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# A SKETCH

*OF THE*

## Agricultural Society of St. James, Santee

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SOUTH CAROLINA.

---

AND AN ADDRESS

*ON THE*

Traditions and Reminiscences of the Parish

DELIVERED BEFORE SOCIETY

*ON*

4TH OF JULY, 1907.

By DAVID DOAR.

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LC

CHARLESTON, S. C.  
CALDER-FLADGER CO., PRINTERS and BINDERS  
1908



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1911  
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1913

## Planters' Club.

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From early times in St James, Santee, Parish there was a club on the river section formed by the rice-planters thereon. The club-house stood on the road which runs parallel to the river, nearly opposite to Bellevue plantation.

Dinners were given here, furnished by each member in turn once a month during the Winter. This house was burnt after the Civil War and all of the records, if any were kept, lost, so that only the following members can be given, who composed it during the twenty years, previous to, and including 1860-1.

### MEMBERS.

Mr. C. C. Pinckney.	Mr. Wm. Lucas.
Capt. Thomas Pinckney.	Mr. Robert H. Lucas.
Mr. Wm. Mazyck.	Dr. Alex. E. Gadsden.
Mr. Stephen D. Doar.	Dr. John L. Nowell.
Dr. James Schoolbred.	Mr. Alex. Mazyck.
Mr. Augustus Schoolbred.	Mr. Edward Mazyck.
Dr. Philip Mazyck.	Mr. Gabriel Manigault.
Dr. Samuel Cordes.	Mr. Frederic Rutledge.
Mr. A. Watson Cordes.	Mr. G. McDuffie Cordes.



# The Agricultural Society

Of St. James, Santee.

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The Agricultural Society of St. James, Santee, which took the place of and successor of the old ante-bellum Planters' Club of St James, was organized the first part of the year 1884.

This Society continued in great activity and usefulness, which redounded to the good of the Parish, both agriculturally and socially, until the latter part of 1887, when from force of circumstances it was allowed to lapse, and laid dormant until it was re-organized in 1903.

The following were the officers and members of the old Society during its life:

President, Capt. Thos. Pinckney.

First Vice President, A. W. Leland.

Second Vice-President, A. W. Du Pre.

Secretary and Treasurer, David Doar.

## MEMBERS.

James C. Doar.

R. T. Morrison, Jr.

A. H. Lucas.

James B. Morrison.

H. M. Lofton.

C. H. Leland.

Dr. W. T. W. Baker.

Dr. S. D. Doar.

C. Henry Leland.

R. M. Lofton.

J. M. Phillips.

J. P. McClellan.

Wm. P. Beckman.

Hibben Leland.

Lawrence P. McClellan.

A. H. Seabrook.

H. G. Leland.

A. M. Skipper.

R. V. Royall.

F. D. Hughes.

S. C. Doar.

George Campsen.

F. R. Baker.

R. T. Morrison, Sr.

R. V. Morrison.

In the year 1903, great need being felt for an association among the farmers of the Parish, to bring them in closer touch with each other, not only socially, but for mutual

benefit along agricultural lines, at a meeting held at Mr. A. S. McClellan's plantation, the old Society, with same name was reorganized and the following officers were elected to serve for one year:

H. G. Leland, President.

J. O. Murray, Vice-President.

A. S. McClellan, Secretary and Treasurer.

It was agreed that thereafter meetings should be held quarterly at the different plantations, and that annual meetings should be held on the 4th of July, when election of new officers shall be held, and that dinner shall be served on every occasion.

At meeting held at Laurel Hill plantation July 4th, 1904, the following were chosen to serve for ensuing year:

David Doar, President.

H. T. Morrison, Vice-President.

J. Palmer McClellan, Secretary and Treasurer.

On July 4th, 1905, at meeting held at same place, the same officers were re-elected for following year, except Mr. J. P. McClellan, who had died during his term of office, in Spring of 1905, and Mr. J. J. Murray was elected in his place.

At annual meeting, held again at Laurel Hill, the same officers were unanimously requested to serve Society, with exception, that Mr. L. A. Beckman was chosen Secretary and Treasurer, vice J. J. Murray, who asked to be relieved from acting. The Society met for its annual deliberations and dinner at the school building in McClellanville, July 4th, 1907. After the usual routine business was transacted the following officers were elected to serve for the year:

President, David Doar.

Vice-President, Horace Leland, (in place of H. T. Morrison, who declined to serve.)

Secretary and Treasurer, L. A. Beckman.

The President, David Doar, asked the retiring Vice-President to take the chair, stating that he had been requested to deliver the following reminiscences of the Parish of St James, Santee:



1706-1906.

*Gentlemen of Agricultural Society of St. James:*

While I was on the cars going to New Orleans some years ago, just before entering the city, a newsboy walked through the train, offering the morning newspapers for sale, crying: "Buy one, please, it will tell you where you come from and where you are going." Now while I cannot tell you where many of you came from, nor would I hazard a guess where you are going, I can tell you a few facts of this section of ours, which may be new at least, to some of you.

Go back with me, then, in imagination, to over two hundred years, and let us take a glimpse of our Parish in the past, and of the people who dwelt here before us, and see for ourselves the change and chances of this mortal life, and note the difference between theirs and our time.

Bear, with me, please a little while I try to do faithfully the task I have undertaken, at the request of one or two of our members.

As you all know, this Parish was settled chiefly by French refugees, who came to this country after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, 1685. We do not know exactly when they did come to Santee and surrounding country, but we do know that it was sometime between that date and 1705, for in this year we find them on the coast, along the river and on the bank of the Santee, about 25 miles from here, in a little settlement called "James-town," (now, or what used to be, Col. Palmer's plantation, Mount Moriah,) with church, etc., petitioning the Assembly to be made a Parish.

There was at this period in the Parish, which included St. Stephens, about 100 families, from France, likewise 60 families from England, who were scattered from the coast up to St. John's. We know very little of their manner of living, customs, etc., until just previous to the Revolution, but we do know that they were peaceable, industrious folks, serving their God faithfully in the wilderness, far away from the strife, from which they had fled for conscience sake.

As showing somewhat how these people lived, I will quote from Mr. John Lawson, who went up the Santee River and

visited the French Settlements on it in the year 1700. After mentioning his course up the river from the mouth, describing the vast cypress swamps, freshets, etc., and alluding to the huge canoes, carrying 50 or 60 barrels, built from cypress by the French, which were split in the middle and spliced and keel put in, he goes on to speak of the inhabitants thus: "There are about 70 families settled on this river, who live as decently and happily as any planters in these Southward parts of America. The French being a temperate, industrious people, some of them bringing very little effects, yet by their endeavors and mutual assistance amongst themselves, have outstripped our English, who brought with them larger fortunes." Further he says: "In the afternoon we met some French coming from church, they were all of them clean and decent in apparel, their houses and plantations suitable in neatness and contrivance.

They are all of the same opinion with the Church of Geneva, there being no difference amongst them concerning the punctilios of their Christian faith; which union hath propagated a happy and delightful concord in all other matters throughout the whole neighborhood; living amongst themselves as one tribe or kindred, everyone making it his business to be of assistance to the wants of his countryman, preserving his estate and reputation with the same exactness and concern as he does his own; all seeming to share in the misfortunes and rejoice at the advance and rise of their brethren."

Mr. Lawson and Mr. Porcher both state that agriculture and Indian trade were the main occupation of the early settlers, and no doubt they used stock-raising to add to their revenue and comfort. Of course, all that I have said applied to settlers also on coast part of Parish, for they were a homogenous people intermixed with some Scotch, English and Dutch emigrants. These Frenchmen had some curious notions, and one of them was that no good baking could be done outside of a brick oven, and always had them, even in my early days I can remember that in nearly every yard could be seen one under a shed. The pillau was one of their favorite dishes, and the Gantfre, or waffle, the jerked and potted beef and venison are still used amongst us as a direct

inheritance from these old pioneers of good living. Coming down to a later date and quoting freely from Messrs. S. DuBose and F. A. Porcher: Between 1700 and the Revolutionary War, we find these old settlers and their descendants expanding in their pursuits, in order to gain wealth, engaging in the culture of indigo, rice and cotton, and in working of naval stores and making of tar, to the latter of which the many tar mounds in our woods testify.

Taking up each in order as they occur, I will say something about indigo, its culture, etc. This plant cultivated at an early date to a great extent in parishes of St Stephens, St. Johns and St. James, (many of the vats could lately be seen on some of the early settled plantations,) and was a great source of wealth to the then planters, and continued to be so until the colonies became independent and Great Britain withdrew the fostering bounty of 6d. a pound on it, and worse still, bringing the products of her other colonies in competition, when it was abandoned sometime between 1790 and 1794. Before the war the price varied from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per pound. A slight sketch of its culture and preparation might not be uninteresting. The land was laid off, after being pulverized, in drills 12 or 15 inches apart and seed sown about one inch deep, mixed with lime and ashes. The seed came up in ten days and grew off rapidly, required neat and frequent hoeing until plants were two or three feet high, when they were cut with a hook, and could be cut several times, and carried to vats made of planks and raised some height from the ground; when this was sufficiently filled it was covered with clear water and left to steep until coloring matter was extracted, this water was then drawn off to a lower vat, called the "beater," a long shaft supplied with buckets or arms ran lengthwise through this, and was turned with a crank on outside. The purpose of this was to cause the coloring particles to coagulate, lime was then applied. After it had settled the indigo was drawn off to still another vat and allowed to harden, then cut into lumps about one-fourth pound each and packed into bags or boxes for market. It was said the manufacture required great care and good judgment.

