



# Fairfield Genealogical Society

## NEWSLETTER

Volume 11 Number 4

December, 1998

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Please continue to submit articles for the newsletter:

- \* Queries
- \* Lineage Charts
- \* Bible Records
- \* Cemetery Surveys
- \* Short Family Histories
- \* and any other items you feel will be helpful to others.

## BIBLE RECORDS

We are continuing to collect Bible records for publication. We are in the process of typing/proofing the records we have to date. The following information is needed: (1) a photo copy of the Bible, (2) have a family member to transcribe the information, (3) photo copy Bible pages, (4) photo copy of title page [publisher and date], (5) information on who owns the Bible and who transcribed the information and (6) preferred Bible records prior to 1920.

For more information, contact: Henrietta Morton, 167 Rutledge Road, Greenwood, SC 29649. Phone: (864) 223-7374; Charlie Beach, PO Box 696, Winnsboro, SC 29180 or Linda Frazier, PO Drawer 89, Winnsboro, SC 29180. Phone: (803) 754-1123

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## HISTORY OF FAIRFIELD COUNTY/BIOGRAPHIES OF ITS PEOPLE

In future issues, we would like to include information about our historic county and its people. **The Fairfield Genealogical Society** requests your help with this. Do you have a favorite story of someone/something of Fairfield County that you would like to share? We welcome information/suggestions from our readers for topics and material for our newsletters.

Let us know where the great e-mail and web sights are located.

## CORRECTIONS

If errors are noted in these newsletters, please advise and we will make corrections in the next newsletter. Linda S. Frazier, Newsletter Editor; PO Box 89, Winnsboro, SC 29180 or email: [lfrazier@sc-online.net](mailto:lfrazier@sc-online.net).

Queries

## BUTLER

I am researching my Butler family from Fairfield, SC. My line comes from Elizabeth Butler who was in Fairfield County in 1800; other names are James, Joel, Enoch and Seaman.

Contact: Jean Hedgepeth, 1435 Hedgepeth Road, Canmer, KY 42722

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## BELL

It seems most of my ancestors lived in the northern area of South Carolina during the latter half of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. One of my ancestors is Thomas Bell about whom I read "he is not to be confused with Thomas A. Bell who was related to the Harpers," however, "my" Thomas Bell and his wife, Nancy Steel, had a daughter Catherine Bell who did, indeed, marry Adam Harper. I am thoroughly confused but I feel there must be some connection. I would appreciate any help.

Contact: Alice Frazier Roth, 24 Ord Street, San Francisco, CA 94114

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## WOODWARD

I am very anxious to obtain any information pertaining to my great grandfather, Tesevan Woodward (m 1858, d 1865 in Fairfield County), and his wife Ellender Brown (d 1906 in Reidville). I am not sure of the spelling of either first name, nor of the dates, for that matter. Their son, Benjamin Wofford Woodward, was my grandfather.

Contact: Joseph E. Woodward, 103 Brookwood Acres, Tryon, NC 28782  
Email: JeWoodward@juno.com

ANN HANCOCK came from Virginia to Fairfield County, SC apparently in the mid-1700's, bringing with her the following children: ROBERT, MARY, MARTHA and ELIZABETH HANCOCK. Robert Hancock married Lucy \_\_\_\_\_, and they had children: (1) Ephraim who married \_\_\_\_\_, and had children Lucy and John; (2) Cressie who married Bennett Ashford; (3) Ann who married \_\_\_\_\_ Finch and had children Henry L. and Harriett Finch; (4) Mary who married John Morris; (5) James who married Sarah Scaife; and (6) Elizabeth who married John Foote.

I am descended from Robert Hancock by his son James. I will appreciate any information, however small, about this family, or any member of the family. I will gladly pay expenses and will exchange any information that I have. I need to know more about Ann Hancock, i.e., when did she leave Virginia and arrive in Fairfield County; who was her Hancock husband in Virginia; what happened to her after arrival in Fairfield? What about her daughters - who did they marry, etc.? What was the maiden name of Lucy who married Robert Hancock? Who did Ephraim Hancock marry? What was the connection between this family and the Lyles/Liles family of Fairfield County?

