



Fairfield Genealogical Society

NEWSLETTER

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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 or queries to be included in your newsletter to:

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March 21, 1894 Issue of the News and Herald

MRS. MARTHA S. McDOWELL

Mrs. Martha S. McDowell breathed last at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. S. S. Gibson, on Friday night about 9:45. She had been in bad health for several years, but was worse for the last few months. She was only confined to bed for about two weeks. Mrs. McDowell was the relict of Samuel M. McDowell, who died in the Confederate war and was buried in Richmond. She leaves three sons and one daughter, viz., D. E., S. C. and S. R. McDowell, and Mrs. S. S. Gibson; also three brothers and three sisters, viz., S. W. Ruff, D. G. Ruff, and W. M. Ruff, who with Mrs. M. L. Simms, Mrs. G. P. Hoffman and Mrs. N. J. DuBard, will mourn her loss.

The deceased was born in Fairfield County, where she spent her whole life, and was about sixty-five years old at the time of her death. Early in life she connected herself with the Methodist Church, of which she was a consistent and loyal member.

Mrs. McDowell possessed those traits of character which are only manifested by a real, earnest, Christian heart. Her walk and conversation were only those of the children of God. She left a rich legacy to her children and family in the conduct of her past and passed to the rest prepared for the redeemed without a murmur of a struggle. Their loss is her eternal gain. Sorrow not, for her trials are over and she wears a crown of righteousness.

Her remains were laid at rest in the Methodist grave-yard at 10 o'clock, on Sunday morning, the following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers. W. G. Jordan, J. N. Center, A. W. Brown, T. K. Elloitt, C. M. Chandler, and J. P. Caldwell. The funeral sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. W. S. Stokes.

Kelly Miller: Author, Lecturer, Mathematician



Kelly Miller

Kelly Miller was born in a two-room shack on the plantation of Nancy Kincaid Rabb on July 18, 1863, just five miles west of Winnsboro on Mill Creek. He was the 6th child of Kelly Miller, a free man and tenant farmer who served in the Civil War as a servant of Captain John Bell of Company F, 12th Regiment, SC Infantry under Captain Hayne McMeekin, and his mother was Elizabeth Roberts, once a slave of the Chappell family of Jenkinsville. His grandfather was Isaac Miller, a free man. Kelly Jr. died December 29, 1939 in Washington, D. C. and is buried in Lincoln Memorial Cemetery.

The Washington Post newspaper once wrote of him stating, “The Nation, as well as Washington, lost a noble man when Kelly Miller passed on as the old year neared its end.”

Kelly first attended the New Hope School and when went to Joe Thomson School here in Fairfield County. Then in 1870's, Mr. Willard Richardson, from New England, opened a school for Negro children in Winnsboro known as the Fairfield Institute. Kelly was taught by Mr. Richardson (1878-1880), received a B. S. from Howard University in 1886, he studied advanced mathematics (1886-1887) with Captain Edgar Frisby, an English mathematician at the U. S. Naval Observatory, postgraduate of John Hopkins University (1887-1889). He was the first African American to attend John Hopkins University, but left college in 1889 when the tuition was raised from \$100 to \$200, after he left John Hopkins, the college closed its doors to black students. He then taught mathematics at the M Street High School in Washington, D. C. (1889-1890) and then became professor of mathematics at Howard University 1890-1895 and a professor of Sociology at Howard University (1895-1934), was Dean of the college of Arts and Sciences at Howard University (1907-1918), received a M. A. in mathematics in 1901 at Howard University and received a law degree (L. L. D.) in 1933.

Kelly has also been the author of several books: Race Adjustments 1908, Out of the House of Bondage 1914, An Appeal to Conscience 1918, The everlasting Stain 1924.

In 1886, he came back to his home town and purchased the land on which he was born. He purchased one hundred acres of land known as the “Kelly Miller Place” for \$800 from Nancy K. Rabb. But then in 1937 he sold 25 acres of this land to John Bird for \$200 and in 1939 sold the remainder of the property, 75 acres to Charles Andy Young for \$500.

On July 17, 1894, he married Annie May Butler of Baltimore, Maryland and had five children to this union—Newton, deceased before 1940, Paul, Irene may and Kelly Jr. One of the sons became a dentist in New York City and the other son a newspaper man in Washington, D. C.; both daughters became teachers.

Kelly worked his way through college by working as a clerk for the U. S. Pension Office in Washington, D. C.

His accomplishments were written in the “Journal of Negro History” pages 182-197. (July 1960)

Quotes from his obituary published in the “Journal of Negro History”, pages 182-138 (July, 1940): “He represented in a great measure that generation of enterprising Negroes who were inspired by the missionary teachers from the North to prepare for service among their lowly people and finally found their way partly blocked by these very white friends who would not readily yield to the ambitious Negroes the leadership in their own education.” “He was drawn from his chosen field to battle for the rights of his race during the years or reaction when it seemed that all that the race had won immediately after emancipation would be swept away. He ceased to teach mathematics and took up sociology.” “He lectured more extensively than any Negro who has ever lived, and he demonstrated the capacity of the Negro to profit by higher education at the time when others sought to restrict the race to the study of the fundamentals and practical pursuits.” “He was a scholarly man in the sense of having mastered what he had studied and in being conversant with the best thought of his day, but he was not a scholar from the point of view of the specialist, for Miller produced no great theory or principal in the fields in which he worked. Time will determine his stature. “ These quotes were written by Charles G. Woodson.

He convinced Howard University that they should use their prestige and location in Washington to become a national center for black studies. Miller had planned a “Negro-Americana Museum and Library” and in 1914 he persuaded Jesse E. Moorland to donate to Howard his large private library on blacks in Africa and in the United States as the foundation for the proposed Library. It became known as the Moorland Foundation and in 1973 was reorganized as the Moorland-Springarn Research Center, a research library, archives and museum.

In a time when there was no television, radio nor air travel, this man traveled up and down the east coast from the Mid Atlantic to the South lecturing on civil rights and equality. This is a time when there was no equality for the Negroes but yet he believed that through education and higher learning, you can accomplish anything. And to believe that this man got his humble beginnings with a McGuffey’s First Reader in a little country school named “New Hope”, what a fitting name. It is interesting to note that the teachers at New Hope came from Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C. This school is now known as the Johnson C. Smith University, and that another native of Fairfield County, H. L. McCrory, was its president at one time.

