



Coastal Georgia

Genealogical Society

News & Reviews

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Amy Hedrick, Editor

26 January 2005 Meeting The first meeting of the new year! Meeting time has been pushed back to 3 p.m. to accommodate one of our late sleepers [namely your editor]. We will be meeting at the College Place United Methodist Church on Altama Avenue, as usual.

Just like an old house, if no one is living in it, it will soon fall down. If it is inhabited the house may thrive forever.

Then again, if this new tourism is abused, many natural features may be lost due to "over-population" of the areas.



Cumberland Island Motorized Tours Approved

--by Amy Hedrick

On Wednesday 8 December 2004, the federal government gave the go ahead to allow motorized tours on Cumberland Island, in Camden County.

This is a great and a not so great happening. It is only great in that now when you visit the island, you do not have to walk the entire island. Which can be over 18 miles of walking!

However, it is not so great due to the ecological stand point. The effects of motorized vehicles and the increase in foot traffic can be damaging to the natural beauty of the island. Causing pollution, and wearing away of roads and travel-ways by excessive traveling of these motorized vehicles and their passengers.

These tours will allow more people to view the island, and may necessitate the building of bathrooms and rest areas. Once this starts, fears abound that the island will fall to commercial ruin from this tourism and that the island will stray away from the natural wilderness it is today, and never come back.

The good side is that if more people are brought in to these tours, more money will be generated to maintain and preserve structures that desperately need repairs. These tours will also allow the elderly and handicapped easier access to many of the attractions that were not accessible to them because of the long walks.

Cumberland Island has been long embroiled in legal battles, and this may add more fuel to the fire. What we have to realize is that nothing lasts forever. And, if you don't use it, you lose it. If the land continues on with little use, many of the features will succumb to nature itself.

THE BRICK WALL

--by Amy Hedrick

My Rich Family history has opened up like a cloudburst from above! In my last article I informed you folks that I had disproved my Cherokee Ancestry through my 4th great grandmother, Rebecca (Sanders) Rich. She was in fact a Quaker, her family dating back to the historic Quaker Colony of Wrightsborough, Georgia.

While surfing the web, I have met a few new "cousins" from this family, and was sent a very lovely story, a biography, written by my 3rd great grandmother's sister. They both are children of Moses & Rebecca (Sanders) Rich.

The story dates back to the 1840s, and is written up to the year 1912 by my 3rd great grandaunt, Barbara (Rich) Moon.

I would like to share that story with you, taken from a small booklet that was passed down from Barbara to her great granddaughter.

In the year 1840 June the 10th, in Hamilton co., Ind. near Bethlehem in the deep "back woods", there came the fourth daut. of Moses and Rebecca Sanders Rich to join the three older ones who were themselves mere babys, and no doubt the mother said, "one more added to toil for". But I never was much trouble my father said, and possibly because I did not expect much from my dear Mother who spun and wove her flax and wool and made our garments without the use of any machinery except the rude implements of the time. My father told me many a time that I learned to walk early and could make a trip under the table without a stoop or bump, and that with seven small children they never lost an hour's sleep. O those healthy rollicking children playing all day in the woods and sleeping at night in the little

trundle beds.

When I was not yet two, my father bought a small tract of land in Marion Co where we moved into a log house without floor or window except four lights in the north. I well remember my Mother used to there sit in cold weather and sew and even make us a doll now and then, with the help of my oldest sister, who was a little helper and a kind caretaker of the younger members of the family. My father said we never knew what it was to quarrel or strike each other until after we went to school. In the spring and summer we went with father to his "clearing" to pick brush and help prepare the ground for the crop and perhaps find a pheasant's nest and hear her drumming noise.

When the sabbath or first day came and before any went to meeting father would take the big Bible and sit on the chest (a large wide painted piece of furniture which was our best wardrobe) where we little ones could sit by and see in that precious book, and hear him read and talk to us of the great and good being who made us, how we were filled with the spirit of the occasion, and had such reverence for him who made all things. I can distinctly remember thinking that all first days were without clouds, and that God's name could hardly be spoken only in a whisper with us little ones. Father had a wagon which he made; most of it and the bed or box was of rounds like a ladder, and in that rude vehicle we went to meeting about a mile and half over the beech roots, to a log house divided in the middle, father taking the next to the youngest into the apartment on the east for two doors opened on the south and no female entered with him except the small ones who needed his care. Mother took the girls older and the baby which was no other than your Unkle Ezra. I had one sister younger than myself, Charity, and three older Asenath, Silby and Cyrena. It was a gala day when we had the privilege of going in the wagon over the rough beech roots and under the low limbs for the roads were new and often very muddy - for then we met our uncles aunts and cousins which made the greater part of the membership. There were others to that were related. Whitsons two families. The younger families were neices and nephews of my grandfather Wm. Sanders, who had died some four or 5 yrs before, and several who were not members came often as it was all the meeting place for miles around. Sometimes when it was muddy the horses were saddled and as many as could went that way, as they could pick their way in the woods, then if I was the lucky one who went I had to ride behind mother on old Rock and she would take the baby on her lap and father one or two, and I remember falling off more than once. And notwithstanding the open fireplace the three that were left kept house all right, but I remember staying oftener than going, but our woolen dresses were not easy to burn; tho it wasn't often we betrayed our trust and played with fire. Always the last admonition was "be good children".

