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OLDEN TIME OF CAROLINA.

BY THE

OCTOGENARIAN LADY,

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

*Mrs. Sarah P. ...*

“ Oh ! give me but one year of life,  
And then my work is done ;  
But twelve months more of earthly strife,  
And the bright goal is won.”

“ Yet what is life ? that I should cling  
To the poor broken thread,  
That coils its tangled mazes round  
*Each hope, and promise fled ?*”

CHARLESTON:  
S. G. COURTENAY & CO.  
NO. 3 BROAD-STREET.  
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## P R E F A C E .

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TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS :

ABASHED by the equitable precept "let those teach others, who themselves excel," I have scarcely dared to present the following pages to your attention, aware, how fairly I am putting it in the power of my readers to ask, in the searching words of an eminent prelate, "you who write thus and advise thus, do you do thus?"—Alas, no! and yet although it be but little good that I may be allowed to do, the very aim is right and may be blessed. First, then, I would have you never forget the beautiful teachings of Sir Matthew Hale, that "the fear of God begins with the heart and purifies and rectifies it; and that from the heart, thus rectified, grows a conformity in the life, the words and the actions." Well convinced am I, that there are many of you who require not so much to be informed as reminded, a remembrancer is often more useful than an instructor; the office, although more humble, is scarcely less necessary, and I am persuaded that if ever my plain admonitions are allowed to make their due impression, they cannot fail to produce a salutary effect upon some of you, my youthful readers; keeping you safe, even in the midst of an ensnaring world, active and zealous in the discharge of duties, with minds ever disposed to dwell on subjects of solemn interest.

My design in the contemplated "Series of Old Stories," is to bring to your view events and scenes of *local* interest that may imbue you with noble sentiments, and elevated principles, persuading you to let your judgment and your conscience ever hold firm sway over your feelings, since they only can guide you into the safe course you should pursue.

Forget not that my footsteps are pressing on eternity, my strength fast failing, the decrepitude of age is upon me; and yet a multitude of days has not extinguished the warmth of my feelings to-

wards you, some of whom will peruse with additional care, sentiments recommended to you by the warmth of your attachment, more than by any claim of merit in the writer ; for we all know that there is something in personal knowledge, much in the feelings of endeared acquaintance, which tend to excite a new interest in considering truths, which are already familiar to our minds. My concern for many interesting young people of both sex, extends beyond the transient period of our present intercourse, and it will shed a ray of brightness on my parting hour, if I might dare to think, that any caution held out, any principle suggested, or habit recommended, might prove of use to one of them, when this trembling hand, which now can scarcely guide my pen, will be no longer exerted in their service. Thus would they remember their faithful friend in the way which would show their highest affection, whilst it would confer the truest honor on themselves.

# THE OLDEN TIME OF CAROLINA.

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## LETTER I.

TO MASTER THOMAS HENRY SMITH.

“To wake within the melting soul  
Time’s lost or buried pleasures,  
Old friends, old books, old songs, old joys,  
And all life’s garnered treasures:  
Bereft of pain, ’twill softly gain  
Old memory’s haunted places,  
While o’er us rise, in angel guise,  
Soft smiles and vanished faces.”

*Charleston, March 8th, 1851.*

MY DEAR YOUNG COUSIN :

AGE, says the proverb, strips us of every thing, even of resolution ; but having formed an excellent one as regards myself, that of never being outdone in generosity, I now snatch up my pen to thank you sincerely for the gratification afforded by the perusal of the School-Master’s Journal, kept at your great<sup>o</sup>great grandfather’s mansion from 1740 to 1750. Indeed, Mr. James Elerton, the English gentleman, seems to have been Madam Smith’s “Man of all work,” not confining himself to the instruction of Masters Harry, Tommy, Georgy and Benney, but we find him attending to the loading of the schooner, raising the poultry house, and removing the cow-pen. Could my hand keep pace with the rapidity of thought, how many almost forgotten facts could I tell you, little Master, of the mansion of those who have occupied it, and now sleep

within its grave-yard. Soon could I hold up to your view characters worthy of your imitation, and point out virtues that you would do well to emulate. "Madam Smith," you have been told, is the same with the "beautiful Mary Hyrne," so interestingly introduced by that delightful writer and accomplished gentleman, Dr. J. B. Irving, in his attractive little volume, "A Day on Cooper River," which your good mother has read and explained to yourself and sisters. She had become a widow in 1738, two years previous to the commencement of your tattered journal, in return for the loan of which you shall have a page or more from *my stories*. Come, step along with me, and I will give you your progenitors through the two last centuries; some of whom have been eminent as public men, and others, who for temper, manners, learning, piety, and humanity, have been the very exemplars of christian gentlemen. And do we not know the quiet influence for good which such characters exert? Men, with their minds thoroughly impressed with the absolute necessity of universal virtue and goodness, as the only sure road to happiness and heaven; and that you may live to walk therein with undeviating steps, is the sincere and affectionate wish of her who pens these lines, and that through a long life. Resolved am I to record for your benefit and gratification, the history of your forefathers, to rescue from oblivion the memory of former domestic incidents, and to render a just tribute to the many virtues of your progenitors, to treat of times long past; over which the twilight of uncertainty has already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness is about to descend forever. Yes, I have caught up my pen, with a heart full of anxiety, lest I shall fail to do justice to so much worth and valor, e'er I too "be gathered to my fathers." For a time you and I shall have nothing to do with the insignificant transactions of the present age. Our chief happiness shall be to treasure up the recollections of the past events of the *good*

*old times of your forefathers*, which, but for me would be buried in eternal oblivion, the name and achievements of Landgrave Thomas Smith, who was born in 1648, in the city of Exeter, Devonshire, England, and came to the Province of South-Carolina in 1671, with his brother James, and in 1672 received lots, numbers 41 and 57, in New Charles Town. I must tell you also of Benjamin Schenking, and rest assured that but for me, all those persons would be enveloped in doubt and fiction, remembered only as shadows that have flitted across the world's stage, leaving no trace behind to mark their exit. Determined, therefore, to avert if possible, this threatening misfortune, I shall *for you* gather together all the fragments of your family history, and anecdotes which may still exist, or of which I may be able to possess myself, and where no written record can be found, will endeavor to continue my accounts from well authenticated traditions, not the least interesting of which have come down to me at past periods, from some of *your old* and faithful family servants, such as Dr. Irving has told us, was Bob of the mansion—"a native and to the manor born," one of a class of people, he regretted to say, "like many other good things in Carolina, fast passing away." Thomas and James were amongst those whom the restoration of Charles the II. to the throne induced to leave England. The cavaliers, who had suffered during the usurpation, began to retaliate on the puritans, and having attained the ascendancy over them in public affairs, on all occasions treated them with severe ridicule and supercilious contempt; on the other hand, the morose republican party, highly offended at the licentious manners and growing wickedness of the times, ardently wished for some distant retreat to shelter themselves from the storm of divine judgments, which they believed hung over the corrupt and profligate nation. Lord Clarendon, and many others of the King's council, encouraged emigration as a sovereign remedy for political disorders. Of

the other party, many brave officers and soldiers had been reduced to indigent circumstances by their steady adherence to the royal family during the civil war. They finding that Charles could make but little provision for them at home, were also willing to accept grants in the neighborhood of Indian savages, and thus obtained landed estates at an easy rate. For instance, in the case of Sir John, who was the eldest son, and heir of Robert Yeomans, alderman of Bristol, who was imprisoned and executed in 1643, by order of Nathaniel Fiennes, son to Lord Say, who had been appointed Governor of Bristol by the Parliament. John was advanced to the dignity of Baronet, by Charles the II. in 1664, as a reward for the steady loyalty and heavy sufferings of his father. As he had been much injured in his private fortunes, he embarked for the Island of Barbados, then in a flourishing condition, to hide his poverty from his acquaintance in England, and endeavor to acquire a fortune suitable to his dignity. In 1670, when this Province (now a State) was to be settled, he received a grant of forty-eight thousand acres of land from the proprietors, and the title of Landgrave. He then with several respectable followers retired to the infant colony, to forward by his presence and example, the interest of his generous and beloved friends, from whom he had received great encouragement and assistance. He was the first person who introduced negroes here, and gave his name to the creek, which ran through his barony; on a part of which your mansion now stands. On the death of Governor Sayle, Sir John Yeomans claimed the office of Vice Palatine, in consequence of his rank—he being the only Landgrave resident in the colony; but the council chose to prefer Joseph West, until a special appointment arrived from England; the first vessel that came brought a commission to Sir John, constituting him Governor of the colony. He entered on his duties with uncommon zeal. A committee of Stephen Bull

Ralph Marshall, and Wm. Owen, framed some public regulations:—The first act to prevent persons from leaving the colony; the second, to prohibit the disposing of arms and ammunition to Indians; the third, for the regular building of “Charles Town,” which was commenced on this spot in 1672; although the Old Town was well built up and thickly settled until about 1680, when the inhabitants began not only to transfer themselves, but the materials with which their habitations had been built, across the Ashley river, so that at this time, not two centuries from its first foundation, all traces of that early settlement are completely eradicated; whilst flourishing fields are to be seen, where for nine or ten years a very large proportion of the European colonists resided, and which continued to be the seat of all the offices and departments of the government until 1680, on the centennial of which we surrendered the “New Charles Town” to the British, who kept possession two years. “Old Town,” on the west side of the Ashley, may, like the once beautiful and very pleasant Town of Dorchester, located twenty miles higher up the same river, have proved too unhealthy; so late as 1780, that town contained about four or five hundred persons, and services were continued after the war for a short period. Yet now in 1851 you ride through the desolate land, from which even the brick foundations have been carted away to build chimneys in Summerville, St. George’s Parish. There remains no church, no altar, priest or congregation; register and journals all lost, and many for the want of an Episcopal place of worship, have, through necessity, long since connected themselves with dissenters. Nought remains of the church, but the steeple, guarded by a pair of sacred white owls.

We will take a retrospective glance at the past, and then return to the administration of the Governor, Yeomans. We will commence with a chronological table of events, relative to this our own State, from its settlement to the end of the

revolutionary war. We are informed that about the year 1560, settlements were formed by the Spaniards on many of the Islands on the sea-coast in Beaufort District, and up Calibogue Sound and May river, which they then considered a part of Florida. In 1562, a colony of French, under Jean Ribault, arrived at Port Royal, the Island in St. Helena Parish, Beaufort District, on which the present town of Beaufort is situated; it is twenty-six miles from Purisburg and seventy-three from Charleston, with a fine harbor; there they built a fort, which they named after Charles the IX. of France. The prevailing opinion is, that the fort was built on a point of land extending down towards the entrance, between the Broad (called by him the Grande) and the Port Royal rivers—this point is now called Paris Island, and the remains of what appear to have been a fort are shown. There are, however, others who suppose that it was near the present site of Beaufort. Nothing has been discovered of a pillar with the arms of France, which he describes as having been built on the river. An account of his colony, written in French, is to be found in the college library of Columbia, where I hope you will be enabled to read it in the original a few years hence. In 1564, June the 20th, another French colony sent by Admiral Coligny, the Huguenot, under Louis Laudoner, settled on the river May, where they were joined by Ribault. The next year, 1565, the Spaniards from Florida attacked them, killing Ribault and six hundred of his men. Laudoner, and a few others, escaping in a vessel of their own constructing, several died on the passage, one was killed to save the few survivors from starvation, who were taken from their almost sinking craft by an English barque; part of them landed on the coast of France, the others were taken to England. John Ribault described this country in the most extravagant style. In 1567, two years after that, the Chevalier De Gourgues, with a chosen band, raised at his own



expense, re-took the fort, put all the Spaniards to the sword, and returned home. In 1622, (fifty-five years subsequently) several English families, flying from the massacres of the Indians of Virginia, were driven to the coast, and settled on the river May. In 1630, Sir Robert Heath obtained a grant of Carolina from Charles the I., but never attempted to settle. In 1660, a colony from Massachusetts made a settlement round Cape Fear, (that was forty years after the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth.) The first charter of Charles the II. was given to eight lords proprietors in 1662, on the 24th of March, two years after his restoration to the crown of England. They were Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor, (James the Duke of York, married his daughter as his first wife;) George, Duke of Albemarle; William, Lord Craven, (the father of the Governor of 1715;) John, Lord Berkley, Anthony, Lord Ashley, (afterwards Earl of Shaftsbury;) Sir George Carteret, (brother of Landgrave James;) Sir William Berkley, and Sir John Colleton; their heirs and successors creating them absolute lords and proprietors of all the territory. Three years after, the charter was enlarged. On the 21st of June, a set of fundamental constitutions were ratified by the lords proprietors, and July the 26th, 1669, Colonel William Sayle was appointed first Governor of Carolina. In 1667, they had fitted out a ship, and sent him to bring them some accounts of the coast. He was driven by a storm amongst the Bahama Islands, which accident he improved to the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of them, particularly that of Providence, which he judged might be of service to the intended settlement of Carolina, for in case of an invasion of the Spaniards, this island fortified, might serve as a check to the progress of their arms, or a retreat to the unfortunate colonist. He sailed along the coast of this State, observing several large navigable rivers emptying themselves into the ocean, and a flat

country covered with woods. He attempted to go ashore in his boat, but finding savages on the banks of the rivers, he was obliged to drop the design; and after having explored the coast and the mouth of the rivers, took his departure and returned to England, where his report was highly favorable; he encouraged the lords to engage with vigor in the execution of their project; he also induced them to apply to the King for a grant of the Bahama Islands; they were bestowed. Two ships filled with adventurers, embarked with provisions, arms and utensils, requisite for building and cultivation. The expense for this first embarkation amounted to £12,000. In 1670, a second set of fundamental constitutions, drawn by John Locke, were ratified, sent out, and acted upon till 1693, and then discontinued, *whilst your three times great-grandfather was Governor*. In 1671, the plan for a town was sent out by the lords proprietors, directed to the Governor, Col. Joseph West, and Council of Ashley river. The name of Charles Town was given to the settlement on the west of the river, yet it does not appear that any bounds were established for a city. The present site of our city began to be occupied before there was any prospect of abandoning that now called *Old Town*, for on the 21st of February, 1672, Lieut. Henry Hughs voluntarily appeared before council and surrendered up one half of his land near a place upon Ashley river, known by the name of "Oyster Point," to be employed in and toward enlarging of a town and commons of pasture therein intended to be erected. About the same time, Capt. John Coming, and Afra his wife, made a similar surrender of land situated in the same neighborhood, but theirs was relinquished on the 8th of the ensuing September, in consequence of a refusal of the inhabitants to adopt the land as a town site, as it was low and full of creeks. We know that twenty-six years after the rejection of the Coming offer, when the property had become far more valuable, Afra, "the late

wife" of Capt. Coming, did in 1698, give seventeen acres of the same "to the Church of England," making St. Philip's and St. Michael's now very rich by her grant. The streets of Coming and St. Philips, Wentworth and Beaufain, also the newly opened one of Glebe, include her gift. On this our site, you find that settlements began in the year 1672, the place being designated as "New Town," or "Oyster Point." The Grand Council, on the 18th of June, 1672, directed by order that two great guns be mounted at "New Town," for the better defence of the colony, to be placed under charge of Mr. Richard Conant, with twelve pound of powder. Directions were given that on any alarm the inhabitants, "on the other point of the river, called 'Oyster Point,' do repair to the plantation now in possession of Mr. Thomas Norris, or Mr. William Morril;" in the year 1672 also, the Surveyor-General was directed officially to lay out the present site. But let us resume the account of Sir John Yeoman, who had removed to Barbados as early as 1665, when with others he purchased, or accepted of extensive tracts in the contemplated colony of Carolina. He writes, "I, Sir John Yeomans, Bart. Lieut. General and Governor of the province of Carolina, give for every one thousand pounds of Muscovado sugar, five hundred acres of land." He sold to George Thomson, James Browne, etc.

Again he has—"Barbados, 24th of December, 1670, these are to notify the Governor, Sayle and his council, of Albemarle Point, on the Ashley river, that Thomas Lake, Esq., of Barbados, hath adventured and paid one thousand pounds of sugar on said account, whereupon we desire that, accordingly, five hundred acres of land be laid out for him, provided he settle the same before the 25th of March next. We are your friends and servants, John Yeomans and Thomas Colleton."

