

The Story of My Life
Before the War Between the States

by Charles Alfred DeSaussure

Preface

This autobiographical story by **Charles Alfred DeSaussure** was given to me by a distant relative of the DeSaussure line. It has been retyped, exactly as written, without any changes.

Maps of the general area have been added. We not sure the exact location of Woodstock plantation . Some 4 miles east of the ferry over the Combahee River, which we assume is highway US 17.

Some genealogy information located on the web:

First Generation

Chancellor Henry William DeSaussure, birth date unknown, was a friend of General George Washington and became the first director of the United States Mint. From The Macon (Georgia) Telegraph, Vol. 13, No. 28, "Tuesday, April 9, 1838. Death of Chancelor Henry William DeSaussure, having passed the boundary of 3 score and 10, and reached the advanced age of 75 years."

He first married Eliza Ford and their child was **Louis McPherson DeSaussure**. Chancellor DeSaussure second married Nancy Wallace Bostick on 4 August 1857. Nancy, born 12 June 1837 was the daughter of Benjamin Robert Bostick and Jane Aseneth Maner. Nancy died 14 November 1915, at age 78. Their child was Nancy Bostick DeSaussure, born 1 March 1861, died October 1896.

Second Generation

Dr. Louis McPherson DeSaussure (b. 20 May 1804, Columbia, SC; d. 6 June 1870, Camden, SC) married 15 November 1832 Isabella Harper Means (b. 4 October 1809; d. 16 Jan 1844). Isabella was the daughter of Robert Means and Mary Hutson Barnwell. Their issue:

1. William Henry DeSaussure (b. abt. 1833)
2. Louis McPherson DeSaussure, Jr. (b. abt. 1835) married Anne Leverett
3. Elizabeth Ford DeSaussure (b. 1841 twin)
4. Mary Means DeSaussure (b. 1841)

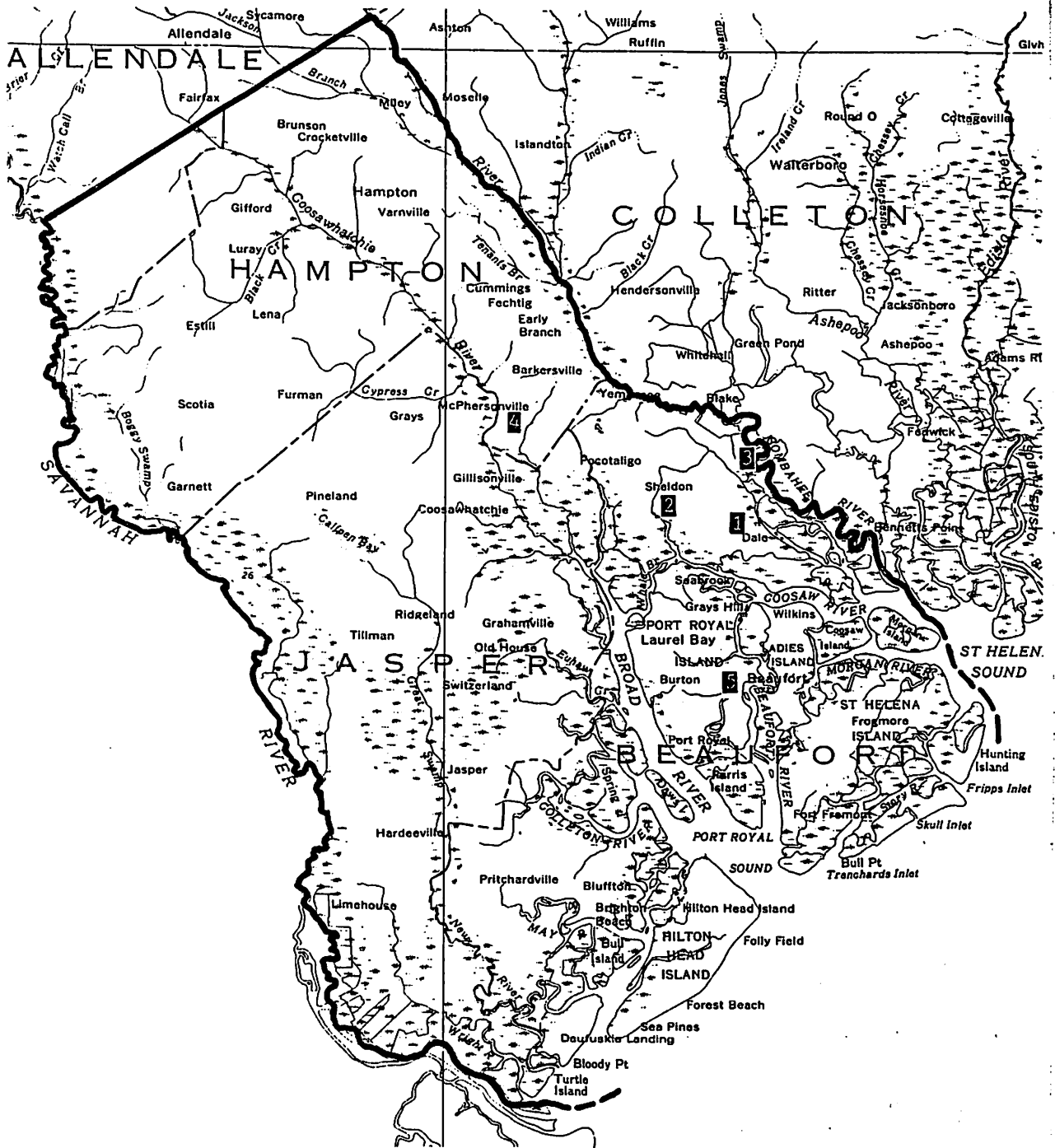
Dr. Louis McPherson DeSaussure second married 28 August 1845 to Jane Hay Hutson (b. 12 October 1809, d. 23 Mar 1887). Jane was the daughter of William Maine Hutson. Their issue:

1. **Charles Alfred DeSaussure** (b. 1846)
2. Martha Hay DeSaussure (b. 1848)
3. Thomas Hutson DeSaussure (b. 2 Mar 1851) married 5 December 1878 Millicent Colcock Hutson (b. 1 Dec 1853, d. 18 May 1922)

L. E. Jarrell
High Point, NC
May 2001

(Heavy line depicts historical boundary. Base map shows present-day information.)

1 BEAUFORT Boundaries
29 Jul 1769-17 Feb 1878



- 1 Appx. location "Woodstock"
- 2 Sheldon Church
- 3 Combahee Ferry
- 4 McPhersonville
- 5 Town of Beaufort



Appx. location "Woodstock"
 Sheldon Church
 Campahoe Ferry
 McPhersonville
 Town of Beaufort

SURVEYED BY C. VIGNOLES & H. RAVERNEL, 1820.

BEAUFORT DISTRICT
SOUTH CAROLINA

The Story of My Live

Before the War Between the States

by Charles Alfred DeSaussure

My children have asked me to write an account of the old times before the war between the states, as I knew, and was concerned in them.

I begin by saying that my father, Dr. Louis McPherson DeSaussure, son of Chancellor Henry William DeSaussure, of Columbia, S. C., as a young man, just graduated from the American College of Medicine at Philadelphia, went on horseback, in 1826, from Columbia to Beaufort District (there was no counties in South Carolina until after the War between the States) and "Set up his shingle". He gradually made progress in his profession, and married - 1st - ISABEL MEANS, of a large and influential family of that section. Five years after her death, he married, 2nd - in 1845, Jane Hay Hutson, of an equally large and prominent family. I was the eldest child of that union - born in 1846.

My father had bought from Mr. Middleton Stuart, a fine plantation of 780 acres, known for generations as "Woodstock". It was situated on the public road funning between Port Royal Ferry, over Beaufort River, and Combahee Ferry, over the river of the same name. Attached to this paper will be a map showing these places and others to be mentioned in this narrative.

