



Fairfield Genealogical Society

NEWSLETTER

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Articles, Bible Records, Lineage Charts, Queries

Sharing your information, sources and experiences is a vital part of being a member of your genealogical society. Submit information of queries to be included in your newsletter to:

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Or to

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We would like to thank Daniell DuBose for submitting the following article.

Mrs. Mary Dolly DuBose-Macklin, of Greensboro, NC, is a descendant of Township 3, Fairfield Co, SC. She was born 1904, Township 3, Fairfield Co, and will turn age 103 on her birthday in December 2007. Mrs. Macklin will receive a US Presidential Certificate from President George W. Bush for recognition this December 2007.

Mary Dolly DuBose, a legacy, was born to Mr. Martin DuBose and Mrs. Mary McDaniel-DuBose, both of Township 3, Fairfield Co, SC. Martin, 1864-1954, son of Mr. Flanders DuBose and Mrs. Matilda "Tildy" Boulware-DuBose. Mary, 1868-1937, daughter of Mr. Josiah b. 1845 and Mrs. Mary McDaniel b. 1844, both of Blackstock, Chester, SC.

Flanders DuBose, b. 1820, a slave belonging to Mrs. DuBose of Winnsboro, believed to be Sara F. Cloud-DuBose b. 1822 and wife of Samuel DuBose, II d. 1849 owner of The Dovecot Plantation that sat across the big Wateree Creek. Samuel was half brother to CPT Theodore Samuel DuBose, owner of The Farmington Plantation on the big Wateree Creek, route 44 (Patrick Rd), The Roseland and Rocksprings Plantations, both on Old Small Town Rd and purchased by the Cathcart family in 1900. Theodore Samuel DuBose became the manager of his brother's property (slaves) in 1849 as requested in his will for Mrs. DuBose and her two children.

Samuel and Theodore were both from St. James Parish, Charleston, SC sons of Mr. Samuel DuBose, St James Parish, member of the Black Oak Society, and descendant of the DuBose French Huguenots, Isaac and Susannah, that arrived in SC between 1685-1689 from Normandy, France. Isaac and Susannah had six to eight children before Isaac died, and Susannah remarried. The Huguenot families initially settled in Jamestown, on the French Santee. Later they became faithful members of St Johns Presbyterian Church in St James Parish, Charleston, SC. Most of the children relocated to Darlington, SC over the years. Around late 1830s Theodore Samuel DuBose left college to return home to St. James Parish, and had good luck growing cotton in St. Johns Parish. He decided to migrate with the Gaillards to Fairfield Co. where land was plentiful, inexpensive, and teach scientific farming (using fertilizer). CPT Theodore Samuel DuBose owned 3000 acres and 204 slaves in 1860 Federal Census. He served the Confederacy during the Civil War and was headed home on the train for RR when he was subjected to catching the measles as an adult, died 1862, and his wife passed away within 30 days. GEN Bratton, became the manager of CPT DuBose's property (slaves) as requested in his will until all three plantations were sold at the turn of the century.

As a slave, Flanders was initially a member of Mt. Olivet Church along with other community slaves prior to removal in 1871, most likely due to segregation. He obviously was attached to the land and continued to farm while providing for his family based on the 1880 Federal Census. Out of the 204 slaves sited on the 1860 Slave Schedule for CPT DuBose, and over 25 for Mrs. DuBose, the only two white DuBose masters existing in Twp 3, only two or three freed slave families remained to live and co-exist there creating this historical legacy.

Mrs. Macklin is still known at the church she grew up in, Aimwell Baptist Church, and is the last living sibling of eight children. This is the Auntie that I love and honor. I owe credit to her for all of my historical research and thank her for sharing it with me and remembering where our family came from. Recently, she talks about how and where they played as children. I believe it's great to have been blessed with longevity...

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Maj. Thomas W. Woodward Address

This is the second part of Maj. Thomas W. Woodward's address. Thanks to Damien and Susan Argon for submitting the information.

The Dismemberment of the Regiment at this time was peculiarly unfortunate. It looked as if the officers were seeking for comfortable quarters and separate stations and commands. Some companies were acting as heavy artillerists and manning batteries, and others as infantry, stationed not far apart, it was true, but still divided by water and marshes, which made it so difficult of access that we rarely saw or heard of each other, and hence were lacking the sociability and intercommunication amongst men and officers so necessary in voluntary organizations which have seen no services. The novelty of the thing had about worn off, and many had found out that "fighting war" and camp musters at home (where "biled shirts" and other luxuries were to be had), were different affairs. All these things, but mainly that want of active service at the front, contributed to the general demoralization, and soon bickerings and complaints were heard throughout the Regiment, and these must have an outlet. Col. Rion had been elected not only because of his military attainments, but it was urged in his favor that he was exceedingly ingenious and shifty in perfecting any and all plans which would be necessary to get us the best of everything which was to be had. The best quarters, the finest equipments, the costliest guns, the healthiest provisions, and the best shoes and clothes, with plenty of medicine always on hand for the sick, were a few of the many blessings which his friends claimed would follow in the event of his election, without any reference to the condition of the State commissariat, or to the Quartermaster-General's department. These simple and commonplace expectations were not being realized fully and to the satisfaction of all; and as above remarked, somebody had to be held responsible. It was natural, therefore, that Colonel Rion should be blamed for all these failures. If General Beauregard had issued orders for the scattering of the Regiment, for purposes of defense which he considered important, it was Colonel Rion's business, by his ingenuity and general fertility of resources, to have at least held the order in abeyance until all parties had been consulted as to the propriety and convenience of the movement. If a fellow's rations were not in the best condition, it was the Colonel's business, whether he was at his post or not, to have them condemned at once, and, with or without facilities for transportation, to supply other and better from Charleston. If your shoes didn't fit snugly, or if your pants were a little too tight in the stride, the ingenuity of the Colonel must remedy the evil, the fertility of his resources guard against all similar occurrences for the future. You even complained that bakers' bread was issued to you instead of corn meal. It has been truthfully said that a