Naval stores was early taken up and introduced by Capt. John Palmer and others. He was progenitor of the Palmers

in upper part of Parish, and was so successful that he went by name of "Turpentine John." It continued to be worked by some of his family nearly unto our day, for just before the Civil War his great-grandson, Col. Sam Palmer, was engaged in it near Lenné's Ferry. With this exception, I never heard of any one in the lower part of Parish manufacturing naval stores until Mr. Boswell Skipper came in 1858 from North Carolina and settled where Mr. L. P. McClellan now lives and opened up the business in our vicinity which has grown to large proportions and is now only languishing for the lack of trees. Rice was introduced in South Carolina before 1700 by Gov. Smith, it was planted in our Parish and St. Stephen's principally at first for home consumption, but as indigo declined the acreage was increased year by year until it became not only one of the chief products of the parishes, but of the lower part of the State. When first cultivated high land and little spots of low ground were used for the purpose, but when experience proved that the plant would grow better in these damp spots large fields of inland swamps along the various swamps and creeks were cleared and used for the making of this grain, and springs and artificially made "reserves" were used for flowing the land when necessary. These lands became so grassy in time that they finally had to be abandoned, and the industry moved lower down the river to the tidewater region, which was better adapted to the needs of the plant as regards irrigation. All who have seen these inland rice-fields which extend from coasts all through upper part of our Parish, and also St. Stephen's, and for the most part now abandoned, will be surprised to learn, as Mr DuBose stated in 1858, "that a century ago this body of land grew for exportation 50,000 barrels of rice," and at the time he spoke was utterly abandoned as useless. I need not speak the tidewater rice planting, most of you know of it, of the vast amount of rice made on these plantations, of the wealth accumulated by those engaged in it up to our war, of the decline and fall, and finally of the total abandonment as a crop. When rice was first planted those cultivating it were much hampered by the slow process in preparing it for market. It was thrashed by hand, then pounded with

pestle in wooden mortars holding one-half bushel or three-quarter peck, this last was generally given to the slaves as an extra task to be performed in mornings and evenings before or after other work was done. A little later a rude machine was contrived with several pestles, called a "pecker" machine, from up and down movement of same, and worked by oxen. This slow process of preparation was continued until just after the Revolutionary War, when a young and ingenious Englishman, by name Jonathan Lucas, came to Charleston and was asked by one of the Lynches if he thought he could put up a machine to clean rice in quicker manner than was then done, the reply was: "That he thought he could, and would attempt it." The result was the designing and putting up of the first pounding machine or mill in the world on Peachtree plantation, on Lower Santee River, grind-stones and brushes were then added to the pestles and water from reserves were used as the motive power. This gave great impulse to the pursuit of rice-planting, and ere many years had elapsed nearly every plantation was equipped with pounding plant. One was even erected on Tibwin place, on coast, and used to pound such rice as was then planted on inland swamps near by.

Threshing mills were soon added and the prosperous era of the grain began. These latter were also, at first, worked by water let into adjacent fields at high tide and machinery turned by it at the ebb. Steam was not used for the purpose until a later time than which I speak.

Before leaving the subject, I will mention that the barrels then used for shipping clean products were made at plantation cooper shops, with pine staves, birch and white oak hoops as material, and were large enough to hold 600 pounds, this being the weight of the marketable package of the day.

Now I come to the great staple of the Parish, of our State and of our South—Cotton—and we will see from what a small baby the giant of our day sprung. Can you imagine the time when cotton was not planted here and little known in our country? Yet, such is the fact, for less than 150 years ago it was not planted in our parishes, and if it was heard of, little notice was taken of it. Now please, bear

with me, if I dwell long on this subject, my excuse is that I know you are all interested and would like to get all information concerning it. Of course, I am falling back on works of early writers, as you cannot expect one of my age to know all this. Mr. DuBose, speaking of short cotton, says as early as 1748 we find among the exports from Charleston to Great Britain seven bags of cotton wool, valued at three pounds, 11s, 6d (near \$18) per bag. Again in 1754 a few bags were exported from South Carolina. In 1770 there was shipped to Liverpool three bags from New York, four from Virginia and Maryland and three barrels from North Carolina. In 1785, 14 bags; 1786, six bags; 1787, 169 bags; 1788, 389 bags; 1789, 842 bags; 1790, 81 bags.

The export of cotton steadily increased until 1794, when a great impetus was given to cotton culture by the invention of the saw gin by Eli Whitney. We can hardly realize the vast increase from the beggarly seven bags in 1748 to 12,000,000 (twelve millions) bales in 1906.

When the staple was first made in our parishes the great difficulty was to separate the seed from the lint, this was done in the early days by the field laborers, in addition to their ordinary work, and about four pounds clean cotton was required per week. It was pressed into bales by wooden screw presses from top of screw extended "A" shaped arms, pulled around by mules, which served to drive and reverse the screws, and ropes were used to tie the bales. I will say in passing that for domestic purposes in these primitive days wool and cotton yarn were spun at home and sent to the nearest weaver to be made into cloth. There was one of these establishments near Murray's Ferry, on the Santee River, in Williamsburg District, run by Irish settlers, which supplied the country around. Thus we see the beginning of manufacturing in South Carolina. Long staple sea island or black seed cotton, as an experiment, was first grown in Georgia in 1786, and in 1788 the first bag exported was grown on St. Simons Island. The earliest attempt to raise a crop in South Carolina was made in 1788 by Mr. Kinsy Burden, of St. Paul's Parish, and in 1793 General Moultrie planted a crop of 150 acres on his Northampton plantation, St. John's, which proved a failure, ow-

ing to his lack of knowledge of the culture, etc., but this did not check its advance, for the culture progressed rapidly in all the parishes. Indigo and rice on upper Santee was abandoned, and cotton took their place, which it holds to-day. The black seed, or long cotton, of those days was not as you may suppose the fine staple of to-day, improved by selection, cultivation, etc., but that was of a coarser grade. I judge, for even in my day there was planted on upper Santee a grade of cotton called in the market "Santees," and better staple than common short cotton, perhaps something like the Georgias and Floridas of this time. Originally the cultivation in our parishes of cotton was very slovenly and crude, the seed was by some put in hills five feet square, and by others holes were dug in the ground on the level, some distance apart, four hoeings were considered sufficient to make it, the first being a hoeing down or flush process, afterwards it was drawn up. The thinning was done by careful hands, three and a half acres the first and four acres the second thinning. Strange as it may seem to you the plow was practically unknown, and no manuring was ever done by these early settlers. The system then was to clear new fields when the old were exhausted. A school boy now knows more about phosphate, nitrogen and potash than those old planters. Seldom more than 100 pounds to the acre was made until nearer planting was later adopted. The preparing of the lint for market was very carelessly done, and consequently badly cleaned, no pains were taken to pick the cotton free from leaves, dirt, etc., and the only process of moting was by whipping it with twigs on the floor after it was sunned; and often the bag contained stained cotton as well as good. The packing was done, as today, in bags, an old iron axle tree or pestle used to beat it in. To pack one bag of cotton was considered a man's day's work, and a woman only sewed up five bags as her share. The lint was picked from seed by hand until the roller gin came into use. This was at first a clumsily constructed foot gin, which served its purpose until the improved gin of today came along. Most of the crop was then ginned by slaves after the task work was done in the evenings or early in the morning before they

went out, and four or five pounds was done each time. Evidently these old, old planters knew how to economize time. The first gin made to be worked by animal or water power was the "Eaves," and several followed, all modifications of the Eaves, but none stood the test and were finally given up for the old foot gin.

In my boyhood days I remember seeing at my aunt's place, Walnut Grove, the negro women ginning on these gins, so you see there is scarcely a half generation between the clumsy negro power gin and the beautiful steam working one of this day. I remember, too, on Mr. McClellan's place, where Mr. G. Leland's house now stands, was a building with gins in room above turned by mules walking in a circle below, and many a ride did we boys take on the beam as it went round. The price obtained, as near as I can learn, was from 50 to 75 cents per pound. No doubt some will ask where did these old pioneers get their lumber. Well, in days gone by they did their lumber business as crudely as they did everything else, but they came out on top everytime. After the pole and blockhouse period had passed they began to get boards and lumber, planks, etc., by laboriously hewing with the axe, and I have seen some of this hewed stuff on trunks and negro houses not long ago, and then the saw pit was used, why it was so called I do not know, unless originally a pit was dug for the lower man to stand in, for it was above ground and made of ten large poles, or six or eight posts on each side four or five feet apart, parallel and connected with stout bars. The log to be cut up was pried up to the top of these, and one man stood above and one below working what was called a whip saw up and down until the log was cut into lumber. The task was one hundred running feet per day. This mode was used in the parish up to and even after the Civil War, and I have now several of the old saws. Saw mills began to be erected in this Parish shortly after the Revolutionary War. There was one at Millbrook on Wambaw Creek, I know, and perhaps there were others of which I am ignorant. I have it from good authority that the proprietor at Millbrook, Mr Gaillard, nearly lost all the property he had there, and had to give up to save himself. Some



of you modern mill men can judge whether this is possible from your experience. Now somewhere about 1780 Dr. John B. Lynch had Mr. Jonathan Lucas to put upon Marsh Island, opposite Cape Romaine Lighthouse, a brick wind-mill, which for years sawed all the lumber that was floated to it from the adjacent mainland and no doubt furnished the lumber from which many of our old houses were constructed. The tower was, I suppose, near the proportion of the old lighthouse, and stood until after our war. It was in operation as late as 1789, for Mr. Wm. Lucas, father of Mr. Alex. Lucas, was born there in that year.

Lumber, too, was brought from Charleston after mills went into operation there. These mills were equipped with what we call gang saws, running up and down.

