

THE NEWS AND HERALD

Winnsboro, S. C., Wednesday, May 25, 1910.

Established 1844

Published Semi-Weekly.

MEMORIAL EDITION

Bragging Some.

Mr. Editor: You never mailed me a blank you speak of in The Herald. However, I will send in my credentials as a soldier from old Fairfield. I was born and reared in Fairfield; my father also. He and I belonged to Capt. Hayne McMeekin's company. Since the war I have lived just over the line in Richland, half a mile from where I was reared.

I belonged to Company F, Twelfth South Carolina regiment, McGowan's brigade, Wilcox's division, A. P. Hill's corps. McGowan had about 120 picked men from his brigade as sharpshooters, commanded by that gallant man, Capt. Dunlap, from York county. Oscar Bookman was selected first for the sharpshooters, and was killed. My officer sent me to take his place; where I served till taken prisoner at Southerner's station next day after the battle at Five Forks. Four days before Lee surrendered I was carried to a little island in the harbor at Bridgeport, Conn., and got home July 4, 1865. Have been farming ever since. Don't know anything else. Worked more days since the war than any man now living in Fairfield county.

The good Lord has been kind to me. I have not missed a meal since the war. Physically, I am the best man in the bunch now left in Fairfield. I can cut and split 500 rails or hoe an acre of cotton in one day, or lay off more corn or cotton rows, or cut grain with the old grain cradle ahead by a long shot of any old rebel left in Fairfield.

If you find one that doubts this braggadocia, though I am no betting man, I will back the test of endurance by putting up a plantation and a team of mules. Not seeing your blank. I don't know what you want. If this suits, all right; if not, ditto.

I send you my photograph. Please take nice care of it. The old woman thinks it good looking. Will be up to dinner certain.

Oscar F. Chappell.

OSCAR F. CHAPPELL.



Ode by Mr. Jas. G. McCain. (Read at the Unveiling of the Monument in Winston.)

The deed is done;
The patient toil of years has won
Its beauty from the stubborn stone:
And now at length
In space and strength,
Our native granite hath begun
To manifest our love and thought,
And for our hardness a tone.

Let it stand in the public square;
And there, let it face, front and dare
The future with granite
The heart of woman placed it there
In sunlight or in winter drear,
To speak to ages yet unborn.

Let it rise pointing to the sky,
That the casual passer-by
May learn how heroes live and die
And live again among the stars
Of Southern climes, when bloody wars
Have rolled their clouds of battle.

It speaks not with the voice of man,
But he who runs may understand
The speechless words, that on every
hand

The calm soldier, with arms at rest,
Obedient to stern fate's behest,
Is speaking to his native land.

He tells for battle's ruddy rain,
Of victory, and his calm disdain
Of loss and dire defeat:
The Southland's truth and golden day,
Her musketed ranks, her proud array
Are written 'neath his feet.

He seems to raise us up;
He seems to give support
For civic righteousness,
For many campiness
And martial grace.

Tell it to the East,
And to the wide West;
Proclaim to the North
With firm, fearless mouth:
The bugle-blast of Right,
Are sounding thro' the North,
And thro' breaking the Light
Of Truth for the South.

Truth for the blood that was shed;
Truth for the graves of her dead;
Truth over mountain and hill,
Truth for her Jackson and Lee,
Truth for her right to be free,
Truth for her courage and skill.

Honor for the heart that kept her
Honor for the trust that helped her
Honor for her weariness of woe;
Honor for her pure, honest word,
That drew with the North, her clean
sword

Against Spain, the nation's foe,
Honor for the flag now furled,
That stood in the smoke that rolled
From the mouth of the bar-
rel;

Honor for her State Rights creed,
Liberty's yearning and need,
Now to adjust and settle,
Stand firm, with the market at rest,
On earth's martial fields it is best
To wait for the word of com-
mand.

Man's dearest rights demand pure
These mighty States may give these
March on and save this glorious
land.

Bringing Some.

Mr. Editor: You never mailed me a
Thank you speak of in The Herald,
However, I will send in my credentials
as a soldier from old Fairfield. I
was born and reared in Fairfield, my
father also. He and I belonged to
Capt. Hayes' McCormick's company.

Since the way I have lived just over
the line in Richmond, half a mile from
what I was born in.

I belonged to Company B, Twelfth
South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's
brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's

The Reckoning and the End. (By Mrs. J. G. McCante.)

The beginning and end of human
crises are interesting. The first Se-
cession meeting was held in Abbeville
county, in this State, on November 22,
1860, at which Hon. Thos. C. Perrin
presided, and before which Hon. A.
G. MacGrath made his memorable
speech, urging upon South Carolina
to secede from the Union.

At this fateful meeting Hon. Ed-
ward Noble introduced a resolution,
wherein he exposed the danger to the
South from the election of Abraham
Lincoln as president and Hannibal
Hamlin as vice president of the Uni-
ted States, and the necessity of the se-
cession of the South from the Union
to preserve her rights. These resolu-
tions were carried with exultant en-
thusiasm. There had been only one
dissenting voice raised at the meet-
ing, and that was the pleading ad-
monition of Judge D. L. Wardlaw not
to secede, as secession meant war,
and war meant devastation to South-
ern institutions; but that voice was
drowned, hissed and disregarded, and
the doctrine and purpose of secession
adopted and uncensored from its moor-
ings and South Carolina committed
her all to custody and protection. De-
legates to the secession convention to
be holden in Columbia were elected,
and the best and truest citizens of Ab-
beville village and county were se-
lected.

It was a memorable day and the
place where these choice and master
spirits of Southern citizenship and
social eminence lighted the fires of
liberty is known as Secession hill. The
spot lies west of the old Columbia and
Greenville depot, in a grove of trees,
and it might with no extravagant ef-
fusion of praise and patriotism, be as
full of historic awe as the seven hills
of Rome or the Acropolis at Athens.

Without attempting further a de-
scription of the meeting, it will be
enough to say that the ladies were
present—the young and old of both
sexes—and the virtues that adopted
the resolutions of Hon. Edward No-
ble came from the deep, warm heart
of Southern life: tradition and cul-
ture.

Days passed at this meeting and
the phase of history wrote with shell
and ink and cemented her record
with the blood of the best we South-
ern people had to shed. To those
days we are yet too near to write
of heat and trust impressions: there
exists of tears, mingling before us as
we think of the days that are no
more, of what might have been but
was not, of the hopes that were pour-
ed out as water, never to be gathered
again.

But the end came. In this same
village of Abbeville, on May 4, 1865,
I say that worn and weary president
of the Confederate States at the home
of Hon. Armistead Burt, whom Pres-
ident Davis knew in congress before
the Civil war. Deep on his brow on
grayed contemplation and public
care, and the paleness of his face
and his far-away look for strength to
his God were evident to the free and
loyal hearts of a child. He shook
hands with the ladies of Abbeville
who came to pay their respect and
loyalty to him, who had stood for
them for forty weary years as their
embodiment of Southern chivalry, as
their representation of the rights of
the Southern people. He held a coun-
cil of war at this residence and as
President Davis had with him some
cavalry he wished to make a stand at
Abbeville and meet the enemy. His
staff was opposed to this proposition
and his face was then said, covered
his face with his hands, wrestling with
thoughts beyond the touch of pen or
expression of words.

That night at 11 o'clock President
Davis and a part of his cabinet left
Abbeville village and crossed the
Swollen waters of the Savannah on
May 4, 1865. The rest is easily told,
for we Southern people know it by
heart. He was captured near Wash-
ington, Ga. then confined in Fortress

Memoria Day.

(Written for The News and Herald.)
Come gather the flowers, bright flow-
ers,
Fresh buds and the blossoms of
May,
To garland with beauty the couches in
gray.

They fought for us many hard battles
And suffered and bled in the fray;
They died for the rights which they
cherished
Our soldiers who then wore the
gray.

While some sleep at home in God's
care,
There are graves, mild strangers
There are graves, mild strangers
There are graves, mild strangers
There are graves, mild strangers

Who we think of each gallant soldier
Who marched in the ranks of the
gray.

With loving hands scatter the flow-
ers,
Their spirits are with us today,
And will never, never forget them,
These heroes now wrapped in the
gray.

The Late Invasion of Fairfield District by Sherman's Army.

(J. B. in Winnsboro News April 16,
1865.)

About the 18th of February James
Sherman's army entered the South-
western boundary of Fairfield, sweep-
ing over it like a hurricane or tornado,
carrying destruction in its progress,
leaving behind it smoking ruins and
insulted, robbed people, many im-
poverished families and desolated
homes. Long will the inhabitants re-
member the last ten days of Febru-
ary, 1865. A people are not likely to
forget the memorable period when
they were pillaged and plundered and
perhaps burnt out. They can never
forget the day when their homes—
upon which had been spent the labor
of a lifetime, and where they had
collected many comforts and cher-
ished reminiscences—were reduced to
ashes.

