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October 1, 1965

Dear Bobby:

I am grateful for the kind things you have said about the Johnston book. I would be even more grateful if you decided to write a short review, favorable in tone, for the South Carolina Historical Magazine, and I would be delighted to present the society with a copy of the book. I intend to give a copy to the National Genealogical Society at Washington. I doubt that any of the more affluent members of my tribe would have interest in the expense of placing volumes in any of the libraries you mentioned, and I am not of a mind "to pass the hat." So far this has been my private project save for collaboration and counsel of Hugh Johnston (who, by the way, is engaged in the preparation of a companion book on James Johnston and His Descendants of Isle of Wight - which will include, among James' descendants, none other than LBJ). By the way, the grey cover of the book is supposed to be Confederate grey.

Yes, I saw the book on Peeples. It is a fine book, but I wish Miss Peebles had documented the account. I understand the book now sells for \$25, and that a few years ago Our Family Circle, when it could be found was priced at \$50. I was advised in my case to ask \$25 per copy for Johnston and Johnston on Johnston, but knowing the family felt that would inhibit circulation and I desired to obtain as wide circulation as possible and to get it in the right places. Based on copies sold my printing costs have averaged out at \$34. per volume. I am hopeful that interest will develop to bring down the present average. I certainly did not undertake the work with profit in consideration - if profit had been my motive, I would have left the job undone, and in view of the vast amount of work and the particular carping of one of my impatient purchasers, if I hadn't done it I wouldn't.

Yes, I recall with pleasures your visits in New York. I believe that was in the early fall and late summer of 1948 when you were doing post-graduate work at Union Theological Seminary. As I remember it, you spent a week-end with me at the Towers in Brooklyn on the Saturday afternoon of which we quaffed a few shots of Scotch whisky and as we sat on the roof watched the shipping enter New York harbor, and another at Teaneck when we unpacked several of the barrels of my crockery. As I recall the Teaneck Sunday you were provoked with me over missing church services that morning, and that I was provoked for a piano was not available so that I could enjoy your playing. A lot has happened in the intervening years, and I hope they have been kind to you.

I have been unable to visit down home very often in the last few years. I stopped off for a night and day on a return trip from Florida last February. Jordan met me at the airport in Savannah, and we returned by way of Hilton Head, had dinner at the Adventure

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Inn, stopped off for a brief visit with Marion Peeples (M. L. Peeples, M. D.) at Bluffton. [Jordan, Marion and I were students at Carlisle at Bamberg at the same time.] If I had had time I would have stopped by to say hello to you.

Prior to that, I spent about three days in Estill in 1963. I went down to explore again the possibility of old church records at Lebanon and Steep Bottom — but without satisfactory results. It was also on that trip that I tried to get details on the William Cuyler J., Jr., family from Pearl Coleman nee Johnston, but in view of her total lack of interest — as well as the indifference of Thomas Johnston, another sprig of the W. C. J., Jr., branch — abandoned the quest. I did the best I could with the information I had in hand, but that does not excuse the omission of Laura Johnston who married postmaster John W. Peeples which I had not remembered until I saw it in your letter. Perhaps the omission can be forgiven in view of the absence of living issue of the union.

I knew William Cuyler Peeples — Will, as we called him — quite well as a youngster. He also attended Carlisle a couple of years. As a matter of fact, we had several rather rugged fist fights, and sometimes joined forces in an occasional rock fight with Bamberg High School boys.

Now, to respond to points you have mentioned:

1 - p. 107: I have no idea whence came the name Wiggins' Hill. Best guess is that a Wiggins owned the land.

2 - p. 110: I believe McKoy is McCoy, although being named Coy I would have preferred McCoy. The only known record of Eliza's maiden name is the marriage license in Savannah — and it was issued to Miss Elizabeth McKoy by an officer in the courthouse where she worked. I should think there was little chance her name would have been misspelled. I have seen McKoy more often in the old records than McCoy and I have often toyed with the thought that McCoy is nothing more than a modern way of spelling McKoy. Also I have wondered whether McKoy among the early settlers (who were in whole usually protestant) wasn't the Scotch McKay. An example of similar perversion is that your present day McCravey and Cravey in Georgia is a corruption of Northern Irish McGreevie.

I accord no validity to ^{the} claim that Eliza's mother's maiden name was Oberon (which is nothing more than a corrupt spelling of the Irish O'Brien). Selina (Salina, as the Y.'s say) M. H. Youmans said her grandmother was the former Esther Lynn, and in her lifetime Lynn was passed along as the given name of one of her grandsons.