This Dr. Lynch was an eccentric character, lived at Peachtree until he moved to Tennessee, leaving all his landed property behind him. He it was who spent the Summer at Raccoon Keys and built his house in a flat, so if a storm came, he would float ashore. He buried his daughter on Peatfield by standing coffin on end and banking up dirt around it, a tree now grows out of the top of the grave. Eccentric as he was, he was enterprising, as evinced by his building of this saw and pounding mill. Where the bricks in the early days of the Parish came from we do not know, for I can find no record of a brick kiln here, unless they were brought from Charleston or Georgetown; at latter place the Messrs. Withers had a brick making plant, where depot now stands, at a very early time. The lime we know was made from shells of the oysters, which abounds along the coast, for on nearly every bluff contiguous to the creeks are the remains of lime kilns; and as late as 1860, Mr. A. J. McClellan used to burn lime for sale at what we used to call "Big Landing," in McClellanville, where Mr. L. P. McClellan's house now stands, and my aunts, the Misses Doar, did the same thing at Walnut Grove. A fine tabby work was made from this lime mixed with small shells, which stands the test of time remarkably well; specimens of this work can now be seen in surrounding country.

But let us pass on to other matters, which ought to be brought to your attention. The records and traditions show that all the old settlers lived the year round upon their plantations, it was even said that persons came up from Charleston and elsewhere in mid-summer to enjoy the cool and delights of the country on these same places that are now considered so baneful to health—as late as 1794, when Summer places were established as much for society as for health.

From this time, those that did not go to Charleston or the up-country went to the coast and pineland from May to November.

In this Parish there were such settlements on Cedar Island, Murphy's Island and other points on the coast, and at the end of the "Seven-Mile Road" there was a collection of several families. The Episcopal parsonage also stood on this road, and the overseers of the river plantations went to houses along the river road.

The people of the upper part of Parish lived at "German's pineland," what is now "Honey Hill," the Palmers and others, a few miles above on same road. Of later day McClellanville absorbed the whole, except its rival, Honey Hill.

The first church of the Parish was, of course, the Huguenot Church, which in after years was merged into the Church of England, and this, after the Revolutionary War, into the Episcopal, which has come down to our day.

The first building was erected of wood, before 1706, at Jamestown, a settlement on the Santee River, the second on Echaw Creek, a little lower down the river, also of wood, in 1714; the third, of brick, on the same spot in 1748, and in 1768 the present church, near Wambaw Creek, of brick, was finished. The Rev Fenner Warren, and his illustrious son, Col. Samuel Warren, and one of the Horrys lie in the churchyard of Echaw; Jonah Collins and one of the Rutledges in that of Wambaw, and in each of them others of "the rude forefathers of the Hamlet sleep." All of these churches are in ruins except the last, where services are still held. In 1890 our little chapel at McClellanville was erected.

During the British raid in the Parish the Bible and the Prayer Book, presented by Mrs. Rebecca Motte, was stolen and carried to England, and returned to the church after the Revolutionary War.

At the same time the Silver Service given by Thomas Lynch was lost.

During the Civil War the Northern raiders stole some of the remaining silver communion plate from the house of Mr. Stephen D. Doar, warden, but it was recovered after some trouble; one piece, the chalice, through the efforts of the Rev. Alexander Glenrie, of Georgetown, and Mr. R. C. Barclay, of Charleston. This service has been in use since before the Revolution, and is still used. The register of the Parish goes back to 1750, and those of the church who come and those who go, are still written in it. This register holds the names of the forefathers of many of those who are now shining lights in other Christian bodies. For this church alone and its pastors watched with jealous care over the spiritual affairs of all in the Parish, and tendered "the Bread of Life" to such as would receive it, until Methodism, its offspring, came to share its burdens and to help lead men to salvation, in the latter part of the 18th century.

The new church grew rapidly from the old, until it has become stronger than its mother, and is one of the strongest in the Parish. From the early records we know of only two of their churches amongst us, one, and the oldest, was the "Nazareth Meeting House," which stood at the bend of the road, just below the "32 Mile House," and the other a few miles above Honey Hill.

In those days there were no resident ministers for these churches, but the itinerancy was in vogue, and these godly and self-sacrificing men, "circuit riders" they were called, would go about from church to church on pony back or in gig with a few necessaries in saddle bag, carrying the Gospel into dark places and comfort to the sick and afflicted without thought of heat or cold, or of hardship that might come on the morrow. They stopped wherever night caught them, eating and drinking what was set before them without a murmur, and I need add never had occasion to shake

the dust of any house off their feet, for they were welcomed and respected.

Whenever they came the service was for the whole day, from morning until mid-day—then an intermission or recess, and dinner was eaten amongst the trees around, then another service, lasting until evening. Many times have I and others here attended these meetings, and boys as we were enjoyed them, though I fear we had some fun, too, with the girls. My aunt, the Misses Doar, were truly mothers of Israel in this Nazareth Church, and I verily believe that they thought they had special charge of it and its ministers. To show how hard it was for them to forego any of its services: just after the War, when their horses were stolen, the minister came on his rounds, they could not walk but go they would. So had a yoke of oxen caught and hitched to the carriage, ordered the old coachman, with beaver hat, to the box, and drove to church, quite unconscious of the amusement they were creating, and innocent of any loss of pride. In those days the feeling that all men were brethren obtained, and creed or sect made no difference in kindly feeling. Here is a little incident that proved this: There was an old blind Methodist preacher, a Mr. Davis, who came to this Parish and chanced to stop at Dr. John Palmer, (an Episcopalian,) and there he remained for twenty-five or thirty years, having family prayers for them night and morning, and was tenderly cared for until he died. I have seen him often, he preached at the upper chapel and was buried there. Another Methodist, who dwelt amongst us, much beloved by all, though he often took men to task for their shortcomings, both in and out of the pulpit, was the Rev. Daniel DuPre, reared by Col. Samuel Warren, and under the influence of the Episcopal Church, he was converted and joined the Methodist Church, became a preacher, remaining faithfully to the last, doing such work as came within his sphere; though a Methodist, he seemed never to have forgotten the Liturgy of his early Church, or to have any repugnance to using it. For years he was pastor of the Huguenot Church in Charleston; also for a long time served the rice planters on Santee River, reading our Episcopal service and preaching every Sunday

in Wambaw Church. After awhile one of the Bishops of the Church, objecting to one, not episcopally ordained, holding service in the Parish Church. The stubborn old planters shut up their church and built one of wood on the "River Road," in which he could serve them without hindrance. He was sent with Mr. Alexander Mazyck as Parish representative to Secession Convention in 1860, and signed that document. He was quite an aged man at the time of his death. In life he was esteemed and honored, and in death deeply mourned by all.

The next church in succession to Nazareth, which was burnt, was built by Mr. Wrenn on "Moss Swamp Road" soon after the War, and still stands. Later, the McClellanville Church was built a few years ago.

There was no Presbyterian Church in our Parish until after the Civil War, and one was put up at McClellanville. The nearest to us being Wappetaw, in Christ Church Parish. Mr. DuBose states that, in his boyhood, between 1790 and 1812, he remembered seeing an aged man of God riding past their house, and when asked where he was going replied that he was on his way to Mr. McCauley's Church, forty miles away, to partake of the Communion. How many of us would do this now? Mr. McCauley was a noted Presbyterian Divine of the day and was pastor of Wappetaw Church; he lived there. Before going on, I will mention that none of the old brick churches in the lower parishes were ever in early times episcopally consecrated to the worship of God, nor were they any confirmations, as the Church commands, for the simple reason that they were no Bishops in the United States until 1784, when Rev. Seabrook, of Connecticut, went to Scotland and was Episcopally consecrated by Bishop Kelgoin and several other Bishops at Aberdeen, Scotland, and became first Bishop of our country.

Of the schools in the Parish we have the records running from 1814, but nothing before this. At that date there were two schools kept, one in upper part of Parish, near Echaw Church, and so called, and the other in the lower part, called the Wambaw School. This last school was kept, prior to records and after, just above where the bridge crosses to

go to Mr. Morrison's place, and near the end of Mr. L. P. McClellan's field, on 32-Mile House Road, put there, I suppose, to accommodate the children living on both sides of Jeremy Creek. It remained there until 1815, when it was moved, or one was built near Nazareth Meeting House. Mr. Robert Norrell was teacher here in 1822. My father, Mr. S. D. Doar, Mr. A. J. McClellan and old Mr. William Lucas mentioned going to the first and my mother to the second, where her father, Dr. Samuel Cordes, lived at Tibwin. In 1824 there were two other schools established, one at Half Way Creek and the other on Seaboard. I can not locate this latter, but was probably where McClellanville now is. The schools before 1860 were so moved about, especially in upper part of Parish, for convenience of pupils, that it is almost impossible to keep track of location. In 1854 there were four schools carried on, one on Seashore and Half Way Creek, and two in Echaw district. In 1849 there was a small school at Awendaw, but this was soon discontinued for lack of scholars. The Seashore School, as it was called, was taught by N. H. Wells in 1824, Wm Rose, 1837, and Sam McQueen, 1839, and Mr. George Scott, 1844. It was finally moved to Mr. McClellan's place, and stood until 1860, where D. Doar's house now is. We find Mr. Charles Grimke teaching there from 1851-1855, Mr Gray, 1856-59, when Mr. J. H. Leland took charge and kept it until 1863 when he moved away during the War, and re-opened in 1866, taught until old regime and commissioners were abolished by U. S. Government in that year.

Mr. Leland's report for 1860-61 showed thirty pupils in attendance. Allow me please to say a few words about our teacher. He was a man of ability and thorough education, and was one of the best equipped to carry out the work entrusted to him. He was a first-class teacher and strict disciplinarian. No boy or girl ever entered his school without behaving themselves, and none left it that were not thoroughly grounded in the text books that were taught in his day. Mr. Leland served this community for years also as magistrate and postmaster, and was held in esteem by everyone.

From 1863-65, Mr. Hyatt, the Episcopal rector, hating to see the children running around, opened a school for them and taught from sheer love of doing good, for there was no money in it. After his death, 1865, James C. Doar taught it for a short while.

