

THE DENBOW DIASPORA



1996

"An International Newsletter for Denbows"

Vol. 3, No. 2

First Ohio Denbow Lands Found!

By Sandy Denbow Jameyson, of Lodi, based on research by Ron Denbow, of Medina

Editor's Note:

This is a major find for those trying to discover their Ohio Denbow family history. We will be printing followup information in future issues, including photographs.

County. Even though the county boundaries changed since the original land survey in 1785.

changed since the original land survey in 1785 -- with the formation of Carroll County from the surrounding counties of Harrison, Jefferson, Columbiana, Stark and Tuscarawas -- the section, township and range numbers haven't

Thomas Denbow (1765-1826) bought the original 160 acre tract on June 19, 1822. Thomas' sons, Bazeleel and John, moved to this area some time within the same year, bring-

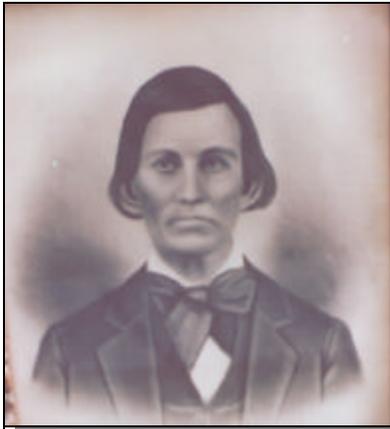
Recent research has turned up old deeds from the courthouses in the Ohio counties of Harrison and Carroll. These deeds have recorded the movement of, Bazeleel (aka Basil) and John Denbow, in what is today, the Perry Township area of Carroll County, Ohio. All of the deeds give much needed information, with one deed giving the location of the land that Thomas Denbow willed to his sons in 1826

Ron Denbow, my brother, is a real estate agent with Coldwell Banker, of Medina, Ohio. Ron researched these courthouses, in November of 1995, and found the old land deeds and was able to locate the land coordinates on a current land survey map of Carroll

Children of John and Martha Denbow

First Name	Year Born	Probable Location of Birth
BAZZEL	1819	Harford County, Maryland
EDITH	1821	Harford County, Maryland
JAMES	1823	Original 160 acre tract in Perry Township, Carroll County, Ohio
SARAH	1825	
ELIZABETH	1827	
SUSAN	1832	Original tract or Monroe County, depending upon which month she was born
LEVI	1834	According to some family sources he was born in Monroe County.
WILLIAM	1839	Sharp land adjoining the original 160 acre tract in Carroll (the Harrison) County? Or Monroe County?
GEORGE	1842	
JACKSON	1842	
MARTIN	1843	

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John Denbow (1797-1862)

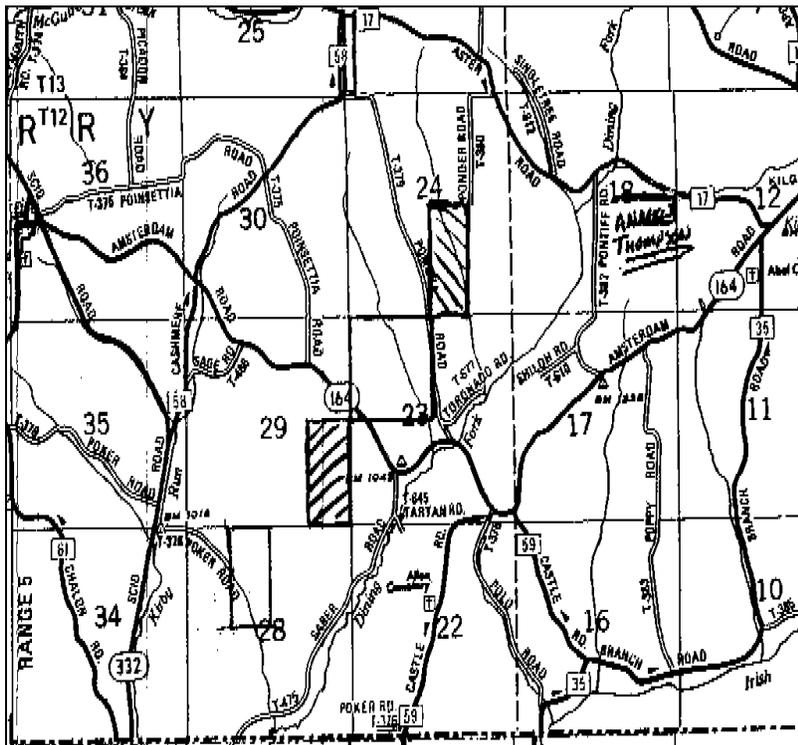
ing their sister, Cassandra, with them. It is believed that another sister, Ann, also came on this same journey. Cassandra Denbow married Josiah Thompson in 1822, which would explain why she came to Ohio with her brothers. Josiah, and a brother, Zacariah, bought a tract of land on September 9, 1819, that would later adjoin the 160 acres that Thomas would own.

In Thomas' will, dated April

23, 1826, he indicates his wish that his sons live on the land a few years, which is exactly what they did. Then, on July 31 1828 and October 25, 1828, Bazeleel (Basil) and John began to divide and sell the inheritance, nearly two and a half years after their father's death. John was the first to sell his share, on July 31, 1828, to Jacob Gladden, who was an original trustee of Disciples Church, where Allen Cemetery is now located. Another name given to this burial ground by the older people who live in the vicinity is "Woodpecker Cemetery." If you ever go there you may hear one or more of the several woodpeckers that still inhabit the area.

