



Fairfield Genealogical Society

NEWSLETTER

Volume 16 Number 2

16th Year

June 2003

The next meeting of the Fairfield Chapter of the SCGS will be Sunday at 3:00 pm, on September 28, 2003 at the First Methodist Church in Winnsboro, S. C. The church is located on Congress Street, one block north of the town clock, across from the Winnsboro, S. C. Post Office. Put this date on your calendar and plan to join us for the meeting.

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Is this your last issue of the Newsletter?

This will be true unless you have "03" or "04" above your name. Anyone with "02" needs to renew their membership.

Articles, Bible Records, Lineage Charts Etc. Needed

Sharing your information, sources, and experiences is a vital part of being a member of your genealogical society. Please submit any information you may have for inclusion in your newsletter to:

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Cemetery and Marriage Books

In addition to the three Cemetery Survey Books, your Society has just completed a book that lists marriages found in the Fairfield Herald and The News and Herald Newspapers. These newspapers were published in Winnsboro. There are 770 marriages listed in the book. The book has marriages from August 1, 1866 to May 6, 1911.

The cemetery books cost \$30.00 each and the marriage book costs \$23.00. They are available at the Fairfield Museum in Winnsboro or by mail from

FAIRFIELD GENEALOGY ROOM
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Winnsboro, S. C. 29180

Just after mailing the last newsletter, we learned of the death of Mary McMaster. She was not only one of the leaders of our society but also of the county, and will be missed. This is her obituary that appeared in The State Newspaper.

MARY McMASTER

A graveside service for Mary Rice McMaster, 72, will be held at 2 p. m. Wednesday March 5, 2003 in First United Methodist Church Cemetery conducted by the Rev. Bruce Palmer and Dr. Thomas L. Johnson. Pope Funeral Home is in charge. Memorials may be made to a charity of one's choice.

Miss McMaster died Sunday, March 2, 2003. Born May 16, 1930 in Winnsboro in the home where she lived all of her life, she was daughter of the late Hugh Buchanan "Dutch" McMaster Sr. and Nancy Elizabeth Moore McMaster. She had retired as a secretary from Colonial Life and Accident Insurance Company. She graduated from Mount Zion Institute and Columbia Commercial College and had also attended Lander University and Columbia College.

She had been a member of First United Methodist Church, Winnsboro, for over 50 years and then changed her church membership to Mount Olivet Presbyterian Church where she served as church pianist, Sunday School teacher, Bible School teacher, secretary, treasurer and historian on the Presbyterian Women and as secretary of the Cemetery Association.

While a member of First United Methodist Church, she had been a member of the Marion McClary Sunday School Class, the United Methodist Women and had served as program resource chairman of the Mae Chappell Douglas Circle.

She had been a member and historian of the Thomas Woodward Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; member and former president of the John Bratton Chapter #929, United Daughters of the Confederacy, member and former Poppy Chairman of American Legion Auxiliary Unit #16; member and former president and vice president of the Fairfield County Genealogy Society and member of the Fairfield County Historical Society.

She was also a life member of Friends of Fairfield County Library, life member of the South Carolina Railroad Museum, life member of the Presbyterian Historical Society of Montreat, N. C., life member of Clan Buchanan Society of America, life member of the National Wildlife Association and a life member of the South Carolina Society of the University of South Carolina.

She was a former member, vice president and secretary of the Winnsboro Business and Professional Women's Club and had served as director of the central district of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of South Carolina.

She along with her first cousin, Nellie McMaster Sprott, wrote the family history of Hugh Buchanan McMaster (1820-1873) and Elizabeth Boatwright Fleming McMaster (1825-1897), their forebears and their descendants.

Surviving are her sister, Elizabeth Moore McMaster Davis and her husband, William Phillip Davis Jr. of Jacksonville, Fla.; nephews, William Davis III and his wife Yosumi, of Walnut Creek, Calif., and Robert McMaster Davis and his wife, Jo Ann, of Jacksonville Beach, Fla.; great-nephew, Daniel McMaster Davis Jr. of Jacksonville Beach. She was predeceased by her beloved brother, Hugh Buchanan "Bubba" McMaster Jr. and her beloved dog, Patsy.

This is Part II of the article written by L. M. Ford for the Fairfield News and Herald. This part was printed in the March 1, 1905 Issue of the News and Herald.

