



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:

Fairfield County – SCGS
P. O. Box 93
Winnsboro, S. C. 29180

Or to

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Email: davis925@mindspring.com

From the September 17, 1975 Issue of the News and Herald



Not So Long Ago

The year was 1909-10, the place was Mount Zion Institute, and the children are members of the first and second grades. They are, top row, left to right, Gertrude Dolphins, Marie Richardson, Rosa Mae Phillips, Jessie Mae Magarrity, Ruth Orr. Second row, Ella Ketchin, Elizabeth Coan, Susie Cathcart, Virginia Owens, Sue Blackwell, Agnes Stevenson. Third row, Margaret Brice, Ruby Richardson, Beatrice Richardson, Wade Wylie, Ernest Crawford, Guy Hood. Fourth row, Heyward Harden, Booker Jackson, Franklin Phillips, Robert Weathersby. Fifth row, Herbert Richardson, John Turner, Birdelle Orr, Earl Dunn, Moses Orr, Sabie Cathcart, Reid Harden. Sixth row, John Buchanan, Charles Culp, John Gibson, George Strange, Marion Holly, Marion Brown. Picture courtesy of Miss Ella Ketchin and Mrs. Priscilla Norris

Note: We need a new editor. We plan to finish out this year, unless someone wants to assume the duty earlier. If interested contact: John Hood or Bill Wall.

From the November 28, 1935 Issue of the News and Herald

Facts About Fairfield

W. W. Dixon

The distinguished Bratton family of America had as their progenitors three brothers who migrated to this country from the City of Belfast, County Antrim, Ireland. They settled in York County, Pa. One of the brothers, William came to South Carolina with many Scotch Irish people and settled in York County, S. C. in 1750. He was a man of great courage and varied accomplishments. His worth was at once recognized and he was selected as sheriff of Pinckney, District. He married Martha Robinson of Irish parentage. She was born on board of a ship on the Atlantic Ocean when her parents were coming over to this country from County Derry, Ireland.

William Bratton became a colonel in General Thomas Sumter's partisan regiment in the Revolutionary War. His eldest son, William, came to Winnsboro and Fairfield prior to the War of 1812. His first wife being dead he married Isabella Means Judge. This was the mother of Gen. John Bratton. He was born March 7, 1831. He was buried in the Episcopal Cemetery, January 1898.

Gen. Bratton was a graduate of the Charleston Medical College. In those days it became the custom and rule for large slave owners to have some member of the family a physician. This was not only humane but it was an economic provision in saving a large annual doctor bill. After graduation he took a course in medicine in New Orleans.

Gen. Bratton married Elizabeth DuBose in 1859, and lived on his large acreage of land on the Wateree. He was greatly interested in agriculture, was the first importer of blooded cattle into the state after the Civil War. He was identified with the restoration of the state from radicals and the inveterate foe of Scott, Moses and Chamberlain. When A. C. Haskell was promoted to associate Justice, Gen. Bratton became State Chairman of the Democratic Party. He accepted the position of comptroller general of the state for its honor and not for its emoluments. He served a session in the U. S. Congress.

I can find no record that General Bratton was ever a member of any church. (Is any one better informed?) I do remember that he was very much interested in his son's ordination into the ministry. That son is now Bishop of the Mississippi Diocese. Going to hear Theodore preach for the first time, he came out of the church and remarked at the door, to Col. Henry A. Gailard: "The damned little rascal did pretty well! Don't you think so Henry?"

Many tales arise about great men as individuals. I do not vouch for this one that has been current for years. Mr. E. P. Mobley was a wealthy neighbor of Gen. Bratton's. In the absence of the latter as comptroller general in Columbia, his farm was managed by an agricultural expert. This efficiency agent, as he was called sometimes, impounded Mr. Mobley's cattle for trespass. He held the cattle until \$.50 a head was paid for them. Some few months afterwards 480 sheep of Gen. Bratton's got on Mr. Mobley's crop and little Ed. P. and Mose H. Mobley, impounded them. Little Ed and Mose went over to see the expert. Little Ed wanted \$.50 a sheep, \$240. I think it was. The expert refused. Mose then suggested actual damages. Gen. Bratton came home about this juncture, and

wrote Mr. Mobley offering to pay the damages. Mr. Mobley sent the sheep back without charges, with the message to Gen. Bratton to try to be a better neighbor. General Bratton was puzzled over the message, until he heard that in his absence his agent had mulcted his neighbor in damages for the cows. He tried to return the money. Whether Mr. Mobley ever accepted it or not the Chronicle sayeth not.

Our school libraries and newspaper files are replete with the story of the life of Gen. Bratton, the distinction of his family, his patriotism and bravery in warfare, his poise in times of danger, his wisdom in the parliament of men, and his exemplary private life. Again Mrs. W. W. Turner has written a very human document reminiscent of his private life that was published in The News and Herald some months ago. It is of absorbing interest.

David Roe Feaster

He was a Confederate soldier, enlisting in the Buckhead Guard, E. J. Means, captain; Boykin Lyles 1st lieutenant; Robert Starke Means, 2nd Lieutenant; J. Y. Legg, 3rd Lieutenant and S. B. Clowney, 1st Sergt.

Mr. Feaster first married Victoria Rawls. On her death, he married Hattie Coleman, a widow, with five children. These, with the seven by the first wife and the six that he begot by the second wife, made a tribal family of 18, under one roof. The first time I dined with them. I was a horse back mail rider, 16 years old. I could not help from turning to my hostess and asking her if she were the mother of all. She smiled back and said "yes". It remained for Capt. Feaster to explain the wherefore.

Capt Feaster's memory after a half century is still cherished in Fairfield. He did his part in wresting the government from the hands of Scott, Moses, Chamberlain and Cardoza and should have been given more recognition for his services than he received in his lifetime. He was one of the organizers of the Grange, out of which grew the reform movement of the farmers of 1888 and then merged afterwards into the Farmer's Alliance. I used to listen to him at Porters Mill, when he would converse on the subject of free silver and green back money. His ideas expressed were about as follows: "The jugglers of high finance, try to show a distinction between the government's promise to pay in specie and a simple promise to pay. Reduce this to a final analysis and you find a distinction without a difference. A silver or gold certificate or a greenback bill promise to pay each depends upon the perpetuity of your government. If the government ceases to be a nation, it can no more pay its silver and gold certificates than it can meet its greenback promissory note. Have we not come around to his way of thinking? This was 50 years ago. All the time, since those who prospered most have produced least, and it is this class you find who are shedding tears for Hoover's return and have an attitude toward the present administration that Alexander Pope so well described, those who:

"Damn with faint praise,
Assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach
The rest to sneer.
Willing to wound and yet
Afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and
Hesitate dislike."

