

REMINISCENCES OF YORK

BY

DR. MAURICE MOORE

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*Biographical Sketch*

OF

*Dr. Maurice Moore*

from Camden by a brigade of horse, under General Bradley, of Chester. The cannon roared forth its thundering welcome, acclamations of heart's allegiance greeted him, and from every voice were cries of welcome. He was handed into the vehicle prepared for him, and by his side rode old Colonel Tom Taylor, the father of Columbia—himself a revolutionary hero—both uncovered. On the box, in addition to the driver, was a footman—both in livery, and two fine looking mulattoes, also in handsome livery, holding an extra rein to guard against any accident occurring from the high mettles of the fiery steeds, chafed by the measured pace and excited by the vociferous salutations of the enthusiastic throng which continually made the air clamorous with shouts of welcome. The military display was imposing. Among the companies was Captain Meyer, of Newberry—father of Dr. Meyer—who had 125 men under his command, each one mounted on a white horse, all handsomely uniformed and caparisoned. To this company afterward, was assigned the special honor of escorting General LaFayette from Columbia to Charleston.

The intense feeling of the crowd vented itself frequently, as we proceeded to the town, in wild hurrahs. The happy old veteran, his face beaming with pleasure, bowed low again and again from side to side, in delighted acknowledgment of the noble compliment he was receiving.

We entered the town by Taylor street—turned into Main street, across which were thrown triumphal arches of evergreens and flowers, and on either side, at intervals, jets of water played in the sunshine. Where Bridge street crosses Main street, the procession stopped. Here the mayor made his speech of welcome, the orator of the day delivered his address, and during

these ceremonies the companies were dismounted, the men filed facing in on each side—the line extending from Main street some yards past Mr. Randolph's house—which had been generously tendered and fitted up for the use of the noble Frenchman during his stay. The speeches ended, through this living avenue LaFayette walked to his temporary residence. To Francis K. Huger, in recognition of his noble risks generously hazarded to liberate the Marquis de LaFayette from his long imprisonment—when immured at Olmutz—yet, though fruitless, was accorded the honor to walk by his side in the day of his majesty, through the street of the proud capital of Huger's own state. They were in front. LaFayette, limping in his gait, leaning on Huger's right arm, proceeded slowly down the ranks. A cannon rolled out its sonorous reports in the distance, feux de joie were continually echoing along the line, and little girls, in holiday attire, threw bouquets under his feet, thus literally straying his path with flowers. Behind him came the dignitaries of state and city, two and two, arm in arm; a most imposing spectacle. I, in virtue of my rank, stood three paces in front of the rank and file. Next to me was Major Moore, of Winnsboro. As LaFayette approached, I saw, every now and then, some of the officers on either side, shake hands with him. Coveting, too, the privilege, I whispered to Major Moore to shake hands with him when he came up. "I will," he replied, in the same tone; and when LaFayette got to where we were stationed, the major advanced a pace, put out his hand, and, as if acknowledging the grand introduction of the splendid pageant—for there was no other—said "I am happy to be made acquainted with you, sir." LaFayette grasped the proffered hand, bowing and repeating the phrase all the time on his

*LaFayette and Pompey Fortune*

lips, coming, I doubt not, straight from the heart, "very happy." I stood next, in silence, and held out my hand, and I never received a more cordial grasp and shake, accompanied, by the words "very happy, very happy." Ah, who would not have been happy on such a day. Nearly half a century before he had listened to the statutes of his noble heart, and came from a foreign land to a bleeding country. Forbidden by his government, admonished by his friends and giving up the delight of home and the endearments of a young and beautiful wife, he aided a people struggling for freedom, and on their battlefield of Brandywine poured forth his generous blood. Now, the nation, one of the nations of the earth, greeted him with shouts of undying love and gratitude; and Carolina, proudest of this land, in joy and love, strewed roses under his feet and wreathed immortelles above his head.

An amusing incident relieved the intensity of feeling without marring the effect, as it might have done on a less grand occasion. To Dr. James Davis and Professor Henry Nott, had been assigned the duty of going about twenty paces in front of the procession to see the path clear and all in fitting order for the tread of the august personage to follow. Some mischievous boy, at a cross street, threw in an old gander. Of course the serrated ranks gave no outlet for the intruder, for behind the military companies were a great multitude, no man could number. To try to catch the goose was out of the question, as it, of course, would create confusion and unseemly mirth; so he walked, in solitary dignity, poking out his neck from side to side, stopping now and then to give a hiss at the men. The doctor and professor, hats in hand, were fain to wait his movements, now and then venturing a mild "shew! shew!" and giving a gentle flourish of

their hats to accelerate his movements. The gander would give a "quaw! quaw!" in return, not improving his pace, but merely, resuming the even tenor of his way, and so he led the van to the end of the line.