In early days the schools were managed by five commissioners appointed by the Legislature, who did everything connected with school system, even examined teachers; this mode was abolished in 1866, and three trustees put in their places under the new school law. The salary paid teachers in those days were quite a contrast to the present. I can find nowhere of a teacher being paid more than \$75 per quarter; generally it was \$37.50 or \$50, and at one time they were paid three or four dollars per pupil per quarter. For several years Mr. Grimke and Mr. Gray were compensated for 8 months' work by receiving \$100. Think of that! ye teachers of today.

It was the custom of those times, though, that those men who were *able to*, should pay for their children, this being followed, allowed Mr. Leland, who only got \$37.50 per quarter, to increase his salary.

The first commissioners in the Parish of whom we have had any record were Alex. Mazyek, Richard Vanderhorst, David Gaillard, John Middleton and William Clieland. Not a name represented here now, except perhaps Mr. H. T. Morrison, through the Vanderhorsts. The two teachers were Jos. Logan and James Butler, and at the last meeting held August 17, 1866, under the old law, were present A. J. McClellan, A. J. Bailey, E. F. Allston, Elias Butler and James C. Doar; thus ended the chapter of the old regime.

The first Trustees, under new law, were J. C. Doar, L. P. McClellan and Paul Drayton, (colored.)

Forgive me if I mention with pardonable pride that of the 91 years, of which we have a record of our school, my family has been represented on the boards for 80 odd consecutive years.

Dr. Samuel Cordes, my grandfather, 1817-1827, ten years; S. D. Doar, my father, 1835-1865, 30 years; James C. Doar, 1866-1890, 24 years, and Samuel C. Doar from 1890 to 1907. The McClellan family came next in point of service. The

teacher who has served the school longest in his day was Mr. P. D. Lincoln, who held his position over 20 years, having started in 1842. And our friend, Mr. Isaac Epps, holds the distinction of being the only instructor of the old times alive. He taught upper school in 1861.

The muster grounds, a cleared space in woods, provided with long shed, a table down the middle, benches, etc., was another institution of the Parish. Here it was the militia was expected to meet and drill. Here it was where political meetings were held, and here it was that whenever occasion required the men met either for fun, dinner or business.

During the life of the Parish there were three (3) of these at different times. The first was at head of Cordes's Causeway, so called from running through Dr. Cordes's plantation. At this place it was that the notorious D. T. Hines, of St. Stephen's, appeared at one of the meetings, and when seen, being wanted for forgery, was chased, he jumped on Col. Palmer's blooded mare and escaped, jumping, he said, Santee Canal, 30 miles away. One of the men present flung a bottle of whiskey at him, but missed. I suppose the whiskey was punished afterwards. The second ground, just on the other side of Palmer's Causeway, so-called, from Dr. John Palmer living near, the third and last—this side of same causeway.

The battalion, composed of company from St. James and Christ Church, had muster ground near Owendaw Bridge. At these grounds there were many hot political discussions and, times, many a good dinner, and on 4th of July there was always a patriotic orator to laud his country and deeds of her men. According to law every man belonged to the militia company, and the company was expected to meet and drill six times a year.

I have been told that they carried out the letter of the law and let the spirit take care of itself, and that they would meet as ordered, dressed in every conceivable costume and armed with every kind of weapon, from flintlock to stick, march around a short while in crooked lines, when someone would cry out: "We have had enough, boys, let us



take a drink, have a horse race, or go to dinner," as the case may be. And ranks would be broken forthwith.

The officers were the only ones dressed in gorgeous uniforms and cocked hats with feathers; they strutted around with conscious authority.

These uniforms, they say, were always handed down to successors and were worn, no matter what fit they made on recipient. Another duty of this militia was to patrol the country to keep the negroes in bounds.

No negro was allowed off their owners' plantation after dark, without pass, and the patrol system was inaugurated to enforce these orders. Some of you remember the old refrain of the darkey—

"Run, nigger, run, de patrol comin'."

In order to show style of summons I will reproduce one in my possession:

MUSTERFIELD, 23 FEB., 1828.

Patrol Beat No 2.

Mr. S. D. Doar,

Sir:

You are hereby required to take under your command, all persons, fable to patrol Duty, from Bellevue to D. Horry's Wambaw plantation, and from Wm. Lucas's Wambaw place, to Islington, the last included, and perform patrol duty according to law, and return this Warrant with a list of Defaulters, on oath, to Commanding Officer of Company, at next Muster day.

(Signed) JOHN BUTLER, Capt.

The planters on river, and around, also had a clubhouse on River Road, where they met, once a month, during Winter for social intercourse. Each man took his turn to furnish dinner and all necessaries. It was found at first that there was great rivalry amongst members, as to who should have the best spread. So, to put the richer and poorer contributors on same footing and prevent competition, only a certain number of dishes of a certain class were to be provided.

and this was rigidly enforced. In order, too, that diners should not drink too much, or get under the table, only a certain quantity of liquor could be furnished. In both cases wise provision.

It was not, with these old parishioners, all work and no play, for they had amusements in abundance, they had their fishing parties, their Cape parties, their hunting parties, and judging from the ball-rooms in some of the old houses, they could not, at least, the young people, have disdained dancing. A great custom of these days was to have dinner-parties, partaken of by all the surrounding neighbors.

Those that were fond of horse-racing, would go up to Pineville, where was a fine track, and the best horses in the country were raced once a year, and the jollity ended, usually, with some kind of entertainment.

Some of these horse-lovers must have had racing in this Parish, too, for a few miles above 32 Mile House, on the "Blue-House tract," is the remains of a course.

By whom built or used is now lost in the mist of time. I have heard that Dr. Cordes had said that a man by name of Cox once kept the "32 House," and that he was a man of sporting proclivities. It is probable that he might have had something to do with the laying of it out.

We do not know positively who lived at this "Blue house," but I think Mr. Bonneau owned it at one time. The house evidently took its name from being painted with Indigo, as was one in St John's, which was so called from this fact. He must have been a wealthy old fellow to use paint costing from \$1.50 to \$2 per pound, the then price of Indigo.

Of troubles and trials, these old people before our day had a plenty, but they gave not away to repining or despair, but went to work manfully to meet poverty and disaster with undaunted front, or we would not today be enjoying the fruit of their good works. Of storms, of freshets, of loss of crops, they had an abundance, and after the Revolutionary War they were in sore straits of poverty; their staple crops, Indigo and rice, almost worthless. Cotton not yet a paying crop, they had hard times to make ends

meet and subsist. But they never quailed and battled faithfully for those dependent on them, until brighter days came. To those of us who have passed through the like times, after the Civil War, it is not hard to realize what these old men before us had to bear. To skip over minor trials I will simply mention one or two calamities and pass on. In 1822 the fiercest gale, ever known on the coast, swept over them, carrying wholesale destruction to crops, houses and everything else, even human lives were sacrificed to its fury. A great many white people were drowned, and scores of negroes on the rice fields and Islands were lost. Not 20 years after came the Asiatic cholera, in 1836, and almost decimated whole plantations of its negroes, though not many of the white people succumbed to its ravages. The negroes had to be moved into the pine lands and put into camps, before the disease could be checked. I have heard my father say what a dreadful time it was, he himself had to be amongst the negroes in their time of trouble.

In 1848 smallpox broke out in upper part of Parish amongst the whites, and Mr. Lincoln wrote to Commissioners: "I had to close my school on account of the dreadful disease, which has broken out in neighborhood." In 1867 we again had a visitation of smallpox, but it was chiefly amongst the negroes, a great many of them died.

Excuse digression, for a second. The River Road extended along the Santee from Blake's plantation, through this Parish, St. Stephen's and St. John's and on up, intersecting all roads from river to Charleston, and crossing Wambaw, Echaw, Santee, Savannah and other large creeks. But the bridges on these were found so hard to keep up on account of freshets, that sometime about 1840 Wambaw Bridge was abandoned and the road was deflected out a short distance below Echaw Church and creek, and crossed this creek at Charley's Bridge and the other creeks at above narrower parts also.

From the earliest times until the railroad was established the road running through the Parish formed one of the links which made the most direct route of travel from Charleston to the North, then our people were in the world, for all who were bound to the most settled part of the United

States had to pass this way. Many were the great men of that day going to their duties at our seat of Government, viewed our scenery, etc., as they passed along. Even the immortal Washington honored our Parish by passing through it on his tour, 1799. What we now know as the Georgetown Road was the main artery. Lumbering four-horse stages went along to and fro daily, carrying passengers and connecting at Georgetown with others bound further North.

These stages at first, travelled at night, leaving Charleston in afternoon and getting to 32 Mile House for supper, then on, but in later days a day stage was started by Mr. Matthews, called an accommodation line. These stages were broken up when the N. E. R. R. was built.

All along the road from Charleston to Georgetown houses were built and kept for accommodation of passengers and for furnishing relay of horses. The first at ten mile, called in my day "Mulatto Town," one at the 15 mile, one at the 21, one at 32, and one at Lynch's, now Mazyek's Ferry. All along the road between each house large wells were dug, beside the road, for the purpose of watering the horses. Of all these houses the 32 was the most famous. It is put down on early maps as "Jones's Inn," but in my early days we called it the Tavern, its collection of houses and long stables would have put you in mind of description of the old English taverns. It saw service for long series of years and was kept by many different proprietors, visited by crowds of people, distinguished and otherwise, and if it could have spoken would, no doubt, have told many strange and interesting stories of the old time men and women who met and conversed in its low-ceiled parlors, or of those who met there and passed in the night. I have had an old lady to tell me that as the stage got to Nazareth Church, the driver would blow his horn and give a turn for each passenger, so that the proprietor of the Inn could know how many to prepare supper for. The ferry from Charleston then was above the present Mt. Pleasant. At what was one time called Hibbens and Clement ferries, and before steam was used, the boat was propelled by paddle-wheels turned

by mules, or horses, walking around on deck, which was called a "team-boat."

