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UP THE ASHLEY AND COOPER.

THE OAKS, NEAR GOOSE CREEK CHURCH.

CHARLESTON is the picturesque city of the Southern Atlantic coast. Not hidden eighteen or twenty miles up some river, not stretching out a ragged fringe of straggling suburbs to the north and south, not new and glaring, not young and legendless, the city has a character of its own, and is like nothing but itself. It never seems to be growing or racing ahead, like the Northern towns; but finished, complete, with a background of colonial traditions, with a history, with a peculiar architecture, with settled, mature ways and habits, it lives calmly on its narrow peninsula, and sighs not for other miles to conquer. Under the full moon, we stood beneath the little archways high up on St. Michael's historic spire. Below lay the city, closely built, stretching from river to river, and abruptly ending there, with no continuations on the far sides of the silvery streams to perplex you with the thought that you have not seen it all, but must perforce cross over and ride on horse-cars through dusty miles of suburbs. The near streets stretch systematically east and west from side to side; and from end to end, north and south, run, from the Battery to the green of the country, two long avenues that meet and shake hands three miles out, and then blend into a lovely country road, shaded with moss-draped live-oaks, that leads out across the Neck to the rice and cotton lands of the outlying plantations. From our station in the spire we could see the whole of this and take it all in—the very beginning and the very end of Charleston. Lights were twinkling from

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VIEW IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

the windows of the old houses, built generally with the narrow gable-end on the street, rising three stories high, with closed shutters and massive jealous garden walls, which had seemed to us like fortifications as we strolled by; but now, looking down in the brilliant moonlight, we could see the long side stretch of broad verandas adorning each story from ground to roof, and the mass of green in the hidden gardens, which, like Moorish court-yards, are for the dwellers within, and not for the passers-by. Turning, we looked out to sea, down the broad harbor. On one side shone out the white cottages of Sullivan's Island, with the earth-covered slopes of Fort Moultrie; on the other we traced the long low tongue of Morris Island lying on the water, with the old ridge of Battery Wagner faintly visible; and in the centre of the harbor, directly under the moon, rose Fort Sumter, round, dark, and frowning, the little movable light-house, that mars its symmetry with its all too short tower, perched on its eastern parapet. The white sails of a vessel out on the ocean, seven miles distant, seemed nearer than the Brooklyn shore as seen from New York, for the harbor is wide, and therefore seems near, the eastern outlook is boundless—away to the Bermudas if you like—and water miles are short miles always, especially under the moon.

Then turning inland again, with the mind's eye full of this beautiful breezy harbor, we saw how it was formed. Two rivers come out from the land and flow into each other, their broad mingled tide sweeping down past the islands into the ocean. These rivers, the Kiowah and the Etiwan of the Indians, are the Ashley and the Cooper, by whose tides the city's sides are bound as with silvery ribbons, that stretch inland through the green country, shimmering and fading away into the pearly haze of the moon-lit night.

Below us the chimes rang out, sweetly telling the hour. "Nine o'clock, and a—all's well," chanted the watchman who keeps guard in the tower all night; and the returning cry answered him, chanted by the patrol from the street below. This is an old custom which has been preserved in Charleston, like many other old things so long gone from Northern cities that their very memory has faded. Visitors passing through, *en route* to and from Florida, seize upon this old spire with its chime and its watchman as something foreign, reminding them of quaint German towns they have seen abroad, and go away associating it with a mixture of wood-carvings, flaxen-haired maidens, and a ruined castle somewhere near, rather than with the olden times in their own country, to which it in reality belongs. St. Michael's Church was built in 1752 on the site of a wooden structure erected in 1690, the first Episcopal church in South Carolina; its chime of bells, eight in number, was brought from England. When the British evacuated Charleston in 1782, they removed these bells and sent them to New York, whence they were taken to England and sold. Rescued by a merchant there, formerly a resident of Charleston, they were returned to the city, where they hung in peace in their spire until 1861, when, as a matter of precaution, they were removed to Columbia;

there, passing through the great fire at the close of the war, they were so much injured that they were sent again to England, this time to be recast. On the 21st of March, 1867, they chimed again for the first time in their new garb from the old steeple, playing to the listening city the appropriate air, "Home again." St. Michael's spire is one hundred and sixty-eight feet high. Early in the Revolutionary war Captain Whipple, of the schooner *Defense*, who fired the first gun against the British in South Carolina, knowing that it was conspicuous far out at sea, conceived the idea of painting it black, in order that it might not serve as a landmark for the British fleet outside. This was done, but with another result than the one intended. Against the clear light Southern sky the obstinate spire, now black, stood out more conspicuously than ever. The Americans, while they occupied Charleston, kept a watchman in the tower, who reported the movements of the British, encamped on James Island, opposite; and during the late war the Confederates also kept a look-out there, to note the movements of the blockading fleet outside the bar and the position of the forces on Morris Island. This same spire was also the mark for the Federal artillery-men during the long siege of Charleston; but it was never struck, although more than twenty thousand shells were thrown, as closely aimed as could be, the guns being five miles distant. Other portions of the church were struck, but the injuries to the old walls were slight, and easily repaired.

The Ashley and the Cooper, the two silvery rivers we saw from this spire, were named after Ashley Cooper, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the lords proprietors to whom in 1693 Charles the Second granted a tract of land in that fine New World of his—a tract embracing with easy liberality the present domains of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Locke, the philosopher, prepared a code of laws modeled upon Plato's republic for the infant colony, and among other things ordained a nobility, three orders, landgraves, cassiques, and barons, graduated by landed estates granted with the titles, which were to be hereditary, like the titles of the mother country. The titles and estates of landgrave were actually granted and enjoyed by several persons, forming the only *bona fide* United States nobility of which we have record. The people's government having been selected, the lords proprietors began to look about for the people, and owing to the confusion at home consequent upon the Restoration, they obtained two classes, widely different and widely disagreeing—classes that were not safely fused into one homogeneous mass until the Revolution came with its struggles and trials of fire: Roundhead families praying to leave a profligate nation and a wicked king; Cavalier families impoverished by long loyalty to the royal cause, and illy repaid from an impoverished treasury by grants of land in the New World—these met upon the banks of the Ashley and the Cooper, and kept the best peace they could. Later came Dutch from New York, when that city was captured by the English; and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes came colonies of Huguenots, whose names are still among the best known in Carolina—Bonneau, Cordes, Dupont, De Saussure, Grimké, Huger, Horry, Legaré, Le Jau, Laurens, Mazyck, Manigault, Marion, Neufville, Prioleau, Porcher, Poyas, Ravenel, and others. The charter guaranteed liberty of conscience, and, generally speaking, this was allowed to all. True, in the old records later stand several church laws, one of which empowered the church-warden, accompanied by two constables of Charles-town, once in the morning and once in the afternoon on Sunday, during the hours of service, to walk through the town and see if any persons were being unlawfully entertained at the vintners' shops, permission being accorded, if admittance was refused, to break down the door. This, however, is mild compared to Virginia, where the law compelled every new settler to appear before the rector of the parish for proper religious instruction; if he refused, he was to be admonished and whipped; if he refused a second time, he was to be admonished and whipped a second time; and if he refused a third time, he was to be whipped every day until he yielded, which must have brought him in a charming temper to the waiting rector. These laws, made to uphold Episcopal authority, smack of an intolerance not far behind that of the much-berated Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. They were, however, a dead letter, at least in Carolina, where the Dissenters were always a powerful body, and the Cavalier families, however influential, in point of numbers a minority.

In colonial times Charleston was a favorite settlement of the mother country, owing to the value of its exports—indigo, rice, and naval stores. In 1731 forty thousand barrels of rice were exported, and, as it was said, "London and Liverpool looked lovingly on the brisk colony of the Ashley and Cooper." The sons of the wealthier planters were almost universally sent to England to be educated, no other colony in the New World sending so many. Fashions were brought over for the wives and daughters; Madeira wine, punch, tea, coffee, and chocolate were in common use; and four-horse coaches rolled up to the doors of the little churches, now almost lost in a second growth of wild forest. Out-door sports were much affected by the planters, who kept fine horses and dogs, and hunted over the country in English style, although on a larger scale

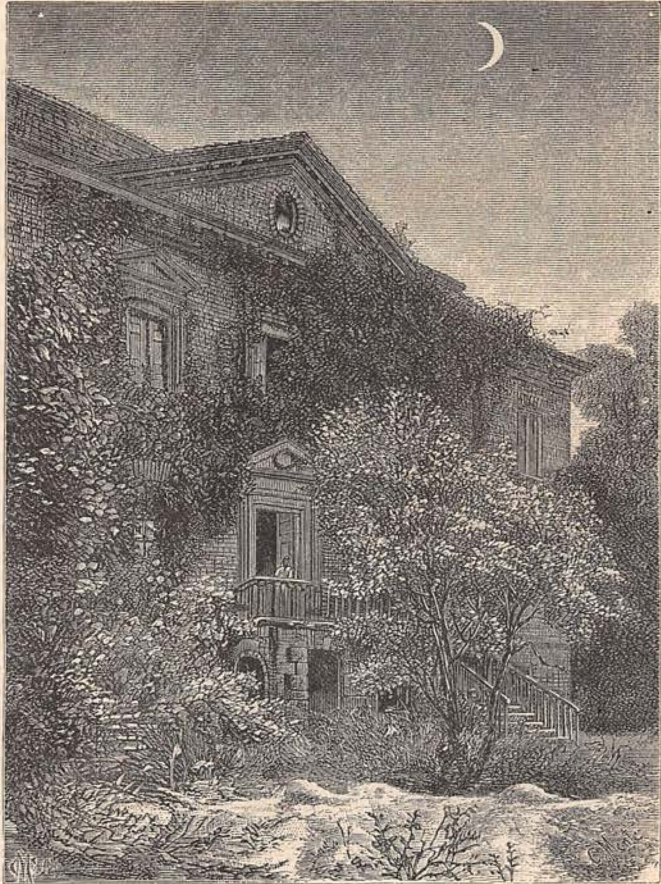
than was possible in that well-bounded, well-meted-out island. They killed foxes, deer, and bears, and now and then an Indian, for the forests were still full of the red-skinned foes. In 1674 the first regular government, other than military, was established in the province, in 1682 a Parliament was held, and in 1683 a landgrave was appointed Governor, succeeding the military rule of Landgraves Yeamans and West. One of these Carolina landgraves we shall find in our journey up the Cooper River; for, leaving Charleston with its oft-told and well-known story, we are going up the two rivers to search out the old manors, with their legends and history, now almost forgotten, of colonial times and of the Revolution.

