

## CLANMORE

### FEASTER — FAUCETTE

CLANMORE, the home of the Faucette family in Fairfield County, is a beautiful, historic, ante-bellum house. It is built along Georgian lines, a stately and well designed mansion that is most imposing in its majestic setting among towering oaks and crepe myrtles. This well kept landmark seems almost to be an echo or a sentinel out of the past.

Facing east is the neighborhood of Feasterville, a section rich in history and tradition, it is located on the old main road between Columbia, Union, and Spartanburg. This is now State Highway 215 and is often referred to as the Monticello Road. The house was built about 1845 by John C. Feaster, a member of the prominent Feaster family from which the community takes its name. He and his wife lived there until 1868 at which time the place was sold.

Major Charles Washington Faucette became the new owner. Upon his return from the Confederate War he found his home in Winnsboro in ruins so he bought this house and plantation for his family residence. Soon after they moved into the community they gave the name of CLANMORE to their home. Since that time it has remained the seat of the Faucette family.

Although the house has passed its century mark it has been well kept and is in excellent condition. It is a two story brick structure having four rooms on each floor with halls extending the entire length of the house through the center, actually making two additional rooms. In the back yard, a short distance to the rear of the house, was a brick kitchen connected to the main body by a narrow covered passageway, through which the meals were brought into the dining room. In the kitchen was a great fireplace containing the necessary cooking utensils of the day, such as, pot-hooks, skillets, ovens, and even a turn-spit. On this spit many a pig was done to a delicious, dripping brown. Across the narrow hall and behind a small stairway leading to a room above was the storage pantry and smoke-house.

The kitchen no longer stands having given away to the ravages of time. Its walls crumbled and fell into decay. A new kitchen of well seasoned pine has taken its place, but the square old brick house remains in its completeness.

The very best materials were used in its construction, most of which came from the plantation. The bricks were baked in the owner's kilns and the heart-pine lumber came from the estate's forests. All of the doors, facings, and trim was done by hand. The framework of the roof is fastened with wooden pegs and the walls and partitions are of solid, double sized brick. The interior is finished with smooth plaster and the exterior walls are covered with white stucco. The house proper is large and square with a hipped roof and four double chimneys, two at each end, affording a fireplace for each room. Partially across the front is a porch supported by four massive stuccoed brick columns. The upstairs balcony is open on top and is enclosed with wrought-iron bannisters. Originally a set of matching columns covered with lattice and on which rose vines and ivy were entwined extended down the front walk. This made an impressive entrance from the driveway to the friendly, old-fashioned, double doors. The colonade and arbor was destroyed by the cyclone of 1886 and was never rebuilt.



CLANMORE

The rooms are about fourteen feet square, with wide, thick pine floors, big, sunny windows and hand carved doors. They are furnished with antique furniture that has been in the family for many generations. These rooms are well-appointed, friendly, and refined. The old parlor still has its portrait by Ladd, a delicately carved love-seat, a marble top table that came from Paris, and old square Nuns and Clark piano, a big armed chair with clusters of grapes carved in it, and a handsome brass fire-side set. In the living room is a Governor Winthrop desk and small library tables. There are two side-boards in the dining room. One is a delicate, serpentine front, Hepplewhite piece, over one hundred and fifty years old, that belonged to some of the Coleman kin. The other is a massive cherry piece of a somewhat later period but well past its century mark that belonged to another kinsman, Colonel Hugh Stevenson of WHITE HALL. One corner is filled with a huge corner cupboard and in the center of the room is a beautiful drop-leaf table. Old pieces of china, silver, and a painting or two finish the room off. In the halls are fragile little chairs, spinning-wheels, and a grand-father's clock; all dearly treasured heirlooms.

Probably one of the most interesting features of the old house is its quaint stairway with the balcony and "burned spot." The "burned spot" is a dark reminder of the day that the Northern soldiers attempted to set fire to the building.

They came one afternoon, took possession, and searched the house and surroundings for valuables and food. They frightened the slaves and gave the cooks orders to prepare supper. The officer conducting the search on the lower floor found two new home-spun dresses hanging behind the door in the small guest room. He took them down and slit them into strips with his sword, then threw them on the floor and walked over them. He then went into the hall and kindled a fire on the second triangular step of the stair. He left the fire to burn and began to shout orders to hurry on with the supper. He even made a trip to the smokehouse to secure more hams.

During this time Lula Feaster, a young niece of John Feaster, who was a refugee with her uncle's family, was so indignant over the destruction of her new dresses, awaited an opportunity to extinguish the fire with a cup of cold water.

When the officer returned he thought that the fire had smothered itself so he went to the upstairs porch and started another, which was also extinguished by this brave Southern girl.

After supper the soldiers decided to spend the night in the community and gave no further trouble and seemed to forget that the house did not burn. Had they really meant to burn it? This will never be known.

In 1867 Charles W. Faucette and his family moved into the home, where he reared his family and spent the remainder of his life, passing away in 1904, at the ripe old age of eighty-four. After his wife's death two years later the property was inherited by their only son, Charles W. Faucette, Jr. To him it was a heritage to be loved and cherished. Before his death he expressed a wish that the house would always be in the possession of some member of the family. The present owners are Miss Julia Faucette, Miss Mary Faucette, Andrew M. Faucette, and Marion D. Ogburn.



CLANMORE has always played an important part in the social life of Feasterville. This hospitable home with its upstairs ball room and downstairs parlors has been the scene of many balls, teas, dinners, and infairs before and after the Confederate War. The old stairway has often felt the slow, quiet tread of footsteps as lovely brides made their way down to the old-fashioned parlor, where before an improvised altar, marriage vows were said.

CLANMORE  
Home of the Faucettes  
in  
Fairfield County  
by  
Julia Faucette

Old house to live in,	Old staircase to walk up,
Old wood to burn,	Old clocks to strike,
Old books to dream over	Old lamps to refill,
Old Poems to learn.	Old beds to sleep in at night.
Old friends to talk to,	Old windows to rattle,
Old folks to love,	Old boards to creak,
Old memories that linger	Old bricks to crumble,
Like blessings from above.	Old roofs to leak.
Old china to use carefully,	Old doors to open wide,
Old silver to shine,	Old greetings to send,
Old letters to sort out	Old hearths to warm by,
Old records to find.	Old clothes to mend.
Old flowers to give fragrance,	Old portrait to be proud of,
Old gifts to share,	Old albums to display,
Old mirrors to glance into,	Old family trees to rewrite,
Old jewels to wear.	Old scrapbooks to put away.
Old woodwork to polish,	Old spinning-wheels to turn softly,
Old floors to sweep,	Old cradles to rock,
Old sounds to listen to,	Old candlemolds to wonder at,
Old secrets to keep.	Old closets to lock.
Old diaries to treasure,	Old wedding gowns to try on,
Old Bibles to read,	Old shawl and yards of lace,
Old cookbooks to fill out,	Make oldest dreams of yesterday
With recipes we need.	Peep from their hiding place.
Old "burned spot" to look for,	Old paintings to cherish,
Old Confederate Uniform to show,	Old castors to set out,
Old canteen to drink from,	Old candle-sticks to admire,
Old history dates to know.	Old quilts to count.
Old pianos to play upon,	
Old songs to sing,	
Old, old times to remember	
and to long for again.	