

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY
 Stephen B. Barnwell. Marquette, 1969.

The Family of
 General John Barnwell

General John Barnwell
 (1748-1800)

Captain
 John Gibbes
 Barnwell
 (1778-1828)

Mary Hutson
 Barnwell
 (1781-1851)

Anne Middleton
 Barnwell
 (1783-1840)

Elizabeth - *Robert's son*
 Barnwell
 (1786-1807)

Robert's son
 Sarah
 Gibbes
 Barnwell
 (1788-1866)
 Unm.

=
 Robert
 Means
 (1774-1832)

=
 John
 Habersham
 (1781-1821)

=
 James
 Hazzard
 Cuthbert II
 (1786-1813)

1st Cousin
 Sarah + John
 Bull - old house
 (1782-1862)
 (Part A)

WASH & CAP

Part B, p. 78

Eliza
 Barnwell
 (1807-1891)

Charlotte
 Bull
 Barnwell
 (1810-1895)

Mary Howe
 Barnwell
 (1812-1876)

Sarah Bull
 Barnwell
 (1814-1881)
 Unm.

Major
 John Gibbes
 Barnwell
 (1816-1905)

=
 Senator
 Robert
 Woodward
 Barnwell
 (1801-1882)
 (see p. 108)

=
 Bishop
 Stephen
 Elliott
 (1806-1866)
 (see p. 157)

=
 Colonel
 Middleton
 Stuart
 (1806-1840)
 (see p. 141)

=
 Emma
 Elliott
 (1817-1894)

Ann Bull
 Barnwell
 (1818-1907)

Emily Howe
 Barnwell
 (1820-1894)
 Unm.

=
 The Rev.
 Edward
 Tabb
 Walker
 (1818-1896)

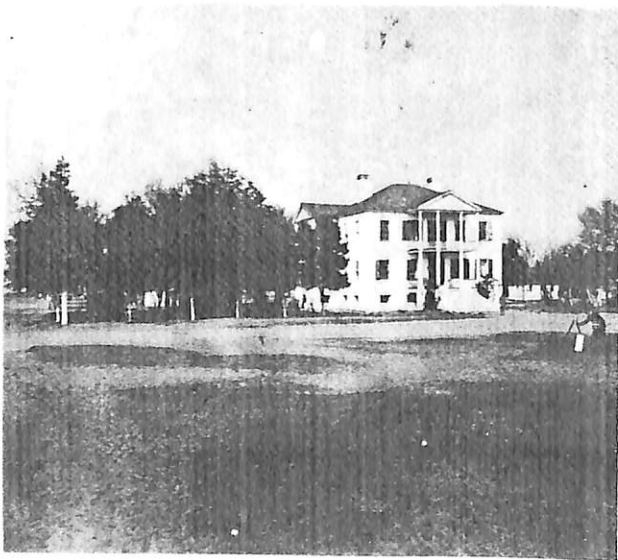
could not turn around. The fresh water terrapin, a real delicacy, was known to live in these holes also. If the alligator could be pulled out, the terrapin could be caught. John was said to have been the first man in those parts to have dived down into an alligator hole and pulled him out. Some doubted the story after his death, but it was repeated some years later by General Stephen Elliott.⁴⁷

According to another story, it was considered proper in those days to accept every offer of a glass of wine. John was never known to have become intoxicated; so a number of his friends conspired to test him on his wedding day, of all times. Each in turn offered him a drink. Of course he never refused, but the expected results failed to appear. It was later discovered that he had poured most of every glass into the high cravat which encircled his neck and chin. He was soaked but quite sober.⁴⁸

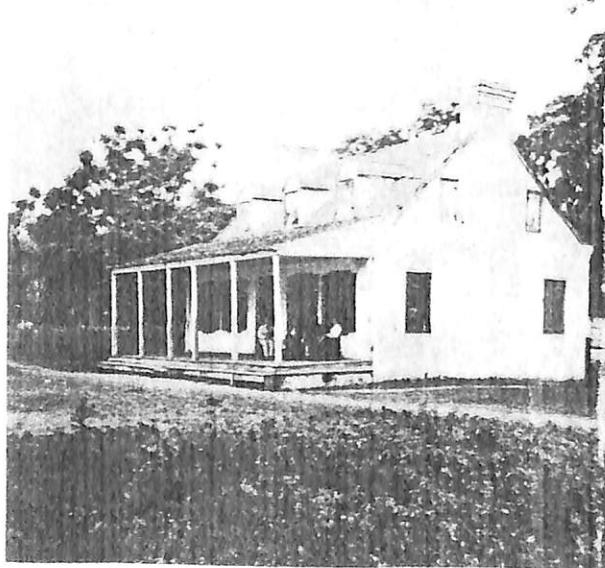
John showed independent courage on another, more important, matter. He once had a slave, named Venture, who was a man of obvious intelligence and ability. Contrary to the law and the warnings of some of his neighbors, he taught Venture to read and write and do simple arithmetic and placed him in full charge of one of his plantations. When John's son, John, assumed the management of his estates, he gave Venture and his family their freedom. Venture moved to Charleston where he made a good living. After the Civil War he offered all his savings to the family he had once served, but they refused.