Bazeleel sold his portion of the inheritance to John Jackson, his brother-in-law, on October 25, 1828. John and Sarah (Denbow) Jackson would later, in 1831, buy the Benjamin Toland property that adjoined this 40 acres they bought from Basil. Martha Toland was another

sister of Basil and John. Her husband, Benjamin, was the executor of Thomas' will. They didn't buy land in Ohio until May 19, 1828. Martha is buried in the Allen Cemetery. Her husband remarried Elizabeth McCavran, whose mother Ann was a sister of Andrew Thompson. Benjamin moved to Jefferson Township,



TOP: Shows the General location of Carroll County in the State of Ohio, also raises the burning historical question of whether the Denbows had more men in the Union Army than the "Fighting McCooks." They certainly had more generals! Graphic from *How Our Counties Got Their Names*, Jim Baker's Historical Handbook Series (Pioneer Press: Worthington, Ohio, 1973).

LEFT: A map of a section of Perry Township of Carroll County showing the first Denbow lands.

Tuscarawas County, Ohio, living on a tract of land adjoining Josiah and Cassandra (Denbow) Thompson.

Bazeleel and John moved to

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the 90 acre tract of the inheritance which was to the east of the previous tracts sold to Jacob Gladden and John Jackson. This tract was land locked. On September 1, 1832 — the year that

and John moved to a site on Poker Road in Perry Township, of the same county.

Since we are still looking for Thomas' original deed to the 160 acres, our most convincing document to date is the deed to the 40

acres Bazeleel sold to John Jackson. This deed confirms what we already know about Thomas' will by stating that that "Basil is entitled [to this land] by last will of Thomas Denbow, Harford County, Maryland." This reference to Thomas' will validates the ownership of the property. John's deed doesn't make this

Age of Family Members when John & Martha Came to Ohio

JOHN - 25 yrs.

MARHTA - 24 yrs.

BAZZEL - 3 yrs.

EDITH - 1 yrs.

Carroll County became a separate entity from Harrison County — a one acre tract was sold to Jacob Gladden for what could have been an access road to the 90 acre property. It is on this same date that Bazeleel and John settled up their heirship by selling the 90 acre tract to James Harris. Basil then moved to a 40 acre tract in Lee Township of the newly established Carroll County,

statement, which is possibly due to his birth order, as Bazeleel is the eldest son. As we have established the beginnings of the Denbow families in Ohio, it is our wish that you will enjoy reading and learning about these new Ohio Denbow family discoveries as much as Ron and I did in researching them.

OHIO CLAN CHART UPDATE

Although it may seem like it, the long-delayed Ohio Clan charts are not forgotten. By the time of the reunion, I will have nice printed booklets that will contain all of the information in the charts. These will be indexed booklets and will provide a great deal of information in a pocket size. Anyone who ordered and paid for a chart, will receive one free. Others can buy them for \$18.00 each. I still plan to get the charts printed, when I can find a suitable printer to replace the one that went bankrupt. — CJD

Comming Up in the Next Issue

- ◆ A story by Susan Sharp, of Hillsboro, Ohio, about the mysteries surrounding the Denbow-Sharp connection.
- ◆ Pictures and stories from the 1996 Denbow Reunion in Marietta, Ohio
- ◆ Your letters, articles and pictures. We want to hear from **you!** (If you have an old family picture, please send it in. We'll scan it, print it in the newsletter and return the original to you.)
- ◆ New genealogical information from the United Kingdom, submitted by Stuart Frederick Moverley, of Plymouth, Devon, UK, who happens to be lucky enough to have picked a Denbow bride.

1996 Gathering of the Diaspora

Denbow Reunion in Marietta, Ohio — July 26-28!

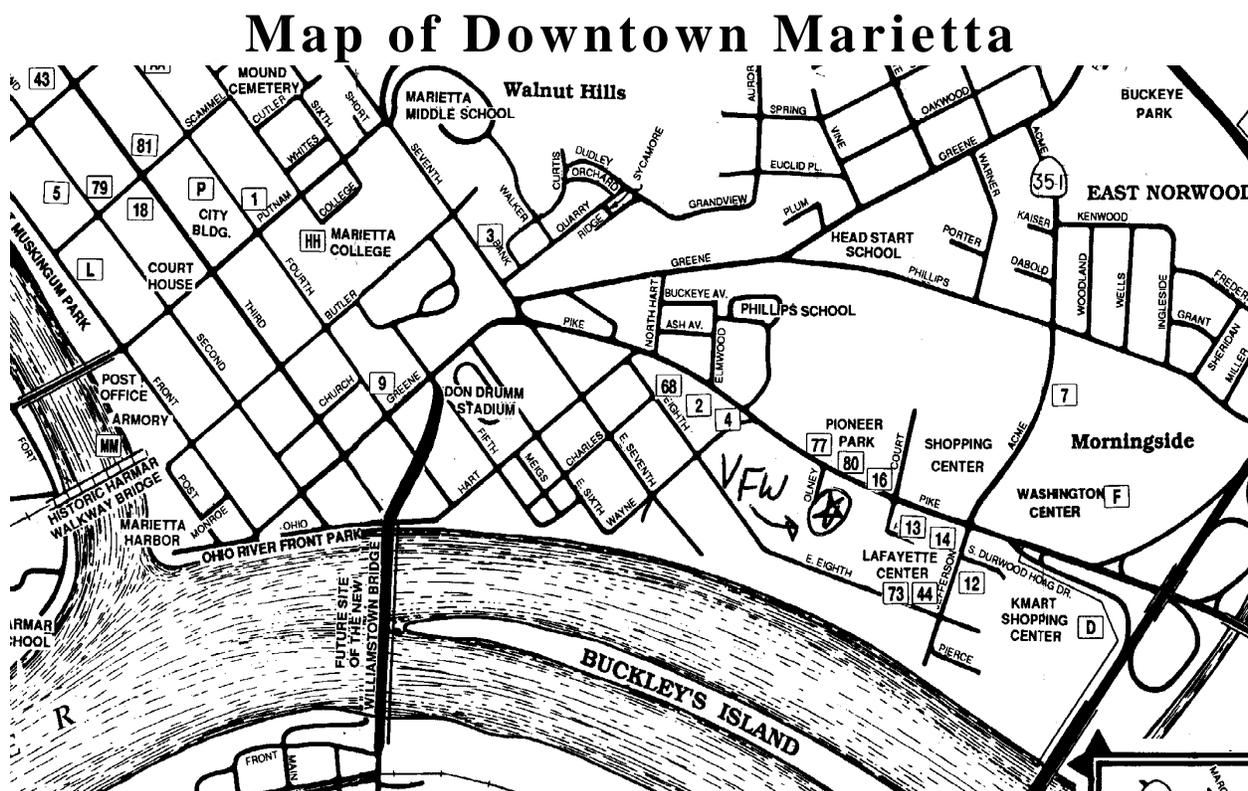
Come Have Fun in Ohio's First City, Visit the Many Historic Sites, Dine Friday Night at the Historic Lafayette Hotel, See the Denbow "Battle of the Sexes" and Renew Acquaintances with your Denbow Relatives.

