

Frampton

1st wife of

WINBORN LAWTON II

1936 - 1950

no children

Huge Live Oaks Keep Memories Of Frampton Plantation Alive

By MARTHA BEE ANDERSON
VARNVILLE

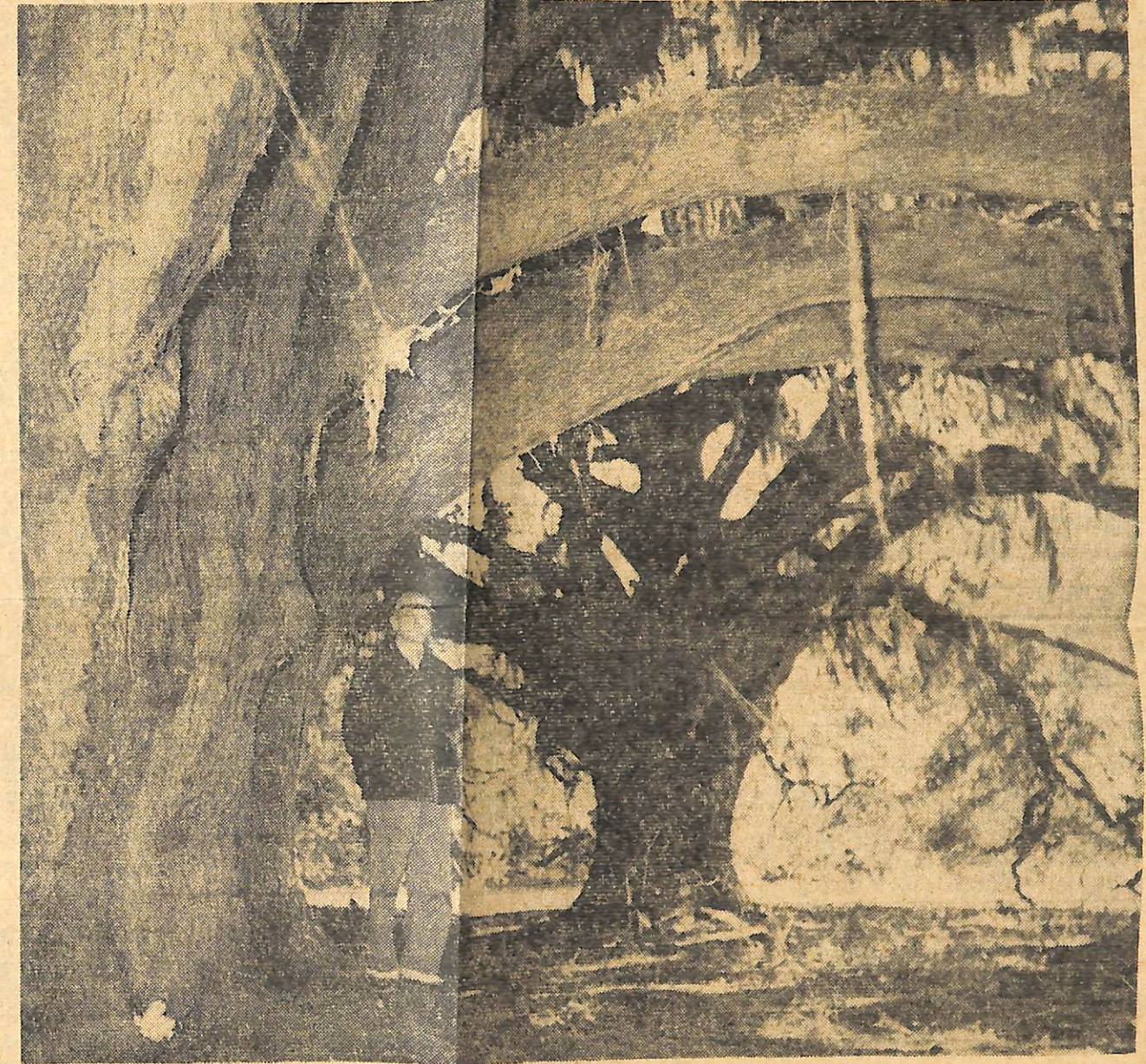
If you have ever perused any one of the old stage coach routes in this part of the state, you, too, likely have marveled at the number of grand old home sites along the way, sites where often nothing more than a noble assemblage of ancient live oaks remains to bear witness that here was a fine plantation once.

The Hermitage and all it embraced in a time of glory in ante-bellum South Carolina is just such a plantation location. Mostly gilt edged memories and fond family tales, along with an impressive stand of some of the oldest live oaks in this part of the state keep the name, "Hermitage" alive.