John married his first cousin, Sarah Bull, daughter of General Stephen Bull and Anne Barnwell. She was born in Maryland December 18, 1782 where her family were refugees. John died March 22, 1828 and was buried in St. Helena's Churchyard. Sarah continued to live in the old house in Beaufort until the Union invasion in 1861. Fleeing to Walterboro, she died there October 10, 1862. They had seven children:

1. Eliza Barnwell, born Nov. 8, 1807; died Sept. 3, 1891.
2. Charlotte Bull Barnwell, born Mar. 31, 1810; died June 27, 1895.
3. Mary Howe Barnwell, born Mar. 4, 1812; died July 20, 1876.
4. Sarah Bull Barnwell, born June 8, 1814; died June 30, 1881.
5. John Gibbes Barnwell, born Sept. 20, 1816; died Apr. 23, 1905.
6. Ann Bull Barnwell, born May 10, 1818; died Feb. 24, 1907.
7. Emily Howe Barnwell, born in 1820; died Apr. 30, 1894.



Home of Mrs. John G. Barnwell I
Washington and Carteret Streets



Retreat Plantation,
c1862.

at Sandersville. I am so thankful for it, and poor George Stoney, too. I was so fond of him and how dear he was to his poor mother. Just think of all that passed since you drove me up to Barnwell with my two boys, and now one of them is gone too. You have heard, Jimmy, that God has taken away my little darling Johnnie. 'Twas so hard to give him up, but I would not wish him back again. He has passed through all the agony and is safe in his Saviour's love, little darling. I loved him so, and I thank you for many little acts of kindness to him, dear brother. It is so late, I must stop."³⁸

James received another letter in the closing days of the war from his Aunt Emily Barnwell which only underlined the grief which seemed to engulf them:

"Dear James, As Dr. Elliott has just called & offered to take our letters, I feel I must write you if only a few lines. Oh! my dear nephew, we have been *so grieved & shocked* to see dear Henry's name among the *killed* on the 16th. I cannot but *hope and pray* that it is a mistake.

Oh! if so, one of the noblest have fallen. I have written to your poor mother, & God, I trust, will comfort & sustain her under this grievous stroke. We are thankful that Middleton is with her. He paid us a visit a fortnight ago & looked remarkably well, & on his return, welcomed another son, whom they wrote they had named George. Tell Hal we also heard from Sada. I do not know if he had heard of the death of dear little Johnnie. He died three hours before the Yankees entered the town, & his little corpse in the drawing room served as a protection against Yankee cruelty & insolence. Cousin Henry's house was one of the few that escaped pillaging. They were in great danger from *fire*, but providentially a hard rain extinguished it. Sada & the two boys, Hal & Allan were quite well, but she was anxious about Hal, Henry & yourself, that she said at times she was miserable. I cannot but wish she was with your Mother, but we must all strive to bear our trials wherever we may be placed . . . I think there was much to comfort your Mother in Henry's last letters, for he valued *prayer*, & the tone of his letters were much changed since dear Allan's death. Do give mine & Sarah's love, Anne's also to *all* of our nephews. We remember each & all in prayer 'that God may be a shield in the hour of danger.' Tell Ste, Minnie & Willie we heard from their father in Athens last week & all were well. And now dear Jimmie I must close. May God's best blessings rest upon you. If you can, send on or write to your Mother, direct to us here & we will forward to your Mother. Sarah unites with me in much love to all. Give our love also to Hal. Dr. Elliott is ready, so I must close. Goodbye."³⁹

Your Affcte Aunt, E.H.B.