Please contact: Blanche Hancock Turlington  
1155 Hancock Road  
Crossett, Arkansas 71635

Phone: (870) 364-8589

## A Candymaker's Witness

A candymaker in Indiana wanted to make a candy that would be a witness, so he made the Christmas Candy Cane. He incorporated several symbols for the birth, ministry, and death of Jesus Christ.

He began with a stick of pure white, hard candy. White to symbolize the Virgin Birth and the sinless nature of Jesus, and hard to symbolize the Solid Rock, the foundation of the Church, and firmness of the promises of God.

The candymaker made the candy in the form of a "J" to represent the precious name of Jesus, who came to earth as our Savior. It could also represent the staff of the "Good Shepherd" with which He reaches down into the ditches of the world to lift out the fallen lambs who, like all sheep, have gone astray.

Thinking that the candy was somewhat plain, the candymaker stained it with red stripes. He used three small stripes to show the stripes of the scourging Jesus received by which we are healed. The large red stripe was for the blood shed by Christ on the cross so that we could have the promise of eternal life.

Unfortunately, the candy became known as a Candy Cane - a meaningless decoration seen at Christmas time. But the meaning is still there for those who "have eyes to see and ears to hear". I pray that this symbol will again be used to witness To The Wonder of Jesus and His Great Love that came down at Christmas and remains the ultimate and dominant force in the universe today.

## COMPUTER CORNER

<http://www.miningco.com> – find "guides" for most subject areas and let them point you to Websites.

Websites to help combat Y2K – There are hundreds of resources online to help companies figure out the Year 2000 confusion. Here are some of the most specific ones:

General Information: <http://www.year2000.com>  
<http://www.sba.gov/y2k/>

Find websites more easily. Now there's help when you're online and trying to find a site whose address you only remember part of.

WebSitez offers free help. All you do is connect to its Website and type in as much of the address as you know. The site then searches two million Web addresses and their corresponding names.

When it's finished, it will give you a list of likely matches.

There's only one catch, though: You have to remember WebSitez's address: <http://www.websitez.com>

# Ancestors of John Floyd Woodward

Parents
Grandparents
Great-Grandparents
2nd Great-Grandparents

★ **Thomas William Woodward**  
 b: Bet. 1718 - 1728 in Fairfax Co. VA.  
 m: Abt. 1744  
 d: May 12, 1779 in Dutchman's Creek, SC

**John Woodward**  
 b: July 13, 1746 in VA  
 m: June 02, 1772 in Winnboro, Fairfield Co. SC  
 d: May 26, 1817 in Winnboro, Fairfield Co. SC

★ **Jemima Collins**  
 b: Bet. 1720 - 1730 in VA  
 d: Abt. 1763 in VA

**John McDonald Woodward**  
 b: November 10, 1784 in SC  
 d: March 19, 1823 in SC

**Daniel McDonald**  
 b: 1723 in Inverness, Scotland  
 m: 1745  
 d: 1797 in Spartanburg, SC

**Esther McDonald**  
 b: October 20, 1753  
 d: May 26, 1818 in Winnboro, Fairfield Co. SC

**John Jefferson Woodward**  
 b: October 08, 1808 in Winnboro, Fairfield Co. SC  
 m: May 14, 1829 in Winnborough, Fairfield County, S.C.  
 d: June 27, 1862 in Richmond, VA

**Rebecca Middleton**  
 b: Abt. 1724  
 d: 1768

★ **Patsie Eloise Axham, Axum, Exham**  
 b: Bet. 1785 - 1790 in VA  
 d: Abt. 1820 in SC

**John Pearson**  
 b: Abt. 1713  
 m: April 25, 1742  
 d: 1771

**John Floyd Woodward**  
 b: February 16, 1834 in South Carolina  
 m: December 16, 1859 in Talladega Co., AL  
 d: November 05, 1924 in Panhandle, Carson County, TX