With the exception of a narrow
strip in the upper part and a few
houses over Cedar creek near the line
of Richland—all of Fairfield has sur-
fered. This plundering, pillaging,
house-burning horde spread all over
the country for a space of 40 or 50
miles exploring field and forest, high-
lands and lowlands, old fields, new
grounds, briar thickets and pine
groves, broom grass lands, meadows,
gardens, orchards and grave yards.

Instead of marching in heavy col-
umn along the highway or in squads
along by-paths or country roads, as
many erroneously conceived they
would do, they extended out to the
right and left respectively of roads
taking one broad sweep of the coun-
try. No house, however small, ob-
scure or retired in its situation
escaped their attention. The cavalry
rushed up at full speed, dismounted,
rushed into the houses without speak-
ing to any one or observing any of the
civilities of civilized life, went to
attains and down stairs, into garrets,
cellars, parlors, closets, family apart-
ments, sleeping rooms, breaking open
trunks, chests, drawers, bureau, and
other secretaries, desks, sideboards,
chairs, presses, wardrobes, abstract-
ing all desirable articles such as
blankets and fine quilts which in
many instances they put on their
selves, checked horses, ladies' cloth-
ing and gentlemen's clothing which
elegantly wrought pillow cases which
they converted into flour bags,
some of the floors and occasionally
over the tops of beds and mattresses.

All decency and civility were ignored.
The private apartments of ladies were
unconsciously entered and rum-
maged and the ladies themselves

then on h
to be carried out
escape, and some
the fact that they
known to their
with earnestness
Winnsboro experi-
tender mercies of
the vandals

1 Ag
2 Ak
3 Ae

Ti
give
Coll

Ti
follo
Inck
Medi
Gray
Khal
Brea
Boar

Ti
is a)
Bc
lege
Es
kets,
one,
Fo

one or observing any of the of civilized life, went up down stairs, into parlors, closets, family apartments, drawing rooms, breakers, chests, drawers, bureaus, secretaries, desks, sideboards, presses, wardrobes, abstract-desirable articles such as and fine quilts, which in stances they put on their ed horses, ladies' cloth-gentlemen's clothing and wrought pillow cases which erted into four bags, s, strewn the contents dress and wardrobes. All e floor and occasionally e silk dresses into shreds, cy and civility were ignored, e apartments of ladies were niously entered and rumbled the ladies themselves such vile epithets as the vocabulary contains. Ear d finger rings, bracelets, watches, medallions and ary were rudely torn from sons, and in some cases by s of their own negro men, forced to do it by pistol onets presented to their. In one instance, at least, the tended for an unborn infant. n, Gold and silver and arlets were the most coveted. scandal of humanity. He it that monuments and tombs ched, graves interrupted and sintered and broken open cealed treasures. Horses s were driven off. Colts and es that could not be caught ed were shot down. Fair- ipped of horses and mules, ception of a few here and ch were run by the planters e broken down and sore- nacted animals left by the ere were no horses in the mmediately subsequent ture of the yankees. There, ow collecting from the ad- tricts. Planters generally, o no means of making a ar as horsepower is con- ten who formerly made over hels of corn and 100 bales re now in a condition to r nothing on their farms. A of corn, perhaps, are now in partially prepared, y oxen, feeble army horses es. The country for the is paralyzed. absence of soldiers who are e country in different di- grass would grow upon ur highways this summer, the usual operations of try are for the present. There is little or nothing the shops or tanyards, the customary errands sed with or are per- foot. Some of the doctors ng their patients on food, before the invasion were on all occasions visiting est farms and neighbors are e more distant on horses, s who could scarcely visit go to church through ver without a driver, a carriage e appurtenances of a fish- elling establishment have home or become pedes- orn in many instances is mill in small parcels on lers or in wagons. We have the subject of mills, and but few of them. With but ions they have fallen vic- spoiler. All the ginhouses and all the cotton amount- usands of bales. In many, barns, corncribs and stables, e contents, were burnt. Un- dwelling houses were con- in quite a frequent number houses occupied by their are the same pie. The of Capt. Stitt, William Brice, r. Dr. McMaster, Richard nd James Turner, and many, ose names we are not re- present to give, were swept e besom of destruction. An e circumstances connected ase of Mr. Turner was that r, a venerable lady of 90

years of age, then on her death bed, had to be carried out of the house to escape the flames, notwithstanding the fact that her situation was made known to the incendiary and plead with earnestness and importunity. Winnsboro experienced some of the tender mercies of the enemy—marks of the vandals' presence are to be seen. Some 24 houses were burned with a considerable amount of cotton and other valuable articles—the sufferers being Dr. Boyleston, John Cathcart, Charles Cathcart, Dr. Aiken, Dr. Lauderdale, Messrs. Wolfe, McCully, Hilliard, Elder, Jackson, Cramer, Mrs. Ladd and others that may be. The Episcopal church became a prey to the vindictive spirit. A coffin was exhumed from an adjacent grave and put in an upright position to witness the burning, as these sacrilegious wretches alleged, while secular tunes were being played upon the organ, which was brought out of the house before the fire was put out. While in this connection it might be stated that the brick church on Little river was despoiled of its pulpit, pews, floors and sleepers for the purpose of material to erect a bridge for the use of the enemy over the neighboring stream. No class of persons escaped insult and degradation of the yankees. Neither sex nor age, nor condition in life, nor respectability of character, nor eminently public services, nor great moral worth, nor amiableness of temper, nor persuasiveness of address or conversation, nor complexion of political opinions afforded any exemption from rudeness and maltreatment. If you were a high-toned secessionist, you must be punished for that political crime, your house burnt over your head, your person insulted and your means of subsistence destroyed. If you were neutral in reference to the present war, caring little for either party, you were cursed for your lukewarmness and ridiculed as a drone. If you were a Union man, and expressed your satisfaction in receiving them, you were denounced as a hypocrite and treated as a malefactor. Widows and orphans in destitute circumstances were pillaged of their little all. The negroes for whose benefit the federals professed to wage this war, were robbed. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon." Nor was this robbery limited to a few isolated cases. It was perpetrated all over the country. Their shoes were taken from their feet, their coats and skirts from their backs, their hats from their heads, their knives and money from their pockets. An invalid negro woman of 85 or 90 years of age had her blanket taken off her person while lying in bed. Gentlemen of the first respectability were collared with rudeness, pushed about over the house and yard, cursed, threatened to be shot with pistols, pointed and snapped at their heads, while others, one of them being 74 years of age, were actually hung up by the necks by a rope and kept suspended until they were past consciousness. A clergyman had his premises destroyed with his dwelling house, together with more than two-thirds of his library, consisting of hundreds of volumes of theological, literary, historical, scientific and classical works, reviews, pamphlets, old select newspapers, over a thousand letters received from correspondents in the various parts of the country and some 450 manuscripts, sermons of his own production pretty fully written out. The air of decency and refinement

much more than that of piety were shocked with the profanity of the federal army. The testimony in the case is, the invaders were horribly, shockingly profane. They cursed in a good humor, they cursed in a bad humor, they cursed old men and old women, they cursed young ladies, they cursed those who tried to please him and those who did not try to please them—they cursed white and black, the good and the bad, pouring out their bitter execrations upon all in their presence. In view of these facts, it is a wonder that a certain professional gentleman characterized for modesty of expression, when asked since the invasion by some friend if he had not been visited by rough men (alluding to the federal soldiers) felt it to be proper to reply in the negative, alleging if he must answer the question, that he was visited "by a legion of devils, not by men." Fairfield represents a melancholy spectacle. Ride up the road from Winnsboro to Chesterville and you will see that for the first eight miles the demon of destruction has done its worst. Dwelling houses, gin houses, barns, stables, corn cribs and fences burnt, the railroad demolished, dead cattle lying in heaps, dead horses in the road and in the wayside. Go out in the direction of Peay's Ferry where the main columns of the federal army crossed the river, and just such a scene of miles of burnt fencing, of desolated farms, of impoverished plantations, of devastated premises, of shot down horses, cattle and hogs presents itself as a barbarous, uncivilized enemy only can produce. Meeting of the Ladies of Fairfield. At a meeting of ladies of the district held this day at the Odd Fellows' hall, in reference to the sick and wounded soldiers now in Virginia, Mrs. Ladd was requested to take the chair. On motion it was resolved that the Rev. C. B. Betts be requested to address the meeting. Mr. Betts responded to the call, and in a short but impressive address he set forth the suffering of the sick and wounded soldiers now in Virginia needing all the assistance that can be rendered. That he knew this assistance, as far as lay in the power of those present, would be cheerfully given. On motion, it was resolved that this organization shall be permanent. Mrs. Ladd was unanimously chosen president and Mrs. S. Couturier treasurer. The ladies who constitute the society were requested to give in their names to the secretary, to be recorded in a book. Resolved that this society be called the Ladies' Relief association. Mrs. David Gaillard stated that she held in her hand \$35 which had been subscribed to purchase a flag for the Fenelices, that this money could not now be applied to that purpose, and as most of the persons were present who had contributed to that fund, with their consent she would hand the amount over to the treasurer of this association to be used as its other funds. No opposition having been made, the association accepted the amount. Resolved that all the funds now collected be used for procuring and forwarding to Virginia such articles as may, in the opinion of a committee to be appointed for that purpose, be necessary at the present time. Mrs. S. Couturier, Mrs. David Gaillard, Mrs. W. R. Robertson and Mrs. J. S. Stewart were appointed a committee to carry out this resolution.