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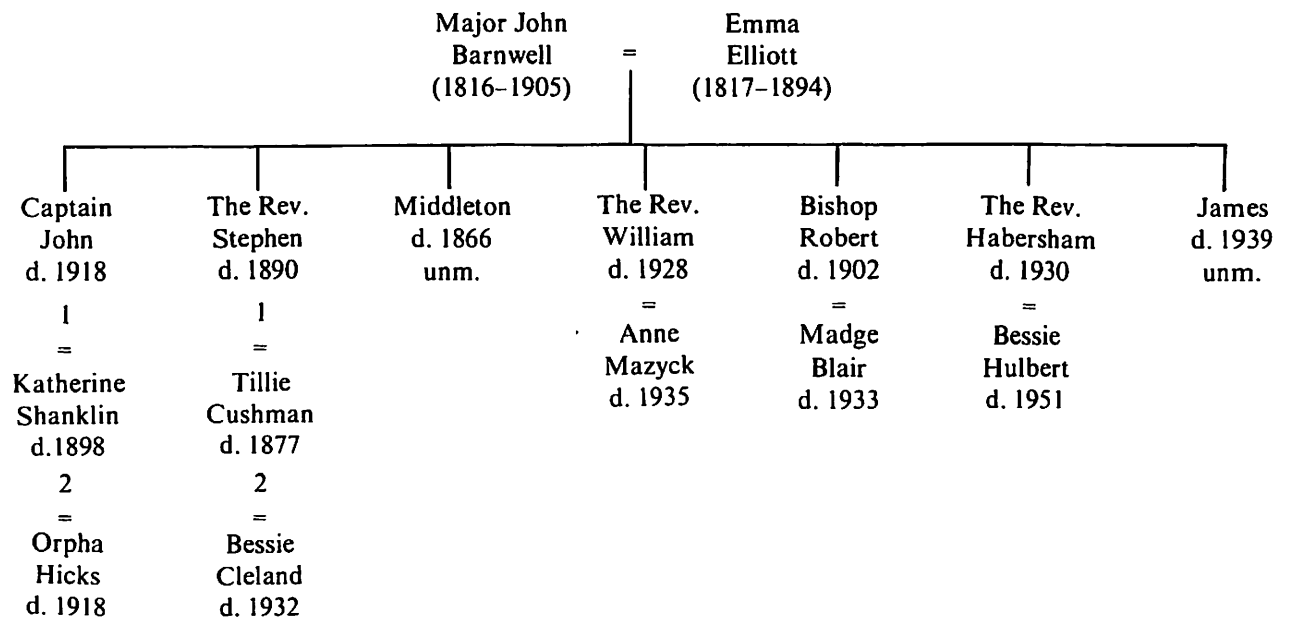
Major Barnwell's sister Anne Walker and her family had taken refuge immediately at The Briars during the battle of Port Royal. After a brief stint as supply priest at St. Matthew's in Fort Motte, Walker became rector of Edgefield where he was to remain for 25 years. Their four children: Emily, Elizabeth, Ellen, and Edward were too young to have any part in the war.

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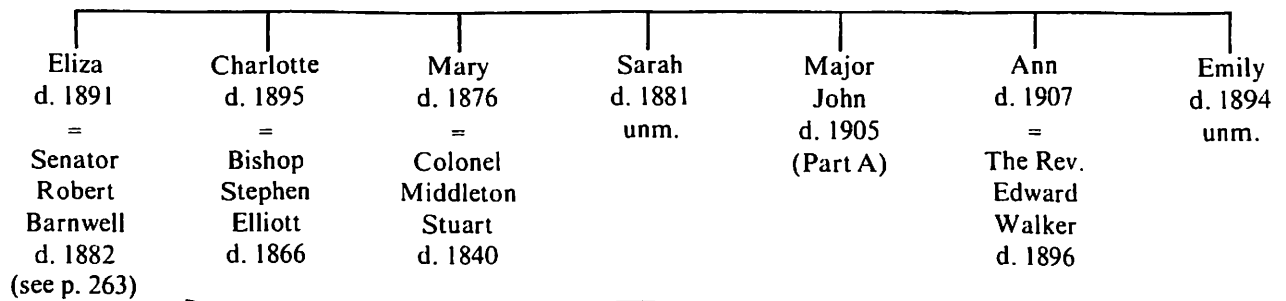
The only other descendants of General John Barnwell who fought in the Civil War, besides the children of Eliza who married Senator Robert W. Barnwell, were the Elliott brothers, sons of the Rev. Stephen Elliott who married the General's granddaughter, Ann Habersham. These were General Stephen, Captain Ralph, Colonel William, and Lieutenant Middleton Stuart Elliott.

