

is an American Eagle with outstretched wings bearing the shield of the United States. This patriotic decoration placed there by the Revolutionary soldier is disintegrating with time and exposure but during the Confederate War it saved the house from being burned. When the Yankees saw the United States crest and the American Eagle they would not set their torches to the building.

After General Means' death FAIR VIEW was sold to William Blair. During the long occupancy of the Blair family this old home was one of the social centers of the community. Stories may still be heard of the grand balls that were held here. William Blair was married three times and had a large family and connections as well as a host of friends who all took advantage of and enjoyed his unstinted hospitality. The place has remained among his descendants up to the present time, a period of about one hundred and fifty years. The current owner of FAIR VIEW is J. B. Frazier, Jr., a great-grand-son of William Blair.

An amusing incident is told by members of the family about the harrowing days when FAIR VIEW was visited by the Yankee soldiers. Captain William Blair was an old man and was at home during the occupation. The company which visited his plantation to loot and burn was under a Captain William Blair, a young man from New Jersey. When he was told by the servants that the owner of the place was also a Captain William Blair he was anxious to meet him and had the old man called out. The young captain was very affable and on seeing the patriarch said, "My name is also William Blair. I am from New Jersey. I wonder if we are kin?" To this the old man retorted, "No! If I had one drop of damned Yankee blood in my veins I'd slit both of my wrists to let it out!" So saying he brandished a long knife to further dramatize his statement. This amused the young man and the house was spared and before he left he and the old captain were on more congenial terms although the old gentleman remained restrained and somewhat distant. The above story was told by a descendant of Captain William Blair who now resides in Newberry, South Carolina.

LYLES-CROWDER HOME

LYLES — FEASTER — CROWDER

In the western part of Fairfield County along the Broad River the land is extremely hilly, bordering upon being mountainous. The steep wooded hills and deep narrow valleys make it a rugged country. Hidden among the hills, usually on their crests, like gems in a tiara, are some of the oldest and most historic homesteads in the county.

One of these is a time-worn, weatherbeaten house that was built in 1812 by Major Thomas Lyles.

Major Thomas Lyles was a son of Arromanus Lyles whose father was Ephriam Lyles, one of Fairfield's first settlers. Ephriam and his brother, Colonel John, took lands at the mouth of Beaver Creek on Broad River. The family was from Brunswick County, Virginia originally but they came to Fairfield from Butte County, North Carolina, about 1745.

Ephriam was killed by Indians in his new home and a Negro servant was murdered by them in the yard, but his widow, Ann, and her seven or eight children escaped.

Arromanus became one of the first citizens of the district. From 1790 to 1794 he represented the county in the state legislature. In 1796 he was one of the citizens who paid tribute to the memory of the Reverend Jacob Gibson, a pioneer Baptist minister, who died in that year.

Major Thomas Lyles married a Miss Peay, a daughter of another of Fairfield's first families. He was a representative to the legislature from 1832 until 1836. In 1839 his family consisted of three persons. When the census of 1860 was taken his plantation was valued at \$32,000.00.

The house that Major Lyles built in 1812 is a sturdy and an attractive one. It was constructed to last and to be an heirloom for posterity. The bricks were all made by the plantation Negroes who mixed and packed the red mud with their bare feet, jigging, singing, chanting, and having a gay time in general while the work was being done. When the bricks were dried and cured they were laid in wet mud mortar and pointed up on the surface with lime. The walls of the building are entirely of brick and are sixteen inches thick.

The design of the house is typical of the period. It is a compact rectangular structure with a well-braced hipped roof. The roof is covered with thick hand-hewn shingles. For decoration the bricks in the cornice are laid in an angular pattern and a one story porch or piazza extends across the front just below the second-story windows. This is supported by graceful, slightly tapering, round columns. Over the front door is a semi-circular fan-light of very small glass panes. The broad entrance steps are of everlasting blue granite.

Originally the front yard was fenced in to protect an elaborately designed boxwood garden through the center of which is a wide brick walk. The fence and trellis over the gate was covered with a profusely blooming rose vine. Brick columns on either side of the entrance were topped with graceful wrought-iron urns.

Old houses such as this are filled with stories of romance, history, gaiety, love, sorrow, mystery, and well-guarded secrets. One of these stories will be told.

In late February, 1865, after the fall and destruction of Columbia, Sherman's devastating army moved into Fairfield. At that time Major Lyles was an old man, ill and bed-ridden. As the dreaded invaders came near his little domain he sent his family away for their safety. The household treasures were taken with them. His finest stock and the highly bred horses for which his plantation was famous were sent deep into the swamps of the Broad River and carefully hidden. The old man, alone with a few servants, remained on the place to receive the enemy. Before their arrival the bummers had been told that he was a rich old planter and that in all probability he had much treasure hidden away.

They came like angry hornets swarming all over the place. When they inquired about the owner the servants told them that their master was in the house and ill, too sick to be disturbed. The usual search for loot ensued; the barns were raided and then burned. Stock and poultry that was superfluous for them to carry away was killed and thrown into the flaming out-buildings. The cotton house containing fifty bales of fine staple went up in smoke. The



LYLES-CROWDER PLACE

old house was ransacked and when no treasure was found the old man's bed-chamber was invaded.

He told them positively and emphatically that there was nothing of any value in the house or on the plantation. They did not believe him and swore at him telling him that if he did not reveal the hiding place of his loot that they would burn the house over him. To these threats he shouted, "Burn and be damned! I only have a few miserable years ahead of me."

With that some of the men placed a pile of litter under his bed and set fire to it. He did not flinch but remained in the great canopied bed until the smoke began to fill the room. He was too sick and too proud to move. When the soldiers realized this one of the officers said, "That is the bravest old man I have ever seen," and ordered the awe-stricken servants to remove the fire. This was done with all haste but even today, almost a century later, the owners of the old house point with pride to the charred spots on the floor in the front bed-room.

A boy taking the last of the horses to safety in the swamps was overtaken by the plunderers and the beautiful animal was taken from him. This steed was "Zuleika," the pride of the country-side. It belonged to one of the Lyles daughters and was acclaimed to be the best "lady's horse" ever bred in the county. The day after the Yankees left, this beautiful creature was found by the road-side with its throat slit from one side to the other. The vile act was committed by the officer who had appropriated the animal for his own use. He did it because the horse had bitten him and refused to let him mount. This horse was as gentle and easy to manage as a pet kitten when handled by a lady but it had been trained to bite and refuse to carry any man, except its groom, who tried to handle it.

The proud old house still belongs to the family of Major Lyles. It passed from him to his grand-daughter, Sallie Lyles (Mrs. John C. Feaster), and is now owned and lived in by her daughter, Mrs. B. D. Crowder, now an octogenarian.

IVY HALL

LYLES - BLAIR

IVY HALL is one of the oldest houses in the Blair section. It was built by Arromanus Lyles, the first white child born in Fairfield County, before the American Revolution. The house with its surrounding five hundred and eighty acres continued to remain with the Lyles family until it was purchased from the estate of Captain Thomas M. Lyles by L. M. Blair in 1902. Mr. Blair extensively remodeled and restored the grand old landmark and since that time it has been the home of his family.

During the restoration the new owner was careful to retain all of the charm and personality of the ancient building. The large fireplace with their simple attractive mantels still add warmth and character to the spacious plastered and panelled rooms that are floored with wide hardwood planks. A broad one story porch supported by hand-turned wooden columns extends across the front of the building. This is covered with vines of carefully trimmed English