Resolved that the thanks of this meeting are hereby tendered the Rev. Mr. Betts and Jas. Stewart for their assistance, and also the L. O. O. F. for the use of their hall. The above account was published in the Winnsboro paper. Yankee Lealty—Yankee Sympathy. (Winnsboro News, April 6, 1865.) The yankees are said to have been lenient to the town of Winnsboro; they credit themselves so. To be sure, in comparison with the atrocities of the Columbia scenes they may be said to have been merciful. Liquor destroyed Columbia; the destruction of liquor previous to the raid, saved Winnsboro from a like fate with our beloved capital. Consequently, the destruction of Winnsboro, so far as it went, was committed by sober, deliberate malice. Glutted by the rich harvest of treasure—the abundant barbarities from Columbia to this place, they had come upon our town overburdened. But they were insatiable. They robbed most of us without mercy—some they overlooked, because they could not carry more plunder. Their "bummers" were undoubtedly authorized plunderers and thieves, with maybe a few exceptions. A captain who had been guarding a lady's premises in departing said: "Madame, when my guard leaves I hope you will get another guard from the brigade coming on, before these stragglers disturb you again. We can not control these camp followers. The guard, as the officer went off, said: "Madame he may tell you what he pleases. We (enforcing his words) by striking the floor with his gun) obey orders!" Thus it was a regular programme to first draw a blister, and then forsooth to apply a poultice. The men were maliciously set against us, not only to take all they needed, but to destroy everything besides. Then the officers came with "words softer than butter, but with war in their hearts". On the same principle they set fire to our little town and then pretended to sympathize with us by efforts to extinguish it. In proportion to its size, Winnsboro has suffered severely, 22 houses being burnt. Were not our enemies lenient? Their raid was but an insurrection of wicked doers, encouraging themselves in mischief. God grant the same measure may be meted out to them wherewith they have measured to us. An Ideal Husband. A patient even with a nagging wife, for he knows she needs help. She may be so nervous and run down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by John H. McMaster & Co. The best shoes for the least money are a great hobby with me. Some very attractive Oxfords for men and ladies. F. M. Clarke.

ARMED THROUGHOUT

Born March 2, 1841, near Strother, S. C. Entered Army April 11, 1861, in Buckhead Guards under Capt. Edward Means. Was promoted Corporal Wounded Sept. 17, 1863, at Sharpsburg, and later was sent to Richmond as detail man; was appointed general ward master of the Fourth Division.

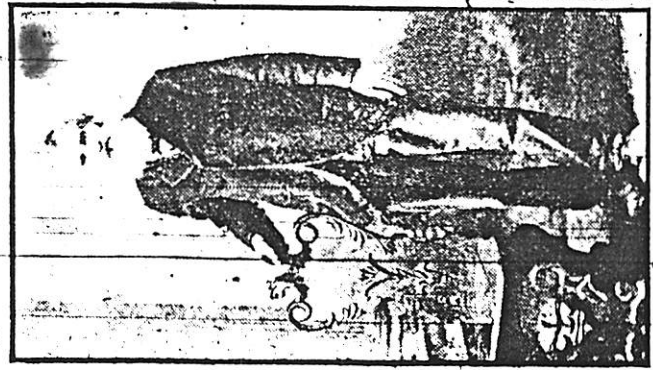
"Has become one of Fairfield's largest land owners and wealthiest men."

CHRISTOPHER E. LEITNER.

Born April 29, 1839. Entered army in Co. D, under Capt. Boyce, in 6th Regt. S. C. I. Now a large land owner Marion and Fairfield counties.

M. C. HARRISON

Born Dec. 20, 1840. Entered Co. F, 12 Reg. S. C. C. Wound-



ed once. Now living near Columbia.

THOS. YARBOROUGH.

Was in Capt. J. B. Davis' Company. Now lives near Rion.

under Capt. Black. Now resides at Ridgeway. A successful farmer.

JOHN D. LEITNER.

Born Aug 25, 1841. Entered Army Co. C, under Capt. Bookter. Transferred to 2nd S. C. C. 1861. A most successful farmer in the Jennings section.

M. B. STEADMAN.

Born Nov. 16, 1842. Entered Co. K. 9th S. C. Transferred to Palmetto sharpshooters. Now living near Rion.

W. FLOYD JACKSON.

Was born March 22, 1863. Entered Army in Co. G, 6th S. C. I. Had his knee cap shot off. Now residing in York county.

D. W. WALKER.

Living near Newthewood.

JOHN P. MATTHEWS.

One of Wimbosboro's oldest merchants and still holds customers who began with him years and years ago.

THOS. A. SIMMS.

Resides near Smallwood.

OSCAR F. CHAPPELL

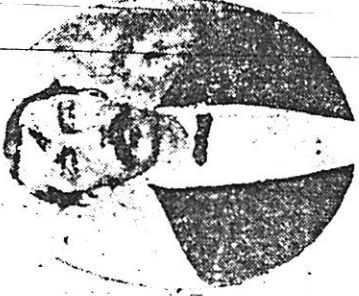


H. R. EASTLER.

Now Living in Columbia.

J. A. KENNEDY

By error the cut of R. Shirley

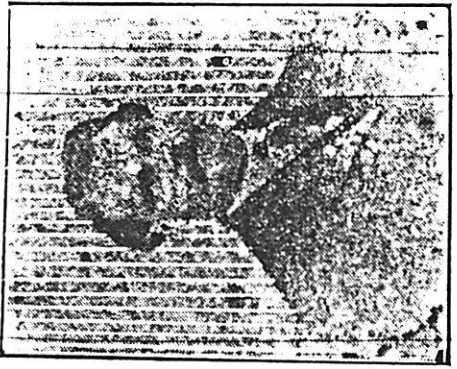


was substituted for that of J. A. Kennedy on another page. This is Mr. Kennedy.

DR. J. J. ROBERTSON.

Born Jan 26 1856. Entered army in 38 Miss. Now living at Ridgeway.

E. F. PAVAN.

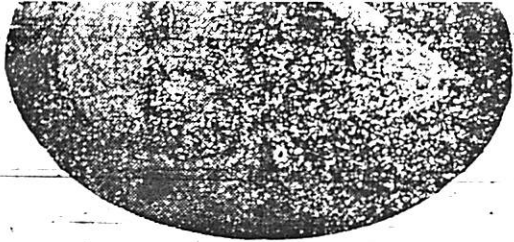


E. F. PAVAN

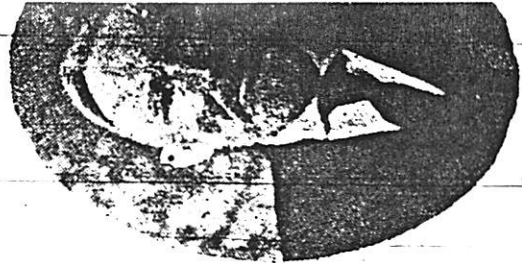
Now living at Ridgeway.

Resides at Buckhead sides over the Safer

RICHARD SHIRLEY



C. G. BOULWA

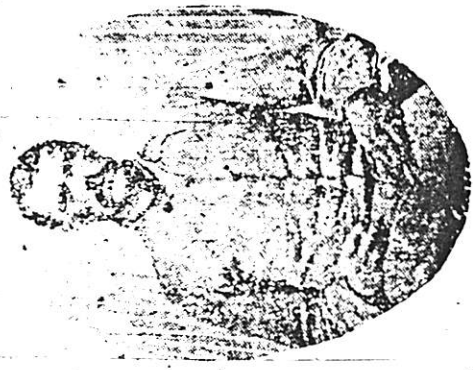


SAMUEL LEE DIN

Born Dec. 12, 1841, Hill, S. C. Entered 1861 in Company G, H Guards, under Capt. W. moted to Sergeant. Bean Station, Tenn. Now farming near

James Robinson Sterling.