This was a most excellently situated and excellent piece of ground, good land, well wooded and watered. It was a part corn and cotton and part rice plantation. Overflow for rice was furnished by a large "backwater". This was a large area of low ground - the natural outlet of which was dammed and fitted with flood gates, thus forming a large lake or pond, the water from which could be drawn off at will to irrigate the rice. This was in lieu of the river rice plantations, where inflow of water was obtained by the backing up of fresh water in the rivers by the rising tides at the mouth. The malaria from these rice fields was of a deadly nature. No one but the negroes and the overseers (whose long residence rendered them immune) could remain during the hot weather. For one not so accustomed to remain over-night on the plantations, resulted, in two thirds of the cases, in an attack of "Country Fever" which in most cases proved fatal, so deadly was the attack on the vital forces. But it was so ordained that there was distant eight or ten miles inland from every plantation, a higher plateau, sandy, covered with scrub oak and tall, long leaf yellow pine and entirely free from mosquito and malaria. The healthfulness of those "Pinelands" was invariably perfect and the air sweet and cool. The planters congregated in these settlements building themselves Summer homes - low, broad, wide houses, with large rooms and very broad piazzas, running almost entirely about the house and the eaves extended about five feet beyond the edge of the

piazza, forming what was called the "Sunshed". These houses were neither lathed nor plastered nor finished inside with ceiling, but were white-washed, inside and outside every spring. These spacious houses had ordinary pine floors which were covered with fine china matting in white and red squares. Checkboard fashion. They had great wide doors and windows which, as I recollect, were never closed except as to bedrooms, day or night. The houses were built three to five feet off the ground, on "fat lightwood" pillars. The yards were from five to six acres, with the stables at the furthest end and the servants houses lined up also far away. The arrangement of all this was ideal for comfort in that warm climate. Each family lived in "the big house" on the plantation in the Winter and on the approach of warm weather, moved up to these pineland neighborhoods where they remained until after the first or second "Killing Frost", when return was made to the plantation. It thus so happened that I was born in September at McPhersonville - the 21st - 1846. An there, as a Summer residence I was brought up, until 1857, when, in order to obtain better school facilities for my brother Tom and myself, our father sold this McPhersonville house and bought a house in the town of Beaufort, S. C., to which place we moved, and at which place I went to school until I was 14 years of age.

The life at these pineland Summer neighborhoods was, though simple and unpretentious, ideal in its comforts and social enjoyment. All of the families were friends. Indeed, after the prevailing conditions of that section few of them were not either related or closely connected - one with another. All were of good birth and breeding. Much attention was given to manners. The men were all high-minded, open hearted, generous in thought and deed and chivalrous towards women. Truth and honor were regarded as not only cardinal virtues, but requisites. The women were sweet and modest and of femininity which had the greatest influence among men. Both sexes were well educated - first at private schools near their homes, and finished either education at schools and colleges further away, the girls going to Charleston or Columbia and sometimes to Philadelphia and the boys graduating at the South Carolina College at Columbia and a few at Yale or Harvard.

No one in that section was poor. There was no such great wealth, as it is known today, possessed by anyone, but everyone was well to do with means and resources quite sufficient - and more - to fill every want. Debt beyond the first of January was utterly unknown. Bills were made out and sent the first thing after Christmas; were carefully checked and O.K.'ed and sent to one's "factor" in Charleston, who as promptly remitted to cover.

I recall but one "poor person", as he was called in all that coast of fifty to one hundred miles. This was a Mr. Harris as he was always addressed. He used to come to McPhersonville occasionally and visit one or another of the houses and was always received and treated with the most scrupulous politeness and cordiality. I remember his coming to our house early one morning, and father inviting him to stay to breakfast which he did with, what seemed to me to be, rather remarkable alacrity. I was a child of six or eight and it was the first time I had ever seen a person of that kind. I remember being most interested in him as being of an entirely new species of the genus homo. I distinctly remember that we had beefsteak with plenty of brown gravy and hominy. I can feel now the wonder and awe with which I viewed his disposing of it and my being completely overcome when I saw him use his knife to lift the combination to his mouth. I suppose my feelings must have been expressed in my face, for my mother took occasion after he had gone, to impress

upon me that Mr. Harris was poor but that did not make us any better than he, and how good God was to us that we had plenty, while he had to work so hard, etc., and ending with lines which, among others the often brought out from her wonderful storehouse of simple child - hymns: -

No more than others we deserve
yet God has given us more
What must we render to the Lord
For all his bounteous store

The house servants entertained great and not always well concealed, contempt for these people, to whom they would allude among themselves and in the hearing of us children as "po buckra" -- "Buckra" as is well known in that section, being their name for white people. Poor Mr. Harris, he owned and cultivated a small place of a few acres of poor sandy land in a shiftless way, barely scraping out a meager living for himself and a large family - all of whom were as purposeless and colorless as he. I wonder what has become of them. Perhaps his descendants in the second or third generation or the fourth have risen above their heredity and environment and have become captains of industry or finance somewhere in the busy world.

To return to the village line. As I have said, everyone was well-to-do, and pretty nearly all on the same level of possessions. There was a standard of living to which all virtually conformed. There were no envyings or jealousies, no striving to out-do or out-shine, on the one hand or trying to "keep up with Lizzie", on the other.

There were just enough differences of opinion, of temperament, of practice, of methods of personality to escape a deadly sameness. There was friendly rivalry as to crops per acre, as to fat beeves for the beef club, for the raising of fine horses, etc., among the men; and as to exquisite housekeeping, good savory cooking, good dinners, etc., among the women to avoid falling into the pit of insular commonplace and ultra conventionalism.

The large yards were surrounded by a high fence except in front where there was a low and ornamental fence and gate. As it seems to be now, the gate seemed to be the expression of the owner in the way of ornamental design - each vying with the other in originality in more or less classic form. These yards were rarely immediately adjacent - but were irregularly scattered at intervals of 100 to 300 or 400 yards of flat pine land. Every morning early the gentlemen would mount their buggies or high wheel gigs and go sailing down "the big road" - which was beautifully wide and crowned and easy driving, - on their way to their plantations. The horses were the best procurable - usually of their own raising and well groomed. The men were well dressed in business suits of serviceable material, either made by Charleston tailors, or by the negro tailor on the plantation who will be described later. There were no ready-made clothes in those days. During the day, dinner at 2:00 PM was served to the family at home while the master had his cooked on the plantation.

Beside the horses of the head of the families, which nobody used beside himself, there was always a pair of carriage horses for the use of the mistress of the house, and buggy and saddle horses for the young people. These were used in the afternoons, when everyone sallied forth in carriage or horseback for rides or for

calling on neighbors. The master had to leave the plantation early to get out of the deadly malaria, so both master and family returned home about 6:00 in the evening and dressed for "tea".

I never heard the word "supper" used except in one connection. That was the wedding supper which took place about an hour after the ceremony, and which always consisted of roast (not baked) turkey, boiled ham, rice - such as is not now obtainable either as to quality or cooking - pickles, sauces with cake and that great rarity ice cream, to make which a barrel of ice had to be sent from Charleston, to which place it had been brought by schooners from Maine. But to return to our "tea".

This was the daily social function. It was never served at table. The butler came from the pantry on to the Piazza, bearing a huge waiter with a pile of plates and doilies - there were no napkins except in the nursery - plates piled high with home-made bread and butter, sandwiches and wafers and other light refreshments which the individually, genius and enterprise of the housewife supplied. Behind him came the "house-boy" with a smaller waiter with cups and saucers, tea, milk, sugar, cream. These supplies were always largely in excess of the number present when the tea began for this was an open repast. Ladies and their escorts would stop in their carriages, girls and boys on their rides and walks, neighbors would stroll over and drop in for tea as a matter of course. No invitations were sent out because none were needed or expected in this exchange of good fellowship and good feeling. The utmost freedom and good nature prevailed all around and there was good behavior, good manners, small talk, badinage, thrust and repartee in good humored sallies of wit and laughter. There was no hurry, no care, and the evening passed on the broad piazza, till one couple or one part after another took its departure with kind messages and usually a little package of cake or something for the one of the household who could not come there but was similarly visiting some other house.

I have omitted to say how all this was lighted up. There was no gas, of course, no electric lights, no kerosene. There were plenty of home made tallow candles and what was called "burning fluid", a distillate of turpentine which was burned in glass lamps with two tubes about the size of a lead pencil projecting out of the top, with a wick on each, which gave a light which was little more than that of a candle. These when used - candles or lamps - were set on a little table and surrounded with a "shade" - a clear glass cylinder about thirty inches high and twelve inches in diameter, bulging out like a barrel in the middle to protect them from the breeze which, in the evening always blew from seaward. But this light extended but a few feet and very feebly, so each house had what was called a "yard lamp" an enormous post was set deeply in the ground out in the front yard about 150 feet from the house and cut off square six feet above the ground. On this, a platform was placed, five to eight feet square with raised sides and earth was filled into this box. During the day, the "lot boy" gathered great piles of fat resinous pitch pine "lightwood" and split lightwood knots and at dusk a ladder was brought and a lightwood fire kindled up on top of this platform. Anyone who has seen a piece of fat lightwood burn can imagine what a blaze a large heap of these lightwood knots would make. These yard lamps lighted up the entire yard and piazza and the country around as bright as day and the sight of a dozen of these scattered among the tall pines of the neighborhood was weird and beautiful in the extreme.

