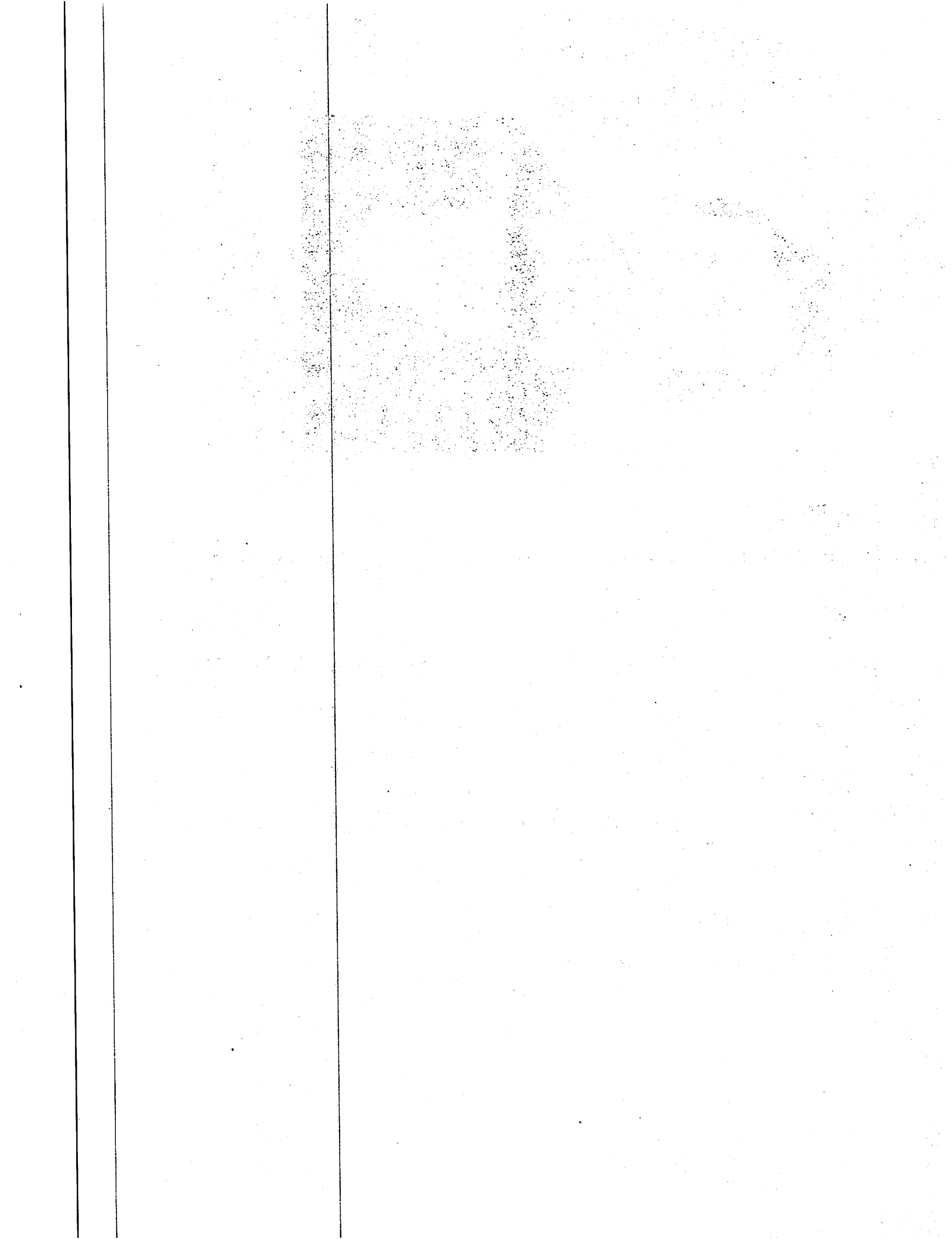


WILLIAM BLAIR
OWNER OF FAIRMERE PLANTATION
FOUNDER OF BLAIRS C. 1850

C. 1850



On December 6, 1950, James Blair Frazier, Sr., of Blairs, S. C., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George K. Craig, Wadesboro, N. C. Age ninety-three years.

Mr. Frazier was the scion of an ancient Scotch family who trace their name back to the days of Bruce and Wallace. The Frazier family came from North Scotland to South Carolina about 1800 and settled in West Fairfield district, among others of Scotch folk—the McGills, McConnells, Boyds and Blairs. Jessee Frazier, the Colonist, migrated to the new lands of Mississippi in 1856, leaving only one member of the Frazier family in Fairfield county. James Boyd Frazier married Mary Blair, daughter of William Blair, of an honored Scotch-Irish family, and died six months before the birth of his son, the subject of this sketch.

