

3100 Kesterwood Road,  
Knoxville, Tenn. 37918  
Nov. 17, 1970

Dear Mr. Peebles:-

While I am about it, I have opened my envelope and will answer your letter of 14 Aug. and also enclose a check (it I don't forget it again. It can either be used towards the cleaning of the cemetery, or a membership in the H.H. Historical Society, whichever you decide is the better use. I am sorry it is not more. We do not belong to the wealthy Davants of whom there seem to be a number, or the very well endowed Hanahans. We're just two old retired folks, on a small pension and Social Security, with luckily some investments over the years, or we would be in a very restricted way financially. We have never considered ourselves deprived-though we early learned to do without, and the more appreciate what we have. Mrs. Charles Davant earnestly urged me to increase the price of my forthcoming book to enough to yield a good return. I don't want it to be for that purpose. I'm sure it sounds stupid, but to me it has been a labour of love, and if I possibly could, I would donate the copies most happily. In this day and time, this must sound purely nutty, but that is the way I feel. So, I mean it, we really cannot contribute any large sum, but as things are now, we could make an annual contribution.

I feel I was a little nonchalant about rejecting your invitation to address the H.H. Hist. Soc. Again, I feel entirely too ignorant to dare to speak with any authority-and I'm sure you want someone who knows to speak! I did not explain fully enough about my lack of knowledge. When Gillisonville was abandoned before Sherman's arrival, my great grandmother, then living in Richard James Davant's house, left in a great hurry, taking with her a faithful coloured woman and 3 daughters and a younger son-my grandfather was not at home at the time, and followed to their place of refuge-Fort Mill, S.C. where friends gave them shelter and Col. Springs gave my Grandfather a job as station agent and telegrapher. He was 16 years old Sept. 2, 1865. From there, as he got a better job, the family moved to Columbia; then to Augusta, Ga.; then to Memphis, Tenn.; then to Knoxville, Tenn. before they finally settled in Roanoke, Va. Along the way I am sure they kept up their S.C. ties. I recall in Roanoke families of Heyward, Royer, Huger, Middleton-perhaps others-I've never tried to think this out before. We always had rice with the main meal, and hominy grits or bread was usual. For Grand-dad particularly our cook sometimes made corn meal and bacon fat and water corn pone which took him back to his childhood. My grandmother Davant was a Taylor from Columbia, born in Montgomery, but soon after her mother's death the children went to live with their grandfather, Dr. D.H. Trezevant in Columbia, and her recollections were of Columbia-and it was her stories which I recall. She didn't think much of plantation life and rather endured the long line of Davant kin whom Grand-dad was so glad to help. So, I honestly don't know and nice traditions, and I have only a very few Davant possessions. There may have been more than I know about-but anything of value was sold or abandoned in the many moves they made. I'm sorry-no-one would like more to be the proud possessor of things Davant.

Back to your letter. You ask me what I am willing to lend you on the Barksdales, Greens and Greenes-all of whom I have worked on extensively, as I am a Green descendant, and Jack comes from the other lines. Again, I have no personal data, mine is from public records. I also got a lot of data on Ladson, Stanyarne on my trip to England, but to copy all this data is literally beyond my present ability. I must finish The Davant Family, and until I do get from under this burden, I am not going to think anything else. I apologise for what must sound unfeeling, but I assure you, I have only a limited amount of strength and it has to go to the book for the present.

I found Jack Ladson very happy to accept my material, freely given, but like the Rev. Silas Emmett Lucas, it is sort of a one way street-not as bad as Emmett, I hasten to add-he did send me the material he got from Nampton after farther correspondence with the archivist there, whose name I sent him, and who had helped me-he infuriated the archivist! Pushing! I felt for them both.