Thus the Summer worn on; the morning deliciously fresh and cool, the afternoons warm but seldom hot and the evenings always cool from the off-sea breeze. Then the Fall and the first cool and then the chilly days of October. Great fires were lighted morning and evenings in the big open fireplaces and anxiously news was looked for of a real "killing frost" on the plantation. As soon as this occurred the wagons and carts were sent up; the mats rolled up; the mattresses and household linen put in trunks which had been stored since Spring; the furniture (always left without other protection) carried into one room, the door of which was latched (I don't think there was a lock in the house) and the family took its departure in carriages, horseback, and father's buggy, grudgingly allowed by Strephon, to the plantation.

At the plantation! Ah, what a joyous time! What a getting back to the big, free life - so full of the incidents and details which so interest children. Everything we had left in the Spring was remembered, gone over to see them again and to see if everything was as we remembered it, and get everything. Everything seemed so new and refreshing. The house, the mules, the cows, the oxen, the crops, the hens, the ducks, the turkeys. The servants who took charge of them were greeted rapturously and they in turn were not less demonstrative in their welcome and pleasure at seeing us all back. Shotguns and rifles were taken from their cases and oiled preliminary to excursions made into the fields and woods to see how the land lay, and to the Cumbahee Marshes to see whether the ducks were coming in yet. The land fairly teemed with birds and beasts and game of all sorts.

To the older folks it was the beginning of a busy time. Father directed the harvesting between his daily long rides on his practice for he was a notable physician and had the care of the health and sanitation of a half dozen or so big rice plantations with from 200 to 300 negroes each in his charge. Then it was that he took inventory and regularly set down the cows and calves, horses, mules, oxen, bushels of sweet potatoes, corn peas, turnips, that the year had brought. My mother looked after the household matters, overhauled her pantry, her storeroom, her kitchen, pots, pans, ovens, candle moulds, jelly glasses and moulds and everything in her department. At night she and father would sit together at the "big table" and go over papers and calculate, while we children were sent into the next room so as not to disturb. Then word was sent to the negro quarters to "bring in their measures" and for the next day or two there was a stream of negroes, each with a oft pine stick 1/2 inch wide and 1/4 inch thick, a pile of which had been prepared by Sciepo, the carpenter. Each negro had cut the length of his stick to suit himself and it was my job to take these sticks from each one and with the scared pencil taken from it place on the mantle (for pencils were rare and one was kept in its certain place, and if used, religiously put back after using) write the name on the soft wood. After a week or so of this preparation, father and mother, and usually we two boys, went to town - Charleston. This was 52 miles off. Sometimes this journey was performed in our carriage, starting off early in the morning, we stopped early in the evening at Ashepoo and, while there were a dozen plantations and homes where we would have been welcomed guests. Father preferred to stop at the Tavern, a great rambling old house by the roadside where the novelty of being at a hotel added pleasure to our experiences. With an early start next morning (which father said was his reason for not staying with friends) we reached Ashley Ferry in the shank of the afternoon and before dark were comfortable quartered at Uncle Charles DeSaussure's on Meeting Street. Sometimes we drove to Port Royal Ferry, six miles and took the sidewheel

steamer which made weekly round trips by inland passage between Charleston and Savannah and here was a new and delicious addition to our experiences. Once we drove to Walterboro and took the weekly stage to St. George's where we took the South Carolina Railroad to "town". This was my first sight of a railroad and of engine and cars, and the thrill of that experience I shall never forget. This was about 1855 or 1856.

The pilgrimages constituted the annual trips to get the year's supplies for the plantation, of what could not be raised on it. The week was busy one for father and mamma - sugar, molasses, flour, salt, fancy groceries, as we now call them, jeans cloth, homespun, longcloth, needles, pins, plows, chains, nails, tools, blankets, knives, scissors, shoes and about the outfitting of a country store was selected and ordered shipped and bills directed sent to Screven & DeSaussure, father's factors. After a few days spent in visiting relatives and friends, the return trip was made and all got home full of what had been seen and done, - tired but happy.

The little schooner "Coquette" of about 150 tons burthen made trips between Charleston and the Combahee River, penetrating as far up as Combahee Ferry, three miles from our plantation gate. She timed her trips so that Combahee would be reached a week or two before Christmas. AS soon as she was sighted in St. Helena Sound, the news spread through the Country. Scipio and one of the men and a half dozen or so of the "boys", young negro men about the place, got busy. The greased up the wagon, got four yoke of oxen and the yoked and started by daylight for Combahee Ferry. Towards night they got back from the six mile trip - the wagon piled high with casks and boxes and sundry packages whose shape gave no intimation of their contents and threw us boys into ecstasies of speculation for the rest of the evening and the night. Next morning the packages were opened and inspected. The glory of that excitement cannot be equaled again by anything on this earth. The next day the negroes came en masse to the "big house". The boxes of shoes were tackled first, -- in the right foot of each pair was on of the sticks we had marked some weeks before, extending along the sole from toe to heal, and as the name on the stick was called out, the man or woman answered and came forward and received his shoes. Caps for the men the same, except that each one tried on until he was fitted. In place of caps -- the women each had a big flaming bandanna handkerchief which must have been three feet square of excellent material. From a roster every woman was given a blanket every third year and one for every two children, and if a baby had come since last year then a blanket for it. These were no cheap and flimsy stuff but big, thick, woolen, ones. A pocket knife, one of the old time "Barlows" was given each man and a pair of scissors to each woman every other year. So much homespun, so much longcloth, so much calico, so much "Satinette" -- needles, thread, etc., was given each woman according to the size of her family. If the negroes had worked well and a good cop made, then men and boys were given a flaming necktie in the shape of a great square three feet across and variegated as the rose garden. The women were expected to make their own clothes. The men had tailor made suits made to measure. One of father's negroes, Daddy August had his leg cut off in some way when a boy. Father sent him to Charleston and apprenticed him to a tailor, paying for his being taught how to measure, fit and sew. Most plantations had a man so trained and some of them were excellent tailors. Daddy August send for each man on the roster, took his measure, cut out coats and breeches (there were neither "pants" nor "trousers" then) with linings and made his suit. The sewing was done partly by himself, but mostly by women who had been sick but were convalescent (there was

not hurry in those days) and by women whose babies were over a month old but who did not go to field work for the three months after confinement. No trying on was done. Sometimes the suit fitted and sometimes it didnt. Each was inspected by mamma who had her two seamstresses put on buttons and give the finishing touches. If the fit was too bad, Daddy August took another try at it. Generally, however, the fit, etc., was quite passable and father had the reputation of having the best dressed negroes around the country.

Another day of much interest was the weekly "Lowance Day" which was Saturday; only quarter tasks were given on that day. About 3:00PM the negroes, men and women gathered around the door of the "Cornhouse" - a large log fifteen feet long and three feet in diameter had been hollowed out for a trough. Into this ear corn was placed from the corn bin and seven negro men ranged on each side with pestles. I can hear now the measured thump, thump, thump, thump as each side lifted their pestles and dropped them into the mass of ears of corn, alternately and in perfect time. In a few minutes the corn was all shelled and the trough was rolled on its skids until emptied of its contents into the large osnaburg sheets spread out on the cleanly swept ground, when the women took hold, threw out the corn cobs and winnowed the corn which was put back into the trough which was beautifully sweet and clear. Daddy Bob, the "driver" measured out to each household its quota. He kept no roster, but his memory and acquaintance was perfect and he never failed to measure out the correct "lowance" according to the size of family. Distribution was then made to families of peas, turnips, potatoes, etc., after which all adjourned to the "Smokehouse" where they received the "lowance" of molasses, salt, bacon, etc.

In 1858 father had 82 negroes, 41 grown and 41 children as per roster now in my possession. The children were all taken care of. Each third year, a blanket was issued to each child. My mother saw to it that they had clothes warm in winter. From the first of March to the first of November, few clothes were needed or desired, and one loose garment with a string tied around the waist constituted the fashion.