Here's a quick rundown on all the fun:

- **Friday Night, July 26** — 2nd Annual Diaspora Dinner at the Lafayette Hotel (Attire is casual; atmosphere is informal.) Sandy Denbow Jameyson and her brother Ron Denbow will show a video tape of the first Ohio Denbow lands and will explain their exciting research project!
- **Saturday Afternoon, July 27** — Picnic and Family Get-together at VFW Park on Onley St. 11:00-5:00; Lunch begins at 1:00 p.m. sharp! (Many fast food joints in neighborhood, so no need to bring a dish from home, but it's OK to do so, if you want.)
- **Sunday Afternoon, July 28** — Field Trip. This year we'll again travel to Woodsfield, with a guided tour by Sandy Denbow Jameyson. She'll take us to Hamilton Cemetery, the burial place of Martha Sharp Denbow. We'll travel by Scenic Rt. 26 (Ohio's "Covered Bridge Highway") and will stop at historical sites along the way. A stop at a local museum will be scheduled. It'll be a fun and educational day that no one with Denbow blood in their veins should miss!!!

And what about the battle of the sexes ...

And, if final details can be arranged, we will have a two-on-two basketball grudge match between Susan Denbow, starter for Marietta College and Jennifer Denbow, starter for the Athens High School JV squad and a two-man team made up of their aging dads — Larry Denbow and Carl J. Denbow.



Places of Lodging in Ohio's First City

HOTELS/MOTEL

(1-800-526-5947)

Best Western of Marietta 279 Muskingum Dr., Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-7211 (1-800-528-1234)

Econo Lodge Newport Pike (1-77 & Ohio 7), Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-8481 (1-800-446-6900)

Holiday Inn—Marietta Newport Pike (1-77 & Ohio 7), Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-9660 (1-800-HOLIDAY)

Knights Inn of Marietta 506 Pike St. (1-77 & Ohio 7), Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 373-7373

Lafayette Hotel 101 Front St., Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 373-5522 (1-800-331-9337/Ohio) (1-800-331-9336/Out-of-State)

Super 8 Motel 46 Acme St./ Washington Center (1-77 & Ohio 7), Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-8888 (1-800-800-8000)

Travel Host Inn Newport Pike (1-77 & Ohio 7) Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-8190 (1-800-537-6858)

BED & BREAKFASTS

Archers Fork Manor R.R. 3, Box 208, Archers Fork, OH 45767 (614) 865-3670

Buckley House 332 Front St., Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 373-3080

Claire-E C/O 127 Ohio St. Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-2233 & 374-3876

Herb House 426 Sixth St., Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 373-5248

Larchmont 524 Second St., Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 376-9000

Sandhill House County Rd. 20, P.O. Box 1E, Reno, OH 45773 (614) 373-0197

RSVP FORM

Please cut out this reply form and send it in ASAP. While reservations are only required for the Friday night Diaspora Dinner, your courtesy in replying about all events would be appreciated! Reservations for the Friday night dinner **must** be accompanied by a check for \$15.00 per person attending.

_____ I will attend the Diaspora Dinner on Friday Night. My party will consist of _____ people. I've enclosed \$_____ (number of attendees x \$15).

_____ I will attend Saturday Picnic and Get-together. (I anticipate _____ number in my party.)

_____ I will take part in the Sunday Field Trip (_____ will be in party).

Return completed form to:
Carl J. Denbow
63 Morris Ave.
Athens, Ohio 45701-1939

CAMPGROUNDS

Civitan Park Washington Co Fairgrounds, Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 373-7937

The Landings Ohio 7 north of Marietta, (614) 373 6180

Marietta RV Park 819 Front St., Marietta, OH 45750 (614) 374-8584

Union Mills Along Muskingum River north of Marietta, (614) 373-9646

Cousins Corner

Our readers write to express their opinions and to shed more light on the fascinating topic of Denbow genealogy. Your letters are solicited and will be most gratefully received.

Dear Carl,

How about a quiz for movie buffs? About 15 years ago, before the advent of videos in the UK, one Saturday afternoon the BBC TV showed a "B" movie. So it must have been really old even then. If only I had had a video then! It was a Western (i.e., cowboys, rustlers, and range wars). But the "baddies," as I recollect, were a family called "The Denbows!" And, they spelled it right! The Denbows were a family who raised terror in

everyone, and the film was filled with phrases like — "Look out, the Denbows are coming."

The question is, because I don't know, what was the film called, and has anyone got a video of it?