James Blair Frazier was born June 1, 1857. He opened his eyes first on a world darkened with the lowering clouds of war. His story of his remarkable conversion, at the tender age of seven is an illustration of this dark period. The night that Sherman's army burned the city of Columbia, a lurid glare was cast over the countryside for half a hundred miles or more. He, a little lad, terrified by this awesome spectacle, fled into the depths of a deep cellar, called on the Lord for mercy and protection, and there he found both peace and confidence that never forsook him to the end of his days.

He was an eye-witness to General Francis Blair's visit to Fairview plantation, and a frightened and amazed auditor of the conversation in which William Blair, the planter, scornfully repudiated the claim of kinship with Sherman's distinguished general.

James Frazier grew to manhood in the confused and depressing days of destructive "Reconstruction," when the Northern army still ruled in South Carolina. At the age of thirty he married Marlon (Monnie) Willingham, and soon afterward came into possession of "Fairview," the ancestral homestead. He was a successful planter, and a prominent merchant in the Blair-Frazier Co., mercantile firm, and a leader in the economic advancement of West Fairfield county.

He was elected an elder of the Salem Presbyterian church at the age of twenty-eight years, and from the first, was of the old school type. He was faithful in attendance on Sabbath worship, a teacher in the Sabbath school for many years, a subscriber to, and devoted reader of that church paper, the Christian Observer, all of his many days. He was dutiful in the business of the session and a regular representative of his congregation at Church courts. He was sent by Enoree Presbytery as a commissioner to the General Assembly at St. Louis in 1875, and again by Congaree Presbytery to the General Assembly at Montreat in 1912.

The piety of "Uncle Jimmie," as he was affectionately known, was practical and providential. He was always a loyal supporter of his pastors with substance and with voice. He excelled in the virtue of domestic hospitality. His home, his fireside, his table, his barns, and his fields were open

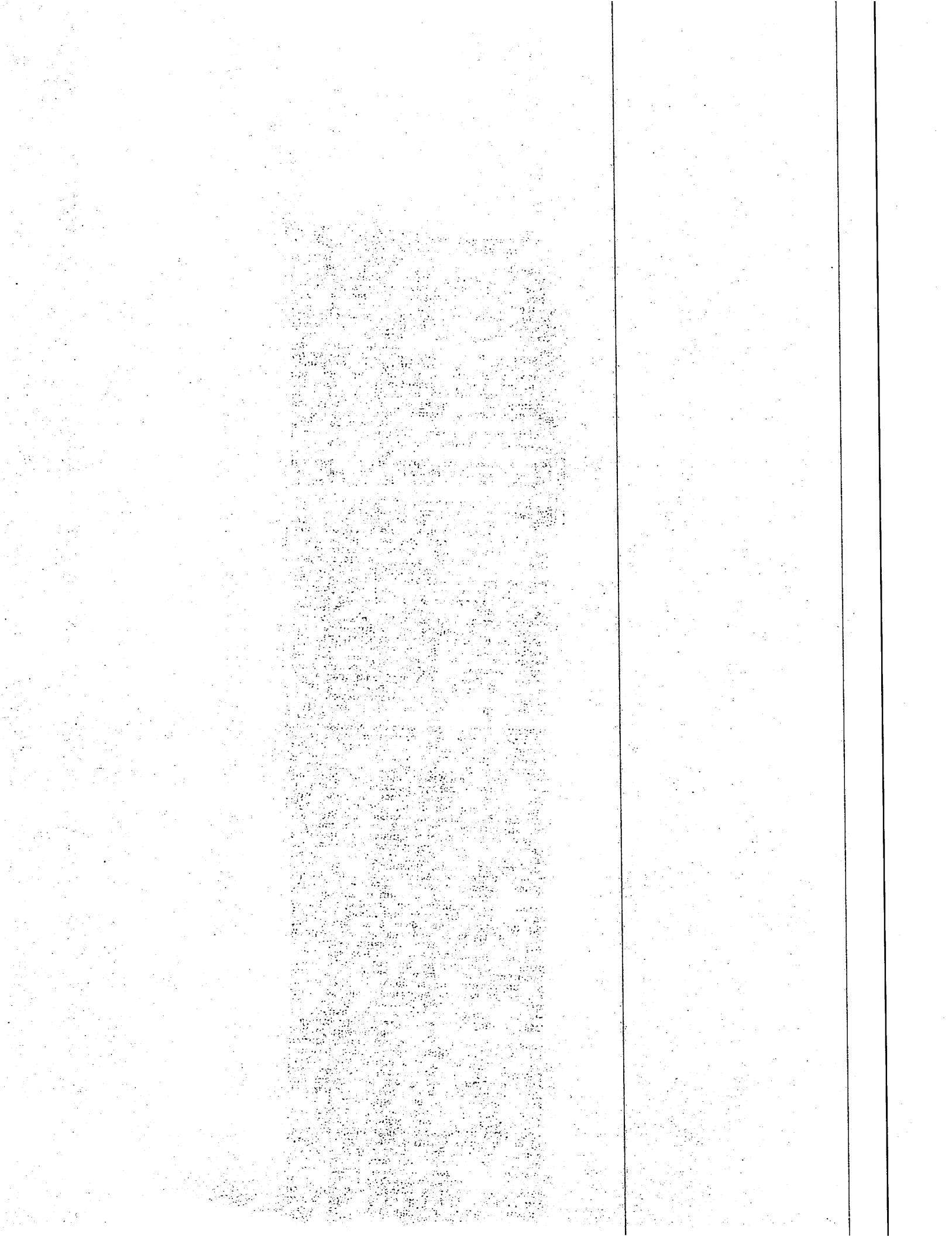
to the orphan, the widow and the sojourner. The generosity of himself and his wife to the sick and the needy, was proverbial to all his community.

