

Copy of letter to Gilbert Cape (?) Newchurch (?), Pa. from Judge
J. S. Cathcall (?), Greenville, S. C. June 26, 1895.

This writer was a 4th generation lateral branch
of #108-9 descended from their son James.

ACCURACY IN DOUBT CALDWELL

Account of #1095 98th yr family reunion.
THE CALDWELL FAMILY.
Are of French descent and left France about the year 1685, just

after and in consequence of, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,
by King Charles XIV. The first of these of whom I have any authentic
account were three brothers: Samuel, James and William. They went to
the north of Ireland, settled there and must have remained several
years as they were all married when they came to America and settled
in Pennsylvania; and among the pioneers were pushing their way west-
ward when Braddock's defeat occurred which rendered the frontier de-
fenseless against the incursions of the French and their allies the
Indians. This checked the tide of immigration in that direction
and caused them and many others to retrace their steps and for the
security of life and property they sought homes on this side of the
Blue Ridge mountains along what is now known as the Piedmont Escarpment.

Missing generations!

John C. Calhoun's ancestors (and my own) William Caldwell (supra)
intermarried in Ireland with Miss Rebekah Walkup and to them were born
ten children: viz: John-¹⁷³⁸⁻¹⁷⁷¹ Martha-^{B1743} William-^{B1748} Margaret-^{B1734} Eleanor-^{B1746} Elizabeth-^{B1751}
^{B1758} Rebekah- James and Sarah (twins) and David^{B1741} the child of their old age,
always a subject of tender consideration and care by the family for he
was delicate and quite deaf.

very different from listing JTP USE DAK

The twins, James and Sarah, were born on the night of the battle
fought on the ^{HE} Monongahela--- Braddock's defeat, July 9th, 1755.

William Caldwell, my great-great-grandfather, was a gallant sol-
dier in the French and Indian Wars. His daughter, Martha, married
Patrick Calhoun, whose father came to America in the ship with the
Caldwells

Of the children of William Caldwell and his wife Rebekah three
of them were born before their parents left Ireland - to wit: John,
¹⁷²⁸⁻¹⁷⁷¹

Margaret and Rebeka and in order named. Martha and William were born
 B 1734 D 1756 B 1743 1748
 in Pennsylvania. The remaining five were born in Virginia. I regret
 that I have not the exact date of their births and deaths.

Patrick Calhoun held a commission as Colonel of a North Carolina
 regiment in the Continental Army and went into the service of the Colo-
 nies from the old Mecklenberg District, his home being in the neighbor-
 hood of the city of Charlotte, North Carolina.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, he with two of the young
 Caldwells, John and William, all holding commissions as land surveyors,
 came to South Carolina and located and defined many of the County lines
 in Western South Carolina, and while so engaged they were not unmindful
 of their own interest and received from the State valuable grants of
 land in Abbeville County, and also in Newberry County. In the former the
 Calhouns settled and in the latter the Caldwells.

Patrick Calhoun was a strong man physically and intellectually and
 was appointed one of the Judges of the County Court of Abbeville County,
 which was abolished in the year 1800. Whilst a Judge of this Court he
 lost his first wife, who died childless, but after the manner of many
 widowers he found consolation in a subsequent marriage with Miss Martha
 Caldwell of Newberry County: this union being signally blessed with much
 domestic happiness and the birth of three sons who grew to manhood.

William who had an impediment in his speech and was called "stutter-
 ing Billy"- Patrick who left no descendants, and John Caldwell, the sub-
 ject of your inquiry, who ranks as you well know with the great trium-
 virate of American Statesmen - Clay, Calhoun and Webster, and the peer
 of either of them.

John Caldwell, the uncle of John C. Calhoun, and for whom he was
 named, was probably the most distinguished of that ilk in his generation.
 He was the eldest of the ten children of William Caldwell and Rebekah

his wife. He was a member of the first Provincial Congress, an eminent surveyor, many of his plats bearing date of the year 1769, and about that time and by reference to the first volume of Moultrie's memoirs, page 17, you will see that he bore the title of Major in the Continental Army. His father, William Caldwell, died in Virginia about 1770, leaving his widow and ten children, three of whom, John, William and Martha, the last named, the wife of Patrick Calhoun, had previously removed to South Carolina. John and William, after the death of their father returned to Virginia and brought their mother, sisters and brothers to South Carolina. Their mother died in Newberry County at the advanced age of 99 years. John Caldwell was a gallant Whig and at the outset of the Revolution, raised a company in his neighborhood and was elected its Captain. Among its members was William Cunningham, who afterwards earned the soubriquet of "Bloody Bill". For some act of insubordination while a member of Cap't. Caldwell's company he was courtmartialled and sentenced to be flogged. This so exasperated him that after the flogging he deserted to the enemy then occupying Charleston and was permitted to make incursions into the up country to wreck vengeance upon the Whigs.