Regards,

Dick Denbow
Alresford
Winchester, UK

Editor's Note: Dick, do we have news for you. Yes, we know the name of it and we have copies of it. Thanks to Floyd Denbow Sr. of Lewisville, Ohio, we were all treated to a view of it last year at the reunion. Also, Joe Denbow of Ashland, Ohio, made copies of several of us that asked. I'm sure he'd be willing to make you a copy. His address is in the last directory issue of *The Diaspora*. Now to answer your question about the name — "The Untamed Frontier," starring Joesph Cotten and Shelley Winters, as one reviewer put it — an all star cast with a subpar script.

Editor's Note: What follows is Co-editor Jim Denbow's correspondence with Susan Emblar. Jim's letter to Susan is first:

Susan,

Perhaps I will be of some use to you. Going through my "non-computerized" files I found the following notes sent to me some time ago by correspondents in Maine.

1. These notes correspond with yours as to birth date on 27 July, 1751 in Dover, NH. [though another note I have places this in Newington, NH]. Martha's (or Patty's) parents were John Denbow and Tabbert ???. John Denbow (1740-1823) may have remarried later to Mary Pickett. John was the son of Clement Denbow (1715-1764) and Margaret ??? who one record in 1764 lists as married. Clement was the son of Richard Denbow (1672-1760) who was the son of Salatheil Denbow (1642-1714) who settled in Oyster River, NH in 1662. The Leighton Family record states that Hatevil Leighton drove cattle for "farmer" Denbow in 1771 from Lubec to Machias Maine. It also says he married John Denbow's daughter Martha and that he met Martha during this cattle drive.
2. Martha had a brother named John, Jr. who married "Jenny Rolphe" of Lubec.
3. Clement Denbow, John's father, was in eastern Maine in 1786 as the Machias Reg. of Deeds for Washington County (bk 2, p. 340) shows that he purchased land from Thomas Dexter in that year. The land was located near the Cobbscook



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This newsletter is published quarterly, for the most part, by the co-editors, who are proud to claim that it is the only newsletter in the world "For Denbows by Denbows."

River in Passamaquoddy Bay. On 30 Sept. 1796 the Machias reg. of Deeds shows that Clement Denbo of Plantation 5 (Harrington) of Washington City sold some land to (probably his son) John Denbow on both sides of Graces Mill River. He may be the John Denbow of the 1790 census and is thought by some to be buried under the name "John Dinsmore" (there are some confusing property transfer records involved here) in the Mill River cemetery at Harrington next to the Baptist church .

3. On a land deed dated 1800 Clement Denbow (i.e., Martha's grandfather) transferred property in the town of Pembroke, Maine to Hatevil Leighton. This land abutted that of the Leightons. Martha Denbow was born on the date you say, but some of my scant information puts this in the town of Newington, New Hampshire. The Leighton's land on Cobbscook bay was the site for their timber operation. Hatevil spent the years before the Revolutionary war putting out Masts and Spars for the English Navy and a cairn erected in this area documents the date and the Leightons names as the first white settlers in Pembroke.

A lot of this seems to be included in a book titled The Leighton Family Record by Walter L. Leighton, which you have probably seen.

Hope this isn't just repetitive for you and you can read my garbled writing (my wife is rushing me out the door).

Jim Denbow

I descend from Martha Denbow b 07/27/1751 in Dover, NH. She married Hatevil Leighton in 1772. Their daughter Mary Leighton (b 05/28/1780 - in

Life in Southern Prisons

by Capt. W. W. McCarty (Part II)

Introduction

The following is the second of a two part series featuring the recollections of W. W. McCarty, an officer in the 78th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War. This was the regiment in which five Ohio Denbow brothers (William, James, Martin, Bazzel and Levi) fought along side their 63-year-old

Dennysville) married my ancestor William Bell. Their son Joseph Bell (b 12/25/1820 - Trescott, ME) married Rebecca Edes Ward. Their son Horace Bell (b 1855 Trescott, ME) married Margaret McDonald. Their daughter Imogene Bell (04/01/1888) married William Lloyd Stillwell. They had my grandmother Leah Maxine Stillwell (1/17/1911 - Humphrey, AR) who married my grandfather Aaron Louis Eifling. They had my mother, Olive Jean Eifling (07/30/1940 Memphis, TN) who married my father Charlie Truitt Hounihan and they had me on 06/03/1959.

That's it in a nutshell. I know nothing at all about Martha Denbow, but I seem to recall that she may have had a nickname "Patty". I'd sure like to learn more about this family. In several years of looking, you are the first reply I've had to this line. I really appreciate it.

Regards,

Susan Quinn Hounihan Kinney Emblar (whew!)

father, John. Capt. McCarty expresses in these writings a number of interesting sensitivities about racial and cultural issues that help us to better understand the world of our 19th Century forebearers.

The excerpts presented here are from a book that is considered by some Civil War scholars to be one of the best regimental histories, particularly as it relates to the siege of Vicksburg. This book has a wonderfully convoluted 19th Century title — *History of the 78th Regiment O. V.V.I. from Its "Muster-in" to Its "Muster-out" & Comprising Its Organization, Marches, Campaigns, Battles and Skirmishes*, and was written by Rev. Thomas M. Stevenson, Chaplain of the Regiment (Hugh Dunne, Zanesville, Ohio: 1865). It is extremely rare and commands over \$500 a copy; that's more than twice what most regimental histories cost at rare book dealers. Through *The Denbow Diaspora* you can buy a photocopy reprint of the entire book for \$40.00, see subscription coupon for details.

