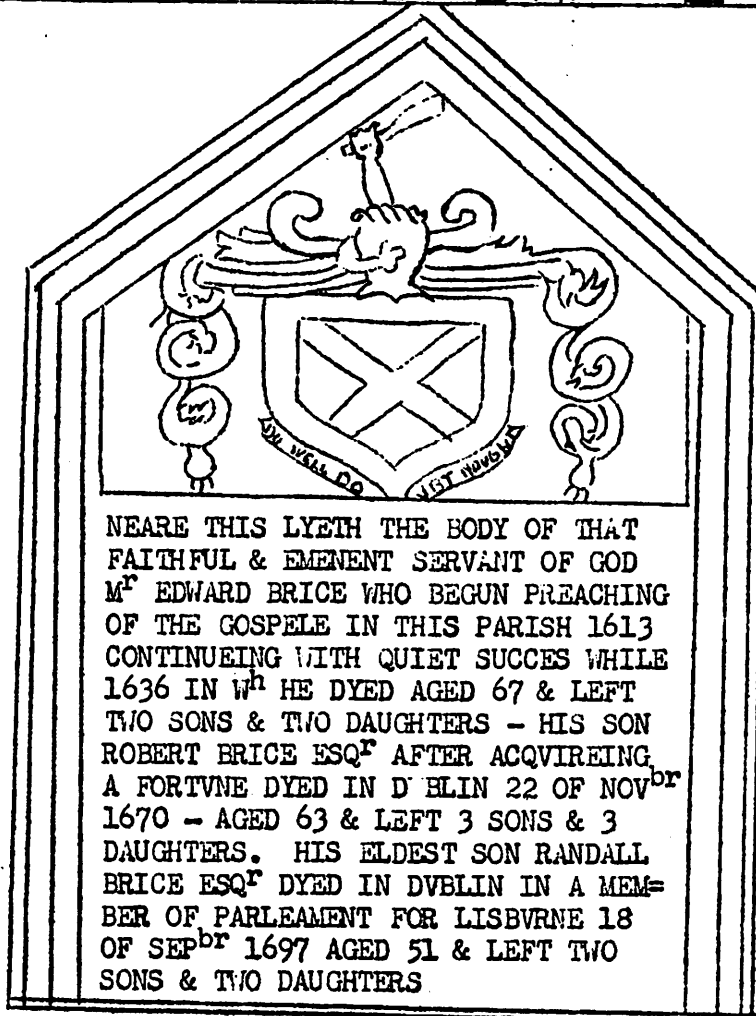


HISTORY OF THE BRICE FAMILY



The above was copied from the tombstone of Rev. Edward Brice in the cemetery at Ballycarry, Ireland.

DEDICATION

My own family has recently suffered a very great bereavement in the loss of our only daughter, Susanne Clarke Brice. Susanne and I had long planned to write this family history and but for the automobile accident which ended her short but beautiful life, she would have been of invaluable aid to me in assembling this data. I have had to carry on alone, but as a tribute to Susanne I want to dedicate this rather rambling narrative to her memory.

A HISTORY OF THE BRICE FAMILY

The Family in Europe

Tradition in the Brice family is that the name was at one time Bruce, being descendants of King Robert Bruce of Scotland. My research has failed to substantiate this claim. While Robert Bruce was a fugitive on the continent of Europe for a time he regained his throne after the victory at Bannockburn June 24, 1314, and not only reigned until his own death, but another generation of Bruces followed him on the throne. The Brice family were adherents of the Bruce dynasty and of the House of Stuart, which followed the Bruces, after David Bruce died childless, but there is nothing to connect their emigration to America with the rise and fall of the Stuarts, as Bonnie Prince Charlie suffered his last crushing defeat at Culloden in 1746 long after the adventurous Brices had gone from Scotland to Ireland and indeed some years after part of them had gone from Ireland to America. They were not, therefore, in the position of the Scotch settlers who had taken an oath of allegiance to the English King just before coming to America and were classed as Tories because they considered themselves bound to the King.

