

These men and a mismanaging husband could ruin the fortune of any child. All I have to say to such, is to keep a copy of this on hand, and when it comes to their turn to leave for a place which they will most assuredly dread, say to their children, should they have any to leave, that honesty is the best policy.

In my next, which will be in a day or two, I will give my age, or what I think it to be—a short sketch of my family on both sides—the wars which I have been engaged in—the fights that I witnessed. (which were but light)—what the S in my name stands for—my shipping on board the Epervier, and my discharge from her—my settlement in Alabama and Arkansas,—and all that you have requested to know; and I think you will find it much more interesting than this will be.

Yours, truly,
T. S. WOODWARD.

Gen THOMAS S WOODWARD

124-25 GRANDSON OF WHEELING, WISN PARISH, LA.,
126-27 The Regulator December 20, 1858.
128-P-17 HOOPER, ESQ. THOMAS (YOUNGEST SON BY 2ND WIFE) OF THE "REGULATOR"

Dear Sir:—A few days back I wrote you a letter, in which I promised, as early as possible, to give you a little sketch of my family, my age, and also the little wars that I was engaged in in my younger days. My name is not as common as Smith, but it is to be met with in all the States of this Union, as well as in many parts of Europe. Whether the name is Norman, Saxon, or German, originally, I do not know. But the name seems to have been derived from the occupation followed by those who bore it, at an early day. Woodward, one who protects the forest. My early ancestors of the name came from England, and settled in Maryland, under George Calverton, Baron of Baltimore. And near Annapolis, my great grandfather, Thomas Woodward, was born, and raised in Maryland. He raised a family of children by a first wife—she died; and he went into Fairfax county, Virginia, and married my great grandmother, Elizabeth Simpson, the descendant of a Scotch family—and Simpson is my middle name. Thomas Woodward and Elizabeth Simpson had one son, and called him Thomas, who was my grandfather. The old man returned to Maryland to move his other children to Virginia; he died on his visit to Maryland, and never returned, nor did his Maryland children ever get to Fairfax; but some years after their father's death, some of them went to Dinwiddie county, Virginia, and some to North Carolina; the North Carolina branch of the family has lost one letter in the name—they spell the name with one W, instead of two. I could name many of the older ones of most of the branches of the family, but it would take up too much time, as well as room, for a paper of this sort. My great grandmother remained a widow for some years, when she married a man by the name of Robinson, and raised two sons, William and John,

ROBERTSON

ELIZABETH SIMPSON IS MARY SIMPSON'S DAUGHTER OF THOMAS SIMPSON

HAVE BELIEVE THE WAS JOHN WOODWARD

THE REGULATOR

both of whom I have seen, as well as their mother. My mother carried me and my sister to South Carolina when we were small children: the old lady was then living, and from what I have learned since, she was then about 112 years of age—she died two years after. It has been said that Robinson neglected my grandfather's education, and he was suffered to grow up very much in the way that one of his grand sons has since. At an early age he showed some inclination to become a soldier, and was in the French war, and a part of the time with Gen. Washington, who was then a Major or a Colonel. My grandfather was a Captain in that service, and was a much older man than Gen. Washington, and from what I have been able to learn from Parson Weems and others, the old man was looked upon as a good fighter. He married at an early age, a woman by the name of Jemima Collins, and they had four daughters and two sons, John and William. His wife died while he was in the service. At the close of the French war he was ordered on the frontier of South Carolina, leaving his children in Virginia. While in South Carolina, he became acquainted with my grandmother, who was his second wife. And it is the blood of that grandmother which courses through my veins, that in early life tempted me to quit what the world terms civilized and christian man.

I will now give you as accurately as I can the true history of that branch of my family. At the very earliest settlement of South Carolina by Europeans; and at the time those tribes of Indians that inhabited the lower parts of the Carolinas and Georgia, viz: the Sowanokas, Uchees, Yemacraws and others; a European, either of French or Spanish origin, by the names of Silves, (I think the name was originally spelled Silvester, but pronounced Silves,) came to Beaufort, S. C., took an Indian woman for a wife, and raised a family of children. About the time Silves's eldest daughter arrived to womanhood, an Englishman by the name of Thomas Stokes came to the country and turned Indian trader. Stokes took the daughter of Silves for a wife, and raised four children by her, two sons and two daughters, and one of them was my grandmother—her name was Elizabeth. She married one John May. The other daughter, whose name I have forgotten, (though I was much better acquainted with her than I was with my grandmother,) married a man by the name of Joiner.

