IN the March 11, 1931 issue of The Press and Standard appeared the following article and editor's note:

(The Press and Standard is indebted to Mrs. H. McM. Williams, of Yemassee, for this news story which appeared in this paper in April 24, 1892).

THE BEAUTIFUL LONG AGO

COLLETON'S MAGNIFICENT OLD TIME ROADS

MEMORIALS OF BY-GONE DAYS

Colleton's Roads Show the Culture, Enterprise and Wealth of her Old Time Citizens -- The Prettiest Road in the State in Colleton -- Some Points of Historic Interest Along it -- The old Salkehatchie Church -- "Roadside". And a Notable Dogwood Tree.

Editor Press and Standard:

In my last article on Colleton history I gave some account of the clearing up of the rice fields before the Revolutionary war as an evidence of the intelligence, enterprise and character of the men who settled Colleton. Those old-time Colleton men have left another memorial of their culture and greatness in their magnificent roads, or public highways, which they made in the early settlements of the country. These roads were evidently made at a great cost of labor and money, as they were laid out by surveyors, and, for the most part, ran through swamps heavily wooded and across savannas that had to be thrown up. It was the special excellence of the old Colleton roads that they were thrown up all the way and ditched on both sides to drain the water off. Rome's Via Appia showed her high civilization, and the old roads of Colleton that are still traveled bear a high testimony for her.

It was only a short time ago that I was talking with a very intelligent gentleman who has traveled a great deal and is a close observer, and who is not a Colleton man, who, in speaking of having passed over a short time before that, a part of the Charleston and Savannah public highway, remarked that he was impressed while going along that road that the low country, judging from its roads, was a highly civilized country when the country back of it was in a state of savagery. The plantation roads were also carefully laid out and thrown up and were admirable for pleasure driving as well as walking. The old roads on many an abandoned low-country plantation testify to the wealth and culture of its ancient owner. I believe that Colleton can claim not only one of the oldest, but one of the most beautiful and magnificent roads in the State. This road is a part of the old Charleston and Savannah highway, from Patterson's bridge to Godfrey's Savannah. For a distance of nearly eight miles it is without a turn or bend, and in antebellum days was as well kept as any road in the State. It was hard, with no sand beds upon it, and offered no obstruction to free, easy and rapid traveling. This long stretch of beautiful

ROAD runs through a flat and rather swampy country, but every now and then there is a hill or elevation to break the monotony and give you a better look ahead. At this season of the year the woods along the road are fragrant and beautiful with dogwood blossoms, honeysuckle and yellow jessamine, the latter, with gray moss, hanging in many places in graceful festoons over the delighted traveler's head. The rice fields and old savannas, too, through several of which it passes, with their myriad white water lilies and singing blackbirds and different kinds of waterfowl, make a piece of scenery that can hardly be surpassed for beauty and loveliness. The lovers of nature and the other kind of lovers, could well afford to come many a mile at this spring time to travel over this enchanted and enchanting road. No one of intelligence has ever traveled over this piece of road and not admired it. It may be proper for me to say that two things may make it more beautiful to me than it might otherwise be. The first is that it was surveyed and laid out by a great-grandfather of mine, whose name I bear, and who was a public surveyor in the province of South Carolina under the British crown. So says a family tradition. He was an educated gentlemen, and lived and taught school at Bachelor Hill, better known now as Hendersonville. Before this he lived at Dorchester, and was living there when Col. Hayne was arrested at his plantation near the old Burnt church. My grandmother, whom I remember well, was then about 10 years old and used to tell us about the British officers carrying Hayne to Dorchester on his way to Charleston, and about a plan the Americans had to rescue him. This her father told her. The second thing that may make me prtial in my estimate of this road is that the home of my childhood, dear old Roadside, was on this road and only a few yards from it. There were few places better known in the olden time than Roadside. It was one of the main resting and stopping places for travelers between Charleston and Savannah. It was not a boardinghouse though many boarded there. In that old hom in my boyhood days, I saw the men of allnationalities and languages, and it was there, doubtless, that I got my cosmopolitan feeling, which through my life has made the whole world my country. It may be interesting to some of the readers of the Press and Standard to hear about some of the historic places th t lie along the eight miles of this old and beautiful road. At Patterson's Bridge on the Salkehatchie, in the year 1715, Lord Craven then Governor of the province of South Carolina, fought a great battle with the Indians -- who about that time were murdering a great many white people -- and completely routed them, killing a great many and drove the survivors across the Savannah. That battle broke the Indian power.