This is one of the evidences of the removal of the colony from Port Royal to "Old Town" in 1670, the same year that

it arrived, and not in '71, as Dr. Ramsay states in his history of the State. He also tells us that "none of the first settlers can be named, excepting William Sayle and Joseph West." That able, impartial, and generally accurate historian, probably had not seen the official records in the Secretary of State's office, whence this information was obtained. Hilton was to be paid for "the discovery of Carolina at the rate of five hundred acres of land for every one thousand pounds of sugar," probably he commanded the ship, or was the companion of Sayle, and that Hilton Head derives its name from him. We are told that Port Royal is eligibly situated for a commercial town, having a deep and capacious harbor, admitting ships of the largest class, and in its neighborhood a rich and fertile country. The first settlement of the province was attempted there in 1660, by some colonist from Virginia. The second was made at that place in 1670, by those under Col. Sayle. It is likely that the Spaniards became jealous of the attempt to settle in a country to which they laid claim, and that the Indians, under their influence, showed marks of hostility. The cause must have been urgent to induce them to relinquish their improvements, and commence again the labor of a new settlement. In a few months the site first chosen was abandoned, and the adventurers removed to the west bank of Ashley river." The prospect of better pasturage and tillage, are mentioned by historians as the inducing causes of the change, enhanced, no doubt, by the uncomfortable proximity of the jealous Spaniards and the fierce Yemassee, to Port Royal; and, also, by the inviting exposure of that open bay to hostile invasion by sea." "On the first high land" they laid the foundation of a town which they named in honor of the King, "Charles Town," you may hear now of "Old Town creek." The point made by the confluence of the Ashley river and Wappoo creek, was then called "Albemarle Point." That their removal took

place in the year of their arrival is ascertained by the codicil to Col. Sayle's will, made in Charles Town on the 30th of September, 1670. The will had been made in Bermuda the preceding February, probably on his passage from England. The codicil was proved by Governor West, April the 10th, 1671. Col. Sayle styled himself "Governor of that part of the province of Carolina, southward and westward from Cape Cartaret, otherwise called Cape Romanoe." Sir John Yeomans controled the upper part of the province, and on his removal down brought with him the families of Moores, Carvons, Fluds, Bakers, Barkers, etc., who located themselves on Yeoman creek; by the election of the proprietors, his jurisdiction was to extend over the entire province of Carolina.

"The first popular election recorded on the 20th of April, 1672, when the following persons were elected to Parliament:—Stephen Bull, Florence O'Sullivan, (the person from whom the Island derives its name; he was appointed the 30th of May, 1664, to take charge of a cannon, directed to be mounted in some convenient place near the river's mouth, to be fired on the approach of a ship, it was placed on that Island;) John Culpepper, John Robinson, Christopher Portman, Ralph Marshall, John Maverick, John Pinkard, Robert Donne, Amos Jeffords, Richard Conant, Peter Hyrne, Richard Chapman, John Yeomans, Timothy Biggs, James Jones, Edward Mathews, Samuel West, Richard Cole, and Henry Hughes."

We meet with the name of William Yeomans, the nephew of Sir John, in St. James' Parish, Goosecreek, as late as 1747, associated with that of Benjamin Godin. On the 23d of April, it was resolved to issue a warrant forthwith to the Surveyor-General, John Culpepper, for the laying out of three squares of twelve thousand acres—one about Charles Town, another at James Town, and another at a place known as "Oyster Point."

“The first apportionment of town lots in the city occurred on the 22d of July, 1672, the settlers having previously surrendered their former grants, received new allotments under the plan of the town then completed. The following list of grantees is given:—Thomas Ingram had No. 58; Samuel West, 31; William Owen, 32 and 33; Capt. Henry Braine, 30; Lieut. Henry Hughes, 3; Capt. John Coming, 29; Capt. Florence O’Sullivan, 5, 6, 26 and 27; John Williamson, 7; Ralph Marshall, 8; Capt. Stephen Bull, 24 and 25; Capt. Joseph Bayley, 9; Sir John Yeomans, 22; Richard Deyos, 19; James Jours, 14; Thomas Turpin, 33; Priscilla Burke, 28; Major Thomas Gray, 10; John Foster, 11; Richard Batin, 13; Henry Wood, 15; George Beadon, 20 and 40; (hence comes Beadon’s Alley,) Ensign Hugh Cataret, 18; Capt. George Thomson bought of William Thennis, 16 and 17, (Thomson, of Barbados, who told us on the 25th of April, 1665, that “he was elected one of the treasurers for the receipt of all subscriptions, and also of the receipt of what sugar, in pursuance of the general concessions under the seal of the said province,” he acknowledged to have received of Col. Simon Lambert the sum of four thousand pounds of Muscovado sugar,) Capt. Nathaniel Sayle had lots Nos. 59 and 60; Thomas Hurt, for his wife, 61; the Lords Proprietors, 50, 51, 52, 53 and 62; Capt. Maurice Mathews, 37 and 54; Michael Smith, 38; Thomas Thomson, 55; Capt. Gyles Hall, 12; Richard Cole, 42; Joseph Dalton, 44; John Pinkard, 36; Joseph Pendarvis, 45; John Maverick, 43; Comer-ton, number not designated; Christopher Portman, 4; Ensign Henry Prettye, 56; Timothy Biggs, 34; Charles Millar, 46; John Culpepper, surveyor, 35; Capt. John Robinson, 47; Ensign John Boone, 2; Edward Mathews, 1; Thomas and James Smith, had 41 and 57.

“Among the original lot holders of Old Charles Town, who had removed from Port Royal, were Richard Batin or Baton,

James Jours, and Richard Deyos. These, we may conjecture, were French Protestants, who had sought an asylum in England, and accompanied the expedition under the command of Sayle."

Confess now, young cousin, that I merit your gratitude for bringing you acquainted with things of local interest, and do not join the giddy ones who laugh at me, declaring that I "luxuriate" in describing the former course of the creek up what is now Water-street to Meeting, and quite on to where the Scotch Church now stands. And in talking of the old house at the corner of East Bay and Longitude-lane, to the door of which a large pettiauger drove up, and was wrecked in the great gale of 1752, whilst it belonged to, and was occupied by Mary, the widow of the second Landgrave Thomas Smith, who had died in 1738. They will tell you too, that I am fond of recounting some miraculous, but well attested legend of this self same Mary of ghost memory, who, to confess the truth, I intend to make the heroine of all the epistles that I may address to you, for she was our great great grandmother, a lady of happy memory, whose example I flatter myself many of my young friends will be wise enough to copy. Adieu for the present.

## LETTER II.

“ A watcher I, by bush and stream,  
A loiterer by the field and fold ;  
A lover of tradition’s dream,  
And pleasant tales of days of old.”

*Charleston, March 9th, 1851*

MY DEAR THOMAS HENRY :

WE will return to the early times of our city. In 1677, it was written “ Oyster Point Town.” In Nov., 1680, it was called in official papers “ New Charles Town,” and, in 1682, “ Charles Town.” It was incorporated in 1783 by the name of the “ City of Charleston.” It was originally no further west than Meeting-street. A line from the Bay, a little to the north of the present St. Philip’s Church, formed its northern boundary, and somewhere about Water-street its southern extremity ; the streets were not distinguished by names for several years. In a deed of sale, January the 20th, 1697, Queen is called “ a little street that leads from the Cooper to the Ashley river.” East Bay was described as a street running parallel with Cooper river from Ashley to the French Church. In a deed the 30th of July, 1698, some bounds are described as being “ on Broad, alias Cooper-street, that leadeth from Cooper river, by the church and market place, to the Ashley river.” From a deed of sale in 1699, it appears that the lots upon which the City Hall and Court House stand were sites of the market place, some lands are defined as bounding upon “ the great street that runs north and south through the market.” The State, where the Court House now stands, was afterwards built on that west corner, where had been originally a deep pond, there the youths had



been accustomed to bathe. The corner-stone was laid by Gov. James Glen, on the 22d of June, 1753, after having duly deposited a piece of coin; when each officer of State or member of the Council had followed suit by laying a brick, they adjourned to "Gordon's in Broad-street," indulging in merriment appropriate to the day, "and perhaps in laying more bricks." "The same finale had been adopted on the laying of the corner-stone for St. Michael's Church, by Gov. Glen, on the 17th of February, 1752." We presume that the State House was first used in '54, and continued to be until the disastrous fire of 1788, excepting the two years whilst the foe held the town. The Jacksonborough session of 1782 is well known to us all, where Gen. Francis Marion, as a member of the Legislature, so nobly resisted all retaliatory measures towards the tories. On Tuesday, the 7th of February, 1788, a fire was discovered in the Senate room of the State House, which in a few hours reduced that building to a pile of ruins. The conflagration commenced by the intense heat of the fire catching a part of the wainscoting which projected over the bricks above the fire-place. It had cost £5,912,70 sterling. The present Court House shows the plan and extent of the building, with the exception chiefly of the third story, which was not in the original edifice. Mr. Benjamin Simons, who was born on the 9th of July, 1693, the father of Keating, Edward, Maurice, Mrs. Jamison, and others, assisted as a carpenter in building the State House, that was began in 1753, at the age of 60.

The city square was originally the grave-yard of the first St. Philip's or English Church, which was built in 1680, on the spot where the only St. Michael's now stands. By 1697 it was so filled with Episcopalian bones, it became necessary to forbid that any more interments should be made there; just a quarter of a century after the Oyster Point Town began to be built. A burial ground for all denominations had

been commenced west of the present Archdale-street, in the woods, extending up to the present Beaufain, where you came to the pasture of the first parsonage, (given to St. Philip Church, by Mrs. Afra Coming in 1698,) down to Queen-street, then the south boundary of the town, and west as far as should be required. The Poor House and Jail were afterwards built upon a part of that "city of the dead," the bones turned out for the foundation bricks to be laid were carried up St. Philip's street and buried in a lot opposite the present Orphan House. Potter's field and other places were subsequently established and used. Those human bodies turned up of late, in Franklin, below Queen-street, were part of the Hessian Yaggars, and other of the enemy, killed in May, 1780, by the accidental blowing up of the magazine in the street of that name, west of Archdale-street, then built up. The mother, grandmother, and only sister of old Mr. John Smith, so long connected with St. Philip Churches second and third, were residing in the magazine square, and were all destroyed; he who had been sent abroad on an errand, had just returned to the gate when the explosion occurred, and was blown into the jail yard, yet escaped unhurt, and was taken under the care of a kind young woman, who at that period kept a little school at the south-east corner of Broad and King streets, to whom as long as she lived he proved himself a most grateful son. His father had gone to England on business at the time, but returned soon to find house and family had been lost to him, excepting the lad, who has lived to do much good.

The Market was continued at the corners east and west, long after the adjoining grave yard had been given up. The deep pond of which mention has been made, was the western boundary of the town until 1704. The first Guard House was at the east end of Broad-street, where the Custom House and Post Office now stands, it was a yellow wooden building.

Court of Guard means a municipal court to try minor offences, taken up by the guard the night before. The old City Guard House, fronting on Broad-street, was a good substantial building, where the public records were kept, in the upper story, until their removal to the fire-proof building. We will now return to a more remote period, January, 1674, then it was that Sir John Yeomans, who had been four years in the province, returned to Barbados, and died soon after, (his only child intermarried with Governor Moore,) he had been reduced to a feeble condition by the warm sickly climate, and his indefatigable labors for the success of the settlement, few could have exceeded him in valor, prudence and application to government. He had the town fortified and additional works of defence erected the year of his departure, 1674. Joseph West was again elected Governor, and the Palatine confirmed the election, he was a favorite, and on the 27th of April, 1675, the inhabitants were enrolled in three companies, the first commanded by himself, the second by Lieut. Col. Godfrey, the third by Capt. Maurice Mathews. But he soon incurred the displeasure of the proprietors by the sale of the Indians, and Landgrave Joseph Morton was elected. Now that I have shown you Thomas Smith, your progenitor, as amongst the first who came to Carolina, will remind you of his house, yet standing as one of the few landmarks, at the corner of East Bay and the north corner of Longitude-lane. I dare say he talked of living "down east," as the streets were nameless in a great measure, and there he planted his rice, and reaped his only crop, for he died that same year (1694). Thomas and James Smith, were known as respectable miscellaneous writers in the days of the commonwealth of England. Thomas and James, the sons of Thomas, came to the province in 1671—the former bought the lot given to his brother, and remained here to build up the "bacon and rice aristocracy," whilst James removed to

Boston to help on that of the "codfish aristocracy." Thomas, the first Landgrave, you recollect was born in 1648, he was twenty-two years older than his son Thomas, who was born in England in 1670, came over when a few months old, and was called the "little Englishman;" his son George, "the American," came into existence in 1672, and became a physician in 1700. Their mother was the youthful Baroness, (the widow of Bernard Schencking, whose brother Benjamin accompanied them,) whom your forefather brought as his wife to America. Are you not wrapped in admiration of the young, and exquisitely lovely German adventuress, who for love, tyrannic love, could forego brocades and hoops, blue satin and Mecklin lace, (such as Simeon Theus and brothers Bogle loved to paint,) leaving perchance the mansion of some rich old Burgher, some house with its gable to the street, a Dutch roof, and chimneys well adorned with tiles. Flying from pomp that may constantly have surrounded her, and all to share the fortunes of an English youth, bound to a *terra incognita*, and a nation of savages? I have some qualms of conscience at calling up the shades of your ancestors, and bringing even their taste into question, but having once done so, am determined not yet to dismiss them. The widow in her wisdom, resolved to act upon the good advice given in "family quarrels." "Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands," nor marry for nothing but love." With them came her lovely portrait, which a British soldier stole during the Revolution, from its massive, carved and gilded frame, which even now hangs empty against the wall of one of your upper rooms at Yeoman Hall, and which I recommend to be presented to the Hon. Barnwell Rhett, (alias Smith) for the reception of one of her handsomest descendants; the likeness of his grandfather, Mr. Thomas Smith, taken in London, in the year 1749, when he was thirty years of age. My eyes rested upon this charming picture, on visiting Mr.

Jackson's room, in King-street, some years ago. A wig curled and well powdered, and a grave colored coat, led me to ask "who is that, and by what master hand?" "Mr. Thomas Smith, the grandfather of Messrs. Rhett and their sisters, the artist's name was Kreble, mam, he must have been one of the first rate in Europe, mam, and yet to think that I never heard of him, mam!"

Surely, thought I, if the young runaway from England in 1671, was the prototype of this surpassingly handsome great grandson of his, any lady would be held excusable for joining him in his flight, at a period when the puritans could not patiently endure the folly and sinfulness of the Court of Charles the II. The stolen picture, I have heard your great great aunt say, presented the fair one with rosy cheeks and cherry lips, with magnificent large blue eyes, and a face of German contour. Her hands and feet, we may readily imagine, were wonderfully small and delicately formed; this *chef d'œuvre* caught up her first-born, and Hagar like, "fled to the wilderness," where lending a helping hand, they made a part of it "to bloom as the rose," happily they settled down on a plantation on Back river, and caused to be built the first brick house in the province, beyond the precincts of the town. (It is now the property of Mr. P. G. Stoney.) There they engaged in that art of arts, agriculture, without which man would be a savage to the end of time, and the world a desert ever. In twenty-three years from their arrival to the period of his death, in 1694, they had amassed a splendid estate by industry and good conduct, which finally promoted him to the highest office within the gift of the Lords Proprietors in 1693. At that time he offered for sale his plantation on Back river, purporting the ensuing year to take possession of Yeoman Hall, once the property of Lord Craven, then undergoing repair, and was to be ready for their reception at that time, adorned with tessellated floors and frescoed pannels,

on its pillars there was statuary, in its corridors and chambers, his son, its future master, was about to place gilded furniture, and gather costly stones into his cabinet. The gates were arched, and the thresholds paved. He was ready to enrich his dwelling with all manner of costliness, for neither father nor son were advocates for meanness of habitation. The town family mansion had its gilded angels and painted walls, and I recollect a few years ago, the scampering of children to rescue a quantity of broken painted tiles, from the old chimneys thrown down in Stoll's-alley, to which, and far beyond, the Smith lots had extended, and on which several of the second Landgrave Thomas' children lived. His father and self had taxable estates in St. James' Parish, Goose Creek, to a great amount in 1692. Well,

“ Your grandpa had a million acres,  
 Ne'er a one have I,  
 Your grandma in a palace dwell'd,  
 In a cottage I.”

But, alas, for him ! the mandate had gone forth, “ cut him down, although he cumbereth not the ground.” In 1692, Governor Ludwell, to please the planters, proposed to the assembly a new form of a deed for holding lands, by which he encroached on the prerogative of the proprietors, incurred their displeasure, and was removed from office. To find another man, equally qualified for the trust, was no small difficulty. Thomas Smith, Sr., was possessed of considerable property, for a patent had been sent out creating him a Landgrave, with a grant of 48,000 acres of land, bearing date May, 13th, 1691. He was much esteemed by the people for his wisdom and sobriety. He would be both zealous and active in promoting the prosperity of the settlement. Therefore, in 1693, followed a commission, investing him with the government of the colony. Mr. Ludwell returned to Virginia, hap-

pily relieved, and Landgrave Smith entered, under all possible advantages, the office. He had been twenty-two years in Carolina ; was well acquainted with the state of the colony, and with the tempers of the leading men in it. He knew that the interest of the proprietors and the prosperity of the settlement were inseparably connected. He was disposed to allow the people, struggling under many hardships, every indulgence, consistent with the duties of his trust. No stranger could have been appointed who could boast of being in circumstances equally favorable and advantageous. Just then a fortunate accident happened, which occasioned the introduction of Rice into Carolina ; a grain suitable to the climate and soil of the country. A brigantine, from the Island of Madagascar, touching at this town on her way to Britain, came to anchor off Sullivan's Island. There, Landgrave Smith, on an invitation from the Captain, paid him a visit, and received from him the present of a bag of seed rice ; which he, the Captain, had seen growing in eastern countries, where it was deemed excellent food, and very productive. The Governor most thankfully accepted, and divided the prize between Mr. Stephen Bull, Mr. Joseph Woodward and a few other friends, who agreed to make the experiment of planting each his small parcel in a different soil. It answered their highest expectations. Some years after that, Mr. Dubois, treasurer of the East India Company, sent a quantity of seed rice to the colony, which, it is supposed by some, gave rise to the distinction of red and white rice, others believe it to depend on culture. " Before this period, the Carolinians, (we are told,) had found out the policy of setting one tribe of Indians against another on purpose to save themselves ; not only diverting their attention from them, but encouraging them to bring captives to Charlestown, for the purpose of transportation to the West Indies, and the advantage of trade." In 1693, twenty Cherokee Chiefs waited on Gov.