Born May 7, 1842, near Woodward. Prepared for junior class at the S. C. College. Entered the Army April 11, 1861, in



Little River Guards under Michael Brice. Later transferred to 4th Regt. S. C. Company B, under Capt. O. Barber. Still

BLACKSTOCK HIGH NEWS

By Lila Castles.

Ralph Beckham, Jack Hendrix and Bob Summer, sang two numbers and an encore. The address was given by the Rev. John M. Younginer and was serious and thought provoking. Mrs. Jury sang a solo, "Today", and after this Mrs. Bruce lit three candles for the members who had passed away since last Memorial Day while Albert Timms and Tom Watson, violinists, played "Gathering Home." The program was concluded by a few remarks by Mr. Patton.

Chorus practice was held Wednesday at Vacant Period. Miss Sewell is getting up the music for commencement and the Baccalaureate Sermon and all that it promises to be good.

Chapel was held Monday at Vacant Period with Mr. Reid in charge. After the regular program was finished, Mrs. Patton held a short meeting of the Senior's and Mr. Reid called a meeting of the "Gin-Sniffers". The rest of the school marched back to their respective home rooms.

—Seen Through the Keyhole—
Every boy she knows except one superman frays her (Frazier) nerves. Why, who is the exception to the rule, Jamie, a certain young gentleman from Blairs?.....What's all this we've been hearing about the Song Bird of the South, Jack Boyd? According to the ravings of most of the Winnsboro girls, he's a combination of Crosby, Tibbett, Caruso and Chevalier. Why he ought to be courting Greta Garbo instead of Miss "je ne sais pas.".....Lucy Hill and Rob have been so friendly lately they've become almost as nice to each other as cats and dogs. What we'd like to know is, just what caused the quarrel between them in the first place. Surely Ridgeway wasn't the bone of contention!.....We're sorry to have neglected finally gotten around to the matter. Won't you please tell us if it's Ed's "Winning way that's captured your heart and hand?....."Pie" Harris says he's willing to marry the first girl who has a good job, a nice automobile

A TRIBUTE TO OSCAR CHAPPELL

It came to me as a great shock, the word that Oscar Chappell had passed to his reward, and in my concern I hastily took up my pen to write some words of eulogy of him. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I knew very little about him other than that he was a distant relative and the husband of a favorite cousin, and surely those bare facts were not outstanding enough to warrant a memorial to him. So, taking my place along 'side an old friend of his—not as old in years however—and our mutual friend, I appealed to him. They had had some experiences in Common and had known each other all along.

"Can you tell me something about Oscar Chappell that is true and worthy and that would be a beautiful memorial to him?" "I certainly can and will be glad to", he replied. "Oscar Chappell was a good man, a thoughtful neighbor and friend, a kind, provident husband and father,

and a citizen whose integrity could not be questioned. He lived a quiet, unobtrusive life, going about his duties in a way that would not attract any great amount of attention or comment, and yet making himself felt by the thorough, systematic manner in which he discharged these duties."

Now that he is gone a great gap is seen and felt in his community, his home, and in the hearts of his friends, who respected him for his upright life among us.

He was of a long lineage of great folk who have helped to make our state the great state that it is, and in paying homage to him we are upholding the citizenry of our state and promoting honest citizenship.

As surely as a quietly flowing stream does water and enrich the banks through which it flows, so does a quiet, honest, sincere life enrich and strengthen and fortify the lives of those about him, leaving a precious heritage to his progeny.

Watch the label on your paper and renew before your time expires.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas, all persons or creditors holding claims against the estate of M. F. Carpenter, deceased are hereby required to prove said claims duly verified before the undersigned at his office, at Winnsboro, S. C., on or before June 1, 1935, at 11 o'clock a. m.

All persons failing to prove said claims within the time specified will be forever barred of all right to participate in the distribution of said estate.

Winnsboro, S. C., April 30, 1935.
HORACE TRAYLOR,
9-10 Special Referee.

MAN WANTED for Raw
Real opportunity for right man. Write Raw help you get started. Write Raw eighth Co., Dept. SCE-116-0, Richmond, Va.

FOR SALE.—One Battery Set Radio one Dresser, one Single Bed Springs and Mattress.—BOX 192.

FOR RESTFUL HOURS ON

THE PORCH

IN THE COOL SHADE OF THE PORCH... AN INTERESTING BOOK... ALL CURLED UP ON A COMFORTABLE, SOFT PORCH SWING. AH, THAT'S THE LIFE!



PORCH ROCKERS \$1.95
GLIDERS \$12.50 & UP
SWINGS - - \$2.95
3 PIECE FIBER SUITS \$29.50 & UP

Honor for the flag now furled,
That stood in the smoke that rolled
From the mouth of the battle:

Honor for her State Rights creed,
Liberty's yearning and need
Now to adjust and settle.

Stand firm, with thy musket at rest;
On earth's martial fields it is best

To wait for the word of command:

Man's dearest rights demand pure
swords:

These mighty States may give these
words:

"March on and save this glorious
land."

Bragging Some.

Mr. Editor: You never mailed me a blank you speak of in The Herald. However, I will send in my credentials as a soldier from old Fairfield. I was born and reared in Fairfield; my father also. He and I belonged to Capt. Hayne McMeekin's company. Since the war I have lived just over the line in Richland, half a mile from where I was reared.

I belonged to Company F, Twelfth South Carolina regiment, McGowan's brigade, Wilcox's division, A. P. Hill's corps. McGowan had about 120 picked men from his brigade as sharpshooters, commanded by that gallant man, Capt. Dunlap, from York county. Oscar Bookman was selected first for the sharpshooters, and was killed. My officer sent me to take his place; where I served till taken prisoner at Southerner's station next day after the battle at Five Forks. Four days before, Lee surrendered. I was carried to a little island in the harbor at Bridgeport, Conn., and got home July 4, 1865. Have been farming ever since. Don't know anything else. Worked more days since the war than any man now living in Fairfield county.

The good Lord has been kind to me. I have not missed a meal since the war. Physically, I am the best man in the bunch now left in Fairfield. I can cut and split 500 rails or hoe an acre of cotton in one day, or lay off more corn or cotton rows, or cut grain with the old grain cradle ahead by a long shot of any old rebel left in Fairfield.

If you find one that doubts this bragadocia, though I am no betting man, I will back the test of endurance by putting up a plantation and a team of mules. Not seeing your blank, I don't know what you want. If this suits, all right; if not, ditto.

I send you my photograph. Please take nice care of it. The old woman thinks it good looking. Will be up to dinner certain.

Oscar F. Chappell.

Fall of Columbia.

(Winnaboro News, Feb. 18, 1865.)

Winnaboro News.

It is our painful duty to announce this morning the fall of the capital of our State—Columbia.

A gentleman well known to us informs us that our proud city had to succumb to a superior force of the enemy about 11 o'clock yesterday. As usual, there were a great many rumors in regard to this sad affair, and even yet it is difficult to get a correct statement.

There are also a great many rumors in regard to the route taken by the enemy, and, when we attempt to trace up these rumors, we find they lack a fountain head. Some say the enemy has taken the old State road to our town, whilst others insist that they have gone via Camden, making a more direct route to Greensboro, N. C. We hope the latter may be correct, and that our little town may not be entered by the forces of the enemy. Should, however, they come this way, we admonish all who

village of Abbeville, on the 11th of May, 1865. I saw the worn and weary president of the Confederate States at the home of Hon. Armistead Burt, whom President Davis knew in congress before the Civil war. "Deep on his brow engraved deliberation sat and public care," and the paleness of his face and his far-away look for strength to his God were evident to the free and joyful heart of a child. He shook hands with the ladies of Abbeville who came to Hon. Armistead Burt's residence to pay their respect and loyalty to him, who had stood for them for four weary years as their embodiment of Southern chivalry, as their representation of the rights of the Southern people. He held a council of war at this residence and as President Davis had with him some cavalry he wished to make a stand at Abbeville and meet the enemy. His staff was opposed to this proposition. Mr. Davis, it was then said, covered his face with his hands, wrestling with thoughts beyond the touch of pen or expression of words.

That night at 11 o'clock President Davis and a part of his cabinet left Abbeville village and crossed the swollen waters of the Savannah on May 4, 1865. The rest is easily told, for we Southern people know it by heart. He was captured near Washington, Ga., then confined in Fortress Monroe, and the great drama of the cause of Southern independence ended.