Every Saturday morning the big sixty gallon kettle set in masonry out in the yard with chimney, was filled with water and fire lit by daylight. Turkeys, ducks, roosters and hens that had outlived their usefulness were cut up and dumped in, or beef, or mutton either killed for the plantation or from the "roster" of the beef club, or terrapins from the "backwater" caught by the little negroes and brought from them for "fo 'pence" each. This was seasoned up with various vegetables, onions, etc. Although the cover fitted tightly the smell of that soup went over the large yard and is one of the appetizing odors I remember even now. They had no clocks or watches, but promptly at 2:00PM, there started from the negro quarters, about a quarter of a mile off, a procession of little negroes, but, little, middle-sized and babies. They cut up all sort of antics on the road but the all became silent and decorous as they approached the yard and seated themselves solmnlly in a semicircle under a big mock orange tree. Each one had a "piggin" (Know what that is?), a very few had that rare and much prized article, a tin bucket. Each had a spoon. Maum, Maggie, who was the soup cook and general yard boss had the cover of the pot lifted and with ladle in hand, called out the first name at the end of the semicircle. This one rose the piggin was filled with this rich thick soup, a big piece of corn bread given. Return was made to place and he or she and the other pickaninnies of the family went to work -- audibly. Each in turn was called and went through the performance, coming back for more as often as they wanted. When they had eaten their fill their piggins were

filled and they formed another procession and went back home. No attempt was ever made to inaugurate or suggest this solemnity of the procession within the yard, but they seemed to adopt it as a sort of ceremony for the occasion and was in funny contrast to the didos they cut up on the road. Each Wednesday the performance was repeated, only this time great crocks of "bonny clabber" were brought out and dispensed and in cold weather milk. Often the clabber and milk was distributed twice a week and in cold weather was sent to the quarters and distributed there. I hope I do not convey the impression that these meals were the only food the children got. Each had the "lowance" served out to the heads of family and they ate each of the three meals a day with their parents, but this was an extra "to start the child off like a colt" as father used to say.

The negroes certainly had a good easy time. Each field was marked off by "task-paths". A given distance in each path marked with a stake. Form stake was a "task" and each "hand" was apportioned all of a certain portion of a task by Daddy Bob who was "driver". The big strong men had a task, smaller or weaker men less, young men or boys less and the women less. All went to work when Daddy Bob blew his horn in the morning, and as soon as his or her task was done was at liberty to go home. The industrious ones easily finished by 3:00PM and I have seen them often quit at 2:00PM. They would balance their hoes and even axes by the handles on their heads and walk off as if they had nothing. Father had a large one story house for a hospital, "Sickus" (Sickhouse) the negroes called it. This was divided into two very large wards, one for men and the other for women, with cupboards, etc. As I recall them, these rooms must have been 25 feet square. They were partitioned by screens. This was in a corner of the "big yard" which was about five acres. Each negro when sick was carried there, put under sanitary conditions and treated by my father and nursed by Maum Sallie who father used to say was a better doctor than he was - for them. All the babies were born there and their mothers staid there for the month afterwards and for next month helped Daddy August sewing and making clothes. The "Tarrified" negroes also went there. You do not know that this term means, do you? Every now and then a negro would come to father and say, Mosser, "I tarrify" and father would say to him or her, but they were mostly men, "very well, go to the sickhouse and tell Maum Sallie" and he would go and sit down and did absolutely nothing and had nothing done to or for him till he got over his fit of the blues or whatever it was. It was a well recognized condition peculiar to the Gaul negro of which descent most of them were. There was no shamming about it and it was at once recognized and give credence and allowed for "Tarrify" was of course a corruption of "terrify" but they did not in any sense mean what that work implies, at all. They were simply out of sorts and blue and didnt want to work or do anything and when a negro felt that way, he was simply of no account. He could not work and could not be made to work anymore than a mule when it didnt want to go. There's a great resemblance, anyway, in some respects between the primitive negro and a mule.

The negro quarters were situated about a quarter of a mile from the residence and big yard. The road ran from the "big yard" to the public road from Port Royal Ferry to Combahee Ferry and emerged at the "Barnes Gate. The negro houses were ranged on each side of this road. Each consisted of a substantial frame house large and roomy partitioned into a living room and two bedrooms on brick pillars and with big brick chimneys. They were whitewashed inside and out each Spring. Each had a plot of ground to the rear, enclosed by a waffled fence, in which each family raised its own vegetables, seed for which was furnished by the plantation. In addition, any

had who desired was at liberty to plant for him or herself as much ground as they chose to cultivate in their spare time, of which they had an abundance, and a number of them were quite thrifty, raising corn, peas, etc. I do not recall that any of them raised any cotton. Whatever they raised, father always bought at prevailing prices. Father bred no hogs but about September bought shoats from the negroes, who were thus encouraged to raise them. They were then put in pens near the "Cornhouse" and fed intensively until hog-killing time, just after Christmas.

Christmas was a great time on the plantation. As before described, the supplies from Charleston always came and were distributed before Christmas and Daddy August worked himself and his varying force of seamstresses hard to get the men's coats and pants, and the women equally hard to get their dresses finished by that time. The "lowance" before Christmas was an extra one, articles not usually forming a part of the ration being distributed, such as rice, sugar, and at least at one time that I recollect ham. Brother Louis always came from the South Carolina College for his vacation and stopping to visit the family in Charleston, brought a supply of fireworks. The negroes' Christmas holiday was a week of much latitude was allowed them in the variety and noise of their celebrations. Even the (their) Church looked leniently upon the fiddle and the dance and they has a high old time. Early Christmas morning a drove of them, some youngsters and some older, came to the "big house" and as soon as there was any signs of life, there was a chorus of "Mary Christmas". The up-country and Western and mercenary "Christmas gift" was utterly unknown. The family were sure to respond and little delicacies - apples, prunes, raisins (reezins they called them) were given. The old people usually came later in the day to pay their respects. Word was sent down the line and at "candlelight" a crown came up to see the fireworks. In the light of the modern fireworks displays there were very primitive, but they certainly seemed wonderful then. For ourselves, there was a very enjoyable time. There was almost always some relatives and friends spending Christmas with us - Cousin Hal DeSaussure spent Christmas with us regularly. Nothing much was done till dinner, but how mamma and Maum Binah spread themselves on dinner and dessert, tea, etc., seemed too much like painting the lily and usually only eggnog and cake was service, though the sideboard was spread with cold turkey, chicken, ham and fixins for whomsoever chose to go and help themselves. There was no general exchange of gifts then as now.

In church matters, father and mamma were regular. To understand the church matter, we must go back a little in history. After unsuccessful attempts by the French to colonize it, the English came into possession in 1670. And when they established the government of the colony, they quite naturally adopted the plan and customs of the mother country. The Church of England was the governmental of "Established" Church in England and its influence in the Kingdom was great, thus it became about that instead of counties as the later settlements and states formed their subdivisions, the early divisions of the state along the seaboard, which was as far as the early English penetrated, was by Parishes and each of the Parishes had it own local government and sent its representatives to the State Assemblies. Several of these Parishes constituted a District; afterwards, as the interior was later settled, the influence of the church was less and less felt and no more parishes, as such, were laid out, but a sufficiently large territory became a "District". In the beginning then a strip of country, forty or fifty miles wide, lying along the sea-coast was subdivided into Parishes, and, as in England, so there, in South Carolina, the parish Church was

the centre of the parish organization. As in England the Church had political and pecuniary standing. Beside the church building itself, with its sufficient area of land, there was the Rectory with its "Glebe" land. All this governmental ownership and control passed away of course when America attained her independence, and a Republic was established instead of the Monarchy, but the old political divisions and names still remained. Thus it was that Woodstock and McPhersonville were in "Prince Williams Parish", Beaufort District. Sheldon Church, a fine old brick structure, built on British architectural lines, solid and massive, with great pillars supporting a great portico or entrance was the Parish Church of Prince Williams Parish. Sheldon Rectory, also a great house of same style was situated five hundred yards away. Both were built long before the Revolutionary War. The Glebe of Sheldon was 400 acres. The Church was situated on a beautiful rising ground about 500 feet from the Sheldon road in a grove of fine oaks. A wide driveway, probably 200 feet wide ran from Sheldon Road to the Church, around which east and South were a cleared space, all was in fine grass - green winter and Summer. I have often wondered since what kind of grass this was. To the North and West was the graveyard with hundreds of tombstones of every kind. Some were simply head stones, gray with age and moss, with quaint inscriptions in quaint old English. Some were imposing marble or granite tombs about ten feet long and six wide and five feet high, the top of which was a slab of stone six inches thick, deeply engraved with the name and title of the occupant, generally ending with "Gentleman". With his coat of arms in sunken relief. Service began at 11:00 O'clock and at 9:00 O'clock we began our movement. Father and mamma, and when he was old enough to begin, my brother Tom, and sometimes myself, in the carriage, Louis (when he was at home) and I generally went on horseback. The four miles generally consumed the best part of an hour, for there were many stops to chat with those we met or went along with, and some of us often exchanged seats in the carriages of other families bound in the same direction. A half dozen gentlemen were usually at the door of the carriages as soon as it stopped. With few or no exceptions no one went into the Church and talked and talked, before Church. When the sound of the organ was heard in the prelude, everyone instantly went into the Church. It was considered very bad manners to delay and the few who arrived after the prelude was ended went in on tiptoe and with bowed heads. The Church front was nearly a semicircle. In front of this was a wide aisle across the Church. In the middle were two sets of straight pews on each side of the Church. Next, the side walls were great square pews, with seats and straight backs on three sides. Every pew had its door with a latch on the inside. In the straight pews the father of the family sat next to door, the mother at the other end of the pew and the visitors and children in between. In the square pews the mother and father sat facing the chancel, the eldest children and visitors facing the aisle and congregation and the other children sat on the third side with their backs to the minister and facing the parents. The Organ was back of the chancel on a higher level, with a wooden paneled partition surmounted by red curtains on a shining brass rail separating the organ and the choir from the chancel. This was so high that no singer was seen, nor the organist. Indeed, it was considered very bad form for any of them to be seen.

