



Fairfield County Genealogy Society

2nd Quarter NEWSLETTER

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Message from the President

Hello, everyone I hope all of you are doing well.

FCGS has had some great programs this past quarter and opportunities for members to meet new members and some existing and new cousins. In February: FCGS met with Sophie Coleman of Dark Corner of Fairfield County; FCGS Cemetery Chairman Jon Davis and others assisted the Ellison and Moore Families with the Ellison-Moore Cemetery cleanup; see submitted articles later in newsletter. FCGS was to sponsor two African American History Month programs, Saturday, February 18th, 2023, 2:00pm until 3:30pm at Christ Central Community Church next to the Fairfield County Museum. First program African Americans of Fairfield County presented by Rev. Eddie J. Woods. Rev. Eddie Woods actually gave a very interesting presentation of his childhood growing up in the Longtown area of Fairfield County through the years leading up to the writing of his books. Rev. Eddie Woods had some of his books available for purchase and signing. Second program African American Signification of Colors like Black, Green, Red, and so forth by Sonya Hodges-Grantham. Sonya Hodges-Grantham had become very ill and unresponsive the Sunday before her presentation. We are very sadly to also report that Sonya died of these complications the following Tuesday.



We all enjoyed and will miss Sonya's enthusiasm and thorough history of her topics of presentations. In lieu of her honorarium, FCGS gave in Sonya's memory and devotion to her current

project dear to Sonya's heart, the Childs Cemetery in Columbia. Sonya was instrumental in getting the historic marker honoring the 371st Infantry in this cemetery. In March, FCGS sponsored a Celtic-American History Program, Celtic Columbia, a History of the Irish, Scots and Scot-Irish in the greater Columbia area from 1730's until today by Tom Elmore. Tom gave a very interesting power-point presentation enjoyed by all attendees. Tom Elmore had a few of his books available for purchase and signing. Also, Thursday, March 30th through April 2nd, 2023 there was a celebration of the Gathering of the Clans called Tartan Day South. Tom Elmore was also available. FCGS hosted a booth on Saturday, April 1st promoting the society. April 20th FCGS had a full board meeting. Thursday,

April 27th at 11:00am, a very nice zoom conference presentation was held on the McCrorey's of Fairfield County. This presentation was recorded and can be found in the McCrorey Family information on our FCGS Members Only web pages.

Upcoming events: 1) Thursday, May 18th at 11:30am, for Southern History Month, author Bing Chambers with the latest on his Artillery, Calvary and Infantry books and an update on progress being made of the Infantry books. Bing will have Artillery, Calvary and first couple of Infantry books available for purchase and signing. 2) Thursday, June 15th at 11:00am, FCGS will be having a full board meeting. In July, FCGS always supports and promotes the South Carolina Genealogical Society (state) Workshop (The 2023 SCGS 50th Annual Summer Workshop- 2 Events), July 7 @ 8:00 am - July 8 @ 5:00 pm EDT. Also, in July or August, FCGS plans to have a field trip to Camden Archives & Museum, in Camden, SC.; or Historic Ridgeway including places like Ruff Store (1840 and current), Ruff Chapel, Mt. Hope Plantation, St. Stevens Episcopal.

Check back with us or check out the [announcement page of the FCGS website](#) for the latest details.

This past quarter, I have had some time to update our FCGS Members Only pages.

Deed Information: Deed Books AL-

Family information (Documents, Pictures, and Tombstones): **Added:** Dixon, Ladd, Lea, Lee, Wirick, Wyrick; **Updated (also, improved the navigation within the web pages):** Winn, Wynn.

Map Information, Added: Fairfield County .tif Maps for Overlay Project.

We continue to thank new and past volunteers for their membership, donations, and support! Thank you, for the continued giving of old, discarded library books, old Bibles, research materials and new publications that help enhance the research library collection and expedite research request resolution. These items are coming in from estates, libraries, member's collections, and other sources. We have received several private collections. Please consider helping us by volunteering to assist us in cataloging and properly storing these invaluable resources.

We are a non-profit and can provide a receipt upon request.

Yours in service,

Eddie Killian

MISSION STATEMENT

The mission of the Fairfield County Genealogy Society is to:

- Promote genealogy through education of its members and the public.
- Improve access to genealogical information in Fairfield County by maintaining an educational research center.
- Foster collaboration among members.
- Assist those researching their Fairfield County ancestors.
- Conduct periodic educational programs and conferences to explore cultural, genealogical, and historical topics.
- Disseminate cultural, genealogical, historical, and biographical information to members and to the public.

CONTACT INFORMATION

Mail: Fairfield County Genealogy Society or FCGS
P. O. Box 93, Winnsboro, SC 29180-0093

Location: Fairfield County Museum (2nd Floor)
231 S. Congress St., Winnsboro, SC 29180

Email: fairfieldgenealogy@truvista.net

Website: www.fairfieldgenealogysociety.org

Phone: (803) 635-9811, **Fax:** (803) 815-9811

Library Hours: Monday thru Friday: 10:00 AM – 5:00 PM
Closed Lunch (usually Noon – 1:00 PM)
Saturday: 10:00 AM-2:00 PM
Closed Sunday
Other times by appointment
Volunteer staffed, please call ahead, and verify assistance available

UPCOMING CALENDAR OF EVENTS

[\(Always a good idea to check the website for latest information on events\)](#)



Thursday, 18th May 2023 11:30 AM

And Were the Glory of Their Times

Men Who Died for South Carolina in the War of Southern Independence

Artillery, Calvary and Infantry

By Herbert O. "Bing" Chambers, III

Location: Fairfield County Museum

231 S. Congress St., Winnsboro, SC 29180



Thursday, 15th June 2023, 12:00 PM (Noon)

"FCGS Full Board Meeting"

Location: Fairfield County Museum

(Check back might be a picnic type outing at Madelyn Butts Wateree Lake house)

231 S. Congress St., Winnsboro, SC 29180

If You Have a FCGS Polo Shirt, Please Wear It to Show Your Colors.



The 2023 SCGS 50th Annual Summer Workshop- 2 Events! ([website](#))

SC Dept. of Archives and History

July 7-8, 2023

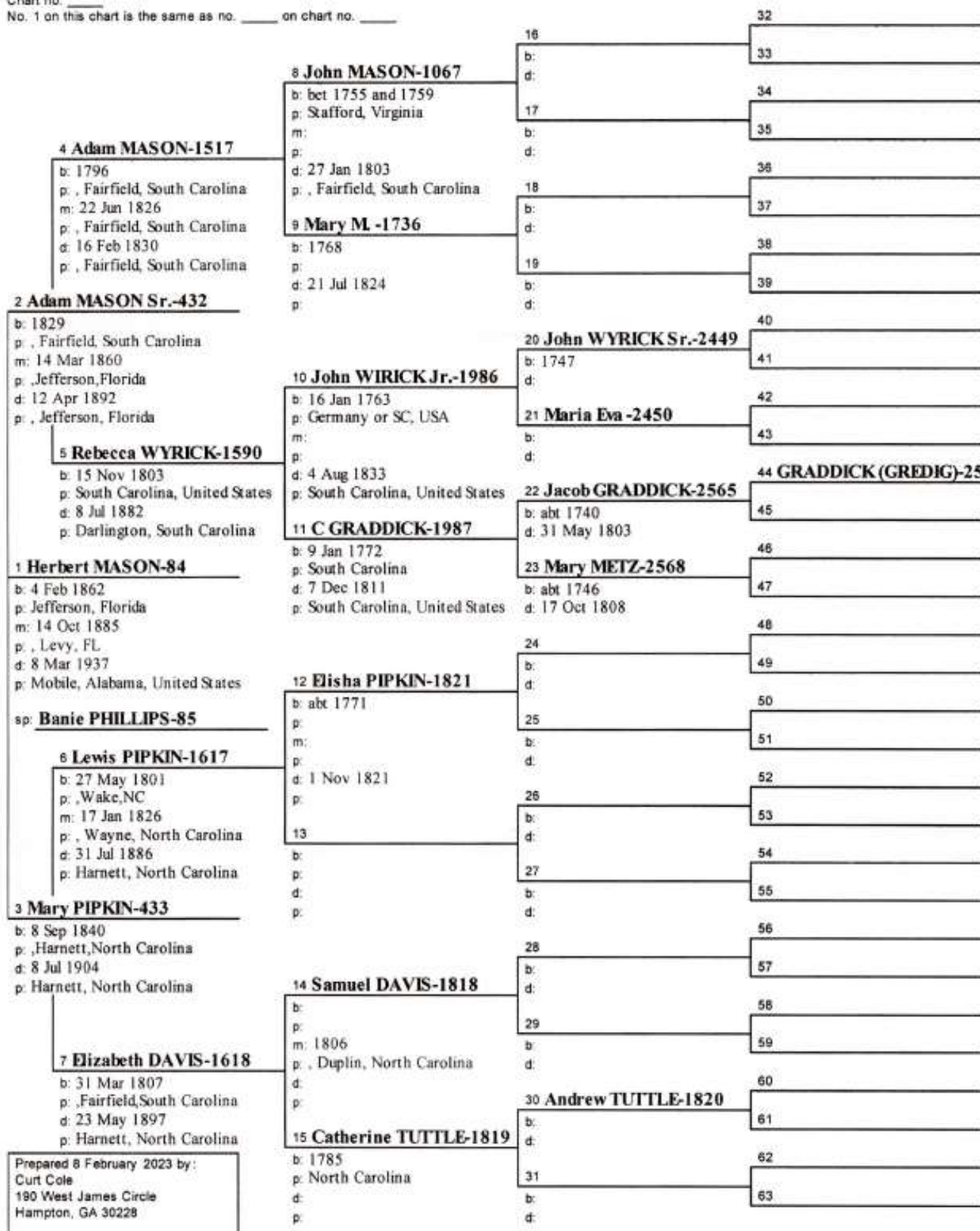


Hosted by the [Southern California Genealogical Society](#)
[2023 Webinar Flyer With Links](#)

Pedigree Chart - Herbert Oscean Mason

8 February 2023

Chart no. _____
 No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. _____ on chart no. _____



Prepared 8 February 2023 by:
 Curt Cole
 190 West James Circle
 Hampton, GA 30228

Family Group Sheet

8 February 2023

Father John Nicholas WIRICK Jr.-1986

Birth	16 Jan 1763	Germany or SC, USA
Immigration	1767	Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina
Will	27 Jan 1827	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Census	1830	Fairfield County, South Carolina, United States
Death	4 Aug 1833	Wyrick family cemetery, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Burial		Wyrick family cemetery, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Marriage		
Father	John Nicholas WYRICK Sr.-2449 (1747-)	
Mother	Maria Eva -2450 (-)	

Mother Catherine Dorete "Katie" GRADDICK-1987

Birth	9 Jan 1772	Richland County, South Carolina
Death	7 Dec 1811	Wyrick family cemetery, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Burial	aft 7 Dec 1811	the family cemetery, Winnsboro, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Father	Jacob GRADDICK-2565 (1740-1803)	
Mother	Mary METZ-2568 (1746-1808)	

Children**M John WIRICK-2732**

Birth	17 Oct 1790	
Death	27 Aug 1803	
Burial	aft 27 Aug 1803	Wirick family cemetery

M Jacob WYRICK-2378

Birth	15 Mar 1792	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Death	12 Jul 1859	Magnolia, Columbus County, Arkansas

M Adam WYRICK-2379

Birth	Oct 1793	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Residence	1833	in an ante-bellum home built ca. 1833; Monticello, Jefferson, Florida, United States
Census	1840	Jefferson, Florida Territory, United States
Census	28 Oct 1850	Jefferson County, Florida, United States
Occupation	28 Oct 1850	Methodist clergyman; Jefferson County, Florida, United States
Death	20 Oct 1886	Lloyd's Station, Jefferson, Florida
Occupation	1820s-1830s	
Spouse	Catherine Adaline EDWARDS-2387 (1813-)	
Marriage	2 Mar 1830	Leon County, Florida Territory, United States

F Christiana WIRICK-2380

Birth	27 Nov 1795	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Death	12 Sep 1807	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Burial	aft 12 Sep 1807	the family cemetery, Winnsboro, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States

M Nicholas WYRICK-2733

Birth	abt 1796-1798	Fairfield County, South Carolina, United States
Death	by 26 Aug 1867	Fairfield County, South Carolina, United States

M Jesse WYRICK-2381

Birth	abt 1799	
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F Mary Magdalene WYRICK-2382

Birth	abt 1802	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Death		Melrose, South Carolina
Spouse	Henry Patrick GRADDICK Sr.-2389 (1806-1874)	
Marriage	abt 1830	Columbia, Richland, South Carolina, United States

Family Group Sheet

8 February 2023

Father John Nicholas WIRICK Jr.-1986		
Mother Catherine Dorete "Katie" GRADDICK-1987		
Children		
F	Rebecca WYRICK-1590	
Birth	15 Nov 1803	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Census	1830	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Census	1840	
Census	9 Aug 1850	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Occupation	1860	planter; Winnsboro, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Census	21 Jun 1860	Winnsboro, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Census	11 Aug 1870	Winnsboro, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Census	23 Jun 1880	Limestone Springs, Spartanburg, South Carolina, United States
Death	8 Jul 1882	Darlington, Darlington, South Carolina
Burial	aft 8 Jul 1882	Gully Camp Ground, Darlington County, North Carolina, United States
Spouse	Rev. Adam Washington MASON-1517 (1796-1830)	
Marriage	22 Jun 1826	, Fairfield, South Carolina
M	Zachariah WYRICK-2383	
Birth	1805	South Carolina
Census	1850	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Death	1851	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
F	Catherine WYRICK-2384	
Birth	abt 1810	
F	Elizabeth Laura "Betsy" WIRICK-2385	
Birth	27 Dec 1810	Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Death	3 Dec 1888	Wyrick family cemetery, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
Burial	aft 27 Dec 1888	the family cemetery, Winnsboro, Fairfield, South Carolina, United States
F	Anna Sybilla WYRICK-2386	
Birth	abt 1814	
Death	aft 1880	
Preparer	Comments	
Curt Cole 190 West James Circle Hampton, GA 30228		

Correction to Posted Kerr Family Information

The link below was forwarded to me by a cousin. I have found a mistake that I've seen numerous times in the past few years. Not sure of the source, but I'd like to slow the progression, if possible. Would it be possible for you to make a copy of this message and add it to your file on this family? (YES)

https://www.fairfieldgenealogysociety.org/Members_Only/Families/Kerr/Documents/Kerr%20Research%202016.pdf#search=%22Hughes%22 (document from above link shown below)

I went to the link above and have seen a glaring mistake. Just want to make sure that no one relies on the info posted to the Kerr family.

In the record, beginning with the birth of Hugh Kerr, b 1 Sep 1782 in York Co., SC, son of Ruth and John Kerr II. This Hugh married Katherine Jane Gardner. I'm assuming the info up to that point is correct. I haven't checked it because it is not my line. **However, most of the children listed there are all from my line and are not the children of this couple.**

My ancestor, Hugh Kerr was born around 1783 in Ireland. There is a record of his citizenship application in Brent Holcomb's book **South Carolina Naturalizations 1783-1850**. Hugh married a woman named Jane. I don't know her last name. It is not *Katherine Jane Gardner*, and it is not *Katherine Gladney*, as I've seen in several places. The info posted on the link belongs to Hugh and Katherine Jane Gardner Kerr who migrated to *St. Claire Co., Alabama*. That line is very well documented.

My line of Hugh and Jane LNU Kerr were from Ireland. Hugh is buried in Old Lebanon Presbyterian Church Cemetery in *Fairfield Co., SC*, next to his daughter-in-law and two of his grandsons. His wife, Jane is buried in Catholic Presbyterian Church Cemetery in *Chester Co., SC* where she and her son, John and his second wife, Martha Emeline Ramage and children were members. After Jane's death, John and family migrated to *Winston Co., SC* to join his other of siblings. There were a total of eight children born to my line of Hugh and Jane. All of the children were born in *Fairfield Co., SC* and all moved to *Winston Co., Mississippi*. One of them, Alexander, moved on to *Erath Co., Texas*. I have documented many of the descendants and am happy to share my info to anyone who is interested.

Julia Kerr Glenn

(Sorry for the poor quality of the following two pictures.)

Descendants of: John Kerr, I

Page 1 of 2

1st Generation

1. **John Kerr, I** believed to be born in 1722 in Northern Ireland and died in 1779/80 in York District, South Carolina. He married **TKerr** between About 1736 and 1744 in Ireland.

Notes for John Kerr, Sr.:

From York County Genealogical Quarterly, June 1997 submitted by Lawrence L. Carr: "Our ancestor John Kerr (Carr) was born in Ireland in 1722, married in 1744 and died in 1779 or 1789. The name of his wife or place of marriage or when he came to America is unknown." Early records show the following land grants for John Kerr:

"KER, John File no. 218 (840): Gr. no. 336; Bk. 2, Pg. 67 (10,386) Warrant: Unto John Kerr, 300 A on S side Broad River on a Creek...14 Oct 1752 Nath Rice 275 A on S side Broad on N fork Golden Grove...30 Aug 1753 Matt Rowan KER, John File no. 829; Gr. 335; Bk. 2, Pg. 67 (10,386) 300 A on S side Broad on N fork Golden Grove above his other Survey...30 Aug 1753 Matt Rowan"

Sources: Pat Noble via-mail, Pat Noble Home Page Index, World Family Tree, Kerr Family Association Records, Louise Jackson, York County Genealogical Quarterly, June 1997, David Johnson, "A Kerr Family Tree," "North Carolina Land Grants in South Carolina" his father is known to have been born in 1685. Based on a will found in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina records, Johns father may have been named William, however this is unproven at present. The name of Johns wife is unknown. Their first child was born in 1745, suggesting a marriage in 1744 or prior. By 1755 the family was living in Mecklenburg, North Carolina. There were at least four children in the family: John Jr., Andrew, Robert and William. John was given a grant of 100,000 acres of land by the king or royal governor. Land records for the North Carolina show that John owned/purchased several plots of land in Mecklenburg County. The date and place of Johns death is unknown, however sources indicate he died before 1780, probably in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina."