He was a genial companion, a gracious host, and a faithful believer in the providence of God.

He fell asleep in fullness of years with an unabated trust in his Lord. He was buried in Salem Presbyterian church yard beside his wife, who had preceded him a year and nine months. Funeral services were conducted by his friend, Dr. S. C. Byrd, of Winnsboro, S. C., and the minister at Salem, Rev. Wilbur Parvin.

Survivors include a son, James Blair Frazier, Jr., of Columbia, S. C.; a daughter, Mrs. George K. Craig; three grandsons, James Blair Frazier, 3rd, of Winnsboro, S. C., John Rhett Frazier, of Newberry, S. C., and Francis Marion Frazier, of Blair, S. C.; and a granddaughter, Marion Frazier Craig, of Wadesboro, N. C. Also six great-grandchildren.

(Rev.) John C. Blackburn,
Presbyterian Church, West Columbia, S. C.



Ancestral Blair Home Desolate It Stands

On a Fairfield hill overlooking Broad River is Fair View, a plantation formerly owned by William Blair in the 1800's. Visible for miles in Newberry County, the once beautiful home with its hand-painted drawing room ceiling now stands forsaken, typical of the changing economy of Fairfield County. Built before 1807, this historic home carries with it many interesting and unusual tales that commemorate the past. Perhaps the most impressive is that of William Blair's encounter with a Yankee General during the Civil War.

It was Friday, February 17, 1865; all day the wind had been howling around the bleak walls of the old home. Inside were William Blair and his family, their faces serious and their conversation subdued. The sun had dropped below the horizon. "Aunt Nellie," the old black slave, peered into the night. Far over the hills a strange inferno glowed.

No one slept in the big house that night. Everyone knew what was happening. Sherman's army was burning Columbia. The children crowded in the broad casement windows, plastered their faces against the panes, and gazed in awed silence as the Yankees burned the capital of their beloved state.

Next day come the reports. From plantation to plantation—Sherman had burned Columbia. His army was heading for Fairfield County.

The day dragged by. Finally the dreaded Yankees came, but not exactly as expected. It was in the middle of the morning. The horsemen, in columns of twos, circled the top of the hill and rode to the front of the home. William Blair came out of the house and met the General at the gate. "I saw your house from across the river and was

waistcoat pocket and withdrew a pearl handled knife. Slowly he opened the blades and held it up before the astonished General's eyes. "Do you see this knife?" he said in a drawling voice. "If I thought I had a single drop of Yankee blood in these veins of mine, I'd take this knife, cut them open, and let every drop run out on the ground."

There was a long silence. The saddles creaked and the horses pawed impatiently. The General broke the silence by saying in a chilly voice, "I guess some people may feel that way about it." There was another pause. "The foragers will be coming along presently. They might start a fire up there." The General looked at the house to which he had gestured, and his eyes fell

B. Frazier, Sr. Mr. Frazier was a prominent country merchant and cotton farmer. The invasion of the boll weevil and mechanization of farming made cotton on hilly land unprofitable.

The opening of the granite quarry at Blair in 1927 began with huge blasts of dynamite which jarred the earth for miles around and cracked the outside plaster of Fair View so that it fell, leaving the house with a battle-scarred appearance. Even its proud eagle's crest is broken and disfigured. Since the death of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Frazier, Sr., several years ago, the house has been uninhabited; young pines grow in the plantation fields; and Mrs. Frazier's beautiful garden of old roses has been buried in undergrowth.

Monticello DAR Named

Martha Jo Lindler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lir Blair, has been chosen senior class and the high faculty of Monticello School as the D. A. R. citizen 1959-1960.