The entrance of the minister from the vestry room was a ceremonial. He walked slowly and stately, in a long white surplice with white bands and a high white collar. The congregation rose at his entrance and remained standing until service was begun with "The Lord is in his Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him". I never heard a service opened with any other sentence or any other read

until I was grown, and I distinctly remember the impressiveness of this opening and the somewhat apprehensive thrill with which I took as literally true the announcement of God's actual presence. This continued throughout the service, the constant rising and sitting and kneeling and the music of the organ and the singing being delicious. I remember straining my imagination in wonder whether the music of the harps, etc., in Heaven could be quite as delightful. In the prayers everybody knelt - not on their foreheads as now, but got up, turned around and knelt on their knees. Beside the canticles there were sung - first before the Commandments, a Psalms of David - and second, just before the sermon a hymn. During the singing of this hymn (no verses were ever omitted, and the organ gave a little curlicue between each verse) prominaded into the vestry room in his long white surplice and at the "Amen" after the hymn (no "Amen" after the Psalm) he emerged from the vestry in a long voluminous black gown and retraced his stately march to the high pulpit, the congregation remaining standing until his mounting was accomplished and he stretched forth his hands. After this my interest generally flagged until the close of the rather long - as it seemed to me - sermon. There was no ceremonial after the benediction. The organ did its best and after the closing hymn people got as soon as possible out into the Churchyard, where a half hour was passed in meetings, greetings, etc., as I remember it - gay exchange of conversation, news, plans, appointments, etc., for the week following. By this time the horses had been put to the poles, and the coachmen waiting under the trees, when ready to go, the father stepped a pace or two out of the throng, lifted his hand or glove and the carriage drove up and with many last words the family drove off home, feeling that a day had been satisfactorily spent, hungry as hawks. dinner was served as soon as Sunday clothes were changed and it was always a fine one, a turkey or fowl in front of father and a ham in front of mamma. I never knew a Sunday dinner when these two were absent and there was always a dessert on Sunday - the only one of the week.

After dinner my momma always took my brother Tom and myself and the visiting children when any, and we went to the ginhouse where in the immense room were the negro children and sometimes a few of the young men and girls waiting and seated in rows on benches or the mote frames. Mamma would go through a regular simple service and give them plain talks and there were sung some simple hymns which I have never seen in print and to tunes which I have never heard anybody else sing. But both the hymns and the tunes were very simple in phraseology and harmony and fitted each other and the children, both white and negro, knew them by heart and sung them lustily. Then we walked back to the big house. The Sunday ideals were very strict and even severs - at least we children thought so, although there was never any thought of doing what we instinctively knew would be out of harmony with the established scheme of the day, and took it as a matter of course and part of life. All toys and playthings, guns, etc., were put aside. We could walk around but not romp or play games or be boisterous. No books except "good books" were touched and secular subjects were avoided as much as possible. All went to bed earlier than usual. My recollection of Sunday on the plantation carries the impression of a rather dry day. At McPhersonville it was different, for the young people walked and visited a good deal and things seemed to loosen up.

Both father and mamma were essentially religious people and their religion was a part of their daily life and thoughts. At a certain hour each morning a bell was rung and everybody gathered in the dining room. The servants brought in their benches from the back hall, with benches, I think, fitted exactly into the doorways in

the far corner. The men servants sat on one and the maids on the other. One of us children brought the books from the side table. Father always selected and read a hymn from end to end. It was not sung. Then a chapter in the new testament. Then all got up turned around and knelt to their seats while father read a prayer from Vinton's Family Prayers. There was prompt rising after the Amen. The servants picked up their benches and scurried out and breakfast in a few minutes was on the table. The same thing was repeated at night except in the parlor and the negroes were not present. Scatter ation (sic) to bedrooms followed soon after. These prayers were inviolable and invariable every day in every year, even when we traveled and if the host did not have morning and evening prayers, we had them just the same in our rooms. I do not recollect much about the except that Aunt Annie Hutson who was lame, did not kneel down but turned sort of sideways in her chair so that one knee hung down lower than the other and we were given to understand that there was a special dispensation of Providence provided in her case which squared her. And I remember always trying to get a certain cane bottomed chair in which there was a hole and my efforts from day to day to get my nose far enough through the hole to let my lips touch the cane of the seat without my nose getting caught by the broken ends of the cane as they were pushed down, so that I could not get my nose back.

After breakfast the bustle of the day began. Strephen drove up the "doctor's buggy" with one of the two pairs of houses father kept for his practice, and father took his medicine case and a book and drew on his buckskin gloves and started on his daily round to the six or eight great rice plantations of which he had medical charge by contract. Mamma set about her busy life and we boys got down to our lessons. There were no schools then scattered through the country as now, and none in striking distance, so that the mothers of the families undertook the primary educations of the children. Momma had had but little opportunities of schooling but had remedied this by much reading and thought. Our studies were elementary, but thorough - Reading, Writing, Spelling, first from Webster's Blue Black Speller and later from the dictionary, history and simple arithmetic, and I remember we could sit anywhere in the house, or piazza, or out of doors, but were ever we were we had to give our whole attention to real study and my recollection was that we did it. At "high noon" we went to Mamma and recited every lesson, one after another. My recollection is that our lessons were always perfect and that we took much pride in their being so. Mamma was a fine speller and reader and took special pains with us in these lessons. A word mis-spelled was pretty nearly a crime and the word was always given at the end of the next days spelling lesson, when it was never missed, and the next and the next 'till the right spelling was ground into our consciousness. I have omitted to say that for several years my first cousin Willie Hutson, spent from Monday to Friday evenings with us so that he might get the benefit of Mamma's teaching. After lessons, we were free to do as we chose for the rest of the day. The Rector moved up to McPhersonville in the Summer with the balance of the congregation into a rectory there and held regular services in the Summer church of the Parish up there. He conducted his planting on his glebe lands same as the rest of the people but I dont think made any distinguished success at it. It was a time honored custom the products of the soil to the Rector every fall - Bacon, Hams, Lard, Corn, Potatoes, Turnips, Tanyahs and "sitch".

Game was most abundant. In the dense deep woods of the plantations, there was a world of Fox, Turkey, Squirrels, Rabbit, wild cat, Coon, 'Possum, Partridge, until they laughed in your face. Between the plantation and the pinelands and especially in the

latter deer were plentiful and deer drives were weekly performances. As soon as cold weather set in the wild ducks came in and from then until Spring broke, the rice fields, especially on Combahee, ideal places for them, were so full of Mallard, Teal and a dozen other kinds that one got weary of shooting. Those rice fields were three to eight miles from our house. We got up at daylight and rode to them with a boy on another horse to carry ammunition, get the ducks as they fell, hold the horses and bring back the ducks. As the ripening rice is preyed upon by millions up millions of rice-birds who make great depredations, each rice field or series of them is assigned to an old negro man who has his cabin on the junction of some main dam and cross-dam, given area enough and given a guy with which to shoot and otherwise keep the birds off as well as it can be done. He was made very comfortable and spent all the year there. We used to go to his cabin when we got to the field about sunrise and tell him to fix dinner for us at high noon. He had, of course, plenty of ducks as they were at his door to shoot the whole 24 hours and for three months, and plenty of rice, as it was gown at his door by the thousand bushels and regrew his own pepper and beans, etc. The way that old fellow could cook a duck in his dutch over and cook "head" rice in his pot bellies "English pot", letting it "soak" for hours till there was rice cake a quarter of an inch thick and fry fish just out of the canal by his cabin or bake it in the ashes, and the way all this would taste. The recollection makes me hungry now. For fishing we had the fresh water of the Combahee, Fulifinny and Salkehatchie with rock, trout, perch, bream and every kind you could think of within three to five miles in one direction and while we had the salt water with its countless varieties of fish, and it oysters, shrimp and crab from five to ten miles in the other - Oh! it was a land of abundance and ease and comfort for everybody.