man is twice a boy-once in his youth, and once in his old age. My experience is that he is so three times: once in his nonage, once in his dotage, and again for a period of at least three months, if he ever joins the army, no matter what his age.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, it had been determined upon to turn over the State troops to the Confederate Government, and we were ordered to rendezvous at Summerville to make the transfer, and to get ready for our departure for Virginia. And folly of follies you were to be allowed to choose whether you would go as a Regiment or disband and go home, although you had already agreed to offer your services to the Confederacy. One would have supposed that the Government needed all her troops to repel the storm which by this time was gathering all around, and that you would have been ordered to Virginia, organized and equipped as you were, and with no further inducements for demoralization and disbandment. But there, were near-sighted men in those days, and politicians then as now. To get to Summerville we must pass through Charleston, and mint juleps and sherry cobblers tasted as well then as they do now. The consequence was, that when you arrived at Summerville the general demoralization had culminated; and whilst some companies preserved their discipline, others were really but roving mobs of jolly, rollicking, soldiers. One company the Fencibles which was the last to arrive, finding that their tents had not been erected for them, and that other general arrangements for, their ease and comfort were unprovided, created such a din that the Colonel turned them loose and allowed them to go into town to hunt quarters, and it was not long until they captured this elegant summer resort, and were having a good time generally; and they were only brought back to camp some days after, through the earnest solicitation of their solid captain, who had been sent after them. Such was the condition of affairs when Colonel Rion, who was aware of the disaffection towards him, and not wishing to be an impediment, or even an excuse, for the Regiment's not taking Confederate service, committed the greatest blunder of his life, and actually submitted it to a vote whether or not the Regiment would go to Virginia with him as Colonel. The ballot was had, and by a small majority, I think of three or four votes, it was decided against him, and we were deprived at this most critical period of our history of an efficient and astute head. The action of the majority gave real grounds for offence to the personal friends of the Colonel, who knew that he had had no opportunity to display his qualifications as a commander, and it also furnished a pretext to all parties who wore dissatisfied from any cause whatever, or who were troubled with home-sickness and desired to see their families before leaving for Virginia. This was the first time that many had ever been from home. Immediately the Fencibles, the Little River Guards, and the Cedar Creek Rifles were ascertained to be thoroughly disorganised; in fact they had, as members of the Regiment, practically passed out, of existence. Captains Bratton and Brice; despairing of taking their companies, but with as many men as possible, had in the meantime, with great devotion and sacrifice, joined as privates, the one the Buckhead Guards, the other the Boyce Guards. From the Cedar Creek Rifles there was but a single man, Lewis Miller, who could by any means be induced to reenlist. It was also understood that all the staff, with the exception of the Adjutant, would follow the Colonel. Things looked rather gloomy, for three companies were already beyond the hope of recovery. But there was yet a chance. General Beauregard, appreciating our difficulties, and not wishing to see this Regiment, which he had pronounced "The Finest

Body Of Men” he had ever seen, pass out of existence, had sent us word that our name and organization should be preserved if we would save and muster in seven of the original companies, and that he would allow time to recruit elsewhere the three companies which were missing. The camp was therefore raked and scraped for recruits, and urgent telegrams were sent home to expedite the departure of all who would join us. The mustering officer—the intrepid John Dunovant—had arrived, and after waiting several days, we were informed that his time was out, that he had been ordered back to Charleston to report. We must come to time, therefore. The Chester companies had little or no trouble and were safely through; Means, with the Buchkead Guards, stood the test, and now the veteran Shedd, with the Boyce Guards, was to be placed in the balances. Shedd, who had the liveliest, finest flow of spirits of any man in the Regiment, wore upon his occasion something which I had never seen on him before—a long face and a sorrowful expression of countenances. He knew that his company was hanging fire and doubted his ability to get through. His roll was examined and found all right nothing was easier than to make men on paper but when his ranks were counted, although he had borrowed some men for the occasion, it was discovered that somebody had disappeared, and that one man was lacking to complete the minimum number—sixty-five—which the law required. This was the seventh company, and upon the appearance of one man hinged not only the fate of the Boyce Guards, but also hung the life or death of the Sixth Regiment. At this critical moment it is said—whether truthfully or not some who are here now know—than one of your field officers, who was standing near, was seen to pull of his shoulder straps and with the remark that perhaps officers could be more easily found than privates, he stepped into line and the company was recounted and received. Our trouble having been passed, as is always the case assistance was tendered from various quarters. Soon a shower of recruits from home were on hand for the attenuated ranks of our companies. And then came Goodlett, of Greenville, with that splendid array of mountain sprouts—the Carolina Mountaineers—each with a huge bowie knife in his boot, and Camp, of Spartanburg, with the Limestone Guards, with their company flag waving from a hickory pole cut upon the field of Cowpens, and surmounted by a John Brown pike from Harper’s Ferry, and glorious “old” John White with the York Guards.

We were now full to overflowing in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and, with exception of one thing ready and eager for the seat of war in Virginia. The vacant Colonelcy was still unfilled, but there was no difficulty here, for the law said that the Lieutenant Colonel was Colonel that the Major was Lieutenant Colonel, and that Means, the senior Captain, was Major. But it was deemed graceful not to profit by the misfortune of our late commander. Besides, some of us had had enough of the foolishness and insubordination which we had witnessed about camp for some time past, and it was thought that a stranger and a regular army officer would best meet the requirements of the position. These views were communicated to Secrest and Means, who, acquiescing in them, a meeting of all the commissioned officers was held, all rights of promotion were waived, and a Committee of two (Captain E. C. McLure, of the Blues, and myself) was sent to the President to ask fulfillment of our wishes. Governor Means, who took great interest in the Regiment, was anxious that the position should be given to the noble Carolinian, Maxe Gregg, and we promised to suggest his name to the President. The Governor gave us a letter to Col. Gregg, and asked us to call on him when