The 78th Ohio had a streak of abolitionism in it, which may have been especially strong among the Monroe County boys in Company "K." Capt. McCarty's sentiments on racial questions were probably reflective of many of the officers and men of the 78th Ohio. Particularly instructive was his story in the first installment in the fall 1994 issue of the horrible mistreatment he witnessed of a black POW. In this second installment — which unfortunately

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was delayed for a year — you will now finally have a chance to read about the reliance he and his comrades had on intelligent and resourceful slaves who helped them during one escape attempt. These slaves provided crucial food, shelter and information during McCarty and his comrades brief period of freedom.

McCarty's reminiscence gives not only a glimpse into the nature of the slavery system in this country at that time but also clearly shows how knowledgeable the black population of the South was about the war and their desire to aid in ending the "peculiar institution" that was keeping them subjugated. This is certainly a different picture than one gets from such classic tales as *Gone with the Wind*, written as it was from the perspective of the Southern aristoc-

A first for the 1996 Reunion — Denbow T-Shirts with a Civil War Motif, or as our Uncle Billy would have put it, The War of Rebellion!

tacy. We hope that by presenting these excerpts you will gain useful insights about the environment in which our ancestors lived during this tumultuous period in our nation's history.

Finally, it should be noted that Capt. McCarty was a regimental officer and not a company commander, so it's unclear how much direct contact he had with our ancestors in Company "K." However, it's interesting that another McCarty -- probably a brother or other relative -- by the name of "H. W. McCarty" was promoted from

Sergeant of Company "E" to Second Lieutenant and assigned to Company "K" at some point during the war.

Here's Part II of a first-person account of life in Southern prisons from the hand of W. W. McCarty of McConnellsville, Ohio:

Life in Southern Prisons

Friend Stevenson: -- There is one incident connected with my prison life which I omitted in my former letter, and which I now propose to give you.

On the 8th of November, 1864, at 2 o'clock A.M., Captain Turner, of the Sixteenth Iowa, Captain Strang, of the Thirtieth Illinois, Lieutenant Laird, of the Sixteenth Iowa, and myself, made our escape through the guard lines at "Camp Surghum," near Columbia, South Carolina, with a view of making our way to the gunboats near the mouth of the Edisto river. Having passed through in single file, without drawing a fire from the guard, we struck our way for the timber, and after wandering around an area of some five miles, in search of the Orangeburg road, we at length found ourselves about two miles from camp. As day had now began to dawn, we found it necessary to conceal ourselves. We therefore took refuge in a dense thicket, which was quite narrow, and surrounded by open grounds. Here we remained all day, eating our "corn dodgers," smoking, making pipes, and whispering over the Presidential election, as we could not talk above a whisper without being discovered or attracting the attention of the dogs and heroes, who were within hearing of us all day. We also

speculated a great deal on what we would eat and drink when we would reach our lines. Dark at length came on. The moon shone dimly through the flying clouds, and we moved out quietly in search of the Orangeburg road, which ran directly south from Columbia. After wandering around for some time unsuccessfully, we came across two negro boys, who kindly conveyed us to the road, giving us much valuable information. Once on the right road, we started off in high glee, marching in single file to avoid making too many tracks. To avoid being discovered by any white person was now our chief concern, so we pledged ourselves to one another not to speak above a whisper.

We had traveled about five miles, when suddenly we heard talking ahead of us, and soon discovered a buggy meeting us. We were in an open lane, a board fence on each side, and escape seemed impossible. I gave the signal to the others, which was a shrill whistle, and immediately we all jumped to one side of the road, and fell flat upon the ground, trusting to the brown sage to shield us from the observation of the men in the buggy. They drove up unsuspectingly, until they came opposite to where we were lying, when their horses smelling us, scared and became frantic. The driver struck them with his whip, when they bounded ahead and soon conveyed them out of sight, when we again took the road and made rapid strides on our journey southward. We met two or three wagons during the night, but succeeded in getting out of the road until they passed. They were market wagons on their

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way to Columbia.

We traveled on until day-break, making a distance of eighteen miles, when we turned aside and selecting a hiding place in the woods we laid down and fell asleep. We remained in this place all day, but were frightened several times at dogs, which were running through the woods in search of something to eat. We were not afraid of the dogs, but only afraid they might bark and lead to our discovery. But the day passed off safely to us, and when darkness came on we again took up our march. Our haversacks by this time were rather light for our health, but we pushed on, hoping to find some friendly negroes by whom we could get them replenished.

After marching a few miles we discovered a light ahead, which we supposed to be in a house, and how to pass it without discovery was now a question of serious moment. As we cautiously moved up a little nearer, the light disappeared, which caused us to change our minds, and our next conclusion was, that it was a rebel picket post. We moved up a little closer, and discovered a bridge between us and where we had seen the last light, which confirmed us in the belief that the bridge was guarded. Captain Strang volunteered to move up close enough to see if he could discover the post and how it was situated. Meanwhile the balance of us concealed ourselves in the bushes by the roadside. The Captain soon returned and reported that he saw a man moving about at the other end of the bridge, but could see no others, strengthening our conviction that the bridge was guarded, and how to get around it was a matter that gave us much trouble. As it was an impenetrable thicket on either