The Ashley River, or "up the Ashley," was once the scene of great magnificence, the residences and the ways of living being modeled upon those of the English nobility, from whom, in many instances, the planters were descended. This style of living was even more liberal than its English prototype, owing to the warm climate—which almost necessarily promoted indolence and consequent lavishness—to the rich lands, and especially to the number of slaves owned and employed, making each estate patriarchal in its administration, government, and system of supplies.

Drayton Hall, the only one of these old homes now remaining, was built in 1740 by Thomas Drayton, Esq., and named after the family residence, Drayton Hall, Northamptonshire, England; its cost at that early period being ninety thousand dollars. It is built of brick, the columns of Portland marble, and much of the finer material having been imported from England. Within, the stairway, the mantels, and the wainscot, which extends in a quaint fashion from floor to ceiling, are of solid mahogany, paneled and elaborately carved, the wainscot at a later period having been painted over, probably on account of the daily oiling and polishing which old-time ideas of shining mahogany required. Over the mantels are frames set in the wainscot for pictures or coats of arms, the fire-places are adorned with colored tiles, and the size of the rooms, together with the great kitchens and ovens below, take one back to the old baronial days in England when size was a criterion of grandeur, and every thing belonging to great families was great also, from the breadth of their apartments to the bulk of their four-horse coaches. In one of the cellars are to be seen a number of marble columns lying on the ground just as they came from England. These columns have given rise to the story that the old mansion was never entirely finished; but this is an error, the columns having been intended not for the house, but for a gateway outside. The Drayton family occupied the Hall for a num-

DRAYTON HALL, ON THE ASHLEY, WESTERN FRONT.

ber of years. Many persons in Charleston remember the stories told by their fathers and mothers of the dinner parties and other entertainments given at Drayton Hall, when carpets were laid down over the broad flights of steps at both entrances and out to the carriage-ways, that the ladies might alight and enter without endangering the satin of their robes.



DRAYTON HALL—RIVER FRONT.

Cornwallis occupied Drayton Hall as his head-quarters during portions of the years 1780 and 1781, appointing receivers for the estate, and doling out rations of provisions daily to those of the family who had remained at home. The letters "K.W." are still to be seen cut into one of the bricks by a German soldier—his way of spelling his commander's name.

The Draytons are one of the oldest Carolina families; they came to the province in 1671 with Sir John Yeamans. William Henry Drayton, a grandson of the first comer, was born at Drayton Hall in 1742. He was educated in England, at Westminster School and Oxford; but in spite of his English habits and affiliations, on his return to Carolina he took up the cause of liberty, and wrote and published several powerful pamphlets upon the rights of the injured colony. In 1775 he was elected a member of the Provincial Congress, and was afterward advanced to its presidency. It was while holding this office that he issued, on the 9th of November, 1775, the order for the first firing on the British, which was executed by Captain Whipple, of the schooner *Defense*, and opened hostilities in the South. This order, addressed to Colonel William Moultrie, directed him "by every military operation to endeavor to oppose the passage of any British naval armament that may attempt to pass Fort Johnson;" and as Congress had not at that time declared independence, it was a bold, self-reliant, and energetic measure. Before the Revolution Drayton had been one of the king's counselors and judge of the province, and after it he was made Chief Justice by his countrymen, who heaped honors of all kinds upon him in recognition of his distinguished character and services, one of the latter being a mission to the disaffected people of the back country, which, in connection with the Rev. William Tennant, he undertook and carried out with success in 1775. He was the author of a history of the Revolution; he designed one side of the arms and great seal of South Carolina, the other side having been contributed by Arthur Middleton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and he was considered one of the ablest political writers and speakers of the day—all this in what we should call his youth, since he died in Philadelphia, while attending Congress in 1779, at the early age of thirty-seven years.

At the close of the late war, when every other mansion in this parish was burned,

MAGNOLIA, ON THE ASHLEY.

Revolution; he spoke and wrote with vigor, and made his influence felt wherever he went. He died, like Drayton, at the early age of thirty-seven, at the High Hills of the Santee. And a word here about that locality, the High Hills of the Santee—all in capitals—a title that stands out on the pages of Charleston history with a breezy prominence that carries the reader in imagination up, up, to far blue mountain-tops. On the principle of large rivers for large cities, the Santee, melodiously and appropriately formed by the Wateree and Congaree, is the river at whose mouth Charleston ought to have stood. It did not get the city, for some reason or other, and goes townless into the sea; but to make up for this, it has its hills—those High Hills that rise about two hundred feet above the plain, the favorite camping-ground of General Greene during the Revolutionary war, affectionately called by General Lee "the benign Hills of the Santee." Thither resorted many South Carolinians, apparently to die; at least one often reads of this or that distinguished man, "He died at the High Hills of the Santee."

But, Carolina, we will not smile at the small height of these high hills of thine; keep them for the poetical name they bear (always in capitals), and for the way they light up the story of thy poor foot-sore, weary little Revolutionary army. One is always so glad to read that they "went into camp at the High Hills of the Santee"—brave, patriotic little band!

Below Drayton Hall is Schievelin, an estate of the Izard family. Here was made one of the first treaties with the Indians of Carolina, and there is still to be seen here a block-house, intended as a retreat for the family in case of a sudden attack by the red-skins. There was a dramatic scene at Schievelin once. The young heir, having wooed and won a foreign bride, brought her home to Charleston, and thence one fine morning the bridal party, with escort of friends, all on horseback, rode out to the manor-house on the Ashley. Just before they reached the long avenue of live-oaks that led to the entrance, the young husband, eager to give his bride the first glimpse of her new home, urged her horse forward, and galloping with

Drayton Hall was spared. It is said that a negro declared that its owner was a Union man, which story had so much foundation in fact as this: A Northern Drayton, a near relative of the South Carolina family, was actually outside the bar with the fleet which had so long blockaded Charleston Harbor; this was Captain Percival Drayton, of the United States navy, who distinguished himself in the engagements at Port Royal, Fort Sumter, and Mobile Bay, and died in 1865 at Washington, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. His tomb is in Trinity Church, New York city, and is annually adorned with flowers on Decoration-day.

The Rev. William Tennant, who accompanied Mr. Drayton on his mission to the disaffected people of the back country, was born in New Jersey, and educated at Princeton College; he became pastor of the Independent Church in Charleston in 1772, and although a clergyman, he was so ardently zealous in the cause that he was elected a member of the Provincial Congress. It was said of him that his whole soul was in the

her into the arched roadway, called upon her to look. She did look—and saw nothing but flames. The house was burning, and the bride saw only its destruction. It is said that they went abroad again and never returned.

Below Schievelin, nearer Charleston, is Ashley Ferry. Here, on the 9th of May, 1791, George Washington, President of the United States, accompanied by his wife and suit, took breakfast on his way to Savannah. He was escorted as far as the ferry by General Moultrie, General Pinckney, and other distinguished citizens of Charleston. The young ladies of the last century were not unlike those of to-day, for we read that they sallied forth from all the houses round about, and crowned the Father of his Country with flowers as he sat over his cup of tea—or was it chocolate?

Still nearer Charleston is the old Bull estate; also Accabee, with its fortified walls.

Next above Drayton Hall is beautiful Magnolia, the residence of the Rev. J. Grimké Drayton. In the spring, when a little steamer carries the returning Florida tourists up the Ashley to see old Drayton Hall, many of the visitors go no farther than this enchanting garden, where they wander through the glowing aisles of azaleas, and forget the lapse of time, recalled from their trance of enjoyment only by the whistle of the boat, which carries them back to the city without so much as a glimpse of the old mansion they came to see.

"You went to Drayton Hall, of course?"

"Well, no. We landed at Magnolia, and the garden is so beautiful, so bewitchingly lovely, that we did not even think of the Hall, which is half a mile distant, you know, until it was too late," is the common answer to the common question during the spring season in Charleston, when the great hotel with white columns is thronged with returning tourists, all wearing palmetto hats and carrying sea-beans in their pockets. It is now understood that only a person of superior energy of character succeeds in passing through the beautiful garden and viewing the old Hall in spite of the azaleas.

AZALEAS—GARDEN AT MAGNOLIA.

LIVE-OAKS.