we reached Richmond. We did call, and presenting our letter, which is now the property of the Association, we waited until he had read it, and then asked if we might present his name to the President. Col. Gregg, you remember, was now without a command the term of enlistment of the six months regiment which he had carried to Virginia having expired about this time. And it would be a graceful thing for him to appear at the extreme front, where he had been operating, with another regiment of South Carolinians. The "Old War Horse" was greatly moved by our proposition. Nothing in the world would have been more agreeable to him than to get to the front again and renew the pleasant pastime of shelling Yankee railroad trains, in which he had been indulging. But after thanking us heartily for the honor proffered, he stated that he had covenanted with the field and staff officers of his late regiment to preserve their organization and await assignment as a whole to another command. "These officers were not then in Richmond, and he could not, therefore, be released from his promise," and must decline. We then called on the President. This was the first time that I had ever seen this grand man, who I still think is THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL; and well do I remember the penetrating glance of his eagle eye as he turned it searchingly upon us whilst we were telling of the object of our mission, and then how his angular, classic features were relaxed and suffused with a kindly smile when we had finished. Said he: "The officers of the Sixth Regiment have established a precedent heretofore unknown in the military. The refusal of promotion, as in your case sanctioned by law, is, indeed a most wonderful occurrence. — But you have shown your patriotism and good sense, and you shall have one of the best men at my disposal, and a Carolinian if possible." "But," he continued, "I have doubts of my authority to make the appointment." after a brief interchange of views, he sent for Mr. Benjamin, the Attorney-General. The matter was submitted to that gentleman, and he sustained the view that the colonelcy was vested in the commissioned officers, according to their grade, and that if they waived their rights, there was no difficulty in the way. The President then took down the United States-Army Register, showed us the name of Thomas Jackson, who it appeared had entered West Point from South Carolina, graduated, and had been assigned to duty on the frontier; was brevetted once or twice for meritorious conduct in Indian fighting, and "upon the whole was a good man." "He would appoint him." Now, neither of us had ever heard of Captain (now Colonel) Jackson, and we so stated; but upon his assuring us that we would find him all right, there was nothing left but to pocket the appointment, and making our adieus, we departed. As soon as we were upon the streets we commenced industriously to inquire of all whom we knew, and we had not yet found a man who could tell us of our now Colonel. We were already in quite a nervous state of mind when we met a Carolinian who had held a commission in the old army. "Do you know Captain Jackson?" we asked. "Oh, yes, very well," was the reply. "Tell us all about him." "Well, he's a good follow and a gallant fighter.", "What kind of a Colonel will he make?" "I'm afraid," was the reply, that he is rather too fond of frolicking; he drinks a good deal, and is known in the old army as 'Hell Roaring Jackson.'" This completed our scare, and we determined to see the President on the next morning, and urge him to recall the appointment. In the meantime we called on Mr. Boyce, our member in Congress, and asked him for a name to suggest in the place of Colonel Jackson. Mr. Boyce was an admirer of General Henningsen, who had achieved considerable reputation with Walker in Nicaragua, and at his suggestion, and in company with him, we called on the General, and were favorably impressed. Upon the next

morning we were seated in a reception room in the order of arrival. During the rising and general salutation which followed upon his entrance a few moments later, the President's eye fell upon us, and passing the many who were ahead of us in the order of their interviews, he approached with his hand extended, and gave us a courtly, but kind, even cordial, greeting, at the same time asking what he could do for us. Plainly and earnestly we told him of our dissatisfaction with his appointment, repeating what we had heard, and dwelling upon the great responsibility which devolved upon us as committeemen, we urged a change, and suggested the name of Henningsen. I will mention here that I had received a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Secrest since our departure from "Camp Woodward" at Summerville, dated July 7, which I still have in my possession; informing me that the object of our mission had gotten abroad in camp; that "there was great indignation at the idea of being placed under the command of a regular;" that "threats of mutiny had been heard;" that "the devil was to play generally," etc., etc. There was, then, great care and judgment to be executed in the selection of a Colonel, and we felt the full weight of the responsibility which rested upon us. Mr. Davis heard us through with great patience, the while regarding us with his same earnest, penetrating look which we had encountered at the first interview, and which made you feel that whilst he listened to the lips, he also read the secrets of the inner man. "He was much surprised at what we told him," and although there must be some mistake somewhere, still recognizing the peculiarity of the situation, he would not thrust upon us a man against whom a single objection could be urged. He could not appoint General Henningsen, although he spoke kindly of him. "There was rather too much of the adventurer about him." "He preferred not to trust such fine material" (as we represented you to be) "to him." "But I have at my disposal a man who I know will meet all the requirements of your case. He combines most happily the essential elements of the cultivated, courteous gentleman, with the sterner abilities of the, commander, and under him I shall confidently expect to hear that your regiment has made its mark." Again he took down the Army Register and showed us the record of CHARLES S. WINDER, the youngest captain in the old army. He commented upon his good record generally, and especially upon his conduct aboard the ill-fated San Francisco, where he displayed great heroism, and the highest ideas of devotion to duty by remaining aboard the wreck with his soldiers after others had gone. "But before I make the appointment," said he, "go to the Spottswood Hotel, see him, talk with him, and after you have left him make diligent and persistent inquiry about him, and then come and tell me what you think of him." We called on Winder. His appearance and manner pleased us. He was not what would be called a fine talker, and yet there was an earnestness of tone and an impressiveness of style in his conversation which would claim attention from any one. The encomiums which were passed upon him by all of whom we made inquiry impressed us even more than our interview, and hastening back to our noble President, we had his appointment confirmed. How fully our high anticipations were realized, and how happy and fortunate was the selection, is to-day engraved in broad letters upon your soldier hearts and written upon the brightest pages of your country's history. Referring to a letter which I wrote to the Fairfield Herald from our camp at Germantown, and dated August 17, 1861, I find the following short sketch of him: "Colonel Winder is a native of Maryland. At the commencement of our present troubles he promptly resigned a captaincy in the Federal army, and offering his services to President Davis, was forthwith assigned to duties in Charleston. He is a graduate of

West Point, and had served for ten years in the United States army, and you will imagine that the old Sixth deports itself in no unmilitary manner under him." "A few of his leading characteristics are as follows First, and quite prominent a deadly animosity to the whole Yankee nation; a strict eye to camp discipline; punctiliousness in the manual and maneuvers; and a gentlemanly affability not usual amongst regular officers. There is not a private in the Regiment who does not approach him with ease and confidence, whilst there is not an officer amongst us conscious of any dereliction of duty who does not momentarily expect the orderly with the *Colonel's compliments* and an *invitation* to attend at his tent. The consequence is that both men and officers vie with each other in the performance of their duties.