The plantation was run on well organized lines. At the big house and yard, Bob was butler, a black, well set up negro. He understood his business perfectly, having been trained to it from boyhood. He could set a table for any kind of meal or entertainment perfectly and wait on it quietly, quickly and efficiently without a word of command except well understood look or signals from Mamma. His manners were perfect, his air serene and lordly and his position entitled him, he thought, to look down on the other negroes on the place as quite inferior beings. He had two boys about seventeen and eighteen, Prince and Alfred under him whom he ruled with a rod of iron and trained them perfectly. I would often hear his lectures to them on household arrangements - the theory and practice of waiting on table and especially on manners, the latter very amusing in method of delivery but sound (sic) in principle.

Every morning after breakfast those boys had to take their waxed cloths and rub the top of the mahogany dining table for an hour. I can see them now, one at each end of the table: they would rub a while and then slow down and stop and whisper across to each other rolling their eyes around and sticking out their tongues at each other and then when they heard Bob or Mamma coming, they would start up and rub furiously. After this kind of treatment for 25 or more years, day after day, I can't describe the beautiful deep dark toned polish of that table top. I wonder if the Yankees who got it after we driven off, recognized and appreciated the beautiful old wood work and its care as we did. For the other house work Mamma and Maria as Chambermaid and she had two girls under her - Rachel and Lucretia, all three were accomplished maids and also seamstresses.

In the kitchen (which was never connected with the house in that country but always 50 to 100 feet away) Maum Binah presided. She had a girl under her whose name I forget, and a boy, her son, Prince, who fetched water and wood, Turned the spit, etc. What she could not do with the raw material couldn't be done by anybody. There were no stoves or ranges. She had a big open fireplace taking a big backlog and four foot wood, and high enough to get into by a little stooping. Two big iron "dogs" or Andirons with iron loops riveted on the uprights in front to accommodate the spit which hung by the fire, polished with brick dust and lard till it shone. Three Dutch ovens with their rimmed tops, of different sized, and pots of every size. There was also a brick oven, but she did not seem to use this much. Each meal was given out by Mamma and Bob and the two boys carried the dishes out to the kitchen and brought them in on big waiters and the boys were kept flying to and from the Kitchen all during the meal for hot rice and other dishes for dinner and for waffles and pancakes for breakfast. Breakfast was rather informal - though orderly as was everything else on the place. But dinner was a formal affair at 2:00 O'clock, punctually and as to us boys with clothes in order, faces washed, hands clean and hair brushed. As before described "Tea" there was not "supper" was handed around and was a light repast.

In the yard, Maum Maggie had charge of the chickens, turkeys, ducks and the dairy. Maum Dianah superintended the work in the vegetable garden and the flowers, she always had one, two or more to help her - girls growing up, women the second month after the birth of their babies, etc., etc., and always "Little Harry" a great hulking, slow moving lummoX of a boy about twenty years old who was not considered to have good sense but who, nevertheless was smart, ingenious in doing his work with as little exertion as possible and so full of funny ways and dry and droll sayings that we boys liked to have him around and I now suspect that he had more sense than he was credited with.

At the stable Stephen ruled supreme. Ah! that was a darky right. I have often heard my father tell how, when, as a young physician he drove in his doctors gig through the Fuller plantation and passed through the negro quarters, a troop of little negro boys, from eight to twelve would run after his gig to hang on behind to the big gate and open it for him for the sake of the ride. That he noticed that a little chap, pot-bellied and with one garment on usually beat all the other to the coveted seat behind and was bright and alert. He made some inquiries about him and learning that he was an orphan, his father and mother without relatives, a most unusual thing and having both died when was an infant, he was taken in charge by first one and another and like Topsey "just growed". So father made a proposition to Dr. Fuller which resulted in his buying this little chap for \$300.00. He carried him to Woodstock, put him as kitchen boy under Maum Binah, fed him up, cured his skin trouble, housed and clothed him well and soon took him when about 16 as his buggy-boy, having by that time given up the gig. From that day until the beginning of the war, he was in daily attendance upon father and drove him in his daily rounds. He was about father's build and height, walked like him, talked as nearly as possible like him, and had his manner exactly. He fell heir to all of father's half worn clothes which he scrupulously brushed and cared for. Chief among these was the beaver hat, a tall stove pipe worn in those days and which formed a part of his dress suit. He was exact and methodical about the stable and took great pride in the appearance of his horses and of the carriage and buggy and harness and made the two stable boys hustle, and rub those horses for hours. For when any came in from a drive each

horse was immediately set upon and rubbed till dry and glossy, then watered and put up in clean bedding and fed. To see Stephen wash and polish a carriage was an education in that line, no mud or dirt was rubbed off, but was gradually soaked with clean water till perfectly soft and slushed off, then the spokes and body gone over with a soft cloth and a carriage cover drawn over the whole to keep the dust out. He wore a plain suit with a cap when driving father, but on Sundays and when driving Mamma in the carriage he donned his black broadcloth, longtailed suit and beaver hat which was polished till it shone with white shirt, white collar and stock and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto him or felt half as important. He never forgot his manners or his dignity. He was essentially a white man's negro and shared with Bob the butler in the belief that the others were just "niggers". After father retired from active practice in 1858 he became the Coachman and expect for the days in the Summer when he drove father to the plantation, he drove Mamma. He was a fast but exceedingly careful and judicious handler of horses. I can see him now getting back from a drive and driving back to the stable. He seldom spoke to the horses and then in a low toned confidential way which they seemed to understand perfectly. He would stop the carriage, take off his beaver, rub it with his big bandana handkerchief and wrap the hat up in it and deposit it on the back seat. Then pull off his coat and fold it and put it beside the hat, then roll up his trousers, then descend from the box and take the horses out of the carriage, take off the harness and set the boys to work, rubbing them down. Then he went in the stable, removed his trousers and folded them, put on his stable clothes. This was his invariable routine. Father had two pair of horses for his practice, Mamma had her carriage pair "Mack and Jupiter", brother Louis had a grey mare "Brenda" (which the negroes would call "Bender") and I had "Peggy" whom no one could hurt. Hersire and Dam were "Marsh-Tackies". Later, in Beaufort, after Brother Louis's death, I rode Brenda, a dark grey, high spirited cold by Grey Eagle.

I learned to ride early, indeed, I dont recollect when I did not ride. Mamma was a splendid horsewoman and taught us. She knew all the good points of a horse and was as good a judge as father who was himself an authority. She rode easily and gracefully, especially for her size, for I do not remember when she was not stout. She would not let us ride with a saddle 'till we were big boys, but on a sheepskin, tanned soft, with the wool clipped short and held by a surcingle, to teach us the easy carriage and the thigh of knee grip.

The negroes of that section were very different from those we see here. They were from the Gullah Coast (Guinea niggers) and not very from removed from those brought over. Indeed, Daddy Summer - but I will speak of him later. They were usually short and thick-set with carriage and walk peculiar to that section. Their disposition was happy, carefree, good natured, good workers 'till "tarrified". Their dialect was distinctly their own, the enunciation rapid with a peculiar quick ending of their sentences with a rising inflection. This, with the almost universal corruption of our english words and the use of numerous words of their own - some of them having no exact equivalent in English made it impossible for anyone not brought up with them to understand anything they might say, and only a few of these could imitate exactly their talk and I dont suppose it could be expressed in writing. They were devoted to their plantation and owners and loyal to a degree and many a brag-match I have heard between those of different plantations over the respective merits of their places and masters, etc. I remember particularly when we were about nine or ten a heated controversy between my former nurse "Cretia" and

my cousin Willis Hutson's former nurse "Tyrah" over the respective merits of the two families which each detail of both families were brought in minutest precision, which one had more money (the wildest figures given), which had the most children (large families were a great point with them), horses, cows, negroes, lands, houses and finally the house silver, one piece of set after another being set against the other without apparent advantage on either side, until Tryah triumphantly announced as settling the matter in her favor what Willies pop spoon was heavier than mine, which was a fact.