The earliest authentic history of this branch of the Brice family begins with Rev. Edward Brice, M. A. who was born in 1569 and was what was known as a non-conformist, leading a stormy career as a preacher at a time when those who could not agree with the established order were subject to being cast out of the Church and otherwise punished. He was apparently the first of the Brice family to emigrate from Scotland to Northern Ireland and the indications are that the general emigration of the Scotch-Irish which occurred about 1690 was due to economic conditions as well as to religious persecution. It should be borne in mind that the history of Scotland and Ireland in this early period was filled with strife and turmoil and it is quite difficult to trace one of these families back to their former home in Scotland. They had lived in the North of Scotland near the River Clyde and their adventurous spirit took them to the comparatively unsettled region of Northern Ireland now spoken of as Ulster. This relates to the Scotch-Irish in general and may not be entirely correct as to our family, for history records that Rev. Edward Brice was obliged to flee from Scotland for opposing John Spotswood, Bishop of Glasgow. This was about 1611, or something like forty years after the death of John Knox, and Rev. Edward Brice, the former Presbyterian minister of Drimon, Scotland, settle in the parish of Templecovan, Ireland, preaching there and also in the Church of Ballykiel, on the Island Magne. On Sept. 3, 1619 he was collated to the Presbytery Kilroot by the Bishop of Down, but these ceremonies did not conform to the canons of the Episcopal Church, and on August 12, 1636 he was deposed in Belfast by Henry Lesly, who had become Bishop of Down. This was because of refusal to

conform to the canonical forms of Episcopacy. He died in the same year, aged 67, leaving two sons and two daughters. He was buried at Ballycarry, Ireland, and what must be the real Brice Coat-of-Arms is carved on the tombstone. It bears the motto "Do well - Doubt Not". His eldest son, Robert, resided at Castle Chichester, but died in Dublin, aged 63. By Robert's wife, Elizabeth, who died in 1704, he had three sons and three daughters. One of the daughters married Thomas Knox, who is said to have been a member of the first Scotch family to move to Ireland. One of the sons, Hugh, died in 1687 at the age of 24. Another son, Edward, was a Colonel in the Army and died in Belfast June 28, 1726. The son from whom our line descends, Randall, was High Sheriff of County Antrim in 1675, and in 1692 was Representative for the Borough of Lisburn. He died in Dublin in September 1697, leaving two sons and two daughters. The son from whom our line descends was Edward, who married Jane Dobbs, by whom he had two sons, Edward and Alexander, and several daughters. He too became High Sheriff of County Antrim and died in 1742, aged 83 years. His son Edward married in 1748, Rose, daughter of A. Stewart Ballintoy, by whom he had a son named Edward and several other children. He married again in December 1758, Jane Adair, by whom he had several children, one of whom married Sir John Anstruther. The son, Edward, succeeded to the family estate and married Theodora, daughter of Lord Ventry. Unfortunately for this narrative, the complete record of Randall's son Edward and his family is given here merely by way of information, for our line is from the other son, Alexander, of whom little is known, probably because he did not achieve the prominence of his brother Edward. Robert, Randall and Edward, all are said to have had ships at sea and traded with Scotland, indicating that they were comparatively prosperous men. There is a strange interlude in the Brice family history at this point for all we know is that Alexander had a son named Nicholas, who in turn had a son named William. We know that William married Jane McClure and that the McClure family was very prominent in County Antrim. There were four sons born to this union, and the eldest, Walter, remained in Ireland. The three youngest sons, John, William, James, all came to America. The one named James S. Brice, born in County Antrim in 1774, came directly to Charleston, S. C. about 1790. This is much later than the greatest migration of Scotch-Irish to America, which occurred from 1720 to 1735, and indicates that relatives or at least former neighbors had preceded the young emigrants to South Carolina a good many years before. The Brice name, although somewhat uncommon, is found in practically every state, and some of them achieved prominence. One of the most prominent of the name was Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio, other were George M. Brice of California and Walter Brice of Tennessee. As these names Calvin, George and Walter occur frequently in our branch of the family, it seems logical to suppose that these men sprang from the same stock from which we came.

The Brice Family in America

It was the custom in these days for most men to have a trade but the indications are that the last two generations of Brices had declined financially and socially as compared with

the preceding generations. This is entirely conjecture on my part and the lack of data on Alexander and Nicholas may have been due to fire destroying some of the records. This is the explanation given in a letter from a Dr. Heron, who was a family connection still living in that part of Ireland up to a few years ago. At any rate, James Brice landed at Charleston possessing nothing of consequence but his trade as a tailor and the tools of his trade. Nevertheless, he had been in South Carolina but a short time before he had accumulated several large tracts of land, owned slaves and became one of the wealthy planters of that section of South Carolina. He built a home about two miles from Little River. This house like all of the houses of that day, was of logs, but later he erected a large two-story house on a prominent hill at the cross roads near what was afterward a post office called Albion. This house was burned during the War between the States. Sanitation was practically unknown and it is not surprising to learn that he became a victim of typhoid fever, which made it necessary to amputate one leg. The nearest physician, Dr. Bratton, lived more than twenty miles away. Anesthetics were, of course, unknown, and after taking a drink of brandy, James sat upon a table and watched the operation with a great display of nerve. Forever afterward he was known as Peg Leg Jimmy and as this is a true history with no "whitewashing" it must be told that Peg Leg Jimmy was very much given to going off on drinking sprees. It must have done him no great harm, as he lived to the ripe old age of 71 years. He was twice married and is buried in the same grave with his first wife, the second wife, Mary Cathcart, along side, in the same cemetery of New Hope A. R. P. Church in Fairfield County. At the time of his death he owned about ten thousand acres of land. An original letter written to his son Walter, December 15, 1830, shows that he was a man of education, as the handwriting, spelling and diction are beyond reproach. It also shows that he was a good judge of real estate values. The date of his death was January 9, 1845. His first wife, Jane Wilson, was an only child, born in 1764, died September 8, 1804, and this narrative is concerned mostly with the six children born to this union, but as a matter of information reproduced below the names of all of the eleven children of James Brice:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Married</u>
Robert	Margaret Simonton
John	Never married
James	Never married
Nancy	John Simonton
William	Mary Simonton
Walter M.D.	Emeline Moore
Mary (by second wife)	George Miller
David " " "	Polly Younge
Jeanette (by second wife)	John G. Brice
Samuel " " "	Dorcas Price
Jane " " "	Samuel Gresham