The two sons were Thomas and Silvester. They were both Whigs in the American Revolution, and in a skirmish with some British and Tories, at the old ridge, not far from the line of Edgefield and Lexington Districts, S. C., they were both badly wounded, and escaped at the time, but were necessarily forced, from their wounds, to go to a settlement to have them dressed. They were betrayed and taken prisoners by the British, and if not hanged at the same time with Col. Haynes, they were just before or after.

My grandmother raised three children by John May, two sons and a daughter, when May died. She then married my grandfather, and settled in the Fairfield District—they raised three sons and three daughters—my father was the oldest of the young set of children. My

I believe that this book is the very first and original source of the Woodward Genealogy.

See below

GEN WASHINGTON BORN FEB. 22 1732

MY LINE

This book was wrote by Thomas Simpson Woodward, the grandson of the Regulator and his 2nd wife Elizabeth Stokes Mays. His father was their oldest son, Thomas who m. Mary Howard.

I feel that this book is the cause of the problem... See comments on back of this paper.

Comments on the Subject of the Woodward Genealogy....which is wrong...

This book was first wrote by Thomas Simpson Woodward, who was the grandson of Thomas (Regulator) Woodward and his 2nd wife, Elizabeth Stokes Mays. His father was their first son Thomas Woodward, who married Mary Howard, daughter of Nehemiah Howard and Edith Smith. She was born in Union County S.C. ca. 1774. She died in September of 1806 in Georgia. His father (Thomas & son of Regulator & Elizabeth Stokes Mays, 2nd wife) married ca. 1791 and died 23 March 1800. Elizabeth Stokes Mays, 2nd wife of the Regulator died in 1802, between 12 August when she wrote her will and 24 November 1802.

This book "Reminiscences" was originally wrote by Thomas Simpson Woodward in a series of letters to friends and was not intended for publication. For some reason or another (and I have a idea why) some of these letters begin to appear in newspapers in Montgromery. Later they were collected for publication in 1859 by BARRETT & WIMBISH of Montgromery...(NOTE: BARRETT was name of wife of Rev. William Woodward and I wonder if this might be why these letters were published in book style)?? A later reprint in 1939 was made by the Alabama Book Store in Tuscaloose and the Birmingham Book Exchange in Birmingham...(Source of this info...Page 181 of the magazine "Genealogical Helper" by Everton Publishing Co., of Nibley, Utah. (SEPT-OCT ISSUE). This book was again republished in 1985 by Courier Publications, of Winnfield Louisiana.

In the book "Reminiscences" Thomas Simpson Woodward states that he was born in February (ca. 1793 if he is right about his age) and in his lätter of December 20, 1858 states he was ca. 65....(page 127 of that book Reminiscences, which is enclosed...Also note on that same page that he states that his grandfather (the Regulator) "was much older than General Washington..Washington was born in Feb of 1732 so I did not and do not believe the Regulators birth was 1729 (as listed by DAR and others) but was 1719 or thereabouts...)..

You will note that Thomas Simpson Woodward was getting old in his age when he wrote this series of letters, and it is my opinion that since he was orphaned at an early age and hung out around military posts, he was subject to bragging etc...also due to his age, he became mixed up with MATERNAL GREAT GRANDPARENTS whom was Thomas Simpson and his first (unknown wife) who may have been named Elizabeth Simpson..???I think he got them confused with the grandparents Thomas (Regulator) Woodward and his 2nd wife, who was his grandmother ELIZABETH STOKES MAYS WOODWARD.

Maryland Records do not show Thomas Woodward, son of Abraham, and who married Maragert Izams as either remarrying to Elizabeth Simpson OR ANYONE else....also his birth was on 10 March 1732 and he died 21 Feb. 1778, just a year before the Regulator was killed in SC as a 60 year old man... THIS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THIS THOMAS WOODWARD TO BE FATHER OF THE REGULATOR....I believe that the John Woodward (son of Regulator) was named after his grandfather Woodward and a John Woodward was a blacksmith in Prince William Co., adjacnet to Fairfax County...Also note that Mary Woodward was mother of the Regulator (not Elizabeth) and she was the one that remarried John Robertson (records show Robinson). With Jemima Collins Woodward (1st wife of Thomas (Reguãator) Woodward) signing the land sale there is no doubt that we have the same Thomas Woodward.....

grandfather, after marrying my grandmother, moved his mother and two half brothers from Virginia to South Carolina. When the Revolution commenced, he raised among the first companies, if not the first, that was raised in South Carolina. He was killed on Dutchman's Creek, in a fight with the British and Tories, on the 12th of May, 1779. My half uncle, Ben. May, took command of his company. My half uncle, John Woodward, raised another company. My father, who was rather young at the commencement of the war to take the field, after his father was killed entered the service—his two own brothers being too young.