As I began this contribution to Memorial day by saying the beginning and end of human crises are interesting, so I close with the reflection and faith that the deeds performed by our Southland in the interval may have met political death, but they are the germs of the glorious rance which is now shining from the mountain tops of the future on the mighty South, which is marching on to great and imperishable civic and material wealth.

Burning of Episcopal Church.

Mr. Editor: Every act of vandalism committed by the yankees in their march through our country should be carefully chronicled. We had a conversation with a gentleman today (Saturday) who states that, judging from some questions put to him by a yankee officer, on the day of the burning of the Episcopal church, he has no doubt that orders were issued for its destruction prior to the arrival of the enemy in Winnaboro. The questions and answers ran thus

Yankee—"What church is that we passed on our left as we came in town?"

Answer—"You came by the Alston road, I believe; if so, you passed the Presbyterian and the new Baptist churches."

Yankee—"I allude to the brown church off to our left, and some little distance from town."

Answer—"That is the Episcopal church."

Yankee—"Who is the pastor?"

Answer—"Dr. Lord."

Yankee—"Who is the bishop of the diocese?"

Answer—"Bishop Davis."

Yankee—"Is he a relative of President Davis?"

Answer—"I do not know."

With this the officer galloped off, and that evening the church was fired. These questions were pertinent—all relative to the one object—the church; and taken in connection with the fact that some of Dr. Lord's "thanksgiving sermons" (which were of the most patriotic and secession proclivity) were published, leaving no room to doubt the premeditancy of the sacrilegious act. We believe, however, that all the burning has been done, if not by order of Gen. Sherman, at least with his knowledge and consent. The statement lately made by an army correspondent, that we did not intend to burn Winnaboro, that we might show that we had the power to save as well as destroy, proves conclusively that up to the

gardens, orchards and grave yards. Instead of marching in heavy lines along the highway or in squad along by paths of country roads, many erroneously collected would do, they extended out to right and left irrespectively of taking one broad sweep of the country. No house, however small, secure or retired in its situation escaped their attention. The cavalry galloped up at full speed, dismounted and rushed into the houses without sparing to any one or observing any courtesies of civilized life, went stairs and down stairs into cellars, parlors, closets, family apartments, sleeping rooms, breaking boxes, chests, drawers, bureau trunks, secretaries, desks, sideboards, clothes presses, wardrobes, and taking all desirable articles, and many instances they put on sore-backed horses, ladies' gowns and gentlemen's clothing elegantly wrought pillow cases they converted into flour sometimes strewing the corners of the bureaus and wardrobe over the floor and occasion tearing fine silk dresses into shreds. All decency and civility were forgotten. The private apartments of ladies unceremoniously entered and ransacked and the ladies themselves called by such vile epithets as a yankee vocabulary contains. Rings and finger rings, bracelets, pins, watches, medallions, other jewelry were rudely torn from their persons, and in some cases the hands of their own negro who were forced to do it by bayonets presented to breasts. In one instance, at least, clothes intended for an unborn were taken. Gold and silver and spirit were the most common. To the scandal of humanity recorded that monuments and were searched, graves interrupted, coffins disinterred and broken in quest of concealed treasures. Cows and mules were driven off. Colored young horses that could not be bridled were shot down. The field is stilled of horses and with the exception of a few here there which were run by the plow and some broken down and backed emaciated animals left by invaders, there were no horses in the district immediately subsequent to the departure of the yankees. are some now collecting from the adjacent districts. Planters generally have next to no means of making crop so far as horsepower is concerned. Men who formerly made 2,000 bushels of corn and 100 of cotton are now in a condition to do little or nothing on their few acres of corn, perhaps, are planting in partially improved grounds by oxen, feeble army and by hoes. The country is time being is paralyzed.

In the absence of soldiers scouring the country in different directions, grass would grow some of our highways this summer. Many of the usual operations of the country are for the time suspended. There is little or nothing doing in the shops or taverns. Some of the customary are dispensed with or are formed on foot. Some of the are visiting their patients on Men—who before the invasion mounted on all occasions, their nearest farms and neighbors well as the more distant ones and ladies who could scarcely friends or go to church though so near without a driver, a carriage and all the appurtenances of a comfortable traveling establishment to stay at home or become trippers. Corn in many instances carried to mill in small parcels on the shoulders of men, not on backs of mules or in wagons. We mentioned the subject of will there are but few of them. We few exceptions they have fallen victims to the spoiler. All the grain were burnt and all the cotton, grain

River Station—Staunton (by rail)—West View. At the latter place he picked up Johnson's division and marched toward McDowell. During late afternoon of 7 May Johnson's leading elements drove Milroy's outposts back. When the Federals learned of Jackson's approach, Schenck's brigade hurried to Milroy's support—making a 34-mile march in 23 hours. The Confederates had marched 92 miles in four marching days (not including the 25-mile train ride).

The afternoon of 8 May the Confederates took up a position on Sitlington's Hill, overlooking the Federal camp across the Bull Pasture River. While Jackson was scouting for a way to turn the Federal position the Federals took the initiative. Despite the superior numbers and good defensive position of the enemy, Schenck (who took command of the two brigades by virtue of his seniority) ordered an attack. The Federals were repulsed although they sustained fewer casualties (256) than the defenders (498). Jackson was unable to conduct an effective pursuit because of poor roads and effective delaying actions. He reached Franklin, W. Va., on the 12th. Leaving Ashby's cavalry to screen his withdrawal, he then marched back to the Valley to undertake the next phase of his campaign (FRONT ROYAL).

MC EWEN, Matthew. Union officer. Pa. Surg. 2d W. Va. Cav. 1 Mar. '63; Bvt. B.G. USV. Brevets for Winchester to Appomattox C.H. campaign, war service. Died 1883.

McFERRAN, John C. Union officer. c. 1821-72. Ky. USMA 1843 (34/39); Inf.-Q.M. He served on the frontier and in the Mexican War before he was named Chief Q.M. of the Dept. of N. Mex., serving there throughout the Civil War. Promoted Maj. 30 Nov. '63, he was breveted B.G. USA for war service and died on active duty as Lt. Col.

McGARRY, Edward. Union officer. N.Y. Maj. 2d Calif. Cav. 17 Oct. '61; Lt. Col. 18 Oct. '64; Col. 29 Nov. '64; Bvt. B.G. USV (war service). Lt. in Mexican War. He became a Lt. Col. in the 32d US Inf. 28 July '66. Died 31 Dec. '67.

McGINNIS, George Francis. Union gen. 1826-? Mass. He served in the Mexican War and enlisted as Pvt. Co. K, 11th Ind., 15 Apr. '61, being named Capt. the next day and Lt. Col. 25 Apr. Mustered out on 4 Aug., he was commissioned Lt. Col. 11th Ind. 31 Aug. and Col. 3 Sept. and B.G. USV 29 Nov. '62, after fighting at Fort Donelson and Shiloh. He commanded 2. 2d Div. E. Ark., Mo. (Dec. '62-Jan. '63) and 1, 12, XIII (Feb.-14 July '63) on the Yazoo Pass expedition and during the Vicksburg campaign. Other commands were 3, 12, XIII (22 Jan.-Feb. '63); 1, 3, XIII (7 Aug.-13 Sept. '63); 3d Div., XIII (13 Sept. '63-3 Mar. '64 and 24 May-11 June '64); 3, 3, XIX (6 Nov.-5 Dec. '64); 3d Div., XIX (25 Aug.-7 Nov. '64); 2d Div., XIX (18-25 June '64); US Forces Mouth White River, Gulf (10 Dec. '64-30 May '65) and 3d Brig., Res. Corps, Gulf (5-10 Dec. '64). He was mustered out 24 Aug. '65 and held public offices after the war.

McGLASHAN, Peter Alexander Selkirk. C.S.A. gen. c. 1831-1900. Scotland. Moving to the US as a boy, he was living in Thomasville, Ga., when the war began, and he enlisted in Aug. '61 in the 29th Ga. Serving on the Ga. coast, he was commissioned 1st Lt. 50th Ga. Mar. '62 and fought in the Seven Days' Battles. He was promoted Col. 28 Feb. '65 and was commanding Bryan's brigade under Kershaw when captured 5 Apr. '65. His B.G. appointment was the last one signed by Davis before he left Richmond, but McGlashan never received it. Held prisoner on Johnson's Island, he was released in late Aug. '65.

The son of a Napoleonic veteran, he had served under Walker in Nicaragua. C.M.H. and Lonn in *Foreigners in the Confederacy* say he was a general, but he is not listed by Wright, Miller, or Wood.

