

Keeping Up with the Joneses

When I was a child I learned that keeping up with the Joneses just meant keeping track of who they were. The problem was that our great-great grandmother Rebecca Margaret was a Jones who married a Jones. To make it worse, her father was named Lewis Jones and her husband was named Lewis Jones. Her father Lewis Jones was the son of Henry Jones and her husband Lewis Jones was the son of Matthias Jones. They were not related.

Rebecca Margaret Jones had a brother named Lewis Pou Jones I, and a son named Lewis Pou Jones II, who was our great-grandfather. Lewis Pou Jones II had a nephew named Lewis Pou Jones, who was called Big Lewis to distinguish him from Lewis Pou Watson, who was taller but younger than Big Lewis Jones, and then there was Lewis Jones Blake who was called Cousin Lewie Blake, and finally there was Lewis Pou Jones who was my grandmother's sister and was named after her father who had just died, and was called Lewie.

There were also a good many Jameses. There was James D. Jones the uncle of Rebecca Margaret Jones and James R. P. Jones the brother of Rebecca Margaret Jones, and James Bolivar Jones who was named for his uncles James and Bolivar Jones who were the brothers of Great-great Grandfather Lewis Jones, and finally James Lomax Jones who was the son of Lewis Pou Jones and is the one we called Uncle James.

There was also Matthias Jones the father of Lewis Jones and Isaac Jones who was the brother of Lewis Jones and Isaac Matthias Jones who died on the courthouse steps and was the son of Lewis Jones, and then there was Matthias my grandmother's brother who was called Uncle Matt and moved out to Mississippi along with Uncle James.

Rebecca Jones and Margaret Jones were the daughters of Henry Jones and the aunts of great-great grandmother Rebecca Margaret who was named for them, and there was also Rebecca Margaret Jones my grandmother, and the two Margarets that are my mother and myself. There was Marina Jones Gregg the sister of Lewis Jones and Marina Gregg Jones the daughter of Lewis Jones, and there was Marina Duncan Jones who was called Aunt Rena.

There was Elizabeth Clara Jones who was the sister of Lewis Jones and who was called Aunt Betty, and in the next generation there was Elizabeth Clara Jones who was called Great Aunt Bess Miller and who lived upstairs in the green room at Aunt Rena's, and finally there was Elizabeth Churchill Jones, who was called Bess and who lived in the downstairs front bedroom right underneath the upstairs green room at Aunt Rena's.

To sum it up, there were eight Lewises, five Jameses, three Elizabeths, three Marinas, three Isaacs, three Rebeccas, and dozens of other uncles and aunts and cousins whose names occurred only one or two times. And basically that's what we always meant by keeping up with the Joneses.



Rebecca Margaret Jones had three sisters and seven brothers and there are only a few stories about them. Her brothers were James Rufus Patrick, Henry William, Joseph Alvah, Lewis Pou I, Benjamin, Theodore Adolphus, and William Pou Jones. We have a photograph of Benjamin ("Uncle Ben"), but no information. Joseph Alvah Jones was called Uncle Alvah and lived at Woodford, and there are no stories about him, but there are two photographs, and from them we know that he had a family and a long Rip Van Winkle beard.

We know more about Theodore Adolphus and William Pou Jones, who were called Uncle Dolph and Uncle Pou. They were both in the Civil War, and Uncle Dolph was shot in the face. The bullet went in his left eye and came out the back of his head. They thought he was dead until he kicked the Yankee that was trying to steal his boots. It was Uncle James, of course, who told that story, and I don't know if it's true or not. There are no before-and-after-the-war pictures of Uncle Dolph. Understandably. Also according to Uncle James, he died lying on the sofa with a jug of whiskey on the floor near his right hand. That was probably understandable too.

I've seen a picture of Uncle Pou taken after the war and I know that he came home with his features intact. Virginia has a framed certificate which says that as a disabled Confederate veteran (we don't know what the disability was, "William Pou Jones . . . is authorized to peddle or conduct business in any town, city, or county of the state of Georgia without paying license for the privilege of so doing. Provided he does not peddle or deal in ardent or intoxicating drinks, run a billiard, pool, or other table of like character, deal in futures, peddle stoves or clocks, carry on the business of a pawn broker or auctioneer, or deal in lightning rods."

