**MCALLISTER FAMILY**

Col. **Alexander** McAllister (white) came over (to America) the last time around 1740. He married **Flora** McNeill (black). Their children were **Carl**, Grissela, Janet, and Neill. **Carl** married Janet Buie. Their children were Archibald, 1776; Alexander, 1779; Flora, 1782; **Mary**, 1785; Neill, 1788; and Janet, 1792. **Mary** married Col. **Duncan** McLean. Their children were Carl, John, Archibald, Neill, Mary Jane, and **Hugh** and Hector (twins) born on February 16, 1810. **Hugh** McLean was the great-grandson of Col Alexander McAllister (white) and Flora McNeill (black). Hugh McLean never married. **Mary** McLean died September 15, 1813 and her husband **Duncan** died on January 5, 1824, in Bibb County, Alabama.

**James Turner** McLean was the son of **Hugh** McLean and the great-great grandson of Col. **Alexander** McAllister. **James Turner McLean’s** mother was **Charlotte.** She was mother of Minnie, Cornelia, Mary, Hector, and Charity. **James Turner** McLean married Catherine Johnson. Their children were Rosa, James Hugh, **Cornelia**, Neill Duncan, Beatrice, Katie, Mallie, Mary, Hector, Carl, and Lottie. **Cornelia McLean** married **John D**.**McKay.**  Their children were Katie, Mamie, Claudia, John Hugh, Myrtle, Martha, Mallie, Jessie, Joseph, and Beatrice.

The grandparents of Hugh and Hector came to America from Jura, Scotland in 1749 and settled on the Cape Fear River, one half mile south of Fox Island. Hugh and Hector grew up in Neills Creek Township in an era where slavery was a way of life and a norm, if you happened not to be a slave. Their parents were farmers, as were most folks in the rural areas of the America. The twins also became farmers, established in agriculture and grazing. They were tailors by trade and made men’s suits. They also made coffins for others as well as themselves.

They were members of the Summerville Presbyterian Church and they walked from their home which was the distance of about ten miles one way and had to cross on the old flat that was used instead of a bridge.

Hugh McLean and John McAllister were related and also business partners, so it wasn’t a mystery to me why John McAllister sold my great-great-grandmother Charlotte to Hugh McLean. The mystery to me was why she was in Alabama. In a letter dated in 1870 from Franklin, Alabama, an inquiry was being made by “poor old Aunt Amy” who was already in her mid 80’s and had gone to Alabama with Alexander McAllister, making inquiry of her brother Cary, who was with a John Smith. It was clear to me that great-great-grandmother Charlotte’s people were originally from North Carolina and had gone to Alabama with the McAllisters.

The home that Hugh and Hector McLean shared was near the present site of Cleveland McLean’s home. As adults, by 1830, they had acquired quite large acreage of land between them. They were both industrious and frugal; Hugh being more frugal of the two. As coffin makers, they taught the trade to Turner, who also shared in the profits.

They traveled extensively or quite often during those times when travel was slow done mostly by horse drawn vehicles. They were selling and buying whether they were dealing in dairy products or humans. They liked to travel.

One letter in particular, comes to mind when Hugh and some of his hired hands were on a cattle drive out west. He wrote back to the settlement of the magnificent landscape, how much more spacious the region was and that there was plenty of room for expansion and that no one in this great land should be crowded. To his cousin Janet, he was marveling at the great peals of thunder and the bright streaks of lightning. He had never seen such large flashes and heard such loud boomers. He would stand out in it and was actually fascinated by it. I can imagine that his fascination was not less than that of Franklin or Edison.

When the war came, Marsh Hugh and his household, as did others in the area, were busily hiding valuables and money from the Yankees. I remember hearing a story told by Papa Turner of one such incidence in which they moved things from the house to the hiding places from morning to night. Of course Papa Turner was a very young lad at the time and his vivid imaginations and his fantasies far out weighed his realities, except when he had to face the hard, cold ugly truth of being there. Charlotte’s prayers were that her children be kept safe from all the uncertainties that had again beset them.

The goals of most blacks, after the surrender, was to set up and establish on their own lands and ultimately to become secure in their own endeavors. The same applied to “Lottie” and her family. They did not leave the McLean estate, immediately however, she was persuaded to stay on the land that had provided her earlier existence there. By this time, she and her children were considered as members of the McLean family. There was no turning back of the hands of the clock. The inevitable had happened and as one writer says,”The finger writes, having writ, moves on”. This was a time of repaying old debts, settling old scores, easing the conscience, a time of weak kneed planters who dared not take a stand before his time had come to correct the wrongs, a time of healing, or putting ointment on the old sores and of binding up the wounds.

The sun shone brightly and constantly on Charlotte. In 1867, when Charlotte was yet a young and beautiful woman, after the Civil War, the government promised all the blacks forty acres and a mule, especially those who had been enslaved. However, not all of the promises were kept, and many blacks were not given the land. In the mid-western part of the nation, the land was taken over by Europeans, poor peasants and very few black people.

Hugh McLean looked with favor upon Charlotte and, with a stroke of his pen and his seal and witnessed by John Spears as administrator, he deeded Charlotte seventy-five acres of land that lies beyond the Cape Fear River and the Raleigh Road. He wanted be certain that she and her children would be well provided for.

Charlotte continued to go about her daily tasks or routine of doing her chores and caring for her family. She helped with the garden work in the early spring, set her chickens and made sure that the cows and calves were fed, watered and contented, so they would give plenty of fresh milk to go with her delicious buttermilk biscuits.