Revolutionary Times

The occurrence at Beckhamville and a similar one at Mobley's Meeting House alarmed the commander at Rocky Mount and he sent our Captain Christian Huck, a profane and unprincipled man, with four hundred cavalry and a body of well mounted Tories "To push the rebels as far as he might deem convenient." He executed his orders with alacrity. He destroyed Colonel Hill's iron works and burned the residence of Rev. William Simpson, pastor of Fishing Creek Church. He hated the Presbyterians bitterly and made them suffer when he could. Well loaded with plunder he fell back to Rocky Mount and made preparations for other depredations.

Sumter was gathering a little army together and Huck proceeded to execute his orders before Sumter's approach. He marched and encamped upon James Williamson's plantation, now Brattonville, July the 11th, 1770. Shortly after midnight Colonel Neil and the companies of Captains Bratton and McClure came down from Sumter's camp in Mecklenburg and cautiously approached the sleeping enemy in his encampment which was in a lane. At dawn they fell upon Huck's party with fury. The surprise was complete and the battle ensued fiercely for about an hour when Colonel Huck with Colonel Ferguson of the Troy militia were killed and the party dispersed. The whole patriot force consisted of 133 men. McClure and his men, who were well mounted, pursued the fugitives almost to Rocky Mount and within four hours the army of Huck was as completely dissolved as if they had never seen each other. Colonel Neil lost only one man.

These defeats had encouraged the Whigs and had the opposite effect upon the Tories. Many joined Sumter and he soon felt able to attach the force at Rocky Mount, which was known to be a third larger than his own. The post at Rocky Mount at this time was under the command of Lieut. Col. Turnbull and consisted of about one hundred and fifty New York volunteers and some South Carolina militia. They were stationed in three log houses upon a slope surrounded by a ditch and abattis and encircled by open woods.

At an early hour July the 31, 1780, General Sumter, accompanied by Colonels Neil, Irvine, and Lacy, Captains McClure and some of the Gastons, appeared upon an elevation northeasterly from the forts. The British commander having been warned by a Tory was prepared to receive them, and though the Americans poured some severe volleys upon the forts, but little effect was produced thereby. They leaped the abattis and after three assaults drove the garrison into the houses. They were without artillery and could not dislodge them with musketry. They endeavored to burn the houses by throwing burning fagots upon them and this failed also. An old wagon was procured which was loaded with brush and straw and these were ignited and the wagon was rolled down against the houses. The British, seeing their danger, hoisted a flag. Supposing they intended to surrender, Sumter ordered the firing to cease. Just at that moment a shower of rain fell and extinguished the flames. The enemy defied him. Having no other means to dislodge or seriously injure the garrison, Sumter withdrew. The Americans lost the gallant Colonel Neil early in the action, two white men and a Catawba Indian lost their lives and ten were wounded. The British lost was ten killed and ten wounded.

Some trace of the foundation of the old fort man by seen today. The rocks behind which some of Sumter's men fought were bespattered with British bullets during the fight. During the digging of the old canal some of these rocks were split up and used probably in the lock at the mouth of Rocky Rock.

Hopping John Miller, one of Sumter's partisans, would get behind a big rock, carefully load his gun, come out openly when about to shoot, and always after taking deliberate aim utter the brief ejaculation as he pulled the trigger: "May the Lord direct the bullet."

Some days prior to the battle, William Stroud of Beckhamville section borrowed some ammunition of the garrison at Rocky Mount to kill some Whigs, he told them. He went into the battle with Sumter's men and while the fight was raging he told the British that he was then returning his borrowed ammunition. After Sumter withdrew a squad of British went up and caught him in a neighbor's crib shelling corn. He was arrested, carried to the main road, and hanged to a tree on the west side of the road a few hundred yards north of the residence of Mrs. R. B. Boyleston, Beckhamville, and there his body hanged three weeks in August with a placard attached to the corpse forbidding his burial under severe penalties. But at last a few friends, bold enough to risk the vengeance threatened, came at night, dug a hole under the corpse, climbed the tree, cut the rope and let the body fall into the grave. This young man during the last months of his life killed more soldiers than any other man during the entire war. Captain Dickson, York County, cut him down. Other accounts state that he was buried by Sumter.