Smith, with presents and proposals of friendship, craving the protection of government against the Esaw and Congaree Indians, who had destroyed several of their towns, and taken a number of their people prisoners. They complained also of the Savannas, for selling their countrymen, contrary to former regulations established amongst the tribes, and begged the Governor to restore their relations and protect them against such insidious enemies. The Governor responded that there was nothing he wished for more than friendship and peace with the Cherokee warriors, and would do everything in his power for their defence; that the prisoners were already gone, and could not be recalled; but that he would, for the future, take care that a stop should be put to the custom of sending them off the country. At the same time, the Chihaw king complained of the cruel treatment he had received from a man named John Palmer, "who had barbarously beat and cut him with his broadsword;" in answer to which charge Palmer was insolent, and protested in defiance and contempt of both governor and council, he would again treat him in the same manner upon the same provocation, for which he was ordered into custody until he asked pardon of the house, and found security for his future peaceable behavior to the Indians." He had arrived from England in the "Loyal Jamaica," in April, 1692, and must not be considered a member of the Huguenot Pamor family, of 1685, who now write their name Palmer, they would disown the relationship in scorn.

"With respect to government, Carolina still continued in a confused and turbulent state. Complaints from every quarter were made to the Governor, who was neither able to quiet the minds of the people, nor afford them the relief they wanted. Governor Philip Ludwell had been anxious to protect the French refugees, and endeavored to have them naturalized, and admitted to equal rights with the rest of the



colonists. This measure was resisted by the bigotry and intolerance of the people, and it was not till many years afterwards, that they obtained the recognition of their natural rights. They were at this time uneasy that there was no provincial law to secure their estates to the heirs of their body or the next in kin, and afraid that their lands at their death, would escheat to the proprietors, and their children become beggars, notwithstanding their utmost industry and application; and, in such a case, the sooner they removed from the colony the better it would be for themselves and their posterity. The English colonist not only kept up variances among themselves, but also perplexed the Governor with their complaints of hardships and grievances. At last, Landgrave Smith wrote to the proprietors, and frankly told them that he despaired of ever uniting the people in interest and affection, that he and many more, weary of the fluctuating state of public affairs, had resolved to leave the province, and that he was convinced that nothing would bring the settlers to a state of tranquillity and harmony, unless they sent out one of the proprietors with full power to redress grievances and settle differences prevailing and likely to prevail more in the colony. They, astonished at the discontented and turbulent spirit of the people, yet anxious to prevent the settlement from being deserted and ruined, resolved to try the remedy that he had suggested. Lord Ashley, a young nobleman, was selected and invested with full powers to establish such regulations as he should judge most conducive to the peace and welfare of the colony. He, however, declined accepting the appointment, either from want of inclination or being detained in England, on more important or agreeable business, and John Archdale, a man of considerable knowledge and discretion, a Quaker and a proprietor, agreed to embark in his place." In the meantime, *your great, great, great grandfather Smith*, having died, his friend, the Hon. Joseph

Blake, another dissenter, was chosen Governor, until the pleasure of the lords should be known. So great had the antipathy of the English settlers to the French refugees now grown, that they insisted on their total exclusion from a voice in the legislature; for this purpose, an address was prepared and presented to the Governor, praying that "the refugees might not only be denied the privilege of sitting as members of the legislative body, but also of a vote at their election, and that the assembly may be composed only of English members, chosen by Englishmen." Their request being contrary to the instructions of the proprietors, he judged it beyond his power to grant, and therefore matters relating to them continued in the same unsettled state until the arrival of Gov. Archdale, in 1695.

He, by his extensive powers and great discretion, settled things to the satisfaction of all, excepting the French refugees; all that he could do for them was to recommend it to the English freeholders to consider them in the most friendly and compassionate point of light, treating them with lenity and moderation. Archdale being empowered to nominate a Lieut. Governor, made choice of Joseph Blake for his successor; after a long sojourn in North Carolina, he embarked for Britain about the close of the year 1699. In March, 1695, he had met the legislature in Charles Town. The little Quaker meeting house was built immediately on his arrival; then well surrounded with bushes as you will see on the map of 1704, after a survey made by Mr. Edward Crisp, Surveyor General, engraved by James Akin. A neat dwelling now stands upon its site, you will find it on the east side of King, a few doors below Queen street, recessed, and with a yard on the west of the house, with two vine-clad tomb stones remaining; probably over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Latham, after whose deaths the building was locked and the key transmitted to the venerable father of the present well

known Hon. John B. O'Neall, residing in Newberry, as the sole remaining one of that quiet sect within this State. The temple fell a victim to the flames. The keeper of the key died, and perhaps it was buried with him, as would have been all this information but for me, your friend. You will bear in mind that the plan of 1704 shows no trace of Queen street beyond Meeting to the west, it was many years after that date, before it was marked out, as established from river to river. The house of the Rev. Mr. Stobo, who arrived in 1700, was just above that street, in the King of our day. Beyond the lines of fortification there were these scattered houses, each within a small enclosure; whilst the spaces that intervened were grown up in "young pyne, bushes, shrubs" together with the "James Town weed." The most distant house on that map is the parsonage, the site of which is Mr. H. L. Pinckney's lot in St. Philip's street, near Beaufain, on the Glebe tract, which was a donation, you remember, from "old Aunt Coming," in 1698, of which I shall tell you more hereafter; desiring, at this time, to revert to Governor Archdale, who purchased land in Pasquatank county, north of Albermarle Sound, some of which continues in the family to this time. The wife of Mr. William Hill, Secretary of State, of North Carolina, is a descendant of his through his daughter Anne, who was married in July of 1688, to Emanuel Lowe. Their daughter, Anne Pendleton, married Dempsy Conner, the father of Mrs. Hill. On Archdale's return to England, in 1699, the care of that State devolved on Thomas Harvey, as Deputy Governor. Brunswick county, North Carolina, was formed in 1764, from Bladen and New Hanover, south-east portion, its capital is Smithville. We know that a part of the Landgrave's grant of 48,000 acres of land lay there; and that his grand-son George, with several of his married sisters, settled there, the neighborhood continues to be thickly populated with Smiths and Moores, who continue to intermarry as

from the days of Justina and James. We hear of George Smith, of 1777. Abner, as Senator, in 1825. During the Revolution, of two young Smiths, of Cape Fear, one of whom was badly wounded, his horse was shot under him, he fell to the ground, and the British, as they passed, perforated his body with their bayonets. A Benjamin Smith was Senator from 1792 to '95. Benjamin Smith, a native and resident of Belvidere, Brunswick County, intelligent and enterprising, was a favorite General of Militia, of the State in 1810; he married Miss Moore. James Moore Smith was the first white child born west of the Blue Ridge. For you, have I thus far summoned up the history of your family. Well am I aware that my attempts will require kind indulgence, yet I shall, at any risk, go on and do my best, certain that, to the humble endeavor, there is never wanting the blessing of some good. Fondly do I flatter myself that no young friend of mine will ever bring discredit on my instructions. And, now, I will not encroach upon your attention by further prosecuting the subject at this time, but bid you an affectionate adieu.

## LETTER III.

“The lives of good men should remind us  
That we can make our own sublime ;  
Then departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of Time.”

*Charleston, March 12th, 1851.*

MY DEAR HENRY :

IN consequence of an union between the families of Smith and Blake, of which you are to be informed, I will proceed to speak of the latter family as history and tradition have done. Robert Blake, one of the most celebrated of British Admirals, was born at Bridgewater, Somersetshire, thirty miles from Bristol, in 1599, and educated at Oxford. In the struggle between Charles I and his people, he espoused the cause of liberty. In 1649 he was put in command of the fleet ; in '52 and '53 he fought four desperate engagements with the Dutch, under Van Tromp, in two of which he was very successful. The Mediterranean was the theatre of his glory in 1654. His health was entirely broken, he expired on the 27th of August, 1657, at the age of 58, while the fleet was entering Plymouth Sound. Oliver Cromwell had his body interred with great magnificence, in Henry the VII. Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, but, on the restoration of Charles II. it was insultingly torn from its resting place, and in 1661 ordered it to be buried in a pit in St. Margaret's Church yard. This act of unexampled meanness rankled in the hearts of his descendants so as to render them willing to leave their country on any convenient opportunity offering. Colonel Joseph Blake, his second son, sold out his estate in

Somersetshire, in 1682, and, as the friend and trustee of Lord Berkeley, one of the proprietors, came with his young family and a number of "substantial persons" to the Province; amongst whom were Lady Axtell, the mother of Lady Blake, and Mr. Morton and family, he had married the sister of Joseph Blake, their son was Joseph Morton, who signalized himself in 1703, in the upper house of assembly, as the friend of religious liberty, by voting against the establishment of the Church of England as the religion of the State, but he was refused permission to enter his protest on the journals of the house. They had left the Old for the New World, not only for the enjoyment of civil but religious liberty. The Rev. William Screven, who had left Somerton, an inland town, thirteen miles south of Wells, and fifty from Exeter, Devonshire, was settled at Kittery on the Piscataqua River, county of York, and Province of Maine, in 1681, there he was unable to maintain his ground more than a short time, such was the persecution that they fled, the greater part of the congregation with their minister, in October, 1682, and located themselves on Cooper River, a few miles above Charles Town, and called the settlement "Somerton" from their English home. Lady Axtell and her daughter Lady Blake, rejoiced at the arrival of this Baptist minister, who had but a few years previously left their immediate neighborhood in the other Hemisphere; they contributed largely to the establishment of their sect, and Mr. Blake, himself, although not a communicant, at least entertained the sentiments of the Baptist, and favored their cause, as he also did that of the Episcopalians and Presbyterians or Congregationalists. He came eleven years after the first Thomas Smith, who, you recollect, was also from the south west of England, and soon became steady friends to the close of the Landgrave's life, when he left to his care his son George until of age. His son Thomas had, at the age of twenty, in 1690, intermarried with Sarah, the

eldest daughter of Colonel Joseph Blake, his other daughters were subsequently united to Mr. Moore, Mr. Boone and Mr. Izard. Colonel Blake and Paul Grimball, another Baptist, Thomas Smith, Benjamin Schencking, William Dunlop and John Far, are the names that we find in 1687, associated with that of the Governor, James Colleton, forming the committee for revising the Fundamental Constitution, prepared for the lords proprietors, by the celebrated John Locke, or rather forming a new code "The Standing Laws," as they called them, which they transmitted to England, but the proprietors rejected them, insisting on the observance of the former laws, yet all the while the people treated them with indifference and neglect. Sir John Yeomans, James Cartaret, and John Locke were the first created Landgraves, to make the highest degree of the nobility required by the Constitution. With respect to the French refugees, the national antipathies began to abate; they had cleared little spots and raised the necessaries of life, been quiet and pious. Yet, one man only could boast of great success; he had taught the Indians dancing and music, for which they liberally rewarded him. The ladies Axtell and Blake were a great accession to the infant church; it was built upon the Wando River, which runs into the Cooper. After the removal from Somerton to Charles Town, Lady Axtell presented to the First Baptist Church the glass chandelier, which was a long time in the second building, the Seaman's place of worship. The third church has been erected on the lot No. 61, the site of the first. Should my endeavor be appreciated, I shall be pleased, in some future number, to give a full account of the arrival of the Rev. Wm. Screven, and the establishment of his faith in the province. One of his numerous grandsons intermarried with your family, as I shall soon show you, but, at this time, we will retrograde. For the better comprehending of the fol-

lowing pages, I will introduce here, the first divisions of the Province of Carolina :

1st. Berkeley County was the space around the capital, in which resided Sir Nathaniel Johnson, Madam Moore and sons, Thomas Smith and family, West, Bayly, Daniel, Godfrey, Mathews, Izard, Colleton, Grimball and others.

2d. Craven was to the Northward, settled by the quiet French.

3d. Colleton, containing Port Royal and the Islands in its vicinity to the distance of thirty miles, with two hundred freeholders to vote for delegates to the assembly, amongst whom were Yeomans, Blake, Boone, Schencking, Gibbes and others.

4th. Carteret lay to the south-west, occupied only by the Indians.

Well, my young friend, let us come now to the "last will and testament of him, we have been delighting to honor." It reads thus : "I, Thomas Smith, Sr., Esquire of Carolina, being of perfect memory and understanding, *doe* make and *ordaine* this to be my last Will and Testament, in manner and *form<sup>e</sup>* following : Impr. I give and bequeath unto my son George Smith, his choice of one of my mares, either yonger or old, which he liketh best, with my second best saddle and bridle.

Item, I give unto my son George all my wearing *apparell*, as well *linen* as *woolen*, *silk stufte* and cotton. I *doe alsoe* give unto my son George all my brick house in Charles Town, containing *four roomes one above another*, with convenient passage to and from it, to him and his heirs and assigns for ever.

Item, I give unto my son George, all my instruments that belong to Chirurgevy, and one half of all my medicines, and one half of all my books of whatever nature or kind soever : as *alsoe* one *fether* bed, two pair of *sheetts*, two *blanketts*, one



*rugg*, two pillows and one bolster, *alsoe* my large brass mortar and pestle, also one silver porenger, two silver spoons, my silver tankerd, two small silver salts, six heifers, six calves, and £20 current money of Carolina, to be paid unto my said son George, within three months after my decease, by my executor, hereafter named, *as alsoe foure leather chaires* and one cedar table board, and thirty shillings *vallew in table linnen*.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my grandson, Thomas Smith, my large silver tanckerd, to be nevertheless used by my son and executor, *dureing* his life time and repaired by him.

Item, I give unto my faithful friend, Colonel Joseph Blake, for a remembrance of me, my silver *tobaco* box.

Lastly, I bequeath all the rest of my property, my goods, *reall and personall*, chattles, plantations, houses, lands, cattle and negroes, by what title soever they are held, to my eldest son, Thomas Smith, to his heirs and assignes for ever; whom *alsoe*, I make the sole executor of this my last Will and Testament, excepting what relates to my son George, whose legacys herein specified, it is my meaning, shall be paid unto Colonel Joseph Blake, by my executor and son, Thomas Smith, unto *ye* use of my said son George, within *foure* months after my decease. And I *doe* earnestly pray and request the said Colonel Joseph Blake to be the overseer, counsellor and trustee for said son George, until he shall become twenty-one years of age. Witness my hand and seal the 26th day of June, 1692. *Thomas Smith, seal*. This was signed, sealed and acknowledged, and published, in the presence of Peter Girard, James Ramsay, Joseph Blake, Henry Wigington, Secretary."

George, who was born in 1672, was then twenty. There, dear cousin, you have the will of the stern, clear-headed, faith abiding puritan. Still wielding the pen, I shall give you the inscription from his tomb stone. "Here lieth ye Body of the

Right Honorable Thomas Smith, Esq., one of ye Landgrave of Carolina; in ye forty-sixth year of his age." He died at the early age of forty-five; after a virtuous and well-spent life, which we know to be the best security for happiness hereafter. Of the *Dissenting Church* he was a zealous and exemplary member, and he was taken from her midst in the full career of his usefulness; his beloved partner had exchanged time for eternity, many years before, and of late his son Thomas' wife had "adorned her station" as mistress of Back River House, the large estate by the law of primogeniture became his, George, his only brother, was studying medicine, and took his degree in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1700, the same year that consigned to the grave his excellent friend, Colonel Blake. The first Landgrave was buried on his Back River plantation, by the side of his Barbary.

"And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until the eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb."