Children of John Kerr, I and Kerr

- | | | |
|------|----|---|
| i. | 2. | John Kerr, II was born About 1745 in North Carolina and died 1802-1817 in York Co., SC. |
| ii. | 3. | Henry Kerr was born in 1750 in Anson County, NC and died Before 1770. |
| iii. | 4. | Robert Kerr was born Before 1755 in Anson County, NC and died About 1789/90. |
| iv. | 5. | Andrew Kerr was born on Feb. 23, 1755 in Mecklenburg Co., NC and died on Jun. 18, 1842 in Bethel, York Dist, SC. |
| v. | 6. | Robert Kerr was born in 1757 in Mecklenburg Co., NC and died on an unknown date. |

2nd Generation (Children)

2. **John Kerr, II** was born About 1745 in North Carolina and died 1802/1810/1817 in York Co., SC. He married **Ruth Kerr** About 1770 in Tryon Cr., Mecklenburg Co., NC. **Ruth** was born in 1748 in Camden, Camden District, South Carolina and died About 1808. (Ruth's parents unknown.)

<http://www.dancville.net/profiles/erkerr/hkerrfam.htm>

"Henry E. Kerr is born on July 24, 1773 in Craven County, Camden District, South Carolina. He is the son of John Kerr, b. abt. 1740 in PA or NC and Ruth (?) b. abt. 1750. They have at least eight (8) children, Henry E., John M., Hugh, Mary, Margaret, Sophia, Esther, Ruth. John Kerr dies abt. 1817 in York County and Ruth bef. 1810. It is thought that John Kerr is the son of John Kerr b. abt. 1710 in N.Ireland and died bef. 1790 in York Co. SC.

Henry Kerr married Mary Price abt. 1792 and the Kerr family is found in the 1800, and 1810 York Co. census. The 1800 census indicates: 2 male children under the age of 10. No other children are indicated. The 1810 census shows two male children to age 16, one male under 10 and one female child under 10. (Lucinda d.o.b. 1804)."

Children of John Kerr, II and Ruth Kerr

- | | | |
|--------|-----|--|
| i. | 7. | Miss Kerr was born in 1770 in Craven, Camden Dist, SC and died on an unknown date. |
| ii. | 8. | Henry E. Kerr was born on Jul. 24, 1773 in Craven, Camden Dist, SC and died on Nov. 30, 1857 in Elton, Giles Co., TN. |
| iii. | 9. | John M. Kerr was born on Apr. 17, 1775 in Craven Co., Camden District, SC and died on Oct. 17, 1869. |
| iv. | 10. | Mary Kerr was born on Jan. 1, 1777 in Craven, Camden Dist, SC and died on an unknown date. |
| v. | 11. | Margret Kerr was born on Feb. 7, 1780 in Craven, Camden Dist, SC and died on an unknown date. |
| vi. | 13. | Esther Kerr was born on May 28, 1781 in York Co., SC and died on an unknown date. |
| → vii. | 14. | Hugh Kerr was born on Sep. 1, 1782 in York, Camden district, South Carolina and died on Nov. 5, 1866 in Branchville, St. Clair Co., AL. |
| viii. | 15. | Ruth Ehle Kerr [Blackburn] was born on May 24, 1785 in York, Camden District, SC and died on an unknown date. |
| ix. | 17. | Sophia Kerr was born on Apr. 8, 1787 in York, Camden District, SC and died on Sep. 19, 1878 in Valobusha Co., MS. |

3rd Generation (Grandchildren)

**Descendants of:
John Kerr, I**

14. **Hugh Kerr** was born on Sep. 1, 1782 in York, Camden district, South Carolina and died on Nov. 5, 1866 in Branchville, St. Clair Co., AL. Buried Bethel Baptist Church Cemetery, ALA (find-a--grave). He married **Katherine Jane Kerr [Gardner]** on Aug. 5, 1809 in Mecklenburg Co. NC. **Katherine Jane**, daughter of **James Gardner** and **? Gardner**, was born on Aug. 16, 1790 in North Carolina and died on Aug. 8, 1879 in Branchville, S. Alabama. The Gardners appear to have come from Mecklenburg NC



Hugh Kerr, Census 1850 St Clair Co, ALA "Farmer"

Children of Hugh Kerr and Katherine Jane Kerr [Gardner]

- i. 20. **Hugh Kerr, Jr.** was born on Aug. 18, 1805 in SC and died on Sep. 24, 1872 in Winston Co., MS.
- ii. 21. **William Kerr** was born in 1807 and died on Jan. 4, 1873.
- iii. 22. **John Jack 4 Kerr** was born on Jun. 23, 1810 in York district, SC and died on Oct. 21, 1882 in Brompton, St. Clair Co., ALA.
- iv. 23. **Elizabeth A. Kerr** was born in 1810 and died in 1862.
- v. 24. **Mary E. Simpson [Kerr]** was born on Feb. 7, 1814 in York District, South Carolina and died on Jun. 18, 1902 in Sanie, St. Clair Co., AL.
- vi. 25. **Charles A. Kerr** was born on Sep. 10, 1814 in SC and died on Dec. 21, 1856.
- vii. 26. **Alexander Kerr** was born on Aug. 1, 1821 in Edgefield, Edgefield, SC and died on Aug. 18, 1891.
- viii. 27. **[Unknown]**.
- ix. 28. **Ruth L. Kerr** was born in York District, SC and died in St. Clair Co., AL.
- x. 29. **Margaret A. Kerr** was born in York District, SC and died on an unknown date.
- xi. 30. **Amanda Jane Kerr** died on an unknown date.
- xii. 31. **Cynthia Kerr** was born in St. Clair Co., AL and died in St. Clair Co., AL.

4th Generation (Great-grandchildren)

22. **John Jack 4 Kerr** was born on Jun. 23, 1810 in York district, SC and died on Oct. 21, 1882 in Brompton, St. Clair Co., ALA. He married **Sintha [Cynthia] Kerr [Carr]** on Oct. 4, 1832 in Lauderdale, ALA. **Sintha [Cynthia]**, daughter of **John M. Kerr, Sr.** and **Jane Kerr [Harris]**, was born on Mar. 25, 1814 in Giles Co, TN and died on Mar. 15, 1884 in Brompton, St. Clair Co., ALA.

24. **Mary E. Simpson [Kerr]** was born on Feb. 7, 1814 in York District, South Carolina and died on Jun. 18, 1902 in Sanie, St. Clair Co., AL. She married **Lewis Monroe Simpson** on Nov. 16, 1830 in York District, South Carolina. **Lewis Monroe**, son of **Thomas Simpson** and **Rebecca Simpson [Arnold]**, was born on Apr. 22, 1808 in York District, South Carolina and died on Jan. 13, 1858 in Branchville, St. Clair Co., Alabama.

Lewis Monroe Simpson, I, was born on Apr. 22, 1808 in York District, South Carolina and died on Jan. 13, 1858 in Branchville, St. Clair Co., Alabama. Buried Liberty Cemetery, Odenville, st. Clair Co, ALA (find-a-grave)

Mary E. Simpson [Kerr] was born on Feb. 7, 1814 in York District, South Carolina and died on Jun. 18, 1902 in Sanie, St. Clair Co., AL., buried at Liberty Cemetery, St. Clair ALA (find-a-grave)

Ellison – Moore Cemetery Cleanup Presented by Jon Davis

This cemetery is called Ellison-Moore Cemetery; Ellison Cemetery and Moore Cemetery. The Ellison Cemetery has a stone wall around it while the Moore Cemetery is in the woods next to the Ellison Cemetery.



Ellison Cemetery



Moore Cemetery

On February 17th Mark Ellison, from, Austin, Texas, and Richard Sutton, from Wichita Falls, Texas, descendants of William Ellison, came to the museum to research their family. On the 18th they were joined by the Dawson family from Greenville, S. C., descendants of Henry Moore. The goal was to clean the cemeteries and find the grave of Henry Moore. The cemeteries were cleaned up, but we were unable to find the grave of Henry Moore. There are numerous references stating that he is buried in this cemetery, but the location of his grave is still a mystery.



Richard Sutton from Wichita Falls, Texas, Spencer F. McMaster from Winnsboro, Hood Dawson, Cindy Dawson and Ed Dawson from Greenville, S. C. and Mark M. Ellison from Austin, Texas



William DuBose Ellison and Spencer F. McMaster – kneeling; Richard Sutton, Ed Dawson, Cindy Dawson, Mark E. Ellison, David Gaillard Ellison, Jr. and Robert Boyd Ellison

FCGS Visits With Sophie Coleman of Dark Corner, Fairfield County, SC
By Sanita Cousar



Sophie Coleman and Sanita Cousar (FCGS Corresponding Secretary)

In an effort to reach out to some of our most senior members of the Genealogy Society, several members held our first oral history chat with Mrs. Sophie Coleman of Ashford Ferry Road. On Wednesday, February 8, 2023 members of the Fairfield County Genealogy Society (FCGS) were honored to interview Mrs. Sophie Coleman of Ashford Ferry Road. Ms. Coleman is the widow of Mr. D.P. Coleman, descendant of David Roe Coleman. Mrs. Coleman shared delightful recollections of meeting and marrying her husband, the Coleman family, the family's dairy business, local cemeteries, and near-by neighbors. President Eddie Killian presented Mrs. Coleman with a newsletter and the latest on the Coleman-Feaster-Mobley Family and Friends annual reunion, first weekend in October. Eddie mentioned that he knew that she had attended the reunion in the past and we all would love to see her come to the reunion this year. DNA Coordinator, James Green talked to her about the Coleman, Park and Chappell families. She enjoyed her visit with us, but not nearly as much as we enjoyed her. If you have a member to recommend for our oral history chats, please let us know.



Sophie Coleman's Chappell and Park Families



Eddie Killian, Sanita Cousar, Sophie Coleman, James W. Green, III

Ghost Town of Shelton

By: R. Chicone, Jr.,

For: Coleman-Feaster-Mobley

Family Association

September 2022



I have heard about this old town since I was a kid in the 1970s. I have a foggy memory of my dad taking me down there for a look at some vine-covered, dilapidated buildings and a walk on the old train trestle crossing the Broad River. There wasn't much left of Shelton back then, and there's even less today, some half-buried foundations, rusty pieces of machinery, and of course the memories. The ruins of Shelton lie waiting at the end of a dead-end country road, to meet those few pilgrims that wonder down hoping to find a spiritual connection to the past, or maybe just a good place to fish.

Why are we fascinated with these places our ancestors built that now lie languishing and forgotten? I think it's because a town is a place where society manifests its most important ideal, the ability to form a community and work together. It's a place of commerce, comradery, order, pride, news and travel. It's a place forged from blood, sweat and hope, where culture thrives and ideas flourish. It's a place that's integral to the survival and prosperity of a people. Forgive me if I'm being a bit grandiose describing a forgotten whistle-stop depot in the middle of nowhere, but on some level, Shelton does embody these qualities. It was the heart of a community, but the little hamlet by the trestle eventually withered along with the cotton fields that fathered it. However, for those of us who have heard stories of Shelton or actually knew the place back then, this ghost town arouses within us sentimentality for by-gone days. There is a nostalgia for the old buildings that have crumbled, for the people who are now gone, and the hopes and dreams that were once held within its streets, streets now clothed only in the foliage of an encroaching forest.

Photo: A photo of Shelton in the 1950s looking northeast at J.R. Shelton Store (center), The Wright Co. (left), and the passenger depot (right). Courtesy of Fairfield County Genealogy Society



Birth of a Town

One thing to understand about Shelton is that its foundation was built, both literally and figuratively, on the railroad, specifically the Spartanburg and Union Railroad. This 5ft-gauge railroad was completed in 1859. It started at what is today another ghost town on the east bank of the Broad River, Alston, where an existing railroad connected Columbia to Greenville. From Alston, this new line ran north and crossed the river near Shelton's Ferry, then made a beeline to Carlisle, Union and Spartanburg. An April 1856 newspaper article in the *Carolina Spartan* reads "...there is now a Depot erected at Shelton, and every requisite accommodation for receiving and discharging freight." The establishment of this freight depot 166 years ago was the real beginning of the town of Shelton.



Photo: A Locomotive circa 1855. This one, called “The General,” was in service in the Atlanta area. Courtesy of *Kennesaw.com*

This was a big deal for surrounding communities like Feasterville, Wolling, Clayton, Blair and Herbert. The South Carolina Piedmont with its vast rolling hills and rich soils was an agricultural powerhouse producing oats, wheat and corn, but especially in regard to short staple cotton. Before the depot at Shelton, cotton was hauled to Columbia or Winnsboro by wagon. John Albert Feaster Coleman, grandson of John and Drucilla Feaster who built Feasterville Academy, wrote in his 1851 diary: “Started to Columbia [Monday]. Train arrived there by noon on Tuesday, sold cotton to R. Cathcart at 5 & 55/100. Left for home on Wednesday...Got home on Thursday evening.” It was time consuming and costly to get cotton to market.

Antebellum Shelton

The Southern economy was blossoming in the 1850s with lots of raw land to cultivate, advancing technology, and new railroads. However, a significant portion of the workforce that allowed for this prosperity was of course the product of forced labor from enslaved black Americans. Enslaved people provided the South with skilled, reliable and economical labor, as well as a legacy of inhumanity. The cultivation of cotton in the Shelton area and throughout the Southern Piedmont seems to have been based both on planters and on yeomen farmers (who perhaps aspired to be planters). These farms were not the large and wealthy plantations of the South Carolina Low country. Farming the land was dictated by a cultural ethos that involved taking pride in well-managed fields, composting, and controlling erosion. Jennie Isabel Coleman, daughter of John Albert Feaster Coleman, was interviewed for the 1930s *Federal Writers Project*. She had this to say about farming practices in the mid-1800s: “Our neighborhood has always had something peculiar or distinctive about it - a little different from the other portions of Fairfield County.” It was “noted for its conservation and responsiveness to any progressive movement.” She describes how they made “the most of their fertilizers in the nature of compost,” how gullies were filled and erosion arrested, and that “all idle hours were devoted to the assembling of material for compost making.” John Albert Feaster Coleman’s 1848-1851; diary is published in *Princes of Cotton* by Stephen Berry. Berry provides a marvelous description of John, and by extension many of the young white farmers of the Shelton community: “He is literally walking in his father’s footsteps, down the same straight furrows through the same fields...If he is curious where the footsteps lead, he can look farther down the row and see his grandfather, eighty-four and still hoeing, tracing out his son’s and his grandson’s future.” “...Coleman bears the weight not of expectation but of inevitability. He will till the land until he’s buried under it...In a tradition as old as farming he sees his profession as somehow more noble, more moral than others.”

According to Walter Edgar, in his book *South Carolina a History*: “ by 1860...all districts except Lancaster were linked by rail to Columbia or Charleston.” And, “In 1855 there were 164,619 more bales of cotton shipped by rail to Charleston than just five years earlier.” Edgar states that “in the decade before the Civil War, South Carolina ranked third in the country for average per capita wealth.” But how large and busy was Shelton at that time is hard to say. In 1861 Narcissa Feaster of Feasterville gives us a passing glimpse of rail travel from Shelton. “We arose very early to go to the depot, were just in time. Stopped at Alston, I wrote to Bro. John while waiting three hours, arrived at Col. [Columbia] one o’clock.” A later entry reads, “Left Col. 7 ½ o’clock, met Mr. Knotts and Dr. Westmoreland on the Greenville Cars, arrived at Shelton about 12.” Four years later,

on February 16th, 1865, Narcissa pens an ominous text, “Julia and Jakie came up from Columbia today. Gen’l Sherman was within seven miles of the City when they left.”

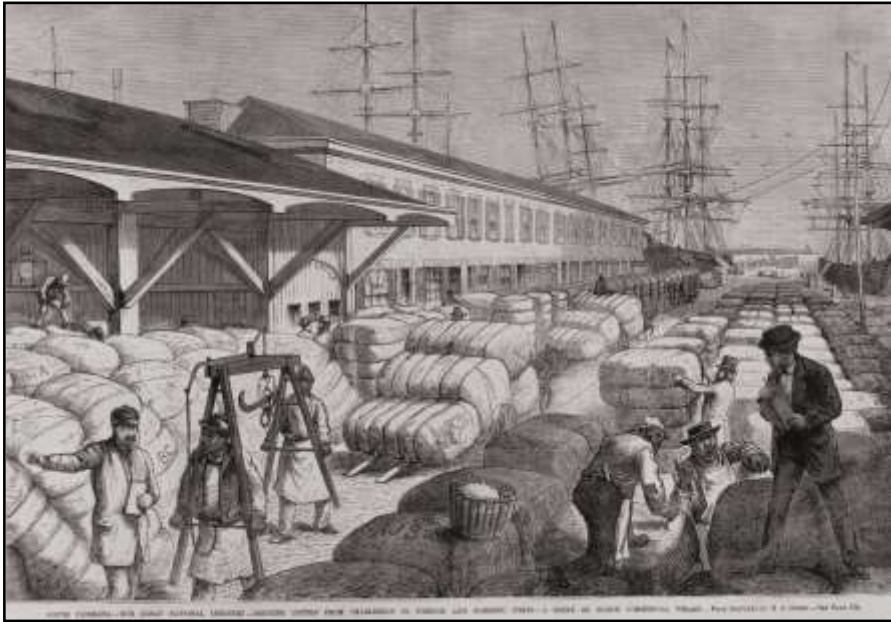


Photo: North Commercial wharf Charleston, S.C. with cotton bales for shipping to foreign and domestic ports via sailing ships. 1878. Shutterstock 290633.

The Ruin of War and Rebirth of the South

The War arrived at Shelton shortly thereafter with the advance of Union Major Gen. Judson Kilpatrick’s Cavalry Division. Columbia had been burned to the ground at this point and Gen. Sherman and the Union army’s Right Wing were headed for Winnsboro and points east. Kilpatrick was

part of Sherman’s Left Wing, which did not enter Columbia but came north through Lexington County and crossed the Broad River at Alston. Groups of Union “foragers” preceded the main force and spread out across the countryside looting and burning buildings and homes. This excessive, willful destruction to civilian property, and abuse of local residents, was Sherman’s unofficial strategy for breaking the South. “The whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak violence on South Carolina. I almost tremble for her fate” wrote Sherman as he prepared his army to enter South Carolina. However, this type of warfare was not officially condoned by the Union and fortunately for the Shelton community the Left Wing of Sherman’s advance commanded by general John W. Geary, kept a little tighter leash on their foragers and prevented the total destruction that was visited upon Columbia. But the desolation was severe, as attested to 45 years after the event by Sarah Lyles Feaster of Blair: “...several large residences, a score of cotton gins and one of the best flour mills in the up country were burned...Hundreds of horses were carried off...Nearly all the provisions were destroyed.” Feasterville native George Washington Coleman described returning home from a Union prisoner of war camp: “...arrived at my home on the 4th July 1865. I find here the stable, cribs, Gin house, screw & 62 bales of cotton...all burned up & a gin house on a lower place burned. I found my old Mother & her grand-daughter Sarah Edith Coleman that she raised from infancy.”