The D. A. R. citizen is on the basis of the following qualities:



Dependability—which includes truthfulness, loyalty, and quality; Service — cooperation, courtesy, consideration of others; Leadership — personality, control, ability to assume responsibility; Patriotism — interest in family, community, and nation.

Martha Jo is a member Glee Club, 4-H Club, Beta F. H. A. Club, F. T. A. Business Manager of the book, news editor of the year, served as commencement marshal, is a scorekeeper for basketball teams, and served as manager of the girls' basketball team.

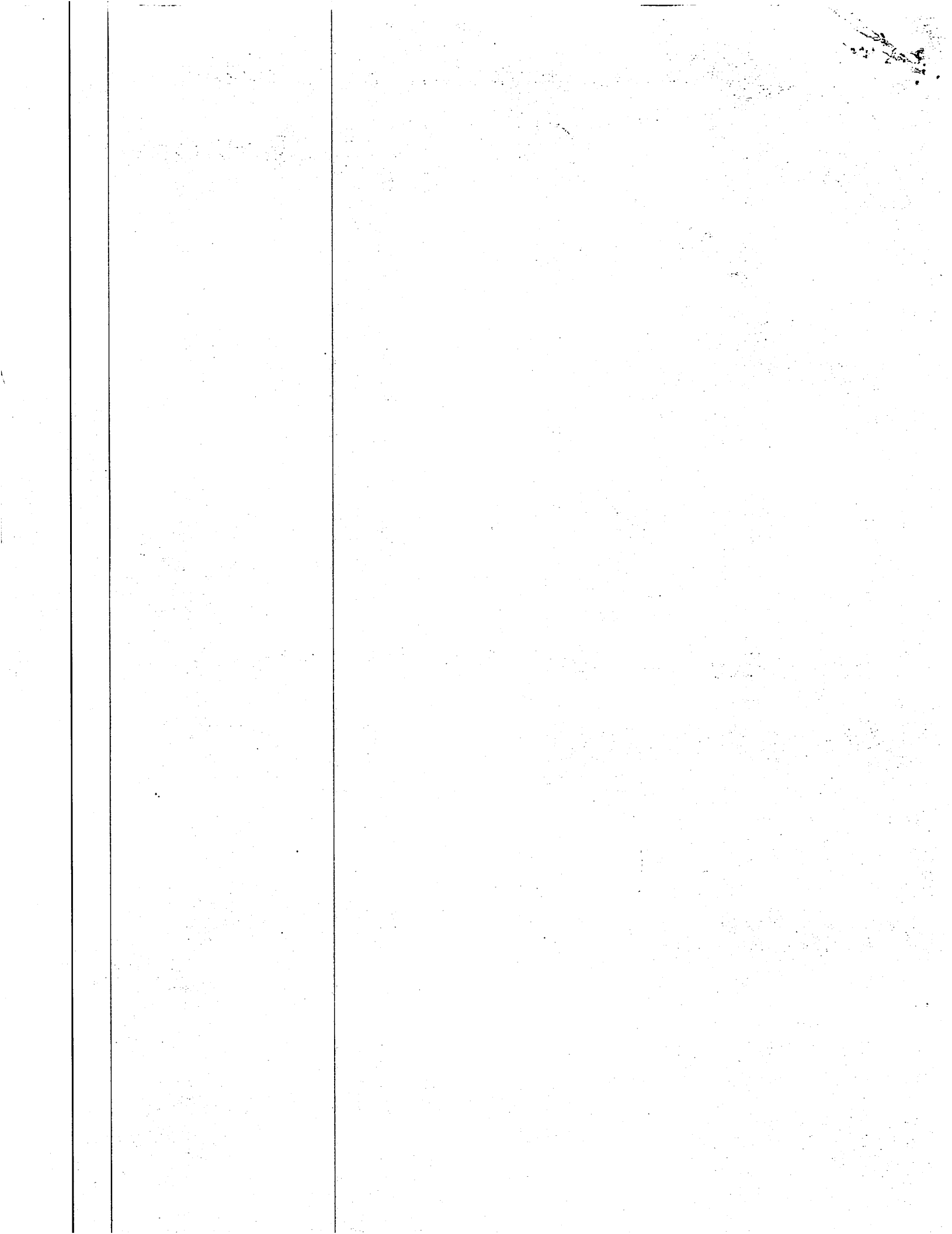
The recent regulation choosing the State D. A. R.

Farewell to Fairfield and
its famous docks.

By John C. Blackburn

The Coming of the Blairs -

For Jim and Marcus Steyer.



JAMES BLAIR FRAZIER, SR.

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(Rev.) John C. Blackburn,
Presbyterian Church, West Columbia, S. C.

FAIRVIEW IN FAIRFIELD AND ITS FAMOUS FOLKS

BY

JOHN C. BLACKBURN

THE COMING OF THE BLAIRS

ATTILA

The winter's night is fraught with fright
 Blanched faces are wind-bitten.
 Sad hearts are numb,
 Awed voices dumb,
 Their fate in red is written.