Uncle Dolph and Uncle Pou lived near Trenton. Their houses were about two hundred yards apart, and on weekends they would go to Augusta in a buggy and get "a bit oiled up" and return to Trenton. When they arrived at Uncle Pou's house, he would get out of the buggy and start to go inside, then he would come back and look at Uncle Dolph and say, "I cannot let you go home alone." He would get back in the buggy and they would go the two hundred yards to Uncle Dolph's house. When they arrived at his house, Uncle Dolph would get down from the buggy and start to go in, then he would look at Uncle Pou and say, "I cannot let you go home alone," and then he would get back in the buggy for the ride back Uncle Pou's house. This would go on for some time until the effects of the drink wore off or the two men fell asleep in the buggy.

Rebecca Margaret's sisters were Cornelia Ann, Amanda Florella, and Claudia Eliza. I have a photograph of Aunt Claudia and a very strange tinted picture on a piece of metal of two ladies who look very much alike and very much like the photograph of Aunt Claudia. Probably they are Cornelia and Amanda Florella, who were only two years apart in age. On the other hand, they could be Aunt Cornelia and Aunt Claudia, neither of whom ever married. Or they could be Amanda Florella and Claudia. Those are the only possible combinations and per- mutations. Uncle James always said Aunt Claudia was a high stepper, but I never knew what he meant.

I know only a few stories about Great-great Grandmother Rebecca Margaret Jones, and one is hardly worth repeating. She heard a noise outside the doors to her porch and went out to investigate. The noise came from behind a large piano case that was on the porch, so she shoved the case against the wall and sat on it, then she blew a horn which she kept to summon the neighbors. When the neighbors arrived they found nothing behind the case but a possum. It's not much of a story, but at least it shows that she had a piano and a certain amount of courage.

Another thing we know about her is that she had a good bit of kindness and mercy in her disposition. Virginia has a note that was written by the commander of the Reconstruction troops in Edgefield County which states that "Mrs. Lewis Jones has permission to leave this post to proceed to Sparta, Ga. She is recommended to the care of any Federal Troops on the route, having been exceedingly kind to Union prisoners."

Lewis and Rebecca Margaret Jones were married long enough to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. There is a photograph taken at this celebration, with all their living children and most of their grandchildren around them. There is a story that when they married there was also a marriage of her maidservant and his manservant. The servants also lived to be married fifty years, and they had their own anniversary party the same night as the Joneses.

There is a photograph of her as an old lady in a white cap, sitting in the rocker with a one-year-old child in her lap. The photograph must have been taken in 1902, because the child in her lap is her great granddaughter, Cousin Louise Hartzog, who turned a hundred in 2002.

Great-great Grandmother Jones died in the winter of 1905, and Big Lewis said the ground was so hard they couldn't dig her grave and they had to keep her body on the back porch for at least a month before they could bury her.

At least that's what Big Lewis said. Her obituary in the Edgefield newspaper says otherwise: She "died in her beautiful old home on the high hill overlooking our town, on Sunday afternoon, February 12th, 1905, . . . and was buried on Monday afternoon in the old family burying ground hard by her old mansion [maybe that's where Big Lewis got the idea that the ground was too hard], in which lie her husband, her children, her sister, and many other near relatives." The obituary gives us some other information: that only two of her children survived her (Elizabeth Clara and James Bolivar Jones), and

that she was from an “old, honored and representative Methodist family of the Richardsonville section of Edgefield.” The obituary pays tribute to her as well: “Mrs. Jones was the last of the real ‘old guard’ of the old town of Edgefield, and even in her most advanced years her presence among us was an inspiration and a blessing. . . . Born of Revolutionary stock, she inherited the high qualities of her race, and was as quick to discern and repudiate sham and policy as she was to recognize and hold fast to truth and loyalty. As a faithful daughter of the Old South, Mrs. Jones loved its traditions and believed in its principles. . . . She was in her prime and vigor when the war came upon us, and from the hour that her willing fingers assisted in fashioning the first Confederate flag until her eyes closed upon the scenes of earth, she was its enthusiastic and proud defender.”

