

THE FIRST SHOT

Crises there are in every life, in the State, in the Nation, as well as in the individual. The power of choice is a Divine gift; its exercise means weal or woe. In exercising this unchallenged right, South Carolina came face to face with one of the greatest crises in her life on the 20th of December 1860. She dared to stand alone in maintaining her sovereignty, even though the horizon was dark and lowering clouds presaged the coming storm.

In solemn form, in Convention assembled, on the 20th of December 1860, South Carolina passed and signed the famous Ordinance of Secession. She had been looking at her past; her struggles to maintain them; her triumphs; her worthy sons in councils of State and Nation, but now her face is to the front and forward she moves. Within twenty days "The first shot was fired". So momentous was this event in its consequences that the writer who, perhaps, is the only survivor of those who manned the battery that fired the shot, feels the importance of recording the facts, also a part of his personal experience, that led up to it.

The Democratic National Convention met in Charleston, S. C. April 23, 1860. From the first its sessions were turbulent, never deliberate. The writer, then a member of the Senior Class of The Citadel, was present on several occasions. He saw, he heard, and, his entire being vibrated to electric touch of hearts set on fire with patriotic zeal. From temporary rostrums on Meeting and on Broad Streets the orators of the day kept the citizenry aroused and informed, thus supplementing the press in enlightening the people, as events transpired in our National life. When, therefore, the Ordinance of Secession was signed it was welcomed almost unanimously. Standing thus alone these twenty days (for Mississippi did not pass her Ordinance of Secession until after The First Shot was fired early in the morning of January 9th, 1861) South Carolina was preparing to maintain her Sovereignty.

The Battalion of State Cadets with its Professors and Officers, constituting The South Carolina Military Academies, from its incipency in 1843, was ever

under the direct command of the Governor of South Carolina. They were ready at all times, at a moments notice, to respond to a call from their Commander-in-Chief. Five days had scarcely elapsed after the passage of the Ordinance of Secession, when Major P. F. Stevens, then Superintendent of The Citadel, received orders from Governor F. W. Pickens to take a detachment of Cadets, and four 24 pounder siege guns - the best we had - to Morris Island, mount the guns, build a fortification so as best to command the channel in front of Morris Island, and leading to Charleston by Fort Sumter. Major P. F. Stevens selected this detachment from The Citadel Cadets and, with alacrity proceeded to execute these orders. By steamer (The Planter I believe) our force was conveyed to an inlet of the Island. There our force disembarked, the cannons were unloaded and drawn across the Island to a point selected for the Fort and facing the Channel. Lieut. N. W. Armstrong, the professor at The Citadel of Mathematics and of Military Engineering, selected the site for the little fort and on the grounds mapped out plans for the fortification. The four guns were then placed in position and mounted, thus being made ready for action, if necessary. Thus by the last of December 1860 we were on Morris Island and in a position to carry out the command of Governor Pickens. Why did we hurry? There was a cause. Major Robert Anderson of the United States Army was in command at Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island. This Fort was built facing the harbor of Charleston and to command the channels of entrance from the sea, but the Fort was vulnerable if attacked from the rear. This, Major Anderson well knew and feared. Anticipating trouble, fearing an attack from the rear and knowing his position would then be untenable; in the night he transferred his command, some of his supplies, equipment and perhaps some of his guns to Fort Sumter, near the center of the harbor. The rest of the guns he spiked and abandoned with the Fort. This in itself was nearly an act of war against a State claiming her right of Sovereignty over everything within her bounds. Thus was our command on Morris Island.

Breastworks must be built. No Palmetto logs were available, but sand rose in billows on every side, and eager hands soon filled bags with sand and placed in position as planned. In a few days we were ready.

The Loganetts houses were occupied by the detachment of Cadets; sentinels were placed and our outposts guarded. If Major Anderson was to maintain his position he must be supplied with soldiers, military supplies and provisions. To prevent these reaching him every avenue of approach must be watched and effectively guarded. Henceforth Fort Sumter was to be a storm center until April 1865. Early in January 1861 rumors filled the air. We were expectant. More than once was the "Long Roll" sounded and we took our positions in line. Cummings Point was the nearest port of the Island to Fort Sumter. If our little fort was raided, here we expected would be the place of landing. In the night came the alarm that forces had landed at this point. Responding to the "Long Roll", our little detachment was soon moving at the "double-quick" to meet the reported invasion, only on reaching the Point to find no enemy there and the coast clear.

But the hour drew nigh, that fateful hour, when South Carolina would declare to all the world that she was a Sovereign and Independent State and dared to maintain her rights. We were not taken by surprise. Rumors had given way to information positive and clear. A ship, a loaded ship, loaded with soldiers, military supplies and provisions had already left a Northern port, Fort Sumter her destination. As usual sentinels were walking their posts alert. W. S. Simkins, of the senior class, was on the parapet of our little fort. It was in the early morning of January 9th, 1861, a beautiful morning, that he first saw the masts of a ship as coming forward she was warping her way into the channel leading in front of Morris Island and by our fort to Fort Sumter. At once he called the Sergeant of the Guard and reported her appearance and approach. The "Long Roll" was sounded, our line was formed. Quickly we marched to the fort, each cadet

taking his assigned place at the guns. Our sentinels were drawn in. In the meantime the body of the ship could be seen rising above the horizon as nearer she drew. Cadet G. E. Haynesworth of Sumter was at the lanyard of gun No. 1; S. B. Pickens of Pendleton guarded the lanyard of gun No. 2. Major P. F. Stevens was in direct command. She was drawing nearer now under a full head of steam. The sun had now risen revealing soldiers and sailors as they crowded her decks and looked questionly at our little fort. It was a striking picture still brightly painted on my memory. Still nearer she drew. Major Stevens on the parapet, the lanyards taut, every eye expectant. Impatient youth awaited the command. To them it seemed slow in coming. The "Star of the West" was now nearly in front of us and quite near. At last the command rang out "Fire". G. E. Haynesworth pulled the lanyard. The solid shot, true to aim, sped in front of the prow of the "Star of the West". This the warning shot and this shot she heeded. At once the United States flag was hauled to her top mast, her engines for a time seemed to stop their throbbing, her prow was turned and back she went from whence she came to report a failure. She was beautiful still even as she retreated. The rays of the early morning sun made brighter still the beautiful ship decked from stem to stern; from water line to topmost mast as in holiday attire. Fort Sumter failed to be reinforced. Her garrison was not strengthened. Major Anderson must yet wait.

While I never saw the orders issued to Major Stevens, the Cadets understood that we were to stop any suspicious vessel trying to pass our Fort, first firing a warning shot in front of her prow, which, if not heeded, must be followed by solid shot fired into her, but stop her we must. Thus was fired "The First Shot" that ushered in the "War Between the States". Let us remember that, in this little episode, South Carolina was not the aggressor. Fort Sumter, every outlying island along her coast, every foot of land embraced within her boundaries, and including her adjacent waters, even to the three mile limit,

was hers. "The Star of the West" then on mischief bent, was a hostile ship as soon as she entered our boundaries. In sending her there, the United States Government threw down to South Carolina the gauge of battle. She did not side step but boldly took it up. Fault, if fault there be, was hers, not ours. This "First Shot" was the christening of the little fort, henceforth named "The Star of the West" Battery.

Other troops came to the Island and we were ordered back to resume our studies at The Citadel as the emergency was over. It is now nearly sixty-six years since this event; it is a historic fact, certified to time and again. The Battalion of State Cadets is proud of the record made by this detachment from The Citadel Cadets at this initial movement in Charleston harbor.

R. O. SAMS
(Dec. 1926)

THE CITADEL
ARCHIVES AND MUSEUM

"THE LAST SHOT"

P. S. Williston
P. 2 July 1911

In my article, designated "The First Shot", I reviewed the principal events that led up to that noted incident which occurred January 9th, 1861. In this participated only the Citadel Corps of The Battalion of State Cadets. This corps was then under the direct command of Major P. F. Stevens, then superintendent of The Citadel. But the few troops on Morris Island were under the general command of Col. John L. Branch - a Citadel graduate.

In this account, ^{are} my personal recollections of "The Last Shot" participated in, exclusively, by the Arsenal Cadets of the Confederate Army. We should not forget that, at that time 1860 to 1865 the Battalion of State Cadets was composed of the Citadel Corps - the first, second and third classes, and the Arsenal Corps - the fourth class. The former at Charleston; the latter at Columbia, S. C.

I cannot enumerate, even briefly, the many events in which during these four years the Battalion participated, but I must tell something of those events that occurred, and that concerned the Battalion during the five months preceding the close of the War Between the States.

General Sherman was marching his large army through Georgia. This army was in four divisions. As they went, pillaging and devastating was the usual accompaniment. The last of the year 1864 was drawing near. By this onward march Savannah was soon in his rear and he to be free to pass unopposed through South Carolina. Just as Savannah fell when outflanked, must fall Charleston, Fort Moultrie, Fort Johnson and Fort Sumter. Fort Sumter, the bone of contention from the beginning of 1861 to the early month of 1865. In April 1861 this stronghold in Charleston harbor and, the key to the metropolis of our State was surrendered into the hands of the Confederate forces. By shot and by shell,

night and day they tried these four years. Every assault failed. The gallant General Stephen Elliott never lowered his flag. The finest vessels of the U. S. Navy were in the offing, watching, waiting, yes, waiting until General Sherman could unlock our "back door", and thus open our "front door," to the unwelcome visitor."

Toward the last of November, 1864, our Governor ordered the Battalion of Cadets into the field. The Arsenal Cadets under Capt. J. P. Thomas with Lieuts. J. B. Patrick, A. J. Norris, and R. O. Sams, proceeded to Charleston and reported to Major J. B. White, at the Citadel, commander of the Battalion. Federal forces were now endeavoring to sever connections between Savannah and Charleston by cutting the Charleston and Savannah Railroad near Coosawhatchee. We received orders to report to Major-General Samuel Jones, the Confederate Commander at that point. The Battalion boarded the train at Charleston, December 4th, 1864. At Tulsfinny we disembarked, and were ordered to protect the trestle over Tulsfinny Creek. On the sixth the enemy advanced from their base at Gregory Point and were met by the Georgia Battalion, supported by the Battalion of Cadets. Greatly outnumbered, the Confederate forces were ordered to fall back and concentrate on the railroad. Early in the morning of the 7th, four companies, including the Battalion of Cadets, with a battery of artillery, moved against the enemy. The skirmishers soon became engaged. There was rapid firing all along the line. The artillery ^{was} soon became engaged, but the enemy brought up troops in overwhelming numbers and, again the Confederates were withdrawn to the railroad. The Federals now established batteries about a mile from the railroad. Col. Edwards fortified his position behind the railroad, especially near the trestle and awaited the attack of the Federals. This was not long delayed. They moved forward twice during the 9th, but each time ^{was} driven off with great loss by our well-directed fire of both infantry and artillery. The loss of the Federals

in the two engagements, the 7th and 9th, was estimated at 300. After this they ^{contented} ~~contented~~ themselves by keeping up a steady fire on the railroad and on our encampments in the rear. On the 25th of December, The Citadel Cadets, now the entire Battalion, was ordered to James Island and attached to Brigadier-General Stephen Elliott's brigade or command. The officers of the Arsenal Academy were now remanded to Columbia to take charge of the new recruits, constituting the fourth class who went to report for duty January 1st, 1865, about one hundred forty in number. We were nearing the close of the great struggles. Sherman was marching his vast army through South Carolina. Now was their opportunity to show the first State that dared to secede from the union, what war meant as they cut a wide swath of desolation through her richest territory. The South already exhausted, yet still loyal to the principals for which she fought and suffered, was witnessing the advancing hosts of the Federals as her coils drew tighter and tighter still until her "strangle hold" was complete. Women and children and former ^{slaves} slaves were silent witnesses to the wanton destruction wherever the invaders foot had pressed. Charleston, Fort Sumter, James Island had now, February 17th, 1865, been evacuated by the Confederate forces. The Citadel Cadets formed a unit of this command. Joining General Hard^{er's} Corps, they passed through Cheraw, S. C. and into North Carolina, where they became an integral part of General Joseph E. Johnston's command. The vanguard of Sherman's army was now nearing Columbia. Accompanying it was a vast horde of camp followers, stragglers, robbers - in front of, on either flank and in the rear, fattening on the prey. On the 10th of February 1865, for the last time, the Arsenal Cadets, Capt. Thomas commanding, were called out and placed under Confederate Command. A detachment was placed in charge of a small battery of Artillery guarding the head of the bridge over the Congaree River, the Columbia end of the bridge. This detachment was withdrawn after this bridge was burned by order of the

Confederate Commander,. General E. M. Law, a Citadel graduate, was appointed Provost General over the City and, the Arsenal Cadets comprised his main Provost Guard. General Sherman's forces were now, February 16th, on the other side of the Congaree River firing into the City of Columbia where women and children were helpless. The firing seemed to be directed mainly against the State House building and against the buildings of the Arsenal Academy. The latter were burned and with them were destroyed important archives of the Citadel and of the Arsenal Academies. Those of the Citadel had been sent there for safety. Above Columbia, a pontoon bridge was being laid by the Federals, preparatory to the entrance of their troops into Columbia. Detachment of Cadets under their four commissioned officers, were patrolling the city, quieting disorders and, protecting property. This continued until near midnight of the 16th of February 1865. Orders had been received to join General Garlington's command attached to that of General Beauregard. Our detachments of Cadets were quickly drawn in and, the Arsenal Cadets, lightly equipped, left the city, traveling in a North Easterly direction to join the retreating troops. We were going in the direction of Charleste, N. C. Before dawn the City of Columbia was in flames. The home of the writer had been pierced by a Parrott shell. While it failed to explode, the marks of its entrance and its exit long remained a ^{mute} witness to the ^vYandolism of the Federals. But why particularize and call up the ghosts of the departed past!