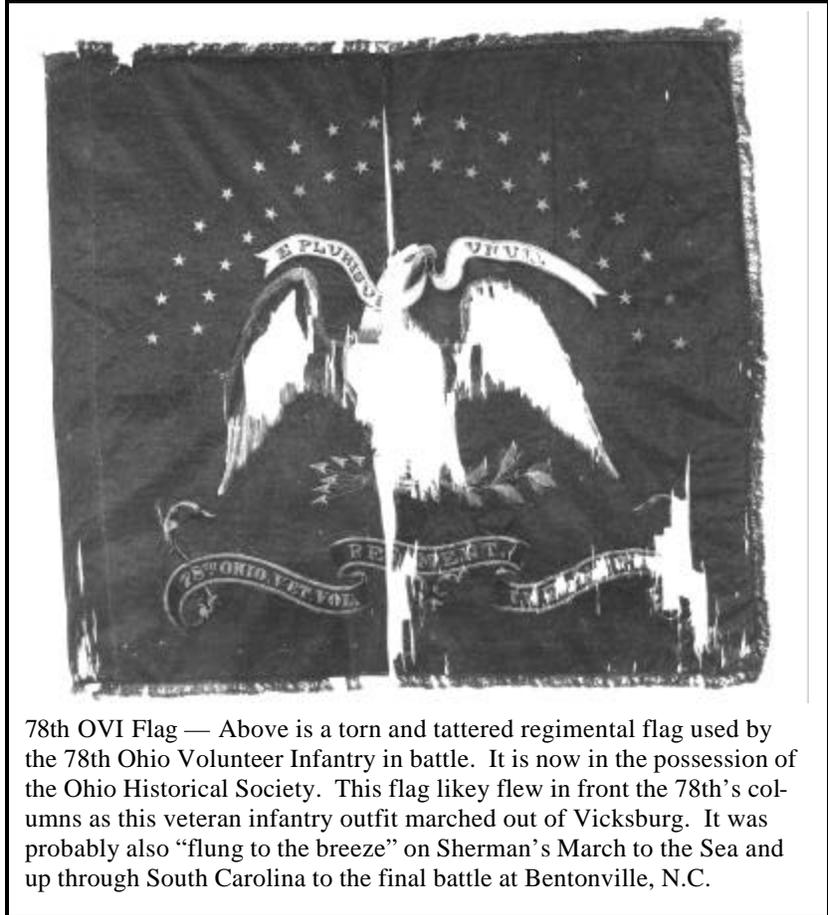
side, and the banks of the stream very high.

While consulting what we should do, our ears were greeted by the tread of a "darkie." Captain Turner stepped to the roadside and attempted to hail him in a whisper. "Uncle! Uncle!" said

down a huge possum which he had suspended by the tail)

"Come out, you shan't be hurt."

We learned from Harry that there was no guards at the bridge, but that a citizen who was on his way to the coast for salt had put up there for night, and



78th OVI Flag — Above is a torn and tattered regimental flag used by the 78th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in battle. It is now in the possession of the Ohio Historical Society. This flag likely flew in front of the 78th's columns as this veteran infantry outfit marched out of Vicksburg. It was probably also "flung to the breeze" on Sherman's March to the Sea and up through South Carolina to the final battle at Bentonville, N.C.

Turner. "Who dar?" said Harry, in a tone of voice that would have awakened all the pickets within a mile of us. "Hush! hush!" said the Captain, "the picket guards will hear us." Harry was a little frightened on being hailed so suddenly, and kept on his guard. He had not yet discovered the rest of us. "Who is you?" said Harry, and "what does you want with me?" "We are Yankee prisoners," said the Captain, "and want to talk with you." "O! bress de Lord," said Harry, (Laying

that the light we saw was the man going to the creek to get water for his mules, but that he had gone to sleep in his covered wagon. So, Harry leading off, we set out again, feeling greatly relieved of our troubles. We traveled about three miles beyond the bridge, when we came to the plantation where Harry's master resided. We stepped into the woods by the road side and set down to rest, while Harry went into the potato patch and grabbed us some

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sweet potatoes; and after filling our sacks with raw potatoes we renewed our march and continued it till near daybreak.

Before halting, however, we were suddenly alarmed by a signal similar to our own, by the road side, and a man came walking out of the bushes dressed in rebel uniform. He inquired of us something about the roads, supposing at first that we were negroes; but on discovering that we were white he seemed as much alarmed as we were. For a few seconds both parties were afraid to introduce the object of their mission. At length we inquired of him where he was going; he replied that he was going home on a leave of absence. We then asked him what regiment he belonged to. He replied, to a Georgia regiment, but did not recollect the number. We then began to see the "Yankee" in disguise, and told him that we were Yankee officers escaping from Columbia prison, which seemed to relieve him greatly, when he acknowledged himself a Yankee also, escaping from Charleston, and trying to reach Sherman's lines in the direction of Atlanta.

We could give him no encouragement, as he would have two hundred miles to march, under great difficulty. He expressed a desire to join our party, which we would gladly have consented to, but feeling that our party was already large enough, and being fearful that enlarging it would endanger the safety of all, we declined; but giving him our best wishes, we passed on our way until it became necessary to put up for the day. We turned into the first favorable looking place for concealment, threw ourselves upon the ground and soon fell asleep.

But we did not enjoy our repose long. At daylight we were

suddenly aroused by the rattle of the cars, which seemed as though they were running over us. On looking around us we discovered that we were only a few feet from the railroad track, and the train had passed by without any one discovering us. But the train once out of sight, we moved further away from the road, and concealed ourselves in a thicket of undergrowth timber, where we ventured to kindle a fire and boil our sweet potatoes. We re-

"We then began to see the 'Yankee' in disguise, and told him we were Yankee officers escaping from Columbia prison."

mained here all day without molestation, though in sight of a plantation house, where we could see the field hands at work. Our provisions had again given out, and when dark set in we attempted to see some of the negroes, but as there appeared to be too many hounds about, we concluded it would be unsafe to remain there, so we struck out for the Orangeburg road. We had got but a short distance when the roaring of the hounds were heard in our rear, and occasionally the blast of the horn. This alarmed us much, but with cudgels in hand, we made rapid strides toward Orangeburg. We soon became convinced that the hounds were not on our track, but on a fox trail.