July 14, 1960 Issue of the News and Herald

The Rural Churches of Fairfield County



History of Bethel Church

Bethel Church had its beginning in the 18th century. In 1761 under the leadership of John Nickleous Martin (a German immigrant and ordained minister) a church was erected on Crooked Run Creek and was called Deflineda-Auf-Marvin. This was a union meeting house but in 1783 a strictly Methodist band gathered there. This was the first Methodist group ever to assemble in Fairfield County. In 1796 the county's first Methodist Church was erected on Brown's Bridge Road near Crooked Run Creek. This house was known by such names as Martin's Meeting House (named for the preacher). Crooked Run Methodist Society and Sarepta. A few years later another house of worship was erected by another society of Methodist (Masons) in adjoining community, Horeb. In 1840 these two societies were merged into our present Bethel, which is located between the two above named churches. This site was selected by compromise. The thirteen acres of property now owned by the church was given by the McKinstry family. We have the original deed.

This church is the third to stand upon the present site. Some of the hitching trees still remain. The first church was erected in 1840 and was built behind the cemetery. The second church was erected in 1895 and sat amid the cemetery. Our present structure was erected across what was then the public road from the cemetery and required 3 years to build.

This church building was completed in 1935 and dedicated in October, 1936. Church services were held in the old Bethel Schoolhouse while our church was being built. The beams, subflooring, framing, pulpit, altar railing and pews were a part of the second church. The granite for this building was given by the late Mr. J. Pope Brooks, Sr. and everyone cooperated in the building. It was during the depression, the cost of things was down, money was scarce and most of the labor was donated. The late Mr. E. S. Clarke supervised the work and Rev. T. F. Reid was pastor.

Since Bethel Church was dedicated there have been many improvements and additions which include: new pulpit chairs, communion table, brass altar set, Sunday School and hymnal registers, curtains around choir loft, dossal hanging, and kneeling pads around the altar, 2 brass vases, 2 brass collection plates, gas heaters replaced coal furnace, Wurlitzer electric organ, 9 stained glass windows, 2 rest rooms, granite steps with midway landing and black wrought iron railing, replace steep steps, refinished pews, wine nylon aisle and pulpit carpet replace rubber mats, redecorated 7 Sunday School rooms, 3 jaloused aluminum side doors with metal frames, and landscaped church and parsonage grounds.

In 1953 a fellowship hall or community building was built and there have been many improvements and additions to this building.

A granite wall has been built around Bethel Cemetery and in 1957 we helped build the Fairfield Charge parsonage located in Bethel Community.

From our church we have had 6 ministers. They are: John W. Chappell, Leban C. Chappell, English Camak, J. Marion Mason, Edward R. Mason, Sr. and Edward R. Mason, Jr. We have had one missionary, Miss Agnes Ruff, who spent 5 years in Cuba. Miss Agnes Brooks (now Mrs. Ross Pickett, a minister's wife) served as a deaconess to Dulac Indians in Louisiana.

Bethel is a charter member of the Fairfield-Richland Auxiliary of the American Bible Society. We observed the 128th anniversary in October, 1959. There have been 67

Life Members made from Bethel (\$50 each). C. E. Leitner is present secretary of this group.

Bethel Sunday School was organized in 1860. Thomas McKinstry was the first Superintendent (great-grandfather of W. F. and Hugh Mann and Mrs. Ethel Leitner). This Sunday School was founded on prayer and faith. Other men who have served in this capacity in more recent years have been the late G. A. Robinson, H. B. Shealy and B. F. Hornsby is the present superintendent.

The W. S. C. S. was organized in 1879 with Mrs. Mary Leitner as its first President, who served for 10 years. This group has served well and when it was first organized, men of the church attended. Mrs. C. H. Leitner, Mrs. Sallie Brooks, Miss Agnes Ruff (23 years), and Mrs. Ruth Mason Stevenson have served as Presidents. In 1949 the Wesleyan Service Guild was organized for the working girls who couldn't attend the afternoon meeting of the Woman's Society and at this time the W. S. C. S. was called Agnes Ruff Circle.

In 1950, under the guidance of Pastor Ray P. Hooks, the men of the Church organized with C. E. Leitner as first President and John L. Fridy as present President.

Also. In 1950 the M. Y. F. was organized. Misses Margaret Ruff and Blanche Robertson have served as counselors for several years. Julia Wiles is the present President.

We have had many grand pastors. One of these, Rev. A. J. Cauthen, Sr. was sent to our church for three different times and Rev. J. A. Bledsoe served two terms. Some of our pastors living today are: Edward R. Mason, Jr., R. E. Sharpe, T. A. Inabinet, T. F. Reid, Henry Collins, R. P. Hook, Jimmie Nates, James Varner, Jack McNair and the present Pastor Samuel B. Coker.

Our oldest member today is Miss Agnes Ruff. We have 131 members.

Bethel is enrolled in the Chamber of Commerce Rural Church Improvement Program and the big goal for this year is to pave the drives to church, community building and parsonage. Friends and former members are invited to join in observance of Homecoming to be held at the Church on Sunday, July 17th.

September 12, 1935 Issue of the News and Herald

Historical Stories about our County

W. W. Dixon Writes Interesting Facts About Fairfield County and People

EDWARD P. MOBLEY II

“Then comes a voice to Ossian and awakens his soul. It is the voice of yours that are gone; they roll before me with all their deeds.” - Ossian

He was the son of the first Edward P. Mobley and received his primary education at Mt. Olivet. He next attended Mt. Zion College. At the latter institution he learned

rapidly, but it must be declared that he was noted for his popularity than distinguished for good marks in Greek and Latin. He was born with a fondness for hounds and hunting.