John and William Brice, the brothers of James

All three of the brothers came to Charleston from Ballymena county of Antrim, in the Northern part of Ireland. They probably came separately, although early deeds indicate that they came into possession of land at about the same time and all of it in what is now known as Fairfield County.

John was the eldest, born in 1750, died in 1816, married Mary Gardner, who was born in 1757. This couple had only five children, a small number for that period, and only one of them, John G., married. Strange as it may seem, he married Jeanette, daughter of his Uncle James. From this line came the Blaines and the Caldwells.

William, born in 1760, married Elizabeth Phillips, born in 1765, and to this union eight children were born, including two who died in infancy. The son William married Martha E. Strong and another son John P. married Agnes Strong. This last mentioned couple were the forebears of Christopher Strong Brice, whose children still live between Charlotte and Pineville. One of the daughters, Grace Jane, married John Douglas, and from this union came a prominent family of preachers and educators, one of their grandchildren becoming President of the University of South Carolina and two of them taught at Davidson College.

Jane Wilson, Paternal Great-Grandmother

Jane was the daughter of Robert Wilson who was born in 1727 and died November 11, 1807. Robert Wilson was an earnest patriot and is said to have suffered greatly at the hands of the Tories. He became First Lieutenant of a company organized by Capt. Thomas Carnahan, whose daughter Agnes he afterward married. Capt. Carnahan was born in Ireland and is buried in an unmarked grave in the old abandoned cemetery of the first church built in the New Hope Community. Efforts have been made to interest the D. A. R. in locating and marking Capt. Carnahan's grave, but it seems his company must have been irregulars and there is no record of a bounty being paid to him. Someone should pursue this matter further as Capt. Carnahan and Lieutenant Wilson are said to have fought all through the war, helping to defeat the Tories at Mobley's Meeting House, uniting with McClure's and Bratton's companies. Capt. Carnahan must have been named both Thomas and Robert, as we find him referred to by both names. He is said to have been the leader of the patriots or Whigs who gathered at the same New Hope cemetery, so often referred to in these pages, before the victory of Mobley's Meeting House. Agnes Carnahan was born in 1715, died September 1, 1782, being buried in the same grave with her husband Robert Wilson in the present New Hope Cemetery.

Dr. Walter Brice

My Grandfather was born Sept. 5, 1804. As he came into the world his mother passed out of the world, and he was nurtured by a negro wet nurse. He attended Mt. Zion Institute in Winnsboro, Jefferson College in Pennsylvania and later graduated in medicine at the College of Charleston. Transportation facilities were so lacking in those early days that my grandfather had to ride on horseback to the point of connection with the stage coach. There he would sell his horse and on the return journey would buy another horse on which to ride home. Naturally there were very few return trips. In the case of my grandfather there was only one trip, as he would spend summer vacations working in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania and went to Jefferson College two years without visiting home. Returning home after two years, he decided to study medicine and took a preliminary course of reading with Dr. John Douglas, who married Mary Lunsford, the half sister of Martha Emeline Moore, who was to become his wife. It was while boarding in the Douglas home that he met her. Just why the young student took this preliminary course with a practicing physician isn't apparent now, for he took the full course at the Medical College in Charleston and later attended lectures in New York City. The education of Dr. Walter Brice must have been far superior to that of the physicians of that period, and he met in every respect the qualifications of a Southern gentleman, being fastidious in his dress and courtly in his manners. He was twice nominated for the Legislature but always declined public office. He built an office in the side yard of his home in Fairfield County. This came to be known as the "Doctor Shop" and I can remember as a small child being told tales about the old skeleton which was still in the house at that time. This building is still in very good shape, although there is no longer a floor and it has been converted into a garage. I still have a memorandum book showing the fees charged different people. The standard charge for an office visit seems to have been fifty cents and if the doctor had to go to see the patient the charge was one dollar. Contrasting these fees with those charged by doctors of the present day, one can see why modern doctors are so concerned over socialized medicine. A number of Dr. Brice's medical books are also still in existence. One reason he could charge such low fees is that medicine was not his chief source of income, as he owned several thousand acres of land, almost a hundred slaves, and was a large planter. Having heard people speak of their forebears as owning "hundreds of slaves", although the records show very few slave owners of that magnitude, I asked my father and mother on one occasion how many slaves their parents owned just before the Civil War. My father estimated it as about eighty, but my mother still claimed her father had owned "more than a hundred". My Grandfather kept a level head when most of the hot headed people of South Carolina were talking secession. I have often heard my father tell of a visit from ex-Governor Means, who was a good friend of my Grandfather's and the families quite frequently exchanged visits. My Grandfather accompanied Governor Means to the front step still im-