At White Oaks, on the C. C. & A. Railroad, South of ^{o71e}Charleston, our command turned Eastward, hoping to escape Sherman's advancing Cavalry. Crossing the Wateree River in the night, we marched the next day towards Lancaster. Sherman's forces turned at the same point that we did and, ^{was} pushing our rear guard, as we marched into Lancaster. General Garlington here turned the Arsenal Corps over to Capt. J. P. Thomas and told him to seek their safety. Turning our course Northwestward we

marched into North Carolina and eventually ^{reached} marched to Charlotte. From this point we went to Chester, S. C. ^{we} this making an almost circle in our march. Thence we marched to Union and reaching Spartanburg, reported to Gov. Magrath. He had ordered us back into the State as a protection. At this time we were the only organized military command in the State. From Spartanburg the command marched to Greenville. Here we built log houses and were very comfortable in our new encampment. Not long were we allowed to remain thus. Rapidly the end was drawing near. Lee surrendered on the 9th of April. His last battle had been fought. General Grant gave liberal terms, General Johnston surrendered on the 26th. President ^{Davis} sought safety by leaving Richmond with most of his Cabinet and an escort. Stopping in Charlotte, he passed into South Carolina and held his last Cabinet meeting in Abbeville, S. C., then crossed the Savannah River into Georgia on the morning of May 4th. A large detachment from General Stoneman's Cavalry was sent to overtake and arrest the President. The City of Greenville, S. C. was directly in their line of march and pursuit. Capt. J. P. Thomas, our commanding officer, was asked by the city authorities not to make a stand against the raiders, fearing retaliation. It was now the last of April. The city was in great excitement. The line of march was quickly taken. At midnight, the Arsenal Cadets left Greenville and marched towards the town of Williamston. The column was halted in a sheltered lane just after break of day. Ranks were broken but our arms were loaded and still in our hands while we were waiting for a hasty breakfast. Remember the cadets were all young. Only four months had they been in training and none over eighteen. Tired from rapid marching and from the excitement preceding it, many had fallen asleep; some on rails taken from the old worm fence bordering the lane; still others on the bare ground, but still holding their loaded rifles. Suddenly, Stoneman's Cavalry fired a volley into us. The color ^{beams} raised the flag and, ^{while some}

^{collected} veiling around it while ^{others} some protected themselves behind trees and out-houses, the Cadets returned the fire and, ^{with deadly effect,} as was afterwards learned; with deadly effect. Certain it is that, though the cavalrymen hung on our flanks as we continued our march into Williamston, they did not further molest us. We passed through the towns of Belton and Greenwood and encamped in the town of Ninety Six. After a short rest we marched on to Newberry where we established our camp. Here Capt. J. P. Thomas communicated with Gov. Magrath, who was ^{not} in Columbia, by sending Lieut. R. O. Sams to recount the events of the past few days and, ^{to} asking ^{for} further instructions. Admitted to the Governor in his office and reporting to him the events that had transpired from the time the Cadets reached Greenville to the time of their present encampment at Newberry, Governor Magrath considered carefully the situation and sent back to Capt. J. P. Thomas written instructions. Acting under these orders from Gov. A. G. Magrath, our military chief, the entire command of Arsenal Cadets was furloughed from date, May 9th, 1865, for sixty days. The command consisted of Capt. J. P. Thomas, Lieut. J. B. Patrick, Lieut. A. J. Norris, Lieut. R. O. Sams and about one hundred-forty Cadets. Each was permitted to keep his equipment, arms, and ammunition until called for by the State. This furlough was a long one. It has lengthened into over sixty-one years.

Thus practically was disbanded the last organized military command East of the Mississippi River that had been an ^{integral} part of the armies of the Confederacy. Thus, in the War between the States, "The Last Shot" was fired by the Arsenal Cadets and this after they were fired into by a large detachment of the Federal Cavalry.

Look at it as we may, The Battalion of State Cadets, a military organization of the State of South Carolina, participated actively in the events that led up to the last great struggles for State Sovereignty,

throughout that struggle and until "The Last Shot" was fired as the curtain fell at the close of The Great Drama.

The writer was an active participant in the events narrated in the two articles furnished at the request of Col. O. J. Bond, President of The Citadel. "The First Shot" and "The Last Shot". Let me recapitulate. Called out by Gov. F. W. Pickens, the Citadel Cadets fired the first shot of the War between the States, when "The Star of the West" was turned back in her attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter. And the Arsenal Cadets fired the last shot as they repelled the attack made on them by the Cavalry of General Stoneman of the Federal Army.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF CHEROKEE

Sep 1926
Autobiography by Robert Oswald Sams

My grandfather, Lewis Reeve Sams, and his brother Berners Barnwell Sams of the town of Beaufort, S. C. married two sisters, the Misses Fripp, of St. Helena Island. My grandmother's name was Sarah Fripp. My father, Miles Brewton Sams, was the second child of this union and was born Dec. 25, 1811; his elder brother, Lewis Reeve Sams, must have been born about 1809. The marriage of my grandparents on the paternal side must have been about the year 1807.

The other children from this union were Caroline Sams, who married James Fripp; Stanhope Sams, who never married; Emily Sams, who never married; and Marion W. Sams, who married Miss Lutia Duncan of Barnwell, S. C.

My father and his oldest brother Lewis were students together at the old South Carolina College and both graduated from this college. My father graduated just after the completion of the South Carolina Railway connecting Columbia with Charleston. Both my father and Uncle Lewis attended the Charleston Medical College. My father's health failing, he had to leave college the year he should have graduated.

My father, Miles Brewton Sams, and my mother, Caroline Matilda Oswald, were married May 18, 1837 and lived during the early years of their married life on the island of Dothaw, not far from the island of St. Helena. This island was the property of my grandmother Sams and her only sister at the time of this marriage. Riski: this last sentence is not correct.

My mother was born Sept. 8, 1818. She was the eldest child of her parents, Robert Oswald and Lavinia Chaplin. She received her early education in the town of Beaufort, S. C. Later she attended the finishing school of the Misses Odriskell in the city of Charleston, S. C. It was usual of that time in Beaufort for those who could afford it to send their daughters to Charleston to finish their studies and add to their equipment for life.

I was the second child of my parents, and was born Sept. 4, 1841 in the town of Beaufort, S. C. in the home of my Aunt Caroline Fripp on what is known as Sams' point. Soon after this my grandfather built a house on one of his plantations on Lady's Island, settled the same and with a number of negro slaves started my father in life as a planter. This force was increased by slaves inherited by my mother. My grandmother Oswald and her two sisters inherited the plantation known as Jericho. It is a peninsular not far from the present city of Port Royal. It fronts on Battery Creek which is an inlet from Port Royal river and which separates Jericho from the city of Port Royal.

On the opposite side of this peninsular are a few islands with a stretch of marsh land, and still further on is Broad River which is one arm of the sea that helps to make Port Royal island. My grandmother's portion of Jericho was the peninsular. In fact, the part nearest to the city of Port Royal and to Parris Island. On it was a two story dwelling with all necessary out buildings. Often have I been a visitor there while owned by my grandmother, Lavinia Chaplin Oswald. My grandmother had at least two sisters and one brother, Benjamin S. Chaplin. This brother did not own any part of Jericho. See S. C. Equity Reports Adams vs Chaplin Vol. 1 Hill's Chancery Reports. One sister, Cecilia C. Chaplin, I think married a brother of my grandfather, Robert Oswald. I don't remember his Christian name, Benjamin Oswald, but the home place adjoined that of my grandmother's. I am quoting from memory when I say that the names of their children were Benjamin Oswald, John Oswald, Margaret Oswald, Garvin, Oswald, Robert. A second sister, Martha Chaplin, owned the adjoining part of Jericho. She married _____ Baynard. Two sons of this marriage were Thomas and Calder. The daughters were Juliana, Sarah, Tulie, Elizabeth and _____ Baynard. The latter three married the three brothers of Thomas, Ben and Winnie Joe Willingham. My grandfather Robert Oswald died practically a young man. He and my grandmother, Lavinia Chaplin, must have been married about the year 1817.

Their children were Caroline Matilda, the eldest, who married Miles Brewton Sams; Ann, who married Richard Reynolds; Robert who married Anna Lawton, the daughter of Robert Lawton; and Adelaide, who married Henry Chovin.

The children born to my parents are Lewis Reeve; Robert Oswald; Emma Lavinia; Marion W.; Anna Edings; Sarah Adelaide; Richmond Henry; Miles Brewton; Duncan; and Caroline Matilda. My parents lived a number of years on this plantation on Lady's Island. When the older children were old enough to attend school, they spent some of the winter months there, but during the summer lived in a rented house in the town of Beaufort, S. C. This continued a number of years until my father purchased a house and lot in the town of Beaufort. This house was in front of the Bowers Barnwell home. The inconveniences attending living in one place and having your business interests in another and on a separate island, induced my father to sell his plantation on Lady's Island and purchase a farm on Port Royal Island. This was nearly adjoining the town of Beaufort. It proved to be too small for his force of hands. This he sold and bought a larger and much better place about five miles from the town and in the northwestern part of the island. This place was named, "The Retreat" and fronted on the highway leading from Beaufort to Jericho and The Tom Baynard plantation on Broad River. My parents and children lived in the family home in Beaufort and my father went back and forth to the plantation directing its operations. This continued until Nov. 1861 when Forts Beauregard and Ripley, one on Bay point, the other on Hilton Head, guarding the mouth of Broad River and the water route to the town of Beaufort, fell into the hands of the U. S. forces then at war with the seceded and Confederate States of America.

At that time every white man on the island of Port Royal save two, Mr. Fyler, a northern man and a merchant of the town of Beaufort, and Mr. Baynard, who had been an inmate of the asylum for the insane in Columbia, refuged from the island.

My father and my mother with all of the children except Lewis, then in the service of the Confederacy, and Marion, then in the Citadel, and myself, teaching a military school in Montgomery, Ala., refugeed to Lawtonville, S. C. and occupied a part of the house of my Aunt Adelaide Chovin. After getting his family to this point of safety my father returned to his plantation on the island and brought away some of the negro slaves, a horse or two, probably a wagon and a few farming implements. He rented a farm and tried to make a living for his family. Previous to this, my brother Lewis was a student at Furman University, Greenville, S. C. and then was a student of The University of Va. at Charlottesville, Va., and my sister Emma was a student at Greenville College, then under the direction of Mr. Augustine Duncan and my uncle Marion W. Sams.

I attended first the private schools of the town. I well remember Mrs. Wilson who taught the younger children (boys and girls) and Mr. Wilson who taught the young men. A little later on I attended the school taught by Rev. Julius J. Sams. Then I attended the High School or Beaufort College taught by Rev. Fielding and Wells. Afterwards by Fielding and Wardlow.