Our great-grandfather Lewis Pou Jones, and his Uncle Pou, and Lewis Pou Watson in my mother’s generation all carry the name of the old Orangeburg County Pou family, a Spanish family that came to America by way of Scotland. Our ancestor Gavin Pou was a “barber apprentice and surgeon” and was “admitted burgess” in 1733, probably in Glasgow. He settled in Orangeburg District in 1740. In 1759 he was granted a tract of land in Edgefield District “on Dry and Mine Creeks, tributary waters” of the Little Saluda River. The only story about him is that he “is said to have fled for his life on account of being active in the cause of Charles Edward the pretender” (“pretender” means claimant to the throne. Charles Edward Stuart was a descendant of Charles I of England, who was overthrown and beheaded in 1645, and of James II, who was run out of England in the “Glorious Revolution” of 1688. The followers of James II were called Jacobites and spent the next fifty years trying to get back the throne.)

Gavin Pou’s son John, from whom we are descended, married Elizabeth Giessendanner, the daughter of Henry Giessendanner, who was the son of John Ulrich Giessendanner. This John Ulrich Giessendanner was named for his great-uncle, and both John Ulrich Giessendanners were Lutheran ministers. The first J. U. Giessendanner was the leader of colonists who came to Orangeburg District from Germany and Switzerland in 1737. The Giessendanners are well known to genealogists because they kept very good records of the births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths of their congregation. These records were preserved and, as the Orangeburg courthouse was burned by Sherman, the Giessendanner records, as they are called, provide the best information we have on the original settlers of Orangeburg County.

The elder Giessendanner died in 1738 and his nephew, our ancestor, became the new pastor. The story is told that “while the majority of the people sustained him in his efforts, a minority, who were rude and godless, became his bitter enemies, and were constantly at variance with him.” In 1743 a Swiss minister named Zauberbuhler tried to displace John Giessendanner and become the pastor of the Orangeburg churches. According to the colonial records, “Mr. John Giessendanner lately observing great irregularities and disorders being committed almost every Sabbath day by some wicked persons in one part of the township, publicly reprimanded them for the same, which reproof so exasperated them that they threatened to kick the said Mr. John Giessendanner out of the church if he offered to preach there any more, and have lately sent for one Bartholomew Zauberbuhler, a man who not long ago pretended to preach at Savannah town, but . . . was soon obliged to leave that place and a very indecent character behind him.” Zauberbuhler had petitioned to be made the minister of the Orangeburg church and to be given a salary; in response ninety of the inhabitants, by far the majority of the township, petitioned that Giessendanner be allowed to continue as minister. The governor and Council withdrew half the salary offered Zauberbuhler, who then disappeared from the scene. John Giessendanner continued his ministry and was described as “a man of learning, piety, and knowledge in the Holy Scriptures” and was able to preach in both German and English. After ten years as a Lutheran minister, he went to London and was ordained by the Bishop of London as an Anglican minister. He and his great-uncle were the first Lutheran ministers in South Carolina.



Lewis Jones was the son of our great-great-great grandfather Matthias Jones, who came to Edgefield County around 1800 from Roanoke, Virginia. That is the beginning of his story as we know it. He had a house and store in Ridge Spring at the fork where the present-day highway comes in from Saluda, and he

became a large-scale planter and a merchant. Somehow he acquired almost ten thousand acres of land near the Savannah River. The house that is there today is on the same property and was the home of Uncle Jim (J. B. Jones), but it is not the original house.

There is only one story about Matthias Jones, and it comes from a history of Edgefield County. There was a man, perhaps a friend of Matthias Jones, who felt that the older families of the District, the Butler and Simkins and Brooks families, held too many offices and had too much power and influence, and he “wrote and published a pamphlet against them.” Matthias Jones agreed with him, and “party feeling ran very high, so high, indeed, that Mr. Matthias Jones and Colonel Smith Brooks had a fight . . . in which, it is said, Colonel Brooks got the worst of it.” This story tells us that Matthias Jones wasn’t afraid to use his fists, and in a rough backcountry district like Old Edgefield he might have needed to use them more than once.