As we were evidently nearing the town, we were again troubled to know how we should get around it and reach the river, where we expected to find boats. We struck off on a road which we supposed would take us to the river south of town, but traveling

but a short distance we found ourselves in the town, where a retreat was as hazardous as anything else. It was about midnight and the moon shone brightly, so we marched quietly through the village, until we reached the southern boundary, where we chanced to meet a "gentleman of color." The white people "slumbered and slept." Our colored friend informed us that there was no boat at the river, but what was guarded by the rebels. We had by this time become exceedingly hungry and tired, but no alternative was left but to push on to some other point. Branchville was our next hope, which was sixteen miles south of Orangeburg and also on the Edisto river. So off we started, taking the railroad track as the safest route. After traveling in this direction two miles, we met a negro man and his wife on their way toward Orangeburg. We found them to be friendly and trusty. The man, whose name was "Toney," lived a mile further down the road, and his wife lived in Orangeburg. Toney said if we would go on down near massa's plantation and wait, he would help his wife carry up the forage which they had evidently been getting off massa's plantation, and return and show us a hiding place, as it was approaching daybreak. We took him at his word, and sure enough, Tony soon returned and conducted us to a dense forest, where we kindled a fire to warm ourselves, and took a short sleep. About 9 o'clock in the morning Toney came out with a basket of provisions, which I assure you we relished. Pone, sweet potatoes, rice, boiled and fried, fresh pork, were luxuries which we did not often indulge in, except the pone.

Tony gave us all the information he could, and stated that his master was an "ossifer in

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the Conederick States." He told us if we would remain there until 9 oclock in the evening, he would bring us some more provisions. We waited accordingly, but Tony

"When night came on again, we moved out to the roadside to seek an interview with the first darkie we could see . . ."

failed to appear. We concluded something had turned up, which Tony could not control, so we struck out for Branchville. It was Saturday night, and a good time for meeting darkies, but just at the time we most needed their aid, we failed to meet with any. Traveling on until nearly daylight Sunday morning, we found ourselves in the village of Branchville. We hastened with light steps through the village, and marching about two miles beyond, daylight compelled us to seek refuge in a swampy thicket, where we spent the Sabbath in making pipes. When night came on again, we moved out to the roadside to seek an interview with the first darkie we could see, as it would be impossible for us to travel any further without something to eat, and besides we needed information about the boats. Providentially, we had waited but a few minutes when a half dozen negroes came along, to whom we introduced ourselves, and who seemed glad to see us. They conveyed us to a hiding place, and went to their quarters and cooked us half bushel of sweet potatoes and brought out to us, together with some bread and pork, and a lot of raw potatoes to carry with us. After eating a hearty supper, we gathered up the balance of our

"grub," and "Mose" and the other darkies leading the way, we soon found ourselves at the river, where there were two canoes. Mose owned one of them and his master the other, but Mose said, "Lord a massy, take 'em and welcome." We paid them a few dollars in Confederate money. Captains Turner and Strang boarded one of the boats, which they named the "Continental," and Laird and I took the other, which we named the "Gladiator." Bidding our colored friends good-bye, we pushed out from shore.

*"The moon was shining silver bright,
The stars with glory crowned the night,"*

and no happier set of fellows could be found than we were when we first struck our paddles in the water of the Edisto, heading toward our gunboats. We made steamboat speed the remainder of the night, and about day-break we tied up and camped for the day, in the wilderness of the Edisto.

Monday night came on, when we again pushed out, and made good speed until three o'clock in the morning, when we again went ashore and took a sleep until daylight, (Tuesday) when we kindled a fire and cooked our remaining potatoes, and sucked our sugar-cane stalks until they were dry. Tuesday night came on, and we resumed our voyage, but it now became necessary to hunt for more forage. So, passing down the river a few miles, we came to a plantation lying near the river, which was quite a rare thing, as it was principally a wilderness on both sides of the river.

Here we pushed ashore, tied our boats under cover of the bank, and moved up quietly to the negro quarters and made our-

selves known to darkies, who were glad to see "de Yankees" they had heard so much about; and after becoming satisfied that we had no "horns" and that we were their friends, they rallied all the negroes on the plantation. Women and children came out to see us, each one bringing some token of their kind regard. Even the smallest child had a potato to give us. By these negroes our haversacks were again replenished with grub, but they could give us but little information about what was ahead of us. We started with our treasures to our boats again. Just as I stepped into my boat it tipped up with me, throwing me into the rapid cur-

"and [we] moved up quietly to the negro quarters and made ourselves known to darkies, who were glad to see 'de Yankees' they had heard so much about . . ."

rent, and I should evidently have drowned (being no swimmer) but for a bough of a tree which reached to the surface of the water, and which I chanced to get hold of, pulling myself up and climbing up the limb. I again got on shore, and soon we were in our boats and under way. But as I was wet and the night cold, we only traveled a few miles until we went ashore, made a fire, dried my clothes, and slept the balance of the night.

Next day we resolved to run the risk of traveling in daylight, so we pushed out and run at good speed nearly all day, undisturbed save the occasional plunging in of a huge alligator from the shore, which sometimes endan-

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gered the safety of our boats. As night approached we were confident that we were nearing a bridge, which we had been previously informed was guarded by rebel pickets, though we could not learn whether we should be compelled to leave them and flank the guards, ruining our chances to get others below the bridge. Our only chances were to "go it blind," or to see some negroes and get the necessary information.

Darkness at length came on, and we had sailed but a short distance until we heard talking on the shore in the woods, near the river. Supposing it to be the voice of negroes, as it is hard to distinguish the difference between the language of the negro and that of the white man in that country, we pushed ashore, tied our boats, and started up to meet our colored friends, but had got but a short distance when the dogs pitched at us fiercely, and the men began to hiss them on; and advancing rapidly upon us, we soon discovered that we were entrapped.