The sky o'erhead is molten lead
 Its face with flames is litten.
 The lurid glow
 Of fires below
 Emblaze a city smitten.

The roads o'er-shroud with sulphur-cloud,
 Show where the foe has ridden.
 Those columns high,
 That smoke the sky,
 Scroll deeds of shame unhidden.

The Sun has past; the land's aghast,
 The embers still are burning.
 Those ruins charred,
 That scorched sod,
 Whelm bitter hearts with yearning.

There are few names, if any, more frequently met in the history of Reformed Scotland, and in the annals of the Presbyterian Kirk of that country, than that of Blair. Some of this family moved with the first western tide to the much-sought and greater liberty of the western wilderness. There are Blairs found in both Virginia and Pennsylvania between the migratory period of 1720-1750. Some of the Virginia Blairs moved up the valleys of the Piedmont, and settled in western Pennsylvania. One of the Virginia families, that of Thomas Blair (1762-1840), moved with their manservants and maidservants, with their bags and trunks (one is still in existence), and settled in the Broad River section of Fairfield County. Thomas Blair brought his

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money with him, and bought a plantation in the Daskins neighborhood. Here he raised fine crops and a fine family - Margaret, Martha, Nancy, and William.

At the death of Thomas Blair, who was buried in 1840 in Salem Cemetery, at Salem Church, a church of which he was a charter member, William, the only son, inherited a part of his father's estate. Soon afterward, the Means' mansion, Fairview, together with the plantation of some four hundred acres, was offered for sale. This plantation extended from the Ashford Ferry road to Broad River, and from the Jacob Canamore hill on the south to Rock Creek on the north.

William Blair bought this beautiful home, with its fertile river lands and fruitful hills, and moved his family there. This plantation was worked with about one hundred slaves, one of whom was the cook, "Aunt Nellie", who had come with the family from Virginia and lived to be one hundred years old, and is buried in the Rock Creek cemetery (white Baptist Church). Another servant was Dick, the dependable colored foreman, who in the dark days of the War Between the States, "when all the men folks were away at the battle front", managed four of the five Blair plantations. Here William Blair planted his good acres, and made a goodly roll of money in the days when the South was a "Cotton Kingdom", and "Cotton was King". His hospitable home was open to family and friend alike. Here lived Mary Blair Frazier, a daughter of the family, with her little son, James Blair (1857-1950), whose father died before his birth.

It was Friday, February 17, 1865. All day the gusty winter wind had been moaning around the bleak walls of the old mansion on the hill. Inside were gathered the family of William Blair, together with others of his family connection in the neighborhood. All faces were serious and conversation was subdued. The Yankee army under

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Sherman the Vandal was not many miles off. Perhaps at that very hour his cannons were pounding Columbia, forty miles southward. The sun had set in florid light beneath the ragged, wind-torn clouds beyond the ridges - beyond the River. Out in the log kitchen little seven year old Jimmie Frazier, with the other children of the neighborhood, pressed around "Aunt Nellie's" yawning fireplace, where supper was being cooked on the spits and coals. Childhood questions this certain evening failed to rouse "Aunt Nellie". She shook her old white head, muttered under her breath, and poked in the ashes on the hearth. "Aunt Nellie" wasn't very far up from the jungles of Africa, and the regions of black art and ebony witches. She tottered over to the door and peered out into the night. "Lukt deH!"

She raised her palsied hand and pointed her crooked finger into the blackness of the south. The children, standing behind her and clutching at her dress, stared out into the darkness. Far over the hills a strange light was glowing, springing up from the earth as from a hidden volcano. Its lurid reflection lit the cloud banks above. "Dat whut I tel yuh! Dat whut I tel yuh! Hit's him! Hit's dat ole Sherman. Dat's ole Sherman! Him de debbil! He in de saddle and he ridin' hard. He gonna bun up du wytte foks - al un um!"

The children, listening in terror, screamed out, and burst through the door and dashed for the "big house", Little Jimmie was pushed down and left behind in the mad rush of the horrified children. Then a strange thing happened. As if pulled by an unseen hand, Jimmie was led to the door of that awful cellar. Right down into the fearful darkness Jimmie went. Way over in the darkest corner Jimmie fell on his knees in the mud, and in anguish and terror of soul~~xx~~ called out to the God of his mother to save him from an unknown danger. Suddenly, he seemed to hear a voice answering, a light seemed

to shine round about him, and the voice, in consoling tones, told him that he was saved. Jimmie arose and in quietness of spirit went into the house.