Kelly believed anything can be accomplished when you put your mind and hard work to it and this is just one of Fairfield Counties great examples.

To honor his memory there is a Historical Marker for Kelly Miller on South Congress Street between Moultrie and Palmer Streets.

Written by Linda Malone, archivist of the Fairfield Archives & History

History of the Mount Zion Society

September 18, 1867 Issue

History of the Mount Zion Society, and the College Established under its Auspices in Winnsboro, S. C., by D. B. M'Creight.

No. 9

1778. Maj. Henderson and Col. Harden both took an active part in the Revolutionary campaigns in South Carolina. Robert Lithgow as a lieutenant. John Laurence was wounded in a skirmish near Beaufort, February 3d, 1779.

Captain Hugh Milling, of this District, was very active in the cause of Independence. He was once pursued by Tories who entered his house, and demanded information of his wife as to the Captain's hiding place. At that very time he was concealed under one corner of his humble cottage. The enemy ran their swords down through the openings in the floor to discover him; but failing, they resorted to their accustomed cruelty to extort a revelation. They heated the tongs and applied them white hot to the limbs on Mrs. Milling, calling upon her to tell where her husband was, but torturing could not bring out the secret. So they gave up the hunt. Capt. Milling served as Sheriff one term.

Andrew Pickens commanded a company in the fortified camps, at Ninety-Six, when the garrison there, under Maj. Mayson and Andrew Williamson (the latter subsequently became a member of the Mount Zion Society) was attacked by the Tories under Maj. Robinson. Captain Pickens became distinguished afterwards for his gallant conduct in the war for liberty. William Strother, Jr. who joined the Society this year, was the son of Gen. Strother, one of the early settlers of Fairfield. One of these William Strothers died in the jail in Camden while a prisoner there at the time Col. Winn and several patriots were held captives by Lord Rawdon. The record does not define whether it was the "Senior" or "Junior" William.

1779. It appears that the active work demanded by the military necessities of this year, did not prevent the meetings of the Society, judging from the continued accessions of new members down to the close of it.

Alex. Alexander, a schoolmaster in Charleston cast in his influence with the builders up of Mount Zion College. He was one of the Secretaries, as will be seen hereafter. More than this, he was one of those twenty-five patriots who in the Fall of 1766, after repeal of the Stamp Act, invited Christopher Gadsden to meet them under the Live Oak in Charleston (which was after that meeting called the "Liberty Oak", where they had a collation prepared for the occasion, which was one of mutual congratulation on the repeal of said Act. There also became members this year, William Brown, William Benson, Isaac Bradwell, Richard Buckmaster, Jeremiah Brower, John Bennett, John Bryan, John Bury, Daniel Bell, John Baddeley.-who was one of those confined on board of the Prison-ship Torbay that lay in the Charleston Harbor in May 1781; Benjamin Cadworth, Francis Cobia, Gilbert Chalmers, J. Ewing Calhoun.-who was cousin of Hon. John C. Calhoun, lived in Abbeville District, and was the "first person educated in the native woods of Carolina." He afterwards graduated at Princeton College, in New Jersey,

became eminent as a lawyer, and died while a Senator in Congress,-- Clement Conyer, John Chappelle, George Carter, Peter Conyers, Nathan Childs,-a printer of Charleston who published the "Rules" of the Society which have already appeared in these papers; James Carmichael, John Cox, William Downes, John Davidson, Thomas Darrington, John Frew, James Fagan, Simeon Florentine, James Ficklin, Field Farrar, Jno. Frazer, Benj. Ford, Thos. Fell, Wm. Fishbourne, James Fields, Benj. Godfrey, John Green, Wm. Graham, Jas. Gready, Jno. Gilmore, Sam. Gruber, Wm/ Ha. Gibbes, John Huger, who was a member of the Commons House of Assembly from February 1773 September 1775, when it was dissolved-then a member of the Provincial Congress, and also of the Council of Safety-then elected Secretary of State under his Excellency John Rutledge; Thos. Holmes, Wm. Hext, Robt. Howard, Ely Kershaw,-a captain in the 3d regiment of Rangers, was in the siege of Charleston, and when the City capitulated he was put aboard a prison ship with many others, sent off to Bermuda, but upon the voyage died of typhus dysentery; Zept. Kingsley, Edward Lacey, Nathaniel Libby,-another of the "Liberty Tree" patriots, as well as a captive on the prison ship Torbay; his trade was that of a ship carpenter in Charleston; Etsell Laurence, Jos. Lafar, George Logan, James Moore, Jas. McKeown, J. McCollough, John Muncreef,-another victim of the prison ship; Thos. M'Crea, Jno. D. Miller,-wounded in the skirmish near Beaufort, 3d February 1779, Robert Morrow, William Mills, James Pearson, Jas. Potts, Peter Prow, Jno. Potts, John Peak, Henry Peronneau,-appointed one of the public Treasurers, 23d February 1771; John Parkinson, Philip Prloleau,-a prisoner on the ship Torbay; Benj. Postell, Archibald Risk, John Ralph,-wounded in the skirmish near Beaufort, 3d February, 1779; Wm. Riddle, William Russell, George Renorsen, Benjamin Russell, Peter Smith, Jas. Smith, Wm. Silthridge, James Stedman, Jerem. Seymour, James Strickland, Alex. Smith, William Smith, Robert Smith, Dennis Sweney, John Sullivan, Bracey Singleton, John Sutcliffe, John Vanderhorst,-who was a lieutenant in the third regiment of Rangers, and once owned land in what is now the corporate limits of Winnsboro, near the site of Mount Zion College, Josiah Watts, Christopher Williman, Elh. Winchester, William Weston, Robert Way, Philemon Waters, Isaac Wetherly, John B. Nixon, William Nesbit.

No. 10

1780. In the course of the year only about half as many new members were received as had been the year previous. The Royal forces under Sir Henry Clinton laid siege to Charleston early in the campaign of this year, and those interested in the welfare of the Mount Zion Society had their attention called off to meetings of more immediate importance than those of the Society itself. Still, up to the 8th of May, just four days before the city was surrendered to the British army and navy, there had been about fifty names added to the list. And from that date to the 11th of March, 1783, there is a blank in the records of the Society.