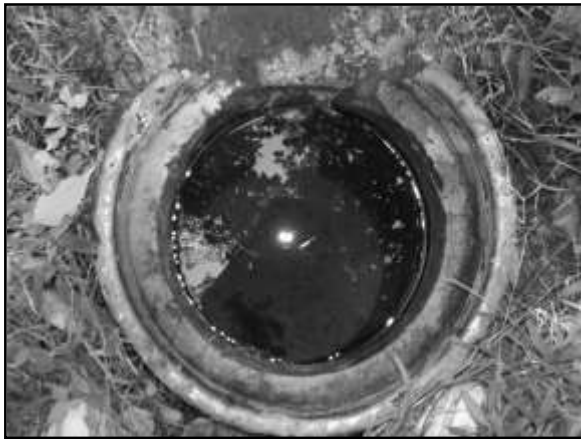
Photo: Ruins of Columbia, SC from the steps of the State House looking north, Feb. 1865. Credit: George Bernard, US Army.



Edgar compares the agricultural statistics from 1870 to those a decade earlier saying, “they tell a grim tale.” More than 1.5 million acres of land were fallow and sixty percent of the value of livestock had disappeared, as had the animals themselves. Barns, fences and outbuildings had been destroyed along with houses. But Shelton rose from the ashes of the Civil War as the South recovered, and it eventually became a larger, busier hub of commerce and transportation. Those determined souls that stuck around after the war (both White and Black) found a way to re-ignite the fire box in the locomotive of South Carolina agriculture and pour on the steam. Cotton came back stronger than ever but it wasn’t a smooth ride. According to Edgar, “Increased cotton production, the abandoning of food crops, and abuse of the land all led to troubles...” But though various agricultural reforms, development of larger cotton mills, and more rail connections the economy was roaring down the tracks by 1890, and Shelton was literally on a main line. George Washington Coleman documents the everyday life of a family farmer in his 1890 diary. “...nice day, ginned 6 bales, got out over 3000 lbs....I finished paying for Kleinbeck farm [his farm], it contains 26 acres & cost me \$1,300...I have made cotton enough on it in 2 years to pay for it & all expenses.”

The Healing Springs of Shelton

Of equal importance to the cotton economy in any narrative of Shelton would be its famous mineral springs. These springs have always been revered locally for the excellent taste of the water and the healing properties



the water was said to possess. As evidence, one of the local springs was a favorite spot for Narcissa who in 1861 wrote in her diary. “Mollie and I went to the spring. The water is splendid.” I can honestly say that the water from the spring at nearby Feasterville is quite “splendid,” in fact it’s the best I have ever tasted, and if you look closely, you can always see a crayfish or two at the bottom.

Photo: The Old Spring at Feasterville, 2014. Credit: R. Chicone, Jr.

Mr. N. F. Shivar took things a step further 1907 and really put Shelton on the map by bottling the water commercially. It started two years earlier when Shivar spent some time in Shelton recuperating from an illness, and while there became enamored with the widow Ida

Newbill and her natural spring. They married and started the Shivar Springs Bottling Company producing mineral water and later ginger ale. A total of four springs were eventually involved, with the water being pumped into large cisterns near Shelton. The cisterns can still be seen.



Photos: Left - Old cistern at Shelton. Credit: SC Picture Project. Right - Shivar rail car Credit: The Tucker Collection-2017 from Roots and Recall.

Apparently, Shivar was great at marketing because he furnished the South Carolina House of Representatives free mineral water in 1909. To which they responded with a resolution: "Resolved by the House...that its thanks be, and the same are hereby tendered 'The Shivar Spring,' of Shelton...for the excellent quality of water furnished its members..." Of course, the Resolution was reprinted prominently in Shivar's promotional pamphlet which is available through the Fairfield County Genealogical Society.

The Heyday of Shelton

The South fought a bloody war to preserve their way of life, a way of life that was built in so many ways on the institution of slavery. With defeat came the heavy burden of change, adaptation, and innovation. White Southerners were forced to discard traditional ways that were no longer tenable but clung even more tightly to other traditions that defined them as Southerners. The "New South" modeled its economy largely on a Northern industrial model and the mill towns of the South were born. The little town of Shelton was chugging right along in the 1920s having come through WWI and the Spanish Flu pandemic. "The freight trains pass here with 50 to 80 cars...the same on Sundays as any other day," says George Washington Coleman who was still keeping a diary and living in Shelton in the 1920s. He continues, "The Ry [railroad] trains are busy coming and going...The trains are passing regular, passenger & freight." Not just cotton, lumber was also being produced, as George observes; "Some lumber being hauled in & is being loaded on the cars here & all of it is framing. No planks; it not used for outside work." W. D. McDonald, reporter for The State newspaper, describes Shelton as having been a "thriving little town with numerous stores, a locally-owned bank and an active freight depot. Farmers from far and near came here to sell their cotton and to browse in the tall, frame board mercantile stores which sold everything from needles to hay rakes."



Photo: J. R. Shelton's store taken in 1969 by E. Andrieski. Curtesy of The Walker History Center.

Henrietta Rosson Morton grew up around Shelton and lived in the J. R. Shelton Store. She was the granddaughter of Sarah Isabelle "Belle" Coleman who it is said was an uncommon beauty. She married J. R. "Judge" Shelton sometime after her first husband was shot in a case of mistaken identity at a speakeasy in Columbia. She helped Judge run the Store, and in my mind, Belle may have actually run the whole town. Henrietta says of her

grandmother that sometimes when things got too quiet for her liking, she would go out in the street and set off a pack of firecrackers. I guess it could get a little boring at times around there and she wasn't having it. Mable (Coleman) Hewitt visited Shelton as a kid and remembers the upstairs of the Store being very open and spacious inside, and that Belle kept terraced flower and vegetable gardens on the hill out back. She remembers seeing the river jump its banks and flood the adjacent fields saying, "they would be out there pulling ears of corn out of the water."

Belle's father, George Washington Coleman, lived with her and Judge at the Shelton store in his later years. So, in case you were wondering what happened in Shelton on, say, May 30th, 1925, I'll let George tell you. "In the store things seemed a little dull this AM, hope will pick up this PM, & so, a big crowd comes in late & they clean up two ice cream churns." A few days later he says, "Saturday is a fine day, the crowd gets in late but they sure get here & all seem hungry for cream & when I left... was about all eat up." Yes, it seems there was a lot of ice cream consumed in Shelton. There were few freezers around then, but Shelton may have had one. The ice cream was made on site using churns. The cream most likely came from local dairies and was made from fresh, raw milk which, unlike today's milk, would have been loaded with nutrition and flavor. But here is, as Paul Harvey used to say, "The rest of the story." Ice cream, as well as soda, skyrocketed in popularity in the 1920s due to prohibition. It was a great alternative to having a "drink." Many breweries actually turned to making ice cream to stay "afloat." I guess you could say that, Shelton had a local "family-friendly" saloon.

Judge, along with owning a store, was also the local mail carrier for 30 years and a registered magistrate (thus the nickname). Judge was obviously a busy man, but that did not preclude him from George's judgment when Judge failed to properly maintain a water pipe from the well to the store. George and Belle had convinced him to install the well and pipe for good purpose. It mostly had to do with Jane Yongue who also lived and worked at the Shelton Store. Jane cooked, cleaned, and did many things necessary to the good operation of the establishment. One of those things was carrying water by hand from the spring that was up the hill and some distance from the store. According to Henrietta, George was not at all happy with Jane having to haul water everyday (she was around 70 years old). So, he had made it a personal priority to "encourage" Judge to install the well and pipe. Later George pens his disappointment after finding some leaks, "I walk up the water pipe line & find two leaks; now it seems that Shelton has lost the interest he should have in it, but he is a peculiar man, has a lot of time to play checkers."

As for other stores in Shelton there was the Wolling Store and The Wright Company. George's observations would lead us to believe that The Wright store focused on having more goods and trading in cotton whereas the Shelton store may have been more of a community hub, occasionally serving food, taking in boarders and selling produce as well as goods. The stores would work together to avoid unnecessary competition, says Henrietta. The post office was also in the Wright store, and there was a combination cafe and barbershop to the north of Shelton's store but south of the steam engine water tower. George says, "I am around here [Shelton store] & in the Will Wright & Scott store. They sure have a fine stock of goods, away ahead of Judge Shelton...A lot of cotton on the platform 24 bales now, selling at 21 1/2. A lot of seed sold to \$1.80 per

hundred. Wright & Co buying most all of the seed & cotton" William Brooks Wright was about 12 years younger than George, and his son Grady was married to George's granddaughter Mae Allen.

Photo: The Wright Co. in 1969 by E. Andrieski. Courtesy of The Walker History Center.



Mae's granddaughter, Betsy Shedd White, remembers Shelton when she was a child, saying, "We would ride down to the Store and fill a tiny brown paper bag with penny candy...all we could fit into the bag...and enjoy it for the entire weekend! I remember finding old bottles of ointments and oils in the pharmacy years later after Shelton was fading into a ghost town."

Photo: Winnsboro Cotton Mill in 1930. Credit: Sergeant Studios and The Walker History Center.

The *National Register of Historic Places* for Fairfield County offers us some important insight into what was happening with the stores in Fairfield saying: “The country store took on increasing importance in the county as farmers and tenants alike became more dependent on operating credit and began to view the store as a community center.”

For They Have “Sewn” The Wind...

In 1901 The News and Herald published this anecdote: “A merchant and preacher were talking about the cotton situation: ‘Cotton, you know,’ said the merchant ‘is the staple article with us. Everything else is measured in cotton.’ ‘So it is,’ said the preacher; ‘but I consider it



absolute folly that this should be the condition of things. Why don't the farmers raise something else than cotton' 'Just for the same reason,' replied the merchant, 'that you preachers continue to preach long sermons. They have got into the habit and can't get out of it.'" Yes, pretty much the whole economy was based on cotton. The South was producing it and processing it in local textile mills. According to Historian David Koistinen, "...most New England manufacturers were driven out of business by lower-cost competitors in the American South. Southerners founded, managed, and financed a heavy majority of the textile companies in their region."

But why is Shelton a ghost town today instead of a small town with a few ghosts? Why did it fade away? The passing of Shelton is not a unique or isolated event. It followed the course of many other farming communities in the Southern Piedmont. Some would have you believe the failure was over-reliance on cotton to the exclusion of food crops. Some would say it was competition from cheaper Asian cotton and manufacturing. Some would blame it on the boll weevil or droughts destroying the cotton crop. Some would say it was the fault of the banks, encouraging an overreliance on credit and borrowing. And, others would point to unsustainable farming practices. As with most disasters, there is rarely a single cause, and all of these things, and probably other factors, played some part in Shelton's demise.

We can get some sense from George that things were not well in 1925 as he mentions many times how dry it is, including this entry: “The water is very low in the Broad River, hardly enough for Ry use. I never in my life saw such a dry time & now I will soon be 81 years old. I have heard my Father say was extremely dry in 1845.” In another foretelling he notes the failure of the Bank of Shelton, “There's to be a meeting to adjust the claims of the broken Bank at Shelton, SC. The meeting is be called at 11 o'clock. I go & I think from what I hear the depositors will have a bad showing.” According to Edgar, “In small towns, merchants, bankers, and ginners found themselves with uncollectible debts and fewer customers. When cotton and tobacco were high, credit was easy and people overextended themselves...The president of the Bank of Laurens [a nearby town] was concerned that ‘Nobody seems to have any money to spend or to pay debts.’”



Photo: The Bank of Shelton in 1969 by E. Andrieski The State Courtesy of the Walker History Center

I remember when my grandfather, Feaster Shields Coleman, was finished using a hand tool he would clean it, sharpen it, oil it and put it back on its hook in the shed. It was a habit of respect that he applied to all facets of his life; take care of the things that take care of you. I believe the folks of the Shelton community, where he was raised, also had this philosophy. They took pride in their work, took care of their homes and care about one another. George makes mention on June 25, 1925 of another resident of Shelton, Burel Suber, saying, "he pumped here [for] so long then moved to Va. - Roanoke, died yester ... his body was brought from Va. & carried over the river into Newberry Co & buried; he was the pump man for the Southern Ry for years here at this place..." While agriculture was the main occupation in the area, many of Shelton's denizens were railroad workers, or supported railroad workers. Two of George's own sons were Engineers and Yardmen in Florida. But in Shelton "departures" were increasing

and "timetables" were getting short. From what I can surmise, cotton was a king that demanded high tribute throughout the years. And when its kingdom of worn-out, gullied fields and silt-filled rivers, of broken sharecroppers, second-class factory workers, rowdy mill towns and false promises, finally collapsed; a battered land and a solemn economy took a deep breath and exhaled.

Edgar asserts that "The collapse of cotton and tobacco prices in 1920 was the result of overproduction and the loss of overseas markets. Then a series of droughts and boll weevils hammered the cotton crop." But that's only a part of the story. "By 1930, after nearly a decade of difficulties," says Edgar, "South Carolina agriculture was about to go under... One-third of the state's farms were mortgaged...The farming of marginal lands and improper farming methods caused major erosion problems." The *Historic Register* for Fairfield County states, "By 1940 almost ninety percent of the county's total acreage had been adversely affected by erosion."

According to the US Forest Service, "The period of greatest erosive land use in the South Carolina piedmont was from 1860 to 1920. By this time much of the land in the area was too eroded and depleted to sustain continued cotton production even with the use of fertilizer."

Photo: Farm of George Smith, near Switzer, SC, 1935. Courtesy of South Caroliniana Library



The Forest Service goes on to say, "Soil stripped from the uplands filled streams with sediment, raised water tables, and turned once fertile bottom lands into swamps." By 1920, cotton production "was declining as eroded lands were taken out of production." The boll weevil accelerated this trend, and abandoned fields often continued to erode for years. Need more evidence of the environmental disaster that befell Shelton and other communities? Soil scientist, Stanley Trimble, wrote in 1975, "The Southern Piedmont is one of the most severely eroded agricultural areas in the Nation...it has been stripped of much of the topsoil, many areas have suffered erosion deep into the subsoil, and some areas have been gullied so badly as to render the land unsuitable for agriculture. In areas of extremely severe erosion, streams may now be flowing 10 to 20 ft. above their original beds."

Those times have passed now. Today, Shelton, Feasterville, Blair, Salem Crossroads, and the surrounds have been known mostly for timber and hunting. The Sumter National Forest bought up much of the degraded land, as did private timber operations and hunt clubs. In 1963, Whitetail Deer were even re-introduced by US Fish and Wildlife down at Shelton. The people that have stayed generally commute to Winnsboro, Columbia or Newberry for work. A few are employed in the local timber industry or at the VC Summer Nuclear Plant about 20 miles away. There is no real town, no gas stations, no hardware stores, no grocery stores, it probably qualifies as a "food desert" (if you don't have a garden that is). There is a dollar store down the road a piece, and a few mom-and-pop enterprises scattered about. But the countryside is beautiful. The springs run clear, there are deer in the woods, bobcats, wild turkeys and songbirds. There are winding creeks and hardwood cove forests. And, there are some beautiful old houses and country churches left over from a more prosperous time. Oh yeah, there is also a pleasant spot down along the river you might want to visit sometime. It has a train trestle, a dead-end country road, and most likely a few ghosts too.

Ron Chicone, Jr. is a life-long participant in the Coleman-Feaster-Mobley Family Association reunions (held every first weekend in October) with ties to the Feasterville area through his mother, the late Shirley Coleman.

The fish bake that finished the Confederacy

The decisive military defeat of the Southern Confederacy happened only a little more than a month after Sherman came through Fairfield County. It came at a battle I'm betting most folks never heard of. It was not the Battle of Antietam, or Gettysburg; it was not the Siege of Vicksburg or St. Petersburg, it was not even at a battle the exulted General Robert E. Lee was commanding, at least not directly. It was Major General George E. Pickett (of Pickett's Charge fame) that was the senior officer in command, or maybe I should say, was supposed to be in command, of the Rebel forces that failed to hold back a critical Yankee offensive. It was at a Virginia crossroads called Five Forks on April 1st, 1865 that fate dealt the Union an ace and left the Confederacy "drawing dead."

George W. Coleman was there, along with at least two other Shelton residents, Marion A. Dickerson and Thomas E. Dye. They all served in Company B, of the 17th South Carolina infantry regiment. George mentions this in his 1925 diary. "Thomas E. Dye, who died on the 8th [of January], was a member of (my Brother) Capt. W. Preston Coleman's Co of the 17th SC Reg't [Regiment], John H. Means, Colonel... That brings the number of that Company B down to two, that is, Marion Dickerson & myself."

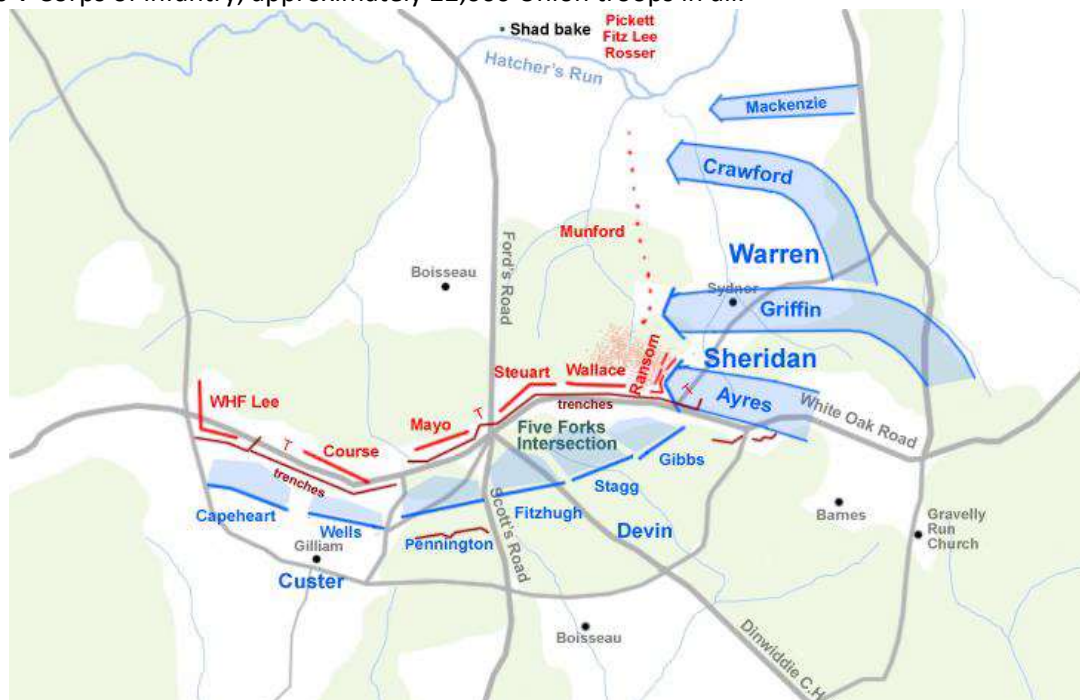
The result of this engagement presented General Lee with no option except to pull the Army of Northern Virginia out of Petersburg, which meant abandoning the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond. An article published by American Battlefield Trust, *Two Days in April*, superbly documents the importance of the Battle of Five Forks. "There was one factor just as crucial to Lee's survival as his network of trenches and fortifications: the Southside Railroad. This rail line had become the sole source of supplies for Lee's embattled army; if it were cut, he might be forced to withdraw, causing both Petersburg and Richmond to fall."