We know that there were few Colonial postoffices as early as 1700. In 1790 there existed in the United States only 75 postoffices and 1,875 miles of post routes. We can tell therefore very little of how our forefathers communicated with each other by letter, or how these letters were carried, in this section, very probably by private opportunities, for we are certain that at first there were no, or very few public posts. Sometime in the early part of last century there was some kind of postoffice in Charleston, for I have heard of letters being brought by stage. Those belonging to persons in vicinity of 32 Mile House were left there, and those for the River (Santee) people were dropped at Ferry, all to be called for. This was carried on until stages were discontinued, and a once-a-week sulky line was established, going through to North Santee. In 1852 there were only 484 postoffices in South Carolina. The earliest postoffice I can remember, 1859-60, was kept near Ferry by Mr. Baxley, and the next, during the War, a mile or so lower down at Parsonage. Rev. Mr. Hyatt attending to it. This he did later, when afterwards he moved to McClellanville. The mail service just after the Civil War was very poor, once a week. I remember at one time a negro, for a short while, walked the route going and returning.

In the early days of the postoffice the postage charged was four pence, six and a half cents, per letter, and it had to be prepaid in coin, and if there was no postoffice near sender the receiver of it had to pay before it was delivered.

Think you there would be much correspondence carried on or duns sent if those conditions prevailed now? Neither was there then. The postage during our War was ten cents. I had a letter to my father, some time in the '40s, on which was written in place of stamp, not then used, "Charge to Robinson and Blackloch,"—his factors.

Neither were there any envelopes in those days, the letter was so written that it could be folded, and the ends stuck in, and fastened by a little wafer moistened in the mouth.

The early freight to and from Charleston was carried in long, ungainly boats with one large sail, and worse look-

ing ones, called Congaree boats, with cabin far to stern, plied up and down the river. Col. Palmer had one of these craft called the "Pinetree," (a good name,) afterwards owned by Mr. Skipper. It was so long that the boys used to say that her bow reached the village from up the creek in the morning, and that her stern passed the following night. When the rice schooners came they were of a better class, but were none noted for speed. On trips time was no consideration, with the negroes, who were the crew, and whenever the tide and wind were against them they stopped until favorable, consequently two and sometimes three weeks rolled around before they made the trip. When Mr. Ben. McClellan with a little sloop, "Frank Ravenel," after the War, made the trip from Charleston to McClellanville in a week it was considered a wonderful feat. Mr. C. H. Leland afterwards beat his record, and thence forward we had rapid transit. There being no stores in the Parish you can imagine with these slow vessels, that household and other supplies very often ran out and persons had to resort to borrowing from more fortunate neighbors; borrowing was no disgrace at such times, for the borrower well knew that he in his turn may soon be the lender of those around, and things would be evened up.

I wish you now to take a glance at the rise of McClellanville, and I trust I shall never be called upon to record its fall.

The land on which the village is built was formerly two tracts. The dividing line was near the ditch that runs by the Episcopal Church. One part was owned by Mr. A. J. McClellan and the other at one time by a Mr. Matthews, then his son-in-law, Colburn. It was bought before the War, 1850, by Mr. R. T. Morrison, the latter, in 1858-59, sold three lots, one each to Mr. Baxley, Mr. Leland and Mr. Augustus Whilden, who built upon them. Mr. Morrison putting up the house he now lives in.

Dr. Cordes, Dr. Smith and Mr. Morrison had houses in the village prior to this, Mr. Morrison's house stood where Col. Rutledge's now is; this land was not sold to them, only leased by Mr. McClellan. In 1860 Mr. McClellan sold his first

lots to Capt. Tom. Pinckney, Mr. Gabriel Manigault and Mr. Stephen D. Doar for \$500 each, and soon after one to Dr. John and Mr. Andrew DuPre. When I first went to the village in 1860 there were only six houses there, not counting the old school house, and the other new one, just built. These houses were Mr. Morrison's, Mr. Hilben Leland's, Mr. Baxley's, where Mr. R. V. Morrison lives; Dr. Cordes, where S. C. Doar's house is; Dr. Smith. On Dr. Baker's lot, Mr. A. J. McClellan's. An old house stood where L. P. McClellan's is now, and a little shanty, where Mr. Skipper's new house is, occupied by Mr. A. Priuer. Mr. McClellan's negro houses were where the Methodist Church now stands. All lands except Mr. McClellan's fields were woods and old fields. Mr. Munn and Mr. Coleman had just moved there. Mr. Munn to point back of where young Dick L. Morrison's house is; Mr. Coleman back of Mr. S. B. King's. Mr. Finklea occupied a house which stood where Mr. Ward's house was burnt. Mr. J. B. Skipper lived on Mr. L. P. McClellan's place.

After this the place began to grow, but was nameless for some years, until it became necessary to christen it *something* for postoffice and other purposes. Several names were proposed and discussed—Estherville for Mrs. DuPre; Jeremy or Jerryville, after the creek, but with one accord it was finally dropped into McClellanville from McClellan's place, and stuck there. Allow me to state before I go on, that the point now owned by Mr. Skipper, originally the property of the Monzon family, was bought by Col Samuel Palmer. He and his brother, Dr. John, spent the summer there until our War. Nearly all of the War soldiers were encamped there, a bridge being across creek by Mr. Morrison's. From 1861-1870, and after, the people of the little village were more like one large family than otherwise, drawn together by the calamities which follow war. They worshipped together. They were together in adversity and joy, in sickness and in death. They worked with each other for the common welfare and were willing to lend a helping hand to those in need.

Visiting from house to house was universal. It was the custom during the War and after for the young people to

go to "the Big House" of Mr. S. D. Doar's on Sunday evenings, and spend several hours having sacred music, a melodeon was the only instrument they had there. I fear, though, that some of the boys and girls did not attend alone for the music, judging by some of the *tete-a-tete* in the corners.

"The Cottage," as it was called, where I now live, was a great rendezvous for the boys, and they always found a bed there when they staid up too long with the girls, or too late to go home.

Here it was that Jim Morrison slapped old Mr. Percival Vaux, who was visiting Mr. S. D. Doar, mistaking him in the dark for one of the boys. His apology was most profuse when mistake was discovered.

Here it was that Hibben Leland shot, out of the window, with (unloaded!) gun and scared himself and others. Many other amusing incidents happened here, had I space or time to tell. In 1859 a new school house was needed in the village, and Mr. R. T. Morrison donated the land. All of the planters joined together and put up a building, gave it in charge of trustees to be used by the community as a school house and free church. Mr. Leland taught here on every Friday. He employed the scholars with speaking, composition, rules in arithmetic, measures, etc., until 12 o'clock, when the Rev. Mr. Hyatt would come in, hold short service and address the pupils. He also preached here until his death, in 1865. Often have I seen him on Sundays walking from Mr. Leland's house, where he staid, in his clerical gown going to hold service, and no one thought about it as peculiar.

A few words about this good man; for twenty years Episcopal rector of the Parish, he went about doing good, and wherever he thought he was most needed in the Parish there he was to be found, deeply interested, working with might and main. He lived amongst his people, and during the War administered unto all that came near, comforting the sick and weary, burying the dead and serving his flock, even in any secular manner that he could, and soon after the Confederacy died he laid down his burden. After



his death the church was opened regularly Sabbath after Sabbath by lay readers, and all that were religiously disposed attended. The men who kept the people together to serve God have all gone to their reward, but their works live after them. They were Mr. J. H. Leland, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. A. H. Seabrook, Dr. Baker and Mr. James C. Doar.

Mr. Leland, Mr. Seabrook and others also conducted a prayer meeting each week, and whenever the venerable Mr. DuPre could preach or other minister came they had the united congregation to hear them and the chapel at their disposal.

During those days the men with no thought of denominational dogma, creed or doctrine attended any service, hustled for a living and fought with indomitable perseverance the white Radicals and the black allies, who were sucking the life blood of their beloved Parish and State.

No one who was not in it can realize the mortification of being lorded over by negro constables and trial justices, etc, and the desolation and degradation of negro domination. Also the almost despairing task of meeting and overcoming the black majority of nearly ten to one at the election polls in the woods, but they won in the end and we are now enjoying the fruits of that victory gained by their manhood. I will surprise you when I say there were no stores in the Parish, or village, until Mr. W. P. Beckman opened one and built a house opposite the Methodist Church soon after the War. He was stationed here with the German Artillery during the Civil War, saw the place, liked it and one of its girls, came back to settle and made one of our most progressive citizens. Afterwards he built and moved up in the then woods, and people thought it was a foolish move, but he had faith in our future and acted accordingly, and the years justified his judgment. Mr. C. H. Leland kept store in this first building until he built where Mr. Gibson now lives. He was our second merchant.

I will say for the benefit of the boys present that in our school days we were our own haulers and hewers of wood and drawers of water that was used in our school house, and

if we got a whipping it paid us to bear our pain in silence, for if we told it at home we were sure to get another for having deserved the first.

To go back a little, I will mention the fact that sometime after the settlement of the Parish a great many of the Frenchmen who first settled here moved further up the river into St. Stephen's and St. John's, thus leaving the English in the majority and somewhat cutting down population.

Dr. Daleho states that in 1819 the Parish only contained 411 white inhabitants. Of course, it has steadily increased until the present time.

Tradition says that there was at least one lynching in the Parish in olden times. It seems that soon after the Revolutionary War a negro girl by name of Jemima murdered her mistress, a widow named Perderian, tied her two children, rifled the closets and went to enjoy herself at a dance, which was progressing nearby. One of the children got loose and fled to Col. Warren. A number of men gathered, captured the woman and burnt her at the stake. It was said that her own father started the fire.

The Parish has to be credited with two murders; one, Mr. Ben. Fort, shot by negro on his piazza one night just after the War. The other, Mr. McCay, shot near Palmer's Bridge by an unknown person. The men of this Parish have never been "laggards in peace or dastards in war" whenever duty called them they were to be found ever in the forefront. In peace look over our land and see the efforts of these old pioneers. Look at the ditching and draining work they did; mightier in those days than now; look at the rice fields they brought into subjection, look at the swamps they cleared, the houses they built, the reserves they made.