As the British did not evacuate Charleston until the 14th of December, 1782, it is fair to infer no meeting of the Society were held in the meantime. Nor is it improbable that the records were destroyed after the fall of the city. Or they may have been destroyed by Cornwallis' army when quartered in 1780-81 in Winnsboro, as it is not likely that they were sent up to the Committee here for safe-keeping.

The following are the names of those who were admitted to membership this year viz: Emanuel Abrahams, James Beatham, David Burger, Peter Boequet, Jacob Bomme, Daniel Cannon,-another of the twenty-five patriots who in 1766 met under the Liberty Tree to hear Mr. Gadsden address them, and who was a plain carpenter by trade,-he was also one of the thirty members representing Charleston in the Provincial Congress; William Clancey, Jno. Caldwell, William Doughty, Joseph Elliot, John Ellison, William Ellison, John Grigg, Richard Gough,-one of the committee of the Parish of St. John for carrying into execution the Continental Association, Tucker Harris, Thomas Harris,-one of the Torbay prison ship captives; William Hazard, James Kennedy, William Keith, Sam. Logan, Charles Lining, George Logan, Jr., Lambert Lance, Samuel McCorkell, Anthony Montell, Wm. Mitchell, W. Moultrie, Jr.,-who was in the battle of Fort Moultrie; Wm. McCree, Wm. Murphy, Fra. Nicholson, Charles Pickney,-who was Chief Justice of the Province of South Carolina, President of the Provincial Congress, one of the signers of the Federal Constitution adopted in 1787, and more than once Governor of the State, he was the father of Charles Cotesworth and Thos. Pickney; Abraham Pearce, Michael Quin, Hugh Swinton, James Stedman, William Scott, Charles Skirving, Richard Savage, Stephen Shrewsbury,-a prisoner on the ship Torbay, 1781; Richard Todd, Wm. Tate, Abraham Waight, Jno. P. Ward, Wm. Whitaker, James Weekly, and Andrew Williamson.

As before stated, there is an interval of about two years, which is now reached, and in which there is no record whatever. Passing over this blank in the history of the Society (though it was a period of great suffering to the infant State), the subject of these papers now opens into a broader channel, and the prospect of the growing society attracts more attention, and elicits greater interest.

There is one notable feature in this record so far as it pertains to the list of names already given. It is, that out of all those names given, and many more which are yet to appear—that is of the four hundred and thirty-three members of the society up to near the end of 1784, there are not more than a dozen who had a middle name. As a contrast to that now, it is doubtful, the same number of names of persons living being taken promiscuously, if there could be found a dozen that bore but one name.

It will have been observed that no intimation has yet been given of any school being established by the Mount Zion Society, although the condition upon which it was incorporated is recited as follows in the Act of the 13th February, 1777, viz: “Whereas several of the inhabitants of this State have associated themselves together, under the name of the Mount Zion Society, for the purpose of founding, endowing and supporting a Public School in the District of Camden*, for the education and instruction of Youth, and have made humble application &c. It is not difficult, however, for us to understand why this delay was caused having so recently an illustration of what an impediment to progress war is.

*About that time Camden District was divided into counties of which Fairfield was one.

No. 11

1783. When “grim-visaged War [had] “smoothed his wrinkled front,” and Peace came gliding in with smiling face to cheer the land so lately bathed in blood, there might have

been seen a few war worn patriots, and liberated captives assembled in the city of Charleston on the 28th of February, 1783. There was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, the statesman and warrior, there too Daniel Cannon, the carpenter—some whose deeds are written upon the indelible monuments of history, others whose civic and military glory shall ever remain “unhonored and unsung.” But they have all met under the most auspicious circumstances, and doubtless hearty congratulations are mutually extended, that the war over Independence gained, the object of their peculiar care, the College to be established in Camden District, conceived amid the agonies of a bloody strife, should be born under the aegis of Liberty and amid the blessings of Peace.

These congratulations were not to be kept within the limits of the Society. They must be extended to the Committee which had very early after the formation of the Society been organized in Winnsboro; as the following letter will show.

Charleston, March 7th, 1783

“Gentlemen:

After congratulating you on the members of the Mount Zion Society having it once more in their power to meet regularly, and again promote such a laudable undertaking; it is with singular pleasure I obey the orders of the Society, in acquainting you, that at our anniversary, the 28th February last, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year, except the Directors which agreeable to the tenth rule, are for three years, viz: John Huger, President; Peter Boquet, Senior Wardens; Tucker Harris, Junior Warden; Hugh Swinton, Treasurer; William Russel, Secretary; Ichabod Atwell and George Dener, Stewards;—Governors or Directors, John Winn, Jos. Kirkland, John Buchanan, John Woodward, Richard Winn, Henry Hunter, John Milling, for the country—and Charles C. Pinckney, Robert Knox, John Braddeley, Benjamin Waller, Daniel Cannon and William Doughty, for the town.

In hopes that the Society will shortly flourish as rapidly as heretofore—I beg leave to subscribe myself with sincere respect.

Genis, your most obedient servant.

W. Russell

Secretary

This letter is addressed to “The Committee of Mount Sion Hill.” And just here it is well to note the origin of the name of the Society and College which form the subject of the history. The reader will remember that the preamble to the Rules is prefaced with a quotation from the prophecy of Isaiah. By reference to that quotation it will be seen that therein occurs the word “Sion” (the present spelling is altogether with a “Z”). And it is plain that the Committee in Winnsboro are addressed “at Mount Sion Hill” because the College to which all the Society’s energy was devoted, and all its hopes directed, was to be established in Winnsboro. Upon a little examination, the quotation alluded to will discover itself as peculiarly adopted to the use which is made of it. For light, peace, beauty, joy, and praise was the wreath of blessings which crowned the hopes of 1777, and the realities of 1783.

At the anniversary meeting alluded to in the letter above, a Committee appointed at a previous meeting of the same year made a report upon the state of the Society after

the war, a part of which report was transmitted through the Secretary of the Committee in Winnsboro. This extract reads thus:

“The Committee on the state and condition of the Mount Sion Society.