Mr. Hoover and his racketeers are fighting hard to preserve the poverty-breeding corpse of the old financial system and refused to face the pressing problem of squaring production with distribution. This specially privileged crowd now, as in the past, still believed or profess to believe that all wealth should be identified with gold. With iteration and reiteration, they would have you believe that the debts of the farmer, of the merchant, of the municipality, and the state which were contracted through the operation of a wild cat inflation, of manufactured book-keeping money, and checking accounts, should be paid back to them in honest, sound currency which simply does not exist, not has existed since 1873. They are opposed to the philosophy that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and that he who owns property cannot use it or its increase contrary to the common good. Such thoughts and ideas were in the brain of Mr. Feaster 50 years ago and he hooted at. Was he in advance of his age?

Sleep on brave patriarch in thy grave in far off Arkansas and to your young kindred now in South Carolina I repeat the lines that you said to me one day in riding from the mill to your home:

"Sow an idea and reap the thought; sow a thought and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap destiny."

From the 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.

No 18.

1781. After the action of the Society upon the agreement between the Committee and the Rev. McCaule, (the Society having adopted the report of the committee already given, the chairman of the committee appointed to bring in a minute upon the agreement, wrote to the Committee in Winnsboro, informing them of the success the measure met with in Charleston, of raising funds for the Society by subscription, and enclosing a copy of the address to the public which emanated from the Society. The copy of the address is lost, but the letter accompanying it is present, and is given below. The writer was Richard Hutson, at one time a member of the Continental Congress, and afterwards one on the Chancellors of this State. The manuscript letter exhibits a fine specimen of penmanship. The following is a copy of it:

"Charleston, August 17th 1784

Gentlemen: Your letter of the 17th May last, enclosing Mr. McCaule's propositions, together with the other papers received at the same time, were referred to a committee of which I had the honor to be Chairman. I send you enclosed our papers on the subject, and also some copies of the address to the public, which was drawn up in consequence of the recommendations of the committee.

"I have the pleasure of informing you that our success with the subscription in the City has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We have upwards of a thousand pounds sterling subscribed. It is needless to observe to you how much Winnsborough is interested in the success of the Academy. The Society have therefore a right to expect

very considerable exertions from your neighborhood. If you have not money, make your subscriptions payable in provisions, materials for building and labor."

"The very liberal and generous encouragement which has been given to this Institution, as well as to the Academy at Ninety-Six, by the gentlemen of this City, will I hope have a happy effect in counteracting the mischievous views of some artful and designing men among us. Such disinterested conduct must convince every candid and unprejudiced person, that the hue and cry against an aristocratic party said to be forming in the State, is entirely without any real foundation, and must have been raised to answer sinister and interested purposes. If the gentlemen of this City harbored any designs hostile or unfriendly to your abilities, would they contribute so cheerfully and so generously towards the establishment of Schools and Seminaries of Learning among you, for the purpose of enlightening and instructing you? Most assuredly they would not. Slavery, for the most part, is the consequence and effect of ignorance, and did they wish to enslave you, their obvious policy would be to keep you ignorant."

"You'll observe that it is intended that the subscriptions shall be taken on the back of the address. The method to be observed in subscribing, is to write down the such in words immediately after the name and then carry it out into the black lines in figures." I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, with every sentiment of esteem.

Your most obedient servant, Richard Hutson"

On the same day Mr. Hutson enclosed a letter in one to Richard Winn, which was to be forwarded by the first opportunity, and in which was an appeal to the Orange Presbytery of North Carolina, for the dismissal of the Rev. T. H. McCaule from that body, in view of his removal to Winnsborough.

Having secured the service of an efficient President, and concurred with him in preparations necessary to reestablish the College, the Committee went earnestly to work to complete the arrangements. On the 10th of July, the following minute was adopted vis.:

"Resolved that the gentlemen, members of the Committee, living with ten or twelve miles distance, be wrote to requesting their attendance in person in Winnsborough on the first Monday in August to repair and erect the temporary buildings for the use of Mount Zion Academy, and also bring what assistance they can with three days provisions.

At this day, directions for such preparation sound very much like orders in the community during the late war to send assistance for building military fortifications. It can easily be inferred from this action of the committee how difficult house raising was at this time.

A committee composed of Gen. Winn, Col. Hampton, Capt. Buchanan, Mr. James Cooke, Col. Henry Hunter and Capt. Field Farrar, was appointed to submit a plan for executing the purposes indicated in the above resolution, which was adopted by the Committee, and two members, Messrs. Jas. Cooke and Benj. Harrison were appointed "to superintend and see the same carried into execution." Besides the members, the inhabitants generally were called upon to attend and assist in the raising of the temporary buildings.

Again on the 4th of September it was determined that every member of the Committee, "having salves", should send one hand on the 16th of that month to remain at work until the buildings were completed. From some cause the Committee held no

meeting from the 4th of September to the 13th of November following, at which time it was again ordered that hands should be sent on the 25th of November to aid in finishing the work.

By the first week in December the temporary buildings for the use of the Mount Zion Academy were completed. The faith of the Committee was pledged "to discharge the expense incurred in raising and repairing the School House." To meet this outlay, Col. John Winn, Gen. Richard Winn, Col. H. Hampton, Mr. James Cooke, Capt. Thomas Barker, Messrs. Kemp Strother and David Evans, were appointed a committee "to draw up an address to the members living within twelve miles" of Winnsborough, send it out, and collect what subscriptions they possibly could.

Mr. Benj. Waller, a member in Charleston wrote to Gen. Winn as follows:

"Dear Sir: Enclosed you will receive a letter directed to the Country Directors, which authorizes them to draw on the Society for fifty pounds, as likewise one hundred dollars for Mr. McCaule. I have wrote to Mr. Knox to pay the money if he has the cash to do it, which will save the trouble of sending for it.

