

DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF
FORTUNE SPRING WOODS?

Fortune was Captain John Buchanan's body servant and these woods were given him by his master. Fortune lived in a cabin and planted a rice patch around the spring.

The following account was published in the Youth's Companion during the period of the World War:

"In 1825 General Lafayette's second visit to America was marked by many incidents. The Charleston News took up a pleasing incident that took place during his stay in Columbia, where he was a guest of the Randolph family. One day an old negro neatly dressed, called and essayed to enter the Mansion. The armed sentinel at first denied him entrance but th old negro persisted, saying he had been where there were real soldiers, and finally gained his point. He went sraight to the room where the distinguished Frenchman was standing and called out—"I come to see Marse Lafayette." The General turned, looked at the old negro and remarked: "An old acquaintance, don't tell me who he is." The negro advanced toward the marquis and bowing low said: "Howdy Marse Lafayette"! How yo do sar? Yo member me?" "Yes", replied the mar-

quis. "I have it. You are Fortune, belonging to Captain Buchanan, the first servant who waited on me when I came to America. When I landed at Georgetown I was taken first to the camp of Captain Buchanan and Fortune waited on me," as he warmly shook the old negro's hand. Lafayette called for a glass of champagne with Fortune which the latter drank with much dignity. Then the old negro put out his hand and said: "Good-bye Marse Fafayette, we am gittin' ol' and we won't meet no more, God bless you sah!" They shook hands, then Fortune went out, mounted his pony and rode to his home in Winnsboro. His master, Captain Buchanan, had died the year before."
—Youth's Companion.

Captain Buchanan was in command of troops near Georgetown when Lafayette landed, and he received and entertained the marquis and furnished him the means to reach Washington's headquarters. Old Fortune always wore a woven woolen cap shaped conically. General John Buchanan, a nephew of Captain John Buchanan, supported him in his old age, and he was never required to do any work and did none, except in his own rice patch to supply himself with the rice that he always ate in his native Africa.

Captain John Buchanan and his wife are buried in the Methodist churchyard in Winnsboro. An oil portrait of Captain Buchanan has always hung in the home of the late George H. McMaster, of Winnsboro. Captain Buchanan was his maternal great-uncle.

*copy as well as the
pudce, with much interest*