**Phillip Raiford Pearson**  
 b: June 04, 1746  
 d: September 15, 1835 in Monticello, Fairfield Co. SC

**Mary Raiford**  
 b: Bet. 1717 - 1726  
 d: 1800

**Philip Edward Pearson**  
 m: December 25, 1806 in Winnboro, Fairfield Co. SC

**Francis Butler**  
 m: December 03, 1764 in W.M.C. NC

**Mary Butler**  
 b: 1765  
 d: September 14, 1854

**Rebecca Mary Pearson**  
 b: Abt. 1813 in SC  
 d: January 30, 1886 in SC

**Ann Weston**

**Samuel Yongue**  
 b: Abt. 1763 in MD  
 d: September 08, 1830 in Winnboro, Fairfield Co. SC

*K. E. Woodward  
 8004 44th Ave. S.W.  
 Seattle Wash. 98136*

**Rachel Yongue**  
 b: in SC  
 d: Abt. 1860 in AL

**Rebecca**

e-mail: meanwood@msn.com

# The Day The Yankees Came To Blair: 21 February 1865

## An Account of the Yankees Pillaging in the Buckland Section\*

By Mrs. Sarah Lyles Feaster

My father was an ardent States Rights advocate, and from him I inherit my reverence for my Revolutionary ancestors and glory in the name of Rebel, whether attached to the patriots of 1776 or 1860, against King George, III, or Northern Abolitionists who brought the "Nation's ward" from Africa for their own profit but, finding that they did not thrive in the rigorous climate of New England, forced them upon the South -- and then began to be shocked at the sin of slavery.

"Year after year they set up wailing lamentations about Southern wrongdoing, bringing all the power of prayer, of press and pulpit to arouse a fierce fanaticism, until finally their efforts culminated in one of the bloodiest wars of all time, followed by insults and injuries heaped upon the vanquished that are without a parallel in modern times."

In resistance to many constitutional violations, South Carolina led the band; and a history of all that befell her people in the succeeding years would fill many volumes.

The enthusiasm that greeted secession of the State beggars description. A sister had reared a Lone Star flag in front of the house, and it was interesting, indeed, to watch the people passing by saluting it, and as an index of the spirit that animated our youthful hearts, here is a copy of a little poem that its erection inspired, composed by my father, William S. Lyles, Esquire:

The Lone Star is up, now come, brothers, come,  
And rally around this bright emblem of home;  
It floats on the breeze, base tyrants defying;  
Then, brothers, stand by, and keep it still flying.

Long, long have we borne with insult and wrongs,  
The hate of the traitor, the threat of the strong;  
But the star of redemption has risen at last;  
Then, brothers, this banner come nail to the mast.

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\* Extracted from Volume Four of "Recollections and Reminiscences" published by S.C. Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

And then, let it float, aye, wave in defiance  
Of Lincoln and Douglas, the hated alliance  
Who have threatened in wrath the South to subdue;  
Then, rally as one and swear to be true.

Look, look to the flag that now beckons you on,  
To fields where freedom is again to be one;  
Then rally and perish, if even you must,  
Ere one of its folds to be trailed in the dust.

Then look to the flag, so proud and so free,  
That waves o'er our homes and mountains to see;  
And swear in your hearts to meet Death's embrace  
Ere tyrants shall ever that Lone Star efface.

Alas! We did not know through what suffering that emblem was to lead, did not realize that many of our relatives and friends were to shed their life's blood in its defense. *Animis, opibusque parati* was not a vain boast with the sons of Carolina. When the tocsin of war sounded and a call was made for the defenders of her sacred soil, they came flocking to her standard, as though moved by one impulse. Lawyers, physicians, merchants, farmers, artisans -- all responded to that call and soon were on their way to Charleston. How that task was fulfilled is well known. How Fort Sumter was besieged and captured under the peerless Beauregard will live in "song and story."

Then, "our boys" were sent to assist in driving the invader from the soil of old Virginia, the Mother of so many of the Presidents of the United States, who was now seeking her destruction and that of her sister States of the South.

Until the spring of 1865, life in the up-country had been comparatively peaceful, saved for the absence of loved ones at the front and the deprivation of the luxuries of life. We did not realize the horrors of grim-visaged war. But Sherman's invasion of the State tore the veil from our eyes. Oh, that I possessed a ready pen, that I might portray the scenes of horror that are indelibly impressed upon my brain as I recall those dark days.

For days before the advent of General Kilpatrick\* and his bummers in our neighborhood, we were being warned by the lurid light of burning houses, and by the fleeing of refugees before the vandals, of the terrible ordeal in store for us. We, the Daughters of the Revolutionary Sires, had espoused the Southern cause with all our hearts, and now we would pay the penalty of our loyalty.