Before I was five years old I had a second little brother called Ira, and not far from this time my older brother came into possession of a pair of pants but as all the little girls wore dresses he did not appreciate them as was no doubt expected by my aunt Sibby Jay. She said she had a small piece of tow linen left of her menfolks trousers so making them and coming over (on a sled as that was the most convenient mode of locomotion) she caught my little brother and put them on him to surprise our mother and

see him in his first pants, when he began to cry, and could not be induced to wear them for some time.

About this time our dear mother began to show symptoms of spasms or fits, and of course the mode then was to advise with people of experience and someone recommended them to make pills of the Jamestown weed or jimson as we called it and take for them so we went over to grandmothers about a mile east of our home and they boiled it and made a jelly and rolled into pills. I have seen her reel like a drunk man from the effect of it., Dear suffering mother how little did we realize what she endured for our sakes, when trying as best she could to do for us. She also had dropsy of the bowels that kept her a semi invalid for perhaps years and all those children to care for, but soon after the advent of the second brother she was brought under the care of our old Dr. Isaac Furnice, to be steamed and taken through a course of Lobelia every now and then for four or five months, and the last three that she lived she was under care of constant watchers at night, and having so many brothers and sisters there was a constant crowd and all in one small house. Oftimes I remember we children had to stay out in the cold on account of the crowd and noise. One chilly day in March the Dr. came and we staid shivering round the woodpile, and the Dr. drew about a gallon of, water off her bowels. I think he often did but nothing seemed to help her, but she realized her stay with us was short for I remember often to have heard her in prayer. I wasn't old enough to understand or expect that she would be taken from us as she had been so long in a feeble state. When she wasn't able to go to meeting and father was gone she would take the Bible and read in that sing-song tone they used to practice so much and it made me very solemn indeed. As the time drew nearer when she was thought in the last stages of dropsy she talked much to her sisters about leaving her children and had places for most of us in waiting, and I remember hearing her say she saw chariots of fire and horses of fire. But on the last eve of her life surrounded by her mother, brothers, and sisters all married except two.- some of us little ones were forgotten but finally Cyrena came and told Charity and I that Mother was dying. I wondered to myself, but as I looked on the inanimate form of my loved Mother I realized something of what is meant by that awful word death. I knew she was gone without being told altho it was the first corps I had ever seen. It was a pleasant afternoon in April but my little soul was filled with gloom. I remember we were sent out of doors and I followed father about the yard and as evening came on my melancholy seemed almost unbearable, and to this day I think I never see a toad hop about in the twilight without being reminded of that desolate evening.' The next day was cloudy and more gloomy than ever, but my aunt Sarah took me on her lap, which was a great comfort. They put my dear Mothers remains (dressed in white with a nice Quaker cap on her head) in a homemade walnut coffin. (I think Billy Whitson made it) and as the house was small it was placed on chairs in the yard'. I shall never forget that lovely face, I think she must have been about thirty six years old and in the prime of her life, but for the ravages of disease. Father was lost in grief for a while and wrote in verse to his parents of his sad loss "and seven small children left without a mother's care". The burial place was at Lick Branch by our old log meeting house a small

but well kept graveyard, which I visited more than forty years after which was now entirely filled with the exception of about two, one of the two had moved away and one was buried in another place on account of the bad road - most of the occupants being relatives.

And now must come a change, for the pivot that holds the household was lost to us and we were to go to our places and my dear grandmother took me to her home, where I lived eight years, some three or four years after father was married a second time. I know now that my lot was far better than some of the rest had, but how often did I wish I had a mother like other children. My grandmother's two youngest children, an uncle, whom I dearly loved, and aunt who were about 13 and 15 years my seniors and I was exceeding lonely for some time. My aunt was never satisfied with me apparently, and as I was left much with her, there soon grew up a dislike in me for her which I never after succeeded in overcoming entirely, until thru God's grace, tho she lived the longest of any of my mother's sisters. But my grandmother was kind and patient with me altho I know I was a sore trial to her many times. We called her little grandmother as she was so very small. She was afflicted with the shaking palsy and many times when I had been naughty she sat and shook and said I had tried her patience very much, and then I felt so very sorry to have caused her pain. I never remember her whipping me but once and then she did it at the urging of my aunt on a hearsay account of misconduct, but she set me a good example and as often as the day except on school days I must knit awhile and read a portion of scripture and she would take her testament and without a word of explanation we would read verses alternately. And in reading through the gospels I used to think our Savior was crucified four times, as the gospels were not just alike.