The garden, in its present beauty, has been in existence only ten or fifteen years, although Magnolia had, of course, the usual garden and live-oaks of the Ashley plantations; a pretty modern cottage has taken the place of the old house, which was destroyed. Seven persons, touching finger-tips, can just encircle the trunks of some of the live-oaks here; there are camellias eighteen and twenty feet high, and a beautiful sylphide rose seventeen feet in height by twenty feet wide. There are also many rare trees and shrubs, among them the sacred tree of the Grand Lama, *Cupressus lusitanica*. But the glory of the garden is the gorgeous coloring of the azaleas, some of the bushes sixteen and seventeen feet through by twelve feet high, others nineteen and twenty feet through by thirteen feet high—solid masses of blossoms in all the shades of red, from palest pink to deepest crimson, and now and then a pure white bush, like a bride in her snowy lace. It is almost impossible to give a Northerner an idea of the affluence of color in this garden when its flowers are in bloom. Imagine a long walk, with the moss-draped live-oaks overhead, a fairy lake and bridge in the distance, and on each side the great fluffy masses of rose and pink and crimson, reaching far above your head, thousands upon tens of thousands of blossoms packed close together, with no green to mar the intensity of their color, rounding out in swelling curves of bloom down to the turf below, not pausing a few inches above it and showing bare stems or trunk, but spreading over the velvet, and trailing out like the rich robes of an empress. Stand on one side and look across the lawn; it is like a mad artist's dream of hues; it is like the Arabian nights; eyes that have never had color enough find here a full feast, and go away satisfied at last. And with all their gorgeousness, the hues are delicately mingled; the magic effect is produced not by unbroken banks of crude reds, but by blended shades, like the rich Oriental patterns of India shawls, which the

European designers, with all their efforts, can never imitate. Sometimes in Northern gardens one sees, carefully tended, a little bed of scarlet geraniums all in bloom, or else a mound of verbenas in various shades; imagine these twelve or thirteen feet high extending in long vistas in all directions as far as the eye can reach, and you have a faint idea of the beautiful spring garden of Magnolia.

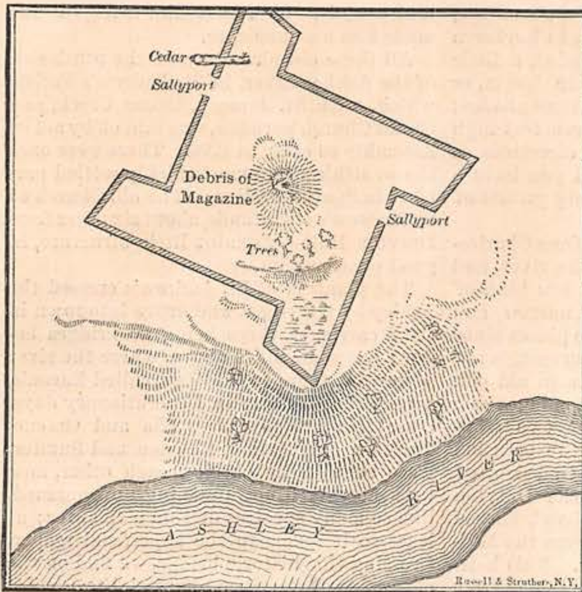
Although now thirteen miles from Charleston, the tide sets strongly up the river, and sweeps with force against the low bluff of Magnolia; the Ashley seems narrow and harmless, but it is deep, in some places sixty feet, and, owing to the swift current, is not without its dangers. There is an old oak not far from the landing at Magnolia, which has acted as life-preserver at two shipwrecks. In the old days, on the occasion of the marriage of a Miss Gadsden, of Charleston, to a member of the Drayton family, a large silver punch-bowl, chased and engraved, was borrowed from the Middletons to grace the festivities. This heirloom was voyaging down the Ashley from Middleton Place on its way to Charleston, when the schooner which bore it was wrecked directly under the old oak, the crew saving themselves by climbing into its overhanging branches; but the punch-bowl went to the bottom, where it still remains. In later years another shipwreck in the very same place was witnessed by the present owner of Magnolia, the crew saving themselves in the same way, by climbing into the tree like so many squirrels.

A few miles above Magnolia are the ruins of Middleton Place, once one of the most beautiful plantations in South Carolina. This was the home of Arthur Middleton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Here he lived and here he died. The old oaks, the hedges, the elaborate terraces and ponds, still remain, but the place is deserted, and the spirit of melancholy broods over it.

Next beyond is Ashley Hill, once the property of the Gillon family. Here can still be seen a heap of gravel which was brought over from Holland to gravel the walks nearly two centuries ago. General Greene encamped at Ashley Hill for some time previous to the recapture of Charleston, but the glory of the place is the story of its original owner, Commodore Gillon, of Revolutionary fame. During the years 1777 and 1778, when the British were blockading Charleston Harbor, three of their vessels were particularly troublesome, and Alexander Gillon, then a merchant of the city, volunteered to go out in the only armed vessel possessed by the Americans and attack them. By means of stratagem and the most daring bravery he captured all three, and came sailing back in triumph with his three prizes in tow—a brilliant exploit, which gave him a frigate and made him a commodore.

All these old places are on the south side of the Ashley River, in St. Andrew's Parish, which, with St. James's, Goose Creek, and Christ Church parishes, was laid off by act of Assembly as early as 1706. These were once the wealthiest and most thickly settled parishes in South Carolina. The old Church of St. Andrew's still stands, about six miles from Drayton Hall—a quaint little structure, in good preservation.

The planters of St. Andrew's crossed the Ashley by ferry-boat and drove into town in their carriages, there being no bridges below; but some miles above, where the river is narrow, there is a bridge, called Bacon's, a well-known name in Revolutionary days. Over this bridge Cornwallis and Greene, Tarleton and Marion, Rawdon and Sumter, were continually chasing each other, now back, now forth, now pursuing, now pursued, like so many spectres of Tam o' Shanter; at least so it seems to the superficial reader. Crossing this historic bridge, we find on the other side of the river, about eighteen miles from Charleston, two picturesque and, in the American sense of the word, ancient ruins—an old fort, built in a horseshoe bend of the Ashley, and not far from it a Gothic tower eighty feet in height, gracefully draped in vines. These two silent mementoes of colonial times and the Revolution are little known outside of their immediate neighborhood, and have never been photographed until now. They stand like sentinels over the site of a town, the once-flourishing town of Dorchester, where now not one hearth-stone remains, not one brick upon another. A party of patriots went out not long since, with speeches and toasts all prepared, to celebrate the centennial of an old fort up on Lake George. Arrived at the spot, however, they could not find even the site. But here on the Ashley is a well-preserved fortification, deserving remembrance and notice now, if ever. Its walls are of concrete, from eight to ten feet high; the inclosed ground within is covered with a thick growth of forest trees; in the centre is a mound, covering the *débris* of the magazine; cedars of venerable aspect line its outer face, and in some places have fallen across; but the old walls stand firmly, and the broad top is solid and even. It is known that this fort was built before 1719, as a protection against the Indians, and probably it dates even farther back. It was repaired in 1775 as a place of refuge in case Charleston should be captured, and was used as a gathering point for the militia and for covering the back country. Moultrie, the hero of the glorious little palmetto fortress on Sullivan's Island, and Marion, the brilliant, daring will-o'-the-wisp of the swamps, both commanded at different times this little fort on the Ash-



PLAN OF THE OLD FORT AT DORCHESTER.

the fort, and then away like a meteor, rejoining Hampton at the designated point, when the two bold raiders and their small bands went back in triumph with their spoil to the main body of the army. Another time General Greene approached Dorchester with two hundred horse and two hundred foot, hoping to surprise the fort; but the enemy, having received information of the movement, were prepared, and waited all night for the attack. In the morning they sent out fifty scouts, but Wade Hampton and his dragoons met them, and drove them helter-skelter back to the fort, from whose sally-port there presently issued forth a body of cavalry to pursue the dragoons, who were riding back to camp. But

ley. In Moultrie's memoirs there is the following:

"*November*, 1775.—Information having been received that the Scoffol lights" (Scoville light troops) "were coming down from the back country in great force to carry off the ammunition and public records that were lodged at Dorchester, I received orders to send a re-enforcement immediately to that place.

"*November* 10, 1775.

"*To Captain Francis Marion:*

"You are to proceed with all expedition, with yours and Captain Huger's companies, to Dorchester to re-enforce the troops there, and to take special care in guarding and defending the cannon, gunpowder, and public records at that place. You are to take command of the whole of the forces there until further orders. You are to apply to the committee at Dorchester for a sufficient number of negroes in the public service to remove the cannon lying near the water-side to a spot more safe near the fort.

(Signed) "WILLIAM MOULTRIE."

Later, in 1779, General Moultrie wrote to General Lincoln as follows:

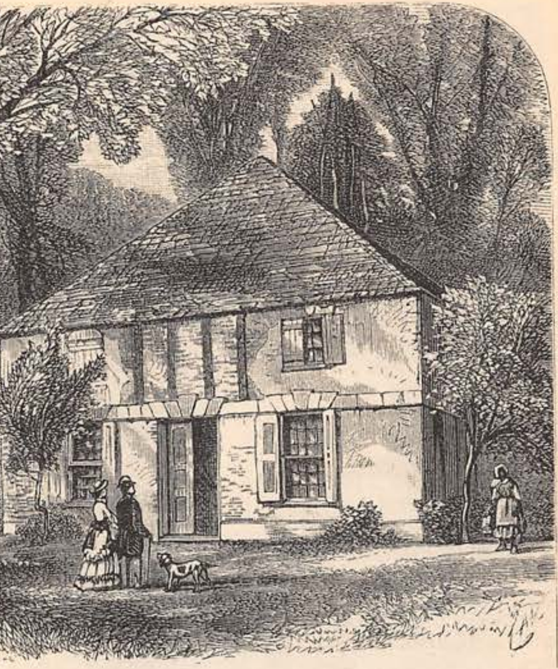
"I have halted troops at Dorchester, where I intend to form my camp ready to support you.

"WILLIAM MOULTRIE."