Located a couple of hundred yards from the old Salkehatchie Road, the stagecoach route from Barnwell to Beaufort, following the Salkehatchie river, The Hermitage was perhaps one of this section's largest and finest of the plantation showplaces. It covered 6,000 acres and much of it was planted in rice, with some parts in cotton, corn and produce and some for livestock. The original house, in which John Edward Frampton lived at the time of the War Between the States, was burned by Sherman, as were five other Frampton plantation houses located in Pocatigo and Gillisonville areas in what then was all Beaufort District. A second house, replacing the original at Hermitage, was destroyed by fire. The third house, an unpretentious old type farm dwelling of 50 years or so, stands now.

What is different about The Hermitage? A considerable portion of the original plantation, approximately 550 acres including the actual site of the "big house," has been kept in the Frampton family ownership all of these years. The place now is owned by Linwood Frampton and his son, Aimar Frampton, of Varnville. There are not many old such places remaining in the original family for so long and through so many critical periods of history.

As monuments, defying ravages of time, war and storms, four ancient oaks mark the exact spot where the original Frampton house stood. Nearby, an avenue of equally old live oaks showed where the old stagecoach route went. A favorite Frampton family story is that their ancestor, the original owner of this estate, was not pleased having the stage coach route come right past his door. In order to change it, he had to



Linwood Frampton Under Giant Oaks On Frampton Plantation

do it himself. And so it was he put his own slaves to work on the construction-engineering project and laid out a new one at a more comfortable distance from his house. The present South Carolina farm-to-market road follows Frampton's revised route.

There were three generations of John E. Framptons. They all took their turns at being senator from Beaufort District (that included Hampton, Beaufort, Jasper and Colleton counties). All of the Frampton grandfathers were planters of size and prestige. John E. Frampton, the third one, was a signer of the Ordinance of Secession. He was, at the time, 49 years old and owner of 131 slaves, family

records reveal.

Among family records, compiled by a grandson of the original owner, another John Frampton, are several interesting accounts of plantation life at The Hermitage. One notes that mail had to be sent for, a distance of 35 miles, to Pocatigo and mail was picked up only once a week. By the time of the war, Frampton was sending as far away as Yemassee for mail, and it cost 25 cents to mail a letter. The father of 12 children, Frampton had several sons old enough to go to the war. One slave accompanied the "master's" son. At the time 133 slaves were set free on The Hermitage.

One of the Frampton daughters married David Maybank,

grandfather of the late U.S. Sen. Burnet R. Maybank of Charleston.

When you look about at the spot where monumental moss-graced live oaks stand at the "big house" location, it is not difficult to visualize a huge plantation in full operation. If you look closely or are directed by a member of the Frampton family as a guide, you will learn that the old rice dams are still visible in many places in low lying lands of The Hermitage. You can judge pretty easily where vast fields of cotton and corn were planted there also. It takes but a little imagination to picture The Hermitage in its time of glory, when the whole area buzzed with activity and

fields were full of slaves, preparing, planting or harvesting. The closest market was Charleston and it took a week to move from farm to market in those days, so poor were roads for travel from here to there. Cattle had to be driven to market. Roads often were not passable.

Looking back truly is to a lot of glory, but not without hardship and inconvenience and a measure of heartache to balance the picture pretty of such places as The Hermitage in Hampton County conjure in the mind's eye. It happens time and again as you take the stagecoach roads in this part of the state—Salkehatchie, Coosawhatchie, Pocatigo roads and others like them.

The Frampton
by John Frampton

1887

This is written because of frequent requests concerning genealogy and incidents of the Frampton family. I hope you will enjoy the reading as I have enjoyed the researching and re-remembering.

The first of our ancestors to come to this country from England was John Frampton who settled on Edisto Is. in the late sixteenth hundreds (1600) John Evelyn's diary in the possession of the Vincent family refers to Dr. Frampton Bishop of Gloucester, who preached a sermon on Mar 7, 1685. He is referred to as our ancestor in England.

It is possible that this man was John Frampton's father. John, whose date of birth is not positively known was twice married. We do not know name of first wife. The second wife was Hannah Adams dau. of Daniel and Elizabeth Capers Adams whom he married in 1731 John died in 1739.

John was given three or more land grants.

grants on Edisto Island by the Lord Proprietors whose names were Robert Gibbs, Gov. Robert Daniel, Thomas Denton, Thomas Smith and Samuel Everleigh. One of these grants were Black Hall Plantations and another was Pocky Is. Plantation.