You said "your word of a Graham-Evans marriage astonished me." I don't have time to look this up, but I think this is right- St. Helena's record says Sarah Fripp dau of John and Elizabeth Fripp b. Oct. 18, 1752 has a note in pencil m. John Evans. John Fripp's will mentions among others, daughter Sarah Graham. This much is in my notebook, and honestly I don't have time to find out my reasoning that Sarah (Fripp) (Evans) Graham was the wife of a Rev. Mr. Graham. Jack descends from Elizabeth Evans, who married Joseph Jenkins of Edisto, by their daughter Sarah, who married Ralph Bailey, and their daughter Elizabeth Mary m. for her second husband, John Hanahan, my husband's great grandparents. I still feel a little unhappy about Mrs. Lula Sams Bond. I gave her, and she used, all my data on John Sams, without giving me a line of credit in her articles in the S.C. Hist. Mag. She was very gracious in writing me her thanks, and we had a pleasant and productive correspondence, otherwise.

The Joseph Jenkins records are from his Bible, which Cousin Charlotte Stoney, in Chas. had when I copied the records in it. There was also a compilation by some of the family in Greenville-going as far back on each of the families as they could remember.

To Miss Beatrice Milley: the kind of liatris in the catalogues is not what I mean I have raised plants from the seed, but they have not proved very hardy here. It could be that the variations I saw on HH were from very old plants. I've also bought plants with no better success. What I saw were many branched blooming plants as tall as I was, I think the years may have grown them taller! I am sorry to say that the inkwell, with its bouquet fell into the sink (I have a habit of keeping a lot of small vases lined up above the sink I have 3 windows over it, and even in winter, it helps me wash dishes to have flowers of greenery to divert my attention. I mended it, and it looks alright, but it will not hold water any longer. It is a lovely colour and sweet shape. And I love it! Please tell her I still thank her for the pleasure it has given me, in itself, and in recalling a very nice evening!

Wasn't Brahms a map maker who drew the area including HH? A vague recollection merely. Seems to me he was a German engineer. I have no other guesses even for the other names you questioned me about.

I was talking about "young" Francis Hanckel. Certainly I knew Uncle Frank and Aunt Annie and Miss Sarah Belle Miles well. I think I was one of the very few people whom Aunt Annie would see as she got in such deep pain. My great uncle, Henry P. Taylor married Eliza Hanckel, Uncle Frank's sister. I lived with the three Taylors for part of a year, met my husband at their home, and was on the deepest and most affectionate terms with this family. Miss Sarah Belle was a very good friend!

Susie Lawton Daugherty's sister in law is here in St. Mary's hospital, very near death. Susie and Susan drove up to see her, spent 2 hours and drove back last Sunday, but Olive took a turn for the worse soon after. I had a phone from Susie the first time they came up, but not this time-I feel she was so choked with emotion-and has some difficulty in speech over the phone anyway. I love them both dearly.

I am sorry to say I have very little respect for the bishops and for many priests of this period. I have worked out my own way to accept what apparently I must-I don't intend to be without the means of grace, so I attend services regularly-and I even like the new second service of the trial liturgy-I detest the first service, which changes the old service just enough to make priest and congregation uncertain and provoked-NOT IN COMPARISON but as a service, if we must have change. It has dignity and continuity, and there have been changes before-and will be again, no doubt.

Clark: I cease having records about the time you mention, but the names don't sound right for Edisto. There were several Clark families. Jack's ancestress, Mary Seabrook Clark was the dau of James Lardent Clark-she married the John Hanahan before the one I mentioned marrying Elizabeth Mary Bailey (whose first husband was Wm. Mikell Clark) I have notes on the Clarks only till about 1820 I think. ~~There~~

I sure wish I could contact Mrs. Eve-or even have her name and address. This branch of the Davants continues unknown, though one of the Robertsons did contact Jim Pinckney- whoever he may be. It is very baffling!

Handwritten notes in the left margin: "I don't find my fault - but I'm mainly the one who is addressed the more it's getting it open."

5100 Kesterwood Road,  
Knoxville, Tenn. 37918  
Nov. 15, 1971

Dear Mr. Peeples:-

Never was there a time when I was less anxious to sit down and write a letter. However, since your letter was almost an accusation of indifference, I am forced to write, will-he-nill-he-or-willy-nilly, whichever you might use! I am not a negative personality, so instead of apologizing or saying no, or even offering excuses, here goes, as concisely as I can write.