He was a member of Co. H, Hampton Legion. T. J. Lipscomb, Colonel.

He once said that James P. Mobley could whip any man in the company. Their company was in the cavalry arm of the service. Towards the close of the war they were rushed from Charleston to Wilmington to be attached to the army of Johnson. On arriving there they were ordered to Charlotte to protect Davis and his cabinet. At Charlotte they received fresh instructions to go to Chester. In the meanwhile Lee and Johnson surrendered, and Jefferson Davis went to Abbeville, S. C. Col. Lipscomb called them together near Chester and addressed them about as follows: "Soldiers, I am sorry but the fortunes of war seem to be against us. I know not what is best to do. Left without a Capital or government, I deem it best to permit you to go to your homes and firesides. Should circumstances justify, I will call you again together. All who are willing to come at a future call, made by your Colonel will give his assent by kneeling." All of the soldiers knelt but one man, not connected with our family, he said: "Colonel I have been shot nearly all to pieces. I have done my duty, but my flesh and blood can stand no more." They were never called together again.

But it is not amidst scenes of war that Mr. Mobley is entitled so genuinely to the gratitude of his race and country. However, he did his duty as a soldier he more than did his duty in rehabilitation of his prostrate State. No man did more for South Carolina than he did to restore the white supremacy and wrest the government from the negroes. To control their vote he knew that he had to furnish them with money to carry other negroes to the polls. Again white men would come and say that they needed so much money in the course of the campaign and at the ballot boxes. He never hesitated. His money poured out in one continual stream, from 1874 to 1880. On election day he would bring to Winnsboro a column of negro voters extending from the court house up as far as the railroad crossing, every negro with a ballot held close in his hand until it went into the ballot box for the democratic candidates. The orator and the orist are well enough in their time and place, but it is too such men as this that we are under an everlasting thanks gratitude for their means, time and their rich personality—men who knew what to do and did it. It is to men like this that we owe our present white supremacy of race and progressive civilization.

He married Marion Rebecca Mobley, daughter of his great-uncle, John Mobley.

THE AIKEN TRAIL

In those troublous times the republican county treasurer Clark was killed by W. D. Aiken in an altercation growing out of a dispute on the Winnsboro hotel corner, between Samuel DuBose and the Treasurer, in reference to certain taxes. DuBose was a small man and the Treasurer a very strong one. In the struggle that ensued, he killed the republican Treasurer.

After the difficulty, Aiken, Jack Frasier and DuBose went down to T. L. DuBose's and from there rode to Edward P. Mobley's. Mr. Mobley advised Aiken to stay out of the way, which he did. A \$20,000 reward was talked about with the republican governor. This didn't please Aiken and his friends a bit. Mr. Mobley laughed over this and said. "Why Bill that would be fine. I'd just surrender you, get the money

and hand it to you.” When he and the others got ready they came to Winnsboro, submitted to the proceedings and gave the bond required, signed by Thomas W. Woodward, E. P. Mobley, et. al. It was the most celebrated case ever tried in Fairfield. With the Solicitor appeared Daniel Chamberlain, attorney general, Zeb Vance, both afterward governors of South and North Carolina respectively. For the defense were Col. James H. Rion, James B. McCants and M. C. Butler, afterward U. S. Senator, Chamberlain made one of the greatest speeches of his brilliant, dishonest career. As a legal argument it could not have been surpassed in the facts of the celebrated case. He said, in one flight of eloquence, I try to paraphrase. On the continent of our great civilization, a range of mountains draws its lengthy chain of peaks in grandeur and beauty. It is the frequented spot of all nature lovers. One of its grandest peaks is that of Mont Blanc in Switzerland. As the rains come from heavens above, the drops falling on one side trickle their way down, forming rills and streamlets that reach the beautiful valleys. They are dotted with the homes of happy and prosperous people. Here is peace, Homes with innocent, laughing children. Here man loves his fellowman. Justice rules. Nothing is feared but God above. On the other side of the Alps the rain drops meet the biting, freezing eastern winds. They precipitate into icy pellets. They collect and form the deadly avalanche. In time the force of gravity causes it to rush down the mountain side carrying destruction to all in its pathway. On that side, life and habitation are impossible. The verdict of this jury will decide on which side our civilization will fall—Law or Anarchy! He continued the simile—but in spite of all this able advocate and his resourceful conferees could do, the inscrutable design of providence ruled that our race made white and superior should come out victor in this verdict. Of course the case had its elements of self-defense and it was a just verdict, but the writer taking a retrospect of the past sees in the range of great events this trial to be one of the greatest peaks in the advancing civilization of our Southland.

Mr. C. H. Scruggs, father of A. Lee Scruggs, was foreman of a mixed jury of republicans and democrats. When they came in after deliberation to render the verdict his face was grave and set with the light of a high and noble resolve. A mist came before his eyes, and two tears coursed their way down his cheeks and fell on the indictment—jewels from the mine of a great nature, conscience of duty well performed. So intense was the interest in the verdict that a quietude fell on the assemblage as if all Nature stood still. Men ceased to breathe. A feather would have made a noise in its fall as the clerk turned over the indictment to read. When the words “not guilty” were pronounced, the shout was terrific and deafening. In vain old Judge Rutland stormed, and the sheriff commanded “silence.” Mathew C. Butler, clad in a plum colored broadcloth suit, handsome as Apollo, hero of many battlefields, was the only composed man in that throng. He stood with a proud smile on his face by his client’s side. The judge had ordered the arrest of everybody. Butler, made to command on such occasion, impressed Chamberlain and they, with Col. Rion and others, quieted the crowd. One feature of this trial is, it was a political one. The judge and prosecuting attorney were republicans, the deceased was republican county treasurer. When Aiken shot Clark, it was said that his language was: Take that you d—d rascally scoundrel.” Another thing was, old Sheriff Duval was known far and wide a L. W. Duval. No one knew what the initials were for. Butler used them all through the trial as Louis William Duval. To preserve the old man’s memory, be it known that Gen. Bratton always said that he could, at any critical time, be

depended upon. General Butler in the course of his remarks spoke of Mr. Aiken as one of the most dashing soldiers of his cavalry, under Hampton and his Legion, and said it was impossible for a brave man to commit murder. Every decent white man, woman and child, rejoiced in the verdict. Mr. Aiken moved from this State to Charlotte.