ploring the Governor to use his influence to avert the terrible bloodshed. Governor Means took from his pocket a small silk handkerchief and said "Doctor, I can take this handkerchief and wipe up all of the blood that will be shed." "Oh, No, Governor" replied my Grandfather "You're very wrong about that". It must be said of Governor Means that what he lacked in judgment was made up in his valor, for he organized a regiment and although he was old enough to have flowing white hair, he was in the thick of every battle and exhorted his men to follow wherever they saw his white hair. He was killed leading a charge at Cold Harbor. I have in my home a sideboard Governor Means had made in Columbia and presented to my grandfather in 1859. I have also copies of the letters exchanged at that time, and they are beautifully expressed. My Grandfather was destined to lose three sons in the terrible war, and did not live very long after the close of the war, dying December 7, 1871. Such incidents as this I feel should be preserved for posterity and for that reason I write this history. My grandfather Brice gave to New Hope A. R. P. Church the land for the church and the cemetery, so these are in sight of his old home place. The present house had been built partially while he was a young man and he added later the rear wing of the house, which consists of two large rooms, upstairs, two corresponding rooms downstairs, a pantry and two long side porches. As was the custom in the South at that time, the kitchen was separated from the "big house". I remember that on the metal guttering of the house, the figures 1837 and still visible, but my father had been told as a boy that the guttering was added some years after the house was built, so the house, which stands out picturesquely in its setting of beautiful trees, is much more than one hundred years old. In all of the annals of history, ancient or modern, there is nothing to equal the manner in which these emigrants came to America with little worldly goods and with much less cultural background in Europe than is generally supposed, and yet built up in one or two generations a race of proud and colorful people who came to be known as Southern aristocrats.

Emeline Moore Brice

At this point I digress to bring in the line of my paternal Grandmother. Col. Thomas Wade, who was born in Anson County N. C. in 1720, married Jane Boggan in 1743. The town of Wadesboro was named for him. He had three sons who fought in the Revolution and he himself was appointed Colonel of Minute Men of Salisbury District. One of the sons, George, who was born on Shoco Creek, Anson County N. C. May 29, 1747, married Mary McDonald in 1766. Mary McDonald was born January 15, 1748 and died August 22, 1779. She was the daughter of Daniel McDonald who was a prosperous planter of the Catawba River Section and was the son of Dan McDonald who came directly from Scotland to South Carolina about 1725. George Wade organized the first rifle company from Lancaster, S. C. and marched to the defense of Charleston, being wounded later in the battle