"The Will of the first John Franklin was probated Oct 6-1739 - inventory lost."

John had two sons Jonathan and John. Jonathan, the eldest, married Theodora Ash. They had two (2) dau. Mary and Hephzibah. There is no record of how the property passed from John Franklin to Jonathan; but it is assumed that Jonathan, being the eldest, inherited it from his father. The family history is that the property divided under the will of Jonathan Franklin, vested in Hephzibah, and that afterwards she married Daniel Jenkins.

Excerpt from genealogy of Townsend family
 Daniel Townsend born 1739 died 1842 bearing

leaving a Will; he married about 1790
 Hephzibah Jenkins; she is said to have built
 the Baptist Church on Edisto Island through
 her own exertions (History of the First Baptist
 Church, Charleston S.C. page 35.) Daniel Townsend
 lived on Edisto Island, his residence
 plantation was called "Bleak Hall"
 Mrs Hephzibah Townsend was the daughter of
 Daniel Jenkins and his wife Hephzibah Frampton
 and the grand daughter of Jonathan Frampton
 and Theodora Ash.

Daniel Townsend made his Will 15-July 1839;
 mentions wife Hephzibah; son John, to whom
 he bequeaths Bleak Hall Plantation; son Daniel
 who is left Share Zool's Plantation; Daughter
 Mary Frampton Pope Land on Wadmalaw
 Island etc"; The above is included in this
 narrative for the sole purpose of showing
 you how the original grants got out of the
 Frampton family and into the Townsend
 It is very evident that the first John Townsend

was named John Fraughton Townsend.
 John Fraughton I, Jonathan's brother, from
 whom we descend, married Elizabeth Wilkins
 dau. of John and Mary Hamiton Wilkins
 To them were born one son John and three
 daughters Ann, Martha and Sarah. (Information
 gathered from Will of Jonathan Fraughton probated
 July 29, 1763 and on file in the office of
 Probate Judge, Charleston S.C.) There is an
 interesting bequest in the Will of Jonathan
 Fraughton: "I give and bequeath unto my
 well beloved brother John Fraughton, all
 my wearing apparel" (Some of us have
 been wearing hand-me-downs ever since.)
 John II died 1761.

John Fraughton III, grandson of the Original
 born 1752, died 1827, migrated to Beaufort
 District where he obtained a grant south
 of Crossin River, and he evidently bought
 a plantation from Andrew Devaux, for I
 have a grant in my possession to Andrew
 Devaux said grant I would not have, if

Trampton

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this were not the case. All of this property is in what is now Jasper County, formerly Beaufort Co., formerly Beaufort District.

His wife was a Miss Gilbert. To this union were born three sons and one daughter.

John, James, William and Margaret.

James, either by inheritance or purchase from members of his family, was owner of three plantations: Tullifinny, Fort Hill and Old Field. Each of these plantations had a home. James moved from one to the other as the notion struck him.

He also had a summer home at Lilliesville about ten miles south of the plantations in the pine lands. These three plantations were ^{on} the east side of Savannah Highway (which follows the same course as today)

Tullifinny bordered on the Tullifinny River and Old Field on the Pacolaligo River.

Fort Hill, part of which I owned and sold a few years ago, was between the two. One or all of the plantations was also a grant =

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probably by Lord Proprietors. Papers referring to these giants are on file in Columbia.

James was a bachelor, probably most famous for his extravagant manner of living and quick temper. This latter was caused by gout from which he suffered considerably. My Uncle John, who was James' great nephew, told me of a number of interesting incidents concerning great-great-uncle James.

Uncle John said that at one time he and Uncle Jim. McLeod's father, were visiting great-great Uncle James at Fort Hill and told him that they were going over to Old Field to hunt and not to wait dinner on them. Forgetting his gout, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed "I wouldn't wait dinner on the King of England, much less two scalawags," then dropped into his chair groaning and rubbing his foot.

Before retiring, Uncle James always wanted a glass of fresh water from a spring about

about two miles from the house. The water had to be perfectly fresh.

One night his valet handed him a glass of water; and as soon as he tasted it he realized it was not fresh drawn. He threw the glass, water and all, at the man; and in a moment, Uncle John relates, he heard the clatter of hoofs as the servant raced to the spring. (Sort of glad we didn't descend from him.)

It was said that he never allowed a piece of to come to his table the second time.

The table was set with China & silver and if at any time the gout was bad, he ate a bowl of milk and bread, sitting in his fireside chair, while his butler carved a few pieces from fowl or roast. The food was evidently consumed by the house servants.