I shall shortly send Mr. Knox a quantity of nails; when they arrive, you may call on him for fifteen thousand of any kind you may choose of them, which I make a present of to the Society to carry on the building. Also, if you will let me know whether the Committee at Sion are in want of books to keep a fair copy of their journals, I will make them a present of two suitable.

Nails must have been a precious article then, as they were counted our and not weighted. The reason was that no "cut nails" were then made; all were "wrought nails," that is made by hand. It appears that Mr. Waller employed Mr. Knox as a mercantile agent to do business in Winnsboro.

No. 19

1784. On the 5th of November, the Committee, through its Secretary, David Evans, addressed a letter to the Society, in which their approval was asked for in a scheme adopted by the Committee for the "schooling of children not on the charity." The XVIII Rule of the Society provided for the education of poor children belonging to four classes. These were called "children of charity." What new feature the Committee introduced touching this power of the Society, does not appear from its proceedings. Whatever it was, the Society approved of it, which, according to the XXIV Rule, it was necessary it should do, before the provisions of the scheme would be of any force. The Town Directors sent to the Country Directors the reply below, in answer to the letter from Mr. Evans, vis:

Charleston, Dec. 6th 1788

Gentlemen: We received your letter signed by Mr. Evans, of the 5th November, and coincide with you concerning the schooling of children not on the charity; which is approved of by the Society.

With regard to the boarding, you are the best judge of that matter for the present. Nevertheless, we would wish to be informed of the lowest terms children can be boarded for, who are taught on the Society's bounty: in order to ascertain the number of children the fund may be sufficient to support and educate.

It gives us great pleasure to hear that the building and school is in such forwardness, for which we sincerely congratulate you.

One hundred dollars will be sent by the first safe opportunity, to be paid Mr. McCaule for discharging the expense of his removal to Winnsborough. The fund will not admit of the Directors drawing for more than fifty pounds at present, which will be paid to your order.

The Society request you will urge the Committee at Sion to collect entrances and arrears of members as speedily as possible, to render an account thereof to the Society in Town. That when such arrears are collected, you will make use of the money to promote the Academy. The Society will be at all times ready to furnish you with cash to carry on the necessary buildings, whenever in their power.

We rejoice in having a gentleman of the Rev. Mr. McCaule's reputed abilities at the head of our rising Seminary.

We remain, gentlemen, your most obedient and very humble servants,

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney

Wm. Doughty

[Signed] Benjamin Waller

Daniel Cannon

Town Directors

The membership for this year was increased by the following accession of names: Capt. William Watt, James Cooke, Captain James Craig, William Owens, David Evans, Burr Harrison, Thomas Lewis, Captain John Miles, William Dorch. These all were received into membership by the Committee. Those admitted by the Society in Charleston, were: Hon. Aedanus Burke,*-at that time the title "Honorable" was applied only to Judges and Chancellors; William Bull, John Bull, John Blake, Allard Belin, John Bya, Peter Bagley, Augustinus Buyk, Thomas Bourke, James Baker, David Crugor, Francis Coram, Edward Lawrence and Archd. Campbell, Will. Dewees, David Denoon, Francis Fawson, Andrew Ferneau, John Glaze, Barry Grant, Dom Geoghegan, John Griggs, James George, James Gordon, Thomas Green, Sr., Thomas Green, Jr., Francis Goodwin, Elias Horry, Benj. Huggins, Patrick Hayes, John Harbison, George Hancock, David Hopkins, Wm. Humphreys, Ralph Humphreys, Richard Jenkins, Thomas Keen, Christopher Knights, James Knox, Charles McDonald, John Mitchell, Alexander Moultrie, John McIver, Joseph Mickles, James Nelson, Daniel O'Hara, Thomas Osborn, James O'Hear, John J. Pringle, Robert Pringle, Paul Prichard, Hopson Pinckney, Alen Rose, William Reeves, Charles h. Simmons, Charles Shirving, Thomas Stewart, Maurice Simons, Robert Stark, Thomas Waties, John Wilson, Cato West, Robert William, Alexander Williamson.

The above is not a full list of the members admitted this year, as far as the Society in Charleston is concerned; for the record is preserved only down to the latter part of October.

*Dr. Johnson gives a very interesting sketch of Judge Burke in his Traditions of the Revolutions, to which the reader is referred.

This is the third and last part of Maj. Thomas W. Woodward's address. Thank again to Damien and Susan Argon for submitting the information.

Ah, my comrades, how these occasions convey us back. More than twenty-one years have now elapsed since these scenes were being enacted, and yet how fresh and green do they spring to memory; how clear and bright are the visions which pass before us. Cannot you distinctly see him now, sword in hand, as from the back of the little sorrel mare, in those deep rich tones of his well-known sonorous voice - for ever hushed at Cedar Mountain - he delivered that stereotyped speech, the only one I ever heard him make but which we always heard when it was supposed we wore about to march to battle: "My men, we shall probably get into a fight to-day. Keep cool and aim low. Never aim above the waist of a man and be sure to kill all you can. Right face forward-march."

You were now on your way to Richmond. Adjutant Mills was the only one of the old staff who retained his place and accompanied us. But Secrest had appointed Dr. A. F. Anderson Surgeon, S. E. Babcock Assistant Surgeon, H. A. Gaillard Quartermaster, James Pagan Commissary, Rev. Robert B. Alston, Chaplain, and Curry Sergeant Major. Colonel Winder had insisted upon bringing with him, as Adjutant, Lieutenant Blount, of Georgia, a young cadet from West Point, who, I think, had not graduated at the breaking out of the war; and Adjutant Mills, upon ascertaining his wishes, yielded the position to him. Mills, who had been a cadet at the Citadel in Charleston, was an efficient and gallant officer; he was devoted to his duties as Adjutant and loved the old Regiment sincerely; and it was with great regret, but with characteristic patriotism, that he yielded a position that was his by law¹. You had now arrived at Richmond. You all remember our meeting with Winder; your bivouac upon the green hills at a fine spring near Chimborazo hospital; our tedious hungry journey on an overloaded train to Manassas; the great excitement; the noise of battle; the general confusion, and the wild and conflicting rumors which greeted us when we approached. It was here that you for the first time saw President Davis, who had just arrived on an extra train, and I am sure that there was not a heart amongst you that did not swell with pride and confidence, nor an arm which was not nerved, when he strode across the platform, mounted a splendid charger which was waiting for him, and dashed in the direction of, the firing, whither we were preparing to follow.

