store at the Shoals, and as has already been stated, probably built the first grist mill that was ever erected at that place.

Fernandis grew rich and reared an intelligent family consisting of five boys and three girls. John, who never married; Lemuel Alston married Sallie Shelton; Walter F. married Catherine Gore; James Grant married Elizabeth Long; Henry F., who never married; Sallie Elizabeth married Maj. James Norris; Jane Emily married Maj. Joseph Starke Sims and Caroline married D. Goudelock, who was a district Judge. He died October 15th, 1823, aged fifty-four years. His, and his wife's remains are buried in the family graveyard near the river, and is within a few yards of where his residence stood. The burying plat is enclosed by a brick wall and fairly well kept to this day.* His homestead was that

* Since this was written, the brick wall has been removed and a wire fence placed instead.

which was originally owned by Col. Clark, of Revolutionary fame. Among the works found in his library were Sterns Work, Bellany's Life, Chesterfield's Works, and Blair's Sermons. These were indicative of his literary taste.

Lieut. Ellis Fowler.

Capt. Charles Sims lived too far from Grindal to be included in these sketches, but the story of Ellis Fowler is so completely entwined with that of Capt. Sims, that it is impossible to tell one without the other.

Capt. Sims was a native of Hanover County, Virginia and moved to South Carolina, just before the fall of Charleston in 1780, and settled at the mouth of Tinker Creek, on Tyger river in the western part of Union district. He entered the service in South Carolina as a scout and while on duty, he and John Johnson were captured by tories. Johnson was hanged, and it is said that the noose was around Sims' neck when a tory by the name of David George, who had been reared in the same vicinity with him, interceded and he was released and paroled.

Chas. Sims immediately returned to his native State and raised a company. He received a commission of Captain from Patrick Henry, who was then Governor of Virginia. Ellis Fowler was made a 1st Lieutenant in Capt. Sims' company.

Sims' wife and children being in South Carolina without protection, he detailed Ellis Fowler to go after them. Fowler walked all the way from Virginia to the Sims' home on Tinker creek. He and Mrs. Sims proceeded to put some of the household valuables in places of security. A China set was buried at the foot of a sycamore tree and the place covered with leaves. Two brass candle-sticks were tied together with the sinews of a

deer and then thrown up, and lodged in the top of the same tree.

All things being in readiness Mrs. Sims mounted her faithful old horse, "Knotty-head," with her fourteen year old daughter behind her, and the baby in her lap. Lieut Fowler, with his trusted rifle on his shoulder, walked by her side, and with him little William Sims, her nine year old boy. When night came on they would some times camp out, and at others stay with people who were friendly to them. Somewhere towards the latter end of their journey, said to be beyond the Dan river near Danville, they stopped at the home of Col. Wymac, who received them with true Virginia hospitality. Here they remained for a week and obtained a much needed rest. When ready to proceed on their journey, their kind host would not charge them a cent, but accompanied them to the home of Matthew Sims, of Roanoke. Because of this great kindness, there was an agreement between Capt. Sims and Lieut. Fowler, that the first boy that should be born to either of them should be named Wymac. The first one came to Fowler's home, hence, he had a son by that name.

Having successfully completed his mission, Ellis Fowler returned to his company and did faithful service until the end of the war. He was of a large and excellent family, being a descendant of John Fowler, who came over to Virginia in 1634, at the age of twenty-four years. He was a man of powerful stature, great physical endurance, with unflinching courage, of strict integrity, truthfulness, and fidelity in all things confided to his trust. His complexion was fair and he had a deep, heavy voice. He was a native of Albermarle County, Virginia and was first mustered into service at Alber-

marle C. H. in 1776, and was said to be only seventeen years of age.

A short time after the Revolution he left his Virginia home, came to South Carolina and settled on Pea Ridge, in Union County at, or near, where Kelly's station, on the Lockhart branch of the Southern Railway now is. His marriage took place in his native State, and his wife always boasted that they were married "by the matrimony," i. e., the ritual of the Episcopal church. Six sons and one daughter were born unto them, viz: Wymac, Godfrey, Mark Ephriam, Ellis, Jr., and William. The name of the daughter is not known. All the Fowlers in this part of the country descended from this family. He married the second time when up in years, and when he died his widow left South Carolina, but no one seems to know where she went. The old hero died in 1808 or 1809 and is buried in the Joe Kelly grave yard near Kelton.

Wymac Fowler.

It appears from the Annals of the Fowler Family that Wymac was the oldest son of Lieut. Ellis Fowler. The story as to how he got his name has been told in the sketch of the Lieutenant. He was a soldier of the war of 1812. He belonged to Capt. Fawcett's company which was organized and camped for a while at Lipsey's old field near Adamsburg. He fought under Gen. Andrew Jackson at New Orleans and after that memorable victory was honorably discharged and walked all the way back to his home in South Carolina. There is a family tradition that on this return trip, he in company with his brother Mark and some others, left Columbia late one evening and all eat breakfast at home near Jonesville the next morning. This shows something of the great physical endurance of men in those days.

Wymac Fowler married Susanah Mosely, a daughter

of old "High-key" Mosely, and a niece of Sergeant William Jasper, of Fort Moultrie fame. He was a stone mason by trade, and helped to do the stone work in the old court house at Union which was torn down some years ago. It is said that the key-stone of the arch at the entrance was fitted and put there by his hands.

About midway between Jonesville and Grindal Shoals there is a level stretch on the public highway known as the "long-level." A short distance to the north-westward from this spot is where Wymac Fowler lived. According to circumstances, he must have been born about the close of the Revolution. The date of his demise is unknown. He is buried in the family burying ground near the banks of Mill creek.

Mark Fowler.

Mark Fowler, known as "Big Mark," was probably, the second son of Lieut. Ellis Fowler. He was also a soldier of the war of 1812; belonged to Capt. Fawcett's company, and fought behind the cotton bales at New Orleans. Being discharged there, he too with his brother, Wymac, walked all the way home. It is said that he lived in the White Hill section just above Grindal, but after his death, his family moved over near Jonesville. His body is buried in Gilead cemetery.

His wife was named "Katy," and lived to be more than a hundred years old. It was the pleasure of the writer to be present at the celebration of her hundredth anniversary. She was the only woman we ever saw that had witnessed an hundred winters. As I gazed upon her while sitting by the old fashioned fire-place, she turned her sightless eyes toward a small window and exclaimed: "Well, I am a hunudred years old today, and if it was the Lord's will, I would love to live another hundred." Dried and wrinkled like a crackling, blind and



REV. J. D. BAILEY, Author

HISTORY

—OF—

GRINDAL SHOALS

—AND—

SOME EARLY ADJACENT

FAMILIES

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—BY—

REV. J. D. BAILEY

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Greenville, S.C.