The party consisted of two white men and two negroes, armed with double-barrel shot-guns, accompanied by two dogs. They demanded of us who we were and where going. We represented ourselves as Confederates on a leave of absence, from the Thirty-Second Georgia. They however mistrusted us, and demanded our papers. I took a piece of paper from my pocket to make believe I had a furlough; but none of the party could read, which was well enough, as there was nothing on it to read. They expressed themselves willing to let us go, if they could do so without their officers finding it out; but said they were under orders to arrest everybody traveling without a pass, and sent for a man in the neighborhood to come and examine our pass. We then told them who we were, as escape seemed impossible, on account of the hounds and other difficulties. We were then taken to a house on the plantation and put under guard, and the women went to work, killed some chickens, went into the field and pulled some corn, shelled and ground it on a

little hand mill, baked us a pone from the meal, and made us a supper of chicken, pone and sweet potatoes.

We were now a hundred and sixty-five miles from where we started, and thirty miles south of Charleston. The next morning we were taken to Charleston on the first train. The family where we had stayed all night, being of the poorer class, expressed a good deal of sympathy for us. One of the women remarked to Captain Strang, "Youens are better lookin' than our folks."

At Charleston we were introduced to the jail and locked up in close confinement, our rations consisting of a pot of mush a day for all four of us, with nothing to eat it with but our pocket knives and fingers. We were only kept here a few days, however, when we were put upon the cars and returned to Columbia, from whence we started.

Very truly yours,

W.W. McCarty

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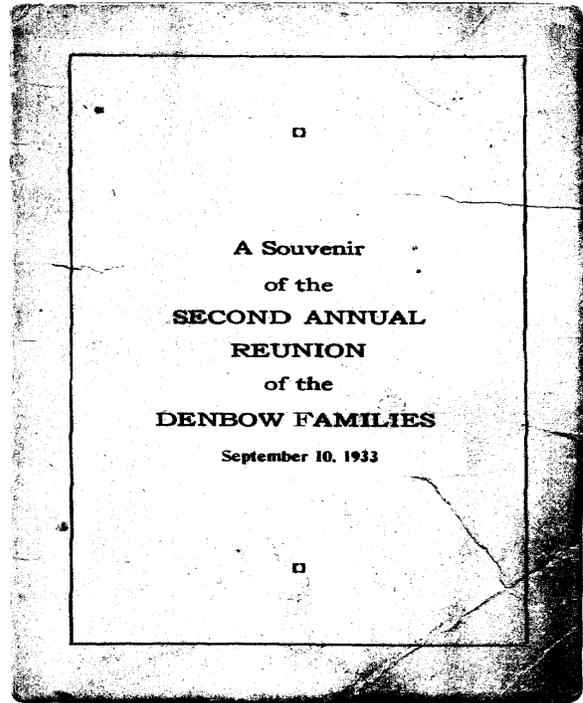
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Denbow Reunions of the Past Remembered

To tweak your interest in the upcoming reunion and to get you in touch with Denbow Reunions of the past, *The Denbow Diaspora* is reprinting a small booklet that was produced by C. L. Driggs, a self-styled "friend of the Denbow tribe," to commemorate the 1933 Reunion held in Monroe County after a 1932 reunion at Shoenbrun, Ohio.

If you are old enough to remember this reunion and would like to add your own personal recollections, we'd be honored to print them in the next issue of this newsletter.

— The Editors



DEAR SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THE DENBOW FAMILIES:

This is our second annual reunion. Last year it was held at Shoenbrun, Ohio, and was enjoyed by all. Today we are meeting on the old grounds trod by the Denbow families. It was here in this old county of Monroe they built their cabins and cleared the ground for their tobacco patches to buy the necessaries of life at the grocery of that day when the ox team did the work of hauling logs for cabins, and clearing of the forest.

Woodsfield was noted for its large tobacco warehouses from which large hogsheads of tobacco were transported to Clarington and thence by rail to Baltimore and by boat to Wheeling. They were of the hardy pioneers blazing a trail for the civilization of today. In their day they had good old ham-bone, boiled cabbage, corn pone all week with white bread for Sundays. Old style lye hominy, corn cakes and buckwheat cakes and sorghum, and homemade sausage was the order of the day and how they enjoyed their apple cuttings and corn huskings after which came the frolic and square dancing to the tunes of "Turkey In the Straw," "All Hands 'Round." "Them thar" were great days with taffy pullings and cherry seedings, tobacco stringings and singing schools. Seven of these Denbow boys bared their breasts to the southern army, coming back honored and respected by all who

knew them. That was back in 1861 to 1865. There were many others whose names it is impossible to give who went when our country needed them. We can look back on those four years of battle when it was brother against brother, one from the southland, another from the northland. In our late war the Denbow boys were there with the same fighting spirit as that of their pioneers. In life they have done their duty to their country and the land of their nativity; so may they rest in peace, until the last great day.

We are sorry to say that two of those old pioneers have gone to their long home. They are James T. Denbow and his good wife Sarah J. Denbow. The older generation is giving way to the new the same as the ox team is giving way to the automobile of today. Still times flies on and new inventions lead us on. In a few years the automobile will be looked upon as a relic of the past and the old steam railroad will be left in oblivion and we who rode the trains of this decade will see a new train that will make the old of yesterday a memory.

Now, sisters and brothers, I want you to enjoy this bountiful repast and trusting I may meet you all next year I am as ever,

A friend of the Denbow tribe.

(Respectfully submitted to you to keep their memory green.—C. L. Driggs).

Mailing Label Page