In the hope of rendering his character more enduring, I have run my pen over a few sheets of paper, giving the little information within my power. How often, in past times, did I throw open every closet, pull out each drawer, peep up the chimneys, and into each cobweb corner of the basement, in the vain hope of at last discovering a treasure of musty papers, in some chest hid away at *your mansion*, such as would give full and satisfactory accounts of the family; but no papers, fraught with invaluable information, to an antiquary, were forth-coming to bless my sight. No chance for a Family Tree, where Edith, Henry and Elizabeth could be seen flourishing like pretty green leaves on one of its branches. You must, therefore, thankfully accept these letters, containing all that I know. And the only reward that I shall claim is a

promise from you that as soon as you are of age, which will be some ten years hence, or so, you will send a mason to Back River, to put up a wall around your progenitor's tomb. Shall I tell you how it is desecrated? Why the negroes use it as a stand for beehives, the stone is split in two, and may soon be thrown from its brick foundation! Oh, tell it not in Gath, that he, who went down to an early grave, a martyr to his too great anxiety for the welfare of the Colony, should thus be neglected. He, who had large possessions, land in several places, previous to the grant of 48,000 acres in 1691, with operatives innumerable, cannot now have a coarse wall to keep the feet of intruders from his last resting place. Mr. Stoney has more than once offered bricks as a gift on the spot. Certainly the care of that grave will devolve upon you, my young cousin, as the lineal heir of the buried one. The original Thomas, was your great, great, great grandfather. You are the great, great grand son of the second Thomas, great grandson of Henry and the grandson of Thomas Smith, of Westoe, and son of his only son George Henry, late of Goose Creek, all from the elder branch; therefore, master Thomas Henry, "thou art the man" to whom this sacred duty belongs, and whom in subsequent times will perform it. Not to flatter or make you proud, do I remind you of this fact, that, had the proprietary government continued, *you* would now possess the title of Landgrave, together with the honors, emoluments and lands derived from the patent, dated May the 13th, 1691. After reciting the authority of the proprietors to constitute titles, and honors in the Province, and to prefer *men of merit*, adorning such with titles and honors, and also stating the fundamental constitutions by which it was established, "that there should be Landgraves, and Cassiques, who would be perpetual and hereditary nobles and peers of the Province; goes on to state that "Thomas mith, a person of singular merit, would be very serviceable

by his great prudence and industry," then proceeds to constitute him a Landgrave, together with four baronies of twelve thousand acres of land each ; and it further declares "that the said title and four baronies should forever descend to his heirs, on paying an annual rent of a penny, lawful money of England, for each acre." Yet such have been the changes, which, in the course of a century and three fourths have taken place, that *yours* is the only known instance in which any one of Mr. Locke's Carolina nobility can trace back its pedigree to the original founder. Does not that possess the eloquence of Cicero, with which to persuade? Protect the grave of him, who, as early as 1688, obtained, in his own name, a grant of six acres of land on white point, and who, tradition tells us, obtained the passing of a law, the principle of which continues to this day, for drawing juries indiscriminately from a box, so as to preclude the possibility of packing a jury to carry any particular purpose. This tradition accords with authentic dates and facts, for on the 15th of October, 1692, the first law on that subject was passed and entitled "an act to provide indifferent jurymen in all cases, civil and criminal." This law, in common with others, passed on that day, was authenticated with the name of Thomas Smith, in conjunction with Governor Philip Ludwell, Paul Grimbball and Richard Conant. That he was then a person of such influence as to have a principal agency in passing a favorite good law, is highly probable, for in seven months after, he was appointed Governor of the Province, where he became the founder of a numerous and respectable family. You belong to the sixth generation, and there are also some of the seventh. And now, young cousin, "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Now, in the morning of thy years, and all is joy before thee ; forget not to improve the time, that in manhood you may possess the principles of your *ancestor*, so far as to be both patriotic and the zealous friend of religion.

Among his descendants, I can point you to many distinguished pillars, both of the Episcopal and Independent Churches. Now recollect that he had only two children, Thomas and George, the former had twenty, that is ten by each of his two wives, seven daughters and three sons by the first marriage, seven sons and three daughters by his union with your great, great grandmother, Mary Hyrne, of Ghost memory. The latter had only four children, your grand mother, Edith Smith, comes from one of those. Of the twenty-four grand children, there were seventeen married, their descendants have multiplied and filled the land, they have branched out into many more families than can ever be exactly ascertained. You may easily count up fifty descendants from the Rev. Josiah Smith, who was born in 1704, and was one of the seventeen married grand children, and about as many from his second son Josiah, the grandfather of the third Josiah, and great grand father of the fourth Josiah, now of Alabama, but, of this younger branch of the family, I can only promise you more in my second number, should the first prove acceptable to my friends ; and, my life be spared, the elder branch will give me full employment through this first number of my series of old stories. How sensibly has the historian, Dr. David Ramsay, remarked that "there is an evident fitness that the founder of so numerous a progeny, should be the introducer of *Rice*, which, of all known grains, is best calculated for the support of an extensive population." We are told that as early as 1731, this State exported thirty-nine thousand barrels of it, besides deer skins, furs, naval stores and provisions, and above 1,500 negroes were imported into it. "At that time, with only a few exceptions, the habitations in Charles Town were clumsy and miserable huts, five or six hundred houses of clap boards, plastered with lime within, made from oyster shells." Bricks were imported from Holland and England previous to that. I have been shown

as assessment of the inhabitants of the Parish of St. James' Goose Creek, for January 1694, which states that Landgrave Thomas Smith, of Back river place, "has property at Goose creek to the amount of £2,773. Edward Hyrne, (the future father of Mary,) had £212. Thomas Smith, (son of the Landgrave,) then twenty-four years of age,) had £604. Colonel James Moore, £361. Madam Maurice Moore, £167. John Owen, David Webster, Thomas Flud, Nicholas Bennett, Mordica Nathan, Edward Webb, Daniel Dean, a wheelwright, John Redwood, overseer; Stephen Monck, a cooper; J. Eldress, D. McDaniel, J. Flud, a carpenter; Edward Keating, Peter Villeponteau, Moses Mereau, Richard Singleberry, William Weston, a weaver; Thomas Baker, Jr., blacksmith; James Brown, James Bernard, overseer; William Norman, Thos. Baker, Senr., Humphrey Hawkins, Samuel Bisco, James Baker, John Rattoone, Robert Stevens, Esqr., Mrs. Ann Carvon, Roger Goffe, James Lawson, Richard Baker, Joseph Garrat, Bryan Realy, Captain George Chicken, £1,820. (Forty-six years after this date, in 1740, his son George married Lydia Child, he died in 1745, aged thirty-six, and in 1747, his widow became Mrs. Elias Ball, of Kensington, St. John's Parish.) James Ogilby, overseer, £218. James Winlock, £2,419. Captain Arthur Middleton, £4,003. Captain David Davis, £3,328. Captain Benjamin Schencking, £1,332. Colonel Grange's estate, £1,643. Robert Howe, Madame Elizabeth Gaillard, £2,234. Mrs. Willoughby and sons, £1,233. Benjamin Gibbes and Brothers, £1,089. Dr. Nathaniel Snow, £1,382. James and Jacob Snow, Jonathan Goodby, Sr., John June, John Roberts, Peter Lamb, Benjamin Dennis, Madame Emperor, £339. John Feate, Mrs. Frost at David Deas, £156. James Dealton, John Herbert, Mr. Gill, Shepherd and Bullins, £1,042. Peter St. Julien, for Mr. Louis Pasquereau, £350, (his mother, Madalene Chardon, widow of Louis Pasquereau, was then the wife of

Captain Philip Gendron, of Santee, of whom I shall be pleased to give information in a third or fourth number if desired.) Robert Chambers, John Saunders, Richard Edgehill, Francis and Peter Guerin, Abraham Le Plane, Gideon Fisherau, (Faucheraud) his son Charles married Jane Smith, John Stone, J. Beard, Madera Allen's plantation; Mr. Pople, Jonathan Fitz, Benjamin Marion, the Huguenot emigrant, (Dr. Geddings' Elm plantation, now takes in his land,) John Parker, Mr. Floree, £80. Ben Wood, David Galloway, £44. John Pight, Sarah Barker, John Filbien, £540, (he married Miss Ann Barker, and their grand daughter, ~~Aunt~~ Filbien, was your great grand mother, for she became the first wife of Henry Smith, Esq.; they were the parents of your own grand father, Thomas Smith, of Westoe, St. George's Parish, and of your great Aunt, Anne, Mrs. John Smith Waring, late of the same place.) Thomas Barker (was Mrs. John Filbien's father;) John Wright, John Brown, Mr. Ashe, a blacksmith; Captain James Saunders, William White, a carpenter; Dr. Christian Cooper, Joseph Mead, Benjamin Godin, Mr. Mazyck, Henroyda English, John Hasford, Captain John Neve, Edward Weekly. Landgrave Smith again, £1,662."

Is it not very pleasant to know so many of the names of the early comers? and to trace some of them down to our own times? It might lead us to comment on the "ups and downs" of life, on the changes of fickle fortune. Oh, those happy days of rural enjoyment in Carolina, before sad experience had brought us acquainted with our treacherous climate. Our fore-fathers made the country their residence during a great part of the year, only attracted to the town by business or pleasure, for short visits at a season. As early as 1714, the Church of St. James was built, there, young ladies of eminent beauty and perfect refinement of manners were to be met with, who, although at that time, seemed to feel themselves removed to an immense distance from dear

old merry England, it would be a grievous mistake to suppose, were not possessed of many comforts. Even those who brought slender means, soon began to procure a moderate competence. Greatly was the country to be preferred to that labyrinth of narrow lanes, dignified with the name of town. And who would have thought of such handsome things being sent out for Colonial traffic, as the store advertisements prove to have been the case—100 years ago, they had every thing for sale that we can now boast of. In my next I will introduce you to the second Landgrave Smith, your great, great grand father, he who so stoutly battled the watch with Sir Nathaniel Johnson, in 1703, the Dissenter against the “High Church Governor.”



## LETTER IV.

“ Old times are coming back to me,  
Like music o’er the sounding sea ;  
The merry times when they,  
The lads and maidens young and gay,  
Went out to have a day of glee,  
Down by the sounding sea.”

*Charleston, March 16th, 1851.*

COME let you and I together continue our peep into the past, connecting it with the present, we will go back to those primeval times of Carolina, when a cup of tea was considered a rare luxury, confined to those white days when a friend called in to chat away a social afternoon ; trying to investigate the true cause of the death of her host tabby cat, or to resume that theme for endless regret that “ so many of the new comers were still crowded in low wooden sheds, and regaled with sour buttermilk, and a viand which although dignified with the name of venison, they did strongly suspect was nothing better than bear or wolf flesh.” Trials considered of sufficient importance by those kind-hearted dames to call forth a shower of tears and a breeze of sighs, forgetful that compassion, like all other feelings, should be under the government of reason. Yes, we have gone back to old Carolina’s haleyon times when it was gravely recommended that all should be pedestrians, if indeed they must go abroad at all, since it would be a proof of great activity and good management in any equestrian, who could put his horse safely through the wilderness, or keep himself from the exalted fate

of Absalom. You know that I possess information more complete and minute than can ever again be obtained on these subjects; all have paid the debt of nature, who used accurately to describe to me the changes that had taken place within their own recollection. How that busy and thriving race had loved each other, if of the same nation. When they knew of the sick they repaired thither, and if a three-stringed fiddle was heard at a neighbors' door, you may rest assured they were all in attendance, and should any unlucky wight refuse to take part in whatever was proposed for the innocent amusement of the whole, they rendered themselves the theme for endless jest. Your great grandfather Henry Smith, who was born in 1727 and died in 1780, used to tell your grandfather Thomas, who repeated the same to me, much of "hearsay" of the fifty-seven years previous to his birth, and of the first ten of his existence, but of all that occurred from 1737, he could give his own evidence. His father had assured him that in his courting days, young girls received their beaux at three o'clock, having dined at twelve, expecting them to withdraw about six o'clock, as many families retired to bed at seven in the winter, and seldom extended their sitting in summer beyond eight o'clock, some of their father's having learned to obey the curfew toll in England. In those days, one hundred and fifty years ago, their rooms were all uncarpeted, the rough sides of the apartments remained the natural color or complexion of whatever wood the house chanced to be built of. Rush-bottomed chairs were furnished instead of the hair seating, or crimson velvet of our day, and without which, and a handsome sofa to match, many do not think it would be possible to exist. We know that most persons are pleased with the history of their ancestors, and you may safely read my account of yours with quiet nerves, for you shall have all fact, without a single improbability. We are now to pass in review of some of the most respectable

among the "oldest inhabitants" of the town and country, especially those who acquired notoriety, whether in official or in private stations. The acts of men, who for liberty of conscience, had bid defiance to any hardship to which they might be exposed, were too important, and too full of consequence to be passed over without proper regard and attention, many of whom were easy, good-tempered, gentlemanly and upright christians.

Already have I hinted at the dignified and impressive Sir Nathaniel Johnson. His portrait, now in the possession of Dr. Barker, of South Mulberry, I have seen at Mr. Jackson's room, dressed in a *coat of mail*, as your great grandfather saw the original, whom he, Thomas the second Landgrave, did brave to his face, declaring that "he is but weak, though locked up in *steel*, whose conscience with injustice doth accuse him," for which, exit Smith from the House of Assembly in the custody of the messenger, in 1704. The former went down to his grave nine years after. The latter flourished on until 1738, doing his country good service by raising a large family, and cultivating the rice with which they were fed. The glorious revolution of 1688, placed William, Prince of Orange, on the Throne of England, who, although he maintained the power of the established church, often discovered a secret attachment to Presbyterians, and on all occasions treated them with moderation and lenity, hence, many of the zealous friends of the church, alarmed at its dangerous situation, were eagerly bent, not only in support of its constitution, but even of its minutest forms, usages and vestments. Lord Granville, after he was called up to the House of Peers, had there distinguished himself as an inflexible bigot for the High Church, entertaining the most supercilious contempt for *all dissenters*. He was now also Palatine of Carolina, and showed that the establishment of Episcopacy, and the suppression of all other modes of religious worship here, was

the chief object of his attention and zeal. As a man better suited to assist him in the accomplishment of his design, James Moore easily obtained a confirmation of his election to the government, and Landgrave Morton was set aside. A great majority of the colonist were dissenters, to whom neither the gloom of thick forest, nor the ravages and depredations of savages, appear to them so grievous as conformity to the Church of England, and this attempt at establishing the church by a provincial law, served to alienate the peoples' affection not a little from the proprietors. King William died on the 8th of March, 1702, and the crown devolved on Anne Stuart, who although in truth no friend to the whig party, declared that she would make the late King's conduct the model of her own, and maintain the succession to the crown in the Protestant line. In 1702, Sir N. Johnson received a commission from John, Lord Granville, investing him with the government of Carolina, to which office a salary of £200 was annexed. He had been bred a soldier from his youth, and had been also a member of the House of Commons; he was well qualified for the trust. It being suspected that he was no friend to the revolution, the Proprietors could not obtain her Majesty's approbation of him, but on certain terms; "that he qualify himself for the office as the laws of England required, that he give security for his observing the laws of trade and navigation, and obey such instructions as should be sent out from time to time. And the Lords Commissioners of trade and plantations, were ordered to take care that good and sufficient security be given by him." From the Proprietors he had instructions to follow such rules as had been given to former Governors. He was to endeavor to dispose of their lands at £20 for one thousand acres, and in all future grants to make them escheat to the Proprietors, unless settled in four years. He was to take especial care that the Indians were not abused or insulted, but to make friends of

them, in order to protect the colony from the Spaniards. From the year 1686, to that of 1689, Johnson had been Governor of Nevis, St. Christopher's, Monserrat, and Antiqua, commonly called the "Leeward Islands." Soon after the termination of his government he became a private inhabitant of Carolina, particularly allured by the hope of making silk, and commenced the settlement of "Silk Hope," in St. Thomas' Parish, for that purpose. It is there that he is buried, having lived retired from 1709 to '13, when he died. Through respect to his memory, the grave was surrounded by a brick wall at the expense of Mr. Gabriel Manigault, who purchased the plantation many years after the death of the old knight. In<sup>n</sup> 1689, he gave up the government of the Islands, and 1709 that of this province, just twenty years after, having held the first office three, and the latter six years. He was fond of projects, and one for making salt engaged his attention, to that settlement on Sewee bay, he gave the name of "Salt Ponds." The establishment of the church continued to be the chief object in view with the Proprietors. The Palatine, a bigot for this mode of ecclesiastical worship and government. The Governor strongly attached to it, James Moore was made Receiver-General, and Nicholas Trott, the Attorney-General, were men of the same cast, assisted by a majority of the council, they now began to concert measures with art and skill, and to pursue them with firmness and resolution for accomplishing their end.

Gov. Johnson regarding dissenters as enemies to the constitution of both Church and State, framed a bill in such a manner as to exclude them entirely from the House of Representatives. It required every man who should be chosen a member of the Assembly to take the oaths, and subscribe the declaration appointed by it, to conform to the religion and worship of the Church, and to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rights of the Church.