He had two men whose duties were to supply the table with game in winter and fish in summer. These ^{two} men were missing one day and when a search was made for them, they were found lying dead about

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dead about twenty feet apart on a path in the woods, both having been bitten by a rattle snake. The impression made where the snake was coiled in the path was distinctly seen.

Father once told me that early one morning he heard the gobbling of many turkeys and quacking ducks. When he jumped out of bed, he saw a great number of turkeys and geese being driven by two men a present from his great uncle James to my grand father. The distance between the two plantations was 35 miles.

I have a bill of sale from Commissioner of Equity, Benj. H. Buckner, to James Frampton for the following slaves: "Old Archy, Elessy, Simon, Suckey, Sylla and Ansel, (Archy was blind in one eye)" The price is stated as twelve hundred and one dollars. Great-great Uncle ^{James} died during the Civil War and is buried at Stonewall Creek cemetery. He left his property divided in this way. Sullyfunny has either left =

left to his brother-in-law Winborn Lawton,
 or to a child of Winborn and Margaretta;
 to his nephew John, who was my grand-
 father, he left Fort Hill plantation; and
 to his great nephew John (my uncle John) Old
 Field - probably because Uncle John was
 named for Uncle James's father. To
 Uncle Jim, Father's brother he left the
 summer home at Gulesonville and all the
 slaves.

This was intended to be the best legacy;
 but the Gulesonville house was burned
 by Sherman and the slaves greed.
 so after all Uncle Jim received nothing
 Altogether, there were six Frempton homes
 three at Pocolaligo Plantations, one at
 Gulesonville and two at the Hermitage.
 Sherman burned them all.

Another son of John III was William
 who married Miss Wyatt, sister of
 Governor Aiken's wife. Strange as it
 may seem, I have no record or we have

I never heard of any property belonging to William. They had one son Dr Sigvard Frampton. Dr Frampton taught at College of Charleston and at his death left his library to the College. He is buried in Magnolia cemetery in one of the Rhetto lots.

Another child was Margaret, who married Wmboon Lawton. A lengthy legal receipt dated Dec 1837 and notarized Jan 1838 to John V. Executor of her father's estate, for the sum of \$2687.50 was given by Wmboon Lawton husband of John's IV's sister Margaret, then deceased.

The oldest son of John III was John IV 1783-1849, who married Theodora Pope of St Helena Island. He my great-grandfather, migrated to what is now Hampton County, where he bought a large plantation, part of which Lynwood Frampton still owns. This plantation continues to be called The Hermitage.

Grand mother told me this incident about

great grand father. One rainy day on Sunday when she was a bride, she was in the kitchen making a cake when her father-in-law came through and said in a shocked voice "Why Harriet, are you making a cake on Sunday". My grandmother went on to say "I never baked a cake on Sunday from that day to this". She was then in her eighties. Great-grand father was some what of an invalid, but he got in his buggy every day and drove over his plantation. Frequently my father, who was his oldest grandson, accompanied him. Father said that he never made that tour on Sunday. His children were Susan, who married William Davis, and John Edward Fremont on Dec 30 - 1870. John Edward married Harriet Johnson Hay of Barrswell District November 10, 1842 by Rev Ed. Palmer. Harriet, my grand mother was born April 2. 1817 at =

at Humble Cot Plantation Barrowell District^{of}
 Grandfather attended a school taught
 by my grandfather Wyman at Boiling
 Springs. Grandfather Wyman had come
 south from Massachusetts because of poor
 health, having graduated first honor
 man at Amherst College. He boarded
 with the Hay family at Boiling Springs
 when he started the school. In a letter
 to his brother in Massachusetts he said
 he was "comfortably situated in the home
 of a respectable family by the name of Hay"
 He afterward married one of the respect-
 able Hay girls Clementina. Grandmother
 Frampton, a younger sister of Clementina
 on seeing Grandfather Frampton for the
 first time said "I'm going to set my
 cap for that boy" which she did so
 successfully that she caught him,
 she was Harriet Johnson Hay. So you
 see my grandmother's new sisters

When my grandfather was engaged to my grandmother, he came up in his carriage one morning to take grandmother to pay a visit to her sister (my Wymann grandmother). Great grandmother said "It won't be proper for you to go unchaperoned" she put on her bonnet and accompanied them. Grandfather and Grandmother lived at the Hermitage which Grandfather inherited from his father. The names of their children together with other information, most of which came from a page in the family Bible, are as follows.