Some time previous to the battle of Rocky Mount, Captain Ben Land was drilling some patriots near where the Ebenezer Methodist Church now stands, when they were charged upon by some British dragoons. The patriots, having no previous notice of their approach, dispersed. Captain Land was overtaken and surrounded by the dragoons, who attacked him with their broad sword. He defended himself with his sword to the last and wounded several of the enemy severely he fell. Soon after his death his widow gave birth to a son, whom she called Thomas Sumter in honor of the American General. The grave of Captain Land is still pointed out on the waters of Little Rocky Creek,

It is said that the person who carried the information which led to the death of Captain Land did not die in his bed. While this was happening, part of Captain Land's men were at a neighboring shop having their horses shod. They were followed, fired upon and one man was killed. The dragoons then crossed Big Rocky Creek and went to the residence of Rev. William Martin, took him prisoner and carried him to Rocky Mount, where was Thomas Walker, who had been taken prisoner some time previous. During the battle of Rocky Mount these two men were bound to the floor of one of the houses. The British had a wholesome dread of the stormy eloquence of Rev. William Martin.

Esther Gaston and her sister-in-law, Jane Gaston, having been informed of the expected attack upon Rocky Mount early in the morning of the day of the battle, mounted their horses and galloped towards the scene of the action. When nearly there, they met two or three men coming away with faces paler than became heroes. Esther stopped the fugitives, upbraided them with cowardice, and entreated them to return to their duty. While they wavered, she advanced and seizing one of their guns exclaimed: "Give us your guns and we will stand in your places." The most cowardly of the men must have been moved by such a taunt. Covered with confusion and for very shame, these runaway soldiers wheeled about and returned to the fight with these two heroines. During the action these two ladies were not idle spectators, but busied themselves diligently in rendering whatever services were required, assisting to dress

the wounds of the soldiers and in carrying water to allay their thirst. A Catawba Indian severely wounded was succored by them and his last looks were turned in gratitude to those who had soothed his pain and supplied his want.

For the account of the battle of Rocky Mount and the Revolutionary incidents above mentioned, I am indebted to that part of "The Women of the Revolution" written by Daniel Stinson, Fishing Creek.

These are two more articles written by W. E.

From the July 6, 1880 Issue of the News and Herald

Reminiscences of The Past

Sketches of Some Prominent Men of Fairfield, Now No More

Messrs. Editors: Allow me to apologize for omitting in my last the names of some of our most prominent citizens of Fairfield. Amongst them allow me to commemorate the memory of Maj. Nathan Cook, Maj. Thos. Cook, Burrell B. Cook, John and General Philip Cook. I well recollect them all – men of worth and integrity of character, well worthy of our remembrance. East of the Cooks lived Maj. Joshua Player. I was invited in 1825 by him to partake of his hospitalities from a barbecue given on the Fourth of July near his residence, at which his son Thompson delivered a Fourth of July oration – his maiden speech on that occasion, as the Major expressed it. I knew but little of Major Joshua Player at this time. I was afterwards told that he removed for Santee to Fairfield – was once a supercargo of a merchant ship from the West Indies to Charleston, and was an officer in the War of 1812. He was a practical farmer and a high-toned gentleman. I knew his son Thompson Player very intimately – a prominent lawyer at our Winnsboro bar, and Solicitor of our Judicial District. He was a bold advocate of the doctrine of Nullifications, with Levy, of Camden. He removed to Louisiana and there died. Amongst the immigrants from Virginia was our esteemed friend, Benj. V. Lakin, and Maj. Henry W. Parr, who settled near Alston about the year 1830. The former married Grace Pearson, the daughter of Gen. John Pearson, now the oldest lady in Fairfield. He died many years ago, beloved for his many virtues as neighbor and Christian. His nephew, Maj. Henry W. Parr, died not long since, beloved for his many virtues as neighbor and Christian also. Allow me here to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of my esteemed friend, James Andrews. I first knew him as a clerk for Col. Wm. Kincaid, in my boyhood, afterwards as merchant and planter. I thought in him were concentrated more virtues than in any other man I ever knew. He belonged to no Christian denomination, but yet of exemplary and moral deportment, and beloved by all who knew him. He died not long after my visit at the home of his friend Mr. Scruggs, in the lower part of Fairfield. My only prayer to his memory is *-Requiscat in pace*. Rest in peace, my cherished friend.

I will now recall to memory my old departed friend and neighbor, Col. Alexander B. Hall, a native of York District. He married the daughter of Captain Jas. Kincaid, whom I have mentioned in a former article. Colonel Hall possessed more of the milk of human kindness than is generally allotted to man. He was a neighbor indeed. He died where he lived, and his remains

were entombed at Rock Creek Church, with those of his amiable and pious consort – the first in 1832 and the other in 1835.