In May, 1780, Charleston was taken by the British, and the next year, after the flight of Cornwallis into Virginia, Marion and Sumter kept the enemy in check in the vicinity of Charleston by harassing their outposts, one of which was this old fort at Dorchester. On one occasion General Wade Hampton, commanding some troops under them, charged down the Dorchester road with a small body of dragoons to the very walls of Charleston, while his associate, Colonel Lee, captured a heavily loaded wagon train belonging to the enemy, rode through the town of Dorchester, drove the British garrison out of

Hampton turned and charged down to the walls of the fort again, driving them before him, and so alarming the garrison that, thinking Greene's whole army was upon them, they destroyed their stores, threw their cannon into the river, and abandoned the post by night, retreating within the fortifications of Charleston. General Greene could not pursue them, as his whole force was less than half their number. There was a surprise of another kind at this old Dorchester fort, which illustrates also the previously mentioned depth and strong current of the apparently harmless little Ashley. An American sentinel on the south side of the river, seeing a red coat through the trees on the opposite bank, gave the alarm: "The enemy! the enemy!" Immediately all was commotion, a force was ordered to cross the river and examine the ground. A captain in charge, who knew something of the current, sent after boats; but at this moment up galloped Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, and hearing the cause of the delay, plunged into the river, waving his sword, and crying out, "Ye who are brave men, follow me!" It is said that the captain, who was also a brave soldier, immediately followed at the head of all the men, indignant at the imputation; but his fears were verified, for it was with the greatest difficulty, and only after a severe struggle, that horses and riders reached the opposite bank, where, in their exhausted condition, they would infallibly have been captured if there had been any thing to take them save one old red soldier's coat accidentally left hanging in a tree.

The guns of this old fort once com-



THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE, DORCHESTER.

manded the entire length of the principal street of Dorchester, and the church, whose ruined tower alone remains, stood at the forest end of the other, the two avenues crossing at right angles. In 1717 the town contained eighteen hundred inhabitants, and in 1723 it had a market, semi-annual fairs, and a free school. Now there is nothing left, not a trace of man's habitation; one or two recently plowed fields and a second growth of wild forest cover the spot. The little lost town has its story. In 1696 there came from Dorchester, Massachusetts, to Carolina a colony of Congregationalists, accompanied by their pastor; they selected a site on the Ashley River, and established themselves there, "to encourage," they said, "the promotion of religion on the Southern plantations." They called their village Dorchester, after their Massachusetts home, and also after the town of Dorchester in England, whence some of them had originally emigrated; and, with the industry and thrift of their race, they speedily built up a settlement of importance, and established a thriving trade with the surrounding country. Their old church, built in 1696, the year of their arrival, and rebuilt in 1794, still stands, in thick woods, with scarcely a track leading to its door. It was an Independent Congregational church, and is called in the neighborhood the Old White. It celebrated its one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary in 1846; but no services have been held there for many years save those of the wind, the rain, and the birds.

Long before the days when incorrect spelling had grown into a fine art a humorist dwelt at Dorchester, who seems to have surpassed our later wits by his native talents in that line. Witness the following letter, which, with the unconsciousness of genius, he probably never considered funny at all. It is addressed to a member of the committee to whom had been intrusted the rebuilding of the Old White:

"*April 14th*, 1794.

"SIR,—Eye am in formed that you ar wanting abricklare to do the work at the meeting-hors and if you do eye will do it as Cheap as it can be dun in the country Ether by Mesment or by the job likewise eye will ba my Might to words the meeting-hors You will be Kind enuf to Send me ananser Remain Yours &c.

"——."

It is not every workman who will "ba his Might" toward rebuilding a meeting-house, and it is satisfactory to know that this man secured the job.

In 1752 the little colony of Congregationalists on the Ashley removed in a body to Liberty County, Georgia, where they settled, and built Dorchester number four, about five miles from the town of Sunbury, from whose fort in the times of the Revolution Colonel M'Intosh sent out the gallant reply to the British commander, "Come and take it!" The trustees of Georgia were glad to get the thrifty Massachusetts settlers, who left the Ashley because they could not obtain there sufficient land for their purposes; but they could not take their old church, which, surrounded by graves, now stands alone in the forest, still showing, however, in the shape of the roof and in every sturdy squared timber, its plain Puritan origin.

In striking contrast to the Old White, stands the ruined Gothic tower, all that remains of St. George's Church, Dorchester. The lords proprietors had troubled themselves very little as to the religion of their new colony, in spite of the glowing hopes for the conversion of the natives which had given them their liberal charter. So far,

OLD TOWER OF ST. GEORGE'S, DORCHESTER.

but one teacher had gone out among the red men, and it is but just to add that he was highly successful, much more so, indeed, than many who came after: a French dancing-master took his courage in his hands and went boldly out into the woods, where he taught the young braves to dance politely, and to play upon the flute. His classes were held upon the banks of the Santee, and it is said that he retired at last with a handsome fortune, derived from the willing fees of his eager pupils. In 1707, however, the lords proprietors awoke, directed the province to be divided into districts, and established religious worship according to the forms of the Church of England; that is, they endeavored to do this, and for that purpose ordered churches to be erected, among them this of St. George's, Dorchester. The church was built of brick, seventy feet long by thirty feet wide, in shape cruciform, with Gothic windows; and the tower, which once held "a ring of bells," shows how beautiful, complete, and church-like the little sanctuary must have been. Services were held here, with some periods of discontinuance, for more than one hundred years, the walls having been several times repaired during the century, the last time in 1823 by Mr. Henry Middleton, then United States minister to Russia. Soon after this date Dorchester declined rapidly; it was discovered that the river-bottom rice lands were more productive than the inland-swamp rice lands of this neighborhood, and gradually the plantations were neglected, irrigation, which had been carried on extensively, was abandoned, and the country grew unhealthy. There is now nothing left of Dorchester save the old fort and tower, the church itself having been pulled down by Vandal hands for the sake of the bricks—a sake which has destroyed more than one beautiful ruin near Charleston, and which makes one long to send down several ship-loads of new bricks, if only the thoughtless hands would spare the relics of antiquity which our New World can not afford to lose. During the period when old St. George's still stood, although deserted, it was discovered that a black boy who tended sheep in the neighborhood was in the habit of driving his flock into the church during rain-storms, and the scene was put into verse as follows:

"When all the consecrated ground,
Nave, chancel, choir, and aisle,
Thronged by a bleating flock was found,
Quite crowded was the pile;
A stout black boy, with cord and crook,
Within the pulpit's chair
Kept watch with very sleepy look
Upon his fleecy care."

In the overgrown church-yard of St. George's are a number of old tombs, among them one covered with a horizontal slab upon which can be distinctly traced the marks of chopping-knives, the British soldiers having used the stone as a meat-chopping board while they were encamped in the neighborhood.

The fair dames of Revolutionary times stand out on the pages of the old chronicles, the very words that describe them seeming as stately as their manners and as rich as their brocades. One of these chronicles describes Mistress Waring, of Tranquil Hall, Dorchester, setting forth on Sunday morning to attend service at old St. George's.

It may here be remarked, by-the-way, that the title "Mrs." is to this day in the South ceremoniously pronounced "Mistress" always. The two dames, Mistress Waring and her sister, went together in a broad chaise, the gentlemen riding ahead on horseback, their swords by their sides; the dames wore musk-melon hats, and had large bouquets pinned on their stomachers, the curtain of the chaise being carefully fastened across to keep the dust and damp from their flowered satin gowns. Thus arrayed, when St. George's "ring of bells" sounded, forth they sallied from Tranquil Hall to attend the Sunday service.

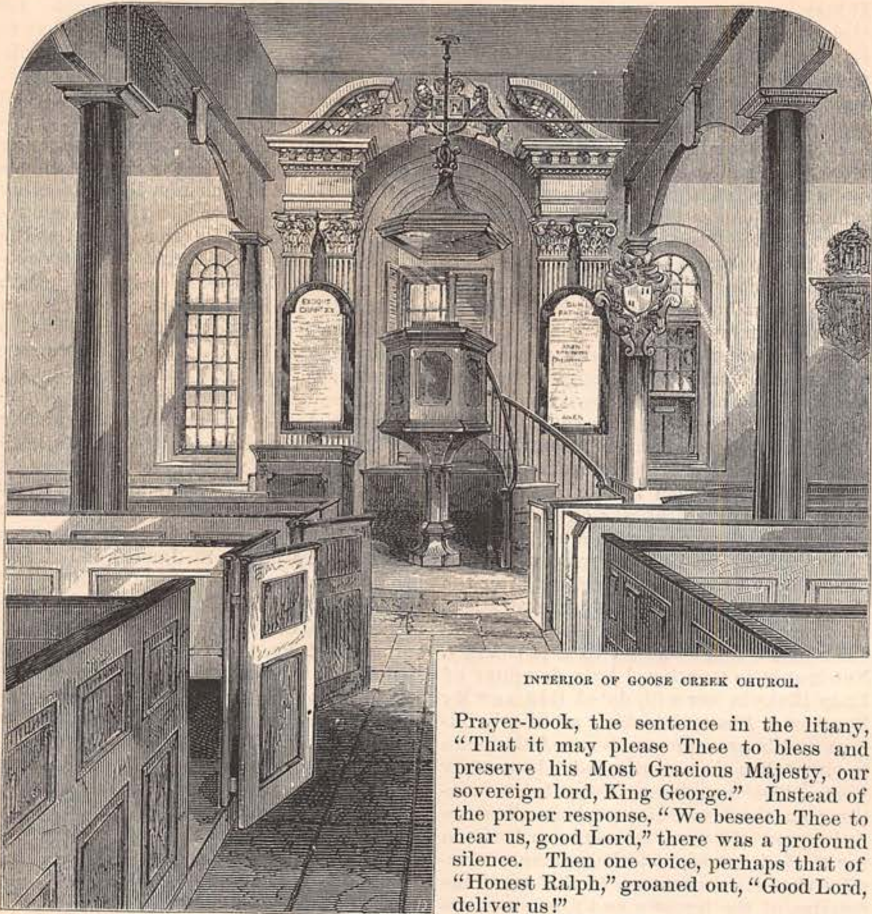
Within the past year the picturesque ruin of Newington, also in the neighborhood of Dorchester, has been torn down for the sake of the bricks. Newington was owned by the Blake family, descendants of Admiral Blake, who distinguished himself in engagements on the Mediterranean in 1654, and died on board ship as his fleet was entering Plymouth Harbor, homeward-bound, in 1657. Cromwell had his body interred with high honors in Westminster Abbey, but after the Restoration it was removed by the royalists, which so angered his children that they sold their estate and removed to this country. Newington is mentioned by a daughter of Lady Blake in her will, dated 1749, as "My Dorchester Plantation, with all the buildings and improvements thereon," the place having then been occupied about fifty years. The house was a large brick mansion; on the broad steps, which alone remain, grow old trees, and one can trace, in the thick forest beyond, the avenue of live-oaks that once swept up to the door; the remains of the terraces and fish ponds are still to be seen. It was here in this forest that we found supple-jacks (*Berchemia volubilis*) of extraordinary size, twining around each other, and every thing else they could reach, as tenaciously and closely as the strands of a new rope upon each other; up they went, from the ground to the tops of the tallest trees, like coils of serpents, coming down again like Japanese acrobats, hand over hand, the original Jacks of the bean-stalk.