Matthias Jones married Clara Perry and they had eight sons and four daughters. Two died young—a daughter Penelope, and a son Joseph who died of yellow fever in Charleston at age seventeen. Sons Andrew, Abram, and Isaac lived to adulthood and married, but although there is a picture of Uncle Andrew, there are no stories about these three sons.

One of the earliest stories we know is about Uncle Bolivar, who died in the Mexican War, and we know the story because General Pierce Butler, a former governor of South Carolina who commanded the Palmetto Regiment in the Mexican War, wrote a letter to James Jones to tell him that his brother had died.

Bolivar was the youngest member of the family, and he was only twenty-one when he died in Mexico in 1847. But my grandmother’s genealogical records say that he was married to Eliza Pou and that she died in 1843, so he must have married when he was sixteen or seventeen years old. Maybe the death of his young wife explains why he volunteered to fight in a war that was so far away from his home and had nothing to do with him. Maybe he wanted to make a name as a soldier like his older brother James. We don’t know why he went. There was a joke that was making the rounds at the time, that said soldiers from Edgefield went to the war to get away from the violence in their home county. But that wasn’t why, because we know he was brave. According to General Butler, he was “a fine, manly soldier, never a word of grumbling or complaint” and “a favorite in the company.” He enlisted in a unit commanded by Preston Brooks, the man who would later attack Charles Sumner on the floor of the Senate, and marched off with the rest of the Palmetto Regiment, probably to the sound of stirring music and with bright dreams of glory in their heads. The Carolina troops rode the train to the end of the line somewhere in Georgia, then walked all the way to Mobile, Alabama, where they took ship for Mexico. They were on the ship two days and a night; the ship was so crowded there was no room to sit or lie down and they had to stand all the way. Once they were in Mexico, their lives were even more difficult and dangerous; they were untrained young men who were expected to fight a war while eating unwholesome food and drinking bad water, in a climate that was “prostrating” even for Southerners. Many of them died from the heat or the food or the water before they even saw battle, and that’s what happened to Bolivar Jones. He contracted typhoid fever at Vera Cruz in early May. According to Butler he was well cared for, in a field hospital that was better than the usual, with enough nurses, and sacks filled with straw for the sick to lie on rather than the bare dirt floor.

By the middle of June, Bolivar seemed to be getting better and was even able to walk half a mile. Perhaps the exertion was too much, for he suffered a relapse and died at Pueblo on July 3. He is buried far away from home, probably in an unmarked grave, maybe in a grave with everybody else who died the same day. But at least we know how and where he died, and that’s more than we know about many of our ancestors and kin of his generation.

Another son of Matthias Jones was William. He was in the Mexican War for a while, but had left before Bolivar died. He was killed not in this war but in the next one, in 1863 at the Battle of Chickamauga.

The wealth and prominence of Matthias Jones enabled his three daughters—Marina, Sarah, and Elizabeth Clara—to marry well. Sarah married Paul Quattlebaum, a signer of the Ordinance of Secession. I always thought Quattlebaum was a funny name, and so did Mary Boykin Chesnut, the famous Civil War diarist. She was talking about this same Paul Quattlebaum when she said, “At tea, introduced David to

our party, Governor Gist, Judge Glover, and stopped there because I had not warned him, and it was dangerous to say suddenly 'Colonel Quattlebaum.' He might laugh." The note to this entry says that this Paul Quattlebaum was a member of the secession convention and had "extensive landholdings and manufacturing interests in Edgefield and Lexington districts," so we know he was the one that married Sarah Jones.

Elizabeth Clara Jones married Tillman Watson, a large planter and a grandson of Michael Watson who was a Revolutionary War hero. She was called Aunt Betty and we have a portrait of her which was damaged by smoke when the original house of Matthias Jones burned down. Uncle James said that the house burned when he was a child and that he remembered getting out of school and running to see the fire.