of Savannah Ga. He was commissioned Captain of 2nd South Carolina Militia in February 1776, but was taken prisoner by Tarleton while he was at home, the home being burned, slaves, horses and cattle taken away. He was one of the wealthiest planters on the Catawba River and he furnished provisions to General Sumter's army. He was one of the incorporators of Columbia, S. C. and his sons were the first students in old South Carolina College. His children were Thomas Holden, Daniel, Rebecca, Mary and George. The daughter Rebecca, who was born May 15, 1778, married Capt. Swanson Lunsford in 1797. Ivanson Lunsford was born in Petersburg, Virginia in 1755, served in Lee's Legion as Captain. He came to South Carolina during the war and remained there, being one of the original town council of Columbia. He was the father of one daughter, Mary, who married Dr. John Douglas. In 1799, Capt. Lunsford and two slaves went down the river to Charleston where he contracted yellow fever and died. His faithful slaves brought the body of their master back up the river in the boat and buried it in his yard, which is now the site of the State House in Columbia, and to this day his grave can be found in the Southeast corner of the State House grounds. After the death of Capt. Lunsford his widow, Rebecca, married Michael Moore. She is said to have built the first granite house with iron railing in Columbia and it was still standing at last reports. To the union of Michael Moore and Rebecca Wade Lunsford was born on September 21, 1811, a daughter, Martha Emeline, who was to become my grandmother. It will be seen that Capt. Swanson Lunsford was not actually in the Brice lineage, and yet that is where the name Lunsford came to be a favorite given name in the Brice family. Martha Emeline Moore was married April 28, 1831 to Dr. Walter Brice, and they came to live in Fairfield County about forty miles north of Columbia. As a very young boy I can remember my family visiting my grandmother just before her death, which occurred February 20, 1898. At that time she had lost a husband, four sons, a son-in-law and still another son had an incurable disease. As I look back in retrospect, I can still see my grandmother, a wrinkled old lady, sitting around the fire place in the corner, even as "Rachel mourning for her children and would not be comforted." Michael Moore was one of four brothers who came from Ireland and landed at Charleston. One brother remained in Charleston, two went to North Carolina and Michael found his way to Columbia. There he met and married in 1803 the widow of Capt. Swanson Lunsford. After living for a time in Columbia, they moved to the Rocky Creek section some distance north of Columbia, and lived in a brick house near the home of Dr. John Douglas, who had married Mary Lunsford, the daughter of Rebecca Lunsford by her first marriage. There were two boys and four daughters born to the second marriage. The older son, Major John Moore, served on the Governor's staff, and the youngest, Martha Emeline, became my grandmother. It is through the Moore and Wade line that we are related to the Craig, McLure and Harden families.

My Father's Uncles and Aunts

It is not my purpose to follow out the line of each one of the children of James Brice. Having brought the line down almost within the memory of those still living, my cousins who are interested can run their own line. As an example of what would be involved in running out each of these lines let us take the case of Robert, eldest son of James Brice. To Robert and his wife Margaret Simonton, was born eight sons and five daughters, all of whom married. While not so prolific as their parents, there must have been at least fifty grandchildren and they were not all named Brice, but Hemphill, McDonald, Lee, Enloe, Moffatt, through marriage of the girls in the family. From this line came a great preacher, Robert W. Brice, also Ashbell G. Brice, of Chester, and J. Steele Brice of York, both of whom achieved some prominence in public life. As has already been shown, the sons named John and James never married and there was almost inconceivable intermarriage between this Brice family and the Simonton family. From the line of William Brice and Mary Simonton comes Calvin Brice, some of whose grandchildren reside in Charlotte. From this line also comes Luther Brice, a lawyer of Spartanburg, and Oscar Brice, a graduate of West Point, who recently came into national prominence when he, as the commanding officer, hoisted the flag of the Southern Confederacy on an Island in the Pacific. Of the two sons born to Mary Cathcart, the one named Samuel moved to Selma, Alabama, and some of the descendants of David Brice and Polly Younge still live in South Carolina, as Brices, Mobley and Woodards.

My Uncles and My Aunt

The first of the children of my grandparents was James Michael Brice, born April 27, 1832. He was called Michael and grew to be a very handsome man. He fought through the Civil War having organized the Little River Guards at the outbreak of the war and when the war was almost over he was killed at Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864. He was never married, and was promoted to Captain in the early days of the war. Michael was educated to be the doctor of the family, and it has always puzzled me to figure out why he was in combat duty rather than in the Medical Corps. My research has brought out the fact that he preferred to be in combat service, but later did decide to resume his medical work, had taken an examination and had his commission in the Medical Corps in his pocket at the time he was killed.

Walter Scott Brice was born March 26, 1834, married Martha E. Simonton February 16, 1860. He enlisted in the 12th Regiment in 1861, and died of fever in a hospital at Richmond July 13, 1862. We have a very interesting letter Scott, as he was called, wrote to his parents in 1854 about a trip he and three other young men made from Louisiana, where he had been

teaching school, into Texas. It was a very wild country and they made the trip on foot, camping in the woods and living chiefly on wild game.

Robert Wade Brice was born June 10, 1836. He was called Wade and bore such a striking resemblance to General Wade Hampton that I always thought his name was Wade Hampton. He was twice married, his first wife Margaret Bell living only a short time after the marriage, which occurred December 2, 1858. While serving as a soldier in the Civil War he was married February 26, 1863 to Martha Matilda Watson, known to me as Aunt Tilly. Uncle Wade was wounded in the leg in the battle of Seven Pines, which made it necessary that he resign his commission of Lieutenant. He re-enlisted in the fall of 1864 and served with the Second Cavalry until the end of the war.

John Moore Brice was born March 7, 1839. John, like his brother Michael, fought through the Civil War and was not killed until the war was nearing the end. He was killed on picket duty in Virginia before Richmond, June 3, 1864, and I have the letter from Tom to his parents conveying the sad news that his brother John had been killed. Reading this letter I could not help but think of the episode of Governor Means offering to wipe up with his pocket handkerchief all of the blood that would be shed.