At Dorchester we are near the head waters of the Ashley. Crossing to the eastward, we find Goose Creek, a branch of the Cooper, for these two Charleston rivers, in all their course, are not far apart. Goose Creek, seventeen miles from Charleston, is a classic region, in spite of its name. It was once the most wealthy and most thickly settled neighborhood in the province, and the favorite residence of distinguished families, who owned plantations also in other localities, but chose this for their home. The little stream which flows through the lovely land curves as a goose's neck curves—at least so they said—and they seem to have been well contented with the name, for they gave it not only to the river, but to the church, the parish, and the whole neighborhood, the "they" meaning the old residents, men of importance in Carolina. Old Goose Creek church (St. James's) is considered by many persons the most interesting relic of colonial times in the South. It was built in 1711, and has not, like the other old churches we have described, been rebuilt; the walls and interior are just as the original designer left them. It is a decorous little woodland temple, situated now in the heart of a forest, a narrow overgrown track alone leading to the door where twelve four-horse coaches used to roll up every Sunday morning, filled with stately dames, their attendant cavaliers coming on horseback. It stands in a church-yard which is fortified by a wall and ditch, not to keep out man, but the wild beasts that prowled by night; the gray old tombs, with their lichen-covered inscriptions, sadly need an Old Mortality to decipher their forgotten stories of the past. St. James's is built of brick, cherub-heads adorn the windows, and the high pulpit, marble tablets of the Commandments, Creed, and Lord's Prayer, are surmounted by the royal arms of Great Britain, tinted and in relief—a decoration which preserved the little temple from desecration and destruction during the Revolutionary war. The altar and the rails of the chancel are gone, but on the walls hang some highly colored and fantastic memorial tablets, one of them bearing this inscription:

Under this lyes the late Col. JOHN GIBBES,
who deceased on the 7th of August, 1711.
Aged 40.

The floor of the church is of stone, seventeen mahogany pews fill it, and there is a gallery across one end. In front of the pulpit, set in the floor, is a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Francis Le Jau, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, who was the first rector of the parish, and died in 1717.

The name Gibbes, found on the most fantastic of the tablets in Goose Creek church, belongs to an old and well-known Cavalier family of Kent, England, who removed to Barbadoes at the time of the king's imprisonment, and thence came to Carolina. The name appears on the old paper money, among the governors of the province, and in the company of patriots who were sent as prisoners to St. Augustine, Florida, during the Revolutionary war. At a later date one of this family was noted for his wit, and many of his odd sayings and doings have come down to this day, among them the following: "After the Revolution Mr. Gibbes found himself, like most others, in narrow circumstances, and opened a counting-house as broker and auctioneer. A gang of negroes was sent to him for sale, and



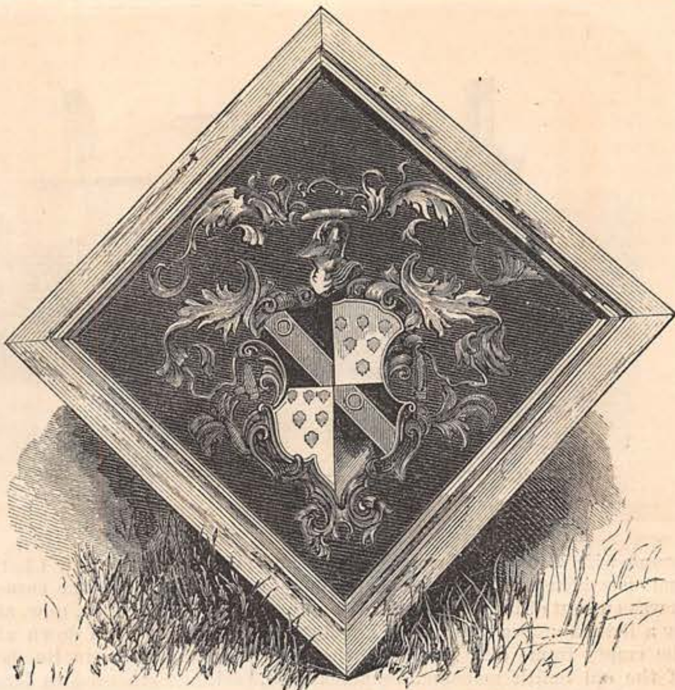
INTERIOR OF GOOSE CREEK CHURCH.

about the same time an English trader called with an invoice of wigs to inquire if there was any chance of selling them. He had been deceived by some wag in England, who had told him that wigs (Whigs) were all the rage now in America. Mr. Gibbes, however, promptly undertook to dispose of the wigs, and immediately advertised to sell the negroes on a certain day, 'each having on a new and fashionable wig.' Accordingly on the day of sale a great company assembled, and the negroes were put upon the stand, each with a powdered wig over his black wool, the wigs to be paid for at a guinea each, let the negroes sell for what they would. The novelty and humor of the idea aroused the audience, the bids were lively, and the negroes, with their powdered head-gear of long queues and great rolls of curls, were all well sold."

It was at Goose Creek church that the rector, after the capture of Charleston by the British and the extension of their lines through the neighborhood, read one Sunday morning, in conformity with the English Prayer-book, the sentence in the litany, "That it may please Thee to bless and preserve his Most Gracious Majesty, our sovereign lord, King George." Instead of the proper response, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," there was a profound silence. Then one voice, perhaps that of "Honest Ralph," groaned out, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

"Honest Ralph," a name called "Rafe" in Carolina, was a member of the Izard family, who resided at the "Elms," an old plantation in Goose Creek Parish. He obtained his title from Landgrave Smith, the influential Dissenter, who angrily writes it in a letter to England, dated June 3, 1703, the subject being some obnoxious legislation which grew out of an attempt to make all the members of the Assembly conform to the worship of the Church of England. It could hardly have been the first Rafe, however, who groaned out the reply; more probably it was a descendant—the Rafe whose marble tablet now adorns the walls of Goose Creek church, and whose quaint old hatchment, said to be the only hatchment in this country, is still to be seen there. This hatchment was borne before the body into the church at the time of the funeral, and remained there, hanging upon the wall, according to the English custom, after the body was committed to the ground. The Izards, one of the wealthiest families of colonial times, came to Carolina in 1694. The Rafe of Revolutionary fame was dele-

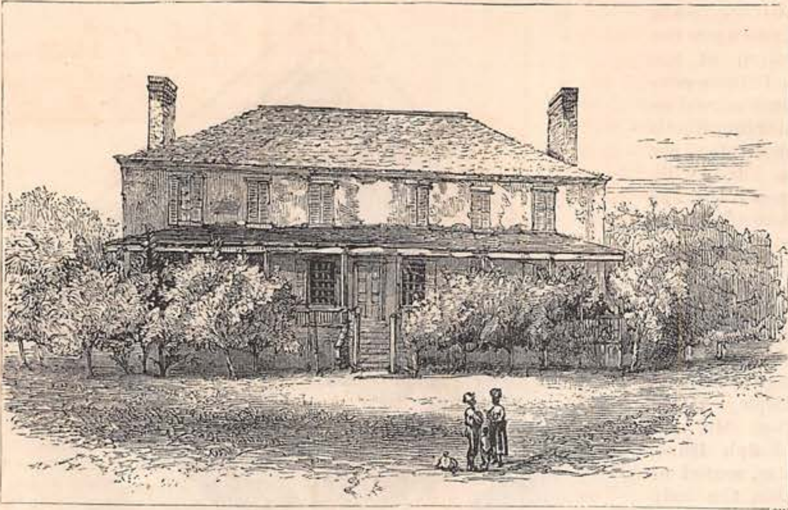
gate to Congress in 1781, and upon the formation of the United States government served as Senator from South Carolina for six years. His wife, Mistress Izard, was the beautiful Miss Alice De Lancey, of Westchester County, New York. There is in the old Manigault mansion in Charleston a large painting, by Copley, representing Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard, life-size, seated at a table, the lady holding a sketch she has just made. This fine work was executed in Rome in 1774, and is considered one of the best of Copley's works. Mr. Izard agreed to pay one thousand dollars for it, but, owing to the embarrassments of the Revolution, he was unable to comply with the terms of the agreement, and after the painting was finished it was rolled up and put away in Copley's garret in London, where it remained until 1825 (fifty years), when it was paid for and brought to America by Mr. Izard's grandson, the late Mr. Charles Manigault, of Charleston. There is also a smaller portrait of Mistress Izard, which is very beautiful.


THE RALPH IZARD HATCHMENT, ST. JAMES'S, GOOSE CREEK.

When Lafayette revisited this country in 1824, Henry Izard, Esq., then residing at the Elms, built especially for his reception a lodge called "Lafayette Hall," attached to the main body of the house—an apartment which still bears the name. Lafayette's visit was the occasion of great festivities in South Carolina; it was on her shores that he first landed, nearly fifty years before, when he came on his generous errand to assist the struggling colonists; it was by a South Carolina gentleman, Major Huger, that he was received there and sent by carriage to Charleston, where arrangements were made for his journey northward. It was this Major Huger's son who afterward released him from the prison at Olmütz, and when Lafayette revisited Carolina the two had the pleasure of a long interview.