My grandfather Sams died this year 1856 or perhaps 1855. He had built a magnificent residence on perhaps the most commanding situation in the town. After the death of my grandmother (Miss Fripp), his first wife, he married Miss Fuller, a sister of Dr. Richard Fuller. Resulting from this union were born Elizabeth (Bet), Richard Fuller and Thomas Sams. My grandfather and family occupied this fine residence where he died. He owned four or five large plantations all well equipped and owned many slaves. The Hermitage nearly joined the corporate limits of the town, then came Reed's Farm, then The Cottage, all reaching from Beaufort River in front to a river in the back. Thus his lands reached nearly to Old Fort this side of the town of Port Royal. One half of the valuable island Dothaw was also his. It was this year 1856 that I received appointment to a cadetship at

the South Carolina Military Academy, with orders to report to Col. C. C. Tero, Supt. of the Arsenal Academy at Columbia, January 1st, 1857. This order I obeyed. Thus began my military training. Capt. C. C. Tero (not then Colonel) was Supt. and Prof. of French. Lieut. John Pierre Thomas was Prof. of English, and Lieut. Kennedy, Prof. of Mathematics. Perhaps not more than one third of those who matriculated at the Arsenal succeeded in passing their examinations and entered The Citadel Academy January 1st 1858. I here relate a little incident to set forth the strict military discipline to which the cadets were subjected and under which they maintained as soldiers. About 130 entered each year at the Arsenal. The three or four Professors could not possibly drill and prepare for the School of the Company, in the time allotted, this raw, heterogeneous mass of young manhood drawn from almost every walk of life in the State. It was then customary for the Supt. to detail three or four of the class just leaving to return and assist in this training. I was a sergeant in my class (there were no commissioned officers the first year). December was our vacation. Just before leaving for home, Capt. Tero sent for me to come to his office. When I reported to him, he said, "Sergt. Sams, I wish you to return the first of January and assist us (the Profs.) in drilling and getting into shape the incoming class." I was ambitious of keeping a good stand in my class and felt that to return to Columbia and perform this duty would be to my detriment, even though it was an honor to be so selected. I did not then know that in military parlance a request was a command. So, I replied: "Capt., I do not leave for home until morning, let me think over this tonight and give you my answer in the morning." Capt. Tero sat erect in his chair and replied: "Sergt. Sams, you either return to Columbia and assist us in our work or you leave the institution." Of course I reported for duty. But it did work against me in keeping my stand in my class. For six weeks or two months the other members of the class were moving forward, while I was trying to keep up.

After performing the duties of "drill master" as required of me and assisting in getting the 4th class of 1858 in shape to be handled by the Professors at the Arsenal, I was allowed to rejoin my class at the Citadel at Charleston. The Military Academy of S. C. was now very popular as an educational center. Quite a number of young men, mainly from Charleston, were admitted to membership in the third (my own) class. Major F. W. Capers was then Superintendent. His youngest brother Ellison, who had just graduated, was assistant professor. There was great rivalry between the two literary societies for membership. I joined the Polytechnic and a little over three years later received from it my diploma, which I now hold and highly esteem.

Nothing of momentous interest occurred during this year 1858 to me or the progress of our studies. At the close of this scholastic year I maintained my stand in my class and with other members, we were now the second class. The military training was even more exacting and discipline correspondingly severe. Instead of graduating in December, the session was lengthened from four months. Graduation was now in April. Our vacation was in mid summer. The two Military Academies were the depositories for the military equipment of the State. At all times they were strictly guarded. I served my time on guard even during my vacation in July. Since April 1859 we were members of the second class. But our numbers were fewer, many having failed to pass examinations. This was a very profitable year from the stand

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representative of a literary event to be held in public. The meeting of the National Democratic Convention was held in Charleston this year 1860. Country, State and City were stirred. While the cadets could attend but few of these sessions, we saw and heard enough to know that there was danger ahead.

The election in Nov. 1860 of Abraham Lincoln, of the Republican party, to be President of the U. S. stirred South Carolina as perhaps she had never before

been stirred. Representatives of the citizenry from all over the State met in December in Charleston (The Secession Convention) to decide on what to do. After some days in fiery, heated discussion, the Convention adjourned to Columbia, where Jan. 20th was passed the famous Ordinance

(Pages 20, 21, 22, 23 missing)

which allowed to salute their flag. Through the four years and four months or until February 17th 1865 the combined forces of the U. S. by land and sea could not wrest it from us.

I had engaged to teach at Summerville, near Charleston with Mr. Gadsden. Here I continued a few months. Then with Mr. O. Mortimer Roberts and Mr. Ford we conducted a military school at Montgomery, Ala. I was engaged in this work when Commodore Dupont on Nov. 7, 1861 captured Fort Beauregard and Fort Ripley; one on Bay Point, the other on Hilton Head, built to protect the entrance to the town of Beaufort. This opened up the way to the town and put the Federal troops in control not only of the island of Port Royal but of all of the outlying islands - a rich haul.

Every white citizen save two hurriedly left the island. My father, my mother and seven of the ten children were among this large number. After taking his family to the home of my aunt Adelaide, Mrs. Henry Chovin, near Lawtonville, S. C., about 50 miles distant, my father now fifty years old returned to his plantation and to Beaufort, secured a few valuables, a few of the negroes who wanted to accompany him, a wagon and a horse or two and rejoined the family. He had made and harvested a large crop of cotton and provisions. All of this was left behind - a total loss. So also was it with the home in Beaufort, with all of its furnishings. The Retreat was the name of our plantation, but the negroes gave it in as "The Street", and so it was entered on the record.

My oldest brother, Lewis, was then in the Confederate Army, a member of the Beaufort Artillery. My brother Marion was then, or some afterward, also in the Confederate Army, a member of Capt. Kirks Cavalry Company. It was then a burning question with my father how to support wife and seven children, four of them girls. Even the servants who followed him had to be provided for from the first. Fortunately rooms were furnished me at the Citadel, my expenses light. Every dollar of my salary that could be spared I sent to my father which enabled him to tide over these trying years.

The family moved up to Barnwell in 1864, where lived my grandmother Mrs. H. D. Duncan. They were there in January 1865 when Genl. Sherman passed through in Feby. Fearing ill treatment at the hands of the soldiers, my father took my three older sisters ahead of the advancing army and found a resting place in Chester, S. C. Here they remained until sometime after Lee's surrender, when they returned to Barnwell. Hardships many they experienced but now happy now even in their poverty. Soon the family moved out about ten miles from Barnwell and engaged in farming. About 1866 or 67 my brother Lewis purchased a farm at Erwinton about four miles from Allendale, S. C. and the family moved there in their own home. It was among relatives and friends and in a community of culture and refinement. Here I leave the family for the present and take up anew the sketch of my own life. Teachers were transferred from the Citadel to the Arsenal, or from the Arsenal to the Citadel just where they were needed most. In 1864 I was at the Arsenal in Columbia and there met Miss Emmie Roberts. She was the oldest sister of my friend O. M. Roberts, who was a member of my class at the Citadel and afterwards associated with me in teaching and drilling at the Ford Military School in Montgomery, Ala. The family had refuged to Greenville, S. C. but were soon to move to Telderville, S. C. in Orangeburg County about twenty miles southeast of the county seat.

Mortimer Roberts wrote to me that his sisters Emmie and Wilhelmina (Mina)

would soon be on a visit the Greggs in Columbia, and would be glad for me to visit them. This I did and thus began an acquaintance that soon ripened into friendship. Emmie and I became engaged in the winter of 1863 and 1864 and were married at her mother's home in Orangeburg May 25, 1864, a happy union, a fruitful life. This is the 14th of June 1926. More than sixty-two years have passed since that morning. Years full of happiness interspersed with sorrows; many changes, vital struggles, but I can and now do thank God for them all as we were under His guiding hand. God called her Mar. 2, 1898. She went to Him and left me desolate but with hope bright and unfaltering. I thank God for Emmie, her girlhood life, our blended lives; for the children He has given us; for His loving-kindness and tender mercies. Glory be to His name.

As I write these lines while musing over the past, my heart is very tender. Separated twenty-eight years I look forward to the time when our spirits will be reunited.

We were married before daylight of the morning of the 25th of May 1864. The early hour was in consequence of having to travel twenty miles in a carriage to meet the morning train at Orangeburg going from Columbia to Charleston. We were on our way to visit my father and mother and their family, then near Lawtonville, S. C., now near the town of Estill. My grandmother's carriage, Mrs. H. D. Duncan, living in Barnwell, S. C. met us in Blackville, ten miles from Barnwell. It was a full two hours drive over a sandy road. We were most heartily welcomed and royally entertained. We were to spend three or four days here; then go on to my father's. This visit was shortened by a message from my mother that my young brother, M. B. Sams, Jr., was very ill and asking that we hurry down. The distance is about 45 miles. Brew was then nearly ten years of age. He had gone into a nearby mill pond bathing in the heat of the day. Soon afterwards he was taken violently sick. Aunt Martha Baynard then in Barnwell visiting my grand-

mother, her sister. She was nee Martha Chaplin. She kept a carriage and a pair of horses and a coachman (William). She insisted on taking us in her carriage to my father's. We stopped for dinner at the home of Cousin Tulie (Cecilia) Willingham (Mrs. Tom Willingham - a daughter of Aunt Martha. Another daughter Bet - Cousin Elizabeth- had married Mr. Ben Willingham, a brother of Tom.)

Reaching my father's in the late afternoon we found the home one of mourning. My brother Brew had died several hours. Truly joy and sorrow are twin sisters. The next day we laid the body to rest in the "city of the dead" adjoining the Lawtonville church. This was the first break in the circle of ten children.

We remained here perhaps a month, when we turned our faces toward what was to be our new home in Columbia. First we stopped in Barnwell, then in Orangeburg at the home of Mrs. Roberts. From there we went to Columbia in time to take up my duties at the Arsenal. I had secured board at the home of Mrs. Matthews, just diagonally across from the Arsenal. Here we were most kindly received and here we found a real home. It was during this year that Emmie's brother Mortimer entered the Confederate Service and was assigned to duty in Charleston, S. C. In a few months he contracted yellow fever and died. His body was buried near Charleston in the cemetery where rest the bodies of many soldiers who gave their lives for their country.

Mortimer was the main stay of the family consisting now since Emmie's marriage of his mother; Wilhelmina; Mattie; Charlie; and Tulie. The husband and father had died some three or four years previously. My marriage to Emmie and the death of Mortimer changed the current of my life. I felt now that I had another family by God's grace to help in rearing. Charlie was but a youth, perhaps eleven years of age. The promise of his youth was fulfilled in later life. He met every situation with a man's determination, filled well his place in life, and when he died, after rearing (leaving) a splendid family of eleven children, left a name honored by all who were fortunate to know him.

My duties at the Arsenal took all of my time and continued uninterrupted until Nov. when we called into the active field service of the Confederacy as narrated in an address made to the local chapter of the U.D.C. which becomes a part of this sketch. I may add just here that while in camp in the month of December, on the East side of the Coosawhatchie trestle over the Charleston and Savannah railroad. The U. S. Troops from their batteries located west of this trestle fired night and day into our camp. One cadet named Palmer lost his left hand from a Parrott shell while he was returning a borrowed frying pan to another mess. It is a creepy feeling that passes over you while you are trying to sleep to hear the screech of a shell.

It was fortunate for us that the family of Mr. T. A. Wilbur moved from Charleston to Columbia. He had married a cousin of Emmie, my wife. She was a Miss Cuttino. Emmie called her Cousin Bee. They were friends to us. On Sherman's approach to Columbia, and just before I had to leave with the cadet troops, they invited Emmie to become an inmate of their home. Thus was my mind practically relieved during my enforced absence. We can never repay such acts of kindness and hospitality. It is true we were then keeping house in well furnished rooms and in a splendid house, but it was near the Arsenal and the U. S. Troops seemed to take delight in directing their fire against the Arsenal. Our home was in line with this target, the Arsenal, and was pierced by one of their shells. It was during this year that I joined the First Baptist Church in Columbia, and was baptized by Dr. Breaker, the pastor. Before this he had been pastor of the Baptist church in Beaufort. Dr. Williams of the Seminary had been doing the preaching. While I enjoyed very much the fine sermons he preached, it was not then that I was converted, but fully ten years previous. That was under the preaching of Dr. Teasdale, and Evangelist. My parents thought I was too young to join the church and advised me to wait. I have ever thought that was very dangerous. At that

formative period of life from ten to twenty, youth needs anchorage and there is nothing equal to the "anchor within the veil". I thank God that the anchor still holds.

The 17th of Feby. 1865 was the beginning of a season of hardships and trials. While I have given an outline of what happened between this date and that of the furlough granted the Arsenal Cadet Corps May 9, 1865, but some notice might be taken of events more personal in their character. After our withdrawal from guarding the bridge over the Congaree River I was placed in charge of a platoon of cadets to patrol Main Street in Columbia from the City Hall to the Capitol building. A motley crowd of camp followers, desperados, thieves, were flocking into the city to break into stores and even invade the privacy of the home. Calls for help were frequent. Several times did I have to give the command "charge bayonet" and even threaten to fire. Thus with difficulty were they restrained. In the afternoon the crowd was so great and so threatening that the cadets were concentrated and in line with loaded guns in front of the City Hall. Inflamed by whiskey and maddened by unexpected opposition to their looting of the city the mob tried to ride over us and we had to assume the position of "charge bayonets" to insure protection. At this juncture, Genl. E. M. Law, Provost Marshal, came from his office, and wounded as he was, with one arm still in a sling, came through our ranks, and, advancing on the leader of the mob, who was on horseback, with the other hand seized the leader, dragged him from his horse, and, under guard sent him to and locked him up in jail. Thus one brave man quelled at least temporarily a mob. That night the city of Columbia was set on fire in a number of places. The heavens were lighted up and from our camp we were eyewitnesses of this, one of the great atrocities of the war.