Aunt Betty Watson left money in her will to endow the family cemetery, which is just across from where she lived. That section of her will reads, "As I have always endeavored to care for, preserve and beautify the last resting place of my departed kindred, it is my will and desire that whoever may hereafter become the owner of that part of the said "Homestead Tract" which lies north of the Railroad shall keep the cemetery in its present neat condition; I solemnly enjoin and hereby impose it as a sacred duty upon those who shall come after me as they shall respect my memory to continue to preserve, protect and beautify the cemetery wherein my mortal remains shall repose. Her nephew Lewis Pou Jones was left the sum of two hundred dollars to be held in trust for this purpose, and in each generation a successor has been appointed to administer the funds and provide for the care of the cemetery. After his death it probably passed to his wife Tilla, and then to Uncle Jerrold and Aunt Rena, from them to Virginia Asbill, and now to Jerrold Watson. Doubtless there have been times when the cemetery was the wealthiest member of the family.

Uncle James is recorded on tape telling a story about Tillman Watson and how Aunt Betty lost some of the family land. Tillman Watson was the guardian of a young woman whose family had left money for her that was not to be given to her until she was twenty-one. She appealed to him to give her the money before then, however, and he did so. She married a man who was a drunkard and a gambler and he soon went through his wife's inheritance. Sometime later, the woman sued either Aunt Betty or Tillman Watson, claiming that he should not have given her the money.

The judgment was in favor of the plaintiff, and Aunt Betty had to give up some of her land to settle the suit. It is located on the highway from Saluda just before the junction with the Ridge Spring-to-Johnston road, and apparently was land that she had intended to give to Great-grandfather Lewis P. Jones.

It was Marina, the oldest daughter of Matthias Jones, who made the most successful marriage. William Gregg was a wealthy silversmith in Columbia and was looking for a new way to invest his energy and his money. Perhaps he was a frequent visitor at the store of Matthias Jones; at any rate he met and married Marina Jones when she was seventeen years old.

Matthias Jones and his son James gave William Gregg the Edgefield connections that he needed, and he became the founder of the Graniteville Mill and one of the South's earliest industrialists. He also was a signer of the Ordinance of Secession, but he believed in hedging his bets. Instead of investing in Confederate bonds he put his money in an English bank, and after the war he and his family lived in England a while.

The only story we know about the Greggs tells us that, like Lewis and Rebecca Margaret Jones, William and Marina Gregg had a son who was murdered. There was a young man named Bob McAvoy who had lost a leg and had been taken to the Gregg home where Aunt Marina had nursed him back to health. For reasons never explained, some years after the death of William Gregg, he shot and killed James Jones Gregg, who was superintendent of the mill, while he was working at his desk. Marina Gregg entered in the family Bible that her son was murdered in cold blood. McAvoy tried to escape by boarding a train dressed in a wig and women's clothes, but he was captured at the next train stop. He was returned to Aiken, where he was tried and hanged. A play about the murder of James Gregg once aired on South Carolina Public Television.

We have some china that was made for the Gregg family in England, a teacup made in France, and a silver spoon dating from William Gregg's career as a silversmith with the firm Haydn and Gregg.

James Jones was the best known and probably the most talented of the sons of Matthias and Clara Perry Jones. He fought in the Seminole War, founded the *Edgefield Advertiser*, and was adjutant general and inspector general of South Carolina. He was also chairman of the Board of Visitors of the Citadel for thirty years, commissioner for the construction of the State House in Columbia, and quartermaster general of the state toward the end of the Civil War.

James Jones is described by a present-day Southern historian as one of South Carolina's "ultra-secessionists." He was one of the leaders of a group of men who wanted South Carolina to withdraw from the Union in 1851, ten years before it actually seceded, and he wrote letters trying to convert his contemporaries to this position. "If in spite of all the resistance we can make we are finally overwhelmed by superior physical force, what have we lost," he once said. "We are now in a hopeless minority in the government; we are fenced round by nonslave states. . . . The measures of a hostile majority will drain us of our wealth and finally free our slaves and drive us from our homes. If we succeed in the attempt to secede, we check the current of events. . . . If we fail, we have saved our honour and lost nothing. We shall still be in the same political condition as now, and will then have left to us the last alternative—submission."

