

except in his rice patch to
supply himself with the
rice that he always ate in
his native Africa.

G. R. McMaster.

Capt. Buchanan (of Winstons)
was in command of troops
near Georgetown when Lafa-
yette landed there, and re-
ceived and entertained
him, and furnished him
the means to reach Wash-
ington's head-quarters.
Capt. B.'s body servant
was a small African
negro named Fortune,
who afterward had a rice
field in what is now
called the Park (in Winstons)
The spring there is called For-
tune Spring. When Lafayette
visited this country in 1825,

and was at Columbia (or
Camden) old Fortune mounted
his pony (his master having
died the year before) and
rode down to see the Marquis.
When he reached head-quar-
ters he was at first refused
admittance, but he told
them he had been where
there were real soldiers, and
pushed past them. On see-
ing the general, he said,
"Massa Lafayette, don't you
know me?" The general said,
"Hold, don't tell me; yes, now
I know remember, you are
Fortune, Capt. Buchanan's
servant. Fortune said, Mas-

sa, we are getting old, and
will never meet again." La-
fayette poured out a glass
of wine, and said, "Fortune,
take a glass with me," which
the old man did with pleas-
ure. Then Fortune mounted
his pony and rode home
satisfied, without again
seeing the patriotic French-
man whom he had known
fifty-years before. Old For-
tune always wore a woven
woolen cap shaped conical-
ly. Uncle John Buchanan
supported him in his old
age. He was never required
to do any work, and did none