I liked to read and not having bad books I read good ones, not many, but I have often been thankful that I did read the Bible and study the new testament so much: often taking a small copy to a thicket of young forest trees, I read and prayed and had many happy seasons of communion with my maker. I know now I was converted in this way for I was brought under such wonderful exercise of mind that nothing would tempt my appetite, not even the ripe June apples which Hannah and Mary Ferguson gave me one Sabbath day. But not long after light came into my soul and I was very happy for a time, but not having the proper instruction I did not prove faithful but after a time I left off praying in secret, saying 'what good did it do'. In a short time I found I was loosing ground as all persons do when they cease to be in earnest prayer especially in the morning. As my teacher cousin Amos Mills said at school, seek first the kingdom of heaven and all these things (afore mentioned) shall be added. He was a very good teacher and Christian and afterward a minister. This one text of scripture has been worth more to me I have no doubt than any other, and is a reminder that if we find we are digressing in the least to "seek first" and renew our connection with the batteries of heaven, and keep that free course of ever flowing love, which I regret to say was then most remembered by the want or lack of it. Under this same teacher I became most intimate with his sister Charity, and a cousin to us both, the late lamented John Sanders, also another dear cousin

Lizzie Milhous who has since that so often written such comforting letters. I cannot remember exactly, but about this time a minister of Friends came to Lick Branch by the name of Eli Newlin and preached. He was wonderfully wrought upon by the Spirit and yet rather timid for fear I think that he would offend someone. The first part of his sermon did not take much hold on my mind, and he sat down without finishing, but it was in agony and in great agitation and he arose again and said he must deliver the whole counsel of God, and he fastened his eyes on me (then a mere child) and said with words that pierced my very soul "Oh put not off the visitations from on high" and a great deal more that I did not remember. But that look and the words will stay with me till the judgment day, and has been the means of checking some of my wild ways and turning my heart to more substantial things. How good the all Father has been to me when I have been so rebellious, how can I ever thank him enough for his long suffering and patience with me.

In the year 1858, I was, on my 18th birthday married to Jesse R. Moon second son of John & Lavinia Burnside Moon of Westfield Ind. In the church where Old Union quarterly Mtg was held for many years. John Moon's family with us left that fall 3rd of Sept for Kansas Territory, which was brought into the union I think in about a year. Leaving all for a home in the wild and wooly west as it was then called but now one of the middle states. Kaw Indians in the timber on Cottonwood, and soon after a Mission School a little east of Council Grove for the Kaws.

I was on the day before my nineteenth birthday and first marriage anniversary the proud mother of our oldest son who will soon see his 53rd year.



INTERNET

<http://www.glynngen.com/~brantley/> Amy Hedrick's Brantley County Genealogy & History Page.

<http://www.glynngen.com/~mcintosh/> Amy Hedrick's McIntosh County Genealogy & History Page.



UPCOMING EVENTS

11 January 2005 Tuesday Jim Lucas as Martin Luther King, Jr. in "Keeper of the Dream" at Coastal Georgia Community College located at 3700 Altama Avenue. Free admission at the Conference Center Auditorium. For more info call (912)262-3294

16 January 2005 Saturday Dr. Chris Hendricks presents “Clothing and Entertainment in Colonial Georgia” 3 pm at the Brunswick Public Library located at 208 Gloucester Street. Call (912)267-1212 for more info.

22 January 2005 Saturday at the Brunswick Library, Dr. Sarah Gardner talks about her new book “Blood and Irony: Southern White Women’s Narratives in the Civil War, 1861-1937.” 3 pm, call (912)267-1212.

28 January 2005 Friday The Sea Island Singers Mr. & Mrs. Quimby and family relate their family heritage handed down by their slave ancestors, through song, music, and dance. At the Jekyll Island Club Hotel 7:30 pm. Call (912)635-2600 for reservations.

4 February-26 March 2005 Coastal Heritage Exhibit at the Ritz Theatre located at 1530 Newcastle Street. Hours are Tues.-Friday 9am to 5 pm, Saturday 10 am to 2 pm. For more info call (912)262-6934



PUBLICATIONS

“Quaker Records in Georgia” by Robert Scott Davis, Jr. Augusta Genealogical Society, 1986 \$22. This book helped me to find history and insight into my Colonial Georgia ancestors. Contained within its pages are the minutes of the Quaker Monthly Meetings, and vital records of the members. When they were born, married, died, and much more. Quakers, or friends, started moving into Georgia from Pennsylvania, Virginia, North & South Carolina, just at the first rumblings of the Revolutionary War. The town they settled was granted to them on 9 June 1732, but it wasn’t until 1 September 1767 that families really started to migrate there. Originally, 12,000 acres were granted, but after Joseph Maddock came to town and proved that he could make a better life for himself, more and more friends started arriving. The town was christened Wrightsborough [in Columbia County, Georgia] in honor of then Governor James Wright. Today the town is known as Wrightsboro and is located in McDuffie County and little remains of the once thriving Quaker Colony. With book in hand, I will be visiting Wrightsboro soon!



MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Annual membership to the CGGS is only **\$15** for one person or **\$18** for a family. Membership extends from 1 January 2004 to 31 December 2004.

Remit payment to our treasurer:

Barbara Baethke
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