Early the next morning we resumed our march, and that night, bleak, dark and dreary, with Sherman's cavalry in pursuit, we crossed the Wateree River before going in to camp. No supper that night, but wet and weary, near exhausted, we slept anyway.

The next day found us in the town of Lancaster. From this point we marched into North Carolina. Here we passed through a sand hill country. It looked to be as poor as the poorest. Since which time we have found it to be the home of the Peach. After a while we passed into a gold mining section, where enterprise was abroad. The governor had ordered us back into South Carolina. We turned our faces towards Charlotte, the Headquarters of Genl. Beauregard. Nearing the city I advanced ahead of the command. In uniform I was advancing up the main street when I was halted and asked for my passport. Of course I had none and although I told the sergeant that I was but a short distance ahead of my command, nothing would avail but that I must go to the office of the provost. To him I explained who I was, why I was there and that my command was even then in the city. At this time, Rolin Kirk, connected with the office and who had been a classmate of mine in Beaufort, recognized me and vouched for the accuracy of my statement. Thus was I set at liberty and soon rejoined my command. Thus was I initiated into the ways of Charlotte.

From this point Gov. Magrath ordered us to report to him at Spartanburg. Fortunately the railroad track was in fair condition as far as Chester. Here then we took the train and disembarked at Chester. My father and family (except Lewis, Marion and myself) had moved from Lawtonville to Barnwell. But fearing rough treatment for the girls from Sherman's soldiers, my father and the girls went through the country to Chester where they stopped and rented rooms from a Mrs. McAfie, I think. Anyhow here I had the pleasure of meeting them and, for a few hours, enjoyed for a few hours a family reunion. Soon we took up our line of march towards Spartanburg. We crossed Broad River and marched into the town of Union and from there to Spartanburg. Here Capt. Thomas reported to the Governor. While the most of the command here went into camp for a needed rest, some were given a ten days furlough. I was among the latter number.

We could take the train as far as Alston about 20 miles from Columbia. From that point on the railroad track had been destroyed. There were several

good sized boats that plied since Sherman's transit through Columbia, but not space enough to accomodate all of our party. I am not one to rush or to force my way but the selfishness in our natures was here manifest by the boats being soon filled to their capacity. I with a few others crossed to the south side of the Congaree River and took up our line of march over the highway. Reaching Columbia, I soon found my way to the home of Mr. T. A. Wilbur, where Emmie, my dear wife, had found a hospitable home since February 17th. I had not even had a word from or about her since we left Columbia ahead of Sherman and witnessed the city in flames. Can you imagine my joy in once again clasping her in my arms and showering kisses on her dear lips and finding her in perfect health. I thanked God then as I do now.

The few days spent in full happiness soon were speeding to a close. I turned my steps towards our camp at Spartanburg. This time I found passage in one of the river boats but we were going up stream and we had to pole our way against the current and our progress was slow. The redbud trees were plentiful and were showing their bright tinted flowers - a harbinger of spring. Soon after reaching Spartanburg we were ordered to Greenville. At that time, April 1865, there was no railway line between the two cities. We began the cross country march over muddy roads and across swollen streams but reached Greenville in fine condition. Here we found a good camping site and soon abandoned our tents for more comfortable log cabins which we built. Our numbers were increased while here, so that we now had a chance to show by the drill of the company and battalion, and on dress parade, something of what the State was putting ; into and getting out of the young men assigned to duty at her military academies. But we were not permitted to remain long in our camp at Greenville. The war was rapidly nearing its close. Following the surrender of Genl. R. E. Lee at Appomattox, President Jefferson Davis with his cabinet under a considerable escort, hurriedly left Richmond, seeking safety in flight. Their course took them through Greensboro,

Charlotte, not far from Greenville, S. C.; through the town of Abbeville, S. C. and across the Savannah River into Ga. In my talk before the local chapter of the U.D.C. I have given an account of our departure from Greenville, going through Williamston, Laurens, Ninety-Six and into camp at Newberry where, by order of Gov. Magrath, the Arsenal Cadets were furloughed for sixty days. This address, printed in The Gaffney Ledger, becomes a part of this sketch. I will however mention several incidents that took

(Pages 48 and 49 missing)

were evidences of their pillaging and pilfering. Before reaching Williamston I picked up a coupon of a bond of the North Eastern railroad that had slipped through their fingers. This I found of some value to me the next year. We made a temporary camp at Ninety-Six before proceeding to Newberry. Here Capt. J. P. Thomas dispatched me as a courier to Gov. A. G. Magrath now in Columbia. Here I delivered my instructions to the Gov. in his office. With him I went over events as they transpired since he was last with us in the town of Spartanburg. Having received my instructions I returned to Newberry and gave them into the hands of our Commander. Acting on these instructions, the entire command was furloughed for sixty days from May 9th 1865. It was a long furlough, for, after sixty-one years we have not been called on to report.

The intention of the Board of Visitors was for the Battallion of State Cadets to resume their studies and accustomed duties. Funds were not available. This plan was abandoned temporarily. The Arsenal Cadets as furloughed were Capt. J. P. Thomas, first Lieut. J. B. Patrick, second Lieut. A. J. Norris, second Lieut. R. O. Sams, Dr. M. M. Sams, surgeon, and about one hundred and forty cadets.

I reached Columbia May 10th and proceeded at once with my dear wife Emmie to re-establish ourselves in our old home at Mrs. Matthews on Arsenal Hill. Mr. T. A. Wilbur and family were as kind as could be, but times were disrupted. Such an upheaval I have never again experienced. Railroad communication destroyed

in every direction. The country was exhausted, supplies scarce anyway. Little or no provisions of any kind in the city or on the farms. Employment was not to be found. I can't tell how we got through the next two months. Emmie was not in any condition to travel anywhere or anyhow. There were no hospitals at that time in Columbia, nor indeed for years afterwards. Emmie was taken sick the night of June 10th, and on the 11th our first child was born. Dr. Melvin Sams was the attending physician, and a colored woman was the midwife. No trained nurses were known outside of Charleston. Emmie was in good health and recovered nicely. We were two happy souls though almost in the depths.

Of course Emmie wanted to see her mother and family. There was nothing to keep us in Columbia, no work to do. Besides, living was cheaper in the country. When the sixty day furlough had expired and nowhere to report, we decided to go to the home of Emmie's mother, at Felderville, in the eastern part of Orangeburg County and twenty miles from the county seat. It was about 50 miles from Columbia. Hiring an old army wagon - a jersy with a spring seat - and with a mule, we started off one afternoon about the 11th of July, expecting to reach our destination the next day. The bridge over the Congaree having been burnt since the morning of the 17th of February, we had to cross the river on a ferry boat. We had gone perhaps 8 or ten miles when a thunder storm came upon us. It appeared to me that Providence had just then provided us with a shelter. An unoccupied house was right there by the roadside. Hastily I unhitched the mule, got Emmie and the baby in the house and all of our baggage except my silk hat (a relict from before the war). It must have know I would not need it any more. We got along passably well that night. I can't remember what we ate for breakfast, but, after eating we loaded up and continued our journey. How often I have wished that I could thank the owner of that house. Surely the Lord goes before us. Soon we entered a swamp. The roads had not been repaired since they had been cut up by the wheels of Sherman's wagons, gun carriages and caisons. Rough and rotten it was. Soon one front wheel fell into a deep rut. This broke

the "king bolt". What was I to do! Helpless it seemed to me when up came a man, yes a real man. He took in the situation, took off his coat and took hold. I said this was an army wagon. In it was a tool chest and in it was a "king bolt" just a fit. Prizing up the body, we took out the broken bolt, inserted the good one, got the wheel out of the rut and on firm ground. Thus were we prepared to continue our journey. "Just when we need Him most" He is right there. "Only trust Him, that is all."

We could not reach Mrs. Roberts' home that night but we found friends who brightened the way for us and thus lightened our burden. We find them but only after God has provided them. Do we thank Him enough? No we cannot.

I remained several days at Mrs. Roberts' home several days after reaching it the third day. Then, I must retrace my steps to return mule and wagon. I got along nicely but could not reach Columbia the first day. Stopped in the woods by the roadside, fed and tethered my mule, buttered my bread from my canteen, wrapped up in my army blanket and slept until early dawn. The fresh milk that had been poured into my canteen the morning I started, had, by the constant jostling, been churned. I then had butter and buttermilk.

Well, I recrossed the river and returned mule and wagon with a heart full of thanks and started on my way to rejoin wife and baby. Remember the railroad had not yet been repaired. Travel was mostly by wagon. I traveled most of the way down the old state road from Columbia to Charleston. Two servants still remained with Mrs. Roberts and family; while one cooked and worked about the house, the man worked the farm.

When I returned to Felderville I was asked to take charge of the school at Antioch about 1½ miles distant. Nothing better was in sight. Here then was my first school after the war. It was a good community. It was one of the dutch settlements in this state, honest, hardworking, thrifty people. They were good

livers and possessed those qualities that make for a good citizenship. When I was first married Rev. T. W. Mellichamp performed the ceremony. He had married the youngest sister of Mrs. Roberts and was then living in that community and preached to several Baptist churches. For several years I lived and taught in this community and formed some lasting friendships, but although it was a good locality as an agricultural section it was twenty miles to the nearest depot on a railroad. A school was offered me across the Congaree River, near Gadsden and about twenty miles from Columbia. As Charley Roberts was now of a size to be of some protection to the family, I decided to accept it, and we, Emmie, my wife and Mortimer, my only child, moved to that point. Mr. Mellichamp had preceded us to this community where he was the pastor of several churches. We found a home in the old James home. Mr. John Bates had married one of the James girls. Here he was in charge of the farm and also ran a store. It was a fine community. Many splendid families were in easy reach. This was in the fork made by the junction of the Congaree and Wateree Rivers forming the Santee. While living in this home, my eldest Carrie was born. But we were near the swamps and contracted malaria. Hoping to better this condition, I moved my family to a home owned by Mr. Isaac Weston. It was directly on the road to Columbia and about five miles nearer that city. This was adjoining the families of Adams', Westons' and Rays'. All substantial and well to do. Families of influence for generations. At that time the palatial houses or rather houses were beginning to show signs of the changed conditions. Large slave holders at one time now almost deserted. The hand of time was leaving his marks on these fine residences and on all of the properties of this section.

Malaria still held its grip on me in particular. I was on the verge of a breakdown in consequence and had to give up my school here and accepted charge of one in Columbia. It was known as the Odd Fellows School. My brother Marion

had a school in the Parlor community, some ten miles further south than Felderville. He came to live with my family when I went five days in the week to teach in Columbia. It was a separation hard to bear.

While at Felderville and at the Weston home, I visited, during my vacation, my father's family, then at Sandy Run. I went on horseback - a tiresome trip. Especially was this so from the Weston. I had first to cross the Congaree swamp, five miles wide, then the swamp of the Edisto and of Saltketches. In returning it was late evening when crossed the Congaree River. I then had five miles of thick dark to cross before reaching the high land. It was almost trackless. Soon I had to rely almost entirely on my mule to find his way. At last I came to a creek that was on the edge of the swamp and the high land. My mule found a ford and soon we were on the highway and at home once more. How helpless we often are when left to ourselves. Nature helps us out of the labarynth.

My boarding house in Columbia was with a splendid family. I presume I would have moved my family to Columbia had not my friend - twice my room mate - Prof. A. J. Norris, now living in Edgefield, a lawyer, sought to get me to that town to take charge of the town academy. I had to leave the sickly section along the Congaree swamp.

While living in the James' home with the John Bates family and the James' children, we were visited at different times by Mina and Mattie and Tulie. This also was the case at the Weston home, at least by several of them. I was not willing to leave the Roberts' family behind. In accepting the position of teacher of the Male Academy at Edgefield, I arranged that all of us, Mrs. Roberts, Mina, Mattie, Charlie, Tulie, as well as my own family - then four in number - go together and occupy the same home. At that time the C. C. & O. railroad was under construction and was completed and opened to travel only as far as Lotts perhaps about 14 or 15 miles from Edgefield. My friend, A. J. Norris, had rented

for me a comfortable house and plenty of farm land adjoining about two miles from the center of the town. Carriages and wagons were at the depot when we reached the station. It was a tiresome ride, but when we reached the Keese house, we were at home. Now we were all together as one family and thus we lived for years.