Mr. Mobley's Home Life

His home and plantation life was an engaging one. He had two old negroes he was very fond of, Joe Raines and Joe Gibbs. Mr. Mobley gave Joe Gibbs a good cussing on one occasion and he complained to old Joe Raines about it. Joe Raines said, "Well, he didn't mean nothing. When he cusses me, I cuss him back. This is a free country and we democratic negroes has got more rights than other negroes. Just cuss him back the next time, and he will stop." Sometime after that Joe Gibbs got a beating and complained to old Raines about the advice given. "Why you fool, you didn't cuss him right. You oughta gone way down on the June place in the big corn where nobody could hear you an cuss him right and left, that's the way I cusses him. You just don't know how to cuss him." Said Joe.

Like all great natures, Mr. Mobley liked the illiterate and poor, and liked to have them around him. He knew that in the soul of one who is not educated, there is always room for an idea. But he did not like people who were stupid with conventionality, people who are full of book opinions, not one of which they understand, people who have ridiculous estimates of their learning and importance.

One of the most beautiful parts of his life was its ending. It showed that magnificence as he was when he was rich, he was none the less interesting and commanding when he was poor. Wealth had not made him arrogant, nor could adversity make him weep. He is buried in the family graveyard at the home where he lived nearly all his life and "if today everyone to whom he had done a kindly deed would go and place a blossom on his grave, tonight he would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers.

October 10, 1935 Issue of the News and Herald

Historical Stories About Our County

W. W. Dixon Writes Humorous Accounts Of South Carolina Earthquake

It was the last day of August in 1886. Night pinned her curtain back with the stars that twinkled down on a silent world. It had been an immensely hot day. At Woodward, in grandfather's home, Aunts Mattie and Lila had retired up stairs. Grandmother was in her room; grandfather and myself were reading in the dining room. Suddenly we heard a low rumbling like the far away muffled sound of thunder, immediately followed by the swaying of the house like a cradle. Bricks from the north chimney, unloosed from the

top, came down with a loud crash into the girls room upstairs. A shriek from one of them brought grandmother out, fastening her dress at the collar. We all stood about the dining room, intensely listening. Soon the second rumbling was heard. My aunt frantically asked grandfather what it was. Amid the swaying of the house he said it was an earthquake. In the lot the cows were lowing, one of the horses neighed and the chickens in the fowl house made noises as if a fox or weasel were after them.

Aunt Mattie got the Bible and insisted on reading the 14th chapter of John. Grandfather objected, but finally gave in. Grandmother listened rapt and tearful attention, grandfather with resigned indifference, and I interrupted with a query of him: "Do you think the earth will open up and swallow the house and all of us, he answered "no". The beautiful chapter was continued to the end and as it always does, had its calming effect.

My Uncle Ed was visiting the girl he married that winter at the old John Mobley mansion. He was riding Ben, a milk white horse. The Negroes were holding a revival at Red Hill Baptist Church. In returning home, he rode up to the church grounds, found many prostrate on the ground in terror and prayer. Some of them had taken him, in the distance, for the "white horse and his rider of the Apocalypse.

The next day, in contrast to the yesterday, it was bitterly cold, and the whole neighborhood congregated at Woodward and discussed the horrors the families had gone through the night before.

The center of the seismic convulsion was around Summerville near Charleston, but geographies refer to it as the "Charleston earthquake."

Three weeks later Dave Dwight, Baron Grier, Will Byers, Colcock Moore, Geo. W. Allison and myself went down to Charleston as freshmen to the Citadel. We discussed the earthquake, its possible recurrence and danger all the way down. Arriving in the night time, we found two other freshmen there, John Gary Watts and Sam Garlington, from Laurens. All of us were a day ahead of time. We walked about the city the following morning and found it in ruins. There was not a block of a square that did not show evidence of the ruthless force of nature. Calamities often prove blessings in disguise. Disaster often turns into opportunities for certain numbers of a community to show their greatness. At the head of the city government was Wm. A. Courtney, Mayor; James Simons was Speaker of the House of Representatives. Charleston then had two Senators, Augustin T. Smythe and G. Lamb Buist and a strong house delegation composed of men, the caliber of Theodore G. Barker and Joseph Woodward Barnwell.

Courtney immortalized himself as mayor, in bringing order out of the chaos in which the earthquake had left the South Carolina metropolis. The high character and ability of its representatives in the General Assembly stood much in getting aid from all parts of the globe, and in bringing about the rehabilitation of, and in making Charleston practically a new city, and giving it the touch human, in the progress of our great nation.

You know before the earthquake Charlestonians took some pride in their isolation from the rest of the state, and its ancient seclusive societies like the St. Cecilia. To be a member of the society and attend one of its balls your antecedents had to be traced back beyond the Revolutionary War, and if any of them since that time had personally engaged in the occupation of a tailor, bread-maker, bell ringer, candy manufacturer, purveyor of fish or mender of roads, you simply were tuned down as outside the pale of gentility. I remember William Monro, a great lawyer of Union, S. C., relating this incident of Judge

T. J. Mackay in his charge to a grand jury on homicide. Mackay was explaining to them what was meant by the *corpus delicti*. Said the facetious Judge: "Well, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury: *Corpus delicti* means body of the crime. You must not only find that the person was dead, but you must identify that body with the deceased named in the indictment. I hope you will not find yourselves in the same dilemma that a corner's jury of Orangeburg did not long ago on finding a dead man on the railroad right-of-way between Charleston and Columbia. They found the dead body of a white man near the track. He had long hair, clear cut features, was thin and slender of frame and rather anemic and aristocratic in appearance. No marks of identification were on his clothing nor about his person. The jury decided to have an autopsy of the body and an exploratory operation made of the bowels to discover identity. The physicians reported that the deceased nothing in his stomach but two grains of Santee rice and three teaspoons of cistern water. Whereupon the jury came unanimously to the conclusion that the deceased was a Charlestonian, a member of the St. Cecelia Society and most probably an Episcopalian. The body was sent to Charleston and then there immediately identified as Rutledge Rivers Pinckney, past president of St. Cecelia Society and a member of St. Michael's Episcopal Church."