Thomas William Brice was born November 22, 1841. He fought through the Civil War and lost the right eye on November 15, 1863 while fighting in East Tennessee. He was married February 22, 1866 to Nancy Eugenia Boyce. "The Major" as he was called, achieved the highest rank in the Confederate Army and he also became the wealthiest member of the family. At the outbreak of the war he was attending school at Erskine College, but enlisted at Columbia in Hampton's Legion. He participated in the first battle of Manassas and fought with the Legion until the Maryland Campaign, when he was transferred to the Sixth S. C. Regiment and became a Lieutenant. The wound he suffered not only caused the loss of one eye but endangered his life and he finally reached home on Christmas Day, remaining at home until August 13, 1864, when he rejoined his regiment at Petersburg, Va. My Uncle Tom was very much given to teasing children and I remember him very well, also his lovely wife, Aunt Nanny, who bore him eight fine sons, only three of whom are now living, also one of my favorite cousins, Nanny Brice Harden, now living in Chester, S. C. Uncle Tom lived several years after he lost his devoted wife, and I shall never forget the statement attributed to him as he looked down on the casket containing the body of his wife, "She was beautiful to me in life and she is beautiful to me in death."

Rebecca Jane Brice was born September 8, 1844. She was twice married, the first time to James Lawrence Rosborough October 20, 1869. He died July 18, 1872. To this marriage

was born one daughter, Mary Emelino, August 29, 1870, named for her grandmother, and now Mrs. Wade Macfie living in Winnsboro, S. C. My Aunt Becky is remembered by me as a handsome woman with coal black hair and it was said that when released her hair came down below her waist. After the death of Mr. Rosborough she married John A. Brice, who was born November 8, 1822, and died November 1890. Incidentally, he is the grandfather of John A. Brice, now President of the Atlanta Journal. Two daughters were born to this union, Rebecca and Jennie, both of whom are still living.

Wilson McDonald Brice was born March 21, 1847, and was never married. While old enough to have gotten into the war before its close he was quite delicate and was sick upstairs when Sherman's raiders came through. The family silver had been buried and the Yankee officer, despite my grandmother's pleading, was preparing to apply a torch to the house, after promising to remove the sick boy, when my grandmother gave in and directed the negro servant to guide them to the silver. This faithful servant held out on them, as we would say now, and directed them to only a small part of the silver. They did get some silver cups and evidently divided the booty among themselves. At any rate, one of the cups was found on a dead Yankee soldier who was shot from his horse at the Broad River, and from the inscription on it, the cup was restored to my grandfather several years after the war. This cup is still in the possession of my nephew Walter Brice, Jr. of Spartanburg, S. C. My Uncle Wilson was fond of horticulture rather than agriculture and he will always be remembered by me as the most unselfish man I ever knew. He is the only person I can conceive of who would plant a rather large orchard knowing full well that his days were numbered and he could never hope to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

David Lunsford Brice was born October 21, 1852. Being only a boy in his thirteenth year at the close of the war, he, of course, escaped the terrible war, but was killed January 21, 1867 by a tree falling on him while standing watching some negro men cut down the tree.

My Father and Mother

Cronologically my father belongs between Wilson and Lunsford, but I am changing the order because I wish to give my parents special treatment. My father, Samuel George Brice, was born August 20, 1849, and was always called Sam. He was married to Alice Crayton Miller of Shelby, N. C. on December 6, 1876 and they lived to celebrate their sixtieth anniversary. Shortly after their marriage they moved to Shelby and my father established a mercantile business at Waco in Cleveland County. The business was quite prosperous for a while and they had horses and carriages, but in the panic of 1893 practically everything my father had was wiped out, although they did manage to save the home. When they first went to Shelby they bought a lot from