McGOWAN, John Encill. Union officer. Ohio. 2d Lt. 21st Ohio 23 Apr. '61; mustered out 12 Aug. '61; Capt. 111th Ohio 5 Sept. '62; Maj. 1st US Col. Arty. 24 Mar. '64; Lt. Col. 5 Nov. '64; Col. 5 Sept. '65; Bvt. B.G. USV (war service). Died 1903.

McGOWAN, Samuel. C.S.A. gen. 1819-97. S.C. After graduating from S.C. College he was a lawyer and entered politics, sitting in the state legislature. He was a Maj. Gen. in the S.C. militia, fought in the Mexican War, and as B.G. in the S.C. army commanded a state brigade in the bombardment of Fort Sumter. At Blackburn's Ford and 1st Bull Run he was a volunteer A.D.C. to Bonham and was commissioned Lt. Col. in the fall of 1861. As Col. 14th S.C. in 1862, he fought in Maxey Gregg's brigade in the Peninsular campaign (wounded), Cedar Mountain, 2d Bull Run (wounded), Antietam, and Fredericksburg. At Chancellorsville he commanded McGowan's brigade and was again wounded, having been appointed B.G. C.S.A. 23 Apr. '63 to rank from 17 Jan. Leading his own brigade at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, he was wounded again in the "Bloody Angle." He continued in the Army of Northern Va. until Appomattox. After the war he was a legislator and associate justice of the S.C. supreme court.

McGREGOR, John Dunn. Union officer. N.Y. Lt. Col. 4th N.Y. 15 May '61; Col. 9 July '62; Bvt. B.G. USV (war service); mustered out 25 May '63. Died 1878.

McGROARTY, Stephen Joseph. Union officer. 1830-70. Ireland. Capt. 10th Ohio 13 May '61; resigned 28 Oct. '61; Lt. Col. 61st Ohio 23 Apr. '62; Col. 23 Sept. '62; transferred to 82d Ohio 31 Mar. '65; Bvt. B.G. USV 1 May '65 (war service). Commanded 1, 3, XI; 3, 3, XI; 3d Div., XI. W.I.A. Carnifex Ferry (W. Va.), where he was shot through the right lung, and Peach Tree Creek (Ga.), where he lost his left arm. Received 23 wounds in all during the war. He was a merchant and well-known criminal lawyer.

McINTOSH, James. C.S.A. gen. 1828-62. Fla. USMA 1849 (43/43); Inf. He served mainly on the frontier and was engaged in Indian scouting and fighting and quelling the border disturbances in Kans. Resigning as Capt. 7 May '61, he was commissioned Capt. C.S.A. Cav. that month and stationed at Little Rock on H. M. Rector's staff. He fought at Wilson's Creek and in Oct. '61 was commissioned Col. 2d Ark. Mtd. Rifles. In Dec. he fought at Chustenahlah (Cherokee Nation) and in several skirmishes with the Creeks and Seminoles. Appointed B.G. C.S.A. 24 Jan. '62, he continued to serve in the Indian Territory until killed 7 Mar. at Pea Ridge. Brother of John Baillie McIntosh.

McINTOSH, John Baillie. Union gen. 1829-88. Fla. A Midshipman during the Mexican War, he was in business when the Civil War began and "considered as a blot on his family honor the resignation from the Federal service of his brother [James McQueen McIntosh, B.G., C.S.A.], who had been educated at West Point" (D.A.B.). He was commissioned 2d Lt. 2d US Cav. 8 June '61, transferred to the 5th US Cav. 3 Aug. '61, and was promoted 1st Lt. 27 June '62. He fought at White Oak Swamp, South Mountain, and Antietam before being named Col. 3d Pa.

July 31, 1967

To the Editor of THE STATE:

My granddaugther and I were treated most cordially and helpfully recently by Mrs. Archie W. Watson, custodian of the Confederate Relic Room and Museum at South Carolina's Archives Building in Columbia.

In addition to expressing our thanks to Mrs. Watson in this letter, I am listing the names of Confederate generals buried in South Carolina according to research I have done over a period of time. I believe your readers will be interested in the number of such generals and where they are buried.

Abbeville... Samuel McGowan
Aiken..... Gabriel J. Rains
Beaufort.... Richard Anderson, Stephen Elliott
Charleston.. Micah Jenkins, James Conner, Arthur W. Manigault,
R. S. Ripley
Camden..... Joseph Kershaw, John D. Kennedy, J.B. Villoniquie,
James Chesnut (near Camden on Chestnut estate)
Columbia.... Wade Hampton, John S. Preston, W.L. Bonham, Ellison
Capers, S.H. Bist, Maxcy Gregg
Edgefield... H.C. Butler
Chester..... John Dunovent
Cokesbury... H.G. Evans, H.W. Gary
Georgetown.. James H. Trapler
Pendleton... C.H. Stevens, Benard Bee
Winnsboro... John Bratton
Union..... William H. Wallace
Barnwell.... Johnson Hagood

Julian M. Lillis
301 SW 48th Court
Miami, Fla.

K—Killed in Battle.

D—Died in Service.

H. D.—Honorably Discharged.

RECORD OF RECIPIENTS OF SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

Three copies of this form, together with certificate of eligibility, must be sent to the State Recorder, ^{Miss} _____ who will forward two to the custodian, Mrs. L. H. Raines, 408 Duffy St. East, Savannah, Ga., who will return one copy with the certificates, to the president of the chapter applying for Crosses to be kept in the chapter records.

NAME OF VETERAN	RANK	COMPANY AND REGIMENT	ENLISTED	DISCHARGED	CAMP	CHAPTER BESTOWING	DATE OF BESTOWAL	NAME DESCENDANT, OR OF WIDOW	DUPLICATE	PENDORSERS
Castles, W. H.	Lieut. in 29-S.C.P.	Co "F" 6-Reg. S.C.P.	Apr-10 1861	Spring 1865		John Bratton	May-10 1906			W. W. Ketchum W. C. Beatty W. G. Jordan W. H. Humken J. D. McCarley J. W. C. Beatty
Chandler, E. M.	Clerk in Com-Sept	Co "H" 3-Reg. State Troops	Nov 1864	May-7 1865-		"	"			J. W. C. Beatty Geo. W. Lykes W. B. Gilbert Geo. A. Bruce J. D. McCarley W. B. Gilbert Geo. W. Lykes J. A. Hgood W. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McCarley W. J. Keller C. A. Boulware J. E. Dyer Henry Jeffares H. A. Chaillard Geo. A. Bruce
Chapman, J. Smith	Private	27-S.C. State Troops	December 1864	Apr-26 1865-	Camp Raines No-698.	"	"			
Clark, J. W.	"	Boyer Artillery	Oct 1861	Apr-10 1865-		"	"			
Craig, J. E.	"	Co "E" 6-Reg. S.C.P.	Dec-28 1862	Apr-26 1865-		"	"			
Crawford, Robt	"	Co "E" 15-Reg. S.C.P.	1862	1865-	Camp Raines No-698	"	"			
Crawford - S. L.	"	Co "B" 7-Bat. S.C.P.	1862	June-July 1865-		"	"			
Crawford, Wm - J.	Courier for Gen. Matten	Co "G" 6-Reg. S.C.P.	Apr-16 1861	April 1865-	Camp Raines No-698	"	"			
Croby - W. W.	Private	Co "E" 3-Bat. State Troops	Mar 1863	April 1865-	No-106-8	"	"			
Crowder, Y. A.	"	Co "B" 17-Reg. S.C.P.	Jan 16- 1862	Apr-9- 1865-		"	"			
		Co "B" 26-Res. - H.C.P.	Apr-20 1861	Apr-9- 1865-	Camp Raines No 698.	"	"			

C. M. TIMMS PASSES MONDAY MORNING

Charles Madison Timms ¹⁹³⁵ died at his home here at two-thirty Monday morning following a second attack of angina, the first attack having occurred two weeks previous to his death. Mr. Timms was born October 1876, in Winnsboro, and had lived his entire life in Fairfield County. "The Major", as he was fondly called by his many friends, was a genial, well loved and outstanding citizen, and his death is greatly deplored by his scores of friends in Winnsboro and throughout Fairfield.

Surviving are his wife, who before her marriage was Miss Ida Pope; a sister, Mrs. R. Y. Turner; one brother, Andrew C. Timms, both of Winnsboro, and a number of nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock from the house, conducted by Dr. Oliver Johnson, of the A. R. P. church, followed by interment in the A. R. P. cemetery.