The morning of February 21st, 1865, dawned gloomily. The sunbeams vainly strove to pierce the murky atmosphere. A fearful dread was on each heart and confusion reigned supreme. The Yankees had visited my grandfather's the night before, taking off

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\* Hugh Judson Kilpatrick: West Point graduate. Brigadier General in February 1865 and promoted to Major General in March 1865. His troops called him "Kil-Horse" or "Horse-Killer" for his hard use of his cavalry horses. His biographer wrote: "A notorious Don Juan- given to fictitious descriptions of his own feats, vain, and careless of the truth." Kilpatrick departed Winnsboro in a stolen carriage with Marie Boozer.

# **FAIRFIELD GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY**

P.O. Box 696  
Winnsboro, SC 29180-096

Please find enclosed an application for membership in Fairfield Chapter of the South Carolina Genealogical Society. Please note the membership dues listed and that associate membership requires primary membership in any other chapter of the state society.

Our meetings are held monthly on the fourth Sunday at 3:00 p.m. usually at The First United Methodist Church, 109 West College Street in Winnsboro. On occasion we meet at alternate sites. We have published a three-volume set on Fairfield County cemeteries. These are available through our chapter. We publish a quarterly "newsletter" and encourage members to submit lineage charts, family histories and other items of interest for inclusion in the "newsletter". We do not provide research services for members but someone may be able to assist "out-of-towners" with research.

We look forward to hearing from you soon and hope to serve you every way we can.

Sincerely yours,

Treasurer



his saddle horse, and said they would return in the morning. I, with two sisters, was at a cousin's home, vainly thinking it was in a more retired place than our own and might not be visited by so many of the enemy. We went to breakfast with heavy hearts and had scarcely taken our seats when the dread cry was heard, "The Yankees are coming, The Yankees are Coming!"

With a whispered prayer for God's protection, we hurried back to the sitting room, and in a few minutes more the house resounded with the shouts of rude soldiers as they galloped up the avenue, surrounded the house, dismounted rushed through every door, their guns striking on the floor with discordant sounds, cursing and jeering as they came. Their seating themselves at the table and devouring the nicely prepared breakfast, and each man pocketing the silverware as he arose, are pictures indelibly stamped upon memory's tablet. While at the table, one of the intruders called out, "Some of you Southern girls come and pour coffee for us," to which the lady of the house replied, "There are servants. Let them wait on you."

The scenes that followed from "early morn until dewy eve," I am unable to portray justly and can compare them to naught but some of those described in *Dante's Inferno*, so unlike civilized things, seeing these creatures turned loose to prey upon the women and children and old men of the South.

Every drawer, trunk, and cupboard was ransacked. One room in which refugee friends had trunks stored was knee deep in clothing dragged from these receptacles. After taking whatever struck their fancy, blankets and pillow cases were stripped from the beds - the first for saddle cloths, the ladder to be filled with supplies from the pantry. This was repeated by each successive crowd until but little was left to appropriate.

A friend wrote me: "It would hardly be believed that civilized men committed some of the outrages done - mixing garden seed, castor oil and other medicines in a mass so they could not be used, poring barrels of sorghum syrup into wells, shooting down stock that could not be conveniently driven off, stealing ladies' clothing, crepe shawls, silk dresses and other articles for which they had no use, taking off silver plates, watches and jewelry and in one instance taking a gold dollar from a little sick child.

They seemed to think our stock of valuables inexhaustible, for the cry from each successive crowd was, "Where is your silver and gold?" even attempting to take the rings and the brooches from the person. A dear friend from Florida wore a ring, a gift of a dear mother, which caught the eye of one of the soldiers, and he demanded it. Upon her refusal, he advanced to take it forcibly, when she threw it off her hand and dashed it to the other side of the room. He picked it up, exultantly saying, "This is my trophy of a Southern girl!"

"Where are your husbands and brothers?" was a frequent inquiry with them; and the reply, "In Lee's army, where all true Southern men should be," seemed to create no surprise. One impudent fellow retorted, "Yes, if it were not for you women, the war would have ended long ago."

My cousin's husband, Captain William Boykin Lyles, had fallen at Seven Pines while gallantly leading his company in a charge, and his friends had sent his sword and uniform home to her. These cherished relics had been hidden, but a servant betrayed them, and one of the raiders took them down and came into the house to taunt the stricken hearts with the sight - and vain was the request to have them returned.