Rev. Thomas Dixon and built a house which is still one of the handsome homes on Washington Street. Thomas Dixon Jr., as a young boy, helped to haul the brick for the house, and he afterward became the famous author. My father bought cotton for various cotton exporters, and after the business failure in the depression of 1893 it could never be said that our family was prosperous, in fact there were times when my father was hard put to it to make both ends meet. He had been rejected for life insurance while still in his forties, and it is quite probable his long life is to be attributed to the fact that he retired to the quietude of his South Carolina plantation about 1900. While not a financial success, as the world reckons success, my father was truly one of nature's noblemen. No finer tribute can be paid to any man, in my opinion, than to say that he was a Southern gentleman, and my father was all that the term implies - a regular Chesterfield in his manner and bearing. It was said that he looked like Robert E. Lee, and when a traveling museum visited Charlotte recently there was indeed a striking resemblance between my father and the wax figure of General Lee. In politics my father was conservative and although as a young man he had been a member of the Red Shirts who drove the Carpet Baggers out of South Carolina in 1876 with the election of General Wade Hampton, the Democratic party under William Jennings Bryan became too radical for him. Like so many Southerners, born long since 1876, he would vigorously deny that he was not a Democrat, ignoring the facts of history which show beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Democratic party must continue to be liberal rather than conservative if it hopes for victory at the polls. The Civil War came to an end just in time to prevent my father going. He was almost sixteen years old when Sherman's raiders came through and I have heard him tell of the incident when a Yankee sergeant tried to get the boy to promise not to use his shot gun to shoot Yankees. When the boy refused the sergeant beat the gun over a grindstone and broke the gun stock all to pieces, but fortunately there was a good gunsmith in the neighborhood and he restored the gun to good condition. My father enjoyed telling tales of that very eventful period in history, and I wish now I had written some of them as he told them. He left us December 27, 1937 and with his passing the three surviving children lost a father of whom they have every right to be proud.

My Mother

It is not my purpose here to give a detailed account of my mother's ancestry for the reason that I plan to write a history of the Miller family as soon as I can assemble the necessary data. Her family had its origin in Switzerland and Holland, coming into North Carolina by way of Pennsylvania, and we will begin this narrative with John Miller, born 1754, married to Susan Twitty, a heroine of the Revolutionary War, who was born in 1763. Their children were Mary, Susan, William, Elizabeth, David, and the one who was to become my grandfather,

who died in 1897. Like my paternal grandparents, they had a large family and lost three sons in the Civil War. My mother, Alice Crayton Miller, was their youngest daughter, born January 21, 1856. Another similarity between the Brice and the Miller families is that my mother's father was also a doctor, practicing in Cleveland County, and Dr. Miller also owned large plantations and numerous slaves. He was referred to as Dr. William J. T. Miller, and was prominent in the State of North Carolina as well as in his immediate section. In describing my mother there will be none of that maudlin sentimentality so often used, for I am sure she would not want it that way. The English language is replete with adjectives and more of them can be used in describing my mother than any woman I have ever known. She was lively, vivacious, sprightly, animated, high spirited, airy and with it all she had a keen mind and good business judgment. Hers was a very unusual personality. She was full of life, enjoyed the society of friends, and was always ready to go almost anywhere at any time. In her last years she was subject to attacks without much warning and at these times she would remain unconscious for as long as forty-eight hours and semi-conscious for still longer periods. Our problem during those trying years was to get our mother to understand that she should not attempt to go visiting, shopping or to church. We would take her on automobile rides, and strangely, as it seemed to us, she preferred being taken down town, where there were lots of people, to going out into the peaceful countryside. We always felt one of these attacks would take her away, but she had an unusually strong constitution, which, together with a strong will to live, would carry her through and she would become in a remarkably short time the same vibrant personality as before her illness. One of these attacks did prove too much for her waning strength and her proud spirit passed into another world October 5, 1943, to join the life partner with whom she had spent sixty years of wedded bliss.

The Present Generation

This brings us to the present generation and as history deals with the past, and as this narrative is already longer than I intended it to be, I am going to forego any detailed recording of the present and succeeding generations.

To my parents six children were born. The oldest, Walter Miller Brice, was married to Lucille Plott of Waynesville, N. C. and both are now deceased. They had three boys. Walter Miller Brice, Jr. and his wife, Helen, reside in Spartanburg, S. C. and have two small children. The twin brother, Robert C. Brice and his wife, Miriam, reside in Hopedale, Mass. They too have two small children. Plott Brice has married recently and resides in Atlanta with his wife, Alice. My parents second child, John, died in infancy. The third child was my sister Mabel Claire, who married John F. T.

Clement of Charleston, S. C. Both are now deceased and had no children. My own wife is Susie Irene Clarke of Atlanta, Georgia. Our first child, Susanne Clarke Brice, is the one whom this family history is dedicated. Our next child, Virginia Clarke Brice, died in infancy. Our only living child now is George Wilson Brice, Jr., student at Darlington School, Rome Georgia. My sister Bessie Wade is married to her third cousin, Thomas Leslie Brice, and they reside in Atlanta, Georgia. Their first child, Thomas Leslie Brice, Jr., died in infancy. They now have two daughters, Elizabeth, residing with her parents in Atlanta, and Frances, a student at the University of North Carolina. The youngest child in our family, Eugene Harold, graduated from Southern Medical College in Atlanta and served his internship in the Hospital of the City of New York. It was customary for interns in New York to take a sea voyage before settling down to the practice of medicine. Eugene sailed as surgeon of a Booth Line Steamship which went far up the Amazon River. Although the Booth Line had not experienced a case of Yellow Fever on one of their boats for years, it was Eugene's fate to contract Yellow Fever on the return voyage. He died at sea and was buried at sea off Barbades, in the West Indies. I went to New York when the ship came in, talked with the ship's officers, who were almost as grief stricken as I was, and I carried Eugene's effects back to Atlanta. It was a great tragedy in my life, as Eugene and I were devoted to each other, and I still look back upon it with a great question in my mind as to why one so young and so promising should be cut down just as life was unfolding before him.