It was upon the evening of the memorable 21st of July, between the hours of two and three, that the Sixth South Carolina Volunteers arrived at Manassas Junction, having left Richmond about eleven o'clock on Saturday night previous. The men had had nothing to eat since dinner on Saturday, and were subjected to all the inconveniences of an overloaded train. At Culpeper reliable information reached us that A FIGHT WAS GOING ON about six miles from Manassas. Our Colonel, with characteristic foresight, telegraphed announcing 'purl arrival and directing that cooked provisions be prepared so that we could leave at once. Immediately upon our arrival provisions were served, caps and cartridges, forty, rounds to the man, were, dealt out, and now for the march. About

¹ He soon, after became Major of the 17th Regiment, S. C. V.

six miles to the left we hear the booming of cannon; everybody and common sense tell us that is the place. On we plod, the sun opens our pores, the dust closes them. Wagons of wounded pass, disabled men assisted by friends limp by, prisoners in charge of soldier, men on horseback with the stiff corpses of friends across the fronts of their saddles, all hurry by, and with one voice announce the day lost and our troops surrounded. A single exception to the excited mass which was met was our own glorious Wade Hampton, whom we saw near the field with a wound in his head. He was as calm as a May morning, and after saluting us told us that the fight was over and had gone well for us. It was upon this occasion that we paraded more men than I had ever seen before or since in ranks-983 muskets. We arrived on the battlefield before six o'clock and remained twenty-four hours in bivouac without tents or provisions, rain descending all the time. The battle was over and the Federal army in full retreat as we approached. You will remember, I know your feelings of disappointment when it was ascertained that we were not in time to receive our baptism of fire, and how, for a long time we looked with feelings of admiration not unmixed with envy upon those regiments which had taken part, for upon all hands it was agreed that this was the last battle of the war. Ah! my comrades, little did we dream of the trials and miseries in store for us; less could it be realized that the arrogance and malice of man, or even the wickedness of the devil, could tolerate, much less contemplate, the overthrow of men of his own blood, and their subjugation to a servile and inferior race. We little expected such treatment at the hands of those whose forefathers, in common with ours, had achieved their independence by, and founded a government upon, rebellion and Boston kukiuxism. We, too, had read in the Declaration of Independence that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and about "the right of a people to alter or abolish a government that had become destructive, of the ends for which it was created."

Well would it have been for us could we have seen in the three wagon loads of handcuffs captured on this field the true index to the minds of our adversaries. But it seems that there were no prophets in those days endowed with wisdom from on high, and human ken could not grasp the true issues at stake. It was, I think, the day after the battle of Manassas that Col. Ballard Preston, a distinguished statesman of Virginia, was at our bivouac on a visit to Capt. Means. I met him, and in reply question as to what he thought of the outlook since the battle, he said: "I confidently predict a short war and a firm peace." And it is in this, which was largely the prevailing opinion, that we find an explanation for that long period of inaction which followed, and why it was that the Southern soldier kept on his own side of the Potomac, where his ranks were thinned by disease, his advantages of dash and marksmanship neutralized by time gained for the drilling of the Northern townsman and foreign hireling; and the very genius of the Southern nature perverted by the futile attempt to subject it to camp discipline and to the restraints of the machine soldier, qualities in which the Southerner could be largely excelled by his adversary. My heart sickens when I think that with a different policy history might have told a different tale. From Manassas we followed along the line of the Federal retreat to Centreville and thence to Camp Pettus, where we took the place of the Mississippians who fought the battle of Ball's Bluff, and here, with Jenkins and Sloan and Blanding, were formed into the Third Brigade, under D. R. Jones, and constituted a part of Longstreet's Division. At this camp little occurred to vary the

routine duties of drilling, guarding, and dress parade. The most notable occurrence which I now remember was the excessively hot march which we took to the review of the army which General Beauregard gave for the benefit of some French Prince and which caused sickness and resulted in the death of some of our soldiers.

From Camp Pettus we moved to Germantown. Here we were fourteen miles from Alexandria, and in full sound of the big guns at Washington and in the batteries along the Potomac. You will remember this place as the site of "Camp Misery," which was a flat surrounded by rising grounds in all directions, and after rains formed quite a pond. It was here that the seeds of disease, which were already being disseminated, were scattered broadcast, and with relentless hand. The barn and the church at Makely's farm were soon filled with our languishing, comrades, and many a gallant fellow was called to his final reckoning before he had fired a shot at the enemies of his country.

Referring to a communication which I wrote from this camp in August, I copy the following: "The health of our troops is quite distressing; there are over three hundred on our sick report of to-day, mostly bowel affections, with colds and measles, and mumps and typhoid fever. There, have been four deaths among the soldiers and two amongst the blacks attached to the Regiment." We had lost one man, named Wren, belonging to, Strait's company, who fell from the cars near Petersburg and was crushed whilst on our way to Virginia. During our stay here we were frequently called out to repel attacks, which were threatened from various directions, but which, after tedious and, hot marches, were generally discovered to have assumed proportions only in the fertile imaginations of excited videttes². We also did considerable picket duty at Falls Church and Munson's Hill, and Mason's Hill and Upton's Hill, and once we marched to the Potomac to a place called Point of Rocks. From these advanced points many of you for the first time beheld the splendid dome of that most magnificent building, the Capitol at Washington, which was distinctly visible but a few miles off. And in the innocence of our military nonage, we wondered why General Beauregard didn't at once send us over to capture it. Philosophizing but a moment here, we are forcibly impressed with the emptiness of human maxims, and made to realize that the monuments of man's greatness are but little appreciated when the virtue of the citizen has fled. It was at the very feet of the statue of the goddess of Liberty which stood upon this dome, moulded in imperishable brass, that she might for ever proclaim to the victims of despotism elsewhere that here at least was the "home of the free, the land of the blest," that were being formally prepared the flimsiest of excuses for the imbruing of a brother's hand in a brother's blood, and concocted the most hellish of schemes for his overthrow and subjugation, although he only asked to be let alone.