My grandfather, Major Thomas Lyles, 78 years of age, was lying in bed with a broken hip. One of the brutal soldiers, perhaps thinking he was feigning disability, approached with a torch, which he put under the bed, demanding silver and gold as ransom or they would burn him alive. To this the old hero replied, "I haven't many years to live anyway, so burn and be damned." The soldier, surprised at his fearlessness, exclaimed, "You are the bravest man I have ever seen in South Carolina," and ordered one of the negroes to remove the torch.

Fearing we might be burned down, each one had put on several suits of clothing, so that in case of so dire an event we might better be protected from the cold. We must have presented a ridiculous appearance to our foes, seated in the room with hats and cloaks on (they were but recently from the famous Bee Store and were duly prized) as if about to start on a journey. "Where are you going, and why have you bonnets and cloaks on?" Our replies, "Nowhere," and "To preserve them from Yankees," seemed quite amusing to them.

If we appealed to officers for protection, the inevitable reply was, "These men do not belong to my company and would not obey an order from us." I suppose they separated purposely, that they might rob and destroy without restraint.

In all the hundreds who visited the house, only one man, a lieutenant from Troy, New York (I am sorry I cannot recall his name), seemed to possess the instincts of a gentleman. He came to the sitting room door and said, "Ladies, I see your trunks have been opened. If there is anything you wish to secure, come now and I will protect you," at the same time drawing his sword from the scabbard and ordering the plunderers to desist. At my cousin's request, he remained with us as a protector for several hours and seemed to really deprecate the manner in which the soldiers were behaving. He said he was fighting for the Union, and not for the plunder, etc.

The negroes traveled about a good deal and took pleasure in circulating the wildest rumors about the Yankees' doing at the neighboring places. A little sister, whose devotion to her mother was marvelous, was made almost frantic by the report that she had been shut up in the house and a torch applied, because she would not reveal the hiding place of her valuables. Her nervous system never recovered from the shock, and five weeks later her pure spirit sought a more peaceful clime. A young friend also was never well after that terrible raid and a few months later died of Typhoid Fever induced by the excitement. They were as surely victims of the war as if slain in battle.

The night before the Yankees came, a gallant, foot-sore Confederate sought Mother's hospitality, which she gladly extended, provided he was not afraid of capture. He was willing to risk it, as he had walked twenty-five miles that day and was almost broken down. He was on his way to rejoin his command in North Carolina and, owing to railroads being torn up, had to travel much on foot. Though a stranger, he won our kindest sympathy by his gentle bearing, and we did all in our power to render him comfortable and give him the needed rest. Daddy Jack, an old servant, volunteered to stand guard and give warning if he heard the Yankees coming.

Our young friend escaped capture only to become a sacrifice upon our country's altar, for he was slain in one of the engagements near Smithdeal, South Carolina.

“Sleep sweetly in your humble grave,  
Sleep, martyr of the fallen cause.”

General Kilpatrick and staff rode up to my mother's door and demanded a map of South Carolina. Upon a servant's producing it, one of his aides dismounted and coolly cut out the counties of Fairfield, Chester, and Lancaster, saying that was all he wanted. A short while thereafter, fire was set to the dwelling, barns, stables, and gin house. All were consumed, with their contents, except the dwelling which was extinguished by a little sister.

My aunt and her daughters were entertaining at dinner four Confederate soldiers who were trying to reach their commands in North Carolina and Virginia, when the cry arose, “The Yankees are coming!” Of course, there was a rush made by the Confederates to the woods to escape capture. They were spied by the Yankees and chased through the yard and fired upon. One was wounded slightly and captured, and the rest made good their escape. One had rushed off minus his knapsack which was besieged by one of the young girls, Rebecca Lyles. Without thinking of the danger she would be exposed to from the flying shot, she picked it up and ran after them, throwing it close enough to the owner for him to catch it as he fled.

After plundering here, they resorted to the torch to still further distress the helpless ladies and children, a fire being placed in one of the daughter's trunks that had been packed preparatory to sending her away to boarding school. One of the raiders must have possessed a spark of humanity, as he responded to my aunt's request, “Put out the fire,” before it had done a great deal of damage.