Daddy Summer of whom I spoke was the "cow-minder" with two boys to help him. Father had about 125 cows of all ages and they were herded first in one part of the plantation and then another her being always put in a pen of about an acre each night. This was composed of portable sections which Daddy Summer moved from time to time to form a new pen. His house was a low cabin on a low axle and two wheels with a long pole and when the new pen got to be too far off, a yoke of oxen was brought to this pole and moved the cabin close up, for the cattle were never left alone day or night. Daddy Summer was entirely different from the general build and appearance of any of the negroes. He was a very old man, 6 feet two or three inches tall and thin with high cheek bones and a lean narrow head. He claimed to have been brought over to this country when a child and I have quite an idea that it was so. He used to tell me a hundred Brer Rabbit folk, love Stories about the beasts and birds, illustrating with motions and songs the music and words of some of which I can remember to this day. One sung by the peacock when she was chosen queen of the convention was

"Coo, Coo; Coo, Coo-oo.
Coo, Coo, Ke-wa-ne-ah",

which of course is nothing without the tune which I remembered, but can't produce on paper. Another, which was described as a drige after the death of a young warrior and sung by his mother was:

"Ne, Ne, nam-i-ne-ne
ne, ne, nam-i-nenah
ah roco oo lah,
ah roccoo lay
ah roccoo tam-i-yah
tami and yah agen
dumiboo dedi
dedriboo rotto
Te rom nom kagee
te ki ki chaggee
te mon-a-mon-a - cheek

This tune I can also remember, and it was very often sung by my mother but I cannot reproduce it on paper. I should have before mentioned Daddy Bob the "Driver". His house was at the head of the negro quarters and a little larger and better than the rest and which was kept scrupulously clean and neat. He and his wife Rhinah were most estimable people, correct, dignified, with very little to say but level headed and seeing after things with attention to details and completeness that was rare in a negro. On him father relied greatly. His authority over the people in the quarters was absolute - under father, of course, and was never questioned. He was never harsh or spoke in a loud voice and his objects seemed to be imparted to the hands more by intuition on their part than by actual command. The negroes all looked upon him and came to him for what they wanted and was generally the

spokesman for them in their requests on father, although father was always open and accessible to any of them and encouraged their coming to him. He always carried a whip with a short slender hickory handle and a long lash, but that seemed to be more an emblem of authority than for use, for I do not remember having ever seen him whip a negro or ever heard of his whipping one, except on a few occasions. Such occasions were looked upon by the plantation as epochs or milestones and referred to with something like awe and shame. It was a standing rule of father's that it must never be done on the bare skin, but with a coat off and every case reported to him. I never heard of or saw father whip one in my life except once. One night Strephen came to the house in great excitement and said he heard someone in the stable. The stable was locked at night, the big carriage doors at the top of the incline or platform ("flatfom" the negroes called it) were bolted with a long bar on the inside, so was the door to the mule and workhouses stable and the carriage house door was locked. At Strephens announcement, everybody sallied forth with lanterns, father, brother Louis, Cousin Hal, who were at home and I. For a long time there seemed to be "nothing doing", but Strephen finally made out that some one was under the floor and haled him forth. It proved to be Alec, Daddy Summer's son, a stout young buck who sheepishly confessed that he was going to open the workhorse stable door and ride on one of the horses. Father made him take off his coat and gave him a good thrashing then and there by lamplight and Alec had to work hard and keep still and straight a long time before he got over the ridicule and loss of prestige and caste with the hands. For minor offenses they were put in the stocks, a piece of wood in two halves with two holes when together. A bed of hay was fixed in the spare room of the big corn house and he laid down and the stocks put on his ankles and locked and he was locked up over night or longer as the case might require. I am inclined to think the negroes rather enjoyed it secretly as they had nothing to do but lie on their backs on the hay and got their meals from the "big house" kitchen. I never saw a woman whipped or put in the stocks - other offenses were punished by assigning a "half task" or a "task" so that they would be working when the other hands left the field.

Daddy August was the tailor. He had been sent to Charleston when a boy and apprenticed to a tailor who was paid to teach him how to cut and fit and sew. Almost every plantation did that. He had somehow lost a leg when young and used crutches. He was an irascible fellow and not a favorite on the plantation, but was a good tailor and conscientious worker.

Seipio was the plantation carpenter. His tools were simple but the best and he kept them in beautiful order and he was very jealous of them. He was very resourceful and had many ways of his own in accomplishing results. I cultivated him extensively for I always was interested in the way he did things and in helping him do them. He was very lenient to me and I got many a use of his tools for my own jobs.

But we grew out of our school facilities and father bought the Beaufort House. He sold the McPhersonville house and furniture and furnished the Beaufort House entirely over, from floor covering up to bedroom furniture, for no one moved furniture from one house to another in their regular six month moves. The life there was entirely different from that at McPhersonville. McPhersonville was a village; Beaufort a town, with town ways, conventions, etc. We were in St. Helena Parish now which ended at the old St. Helena Church - a venerable old structure

occupying a square with high and substantial brick wall on all four sides, a massive arch and recess and gate, and its graveyard filled with old tombs, some of great age and with quaint inscriptions and some massive sepulchres. Tom and I went to the "College" - a fine old building of stucco brick with massive pillars and broad stone steps. My first experience was with "Old Fielding" an irascible old Irishman with the reputation of being immensely learned. Whether others thought him learned or not it was perfectly certain that he did not think we were, for he commented freely upon his opinion of our attainments and which he expressed about equally with his tongue and a mean looking black leather strap which never left his right hand. He had a mean way of not hearing the class in turn, sitting on the bench but making each one who was to recite leave the bench and stand up by him where he could be handy, for the emphasis of his strap. He had Rheumatism or something and always rode to school on an old bobtailed nag, Bob. He moved up and down stairs with difficulty to his seat, but his eye had no rheumatism and there was absolutely no chance to "soldier" in school. We used to think we lived in "a hard world" as to our school days, but there is no doubt of it - he made thorough scholars. There was no royal road to learning in those days but it was drill, drill, drill, each day without fail, the last days lesson was gone over and then the short lesson of the day. We also had a teacher, his assistant, Mons. Berger, who taught French and attempted to teach some other things, but he was better teacher than manager of boys for they made his life such a burden that he shortly gave it up. After Old Fielding's death we had a long, dull, solemn, Northerner named Cincinnatus Morris, whose name just fitted him. He upset all methods, plan of work and traditions of the 50 year old school and the boys despised him and tormented him. Among other changes he introduced the fad of the "K" pronunciation of the Latin "C" and the boys retaliated by calling him "Kinkinnatus Morris" and continued to let him hear it as see it in a thousand ways of which he could take no notice, and I believe that did more to run him off than anything else. Then we had a fine manly fellow whose name I now forget, who was shortly joined by his brother of the same type. They understood boys and got along finely with them. Unfortunately their service was cut short by the bombardment of Hilton Head and Bay Point and the evacuation of Beaufort.

The "College" occupied a large square, strongly fenced in. It also owned the very large square in front which was not fenced and was well set back thick grass. This was the common playground of the boys. Baseball was unknown in those days but we used to play a crude form of it called "Townball" where the batter ran the bases on the general plan of baseball, but the ball was a hard rubber ball about two inches in diameter and the runners were put out not by the ball reaching the base before he did, but by being hit by the ball, and there were some strong and straight throwers. Then we had "Cat" played by two batters and two catchers where the same means of putting out a player obtained. And then last but not least there was "Bull Pen", all the boys got together and drew straws - those drawing the longest being the fortunate ones - a ring was drawn and all the other boys got inside. The two boys were privilege to approach within a certain distance of the "Pen" and lace away with the ball at any boy inside he chose. With such a mass of boys, one could hardly miss hitting someone and the frantic efforts of the boys inside to dodge and wriggle out of the way of the ball, and efforts to get behind some one else or pull some one in front of him was funny, past telling. Sometimes each of the outside boys were supplied with a ball and then there was trouble, sure enough. The boy hit exchanged places with the thrower and proceeded to get even with him, or someone else and this thing went on till all had enough. In the fall we gathered pockets full of the enormous

green sycamore balls and formed two sides and fought it out till on side was driven off the field. It was seldom that we were without black and blue spots to make us look like leopards when we went swimming. Then we had football which was football sure enough, for the ball was never touched with the hands but kicked in close scrimmage by opposing forces, where the heavy copper-toed soles found shins quite as often as the ball. Shinney was another fierce and shin-splitting game.

The school was run on strictly the honor principle. The big boys had the responsibility and authority and the oldest present was the ranking arbiter. Theft, major or petty was never known. Lying, proven on a boy meant his leaving school of his own motion or it was the worse for him. A boy showing the white feather generally found it convenient to find some other subject to talk about. If disputes arose the boys came to blows, they were stoppèd at once by the bigger boys present who notied them to "be at the sands at four O'clock". "The Sands was a wide sandy beach back of the town where the fights had taken place for fifty years. The two boys sure to be there as also a crowd of others and the big boys. Agreements was made before they started whether it was to be "rough and tumble" or "fair fist" and at it they went, the big boys seeing to it that the terms of the agreement were strictly complied with. The fight was carried to a finish and until one said he had enough. A good feather of this was that while the vanquished might feel mortified and he and his friends might feel sorry, there was little shame and no animosity against the other fellow and usually the combatants were firm friends and chummy very soon afterwards. The entire question hinged on whether he was game and took his "punishment" and without flinching and was fair. I remember a terriffic fight between two of the big boys Strobhart and Townsend "fair first" where Strobhart took a seal ring out of his pocket just as they begun boxing and as a result Thownsend got a bad cut over his eye. Strobhart never got over the obloquy that settled on him - he was shunned by all the boys and soon after left school.