Mr. Rook lived for many years on Rock Creek, and was a member of Rock Creek Church. He was indeed a farmer. He raised on his own farm his horses, mules, Hogs, and cattle, and had his corncrib at home. He removed in 1835 to Lancaster District, where he died in 1850. I must not forget Dr. Thos. Furman, a native of Chester, S. C., who lived and died just below Monticello, not long before our late war. He with George O'Neal, his near neighbor, were among the most useful citizens of that vicinage. Dr. John McMahon was a worthy citizen of western Fairfield, and lived but a few years near Ashford's Ferry, where he died during our late war. Capt. Jas. Lyles was a consistent member and deacon of Rock Creek Church. He was a native of our District, but removed to Mississippi, where he died about 1845, beloved by all who knew him for his integrity and Christian virtues. W. E.

From the July 15, 1880 Issue of the News and Herald

Sketches and Anecdotes

A Few More Citizens – How a Tory was Popped – Splitting a Gum Log

Rock Creek, July 8 – Some of the most prominent citizens of Western Fairfield had escaped my notice in my sketches; among them was David R. Evans an Englishman by birth. At what time he settled in Fairfield, I am unable to state. I was told that he was the first lawyer in our county that practiced at the Winnsboro bar. I heard my father say that he once presided as the judge at Winnsboro, the judge of that circuit being absent. He was said to be a profound judge of law for that age. Kind and urbane in his manners, he was beloved by all who knew him. He lived, when I called upon him in 1825 for counsel after his retirement from the bar, east of Little River. He removed to Winnsboro where he died about 1830. He left no offspring. I was told that he was once a Representative in Congress from our district and served his constituency with ability and entire satisfaction. His brother Joseph also came over from England with him, read law, but never practiced his profession. He lived for many years east of Little River on his plantation as a farmer, and died there about the date of his brother's death, I think, leaving a respectable family of children. William and Abner Fant lived for several years near Lyles' Ford, removed from Stafford County, Virginia, before by recollection, with their father, and were respectable citizens and planters.

William Fant removed in 1821 to Union County on Tyger River, where he died at an old age about 1854. He married my sister in 1818, and she is now living with her son, Dr. F. M. E. Fant, near Lyles' Ford at the advanced age of ninety-two and a half years. Abner Fant was one of the first Baptist preachers I ever heard. He and Dr. Wm. Woodward were pastors of Rock Creek Church at the same time. He could preach louder and longer I think than any man I ever heard. He died at an old age in Anderson County. Three of his sons were Baptist preachers, and a son of the eldest is now living in Winnsboro, known to most of your readers. Chancellor Harper, although not a native of Fairfield, and whose high order of talents, with amiability of character as jurist, citizen and statesman, I am unable to do justice to, settled near Salem Church about 1825, I think, and died about 1845 or '50. His labor and counsel in the cause of States Rights, are in the memory of some of his compatriots to this day. A true patriot, a consistent

Christian, a profound jurist and statesman, his memory will be perpetuated in the annals of our State so long as she is republican, as well as in the hearts of his countrymen.

I will now relate an incident in our Revolutionary War, which was told me by Ephraim Lyles himself, when a neighbor from 1823-'29. I should not give it to your readers, but for the fact that Judge O'Neale, in his annals of Newberry, awards the feat to Noah Bonds. He was most absurdly misinformed, as I have heard others affirm. The act is only remarkable for the distance. Little Ephraim, by way of distinction from Maj. Ephraim Lyles who married my aunt, was stationed as one of a scouting party on the Newberry side of Broad River during the Revolutionary War, while the Tories would occasionally show themselves on the Fairfield side at Lyles' Ford. He told me the Tories frequently menaced the Whigs by using obscene language toward them across the river, a fourth of a mile wide there, and by other indecent acts, when they came to the river side to wash and get water. He said he knew he owned as trusty a rifle as could be found in the war of for hunting deer or bears. He determined to make a trial of his skill with it at the Tories, next morning when they came down again a steep bank to the river. He accordingly watched them and lay down behind a log for a rest for his rifle. They soon appeared, and as six of them returned up the steep bank single file in a narrow path, he took aim at the foremost Troy's head, and buried his ball in the thigh of the hindmost. I think he said he fell. This was considered doubtful by some, but the fact was well authenticated by the Tories and others at the time, and was never discredited when I heard it often told by Ephraim Lyles himself and others. The rifle then used could not bear up a ball further than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards; but he said he noticed after the explosion the water disturbed in a direct line, and no doubt the ball struck the surface of the water and rebounded.