The Rev. Stephen Elliott was chaplain in the 9th Regiment at the start of the war but resigned early because of his age and illness. General James Chesnut let him live at his Sandy Hill Plantation near Camden and refused to take any rent "from a family doing their duty to the country as were the Elliotts."⁴⁰

Stephen Elliott's remarkable career as captain of the Beaufort Artillery has already been told. In November 1862 he was promoted to major and assigned to the staff of General Walker as chief of artillery of the Third Military District. After ten months on Walker's staff, he was chosen by General Beauregard to relieve Colonel Alfred Rhett as commander of Fort Sumter. Rhett reported, as he left, "I deem the fort in its present condition unserviceable for offensive purposes." Henceforth it was a symbol. Elliott took over September 4, 1863 with the Charleston Battalion



Part A



Part B

Part A

Major John Barnwell, like many of his contemporaries, said he really lived two, quite distinct, lives: forty-five years before the war and forty-four years during and after the war. For the first ten years of his "second life," he and his family lived in Athens, Georgia where he worked in the library of the University, and they boarded students to make ends meet. He served briefly on the vestry at Emmanuel Church. When their son, Stephen, became the rector of St. James' Church in Marietta (1875), they moved there and shortly after that, they bought a small farm outside Rome near their son, John.

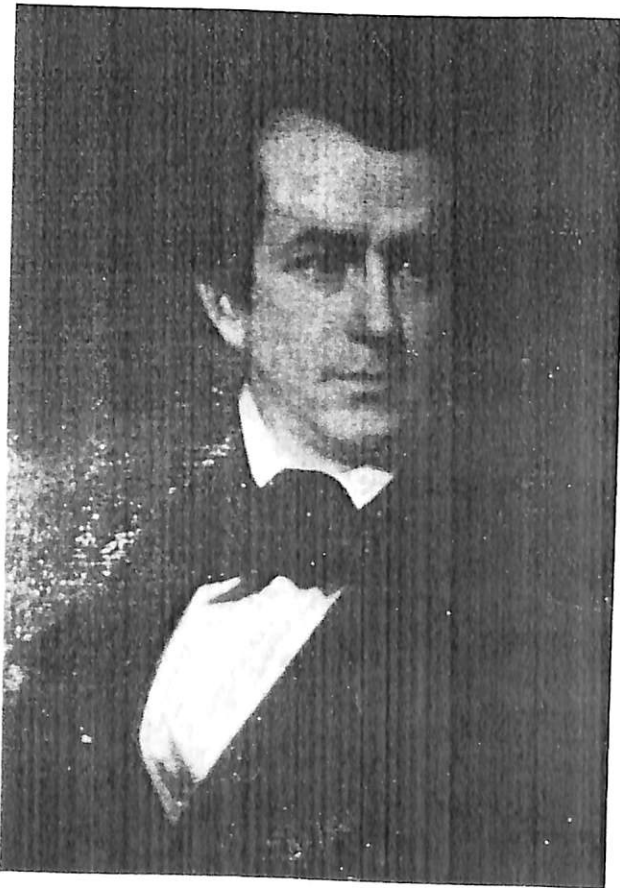
This farm became a sort of family center for almost a generation. The summer of 1880 was a particularly memorable one when Stephen, Robert, and Habersham all brought their brides 'home' for the first time. From there, the Major and his wife visited their sons in Alabama, Kentucky, and South Carolina and even went to the Chicago Exposition in 1893. He engaged in some writing, doing an article on the sinking of the *Housatonic* during the war, and, no doubt, carried on with his painting, but for the most part, he assisted John with the management of the farm.

The Next Generation

Eliza, Charlotte, and Mary all married cousins and will be dealt with under their husbands' families. Sarah Emily never married although it was said of Sarah that "every widower in Beaufort had addressed her besides others." They lived with their mother in the tabby house on Washington Street.

John Gibbes Barnwell II, the only son, was born September 20, 1816 and attended Harvard⁴⁹ but left early to take over the management of his five plantations: Coosaw, part of Parris Island, the Retreat which he sold to his brother-in-law Edward Walker, and two on the mainland, but he did not have the success at planting that his father had because of the decline in cotton prices.

John was very talented as an artist and wanted to go to Europe to study. Bishop Elliott encouraged him, but the opposition of his brother-in-law, Robert, prevailed, and John regretted this decision all his life.⁵⁰ He designed and supervised the construction of the new Beaufort College in 1851 and also the new Arsenal about the same time. He was elected to the Board of the Beaufort College in 1853 and was captain of the Beaufort Artillery for twenty years.



John Gibbes Barnwell II
by George Gibbes Barnwell



Emma Gibbes Elliott

John was a great sportsman and owned a share in Hunting Island. His fellow sportsman, William Elliott I thought very highly of him:

"A man of honor and worth was he; a high-toned man, whose only quarrel with life was that his military aspirations had never been gratified; that his mis-governed country had never indulged in the luxury of war, nor afforded him the opportunity for that distinction, for which his soul pined!"⁵¹

in Beaufort near the Castle during the fall and had been moved in the spring to the fort built in 1812 and finally in the summer to Fort Beauregard to put it in condition.