At last LaFayette entered the house. Here everything was arranged most perfectly for his comfort. Judge Nott's old Harry, a servant renowned in his day, throughout Columbia, for his superiority in every good quality, was assigned as his body-servant. Judge DeSaussure and others had their most accomplished house servants to attend in waiting. Cut glass and silver stood around in profusion, contributed by the citizens for the use of the occasion.

Two sentinels, with fixed bayonets on their guns, were posted at the door to prevent the entrance of intruders: Officers, however, were all allowed to enter unquestioned. The insignia of office shown by my feather and sword, obtained my admittance. In the passage, I met General Bradley, of Chester—an acquaintance. With him I went into the room where LaFayette held a kind of levee, and was presented by name. Again I had the honor of pressing my hand to that of the generous Frenchman, whose nobility of nature, far above that of birth alone, had been accounted worthy of the friendship, even of our Washington.

After the introduction, and my taking with LaFayette a glass of wine, for servants in attendance filled bumpers of sparkling champagne, which all but he quaffed to the bottom—he merely performing the courtesy of touching the glass to his lips—I withdrew, to the farther side of the room from where he stood and stationed myself near the door.

Here I saw a strange but pleasant incident transpire. An old African, neatly dressed, came to the front door and started in; but the sentinels interposed

*Pompey Fortune*

their bayoneted guns to bar his entrance. The old man contemptuously pushed them aside saying, "Pshaw! pshaw! see guns afore you was born; been where dey been shot by soldiers, too," and without farther opposition from any one gained his way. He came straight to the room where the distinguished guest was standing among the crowd and said out, "I come to see General LaFayette." LaFayette turned, looked at him and remarked: "An old acquaintance; don't tell me who it is." The Negro advanced to the Marquis, and bowing, held out his hand and said, "Howdy, Mas' LaFayette; how you do, sir. You 'member me?" "Yes, step; don't tell me your name. Ah! I have it. Pompey, belonging to Colonel 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 General Buchanan, near there, and Pompey waited on me," said he, as he shook warmly the old man's hand. The nobleman called for a glass of champagne with Pompey, which that worthy took with great dignity. Then he put out his hand and said, "Good-bye, Mas' LaFayette; we getting old—we'll never meet again. God bless you." They shook hands again. Pompey went out, mounted his pony, and started for his home near Winnaboro, saying he'd come to see General LaFayette; now he'd done that he was going home.

Judge DeSaussure's house was next to the one occupied by LaFayette, and here in his yard, did this gentleman of the old school, have servants in attendance, constantly bringing fresh water and dispensing it to the thirsty men. It was but a cup of cold water, but how graceful the action, how pure the heart so full of thought for other's comfort. Frequently would the courtly gentleman, when the soldiers crowded in, take the pitcher in hand while

the servants ran for more, and fill the cup after cup of water with his own hands.

The ball given that night, in the state house, was, I suppose, a splendid affair. During the entire night fire rockets were sent off. The next day LaFayette rode around town, calling on different men of eminence. Among others, so honored, was William Edward Hayne, formerly sheriff of York—the son of Charleston's Revolutionary martyr. Mrs. Hayne brought out her infant and said to the general, "Sir, when my baby is grown, I want to have it to say it was once in the arms of General LaFayette." Benignly he took the infant in his arms, kissed and blessed it. Whether the babe lived to mature years, to boast the gentle action which graced its infancy, I know not.

After three days' stay, we saw the bright pageant ended, and returned to York—its beauties to recount, its pleasures to recall: Even now, after the lapse of 45 years, I recur with pride to these days.

"Then none were for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great."

I do not remember any preserved record of these great gala days in South Carolina, and have, therefore, been moved to tell to the young, as well as the gap of years allow, the pomp of the reception at their state capital of the Marquis de LaFayette, proudly participated in by the gay company from York.

In 1823 or 1823, Paddy Carey came from Rogersville, East Tennessee, to Yorkville. He was a printer, and was brought on to South Carolina, by Rev. Robert Davis, to print the "Lectures on the New Testament," written by his father—Rev. Wm. C. Davis—the found-

er of the sect called Independent Presbyterians.