Another aunt, who possessed a lovely voice, saved her piano from destruction by singing at their request, thus proving that “Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

A handsome piano stood in the parlor of a cousin's house that had been abandoned, and as the soldiers were about to chop it to pieces, a negro man begged for it. They gave it to him on condition of his taking it unaided, which feat he accomplished, only to have it chopped to pieces by the next crowd.

An aunt told me of her mother, a native of New Haven and one of the most intelligent and pious persons I ever knew, who became so indignant at their ruthless behavior that she caught a boy who was pillaging in her room by the arm and called an officer to take charge of the little scamp. He, awed by her manner, complied with her request.

Sugar was a rarity in those days, and my cousin, knowing the Yankees would appropriate it, had hidden a can of it in a mass of shrubbery in the yard. But it was found and carried off, except a few pounds which two little boys were discovered feasting upon after they left.

As a general thing, the negroes behaved well, though they were very much excited and seemed to be afraid, also. Only a few seemed to be hail fellow with them. They had not been corrupted by contact with the radical horde that preyed like harpies upon the State. After the war, they naturally looked upon us as friends and protectors.

A day and a night Kilpatrick and his bummers stayed in our neighborhoods, filled with neat homes, presenting an appearance of refinement and comfort, they reduced it to a

scene of desolation, marked by smoking ruins, the chimneys of which stood for years like grim sentinels to remind us of that awful time.

In my immediate neighborhood, several large residences, a score of cotton gins and one of the best flour mills in the up country were burned. Hundreds of horses were carried off. In some instances, broken-down stock was left in their stead. Nearly all the provisions were destroyed or carried off. What a condition for defenseless women and children to be left in, many of them homeless and destitute of the necessities of life.

How we managed to live on the scraps is a mystery, but "He who feedeth the raven" helped us. I scarcely think the Goths and Vandals could have acted more barbarously; and though nearly forty-five years have elapsed since Kilpatrick's raid, I cannot recall it without a shudder.

The surrender of General Lee's army was a sad blow, for then we realized that "a nation's hopes were dead." We had enshrined the Cause in our hearts and had the faith that right must win, and looked forward to the day when victory would crown our banner to make amends for all - but God ordered it otherwise. To His we will bow, and cherish our glorious memories yet more sacredly, and tell to our children the history of their brave and noble kindred whose patriotism surrounds them as sweet and holy incense rising from our country's altar, on which they were offered as noble sacrifices.

"On fame's eternal camping ground,  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards the solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

*Source: The Catherine Ladd Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Woodward, South Carolina, 1919-1920.*

## NEWS FROM OUR MAILBAG

I am currently available to do genealogical research in Anson County. I am also available to do research at the Archives in Raleigh, NC. I have 22 years of experience in researching the records in Anson County and 15 years of experience in searching the records at the Archives in Raleigh. My address is: Steve Bailey, 300 Moores Lake Road, Wadesboro, NC 28170. My telephone number is (704) 694-3137. I will not return long distance phone calls unless permitted to call collect. Please write or call for more information.

SOME TERMS THAT WILL BE HELPFUL IN YOUR GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH

**ABSTRACT:** To record parts of a document in your own words.

**AD LITEM:** "guardian ad litem" --- i.e., a guardian appointed to represent a minor or incompetent person. If a child was under 14 years of age an administrator or guardian was appointed; if child was 14-18 years of age and mentally competent, then he/she was allowed to select administrator or guardian.

**ADMINISTRATOR:** A person who is legally vested with the right to administer the estate of a person who dies intestate (without a will); the Administrator had to apply for LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION, sometimes posting bond. He also had to file an Annual Return until the estate was settled; then a Final Return showing disposition of estate; usually every member of the family was listed in the Final Return and/or Final Distribution.

**ANNO DOMINI:** A.D., in the Year of Our Lord.

**APPRAISER:** One vested with authority to determine the value of property; five appraisers are usually called to "appraise" an estate, of which three serve, take an inventory and place a value on the estate. Appraisers are usually family members or close neighbors.

**ARMIGER:** An armor-bearer; one entitled to bear heraldic arms; a Coat of Arms.

**BANN OF MARRIAGE:** The word "bann" is derived from the Saxon word "bannen" meaning to proclaim; the term "bann of marriage" means to publish intent of marriage, and is published for three Sundays before the event.

c; ca; cir.; circa: Meaning about; used in connection with dates such as "ca 1850."