The dissenters, a numerous and powerful body, raised a great outcry against it, and many formed resolutions of abandoning the colony. The inhabitants of Colleton county remonstrated, and Mr. John Ashe embarked for England, as their agent, to state the case. Gov. Johnson used all means to prevent his obtaining a passage, finally he escaped to Virginia, and sailed from thence. Lord Granville gave him a very cold reception, only promising to write to the Governor and inquire. Mr. Ashe then began to draw up a representation of their case for the press; but he sickened and died, his papers fell into the hands of his enemies to be used against him. He was a man of warm and passionate temper, possessed of those violent sentiments which ill usage naturally kindle in the human breast. His representations intended as an appeal to the nation in general, for the sufferings of the people under the tyrannical proprietary government, was full of heavy charges against Johnson and his party, who having advanced so far, now resolved to proceed in spite of every obstacle. He then constituted, what the inhabitants took to be, a high commission court, like that of James the II. Twenty lay persons formed a corporation, with full power to deprive ministers of their livings at pleasure, for immorality, imprudence, or prejudice taken against them. When honest John Archdale spoke up for the dissenters, who had not yet forgotten the hardships they suffered in England from acts of uniformity. The Palatine, tyrannical as bigoted, put an end to the dispute by telling him, "Sir, you are of one opinion, I of another, our lives may not be long enough to end the controversy; I am for the bills, and this is the party that I will head and support."

The following letter was sent to Sir Nathaniel: —

"Sir, the great and pious work which you have gone through with such unwearied and steady zeal, for the honor and worship of Almighty God, we have also finally per-

fectcd on our part, and our ratification of that act for erecting churches, etc., we despatch to you by Capt. Flavel."

They now began to erect churches in the country, the first was in 1703, in St. Thomas' Parish, on the eastern side of the east branch of Cooper River, called Pompion Hill, it is now the chapel. Built by the private subscription of the parishioners, and the liberal assistance of Sir N. Johnson. It was of cypress, thirty feet square. In 1766 it was rebuilt, then of brick, for which the Assembly allowed £200 sterling. Mr. Gabriel Manigault, of Charles Town, gave £50 sterling, with nine hundred and fifty red tiles for the floor, which cost £10 sterling more. The Parish church, of brick, was finished in 1708, on a neck of land on the northwest side of Wando river. Some dissenters were for removing to set down under William Penn's free and indulgent government. Others proposed an application to the House of Lords, that they would intercede with her Majesty for their relief. A petition was carried over by Mr. Joseph Boone; several merchants in London joined the petitioners. In the early part of 1706 the petition was presented, claiming indulgence for all Christians in the free exercise of their religion, and that none should be shut out from being members of the General Assembly, or from any other office in the civil administration. It stated that the charter being given soon after the happy restoration of Charles II., and the re-establishment of the Church of England by the act of uniformity, many of the subjects of the Kingdom, who were so unhappy as to have some scruples about conforming to the rights of said church, did transplant themselves and families into Carolina; by means whereof the greatest part of the inhabitants there were Protestant Dissenters from the Church. But, that all the inhabitants lived in peace, that even the ministers of the church had support from the dissenters." Having heard what Grandville had to say in his behalf, the lords agreed to address

Queen Anne, in favor of the distressed petitioners of Carolina. The address ran thus: "We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, having thus humbly presented our opinion of these acts, beseech you to use the most effectual methods to deliver the province from the arbitrary oppressions under which it now lies, and with our address we lay their petition before you; not doubting you will extend your compassion to those who have the misfortune to be at so great a distance from your royal person, &c., &c." The Queen thanked the House for laying these matters so plainly before her, and promised to do all she could to relieve her subjects in Carolina," but the topic dropped for the present. Although the colonists heard nothing of what had passed in England, of those grievous acts, they became more sensible of their oppressive nature and pernicious consequences; several had removed to Pennsylvania. Archibald Stobo, the Presbyterian minister, who had been cast upon our shore in 1700, was ever warmly opposed to the establishment; he possessed talents that rendered him conspicuous and respected; to his treasures of knowledge and excellent capacity for instruction, he added activity and diligence in the discharge of the various duties of his sacred function, no minister of the colony had engrossed so universally the public favor and esteem. The Governor and his adherents found it necessary to sow the seeds of division among his followers, and to magnify his failings, in order to ruin his great power and influence; accusing him of avariciousness and a too great love of power. Many wise and religious men of all sects, condemned the strange proceedings of the Legislature.

At length, from those domestic troubles, attention was drawn off by a project formed for invading Carolina; the Spaniards, pretending a right to it on the plea of their prior discovery, as a part of Florida. Sir Nathaniel set all hands to work upon the fortifications, and trained men to the use of arms. Am-



munition was stored up. Fort Johnson erected, trenches cast upon White Point, and other places; a guard stationed on Sullivan's Island, with orders to kindle fires opposite to the town, equal to the number of ships they might spy on the coast. Five were lighted, Johnson being at Silk Hope, Lieutenant Colonel William Rhett, commanding officer of the militia, ordered the drums to beat, and the whole of the inhabitants to be put under arms. Letters were sent to the Governor and all the Captains, to fire their alarm guns, raise their companies, and march speedily to town. Johnson found the inhabitants in great consternation: but he being a man of courage and skilled in the arts of war, his presence inspired them with fresh courage and hope. He proclaimed martial law at the head of the militia, and sent to the Indian tribes in alliance with the colony, bringing a number to his assistance. Great guns were put on board of such ships as were in the harbor. Mr. Rhett, possessed of conduct and spirit, received a commission to be vice admiral of this little fleet, and hoisted his flag on board the crown galley. Captain Canty, from your parish, St. James', Goose Creek, with one hundred chosen men, was ordered to pass the river Wando, at night, and watch a party that had landed on the neck of Wando. Have you not a right to believe that your great grandfather, Thomas Smith, the second Landgrave and future captain of that company, was then one of those chosen men? certainly you have. Out of eight hundred—French and Spanish—who came against this little band, nearly three hundred were killed or taken prisoners; amongst the latter was Monsieur Arbuset, the commander-in-chief by land, with several sea officers. Our loss was incredibly small. The Governor publicly thanked us for the unanimity and courage shown in repelling the invaders, and soon after we received the congratulations of the Proprietors.

About this time, the long projected union between England

and Scotland took place in Britain in 1707, fifth of Queen Anne. You must bear ever in mind, my dear young friend, that you are not to consider this volume as a work of taste, or a piece of beautiful composition, but a veritable history, both of public and private events, intended as an encouragement to you to do well ; my design is to inculcate principles of religion and virtue, and my prayers are that you may ever hold fast by that sheet anchor of happiness, that you will often want in the times of most danger, and through the storms and tempests of life. Then will it be that religion alone can sustain ; or take you triumphantly to that Heaven for which your life and studies should be a continual preparation. Acquaint yourself early with the sacred volumes, they are the invaluable repositories of the richest wisdom. In the walks of the most polished society, you will find them prized by young ladies of the highest talents and amiability, and, from amongst such, you are to make a selection of friends. Believe me, that nothing but sincere affection could have tempted to this "labor of love," one, whose only desire is to spend the remainder of her days in retirement and tranquillity, forgetting as forgotten by the world.

## LETTER V.

“Thou shalt not rob me, thievish *time*,  
 Of all my blessings, all my joy ;  
 I have some jewels in my heart,  
 Which thou *art powerless to destroy.*”

*Charleston, March 20th, 1851.*

WE return, dear Henry, to the second Landgrave, Thomas Smith, who was born in England, in 1670. Well,

“A train band Captain Eke, was he  
 Of famous Goose Creek Town,”

Which was represented in 1702, to the society in England, as “one of the largest and most populous country towns, and settled by English families entirely, most of whom were affected to the church.” They had the Rev. Samuel Thomas sent out to them as a missionary ; he visited his home in 1705, returned in October, and died a few days after. Well, let me tell you, this second Smith was gifted with more nerve, and troubled with less of that *mauvais honte*, that may keep you as it has done too many of your name or blood, from prospering in a world where effrontery carries the day ; how he did contend with the grim old knight in 1703, and how for vilifying and abusing the government and House of Assembly in 1704, he was on the 9th of October, taken into the custody of the Messenger, all of which shall be reserved for another time, my thoughts reverting at this moment to more agreeable topics. Let us look back to

those days when he first took possession of the family mansion, and show it forth in all its glory, long the pride of your ancestors, in which feeling you and many more of their posterity readily sympathize. Then was it in 1694, fresh from the hands of the architect and the artist. We are told that it was a massive structure, built as a defence against the Indians, as that was then a frontier country. It had port-holes in the basement wall, and a breast-work around the dwelling, that in the cellar was a deep well, dug for supplying the garrison with water in the event of a siege; the caving in of which, about 40 years ago, caused a part of the wall to give way, in consequence of which, Dr. J. E. Poyas had the well filled up, and the brick-work repaired. Rooms were kept well filled with provisions in case of need. We are further informed that "from the cellar there was a subterraneous passage under the garden, and coming out in the grave yard beyond it—and in this age of probabilities, I will make bold to say, that a flat stone covered and hid the entrance thereto, and no doubt by way of deception, had an inscription upon it, relating to an imaginary being, bearing some unheard of name—the passage was also continued on to the creek, where boats were securely tied." Then, as regarded the interior, we are positively assured that the hand of skill had been at work upon it. The walls of the hall was painted in landscapes, the little cherubs that spread their tiny wings above the arches, were dressed in a coat of gold. The guest chamber was hung in Goblin tapestry, even your great, great aunt Anne Waring, of Tranquil Hill, who attended her sister Elizabeth Ball there in December, 1764, on her nuptials with your great grand father, Henry Smith, Esq., son of the second Landgrave, and Mary Hyrne, saw all these things in a good state of preservation, and loved to tell of them; she was then 11 years of age, and you must have remarked in Mr. Elerton's journal, from 1740 to 1750, what a thorough

repair the house had undergone, for "Madam Smith" was a lady of energy and decision, prompt in her movements, and firm in her determinations. Over the back porch of the mansion there was a small room with an entire double floor and trap-door, in which the family was accustomed to conceal its valuables during times of alarm from Indians. Our much admired Dr. John Irving tells us that "in more peaceful times this place was almost forgotten, except by a boy called Paul, who hid himself there for three weeks, during the day, but came out every night to make merry with his friends, whilst his kind-hearted mistress, the lovely Mary, the widow of Thomas Smith, regretted him as drowned, or carried off by savages." From that time it has borne the name of Paul's Hole; it was afterwards repaired, and the door secured, probably by his own hands, for in your journal you see frequent mention of him as a carpenter, and finally of his going with his bride to church, and they were united by the Rev. Mr. Mellichamp. Then our pleasant Doctor goes on to tell us that "in the next generation, the Revolutionary struggle occurred; and like many other plantations, this place had its guardian spirit among the negroes, to whom, in the absence of the males, the protection of the females of a family was committed. There lived and flourished a very honest trust-worthy fellow named Bob; many a comfort did he secure for his 'misses, and the little chillans,' in this very receptacle (Paul's Hole.)" He adds, "the history of Bob is that of many a worthy domestic of the 'olden times;' one of that respectable class of grey-headed family servants, which 'a native and to the manor born,' never passes without involuntarily removing his hat, forcibly reminding him, as they do, that his fathers once lived, and had 'a local habitation and a name' in Charles Town. This class of people, we regret to say, like many other good things in Carolina, is

fast passing away." Then he adds, "in the hall, a large round hole may be seen in the wall, left on purpose, that the clock being placed against it, might tell more distinctly the hours to those occupying the rooms above stairs—some soldiers during the war, entirely destroyed the fine time-piece. On the same occasion they discovered and seized a very valuable gold chain, which, unfortunately, was upon Mrs. Smith's dressing-table; they then made diligent search for the watch, but that escaped, for it lay hid in a secret drawer at the back of an old English set of drawers. A well near the house, 100 feet deep, fixed with a chain and bucket, had been kept, until lately, (1842) in common use. The spring that flowed into the well, also filled a spacious pond below the hill, which was generally well stocked with fish. On a dark night, some of the younger members of the family used, sometimes, to carry torches round the water's edge, to tempt the fish to come up, if they did, they were immediately *speared*, and thrown out upon the ground. About a mile from the house, there is a stream of such sparkling aspect, and so clear, as to have acquired the appellation of 'the silver spring;' this the water company offered to purchase, to supply the City with water, and plenty of it." But now for a long time we have been making fruitless efforts to bring water from our antipodes, Heaven help us, that we do not catch a stream of liquid fire, a torrent of lava. Every trace, dear Henry, of which we have been speaking, had long since disappeared from *your home* before my first visit to it in 1812, as well as from the other mansions to be found in that once aristocratical quarter of the State. The ample garden with artificial steps, glaciers, &c., had all vanished, true, the subterraneous entrance to the *Yeoman House*, still remained, but filled up with rubbish; the little room had as ever its double floor and trap-door, but who now would, like

the adventurous Paul, go between the former, or ever recollect to shut down the latter, with the design of keeping the hiding-place a secret?

And now pursuing the train of thought which flows naturally from the subject of those spoken of towards the close of my last letter, I am induced to express my regret that three such good men as Gov. N. Johnson, Landgrave Smith, and Mr. Joseph Boone, should have engaged in such bitter and unscrupulous opposition to each other, carrying on their recriminations thus publicly with such an unchristian spirit. The former was an old man, full of zeal and strong party-prejudice. In his own mind it was clearly established, that he was performing his duty, and so likewise do I resolve to do mine; for like that fine historian and patriotic gentleman, the late Dr. David Ramsey, I disdain every feeling of prejudice, and in this contest where diversity of opinion must be found, willingly grant the tribute of praise to both parties, for steadily supporting the principles, each had conscientiously adopted. "Yes, like that good man I have resolved to follow the attractions of truth, whithersoever it shall lead, knowing how much more honorable it is to write impartially for the good of posterity, than to condescend to be the apologist of a party." In Johnson's speech, delivered the 20th of October, 1709, after Mr. Boone's petition to Queen Anne, in behalf of the Dissenters, he tells us in pathetic strains that "he is an old man nearly worn out with sickness and age, that he had many infirmities, and stood in need of a little indulgence." Could friends have weeded his mind from its capital error, all denominations would have loved and respected him for the manly virtues he possessed, and the glow of piety breathed in the pages of his letters. He was a man of vigorous intellect and great decision of character; dying calmly at the age of 80 years, at Silk Hope, in 1713, and I have told you how that noble-hearted gentle-

man, Mr. Gabriel Manigault, through respect to his memory, had his grave enclosed many years after, having purchased the plantation ; forget not my dear, to do *as much* through respect for the memory of Landgrave Smith, the first, so high in favor with the proprietors as early as 1688, as to have received a large body of land called "White Point." Once on a visit at your late father's house, I rescued from your sister Susan, an old paper, which in her girlish glee, she had appropriated to the use of an iron-holder, and here are its contents : "The above plats, shaded yellow, represents eight divisions of the Lot No. 147, as is now staked out, belonging to the heirs of the second Landgrave Thomas Smith, Esq., at the desire of whom I have surveyed the same, to the southward thereof, and the Lot No. 151, lie the Lots No. 148 and 152, belonging to Capt. Garret Vanvelson, and to the southward of them, lie the Lots No. 149, 150 and 153, claimed and possessed by the public for a fortification, by virtue of a reservation for that purpose, made in the said grant, passed December the 18th, 1688. By reason of the Meeting House-street being at present 80 feet more westward than what Charles Town plat lays down, occasions the Lot No. 118 to be almost, and the Lot No. 145 to be quite destroyed thereby, as is the Lot No. 154, by the encroachment of Cooper river, which three lots, with the two pond Lots No. 295 and 296, do belong also to the heirs of Smith aforesaid. Certified July 8th, 1740, by George Hunter, copy recorded, 14th of July, 1750, by George Hunter, Surveyor General." On another page we have : "Smith's Town Lots divided off, the widow, Mary Smith, Miss Eliza Smith, (afterwards Dixon) Mrs. Justina Moore, Henry Smith, Thos. Smith, the heirs of George Smith, (son by the first wife, Sarah Blake,) Mrs. Mary, the wife of Mr. James Screven, bounded east by Capt. Garret Vanvelson, north by Thomas Lamboll, Esq., west by Mr. Fenwick's land." Another grant



to the first Landgrave, who now occupies so small a space of ground, was made by the Lords on the 9th of September, 1689, part of it on Medway river, part upon Coatbaw, and the land belonging to Mebsheew. His son Thomas, in 1704, was only 34, in full possession of wealth, health and happiness, blessed with an affectionate help-meet—Mr. Boone, his friend, was about his own age, and married to his wife's sister Anne, the daughter of Col. Blake, who tells us in her will that her mother survived her father, and gave her the plantation near Dorchester, which she named Mount Boone; she willed the same to her nephew, the Hon. Joseph Blake, who changed the name to Newington; the fine edifice was burnt to the ground a few years ago, by a spark from the chimney, it is said; and the land, I think, now belongs to Mr. Henry Middleton.