Conclusion

In the Brice family history I have encountered no "skeletons in the closet". Some of the men have been unduly fond of liquor, but hardly more so than the average family, and the women have been, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. The family has produced no man of great eminence, but as parents and citizens their record is excellent. Some have achieved a good measure of prosperity while others are quite poor in worldly goods, but rich or poor, they show a certain gentility of manner which springs only from a good family background.

Compiled in 1944 by:

George Wilson Brice
2131 Sherwood Avenue
Charlotte, N. C.

W. W. DIXON WRITES OF
DR. W. BRICE

Mr. Editor:

Through an inadvertence I left out a sister, Margaret, of Calum and J. A. Brice. She married the eminent physician and greatly loved man, Dr. T. B. Madden. They were the parents of Campbell W., our fellow townsman, and Thomas M. Madden, who has been connected with the Columbia Post Office for over 30 years as assistant and becoming postmaster on the death of Coleman, retired a few months ago.

A daughter, Mammie, of Dr. T. B. Madden, was graduated from Due West Female College with first honors when only 17 years of age. She married John E. Matthews and moved to Columbia when John was connected with the Loan & Exchange Bank. We unintentionally failed to mention A. W. Brice, of Woodward, among the children of Calvin Brice.

Dr. Walter Brice was born in this section in 1804 during the administration of President Thomas Jefferson and died in Grant's administration in 1871. He saw our country grow from a narrow strip along the Atlantic seaboard to the broad zone stretching across the continent to the Pacific ocean. He saw and heard Jackson, Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie and Pettigrew in their eloquent periods of oratory. He doubtless engaged in the small talk in the homes he visited professionally about the Fulton invention—steamboats, and the idea of Edward Gendron Palmer and Gen. John Buchanan's trying to set a railroad through Fairfield County. He heard of the horse races of old man Whittaker, Ben Harrison, the Peays, the Hamptons and Maj. Berry; wondered if the law suit between Joe Woodward and Winn Fortune's Holbecast last will and testament. He perhaps witnessed the change in dwelling houses from log

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the old flint-lock guns and how interesting that device of Kincaid's must to have been to him—the one that removed the cuckle-burs from the sheep wool. Why don't Morgan the overseer, try it on cotton and extract the seed from the lint? This query passed through the mind of Eli Whitney as soon as he saw it.

After attending the country school about New Hope, Dr. Brice attended a school at Monticello, then Mt. Zion College in Winnsboro. Finishing here he entered Jefferson College, Pennsylvania.

After being graduated at Jefferson College—and by the way, he began a diary and kept a scrap book here in which were recorded transactions of interest and friendships formed—he matriculated and passed a four year's course in the Charleston Medical College. On securing his diploma he settled down on the Cathcart place near New Hope Church as a surgeon and practitioner of medicine. He married Emiline Moore, a descendant of the Revolutionary soldier, Major Henry Moore. Mrs. W. H. Macfie, a granddaughter, was named Emiline for her.

Dr. Brice was an intimate friend and personal physician of Governor Means and received many testimonials in the way of presents and letters during the course of their lifelong regard for each other.

Dr. Brice was an influential member of the Mt. Zion Society of Winnsboro, and a pillar of strength in the A. R. P. Church at New Hope. If he had an idiosyncrasy it was his horror of debt. He instilled into his family the sacredness of keeping a fiduciary obligation inviolable. He amassed a fortune and was a great land-owner. It may be pertinent here as any other place to say that he acquired the old Marquis de Lashmette's lands and lands adjoining, near Woodward. The old Marquis fled France and the guillotine about the same time as Nancy Barrettes family died. Nancy Barrette married Congressman William Woodward, but more of this anon.

Dr. Brice's children were: (1) James Michall, (Capt. Mike); (2) Walter Scott; (3) Robert Wade; (4) John Moore; (5) Thos. W. (The Mac); (6) Rebecca Jane; (7) Wilson McDonald; (8) Sam G. (still living and alert at age 89); (9) David Lunceford. Eight sons and one daughter. Five of these sons volunteered in the Confederate armies, but two returned. Robert Wade, shot through the body; the other, Thomas W., lost an eye in battle. What a