At the beginning of the Civil War he became colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, which was sent to the coast to defend a line ten miles long with only eight hundred men. They were in plain view of the enemy and the advance sentinels were within speaking distance of each other. He says that at the beginning of the war he was unpopular because he was a strict taskmaster, but that his troops soon became his "devoted friends and admirers" and felt that they belonged "to the best Regiment and (had) the best Colonel in the service." On January 1, 1862, his regiment was attacked by "an enemy force numbering 4500 and five gun boats," yet he drove them back with his small force.

James Jones expected to be appointed a general in the Confederate army the next time a South Carolinian was to be nominated, but the next appointment went instead to States-Rights Gist. James Jones resigned his commission and wrote a letter to his friend Louis Wigfall, then a Confederate senator from Texas, saying that he retired from the service in "consequence of the gross insult to my military honor by the appointment of a young man without either military education or experience and wholly without the confidence of the troops or the citizens of this State, over me, I presume through the influence of some miserable political trickster over the president." He considered that he had "been driven from this regiment by President Davis, in this dark period of our history. It has been a bitter trial to me, but submission was dishonor. . . ." Senator Wigfall sent the letter to Jefferson Davis, who wrote a note on the top. The note reads: "Col. Gist was appointed on the recommendation of the Council, he being the first named of two, Col. Jones not named. Genl. Lee recommended Col. Gist. There is no right of promotion to the grade of Brig. Genl. I could have no wish to wound Col. Jones and regret that he should feel injured. J.D." The letter was eventually returned to James Jones and it now belongs to Virginia.

We have an analysis of the character of James Jones in a "phrenological" report that was drawn up by a doctor in Columbia. He is described in a way that bears out what we know about him, and it is probable that the doctor knew something about who he was and didn't get his information from examining the bumps on his head. A picture emerges of a man who is determined, energetic, shrewd, cunning, and sometimes suspicious of others, yet loyal to his friends. He was "anxious to realize a large fortune," liked good living, and could "appreciate a fine dinner." He had a "good natural taste" and was "fond of anything that "was marvellous and extraordinary" and could have appreciated poetry and works of romance, but that aspect of his character had not been well developed. He was not religious and found all forms of worship to be "superfluous." He had very pronounced mechanical abilities, was able to keep at a task until finished, and had a strong optimism about the future success of his projects. He was a "benevolent character" with a "correct sense of right and wrong" but sometimes indulged in ridiculing others.

His most pronounced characteristics, according to the phrenologist, were his sense of honor and his natural caution, traits which were often in opposition to each other. His self esteem was "very large" and he was "rather disposed to be haughty." He had a high opinion of himself and considered himself "capable of leading and commanding." He could not "allow the shadow of an insult to pass . . . and would

take the most summary method of obtaining satisfaction.” He was “really desperate when roused and disposed to be destructive.” He had “extreme difficulty in curbing the desire for gratification,” and if he had yielded to his inclinations he might have been “rather licentious.” Nevertheless, despite being hotheaded and imperious, he possessed a “large proportion of caution” which made him fearful of consequences. This caution and a “very good” reasoning power were strong enough to “keep in subjection those propensities which if indulged in would be so detrimental to his welfare.”

The phrenologist also found that he liked to “brave opposition” and “would fight rather too soon.” We know that James Jones was an expert on the “code duello,” but it is not known whether he ever fought a duel with anyone. One biographer says that he always used the code as an “instrument of peace” and sought to mediate between the parties. James Edward Calhoun, an eccentric cousin of John C., wrote to him asking him to be his second in a duel. Dueling was by then illegal, and we do not know if he accepted. Perhaps the caution that the phrenologist discovered came to his rescue in this instance. But in the final analysis, James Jones, like many Southerners, valued his reputation above all else and placed the demands of honor above the claims of reason. Even his strong natural caution could not hold him back from a disastrous war that the South could not possibly win.