This Revolutionary soldier told me he was the father of twenty-one children, some of the descendants of whom are living not far from this writing, noted for their respectability and usefulness. I had almost forgotten Maj. Ephraim Lyles, eldest son of Col. Arromanus Lyles. He removed to Chester County on Broad River, was Ordinary for many years of that county, and died near Maybinton at an advanced age at the house of his daughter. John Lyles, also his brother, lived many years near Lyles' Ford, a respectable citizen and planter, removed about 1825 to Newberry County and settled on Tyger River, where he died at a green old age.

I have neglected to mention three of my old classmates at Monticello Academy in 1822 – Dr. James B., William K. and Dr. B. F. Davis, sons of Col. Jonathan Davis. They all made rapid progress in their studies, and graduated, I think, in the South Carolina College. There are so well known to a few of your readers, I need pass no eulogy on either. D. B. Kirkland, Esq., was one of my schoolmates at Monticello in 1821, and was endeared to me by our early association. He was a practical planter and civil officer, and useful citizen. He died recently near Monticello, as many of your readers know.

As these sketches may be rather stale to some of your readers, I beg pardon of others, while I relate by way of variety, an anecdote of ye olden time, between Col. Lyles, called Old Pelt, and a coarse and vulgar Dutch woman, by name Margaret Godfrey, whom he found in her new ground trying to split a log, which it was said was a gum log. The Colonel accosted the rail splitter (as women of that age did men's work) by asking her, "Margaret, what in the D---l are you doing here?" She replied, "I'ze maulin'." The Colonel said to her, "Margaret, thunder couldn't split that log." She says to him. "Bei Gott, I'ze wus dan dunder." This will do to close on. W. E.

P. S. – Please correct three typographical errors in my sketches, viz: You make me to say the Rev. Robert Means bought and settled on a plantation I sold him in 1837. It should be 1827.

Also, in my last for Chester, read Charleston; again for Lancaster, read Laurens. There are important corrections, as I do not wish to be misunderstood. Dates and places are important in narratives. W. E.

This article appeared in the March 28, 1894 issue of the News and Herald.

A Valuable Historical Relic

Happening in the Winnsboro National Bank a few days ago, we noticed a dark, burly-looking slab, which, from its appearance, might be taken for lignum vitae or some other very hard wood, except that it was burly. Upon inquiry we found that it had a history connected with it, and very naturally we were curious to know what the history was. The following paper was found amongst some of the papers belonging to the subscriber who had some years previous to the finding of this bit of history.

The siege of Derry took place in 1688-9 in Ireland. The Catholics had the Protestants besieged in a fort at Derry and this identical oak slab was in use at the time of the siege. The history explains itself:

Black Oak Slab

Section Across the Root Just Below the Surface of the Ground

Previous to 1688 – Lorraine of Spain, settled in the North of Ireland, and married a Miss Jackson, whose mother was a Morris, and was in Derry when the besieged in 1688-9. One branch of the Morris family changed the name to Hamilton to secure an estate.

The young men of Enniskillen raised a volunteer corps of horse, and Capt. Jackson, brother of Miss Jackson above named, led them at the Battle of the Boyne.

Morris (or Hamilton, of Mount Joy Castle, County Tyrone) an officer (of what grade I do not know) with his troops near Derry sent for his wife and infant and directed that his plate, &c, should be buried. It was put in a large pot covered with the oak slab aforesaid. (She was betrayed by a favorite servant, but escaped while they were searching the premises. While on the journey afoot, another servant make shoes or sandals for her of a leather apron, her shoes having worn out.) On return of peace, Morris had the slab made into a table, which descended to me through my mother, daughter of Hugh Crawford, who married Mary Lorraine, of the Lorraine-Morris family above.

H. A. C. Walker

The slab is now in the possession of my youngest sister, Mrs. Thomas Jordan, of Winnsboro, S. C.

November 20, 1862. Copy of a paper found among brother's papers after his death, May 22, 1886. F. E. Jordan

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Some War Experiences – by James M. Timms

I was in my first battle on White Oak Road five miles below Petersburg, Va. On Thursday night, the Yankees attacked our breastworks at Burgess Mills. We fought them all night Friday night and Saturday night, then our lines were broken at our winter quarters near Petersburg, Va. We fell back to Smith Station where we were taken prisoners and carried to Hart's Island. Just after we were captured, one Yankee courier came riding up and called to me, saying, "Hello, Johnny, has Gen. Lee any breastworks across the Appomattox?" I said, "yes and that he would give them h--- when he got there." He turned his horse and rode away. Very soon afterwards, the old Yankee general came riding up and asked the same question. I gave the same answer, that he did. He turned his horse and rode away. One of our men asked me why I had told that lie. I told them that I did not want all of our men captured before they crossed the river. There were the hardest fights I have been in. I had been in several scrimmages before but did enjoy any of them much---did not like the night fighting. Still I liked it better that the prison life.