One character who always accompanied us on those expeditions must not be overlooked. I know that you will anticipate me and at once recognize CHESTER'S OLD MEXICAN GAME-COCK, the veteran Eaves; who was probably the only man in the Regiment who could ascertain from Colonel Winder the direction and destination of our march; for, as you know, he was unable to keep up and usually started in advance of us. I can see him now as we pass him on the road with his servant bearing his rifle, his silvered looks

² A mounted sentinel stationed in advance of an outpost [note editor comment]

glistening in the morning's sun, and his step, though unsteady from age, yet bearing him true as the needle to the pole to our bivouac. It was upon one of these expeditions that we had our first brush with the enemy. Colonel Winder had determined to drive them from a wood which they occupied in our front, and from which we were being annoyed by the long range guns of the pickets. With two guns from the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, under Captain Rosser, and part of a Maryland regiment, we made a dash across a clover field and into the wood. They did not stand, however, but fled precipitately over the hills and in the direction of Washington, and from the commotion beyond must have announced that Beauregard was on hand with the whole army. This was the skirmish of Hall's Hill, and resulted in the capture of two or three prisoners, I am not sure which, but I remember a lieutenant of Maine regiment, Kitrell was his name, and others who were discovered by Corporal Dunlevy, of the Blues, hidden in a bank of potatoes in the cellar under the brick house, which the right wing assailed in the advance. It was at the gate to this house that Bill Jamison, of the Boyce Guards, was attacked by the old Quaker's bulldog, and after quite a hand to hand fight succeeded in passing his bayonet through him, whereupon the dog fled, leaving a trail of blood over the yard, which led to the belief that many wounded Yankees were concealed within; and it was in consequence of this that the thorough search was made, which resulted in the development by Dunlevy. I think that it was upon this expedition, and probably on the day before, but certainly in the immediate neighborhood, that the first man was killed in the front of our line. Three members of the Calhoun Guards, Sergeant S. C. Morrison, Wm. F. Nail (commonly called "Tack Nail"), and Jacob Baker, were on picket duty in a field overgrown with weeds, and to their left was another point at a large pine behind which the pickets were sheltered. A Federal sharpshooter, who had been conspicuous by his efforts to kill pickets along other portions of the line, approached immediately in front of these parties and without discovering them he saw the soldiers behind the pine. Thinking that he had found a gap in the line, and seeing a fine opportunity to bag a "Johnny Reb," he approached cautiously in a crouching position with his gun almost leveled upon Lieut. J. L. Agurs, ready to fire as soon as he was near enough to make sure of his man, and then run out through the gap which he had discovered. But three pairs of vigilant eyes were upon him, and three Mississippi rifles covered him with such deadly accuracy that when he had approached within good range, at a concerted signal three bullets whistled from him, one penetrating the brass plate upon his belt, passing through his body and knocking off the left hand button on his coat behind, another striking the lock of his gun, and the third passing through the cartridge box at his side. This poor fellow lingered from some hours in great pain, and died protesting that his heart was not in this conflict, but that he had been pressed into service, although his gun was very dirty and his cartridge box nearly empty by reason of the firing which he had done but a short time before. It was at this point, and I think from the identical pine alluded to, that "Big Tom" was stamped by the balloon. "Big Tom" you will readily identify as the amiable colored giant who was an attaché as waiting-man to the Calhoun Guards. I hope that he is still living and enjoying his freedom³. Tom was fond of doing picket duty, and the soldiers would sometimes furnish him with a rifle and have him stand with them, when it was Tom's greatest delight to exchange shots with the pickets on the other side. He was thus engaged when

³ Tom, who was present as a "Survivor," here cried out, "Yes Major, here's me."

AN IMMENSE BALLOON was seen slowly rising above the trees in front of the position which he occupied. Tom, like many of us, had never seen a balloon; and the sight of this strange, huge monster, rising in the air, and apparently approaching the post, was too much for his nerves, and after a momentary stare he dropped his gun, and, with race-horse speed, dashed for Regimental Headquarters more than a mile off. Nor was it difficult to comprehend the rapidity of his approach when he explained, upon his arrival at camp, that he "thought the 'bloon' was a big bomb-shell which de Yankees was a trowing over to kill two of three acres of men, and he 'lowed not to be dar when she lit."

From Germantown we next encamped at McLean's Ford, on Bull Run. Here our time was occupied mostly in picket service at Makeley Farm, and at the points along the front. The most important occurrences here, which I remember, were the Burnside storm, which swept away our tents and drenched us with rain, but didn't destroy the fleet, and the court-martialling of Peter Bird. Peter was not only a good soldier, but he was preeminently distinguished as a good forager. He could carry larger loads of potatoes, roasting-ears, poultry, and other prog, than any man in the Regiment—although this honor was hotly contested by others—whilst with a permit to go out and hunt butter-milk for the sick, he could nose out more still-houses and unearth more buried apple-jack than any may in the army; and he rarely returned without enough to make his whole company merry. Colonel Winder had been annoyed by the effects of some of these trips, and was holding a tighter rein, and had somewhat curtailed Peter's facilities for going at large. Peter was therefore a little on the dry order; in fact, as he said himself, "he was more than willing to pay a quarter to smell the breath of any man who had recently swallowed a right auld deadener." He was on guard, and unfortunately his walk passed the commissary quarter, where Major Pagan had, amongst other things, a few barrels of good whiskey. The temptation was too great. Peter picked his chance and tapped a barrel, and in his efforts to make up for lost time, imbibed too freely, and he was soon discovered by Winder, reeling on post like the mast of a ship in a gale. He was carried to the guard tent, and in a short time he was flat of his back, dead drunk and fast asleep. The morning of the trial had arrived, and the court which was to pass on Peter's grave offense, was already convened. In great trouble he sent for me to come to the guard-tent, I had long been his *spiritual* advisor; and in plaintive tones he spoke of his apprehensions, and begged me to stand by him. "Were you really drunk?" said I. "Niver a mon more so," said he. "How much, did you got from the barrel?" "About a ha' gallon." "How long did it last you?" "I only made two drinks of it, sir," was his reply. "Your case looks a little bad, but do as I tell you. When you are arraigned, and the charge of drunkenness on post is made, deny it emphatically; say that you only took a half gallon, which was prudently divided into two drinks, and offer to prove by me and twenty witnesses, who know you as well as I do, that a half gallon, even if swallowed at one draught, could not have produced the effects charged in. the case. You certainly were not drunk, if this is all that you drank. I am sure that you were sick." "Since I come to recollect better, I was not feeling well upon that morning," said Peter, as he caught the cue, and the, merry twinkle of his good-natured Irish eye returned after a long absence. He was brought before the court, and the charges had been read, when he arose and with his rich brogue and inimitable and peculiarly ridiculous style, but with great assumed solemnity, said that "there must be a mistake somewhere;" in fact, "he thought they had the wrong sow by the ear intirely." "It