REPORT

That on enquiry they find the temporary school at Winnsboro broke up by the enemy, the school books, and journal of the Society destroyed, but the temporary school house, boarding house and other buildings are standing and entirely safe, and under the care of Col. Richard Winn at present. They recommend that he, and the rest of the country Governors or Directors, be requested to procure some proper person or persons to reside in the said buildings, or otherwise to let them in a manner most to the advantage of the Society, till they are able to resume the original plan of the school.

Your Committee are of opinion that the school cannot be carried on immediately on account of the want of a master and books, the scarcity of provisions in the country, and the present low state of the Society’s funds.

They recommend that the Governors in the country be directed to enquire into a further condition of the buildings, and report thereon to the Society as early as possible.

By order of the Society
W. Russell
Secretary

How true that history repeats itself! A report upon the state and condition of the Society and school just after Sherman’s destructive march, in almost the very words of the above, might have been correctly made.

The buildings alluded to in the report stood near what is now the residence of Capt. Jordan, and the mere mention that the school there was broken up by the enemy is all that is left us of the school during the Revolution. Who were the teachers, or how long the exercises of the school continued before the invasion of Lord Cornwallis, does not appear. The British troops occupied Winnsboro from October, 1780, until sometime in January, 1781. There is no doubt the books and journals of the Society and school were destroyed during that period, nor were the exercises of the school resumed until some time after the war terminated.

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1841, Samuel Lane Hill, Richard Hill died
1841, Andrew Mantz Hill 1833-1897.

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Old Russell Cemetery on Cemetery Street in Winnsboro

African-American Cemetery – Transcribed by Yvette Howard on April 16, 1997

Sally Anderson
No Dates

Lagan Brown
No Dates

Ella Archie
Died September 16, 1929

Essie Caison
December 14, 1886 – December 28, 1928
Aged 42

Isabelle Battiste
November 10, 1878 – October 12, 1954

John Caison
September 10, 1856 – May 4, 1904
Aged 73

James Battiste
February 6, 1879 – November 24, 1940

Julia Caison
Died December 24, 1930
Aged 70

James Battiste
No Dates

S. J. Caison
September 17, 1875 – August 29, 1927

Mary Battiste
No Dates

Daisy Baylor
Died September 20, 1930

Robert Chambers
Aged 49

Easter Beurl
August 5, 1886-January 21, 1932

Eliza A. Chappell
December 31, 1858 – May 17, 1899

Flemmi Bratton
March 19, 1904 – February 5, 1966

Levi Clendenan
January 1, 1898 – September 24, 1949

George Bratton
June 21, 1896 – March 6, 1962
Aged 74

John T. Coins (or Goins)
August 18, 1887 – September 5, 1889

G. W. Brown
Died January 26, 1894
Aged 56 years, 9 months & 12 days

Mary A. Coins (or Goins)
October 24, 1883 – August 26, 1877

Rhonda Courtney
Died December 19, 1923
Aged 70
Wife of Chairfield Courtney

Calib Craig
December 25, 1851 – January 18, 1941

Eliza Craig
April 26, 1872 – October 13, 1934

Martha Craig
April 18, 1855 – December 8, 1907

Herbert Crosby
Died August 15, 1937

Carrie Davis
Died November 16, 1955
Aged 56

Jennie Davis
January 5, 1853 – September 26, 1922
Wife of John Davis

Josephine Denley
1879 – June 1, 1917

Julia Dillard
1818 – October 26, 1890

Preston Dillard
No Dates

Thos. Dillard
Died 1906
Aged 80

Lilla M. Emmerson
Died December 24, 1935

Christina Ford
February 11, 1879 – June 27, 1928

Ella S. Gamble Ford
March 13, 1873 – December 3, 1950

Lila Williams Gamble
February 22, 1900 – February 21, 1924

Charles Goins
October 1?, 1832 – February 2, 1936

Julia Goode
January 5, 1850 – December 15, 1911

Lessia Graham
February 10, 1860 – August 24, 1924

Clara Green
September 22, 1871 – October 11, 1946

Harrison, Mary Caison
1894 – January 29, 1933
Aged 39
Wife of Richard Harrison

Paul Edward Harrison
May 28, 1926 – August 31, 1927

Willie J. Hills
Died October 14, 1958
Aged 20

Ike Johnson
February 18, 1888 – August 18, 1938

Agnes L. Jones
January 31, 1847 – June 15, 1884

Charles Howard McDowell
April 18, 1910 – June 25, 1947

Lottie Ellison McDowell
December 12, 1876 – March 2, 1923

Ronald McGriff
Died April 14, 1948
Aged 22 months

Amelia McIntosh
September 17, 1835 – August 21, 1905

Annie E. McIntosh
January 16, 1870 – February 28, 1895

Martha E. McIntosh
July 25, 1877 – November 20, 1899

Ernest Miller
March 12, 1906 – December 11, 1922

Ethel Milling
February 23, 1822 – January 8, 1913

Annie May Mobley
June 6, 1860 – May 20, 1922

Julia Montgomery
1859 – August 9, 1914

Mary E. Moore
Died March 2, 1919
Aged 54

Samuel T. Moore
March 11, 1860 – March 30, 1921

Malizetta Peay
Died June 21, 1929
Aged 38
Wife of William Peay

Julia S. Peterson
Died October 20, 1945

Anna Pickett
1891 – 1907

David Pickett
1816 – 1891

Della Able Pickett
1858 – 1923

Hardy Pickett
1858 – 1930

Mary Pickett
1856 – 1892

Mamie L. Pinckney
Died April 14, 1919
Aged 24
Wife of Louis Pinckney

Mary E. Pinckney
Died September 1, 1917
Aged 65

Nora Price
Died September 26, 1934

Rhena Richardson
Died May 22, 1939

Rosa Richardson
No Dates

Tom Roseboro
Died April 2, 1948
Aged 92

Hettie Russell
February 12, 1880 – May 7, 19??