Anne Akers presents a brilliant and detailed analysis of the battle in her 1981 paper on Confederate cavalry colonel Thomas T. Munford who fought at Five Forks. She quotes Munford who wrote about the encounter after the War. "It was at the Battle of Five Forks, on the evening of April 1, 1865, that the sun of the Southern Confederacy went down and the star of its destiny set...It was but a battle on a small scale--compared with such struggles of armies as Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, or Gettysburg, it could be classified as a mere skirmish. But no other fight of the entire four years of war was followed by such important consequences...It extinguished the campfires of the hitherto invincible army and was the mortal wound which caused the Southern Confederacy to perish forever."

General Ulysses S. Grant was looking for an opportunity to break the Confederate lines west of Lee's stronghold at Petersburg, cut off the Southside Railroad, and turn Lee's right flank. He sent Union cavalry general Philip H. Sheridan and with orders to "...push round the enemy, if you can, and get on his right rear." Sheridan set his sights on occupying Five Forks; however, Lee's network of spies and scouts was quick to acquire intelligence on Grant's plan. When Sheridan arrived at Five Forks, Pickett's forces were already there. As the Battlefield Trust tells it, "Pickett surprised Union General Sheridan by moving his force of cavalry and infantry forward from Five Forks...to push Sheridan back by attacking the Union left flank with infantry as his cavalry wheeled in from the west." Sheridan found himself falling back, but Pickett, perhaps feeling that his force was very exposed as they advanced into Union held territory, stopped his attack just before dark on that afternoon of March 31st.

Now if you've experienced Virginia in late March, then you realize that these were not beautiful, sunny spring days. It was cold, rainy, and the creeks and rivers were flooded. Plus, these guys had just spent all winter huddled in trenches dodging bullets and cannonballs. Historian Edward S. Alexander quotes one Union soldier who was at the battle: "We went slipping and plunging through the black slimy mud in which pointed rocks were bedded, now stumbling over a rotten tree, now over a stiffening corpse of some poor comrade by whose side we might soon lie."

Concerned that Union reinforcements were on their way, Pickett decided to fall back to a more defensible position at Five Forks. It was there, on April 1st, that Pickett dug in and erected fortifications with his approximately 11,000 Confederate troops. Just behind them was a sizable creek, Hatcher's Run, and beyond that the vital Southside Railroad. In front of them was Sheridan's Cavalry now supported by General G. K. Warren's V Corps of infantry, approximately 22,000 Union troops in all.



Upon hearing of Pickett falling back to Five Forks, General Lee was, well let's just say, "not pleased." He sent word to Pickett: "Regret exceedingly your forced withdrawal, and your inability to hold the advantage you had gained. Hold Five Forks at all hazards." But Lee was to be disappointed again as Pickett was nowhere to be found when the battle ensued on the afternoon of April 1st.

According to the Battlefield Trust: "As there seemed no immediate threat, Pickett decided that he could use a good meal and a few hours of relaxation, he and his cavalry companion rode off without telling anyone where they might be found or when they would return."

Separated from his troops by the hilly topography, and supposedly out of earshot of the battle lines at Five Forks, Pickett and two other commanding officers were seemingly unaware that Sheridan was launching a brutal assault on his Confederate lines. Akers writes in her paper: "While the battle of Five Forks raged, the three ranking Confederate officers were two miles to the rear enjoying a 'shad-bake.' Rosser had caught the fish in the Nottoway River on the previous day and had invited Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee to join him for lunch."

George, Marion and Thomas were manning the battle lines that day with their South Carolina Regiment which was stationed on the left flank of Pickett's formation, near where the Confederate line formed a 90-degree defensive angle. They had dug their trenches and erected hastily felled logs as barricades. I cannot begin to imagine what they were feeling after four long years of fighting, marching, living in worn out tents, as rations and clothing became scarce, and sickness and malnutrition were a constant threat. The death. The violence. How many brothers and comrades did they bury? How many of their fallen companions did they have to leave behind in the wake of some forced retreat? One of the fallen at a previous battle was George's older brother, Capt. Preston Coleman. From Georges 1925 diary: "We got (to) the 17th Rgt the evening before the 2nd Battle of Manassas [1863]. Capt W. Preston Coleman, my Bro was badly wounded; he got back to his home, but didn't live long. I never saw him any more."

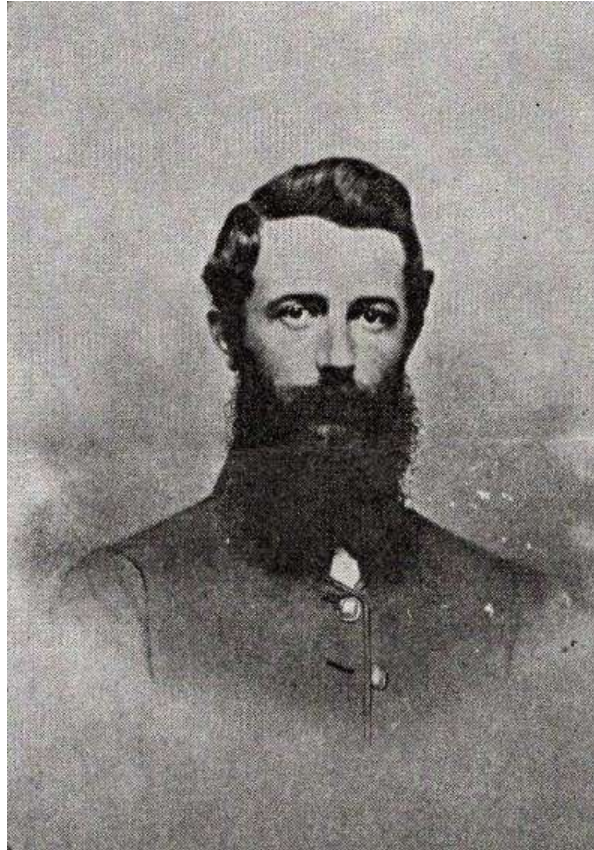


Photo: Dr. William C. Preston Coleman. Wounded at Second Manassas
Credit: Kathleen Coleman and Fairfield County Genealogical Society.

These young men from Fairfield were seasoned veterans standing on the battle line at Five Forks. They rechecked their weapons, secured as much ammunition as was available, took a last look at a faded picture of a loved one, made some smart-ass remark to a buddy, prayed, and patiently awaited the inevitable onslaught from their relentless enemy.

Their unit, the 17th South Carolina, was part of Brigadier General William Henry Wallace's brigade. We know George, Marion and Thomas' most likely location during the battle because Munford tells us where Wallace's troops were. Munford's Calvary was reinforcing the infantry on the left flank of the Confederate line. He writes: "...we reached the point where Wallace's and Ransom's troops joined at the angle." It was here that the Union V (pronounced "Fifth") Corps outflanked the Confederate left while Munford's couriers frantically searched for Pickett and his officers as communications totally broke down.

It was not until Union infantry was behind Confederate lines that Pickett realized the gravity of the situation and probably the folly of his actions. He rushed to rally his disorganized troops amidst the chaos of battle, but by this time, stopping Sheridan's advance was hopeless. Union troops were attacking the Confederate left flank from in front and behind, and they had cut off the main route of retreat for the men fighting near the "angle." It's estimated that about 5,000 of Pickett's threadbare and hungry force were captured that day, George, and most likely Marion and Thomas, were among them.

Interestingly, George never gives details of personal experiences in the War while writing in his diaries, at least the diaries we know of. He mostly references the facts of his service to the Confederate Army and the fates of those with whom he served. In 1925 he briefly remembers Five Forks saying: "I & others were captured at 5 Forks, Va. & sent to Point Lookout, Maryland, arriving there the 2nd April & was paroled and arrived at my home on the 4th July 1865."

The Union had cut off the last supply line to the Army of Northern Virginia that day. Lee's once great and seemingly invincible Army was now forced to retreat. They pulled out of Petersburg and headed west desperately looking to re-supply. Without their network of trenches and fortifications, the outnumbered and poorly equipped Confederates were no match for the well-supplied, fast-moving and highly motivated Union forces that soon cut Lee's army in half at Saylor's Creek and then confronted him near Appomattox Court House where, as we all know, Lee accepted Grant's terms of surrender.

A not well-known Chester County Brigadier General

By Scott Coleman



Brigadier General John Dunovant (Photos by Scott Coleman)

Chester County has a brigadier general from the War of Southern Independence, John Dunovant, who is not well-known in Chester and not well-known to most of the history of the War.

John Dunovant was born on March 5, 1825. He was the son of John Dunovant and Margaret Sloan Quay. His brother Quay Dunovant Signed the Ordinance of Secession...one of the Dunovant boys married one of the Bratton girls, so there is a connection to Gen. John Bratton.

John Dunovant was a sergeant in the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina volunteers in the Mexican American War. He was wounded at the Battle of Chapultepec. Dunovant was mustered out of the volunteers on December 7, 1847. As a Mexican American War veteran, he was also a captain in the U.S. Army from March 3, 1855 to December 29, 1860 when he promptly resigned and joined his native state in the army of the Confederate States of America.

He was an interesting fellow— he had military experience. Dunovant held the rank of major of infantry in the South Carolina militia during the initial Confederate operations at Fort Sumter. During the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he was present and active at Fort Moultrie. On July 22, 1861, he became Colonel of the 1st South Carolina Infantry Regiment and was stationed for some time on Sullivan's Island and at Fort Moultrie. One morning they couldn't find him at roll call. 'Where's the Captain?' They find him passed out, drunk on the side of the road. They cashiered him out of the service and said 'Go home'. Imagine doing that today — everyone in Chester would know about it. He's back home, and there were several letters mailed to His Excellence Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, saying the South needs all the men at this time.

After nine months, he was let back in, to the cavalry; they didn't want him in the infantry. He was not supposed to leave the state...He got a second chance in command of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry

Regiment. He served the State in this capacity, until ordered to Virginia on May 18, 1864. There he and his regiment were under the brigade command of Brigadier General Matthew C. Butler, in Major General Wade Hampton's division of Major General Jeb Stuart's cavalry corps, which was commanded by Major General Wade Hampton after Stuart's death at the Battle of Yellow Tavern by Major General Wade Hampton after Stuart's death at the Battle of Yellow Tavern.

Dunovant provided gallant services with Butler's brigade at the Battle of Cold Harbor, Battle of Trevilian Station and other engagements in the Overland Campaign and early Siege of Petersburg, thereby redeeming his reputation. He was wounded in the left hand at the Battle of Haw's Shop on May 28, 1864.

He was trying to rebuild his reputation, and was doing a pretty good job at it, but he jeopardized his reputation again while leading a regiment on a night patrol. Challenged by pickets that his officers realized were Union soldiers, he didn't believe them. 'General, that's the Yankees,' 'No, it's not. Give the countersign.' He wouldn't believe what his own men were telling him, so he sent a captain ahead to identify the command, and that captain was taken prisoner...It was only after the captain was taken prisoner and the Union pickets began to fire into the darkness that Dunovant could be convinced of his mistake.

He was killed on October 1, 1864, in the fighting north of the James River; following the capture of Fort Harrison at the Battle of Vaughan Road, part of the overall Battle of Peebles' Farm. He was shot down while leading a charge against the Union position. I'm going to tell this to you in a non-book-sense: Butler's Cavalry had corned the Federal line — Dunovant, with his experience from Mexico, kept asking Butler, 'Let me charge 'em.' His own men were saying 'He's going to get us killed'. He waited about 15 minutes and came to Butler again asking to lead the charge. After the third time, Butler gave him the go-ahead. Dunovant got on his horse, led the charge and he was out in the field and he got shot in the head immediately...there was a Yankee sharpshooter that was told his job was to follow the general, and when Dunovant came out in the open, it was like a deer in front of a deer stand. Union Sergeant James T. Clancy of

the 1st New Jersey Volunteer Cavalry was credited with firing the shot that killed General Dunovant. Historians believe that Dunovant was trying to rebuild his reputation by offering to lead the charge.

Immediately after being informed of Dunovant's fate General Hampton sent his corps Medical Director, Dr. John B. Fontaine, to try and treat the brigadier general. However, just as Fontaine was on his way to perhaps bring aid to Dunovant, a shell accidentally burst over his head, mortally wounding him as well. On receipt of news of the death of the gallant soldier, General Lee replied to General Hampton: "I grieve with you at the loss of General Dunovant and Dr. Fontaine, two officers whom it will be difficult to replace." In retrospect, other historians have suggested that Dunovant's desire to lead a frontal assault might have worked if General Butler had given him permission to do so when he first asked.

Dunovant was brought back to Chester and his body was buried in the family cemetery, now located near the site of the Luck Stone mining operation

Memoirs of Major Henry Moore

Submitted by Edward Hood Dawson (Unedited)

Major Henry Moore's Recollections Of The Revolutionary War In South Carolina And Georgia Until The Fall Of Charleston In 1780 On May 12. (Includes some blank spaces, where original text was illegible).

Toward the close of a long and eventful life, it's not to be wondered at if my mind should return to past scenes, and delight in retaining the vicissitudes of pain and pleasure that have marked and rechequered its progress. This is natural. I have had my share of both. Upheld by an Almighty Providence, I have passed unhurt through scenes of blood and suffering, and now in my old age enjoy peace and plenty, for which I tender my grateful thanks to an Almighty Protector and Benefactor. Exclusive of that satisfaction which every honest mind must feel in the conscious discharge of his duty toward his fellow man, I have a motive for retracing and committing to writing the scenes of my past life. It is for the information and I trust for the benefit of my children, for altho' my name will not adorn the pages of history or be sounded among men by the trumpet of fame, I think I have moved correctly in the sphere which Providence had designed for me and have done my duty in every station and relation of life to which I have been called, as a citizen, as a soldier, as a husband, as a father, and as a friend.

There is nothing in my course that my children need blush at. Some parts I desire that they imitate, and I hope most sincerely that they may excel in everything that is great and good and that they may be an ornament to their family and country, It is therefore for the sake of my children that I now endeavor to recollect and write down the principal events of my life and in tasking my recollection for that purpose I may incidentally attempt to rescue from oblivion the memory of some few of my brave companions in arms and sufferings, men who have offered themselves up as sacrifices on the altar of liberty, they whose names have perished with them on the field of battle. I will speak of them and others, worthy in my opinion, to be remembered, who survived the contest, but have now passed away.

I was born in Ireland in the county of Londonderry and the parish of Booevagh, on March 25th, 1755. Some pains were taken with my education, and I trust that I profited by it. I am sensible of the advantages it afforded me in my passage through life, and my grateful thanks are due to my parents who bestowed it on me. By that means my mind was expanded and at an early age I became capable of discerning the baleful effects of that system of oppression, which then bound and crushed the inhabitants of my native land, For this evil I saw no remedy but to fly from it; a new world opened itself to my view; many of my oppressed countrymen had sought it, and I determined to follow their example.

I bid adieu to Ireland forever and after a prosperous voyage across the Atlantic, crossed the bar at Charleston on the 27th of Nov. 1774, and about Christmas following traveled up the country into the neighborhood of the place where I now live, a youthful stranger in a strange land and having to make my way in the new world

as well as I could. I called into action the advantage education afforded me, and undertook teaching school where I now live, and lastly at The Flat Rock Branch Spring near where the town of Winnsboro now stands. From these circumstances originated the first college established in the state of South Carolina. Several gentlemen whose children were committed to my care, with a number of others, taking into consideration the great public good that would result from the establishment of a well organized seminary of learning, in a part of the country favored with health and fertility of soil, met together with the design of forming a society and founding the new college of Mt. Zion, viz. Col. John Winn, Richard Winn, Robert Ellison, John Ellison, James Hart, William Strother, William Kirkland, Thomas Woodward, myself and several others attended the meeting, a society was formed and incorporated by Act of Legislature by the name of "Mt Zion Society" Feby. 13, 1777, the same act chartering a college, by the name of Mt. Zion College. But before these benefactors of mankind had time to make the arrangements necessary to carry their benevolent intentions into effect, the war commenced in South Carolina and for the present rendered all their literary plans abortive, but as soon as peace was established these good men, or such of them that survived the war, resumed with ardor with their plan of instruction, and in the year 1785, The Mt. Zion College went into full operation under the Presidency of the Rev. Thomas Harris McCaule answering in every respect the most sanguine expectations of its first founders.

In a short time eighty young men enrolled themselves as students in The Mt. Zion College; many of the number came from North Carolina. The Seminary flourished from the year 1785 to the year 1792, and then an unfortunate schism between the upper country and the lower produced a decline as rapid as was the rise of the college. Mr. McCaule resigned the president's chair; a successor was appointed, but in spite of all the efforts of the friends of the institution, it languished and declined and finally dwindled into an elementary school, suspended altogether at intervals. Latterly more active and energetic measures have been adopted, the generous spirit of its founders appeared to be revived in their successor, and the people of Fairfield District may now look forward with the hope of a permanent institution being established in the center of their district.

The members of the society in Charleston gave up to the country members the management of the institution, with all of its funds. Mr. David Reed Evans was immediately and unanimously elected President, but his bad health caused him to resign his place, and Mr. Stafford succeeded him. The prospect of its future increase and prosperity at this time are flattering.

My first employment in America was the instruction of youth. I am aware that the proud and ignorant will condemn such an employment. I also know that the good and enlightened have ever esteemed the instruction of the youth and rank them among the benefactor of man, in fact they are so and I cannot feel degraded by having communicated knowledge to those who wanted it.

In the year 1775, the opposition to the encroachment of the British Government began to manifest itself in S.C. Commit's were formed and every means taken to open the eyes of the people to their interests, and to prepare them for the events that followed; among those means was the giving of commissions to all men of talents, wealth, and influence, in either the military or civil lines. It was true policy and when it was not strictly attended to, the neglected generally turned Tories and joined the enemy.