After his residence for awhile in Yorkville; Carey conceived the idea of publishing a weekly newspaper, as a private enterprise, for at that time there was no paper printed in the state, above Columbia. The undertaking was generally encouraged and promised to be a success. Carey got up a subscription list, fixing the price of the paper at \$8 per year, to which many readily signed their names. There was much debate about the name, Carey asking and rejecting suggestions of different appellations, until he made it quite a village topic. We all thought he had decided on calling it "The Spirit of '76," when lo! one morning "The Pioneer" surprised us by its modest presence; and all had to confess the suitability of its title and a good omen of its future. Carey having begun with so happy a hit. The first issue was about the size of foolscap writing paper. The type was set by a little boy named Smith. The other hands were too busy about the book to be able to spare time for this new work. It grew in size gradually, and in its maturity was a paper of respectable dimensions and much merit. James Edward Henry, after its enlargement, became a valued contributor to The Pioneer's columns. He was "the pen of a ready writer," and his articles much enhanced the popularity of the paper. One of his stories: "Myra Cunningham, a tale of the Revolution," was a pleasant little novelette much admired, ran through number after number for several months. However, one of his best pieces almost got Carey into a serious scrape. The relation will serve to show how well Major Henry painted everyday pictures, and how human nature is alike the world over.

On the Fourth of July we had a ball

in Yorkville. It passed as such things usually do, with its modicum of compliments and cuts—a pleasure to some, a disappointment to others, and it was over; but the next issue of The Pioneer had "A Description of a Fourth of July Ball," under the new and singular nom de plume of "The Wasp;" and it had a sting, for it was surely "our ball" depicted. Home actors were certainly drawn; and so well, too, the take off could hardly be called a burlesque. "Maj. Doublehead," was undoubtedly meant for Major Darwin; "Becky Biter" was a true portrait of one of our village beauties, whose tongue, alas! many of us knew to our cost, "cut like a two-edged sword." The Misses Eggleston, admirable young ladies, was a deserved compliment to the Misses McMahan; as too, was the description of an accomplished young gentleman of very fine manners and appearance, which was certainly Donom Witherspoon. "Mr. Fudge," was Charley Coggins, and no one hesitated, it was so plain who was meant; to say that the vinegar faced little girl described as "Betsy Cruik," was Miss Betsy Chambers. "As good a little thing, if she was sour looking," uncle Ben Chambers swore, "as was in town," and no one could put her derisively in the papers with impunity—he'd break every bone in Carey's trifling carcass."

Carey had put forth one wasp and found himself in a nest of them. More than one individual went to ask him what he meant by personalities so pointed. In vain he declared the article was sent to him two weeks before the ball, and he had delayed its publication. He got no credence. The verdict "was that he was lying out of the matter."

In the midst of this "tempest in the teapot," a gentleman from Chester

Re: old posting

*make new file for Fortune genealogy  
Cross reference  
Pompey Fortune (York  
County historical  
document - make  
a people file for  
Pompey)*

**Subject:** Re: old posting

**From:** Pelham Lyles <fairfieldmus@truvista.net>

**Date:** Wed, 01 Aug 2007 19:19:12 -0400

**To:** Glen Porteous <gporteous@sympatico.ca>, adlymo@barnwellsc.com

Glen,

Lynda Mosely sent the information below as I wrote to both of you about Fortune.

My Fortune research group was in touch with Linda Malone several years ago. She was a tremendous help to me particularly. We brought up a possible connection to Fortune Springs, but her research went in another direction. If I recall correctly, it was named for a former slave Pompey who was a servant of someone connected with Cornwallis somehow? I could be wrong, it's been several years, and since it wasn't named for our Fortunes, I discarded the info.

My Fortunes did own land in what is now The Town of Winnsboro. My ancestor John Fortune received 350 acres on the head of Jackson's Creek in 1768. This land was later sold to the Winn family, either John or Richard. John Fortune is buried somewhere beneath the streets of Winnsboro. Linda sketched out an approximate location of the 350 acres for us. I can send what I have, but it will take me some time to put it all together. My Fortune cousins discussed one of us putting together a manuscript for the genealogy room, but so far, they haven't actually written it. Our Fortune family story is a fascinating one, though. I would love to see it in writing.

Glen Porteous wrote:

Yes, this email address is still current. I would like to hear the story with regard to the park.  
Thank you

Glen Porteous

-----Original Message-----

From: Pelham Lyles [mailto:fairfieldmus@truvista.net]

Sent: Tuesday, July 31, 2007 8:25 PM

To: gporteous@sympatico.ca

Subject: old posting

I saw an old query about Fortune Springs Park, Jackson Crk., etc. I hope this address is current as I would very much like to contact you. I can tell you the story...  
Pelham Lyles

Pelham Lyles  
Director  
Fairfield County Museum

Captain John Buchanan served in battles of the Revolution. He was stationed at Georgetown and was the first American officer to welcome and entertain the gallant Lafayette. His body servant, Fortune, waited on Lafayette and was remembered by the Frenchman when 50 years later Lafayette visited Columbia. Captain Buchanan gave to Fortune a plot of land with a spring in a fine grove of trees, which is to-day the Fortune Spring Park of Winnsboro.

Captain Buchanan died in 1824, aged 74 years. He and his wife are buried in the Methodist Cemetery in Winnsboro, where stood the church he helped to found.