Swimming was a favorite sport - a few families had bathing houses on "the Bay" but this was considered very "Molly Coddle" by the boys because they then had to wear clothes, i.e., bathing suits. Pigeon Creek emptied into Beaufort River about a mile back of the town, and about 100 feet wide with a steep firm bank sandy on top on one bank and with soft marsh on the other. It was overhead deep at low tide and at least 15 feet at high spring tides. So, especially, when the tide suited, everybody went to Pigeon Creek and went swimming. Here again the bigger boys were responsible for and looked after the little fellows and saw that they did not get into danger. If a boy did not know how to swim he was allowed to undress and then the big boys grabbed him and threw him in. He sank and rose and gasped and gurgled and drank salt water but paddled desperately withal. The big boys watched him and never let him get beyond what was judicious and when the time came jumped in and brought him out and shook the water out of him and comforted him and coaxed him in again or made him promise to come next day and learn and it was no time until he got along all right. The big boys did this because they didnt want young ones who didnt know how to swim bothering them with keeping watch over them. Some of the small boys were the best swimmers. There were a good many games and friendly scraps in the water with ducking, etc., A great stunt was to see a boy swimming quietly along and to sink and swim under the water and catch hold of him and pull him down below unexpectedly and make him swallow salt water. Brought up away from immediate proximity to water at Woodstock and McPhersonville I did no know how to swim when I went to Beaufort and the big boys taught me by the process named above.

Although everybody had their carriage and some of the younger men had fine and fast horses, yet horses cut very little figure in the recreation of the young people. From young to old it was boats, boats, boats, of every size, kind, build and rig. About everybody had a "Cunnoo" as the negroes called them (Canoe) for use of the servants in getting oysters, cutting marsh hay, fishing by the coachman, etc. These were by no means the tricky dugouts we see here, but well shaped stable boats from on large Cypress log. Most boys had their own boats either "Bristol Built", i.e., with the strakes buttjointed or "Clinkerbuild" i.e., with the strakes overlapping like weatherboarding - each style having its advocates and staunch supporters. These were small 16 to 18 foot boats which the boys rigged themselves with more or less proficiency and efficiency according to their talents. They kept them in good shape with oars and sails. The gentlemen had their own boats from 30 to 40 feet and some of them beauties and fitted up to the last degree with brass and zinc and kept in boat houses and shined and painted to perfection. They were rigged according to the tastes and fancy of their owners as sloops or schooners and occasionally a catboat. There were frequent regattas, run under rules with prized - but every evening when the tide suited and especially when the moon shone, the harbor was full of these sailing boats, racing and manoeuvring with big parties of girls and boys aboard, having a merry time and their laughter and songs would come floating over the water. Some of these boats were very fast and had more than a local reputation and went to Charleston and Savannah to compete in regattas. Among other things I remember Mr. Robert Means, a large keen hull and a cloud of canvas, kept like a parlor and very roomy and comfortable but not extra fast. Mr. Tom Elliott had two, one a rather small keen boat, sloop rigged, very crunky but with what was considered oversuited with canvas, but fast as a racer. She was so heavily canvassed and so keen that he used to have his oars stuck under the thwarts and his negro boatman way out on the oars to keep the trim, if he sailed on a fresh side wind. John Rhodes who had a shipyard also had a good boat. But the gem of the fleet was a 40 foot boat build with his own hands after his own model by Ste Elliott. The Ariel - Her lines were such that she was at the same time good looking, roomy and staunch and would carry enough sail to take the lead over anything in the harbor whenever she chose. I have often sailed in her and had on one sail the proud trust of the charge of the main jib sheet. We had only the canoe for Strephon's work. Brother Louis died soon after we moved and father was too sedate and went too often to the plantation to take much interest. He was going to buy a boys boat for me, but the war came on before "Next Summer" came.

I remember the interest in all of us boys going down to the wharf to see the steamer come in from Charleston and Savannah on her trips twice a week and especially to the ice ships from the indefinite region referred to as "The North". There were no ice machines in those days and the town supply was brought down from "The North" in ships and stored in a big ice house all of which was the enterprise of a set of stockholders who subscribed so much each fall and who got "Ice Books" with coupons. Alfred used to go every morning to the ice house with a coupon and a blanket and returned with a big block of ice wrapped up in the blanket and balanced on his head - his hands by his side. The negroes carried everything on their heads.

The glory of the town especially of the boys was the Artillery Company. the full name was "Beaufort Volunteer Artillery" and you must never pronounce it in a

hurry and must give syllable its full sound. It was an hereditary organization and has its written history and records since 1800 with tradition of service in the Revolutionary War. Everybody who was anybody belonged to that company or had belonged to it when a young man. It had its own property - a half square with high thick battlemented walls and a big heavy gate under a massive archway and inside heavy brick buildings, shelter for cannon armory for guns (for they also drilled as infantry) shot house, power house, etc., a great hall where balls and other entertainments were given. The uniform of the company was something gorgeous and in the light of the utilitarian service uniforms of today, something to make men laugh, angles weep and the service officers of today go into two or three kinds of fits - but it was very imposing and the "not war, it was magnificent". The music by which they marched was composed of two fifes, two kettle drums and one big bass drum and which I never have ceased to think is the only real army music. I doubt if I ever shall forget the thrills and cold chills that chased up and down my backbone when I saw the company marching and the fifes and drums. The company had very frequent drills and were really well drilled all the time both as an infantry and as an artillery company and when they drilled with the cannon and fired blank cartridges by piece by section and lastly by battery, I thought each had no grander sight or sound. This was the company that I joined in 1863 and continued in to the end of Greensboro, N.C. I understand that the organization is still maintained.

A few miles below the town Beaufort River is joined by Broad River and the two unite towards the Sea to make St. Helena Sound - a broad deep estuary that would float the navies of the world and seven miles across the mouth; on the North Cape on St. Helena Island was Bay Point, across was Hilton Head on an island of that name. This was ten miles by water from Beaufort town. At Bay Point most everybody had a summer home - mere shells of houses on three foot post above the sand and everybody spent two heated months there. A bay back of the narrow sand spit gave shelter to the boats. The horses, cows, stoves, provisions and cooks and other servants were sent down days before on "flats" broad flat bottomed boats rowed by from two to six negroes and afterwards the family came down in sail boats. Some families pitched large tents with curtain partitions and smaller tents as dining room, kitchen, servants houses, etc. The life was lived al fresco - free, easy, luxurious, abundance of everything - visiting, lounging, smoking, etc. Most days some five to ten boats would go out to favorite fishing grounds or to the blackfish banks and come back with so much fish that they could scarcely hold them. The fishing was done in from 40 to 90 feet of water and two or three or more hooks to a line when fishing for blackfish and my hands have been raw and sore from pulling in the heavy, tightly twisted lines over the side of the boat. Sometimes we fished off the beach standing in two feet of water and casting the heavy sinker and hooks 200 feet out for trout and whiteing. Bathing in the surf which came rolling in from 2000 miles of ocean on the beach which was 200 yards wide with gentle slope and sand as hard as a table top was frequently indulged in when the tide suited but this was not looked on with favor by the older folks because the waters were not free from sharks.

There were many kinds of these sharks, not all of them dangerous. On of the harmless kind but which used to spoil our sport on the blackfish banks was the shovel nose shark. The fish would be biting furiously and every line drawn up as fast as it was put down would have two to three big blackfish on its hooks. All of a sudden there would be not a bite and presently one of the party would say "I've got him" and pull in with a four foot shovel nose on his hook. Then all hands would help

get him off the hook, break his wide flat nose upwards and throw him overboard. It was funny to see him dive and in a few moments come shooting out of the water into the air. His bent nose always turned him upwards and the faster he swam the higher he would shoot up out of the water and so he would go on till we lost sight of him in the distance. When the big ships were lying at anchor in the harbor off the wharves, we boys would go aboard and coax the sailors to let us fish for sharks, which they hated and which were numerous about the wharves. A big shark hook with stem as big as a pencil was baited with a chunk of salt pork with ten feet of chain next to the hook and the other end fastened to a stout rope; a small kit or keg was put on as a bob. It was not usually long before we would see the bob disappear for a shark never nibbles but takes its food with a rush. Then a pull at the rope to see he was securely hooked, then the rope reeved through a block and Mr. Shark hauled bodily out of the water and on deck where he was dispatched with axes and his stomach explored. We generally found a lot of miscellaneous things - glass bottles, pieces of wood, oyster shells and some pieces of iron, old shoes, etc., for the harbor shark is a scavenger.

So the years passed on till the ordinance of secession was passed, the war began and Porter made his descent with his powerful fleet and wiped out our poor little batteries; one on Bay point and the other on Hilton Head and scattered out mosquito fleet. But then a new epoch began and that is another story.

C. A. DESAUSSURE