This place on the Salkehatchie, now and for many years known as Patterson's bridge, seems to have been a large Indian settlement, as two large Indian mounds remain to this day. It was in these moundsk very likely, that they buried their dead. I remember well, when a boy, hearing of human bones being found in and around these mounds.

About two miles from the Salkehatchie we come to

the old Salkehatchie Presbyterian church, founded in the year 1766 by the Rev Archibald Simpson, a minister from Scotland. The first members of the church were Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland. The Morrisons, an old-time Colleton family, whose home was at Red Hill, near the church, came with this migration.

Roslyn, the name of an old place in the neighborhood, was so named in honor of Roslyn, a castle in Scotland. The old church was burned down after the late war, and nothing is left to mark the place where this old ante-revolutionary congregation worshipped but tombstones, which cannot be seen from the road for the trees and vines that have grown over them. Some of these tombs are over a hundred years old. Two families, Mr. David M. Cannon's and Dr. Edward R. Henderson's, still bring their dead to this hallowed spot for interment. Dr. Henderson himself, whose brutal murder by negro desperadoes just after the surrender robbed Colleton of one of the most public spirited and useful citizens she ever had, is sleeping in this ancient cemetery of the dead. Friend of my youth, peace to thy ashes!

It was a queer custom at this church, so I have been told by people who used to attend there when young, eighty or ninety years ago, to carry cake and wine there on funeral occasions. I have never been able to learn the meaning of this custom, whether it had any religious meaning in it or was simply a usage of society. This church certainly represented the best society of that day. But such a thing, cake and wine at a funeral, would be considered altogether out of place now. I wish it wasn't so much of a custom with a great many church members who would be horrified at the idea of drinking wine at a funeral, to drink something stronger than wine and with drunkenness defile their bodies, made to be "temples of the Holy Ghost," and then our homes, which ought to be as sacred to them as churches.

Perhaps I ought to mention here the old Episcopal burnt church, by a good many years, older than the Salkehatchie church, and that was the parish church of St. Bartholomew's. This church, whose walls I believe are still standing, was built in the year 1760 and was burned several years before 1819 and never rebuilt. But the organization dated back to the first year of the eighteenth century. The old "Burnt Church", by which name it is best known, was the first church established in the part of Colleton County formerly known as St. Bartholomew's Parish and next to it was the Bethel Presbyterian church at Pon Pon, established in the year 1728, the name and organization of which survive in the Walterboro Bethel Presbyterian church. The first Baptist church in Colleton County was on Edisto Island and was probably organized about the time, or no long after, the old parish Burnt church and Bethel Presbyterian church on Pon Pon. This I learn from Dalcho's and Howe's histories.

But to return from this digression on some of Colleton's old churches, I must mention another place of historic interest on this beautiful road between Patterson's bridge and Godfrey's savannah. Less than a mile from Roadside, my ancestral home, at the foot of the hill running down to Day's causeway, at the point where the Waring road comes into

the Charleston and Savannah road, still stands, I believe, a large dogwood tree, upon which, or nearby, were hanged three negro men for the awful butchery of their master, also Dr. James, who lived two miles down the Baring road towards Combahee. Dr. James was a Pennsylvanian, and just before the negroes were freed in Pennsylvania, which was about the year 1800 or before, he brought his to South Carolina and bought the plantation upon which he was living when his negroes rose and killed him for his cruelty to them. He made nothing of cutting off a negroe's toe, or finger, or ear, or knocking out an eye. Every negro he owned, it is said, was mutilated in some way. I have heard the story of his cruelty to his slaves from one of them, an old woman that belonged to us, whom he brought from Pennsylvania when she was a child, but remembered well when he was killed and all that he used to do to his negroes. At last the poor creatures could stand it no longer, and one morning when he came into his gin house, having planned his destruction before, they rose upon him with their hoes and axes and almost literally cut him to pieces and then threw his body into an old well nearby. At the very time he was killed there was a move on foot among the leading men of the neighborhood to prosecute and have him punished for his barbarity to his negroes, or else to run him back where he came from. It is likely that the three negroes who were the ring-leaders in the plot to kill him would not have been hung had it not been thought that the safety of better masters might depend on making examples of them to evil disposed negroes.

Another article, to come some time in the future, on the great and distinguished men of Colleton, will complete my contribution to Colleton histroy.

John G. Williams.

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