The Hon. proprietor Blake died on the 7th of September, 1700, six years after the first Smith. Although a Dissenter, he was generous to the church; it is recorded that his wife contributed liberally towards the adornment of the first St. Philip, which stood where the only St. Michael now stands. "It had been built in 1682, of black cypress, upon a brick foundation; was large and stately, surrounded by a neat white palisade; and in 1697, when the lot on Broad-street was bought for a yard, at the cost of £10 sterling, it was placed in trust of Blake and his successors forever. While he was Governor in 1696, the Rev. Samuel Marshall had been appointed minister of St. Philip; liberty of conscience, with respect to religion, was then enjoyed by every one. A bill was brought into the Assembly for allowing Mr. M. and his successors forever, a salary of £150 sterling, together with a house, glebe and two servants, on the 8th of October, 1698, as his income from the church was uncertain and precarious; the glebe was given by Mrs. Affra, the widow of Capt. John Coming, and was at some distance beyond the

fortifications of the Town. Its site is in St. Philip's-street, near Beaufain, on the west, and the second parsonage on the ruins of the first, is now the kitchen of Mr. Henry Laurens Pinckney. On the 10th of December, 1698, Mrs. Coming gave the deed, signed and sealed, of the 17 acres of land on a part of which they were building the parsonage, "a good brick house." Mr. Marshall died in the autumn of the ensuing year, (1699) of the Yellow Fever, which raged here to such a violent degree, that in the months of September and October the Town lost 160 persons, among whom were Mr. Ely, who had been made Receiver General only on the 26th of July; Mr. Amory, Receiver for the Public Treasury; Ewd. Rawlins, Marshal, Ewd. Bohun, Chief Justice, appointed May 20th, 1698, and many capital merchants. The Rev. Ed. Marston, A.M., arrived in 1700, and continued in this cure until 1705, when he was removed by the Board of Lay Commissioners, appointed by the Act of November 4th, 1704, two years after Sir Nathaniel's election. At that time it was computed that there was in the Province, 5,500 persons, besides Indians and Negroes, there was but one clergyman of the church settled out of Town. The Rev. Wm. Corbin officiated in your Parish, St. James', Goose Creek; and he had left in 1703. In 1700, on the death of Governor Blake, James Moore came into office. In June, 1702, the society appointed the Rev. Samuel Thomas, for the conversion of the Yam-masee Indians, who surrounded the settlement, but Governor Johnson not deeming it a convenient season for that duty, appointed him to the cure of the people settled on the three branches of Cooper river, requiring him to reside at Goose Creek Town. The Indians had revolted from the Spaniards, and were unwilling to embrace christianity; he feared, should means be adopted for that purpose, they would leave the English interest, uniting themselves with some hostile tribe, and their friendship was deemed important. Mr. Thomas

died in 1705. On the 6th of May, 1704, the General Assembly had passed the hateful Act, that required all persons hereafter chosen members of the Commons House of Assembly to conform to the worship, according to the Church of England, and to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with the same. Great opposition was made to such an unjust act. When, in 1706, Joseph Boone, the Dissenter's agent in England, requested to be heard by council, the Palatine, (John Lord Granville) replied, "what business has council here? It is a prudential act in me, and I will do as I see fit; I see no harm at all in this Bill, and am resolved to pass it." The Rev. Edward Marston, rector of St. Philip, expressed himself with great warmth against this act. He was a man of violent passions, and involved himself in difficulties by reflecting on the proceedings, and abusing the members of the General Assembly; he was deprived of his salary, and turned out of office. "Journal of the Commons House of Assembly, October the 10th, 1704," was read a letter of Marston's, reflecting on this House, containing these words: "If the Lower House of Assembly now put upon their bold and saucy attempt." He was summoned to attend the House immediately, and went, but "denied any power over him." The House appointed James and William Senrurier, *alias* Smith, sons of a Huguenot refugee, to draw up the reflections which he had cast upon the House. He attended on the 18th of October, and heard the charge of having delivered to one of their members, a paper to be laid before them, containing scandalous reflections; that he did the same in his sermons, that he refused to give an account of his actions to the government, which gave him a maintenance, calling himself superior; his authority being from Christ, and comparing the members to Korah and his rebellious companions; he was charged with having meddled with the House and government, saying that they proceeded ma-

iciously against him, because he visited Landgrave Thomas Smith, and that the House had proceeded illegally and arbitrarily against that gentleman, and that they had done those things which they could not justify. On the 10th of Oct., 1704, he sent his answer, which was rejected. The same brothers then drew up the censure of the House, and he was summoned to hear it. Attended—refused to hear, and withdrew. The House, out of regard for his function, did not order him into the custody of the Messenger, (as they had previously done his friend Smith,) but desired him to be served with a copy of censure. It is thought evident from Marston's conduct, that although he was removed from office by a power having no canonical control over ecclesiastical affairs, yet he owed it more to his imprudent and litigious disposition, than to his having visited the Landgrave, a Dissenter, while he was in custody of the Messenger of the Commons House of Assembly; as asserted by himself and friends; his ejection long irritated them. Marston wrote to the Governor, and made a personal application to the House for the payment of his salary. Johnson complained that he was insulted "by his saucy letter," and rejected his application. The latter heard him favorably, and sent an address to the Governor and Council, on the 30th of October, 1707, saying:

"We do pray your Honors to show us such reasons, that we may be thereby satisfied why the said Dr. Edward Marston should not be paid?"

THOMAS SMITH, Speaker."

This highly offended the Upper House, producing an angry reply, dated November 7th, 1707:

"Shall we pay for having been abused in his sermons, and for his abuse of the government, *which seems to entitle him to your favor*, otherwise you would never espouse his cause.

Signed, NATHANIEL JOHNSON."

Marston was poor ; he removed to Christ Church Parish. In the year 1708, his wife petitioned the House of Assembly for relief, for self and children. £150 was granted for the year, in monthly payments. In 1709, Marston was declared guilty of a breach of privilege towards some of the members of the House of Commons. He petitioned the House in 1712 to discharge his debts, and furnish him with the means of removing his family from the province. The Rev. Richard Marsden, A.M. had been appointed in 1705, and continued until the arrival of Commissary Gideon Johnson, in 1707 ; (he was drowned in 1716, going to attend Gov. Craven, over the bar.)

Now let us go back to your fore-father ; the charges alleged against him were the following “ Extract from Gov. Johnson’s speech of the 5th of October, 1704, his second year in office : ”

“ Landgrave Thomas Smith having in several of his letters under his hand and seal, vilified and abused this government, and your House in particular ; I lay the said letters before you, that you may take such measures as may make him sensible of his fault, and may deter all other persons, for the future, from committing the like offences against the government.”

Mr. Smith attended the House on the 9th of October, and having acknowledged the letters, was taken into the custody of the Messenger.

The letters alluded to are as follows :

*Charles Town, June the 30th, 1703.*

TO MR. JOHN ASHE :

(Gone to Virginia, on his way to England, with their complaints, of which you have already been informed, and of his death there.)

“ WORTHY SIR :—If you had not got over the bar as you did, I believe our famous Assembly would have contrived

some irregular proceedings to have stopped you by force. The very day they met, their malice was so much, that they sent two cunning orders to me, as I may call them, to bring in the public accounts. There is sent hence from our Assembly, a large letter containing several sheets of paper, with complaints, particularly against *yourself*, but in general against the *protesting members*, and some others, I hear. This letter, although it be sent hence from authority, yet they would not suffer it to be recorded in their journal, although several of the members of your county, (Colleton) urged that it ought to be entered; they, also, would have protested, but they would not allow any such thing, saying it was not precedential in Parliament, although you got that liberty, they were resolved it should not be precedent, for you very well know they are following the works of darkness. Just at the breaking up of the Assembly, they passed a noble vote, and interpreted the Regulating Bill, so that foreigners, as well as natural born subjects, had the liberty to vote, if they had been worth £10, and had been here three months. And *honest* Ralph, who loves slavery better than liberty, moved your Honorable Assembly to bring in a Bill to naturalize all foreigners next spring; so that unless we have a Regulating Bill, and some other Acts passed in England for the good government of this country, I cannot see how we can pretend to live happy."

Second letter to MR. JOHN ASHE.

*July 25th, 1703.*

"WORTHY SIR:—Enclosed you will find another copy of the famous vote of the Assembly, against blasphemy and profaneness, which they always make a great noise about, although they are some of the profanest in the country themselves, yet you know great pretenders to religion and honesty, for a colour for their roguery."

We can scarcely condemn men of noble minds who were

suffering under the oppressive and tyrannical regulations established by the rulers of the church—these contending parties ran very high *at that time*. The Palatine and Gov. N. Johnson had doubled all the former distress of many, and served to complete their disaffection to this, their chosen home. The Dissenters, although they had never considered the church as pure, but as having receded only a few steps from Popery, and still maintaining the hierarchy in its full power and authority ; so far laid aside prejudice, in this their adopted land, as to contribute generously towards the support of the Episcopal Minister. But now the leading men of the nation were actuated by a zeal that carried them into error. Laudable was the desire of propagating the gospel in this country ; but it needed not an Established Church for bringing that to pass. You have seen that when Mr. Ashe, in 1703, desired to sail for England, he was prevented by Sir Nathaniel, and had to escape to Virginia, to which province his instructions were conveyed to him ; and from thence he sailed on his fruitless attempt to have justice done to two-thirds of the inhabitants of Carolina.

Recollect, dear Coz., that *you too* must make *your mark* upon the times *upon* which you live, either for good or ill ; if for good, future ages will cherish that index of *your existence*, as they would the autograph of some great conqueror on the world's battle-fields ; if for ill, it will stand out as a beacon and a warning upon the page of history. My prayer is that you may live and die, distinguished for piety, and moral virtues, rather than for great learning ; better become an humble and intelligent christian, than a man puffed up with worldly wisdom, and the new fangled notions of the present times. Adieu.

## LETTER VI.

“ The blight of hope and happiness,  
Is felt when sons from right depart,  
And the bitter tears that follow,  
They are the life-blood of the heart.”

*March 30, 1851.*

And now, Dear Henry, for the development of a romance, in real life. “ How the father sat in all the silent manliness of grief.” The mother drooped and died. First, we will take a retrograde step, making a second attempt to possess ourselves of the Family Mansion. Our first couple, Thomas Smith and Sarah, the eldest daughter of Colonel Joseph Blake, were accompanied by a brace of boys—first Thomas, who was born on the 27th of June, 1691, mentioned in his grandfather’s will, of ’92, as having the “ large silver Tankard.” He proved a spoiled and ungrateful son. His father’s will informs us that “ for a shameful and most disgraceful marriage at an early period of life, he had disinherited him,” he had been permitted to occupy a small plantation on Ashley river, the loan of which was extended to his only child Thomas, during his short sojourn on earth, and then returned to the grandfather. Perhaps, nurtured in a home of ease and indulgence, a proper share of discipline had been wanting, which brought that son and heir to irretrievable ruin, and his grief-stricken parents too late to a sense of their error. By giving way to the intensity of youthful passions he lived not to reach his proper destination. Their cherished



boy, on whom they had built their hopes of coming days, had proved himself devoid of all tender assiduities for their happiness, or the respectability and comfort of his brothers and sisters. He committed the rash act of uniting his fate with one who could never be received by his family. A series of misfortunes followed, that soon produced mental aberration, and consigned him to an early tomb; before he had been enabled to provide a shelter for his hapless child, or the girl so destitute of a sense of propriety as to enter a family where a great sensation was excited against her. Thus ended that line of Smiths. Poor Thomas! how anxiously had his devoted parents sought to make him feel himself one of those who are sent into this world for a purpose; that there would in after times, be an honorable and weighty work put upon his hands, in a right and useful road, shaped out for him by Heaven! But he choose to turn aside from the correct way and follow the flattering multitude to do evil; finally, disgracing his family by an union with Miss Dorothea, familiarly called "Dolly Dry," a great beauty, externally, yet lacking that moral loveliness that should have adorned the bride elect, of a future Landgrave. Of her perverseness and strange eccentricities, there were many stories afloat, and it grieved his friends that he should take such a one to his bosom as a wife. For believe me, my dear Henry, that it is an ill thing and a mad thing to out-step the way that God has made for us, thus casting a blight upon all our prospects in life, bringing a great and sore sorrow on those who love us. Reflect that you are young, and the world is bright before you! that your welfare is precious to many a relative. Remember that Mother, whose love will follow you through all the vicissitudes of life; even should you become broken down in health, fortune and reputation, she will cling to you when forsaken by all else. Her memory, flashing back across the weary waste of years, will recall you as the smiling infant, the darling boy, to whose man-

hood she had looked forward as the solace of her declining years, disappoint her not; think how soon she may depart to that tribunal, where each of us in turn must appear, there to meet those who have gone before. Oh, may *you*

“ So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Smiles may be thine, while all around thee weep.”

The second son was George, (named after his only paternal uncle, Dr. George Smith, who lived until 1751,) he was born August 22d, 1693, and intermarried with Jane, a daughter of Arthur, the merchant, and grand daughter of Madera Allen, Planter, late of Goose Creek, they had three daughters: first, Sarah Blake, after his mother, she was Mrs. Benjamin Coachman, of St. James' Parish. Second, Jane Allen, became the wife of Mr. Charles Faucheraud, of the same neighborhood, their daughter, Mary, was Mrs. John Allston, to whom the Goose Creek plantation was left in 1765. Her sister, Elizabeth, was to be suitably maintained out of the father's estate, until a division be made, provided she be *sole*, but in case of marriage, her maintenance shall cease. To her was given the plantation on which he had first lived, (previous to receiving the more valuable one, from his father-in-law,) his father had bought it from Samuel Bacot, and willed it to him. Elizabeth was also to have his place at Wassamasaw, where the Huguenots had, at an early period, formed a settlement, and also some negroes. She married Colonel John Harleston, *their daughter* Sarah, was the wife of Dr. William Read, of Rice Hope, St. John's Parish. Their Jane was Mrs. Edward Rutledge, of Richmond Hill; her son, the Rev. Edward, married a lady of the North; Mrs. Isaac Ball, (Caroline) is one of their daughters; Mrs. Livingston is another. Elizabeth, the third daughter of Col. John Harleston, was Mrs. Thomas Corbett, of Farm Field, St. John's Parish. Mrs. Edmond,

whose son was a minister, of the White Meeting, was the third daughter of George Smith and Jane Allen.

Now, you shall hear of a train of girls born at *your mansion*, who grew up as “polished corners of the temple.” The third child was Anne, named after her great grandmother, Lady Anne Axtell, and her Aunt Anne, Mrs. Joseph Boone ; she was born on the 9th of October, 1695, the year of the removal from the Back river place, which had been advertised for sale by its first owner, in 1694, when, as he said, “he purposed removing to Yeoman Hall, and wished to dispose of the splendid mansion, in which he then resided.” I am told that it is a low building, with a Dutch roof, of very inferior bricks, made upon the spot, perhaps ; yet such is the strength and quantity of the mortar, which holds them together, that it continues a strong and very comfortable dwelling. It remained many years in the family, long after a haven of rest had been found by the worn and weary man who had penned that advertisement. He had passed away from outward sight, although, perhaps, permitted to hover near as the guardian spirit of his sons, and the large families growing up around them ; since that which we call *Death*, is but a change in the mode of our existence, a continuation of *Life*, higher, fuller, more free than that which we know here—in a world of light and beauty, far more real than this. True, it is, that death severs the close-knit ties of life, yet it is the birth-day of the soul. From all that we have heard of your progenitor, it was no ignoble spirit which chose his frame as its tabernacle. My prayer is that you may prove, now in your early years, an amiable example of filial affection to your widowed mother, and, in manhood, an irreproachable life of great modesty, temperance, charity, forbearance and probity. This Anne, of whom we were speaking, married Benjamin Waring, the grandson of the first of his name, who came to Carolina in

1670, their Elizabeth was Mrs. Joseph Brailsford, grandmother of the Misses E. and S. Brailsford, of the Church Home ; she lies buried on an old Waring Plantation, in St. Paul's Parish, now the property of Mr. W. R. B. Mitchell.

The fourth child of Thomas and Sarah Smith was Barbary, named after her paternal grandmother, the German Baroness ; she was born on the 6th of July, 1697, (the same year with her future stepmother and sister-in-law, Mary Hyrne.) On the 1st of December, 1724, we find the mention of Col. Edward Hyrne and Barbary, his wife, (then 27) a conveyancing of a tract of land, five hundred and eighty-four acres, near the head of a branch of Cooper river, known by the name of Watboo branch, and close adjoining the Wall Eye and South Bay Swamp, bounding south on land of her brother George Smith, east on that of Thomas Cordes, and on other land then or late belonging to Roger Moore, and on Mr. George Livingston's land ; said tract being part of a Landgraveship, formerly granted by the Lords Proprietors to Landgrave Thomas Smith, at the annual quit rent of £3 sterling, or £4 proclamation money per one hundred acres. Benjamin Waring and Anne, his wife, had also a part of that Barony, which was the south boundary of land belonging to Gabriel, the father of Francis Marion. In 1738, fourteen years subsequently) we have a letter from Col. Ed. Hyrne, written from Cape Fear Barony, Hyrneham, North Carolina, to his sister Mary, the widow of Landgrave Smith, on the subject of her husband's death, and giving an account of that of his eldest son, (Edward) he mentions his sons Henry and George. He seemed resolved to act his part on life's stage, yet struggling on, though evidently with a broken heart. His pure and noble spirit was gently submissive to the divine hand.