First, addressing you as Mr. P. is not an affront reaction from your calling me Hardin. There are maybe four ministers I call by their first names-3 I knew before ordination and the other is a very fine retired missionary to Brasil-he and his wife are close friends and he needs someone to feel is truly his friend-and Jack and I are. I was raised in a tradition I know to be out of fashion. I not only expect a minister to be a chosen man and set aside by God for His work, but I try to do my part by giving him such special respect as it is in my power to give. I hasten to say I know several I have discovered didn't enter the Church under any such call, nor is their education in any way tending to make them want respect or obedience or a special place in the heart of their parish. I know not what your cross up was with Bishop Stuart (I think you named him in a former letter) Those bishops I have come in contact with of late have done little to make me designate them "Father-in God" I have a lively dislike for Bishop Sanders, and a steadily lessening respect for Bishop Vanderhorst-I understand of the three Bishop Gates is the most dedicated man, but being third on the totem pole I don't know how much one can rely on him. I don't understand my church.... I am appalled by things it is doing daily, in spite of, and almost to spite their congregations, but so far I have not found a substitute, and this in spite of our having had two really terrible men, who have all but killed a lively and loving congregation. We have a brand new man, of whom I have hopes. Perhaps seminary classes can't entirely stifle God's call-though from what I hear the teaching does its best to put other gods before HIM.

Second. When I had your letter-it is still on this desk, but on the bottom of the pile-I was spending every possible minute trying to make a deadline of Oct. 1st. I am nearly 68 years old, I not only do all my own work, but have a large and much loved flower garden. (Thank you for the day lily seeds. If I remember it, I'll send you some of my this year's pollination. They should be late blooming varieties, which I have been concentrating on-had bloom this year from mid April to mid Sept. These may well be multi-branched, rather smaller blooms-one such seedling had from 15-36 blooms on a stalk. I like them much better than parent plants I developed these from. If you get some pinks along this variety, I'd later like starts back. The original parents for most of my late bloomers is Farewell Lambkin and Personal Appearance, with some of Jim Cochran's pink seedlings.) Unfortunately for me I got too involved, and when I checked with my doctor my stupid blood pressure was 220/120. This is something I know better than to encourage, so I quit The Davant Family and colded my hands until it was down in a more usual range. But it took a great deal out of me, and I have not yet gone back to finishing the job, much as I want to. Then on Oct. 27th we celebrated our golden anniversary-the new minister, Karl Weddle, having come that week and I'd had my hand in working in the rectory garden...the parish (people not money) had completely redone the rectory, painted inside and out, new wall to wall carpeting, even planted the flower beds, and filled the pantry with a pounding. I hope he knows the personal effort involved, and I sincerely hope the colour they painted the house won't disturb Nila as much as it would me! Our children hosted the party-but I planned and the friends who volunteered for the dirty work did it as a love offering for us and it was a truly marvelous party. Just an informal open house Sunday afternoon Nov. 31 when over 200 friends dropped by to pat us on the back and eat the marvelous refreshments different friends made....but in case you think I didn't do anything but accept-I cut-thin sliced-all the

some real settlement there. . . . Miss Odysseus! He must have been a grand person. . . .  
bbread for the sandwiches-4 long loaves and 8 small ones-and made the fillings,and I made  
the wedding cake(which my daughter-in-law and grand-daughter iced)by a recipe which has been  
in my family since the early 1700s....it was the cake made for my wedding,but I did a stupid-  
old woman thing-I had put in the 8th whole egg when I checked how many,and found it  
said"whites only"....I should have changed at that late date I guess,but Jack likes pound  
cake better than white,and after all,it was a golden anniversary,so I went on and made it  
18 whole eggs. I made this same cake when Tom and Marguerite were married,and it was much  
better. Also Marguerite did not make boiled icing,so I've put the second cake into the  
freezer in hopes it will last till Christmas. It is an odd sort of cake-just slivered  
almonds and citron for fruit. And right now instead of answering your letter,I should be  
writing my heartfelt thanks for the 18 floral arrangements which made the house alive and  
glowing with golden colour! I never saw so many yellow roses in one place! My favorites!  
I also have hanging heavy over my head-54 other presents-I know how hopeless a bride feels.  
But I have got the tupips and hyacinths and daffodils planted that friends were under-  
standing enough to give and next spring won't I present a golden view in spring,and again  
with mums in the fall! Also a family gave us a beautiful dark green statue of St. Francis,  
which we will enjoy in the garden. It was a very exciting day. Our eldest son came over  
from Belmont Abbey College,and the abbott came by and gave us his special blessing. I had  
talked to Jack the night before out anniversary and told him I hope someone there was say-  
ing mass with us as the intention. Jack said he and Abbott Edmund has discussed getting a  
papal blessing for me,but decided I was too positive in my reaction to the Catholic Church  
to appreciate it. How right he was there,but how wrong to feel I would reject prayers by  
any means! I would not have appreciated the pope's impersonal blessing as such,but Jack  
has taught at this school for nearly 20 years and I would feel the monks and the boys there  
would have made it a good and loving"intention".