As many of the children and grand children of these men are now living, and know but little of the old stock, I will here give a list of the names of my father's family that served in the Revolution, and to a man I believe, were at the battle of Eutaw, except my grandfather and two grand uncles, Tom and Sil. Stokes, who were then dead.

My two half uncles, John and William Woodward; my half uncle, Ben. May—(my half uncle, Tom May, was a cripple, and never served.) Now for the son-in-laws, or those that married my aunts. The oldest first: James Nelson, Phillip Raiford, Robert Rabb, James Andrews, Phillip Riley, William McMorris, William J. Augustin, Reeves Freeman, and Thomas Woodward, who was the youngest of the crowd, and my father. I have seen many of my grandfather's old company; they were said to be good fighters. But I have heard the old ones say that my uncle Ben. May and uncle William Woodward were looked on as being the most daring men of that day.

My uncle William Woodward represented Fairfield District in Congress for several years, and the same District has been represented by his son Joseph, since, and it is his son William that represents Sumter county, in the Alabama Legislature. My mother was a Howard; her father was Nehemiah Howard, a Virginian by birth, and of an English family. My grandmother Howard was Edith Smith, and descended from a Welch family; it is said her father settled Fairfield, on Neuse River, in Johnson county, North Carolina. My grandmother Howard died in Milledgeville, Ga., very near one hundred years of age. I remember to have seen her mother when I was a small boy; it was said she was over a hundred years old; she was then a widow Edmonson. There were nine brothers of the Howard family, and five sisters; they all lived to be grown and raise a family of children, except three—two uncles, one of whom was killed by a horse, and the other was drowned. My youngest aunt of that family was accidentally burned to death. My mother was the ninth child, and the first of the family that died a natural death. Maj. James Howard, late of Macon county, Alabama, was the next child to my mother, and was the last of the fourteen children to die, which was some two or three years back.

I think I have wrote enough to satisfy you that I have had, and yet have, some relations, though I seldom see any of them; the balance I write now will be little things pertaining pretty much to myself.

✕ Not long after the close of the Revolution, my father left Fairfield District, S. C., and went into Union District, and taught school; several of the Howard family went to the school; among them was my mother, and the children younger than herself. The school continued for some ten years, and at the close of the school my father gave my grandfather Howard to understand that he wished to marry his daughter Mary. It was objected to by the whole Howard family, except John and Ben. Howard. My father returned to Fairfield, and my grandfather Howard moved to Georgia. My grandfather Woodward had a large property in land and negroes for the time in which he lived, and after his death and the close of the war, the heirs set about a division. There was soon a split between the white and Indian children. My father took a few negroes and left for the Cherokee nation. On his route he called at my grandfather Howard's who had then settled in what is now called Elbert county, Georgia, and within six miles of the head of Savannah River. My father tried a second time to get the consent of my grandfather, and through the influence of the two brothers, John and Ben, the matter was arranged. My father settled on Savannah River, between the mouths of two creeks, Lightwood Log and Powder Log, and in Elbert county. There had been at a very early day a stockade fort erected at the place by Gen. Perkins and Col. Cleveland—it was at the old Cherokee crossing, when that tribe was in the habit of trading to Ninety-Six, (96) or Cambridge, as it is now called. This old work stood near what was known in my time as Shockley's Ferry—the block-houses had been converted into dwelling houses—in fact, they had been put up first as dwelling houses and picketed in. In one of these houses I was born; an old lady by the name of Black was present—I have made mention of her before. I was born between the 22d of February, 1794, and the 22d of Feb., 1797, but it is impossible for me to know which, as there have been so many conflicting statements about it, for I rely nothing on any record that I have seen, and if I am to judge from what I can recollect of my father (who died in March, 1800) and other things, I am satisfied that I will be sixty-five years of age on the 22d February next. I do not claim to be born on that day, because the greatest man that our country ever had happened to be born on that day. All the old ones that I have talked to agree as to the day and month, but many of them differ as to the year. But there is one thing sure, I was born at some time and at some place, and if I don't find some time and place to die at, before a great while, it may be looked upon as a miracle.

I entered the army on the first day of July, 1812, and accompanied Gen. Daniel Newman to East Florida. I was in no fight in that expedition. I was at Kingsley's house, and in sight of Capt. Cone and his men when they had a little skirmish with the Indians, and Capt. Farren was killed. I went with some other militia under Tom Rix, to take a look at the castle of St. Augustine. We were taken for Cone's patriots, and were fired upon. If ever I see you, I will tell you an amusing story about that affair, but it would be too long here. I camped one night at Twelve Mile Swamp, with Sergeant McIntosh, and others.

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