The fifth child was Sabina, born on the 10th of May,

1699, and became the connecting link between the New-England Smiths and those here. James, who settled there, was the father of Thomas, the merchant, who married Justina, the daughter of Capt. Benjamin Schencking. (You will find him early associated with influential men in law making and the like, he was a high church man, and his town house was on East Bay, south corner of Queen-street, now a clothing store.) It was in Mr. Thos. Smith's store or counting house, that Mr. Henry Laurens, who was born on the 24th of February, 1724, learned business at first, but more of that good man in some future number—how his marriage with the beautiful Eleanor brought about the relationship between the families of Ball and Laurens—with an account of the first of those who came here.

Merchant Smith was a man of estimable character, universally respected and beloved, a wealthy and generous friend. By way of distinction he was called *Long Tom*, and one of his leg bones can yet be seen in the vault at Goose Creek Church, and should be encased in silver by one of his immediate descendants. His son Thomas became a planter, having inherited his maternal grandfather Schencking's lands, he intermarried with his second cousin, Sabina, the third girl of the second Landgrave, in 1716. Their son Benjamin was born in 1717. You will find the following inscription on the tomb in St. Philip's west yard :

“To the memory of Ann, the wife of Benjamin Smith, Esq., daughter of William and Mary Loughton, who departed this life the 29th of February, 1760, in the 38th year of her age. Within this tomb also lies Benjamin Smith, Esq. He had been many years Speaker of the Commons House of Assembly, and in every respect a valuable member of the community. He died at Newport, R. I. on the 28th day of July, 1770, in the 53d year of his age.”

By his first marriage he had Thomas Loughton, who married Elizabeth Inglis; their Elizabeth was Mrs. David Campbell; they had also Ann, Claudia, (Mrs. Henry Izard,) Maria, Kitty and Harriet. Benjamin's second son, I think, was William Loughton, who married first Miss Charlotte Izard, and after her death Miss Charlotte Wragg. Mr. Smith's second wife was Mary, the daughter of Joseph and Judith Wragg; her father and uncle, Samuel Wragg, came from England—the former left three sons and five daughters. Mary's daughters were Judith, the lady of Major James Ladson, of the Revolution; and Mary, the wife of Mr. John Gibbes; Mr. James Henry Ladson, married Miss Eliza Ann Fraser; Mr. Jas. Ladson Gibbes, married Miss Adelaide Elliott; Thomas, the brother of Benjamin, and son of Thomas and Sabina, intermarried with Miss Sarah Rhett, (their son was James, who married Miss Gough, of Beaufort, I am told,) they had sons, Benjamin; Roger and Peter; Sabina subsequently became the second wife of Mr. Peter Taylor, the inscription on whose tablet, in St. James' Church, tells us that "he adorned the several relations and stations of life he passed through, with a conduct worthy of the christian and gentleman, he departed this life October the 1st, 1765, aged 67 years;" and by him lies his first wife, Mrs. Amarentia Taylor, and their son Joseph. We find Mr. Taylor in 1745-'6 and '7, paying £25 each year towards the establishment of a school in the Parish, to the Rev. Mr. Mellichamp or the Church Wardens, for the instruction of children in the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion, and for teaching them such other things as were suitable to their capacity; he was then 47 years of age and fully convinced of the importance of pious teaching, and may not I, the ancient one, be allowed to question whether the prevalence of irreligion in the present day, may not in a great measure be attributed to the

neglect of the long established method of teaching to read by the Testament? The book of all best adapted to this purpose, for the language is remarkably easy and familiar, whilst the matter is entertaining to young minds. We also at a later date find Henry, Thomas, and Benjamin Smith, of your house, each giving £50 towards the same charity; "Mayest thou as they did, fear the Lord all the days of your life, and walk faithfully in the paths which he has opened before thee. Let prudence admonish thee, let temperance restrain thee, let justice guide thy hand, benevolence warm thy heart, and gratitude lift your thoughts to the giver of each blessing; these shall give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to the mansions of eternal felicity."

Mrs. Amarentia Taylor was the daughter of merchant Smith, consequently own sister of Thomas, the planter, whose widow became the second Mrs. Taylor, by that union she had one child, Anne, the wife of Mr. Mills, and their son Robert is the fine architect, now even in old age accomplishing his plans in a masterly manner. The merchant's second son was John, who had a son Joseph, and daughters Mrs. Farr and Charlotte. The merchant's third son was Joseph, the fourth William; his second daughter was Catherine, Mrs. Greenland, Molly was Mrs. Dale; there I have given you the names of his seven children, and a few of the grand children; we will return to the second Landgrave, whose sixth child was Justina, born on the 20th of April, 1701, she married James, the son of Godfrey Moore, and removed to the Cape Fear barony. We have heard years ago of Mr. Ben Schencking Moore, at Smithville, N. C. Come we now to the seventh child, who bore the mother's name, Sarah, she was born on the 25th of Jan., 1703, and intermarried with Mr. John Bowen, of St. James,' Goose Creek. The eighth child was Rebecca, after her grandmother Blake, and aunt,

Mrs. Rebecca Moore, of Philadelphia ; she was born in 1705, and went down to an early grave. The ninth child was Joseph Blake, born November, 1706, died young. The tenth was another Rebecca Moore, who came in 1708, she was Mrs. Hamilton, and we find her stepmother, Mary, in her will of 1776, leaving to her granddaughter, Miss Rebecca Hamilton, the sum of £500 currency. Adieu.



## LETTER VII.

“ It was midnight, and he sat alone,  
The husband of the dead ;  
That day the dark dust had been thrown  
Upon her buried head ;  
Her orphan children 'round him slept,  
But in their sleep would moan ;  
Then fell the first tear he had wept,  
He felt he was alone.”

*Charleston, April 2d, 1851.*

The untiring assiduities and kindness of friends had done much through many months, to alleviate the distress to which Mrs. Sarah Smith had finally, in 1710, fallen a victim. She was a lady remarkable for intellectual strength, with nobility of thought and principle. She loved her husband with the extreme devotion of her high nature, for she was endowed with a mind tender as pious, and with the most sensitive feelings. Her beautiful, noble and benign countenance, reflected radiantly, all that glowed in her heart, or was painted in her thoughts. But, to a great mind was linked a frail body. That most to be admired, was her religious fervor, her entire forgetfulness of self, that she might serve others. As the lamenting partner of all her joys and griefs sat now motionless by that cold corpse, the silvery affectionate tone of voice, seemed still sounding in his ears, as though she continued to bless her noble George, now seventeen years of age, to whom she had taught those principles of truth and morality, that, in after life, became a blessing to the community in

which he lived and died. To Anne, now fifteen, a young and delicate-minded girl, she consigned the care of her more youthful daughters—Barbary, then thirteen; Sabina, eleven; Justina, nine; Sarah, seven; and Rebecca, at the tender age of two years. And these half dozen sisters, in their up-growing, twined about one another like flowers in summer time; yet ever keeping the different looks and dispositions that were natural to them. Ever affectionately did the five elder ones cherish the memory of that mother, the first object of their childish love and obedience. She had felt it her duty firmly to discipline her children in due season; which made it well both for themselves, and her successor, who soon loved them as her own, and if ever a mother's place can be supplied, and another obtain that entire intimacy with the children's hearts, it was so in this case. Mary Hyrne, in 1713, became a link, connecting father and child, as forming the softening medium between his masculine control and their tender years. It was for him to instruct but for her to instill. He to command their reason, whilst she compelled their instinct. He may finish, but she must begin. His empire was over the head, whilst her's, over the heart, was most complete!

“ She had a voice to cheer a *Home*,  
To lull a suffering one to sleep;  
Make reading pleasant to the blind,  
Or stay the tears of those who weep.”

In the hours of pain and trial, tender were her touch and tone, and undeviating her kind and soothing attentions. As for the wee-thing Rebecca, she was nourished into forgetfulness of tears—like a tender spring-flower upon the bosom of many a female. The mother's dream of life seemed ended from 1708, the period of her birth. The bye-past married life of eighteen years, had been to her like a summer day, maintained in due honor, upheld in all her dignity, invested

with that share of proper sway, without which, home cannot exist. Ever prominently put forward by her husband to their children, as the best of earthly examples, possessing the confidence, love and friendship of those who knew her worth, receiving from her domestics every mark of respectful obedience, and faithfulness in their tasks of duty, and happy in the reflection that she had lived all her days under the immediate shadow of a pure and simple Kirk, looking ever to the Word and not to the world for what was right; she had prayed to run her earthly career in peace as in innocence. She was in the possession of every domestic luxury and blessing that could make home happy; her's was cast in a neighborhood of civilization and refinement; but even now a portentous calamity was dreaded, the greatest dangers were immediately apprehended for her son, who had become justly exposed to censure, despising the lessons of experience, he was rushing into visionary schemes of happiness, and, at the age of seventeen, contemplating a *Mésalliance* that would, in after times, draw upon him the penalties of a wounded conscience, for having disgraced so illustrious a lineage as his. He had broken out of the pale of obedience. No longer did his father's hand possess a power of guidance, which no wise son should ever shake off. He would not have desired officiously to have guided his heir's choice in the selection of a partner for life; but it was soon discovered that evil was the natural bias of that youth's disposition, whilst he was growing up a man of most imposing appearance; yet with his energies paralyzed, and all feeling of due submission to parental authority at an end. Flatterers had seduced him from his duties, leading him into acts that incurred odium; that sent a bitter draught to the lips of his fond parents, and words to their ears, that were sharper than a two-edged sword. Their first-born had become a reckless,

selfish being, the voice of flattery had told that there were honors laid up for him. The world had officiously shouted into his ear, that wealth and power were in store ; that the time may not be far distant when he might be called to succeed to the rule of a household that would fly at his bidding and weep at his frown ; whilst they would keep their feelings and thoughts to themselves ; locked up in the secret recesses of their own hearts.

My dear young sir, be vigilant, and keep a jealous eye on all your proceedings. Beware of such flatterers ! for you may be ever sure that the poison of the Asp is hidden under their softest and most enticing words. From such false friends turn quickly away. May our Heavenly Father be your guiding cloud by day, your pillar of fire by night, making you worthy to succeed to the rule of that same household where he is still worshipped in sincerity of faith, and to maintain amongst its members the unity of spirit in the bond of peace. And, in future years, may your influence long be felt as beneficial in St. James' Parish ; and, finally, a tablet adorn your memory in its church. In the meanwhile remember the fate of your great grand uncle, Thomas Smith, with wealth sufficient for every luxury of life ; with no fear of coming want ; with health beating strong in his veins, and born to hold a high situation in the world ; yet a strange jumble of errors and misfortunes belonged to his life and character. Remember, that soon your boyhood's days will be *gone* ! Think how much meaning lies in that little monosyllable, *gone* ! Bright, hopeful youth comes next, then will you count the days with jewelled numbers. Take care that yours are woven into weeks of blithe labor, and that those weeks may roll into harvest months of triumph, and that the months become bound into golden sheaves of the years that follow. ( Come let us quit this sad story of

the *olden time*, and of that Thomas, whose marriage, at the age of eighteen, sent his mother, the ensuing year, 1710, to an untimely grave.

George, the second son, remained, until of age, to grace the abode of wealth and respectability ; whilst his erring brother occupied the humble dwelling of poverty and misery, with a beauty whose hands hung idle, whilst her head was filled with vain and absurd caprices. The second son possessed a pure and noble spirit, and finally went down to his grave, enjoying the retrospect of a well-spent life. At twenty-one he married Jane Allen, she was a young girl of interesting appearance, with an expression of countenance that was something dearer than beauty. It was a calm, pure face, with a soul-light from within. The soft brown hair fell back in wavy curls from her smooth brow. In her dark hazel eyes, with their long-fringed, drooping lids, there was a depth of unrevealed and gentle sensibilities, and a lurking tenderness about her mouth which indicated timidity and sweetness. Her's was a firm, though gentle soul, and she stepped quietly through the path of duty. And, as real young ladies in those days did not choose their husbands as their bonnets, for being the gayest and most fashionable, she looked not for beauty, but set her affections on a fine, manly fellow, whole-souled and merry, who never required to pour the spirits down to keep his spirits up. He was one on whom the shades of your noble ancestors could look down with pride ; filial duty and brotherly love had filled his heart and guided his actions, and he had understood what a "city of refuge" is the Christian home. Escaping from the selfish sons of the world, he found a sanctuary in his father's house, where the arms of affection stood open to receive him. Although not handsome, he was eminently *distinguer* and genteel. His education had been cared for, and he did much good by exercising the powers of his mind. Imbued from infancy with a high sense

of honor, he had grown to possess the very soul of chivalry, and the highest and purest courage. All frankness and openness of heart, ever cheerful with a grateful sense of past mercies and blessings, he looked forward to a continuation of such until he reached "the promised land."

His disinterested kindness as a friend ; his steady affection as a son and brother, justified the fair one's choice, which she never had the slightest cause to regret. His ready ministration of help to her at all seasons, his participation of her joys and sorrows, served daily to exhibit proofs of his kindness. He soon went beyond the domestic circle, to good society in general ; not considering himself intended to live isolated and independent of other links, as some of the later and present young members of your family have been charged with doing ; never proceeding beyond their own thresholds to engage in any active pursuit. George, on the contrary, soon arrived at that proper vigor that lead him to unite in the wider circles of public life, and adding his own to the corresponding energies of other gentlemen, contributed his part towards the promotion of Parish welfare. Such was this grandson of Governor Thomas Smith, under whose administration the celebrated fundamental constitutions of John Locke were finally abolished, and a system, more conformable to the state of the country and the actual wants of the people, was substituted, "He, whose descendants," we are told, by Mr. John Frost, of Philadelphia, in 1846, "are still noted for their hospitality and urbanity."

To strangers, many of these incidents may seem trifling, but you can never deem them so. Ever scrupulous and accurate in telling these long-neglected stories to untutored ears, I have laid hold of various information and turned it to the best account. Surely you will not consider it a miscellaneous detail of circumstances and events, but lessons fraught with the best advice. Diverse as the appearance of these letters

may be, I trust that I have obtained variety, and yet not violated unity of design, that all has been uniformly directed to one object, the improvement of *your heart*, the purifying of your affections, which will lead to worthy thoughts and good deeds; and an happy exit from this life. Take warning from that Thomas who did not maintain the walk he should have done, and dare not to shame, in any way, your godly and honorable kindred. Remember that it was *not only* worldly wealth that your forefathers had, but what was far better, godliness and honest fame; animated by the desire of doing some little share of good on earth—I have set forth their example, see that *you copy it*.

Anne, Mrs. Benjamin Waring, died in October, 1738, aged 43, and her husband followed in July, 1739, at the age of 47. He is mentioned as the son-in-law in the second Landgrave's will of the previous year. A letter of condolence from Col. Hyrne to his sister, Mrs. Smith, from Cape Fear, at that time, did not reach her for three months, so little communication was there between places at all remote.

Benjamin, of the house of Waring, and son of Anne Smith, intermarried with his first cousin, Sally Smith, his son Benjamin, (by a previous marriage, name unknown,) writing from Columbia, S. C., in 1809, on the 10th of August, to your grandfather Thomas, at Westoe, says:—"My great grandfather and your grandfather was the same Thomas Smith, the second Landgrave. I am descended from his first daughter, Anne, who was born in 1695, and you from his sixth son, Henry, who was born in 1727. His first child, Thomas, came into existence in 1691. His last (Benjamin) in 1735, so that he had twenty children in forty-four years. He had married in 1690, at the age of twenty, had seven daughters and three sons by Miss Blake, and three daughters and seven sons by Miss Hyrne, *vice versa*. He died in 1738, at the age of 68."

The writer of this letter married his first cousin, Anne, the sister of Mr. Richard Waring, of Tranquil Hill, near Dorchester, they were the children of Thomas Waring, and Sucey or Susannah Smith. In the Journal of the Schoolmaster, we find the following notices :

*“ January 10th, 1745.*

“ Married at the house of her father, Mr. Archar Smith, at Goose Creek, by her uncle, the Rev. Josiah Smith, Sally, to her first cousin, Mr. Ben Waring, as his second wife ; they had dinner company two days, and on Monday, the 21st, he carried his wife home to the Cypress. On the 21st of March, on a Thursday, Mr. Thomas Dixon, of James Island, and Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Goose Creek house, took each other for man and wife, the ceremony by the Rev. Mr. Chanler, of the Baptist congregation on Ashley river. On the 23d, she drew her share of negroes, viz: Jack, Murriah, Blackwall, Judith, little Tom, Toney, Cuffee, and Rose ; the bride is 23 years of age. On the 29th, Mr. D. went home, came back, and on the 9th of April, he and his lady left the family mansion. May 21st, Mrs. Mary Hyrne, the wife of James Screven, had a daughter. September the 17th, came Ben Waring, and, on the 24th, his brother Thomas, to us ; on the 26th, they all went to Mr. A. Smith’s, to see his daughter Sucey, and Tom Waring take each other for ‘ better or for worse ; ’”

hear that ! the brothers Waring marrying the sisters Smith, in January and September, 1745.