The women of Beaufort were not without their part. Inspired by the rector and the intendant, Senator Rhett, a Soldiers' Relief Association was organized with Mrs. W. A. Morcock as president assisted by Mrs. Thomas Fuller, Mrs. Edward Barnwell, Mrs. Thomas J. Wells, and Miss Elizabeth Barnwell as officers. Mrs. Stephen Elliott's parlor had been converted into a cap factory, and the Castle, where Mrs. William H. W. Barnwell and her family lived, became a center for making bedding by her five daughters and their friends. Mrs. Middleton Stuart also did much "apart from the Relief Society." The fruits of their labor were sent either to the men on Bay Point or to the Rev. R. W. Barnwell for the wounded in the hospitals in Virginia.¹⁵

We have an abundance of eye-witness accounts of the last days of old Beaufort. James R. Stuart wrote his recollections of them many years later.¹⁶ He was still in Germany when he heard of the fall of Sumter. Returning home he found all his friends and relatives in the army. He wandered through the old garden and under the great oaks he knew so well, and as he walked through his boyhood home and looked out on the old town, he thought "it seemed strange and changed like the face of a dying friend. I knew it was all passing away. It depressed me, and I felt the need of action to distract my attention; so I went into the army at once." He had little hope of victory. His years at Harvard and abroad had convinced him that "the public opinion of the world was against us," and the North was simply too strong. But he knew he had to throw in his lot with his people.

"We had seen nothing of the enemy the whole summer," Stuart wrote, "except a small sloop of war off the harbor as a blockader." On Saturday, November 2nd, Beaufort learned that a large Union fleet was on its way south, destination unknown, possibly Port Royal. The people were alerted that the town might have to be evacuated. Emily Barnwell Walker, then age 15, recalled many years later: "Saturday I went around to Grandma's (Mrs. John G. Barnwell I). Aunt Sarah Barnwell decided she would pack up the books. Daddy Will, the Butler, brought in the boxes; we filled them, and he nailed them up."¹⁷ Beaufort would turn to her books first! It was said that Annie Barnwell was so busy packing her trunk with books that she forgot her box of jewelry

On Sunday morning the congregation at St. Helena's heard Dr. Walker preach as they had for thirty-seven years. Ann Barnwell described the morning as "beautiful beyond description. Our hearts were filled with patriotism and devotion while the organ pealed the beautiful hymn 'God save the South.'" Dr. Walker preached a sermon full of faith in their cause, reminding his flock "that God was nigh to all who called upon Him." He announced that he would ring the bells of the church the next day at noon and asked the heads of families "to gather their households together and hold family prayers (such as few neglected to do at least once every day in these far off times). We were subdued as we walked home, but we never dreamed of the fate before us."¹⁸

Later in the day General Ripley advised the people of the Sea Islands to leave by Monday. The fleet was headed for Port Royal. Leila Barnwell told her cousin Ann that her father recommended they leave the island at once and take refuge in one of the plantations on the mainland as Laurel Bay was no safer than Beaufort. Carts were brought from the plantation to take "such things as we thought best to carry, not much for we expected soon to return." This accounts for the almost untouched state of the furnishings of the homes which the Union troops were amazed to discover when they landed.

Emily Walker "went around to Grandma's to see what they were going to do."

"Grandma was born in exile in Maryland when we were fighting our ancestors the English . . . Grandma was now eighty-two. She, Aunts Sarah and Emily decided on account of Grandma's age they would leave at once. The coachman, Daddy Sam, was told to drive the carriage to the front door . . . The negroes made up a bed on a stretcher for Grandma, looking broken hearted, no talking by anyone except what was absolutely necessary. Grandma sat in a chair. Daddy Will took it up on one side; Daddy Sam on the other. She was placed on the bed. Aunt Sarah, Aunt Emily, Maum Tenah got in, the door shut, and they started on their long journey. Me? I was too excited to cry. I turned off for home little thinking that years would pass before I would see the old house again . . . that evening I went to Church alone. A little bird flew in and round and round it went. I was feeling bad before; that almost put an end to my self control . . . Uncle Joseph asked the congregation as their family prayers to read the Litany. That was the last service in the old Church for years.

