

## AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Mr. J. C. Feaster Tells Us Some Interesting Facts About the War—He Mourns with the Rest of Us the Death of General Bratton. 1878

Christmas has come and gone, and with it joys it brought its sorrows. Such a sadness in the loss to Capt. T. M. Lyles, his family and friends in the death of his wife on Christmas night. Through respect to her memory several parties were postponed. Her equals in every respect were few, she lived to a good old age, but her people were loth to give her up. Such is life; as a flower, it has gone back to its giver—God.

The new year has us traveling on the earth in its orbit at the mean rate of 68,000 miles an hour, and turns on its axis 1,040 miles an hour. The sun and all his planets at the rate of about 6 to 9 miles a second, in the direction of Alpha Lyra, a fixed star of the first magnitude in the constellation Lyra.

There appears to be no farm work going on in the way of ploughing.

If Ellerbe allows the penalty to be enforced on the taxpayers at this time of 4 to 5 cents cotton when he could, if he would, prevent it, I think it ought to end his governorship when his time expires.

The Feasters were not Tories in the Revolution. My grandfather, John, and his two brothers, Jacob and Andrew, were too young to enter the army of the Revolution, and their father was a Dunkard preacher, so tradition says, well authenticated too. They came to this country from Switzerland, and it is so stated on their monument. If I mistake not that country has been a republic for several hundred years, and it is hardly to be supposed that they would wish to establish a monarchy by force of arms. They originally spelled their name Pfister, but my grandfather's father, Andrew, was the first to spell it as it now is, so my cousin, Miss F. G. Feaster, told me not long since. She showed me the will of my great uncle, Andrew Feaster, who was killed about a mile northeast of Salem Church by Shadrach Jacobs, and who was brought back from Florida twenty years afterwards and was hung at Willsboro for that crime.

As to the locality of the Mobley Meeting House I know nothing, though I have been near the place described hundreds of times. There can be no doubt that the Mobleys were good people, and that is enough for me on that line; and I don't suppose my grandmother, Drucilla, (who married my grandfather, John Feaster, when they were both quite young, he, I am told, was but seventeen,) took much interest in politics. The only time I ever heard of the Mobleys being scared was in the tradition of Col. or Gen. Hampton, of the Revolutionary times, taking their land from them; but that they had plenty of other lands to go to is evident.

In our late civil strife we all came together; all Confederates, true and tried; thousands of us sealed our convictions with our blood, and nothing was said or thought of which side their ancestors took in the Revolutionary war. But as our Lieutenant, Henry Dixon, of Co. H., 6th Regt., S. C. V., said in conversation with Capt. Dick Cantey, of Col. Mart Gary: "Mart said to his men in going into battle: 'In the first place, you've got to fight, in the second place, you've got to fight, and in the third place, you've got to fight.'" This Lieut. Dixon was promoted to the captaincy of Co. H, after Capt. Frank Weston was mortally wounded at the fight on the other side of Lookout Mountain. I received a letter not long since from Capt. Henry Dixon, of Columbia, in regard to the roll of Co. H. He wanted it for the State Confederate Historian, Col. J. P. Thomas. We had already sent to Col. Thomas the roll of the Buckhead Guards, which was not the roll wanted.

I quote a few lines that Capt. Dixon wrote me: "I am anxious to see you as I often think of you, and your kind attention to the sick and wounded and your devotion to duty. I am very sorry to hear of the death of T. D. Feaster, as he was a noble and good man and a heroic soldier. The few of us left should be devoted to each other as we only know what what we endured during the war. I am in good health and as full of life as ever.

"With sincere regards to yourself and devoted lady, I remain your old friend and comrade,

"Henry W. Dixon."