While we were in prison at Heath's Island, I met one jolly boy (Johnny Mitchell). He used to sing for us. He sang the song "Davis Ball". I would love to know what has become of him. Can any one tell, or can any one give the words to this song. I thought I would starve in that prison. We got a half pint of soup and five hard tack and two small pieces of meat a day. We would eat it at one time and then be hungry. Had it not been for the stubble crops we would have starved to death. We could buy something, those that had money. I thought so much of mother's chicken dumplings. Those were the hardest, darkest days of my life.

You may know of our hunger when one's poor people had sent him \$4. He went to the sutler's shop and bought \$2 worth of cheesed and \$2 worth of crackers. He ate them all but a

little, which he gave to a friend to get him some water. He drank the water, and in a few minutes the poor man was cold in death. The Yankees were cruel to us, they killed one of our boys, as he was sick and had gone to the well to get some water. It was against the rules for any one to wash at the well. They shot him and carried him away. While there in prison Lincoln was killed. The guards had orders to shoot any of us who would cheer as the news of Lincoln's death reached us. They said to us, if we cheered they would kill us all, and as Gen. Lee surrendered we were to take the oath of allegiance. The Yankees ordered us to march out, and told us any that had been willing to take the oath before Lee had surrendered and Richmond fell to march out three paces in front. Lots of our men went, most from Virginia and North Carolina, and only one from South Carolina, and as he started, Silas Ruff called to him to come back, and him if he did not know that he was from South Carolina. Before we were all to leave the prison, it was told to me that we South Carolina soldiers would stay there to be hanged for the lives of old Sherman's men who were bush-whacked in South Carolina. I told them that if the rest were to be hanged that I was willing and ready to go with them. One of the Yankee sergeants talked with me of the beginning of the war. He was from Massachusetts. I told him if Massachusetts and South Carolina had started the trouble to let Massachusetts and South Carolina fight it out, that we South Carolina men would die before we would let Massachusetts whip us. He laughed and we went on our way home.

As we landed in New York, there is when we got one square meal. The ladies were good and kind to us. They gave us all we wanted to eat, and hats and shoes to wear. They shed tears and begged us to stay there. They said that Sherman had burned us out of house and home, and that we were coming home to starve. I told them that we were coming home to starve with our people, with our fathers and mothers and wives and that we had been starving anyway, and as we set sail for Savannah a storm struck us. That is where I heard the most earnest prayers in my life. Our men could stand the storm on land, but not on sea. Some said if they ever got their feet on land again, they would never take the water, and some did walk from Savannah, Ga. To Ridgeway, S. C.

We stayed one week at Savannah and from that place we came to Hilton Head, then to Charleston, then to Orangeburg. We walked home from there. Got home on the fourth of July 1865. We found our homes had been destroyed, as the New York ladies had told us. Our fathers and our mothers were without any houses and something to eat. That was my first time to come home and not find something to eat, as that crowd of Sherman's had ruined our country, but it was not long until you could have plenty again, and now as the time glides slowly on, and as we look around us and see our comrades, our loved ones falling from day to day, as they did in the cruel bloody war, it will not be long before the last of us will be laid away. They are passing out from this earth to their reward in the great beyond, yet still in our memories they live. We love them in life, we love them in death. When we all shall have been laid away, we hope that some day we will meet in that bright land above where war, death and hell shall have no power, and as we are passing on one by one, let us still sing, "Praise to the God of War, to the God of Peace and the God of our Free Country.

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Our Representatives

Sketches of the Senator and Members of the House from Fairfield County

Major Thomas W. Woodward

Major Thomas W. Woodward, Senator from Fairfield County, was born in that county May 7, 1833. He received his rudimentary education at an old field school, and afterwards studied at the Mount Zion Institute in Winnsboro. He then entered Wake Forest College, North Carolina. After spending some time at that institution he entered the Freshman class of the South Carolina College in the fall of 1848. After eight months of study he was suspended for barring up a professor's recitation room, and returned home, where he remained for two years. Returning to College at the expiration of this period he went through the junior year, but got into trouble in 1852 and returned home. He settled on the old homestead, married and began planting. In 1860 he was sent to the Legislature and assisted in calling the Secession Convention. At the breaking out of the war he entered the army as a private, but was soon after elected major of the 6th Regiment, S. C. V. He served on the coast around Charleston for a time and then went with this regiment to Virginia. He was severely wounded at the battle of Dranesville. At the reorganization of the army Major Woodward was made quartermaster of Col, Keitt's 20th Regiment, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, having been four years and nine days in the service.