I would not rely too much on the old scrap of paper to which you refer. I have one such scrap which in effect says that old Nathan J. (1794-1869) was extremely pious, never imbibed intoxicating liquors, and his grandfather, another Nathan, was born in England. Look at his church record: gambling, riotous conduct, drinking, etc. All I can say is that he must have been a wonderful man, and I wish I could have matched cups with him.

I still believe Henry McKoy was the Capt. McKoy referred to by M'Call and McCrady (who copied M'Call's 1811 account). Being a Capt. of ^Nguerrilla militia group was not unusual at that time for a 21 years old man, and the 20 years difference in age probably mattered little to Capt. Johnston. I should think his ability to do the job and shoot straight was more important. The fact that one of his generals, Lafayette, was only 20 years old certainly did not bother George Washington, nor ^{at} the disparity in age disturb R. E. Lee in ^{the} cases of J. E. B. Stuart and Joseph Wheeler ^{who} as a U. S. Army general in the Spanish-American war in Cuba in a charge was heard shouting "Kill every one of the Dam Yankees" []].

3 - p. 126: The dates shown for Mary Youmans is from the Youmans Chart. I believe the chart (charts is the better work) were prepared by Eva Trask of Belleflower, Calif. I do not know whether she is a "Miss" or a "Mrs.," probably the latter, nor do I know her connection with the Youmans. I suspect it comes in from the Chisolm family. I wrote her a couple of letters a couple of years ago, which have remained unanswered and unreturned. She was a correspondent of Mrs. Thos. J. Ayer, now deceased, of Furman. I never heard of William Youmans as "Gilly" Youmans.

4 - p. 186: All I know about the Nix family is in the book. I shall in about two or three months write your cousin in New Jersey as a matter of interest from a standpoint of the New Orleans Nix branch. The Drs. Nix in N. O. are very fine physicians and have attained some note in cancer research in the field of mammallary tumors in unmarried females, mostly nuns.

5 - p. 157: I was careless when I placed Uncle Charley Peeples' homeplace on the Orangeburg ^N despite the fact that some part of the property abutted upon the road. River Road would have been better. I remember the place well from the days of his first wife, Louisa Catherine Johnston (which managed to get changed to Catherine Louisa), my father's sister. Laughlin would ride me all around the yard on the handle-bars of his bicycle. I also recall the old gas-operated fan over the dinning room table. I had not known that Uncle Charley had a bastard son - William Taylor, the mulatto - but always remembered him as a somber, successful trader. Most of my Peeples information came from Laughlin. While I knew Johnston Peeples well - and liked him a lot - and he liked me in return - I never knew his children. None of them has ordered an book. Laughlin has had two fine wives.

6 - p. 169: I knew about the wenbh old Paul Hamilton Allen maintained, but I had not known she was a daughter of Duncan I. Peeples. I knew Paul Allen and Miss Maude, and Zoe ("Zowie") as a youngster. Zoe was in Otis and Bertie's age group. The Allens used to visit Aunt Lizzie (~~xxxxx~~ Maude's sister), who was Uncle Cleburne's widow. Bertie and Otis lived with us, and Aunt Lizzie lived accross the street in Uncle Clerburne's house (which has long since burned). When automobiles came into use Brooks used to drive the Allens into Luray. He was a great big, tall mulatto,

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and always seemed quite concerned with the comfort and welfare of Paul Allen, Miss Maude and Zoe. He knew his place and never took liberties. I guess old Paul thought a great of his son without ever publicly acknowledging it. Old Miss Maude lived a long time after Paul made the last round-up; and the last time I saw her was at the Methodist Church in Estill. I believe old Brooks had driven her into town for church, and I am sure he must have tenderly cared for her in her dotage. That is more than I can say for some others in that catfish country whence you and I came. Paul Allen and my Uncle Kruger were great friends, hunted and socialized a lot over the years with the "yankees" at the Winthrop Club. As youngster in the summers I spent many pleasurable days and sometimes a week or two out at Uncle Kruger's. George taught me to swim, Oree how to handle guns, and Uncle Kruger would occasionally take me out to see his dogs run. I remember once when he had as many as 30 hounds in his pens, everyone a Walker. Cousin Billy (Johnston) also used to hunt with Paul Allen and Uncle Kruger, and I suppose Bertie got his yen for fox-hunting from Uncle Kruger. My father never cared a flip for fox-hunting.