Theodora Pope, born September 12, 1843, baptised by Rev. Summwoodie, married B. Preston Smith, Lewis Hay, born December 17, 1844, baptised by Rev. Summwoodie, married first cousin, Harriet Hulda Wymann. Mary Pope born April 4, 1846, baptised by Rev. Samuel H. Hay, married David Maybank. Mary Pope was grandmother of Burnett Maybank.

John VI, born June 10, 1847 baptised by
 Rev Samuel H Hay, married ^{his} first cousin
 Minnie Hay, daughter of Lewis Scott Hay.

James, born March 20, 1849, baptised by
 Rev. Samuel H Hay. married Anne McLeod,
 his second cousin.

Henry Wilkins, born Dec 4, 1850, baptised by
 Rev Samuel H. Hay. married Lillie Silenthal.

Eugene Hay, born April 6 1852 - died in
 childhood. J. Nyman, born Feb. 9. 1854
 died in childhood. Edward, born Feb 13. 1856

married his first cousin Carrie Sakman
 Hay, dauc. of Eugene Gordon Hay.

Herbert Granville, born Dec. 17, 1857
 married Marie Louise Horlbeck (Willie

Frankton's father and mother) Charles Hay
 born March 27-1860, baptised by Rev.

Edward Axson (Mr Axson was the father
 of the first Mrs Woodrow Wilson) Charles
 married Sadie Melickamp, his second
 cousin. Lenwood, born January 23-1862
 remained a bachelor.

My grandfather John Edward, was a tall, handsome man with black hair slightly curled. As I remember him, he wore his hair quite long. He was a devoted husband and father, but delighted in teasing his wife. On one occasion he had a kid dressed and sent up to the house. Grandmother was prejudiced to kid but like lamb. While eating kid Grandmother remarked, "Mr. Frampton, This lamb is delicious" on noticing the amused expression on Grandmother's face, she stopped eating and said "Mr. Frampton, is this kid we are eating?" When Grandfather acknowledged that it was, she turned to the butler and asked him if he knew it and where he replied "Yes, Missus," she said "I'm going to have you whipped." many years later when I asked her if she had had butler whipped, she said "Oh no, I just let it go. Grandmother never called Grandfather by his first name, but

But always called him "Mr Frampton". The
nieces and nephews always called him
"Uncle Frampton".

During the Civil War Grandfather sold a
tract of five hundred acres of the Hermitage
to great Uncle Eugene Hay. Grandmother's
brother, for Confederate money. Because
of hard times after the war, he sold another
five hundred acres for corn.

The dispensing of the rations to the
slaves every week was done by the coachman
under the supervision of the overseer.

Each adult was given a peck of corn,
some salt meat and syrup. They were encouraged
to plant vegetable gardens for themselves.

Once while looking on Uncle John saw
the coachman measure off a half bushel
of corn for his son and his son's wife.
Frequently the couple quarreled and
separated at intervals. The son said
"Widen, Pa, Widen (divide them) she and me
paart (part)" This so exasperated the father
that he threw down the measure, and

and said "I wish hummah could fraart and stay fraart til hummah meet in hell.

Once Grandfather told his overseer to send a man to help Rev. Mr Jones get his spring garden ready. Mr Jones was a minister who lived a few miles down the road. The next morning one of the slaves came to Grandfather and said "Please, Massa, don't send me to wuck (work) for Mr Jones" Grandfather said don't you want to help the Reverend out?" The man's reply was "Massa I dont mind hoppin em but dat man wuck you to det ou sweet moule" By sweet moule he meant

praise

my grand father bought in Charleston SC at
 at auction two runaway slaves owned by
 a party on Edisto Island. This planter put
 them up for sale at large. Grandfather
 took a chance and bought them, when
 he returned to his plantation home, he
 had the overseer assemble all the slaves
 and told them that he had bought these
 two men, and if they would surrender
 themselves, they would not be punished
 as long as they obeyed the regulations
 of the plantation. They both surrendered
 in three days. Wonderful system
 the grape vine.