Major Woodward returned home after the surrender and resumed his planting operations. He was a Democratic candidate for the State Senate in 1876, but was defeated, although he reduced the Republican majority in his county eleven hundred votes. In 1880 he was made county chairman, and Fairfield has gone Democratic ever since. In 1876 and 1880 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress, but was defeated by the late Hon. John H. Evans. He was elected to the State Senate at the late election. Major Woodward has been prominent in politics ever since the war, and has been a member of every Democratic State Convention held during that time. He was a member of the Democratic National Convention of 1872, and under instructions, voted for Greeley's nomination, although it cost him the severest effort of his life. Major Woodward is, while genial, thoroughly outspoken and uncompromising. He will be a prominent figure in the Senate.

Charles A. Douglass, Esq.

A Representative from Fairfield County was born January 31, 1859, and is the youngest member of the Legislature. He entered the Sophomore Class of Erskine College in the fall of 1874 and was graduated in 1878. He then studied law privately in connection with school teaching until the fall of 1880 when he entered the law school of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., and received his diploma in May, 1881. In June of the same year he was admitted to the Bar in Washington. In the following September he settled in Winnsboro and since that time has been engaged in the practice of his profession as a member of the firm of McDonald & Douglass. Mr. Douglass is one of the editors and proprietors of the Winnsboro News and Herald. For several years he has been prominent in Fairfield politics. He was a delegate to the Congressional Convention of the Fourth District last summer and placed the Hon. Henry A. Gaillard in nomination for Congress. He attended as a delegate the Judicial

Convention at Chester last September and placed in nomination J. E. McDonald Esq., the present Solicitor of the Sixth Judicial Circuit. He entered the race for the Legislature last fall, stumped his county and at the primary election was nominated at the head of the ticket.

Mr. Thomas S. Brice was born in Fairfield County, September 16, 1840. He entered Erskine College in the fall of 1858, and was graduated with the highest distinction in 1860. He enlisted as a private April, 1861, in Company H, 6th Regiment S. C. V., and was at the fall of Fort Sumter. He was afterwards called to Virginia, and throughout the war made an admirable soldier. He was wounded at Fort Haralson in 1863, while color bearer of his regiment, and was surrendered with Lee's army at Appomattox. Since the war he has been successfully engaged in farming. He was one of the most active and prominent men in the reorganization of the Democratic Party in 1876. He was nominated for the Legislature in that year, but was beaten by Dan Bird. Bird resigned in the spring of 1877, and Mr. Brice was elected to his seat and was re-elected in 1878. Mr. Brice was defeated in the primary election in 1880, but was successful in his candidacy this year, and was again elected to the House.

Mr. S. R. Rutland a member of the House from Fairfield County, was born in Columbia, August 1, 1856, and at the age of 10 removed to Fairfield County. He entered Wofford College, at Spartanburg, in the fall of 1872, and spent two years in that institution, leaving before graduation. He went to work on a farm and accumulated some property. He then entered mercantile business, in which he is now engaged in connection with stock farming. Mr. Rutland has been active in politics since he was 18 years old. He took a warm interest in the Tax Union Clubs of his county and was an original member of one of the best and most thoroughly organized Democratic Clubs in Fairfield. He was prominent among those who attended the memorial inauguration of Governor Hampton in 1879. He was a spy in the Radical camp and as such was in correspondence with E. W. M. Mackey, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee. He was announced for the House this year, and after a closely contested primary election, secured the nomination and was elected.

Civil War Veteran Sketches from the May 25, 1910 Issue of the Fairfield News and Herald

George Yarborough Langford – Born Nov. 4, 1842 in Lexington County. Entered the army in 1861 in 1st S. C., under Capt. Moultrie Gibbes; was Sergeant at close of the War. Wounded five times. Now farming near Blythewood. “I was discharged after three months State service, and went to Virginia. Two of the companies refused to go. Gibbes Company filled out their places to fill out the six months. After being discharges, I volunteered in Capt. West's Company B, and went into service in August 1861. Take care of the photograph as my sweetheart likes to look at it sometimes.”