The Rev. Mr. Tennant and the Hon. William Henry Drayton were sent from Charleston to the interior country for the express purpose of informing the people of their duty to their country and of their true interests. I heard Mr. Tennant preach at Jackson's Creek old meeting house; his discourse was well adapted to convince the people of the absolute necessity they were under of defending themselves against the unwarrantable assumptions of the British Government; it was well calculated to reconcile the unaffected and to strengthen and confirm the principles of liberty in the hearts of those who, before, felt indignant at every species of unjust assumption of power.

The writers in defense of liberty and independence were numerous in the different states. Pennsylvania supplied Benj. Franklin and John Dickenson; Virginia, Thomas Jefferson; New England, Warren and Hancock, but the most powerful writer was the celebrated Thomas Paine of London, who resided sometimes in America, and in his work entitled "Common Sense", raised the public feeling to a degree unequalled by any previous appeal. The above writers are only mentioned as a part of that great Phalanx, who by talents and influence, promoted and defended the cause of liberty and Independence.

The cause of the Revolutionary War may be traced to the period immediately after the peace of 1763. In that war the Colonies assisted the Mother Country with a large number of Privateers and more than twenty thousand land forces, with all their commerce at her command. This amazing power and wealth could not escape the profound policy of Britain to turn it to her advantage, and especially at this time when The Colonies were not represented in the British Parliament and while their different governments were weak and disunited and their population not great, she thought it the most fit time to raise a revenue from them by taxation without representation, when her own power was so great that her flag waived triumphant over land and sea; with these advantages on her side, she commenced a system of taxation by imposing duties on commerce in 1764, and The Stamp Act in 1765. On the part of the colonies these Acts were met by non-importation acts, which greatly lessened this year's importation from Britain. The duties on paper and glass were repealed in 1767, these partial repeals of duties strengthened and increased the confidence and energies of the colonies, and their acts of non-importation became general in 1769. The Boston massacre took place in 1770; this outrage spread such a flame through the colonies that the British Government repealed all the taxes, excepting the duty on tea; this led to the associations through the colonies, not to drink, and who violated these associations were held and considered as Tories and traitors of their country. On this association the word Tory was generally applied to the King's friends.

In the year 1771-1772 several outrages were committed against The King's Governors in the different colonies. In December 1773, the tea ships arrived in Boston harbor; they were boarded by Bostonians dressed and armed like Indians, who on the 16th of the same month threw it overboard and quietly retired on shore without doing any other injury. In consequence of this act, the port of Boston was shut up by the British, the charter of Massachusetts now modelled by the British Government, and additional forces were sent to Gen. Gage, as governor of the province and commander-in-chief. Matters grew daily worse, Genl. Gage fortified Boston Neck and began to seize the military stores throughout the country; for this purpose he in 1775 sent from Boston a large detachment of his army to carry off or destroy more military stores at Lexington and Concord. Here they were met and repulsed by the brave and high-spirited Yankees. This began the war of The Revolution, and the first blood was spilled April 19, 1775, for the cause of liberty and independence and, The Temple of Janus was opened in The Colonies and the preachers kindly lent their aid; the trumpet of war sounded from Nova-Scotia to Florida.

In the winter of 1775-1776, the King's friends in South Carolina embodied themselves in his favor in the upper part of the state and erected there The King's Standard. They were called The Whigs, Scoffolites from their leader, but they were soon defeated and scattered by our militia. Regulars under the command of Genl. Clinton and Commodore Parks arrived off Charleston harbor and on-----1776 attacked the Fort on Sullivan's Island commanded by Col. Moultrie.

They met with a signal and decisive defeat, and the state was not invaded again until 1779-80. Clinton's army and the -----with the Indians were to have acted simultaneously; the one on the sea coast and the other on the back settlements, but an Almighty arm rendered their scheme abortive.

A Congress was elected from all the colonies and assembled at Philadelphia on Sept. 4, 1774. This Congress met again on May 10th, 1775, and on the resignation of Peyton Randolph, chose John Hancock of Massachusetts and commissioned George Washington of Virginia, General and Commander-in-chief of the Americans Armies on June 15th, 1775.

The resolves of this Congress will ever stand on the historic page (in the opinion of the ablest politicians) a splendid monument of wisdom, firmness, dignity, and spirit of The American Character.

On the 4th of July 1776, they issued The Declaration of Independence. It operated greatly to the advantage of the United States; it gained us allies abroad, and more energies at home; it turned rebellion into revolution, and rebels into free citizens and put them upon an equal footing with the most powerful nations on earth.

They could then frame a constitution for themselves, and make their own laws, and regulate by them all their national concerns without being subjected to a tyrant's negative or approval. It seems as if Providence had given it word by word to Mr. Jefferson, and he to Congress for their approval, and they to General Washington to obtain and defend, which thru' the Almighty's aid and protection was obtained, and acknowledged by Great Britain in a definitive treaty of peace with her on Sept, 3, 1783. In the year 1777, the sons of freedom in South Carolina prepared for actual hostilities, and letters were compelled to give place to arms. I have done my duty in the first of these departments, and I feel anxious to do the same in the latter.

After reading The Declaration of Independence and the pamphlet called "Common Sense" with some other writings, in favor of liberty and independence, I was so fully convinced of the American cause that I was from that moment resolved to tender what personal service I could do in aid of it. I informed Col. John Winn of my intentions and of my desire to join The American Army; he approved of same, and kindly favored me with a recommendation to Col. Owen Roberts of the Continental Artillery Regiment of South Carolina. By that gentleman I was politely received and commissioned as Adjutant in his Regiment on Oct. 20, 1777. He kindly furnished me with such books as were calculated to instruct and prepare me for the particular service that I had engaged in, particularly all those branches of science connected with the duties of an artillery officer now became the subject of my study and attention. Ambitious to qualify myself for my new station I studied diligently, devoting all my leisure hours to improvement in military tactic. In this pursuit I was assisted by the other officers of the Regiment. From the progress that I had made in learning military affairs, and my diligence and attention to all duties of my office, I obtained promotion and was commissioned as First Lieut. on Oct. 25, 1778, and on May the 9th 1779, Capt. Lieut. in the room of Capt. Lieut. Gelbank, killed in the siege of Charleston. I have luckily preserved all my commissions both civil and military.

In the year 1778, our regiment was ordered from Fort Johnston on James Island to Fort Lyleton (Lyttleton) on Port Royal Island near the town of Beaufort; in this year an invasion of Florida was undertaken by the troops of Carolina and Georgia lines to take St. Augustine, a regular fortified town with a castle forty feet high, with a deep and wide ditch and mounted with numerous and heavy artillery.

This expedition was commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert Howe with about two thousand men and eight or ten field pieces, no battering cannon or mortars. This expedition to Florida resembled some of those made formerly by S. C., and ended very much like them, for the army advanced without opposition until it arrived at Fort Fonyer, which the British destroyed themselves and saved our army that trouble. This invasion was of advantage to our enemies; it showed the strength of our southern army and the military capacity of its commander; it made a military road also, which they fortified by their invasion of Georgia. Death and desertion lessened Howe's army, which was felt very severely afterwards in the following campaign. This invasion to Florida was undertaken in the heat of summer, a very improper season, but the enemy invaded Georgia in December following with more prudence and success, and there joined two thousand men from New York commanded by Col. Campbell, who had landed near Savannah, which our general attempted to defend with his reduced troops. The Americans were defeated and obliged to retreat into South Carolina with the loss of one hundred killed, and four hundred and fifty made prisoners and seven pieces of cannon. The town, with all of its stores, shipping provisions, etc., fell into the enemy's hands, with little or no loss on their part; thus by imprudent enterprises and bad conduct of our South Carolina and Georgia men, we were cut up by piece meal. Soon after this, Gen. Howe was superceded in the command of the southern army by

Gen. Lincoln. Gen. Howe was not much esteemed by the Army. Gadsden and he fought a duel. Gadsden received Howe's fire and then fired at right angles from Howe and thus ended the duel.

The British derived great advantage from the possession of Savannah, both as a seaport and a rendezvous for the Tories and Indian from the backcountry. Gen. Prevost from St. Augustine, with all the troops that could be spared from it, having arrived at Savannah was thereby enabled to follow and harass our retiring army into South Carolina, and in the month of Feb. 1779, sent a naval and land force to take possession of Beaufort and Port Royal Island, esteeming it a commanding and advantageous station from whence they could at pleasure send out detachments to seize or destroy the provisions, and plunder the plantations on the mainland and adjacent islands. This force it is said consisted of two battalions of veteran infantry with a Howitzer anal commanded by two majors viz; Gadsden and Frazer; this force was engaged by General Moultrie with a detachment of Charleston militia with two field pieces commanded by Capt. Edward

Rutledge and Thomas Heywood (sic) two signers of the Declaration of Independence, who bravely redeemed their pledge they had given to their country on the floor of Congress viz; to hazard their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in its defence. I have never learned that any of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had a similar chance of redeeming their pledges. Their presence in the battle was a sure augury of victory, and also the ultimate success of the cause of freedom. To these was joined a small detachment of our artillery regiment with one field piece, to which I was attached (the rest of the regiment under Gen. Lincoln) commanded by Capt. De Treyville, Capt. Wm. Mitchell, and Lieu. James Field stopped the vent. I fired it, Capt. Lieu. Donner acted also the part of private. We voluntary agreed to go into action as private men rather than not fight the enemy; we had only nine privates. The force on each side was nearly equal in numbers, but the British were all regular and well disciplined, ours all militia excepting what worked one field piece, and none of them had ever been in actual service before, and I for the first time faced the enemy in battle. The Americans were drawn up and formed with a field piece on the right of the road leading from Beaufort to the ferry, the Charleston artillery to our left, on the road, the infantry to the right and left on open woodland about three miles from the town of Beaufort. The enemy formed on lower ground in a drain covered with low growth of woods. In this situation the enemy was more covered from view than the Americans who were fully exposed. The action lasted about an hour when the enemy's howitzer got disabled and left us in undisputed victory; we were highly pleased to see the British backs. Maj. Barnwell, afterwards General, with a small party of cavalry, acted with good effect on the enemy's flank and rear and took several prisoners in their retreat; we buried their dead and provided for their wounded; this office was performed with all the humanity that characterizes the Americans. I went with our officers to visit all the wounded British officers, and I felt for them as fair men suffering by the fortunes of war, and sought by every attention in my power to alleviate their distress, often reflecting that in a short while it might be my lot to suffer as they were and stand in need of the same human attention which was paid them. This was the only battle gained by the Americans in this campaign in South Carolina or Georgia.

A few days after this battle we returned to the mainland and camped a short time at Sheldon Bluffs. It was with real regret that we evacuated Port Royal Island, whose inhabitants had endeared themselves to us by their politeness and by their many friendly attentions shown to the officers of our Regiment during their stay on the Island. They were often invited to their private and public entertainments and also their barbecues or social dinings in the woods, held at stated and regular times, each gentleman of the place providing in turn a feast with a profusion of the best provisions and liquors that the place afforded. It was really an earthly paradise to us, and would to God we could have prevented the enemy from ever possessing themselves of Port Royal Island. I never saw at those entertainments any quarrel or disorderly behavior, all was social friendliness and politeness.

While we encamped at Sheldon, Gen. Lincoln, with the main Army occupied Pury'sburg and Black Swamps on the Savannah River. Gen. Lincoln had detached Gen. Ashe with 1,500 men into Georgia to awe and hinder the

Tories from joining the enemy at Savannah. Gen. Ashe posted himself at Briar Creek and was, on Mar. 3, 1770, surprised in his camp and defeated by Col. Prevost with his whole detachment killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters, with all his artillery and stores. This was a disastrous affair to our army and deranged Gen. Lincoln's plan of campaign. To remedy in some measure its consequences, Gen. Lincoln crossed the Savannah River into Georgia to prevent the enemy from extending themselves farther into the country, and to hinder the Tories and Indians from uniting with the British Army. Gen. Rutledge had marched to Orangeburg with the Militia, and was encamped there as an Army of Observation, and to secure Charleston, or Gen. Lincoln, if it were necessary. This was an excellent plan, worthy of a Rutledge, and was what saved Charleston from being taken soon afterwards by Gen. Prevost. Pursuant to this plan, I was ordered to Charleston to take charge of a detachment of thirty men. and two field pieces, with four ammunition wagons, to join Gen. Lincoln at Augusta. The enemy being informed of Lincoln's movement to Augusta, crossed the Savannah River, in his rear, and obliged Gen. Moultrie to retire from his position at Black Swamp, and form a junction with Gen. Rutledge to save Charleston. The enemy pressed on by forced march direct for Charleston, expecting to find it totally undefended, which certainly it would have been but for the vigilance and activity of Gov. Rutledge and Gen. Moultrie, and also for an imprudent halt that Prevost made on his march of ten days, which lost him Charleston. I had marched with my detachment towards my destined place, Augusta, and had arrived at Orangeburg on my way, when I found the Governor had retreated and was hastily retracing his steps to Charleston. On my arrival at Orangeburg I received orders to join the Gov. as soon as possible. I promptly obeyed orders and on May 11th, 1779, I joined him at the Quarter House. All this time Gen. Moultrie retired before the enemy, throwing difficulties in his way and opposing him at every pass to retard his march, especially Chulifenny and Coosawhatchie, where they had a skirmish. If we had had a regiment of cavalry, it would have enabled Gen. Moultrie and the Governor, with their different commands having now arrived at Charleston, to have better prepared to defend the city. On the night of the 11th of May, the enemy crossed the Ashley River, and the next day Gen. Prevost, with about nine hundred men, appeared before the lines and demanded a surrender of the City. Upon this a council was held, the majority of which voted for the neutrality of the State during the War, and sent Cols. Smyth and McIntosh to confer with Prevost on the subject. They received for an answer that he did not come in a legislative capacity, but if Col. Smyth pleased he would show the proposal to the General. Upon meeting them a second time he told them that he had nothing to do with the Governor, but that his business was with Moultrie. His Spartan answer was, "We will fight it out." I, for my part, could never for a moment have supposed that such particular and independent spirits as composed that Council and filling such high, honorable and responsible positions as they held, could dishonor themselves and sacrifice the dearest interest of their country and its independence, by entering into a Treaty of Neutrality with the enemy, and that before the consequences of a battle or attack upon the town were known. Their plan was certainly to prolong the conferences as long as they could, and amuse the enemy by new proposals, to give Lincoln time to come up, and themselves time to prepare for defense.

Gen. Gadsden and Thomas Ferguson, two of the Council, disagreed in opinion with the others, and proposed to defend the town to the last extremity. Upon the arrival of Gen. Pulaski with his legion, he sallied out of the lines and attacked the enemy. Some were killed on both sides, Pulaski lost his brave old Colonel Cowrtch, who fell bravely in the conflict refusing to take quarter at the last moment, according to the report of the British deserters, who said that they were present when he was killed. On the night of the 12th, a false alarm occasioned a firing of cannon and musketry along the whole extent of the lines, from river to river. This continued blaze of artillery and small arms appeared to my view amidst the darkness of the night from the horn works, where I was stationed, as if the horizon was on fire; with repeated peals of thunder it was awfully sublime. It had its effect on the enemy, who judging from the extent and the steadiness of our fire, that our lines were far better manned and stronger than they had apprehended, and the garrison more numerous. Under these impressions they retreated during the night, and by the morning of the 13th they were on the West side of the Ashley River; no other consequences that I know of except the death of the

brave and patriotic Maj. Huger, who in returning with a reconnoitering party, was unfortunately killed near our own lines by our own guns.

Why is not a monument raised to the memory of those two officers; are none but generals to be honored? When a secret hint was given to the Continental officers in town, by a minority in the above Council to surrender Charleston to the British on terms of neutrality during the War, the shock was indescribable, and received by them with contempt. I recollect the time well and the attendant circumstances; had they attempted to carry it into effect, the consequences, perhaps, would have been fatal to the majority. It was agitated in the corps of the Continentals, and in the ancient battalion of Artillery to revenge themselves on those who had disgraced them, then unite and either cut their way through the enemy, or retreat across the Cooper River and march up the country and join Gen. Lincoln.

Our Army was by this time fast approaching, and the enemy fearful of being hemmed in between Lincoln's Army and Moultrie's in town, tho't it prudent to abandon the Mainland, retire to the Islands and fortify themselves at Stono Ferry, where they could be supplied with fresh provisions and supported by the shipping.