Living so far out was a little inconvenient, especially for the girls. After several years I bought the Rainey house in town and we moved there. In the country we were almost cut off from church privileges as well as from social advantages. Dr. L. R. Gwaltney had been pastor as well as teacher before our moving to Edgefield. He first gave up teaching and then resigned as pastor to accept a position in Rome, Ga. where he lived the balance of his life. The influence of his life was of the highest and most enduring. As pastor of the Edgefield Baptist Church he was followed by Rev. Luther Broadus.

While we lived at the Keese house, our second daughter was born. I had a number of splendid pupils while teaching in Edgefield. A member I taught in the higher mathematics, James Bonham, was especially bright. His life was shattered by a fatal sickness, even before he approached his prime. At the Citadel we were taught French, but not Latin. As a teacher, this lack has been a great drawback to me, especially during the early years of my teaching. Having to hire one to teach Latin drew heavily on my small income. I was induced by the offer of a larger salary than I was making to give up teaching for a while. I now feel that this was a mistake. Handicapped as I was by not having studied Latin I could still have advanced in my profession by directing and teaching those subjects I was well acquainted with. However, I did engage in the mercantile business for myself. Afterwards I took in a partner, Mr. John B. Hill. He was well connected and had many influential relatives and friends. This was in the town of Edgefield where I still lived. Pine House then, Trenton now, was our nearest depot on the C. C. & Augusta railroad. It was seven or eight miles distant. Freight and transportation generally had to be hauled in wagons. At first I bought

and ran one two-horse team, but soon increased the number to two. I hauled for other merchants and found it profitable. At the same time I kept a horse and buggy for my own use.

While living in the Rainey house, our third daughter Eva C. Sams was born February 19th 1872. This was two years to a day after the birth of Mattie. I formed a copartnership with Col. Z. W. Carrvile of Edgefield. This was under the firm name of Carrvile and Sams at Johnston on the C. C. & A. railroad and of Sams & Carrvile at Pine House. I was in direct control at the latter place, while Col. Carrvile managed the business at Johnston. This was done at a time when this part of the state and that in the vicinity of Ellenton and Hamburg was in a state of unrest under radical control. Agricultural operations suffered greatly. Labor was restless and unreliable. Of course, the merchants suffered. The whites had to arm themselves and even organize into companies. One company was made up in the neighborhood of Pine House. I was elected its Captain. We were under strict discipline. Time and again were we called out - fearing a riot. On election day we were on duty in the town of Edgefield. But for this determined stand and show of strength, our people would likely have suffered.

Feeling that I should be more in my principal place of business I purchased six acres of land from Major Jones and built a house and suitable out buildings. It was a delightful situation and in the midst of splendid neighbors. While we were all living together at the Rainey house, Mattie Roberts was married to Mr. W. J. Griffin. This was a very happy union and continues thus until this day. We moved to Pine House and occupied the house I built there. But we went too soon; that is before the plastering was thoroughly dry. Diptheria was prevailing at the time. Carrie had it slightly, not in her throat but in a cut on her leg. As the deposit was wiped off it would commence at once to form again. Mat had a desparate case of it. Dr. Hill of Edgefield was in constant attendance. He was

very skillful but it appeared to be beyond the power of man. As a last resort he told me to send to Augusta (26 miles away) and through the country and get some sulphurous acid. This he had never tried before. When the messenger came with it he put some lint cotton in a large mouth bottle. On this he poured some of the acid. This he got the child (4½ years old) to inhale. Relief came in a very short time, the deposit gradually disappeared. Her throat suffered. She is still living having reared eight children.

My fourth daughter - Emmie Dozier - was born July 7th 1874. We closed out the mercantile business and in the fall of this year moved to the city of Greenville. My own family consisted of myself, wife and five children. We occupied the Thompson house on what is now North Street. Mrs. Roberts and family, with W. J. Griffin and wife, Mattie, occupied a separate house next to the home of Genl. Ellison, afterwards, Bishop Capers. Prof. Judson of Furman University had supervision of the Greenville Female College. Prof. Dargan was taken sick and had to give up his work as Principal. I was asked to take up the work which I did. This work was very opportune as well as very pleasant. It seemed to just suit my tastes. It was during this winter that Emmie my youngest not a year old was taken sick with pneumonia. It was a very severe attack and brought on, so my wife thought, through neglect on the part of her nurse. After this Emmie would not allow any nurse to have charge of the baby in the evenings. The child appeared to recover completely, but I believe her constitution had been weakened.

The religious privileges at this time in Greenville were extra fine. Here was The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. All of the professors I knew personally. The students too added much to the religious interest of the community but specifically to that of the Baptist denomination in the city and in the state. Greenville was fast becoming headquarters for Baptists in the state. Here I would like to have remained and here taught. I have never been one to push my way. I was engaged to teach through the session which would come to a close in June 1875.

Prof. Judson had not said anything to me about teaching the next scholastic year. I felt that I must look around, was invited to attend a meeting of Baptists to assemble at Mt. Zion Church not far from the town of Wellford in Spartanburg County. Mr. I. W. Wingo was then a student in Greenville. He was from that community and we went down together. This was one of the churches that Bro. Landrum served as pastor for about fifty years. It was then even more prosperous than now. While here I engaged to meet parties in Spartanburg with the view of taking steps to organize a High School for boys. Afterwards this was arranged and I agreed to go there in August. It was after I had made this agreement that Prof. Judson offered me the position of Principal at the Greenville Female College. It came too late. While I would have preferred remaining in Greenville, I considered my obligation a sacred one and would try to be faithful to my trust.

Hence the latter part of the summer I moved with my family to Greenville (?) (Spartanburg ?) 1875. There was rented for me a fine large house, known as the Wingo house, on North Church Street, fronting the Baptist Church, since torn down. As there was not a building suitable for school purposes then to be rented, I taught for the first month in the Girls Seminary building, this school taught by Mrs. Massey. But we had one month in which to organize the school. We must remember that there was not a graded school in this part of the state. It was just like a private school but with a board of trustees. The trustees were to have a building put up for me. This was afterwards done on North Liberty Street. In the meantime, on Magnolia Street, I rented the second floor of a building over some stores owned by Mr. Cooper. This was but a makeshift. We went up to our rooms by steps on the outside, the steps reaching to the sidewalk. There were no playgrounds. Mr. Cooper was very eccentric, as the following incident will attest. One morning, on going to school, we found that the stairsteps had been taken down and away. There was no visible means of access. In this emergency we secured a ladder which was long enough to reach up to the door, our entrance.

Thus we bridged the chasm and continued to operate the school. In time the building on Liberty Street was completed for us and triumphantly and with great rejoicing we moved into it. A brick building with only two rooms. A partition mostly of glass separated the rooms. Thus I was enabled to see over both rooms. We had ample playgrounds. I then moved from the Wingo, or Clausen house on North Church Street to one on North Liberty Street owned by Mr. Judd. It was rather small, but convenient. I had good neighbors. My assistants were all men of fine character and very efficient. Prof. Morrison, a nephew of Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, afterwards prof. at Clemson. Mr. Twitty. Prof. J. H. Kirkland, now Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, and Rev. E. E. Bomar, now Dr. Bomar and pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hendersonville, N. C. I had been made a deacon of the Baptist Church. I was now elected a deacon of The First Baptist Church of Spartanburg. Here I taught the Men's Bible class.

While we lived at the Judd house there was born to us our fifth daughter - Amie Hagood Sams. Still there were no hospitals in Spartanburg at this time Dec. 27, 1876. Our physician Dr. T. E. Nott was very skillful and lived only two doors removed, but I had to go after the midwife. Snow was deep on the ground; it was bitterly cold, but she got there in good time and everything went off nicely.

This was the year that the white citizenry of the state rose in their might and seized the reins of government in the state. Genl. Wade Hampton was elected Governor. A great political upheaval; a complete overturning of radical rule in South Carolina. During this year was reorganized the Spartan Rifles. I was elected Captain. This placed on me a great many extra duties. The men had to be drilled and disciplined. With my school duties this was a great tax on my physical strength. But it was my contribution to the restoration of good government in our state and to security in our town.

Without my advertising the success of the school was being made known in the state. As a result of this quite a number applied for admission as students. The

main trouble was to secure places suitable for them to board. I had to take a few in my own home. We must remember that there were no public High Schools or even Graded Schools above Columbia in this state, and I don't know if Columbia had them in 1876. This was a transition period. Mostly men, but a few women, in the private schools conducted by them, were holding aloft the torch and kept alive the spirit of education. It was through their sacrificial efforts that our young men and young women were prepared to enter our colleges or to take up the duties of life. From the close of the war in 1865, for two decades they strove and suffered while striving to weld the link that united the primary schools to the institutions of higher learning. South Carolina has never recognized the services rendered by these teachers. Their remuneration was always poor and often were they in direst straits.

It was soon after this ;time (25 to 35 years succeeding the close of the war) that Winthrop College and Clemson College were thought of as state institutions. Then too came the Graded Schools and the High Schools. Thus the state by her act completely dried up the schools that during this interim were doing the work in education now done by the Graded and High Schools. She killed them and threw them on the scrap pile.

On December 29th 1878 was born to us our 6th daughter, Minnie Lou Sams. We still occupied the Judd house on N. Liberty Street. The weather then was but a repetition of that I described when Ammie was born. The same fine physician, the same good nurse and with God's blessing, the same excellent result. We were now nine in family. It was difficult to rent a house and support a family of this size, and maintain the standing in society and in which we were reared. For many years I had taught the higher mathematics, including Trigonometry and Surveying. Now seemed a good time to put in practice what I had taught and thus supplement my income from the school. Dr. T. E. Nott was my good mentor as well as friend. He borrowed from Dr. Dawkins an old compass and then loaned it to me with the necessary outfit for platting etc. After 3 o'clock the afternoons were my own,

as also were Saturdays. Thus was I equipped to do the practical work of a surveyor. The time seemed ripe to begin just such work. There was a plenty of work to be done; the trouble was to keep up with the demand. Although the remuneration was poor, it was almost a certainty. Many a bill was I enabled to meet. Thus I praised God and pressed forward with a thankful heart.

My children will never know how I struggled to keep them above real want and to give to them an education. And were it not for the self-sacrificing spirit of my devoted wife, dear Emmie, the result would have been very different. But I believe it was God's plan for us. At one time while we were occupying the Wingo house, my health was very poor. I had inflammation of the liver. This I presume was a result of my having lived so long in a malarial section. I was very ill and suffered greatly. For weeks I could not straighten my body while walking. Gradually it wore away and I grew strong again. And I believe my work with compass, crossing fields, climbing fences, jumping ditches, climbing mountains and thus being made to fill my lungs with fresh air, I became strong and tough. Truly God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. What I perhaps could have shirked, He lovingly imposes. And right here let me repeat those lines I have so often loved:

"He loves, He cares, He knows;
Nothing this truth can dim.
He gives the very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him."

I was tired of paying rent and decided to buy about 21 acres of land on Chinquepin Creek, just north east of the town of Spartanburg. Col. Joseph Walker who owned or controlled it permitted me to run the lines as I wished. I thus controlled the creek, had a fine stretch of bottom land and, fronting on the highway, had one of my corners near the railroad trestle over Chinquepin Creek. We built the house during our vacation. It was a dry summer, and not even a slight shower interfered with our work. The house was not large, but gave us a plenty of room. Afterwards it was enlarged. And now it was really a home, and one I loved. A delightful

spot in which to settle down.

(Pages 84 thru 90 missing)

men and young women. This I did and in the early fall of 1886 moved into what was known as the Hilliard Smith house, near the school, in the centre of the town. The building was enlarged by the addition of four rooms, two stories with full length porches. This enabled me to accommodate about twelve young ladies as boarding students. A new brick building was planned, built and equipped. At that time it was considered a fine building for our purpose. It was soon filled to overflowing. The military feature was introduced. From the young men students we organized two companies. The state furnished us arms, guns and accoutrements. This feature not only helped in the discipline but helped to develop the physiques of the boys and young men. Orderliness and promptness are qualities that need to be developed in any institution of learning. Preparation was made for entrance into our colleges, even to the sophomore class. Quite a number were graduated from year to year. Students came from all over the state. Prof. J. M. Tankersly felt called upon to return to his father's home in Mississippi and withdrew from the co-partnership leaving the firm name of McArthur & Sams. For our higher classes we were drawing heavily from other sections of the state than those adjacent to Gaffney. About this time the state herself entered this field of education. Winthrop at Rock Hill for young ladies and Clemson for young men. Heretofore, except perhaps in Charleston, there were no graded schools. Private schools dotted the state and kept the lights burning. There were South Carolina College; Furman University; Wofford College; of Charleston; The Citadel; Erskine College for young men; Limestone College; Greenville Female College; Columbia Female College; these with a few others for young women. But the middle ground, the place now filled by the so called secondary schools, had been occupied, if not filled, through private enterprise, private thought and private support. Such as The Gaffney Male and Female Seminary conducted by W. F. McArthur, J. M. Tankersly and R. O. Sams.