Verily, they took a wilderness in hand, conquered the land, the Indian and the beasts of the forests, turned it over to us subjugated to agriculture, to the use of men, free from foreign rule, civilized, and we are getting the benefit of their hardship and toil. Tell us not that we must not revere these men and speak of them and of the past.

This drainage and clearing fever seem to run in the blood, for our old and esteemed friend, R. T. Morrison, a descend-

ant of one of these old Frenchmen, Legare, has in his younger days drained and brought into use and production part of Wambaw Swamp, and showed its capabilities under cultivation.

Let us see what the men of St. James have furnished to the country and State, and who will live in history.

Col. Samuel Warren served in both military and civil capacity, was in the patriot army all during the Revolution. Was in the siege of Savannah and there lost his leg. Also after the War president of the State Senate for many years. It is told of him that an old aunt in England sent him word that if he fought against his King she hoped his leg would be shot off, and when it did happen he promptly had it boxed and forwarded to her.

Gen. Thomas Pinckney likewise did his duty in this War and was afterwards for many years Minister to England. Daniel Horry, Peter Horry, Thomas Evance, John Blake, Isaac Motte, were all captains in the second regiment of Colonial troops; some of them subsequently were in Marion's Brigade.

This regiment, (second,) commanded by Col. William Moultrie, was a part of the force that fought the Battle of Fort Moultrie.

I have still in my possession the regimental receipt book of Major Thomas Evance, who was paymaster, containing the signatures of all of the officers of the second regiment. This Parish was the home of Thomas Lynch, Jr., signer of the Declaration of Independence, Jacob and Rebecca Motte and others of more or less distinction. Of the private soldiers of the Parish I have no record, but they were there, as were the officers, and did their duty to a man, though "unhoned and unsung," or their names written on history's page. Just here I will mention a prominent man in our Parish at one time who lived near Echaw Creek. This was Mr. Charles J. Steadman, the grandfather of our friend, Mr. Atkinson. He was also Intendant of Charleston, and lost his life trying to stop a fire which was raging in the city, by blowing up a house in front of it. He had a son,

Charles Steadman, who rose to Admiral in the United States Navy and died a few years ago.

Amongst other men who rose to distinction in State and Parish at various times were Major Percy, Col. J. Bond, Ton, Gen. Vanderhorst, Col. Thomas Pinckney, Jr., Col. Samuel Palmer, Col. Coffee, Rev. C. C. Pinckney and Mr. Warren DuPre, Professor in Wofford College, and there may have been others whose names have escaped me.

We even had an enemy from the British camp here, for after the Revolutionary War there settled in this part of the country a Hessian by name of Schneider, and worked on the river among the other planters, amassing quite a little fortune, and now lies buried in the woods, near Wambaw plantation.

It is meet that I mention some of our doctors, the earliest of whom we have any knowledge was Dr. Samuel Cordes, who practiced here from about 1813 to the '50s, and served his people not only in a professional way but in the Legislature and on various boards of the Parish. He volunteered and served, too, in the War of 1812 as surgeon. He was a genial, wholesoul man, much given to plain speaking and was charitable to the last degree. The friend and Father Confessor of both rich and poor, many were the anecdotes and sayings of his told. He was a planter, too; but it was said that busy with his practice he never made much of a crop except once—a large crop of corn—which so surprised and delighted him that he dubbed his plantation "Egypt," where, as he said, his brethren could come and get provender. Dr. John S. Palmer was at one time his young assistant, and afterwards practiced in the upper part of the Parish. His successor was Dr. Smith, and after him, Dr. W. T. W. Baker and Dr. S. D. Doar.

To show that the Parish was invaded during the Revolutionary War by the British, Botta said in his history "That Clinton occupied all the country between the Santee and Cooper Rivers, and sent a force to scour same in order to disperse a band of patriots operating there."

Dr. Dalcho speaks of Cornwallis, whose headquarters were at one time on Wambaw plantation, of Theodore Gaillard

passing through here, forcing the aged minister of Echaw Church, Rev. Fenner Warren, to take parole and protection, and of the Bible and Prayer Book, etc., being stolen by the men. Tradition speaks of Gen. Marion, weary and tired, going to "Hampton House" to rest, saw the British riding up the avenue and had to swim Wambaw Creek in the rear and hide in the marshes until they left. It is also told that just where the Charley Bridge road branches off from below Echaw Church from the old river road, a Mr. Broughton, fleeing from the enemy, was thrown by his horse, swerving from one road to the other, and was killed. This angle has since been known by the name of Broughton's Corner.

To show you that Marion and his troopers operated round here I will introduce a couple of extracts from his letters to Col. P. Horry. In one he says: "You will take command of such men as will be collected from Capts. Bonneau, Mitchell and Benson companies and proceed to Santee from the lower ferry to Lemud's, and destroy all boats and canoes on river and post guards so as to prevent persons crossing to or from Charleston on either side of river. You will also take Capt. Lemud's company (from this Parish) and furnish your men with arms wherever you can find them, giving receipt." Again: "I think you had best move to Wambaw, where forage can be had. Your new position at Wambaw will be more secure. Your men will not be so harrassed. When you go to Wambaw send orders to plantations on Santee not to thrash or beat any rice but what may be necessary for yours or plantation use. I believe that Galleys were not at Seewee, as mentioned in my last. I heard yesterday from Daniel's Island and Wappetaw that the enemy have returned to town." So you see we helped to make history in those stirring times.

And of the women, the same then as ever, true to the core. Botta says of them: "Amidst the general desolation the women of Carolina displayed so much fortitude, so ardent, so rare a love for country that there scarcely can be found in ancient or modern history an instance more worthy

to excite surprise and admiration. So far from being offended by name of Rebel they esteemed it a title of distinction and glory."

The men of St. James were no whit more backward in 1861-65 to fight for their homes and hearthstones than were their forefathers in 1776, but came forward to a man, and in the words of the motto of their proud State were "prepared to serve her in mind, body and estate," and "to never lose hope," and they did it until the Confederacy went under, and even after. During her distress and degradation in Reconstruction times and negro domination, our Parish furnished the nucleus of three companies to the "Lost Cause," (though some of the men were from other parishes.) First, Thomas Pinckney, Captain; E. F. Allston, Bacot Allston, A. Watson Cordes, Lieutenants; second, Augustus Whilden, Captain; R. T. Morrison, Jr., Lieutenant; third, Gaillard's Battery, A. H. DuPre, J. P. McClellan, Lieutenants; L. P. McClellan, first sergeant. Towards the end of the Civil War there was a fourth company formed of the old men and boys called the Home Guard, of which Gabriel Manigault was Captain, T. W. Doar and Robert Bailey, Lieutenants.

How I wish I knew all of the privates of these commands so I could call them by name, for they were true men and did men's part nobly at their country's call, and will be honored as long as men value bravery and duty well done.

I have often heard it said of such and such a company: "Oh, they saw no fighting, they were stationed on the coast during the War." My friends, this should not be said, these men were just as courageous and devoted as those who went through the storm of battle. No one knows but that they chafed under the enforced inactivity. They were men and soldiers who obeyed orders, even at the expense of inclination and amidst sneers. Because they knew somebody had to keep the enemy from the coast and guard the mothers, wives and little ones of those that were away from home. Speak not again, then, of any man who from force of circumstances remained near home, for he was doing his part in the great drama and enabling you to do yours.

To go on, I will mention some of the men of our section who saw service in other commands than those above; if I omit any or make a mistake I assure you it is not intentional, for it would give me delight to honor these men. Col. H. M. Rutledge went out as Major in Clingman's North Carolina Regiment, and afterwards became Colonel of same. Dr. S. D. Doar was attached to same regiment as Surgeon, or assistant surgeon, then he went to Thornton's Virginia Battery, and afterwards ordered to hospital work. Hibben Leland joined the Pee Dee Artillery, of Darlington, and went through the War with them. R. V. Morrison first served in Hampton's Legion, afterwards in Whilden's Company. He was foolish enough to try to stop a bullet with his arm—and succeeded—but he feels it yet. John M. Lofton was a member of a Mt. Pleasant company, later in Col. Benbow's Regiment, and a courier. H. M. Lofton went as Captain of a Marion company, was afterwards in quartermaster's or commissary department. William Munn and John Coleman enlisted in Manigault's tenth regiment, the former was killed and latter died in camp. James C. Doar was a trooper in the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen, Gary's Brigade, seventh regiment of cavalry, and went through to Appomattox with them.

Thomas, Philip, John, James and Stephen Palmer served in company and regiments unknown to me. The three latter gave up their lives for the cause. Philip and Edmund Mazyek did their part as officers in companies which I can not recall.

J. B. Morrison and Ben. McClellan also went in near the close of the War, but commands have escaped me. Archie McClellan, Jr., M. O. J. Elliott, Bates, Fortes, Brinson, etc, served in one or other of the companies raised here. A. H. Lucas was Captain on Gen. Trapier's staff, of the Schoolbreds, James went through in some command; J. Stanyarne Schoolbred was an intrepid scout in Virginia. Willie Lucas in Marion Artillery, Joel H. Raybourne in Gaillard's Battery was captured on picket duty with others of his company at Harrietta plantation and carried off by the Northerners during a raid.

Jonathan Lucas was in Pinckney's Company, then in the Nitre Bureau; R. H. Lucas, in the engineer corps. G. McDuffie Cordes was in Pinckney's Company and quartermaster. Dr. John DuPre was Surgeon, C. S. A. Last, but not least, Mr. Peter Manigault, though over age, went into the ranks to do his part and was killed or died in camp.

During the War the Federal gunboats would make raids up Santee River, the men would burn houses, mills, etc., and take off the negroes. At one of these times they were met at Blake's plantation by Gaillard's Battery, Byrd's Battalion and Pinckney's Company. A skirmish ensued, but neither suffered and the enemy withdrew after burning Blake's house and mill.