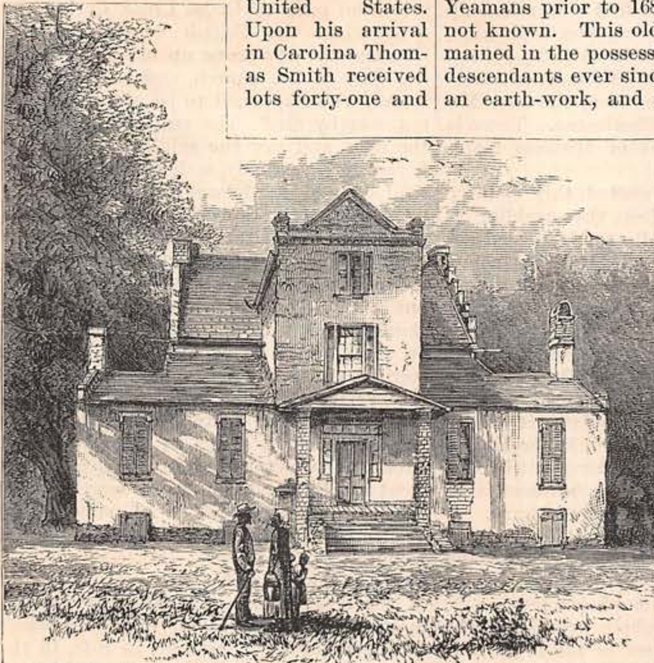
Lord William Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyle, the last of the royal governors of the province, married Miss Sarah Izard, a member of this family. Another of the Campbells, a British officer, called by his companions "Mad Archy," on account of the violence of his temper, made a great sensation once at Goose Creek during the time when the British were occupying Charleston. He drove up one morning to the door of the church, and called to the rector, who happened to be within, "Come out, worthy Sir." The rector appeared at the door, and saw the soldier, who had by his side a young lady, well known and beautiful, of good family and position. "Marry us immediately," said Mad Archy. But the good rector hesitated. "Did the lady's friends give consent?" "That makes no difference," said Mad Archy; and drawing out his pistols, he swore that the rector should marry them instantly, or lose his life on the spot. The poor minister, knowing well the violence of his temper, went through the service then and there, and the twain, made one, drove away. The young lady had no idea, it seems, of marrying Mad Archy, but was terrified into silence. They went to England, but even eager rumor does not say that they were unhappy together, in spite of the summary wooing and wedding.

In old Goose Creek church-yard lie many of the descendants of Landgrave Thomas Smith. This gentleman, one of Locke's Carolina nobility, was born in 1648, in the city of Exeter, Devonshire, England, and came to this country in 1671 with his lovely



YEAMANS HALL, GOOSE CREEK.

young wife, a German baroness, whose portrait is said to have been so beautiful that it was cut out of its frame and carried away by a British officer during the Revolution; the empty frame still hangs on the walls of the old Smith mansion, Yeamans Hall, Goose Creek. With the landgrave came a brother, who went to Boston; from him were descended Isaac Smith, called "the Deacon," and the father of the wife of John Adams, President of the United States. Upon his arrival in Carolina Thomas Smith received lots forty-one and fifty-seven in New Charles-town. His old town-house, at the corner of East Bay and Longitude Lane, now, at the present writing, being torn down at last, was an elegant mansion in its day, with walls and ceilings stuccoed in large panels. He resided, however, most of the year at Goose Creek, where he built on his Back River plantation the first brick house in Carolina, still standing. He afterward removed to Yeamans Hall, a mansion built by Sir John Yeamans prior to 1680; the exact date is not known. This old house, which has remained in the possession of the landgrave's descendants ever since, was surrounded by an earth-work, and had port-holes in its walls as a defense against the Indians; in the cellar was a deep well for supplying the garrison with water in case of a siege, and a subterraneous passage, whose entrance can still be seen, led out under the garden to the creek, where boats were kept securely concealed. Within, the halls were painted in landscapes, little gilded cherubs spread their wings over the arches, the guest chamber was hung with Gobelin tapestry, the floors tessellated, and the apartments adorned



LANDGRAVE SMITH'S BACK RIVER RESIDENCE.

with statues. There is in this old mansion a secret chamber, a small space between two walls, with a sliding panel leading into it; it was used as a hiding-place for valuables in times of danger, and during the Revolution the family silver was safely secreted there. The little chamber held a living occupant once, a boy named Paul, who secreted himself there for three weeks, only coming out at night, the mistress of the household supposing, meanwhile, that he had been carried off by Indians. The little hiding-place, which is still known as Paul's Hole, was called into service again during the late war, when it safely concealed the family valuables while a party of soldiers ransacked the house in vain from garret to cellar. Old Yeamans Hall has its ghost story, as so old and dignified a mansion should have, of course. A lovely ancestral old lady, dressed in black silk, and with a white muslin handkerchief pinned across her breast, arose from her grave and appeared before a governess, who sat in her room at Yeamans Hall reading a novel on the Sabbath-day. Probably the ancestral old lady considered the education of her granddaughter endangered. The means she used were efficacious, for we are assured that the governess immediately became pious. The story relates with care that the novel was called *The Turkish Spy*. There is a comfort in knowing just what it was.

William Earle of Craven ~
Lord viscount Craven Baron of
Hampstead Marshall Palatine

To Thomas Smith Esq
Governo of the Province of
Carolina:

Whereas it is agreed by ye Lords Propr of
the Said Province, that the Palatine Should
name the Governor I out of the trust and
Confydence I have of the wisdome Prudence
Integrety & Loyallty of you Thomas Smith
doe hereby nominate Constitute & apoint you
the Said Thomas Smith to be Governor and
Comander in Cheife in Carolina with full
power [illegible]
Such Jurisdictions & powers as by virtue of
the Rules of Governmt & Instructions given by
my Selfe & ye Rest of the Lords propr of ye Said
Province a Governor is to Doe & Exercyse, and
you are to follow Such Instructions as are
herewith sent you or that you shall hereafter
from time to time receive from my Selfe
& the Rest of the Lords propr of the Said
Province & thus to Continue Dureing my
Pleasure Given under my hand & Seale this
twenty Ninth day of November in ye
yeare of our Lord one thousand Six hundred
Ninety & three.

Craven Palatine

Read in Councill ye 13th day of March 169¾ [illegible]
The above is a true Copy of ye Honble
Thos Smith Commission Examined and
attested wth ye publique Seale of this
Province this 16th of Aprill 1694
[illegible]

LANDGRAVE SMITH'S COMMISSION AS GOVERNOR.

In 1691 Thomas Smith was made a landgrave, or, in the language of the old document, "Thomas Smith, a person of singular merit, very serviceable by his great prudence and industry," was constituted a landgrave of Carolina, together with four baronies of twelve thousand acres each, the said title and the four baronies to descend forever to his legal heirs. Three years later he was appointed to the highest office in the gift of the lords proprietors, that of Governor of the province. He was at that time a man highly esteemed by all, possessing clear, strong judgment and energy of character, and removed above all petty ambitions by his position and wealth. But, as often happens in such cases, the duties of office galled him; he found himself unable, in the perplexing and diverse quarrels of the colonists, to come out instantly for the right, or what he at least considered the right, and finally he frankly wrote to the lords proprietors and told them that they must send over one of their own number with full powers for emergencies, but as for himself, he could not and would not hold the office longer. This "clear-headed, stern, faith-abiding Puritan" died almost immediately afterward, and was buried on his Back River plantation by the side of his wife, the beautiful Baroness Barbary. The old stone, broken in twain, still marks the grave; it bears the following inscription:

Here Lyet. ye Body of ye Right Honorable
THOMAS SMITH, Esquire,
one of ye Landgraves of Carolina,
who departed this life ye 16th November, 1694,
Governor of ye Province,
in ye 46th year of his Age.

To Landgrave Smith we owe, it is said, the law by which names of jurors are drawn indiscriminately from a box. He also planted

the first rice in Carolina, now the largest rice-producing State in the Union. (And here let it be said that the title "Carolina," as applied to South Carolina alone, is used with no forgetfulness of the Old North State, but simply to avoid the wearying repetition of the words North and South. It is time that North Carolina, which is utterly different from South Carolina, both State and people having a strong, decided, and individual character of their own, should have a name also of its own equally strong, individual, and decided.) A vessel from Madagascar having anchored off Sullivan's Island, the landgrave went on board to pay a visit to the captain, and the conversation turning upon rice, a small bag of the seed grain was presented to him; a portion of this he planted in his city garden, now the corner of East Bay and Longitude Lane, and the remainder was distributed among his friends. The crop was plentiful and excellent, and from this small beginning rice soon became the principal food of the colony. Landgrave Smith left two sons; the eldest, landgrave the second, having been born in England,

OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE BACK RIVER PLANTATION.

was called the "little Englishman;" according to the law of entail, he received both the title and estates. In later years many of the family became Episcopalians, through the influence of Church-nurtured wives, it is said, and their tombs are to be seen in old Goose Creek church-yard, bearing the names Smith, Coachman, Holmes, and Glover. It was a Glover, husband of the lady whose old-fashioned portrait we give, who was with Colonel Hayne when he was captured and carried to Charleston, there to meet his death at the hands of a man who wrote across one of the many petitions presented to him asking that the life of the gallant soldier might be spared, only these two words, "Major André." It is said that Hayne had a beautiful horse, to which he was much attached, and during the pursuit, coming to a high fence, rather than risk the life of the animal, he dismounted and took down the bars; this delay was fatal, and a few moments after he was taken. The same Mad Archy Campbell, the bold wooer of whom we have spoken, and who seems to have been a gallant fellow after all, was at the head of the party that captured Hayne. He openly regretted afterward that he had not shot his prisoner on the spot, that he might at least have died the death of the gentleman and brave soldier that he was. Charles Glover es-

TOMB OF LANDGRAVE SMITH.

caped, swam the Ashley River near Dorchester, and crossed safely to his home at Goose Creek. The family long preserved the saddle that bore him during this dangerous ride; it had a deep sabre cut across the leather, made by a British dragoon, which told a mute story of the narrow escape.