"Papa got home from his Church across the river about dark; Mama insisted we must leave. Daddy Jimmy was sent out to The Retreat to order the Santa Ana to come in immediately. By nine o'clock the row

boat with its six hands had anchored in front of the town . . . They carried a mattress and placed it in the bottom of the boat, jerked up a carpet, threw that over the awning; three trunks, I think. Mama sent Betsy (Maum Clarinda's eldest daughter) and myself and Cousin Sada (Stuart) and her two infants; her husband was at the fort. We carried a pot and food for the negroes to cook. We had three negro women and six negro men aboard. My father steered; a lantern was placed on top of the awning . . . Before we landed in the morning, the battle began; we heard the shells explode in the water. Grandma was at Briars to meet us."

Over at the Castle, the family rose early on Monday, packed and "had the house put in order before leaving it. At twelve o'clock the church bells rang. My mother," Ann recalled, "her five daughters, three sons (the other four being with the armies) and our neighbor, Mrs. Edward Cuthbert with her two little boys assembled. We united for the last time in that house in prayer." In the afternoon they drove across Port Royal Ferry to Cotton Hope on Bull's Island where they spent the week in anxiety.

Early that morning on Bay Point, Corporal of the Guard Stuart, was called to the shore by the sentry. "Sure enough, there they were distinct against the early dawn," he wrote, "a column of masts and smokestacks moving slowly along the horizon from the north toward the mouth of the harbor. The harbor bar was twelve miles away from our shore so that the hulls of the ships were invisible below the horizon, but by noon there was a goodly gathering of masts, looking much like a forest of dead trees in a clearing."

Altogether the Union fleet contained twelve warships with over 450 guns and a fleet of transports carrying some 13,000 troops. It was the largest and most powerful invasion fleet assembled in American waters up to the 20th century. The fleet was commanded by Captain Samuel DuPont and the troops by General T. W. Sherman. Against them the Confederates had but the 1,430 men on Hilton Head with twenty guns, and 640 men on Bay Point with nineteen guns of which only seven were of any value.

The great fleet slowly crossed the bar and dropped anchor in full view of both forts. During the afternoon DuPont sent out five gunboats to reconnoitre the enemy. Steaming out resolutely to meet them was a small mosquito fleet under Commodore Josiah Tattnall. After a wild exchange of shots, Tattnall retired and the Union raiders turned toward Fort Beauregard. They "opened up on us," recalled Stuart, "and we had our first experience of the 'hell bells.' They hit the parapet and made the mud fly and blew up a caisson shaking up the gunsquad pretty severely but wounding no one. We made some very bad practice at them and did not make a hit. In fact we had never fired the guns, shotted, more than half a dozen times before."

The next morning Tattnall made another sortie only to withdraw again behind his islands. The Union gunboats followed him and exchanged shells for over an hour but left after satisfying themselves that that was all there was to the Confederate navy in those waters. This was the gunfire that Emily Walker heard as her family fled to the mainland. After dark Captain Elliott sent James Stuart, Rob Barnwell, and Moreton Adams over to Colonel Heyward with some messages. They were followed by Allen Stuart in the barge 'Sebastopol' to get more ammunition from Fort Walker. Stuart writes of that night:

"We delivered our dispatches and started to return. It was a bright starlight night, a light breeze blowing. When half way over we heard the roll of oars in the oar locks. We thought it the Sebastopol, but it moved away from us. Presently we heard it again and made out a dim form within calling distance. Moreton was going to hail, when it occurred to me that it might be a barge from the fleet. Their watch lights in the rigging twinkled in the distance like the lamps of a small town. So we pulled over quietly reaching the other side at daylight. When the sun rose we saw the whole harbor covered with buoys. The Commodore had sent in barges to buoy out a course for his fleet. Had we hailed in the night, we might have viewed the battle next day from the deck of an enemy's ship."

Wednesday morning found both garrisons tensely waiting the attack, but the wind was too high, and the water too uncertain. DuPont decided to postpone it another day.

"That night," wrote Stuart, "Captain Elliott thought the enemy might send barges ashore and try to carry our works by storm. So he sent my brother Allan and myself and Marion Fripp down on the edge of the beach as a picket. It was low tide so that we were several hundred yards from the Fort. We had a small brass four pounder with us. If the enemy appeared we were to fire three or four charges of grapeshot at them and then retreat to the Fort leaving the gun on the beach. This gun was one of two which had come down to us in

to me and said, 'Jimmie, George Stoney has just been carried off the field mortally wounded,' George was my brother Middleton's brother-in-law. He was just nineteen years old, a splendid boy developing into a very fine man. And he was his mother's only son and she a widow. He died that night. None of his friends were with him only a hospital nurse. But he did not suffer. He told the surgeon, 'Doctor, I know I can't live. Don't let me suffer.' And the Doctor did not let him suffer. The Beaufort Artillery were camped nearby when he died and did not know it until next morning. Here were all of his relatives and friends and school-mates. The artillery was not in action that day. They found an old log house on the farm nearby with an earth floor. Here they dug a grave and his cousin Edward Cuthbert read the Episcopal service above him with the roar of battle still going on in front. I have never heard that his grave was ever disturbed afterwards.