It is hardly germane to your inquiry, but an incident of one of these incursions of "Bloody Bill" is so graphically described by a venerable female of mine who lived in these stirring times and to whom I am indebted in part for what I know of the Caldwells of the Revolution. I will take the liberty of transcribing it for you in her own words: besides it relates in the main to Captain, afterwards Major John Caldwell, already so prominent in what I have written. She says:- Uncle John was Cunningham's superior officer but had no dislike for the man except for his general bad and insubordinate character. The Whigs were on the retreat from Ninety Six and passing thro' Newberry Uncle John stopped for a little while at his home and was resting on the piazza with his wife. Uncle ↗

(husband of Elizabeth)
 Robert Gilliam and father (William C.) were on their way to Hays' Station to warn the Whigs collected there that Cunningham and his Tories were on the "war path", killing and burning as they went. While Uncle Gilliam and Father were at Uncle John's they saw a blaze at Towle's shop about three miles distant. They said to Uncle John, "Cunningham will certainly kill you and you must get away from here." He said, "William, I have nothing against my neighbors and do not think that they will do me any harm." Uncle Gilliam, Father and Satterwhite who was with them tried to persuade him to go with them to Hay's Station but could not prevail upon him to do so. Cunningham and his men had stopped at Towle's shop, had their horses shod, and then shot down old man Towle and his son and a negro boy. In mockery they laid the body of Towle on the work bench, set fire to the shop, dwelling house and other buildings and burned them to the ground. They then went straight to Uncle John's who with his wife was sitting on the piazza. They had no children. The negroes had just come in from their work on the farm for it was noon. Cunningham called my Uncle John out to the gate and shot him down in his own yard. One of the Tories then drew his sabre and with it cut off his victim's head, kicked the body about and cut off both hands. A detail of men was then made with orders to capture and carry off every able-bodied negro on the place, another squad to burn every house on the premises and destroy every article of value. These orders were executed to the letter and the negroes were taken to Charlotte.

Aunt Elizabeth Caldwell (afterwards Gilliam), hearing of the Towle's murder mounted a horse to go to Uncle John's. On the way she met Cunningham and his men, and knowing him asked him what he had done to her brother, John. His reply was, "Killed him and his wife too". She hurried on and found the mutilated body of her brother, his poor wife in a stupor

of grief worse than death, and the whole settlement, except two small houses, a mass of smoking ruins. Cunningham, who had earned for himself, and now bore the name of "Bloody Bill" ^Nwent to Hay's Station and there in cold blood, murdered every man of the small community, excepting six"- the chronicler continued:- "Our family suffered greatly as they were ardent Whigs. Aunt Williams had sent her son, a lad of eight or nine years of age, to carry some clothing to the elder boys who were in the ranks: when "Bloody Bill" met the child, found out his mission and who he was, he ordered the little fellow to be hung which dreadful, wicked command was executed. Surely these were times and deeds that made the hearts of parents exceedingly sorrowful".

Pardon another extract from the chronicles of my venerable relation, long since called to her reward, which will delight you ~~in contrast~~ ~~xx~~ in contrast drama related and is a fitting companion piece to it. The war had ended and peace reigned. She says:-

(REBEKAH WALKUP)

"My grandmother (the widow of William Caldwell and the grandmother of John C. Calhoun) was now in her 98th year and conceived the plan of having a grand family reunion with every member of the family connection present. She was a remarkable woman of fine physical constitution and led an active life. When she first spoke of having this large assembly of her relatives some of the children said to her: "Mother, your house will not hold the crowd". She replied: "I have all of my children near except those in Abbeville County". (Not more than thirty miles away). "William, James, Dr. Martin and Sally, John Moore and Eleanor, live not more than five miles away, in a circle with all their children and grandchildren, and others in the adjoining District (now Counties), none so far that they cannot come and find welcome with their brothers and sisters who live near my own home. Now children, hear my plan:- William, James and David, you must build me a snug shelter, in case of rain, for a dining

hall, then a small one for the children to play in. I think my own house will hold the older members of the family and then you must build me another shelter. I shall never meet them all again on earth, I am now 98 years of age, and it will make me happy if you can give me the pleasure of seeing you all together." The chronicler continues:- "Her plan, it is needless to say, was fully carried out and I was one of the infants in the grand assembly, now in my 78th year. Grandma died one year later, aged 99 (ninety-nine) years.

Her sons and daughters vied with each other and with delighted hands and hearts each one sought in his or her way to gratify her every wish. This was surely a happy time, memorable in the family as long as any of the older members of it remained on earth. That generation has now passed away, and this one has lost all knowledge of these grand old times and fashions." The chronicles of my venerable cousin are replete with incidents of this kind above related. They scarcely arise to the dignity of history but to those of us whose forefathers were actors in them, they possess a peculiar charm as compared with more pretentious history. I believe them to be more veracious. They were edited a few years ago in the form that I have them by my sister from the manuscript of our cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell Higgins. In the confinement of a ~~zzzzzzzzzz~~sickroom of an invalid husband, my sister found ample time and recreation for this labor of love in the form of two manuscript volumes of one of which I am the owner. If I could do so I would gladly grant you the inspection of my volume, but as there are only two copies extant, I would not be willing to risk the casualties of fire, flood and field in its transmission to you. I may add that my own name is James, the son of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of Rebekah, who was the daughter of James, who was the son of William Caldwell and Rebekah

Walkup (or as it is sometimes spelled Wachup) his wife. My great-grandfather, James, was a brave soldier in the Revolution of 1776, was severely wounded, having four fingers of his right hand cut off, and numerous other sabre cuts on his person.

Just after the close of the War he married Elizabeth Forrest, and was blessed with numerous progeny of sons and daughters, ten of whom grew to man and womanhood. Just the same number with which God had blessed his father, William and mother, Rebekah. These in turn for the most part, were married and were similarly blessed, for the Caldwells are a prolific family and have aided much in multiplying and replenishing the land to whose freedom and independence their valor and heroism contributed in no small degree.