Active pallbearers were: Messrs J. S. Ketchin, P. A. Matthews, B. B. Meng, A. M. Owens, Ernest Gladden and Dr. J. A. Heustess; the honorary pallbearers were: Drs. Samuel Lindsay, C. S. McCants, J. C. Buchanan and J. E. Douglas, Messrs H. E. Matthews, U. G. DesPortes, M. B. Jennings, Ernest Stevenson, J. W. Milling, J. B. Doty, J. H. Aiken, W. L. Holley, C. A. Robinson, D. R. Coleman, Jr., J. H. McMaster, J. R. McMaster, G. R. Lauderdale, A. E. Davis, G. F. Patton, J. M. Lyles, H. E. Ketchin, C. E. Cathcart and C. W. Bolick.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT JENKINSVILLE SCHOOL SUNDAY, MARCH 31

¹⁹³⁵ Next Sunday (March 31) there will be a memorial service held at the Jenkinsville School in honor of Mr. B. H. Yarborough. Mr. Yarborough has been a life-long member of the Jenkinsville board of trustees and the memorial service is in the nature of a tribute to him for his faithful services.

The following program will be carried out in the memorial service:

Prayer, by Rev. T. L. Reid.

Remarks, by Supt. W. L. Drummond.

DR. EGGLESTON CLAIMED BY DEATH SATURDAY

Florence, March 24.—Dr. William Egleston, president of the South Carolina Medical association, died here early today.

Doctor Egleston had been a patient for the last two weeks of the McLeod infirmary following an attack he had suffered at his home.

Doctor Egleston was born at Winnsboro September 2, 1873. He was the son of DuBose and Louise Aiken Egleston. He came of a noble heritage. His grandfather, George W. Egleston, settled in Charleston early in the 18th century, moving there from Lenox, Mass., of which place, he was a native. He was a prominent member of the Charleston bar and was among the founders of the New England society of that city. He died during the Confederate war.

DuBose Egleston was born in Charleston and spent the early days of his life there. He served in the Confederate war in Kershaw's brigade, Company A, Second regiment, and was a lieutenant of his company.

Mrs. Egleston, the doctor's mother, was a native of Winnsboro, being the daughter of James R. and Mrs. Aiken, a descendant of the well known Aiken family that came to this country from County Antrim, Ireland.

Doctor Egleston attended Mt. Zion graded school at Winnsboro, continuing his education at the Sewanee grammar school and later studied at the University of the South. He was graduated in medicine from the University of Nashville. He returned to the University of the South and taught in the medical department one year. Later he attended the South Carolina Medical college, Charleston.

He practiced medicine two years at Barnwell.

In 1900 Doctor Egleston married Annie Bonham Aldrich, Barnwell. They had four children: Louise, Sophia, William, a member of the Hartsville bar, and DuBose, connected with the bank.

He was one of the founders of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church, Hartsville, and served it in various capacities, being senior warden at the time of his death.

Ruff-Smith Journal 1935

Mrs. H. B. Smith announces the

OSCAR CHAPPELL FUNERAL TODAY

Well Known Bookman Citizen
Passes After Brief
⁴⁻⁹⁻¹⁹³⁵ Illness. ¹⁹³⁵

Oscar Chappell, 61, died at his residence in Bookman at 1:40 Wednesday afternoon after a very short illness. He was in his usual good health Tuesday and attended to his duties at the voting precinct all day. About 12 o'clock Tuesday night he suffered a heart attack, from which he failed to rally.

Mr. Chappell was a very prosperous farmer, having spent his entire life in the Bookman community. In Mr. Chappell's death the community has lost one of its best citizens, a man who will be greatly missed by both young and old as he was always ready to do anything at any time for the betterment of his community.

He was recently elected chairman of the board of trustees of school district No. 26. He was also chairman of the Democratic committee. He attended Crooked Run Baptist church. About five weeks ago Mr. Chappell suffered an attack of appendicitis, from which he had fully recovered. He was twice married, first to Miss Florrie McMeekin of Jenkinsville, who died 23 years ago. To this union was born the following children: T. O. Chappell, Mattie Chappell and Mrs. L. S. Blum, all of Bookman, and Dr. Travis Chappell of Columbia.

By his second marriage he is survived by his wife, the former Miss Belyva Lever, and the following children: Buford S. Chappell of Medical college, Charleston; Miss Susan Lucretia Chappell, Miss Dorothy Jane Chappell, Miss Mary Grace Chappell, Miss Mabel Adora Chappell and Miss Annie Priscilla Chappell, all of Bookman; four brothers, Howell Chappell of Bookman, John Chappell, George Chappell, both of Pempeys Pillar, Mont., and Jessie Chappell of Lykesland; two sisters, Mrs. Hugh Pook and Mrs. W. J. Lemmon, both of Winnsboro, and numerous other relatives also survive.

Funeral services will be held at Crooked Run Baptist church at 4 o'clock this afternoon, conducted by the Rev. T. L. Reid, pastor of Fairfield circuit, assisted by the Rev. A. B. Kennedy, pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church. Interment will follow in the churchyard.

The following will service as pallbearers: Active, Ray Haskell, Philip Chappell, W. J. Whitlock, John Turnipseed, J. W. Whitworth and Dr. T. G. McCullough; honorary, Dr. S. E. Harmon, Dr. F. E. Zemp, Dr. D. F. Adcock, Dr. A. C. Estes, A. C. Friday, J. Ross Lever, W. E. Hinnant and C. H. Hinnant.

WILLIAM A. MAYO ¹⁹³⁵ DIES AT HOME

Next to Last Confederate Veteran in Fairfield to Be Laid to Rest Today.

Special to The State.

Winnsboro, June 12.—William A. Mayo, 92, one of two surviving Confederate veterans of Fairfield died today at his home near Jenkinsville after several months' illness.

Surviving is one son, Tom Mayo of Jenkinsville.

Funeral services will be held at his

K—Killed in Battle.

D—Died in Service.

H. D.—Honorably Discharged.

RECORD OF RECIPIENTS OF SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

Three copies of this form, together with certificate of eligibility, must be sent to the State Recorder, ^{Mrs.} _____ who will forward two to the custodian, Mrs. L. H. Raines, 403 Daffy St. East, Savannah, Ga., who will return one copy with the certificates, to the president of the chapter applying for Crosses to be kept in the chapter records.

NAME OF VETERAN	RANK	COMPANY AND REGIMENT	ENLISTED	DISCHARGED	CAMP	CHAPTER BESTOWING	DATE OF BESTOWAL	NAME DESCENDANT, OR OF WIDOW	DUPLICATE	PENDORSERS
Castles, W. H.	Lieut. in 23-S.C.P.	Co "F" 6-Reg - S.C.P.	Apr-10 1861	Spring 1864		John Bratton	May-10 1906			W. W. Hetchin W. C. Beatty W. L. Jordan W. H. Flemming J. D. McCarty W. C. Beatty
Chandler, E. W.	Clerk in Com. Dept.	Co "H" 3-Reg - State Troops	Nov 1864	May-7 1865-		"	"			J. M. Lykes W. B. Gilbert
Chapell, J. Smith	Private	27 - S.C. State Troops	December 1864	Apr-26 1865-	Camp Raines No - 698.	"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
Clark, J. W.	"	Boyer Artillery Co "C"	1861	1865-		"	"			Jas A. Bruce J. D. McCarty W. B. Gilbert J. M. Lykes
Craig, J. E.	"	6-Reg - S.C.P. Co "E"	Dec-28 1862	Apr-26 1865-		"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
Cranford, Robt	"	15-Reg - S.C.P. Co "B"	1862	1865-	Camp Raines No - 698	"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
Cranford - S. L.	"	7- Bat - S.C.P. Co "G"	1862	June - July 1865-		"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
Cranford, Wm - J.	Courier for Gen. Bratton	6-Reg - S.C.P. Co "E"	Apr-16 1861	April 1865-	Camp Raines No - 698	"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
Crosby - W. W.	Private	3- Bat. State Troops Co "B"	Mar 1863	April 1865-	No - 106-8	"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
Crowder, Y. A.	"	17-Reg - S.C.P. Co "B"	Jan 15- 1862	Apr - 9- 1865-		"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce
	"	26-Res - S.C.P.	Apr-20 1861	Apr-9- 1865-	Camp Raines No 698.	"	"			J. A. Haggood R. W. Phillips W. B. Gilbert W. A. McInnis W. J. Keller C. J. Boulware J. C. Dye Henry Jeffers H. A. Chailard Geo. A. Bruce

Honor for the flag now furled,
That stood in the smoke that rolled
From the mouth of the battle:

Honor for her State Rights creed,
Liberty's yearning and need
Now to adjust and settle.