Robert P. Russell
February 24, 1867 – December 13, 1927

Rev. John Sims
1877 – 1926

Lucy Craig Sims
1880 – 1963

Fannie Smart
1856 – 1941

Rev. John D. Smart
1842 – March 27, 1908

Eliza Smith
Died June 23, 1892
Aged 82

Rosa Smith
Died April 26, 1924
Aged 40

Tom Smith
Died February 14, 1921

Hattie Stevenson
November 22, 1874 – March 23, 1938

Charles R. Thompson
1856 – December 5, 1930

Laura Strathers
Died November 16, 1932
Aged 65

Hazel Felix Wade
February 4, 1921 – May 31, 1962

Mary Wade
No Dates

Mary Louise Wade
No Dates

Robert Morris Wade
February 8, 1926 – September 6, 1963

Charles Walker
No Dates

Mary Walker
1895 – July 4, 1934
Aged 40

Elizra Williams
May 1918
Aged 59

Frank Williams
Died January 1918
Aged 64

Jacob Williams
January 18, 1858 – March 10, 1904

Willie Williams
June 6, 1896 – July 25, 1946

Lunnd A. Woodard
April 25, 1855 – May 18, 1934

L. W. Woodward
1847 – October 24, 1927

Virginia Woodward
1849 – November 28, 1929

Walker Woodward
Died April 4, 1949

Rev. John T. Wright
December 22, 1862 – February 4, 1938

Sarah Caison Wright
November 14, 1884 – September 24, 1962

Anna Wade Young
January 16, 1873 – November 8, 1924

Creasie Young (or Greasie)
1852 – June 1888

Della Young
Died November 1919
Wife of Weslie Young

Elic K. Young
February 09 – December 16, 18

Isaiah Young
March 23, 1875 – November 15, 1906

Lula Young
Died November 4, 1929
Aged 35

Lula Young
March 24, 1889 – June 13, 190?

Osborne Young
1842 – June 18, 1917

Mr. Jennings' 1890 Memorial Day Address

May 21, 1890 Issue of the News and Herald

Mr. Jennings' Address

Mr. President and Ladies of the Fairfield Memorial Association: I must thank you for the honor you have conferred in selecting me as your speaker on this occasion. I am sure I am unable to opine the reason of this choice, unless it is either that during these years ago you have exhausted all the material in your reach, as the old ex-rebs are scarce now, or you found out in some way that it is next to impossible for me to refuse an effort at anything the good women ask me to do. While this is true, I confess my gift was put to a test when I was told of your selection. I think I must insist on my wife joining your society. If she had been in that meeting I had escaped this task.

Let me say in the outset, I have made a great many things in my life, especially of iron and wood, but if I ever seceded in speech making, except once, I am not aware of it – that was when I courted my wife.

In casting about in my mind to find something to say, I concluded that as you gave me no hint as to a subject, I'd take the liberty of presenting to you a running sketch, a sort of pen picture of what I saw during the little unpleasantness in our national family. My first service was with the Richland Guards, under Capt. Edwin Bookter (afterwards Col. Bookter of the 12th S. C. Regiment). We were on Morris' Island during the bombardment of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, and were eager spectators of the effects of our shot and shell both on its exterior and interior. We saw the white flag run up by Col. Anderson on the 13th, and joined in the huzzas that made the welkin ring on that memorable and joyous occasion. I saw the effect of Sumter's artillery upon Stephen's Iron battery on Cummings' Point. This battery was strongly coated with railroad iron, and was constructed at such an angle that the shot would glance off when it struck, but several balls struck with such direct force as to go nearly through. You recollect the famous "Dahlgren Battery" that fired on the "Star of the West" was on this island; we were stationed just south of it, near Vinegar Hill. Let me here relate a little incident or two, illustrative of the ideas of war that were entertained by our Southern people at this time; (*we learned better later*). Our knapsacks were packed by our wives, mothers and sisters, and our wardrobes were limited only by the capacity of the knapsack. I had been married less than a year, and my good wife, having an eye to my pride, *perhaps*, more than my necessity, capped the climax by putting up my wedding suit. I needed it about as much as I would have needed a china doll.

Our company boarded the train at Columbia, if I recollect rightly, late in the afternoon of the 10th and next morning about day break or before, landed in Charleston. Here began the tug of war. Imagine a man or a boy fresh from the civil avocations of home life shouldering a ten pound rifle, cartridge box, haversack, canteen and knapsack stuffed with coats, pants, vests and underwear till every strap and buckle was strained to its utmost tension, and you have a picture of the Southern Volunteer as he set out on his first campaign. The command is given, fall in! right dress! front! company right face! and we face to the right in file of fours, forward march! and by the time we are fairly under way we are about ready to succumb, but there must be no lagging. Fort Sumter is

just ahead and we expect to scale her walls today. Close up! is the order, and *we lean till it*, as the Irishman would say. Up King street on the plant pavement with canteens rattling and arms at a carry to the monotonous command, *hep! hep! hep!* till we reach the old American hotel near the bend when the word halt! rings out on the morning air with a sweetness we never knew was in it before. Foot sore, shoulders seemingly dislocated, every limb and muscle quivering, weary, hungry, thirsty, sleepy, in a word “gone up”. We had been promised breakfast at the hotel, and of course our appetites were whetted with the prospect of beefsteak, fish, ham and eggs, fried chicken and the like. Imagine our disappointment and chagrin, when for biscuit we were treated to hard tack, which the uninitiated knew not how to manage, for we had never seen any before, nor even heard of them, for meats we had beef that no tooth of man could masticate, which if swallowed at all must be gulped down in wards like a snake would swallow a frog, for coffee we had slop, boiling hot and in a tin cup. This was our breakfast, and like the Jewish Passover, must be eaten with our “loins girt and in haste” minus the “bitter herbs”.