Upon the arrival of Gen. Lincoln, preparations were made to attack them in their lines at Stono Ferry on June 20th, 1779. After the enemy had five weeks time to fortify themselves, instead of attacking them at once, while unfortified, the attack was to be simultaneous at two points; by Lincoln on the front of their lines, and by Moultrie from Charleston, on their rear. I was attached to Gen. Moultrie's Division. Gen. Lincoln commenced the attack at the time and place agreed upon, but, not being supported by Moultrie's Division, was repulsed with loss; but the enemy suffered severely too, for during the battle two complete companies of British Regulars sallied out of their works with the intention of flanking and charging our troop. They were met and charged in a very gallant manner by our Infantry, under command of Col. Henderson and Maj. Pinckney, with such success that very few of them returned to their works. Here fell gallant Col. Owen Roberts of the Continental Regt. of Artillery of S. C. His name and justly acquired fame are recorded on the pages of history. Posterity will know and honor his memory. When he received his mortal wound his son, Capt. Richard Brooke Roberts, came to him to soothe him and receive his blessing. Raising his head, he said, "Farewell, my son, go and do your duty; do not mind me." On the part of Gen. Moultrie every exertion and necessary preparation was made that lay in his power; the troops were all ready on the wharfs to embark and lay on their arms all night, but from some cause, I could not learn what, the quartermaster failed in procuring the necessary number of boats to transport the troops to their destined point in the attack. If they had been procured it would have availed us nothing for the enemy had stationed vessels in Wappoo Cut and our unarmed vessels and boats could not have forced their way through them. I believe this was the cause of our repulse, and the cause of death to many a brave man. If Moultrie's Division could have reached the point of attack in time, I feel sure from the spirit that actuated our men, we should have beaten the men and gained a complete victory. In this battle, Capt. James Mitchell of our Regiment, was wounded in the leg, the effect of which he never got over. Some time after the battle of Stono, the enemy retreated from island to island into Georgia, there to defend Savannah from the attack threatened by Gen. Lincoln and De Estaing. I was now thought by my superior officers to be competent to command a company, tho' only a lieut., so I was appointed to important and dangerous commands. This country, lately possessed by British and Tories, required great vigilance, activity and fidelity to conduct it in safety. This was the second time that I was ordered to join Gen. Lincoln in Augusta, with thirty men and two field pieces, etc. I surmounted every difficulty and danger and arrived safely at my destined point. Before my arrival, Gen. Lincoln marched with his army to meet Comte De Estaing and his army to besiege Savannah. Upon my arrival at Augusta, I received orders to proceed on to Savannah with my command, without even a day's rest, making a march of about 260 miles. I immediately obeyed orders and followed the route of a retreating enemy, Lincoln's army in pursuit, of course an exhausted country, the roads had been rendered almost impassable, all the bridges

were burned down by the retreating enemy, and but slightly repaired by our army. They were also obstructed by felled trees, infested by deserters of both armies and brigands of out-lying negroes and Tories. Overcoming every difficulty, I reached Savannah in safety and joined my Regiment, which had united with the French to besiege that city. Upon my arrival, I found some difference of opinion had existed between the commander of the French and the American armies relating to the mode of military operation to be pursued. It was said that the French insisted on that of a regular siege, the Americans on that of immediate assault before the enemy could have time to strengthen their lines and receive further re-inforcements. The opinion of the French officers prevailed, and the usual protracted formalities incident to regular approaches in sieges commenced. It was on September 12, 1779, that the French army appeared before Savannah. On the 16th, De Estainge summoned the garrison to surrender on the 17th; Colonel Maitland of the British with his detachment of four hundred passed De Estainge's army and entered Savannah on the 18th; the Americans joined the French on the 23rd, broke ground, and the 4th of October opened fire from thirty seven battering cannon and nine mortars from the land side, and sixteen battering cannons from the water side. The interval between the 12th of September and the 4th of October, the enemy was diligently employed in strengthening their lines, and the re-inforcement under Maitland gave life and energy to their efforts, and promised to render the siege more difficult and protracted than was at first apprehended. Now De Estainge began to see his error too late. Since the hurricanes were approaching, he decided to fall in with the Americans' opinion and storm their works. Accordingly, on the 9th of October 1779, attacks were made by the two armies under their respective commands; the real one at a place called the Spring Hill Battery, and two false ones at different places of their works, by the Militia. The French column was repulsed at the ditch; the head of the American column crossed the ditch, planted their colors on the parapet and were then repulsed. Here Capt. Lieut. Donner of our regiment was killed by a grapeshot, as he stood by his field-piece, adjoining mine. He was a young gentleman of superior talent, brave to excess, and an honor to his family and country. For the cause of Independence and liberty he lost his life. He fought along side of me at the battle of Beaufort, and was killed along side of me at the battle of Savannah; yet his name, like many others, has perished with him. Here also Capt. Desassaure of the 2nd Regiment received his mortal wound. History has not honored their names with the slightest record. It remains yet for some able and impartial historian to do justice to many others equally deserving. The loss of both armies in this unfortunate siege was estimated at about one thousand men; the Americans lost two hundred and fifty. Here fell covered with glory; the historic Sergeant Jasper; Count Pulaski received a mortal wound and De Estainge, a slight one. We, as well as the French, lost a large number of valuable officers, whose names ought to be highly respected by their countrymen for their valor and patriotism. After the storm was over, I went with the party sent to bury the dead. Curiosity led me to see the field of battle. I found it strewn with brave men who had shed their blood and fell a sacrifice for their country's freedom, glory and independence. I felt the truth of the Latin expression, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." I helped to bury some of our men and paid the last ceremonies to the remains of Captain Donner.

During the siege, the enemy sated with extreme caution, vigilant and alert within their lines, never attempted a sortie, nor ventured to show themselves without their works. On the 18th, the French embarked on board their shipping, the American Army covered their retreat for twelve hours, and then repassed the Savannah River, during which time the enemy kept up the same line of conduct which they had adopted at the siege. They did not follow, nor in any wise attempt to impede or harass our retreat. This closed the disastrous campaign of 1779, by Ashe's defeat at Stono and the siege of Savannah. The battle of Beaufort was the only victory that graced the American arms in S. C., during this campaign.

During the siege of Savannah, a most extraordinary achievement was performed by Col. White, of the Georgia Militia, Captain Ethol and four others in capturing Captain French with one hundred British Regulars and five vessels, four of which were with fort sailors, at the Ogeechee River with all their equipment, arms stores, etc. The stratagem that Col. White used was in kindling up a large number of fires, representing a

great number of camps. While he and his four companions represented its patrols and ground rounds, hallooing out at intervals, "Ground rounds, stop and give the counter-sign", and frequently calling out, "All is well." From the impression that these stratagems created, one hundred soldiers, forty sailors and five vessels were surrendered to six Americans. I was well acquainted with Captain Etholm and had the above information from him. Such is the effect of panic on the human mind that it operates equally on the best-disciplined soldiers as well as on the undisciplined.

But a very short time from the fatigues and perils of war were allowed us. The British were reinforced from New York, on the 4th of Feb. 1780 by seventeen regiments of infantry and two hundred and fifty cavalry, with suitable infantry, under the command of Gen. Clinton, Cornwallis, and Gen. Prevost from Savannah. Upon the approach of this formidable host, all out-post and detachments were called into Charleston and every preparation was made to defend the city to the last extremity. On the 1st of April, 1780, the British appeared on the west side of the Ashley River at the ferry. I was stationed on the opposite side with a company of artillery and two field pieces. Col. Wallace, with his regiment of Virginians, was stationed there also. From the first moment that I had a view of them, I commenced firing on them, which seemed to stop them from crossing at that time. They perhaps amused us with a party there, while their main body crossed the River above us. Col. Wallace's Regiment and my company were ordered into town. This night the British Army crossed the Ashley River, reached Charleston, broke ground and began their first parallel at about eleven hundred yards from our works. As our garrison did not consist of more than two thousand Regulars, with the sailors of Commodore Whipple's fleet, who manned the batteries, on the East and South Bays with a few militia, they were too few to man the lines completely. Of course there were none to spare for sorties. While the enemy was forming their front parallel, we kept up a fire with our cannon and mortars; yet his works advanced, and he formed his second parallel. Our numbers, being small in proportion to our lines, no reliefs could be afforded to the men at their posts; the closer the enemy approached our works the more arduous, dangerous and incessant became our duties. The two last weeks of the siege, we lay continuously on our arms, neither a change of clothes nor a bed to rest upon. We reclined against the parapet until aroused by explosion of shells, the roar of cannon or the groans of the wounded. The last week of the siege our provisions began to fail us. Rice, molasses, and sugar were our principal food, and we tasted some of the distresses that besieged cities are often reduced to suffer; yet amidst such great privations our hearts were firm, knowing well we owed a life to our country if it stood in need of it, our hands were ready to defend the parapet of our works, inch by inch.

I was stationed on the left of the lines, in an advanced redoubt, properly called by the soldiers, "The Slaughter Pen." Before the enemy could pass the ditch, they must possess themselves of this redoubt, because it commanded the ditch as far as the Hammocks and also the Glaces, consequently it was the object of a heavy and constant fire. I have seen fourteen men killed and wounded in it in one night. The brave and patriotic Andrew Lord, a volunteer in our regiment, Col. Parker of the Virginia line, Capt. Wm. Mitchell of our Regiment, and many other brave men whose names I do not recollect, there fell a sacrifice to procure freedom and Independence for their country.

The enemy had now completed his third parallel. The garrison made a sortie to retard their approach. In this last effort Capt. Moultrie, brother to the General, was killed. The loss of the enemy was considerable but it availed us little. The time had now come when we must meet our fate, and sink under the horrors of a storm, or surrender, prisoners of War. The battle was preferred by those in command, and when I consider the overwhelming force opposed to us, and our strength failing us for want of food and rest, I can only wonder we were able to hold out so long.

Further resistance could only have hurried us to an untimely grave, and involved in infinite ruin the inhabitants of the city, with their families, as well as the city itself, for our engineers gave it as their opinion that our lines could be carried in ten minutes time. In addition to this, and our want of provisions and

ammunition, the citizens, on the 11th of May, 1780, addressed Gen. Lincoln, declaring their acquiescence in the terms of surrender, which the British sometime before had offered.

At the critical moment, if they had been outside our line, we would not have regarded them. It may be said that Charleston was doomed to fall, but I can testify that it did not fall until it had been defended to the last extremity. On the 12th of May 1780, the garrison marched out of their lines and laid down their arms, on the glacis, by virtue of a capitulation. I believe it is a fact that the British commanders were mortified when they saw the small number they had been contending against so long, and asked where was our second Division. Shortly after the surrender, a magazine, containing the loaded arms of the garrison and some powder blew up, and the whole of the British Guard was destroyed. How this accident happened is unknown. Another incident that took place some may think worthy of notice. The arm and hand of Pitt's statue that held the Charter of English liberties, placed in the square of Broad and Meeting Streets, was knocked off by a cannon ball fired by the British, from the battery on James Island, upward of a mile distant. Perhaps it was emblematic of their depriving the colonies of their liberties.

The garrison was sending prisoners on parole to Haddrell's Point, limited to six miles in circumference, and prohibited from crossing any arm of the sea, or water course, and afterwards hindered from gathering oysters from the banks, and fed with the refuse from their army's provisions. The officers were even deprived of their servants, by the enemy enticing them to run away to them and enlist. Thus they subjected the officers to every inconvenience which in the wantonness of their pride and power could be inflicted on them. Here I had my share of suffering and felt severely the want of necessary food and comfortable clothing, since I was a stranger without friends or relatives in Charleston to assist me in procuring the necessaries of life. A great number of the prisoners were sent to St. Augustine, Fla., and some on board prison ships. Those that remained were obliged to turn subject to the King. They could not befriend us without endangering themselves.

From the above causes I was obliged to depend on my own exertions and bear my hard lot as well as I could. Such food as was allowed me I cooked myself, my servants having deserted. With some difficulty I procured a few yards of coarse Russian Duck, which by persevering industry, I cut and sewed up into something resembling a hunting shirt and overall. These privations and sufferings were pressed upon us not without design; they were used as the means, in my opinion, to corrupt and force us to turn traitor to our own country. This appeared to me manifest by their offering, it was said, of a commission of the same grade in the British Army, to every American officer who would join them and abandon the cause of liberty. None of our continental officers betrayed the confidence reposed in them by their country, excepting Lieut. Wm. Love and William Oliphant. They sacrificed their honor, fidelity, patriotism, and courage; they took commission from the British and bore arms against their country, that they had pledged themselves to defend to the last.

The British finding that no other impression could be made on the American officers, either by their cruelty, or otherwise, and that they were all proof against treason and corruption, excepting the above, they used every artifice to corrupt and enlist our soldiers. A fray happened at Haddrell's Point between the servants of the officers and the British boatmen. These newfangled royal Negroes, subjects of his Britannic Majesty, George III, thought themselves superior to what they called American Rebels. The American hearts of liberty could not bear to be called Rebels by such, so a fray began and his Majesties' black subjects were driven off Haddrell's Point. The American officers very naturally took the part of their servants. I saw them driven over the creek at the Point into the marsh and several pistols fired at them. Col. Balfour, the British commander of Charleston, took this in high Dudgeon, and threatened to send the American officers to the West Indies. This stretch of tyrannical power, we could not bear the thoughts of submitting to. It was a breach of our paroles, on their part, and I am sure we would have rather died in the attempt to join our army under Gen. Green than to have submitted to such tyranny. It, however, gave rise to communications between the British Generals and ours which finally ended in the exchange of some prisoners and sending the remainder to

Jamestown, Virginia. It was reported amongst us, and I believe it to be a fact, that there were frequent communications between Gen. Green and our General at the point, and that Col. Grimke was often there. The officers had formed the plan, and put it partly into execution, to force their way through every opposition and join our Army, if the British had persisted in their design of sending us to the West Indies. For the purpose of joining our Army, the officers and their servants had armed themselves with what arms they had and marched out of their barracks, toward our general headquarters, with our blankets on our backs and our arms in our hands. What a grotesque figure we made. But on the way there we received the joyful news that we were to be sent to Jamestown, Va. (a town in ruins, built by the first settlers in 1607). We returned gladly to our quarters and prepared to embark on our voyage. Thus a great good was produced from a little patriotism in our common soldiers. It was my destiny to be in every dangerous enterprise since I joined the Army. The British were convinced that we were too dangerous neighbors at Haddrell's Point, and they were glad to get quit of us on almost any terms; and this time their affairs in the South began to have a gloomy appearance.

By a cartel, agreed upon between Gen. Green and the British commanders, what remained unexchanged of the prisoners at Haddrell's Point, were sent to Jamestown, on parole, but to keep at twelve miles distance from any British Post, or Garrison. We were landed safely there among its ruins and I, with a number of others, slept among them that night, or, rather tried to sleep. I lay down for that purpose, but sleep, for a long time, closed not my eyes. The ruins and catastrophes of many cities crowded into my mind, such as the ancient cities of Babylon, Thebes, Tyre, and Palmyra; and the still later ruins of towns burned in the present by full and relentless foes, fixed melancholy ideas in my mind concerning the past, present, and future destinies of man and his labors.

The great Sir Walter Raleigh, who had procured a patent from Queen Elizabeth to colonize Virginia, then passed in review; he who had enriched his country, not with mines of silver and gold, but with the corn, wheat, and tobacco of Virginia, the sword and shield of which state was the successful and victorious champion of the Cross against the Mohammeden Crescent. Again, I thought, I might be lying on the grave of some of the brave Indians or English warriors, or perhaps, on the ashes of some family murdered by the Indians, and their homes burned on them. These thoughts put me in mind of futurity and all the transitory scenes of this life, and its vanities, when all shall vanish away, as if they had never been. Even Washington, himself, the great and good, the father and liberator of his country and benefactor of many, with all the monuments raised to his memory by his country to perpetuate his fame, shall be swallowed up in the vortices of time and oblivion, without even a relic being left to say, " Here is Washington."

A second inundation of European Goths may at some future time lay in ashes our proud and stately public buildings and populous cities, with all our improvements in the arts and sciences; nay, those dedicated to the worship of the Most High may again be profaned by ungalloved hands, and overwhelmed in final ruins. Such were the thoughts that intercepted my repose amongst the ruins of Jamestown. I certainly think that there are times in the course of our lives, when the Soul- that ethereal spark- that breath of Divinity itself when divested of all its earthly concerns receives heavenly communications and flies off, unfettered and unrestrained to the utmost limits of space, to the very confines of eternity, viewing in its progress the wonderful works of the Almighty Architect of the universe, and wishing to unite itself with its great original, and to acknowledge its dependence on its maker and creator.

From Jamestown, we went to Williamsburg; from there the officers scattered in every direction. Some went to visit their friends and family, agreeable to their paroles; some few, myself among them, went to Richmond, where we received some psy. From there I traveled by land, to Alexandria and Baltimore, and went by water to Philadelphia. In that city I was doomed to pass what I called an Arctic winter, in comparison with that of the Charleston winters. In the uncomfortable and ill provided barracks of that city, I suffered, but I was accustomed to suffering, and my spirits did not sink under it. While there stationed, I received six

Guineas, forwarded to me by an uncle living in Providence, Rhode Island, by the hands of a member of Congress, with an invitation to visit him.

Now my sufferings were at an end. This small supply afforded me much relief, enabling me to procure some of the comforts of life, and furnished me with the mean of visiting this kind friend, with whom I remained until peace was made (still a prisoner on parole), enjoying many of the luxuries of life with the refinements of polished society. This was an era of real happiness to me, for on Dec. 1, 1783, arrived in this country Capt. Silas Deane, from London, with the long looked for Treaty of Peace.

It was celebrated with every effusion of joy that the inhabitants of Providence could display. The Military turned out with their music and colors; the vessels in the harbor were adorned with their colors, with cannon and musketry firing; joy was painted on every face and congratulations hung on every tongue. The temple of Janus was again shut in the United States, and the Clergy solemnly rendered thanks to the Almighty Disposer of all events. But who can express the feelings of the war-worn soldiers on this occasion?

None but they, who like him, faithfully served their country during the war, through every vicissitude of change and fortune, they who bravely presented their breasts to the bayonets, they who stood firmly against the leaden storm, and they who dye the hostile steel with their precious blood these can feel, if they cannot write. They certainly merit the gratitude and thanks of their country and some reward to make their setting sun go down clear.

Perhaps to some people of the present day, the sufferings and hardships borne by the Continental Army may appear incredible, and without any foundation in truth, I refer them to the facts recorded in the Revolutionary Histories of the War, and other public documents, as well as to individual information. Their being paid in depreciated, unfounded money was unjust. One author says that "the depreciation of the Continental Money, and the manner of redeeming it, can never be considered by an honest mind, without feelings of deep regret."

It began at different periods in the different states, but in general about the middle of 1777, two years after its appearance. In that year the depreciation was three for one; and in 1778, it increased to six for one; in 1779, twenty-eight for one, in 1780, sixty for one of silver. My pay was thirty-three and one-third per month; what was it worth in those periods? In 1777 it was worth about ten dollars; in 1778 about five dollars; in 1779 about one dollar, and in 1780 about one half a dollar. This sum had to buy our clothing, pay for its making, washing and other necessaries. If it had been like the widow's meal and oil, it would have answered all our wants.

At Haddrell's Point, those officers who had plantations and wealthy connections in Charleston, fared better than those of different circumstances. Of this class I was one of those who suffered as above related.

On the above scale of depreciation were our accounts settled with the public, and interest given us, but without any funds provided for their payment at that time. Of course they depreciated rapidly, and they who had the most confidence in the faith of the United States, by keeping their indents longest suffered the most. In the year 1790, I sold mine at one dollar in silver for ten in indents. So much for my in the public faith. There justly remains due me, nine-tenths of my service unpaid, with interest from that time. Upon this plan was Gen. Lafayette justly paid up all his arrears by our government. No excuse can now be given for not paying us. Money to overflowing is in the treasury, and a surplus lies, unapplied, every year. What, then, hinders us from being paid? What stops the current of Justice?

I remained at Providence, R. I. until the next spring, when I sailed for Charleston. On my arrival there, I saw some of the King's friends receive absolution by pump-water,--full absolution for Toryism. I settled my accounts with the public, and wrote in the Surveyor's office until the winter of 1788, when I removed into the backcountry and settled in Fairfield District. I finally located myself where I now reside, owning the very spot of ground where stood the school house in which I taught in my youthful and destitute days. It appears as if

Providence had destined the place for my residence and support. It has proven so, and under the continued blessings of Providence, I hope it shall remain so until my ashes rest in it.