Stand firm, with thy musket at rest;
On earth's martial fields it is best
To wait for the word of command:

Man's dearest rights demand pure
swords:
These mighty States may give these
words:

"March on and save this glorious
land."

Bragging Some.

Mr. Editor: You never called me a
blank you speak of in The Herald.
However, I will send in my credentials
as a soldier from old Fairfield. I
was born and reared in Fairfield; my
father also. He and I belonged to
Capt. Hayne McMeekin's company.
Since the war I have lived just over
the line in Richland, half a mile from
where I was reared.

I belonged to Company F, Twelfth
South Carolina regiment, McGowan's
brigade, Wilcox's division, A. P. Hill's
corps. McGowan had about 120 picked
men from his brigade as sharpshooters,
commanded by that gallant man,
Capt. Dunlap, from York
county. Oscar Bookman was selected
first for the sharpshooters, and
was killed. My officer sent me to
take his place; where I served till
taken prisoner at Southerner's station
next day after the battle at Five Forks.
Four days before, Lee surrendered. I
was carried to a little island in the
harbor at Bridgeport, Conn., and got
home July 4, 1865. Have been farming
ever since. Don't know anything
else. Worked more days since the
war than any man now living in Fairfield
county.

The good Lord has been kind to
me. I have not missed a meal since
the war. Physically, I am the best
man in the bunch now left in Fairfield.
I can cut and split 500 rails or
hoe an acre of cotton in one day, or
lay off more corn or cotton rows, or
cut grain with the old grain cradle
ahead by a long shot of any old rebel
left in Fairfield.

If you find one that doubts this
braggadocio, though I am no betting
man, I will back the test of endurance
by putting up a plantation and a team
of mules. Not seeing your blank, I
don't know what you want. If this
suits, all right; if not, ditto.

I send you my photograph. Please
take nice care of it. The old woman
thinks it good looking. Will be up to
dinner certain.

Oscar F. Chappell.

Fall of Columbia.

(Winnboro News, Feb. 18, 1865.)

Winnboro News.

It is our painful duty to announce
this morning the fall of the capital of
our State—Columbia.

A gentleman well known to us in-
forms us that our proud city had to
succumb to a superior force of the
enemy about 11 o'clock yesterday. As
usual, there were a great many
rumors in regard to this sad affair,
and even yet it is difficult to get a
correct statement.

There are also a great many rumors
in regard to the route taken by the
enemy, and, when we attempt to
trace up these rumors, we find they
lack a fountain head. Some say the
enemy has taken the old State road
to our town, whilst others insist that
they have gone via Camden, making
a more direct route to Greensboro,
N. C. We hope the latter may be
correct, and that our little town
may not be entered by the forces of
the enemy. Should, however, they
come this way, we admonish all who

village of Abbeville, on the
I saw the worn and weary president
of the Confederate States at the home
of Hon. Armistead Burt, whom Pres-
ident Davis knew in congress before
the Civil war. "Deep on his brow en-
graven deliberation sat and public
care," and the paleness of his face
and his far-away look for strength to
his God were evident to the free and
joyful heart of a child. He shook
hands with the ladies of Abbeville
who came to Hon. Armistead Burt's
residence to pay their respect and
loyalty to him, who had stood for
them for four weary years as their
embodiment of Southern chivalry, as
their representation of the rights of
the Southern people. He held a council
of war at this residence and as
President Davis had with him some
cavalry he wished to make a stand at
Abbeville and meet the enemy. His
staff was opposed to this proposition.
Mr. Davis, it was then said, covered
his face with his hands, wrestling with
thoughts beyond the touch of pen or
expression of words.

That night at 11 o'clock President
Davis and a part of his cabinet left
Abbeville village and crossed the
swollen waters of the Savannah on
May 4, 1865. The rest is easily told,
for we Southern people know it by
heart. He was captured near Wash-
ington, Ga., then confined in Fortress
Monroe, and the great drama of the
cause of Southern independence
ended.

As I began this contribution to Mem-
orial day by saying the beginning
and end of human crises are inter-
esting, so I close with the reflection
and faith that the deeds performed
by our Southland in the interval may
have met political death, but they
are the germs of the glorious radiance
which is now shining from the moun-
tain tops of the future on the mighty
South, which is marching on to great
and imperishable civic and material
wealth.

Burning of Episcopal Church.

Mr. Editor: Every act of vandalism
committed by the yankees in their
march through our country should be
carefully chronicled. We had a con-
versation with a gentleman today
(Saturday) who states that, judging
from some questions put to him by
a yankee officer, on the day of the
burning of the Episcopal church, he
has no doubt that orders were issued
for its destruction prior to the ar-
rival of the enemy in Winnboro. The
questions and answers ran thus

Yankee—"What church is that we
passed on our left as we came in
town?"

Answer—"You came by the Alston
road, I believe; if so, you passed the
Presbyterian and the new Baptist
churches."

Yankee—"I allude to the brown
church off to our left, and some lit-
tle distance from town."

Answer—"That is the Episcopal
church."

Yankee—"Who is the pastor?"

Answer—"Dr. Lord."

Yankee—"Who is the bishop of the
diocese?"

Answer—"Bishop Davis."

Yankee—"Is he a relative of Presi-
dent Davis?"

Answer—"I do not know."

With this the officer galloped off,
and that evening the church was
fired. These questions were pertinent
—all relative to the one object—the
church; and taken in connection with
the fact that some of Dr. Lord's
"thanksgiving sermons" (which were
of the most patriotic and secession
proclivity) were published, leaving no
room to doubt the premeditancy of
the sacrilegious act. We believe,
however, that all the burning has been
done, if not by order of Gen. Sher-
man, at least with his knowledge and
consent. The statement lately made
by an army correspondent, that we
did not intend to burn Winnboro,
that we might show that we had the
power to save as well as destroy,
proves conclusively that up to the

gardens, orchards and grave yards
Instead of marching in heavy
teams along the highway or in
along by-paths of country road
many erroneously conceived
would do, they extended out to
right and left irrespectively of
taking one broad sweep of the
try. No house, however small,
secure or retired in its situ-
escaped their attention. The ca-
galloped up at full speed, dismount-
rushed into the houses without stop-
ing to any one or observing any
civilities of civilized life, went
stairs and down stairs, into gar-
cellars, parlors, closets, family
ments, sleeping rooms, breaking
boxes, chests, drawers, but-
trunks, secretaries, desks, side-
clothes presses, wardrobes, aban-
ing all desirable articles, and
black and white furniture, and
many instances they put on
sore-backed horses, ladies' sit-
ing and gentlemen's clothing
elegantly wrought pillow cases
they converted into flour
sometimes strewing the cor-
of the bureaus and wardrobe
over the floor and occasion-
tearing fine silk dresses into
All decency and civility were
The private apartments of ladies
unceremoniously entered and
maged and the ladies them-
called by such vile epithets as
yankee vocabulary contains.
rings and finger rings, bra-
breastpins, watches, medallions
other jewelry were rudely torn
their persons, and in some cases
the hands of their own negro
who were forced to do it by
and bayonets presented to
breasts. In one instance, at least,
clothes intended for an unborn
were taken. Gold and silver ad-
dent spirits were the most
To the scandal of humanity
recorded that monuments and
were searched, graves interrupted,
coffins disinterred and broken
in quest of concealed treasures,
and mules were driven off. Col-
young horses that could not be
and bridled were shot down,
field is stilled of horses and
with the exception of a few he-
there which were run by the pl-
and some broken down and
backed emaciated animals left
invaders, there were no horses
district immediately subsequ-
the departure of the yankees.
are some now collecting from t-
jacent districts. Planters gen-
have next to no means of ma-
crop so far as horsepower is
cerned. Men who formerly made
2,000 bushels of corn and 100
of cotton are now in a condition
do little or nothing on their fa-
few acres of corn, perhaps, and
planting in partially pre-
grounds by oxen, feeble army
and by hoes. The country is
time being is paralyzed.
In the absence of soldiers w-
scouring the country in differ-
rections, grass would grow
some of our highways this su-
Many of the usual operati-
the country are for the
suspended. There is little or
doing in the shops or tal-
Some of the customary
are dispensed with or re-
formed on foot. Some of the
are visiting their patients on
Men—who before the invasion
mounted on all occasions,
their nearest farms and neigh-
well as the more distant on
and ladies who could scarce-
friends or go to church thou-
so near without a driver, a c-
and all the appurtenances of
to stay at home or become
trians. Corn in many instal-
carried to mill in small par-
the shoulders of men, not c-
backs of mules or in wagons. V-
mentioned the subject of mil-
there are but few of them. W-
few exceptions they have fall-
times to the spoiler. All the g-
were burnt and all the cotton, a-