Breakfast ended, and our Mississippi Rifles exchanged for spanking new Enfields, with bright keen bayonets, the command is given, fall in Richland Guards! and the line of march is again taken up and we proceed to the wharf where many a raw country boy gained his first sight of a ship, a steamer and the deep blue sea. We file up the gangway into one of the harbor steamboats, the “Planter” I think, and soon the gong is struck, the mooring loosed, the gang plank hauled in, and the last connecting link that bound us to dear old *terra firma* is severed. The engines begins to work, the wheels to revolve and our boat backs off from the wharf and after a few convulsive turns and plunges, she heads toward Fort Sumter. As we pass under the range of her guns, great anxiety is depicted on every countenance for Anderson with one well directed shot could have sunk us to the bottom. Thoughts of home and loved ones far away crowd our minds. The painful silence is eventually broken by old John Raburn about three-fourths drunk, calling out in his strong husky voice, trust your fate boys! trust your fate! The Fort passed we were soon landed on the island and our fears once more subsided. I would like to tell you of our stay on Morris Island, of the countless armies of fiddlers, that crawl sideways and disappear so suddenly on your approach, of our learning to eat oysters and crabs and the like of the lonely tramp of the sentry upon the beech as he paced his post at night peering over the dark waters to descry the approach of an enemy’s boat, of the myriads of sand flies that cover you all over and make you feel as if you had been skinned alive and salted, of the full moon, rising up seemingly from her watery grave and shedding a soft light over the dark waters with a weird grandeur, indescribable by tongue or pen. Of the flood tide in May, when the whole face of the island was submerged with only here and there an elevated spot to be seen. Where our tents stood the water was from knee to waist deep. Many other incidents both pleasant and otherwise connected with our stay on the island could be related, but I must hasten. I did not re-enlist for the war in this company, but came home in June and stayed a few months, helped to raise a company that went out from old Fairfield with the following officers: A. P. Irby, captain; B. M. Whitener, 1st lieutenant; John S. Robinson, 2nd lieutenant, and R. S. Desportes, 3rd lieutenant. This company went out in the winter of 1861 and was attached to Lieutenant-Colonel George S. James’ Battalion, known as the Third Battalion, composed of five companies from Laurens, one from Richland, under Capt. Dan B. Miller, and ours, designated Company G. The other field officers of the Battalion were Maj. W. G. Rice and Adjutant Harris.

We were first in Evans' Brigade, and encamped near White Point, south of Adams' Run on Toogoodoo Creek, near the sea coast. Here we remained during the winter and early spring months, drilling and doing camp and picket duty. Here we enlisted for the war and reorganized with the following officers: B. M. Whitener, captain; J. Wash Gladney, 1st lieutenant; James Shedd, 2nd lieutenant, and R. H. Jennings, 3rd lieutenant. In July, 1862, shortly after the seven days fighting around Richmond, we went to Virginia with Gen. Drayton's Brigade. Remaining in and around Richland only a few days, we moved to Gordonsville, whence we took up the line of march for Manassas Junction. On the way we had frequent skirmishes with the enemy, notably at Thoroughfare Gap on the 28th of August, where they were in strong force. By flank movements through to their right and left, we were soon in possession of the field with slight loss, and camped for the night, resting on our arms. The next day we reached the battlefield of second Manassas and were actively engaged late in the afternoon of the 30th. Our Battalion suffered slightly in this engagement, the only casualty in our company being Russ Milling, flesh wound in the leg; the enemy were then retreating. Late in the afternoon of the 1st of September, I think it was, our command reached Ox Hill, near Germantown, where Jackson had engaged the enemy and driven him back again with loss, and rested on our arms at night, soaking wet and cold from rain, without fire. Here ended our pursuit, and in a few days began the long, hot, dry march of the Maryland campaign. Wading the Potomac near Leesburg on the 5th or 6th of September, we marched to Frederick City, Md., situated near the Monomey River. Here our command rested a day or two and some of the boys got pretty merry on apple jack or some other sort of jack.

From Frederick we marched through Boonsboro to Hagerstown, where we halted but a few days and then returned at double quick through Boonsboro to South Mountain Pass, where on the 14th of September, we met the enemy in strong force. Here Gen. Drayton showed his military skill, or rather the want of it, by driving us into a slaughter pen and abandoning us to our fate. Here his military closed I reckon. I don't think I ever saw him afterwards. I suppose he became *functus officio*. Our entire brigade suffered heavily. As for the battalion, it was completely surrounded, front, flank and rear, and but for the fact that our ranks had been previously thinned by disease and break down, there would not have been enough men left to make one company, seventeen answered to roll call next morning. Col. James was killed, Maj. Rice was wounded in the head and left out on the field, but after dark crawled off, evaded the enemy and escaped. Of my own company Lieut. Shedd and Sergt. David Martin were killed. Sergt. Mason wounded. George Brown wounded and died Jesse Gradick and L. H. Trapp struck. I was captured in the act of helping John Paul and W. H. Robinson off the field; they were both severely wounded, as were also Robert Hagood, and we with many others were taken to Fort Delaware where we remained as prisoners of war only about two weeks, when we were sent back to Richmond parolled, and I got home on a fifteen days furlough. We were exchanged shortly afterwards, and I rejoined my command at Culpepper C. H. now in Kershaw's Brigade in November. A few days afterward we took up our line of march for Fredericksburg, where on December 13th, occurred one of the hardest fought battles of the war. Our battalion having suffered so heavily at Boonsboro was measurably favored by Gen. Kershaw by being held in reserve behind Marye's Hill so that our loss was small. Other portions of the brigade suffered more heavily, but in comparison with the enemy in front of them it was light. The slaughter of Meagres Irish Brigade which undertook to

charge our impregnable position was enormous. Acres of ground seemed literally covered with the dead, who actually lay in heaps. After the battle Burnside's retreated across the Rappahannock and our army went into winter quarters in and around Fredericksburg, where we remained until the opening of the spring campaign in April '63. At Chancellorsville the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of May, and at Salem Church the afternoon of the 4th, we were engaged but with slight loss. Here Jimmie Aiken, one of my company, and a first class forager, stopped and deliberately plundered the knapsack of a dead Yank while we were advancing upon the enemy under fire. At Chancellorsville you recollect Gen. Jackson fell, shot by his own men. He was perhaps the greatest strategist the world have ever produced. It was said of him by the Federals, that if Hooker had been on a forced march to the infernal regions, Jackson would have flanked him and cut him off.