There was no sleep in the "big house" that night. Grandfather Blair, a man of three score years, and unable to be in the army, went upstairs and looked out of the back window. Up came all the women of the house with the numerous children. None dared be left behind. The children crowded in the broad casement windows, and plastered their little faces against the panes in awed silence. Wider and wider grew the reflected flames on the cloud-billows^w above. "Grandpa" Blair said not a word. His lips were drawn tight and fire flashed in his eyes. Now and then he left the window to walk restlessly a few times across the floor, and then resumed his silent watch before the window. The women sighed deeply, but suppressed their moans for the children's sake. The young children sobbed fitfully - at what, they did not know. But the old folks knew what the red billows overhead betokened-- the Yankees were burning the capital of their beloved state.

Up from the servant quarters came an increasing volume of lamentations, weird and frantic calls to Heaven for mercy. Old "Aunt Nellie's" dreadful warning and dire prediction, that this was the Devil's work, and that he was setting fire to the earth, was every whit believed down there. Once William Blair went down to his servants to reassure them and to stop their frantic cries. All night the red glare lit those upper rooms and drove all sleep from every eye.

Next day came the reports, like a magnetic wave- from plantation to plantation - that Sherman had burned Columbia. His soldiers had robbed and killed. None had been spared insult and dishonor, men or women, young or old, black or white - and his army was heading for Fairfield County.

That day dragged; new reports kept coming of atrocities and vandalism. All faces were filled with dismay; all hearts were numb with fear. Wild stories were spreading among the negroes, and among the whites there crept like a paralysis that unspoken terror - an uprising. The stock were hastened down to the river and hid on the island. The meat was hidden in the nearby wood, and the silver was turned over to faithful Dick, the black plantation foreman.

Dread and anticipation had no time to cool; the Yankees came, but not exactly as expected. It was the middle of the morning. There came the sound of hoof-thuds on the clay ruts of the Strother road; then more thuds, and more and more. A troop of horsemen were coming, coming in a gallop! Out of the woods they swept. What a sight! Jimmie had never seen such a sight in all his short years of plantation life. The horsemen, in column of twos, circled the top of the hill, passed under the big oak, and rode up the drive to the front gate. It was a General, a big, handsome rider on a magnificent horse, and with him his staff. All were superbly mounted, resplendent in gold ~~braids~~ braided gold corded hats, blue uniforms with brass buttons, and shiny cavalry boots with spangly spurs. Jimmie could'nt keep his eyes off of the horses and those shiny spurs - ^{and} ~~the~~ those big revolvers.

Grandfather Blair came out of the door of his home, walked slowly down the walk, and stood in the gate. Little Jimmie followed closely behind; the ladies stood in the door or looked out of the windows. The General and the Planter looked each other over. They looked strangely alike, somehow. There was a moment of silence. (The circle of officers looked on - such as could hold their mounts still.) Then the General broke the silence:

"I saw your house on top of this hill from the ridge over yonder", he tapped the field-glass at his belt, and pointed across the

river; "I inquired who lived over here and was informed that this was the Blair home. Are you Mr. Blair?"

There came a curt, "I am", from the home owner.

"I am General Frank Blair of Pennsylvania", continued the officer, in an affable tone, "I'm very much interested in the Blair history. I have collected considerable records of the American branches of the family. We Pennsylvania Blairs are kin to the Virginia Blairs. Your folks were from Virginia, I believe."

The sentence had scarcely escaped his lips when the northern Blair stared with amazement at the change his few words had wrought in this southern Blair. His features were transformed into a haughty scorn; from close set teeth, the lips curled in utter contempt; beneath the furrowed brow his black eyes were instinct with anger. In the mind of William Blair there shuttled back and forth, like bolts of summer lightning, the memories of four long years of wrongs, and deaths, and arson. The flame lit by that fire in the southern sky was burning fiercely in his heart and mind. Slowly he straightened his aging form and lifted his head until the black hair fell from his furious brow. Deliberately his hand went to his waistcoat pocket. Drawing itx out with equal deliberation, he slowly opened the blade of his pearl-handled knife, and held it up before the astonished General's eyes.

"Do you see this knife?" he asked in a supremely controlled drawl.

"Yes!" came the terse reply.

"If I thought I had a single drop of Yankee blood in these veins I'd take this knife, and cut them open and let every last drop run out on that ground."

The knife was poised aloft, his left hand pointed eloquently to

the ground. There was an ominous hush. Jimmie's heart beat thump, thump, thump. The leather saddled creaked audibly. The General's big chestnut pawed the ground and shook the brass rings of his martingales. All the while electric sparks leaped back and forth from eye to eye, as "Yank" and "Reb" glared at each other. Then the big chestnut broke the current; he pranced and did a double spin. The General brought him under control with a stroke of his gauntleted hand, and faced his enemy again. Then in chilliest of tones,

"I guess some people might feel that way about it." There was another pause. "The foragers will be coming along here presently - They might start a fire up there," indicating the house, "will you have a guard?"