Ingleside is another of the old residences of Goose Creek; the house was built more than a century and a half ago, and belonged to the Parker family. During the time when the British occupied Charleston a party of marauders appeared at Ingleside and attacked the house, firing through one of the windows, near which Mistress Parker, who was a Middleton by birth, sat with her sewing; the bullet-hole is to be seen in the wall at the present day. Mr. Parker pursued the men, one of whom he killed; his grave is seen by the way-side now. He then sent word of what he had done to the British commander in Charleston, receiving this pithy answer: "I am, Sir, very glad of it."

The monument to the memory of this gentleman stands in the grounds at Ingleside; it bears the following inscription:

JOHN PARKER.
Born January 24th, 1749.
Died April 20th, 1822.
His Wife,
SUSANNAH MIDDLETON.
Born June ——, 1754.
Died August 20th, 1824.

A Member of the old Congress that met from 1774 to 1789.

Ingleside is now the residence of Professor Francis S. Holmes, a descendant of Landgrave Smith, and the discoverer of the phosphate rocks of Carolina. Behind the house is a lake of seventy acres, where grows in

LANDGRAVE SMITH THE SECOND—"THE LITTLE ENGLISHMAN."—FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1691.

MRS. CHARLES GLOVER.

great profusion the sacred lily of the East, *Nelumbium luteum*—a beautiful blossom, resembling a magnolia, with golden tints inside. This lily is said to have been introduced into this country from Europe by a member of the Gadsden family. It grows wild, however, in Florida; and the vicinity of the old garden of the French botanist, André Michaux, makes it probable that he introduced it at Goose Creek. Michaux was sent over to America by the French government in 1786. He traveled extensively through the country, but resided for some time at Goose Creek, where he laid out a garden, and took pleasure in showing his neighbors rare exotics, as well as in introducing to them the more curious plants of their own country. It was Michaux who brought the first four camellias to America; they were planted by him at Middleton Place, on the Ashley River, above Drayton Hall, and one of them is now thirty feet high. Michaux published a history of North American oaks, and a North American flora. He died at Madagascar in 1803.

There is no feature of these old estates around Charleston that stands out with greater beauty in Northern eyes than the venerable avenues of live-oaks that once swept from the borders of the plantation up to the front entrance, sometimes a long distance. The house is gone, perhaps, but the magnificent trees remain, stretching their giant limbs over the deserted roadway—a grand approach to memories of the past. In many instances these avenues are choked with underbrush, or they stand in a forest which has grown up around them so thickly that only by looking aloft can you trace

MONUMENT TO JOHN PARKER.

their route—ancient sentinels against the blue of the sky that mark a way where no longer a way is. One magnificent vista, however, remains unharmed—the avenue planted by Edward Middleton, Esq., in 1683, at his plantation, appropriately called "The Oaks," near Goose Creek church. The surveyor's certificate of the land is still in existence. This certificate is dated 1679, and reads as follows:

> "By virtue of a Warr^{t} under ye hands of yis Ex'y Coll. Joseph West, Governo^{r} and Landgrave, and ye Lords Proprietors deputys to mee directed bearing date this 23^{d} day of Feb. 1679, I have admesured and layed out unto Ed. Middleton, gent., one thousand acres of land scittuate and being all ye east of ye Goose Creek, &c., &c.
> Certified By Mee, Surveyor Genrall."

It is said that Marion often encamped at The Oaks, the owners, the Middletons, having been from the first devoted patriots. And this brings up again Marion and Marion's Men, a little band who probably never dreamed that they were to go down on the page of history, embalmed in poetry and romance and song, figures strong in local South Carolina coloring, and yet known all over the country almost as widely as George Washington himself. General Francis Marion, who, as the angry and harassed British officer complained, "would not fight like a Christian and a gentleman," belonged to the Huguenot colony of the Santee, north of Charleston, the same Santee that owned those High Hills. On the formation of the Revolutionary army of Carolina, Marion was made a captain in the regiment commanded by Moultrie; he rose to a colonelcy before the evacuation of Charleston, and, escaping the fate of prisoner of war which fell to Moultrie and many other officers, he collected the fragments of his regiment together in the recesses of the swamps, and from that moment became a dread to the whole British army in the South. Marion made war in his own way; now here, now there, now seen, now gone, he was like a meteor in the night, and the successes gained by his extraordinary swiftness and daring seemed marvelous alike to friend and to foe. He selected young men for his band, generally from his own neighbors of French descent; he lived in the swamps; he swam rivers on horseback; his favorite encampment was a canebrake. He did not wait for all his troops, but sallied out frequently with only ten or twelve; he took saws from the mills, and turned them into swords; he frequently engaged when he had but three rounds to a man. Scouts were kept out constantly, and when word was brought in of a small party of the enemy any where, then forth went Marion's Men, like lightning, after them. It is said that he was so secret in his plans that his own soldiers had no idea when they were to be called out, and that their only way of knowing was to watch the negro cook: when the old man was seen cooking a little store of the poor food which was their only fare, then they prepared for departure. Marion's favorite time for starting was sunset, and then the march lasted all night. Marion's Men—brave, shoeless, ragged, blanketless, gallant little band—the following is a verse

MIDDLETON COAT OF ARMS.

of one of the many songs that were made about you:

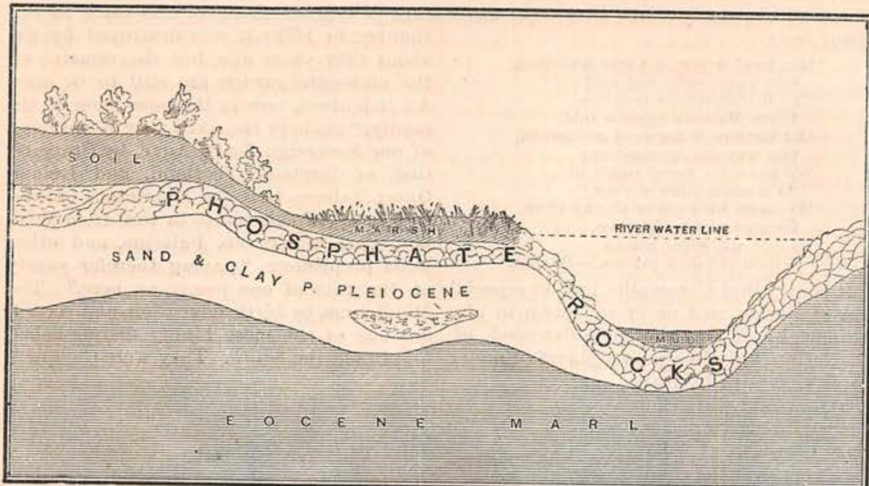
> "Our band is few, but true and tried,
> Our leader swift and bold;
> The British soldier trembles
> When Marion's name is told.
> Our fortress is the good greenwood,
> Our tent the cypress-tree;
> We know the forest round us
> As seamen know the sea;
> We know its walls of thorny vines,
> Its glades of reedy grass,
> Its safe and silent islands
> Within the dark morass."—BRYANT.

It is said that Cornwallis had an especial fear of Marion, and never sat down in any strange house in the neighborhood of Charleston, but always on a piazza or under a tree, that with his own eyes he could watch for the swift-darting foe. Poor Cornwallis! what joy swept over the country when he was taken! Even the Dutch watchmen of Philadelphia called the news after midnight, "Bast twelfe o'glock, and Cornwallis es dagen!"

One mile and a half from Ingleside is Winsor Hill, the old residence of General William Moultrie; here he died in 1805, and, with his wife, was buried on his plantation, according to the Carolina custom when the parish church was at some distance. But it is not pleasant to think that the very site of the grave of this old Revolutionary hero is lost. In 1850 a committee of gentlemen, wishing to remove the remains to the beautiful cemetery at Charleston, and erect a monument over them, could not, with diligent searching and the certainty that he was buried at Winsor, find the spot.

The Oaks has been mentioned as a Middleton plantation; but the family had another estate in Goose Creek Parish, called "Crowfield," which was laid out with great magnificence in the old Dutch style of gardening, the same now seen at Hampton Court—a style brought over from Holland by William the Third. Crowfield, which was named after the English estate of the family in Suffolk, was four miles from Goose Creek church, and seven miles from Dorchester. It contained fourteen hundred acres of land, and its gardens, fish ponds, hedges, terraces, and fountains surpassed any thing in the South. The house was built by Arthur Middleton, Esquire, who came to this country in 1679; it was destroyed by fire about fifty years ago, but the remains of the elaborate garden are still to be seen. An indenture, now in the possession of the family, "made in the sixth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady, Anne, by Grace of God, of England, Scotland, and Ireland Queen," shows that the Middletons obtained a grant of this estate in 1680 from William, Earl of Craven, Palatine, and other lords proprietors, "paying therefor yearly at the rate of one penny an acre." The Middletons, by birth, education, and record, are one of the most highly distinguished families in the South. They were Cavaliers and Episcopalians. Two brothers, Arthur and Edward, sons of Henry Middleton, Esq., of Twickenham, Middlesex, England, came to Carolina in 1679. They were prominent in colonial times, one of them having headed the revolution against the lords proprietors in 1719, the same one who was afterward royal Governor; another was member of the Assembly in 1749, Speaker of the same in 1750, and afterward President of the Continental Congress. This was the father of the well-known Arthur Middleton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Arthur Middleton's son was Governor of South Carolina from 1810 to 1812, and minister to Russia from 1820 to 1830. Two youths, one killed at the battle of Manassas in 1861, and the other in Virginia in 1864,

COTTAGE—"THE OAKS."