must be, another mon," he said, "for he had only had his 'ha' gallon upon the occasion in question, which was divided into two drinks; and if yer honors will only allow me to step around to the Ridgimint for a moment, I'll be after bringing twenty foine soldiers who'll swear that this wouldn't phaze a mon like me." The explosion which followed was instantaneous, and many minutes passed before that court was able to proceed to business. The case against Peter was too strong, but the effect of the speech was such that only a mild sentence of a few weeks grubbing stumps in the parade ground was imposed, and it was not long before Peter was on duty again, neither a sadder nor a wiser man⁴. But, comrades, the god of battle was not yet appeased "grim-visaged war" still showed "his wrinkled front" the Northern fanatical, liberty-shrieking philanthropists still HOWLED FOR OUR DESTRUCTION.

We had now removed from McLean's Ford and gone partially into winter quarters. I say partially, for tile 20th of December found us still at work on our huts. On the evening of the 19th of December, 1861, we received orders to prepare rations and hold ourselves in readiness for an early start on the morrow. Winder was a member of a court-martial, and was therefore unable to accompany us. Lieutenant-Colonel Secrest was in command, and at an extra early hour we started upon an expedition, the object and destination of which were unknown to us. You will remember the signal rockets which were thrown up in the direction of Vienna, which were probably intended to notify the enemy of our departure.

When we arrived at the place of meeting on the road, we found that we were accompanied by three Regiments-the 11th Virginia, under Colonel Garland; the 10th Alabama, under Forney, and the 1st Kentucky, under Taylor, and Cutt's Georgia Battery, the whole commanded by Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart. We had marched about sixteen miles, and were nearing the little town of Dranesville, along a road skirted on either side by woods, when a cavalryman was seen rapidly approaching, and immediately the bullet of a picket whistled over our heads. This, with an order to halt and load, was the first intimation we had that the enemy were near and a fight on hand. As soon as the command had loaded, we were moved a short distance up the road, and then formed line of battle. The 11th Virginia and the 10th Alabama filing on the right of the road, and taking position from right to left in the order named. Cutts, with his battery, was stationed in the road, and we were ordered to file to the left and occupy the position to the left of the battery. This manœuvre as we were marching right in front-inverted our order, and would compel us to go into battle faced by the rear rank. Colonel Secrest's attention was called to the matter, and the suggestion made that it would perhaps be better to countermarch and fight as we had usually drilled. But he was afraid that we might be assailed by the enemy, who were supposed to be in the thicket in our front, or that we might be ordered forward while in the execution of the movement, and he decided to abide the issue as we stood. Just at this time the 1st Kentucky, which had been in the rear of the column, arrived and filed to the left, taking position about seventy yards in our rear, its right just ranging with our colors, its left extending about half a regimental front to our left. I was talking with Colonel Secrest when they came in and took position behind us, and we consulted as to the propriety of riding back, seeing

⁴ Peter, who was present, here exclaimed: "Be jabbers, it's all true."

the Colonel of it, and letting him know who was in his front. But they had soon us file off in this direction. Bill McAlily bore our colors well up, and we were standing with our backs to them. There could, therefore, be no chance for a mistake, and we parted, he riding to his position in the center, and I to mine to the right, where I had scarcely arrived when, in a clear, ringing, military voice, I heard the commands: "Ready, aim," and looking in the direction, I saw the Kentuckians in the kneeling position, with their rifles well leveled on us, and instantly there came a solid, crashing volley, and six of our gallant boys fell to rise no more, the victims, of somebody's egregious and most criminal stupidity. Satisfactory explanation of this most unaccountable and terrible occurrence has never presented itself to my mind. Nor have I ever seen Colonel Taylor or any of his officers, to hear their account of the affair. They had of course taken us for the enemy, and were deeply mortified and expressed great sorrow for what had occurred. Seeing that we had been fired into by our friends, noticing that Cutts was about to turn his battery upon us firing on the Kentuckians-- there was great confusion, and for a few moments all organization was entirely obliterated. But the training which Winder had given you came to your assistance, and you were soon in line again and ready for the order to advance, which came about this time. The order to advance was given to me by Stuart in person, and by me to Secret. His words, which I remember as distinctly as if spoken on yesterday, were: "Tell your Colonel to advance as he now faces; you will encounter the enemy in the thicket before you; engage him briskly, and drive him out." The order had been barely delivered to our Mexican veteran Lieutenant-Colonel, when we heard in the sharp, shrill tones of his well-known voice, the commands: "Battalion, forward, guide centre--march!" and we disappear in the thickets before us. I have often wondered how many of you felt as I did on this occasion suffering from the effects of jaundice, that gloomiest and most despondent of all diseases, and saddened, in fact demoralized, by the sickening SCENE OF USELESS SLAUGHTER through which we had just passed, and not knowing whether I would be cool enough to discharge the responsible duties of a field officer, and expecting momentarily a blaze of fire in our faces, as I rode with the reins of my bridle over my horse's neck, both hands engaged in warding the limbs and brush from my face, it was then, and I still regard it, the greatest trial of my life. I would freely have given all the earthly goods which I had ever possessed to have been elsewhere, consistently with duty. But I saw no wavering in your ranks, your line was good for the ground over which you were marching; your step was steady and firm, and from the eyes of many gleamed that peculiar light which told of the battle-fires which were being kindled within. The surroundings were infectious, my gloomy feelings fled, my spirits and self-possession returned, for I recognized before me a command which could be relied upon in every emergency, and which would have marched without at moment's hesitation into the most perilous position where desperate, rash commander had ever dared to send a forlorn hope. We had now passed through the dense pine and cedar thicket from which we had been ordered to drive the enemy, and had halted on the outside without encountering even a solitary vidette; and whilst wondering what would be the next move on the chessboard, a Federal regiment is seen approaching in fine style and at a double-quick. They file to the right and disappear behind the hill, which, you remember, rose rather abruptly and reached a crest about sixty yards to our front. Advancing to the top of the hill, secure from observation until they could peep over, they poured in a volley, which, passing over our heads, nearly cleaned up the thicket to our