About this time Mr. McInness, Blake's manager, was killed by mistake at night on the rice field bank by Confederate pickets.

Near close of War these same men made night raids, aided by negroes, on some of the planters' houses, carrying off all they wished—horses, cattle, poultry, household supplies, articles of value or whatever took their fancy. I went through two of these incursions as a boy, and can speak of the horrors of being waked up in the dead of night and having the house ransacked by hordes of Northern vandals and negroes. Just after the War a negro company was stationed at McClellanville, and later white infantry. It is but fair to say that the Federals, who looted and taught the negroes to loot, were only the men from the gunboats which steamed up the river. For the regular United States infantry, who came afterwards, were a better class of men and behaved themselves as soldiers should. They were officered by gentlemen. Affiliating with our people, they did all in their power to restore order and to keep the negroes within bounds. They even went so far as to disarm and punish the unruly.

While some of the negroes during the War went off to the enemy the majority staid at home, faithful to the task of making provisions, serving their mistresses and doing all that could be expected of them to fulfil the trust imposed by their masters, who were away.



However, as soon as the end came they, with a few notable exceptions, seemed to have lost all control over themselves and to think that all of their master's property was their's by right of war. They took possession without much ado, for white people to go upon plantations at this time was to run the risk of losing life at their hands.

More than once, to my knowledge, some of the planters were surrounded or shot at.

On one occasion my father, Mr. S. D. Doar, was waylaid on the way to his plantation by a gang of his own negroes, and only by the swiftness of his horse was his life saved.

The U. S. Government took charge of all affairs concerning the negroes, even regulating any contract for planting or otherwise they wished to make with the Southerners, so that the planters were often hampered or worried in their planting operations by captious officers in Charleston.

I still have on hand some of the orders emanating from this source. We had two gentlemen here who refused to be reconstructed. Mr. Alexander Mazyck and Gabriel Manigault, said they would not live under the U. S. Government, so moved to Canada and died there, exiled for principle's sake.

After the War our men showed the true grit that was in them, for after battling for four years with the enemy they returned with heavy heart and little else, but their hands to fight with poverty and to rebuild devastated homes and fields.

It is needless for me to dwell on this, for you well know how they conquered obstacles and gained a livelihood.

I every now and then hear a young person ask: But what did you do for such and such an article during the War? Well, I'll tell you, we did without a great many things, and luxuries were not to be had and not thought of, for we were closed to all nations and articles of contraband brought in by blockade runners were only for the rich and favored few. As necessity is the mother of invention we *invented*, and we got almost to believe that the substitute was as good as the genuine. Now listen. What we did for coffee, we had parched rye, oats or grist; it was hot and black, but it was

not coffee. For sweetening we had sorghum syrup, called long sweetening. It took faith to drink it, but sugar we could not get. For wheat flour, which we of the coast never saw, we had rice flour; clean rice dampened, beaten in a mortar and sifted; and corn flour.

We made our homespun clothes, tanned our own leather, made our own shoes, but they were not pretty to look at. Boiled our own salt. Twisted our own lines and rope, pulled out old duds and forgotten finery from long forgotten trunks. Cut up carpets and bed ticking for the negroes, and lived on such plain fare as the farms afforded, and were as content as possible, especially as long as we heard that our boys were licking "the foe" at the front.

For medicine, dye stuffs, we went to the herbs of the field. For hats, baskets, etc. we used rushes, shucks and our old friend, the palmetto. Salt was the great industry at McClellanville during the War, and thousands of bushels were made and distributed to surrounding country and middle part of the State at a price ranging at different times from \$5 to \$20 per bushel.

At first the salt pots, usually an old cylinder boiler, cut in half and bricked in, were built all along the water front of the village, and at night the bright fires were a beautiful sight. Flats were used to hold water for replenishing during low tide. It was found afterwards that by making ponds or wells to hold the salt water it would get stronger by evaporation. So the salt works were moved to the low flat marsh lands, near McClellan's Island.

During the Civil War a blockade runner came to McClellanville loaded with, what do you think? Salt! Just the thing we did not need. As you may suppose salt was not the only high-priced article. Here are a few selected at random which brought the following prices when they could be had at all:

Cloth, except homespun, was not to be had. A pair of shoes was worth \$40 or \$50, and not very good at that. Boots, correspondingly higher. Hats, somewhere in the same neighborhood. Sugar and coffee were out of the question. Wheat flour down here was about \$200 or \$300 per

barrel. Peas latter part of the War was \$10 or \$20 per bushel. Corn was the same. I bought meal in Sumter County for \$6 per bushel, and tobacco \$2 to \$3 a plug. From an old bill I copied: Hams, \$5; bacon, \$4.50; lard, \$4 per pound; and from a letter in which a party offered hogs alive, \$1.50 per pound. Rice was comparatively cheap here, as there was a good deal of it on hand with no sale, and could only be used for consumption of our people and negroes around.

For writing material, paper from old blank books, brown or wall paper, or any such thing was used for this purpose.

Envelopes were home-made out of some stuff, and generally turned and sent back with reply.

It may be news to some of you that the Confederate Government, at times, received taxes in provisions. I have in my possession a receipt from C. S. A. quartermaster for some of this tax in kind.

Now, I come to the part of my theme which I know not how to approach, for I cannot express in words my admiration for them—our women during the War and after. Think you the men suffered? The women suffered more. Think you the men brave? The women were more so.

Think you the men loved the cause? The women were more devoted to it. The men felt the shock of battle and the discomforts of the body in the field. The women in the lone farm houses and plantations suffered the mental pain of anxiety, of suspense, of the care of the little ones, of the homes and of the absent ones, and least of all, of the coarse living of those days. God only knows what they passed through and suffered, for they told it not to the world nor uttered a murmur. They made the men what they were, for to them they ever wore a brave front, and with aching hearts and quivering lips bade fathers, husbands, lovers, brothers and sons—Go. Not in the words of the dames of ancient Greece and Rome: "Bring your shield back with honor or be brought on it," but go to your country's call and do your duty at the front and I will do mine at home. God and my prayers be with you. Those men made the best soldiers the world ever saw; for they were inspired by and fought

for the noblest, gentlest, most self-sacrificing women in the world—the women of our Parish and of our South.

They never despaired, but toiled with unflagging zeal to feed and clothe themselves and those dependent upon them.

They made candles, they made soap, they knitted, they spun and they wove. But I regret to record that they were never clothed like the lilies of the field, for homespun dresses and palmetto hats were the best they had, but they wore them like queens and felt proud that they were permitted to put on this badge of allegiance to their country and to their dear ones. Let us hope the race will never die out in old St. James, that the daughters will be like their mothers, beyond compare, and take my word for it the men will never be found wanting, for the women make the men.

Before passing on it may be of interest to mention some of the plantations and who owned, lived on and have them now.

Starting at the western end of Parish, "Owendaw" was first owned by Governor Johnson. He it was that first tried to make salt by evaporation on one of his plantations, nearby, on the coast in Christ Church Parish, which has since gone by the name of "Salt Pond." Owendaw was afterwards bought by Mr. Peter Manigault, who lived there until he died in the Civil War. It now goes by the name of "Manigault Barony."

"Walnut Grove" was settled by Major Percy, and was his home until bought by Mr. David Doar in 1825 or '28, where his father and family lived until they died. It is now owned by the estate of Dr. Horace W. Leland. On this place is the old family cemetery of the Doars.

"Kensington," the adjoining place, was owned by William H. Doar, now by his heirs.

"Buck Hall" belonged to Gen. Richard Vanderhorst. He had his family cemetery there, then it became the property of Mr. Stephen D. Doar.

"Laurel Hill" was settled by the Legares, and bought by R. T. Morrison in 1850, is now the home of R. Tilia Morrison.

"Doe Hall" was owned by a Mr. Jones, probably the same who kept "Jones's Inn," (32 Mile House.) It was sold to

Mr. R. T. Morrison, and in after years by him to Dr. Edmund and Mr. Bacot Allston, who lived there. It is now owned by James B. Morrison.

"Tibwin" formerly belonged to Jonah Collins, then to Mr. Matthews; later to his son-in-law, Colburn, after him to A. M. Skipper, now to H. G. Leland.

At "Kit Hall" Mr. Thomas Doar's family lived until they moved to Walnut Grove, 1825-28, now owned by M. F. Skipper.

"The Point," opposite McClellanville, was the plantation of the Mouzons until bought by Col. Samuel J. Palmer. He and Dr. John S. Palmer spent the Summers there. It was afterwards owned by J. B. Skipper, who lived there.

The McClellans always owned and lived on a portion of the present site of McClellanville. The other part was the property of Mr. Matthews, then Hunt, later R. T. Morrison.

"Oak Grove," back of McClellan's field, was the home of Mr. John Dear, afterwards bought by Mr. A. J. McClellan.

"Palmetto," Mr. DuPre's place, was settled by W. H. Wells, afterwards bought by Rev. Daniel DuPre, who made it his home.

The old house stood not far in from where the outer gate now stands.

The next places, I am not very certain about, but the skirners, Shokes, Westburys, Rayburns, etc., lived along the coast.

I believe a family of DesChamps were there also.

Mr. Ward's place was owned originally by Mr. Tom. Butler, afterwards by Mr. Newell.

"Ormond Hall," the next place, was occupied for years by Alexander Watson, a Scotch planter, who lost all of his family in the gale of 1822. The place was afterwards owned by Arthur Blake, now by Santee Club.

"Bellfield," nearby, was settled by Mr. Bell, who lived there.

At Bueheit's Bridge, on Georgetown Road, the Bueheits owned a place, which was afterwards occupied by Mr. Jack Simons.

Isaac Skipper lived across the bridge on same road.

The Micheaux lived near a bridge of that name on the Coffee Road.

Two old bachelors, Mr. Alexander Mazyck and brother, had a place on Moss Swamp Road, and were there as late as 1812.