**CODICIL:** An addition to a will modifying it in some respects, an added provision.

**DECEDENT:** A deceased person.

**DEFENDANT:** A person required to make answer in a legal action or suit.

**DOMESDAY BOOK:** William the Conqueror's Survey of English lands, made about 1086.

**DOWER:** A widow's estate in her husband's property; when a man sells property his wife will have to "renounce dower" or her claim to any rights in said property.

**DOWER RIGHT:** The right of every widow to a life estate in one-third of all her husband's real estate owned by him at his death.

**EXECUTOR:** The person appointed by a testator (a person who dies with a will) to execute his will.

**EXTRACT:** A quotation; to record parts of a document exactly as it is written in the original record.

**FIDUCIARY:** Holding in trust.

**GRANTEE:** A person receiving property.

**GRANTOR:** A person deeding or selling property.

**HALF-BLOOD:** Children having but one parent in common.

**HEIRS-AT-LAW:** Those persons designated by law to inherit the estate of the intestate.

**HOLOGRAPHIC WILL:** Wholly in the handwriting of the author.

**INTESTATE:** To die without a will; not having made a valid will.

**INVENTORY:** An itemized list of property and belongings of an estate, with an estimated worth.

**ISSUE:** Children, heirs.

**LANDGRAVE:** A title of rank in the early settlement of South Carolina; empowered to hold 48,000 acres of land.

**LETTERS C.T.A.:** Letters of Administration cum testamento annexo, or "with will attached" --- used where a person has left a will but no executor is named therein, or the one named was incapable or refused to serve as executor.

**LIS PENDEN:** A pending suit.

**MAGNA CHARTA:** The charter of liberties to which the English barons forced King John to give his assent, 15 June 1215, at Runnymede, granting English liberty and freedom in Church and state; the rights of the people were clearly defined and guaranteed.

**MILITIA DISTRICT:** Divisions of counties containing at least 100 males over 21 years of age, liable for militia duty.

**MINOR:** Child under 21 years of age.

**MOIETY:** The half of anything.

**NATURAL LOVE & AFFECTION:** A blood relationship.

**NECROLOGY:** A register of deaths; a roll of the dead.

**NUNCUPATIVE WILL:** Oral, not written; sworn to by witnesses.

**ORDINARY:** An officer who has original jurisdiction; in most of the genealogical documents with which you will come in contact, an Ordinary usually means a Probate Judge.

PARISH REGISTER: A book in which all births, baptisms, confirmations, deaths and marriages that occur in the Parish are recorded, together with lists of families and communicants.

PLANTIFF: One who commences a personal action or lawsuit to obtain a remedy for an injury to his rights; the complaining party in a litigation.

PLAT: A plan, map or chart of a piece of land with actual or proposed features, as lots.

POCOSIN: An upland swamp; a hill in a swamp ---- a term used in many land deeds designating a boundary; an Indian word.

PRIMOGENITURE: Descent to the first born as in old English law.

SIC: Latin, so thus; to show that something has been copied exactly as in the original record.

SUBSCRIBING WITNESS: A person who writes his name under an attesting clause. Generally used to indicate a witness who attests the execution of a will by writing his name under the attesting clause. Subscribing witnesses are also found on land deeds, and oftentimes, give a clue as to the maiden surname of a wife.

TESTATE: To die having left a will.

TORY: Loyal to the British.

TURF & TWIG: Figurative transfer of property by giving a handful of dirt and a twig from a tree on said property.

WHIG: A friend and supporter of the American Revolution, opposed to Tory, Royalist or Loyalist which were loyal to the Crown of England.

We would like to ask your assistance in helping us plan future meetings/workshops. Please let us know of items that you would like more information about or share with us tools/resources that have helped you with your research. We are looking forward to a rewarding 1999!

**Dues for 1999 are due. We need to get them in as soon as possible so we can process them through the State. Your cooperation is appreciated. Please make your check payable to: Fairfield Chapter SCGS; mail to: Fairfield Chapter, P.O. Box 696, Winnsboro, SC 29180. We have enclosed a New Member/Renewal form for your use.**

***HAPPY HOLIDAYS!***

**FAIRFIELD GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
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