Slaves were given only a first name
 and many of them had a surname
 until after the Civil War. Many ^{of them} took
 the name of their former masters, but
 as far as I know, none of them took the
 name of Frampton. I am sure that
 this was out of respect for Grandfather.
 The slaves, some of whom I knew well =

were devoted to his memory. At the time of Grandfather's death, which occurred in Charleston S.C. in 1896, several of the old slaves were in the back yard of the home shedding tears at the passing of their Massa. When we buried Grandfather at Stoney Creek, there were more negroes than white people in attendance and some of them fought for the privilege of helping to dig his grave. Grandfather, John E., Great Grandfather John, and Great Great grand father, John, were all in turn state senators from Beaufort District. They are all buried in Stoney Creek cemetery. Beaufort District was composed of what is now Beaufort Jasper, Colleton and Hampton Counties. Our Frempton grandfathers were without exception planters. Prior to the Civil War, the planters had more prestige than even professional men. Grandfather was one of the signers of Ordinance of secession. He was there

He was then forty nine (49) years old, the owner of 131 slaves, real property amounting to \$34,800, and personal property \$10,000 (see S. C. Historical Magazine, Vol 3-5, Oct, 1954).

● Grandfather purchased a piece of land on the advice of his attorney, whose name I am purposely withholding of some 800 acres, known as the Lockwood Tract. This tract was adjacent to the Fort Hill plantation. Some time after the purchase, and after the Civil war, certain parties laid claim to it saying that the sale was illegal. Grandfather asked his attorney what he had better do and his attorney advised: "I don't think you have a chance & see the rest" Grandfather replied "I purchased this property in all good faith. You know I have no money to defend it, but if you will take the case and win it."

I will give you one half of the land"

Uncle John relates that the attorney had to write only one letter and the claimants dropped the case; so Grandfather had to deed four hundred acres to his attorney friend.

● Before the Civil War (1861-1865) and for some time afterward, every one's cattle was allowed to range at large and crops had to be fenced.

I recall Uncle John saying that at one time they had twenty-five donkeys that they delighted as boys to catch and ride.

The only way the animals could be identified was by a mark, sometimes on the ear and some times on the hip. I re-

member my father's mark was called "a swallow fork and underbit," a V with a horizontal line under it, V.

● On my numerous visits to Uncle John, we sat before the fire and talked until quite late every night. He seemed to enjoy telling me numerous incidents of plantation life just before and after the Civil War. One incident that he spoke

was the visit every winter of two Cousins of his fathers. In the letter announcing their coming, they would tell Grandfather the Misses Pope from St Helena Island. They always stayed a month. To see that the boys had their dogs tied up for they were bringing their two cats. Occasionally a dog would get loose and chase a cat. This always caused consternation among the adults but unalloyed happiness to the boys.

Grandfather had to send to Pocotaligo P. O. for his mail, thirty-five miles away. He only got mail once a week. Father and each of his brothers had a negro boy as his own body servant.

Another unusual though sad incident befell my Uncle Lirwood when he was a young boy. He went into the swamp, accompanied by a little colored boy near his own age, to look for his lost white rabbits. The two boys became hopelessly lost and after tramping for -

for hours the little boy's (colored) strength gave out. Uncle Lurwood, after tying his own shirt to the branch of a tree to mark the spot, left him to try to find help. About daylight he heard a rooster crow and following the sound he came out on the opposite side of the swamp and reported what had happened. Grandfather instituted a search which continued for several weeks, and although they found the shirt, they never found a trace of the little colored boy. I was assured that a large alligator dragged him into the hole.

I enjoyed my visits to Uncle John and the many conversations we had. I knew a few of the old slaves who were still living and a good many of their sons. I recall one old man saying to me, "Marse Johnnie, you Uncle John is a very rich man. He don't count money no mo, he meajer um."

At the out break of the war my father Lewis Hay Frempton, left military school

Shook in Aiken, at age of six years, and went home to enlist. Grandmother protested and father said, "My father signed the Ordinance of Secession and I must fight for it." Grandfather said to Grandmother, Harriet, we cannot gainsay that." So father joined a cavalry company that was being assembled at the time and was made a lieutenant. He served under Brig. Gen. W. S. Walker and remained in the army throughout the duration of the war. He served on picket duty, mostly on the coasts of North and South Carolina. Father said that on one occasion, while visiting the pickets on a very dark night, he was challenged by one with the question, "So that you Lieutenant?" and on replying "yes", the picket said, "you are on the wrong side of the road." Father said, "you were not supposed to challenge any one on this side of the road, but you were to fire and fall back. You have saved my life, but I =

but I will be obliged to report you for not obeying orders." He replied, "yes, sir, I know that, but I thought it was about time for you to be coming by." Father said that fortunately this was a brave man. The man on next post was considered brave and was very excitable.

I remember he telling me what ^{method} he used to keep awake through the long hours of the night between times of visiting the posts. He would sit down with his back against a tree and hold his pocket knife lightly in his hand; and when he fell asleep, the knife would fall from his hand and that would awaken him.