Uncle Kruger was an interesting old gentleman. Some of the things he told me in his old age couldn't be told — too many faces would burn. I recall one. About his 86th year, sitting on his front porch, he recounted a fox-hunt on the club. Seems there were in the group three beautifully turned-out yankee beauties, riding habits, quirts, and all. It had been a hard hunt, and Paul Allen rode up, and remarked that one of the yankee woman had ridden her horse too hard. She turned towards him, and said, "Mr. Allen, if you had been between my legs as long as this horse you would be foaming a lot worse!" Paul laughed so hard he nearly lost his mount. Uncle Kruger is said to have had a keen eye for a well organized female, also.

When I was down home in 1955, I saw a beautiful girl, about 18, walk by — and she looked like a Miss America — and I remarked to some of my friends that was a knock-out, and inquired who she was. I was informed she was one-eighth negro. Her father, grandfather and great-grandfather were named, and I was amazed. I will not tell you who they were, but will say none is in either your Peeples book, nor in the Johnston book but are of entirely different tribes.

I knew that George was supposed to have left surviving him extra-marital issue, and I think I knew they traced also back to Peeples but did not know precisely who they were.

I feel no obligation to preserve any of the foregoing information for posterity. I must observe that you made many similar omissions in your Peeples account. I had a very appropriate quotation that would fit this point — about the unnamed dead, etc., from Ecclesiasticus — but can't lay my hands on it.

7 - O'Neal & Miles: I have an Eva Trask O'Neal Chart (which is sans documentation. According thereto Thomas Miles O'Neal (1799

-1862) was the son of Samuel Edwin O'Neal (1776-1847) and wife -----, and married 1st Mary Eveline Gibson (1805- 1845) and 2nd Margaret Jane Gibson (1810-1857), who were sisters. There were 4 sons, 5 daughters of the first marriage; 3 sons and 2 daughters of the second). All are listed, but I shall mention only two: William Martin O'Neal (1831-1911) of the 1st union, who married Mary Elizabeth Peeples (1833-1908), and Charlotte Chivalette O'Neal (1846-1922) of the 2nd union, who married 1st Arthur Russell Stokes and 2nd M. A. Moyer. The parentage of Samuel Edwin O'Neal is not shown, but there is this note:

A Sailor, Bill O'Neal came from Ireland (1730). He jumped ship and lived in a Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania. His wife was Ann Cox. Their descendants moved to S. C. His son Hugh O'Neal married Ann Kelly.

[The address I have for Eva Trask is
9515 Los Angeles Ave., Bellflower, Calif.]

I have no information on Miles. Do you suppose Miley could be a corruption of Miles?

8 - Youmans - Owen (s): You mentioned the will of Thomas Owen, dated May 29, 1735 - probated March 8, 1737 - which referred to William Youmans, merchant. I am interested. Did you have the dates correctly? Best information I have is that the first Youmans in Beaufort District was Levy (or Levi) Youmans and that he held a "commission under the King of E.," occupied land near Hampton in the 1770's, fled the country during the revolution, returned, reclaimed land, and was remembered as a Tory. In 1924, old Washington Goethe (Goettee), Duncan I. Peeples father-in-law or perhaps his brother-in-law, told me with great gusto how the old Goettees fell out with the Youmans. It seems that after the revolution, George Goettee used to hold evening prayers under a large oak, and one occasion was carried away to such an extent, he asked the Lord to bless everybody, whereupon someone spoke up and enquired whether that included Youmans. That ended the prayer service then and there and the services were never resumed. I wonder whether the Owen could be the Owens whose Elizabeth married James Peeples Youmans, the lawyer, and likewise whether that is the Owens family of "Pot" Owens (Wilson Leigh Owens).

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Yes

You are in error on your statement there will never be any serious study of negro families. Back in 1936, I had to make such a study in a law-suit in Cook County, Illinois, which lead me into the eastern shore of Maryland. I took about six depositions of very ancient, venerable colored folk in Maryland, which enabled my employer, a surety, to successfully defend a suit by claimants to an estate which had been distributed to the apparent heirs of a negro saloom-keeper in Cicero. It was a sizable estate, too.

That's it! This letter is entirely too long. Please excuse poor spelling, errors, etc.

Sincerely yours,