Indignation and anger had thrown precaution to the wind.

"Nothing from you! And if you want to burn it, burn it! Your scoundrels have burned everything else in their path!"

The General lifted his eye to the house as the masterpointed, and his eyes rested on his country's seal, standing out in bold relief above the lintel of the door. He gazed pensively for a moment - then tightening rein, he spun his horse, touched spurs to his flank, and down the hill he went, his staff wheeling two by two behind him. Jimmie saw them disappearing at a gallop toward Rock Creek.

At the bottom of the hill under a pine the leader reined up his charger. Swiftly his officers surrounded him, each face clouded with indignation and resentment.

"General, are you going to stand for talk like that? Let's go back and burn that Old Rebel out."

General Blair lifted his eyes to the house upon the hill, then turning to his staff, half-frowning, half-grinning,

"Listen here, if he had talked any other way, he wouldn't have

been a Blair. He's my kin, all right." He turned to his aide:

"Major, send a man back up there with orders that the first man who puts a torch to that house will be court-martialed", and over the hill he rode.

And the foragers did come - riding up from every direction. They found and drove off the stock from the island. They located the meat and took all of it. The kegs of molasses they left behind. They could'nt take it away on horseback so they poured sand through the bungholes and "left it be". They searched the house for valuables, but found none. One of the "hands" told on Dick, that he had hid the silver, and so Dick had. Not only "Marse William's stuff", but a number of others' as well. The men were all gone, and nobody else could be depended upon like Dick. Single-handed he had put it away and not a soul, white or black, knew where it was, but Dick - and he could be counted on to keep his business to himself.

The soldiers set out to find Dick, and they hunted until they came up on him. Now Dick was one of those "tony" negroes, brought up right in and around the white folks, almost like a member of the family. He took great pride in being steward of all that his master had. He had a high sense of honor in rendering an account of all that was committed to his trust. Under his hand his master suffered no loss, or hurt, to his property. When Dick mounted the carriage seat and drove the bdy folks to Greenbrier for a visit, "Marse William" had no fear, for the powerful and brave black would have given his life in defense of the women and children in his care. But there was one class of whites that Dick had no respect for - "po' wite trash" - and the aristocratic servant was at no pains to hide his contempt for such.

When the Yanks spotted Dick - he made no effort to hide- he was up by the "big house" where he might be needed, they had a problem on hand - how to get the trusty foreman to tell where he had hidden the valuables. He readily admitted burying the things. He was proud of it. After a secret conference, the soldiers surrounded the stalwart negro and tried to cajole him into telling them where the silver was hidden. All they got from him was that the things of the different families were in "different places". Then the Yanks tried bribery:

"Did'nt we come down here to set you folks free? Is this the way you're going to treat us?"

Apparently it was. Another horseman made another sally-

"If you want a good job, and a good house to live in, and a chance to make plenty of money, go dig up that stuff and come with us."

All they got in return for this effort was - "I'se satisfied wid wut I is."

Then the leader of the troops became angry. "Look here, you old fool, if you don't tell us where you put those things, I'll cut your kinky head off."

His furious face and threatening gestures were suited to his words. His hand went to the hilt of his saber and with a quick move the blade flashed from the scabbard. The cavalymen jerked their horses back to clear the stroke. With a dexterous back-hand sweep the saber swept with a s-w-i-s-h over Dick's bare head.

"Now, where'r those things?"

The negro spoke in a low, base voice without a tremor:

"I dun tole yuh I ain gone tel yuh. Yuh kin kilt me if yuh wanna, dat won't git yuh nuttin."

The black man stood his ground stubbornly. Once more the trooper prepared for a slash. He measured the distance to the negro's head

with his eyes; pulled in closer to be sure of his stroke; raised himself in his stirrups; and lifted his right arm with the blade curved over his shoulder - "Where's that stuff?"

The slave's lips were visibly pressed together. Down came the saber in a sweeping, hissing curve for the negro's head. A finger breadth of awkwardness and Dick's scalp and skull would have been severed. Two of the troopers flinched at the rashness of the slash.

"Leave him alone, Bill," blurted one of the men. "There's plenty more coming. You're going to get us all in trouble with the Provost."

Bill took a last baleful look at black Dick, standing stolidly dumb, his secrets buried like the white folks' treasures, safe in his sturdy chest. Clucking to his mount, the wouldbe raider went in pursuit of the fast retreating raiders.