Accustomed to the incessant activity of military life, I did not shrink from any performance of civil and military duty to which I might be called by the voice of my country. Indeed, since the Revolutionary War, both civil and military offices have been assigned me. I was elected and commissioned Captain of Artillery in the Militia of the State on July 4th, 1794; and as Major on December 16th, 1797; as Judge of the County Court of Fairfield on May 22, 1795; and as Sheriff on December 10th, 1803. But I have now done with all commissions, both civil and military, having arrived at that period of life, being in my 74th year, when retirement, contentment, and peace of mind must be essential to the comfort of my declining constitution, in the bosom of my family, in the dutiful and affectionate regards of my children and grand-children and the consciousness, I trust, of a well-spent and useful life. I look for that contentment, that peace of mind, which neither ambition, vanity, nor the glittering pomps and follies of this world can give. Thus I close a brief and rapid sketch of my past life, and grateful to the Almighty Power who has wonderfully shielded me in the day of battle, preserved me, guided and directed me through the many scenes of a long life, upheld, supported and bountifully blessed me with all the things necessary for me. I earnestly desire to devote the remainder of my days to His service, and still to be doing good to my fellow man, when it is in my power to do it. To my children I have yet to redeem a pledge given in the first part of my recollections, viz; to redeem from oblivion the names of some of my brave companions in arms, as much as I can.

Col. Owen Roberts, who commanded the Regiment, in which I served, I have noted was killed in the Battle of Stono, and that History has recorded his name and fame, so far as it is but justice. He was my patron and friend, and I delight to speak of him. Bred to arms in his native country, England, he was particularly serviceable in diffusing military knowledge among the less informed of the American officer. I owe all my military knowledge and engineering to him. His memory is sacred to me--a friend, a soldier and a patriot.

Lieut. Col. Bernard Elliott, of the same Regiment, of him I can say scarcely too much. He was a gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar. I was particularly favored with his friendly attention, advice, and instruction; but the regiment and his country had early to deplore their loss. He died in Charleston and was buried with all the military honors that the Army could bestow.

Col. Barnard Beekman was an excellent artillery officer in every branch of science connected with his artillery duties. He survived the War and was buried in Charleston. His memory should be respected by his countrymen.

Lieut. Col. John F. Grimke, of the same Regiment, well deserves to be remembered as a brave and intelligent officer. He was the true patriot whose whole soul was devoted to the cause of his country. In that cause he suffered as much as any other man from the malice of the enemy, when he fell into their hands at the siege of Charleston. He also experienced ungrateful persecution, but his innocence caused the shafts of his enemies to fall harmless at his feet. I respect his memory, and must say that in every station in which he was placed to save his country, whether in civil, or military line, he did faithfully his duty; and his native state is benefitted more by his writing than it is by any others that have attempted the like. He well deserved the gratitude and esteem of his country and his writings entitle him to say, "Eagi? moneemenlum ere perennis." Maj. Ephriam Mitchell and his two brothers, Capt. James and William Mitchell, were brave and excellent officers. Firm and unshaken in the midst of every danger and every trial, Capt. William Mitchell was killed in the siege of Charleston. The other two survived the war and lived to see the Independence acknowledged, which they had so strongly contended for; but the hardships and sufferings they had undergone brought them both to an untimely grave. Maj. Mitchell died at his plantation near the 45 mile house. Capt. James Mitchell died in Winnsboro, under the hospitable roof of Maj. R. Winn, and is buried in the skirts of that town without a stone to tell where he lies, until one was set up by his friend - the author- in 1820. Neither of them

has left descendants. Maj. Mitchell filled the office of Surveyor General of the State, and Capt. James Mitchell, that of Treasurer of the State.

Capt. Lieut. Bernard Elliott, of the same Regiment, nephew to Col. Elliott, was of a weakly and consumptive habit of body. His education was liberal; his manners polite and refined; his conduct, moral and religious. He was esteemed in his Regiment as a brave and accomplished officer, and one of those lieutenants that could have commanded an army with éclat. For a considerable length of time he and I were the only officers in Fort Lyttleton. Of course I knew him well and profited by his talents and knowledge.

The Reverend Moreon was the Chaplain of our Regiment. He was a pious and good man, and conducted himself in a Christian-like manner. He belonged to the Episcopal Church, and died soon after I joined the Regiment. An anecdote is told of him as a fact: upon his death-bed, he prayed that he might die on a Sunday morning at the time the people were going to hear divine service in the church in which he had preached. This happened at the precise time. A pious mind may easily deduce something highly cheering, comforting and encouraging in the above circumstances, especially when we consider the person, his holy-office, his prayer, and its exact accomplishments.

The other officers of the Regiment, whom I have not named, were brave and patriotic men of good information. On all occasions, they faithfully did their duty to their country in the gloomiest times of the war. One of our Lieuts. was made a General in the French service, William Tate.

Col. John Winn--the patriotism and services of this good man are unquestionable. His sufferings in the cause of liberty and his unshaken constancy in bearing them, even when by the sentence of a military despot, Cornwallis, death stared him in the face. He was one of the founders of the town of Winnsboro and of the Mount Zion Society.

General Richard Winn--of this brave man I need but say little, for he is well known. He entered the services of his country in the Third Regiment of this State, commanded by Col. William Thompson. He commanded at Fort Stilla, with thirty-two men, against Col. Brown of the British Army with four hundred men. He bravely defended the Fort for some time and at last gained an honorable capitulation for himself and men, and arrived safely back in S. C. with his party. With him, Capt. John Hollis, who nobly refused a British commission offered him by Brown, if he would join the British. After this, Capt. Winn resigned his commission in the regular service and took a commission in the militia, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of General. He fought the enemy at Mobley's, at Bratton's, and at Hanging Rock, when he shed his blood for his country and spent his youthful and best days in her service. The public service of the two brothers cannot be estimated too highly. He was also a Member of Congress in his election District, and in every capacity, civil, or military, he faithfully did his duty. He, in conjunction with others, promoted the formation of the Mt. Zion Society and of the town of Winnsboro.

John Stark, Esquire, while under military age, turned out in the Militia of this State--a daring young soldier who exposing himself unnecessarily, got dangerously wounded. While in the most dangerous stage of his cure, the Tories took him prisoner and inhumanly dragged him to Camden, and as cruelly treated him in the Provost. Before his wound was well healed, they sent him and five other patriots, under a guard of thirteen men, to Charleston. On the way there, he formed a plan to escape, and the six men took thirteen well-armed British regulars prisoner, paroled them as prisoners of war, and then made their escape and joined our army. This ought not to be forgotten. I never knew a Stark who did not bravely defend the cause of Liberty and Independence.

Some observations on the formation of the Army in S. C. and on the conduct of it in S.C., and Georgia, until the fall of Charleston, May 12, 1780.

In the state of S. C., six regiments were raised of the Continental Establishment. The third, commanded by Col. William Thompson, was Rangers, or Cavalry, and was well calculated for that service. It was recruited principally from the backcountry of active, healthy, robust young men and excellent horsemen. It would have made excellent cavalry, and would have been of infinite service in the following campaign but for some unaccountable conduct in the War Office, it was changed into an Infantry Regiment, and our Southern Army was dismembered of one of its most powerful, arms; for the artillery and cavalry were considered as its two arms.

I shall only mention a few instances in which cavalry would have been of incalculable advantage to the public service in this state and Georgia. In December 1778, at Savannah, if our General Howe had had a squadron, or two, of cavalry to have watched the landing and motions of the enemy, they could not have gained his flank, unperceived, nor have been surprised by having it turned. While they amused him in front, he would have had timely notice of their approach; he would have had time to retreat with all his artillery, baggage, stores, etc., and been able to show an imposing front to his foes. The public stores, vessels, and artillery could have either been carried off or destroyed, whereas all fell into the enemy's hand.

The next disaster that I will mention is Gen. Ashe's defeat at Briar Creek, Georgia. If he had had a few cavalry attached to his command, he could not have been surprised as he was, nor have met with a total defeat at noonday. Was the fault his, or the fault of the organization of his command? He certainly ought to have had cavalry with him, to have patrolled the country all around, to have brought him timely intelligence of the approach of the enemy; and to have kept up a communication with the main army under Lincoln; and as an escort to convoys, and to have taken up deserters from the army, and all suspicious persons as spies.

Without doubt Gen. Ashe was a brave, patriotic man, but had he all the qualifications of the vigilant and active partisan that could practice all the stratagems of war, or had he sufficient resources of mind to meet any sudden emergency, or attack, of enterprise against the enemy? His surprise in the middle of the day in his camp may answer these questions. His situation was truly critical and dangerous, with the large deep and broad river, Savannah, between him and Gen. Lincoln, prevented him receiving supplies or reinforcements in case of defeat, which afterwards happened, and numbers of the vanquished drowned, which would have been prevented if Gen. Lincoln had caused a Tote de Pone to be constructed on each bank of the river. Then both wings of the Army would have been connected and have given each other mutual assistance. It is astonishing that he neglected this part of his military duty on that unfortunate day. The next error that Gen. Lincoln committed was marching his army into Georgia and not leaving a sufficient number of men under Moultrie to oppose the enemy. If they crossed into S. C., which they soon actually did, and drove Gen. Moultrie before them into Charleston, which they could have taken by a coupe de main, if they had halted two days on their march, which gave Moultrie's and some other detachments time to arrive in Charleston and to put it into a posture of defence. Here cavalry was particularly wanted. They could have obstructed Gen. Prevost's march and harassed him in his advances, and thus given Lincoln time to have come up with him, and the army in Charleston time to prepare for defence.

The want of cavalry was so great while the Army was stationed opposite Stono Ferry. Our Regiment alone could have prevented the plundering parties of the enemy from distresses on the mainland, and could have constantly harrassed him in his lines with sham attacks, and could have saved the many valuable lives that were lost in the Battle of Stono,

I think it was very imprudent of General Lincoln to have risked that battle after having given the enemy six weeks in which to fortify himself. It was indeed true chivalry not to take advantage of his enemy until he had got his army strongly entrenched and flanked by his shipping, and his rear supported by his troops on John's Island; and constantly reinforced by him during the battle against our troop, drawn up in line, without their flanks being covered. He ought not to have allowed the enemy time to fortify himself, but to have attacked him on his first arrival, as Jackson did the enemy at New Orleans. If this action was brought solely to know

the quality of the S.C. troops, as I know no other cause for it, they certainly gave convincing proofs of their bravery, discipline and steadiness in battle. It was a useless waste of lives that did no good. I have heard it given as an excuse for fighting that battle that it hastened their retreat from John's Island, improbable kind of reasoning, that a beaten enemy could cause a victorious army to retreat. The true and real cause of their retreat from John's Island was the unexpected visit of the Compte De Estainge' s Fleet and army to our coast that caused them to concentrate their army in Savannah, or near it; this happened about three months after the battle of Stono, a hasty retreat, to be sure.

Every military man knows that a retreating army ought be harrassed by cavalry. Every exertion ought to have made to have raised a regiment of cavalry in this State; it ought always to have kept the field. It would then have been a rallying point for our army and militia. During the siege of Charleston, it ought to have been joined by the garrison at Ft. Moultrie with the brave and experienced Col. C.C. Pinckney at their head, with all the supernumerary officers in Charleston and all the horses there, both public and private, they would then have been the means of mounting a corps of cavalry. They ought not to have stopped at Monk' Corner or Lanneau's Ferry, but have crossed the Santee River and there watched in safety. Reinforcements from the north and our own patriots and Beaufort's corps would have soon joined them, and it would have been saved from defeat.

These would have soon formed another army, equal in number and discipline to the one lost in Charleston. This new army would have been joined, and aided too, by the civil authority, which would have caused the militia to turn out and join them and a few more officers, such as Sumter, Marion, etc., would have formed an army that could have kept possession of the back country and would have given time for reinforcements to arrive from the northward.

Our defeats in Carolina were owing to the enemy's superiority in cavalry and his quick movements with it. Similar quick movements gave similar success to Sumter, Marion etc., and this was all owing to a well-mounted cavalry, commanded by an intrepid, enterprising officer. Had the proper organization of our army taken place we would never had had to evacuate S. C. We would have soon been joined by such men as fought at King's Mountain and at Cowpens, and we would have had the honor and glory of defending our own state and conquering its enemies, both foreign and domestic. We would not have had to depend on a sister state for a commanding officer when we possessed the talents and energies of a Gladden, the firmness of a Moultrie, and the bravery of a Huger and Pinckney, and other great and enterprising leaders that arose in every part of the State.

Capt. Basquen was lying by William A. Lord, when Lord was killed, but Basquen escaped unhurt.

Col. Jess Havis was an exact duplicate of John Stark, Esq.; they were as congenial in their friendship to each other as they were in their patriotism to their country. Havis turned out in the cause of liberty whilst he was under the military age, and did the duties of his father and his own. He volunteered upon every occasion that offered. After the war, he was elected Captain of Cavalry and rose to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry in the Militia. He was elected a member of the House of Assembly in this State. He served as my deputy Sheriff and did the whole of my outdoor business. He was brave and patriotic and a true and sincere friend. To the poor he was liberal and to all men was just.

(signed)HENRY MOORE

This manuscript was copied from typed copies made about 1940 by Henrietta S. Hood Dawson (Mrs. George Robert Dawson) and her daughter, Margaret Dawson Jennings. The spelling and punctuation differed slightly in places. The source of the manuscript they used is unknown. It may have been in the collection of Mary Wylie Strange, a cousin of my mother, Henrietta Hood Dawson. I do not know if the original still exists. This journal is referred to, and portions quoted, in genealogical papers concerning Henry Moore and his family.

Edward Hood Dawson

Library Additions – Added by FCGS to Library Collection

<u>The South Carolina Magazine of Ancestral Research, Volume L, No. 4, Fall 2022</u> Brent H. Holcomb	FCGS
<u>Celtic Columbia</u> Tom Elmore	FCGS
<u>The Scandalous Lives of Carolina Belles Marie Boozer and Amelia Feaster</u> Tom Elmore	FCGS
<u>Columbia Civil War Landmarks</u> Tom Elmore	FCGS
<u>Potter's Raid Through South Carolina, The Final Days of the Confederacy</u> Tom Elmore	FCGS
<u>A Carnival of Destruction, Sherman's Invasion of South Carolina</u> Tom Elmore	FCGS
<u>Encyclopedia of South Carolina Indians, Volume 1 & 2</u> Many Contributors, Published by Somerset Publishers, Inc.	FCGS

Library Additions – Added by Friends and Members to Library Collection

<u>When The Yankees Come</u> <u>Former Carolina Slaves Remember Sherman's March From The Sea</u> Paul C. Graham	Jim Scarr
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<u>The Ancestry and Descendants of Learner Blackman Harrison, 1815-1902</u>	Harrison Black, M.D.
<u>Five Generations of the Family of Burr Harrison of Virginia, 1650-1800</u>	John P. Alcock
<u>Goochland County Virginia Wills & Deeds, 1728-1736</u>	Benjamin B. Weisiger, III
<u>Virginia Genealogical Research</u>	George K. Schweitzer, Ph. D., Sc. D.
<u>Shealy Family, 1752-1941 A Genealogical and Biographical Record</u>	Shealy Family Committee
<u>The World and Ridgeway, South Carolina</u>	Urban Whitaker and Bruce E. Davis
<u>Baldwin Family History</u>	American Genealogical Research Institute
<u>Historic Glimpses of St. Simons Island, 1736-1924</u>	Coastal Georgia Historical Society
<u>St. Peter's Church, St. George's, Bermuda</u>	Bermuda Historical Quarterly, Vol. XI, No. 1, 1954
<u>Blue Key, Directory of the University of S. C., 1948-1949</u>	U.S.C. Chapter of Blue Key Honor Fraternity
<u>A Record of the Descendants of Isaac Ross and Jean Brown And the Allied Families of Alexander, Conger, Harris, Hill, King, Killingsworth, Mackey, Moores, Sims, Wade, etc.</u>	Anne Mims Wright
<u>Andrew Harrison of Essex County, Virginia</u>	James E. Harrison
<u>Ruben Harrison McKinney of Kentucky and Missouri, 1808-1881</u>	Dorothy P. Gross

<u>My Kennedy Ancestors of Fairfield County, South Carolina</u>	Gayle Marie Kennedy
<u>A Preliminary Study of the Colonial Landowners of Orangeburgh Township, SC, 1733-1749</u>	Margaret G. Waters
<u>Kirkland Source Book of Records, V. 1</u> (3 indices)	Schladensky, Kirkland, Green, Leonard
<u>Lake Murray South Carolina Burial Records, 1981</u>	Columbia Chapter of S. C. Genealogical Society
<u>Virginia in 1740: A Reconstructed Census</u>	T.L.C. Genealogy
<u>Fairfield County Cemeteries Volume II (Eastern Section of County)</u>	Jon E. Davis
<u>Death Notices Listed in the Fairfield Herald and The News and Herald</u>	Jon E. Davis
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<u>South Carolina Wills 1670-1853 or Later</u>	Mary Bondurant Warren
<u>South Carolina Genealogical Society, Inc., 30th Annual Summer Workshop, July 13th – July 14th, 2001 Program</u>	South Carolina Genealogical Society
<u>South Carolina Genealogical Society, Inc., 33rd Annual Summer Workshop, July 9th – July 10th, 2004 Program</u>	South Carolina Genealogical Society
<u>South Carolina Genealogical Society, Inc., 47th Annual Summer Workshop, July 12th – July 13th, 2019 Program</u>	South Carolina Genealogical Society
<u>The Carolina Herald and Newsletter, South Carolina Genealogical Publications, Volume XXX, July, August, September 2002 No. 3</u>	South Carolina Genealogical Society
<u>The Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer, The Representative of Southern Agriculture, Semi-Monthly, Volume 63, Number 1, 1905</u>	Dr. Jas. B. Hunnicutt
<u>The South Carolina Magazine of Ancestral Research, Volume XLVIII, No. 4, Fall 2020</u>	Brent H. Holcomb
<u>NGS Magazine Volume 46, Number 1, January-March 2020</u>	National Genealogical Society
<u>The 1920 Federal Population Census, Catalog of National Archives Microfilm</u>	National Archives Trust Fund Board
<u>The National Genealogical Society 1987 Conference in the States Program (2 copies)</u>	The North Carolina Genealogical Society
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<u>A History of the County of Ilse of Wight, Virginia, during the Seventeenth Century, including abstracts of county records. Volume I & II</u>	John Bennett Boddie
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<u>John Hill 1735-1803, Son of Henry Hill of Frederick, Maryland</u>	L. P. Hill, Jr.
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Information, Letters and Family Group Sheets on William Hill of Chester County, S.C. (Binder)	Rita Hill Pullum
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Genealogy of a Hill Family of Edgefield Co., S.C. (including Family Group Information, Binder)	Robert R. Hill, Sr.
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Old Woodward History (Binder)	Robert R. Hill, Sr.
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William Woodward Dixon

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Ordinary Court Records - 1830 to 1900

The Augusta Genealogical Society (AGS) will soon be publishing a compilation of the names shown in the Richmond County Ordinary Court Guardian Bonds Books 1 through 6 covering the years 1830 to 1900. There are nearly 2,000 minors and about 850 guardians that were abstracted from these six books.