I was not at the funeral. I was in a farm house drawing up maps with the whole yard full of wounded men, a field hospital, the surgeons busy, a pile of amputated limbs in a corner of the fence. It began to rain and the house was full of wounded. They lay touching my feet as I sat drawing at a table in the porch.

We retreated that night and a week or so afterward surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina—were parted and disbanded. I started for *home?* on my horse, my boy Flanders on another. We went first to Camden, S.C. where my Uncle Henry was and my sister Sarah. Then on the next day towards Edgefield. Flanders had fever that night, so I got a farmer to give him a bed, and I slept on my blanket by the horses in the yard. We had to guard our horses with so many disbanded soldiers going home in every direction. (All along the way we were on Sherman's track, where he had not left a dwelling house standing. Next day, I was again on his track and again only stacks of chimneys.) . . . We reached Edgefield where my Aunts Sarah and Emily Barnwell were with their sister Aunt Annie, wife of (the) Rev. Edward Walker, Rector there. There I left Flanders with his father Jack and went over to my mother in Georgia.

And the war was ended.

There is an appropriate epilogue. After the fall of Richmond, Jefferson Davis decided to move the Government to the trans-Mississippi, possibly with a view to continuing the war. As his entourage passed through the Carolinas, he attracted a small bodyguard among who was Captain Stephen Barnwell. They got as far as Irwinville, Georgia before being captured, but Stephen (and another officer) managed to escape. He dashed up a thicket-covered creek and hid until he could make his way safely to Valdosta sixty miles away.

The Descendants
of
General John Barnwell (d. 1800)
during the Civil War

After the fall of Beaufort, Mrs. John G. Barnwell I (Sarah Bull) with her daughters Sarah and Emily found a temporary refuge at the Briars plantation on the mainland. From there they went to Walterboro where she died October 10, 1862. Lieutenant Henry M. Stuart who was married to her granddaughter, Sada Stuart, detailed four of her grandsons from the Beaufort Artillery to go to Walterboro and escort the body to the Sheldon Churchyard where she was buried beside her father and mother. After the war Emily sold her diamond ring to provide the money to have her reburied in St. Helena's beside her husband.²⁶

Her son John was commissioned a major in the corps of artillery on March 16, 1861 and after participating in the battle of Fort Sumter was ordered (May 4) to report to General Beauregard at Charleston for further assignment. He was instructed to inspect all the batteries between the North Edisto and Calibogue Sound from his headquarters in Beaufort. He was commended for his part in the battle of Port Royal, and in December was assigned as inspector of ordnance in the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida under General James H. Trapier. In March 1862 he was sent to the Army of the Mississippi at Corinth, but by July, we find him under orders of Colonel Gonzalez, chief of artillery in South Carolina and Georgia, to proceed to Augusta and Savannah to inspect the state of the artillery there. In February 1863 he was made inspector and assistant chief of artillery under General Waddy in the Department of S.C., Ga., and Fla. with headquarters in Charleston.²⁷ Here he remained until October 1864 when he was ordered to report to Colonel G. W. Rains at the Arsenal in Augusta which was the chief ordnance

Major Barnwell's six sisters became refugees in various places in South Carolina and Georgia. Eliza and her husband, Senator Robert Barnwell, will be considered later. Sarah and Emily, after their mother died in Walterboro, seem to have lived, for the most part, with their sister, Anne Walker in Edgefield.

Charlotte was already living in Georgia. Her husband, Bishop Elliott, played a leading part in the Confederate Church. He was very disappointed that secession had led to war, but he was convinced that the Southern position was both constitutionally and morally sound. Despite his training under Petigru, he firmly believed that the power of the States was the only effective check on the power of the Federal government. Hanckel, his biographer, said that "Elliott loved his own State very dearly, and he believed that an honest, genuine, and practical love of the country was best felt and expressed in a just and generous love of the State."³⁴



Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, D.D.