Mr. Editor, did you ever put a yellow horse apple and a crab apple in among your white handkerchiefs and linen and take them our weeks afterward? The longer the crab remained the sourer and more distasteful it became. Not so with the horse apple. It left its aroma about your clothes and was mellower and sweeter than when you put in there. It is true of people of mature age. This idea was pervading my mind when coming out of the Deluxe Café Saturday morning and looking south I saw John M. Harden, Sr., rise and take off his white sombrero in greeting to a man that brings back recollections of Nestor in Bullfinch's book of Grecian mythology. It was Mossy Dale, mellower and sweeter as the days go by. On he came, spreading sunshine. Senator Lyles forgot to shake his hand. Jack DesPortes' eyes grew brighter with welcome; Charles Robinson's rueful countenance suffered a change to muscatel wine. Dr. John Douglas' cheeks took on the hue that Four Roses can only give; some elfin girl ran out of the 10c store and gave him a Mona Lisa smile and a kiss (of candy). Waddell Ashford tied one of his negligent shoe laces. Rice R. Macfie, Sr., stopped him for a conversation. It turned on the earthquake of 1886, and that conversation is the inception of this weekly letter.

He said he and Mrs. Camak were in the sitting room, two of their youngest children on the floor playing with their toys. When the house began to sway, he grabbed up the children, one in each arm. In the stooped position of getting the second child, a brick came down the chimney, bringing cobwebs and soot, ricochet and struck him on the head. Here Rice Macfie quickly asked him if the brick didn't hurt him badly? "Oh no," he answered. "Only a slight abrasion, which the soot and cobwebs attended to, but the brick was shattered into particles as fine as water ground meal." He added that Arthur Hinnant was a visitor that night. At that time (1886) he was a middle aged man, about 50. That the quakes greatly disconcerted him and he was searching all about the house for the Bible. There was a hand mirror on the mantle that in the various tremors had fallen flat on its face. Mistaking it for the Book of Books in his excitement, Mike got it on his knees looked down to read and seeing his own face reflected, exclaimed "too late, the devil is already here. Let me get out." With that he leaped through a window and such was his sprint that he out ran the devil to Winnsboro.

I asked him if he had found his son-in-law, my cousin Much Robinson, whom he advertised as being at large. He looked worried and replied, "as you are his blood kin and Mr. Macfie a third grade checker player in Muck's class I will say that I found him out on Hugh Wylie's place in the shade of a pig nut tree playing checkers with a little negro boy named Tommy Toadly. Wylie was sitting by, pad and pencil in hand, keeping the talley sheet, which showed that Much had got one draw and in three days had lost 1999 games to the little negro boy, but with an ineffable smile of pleasure was pushing the Coca-Cola bottle heads around the charcoal spots of the improvised checker board.

October 9, 1867 Issue of the News and Herald

History of the Mount Zion Society, and the College Established under its Auspices in Winnsboro, S. C.

By D. D. M'Creight

No. 17

1784 On the 17th of May, when Mr. McCaule met the Committee he delivered to the Committee the following requisition signed Thos. H. McCaule, viz:

"Gentlemen:--Let a house be erected and made ready for my small family on such a lot in Winnsborough, as I shall point out with the assistance of Col. Winn. For this house I am willing to pay, tho' my property, I assure you, gentlemen, is easily told. Let a supply of provisions be furnished for the first year, as the attention I must pay to the students will not admit of my looking after these things for some considerable time."

Let a sufficient number of tutors to be employed to conduct the business of teaching. It shall be my business and happiness to see that those tutors discharge their duty with fidelity. In order that justice may be done the students, I foresee that I shall find it proper frequently to examine the several classes and put them through their scholastic exercises.

Let a scale of studios be ascertained by the Society which shall be steadily and religiously adhered to. If the several authors should be left to my discretion, I shall pursue in a great measure the plan adopted by the College of New Jersey, the place of my education.

The Laws and Regulations of the Seminary shall be drawn up by the Society, unless they submit that matter to myself and the tutors, who shall form what may be called the Faculty, who shall have cognizance of the transgressions of those regulations; difficult cases may be referred to the Society.

As for myself I may have boys to educate as well as others. I hope to be allowed the privilege of one scholar his board and tuition free and also be furnished with firewood for the use of my house.

On complying with these conditions and those proposed by the Committee in Charleston, March 16th, I am ready to take over sight of your rising Seminary. As soon

as it shall be announced to me that the house for my reception is ready, after the first day of November next, I shall with all convenient speed make ready for my removal to Winnsborough. The advancement of Literature in this place, the training of youth in the Liberal Arts and Sciences shall be the pleasure and business of my future life.

I have the honor to be &c.

After a full consideration of the proposals set forth by Mr. McCaule, and a vote being taken upon them, it was unanimously agreed.

“That the Committee agrees *in toto* with Mr. McCaule’s requisitions and that a copy of the same be sent to the Society in Charleston for their concurrence.”

The Committee also agreed that Mr. McCaule be furnished with firewood for the use of his own house.

The plan submitted as above given was sent to the Society by the Secretary, David Evans. An unsigned letter appears among the old manuscripts belonging to the records of the Society, which seem to have been written by Col. John Winn, who at that time was President of the Committee in Winnsboro. The writer speaks of his brother Richard Winn. The anxiety of the Committee to secure Mr. McCaule’s services is surely indicated in said letter. Col. Winn exhibited his public spirited interest in the welfare of the Society and College by giving Mr. McCaule a lot upon which to build. This lot was one “near the public buildings”.

Upon receiving copies of the plan agreed upon between the Committee and Mr. McCaule, the Society referred the several matters therein contained to a committee consisting of Richard Hutson, Robert Lithgow and George Logan. The following is that Committee’s report:

✓ **The committee** to whom was referred the several papers which were received from the Committee of the Society at Winnsborough.