GEOLOGICAL STRATA, SHOWING THE PHOSPHATE ROCK.

bring down the line of names to a recent day. One of the Middletons, Sir Edward, grandson of the first comer, went back to England in 1754, having inherited the family estates in Suffolk. He was member of Parliament in 1784, and his descendants still occupy the manor; his mother, however, lived and died on her plantation at Goose Creek.

Coming out on Cooper River, we find a number of places worthy of notice, among them the Palmettos, belonging to the Brown family, and Mulberry Castle, built by Governor Broughton in 1714; it has bastions and loop-holes, and persons now living remember when a cannon was planted on an earth-work near the house. It was near Mulberry Castle that a singular character named Mitchell lived in 1815; this man, for some years previous to his death, kept his coffin, which was made of iron, by him, using it as a safe. He left directions in his will that his body should be burned on a funeral pyre twelve feet long, of "alternate layers of hickory and light-wood, so that it should burn fiercely," and that his ashes should be collected and placed in the iron coffin, which was to be securely locked, and the key thrown into the middle of the Cooper River; the coffin was then to be deposited in the woods, above-ground, supported by brick piles. This strange wish was gratified; the iron coffin stands in the pine woods not far from the residence.

On another Cooper River plantation, Wantoot, is the grave of Major Majoribanks, a British officer of great bravery and distinction, who died on the march to Charleston, after the battle of Eutaw, and was buried by the road-side where he died. This memorable battle was fought on the 8th of September, 1781. In Greene's army, on the American side, were Lee, Marion, Pickens, Sumter, and Colonel William Washington—the Washington of the South; and on the British side Colonel Stewart and Major Majoribanks, the forces being about equal. All accounts agree in praising the brilliant gallantry of Majoribanks during the battle, and his bravery is adorned with the additional lustre of clemency, for, when a British soldier was about to transfix Colonel Washington, wounded and lying helpless under his fallen horse, Majoribanks rushed forward and seized his arm, crying out, "Stop! It is Washington." In after-years, Mr. Daniel Ravenel, upon whose plantation the gallant officer lay buried, observing that the little wooden head-board was falling into decay, wrote to the English government on the subject, but received the reply that they had majors buried all over the world, and could not undertake to supply tombstones for them all. A marble monument was then erected by the Ravenels themselves, all the family contributing. It now marks the grave—a generous tribute to a gallant enemy. The old flag borne in the battle of Eutaw by the troop of this same Colonel Washington whose life was spared by Majoribanks is still in existence, a piece of faded damask silk, in size twenty by thirty inches; it has been strengthened by quilting on to it another piece of strong silk of a similar color. This historic little banner was carried to the Bunker Hill celebration in Boston, June 17, 1875, by the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston.

But the half has not been told, nor can it be told here. The neighborhood of Charleston is rich in colonial memories and Revolutionary legends, verified and emphasized by the old houses and gardens which still remain, not having been swept away by the

crowding population, the manufactories, the haste and bustle, of the busy North. Up the east branch of the Cooper, through the Santee district, southward on John's Island, are many localities rich in historic interest and in honored Carolina names, such as Pinckney, Rutledge, Shubrick, Bee, Hayne, Gadsden, Grimball, Heyward, Rhett, Toomer, Lowndes, Wragg, and others. They do not belong, however, to our Ashley and Cooper rivers, to whose banks we have limited our story. But something else does belong there which is in itself so wonderful, as well as valuable to South Carolina, that it may well find mention here.

In November, 1837, in an old rice field on the Ashley River, Professor Francis S. Holmes, the same gentleman already mentioned as residing at Ingleside, Goose Creek, found a number of rolled or water-worn nodules of a rocky material filled with the impressions or casts of marine shells (we use his own language). These nodules or rocks were scattered over the surface of the land, and in some places had been gathered into heaps, so that they should not interfere with the cultivation of the field. At that time Professor Holmes was a young student of geology and paleontology, and the beautifully preserved forms of shells, teeth, and bones, mingled with the rocks filled with the casts of shells, corals, and corallines, attracted his attention, and in a short time he enriched his cabinet with thousands of specimens. These, during a term of six years, he carefully studied and labeled as best he could. About this time the attention of South Carolina planters was directed to marl, which had been successfully used by the farmers of Virginia as a fertilizer. In the search for marl, which he, being a planter himself, wished to use upon his own land, Professor Holmes discovered, in December, 1843, a stratum of the same rolled nodules as those previously found on the surface of the adjoining field. This stratum was about a foot thick, imbedded in clay; the yellow marl lay beneath it, five feet from the surface. The phosphate rock of Carolina had been discovered at last, *in situ*.

Not long after this, stone arrow-heads and a stone hatchet were found under the roots of an oak which had been cut down to make room for the marling operations; for they were still searching for marl, not knowing of the greater richness that lay nearer. The young student and his friends at first supposed these relics to be the same as those found in Indian mounds, the work of the aborigines. But when specimens were discovered under the oak and among the marl rocks, as phosphate rocks were then termed, they were satisfied that the specimens belonged to the same geological age to which the bones and teeth of the mastodon, elephant, and rhinoceros belong, and which are found associated with them in the same matrix or mother bed of clay, which is of the post-pliocene period, the prehistoric age of man. Human bones were afterward found in the same locality; and it has since been shown that the beds of the post-pliocene not only on the Ashley, but in Switzerland, France, and other European countries, contain human bones associated with the remains of extinct animals. As the European discoveries were not made until 1854, and those in South Carolina were known in 1849, to this country should be awarded the honor of determining the paleontological age of the post-pliocene beds.

At the close of the late war the dormant discovery awoke to life again. Professor Holmes and Dr. N. A. Pratt, a distinguished chemist of Georgia, united their energies for the development of these remarkable beds. It was found that the marl rocks contained nearly sixty per cent. of phosphate of lime; and the two came North to make known their discovery to capitalists,

PHOSPHATE MINE.

finding in Philadelphia two gentlemen of means who, impressed with the value of the offered investment, took the matter in hand, and in 1867 formed the first phosphate mining association.

Phosphate rock is a mineral manure, a fertilizer. While the Peruvian guanos, imported at large expense, contain about twenty-three per cent. of phosphate of lime and the Pacific guanos about eighty-three per cent., the phosphate rock of Carolina, here in our own country, at our own doors, contains from forty to sixty per cent. of phosphatic strength. Every ton properly prepared is worth sixty dollars in the market as a fertilizer, and the deposit has been found extending along the entire coast of the State and up the beds of the rivers. Phosphates have become a staple article of commerce. Foreign vessels go out of Carolina harbors

PHOSPHATE ROCK—NATURAL SIZE.

daily loaded with the rock in its rough state. Six millions of dollars have been invested by Northern capitalists in the works on the Ashley and Cooper, and it is estimated that the rock actually sold has already brought in nearly five millions of dollars. The State holds thus upon her own soil an exhaustless treasure, which seems to have waited until it was sorely needed before it made itself known, just as petroleum was discovered when the discouraged whalemen were coming home with ships half empty, declaring that the useful whales were nearly extinct.

Phosphate mines are near the surface, worked generally by means of long trenches. Machinery has been invented and applied that handles the rock, crushes and washes it, with ease and rapidity. Phosphates are sold in the raw state and also in the form cf soluble superphosphates, and find their market not only at home, but all over the world.

In the mean time the various works are stretching their long necks up the two rivers, and the trenches of the mines are invading the grounds of our old plantations. At Drayton Hall children run after the visitors to sell "sharks' teeth." One of these teeth weighed two pounds and a quarter, and measured six inches from tip to tip. The shark in whose terrible mouth it belonged must have been one hundred feet in length. On the whole, what with these sharks, with zeuglodons, squalodons, huge alligator-like creatures of giant size, and lizards eighteen feet long, one is glad to have not lived in those days on the banks of the two beautiful rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper.

A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

I sat within my tranquil room;
The twilight shadows sank and rose
With slowly flickering motions, waved
Grotesquely through the dusk repose.
There came a sudden thought to me,
Which thrilled the spirit, flushed the brow—
A dream of what our world would be
A thousand years from now!

If Science on her heavenward search,
Rolling the stellar charts apart,
Or delving hour by hour to win
The secrets of Earth's inmost heart,
If that her Future apes her Past,
To what new marvels men shall bow—
Marvels of land and air and sea—
A thousand years from now!

If Empires keep their wonted course,
And blind Republics will not stay
To count the cost of laws which lead,
Unerring, to the state's decay,
What changes vast of rule and realm—
The low upraised, the proud laid low—
May greet the unborn ages still
A thousand years from now!

Our creeds may change with mellowed times
Of brightening truth and love increased,
And some new Advent flood the world
In glory from the haunted East;
While souls on nobler heights of faith
May mark the mystic pathway grow
Clearer between their stand and Heaven's
A thousand years from now!

Such things *may be*, but what perforce
Must with the ruthless epochs pass?
The millions' breath, the centuries' pomp,
Sure as the wane of flowers or grass:
The earth so rich in tombs to-day,
There scarce seems space for Death to sow—
Who, who shall count her church-yard wealth
A thousand years from now?

And we, poor waifs, whose life-term flies
(When matched with After and Before)
Fleet as the aimless wind, or wave
Breaking its frail heart on the shore—
We, human toys that Fate sets up
To smite or spare, I marvel how
These souls shall fare, in what strange sphere,
A thousand years from now?

Too dim, too vague, for mortal ken
That far phantasmal Future lies;
But Love! one sacred truth I read
Just kindling in your tear-dimmed eyes:
That states may rise and states may set,
With age Earth's tottering pillars bow,
But sinless Love can ne'er forget;
And though we know not "where" nor "how,"
Our conscious loves shall blossom yet
A thousand years from now!