The book lists the name of the minor, the name of the minor's parent, the name of the guardian, the amount of the bond, the date the bond was registered with the Clerk, and the book/page number where the original information was found.

The book is divided into three sections. In the first section, all of the nearly 2000 records are arranged alphabetically, indexed by minor. In the second section, all of the nearly 2000 records are arranged alphabetically, indexed by parent. In the third section, all of the nearly 2000 records are arranged alphabetically, indexed by guardian.

This book will be 174 pages. It will be hard bound, on archival quality paper with a faux leather cover. Between now and April 30, 2023, this book can be pre-purchased for \$70 each plus \$10 postage and handling for each copy. Initially, we are printing just 50 copies that should be ready to ship to you by the end of April 2023. To order this book, please

If you wish to have it mailed to you, complete the order form below and mail the form along with \$80 to Augusta Genealogical Society, PO Box 3743, Augusta, GA, 30914; or If you wish to come to the AGS Adamson Library and buy the book while you are there, please contact us to make an appointment to meet you there. The price for copies not mailed is \$70 (tax included).

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This list may not be all inclusive. If you do not see your name or if the surnames for you need to be revised, please contact us so we can update our records. Also, please let us know if you would like to correspond with one of our members. If your name is not on the following list of **2023 members**, then you **may** need to renew your membership, please do so by checking with us. Remember membership year runs from January 1st until December 1st. We now honor any membership payments after Thanksgiving to be for the following year of membership. On February 1st, the Members Only password was changed. If you did not receive an email with a renewal letter, please let us know. The Member Only password is included in the renewal letter.

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Baird	Paula Hamiter	Hamiter, Turnipseed (Rebasmen), McKinstry (Mckinstree), Wafer, Harrington, Fields, Hamblen, Lake, Norris, Reavis, Kenemore
Blackwell	Gloria Douglas	Bell, Bigham, Brown, Carson, Chappell, Coleman, Crosby, Gladney, Grier, Henry, Mills, McMaster, Montgomery, Pritchett, Rabb, Shedd, Watson, Wilkes
Brown	Woodrow	Brown, Stone
Butts	Madelyn	Rion
Callaway	Nancy	Buchanan, Felder
Coleman	Susan	Buchanan, Coleman, Meador/Meadow, McGraw, Moberly, Yongue
Cooper	Dorothy T.	Timms, Young, Yongue
Cousar	Sanita	Chisholm, Chisom, Coleman, Feaster, Moore, Alexander, Jackson, Shelton
Delleney, Jr.	F.G. (Greg)	Delleney, Nelson, Woodward
Dix	Scott	Cathcart and associated family names
Elliott	Karen	McCarley, McKee, Elliott, Phillips

Ellison	Mark	Ellison, Moore, Adger
Ellison	Willie	Ellison
Forman	Liz	Ragsdale, McMeekin, Stanton, Owen
Hamilton	Holly	Broom, Broome, McKeanon
Haywood	Frances Owens	Boyce, Brown, Cranford, Dillard, Duncan, Epps, Owens, Prather, Quiller, Raiford, Ray, Turner
Hesler	Julia (Julie) Palmer	Macon, Young, Vann, Turner, Woodward
Hill, Jr.	Robert Ray	Hill, Woodward
Hollis	John	Dowey, Hollis, Hood, Watts
Hollis	Mary Ann	Ladd, Hentz, Cromer, Owings, Lemmon, Lauderdale, Bundrick, Closson, Cooper, Corbitt, Bundrick, Crosson, Cooper, Corbitt, Halfacre, Hoover, Lake, Sligh, Wicker
Hopper	William (Bill) D.	Mayben/Maybin, Mobley
Hunter	William (Bill) C.	Ferguson, Henderson, Hunter
Killian, Jr.	Robert Edward "Eddie"	Father's side: Allen, Avera, Barrington, Batte, Beatenbaugh, Bedenbaugh, Bennett, Biddlescomb, Bidenbach, Biggers, Blackwell, Brewer, Bridson, Bright, Cain, Chapman, Cheshire, Cocke, Coefield, Coleman, Cook, Cooke, Cornwell, Cosner, Crenshaw, Crosby, Danby, Daniel, Davis, Dean, Dempsey, Dennys, DeParham, DeRuel, Devereaux, Dominick, Doughty, Downs, Eddings, Estes, Fitch, Fountayn, Fox, Gain, Gaine, Gate, Gaury, Gayne, Gilliam, Goodwin, Goodwyn, Goree, Gory, Gray, Green, Gregory, Grigg, Queens, Henshaw, Holmes, Hughes, Humphries, Jagers, Jasper, Jeffares, Jones, Killian, Koon, Ledbetter, Lipham, Liles, Lyles, Mabry, Maclin, Manning, Mask, Mathis, McJunkin, Meador, Mobberly, Moberly, Mobley, Moore, Moulton, Newland, Onions, Parham, Parks, Penn, Pettypool, Pinchin, Pinchine, Pool, Poole, Porter, Pressley, Queens, Rainey, Revels, Richardson, Roe, Rossiter, Sartor, Sharpe, Simson, Skerry, Smythe, Soffe, Solfe, Stafford, Starkey, Stone, Streshley, Tapley, Tarpley, Taylor, Usgate, Ussery, Vardeeman, Walzinger, West, Williamson, Willomot, Wiseman, Woods Mother's side: Adams, Aldridge, Ashworth, Blackmon, Bray, Cassel, Clark, Cook, Damron, Ellis, Enloe, Ervin, Gardner, Harvey, Horton, Kay, Knight, Massey, Miller, Milne, Montgomery, Penbury, Preene, Roberts, Ruth, Singleton, Strain, Truesdale, Warner, Watts, Whitaker, Worrall
Kirkland	Thomas Jefferson	Alston, Black, Cook, Kirkland
Lowry, III	John W. & Tracy	Lowry, Strong
Lyles	James	Allen, Brown, Boozer, Burr, English, Dunlap, Gantt, Hancock, Harrison, Hay, Lawson, Lyles, Lynisson, McCaw, McGehee, Morris, Pearce, Peay, Pelham, Russell, Skinner, Shillito, Todd, Tyler, Witherspoon, Wood, Woodward
Lyles	Pelham	Allen, Brown, Boozer, Burr, English, Dunlap, Gantt, Hancock, Harrison, Hay, Lawson, Lyles, Lynisson, McCaw, McGehee, Morris, Pearce, Peay, Pelham, Russell, Skinner, Shillito, Todd, Tyler, Witherspoon, Wood, Woodward
Mallory	Lauren	DuBard, Ruff, Elkin, Pearson, Raiford, Weston, Kinsler, Stohler, Gredig, Rebasmen, Turnipseed, Voight
McCormac	Mary C.	McMaster, Elliott, Gooing, Rice, Buchanan, Fleming, Ferguson, Carlisle, Boatnight, Killock
McCreight	Jim and Char	McCreight
McKinstry	Jimmy Leroy	Alston, Bonner, Boyd, McKinstry, Mobley, Taliferro
McMaster	Kitt	McMaster
Means, Jr.	Robert T.	Means
Merz	Martha Hartin	Gibson, Hartin, Hearton, Wylie, Wiley
Morgan	Kenya	Barber, Boulware, Gladden, Gladney, McCullough, Weir, Young
Peabody	Donna	Broome, Hood, Neely, Raines
Pope	Natalie Renee	Adams, Boyce, Carroll, Lippard, Morrison, Pope, Porter

Pulver	Chris	McDaniel, McKemie
Shelton	Kenneth (Ken) A.	Shelton
Sung	Dr. Carolyn H.	Aiken, Ford, Gladden, Gibson, Hollis, Moore, Thompson, Wylie
Thompson	John	Thompson, Pack, Morrison, Lowe
Turbyfill	Sue	Byerly, Duncan, Dunkin, Loaner, Loner
Turner	Mary Catherine	Turner
Ulmer	Lawrence (Larry) S. & Marsha B.	Ulmer
Vinnacombe	Mary S.	Bundrick, Closson, Cromer, Halfacre, Hentz, Ladd, Lake, Lauderdale, Lemmon, Owings, Sligh, Wicker
White	Russell S.	White
Williams	Otis & Carmen	Knight, Parrao, Williams
Withers Jr.	John S.	Coleman, Withers
Ziervogel	Gene T.	Douglass, Hicklin, Tidwell

2023 BENEFACTOR MEMBERS

Sandra Blackmon Bennett Benefactor Membership in Memory of her mother **Bobbie Meredith Blackmon**.

Robert L. Trapp. Benefactor Membership as Memorial to **Trapp Family**.

Bennett	Sandra Blackmon	Faust, Jones, Meredith, Neeley
Furman	Felicia	Furman
Hornsby	Benjamin F.	Hornsby, Leitner
Monk	Eloise	Monk
Trapp	Robert L.	Trapp
Williams	Roxanna	Ferguson, Mabry, Lucas, Newman, Plyer, Prickett, Roe, Rogers, Rowe, Willard, Wright

2023 PATRON MEMBERS

Bobby J. Walker, Sr. Patron Membership as Memorial to **Andrew and Elize Jackson**.

Brice	Robert	Brice
Chicone Jr.	Ronald "Ron"	Coleman, Feaster, Mobley, Stevenson, Wagoner
Walker, Sr.	Bobby J.	DuBose, Dawson, Jackson, Wideman

2023 FAMILY (or Mailed Newsletter) MEMBERS

Agnew	Clinton	Agnew, Anderson, White
Aiken	Ron & Leesa	Aiken
Banton	Susan	Gibson, Anderson, Douglass
Duke	Julius	Dunlap, Richardson, Simpson
Douglas	Francis Marion	Douglas, Shedd, Rabb, Bell, Carson, Grier
Epps	Denise Mincey	Mincey, Roof, Ruff, Ferguson, Pope Ratterree, Epps, Bundrick
Esberger	Karen	Esberger
Hobby	Gwen	Hobby
Galloway	Ron and Karen	Jones, Davis, Galloway
Godsey	Glenda	Muse, Mathews
Graves	William H.	Crawford
Hill	Theresa	McCrorey, Chisholm
Hutchinson	William	Turner, Lemmon, McElroy, Aiken, Lauderdale
Igel	Susan	Gladney, Kennedy, Propst (SC, NC,PA), Hunnicutt (SC, VA), Cooper (TN, NY,MA), Bright (TN,PA), and related families; husbands are Igel, Rutten
Laird	Donnie & Pam	DeLoach, Kennedy, Blackmon
McFadden	William C.	McFadden, Dinkins, Watts, Abernathy
Nixon	Jane R.	Walters
Oldenettel	Leslie	Moberly, Simpson, Cannady
Phillips	Brian	Aiken
Reed	Gordon	Cabeen

Roberrts	Kenneth B.	Roberts
Taylor	Diahn	Taylor, Ford, Jones, Leitner/L:ightener, Sampson, Graddick, Stevenson, Wise, Cain
Tucker	Shona	Cason
Turner	Jesse "Mac"	Beam, Blanton, Carter, Earle, Ethers, Hardin, Irvin, Linder, Lipscomb, Posey, Pruett, Rieves, Seay, Turner
Wall	William "Bill"	Wall

2023 INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS

Bell	Blake Edrington	Bell
Bell	Ron and Lisa	Bell
Brewington	Francis	Brewington, Stewart, McKee, Spelts, Owens
Bryant	David	Hornsby, Tidwell, Knighton, Freeman
Caldwell	James	Caldwell
Cannon	Tracy	Colman, Feaster, Mobley
Cole	Curtis	Wirick, Wyrick, Graddick, Mason
Cornish	Sharon	Thomas, Ballard, Gaines, Gooding, Bell, Manigo, Gore, Huckabee
Cornish	Susan	Cornish
Davis	Jonathan "Jon" E.	Boyd, Brown, King, McDill, McGraw, Powell, Roberts, Starnes
Duke	Julius Z.	Dunlap, Richardson, Simpson
Dundas	Kathleen	McConnell, Blair, Dukes, Murray, Turkett, Lowe, Seymour, Yarborough
Egy	Sherryl	Rudolph (Ohio), Wilt (Ohio)
Faludi	Deborah	Frazier, David
Felder	Hart	Thomas, Ryan
Floyd	Joseph	Woodward
Free	Cheryl	Free, Thompson, Coleman, Lyles, Holmes, Feaster, Means
Freeman	Cheryl	Freeman, Mobley
Green, III	James W.	Broom
Hardin	Calara	Harden, Winn, Glenn, Hanna, Thompson, Coleman, Mobley, Cooper, Fry
Hoy	Nancy	Hoy, McAilley, Scott
Hutchinson	William	Turner, Lemmon, McElroy, Aiken, Lauderdale
Jones	John	Jones
Kinard	Glenna	Baxter, Beasley, Bryant, Cason, Cobb, Coleman, Dillard, Dismukes, Eaves, Feaster, Fetner, Frisson, Gill, Hampton, Harrison, Higgins, Hubbard, Jenkins, Kinard, Kinsler, Lang, Long, Latta, Lee, Lewis, Marin, Martin, Mauldin, McCants, McDade, Patton, Porter, Rawlinson, Scott, Stevenson, Thaxton, Tolleson, Leightner, Vickers, Wells, White, Wilkins, Wise, Howard, Markham
Kinsler	Brenda K.	Kinsler, Adams, Stevenson
Lee	David	Lee
Lyles-Anderson	Barbara	Lyles, Elliott, Woodward, McDonald, Peay
Luffman	Betty Carol	Luffman
Maechtle	Greydon	Maechtle
Matthews	Gregory	Matthews
McKnight	Mattie	Banks, Cathcart, Blake, Lyles
Meehan	Rick	Meehan, Breedlove, Beachum, Daniel
Moreland	Claudette	Wilson, Crankfield, Perry, Hagan, Lauham, Movly, Moberly, Feaster
Nicoll	Debbie	Nicoll
Oliver	Mary Anne	Burley, Bolick, Clowney, Crawford, Allen, Cooper, Martin, Oliver, Wages, Brice, Hendrix
Peays	Ben	Peay, Peays
Pollack	Deborah	Pollack
Reynard	Elena and Brian	Woodward, Simerly
Roberts	William	Roberts, Halsell, Clark
Robertson	Christopher	Robertson, Rabb
Sears	Randy	Bankhead, Bolin, Boyd, Camack, Cameron, Carlisle, Curry, Dickey, Farmer, Love, McGarity, McWatters, Miller, Roddy, Tennant, Young
Sexton	Sarah	Minton, Timms

Smith	Robert	Roberts,, Stark
Williams	Dean	Andrews Sibley
Wood	Vanessa	Wood
Yates	Matthew	Dove

2023 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Public Library	Allen County	Ft. Wayne, Indiana
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For Information

Fairfield County Genealogy Society

Federal Employer Identification Number: 47-2246425

Public Charity Status: 170(b) (1) (A) (vi)

Contribution Deductible: Yes



For our records, please attach to the application your pedigree chart and share any information you have updated on your family lines. The information will be filed and made available in our family files. These will aid future requests for research and assist walk-in researchers.

Our membership year runs from January 1st, current year, until December 31st, current year, i.e., calendar year. New members (after October 1st, of current year) will have membership until December 31st, the following year. If dues have not been paid by January 31st, current year, you will no longer receive membership benefits. Members Only web pages password is changed February 1st.

We are a 501-C3 non-profit organization. All donations will be acknowledged and will be tax deductible.

If you would like to give your support monetarily in helping us meet our mission, There, are several ways: Send a check to FCGS, PO Box 93, Winnsboro, SC 29180-0093; or donate online by way of our [Square Online Store](#). Some other areas of support are contributions to the Resource & Research Library Collection: Any Family Information, Family Books or Scrapbooks.

We appreciate your support!

We would like to welcome you and share with you some of the benefits of being a member.

They include the following with no extra charges:

- Society Quarterly newsletters.
- Correspondence about upcoming events of interest.
- Priority assistance with your email queries in finding your ancestors.
- Free research of your queries during membership year (non-members \$15 / request).
- Priority assistance with in-library access to Fairfield County research materials.
- Free copies (non-members \$.30 / copy).
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- Queries published in the newsletters.
- 10% discount on books and published materials.
- In-library access to Ancestry, Black Ancestry, Family Tree, Fold 3, Genealogy Bank, and other organizations.
- Contact with people who share our interests in genealogy and history.
- Members Only Website information.
- Support for your society activities and projects.
- Members, their children (including guardians of) & grandchildren are eligible for FCGS Scholarship Award.
- Many others not listed.

2023 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION NEW () / RENEWAL ()

NEW MEMBER: Please fill out membership information below / **RENEWAL:** Please make any updates below:

HIS/HER NAME: _____ (NAME + SURNAME(S) Published in Newsletter)
OK to Give for Inquiries ↓

ADDRESS: _____ Yes / No

CITY: _____ Yes / No

STATE: _____ ZIP _____ Yes / No

PHONE: _____ Yes / No

HIS/HER EMAIL: _____ Yes / No

MEMBERSHIP DUES AND DESIGNATIONS

INDIVIDUAL () \$20.00 Color Newsletter Emailed only

INDIVIDUAL+USPS () \$25.00 Color Newsletter Emailed () B/W Newsletter mailed USPS () Both ()

FAMILY () \$25.00 Color Newsletter Emailed () B/W Newsletter mailed USPS () Both ()

PATRON () \$50.00 Color Newsletter Emailed () B/W Newsletter mailed USPS () Both ()

BENEFACTOR () \$100.00 Color Newsletter Emailed () B/W Newsletter mailed USPS () Both ()

LIFE-TIME () \$300.00 Color Newsletter Emailed () B/W Newsletter mailed USPS () Both ()

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SCHOLARSHIP () \$_____ Toward Annual FCGS College/Tech School Scholarship Award

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SURNAMES OR SURNAMES YOU ARE PLANNING TO RESEARCH AND/OR QUERY

Type of Research Interested: African American () Native American () European American () Other ()

SURNAME(S): _____

QUERY: _____

If viewing online, [click here](#), to pay dues and donations, online.

Mail Application and/or Check to:

FCGS or Fairfield County Genealogy Society

P.O. Box 93, Winnsboro, SC 29180-0093

Email: fairfieldgenealogy@truvista.net

For our records, please attach to the application your pedigree chart and share any information you have updated on your family lines. The information will be filed and made available in our family files. These will aid future requests for research and assist walk-in researchers.

Website: www.fairfieldgenealogysociety.org