SOUTH CAROLINA
FAIRFIELD DISTRICT

To John R. Buchanan, Esquire, Ordinary in and for the District
of Fairfield in the State aforesaid -

The petition of William Blair and William McConnell respect-
fully sheweth -

That Thomas Blair late of the district and state aforesaid
(the father of your petitioner, William Blair) departed this
life intestate on the 18th day of December last, leaving a
widow and several children -

That the widow has requested your petitioners to administer
on the estate of said intestate -

Your petitioners therefore pray that letters of administration
on the estate of said Thomas Blair, deceased may be granted
unto them and c.

And your petitioners will pray.

January 4th 1841

Wm. Blair

Wm. McConnell

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January 14th 1811

Wm. Blair

Wm. McConnell

Sale Bill of the Estate of Thomas Blair, Dec'd

February 3, 1841

Rachel Blair

1 table and tub
1 table and waiter
1 cup board
1 set tools
6 chairs
1 jug and vinegar
1 pr. fire dogs
1 trunk
1 chest
2 bedsteads
1 wheel and 2 reels
77 lbs. cotton
1 sow and pigs
13 head geese
414 lb. bacon
4 club axes
2 empty barrels & 2 baskets
1 side saddle
17 yds. homespun
1 lot tools
1 set pewter
50 bushels cotton seed
3 pot racks
1 hand saw & 3 augers
2 gums bees
100 bu. corn
2 stacks fodder
1 gray horse
1 cow and calf
2 coffee mills
1 Negro man, Dick
73 lbs. lard
1 stack fodder
236 lbs. bacon

Total amount \$1,399.70

E. Jennings

1 stack fodder

H. D. Seymore

236 lbs. bacon

William Blair

1 looking glass
1 side leather
1 box nails
1 set pails
1 big wheel and cards
2 wheels and box
8 baskets
4 Negroes, Sally, Spencer, Elizah, Peggy
1 Negro man Isaac

Sale Bill of the Estate of Thomas Blair, Dec'd

February 3, 1881

1 table and tub	Rachel Blair
1 table and wash	
1 cup board	
1 set tools	
6 chairs	
1 jug and vinegar	
1 pr. fire dogs	
1 trunk	
1 chest	
2 bedsteads	
1 wheel and 2 reels	
17 lbs. cotton	
1 saw and dig	
13 head geese	
1 lb. bacon	
1 pair axes	
2 empty barrels & 2 baskets	
1 side saddle	
17 lbs. home spun	
1 set tools	
1 set saw	
50 baskets cotton seed	
3 pot racks	
1 hand saw & 3 saws	
2 yams bees	
100 bu. corn	
2 stacks fodder	
1 grey horse	
1 cow and calf	
2 coffee mills	
1 Negro man, Dick	
17 lbs. lard	
1 stack fodder	
236 lbs. bacon	
Total amount \$1,329.70	
1 stack fodder	H. Jennings
236 lbs. bacon	H. D. Beymore
1 looking glass	William Blair
1 side leather	
1 box nails	
1 set nails	
1 pig wheel and cards	
2 wheels and box	
3 baskets	
1 Negro man, Isaac	
1 Negro man, Sally	
Spencer, Elizabeth, Perry	

William Blair

I chest clothes
I bedstead
I set pots
350 bu. cotton seed
I hat
2 barrels
239 lbs. bacon

William McConnell

I table, I chair
23' roping
351 lbs cotton seed

I
3 stacks fodder
8 Negroes, Peter, James, Mary
John, Peter, James, James
3 Negroes Elias, George, Susannah
I Negro, Judy

rent for the open land

3 tugs,
8 yards bagging
I set hoes, kitchen tools
240 bu. corn
I mill, mill
200 lbs. bacon
300 lbs. bacon
I set bowls
6 bales cotton
I cow

Amount forward \$7786.02

J. M. Bell

7 chairs
50 bu. corn
I stack fodder

William Hodges

I saddle
I bedstead
800 lbs. bacon
I stack fodder
I set
2 stacks fodder
I saw and pipe

R. M. Miller

3 or. steel yards
50 bu. corn

Jesse M. Edwards

I stack fodder
101 lbs. bacon

P. Graddock

I wash pot
I grind stone
I wagon
6 sheeps
2 1/2 bu. peas

J. H. Rapp

I stack

Charles Tree

Jas. S. Morgan	2 bales cotton
J. A. F. Coleman	1 stack fodder
R. F. Coleman	1 bull, 1 cow and calf 1 cow , cow and calf
J. N. James	1 mule
E. H. Dawkins	<u> </u> , 3 chairs
J. N. Rabb	1 mule
James Simms	1 scyth and cradle
Ephriam Mulliss	4 stacks fodder 1 cow and calf
Thos. Richardson	1 Negro man, Jesse
Charles Enlow	1 shoat
James Mason	6 shoates 1 saddle 7 shoates
Alexander Martin	1 mare
Thos. I. Means	1 sow and pigs
	Amount forward.....\$9649.85