South Carolina now entered this field and through her resources given to sustain Clemson, Winthrop and the High Schools, that then began to dot the state, dried up these private schools. They could not long hold out against the state as a competition. As a result The Gaffney Male and Female Seminary had to close its doors, surrendering to the inevitable. Behold the transition. The first Graded School in Gaffney was now taught in the building of The G. M. & F. Seminary.

Soon I opened a Real Estate and Insurance office. For several years I conducted this business. At that time, without my surveying interest, I could not have made a living for my family. I was however, for a number of years, Supt. of the Gaffney Graded Schools. And besides supervising, I taught all the time. But we were under a set of trustees, which was different from directing your own affairs. Even then we kept the standard high and our graduates entered the sophomore class in our colleges.

Let me go back a little. After living in the Smith house for nearly four years, I longed for my own home, and needed more room. We had quite a number of the young lady pupils and the lady teachers as our boarders. In June 1890 I planned and started to build the house in which I now live - twelve rooms in all - besides one dressing room. It was completed by the first of September, when we moved in - thirty-six years ago. My brother Lewis gave me the land - the first lot. I got him to make the deed in my wife's name (Emmie Roberts Sams). I felt then, as I do now, where there are children, that the mother should own the home. In case the husband and father be removed by death the home is theirs secure. But I did not have the money with which to build. But owning the land, unencumbered, I secured the necessary money through the Building and Loan Association. I don't see how we ever could have secured a home without help in that way. A large family - all to be educated - at a time when money was very tight, meant the putting forth of the greatest effort. We tried to make this house a real home. Its doors were

open to preachers and educators at a time when hotel accommodations were not so good in our city.

For several years the health of Emmie, my dear wife, was failing. We did what we could and the best that medical skill advised to check the disease and allay her sufferings. The best medical talent in Spartanburg was enlisted. Then I accompanied her to the Grady Hospital in Atlanta. They did what they could, but I brought her back to our home that we so dearly loved, that here we might God's call to her dear soul. This came March 2, 1898. The body was at last freed from pain. We laid it away as tenderly as we could to rest in our cemetery lot beside that of our infant daughter - Lila Budd. For nearly thirty-four years we had traveled life's journey together. And now twenty-eight years have passed. I still long again to see the bride of my youth, the mother of my children. When the Lord, in His Providence, knows it is best to call me hence, I wish my body may be laid beside that of Emmie that together, at the last trumpet we may arise and appear before the King in His glory. I am writing these words Sept. 24, 1926. Returning to I felt desolate indeed. I never doubt the goodness of God. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. I gathered up as best I could what remained and faced anew life's problems.

Emmie while living in Greenville was a member of the class of young ladies in the S. S. of The First Baptist Church, taught by Dr. John A Broadus. This was perhaps in 1863. Before my marriage in May 25, 1864, I met Dr. Broadus in Columbia. Walking with him on Main Street, he alluded to Emmie's fine personality and on learning of our engagement, spoke of what a fine opportunity was about opening to us in our married life. It impressed me then and often since has the thought occurred to me as apt and full of suggestions. A word dropped in season, distils as the dew and as sweet as the honey in the honeycomb.

At the time of Emmie's death, M. B., our youngest child, was over twelve years of age. Thus had she the opportunity of leaving the impress of her sweet

character on the unfolding lives of the children whom God had given us to rear and to fashion.

When first I met Emmie it was at the home of Dr. Gregg in Columbia, S. C. She and her sister were together - guests of Dr. and Mrs. Gregg. Dr. Gregg had been a partner of Emmie's father, Mr. Owen Mortimer Roberts, in the dental business. We were often together afterwards. After Emmie and I were married our home was often Mina's home. In sickness she was with us as in health. Most of my children grew up under her watchful care. When, therefore, Mina and I were married June 8, 1899 and Mina entered the old home as my wife she was welcomed by my children and we were as one family. Mina was always thoughtful, very careful, ever helpful and considerate of others. This continued through our married life of nearly thirteen years. She was a helpmeet indeed. Interested in the home she always was ready to welcome to the home my children and grandchildren, her sisters, nephew and nieces and friends who found here a ready hospitality.

It was during our married life that I embarked in the hardware business with my brother Duncan as partner. The business was incorporated as The Gaffney Hardware Co. Before purchasing our initial stock of goods, I visited my brother-in-law W. J. Griffin of Rome, Ga., who, at that time, was doing a considerable wholesale business. Presley Roberts assisted me several years in conducting the business. Tom Clarkson and Albert Kirby also assisted me as clerks. It was several years after M. B. graduated at Clemson College before he took part in the business.

It was about the year 1909 that I commenced to be troubled with bladder trouble. On the advice of Dr. B. B. Steedley I went to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Md. to be under Dr. Hugh Young, a specialist in that line. He advised an operation, which then he said would be but a minor operation. While there Mina was taken sick. Dr. Young advised me to go home but to return if the trouble continued to annoy. This I did early the next fall. The disease had progressed. I was often in great pain. Dr. Young had fixed the day for the operation. M. B. came up to be with me. The operation was successfully performed. Dr. Young

that I employ two special nurses - one for the day, another for night. I was getting on so nicely that M. B. returned home, and I discharged one of my nurses. On the ninth day I was well enough to leave the hospital and return to my room at the hotel in the city. In two more days I was on my way home. This I reached just before thanksgiving day. I was truly thankful and with a full heart expressed my gratitude to the God of all love. That has been fifteen years ago. Never has that trouble returned. I am not one for waiting until the eleventh hour.

Mina's health was not very good. Neither of us had any idea it was so serious. On the 14th of April 1912 she attended to her household duties as usual, but late in the afternoon reclined on her bed. Just before nightfall she got up and went out to see about some young chickens. Coming back she again reclined on her bed. Soon she showed symptoms of weakness. Dr. J. N. Nesbit was called in. Sinking spells were getting more frequent. Stimulants were given and applied, all in vain. In a few hours she breathed her last. Another in noble spirit was called home. On our cemetery lot overlooking Limestone and Gaffney we dug the grave, parallel to that of Emmie's, and there we laid her body to rest. There was space enough between for my body to rest when the Lord shall see fit to call me away. While the ties are loosening here they are strengthening beyond.

Restless I was. Home was not the same place to me. I wanted to return to the school room and again be made to mingle with younger lives. I was in Jonesville and mentioned my determination to my son Mortimer. He mentioned it to the trustees of the Graded Schools of Jonesville. That very day I was elected Superintendent of the Schools. I took up the work at the opening of the schools early in Sept. It was diverting and interesting and I know that good work was done under my supervision. But Jonesville is not a homogeneous community. There are two factions. Until they coalesce the schools will never have that success they merit. My home was with Mr. and Mrs. Julian W. Lipscomb. It was a pleasant home to me as both host and hostess were ever considerate of my comfort. Towards the close of my second year as Supt. of the Schools I did not apply for reelection.

The trustee meeting was held without notifying the Supt. and I was not elected. While I was surprised, it was very well as I would not care to serve under a set of trustees with whose views I was not in harmony.

I now turned my attention to the Mountain School work and wrote to Dr. Brown of Asheville, N. C. who, under the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, was in charge. He invited me to inspect the school at Mountain Park, about ten miles from Elkin in Surry County. I was told to confer with Mr. C. W. Williams. This I did and by appointment met him on the grounds and with him attended a S.S. convention at a church about four miles distant. This gave me a good opportunity to mingle with the people, get acquainted with their customs and their aspirations. There was some culture. To me they extended a welcoming hand. I could see the need of a school of high grade. The result was I agreed to take charge about the last of August 1912. Mr. Williams was a native of that community and knew nearly everyone for miles around. He agreed to secure the scholars; nearly all of them to be boarding pupils. My daughter Eva was engaged to be the head of the music department. Mr. Williams was to be responsible to us for our salaries. The Home Board contributed. I then returned to my home in Gaffney. I wished to be better prepared to direct this community through the Mountain Park School as a radiating centre in improved methods of agriculture, horticulture and general husbandry. With this aim in view, I entered the Summer School at Clemson College and took courses along those lines. I was seventy-three years old, by far the oldest man at the College.

Just before the school opened, Eva and I were on hand to begin the school session. The teachers were all present and the school opened not as auspiciously as I could have wished but we got down heartily to work. Miss Joanna Williams, a sister of Mr. C. W. Williams, was Matron and lady principal. She was very efficient. A literary debating society was organized. This was quite a stimulus and helped the school. Our musical recitals were well attended as also were the plays and debates to which the public were invited. The session closed auspiciously

in May. The commencement occasion was considered a great success. The building could not near accommodate the people who came from miles around. We did not have any graduates this first year. But the school was being established. Mr. Williams promised to get up all of the scholars that we had room for. We did need more room; especially a dormitory for the young men. If Mr. Williams was as good otherwise as he was a canvasser, in all probability I would be there today.

Just before the opening of the second session I attended the county association. From there I went to the school. The school was well attended. The conduct of the previous session had given it a reputation. We did not have room for all who applied. Mr. Williams managed the finances and was to pay Eva and me our salaries. This he failed to do. I had to get money from home on which to live. I even paid him my board while he owed me considerable money. This I could not endure and so reported to the Board of Trustees. Mr. Williams had deeded the land (about fifty acres) for school purposes. Some of the trustees seemed to think they were under some obligations to Mr. Williams. I then handed in my resignation. The trustees begged me to remain. I could not.

We had two graduates this year, one a young man of sterling qualities and a young woman equally bright and promising. The commencement exercises were especially fine. It was while these were transpiring that the heavy rains began that caused the floods in the rivers of western North Carolina and South Carolina. At Elkin, the waters at the depot rose to the height of 4 or 5 feet so as to overturn loaded cars on the tract at that point. Bridge after bridge was washed away. Houses came floating down the stream on some of which were to be seen terrified people. The bottom lands were covered with sand. Great holes were everywhere in evidence; sand banks lined the gullies that were washed out. Large portions of the railroad track were washed up. In order to reach our home in Gaffney Eva and I had to travel through the country to a depot on the road connecting Mt. Airy with Winston-Salem. On reaching Charlotte we found our communication again interrupted by the bridges on the Wateree River having been washed away. Getting to

the river, after much trouble and inconvenience, temporary ferry boats were running - some of them very unsafe. It was into one of these small boats or batteaux we entered. Nearly as soon as we pushed out into the stream I found out that the boatman did not understand his business. Still he wanted to turn a penny even at the risk of human life. However, we reached the western bank safely. Then tugging our baggage up the hills to the depot of the P & N we at last felt ourselves on safe ground. In time we got to our home in Gaffney, worn and weary.

Although when war was declared by the United States against Germany I had at once offered my services to the Governor of South Carolina, I received no reply except if I was needed he would let me know.

Before going to Mountain Park, N. C. to teach, I was a trustee of Spartan Academy and chairman of two important committees. On leaving the state I resigned as trustee. Now returning to South Carolina, I was asked by the trustees of Spartan Academy to become a member of the faculty then headed by Rev. H. L. Riley. Eva was also asked to join the faculty. This we did and were at the opening early in Sept. 1916. Eva was domiciled in the girls dormitory, while my room was with the boys in their new building. All of us took our meals in the general dining room. This was in the basement of the girls' dormitory.

The war fever was running high. It was thought best to introduce the military feature. This meant more and extra work for me, but I undertook it. We had quite a number of boys of the right age and physique. They entered heartily into the spirit of this work. It did help in the discipline and improved them in their general bearing, but I believe as many left the Academy because of the relish given them for a soldier's life as were drawn to the Academy because of this military feature. The next year, the drilling was discontinued. I found living in the boys' dormitory was too exacting. I did not have sufficient time for needed rest. It was so convenient for the boys to come to my room for needed help in their studies. To obviate this Prof. and Mrs. Riley offered me a nice room in

their own home. This I gratefully accepted. They and six boys made up the household. All were very kind to me and ministered to my comfort and my pleasure. Although Mrs. Riley was not strong physically, in intellectual and moral power she was superb. In her own home, with all the teachers, every boy and every girl, she was as the balance wheel to the engine. Many people you are glad to have known. A comparatively few lead you to a higher level. Quite a number of young men and young ladies completed the course of study here and received their diplomas.