rear and it was then that the fight began in earnest. The regiment in front of us, which proved to be the Pennsylvania Buck Tails, commanded by Col. Kane, a brother of Arctic Expedition Kane, was one of the crack commands of the Federal army, with full ranks and splendidly equipped, and on this occasion had the advantage of being practically behind breastworks for nothing could be seen of them until they rose from behind the hill to deliver their fire, when they immediately disappeared again to load. The Sixth Regiment, you remember, had about half its effective force on: detail duty, cutting logs for our winter quarters, and my recollection is that we carried but 315 muskets to the fight. Besides this, we were in bad position at the bottom of the hill, fully exposed to a dreadful fire, which, had it been delivered with more deliberation, must have soon cut down every man present. But they fired wildly, and for some time over our heads, making it exceedingly uncomfortable for those of us who were on horseback, but doing little execution amongst the soldier who had been ordered down and were loading and firing whenever enemy appeared. To add to the difficulties of the situation, a brick house on the right—one hundred and ten yards by measurement the next day after the battle, from the position which I occupied—was soon filled with their sharp-shooters, and from behind the facings of the windows they indulged in the—to them—pleasant pastime of picking at our officers. It was about this time that I noticed that the lint from the overcoats of the men was flying in the wrong direction, that it was being driven from left to right, whereas the bullets before had raked it from front to rear, and going to where Secrest was standing in the rear of the centre, we rode together in the direction of the left, when it was discovered to our great discomfiture, that the Kentuckians, who had occupied the position to our left, had been driven off, and that our line was being **RAKED BY AN ENFILADE FIRE** from the troops who had engaged them. Our situation was getting desperate; for by this time the firing was becoming more accurate, and the batteries which had engaged and demolished the gallant Cutts—although he fought with the desperation of a penned bull-dog—were now being turned upon us, and the hurtling of grape and the whizzing of canister were already heard around us. The movement which should have been executed here was either a charge to the front or a dash to the rear; and many officers along the line desired, even urged, a charge; but Secrest, although firm, was cautious. He had already accomplished all that he had been commanded to do, and it was but natural that he should await further orders and not attempt a movement which had not even been suggested by General Stuart, and which might subject him to the censure of having transcended his orders; and as the idea of retreat had never entered his head, there was nothing to do but grin and bear and fight. Many of our men had expended their twentieth round of ammunition, and still there was no change in the situation; no reinforcements were sent to our assistance, and no orders came for a retreat. About this time my horse received his death wound in his flank, from a bullet which came down the line from the left, fired by the party which had enfiladed us, and finding that he was rapidly sinking under me, I sprang to the ground, and had stood but a moment or two when a shot from the window of the brick house spoken of passed through the upper third of my left thigh, spinning me round like a top, and inflicting a wound which disabled me for several months. When I recovered myself, George Ladd (so in age as well as name), of the Boyce Guards, was sustaining me; and noticing that Alexander Douglass, of the same company, was looking at us, I beckoned him to approach, and sending for Lieutenant-Colonel Secrest, I told him of my condition, that I was going in search of the

surgeon, and giving him the admonition that "the sooner he got out of there, with what men were left, the better it would be," I hastened as rapidly as possible to the rear assisted by the two soldiers mentioned above. Whilst going to the rear I passed the Kentuckians, who had been rallied, and were being reformed by a gallant, dashing looking officer, who, I ascertained, was Major of their regiment. Colonel Taylor was wounded and missing. I think the Major's name was DeShea. He had me placed upon his horse, a splendid black charger, and my friends led him to where Dr. A. F. Anderson was dressing the wounded, when he sent for him, stating that he was going back into the fight with his regiment. On the way from the Kentuckians to the surgeon I saw General Stuart personally superintending, and seemingly alone, absorbed in the removal of the disabled guns of Cutt's Battery, which were being dragged off by hand, for most of his horses had been killed, and were literally heaped in piles along and at the side of the road. Whilst near the surgeon's position, I saw the only ambulance which was with the expedition pass, but noticing that Colonel Forney, of the 10th Alabama, who was severely wounded, was in it, and that it was crowded with other wounded officers of his command, we merely exchanged salutes and they passed on. During all this time the roar of battle was being kept up beyond the thicket where I left you, and I could but feel proud, though I knew you were suffering terribly, when I heard the frequent exclamations from the now numerous throng which was passing to the rear, "Just listen at those fool South Carolinians back yonder still fighting that while Yankee Division." Orders to retreat were at last given, and you fell back about fifty yards, halting and facing about in the thicket, where you were soon discovered by the enemy, who, seeing you leave, had started in pursuit; but he had been impressed with the stubbornness of your stand in the open ground, and did not desire to tackle you in the thicket; so, after a moment's reconnaissance, they faced about and hurried off in the direction whence they came, and here was checked a pursuit which, had it been vigorously prosecuted, must have ended in the capture of our entire expedition, for General Ord was on hand with a whole division, which had done nothing but fight the 10th Alabama and 315 men of the Sixth South Carolina. The 11th Virginia had been thrown so far to the right that they were entirely out of the fight; in fact, I don't think they fired a shot; whilst the Kentuckians, from some cause not usual with the soldiers of this grand old State, did not stand as they should have done. I have always thought that their conduct on this occasion was attributable to mental depression, caused by deep mortification and great regret which they experienced when it was ascertained that they had fired into the ranks of their friends.

The Battle was now lost, and Stuart's next concern was to get us back beyond the railroad about two miles in our rear, which ran to Vienna, where it was known that there was a large force of the enemy, which might be sent up by rail and thrown between us and the army. Without demoralization and in good order you fell back to Frying Pan, a small station on the railroad, and there halted and faced about in an open field, awaited the approach of the enemy who was reported to be in pursuit. It was here that you and I met for the last time in the capacity of officer and soldiers. Seeing that line of battle had been formed at this place, and enthused as before with the gallant and defiant aspect which you presented, I rode back to my place in line on a horse which I had pressed from a courier, determined to share the fate of my old command, whatever it might be. It was ere long ascertained

that the enemy had no intention of pursuit, and we separated—you returning to the uncomfortable huts and monotonous routine duties of your “Winter Quarters” at Centreville, and I into the Surgeon’s. And when I next met you, many months after, you had reorganized for the war, and under Fairfield’s truest patriot and most distinguished soldier—solid John Bratton—were on your way to the Peninsula, when at Williamsburg you began anew that long and brilliant career which terminated only at Appomattox, which has given you a history which will be read with pride and interest as long as patriotism and heroism shall be esteemed human virtues.