There were quite a few men like James Jones in antebellum South Carolina and particularly in Edgefield. Of all the states of the Confederacy, South Carolina was the first to contemplate secession and the most disposed to take military action. And it has been said that what South Carolina was to the South (“the Hotspur state”), Edgefield County was to South Carolina. It produced a culture which has been described as archaic and even Homeric, which means that the men of antebellum Edgefield were not unlike the characters in the Iliad. They had the virtues of a warrior society—courage, honor, generosity, nobility, and the capacity for the ultimate sacrifice. But they were often impulsive, rash, overly sensitive to insults real and imaginary, and unwilling to discuss the pros and cons of complex issues. Like the Greek hero Achilles, the men who propelled South Carolina into secession and war “chose glory before length of days.” Toward the end of the war, when the defeat of his cause seemed almost certain, States-Rights Gist charged a well-fortified Union position at least a thousand feet ahead of his men and insured that he would not live to return to a conquered South. James Jones would have approved of his rival’s flamboyant action. He had chosen an honorable death instead of a dishonorable submission.



James Jones and William Gregg were dead by 1870, and rather than bow down to the hated new regime, Lewis Jones involved himself in the Redshirt movement which would eventually elect Wade Hampton as governor of South Carolina and restore the rule of the “Bourbons.” Big Lewis said that when he was a child his grandmother made him a little red shirt so he could ride in a parade with his grandfather. I know very little else about Great-great Grandfather Jones. My grandmother said he was a large man of striking appearance. He was sheriff of Edgefield County in the 1850s.

It fell to the lot of the next generation to taste the fruits of submission, but it can be argued that they too kept their honor. When my great grandfather Lewis Pou Jones died, his obituary in the county paper called him a “true and manly man, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a devoted son, brother, husband, father; a public spirited citizen, [and] a devout Christian.” These are all honorable things. Yet his life was diminished and his opportunities reduced by the war and its aftermath. Although he was a college graduate, Lewis Pou Jones had a number of jobs and struggled to support the seven children who were born before he died.

There are only a few stories about him. My grandmother loved him and called him Papa, and said that when he came home on horseback, she would run to him and he would put down his foot so she could climb onto it and swing herself up behind him on the horse and ride the rest of the way with him. He died of a ruptured appendix and the poison from it, in a time when infections were not curable. My grandmother said that he would have become a Methodist minister if he had lived.

After his death a memorial tribute to him was written and read at Wofford College, where he had gone to school. He was praised as a man of highest character, the very soul of honor, a man of principle

who was not for sale, a sincere man, and an earnest Christian. Moreover, the Wofford tribute describes him as having the family concern for reputation: "I remember him once," wrote the author, "when in the heat of debate an antagonist let fall a word that seemed to him to reflect upon him. To touch his honor was to touch all that was dearest. His eyes flashed; his bosom heaved; the whole man was aroused; and not until a retraction was made and a disclaimer entered was he satisfied." In some ways he may have been like his more colorful uncle James Jones.

Great Grandfather had a brother named James Bolivar Jones who was called Uncle Jim. He lived in the house at the fork where the road comes in from Saluda, and the house is still there and is called by the family the J.B. Jones house. He was called "Brickhouse Jones" because of his connection with the house, which was originally of brick.

His first wife Lula Smith was from Texas and there is a story that she came to South Carolina to visit the Pickens family and met Uncle Jim. Virginia said they once dug up a pocketbook from the yard of the house that belonged to Dushka Pickens. That's the only story I ever heard. Maybe he was taken for granted by the storytellers in the family, since he was still alive when they were young. Big Lewis was his son, but I never heard him talk about Uncle Jim. Or maybe he told stories about him that I don't remember. I was more interested in stories about the family members that lived before and during the Civil War, and I may have forgotten the ones about those who lived later.