Mazyck's Branch takes its name from them.

Coffees, Thomsons, etc.; take their name from former owners.

"Blue House" was the plantation of the Bonneaus.

"Wambaw" (upper) was the place of Theodore Gaillard.

"Egypt," of Dr. Samuel Cordes.

"Wampee," of Major Thomas E. Evance.

"Springfield," owned by Dr. John S. Palmer at one time.

Along the Santee River, starting from its mouth, first, Murphy's Island, owned by the Horrys, then by William Lucas, who turned it from a cotton into rice plantation, now by Santee Club.

"Washoe and Cape" formerly belonged to Middletons, then to Arthur Blake; now to Santee Club.

"Eldorado" was the home of the Mottes, then the Pinckneys, now owned by Capt. Tom. Pinckney.

Col. Samuel Mortimer had a little place between Eldorado and Indianfield at one time called Mortimer Hill.

"Indianfield" was originally the plantation of Jonah Collins, then the Vanderhorsts, now the Mazycks.

"Harrietta" was owned first by David Deas Inglis, second by Mrs. Harriott Horry, third by Mr. Stephen D. Doar, whose father was born there, and lastly by David Doar.

"Egremont" was the residence of Alex. Watson, bought by Mr. Nowell, then by S. D. Doar.

"Woodville" was owned by the Middletons, then by Dr. James Shoolbred, then by S. D. Doar, later by T. W. Graham.

"The Wedge," by the Middletons, was settled by Mr. Wm. Lucas, now the home of Mr. A. H. Lucas.

"Palo Alto," owned first by Farr, second by Douxsaint, third John Axon, fourth Dr. Alex. Gadsden, fifth Stephen D. Doar, now the home of Samuel C. Doar.

"Bellevue," owned by the Lynches, but David Deas lived

and planted here for many years, afterward occupied by Dr. Nowell.

"Fairfield," owned first by the Lynches, second by Col. Thomas Pinckney, now by Capt. Thos. Pinckney.

"Peachtree" and "Peafield" belonged to the Lynches, Thomas Lynch senior and junior lived here; their brick house burned about 1840 and in ruins now.

"Montgomery" ("Oldfield") was settled by Dr. Philip Mazyek for his son, Alex. Mazyek, who lived there and was for many years Senator from this Parish; then by S. D. Doar, after by James C. Doar.

Mr. Hallwell kept an Inn and lived at the ferry, (Lynches.)

"Romney" was the residence of Dr. Philip Mazyek, then of his son-in-law, Gabriel Manigault.

"Hampton" was the home of Col. Daniel Horry, afterwards of the Rutledges.

"Wambaw," (on creek,) owned first by the Horrys then by Mr. Wm. Lucas.

"Elmwood" belonged to the Horrys, was bought and settled by S. D. Doar, who lived there. Dr. Samuel Cordes also spent several years at this place.

"Waterhorn" belonged to Hegers, then Horrys, then to Mr. Frederic Rutledge, afterwards to J. B. Skipper and L. P. McClellan.

At "Millbrook" lived Mr. John Gaillard, then became the property of Mrs. Rosa Izard, afterwards was bought by R. Von Lowndes.

"Cedar Hill" was the place of Dr. Tideman, then the property of the Hazzards or Trenholms, then to A. W. Leiland.

The third Episcopal Parsonage stood on river road near to and opposite Peafield. It was burnt after the Civil War.

From here up the river for four or five miles I cannot find any record of old owners, or names of places until we get to where the Jerman family lived below Echaw. On this creek an old river road, just by bridge, stood old Echaw Church, built in 1748, now in ruins. Just behind the church near the Glebe lands, on which lived the pastor, Rev. Fen-

ner Warren, and his distinguished son, Col. Samuel Warren, both of whom lie buried in the yard of the church they served so faithfully.

Above here and along the river came the plantations and homes of the Steadmans, the Blakes, the Guerrys, the Butlers, the Balls, the Whites, the Palmers, Col. Fon and others; and "Woodstock," the home of David Gaillard, and near by the plantation of Mr. Wm. Gaillard; Mount Moriah, the site of Jamestown, the plantation of Col. Samuel Palmer. Lastly Lenuds, at Lenuds, formerly Skrime's Ferry. Here stood the stone marking the northern boundary of the Parish after St. Stephen was cut off from it in 1754.

Of course, the interior of the Parish was thickly populated, but I have not the time nor space to mention names did I know them all.

Coming down near the coast again Islington was settled and owned by John Axon, then S. D. Doar, at present by S. B. King.

Mr. William Webb lived on Georgetown Road, near Moss Swamp, (where Mr. A. S. McClellan's place now is,) and his brother, Job, had a plantation adjoining a little higher up on the road, where he passed his life.

One of these old men, when dying requested that he be buried on the place under a large magnolia tree, near road. His wishes were carried out.

Three miles from Lynch's Ferry, on Georgetown Road, stands the Parish church of St James, and is now in good state of preservation and services are held there occasionally.

This church was built in 1768 and took the place of old Echaw, which was used as the chapel of Ease until it fell in ruins.

Let me hasten on as time presses. Before closing I would like to make a few quotations from a recent writer in the "State," which fits into my subject:

"Nations have gone down in heroic struggles for the measure of Liberty which the modern man possesses. Myriads of strong men have died on battlefields to shape the institutions which he now enjoys. In our own history alone the page is a bright one. The adventurous and strong people



who settled the parish and United States and struggled amidst frightful hardships for generations, were working that citizens of this day might enjoy the fruits of the splendid but hard-earned victory. And the snug and indifferent citizen of to-day who imagines in his folly that he is independent is the inheritor, in a direct line of the noble men of the past, who bore the brunt of the battle and the heat of the day. Civilization is a great co-operative society, and every man is a debtor to the Past."

Here are few extracts from address of Bishop Fitzgerald, Methodist Church:

"In the old South, and I add old Parish, were the roots of the new. They have to-day the same soil, the same heredity, the same traditions. The men of the South in days of old fought Indians, drank all the strong drink that was good for them and more, exhibited a passion for politics that has descended to their children and to their children's children, and cherished a punctiliousness on points of honor and a devotion to principle that was derided by those who would have done better by imitating them.

"Those old Southerners were a peculiar people, troublesome to tyrants and puzzling to political tricksters and trimmers. There never was a finer manhood on earth than that of the old South.

"If called upon to give my advice to our young men I should say to them: 'Stay where you are and hold on to your lands. There is no nobler secular calling than that of a farmer. Conditions have changed somewhat but we understand one another, and with less assistance *from abroad*, that we do not ask for, and the exercise of a reasonable degree of common sense; and every square mile of this Southern land would bloom in bountifulness and beauty.'"

My tale is told, imperfectly done, I know, but it has been a labor of pleasure to me. Now it is left for you to say whether it has been one of interest to you, or will serve as an incentive to better and nobler work hereafter. I trust it will. That it may incite you to strive for the uplifting of your homes and your Parish. In order to do this well be united, live as the men of old, as brothers, working in a

common cause. And whenever rupture, caused by difference in opinion, seems imminent, reflect and think of the old rule which may tide you over the rocks: "In essentials, Unity; non-essentials, Liberty, and in all things, Charity."

Try to advance your section and our neighbors', so that it will be not only written of you when the records of your deeds are made up: That the Parish has received no detriment at your hands. But that her banner has been carried forward, and when your grip on it has been relaxed, and it has been taken up by the hands of your children, it will have been planted in the forefront of progress and prosperity of your time.

See to it that you serve faithfully your State, your Parish, your nation and the God of your fathers. "Indeed and in truth." Do this and you have the promise that "all things will work together for your good" and for old St. James.

Thanks, gentlemen, for your attention and patience.

At conclusion of address Mr. J. B. Morrison moved that the thanks of this body be tendered to President David Doar, which was seconded by Mr. A. W. Leland and unanimously carried.

Mr. R. L. Morrison then made a few remarks stating that he thought this address and history of the Society ought to be published in pamphlet form for the benefit of members; and moved that President appoint a committee of three to carry out these views, which was seconded by Professor H. Swinton McGillivray in short speech.

The motion was adopted.

The President appointed the following gentlemen on committee:

R. L. Morrison, L. A. Beckman, R. Tilia Morrison.

Dinner was then served and the Society adjourned to meet at Doe Hall plantation on August 16th, 1907.

L. A. BECKMAN,

*Secretary.*

## Members of Society, July 4, 1908.

A. W. Leland.	R. Tilia Morrison.
J. O. Murray.	L. A. Beckman.
E. A. Gardner.	D. J. Moore.
David Doar.	J. L. Bazen.
Isaac Epps.	R. V. Morrison.
A. S. McClellan.	C. C. Marlow.
J. J. Murray.	H. T. Morrison.
H. S. McGillivray.	R. P. Bee.
H. G. Leland.	J. H. Corbett.
H. Leland.	H. W. Leland.
G. W. Moore.	S. B. King, Sr.
A. D. McClellan.	G. W. Wilson.
R. H. Morrison.	G. E. Fort.
S. C. Doar.	J. L. Fort.
G. E. Lincoln.	G. E. Beckman.
A. O. Atkinson.	Arthur Hodge.
R. L. Morrison.	J. W. Graham.
W. W. Sadler.	J. B. Morrison, Jr.
E. J. Lincoln.	S. B. King, Jr.
J. B. Sutler.	R. E. Graham.
J. B. Morrison, Sr.	W. T. Payer.
C. H. Leland.	J. T. Hills.
P. G. Sessions.	J. G. DuPre.
A. H. Lucas.	Ossie McClellan.
S. L. Baker.	G. W. Munn.
E. J. Grissell.	J. N. Cantey.
R. E. Gibson.	A. A. Wilson.
G. W. Ward.	J. Frankel.
Wm. F. Leland.	H. M. Rutledge.
Thos. P. Rutledge.	A. W. Leland, Jr.
C. W. Browder.	





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