After a brilliant victory by our army at Chancellorsville, and a week or two spent in recruiting and reviewing we started on the second Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign, about the first of June which culminated in the disastrous defeat of our forces at Gettysburg on July 1st, 2nd and 3rd. On this march Lieut. Wash Gladney died and was buried at Gaines Cross Roads, and Charlie Broom at Front Royal. Our Brigade lost heavily in this battle. The color bearer of our Battalion was among the killed. Co. G lost Lieut. Blair from a wound in the leg which disabled him for the balance of the war. Warren Turkett was also wounded in the arm. John Parnell was captured, and was not released I think till the close of the war. I was struck on the breast by a shrapnel shot, but not seriously hurt, my blanket and oil cloth protected me. Our retreat from Pennsylvania was attended with great privation and suffering from hunger, and we were glad when our feet touched the soil of old Virginia again. We went in to camp on the line of the Rapidan. Our Brigade at Waller's tavern hoping that the campaign for 1863 was ended, and indeed for the greater portion of Lee's army it was, but not so for Longstreet's corps. We were soon ordered to reinforce Bragg in North Georgia, and taking the train at Petersburg we set out on what proved to be a long and hard fall and winter campaign. Time would fail me to tell of the incidents connected with our journey, for myself, I made almost the entire trip on top of a box car both by day and night. There are reasons for this, which an old Reb fully understands. Our progress was slow, between Wilmington and Florence the boys would jump off the train, forage the country and meet it again at the next station. This was due to the dilapidated condition of the engine. We got to Ringold, Georgia, on the evening of the 19th of September and on the 20 met the enemy on the bloody field of Chickamauga, where after stubborn resistance he was driven back with great slaughter. Our loss was heavy, our company lost one killed, Wm. Morgan, three by amputation, Russ Milling a leg, Matthew McGrady and Billy Craig an arm, Sergt. Joel Ashford was severely wounded in the side, Wm. Tinkler was wounded in the hand. I received a severe flesh wound in the left leg, for which, although I was not feeling for a furlough, after I got back out of danger I would not have taken a million in Confederate money. On this wound I got a ninety days furlough and came home after an absence of eleven months. Others of our company were slightly wounded. As we went into this fight ours was the Battalion of direction. Our color bearer not understanding fully the General's objective point, Kershaw himself seized the flag and bearing it out in front of the Battalion was advancing on the enemy, who were now pouring upon us a rain of leaden hail. Wm. Evans, from whom the flag had been taken, said: "General, please give me the flag, and just show me where you want me to go". Gen. Kershaw, in his cool

and deliberate style pointing to a large green pine about two hundred yards in front, said: "Do you see that pine?" Evans: "Yes" Kershaw: "Well, march directly toward it." I may add just here in all my experience in the war I knew no more level-headed, cool and deliberate officer than our own Kershaw; nor did I know one who seemed to have more consideration for the welfare of his men.

Those of our command who were left in the winter's campaign around Chattanooga and Knoxville and other portions of East Tennessee, and when I returned to the army at Russellville the following January I found Willie Hopkins, Jasper Crossland and Andrew McConnell had all been killed or wounded and died; James Y. Robinson had lost an arm Sgt. Mason and perhaps others had been wounded. After the hardships privations and losses of the fall and winter campaign of Georgia and East Tennessee we were hurried back to Virginia in the spring of 1864, and by a forced march of about ten miles on the morning of the 6th of May we reached the battlefield of the Wilderness and hurriedly formed our line of battle across the plank road under the most trying and confusing circumstances. Hill's Corp, after having held the superior forces of the enemy in check the previous day, were driven back at early dawn and came flying through our ranks as we were endeavoring to form our line. None but trained veterans could have withstood the shock, but it so happened that Kershaw's and Jenkins' Brigades struck the enemy at this point, where he seemed to be the strongest, and as was their wont resisted the onslaught, drove back the advancing columns with heavy loss and saved the day, but at fearful cost. Here fell some of our most gallant officers and bravest men; among the former were Gen. Longstreet, severely wounded and Gen. Jenkins killed by a volley from Mahone's men, who mistook the party for Federals. Col. Nance, of the 3rd, and Lieut. Frank Gaillard, of the 2nd Regiments, were killed. I suppose their superiors, in all the qualifications that go to make first-class officers, were hardly to be found in the Confederate army. Capt. Doby, of Kershaw's staff, and other worthy officers of higher or lower rank, whose names I cannot recall, besides a host of non-commissioned officers and privates of the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th and 15th Regiments of our Brigade were among the killed. In our own little Battalion we lost a number even before our line was formed. Company G lost Jimmy Withers, a model young man, a Minnie ball crashed through his brain. Wm. O. Robinson lost an arm, and in him the Confederacy lost a good soldier. There are in this audience some who lost lived ones on this ensanguined field, and a few, but ah how few! who took part in that memorable fight. Our army moved forward that same evening, and three days later engaged the enemy again at Spottsylvania, near the block house. Here the Battalion, now reduced to a mere handful, sustained a bayonet charge, an event of which a few soldiers on either side could boast, but some of our men were actually wounded, and one in particular, W. J. Tinkler, was thrust through the body, Dave Gladney, Jess Carman and Jno. W. Robinson (Grizzly) wounded. But for the prompt action of the Second Regiment in repelling the attack there would perhaps have been none of the Battalion left to tell the tale. The terrible fight at Horse Shoe Bend, of which you've heard so much, took place a few days afterwards. Our command was not engaged on this part of the field. It was about this time that Capt. Moultrie Dwight, of Kershaw staff, venturing a little too far, was captured. This event cast a gloom over the entire Brigade, for he was as polite and refined as a lady and greatly beloved by officers and men; his bright, cheerful face was like a benediction. Grant, who was in command of the Federal forces, kept moving in an arc of a circle of his left flank, ever and anon trying