For several reasons I decided to resign my position at the Spartan Academy and offered my resignation to the Board of Trustees, May 1918. I presume I was restive anyway under restraint. Welford was hardly two miles from us, but there we had to walk to enjoy church privileges. I was then nearing 77 years of age. The trustees of the Wellford schools offered me the position of Principal. I knew them to be fine gentlemen. One had married one of the young ladies who went to school to me at Limestone College. She and Mr. Smiley Ballenger consented to take me into their home as one of the family. I was elected principal of the schools and accepted. Early in Sept. 1918 I began my work of supervision and teaching. While the school building was nearly a mile removed I needed the exercise and did not mind the distance. Still, it was not the proper site for this school building. In recent years this has been obviated by putting up a fine, up to date brick building about the center of the town. I was leading a quiet life, in a happy home and conducting a growing school. I was only about thirty miles from my own home, and nearly at the depot on the Southern R.R. Even though in the midst of relatives and friends, I felt lonely. Dr. Cody was pastor of the Baptist Church at Wellford. It would be hard to find a better preacher. The membership and community were devoted to him and he to them. The school was growing, but the population of the town could not expand. No land could be bought on which to build. It was owned by just a few men who held a firm grip on every foot of it. Comfortably fixed as I was, friends on every side, associated with a fine body of teachers, trustees always obliging, yet I longed to return to my

own home - the house built thirty years before when Emmie, my wife, lived and reared our younger children. Here I decided to return and here I did return in June.

CITADEL CADETS DURING THE WAR 1861-65 IS RELATED BY PROF. SAMS

Gaffney's Grand Old School
Master Was a Member of the
Corps.

"STAR OF THE WEST" KEPT
FROM REACHING FT. SUMTER

Only One Shot Was Fired and
That Did Not Strike the
Vessel.

(P. H. Fike in Spartanburg Herald)
Prof. Robert Oswald Sams, perhaps the ranking schoolmaster in South Carolina in point of service, having to his credit 55 years of continuous service in that profession, who taught a private school in Spartanburg during the reconstruction era directly after the Civil War, was a member of the corps of cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy that halted the "Star of the West," when that vessel, laden with supplies, amunitions and reinforcements, was sailed to Fort Sumter to relieve Major Anderson in command of that garrison.

Professor Sams recounted the historic occurrence which is fresh in his mind today, despite his 82 years, to a representative of The Sunday Herald, who recently visited him at his hospitable home in Gaffney. The venerable teacher devotes considerable time nowadays to surveying and is as spry and active as a man in middle life. Time cannot wither nor custom stale the loyalty and faith of his splendid patriot in the South and her cause in the war with the North.

"The Star of the West," South Carolina, it will be recalled, sailed in 1860. At the time Major Anderson of the federal army with a force was stationed at Fort Moultrie, flanking the Charleston harbor. This position was untenable in the event of attack; so Major Anderson moved to Fort Sumter, several miles away. The cadets of the Citadel were ordered to Morris Island in December, 1860, and given instructions, according to Prof. Sams, one of the body, to protect the ship channel and allow no succor to go to Fort Sumter. The cadets corps carried with them to Morris Island four 24-pounders, and upon arriving there, built a battery and mounted the guns. The cadets on January 9, 1861, received information from an unimpeachable source that a vessel was on its way to the relief of Fort Sumter. This vessel was "The Star of the West." Prof. Sams states positively that instructions were issued the cadets to fire across the pathway of the vessel first, and then if she did not turn and change her course, to fire into the ship again and again until she was stopped.

The first and only shot, says this witness, was fired across the pathway of the ship, it being in easy range. The vessel halted, and its flag went up and the pilot turned the wheel and

General Beauregard's Memoirs.
This occurrence had an aftermath that is of peculiar interest. The commander of "The Star of the West," put out from Charleston for New York city. At the time he arrived in New York harbor General P. T. Beauregard, afterwards the first commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army, was there awaiting a boat to sail for his home in New Orleans. The arrival of "The Star of the West" under the circumstances had created great interest, and excitement and many were there to see the vessel. General Beauregard, upon invitation of the commandey of the ship, went aboard and inspected it. In his memoirs, which have been published, he states that there were several cannon shots in the vessel, two or three holes through its hull and elsewhere.

Work of Own Men.

Professor Sams stated that he did not deny that the vessel might have borne marks of having been shot by cannon, but insisted that it was the work of its own men or of other parties except the Citadel cadets, as only one shot was fired and that did not hit the ship. He was an eyewitness. The marking up of the ship by its crew he attributed to the disposition of its commander to excite the people of the north and arouse them to war, and it proved successful.

"Cadet 'Tuck' Haynesworth of Florence pulled the lanyard when he fired that first and only shot just in the path of 'The Star of the West,' and it had the desired effect," said Prof. Sams.

Taught Here in the Seventies.

Professor Sams came to Spartanburg in 1875 and taught a private school for six years. Not only were his students the boys of this city, but they came from different parts of the state. It was the epoch before the graded school system became effective, and the private schools throughout the state were a vital member of the educational system, linking up the earliest studies to the college course. From 1881 to '86 he was a professor in the Limestone College faculty. Afterwards, he, with Prof. McArthur and Prof. Tankersley organized and conducted a splendid private school for boys and girls at Gaffney, which was continued for twenty years and which drew its patronage from the majority of counties of the state. The foundation and expansion of Clemson and Winthrop, the two big state institutions, crippled and eliminated many of the private schools of South Carolina, the Gaffney institution being among these. When the Gaffney Ledger was founded 30 years ago Prof. Sams was its first editor, supplying the editorial copy for several years.

Native of Beaufort.

Prof. Sams is a native of Beaufort and a Citadel graduate. His father was a graduate of the South Carolina College 89 years ago, at that

time the popular way of going from Beaufort to Columbia was by horseback or carriage. Professor Sams was its first editor, supplying the edict Oswald, a wealthy planter of the old South. He showed the newspapermen an unusual work of art—a small portrait of this grandfather executed by a French artist 130 years ago. The portrait appears as fresh and striking and lifelike as the day it was produced. It is handsomely bound in velvet and leather in an oval shaped case. This particular style of photography is practically extant nowadays.

Prof. Sams was recently remembered by a group of his old Spartanburg "boys" with a dinner at the Franklin hotel, the leading spirits in this tribute to the teacher being John F. Floyd, J. J. Gentry, Victor M. Montgomery, John H. Hill, R. H. F. Chapman, Lionel K. Anderson and others.

PROF. R. O. SAMS, LAST SURVIVOR OF SQUAD FIRING ON 'STAR OF THE WEST,' PASSES AT HIS HOME HERE

March 4 1930

Distinguished Citizen Who De-
voted Fifty-five Years to
Teaching, Succumbs at 89.

FUNERAL SERVICES AT BAPTIST CHURCH TODAY

**Soldier, Educator, First Edi-
tor of The Ledger, was Out-
standing Citizen of State.**

Professor Robert Oswald Sams, 89-year-old soldier and educator, died Tuesday afternoon at his home on Victoria avenue between 5 and 5:30 o'clock. He had not been ill. W. C. McArthur, a neighbor, called to see Professor Sams late in the afternoon. He left about 5 o'clock. Professor Sams walked to the door with him to bid him adieu. About 30 minutes later Mrs. J. C. Creech, daughter of the distinguished citizen, found him lying on his bed dead. He had reached the end of life's span.

Professor Sams was the last survivor of the detachment that fired on the Star of the West in Charleston harbor. This is called the first shot of the War Between the States. He was also the oldest living graduate of The Citadel, the South Carolina Military College at Charleston, and had been advised several weeks ago that this year's edition of "The Sphinx," the college annual, will be dedicated to him.

He was the first editor of The Ledger, which was established February 16, 1894 as the Weekly Ledger, and he guided and directed the policies of this newspaper on a high plane during his connection with the publication.

He came to Gaffney 49 years ago as an associate with the late Captain H. P. Griffith in the management of Limestone College. He had been a consistent member of the First Baptist church, and was regarded as one of the city's leading citizens.

Funeral This Morning.

Final rites for Professor Sams will be conducted at the First Baptist church at 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Officiating ministers will be Dr. R. A. MacFarland, pastor of the First Baptist church; the Rev. L. P. McGee, pastor of the Buford Street Methodist church; the Rev. W. A. Hafner, pastor of the Limestone Presbyterian church; and Dr. R. C. Granberry, president of Limestone College. Interment will follow in Oakland cemetery with the Shuford-Hatcher Company, morticians, in charge.

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The active pallbearers will be G. W. Brown, M. R. Sams, Jr., F. S. Webster, R. S. Burroughs, J. G. Wardlaw, Jr., and M. B. Sams, Jr. The members of the board of deacons of the First Baptist church will be honorary pallbearers.

The Citadel will be officially represented at the funeral by J. R. Westmoreland, of Pacolet Mills, president of the alumni association, who has been requested to be present by Col. O. J. Bond, superintendent of The Citadel.

Limestone College will suspend work at 10:30 o'clock this morning, and the faculty and students will attend the final rites at the cemetery in a body, it has been announced by President R. C. Granberry.

His War Record.

Professor Sams was born September 4, 1841, at Beaufort. After obtaining his early education in the Beaufort school, at the age of 15 he enrolled as a student at The Citadel and was assigned to the armory at Columbia, where he remained a year. Colonel Tew, commandant of the armory, requested him to return the second year to assist in getting the new students straightened out. This occupied about two months, and when the task was finished Professor Sams reported to the Citadel at Charleston.

Turbulent times developed before he graduated.

South Carolina seceded from the union. Major Anderson, who was in command of Fort Moultrie, protecting Charleston harbor, transferred his forces to Fort Sumter after spiking the guns at Moultrie and destroying all property of military value. This act, Professor Sams contends, was the real opening of hostilities. The government decided to reinforce Major Anderson. Governor F. W. Pickens, of South Carolina, issued orders for the Citadel cadets to erect, equip and man a fort on Morris Island to guard the channel into the harbor. Four 24-pound guns were mounted. Professor Sams was one of the Cadets seniors assigned to the battery. The night of January 8 the Star of the West, a steamship, arrived off Charleston with reinforcements for Major Anderson. The

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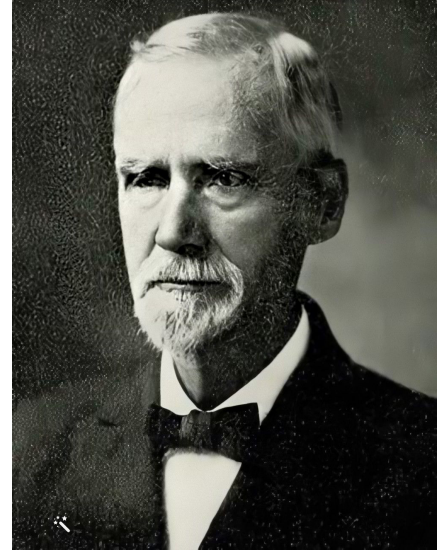
commander decided to await the coming of morning before attempting to negotiate the channel. Early next morning the ship came steaming into the harbor. The detachment on Morris Island aimed the 24-pounders and at the word of command Cadet J. H. Haynesworth, of Sumter, pulled the lanyard of the gun that fired the first shot of the Civil war. The shot was aimed in front of the ship, which pulled up and turned around as quickly as possible. Professor Sams says his recollection is that one shot was fired from each of the four guns, and he said he has been informed since the war that the Star of the West was hit twice. The cadets remained on Morris Island about three weeks, by the end of which time they were relieved by regular soldiers.

At the time the first shot was fired South Carolina was the only state that had seceded, and this state was standing absolutely alone as a sovereign unit, Professor Sams said. The afternoon of January 9 Mississippi followed South Carolina's lead and seceded, but this was several hours after the Star of the West incident.

Due to unsettled conditions at the time, no formal commencement exercises were held at the Citadel that year. The 25 members of the graduating class received their diplomas in private. The diplomas had been lithographed, and were signed as being authorized by the State of South Carolina of the Confederate States of America, but the wording after Carolina was stricken out with a pen, leaving the documents reading simply by the authority of the State of South Carolina. Some time ago Professor Sams gave his diploma to The Citadel, where it now has a place of honor on the walls of a room devoted to relics and mementoes.

* * * REUNION OF SAMS CLAN" * * * 1 2

at MARS HILL, NORTH CAROLINA,
AUGUST 10, 11, 1929



Mr. President and Friends: I would call you brothers and sisters -- a closer tie -- not simply because the same crimson strain courses through your veins that runs through mine, but within the past year often have I felt the pulse quicken its measured beat when I have met you face to face or talked with you through the point of my pen or read your thoughts as they came to me through the same old familiar channel. How sympathetically have you listened to me; how kindly and fully have you answered my every question! Thus have you tightened the tie that binds. Is there wonder then that I call you my brother, my sister!