Troy Theodore Lumpkin – Born April 27, in the Mitford Section of the county. Entered the Army March 1861 in Company B, S. C. Cavalry, under Capt. O. Barber. Was captured and confined in Elmira prison in New York at close of War. Now farming near place of birth. “There were five brothers of us, sons of A. F. Lumpkin, who at the beginning of the war

volunteered in the service namely: William P. Lumpkin and Abram J. Lumpkin in Capt. Mart Gary's Company of Hampton's Legion while attending Cokesbury College; myself and Phillips P. Lumpkin and Reuben P. Lumpkin in said Company B, 4th S. C. Cavalry, as above stated Abram Lumpkin was killed at Seven Pines, while charging the enemy's Fort; Philip P. Lumpkin was killed leading a charge at Cold Harbor and died in my arms in carrying him from the field, aided by Andrew Grant of Chester County, William P. Lumpkin was in all of the fought battles of Hampton's Legion in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and including the campaign around Chattangooga (about 42 hard fought battles), including numerous skirmishes, and was killed in February, 1865 while scouting near Richmond, Va., a short while before Lee's surrender. I was taken prisoner on the 11th day of June, 1864 at Louisa Court House, near Trevilian Station in Virginia, by Sheridan's Cavalry, and afterwards on March 2, 1865 came home on sick parole."

James Thomas Lemmon – Born Dec. 23, 1842, ten miles east of Winnsboro on Little River. Entered Army April 11, 1861 in Buck Head Guards, under Capt. E. J. Means. Wounded at First battle of Seven Pines. Now one of Fairfield's wealthiest planters,

James Carroll Lewis – Born Sept. 8, 1837 in Chester County. Entered Army in 1861, in Company D (name of Regiment not given) under Capt. Vanlandingham. Famed far and near for being able to cook the best barbecue meat ever served. Indispensable on all picnic occasions at Woodward.

James Long – Born August 13, 1846, near Monticello. Entered Army February 1863 in Company E, 15 Reg. S. C. V., under Capt. J. B. Davis. Wounded at Gettysburg. Now farming near Winnsboro. "This Company and Regiment was part of Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet Corps, R. E. Lee's Army North Virginia, of which, every old Veteran is proud, because they know that his was the grandest army and the best fighting men the world ever produced."

Belton E. Lyles – Born July 18, 1847, near Blairs. Entered the Army August 1864 under Capt. John McLurkin. Later joined Company K, under Capt. Angus Brown. Was never

John Percival Abbott – Born Dec. 19, 1842 in Richland County. Joined heavy Artillery, under Capt. A. J. Green. Transferred to Richland Rifles, Cap. Cadario. Color Guard at close of War. Wounded July 1862, near Trappier's Farm; also at Gettysburg July 18, 1863, and also at Petersburg on the Weldon Railroad.

Charles B. Blair – Born April 6, 1840. Entered Army Jan. 1, 1861 in Monticello Guards under Capt. J. B. Davis. Promoted to Ensign of 14th Regiment. Position at close of War 1st Lieut., Co. E. Wounded in the Second Battle of Manassas and Spotsylvania Court House. "I served from the first gun that was fired at Fort Sumter until the last one that was fired when Gen. R. E. Lee surrendered in Va. Was wounded twice during the War."

Richard V. Bray – Born Feb. 10, 1846, near LaGrange, Ga. Entered Army Sept. 1862 in Company B, 2nd Ga. Cavalry, under Capt. John Grant. Was later transferred to the Infantry in the spring of 1864. Position at the close of War, Adjutant of Regiment. Now farming. "There was nothing in my career, as a soldier, that one could call especially heroic. I will simply say that I

did my duty, obeying every command that was given me, and on special service often taking the place of weaker men. The winter of 1863 was especially trying as it was a very cold winter. The Cavalry being the watch dogs of the Army, our duty, scouting, picketing and on the go generally.”

George W. Free – Born Oct. 14, 1834, near Monticello. Entered the Army in 1861, under Capt. J. B. Davis, and later was under Captains Coleman and Burley. Was wounded three times. Once on picket duty and also in the Second Battle of Manassas. Now living near Winnsboro.

Joe McMeekin – Born Feb. 7, 1839, near Jenkinsville. Entered the Army August 1861 under Capt Hayne McMeekin. Was wounded at the battle of the wilderness. Now farming and serving as weather profit for his community.

William Alexander McDowell – Born Sept. 30, 1838 in the Crooked run Section of Fairfield County. Entered Army Sept. 5, 1861 in Means Light Infantry under Capt. R. Y. H. McMeekin. Was wounded at Petersburg April 2, 1865. Carpenter and contractor.

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