On March 23, 1861 Bishops Elliott and Polk at Sewanee addressed a letter to the other Southern Bishops stating that events now required that the dioceses of the Confederate States reconsider their relationship to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States "of which they have so long been the equal and happy members." A Convention was called to meet in St. John's Church, Montgomery, Alabama in July. Bishop Elliott, as the Senior Bishop present, was the chairman. In his opening address, he assured the Convention that they sought "no change in the Faith and Order of the Church, no relaxation of its discipline, no alteration of its Liturgy." The Convention resolved

at Sandersville. I am so thankful for it, and poor George Stoney, too. I was so fond of him and how dear he was to his poor mother. Just think of all that passed since you drove me up to Barnwell with my two boys, and now one of them is gone too. You have heard, Jimmy, that God has taken away my little darling Johnnie. 'Twas so hard to give him up, but I would not wish him back again. He has passed through all the agony and is safe in his Saviour's love, little darling. I loved him so, and I thank you for many little acts of kindness to him, dear brother. It is so late, I must stop."³⁸

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The Rev. Stephen Elliott was chaplain in the 9th Regiment at the start of the war but resigned early because of his age and illness. General James Chesnut let him live at his Sandy Hill Plantation near Camden and refused to take any rent "from a family doing their duty to the country as were the Elliotts."⁴⁰

Stephen Elliott's remarkable career as captain of the Beaufort Artillery has already been told. In November 1862 he was promoted to major and assigned to the staff of General Walker as chief of artillery of the Third Military District. After ten months on Walker's staff, he was chosen by General Beauregard to relieve Colonel Alfred Rhett as commander of Fort Sumter. Rhett reported, as he left, "I deem the fort in its present condition unserviceable for offensive purposes." Henceforth it was a symbol. Elliott took over September 4, 1863 with the Charleston Battalion

Ann Barnwell and her husband, the Rev. Edward Walker had been in Edgefield since November 1862 where he was the rector of Trinity Church. He also has charge of St. George's in Kaolin (1878-86) and started the Church of Our Saviour in Trenton in 1878 which he served until 1886 when they left Edgefield for Wando where he became the rector of St. Thomas and St. Denis. He retired in 1896 and moved to The Retreat which his son farmed near Beaufort. On the last Sunday of his life he preached twice at Port Royal and addressed the Sunday School. The next day he returned to Beaufort, was taken ill in the afternoon and died at midnight, October 20, 1896. Ann went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Julian Strother, at Scrub Oak plantation near Edgefield where she died February 24, 1907. She was buried beside her husband in St. Helena's churchyard. Of their nine children, only four survived the war:

Emily Barnwell Walker, born July 29, 1846, taught school in Edgefield and Beaufort where she died, unmarried, March 23, 1933.

Elizabeth Barnwell Walker, born May 24, 1850, married October 1, 1886 Richard D. Prophet of Cheraw and died a month later (November 5th), and Richard died the next year. Both were buried in Cheraw.

Ellen Bull Walker, born May 21, 1857, married November 24, 1890 Julian Reed Strother, son of David Richardson Strother and Mary Blocher. Born January 21, 1858 in Edgefield, he died there September 30, 1918. Ellen died in Beaufort on December 11, 1940 leaving three children: Emily Barnwell, who married William Lowndes Dunovant; Charlotte Guerard, who married Louis Raymond Fripp; and Julian Reed Strother, Jr., all of whom have descendants.

Edward Barnwell Walker, born April 19, 1859, was sixteen years old when his father sent him to farm Retreat plantation which he did almost all his life. He married, first, October 13, 1885 Elizabeth Guerard Heyward (1860-1912), daughter of Captain George Cuthbert Heyward and Elizabeth Martha Guerard. Among their seven children is the Rev. Joseph Rogers Walker of Virginia. Edward married again (1919) Mrs. Lula B. Jeffers, but they had no children. He died November 26, 1926 at his home in Charleston.

* * *

Major Barnwell's youngest sister, Emily, lived in Beaufort with Sarah and Mary and later her nephew, John. When John was appointed librarian at the University of South Carolina in 1887, she also moved to Columbia to live with her sister, Eliza. There she helped to rear her nephew Nat's three orphaned children and then her niece Emily Rhett's orphaned children until her death on April 30, 1894. She was buried in St. Helena's churchyard.

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1894

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Miss Emily H. Barnwell.

The subject of this brief notice was a native of Beaufort, and a member of the large and distinguished family of the name. She was over 70 years of age, and had been an invalid for some time. The funeral services were held Tuesday in St. Helena Church, Rev. Edward Walker, a brother-in-law of the deceased officiating. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends of deceased. The remains were interred in the family lot, where many of the name now rest. The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: W. P. Gibbs, B. S. Sams, J. M. Rhett, Chas. Barnwell, William Elliott and James L. Barnwell. The floral offerings were abundant and appropriate.