About a year ago Dr. Oscar B. [sic] Sams, now of Bluefield College, West Virginia, but a native of these hills, a pupil once and ever a patron of this collage, consulted with me as to the advisability of having a reunion of all who bear the Sams name or in whose veins there is a drop of the Sams blood.³ In this I heartily concurred; and here we are at Mars Hill, gathered in this our first reunion. I congratulate you at this the high tide so far of your efforts and of your loyalty. Why we are here, let the future of this meeting determine.

I have been asked to speak to you about Bonum Sams and his immediate descendants in South Carolina. As early as

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1668 Bonum Sams, of Essex County, England, secured a grant of land from Charles II of England.⁴ This land was in the neighborhood of what is now the town of Beaufort on the island of Port Royal, South Carolina. Not until 1701 did Bonum Sams come to take possession of his own, an interval of thirty-three years. Spain, France, and England were contending for possession and for mastery in America. This explains the long wait. Spain, vindictive, avaricious, troublesome, and treacherous, was the first to sail from the ocean into our beautiful waters. What an entrance they found! Nine miles, when its mouth was opened wide, from Bay Point on the northwest to Hilton Head on the southwest. How well named--Port Royal! Up the vessels sailed. Broad River widens to the north; Beaufort River flows to the east. The Spanish vessels took this last beautiful inlet from the sea and landed on St. Helena island in 1520. Although they did not plant a colony, Menendez, the leader, claimed this delightful land, for the king of Spain. Then in May 1562 came Jean Ribaut with a detachment of Huguenots from France.⁵ He anchored his vessels in the finest harbor on the Atlantic coast and, building a fort, established a colony on Parris Island, where our government has a large marine station. Then Ribaut claimed this beautiful country for the king of France. England's claim was already in. While the strife was on for supremacy, Bonum Sams held his grant in his pocket, biding his time. In 1701 he came and settled on his grant of land. We know not whom he married, neither the date of his birth nor that of his death, but we do know that

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⁵ Jean Ribault (also spelled Ribaut) (1520 – October 12, 1565) was a French naval officer, navigator, and a colonizer of what would become the southeastern United States. Source: Wikipedia

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Robert Sams and Bridget Barnwell Sams had at least one son, William, known as William Jr. Here we stand on solid ground. All of the Sams name in South Carolina and nearly all now living in Georgia and Florida trace their lineage back to him. I hold the copy of his last will and testament made November 10, 1795 and coming down to me (Robert O. Sams) in direct line of descent. It is a remarkable legal document. He was born April 18, 1742 and married Elizabeth Hext February 5, 1761. She was the daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Hext and granddaughter of John Stanyarne. She died November 8, 1813. Issue: (1) Robert, (2) William, (3) John

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The descendants of Edward Hext Sams are now mostly to be found in Florida. He married Miss Fripp. Their son, Dr. Francis William Sams married Cornelia Hopkins. Their son, Francis William Sams, married Zelia Sheldon.

John Sams, son of William, married _____ Devaux.⁷ They had three children. William Sams, Sr. owned the entire island of Datha, beautiful for situation, secure in its isolation, a treasure within itself. Fish and fowl abounded the year around. Here was planted the first orange grove for commercial purposes. Here he built a magnificent home; here with his wife, Elizabeth Hext Sams, he reared his seven sons; here in the enjoyment of every luxury known to man he folded his arms in death. Lewis Reeve Sams and Berners Barnwell Sams inherited this treasured spot.

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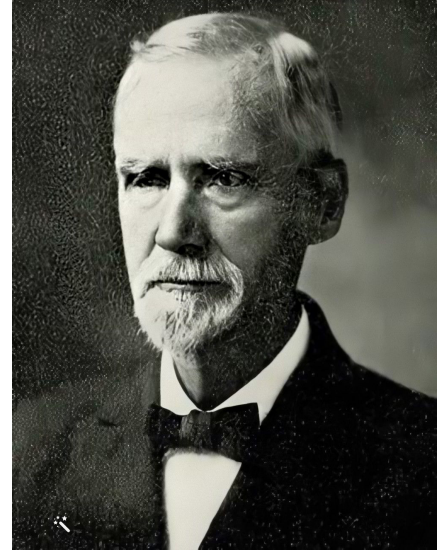
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CITADEL CADETS DURING THE WAR 1861-65 IS RELATED BY PROF. SAMS

Gaffney's Grand Old School
Master Was a Member of the
Corps.

"STAR OF THE WEST" KEPT
FROM REACHING FT. SUMTER

Only One Shot Was Fired and
That Did Not Strike the
Vessel.

(P. H. Fike in Spartanburg Herald)
Prof. Robert Oswald Sams, perhaps the ranking schoolmaster in South Carolina in point of service, having to his credit 55 years of continuous service in that profession, who taught a private school in Spartanburg during the reconstruction era directly after the Civil War, was a member of the corps of cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy that halted the "Star of the West," when that vessel, laden with supplies, amunitions and reinforcements, was sailed to Fort Sumter to relieve Major Anderson in command of that garrison.

Professor Sams recounted the historic occurrence which is fresh in his mind today, despite his 82 years, to a representative of The Sunday Herald, who recently visited him at his hospitable home in Gaffney. The venerable teacher devotes considerable time nowadays to surveying and is as spry and active as a man in middle life. Time cannot wither nor custom stale the loyalty and faith of his splendid patriot in the South and her cause in the war with the North.

"The Star of the West," South Carolina, it will be recalled, sailed in 1860. At the time Major Anderson of the federal army with a force was stationed at Fort Moultrie, flanking the Charleston harbor. This position was untenable in the event of attack; so Major Anderson moved to Fort Sumter, several miles away. The cadets of the Citadel were ordered to Morris Island in December, 1860, and given instructions, according to Prof. Sams, one of the body, to protect the ship channel and allow no succor to go to Fort Sumter. The cadets corps carried with them to Morris Island four 24-pounders, and upon arriving there, built a battery and mounted the guns. The cadets on January 9, 1861, received information from an unimpeachable source that a vessel was on its way to the relief of Fort Sumter. This vessel was "The Star of the West." Prof. Sams states positively that instructions were issued the cadets to fire across the pathway of the vessel first, and then if she did not turn and change her course, to fire into the ship again and again until she was stopped.

The first and only shot, says this witness, was fired across the pathway of the ship, it being in easy range. The vessel halted, and its flag went up and the pilot turned the wheel and

General Beauregard's Memoirs.
This occurrence had an aftermath that is of peculiar interest. The commander of "The Star of the West," put out from Charleston for New York city. At the time he arrived in New York harbor General P. T. Beauregard, afterwards the first commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army, was there awaiting a boat to sail for his home in New Orleans. The arrival of "The Star of the West" under the circumstances had created great interest, and excitement and many were there to see the vessel. General Beauregard, upon invitation of the commandery of the ship, went aboard and inspected it. In his memoirs, which have been published, he states that there were several cannon shots in the vessel, two or three holes through its hull and elsewhere.

Work of Own Men.

Professor Sams stated that he did not deny that the vessel might have borne marks of having been shot by cannon, but insisted that it was the work of its own men or of other parties except the Citadel cadets, as only one shot was fired and that did not hit the ship. He was an eyewitness. The marking up of the ship by its crew he attributed to the disposition of its commander to excite the people of the north and arouse them to war, and it proved successful.

"Cadet 'Tuck' Haynesworth of Florence pulled the lanyard when he fired that first and only shot just in the path of 'The Star of the West,' and it had the desired effect," said Prof. Sams.

Taught Here in the Seventies.

Professor Sams came to Spartanburg in 1875 and taught a private school for six years. Not only were his students the boys of this city, but they came from different parts of the state. It was the epoch before the graded school system became effective, and the private schools throughout the state were a vital member of the educational system, linking up the earliest studies to the college course. From 1881 to '86 he was a professor in the Limestone College faculty. Afterwards, he, with Prof. McArthur and Prof. Tankersley organized and conducted a splendid private school for boys and girls at Gaffney, which was continued for twenty years and which drew its patronage from the majority of counties of the state. The foundation and expansion of Clemson and Winthrop, the two big state institutions, crippled and eliminated many of the private schools of South Carolina, the Gaffney institution being among these. When the Gaffney Ledger was founded 30 years ago Prof. Sams was its first editor, supplying the editorial copy for several years.

Native of Beaufort.

Prof. Sams is a native of Beaufort and a Citadel graduate. His father was a graduate of the South Carolina College 89 years ago, at that

time the popular way of going from Beaufort to Columbia was by horseback or carriage. Professor Sams was its first editor, supplying the edict Oswald, a wealthy planter of the old South. He showed the newspapermen an unusual work of art—a small portrait of this grandfather executed by a French artist 130 years ago. The portrait appears as fresh and striking and lifelike as the day it was produced. It is handsomely bound in velvet and leather in an oval shaped case. This particular style of photography is practically extant nowadays.

Prof. Sams was recently remembered by a group of his old Spartanburg "boys" with a dinner at the Franklin hotel, the leading spirits in this tribute to the teacher being John F. Floyd, J. J. Gentry, Victor M. Montgomery, John H. Hill, R. H. F. Chapman, Lionel K. Anderson and others.

PROF. R. O. SAMS, LAST SURVIVOR OF SQUAD FIRING ON 'STAR OF THE WEST,' PASSES AT HIS HOME HERE

March 4 1930

Distinguished Citizen Who De-
voted Fifty-five Years to
Teaching, Succumbs at 89.

FUNERAL SERVICES AT BAPTIST CHURCH TODAY

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Final rites for Professor Sams will be conducted at the First Baptist church at 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Officiating ministers will be Dr. R. A. MacFarland, pastor of the First Baptist church; the Rev. L. P. McGee, pastor of the Buford Street Methodist church; the Rev. W. A. Hafner, pastor of the Limestone Presbyterian church; and Dr. R. C. Granberry, president of Limestone College. Interment will follow in Oakland cemetery with the Shuford-Hatcher Company, morticians, in charge.

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The active pallbearers will be G. W. Brown, M. R. Sams, Jr., F. S. Webster, R. S. Burroughs, J. G. Wardlaw, Jr., and M. B. Sams, Jr. The members of the board of deacons of the First Baptist church will be honorary pallbearers.

The Citadel will be officially represented at the funeral by J. R. Westmoreland, of Pacolet Mills, president of the alumni association, who has been requested to be present by Col. O. J. Bond, superintendent of The Citadel.

Limestone College will suspend work at 10:30 o'clock this morning, and the faculty and students will attend the final rites at the cemetery in a body, it has been announced by President R. C. Granberry.

His War Record.

Professor Sams was born September 4, 1841, at Beaufort. After obtaining his early education in the Beaufort school, at the age of 15 he enrolled as a student at The Citadel and was assigned to the armory at Columbia, where he remained a year. Colonel Tew, commandant of the armory, requested him to return the second year to assist in getting the new students straightened out. This occupied about two months, and when the task was finished Professor Sams reported to the Citadel at Charleston.

Turbulent times developed before he graduated.

South Carolina seceded from the union. Major Anderson, who was in command of Fort Moultrie, protecting Charleston harbor, transferred his forces to Fort Sumter after spiking the guns at Moultrie and destroying all property of military value. This act, Professor Sams contends, was the real opening of hostilities. The government decided to reinforce Major Anderson. Governor F. W. Pickens, of South Carolina, issued orders for the Citadel cadets to erect, equip and man a fort on Morris Island to guard the channel into the harbor. Four 24-pound guns were mounted. Professor Sams was one of the Cadets seniors assigned to the battery. The night of January 8 the Star of the West, a steamship, arrived off Charleston with reinforcements for Major Anderson. The

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commander decided to await the coming of morning before attempting to negotiate the channel. Early next morning the ship came steaming into the harbor. The detachment on Morris Island aimed the 24-pounders and at the word of command Cadet J. H. Haynesworth, of Sumter, pulled the lanyard of the gun that fired the first shot of the Civil war. The shot was aimed in front of the ship, which pulled up and turned around as quickly as possible. Professor Sams says his recollection is that one shot was fired from each of the four guns, and he said he has been informed since the war that the Star of the West was hit twice. The cadets remained on Morris Island about three weeks, by the end of which time they were relieved by regular soldiers.

At the time the first shot was fired South Carolina was the only state that had seceded, and this state was standing absolutely alone as a sovereign unit, Professor Sams said. The afternoon of January 9 Mississippi followed South Carolina's lead and seceded, but this was several hours after the Star of the West incident.

Due to unsettled conditions at the time, no formal commencement exercises were held at the Citadel that year. The 25 members of the graduating class received their diplomas in private. The diplomas had been lithographed, and were signed as being authorized by the State of South Carolina of the Confederate States of America, but the wording after Carolina was stricken out with a pen, leaving the documents reading simply by the authority of the State of South Carolina. Some time ago Professor Sams gave his diploma to The Citadel, where it now has a place of honor on the walls of a room devoted to relics and mementoes.