There were two battles fought at Pocolaligo. The first on May 29, 1862 and the second on Oct 22-23-1862. Both battles were the Confederate successes. Father missed being in both because his company was rushed to Honey Hill, where a battle front was shaping up. This battle did not =

materialize and by the time his company returned to Pocotaligo both battles were over.

Wreast works thrown up at this time can still be seen on the Fort Hill Plantation.

- When Father was on duty at Pocotaligo, grandfather and grandmother and some of the children visited him. Father had Uncle Eddie, who was a little boy in his arms when they passed by where several Yankees were buried so shallow that one foot was sticking out of grave. Looking at it, Uncle Eddie solemnly said "Fools, what did you come here to fight." Father had one of the slaves with him all during the four years of war. His name was Panny. I remember his half brother, Tammy, well. Panny's duties were to look after the horses and to take care of Father's clothes. The rations were very meager towards the last of the war and once when Panny called Father and his tent mate-

to dinner, they were surprised to see two beautifully cooked fowls. When Father asked where he got the chickens, Parney replied "Well, Mas Lewis, I just sort pick 'em up." Father desceedly asked no other questions.

Father was mustered out of the Army at Hamlet, N.C. and he and his man started their long trek home, the horses having been confiscated. On the way, they asked a ride of a railroad section foreman on his platform car. The foreman agreed provided Father would let his man help pole the car. That, of course, was before the days of the pump car in use later on.

I've often wished that Father had not given away his uniform and sword. The uniform was given to a plowman and the sword to another laborer to make a grain for spearing fish in the swamps. Confederate money was of little value late in the war.

Father paid \$600.00 for a cap. I wonder what a uniform would have cost if he could have bought one.

After the Civil War there ~~was~~ ^{was} lots of land and no money. Times were very hard.

● Aunt Dora made hats for her brothers from palmetto leaves.

Uncle Hal related that while going to school to a Mr Colcock during the war, they were given an assignment in spelling to learn during recess period. Mr Colcock had the habit of starting with the same boy at the beginning of the row; when a boy missed, the word was passed on to the next boy. They decided that instead of studying the lesson, each boy would learn one word and they would spend the rest of the time playing the battle of Fort Sumter. He said there was consternation in the classroom when the first boy missed his word. The word went down the line each boy missed.

He further relates that every boy was soundly flogged.

My father married Harriet Hulda Wymann, daughter of Dr Joel W. Wymann and Clementina Hay Wymann April 23, 1868. The following is a newspaper clipping of that important event "Married - Frampton - Wymann, on 23rd instant at Melrose, the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. Clyde, Lewis Hay Frampton to Hattie, third daughter of Dr. J. W. Wymann all of Beaufort District. My parents married quite young, my mother being only sixteen. She was a very beautiful woman. Aunt Annie, Uncle Jimmie (James) size told me that the first time she saw my mother as a girl, she thought she was the prettiest person she had ever seen. She was much beloved not only by her own family but also by Father's family. Some one said in the presence of Dr Charles Vincent, who was my mother's nephew-in-law, "I ^{love} Hattie" and he remarked of course you do,

Every body loves Hattie!

The first years of my father and mother's life together were lived on a farm of four hundred acres of land called Harrison Hill a part of the Hermitage, given to Father by his father when he married. Father did not inherit any of the property at Pocotaligo because of this gift.

The children of this union were James, whose first wife was Elyza Lucas, and whose second wife was Edith Gregorie; Joel, whose first wife was Elise Jenkins, and his second Lucille Cobia; John, who married James Conard's Freeman; Gertrude Wyman, who married Hall J. McLee. Each of you who receive a copy of this may

attach names of the next generation. Mother often delighted to relate an amusing incident which teased Father, that occurred when she was a bride. One day she said to him she was going to run off and ran down road and hid herself in a clay hole fully =

expecting Father to come and get her. He did not come; so she had to return to the house.

On one occasion Father ~~thought~~ ^{brought} home a wild turkey and mother asked him where he got it. Father said "A drove of turkeys was so intent feeding on berries, that I saw them before they saw me. Not having a gun I stooped down and picked up a light wood knot threw it and was lucky enough to hit this fellow."

One day Father saw an opossum run under the house, so he gave Mother a make and told her to hit it if it came out. He went to the other side of the house and sure enough the possum came out by Mother. She hit the possum and then called Father, "Lewis, come quick, I'm afraid I've killed him." Father came up and said "Oh! no, he's just playing possum," and to make mother feel better =

proceeded to tell it a second time. They moved from Harrison Hill in 1880 and came to Charleston S.C. so as to give the children the advantage of an education. He farmed in St-Andrews Parish about fifteen years, one year at Cainboy, three years at Mt Pleasant and then nineteen years just out of Charleston (Charleston Neck) after which he retired. During these last nineteen years I was associated with him.