REPORT

That that Committee by thus acceding so fully to the propositions of the Rev. Mr. McCaule appear to have extended their ideas much farther than had been the intention of this Society in their application to that gentleman: which was in the opinion of your committee to confine their views at present on account of the great reduction of their funds by the late war to a single school, and that Mr. McCaule should take the immediate charge and direction of it. Whereas by his propositions which are acceded to by them, the plan of an Academy appears to have been adopted in its full extent, of which Mr. McCaule is intended to have the Presidency, with a number of tutors under him.

Your committee are fully convinced that the finances of the Society will not admit of establishing an Academy immediately on that extensive plan, yet as they think it an object of great importance to the future success and prosperity of that infant Seminary, to secure a gentleman of Mr. McCaule’s distinguished abilities. They are induced to recommend a concurrence in the plan, so far as to agree that Mr. McCaule have one assistant to be approved of by him, allowed him with a salary of fifty pounds sterling per annum; and that a house be contracted for be built agreeably to the plan and on the terms proposed by him. And in order to aid and assist the finances of the Society in the accomplishment of these important objects, recommend that a subscription be set on foot;

and they are of opinion that an address to the public, holding up to view the necessity, importance and advantage of encouraging Literature and promoting Science in this our infant Republic, and expartarting on the superior advantages which Winnsborough enjoys in points of situation for the establishment of a Seminary of Learning would greatly forward and promote the subscription, and therefore recommend that a committee be appointed for the purpose of drawing up such an address for promoting and carrying out the subscription.

July 21, 1960 Issue of the News and Herald

The Rural Churches of Fairfield County



History of Monticello Methodist Church

By Mrs. T. W. Shedd

The Monticello Methodist Church was organized about 1800. Records of a Methodist Society are reported regularly from 1810 to June 1814. Prior to 1810, all records of Monticello refer to the academy or school house, and it is thought that the Methodist itinerants held regular preaching services at the academy. Monticello at that

time was part of Congaree Circuit and a church membership roll of 1819, which is believed to be the oldest, has been preserved. Namely, John Pearson, Leader, William Cato, Barnette Buchanan, John Hollingshed, Mary Pearson, Ann Hite, Mary Powell, Elizabeth Boyd, Elizabeth Oliver, Agnes Buchanan, Mary Farr, Barbara Hollingshed, Lucy Thornton, Elizabeth Flooden, and Francis Farr.

Fourteen acres were given by Captain Phillip Pearson for the erection of a church building. The first church on the site was of logs and the second was a small frame building, which was burned. The present church was built in 1861 with Jacob Bookman as architect. D. B. Kirkland. Col. William Alston, Capt. J. K. Davis, and J. James composed the building committee. The payment of debt on the building was assumed by Col. Alston and was prolonged by the Confederate War, but later the debt was paid in full by Joseph Kirkland Alston, an officer in the Spanish American War.

“I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.” (Psalm 122.2). This no doubt was said reverently by each member at the dedication of the new church in April 1861. The people of the community were in grief over the Confederate War and most of the property and wealth had been confiscated or burned. Yet, they determined to complete the church. It would seem an unusual thing for country people to build such a fine church in reconstruction times, but with God’s help, the debts were met and the first years witnessed a big ingathering of souls. The church register enrolled 142 members in 1879. The Rev. J. A. Cauthen was pastor in 1861 at the time of the dedication. The Monticello Church is a huge white frame building (40’-x70’) with large white colonial columns and three double doors at the entrance. The church within has a large gallery on three sides, which at one time was used for slaves who attended services. The seating capacity is near 400. The original pews and pulpit furniture are still in use. On August 27, 1950, the Sunday School Department, equipped kitchen, and rest room were dedicated. This wonderful addition in the church basement was during the Re. P. Hook’s ministry.

The first fire of Methodism in Fairfield was kindled by Bishop Asbury, whose itinerary included this section and the first Methodist Society was organized in 1762 by Rev. John Nicholas Martin, whose father was also active in the early religious and educational life of the county.

From the many societies that followed Monticello Church, first called Campobello, was formed. The church has drawn its membership from Scotch-Irish and English settlers of the section.

In 1918 we had our first recorded full time preacher, Rev. John Howard Pipkin, who served one year. Since that time we have a complete record of all ministers who have served this church.

At present Rev. Samuel Coker is the minister, James L. Robinson, the Sunday School Supt., Mrs. T. W. Shedd, the President of W. S. C. S., and A. H. McMeekin, Chairman Official Board. Mrs. Charles T. McGill (Nina Lupo), who is 74 year of age, is the oldest member. The church has a membership of fifty.

The granite gateway to the church was built in 1933 by the people of the community under the supervision of Mr. Gus McMeekin. The stone was given and quarried from a members plantation. The construction work was done by Gunner Abrahamson and Eloh Pearson, stonemasons living in the community.

The broad road leading from the highway to the church was graded.

October 31, 1866 Issue of the News and Herald

NATURE'S BAROMETERS

A venerable gentleman with whom we recently conversed, assured us that spiders were the best barometers yet produced. The barometer, invented by the scientific, he affirmed, only indicate the kind of weather we are to have immediately; while spiders unerringly told the character of the weather for several days in advance. For instance, if the weather is likely to become rainy, windy or in other respects disagreeable, the spider make very short and firm the terminating filaments on which their webs are suspended. If on the contrary, they make the terminating filaments or fastenings uncommonly long, the weather will continue serene from ten to a dozen days.

Spiders usually make alterations in their webs once in 24 hours. If they are totally indolent, and do not even watch for flies, rain will speedily ensue. If the spiders stay out upon their nets during a shower, and seem actively engaged in putting affairs in good condition, it is certain proof that the rain will be of short duration, and that it will be clear weather for some time. If during the storms weather, the spiders are seen fixing their damaged nets in the evening, it certainly indicates that the night will be pleasant and that the rain is over for the present. Our informant has often witnessed this result when the sky looked most threatening and he has never now the sign to fail.