Unlike his brothers, Isaac Matthias Jones was a colorful, romantic figure. He was my great-grandfather's older brother and in 1858, when he was eighteen years old, he decided to go down to the public square in Edgefield to a political rally. His mother begged him not to go, as did the young girl he was engaged to. But he went, and when in the heat of the rally he threw up his hat and yelled, "Hurrah for Gary," someone on the opposite side of the contest killed him by stabbing him in the back. Or perhaps it was a political enemy of his father, who had been sheriff of the county several years before. My grandmother said that was what the family thought. It would be interesting to know who those political enemies might have been. Did the bad blood between the Brooks and Jones families that erupted in the fight between Colonel Brooks and Matthias Jones last all those years? James Jones wrote his long letter of vindication to Louis Wigfall, and Wigfall had once fought a duel with Preston Brooks.

Probably there would have been a division between the older families, which included the larger planters, and the newer mercantile and industrial interests represented by the Joneses, Greggs, and Quattlebaums. The Jones family was wealthy and influential, but the Edgefield names which mattered the most were Butler, Brooks, Simkins, and Hammond. We will never know who those political enemies were, or who killed Uncle Matt, and my grandmother wrote rather dramatically that he was "killed by the Unknown Hand."

When I was a child I did not know what Uncle Matt looked like or that there was a portrait of him. Many years later, when I lived in Texas, I drove home through Meriden, Mississippi, and stopped to see Uncle James. He had an oval portrait of Isaac Matthias Jones, which had been left to his brother Matt. Uncle Matt had no children and neither did Uncle James, so he asked me if I wanted it, and of course I did. The picture had been damaged across the mouth and needs to be restored, but it is good to know what he looked like.

Lewis and Rebecca Margaret Jones had these three sons, and they also had five daughters. Three of the daughters—Catharine Eliza, Sarah Amanda, and Mary Eliza—died young. Sarah Amanda was called Aunt Mannie and my grandmother says, "My sister Rena has a beautiful portrait of Sarah Amanda. It is the little girl the blue dress with corals around her neck—an oval picture in a gilt frame. It hung in my grandmother's parlor." My mother has the coral necklace.

Another sister was Great Aunt Bess Miller, whose name was Elizabeth Clara, and who married her first cousin Joseph A. C. Jones against the wishes of her parents and then married O. L. Miller. She lived in the green room at Aunt Rena's and my mother says she thinks she once fell down the back stairs but wasn't seriously hurt.

The other daughter of Lewis and Rebecca Margaret was Marina Gregg Jones, who married W. K. Blake. I know more about her family because the Blakes lived in Spartanburg. This was years before my father and mother were born and met each other, but it happened by coincidence that Granddaddy

Cannon's father worked for W. K. Blake in his store, and died of pneumonia when he got wet while helping to put out a fire there.

Marina Jones Blake had a daughter named Mary Eliza who was called Cousin May Lily. She was the same age as my grandmother and they were both in the first class at Converse College. She married Sam Hodges, who became a prosperous drugstore owner, and lived in Greenwood. I saw her just once, when Nanny and my mother and I and Carter and Virginia went to her house for lunch. It was the first time I ever had asparagus and Hollandaise sauce.

Aunt Marina also had a son we called Cousin Lewie Blake. He was a doctor and he had the first automobile and the first telephone in Spartanburg and his phone number was "1." I don't remember him, but we used to take my grandmother every year to see his widow, Cousin Louise Blake. She lived in a Tudor house at the end of Glendalyn Avenue and she was famous for her iris garden. That was why we went to see her every spring. She had the only joggling board I ever saw outside of Charleston and I used to sit and drink lemonade and joggle while she and my grandmother talked. Cousin Louise Blake was also in the first class at Converse; she was the daughter of Mayor Henneman, who was shot and killed when he tried to stop a man from hitting his wife.

There was another daughter of W. K. and Marina Blake named Fanny Sloan and I never knew or heard about her, but there is a letter here which tells a very strange story. She and her husband were on vacation and staying in a hotel when a hotel employee came around knocking on doors to wake the guests up for breakfast. Mr. Sloan was in a deep sleep and at the loud sound of knocking he woke up suddenly and became very disoriented. He leapt out of bed, ran down the hall, and jumped out a third-story window to his death.