In all of my close associations with Father, I never saw him smoke or drink nor did I ever hear him take an oath in his mouth nor tell a risque joke. He was the purest man I ever knew. During the fifty years of their married life Mother was an ideal companion for him; and I never heard them raise their voices at each other impatiently.

Any special mention of the Weyman and Hay family connections has been purposely omitted because my sister Mrs Hall T. McLee, has a family history of both of these lines.

It is well to take a look at the fact. Let us be thankful for our good name and noble heritage which is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Dec 1954

Copied by Florence J. Lawrence
Nov 14-1957 Hampton S.C.

This was loaned to me by Mr
Lyn Frampton of Varrville S.C. R.F.D.

Oct 30 - 1957

Homesite Of Original Hermitage Is Still Owned By Frampton Family

By Martha Bee Anderson

Have you ever perused any of the old stage coach routes in this part of the country and marveled as you did at the number of grand old home sites along the way, sites where often nothing more than a noble assemblage of ancient live oaks remains to bear witness that here was a fine plantation once?

The Hermitage, and all it embraced in a time of glory in ante-bellum South Carolina, is just such a plantation site. Mostly gilt edged memories and fond family tales, along with an impressive collection of some of the oldest live oaks in this part of the state keep the name, "Hermitage" alive.

Located a couple of hundred yards from the old Salkehatchie Road, the stagecoach route from Barnwell to Beaufort, following the Salkehatchie river, the Hermitage was perhaps one of this section's largest and finest plantations, covering originally some 6000 acres, much of which was planted in rice. The original house, in which John Edward Frampton lived at the time of the War Between the States, was burned by Sherman, as were five other Frampton family plantation houses located in Pocatigo and Gillisonville areas in what then was Beaufort district. A second house, replacing the original, was destroyed by fire and the third house on the place, now more than 50 years old, stands now.

What is different about The Hermitage in that a considerable portion of the original plantation, approximately 550 acres including the actual site of the "big house", has been

kept in the Frampton family ownership all of these years. The place now is owned by Linwood Frampton and his son, Aimar Frampton of Varnville.

As monuments, defying the ravages of time, war and the elements, four ancient oaks mark the spot where the original house stood. And nearby, an avenue of equally old live oaks indicated the old stagecoach route. A favorite family story the Framptons recall is that their ancestor, the original owner of this place, was not pleased having the stagecoach route come right past his door. And in order to change it, he put his own slaves on the construction job, re-routed the road and engineered a new one at a more comfortable distance from his house. The present farm to market (state)

road follows Mr. Frampton's revised route.

There were three generations of John E. Frampton, original owner of Hermitage, and all took their turns at being senator from Beaufort District (which included Beaufort, Jasper, Colleton and Hampton counties). All of the Frampton grandfathers were planters of considerable prestige. John E. Frampton, the third one, was a signer of the Ordinance of Secession. He was, at the time 49 years old and owned 131 slaves, family records show.

Among family records, collected by a grandson of the original owner, another John Frampton, are several interesting accounts of plantation life at The Hermitage. One notes that mail had to be sent for a distance of 35 miles to Pocatigo and mail was picked up only once a week. At the time of the war, Mr. Frampton was sending to Yemassee for mail and it cost 25 cents to mail a letter. Father of 12 children,

Mr. Frampton had several sons old enough to go to war. At that time, he set 133 slaves free on the plantation.

One of the Frampton daughters married David Maybank, grandfather of the late U. S. Senator Burnet R. Maybank of Charleston.

When you look about you at the spot where the monumental moss-graced live oaks stand at the location of the "big house", it is not difficult to visualize a huge plantation in full swing.

If you look closely, or you are directed by some member of the Frampton clan as a guide, you will learn that the rice dams are still visible in many places in the low lying lands of The Hermitage. You can judge pretty easily where the vast fields of cotton and corn were planted there also. It takes but a little imagination to picture The Hermitage in its time of glory, when the whole

area buzzed with activity and fields were full of slaves preparing, planting or harvesting. The closest market was Charleston and it took a week to move from farm to market in those days, so hazardous was the trip from here to there. Cattle had to be driven to market and roads often were not passable.

Looking back is truly to a lot of glory, but not without hardship and inconvenience and a message of heartaches to balance the pretty picture such sites as The Hermitage in Hampton County conjure in the mind's eye.