to break through to Richland. He made a desperate effort at Cold Harbor about the first of June, hurling column after column of his hired hordes against our invincible citizen soldiery, but always with the same result, to be beaten back and slaughtered like of many wild beasts till worn out and despairing of ever reaching the Confederate capital on that line, he withdrew his forces and crossed to the south side of the James River on the 13th and 14th of June. (I think it was at Cold Harbor that one of your own townsmen, Lieut. Tom McCants, of the 7th Battalion, was killed.) Thus did our noble Lee, with his little army of one-third the number of his antagonist, not only beat him back, but it is stated as an historical fact which I don't think our enemies have ever denied, that Grant lost more men from the Wilderness to the James River than Lee had in his entire army. I may be pardoned just here for expressing my opinion of Grant as a military chieftain. I have always thought that almost any man of common sense with very little military training, with the number of men he had at his command and the strongest government in the world at his back, could have done better. Here Jess Gradick and Green Gibson were wounded. The 20th Regiment joined our Brigade at Cold Harbor, fresh from the coast of South Carolina numbering more men it was said than all the balance of the Brigade put together. In this their first fight their gallant Col. Keitt was killed. About this time Gen. Kershaw was promoted to Major General. After Grant withdrew his forces from our front we moved down across the James and Appomattox Rivers to Petersburg, where we skirmished with them almost daily till late in July, when we re-crossed to the North side of the James, on the pontoon bridge near Drewry's Bluff, and on the 28th (just two days before the mine explosion, generally called the "blow up") was fought the battle of New Market Heights or Fussles mill, in which Lane's N. C. and Kershaw's and McGowan's S. C. Brigades were engaged fighting Federal cavalry, *dismounted*. The engagement was hot and our loss was considerable, but the enemy were driven back and part of his arteriorly captured. Here ended the military career of you humble speaker, and since that day I have carried an empty sleeve. I need not stop to tell you of the weary days and nights I spent in the Jackson Hospital at Richmond during the long hot month of August. Sufficient to say, that early in September the 3rd I think, I reached home, after an absence again of about nine months. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to be able to travel I made two trips to Richmond and Petersburg and brought home the mangled remains of three of my neighbor boys. Our Brigade was in the valley with Gen. Early in the fall. At Berryville Sergt. Mason was wounded, and on the 19th of October, while gallantly leading the little remnant of the Battalion in the battle of Cedar Creek our much loved and popular Captain B. N. Whitner was killed, and if buried at all, was buried by the enemy, as our forces were driven back in confusion, here Sergt. Mason was again wounded. I don't think they did much fighting after this the war ended the following spring. This closed the career of as true a little band of veterans, I think, as bore arms in the last cause. A few score would number all that now remain of the five or six hundred men who went out with this command. Most of these are of Laurens County, a handful of Co. F. of Richland, of which company my good friend George White was a member, and possibly between twenty and twenty-five of Co. G, of this county survive, in a few more years all will have passed over and joined the great majority beyond the river. I may have omitted the names of some of our company who were killed or wounded, as I write entirely from memory, after the lapse of a quarter of a century. Numbers died from sickness in hospitals and elsewhere, whose names and faces are fresh in my memory

today. There were the three Aikens, big Hugh, little Hugh and Jimmy, Nathan Brown, two Brooms William and Charles, Warren Camak, Leighton Hawes, Wm. Hamilton, Butler McConnell, Elisha Ragsdale, Billy Shedd, George Timkler, Frank Watt, Calvin Rabb, John Nelson, Tom Davis, Wm. Johns, Jesse Scott, and possibly some whose names I fail to recall.

There are many other things I would like to speak of especially of friendships found in the army, some of these can only end when mind and memory fail. While there were innumerable hardships and privations connected with soldier-life, there were on the other hand pleasant episodes to give a silver lining to the dark cloud, else the four year war could not have been endured by sensitive natures. Some of these young men and boys may for aught I know, live to learn by experience what was is. *Heaven forbid it!* Should it be so boys or should it not be so, if you will take the Bible, the precious word of eternal life as your daily companion and guide, following its divine precepts, whether was comes or troubles cloud your pathway, “unto you will arise light in the darkness,” and under trials and disappointments you shall find that sweet repose, which none but he that feels it knows. I care not under what circumstances you may be placed, one-half hour’s careful and sincere perusal of David’s Psalms will cure the worst case of the blues. You’ll find something in this wonderful book suited to your every condition and circumstance. This of itself proves the divinity of its Author, and the man who is not benefited by searching the scriptures, doesn’t want to be. It is a never failing mine of eternal wealth, which he who searches as for hidden treasure will surely find. And the great beauty of it is that if you search you will find just what you need. I recollect one day, seated alone in old Virginia, quietly reading my pocket Bible, thoughts like these weighting upon my mind (as sounds of martial music were floating to my ear from the neighboring hills, and the occasional boom of cannon in the distance). Oh when will this cruel war end! And shall I live to ever get home to loved ones again, amid peace and plenty? As I read on in the Prophecy of Jeremiah, my eyes fell on these words; “Oh, my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war! How long shall I see the standard and hear the sound of the trumpet?”

On another occasion, contemplating the dangers of battle, and my oft delivery, my attention was called to those expressive words of the Psalmist: “Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle”. Passages like these and others were like an inspiration, for I saw by them that other men in the ages gone, had passed through the same experiences that were now mine. You call this weakness? Perhaps it was, but it was the weakness of the man, who maketh the Lord his strength. It was, so to speak, the very omnipotence of a realizing sense of dependency on divine help. I never knew a man to throw away his Bible going into battle, but let me tell you, young man, they scattered their cards to the four winds on the approach of danger, and men who in camp cursed and sneered at religion, were mute, as mice under fire. And now dear women of my County allow me in conclusion to pay you this humble, but sincere tribute of my heart, but for your influence upon the sterner sex, our arms had never achieved the victories that perched on our banners. Many an arm was nerved to deeds of valor and many a heart encouraged to the endurance of hardships by your words of cheer and your womanly examples of heroism. You are called the weaker vessel, but do you know, I believe you can either lead or dive us whithersoever you wish. The almost phenomenal recuperation of our South-land since

the war has been largely due to your pluck, sagacity and courage. But for you many a poor fellow had sunk under discouragements and disappointments in his fight for bread.

I've almost embraced the opinion,
That a woman of faith, fact and skill,
May have whatever she wishes,
And accomplished whatever she will.

She's bashful and timid and nervous,
And modest sometimes to a fault,
But when she is needed to serve us,
She's ne'er known to falter or halt.

I can but admire the indomitable courage, by which you surmount difficulties and accomplish herculean tasks from which men often shrink, and I am in hearty sympathy with the noble sentiment which prompts you to perpetuate the memory of our heroic dead who sealed their devotion to our southern homes and institutions with their life-blood, but will you pardon me if I say, I would prefer to see your labor of love expended upon tablets more enduring than granite and marble? I doubt if I would exaggerate, were I to say, that enough money has been expended on Confederate monuments in South Carolina since the close of the war, to have given to every deceased soldier's children of the State a good common school education. Those piles of marble will in a few decades crumble and fall, but the mind of a child reaches out into the eternities and takes hold on the infinite.

I would not discourage you in your loving self-imposed task. No! No! I would rather encourage you in this as in all other matters, to labor for that which is enduring.

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