And so now we arrive at answering your letter-I have washed the clothes,taken them  
in,got my husband off to his tax class and I'm tired. It is a perfect day outside,and I'd  
much,much rather be about putting my garden to bed for the winter than sitting here,but  
it is better than the hour I spent on the phone with a disgruntled communicant,persuading  
her to come back and give Mr.Weddle a chance,and to join the altar guild....I guess that  
is why I ache so in my bottom,and want to get done! Please excuse me that I am so rebellious  
about writing to-day!

I have a suggestion to make. I think it would work out better than my additional  
appeal for money,after the book. Write an official letter from the Historical Society  
suggesting that annually,or maybe every five years,there be a memorial group who contri-  
buted dues to the upkeep of the cemetery,which would be administered by the Historical  
Society,who would send out reminders annually or however often needed,the same to be paid  
out of the funds given by the descendants,or interested people to keep the place in order.  
I could put a copy of this appeal in every book sold,which would guarantee that the Davant  
family would know about it anyway. However,I handed the letter to my son Tom last night  
and his answer was"James Davant isn't my ancestor". Well,he isn't mine either,but Jack and  
I are both interested and we will contribute,snd while you are doing that cleaning up,get  
someone with an iron rod and prod around for what I feel sure must be there somewhere,the  
grave of Charles Davant. However,that's a silly remark. The stones to James Davant were  
manifestly not put up until after the death of Mary Whaley Davant,and while the son cer-  
tainly knew his parents graves' location,he might not have known where Charles Davant lay  
buried 30 or 40 years before! I doubt there was any marker,though it is possible.  
When you get the path made,I'll send you daylilies to border it,or lirioppe,which might help  
keep people from walking off the brick. Jack suggests that a good oyster shell walk would  
be easier to keep up than brick.

There are no copies of the Huguenot Transactions available,so the answer to that is no  
for the time being. When the book is done,I'll be glad to donate a copy to the Hist.Soc.  
I will also send you a copy of the notes I gave -I can't think of their names right now-  
the people who live at Honey Horn anyway. I'm sure I have a carbon. It included all the  
references I had come across mentioning Hilton Head,while I was doing research in Charles-  
ton many years ago. Mrs.Holmgren used the names and sometimes the information,but didn't  
give the authority for it. reference would be a better word.

Actaally I don't know anything about Hilton Head-much as I wish I did. My family did  
not return to the low country after the Civil War-the little I know came from public records  
Jack knows even less about H.H. I believe John Daushan his wife Mary Sealhook Clark

my new lives there after their marriage in 1792. I was then the contemporary of the father - she was quite young. There is  
in the family a large memorial book to John James Marshall & Edward Childs by John & Mary Daushan. She is our an-  
cestor was b. 1796 or 8. She never gotten the eff. of date - James Clark + Elizabeth who n. Sealhook but that the governor his first  
son in of same name. I think his wife some had by Charles the details of the children - made the parents' letters. D. Sealhook - but  
there is of pure speculation. So possible though. The inventory of John Daushan 1806 lists all the furniture at H.H. so there was  
some real settlement there. . . . Miss Odysseus! He must have been a grand person. . . .

Oh we even got H.H. I will certainly look you up, but unless we feel better then now, I won't be soon! Hanging Davant Haman