Such was the battle of Dranesville. Our losses were seventeen killed and fifty-three wounded, of whom three were mortally, and many severely, wounded. It has been said that it was necessary to fight to save a long train of wagons which accompanied us. But I have always believed that the dashing Stuart, (peace to his noble ashes!) presuming upon the good luck and success, which had heretofore attended him, and urged on by his irresistible disposition to strike wherever he found them, allowed himself to be lured into this fight without due reconnaissance and proper arrangements. Had there been some general plan of action, explained to and understood by the regimental commanders, the result would have been different. I have never doubted that the Sixth Regiment would have walked over the Buck Tails at the top of the hill if it had been ordered to do so. And with this hill, which overlooked the town, in our possession, and a better position for our battery, the tables would have been turned, and we would have given them what we caught ourselves. But the commanders were left to themselves. They were strangers to each other, their regiments were from different brigades and did not have that confidence which alone comes from close, association and touch of elbow. The nature of the ground, too, was such that nothing could be seen to the right or the left and only for a short distance to the front, consequently nobody, know whether anybody else was near enough to assist in case a flank movement were attempted, and as a consequence each was chary of any forward movement which might expose his command to capture, although his military judgment dictated this as the only means of saving the day and of protecting the lives of his men. It seemed to me that more attention was given to the preservation of our battery than to anything else. The loss of a battery was a serious blow to the reputation of any officer, and it may, be that to his concern in this particular was attributable the want of general concentrated action and management, which were clearly chargeable to our great commander on this day.

But, comrades, the duty assigned me by your executive committee is finished, and with the closing of the battle of Dranesville cease my functions as your historian. It would be pleasant to mention many other reminiscences of this bloody little fight, and to individualize the many instances of personal heroism which I witnessed, and to call by name the gallant men and officers who were killed and wounded on this occasion. Here was stricken down Captain Harden of the Chester Guards, who impressed me as the bravest of the brave; and here fell Lieutenant, Fred Moore of the York company, the handsomest man in the Regiment and as gallant as he was handsome. But the names of the other braves who fell here are indelibly written upon the tablets of our memories and inscribed upon your Company and Regimental records, and time admonishes that I must close. A word in conclusion and I am done.

THE WAR IS OVER

and peace and reconciliation are at last visible in the offing. Let us remember that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." There are therefore still duties and services for the old soldier as sacred and important as those which you rendered in the past. It is peculiarly our province to contribute by any and all decent means to the glory and the prosperity, but more especially to the reconciliation, of the two sections of this our common country. I say it is peculiarly our to fraternize, because the recipients of injury are always in better position and more inclined to forgive and forgot than are the perpetrators of malignant wrongs. Your conduct thus far has been most admirable; that reputation for chivalry and heroism, the property of Southern men before your day, has been amply vindicated, and without spot or blemish passed to the generations who are to come after us. Since the war you have most sublimely illustrated by the dignity and fortitude of your conduct the advantages of character, of sentiment, and of soldierly principles in adversity. Yes, thank God, the instances are few where members of our old band have been base enough to receive the wages of shame from the oppressors and maligners of their brethren. You can well afford, therefore, to trust yourselves under these heads, and I feel confident that history will do you justice. But there is a danger and another duty of which I must speak, a duty not only to the living, but to that grand voiceless multitude of gallant martyrs whose characters and memories are so dear to us. The attempt is being made to pervert history by obscuring incidents and falsifying facts which tend to make up the Southern theory of this issue. It is the commonest of human attributes which makes us seek to justify our own excesses by maligning the motives and characters of those who differ with us. Sherman, at Atlanta, whilst driving to the woods the widows and orphans of the gallant men who fell in unequal combat before him, illustrated this principle when he charged that the "war was begun in error and continued in pride." Others from the same motives, assert that we went to war to defend and perpetuate slavery. And others charge that we were captious rebels and heartless traitors to the best government in the world, and fought to gratify the blood-thirsty and ferocious instincts of our Southern nature. And herein lie the difficulties of the situation, for our late adversaries possess greater facilities for printing and disseminating their statements than we have. Our duty is plain, then. Let our records be sacredly preserved, and our statements and views transmitted from sire to son, not for purposes of disloyalty, but in order that substantial material shall be on hand for that unbiased historian of the future, who is to separate the gold from the dross, and gaining the ear of enlightened Christendom, not only state the true causes of our unhappy war, but define the status of the two parties engaged in it—the one of whom was right and occupied the position of self-defense, the other in the wrong and waging a relentless war of conquest and subjugation. Noble old comrades, I bid you adieu. Let no feelings of shame for your deeds in the past disturb you, and no regrets creep in save for the loss of our cause and for the fall of our noble dead. May prosperity and happiness attend you, and the frosts of many more winters descend gently upon your already whitened heads.

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Charlie Beach one of our loyalist members died last year. Here is his obituary.

Charles Joseph Beach, Jr.

WINNSBORO – Funeral services for Charles Joseph Beach, Jr., 84, will be held at 2 p.m., Sunday, December 16, 2007, at Winnsboro First United Methodist Church. Services will be conducted by the Reverend Donald “Bud” Boatwright, assisted by the Reverend Bundy Bynum and the Reverend H. Bruce Palmer. Burial will follow in the church cemetery.

Mr. Beach died December 13, 2007. Son of the late Charles J. and Bessie Knight Beach, he was born in Walterboro, February 18, 1923. He was a graduate of Clemson A&M College where he received a degree in chemistry. Mr. Beach retired from Uniroyal, Inc., where he was quality control manager.

He was a member of Winnsboro First United Methodist Church where he served as treasurer for fifty years. He was bestowed the title of Treasurer Emeritus in 2006. Mr. Beach was founding member of first President of the Board of Directors for Richard Winn Academy. In 1999, the academy named their science facility in his honor. He also served as treasurer of the South Carolina Independent Schools Association (ACISA). An annual award is given in his name by the SCISA for outstanding service.

Mr. Beach was predeceased by his wife, Dorothy Bailey Beach, and his brother, Malcolm Gervais Beach. Surviving are a son, Joseph Warren, daughter-in-law, Lynne, and granddaughter, MayAnne.

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