We are further informed, that “ on the 19th of November, Thomas’ wife went home for good. December 19th, Ben and Sally Waring dined here from her parents’ house. Col. Henry Hyrne came to visit his sister Smith, and paid me for his son Henry’s schooling. 1746, June the 4th, between one and two o’clock this morning, in this mansion, Mrs. Thomas Dixon had a daughter born, to be called Mary Smith. November 7th, I went to town, and saw Sally and Richard



Waring, first cousins, united. This the 9th, Sue and Paul (of the hole,) was married at the Church, by Mr. Mellichamp. 1747, on the 2d of January, Friday afternoon, Mr. Thomas Waring had a daughter, Anne, at her father's. Miss Nancy Smith slept here and dined with Mr. Archar. February 10th, Mrs. Smith brought the mother and infant to visit Madam, great great aunt of the latter by courtesy. April the 26th, being Sunday night, Mrs. Ben Waring had a girl, born at Waring's town, on the Cypress. On the 27th, Monday, Mr. Cater put up the clock in the hall, and Madam Smith paid him £6. October the 7th, Mrs. Tom Waring came to dine. 1748, Easter Sunday, the 10th of April. We *wrote patrole* through the District, and Mrs. Susannah, the wife of Thomas Waring, had a son."

You will observe that this great grandson, Richard's birth, was one hundred years after that of the first Landgrave Smith, of Exeter, Ed. He at the age of 20, on the 20th of November, 1768, intermarried with Miss Anne Branford, who on the 25th, attended by a large company, went through the ceremony of the installation of the bride to the honors and duties of her new home. No doubt every thing was just as heart could wish, therefore I shall not run the risk of marring the picture by any additional drapery, tropes or figures of my own. Short lived happiness! they had a son, Richard, born Sept. 1st, 1769, and the mother was consigned to the silent tomb on the 12th of the same month, at the early age of 18 years and six months.

“But soon the living and the dead  
 Across that stream shall meet;  
 For life goes on with hurried tread,  
 And Time has no retreat.

“We are abroad, a broken band,  
 And those gone on before,

Are waiting in the father-land,  
'Till we shall leave this shore."

Within two years, when the showers of April had once brought the early flowers upon her grave, and once had the sunshine of May darted its rays upon them, he dried his tears, and Anne, of Hyde Park, in St. John's Parish, the youngest child of John Coming Ball and his first wife, Catherine Gendron, became his affianced bride. Her sister, Elizabeth, had married his great uncle, Henry Smith, Esq., (her sister Catherine was afterwards the second wife of his brother Benjamin, of Goose Creek,) at his house the youthful widower came often in contact with sweet Miss Anne, who bestowed such gracious looks and enchanting smiles upon him, as must have taken captive the heart of any but a voluntary bachelor or misanthrope. He at the age of 23, she 18, for she was born the 3d of June, 1753. They were married at Hyde Park, the home of her father's widow, Judith Boisseau, on the 27th of January, 1771, her father had died in 1764. Richard, the son of Miss Branford, expired the same year of his father's second marriage, seven months after it—he was then two years old, the father only lived to attain his 33d year, died on the 17th of Feb., 1781, leaving a widow of 28 years. She continued such until the 24th of April, 1826, when, on the evening of Monday, at Tranquil Hill, she departed to a better land, at the respectable age of 72 years, 10 months and 22 days, and was buried in your Goose Creek family yard, at the side of her much loved sister, Elizabeth. Possessing those graces that at once distinguish and adorn the Christian character, Mr. Waring was beloved and respected; he was a gentleman of liberal education, benevolent heart, engaging deportment, and friendly disposition. His widow was a courteous and cheerful companion, and, in her latter years, your grandfather, Thomas, loved to designate

her as "a mother in Israel," as did other Dissenters; for so long without a church within her reach, she had gone regularly to your meeting house, and was such a pet and favorite, that I have fancied the old lady grew vain, for we all know how dangerous are the seductions of popular applause. But, avaunt with these Warings, in some future number they shall loom on my pages in gigantic proportions, for my heart has often gone up with a bound of joy, like a long-chained eagle, let loose at the mention of that name, in which to my ear there has ever been music. I shall readily trace them back to 1067, the era of the conquest, when "One William Varing went from France with William, the Conqueror, whom he made afterwards Earl of Surrey, and bestowed upon him a daughter in marriage."

See, dear Henry, how I throw forth my treasures of antiquity with frankness and fearlessness. My versatility of talent enables me to pass from grave to gay, with equal grace and rapidity, and I can tell you, further, that few are as familiar with the hidden workings of the human heart as I am; indeed, there are so many things that I seem to know by intuition, that I am positively a mystery to myself, and have twice been in imminent danger of being burnt for a witch, instead of being cherished as a benevolent fairy. But, once more to be serious, I do assert that if I have succeeded in pleasing, informing, and instructing you, I have attained to the *neplus ultra* of all my present wishes. Your lines have fallen to you in pleasant places; yours is a goodly heritage, take care that your pleasures be not such as shall be marred by regrets; guard against those *ignis fatuus* that are sure to mislead the youthful mind. Placed as probationers here, we know that this life is not to be a state of complete enjoyment and happiness; the hopes, the spirits, and the inexperience of the young, are apt and very willing to see it in this light; to them life is full of entertainment, their

relish is high, their expectations are unbounded. For a very few years they may go on without interruption, but a short time will cure them of this delusion. May you early discover that there is an inherent delight necessarily attendant on the performance of virtuous deeds, and may such enjoyment be fully yours, those who have once experienced the conscious pleasure produced by a good action, are ever anxious to enjoy it again. Adieu.

## LETTER VIII.

“Nay, adventurous little ship!  
 If thine anchor’s still arip,  
 And instead of port you choose  
 Such another toilsome cruise,  
 Where so’er the whim may lead thee,  
 On dear friend, and may God speed thee!”

*April 6th, 1851.*

Yes, my dear young man, once again is my bark upon the waters, and you shall sail with me, whilst I attempt to bring you further acquainted with the early times of *your mansion* and its inmates. Where are they? With the years beyond the flood! We come now to the union of the second Landgrave and the beautiful Mary Hyrne, which was consummated in 1713, the same year that consigned his antagonist, Johnson, to the silent tomb; but I flatter myself he had long since forgiven the zealous old gentleman. Mary was the only daughter of Colonel Edward Hyrne and Elizabeth, his wife; they, in the assessment of the Goose Creek property of 1694, held to the amount of only £212. That was nineteen years before this marriage, and meekly did their Mary bear the honors that it bestowed upon her youthful brow. Her brothers were Edward, James and Henry, the names afterwards borne by three of her seven sons. Peter Hyrne, their grandfather, was here as early as 1672, he may have come the previous year, in company with the first Thomas Smith, little dreaming of the future union of their houses, forty-two and

forty-six years after, by the marriages of Smith with Mary, and Edward, her brother, with Barbary, his fourth child. Edward Smith was born 24th of April, 1714 ; James, the 13th of August, 1715, and must have attained the age of manhood, as we find him holding property in different places ; but had died previously to his father's will being made, in 1738. Mary was born the 9th of October, 1717 ; she intermarried with Mr. James Screven, in 1736, at the age of nineteen, and died in 1758. Margaret was born the 1st of April, 1720 ; she became Mrs. Ben. Coachman ; their daughter was Mrs. Barney Bellinger. Miss Lucia Bellinger married Captain Thomas Paine, of the United States Navy, their son, Edward Tatnal, has married Miss Beckley ; his sister, Miss Margaret, is a young lady of great worth. Elizabeth Smith was born the sixth of January, 1722, intermarried, (as you have seen in *The Journal*,) with Mr. Thomas Dixon, of James Island, in 1745, when twenty-three. Josiah was born July the 10th, 1726, and as not mentioned in the journal of ten years, must have died young. What a pretty verse is that which says—

“ How beautiful is infancy !  
 The bud upon the tree,  
 With all its young leaves folded yet,  
 Is not so sweet to me.”

Our Henry was born the 6th of August, 1727, (on the birthday of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambrai ; Fenelon, one of the best and wisest friends of the human race, who came to us in 1651, and died in 1715, the year which gave birth to James Smith, on the 13th of August.) Henry married Anne Filbien in 1753, and Elizabeth Ball in 1764. Thomas Smith was born on the 26th of January, 1729, he married Susanna Walker. George was born on the 30th of August,

1732, alive in 1749, as mentioned in Mrs. Anne Boone's will. Benjamin was born the 15th of September, 1735 ; his first wife was the beautiful Elizabeth Ann Harleston ; his second was Catharine Ball, of Hyde Park ; the third was Sarah Smith, of the brick house, on Cooper river, now the property of Mrs. George Brown ; and the fourth was the widow Coachman. His father died in 1738, at the age of sixty-eight years. From that time we find Mary thrown upon her own resources, acting with a degree of energy and Christian firmness, that bore her safely through all life's duties. It seemed that youth and age gathered around her, that many hours of social gladness were enjoyed within her hospitable home : all her sympathies were stirred for those who suffered ; to such, her presence seemed ever a sunbeam ; her's was a spirit meet for the Kingdom of Heaven ; the seal was on her brow. Allow me to transcribe for you, a letter which she received from her brother, Colonel Edward Hyrne, dated

*Hyrneham, August 1, 1738.*

“DEAR SISTER :

First by common fame, and afterwards by a letter from sister Anne Waring, to her sister Justina Moore, I heard of your great loss, for which I heartily and sincerely condole with you. No doubt, it will be in vain for me to advise you not to grieve at so great a loss, but only to endeavor to moderate it all you can, for your own and your dear children's sake. I well know the difficulties a widow, with so many small children must meet with in the management of her affairs. I pray God to give you skill and ability sufficient, and to bless with success your endeavors. I am heartily sorry that the great distance God has placed me from you, will render the sincere desire I have to be assisting to you, fruitless. I hope that, *that God* in whom I know you trust, will fully make up all deficiencies.

You have, indeed, dear sister, met with a great loss ; but, still, if you can compare your circumstances with those of thousands of others in the world, you are happy to them. God was very merciful in sparing your husband so long, he was very ancient, and he paid the debt we all owe to Nature, and we know not how soon we must pay it. I pray God prepare us all for it.

My dear son, Edward, who was in the prime of life, and might have expected many years, has trod the same path ; he departed this life ye twenty-fourth of last month, after five days illness of an affection of the bowels. The doctor said that mortification had taken place just before he died. He was in most violent agony all the time of his sickness, but had his senses to the last.

Dear sister, these are indeed severe *tryalls*, I pray God to sanctify them to us. He has now put into our power to pay Him, the very highest act of devotion ; I mean perfect resignation to His will. Let us say, with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." The terrible complaint of which my son died, is very brief amongst us in these parts, several is dead of it, but many more recover. My son Henry is all this time ill of it, but I hope in no danger. Not having had any opportunity to send this away, am now come to the eighteenth of this month. My Harry, I thank God, is now well again ; he has not only had the bowel complaint, but also a violent fever and ague, with which came every day, and several others have been dangerously ill. In my family I have one negro man very ill still. Now turn over the page. The best thing I can find in this distemper is the juice of the *Jerusalem Oake*. I give to a grown person four spoonfuls of the juice at a dose, and repeat it every three hours or as often as I see cause. This, given in the beginning of the distemper, has cured many in my family, in less than a day, and some, the



first dose has done it, in a wonderful manner. My neighbours have found the same benefit by it. I don't doubt but you remember how the seed of the same plant cured your old Jack, twenty years ago, after he had been given over by every body many months? and his disease was the same. And I mention this because I hear you have it now in your parts too.

I think if any thing in this world could have helped my dear son, it would have been this juice; it certainly eases the pain with which all that have the distemper are miserably afflicted; generally, three or four doses takes away all the pain; it has cured all the young negro children on my plantation, in an hour after they have taken ill. I give to a child of a year old, one spoonful. Several grown negroes in my plantation has drank half a pint at a time. I hope, dear sister that God will, in his infinite mercy, preserve you and yours from the grievous distempers that are amongst us this year. If I am able, at this distance, to advise you how to employ your negroes to the best advantage, my advice would be to go wholly upon corn and peas, which, if you do, you must have your land ready fenced and ploughed against planting time, and afterwards tend it with harrows; this business will require a good many working cattle and horses and mares, I doubt not but you have enough of each sort to break for that use, and I judge it will be necessary to have a Northward man that's used to that business, for an overseer. No doubt but corn will be a very good commodity for many years to come. I have known one Eben Jones, in these parts, with his own hands and two horses, a little plough and harrow, make between ten and eleven hundred bushels of corn a year, for three years running. He used to hire help to plant and gather it only. I think if you can get a man who understands this business, you may make three hundred bushels of corn and peas a hand, one with another; and if you intend

to follow this business, and can't get a man that's fit, if you'll let me know, I'll endeavor to send you one from here. However, I would not have you put the project in execution without taking advice of your friends, especially brother Ben Waring, who can give you as good advice as any body whatever, to whom and his family, pray give my hearty love and service, and to all other friends. I shall only add more, on this head, that if you have no white overseer, I think Cooper Andrew will make you a much better one than Sancho, who ever was, when I knew him, a deceitful rascal.

Though I have been very tedious already, I can't help mentioning a few more things of my dear deceased child; he was grown a very hopeful, comely and gentle young man, and free from all manner of vice, as ever I knew any man of his years, in my life. Young as he was, he had cultivated the acquaintance and friendship, not only with men of his own age, but with gentlemen in years, and of good sense and fortune, and, indeed, every body that knew him was fond of him. He was perfectly ingenious—the last instance of it was as complete a base viol he made, (and finished but three weeks before he died,) as you ever will see in a thousand; and would have been, in a few months, perfect master of that music. But I trust he is now in a far more happy state, than he could have been on this side of the grave; he is already gone and I must follow! I conclude myself, dear sister, your sincerely affectionate and sorrowful brother,

EDWARD HYRNE.

“Pray give my love to all your children, whom I much long to see, as well as yourself, but God only knows whether ever I shall have that satisfaction or not. My sons give their duty to you and love to their cousins. E. H.”

Is not that a most beautiful letter, worthy to be treasured up for another one hundred and thirteen years. Are you not proud of the man, who not only knew how to preach, but to

practice that highest act of devotion, resignation to the will of God? Reflect, that at the commencement of his letter, his son, his noble son, had been dead only one short week! How sad the reflection, that the "sister Waring," who had written of their father's death to her sister Moore, was, within the very next October, consigned to the grave, and her husband, the "brother Waring," to whom the widowed Mary was directed for advice, followed speedily to the same cold, dark region; he died in July, 1739. Mrs. Moore was 37 at the death of her father and sister Anne. Why Mrs. Hyrne was not mentioned in this affectionate epistle I cannot think. Had she died at an early age? If alive she would only then have been 41. Oh, no, we will not imagine her dead too, but that she sat by her good man, pouring her sorrows into some sympathizing breast. Few were the opportunities at that time of communicating with their friends, and Barbary arrayed in the deep weeds next to those of widowhood, was embracing the same chance to tell over in a style of the most touching simplicity, while the big drops stole down her pale cheeks and fell upon her heaving breast, the overwhelming sorrows of her almost broken heart. Or was he really the solitary man? Was he alone, writing to those who were sympathizing with the bereaved feelings which lacerated their own breast? Was she, the beloved in life, now "sainted in the grave?" On your place is to be seen the brick enclosure that so many of us have of late united to erect, and which has, under your mother's guidance, been so handsomely completed. That wall encircles the mortality of the hoary sire of 1738, while at his feet the little tufted hillock denotes that there peacefully sleeps his descendant, even of the fifth generation, who was so early called by her Divine Saviour to enjoy "a life that shall never die." How sweetly, yet simply, Mr. Hyrne directs his sister to that merciful Creator who has said in his own ever living words, that "he will be a comforter to

the widow, and a father to the fatherless." Methinks I see him as in olden time, simple in garb, majestic and serene, unmoved by pomp or circumstance, in truth inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal repressing vice and making folly grave. At Hyrneham or at Smithville, we may, doubtless, find stones erected "to perpetuate the fond recollections of those who were beloved in life and mourned in death;" over which the weeping-willow is shedding its melancholy, yet pleasing influence, and there, too, the lofty and solemn looking poplars are bowing their graceful, but dejected heads, as though it was in grief over the shrines of those that lay interred at their feet; and the mournful yew, that sorrow-stricken tree, which pines in the night breeze over the solitary dead, may also hang over thoss grass-clad avenues. Say, young cousin, is not the advice from such an exemplar as Col. Hyrne, justly entitled to your most serious attention? He had lost some who were very dear, yet was his heart filled with fervent thankfulness to the beneficent power that had still preserved to him other blessings in this life. The soulless and the heartless glide most comfortably through such a world of trials, they seem to know nothing of the suffering which at times almost wrings the life-blood from the sensitive heart, but there are others of us who can deeply feel with him, although, perhaps, we have not as meekly bowed our heads in pious submission to the will of God. He was unquestionably a man of eminent piety and great enlargement of mind, and possessing fine social powers, seems to have wished that his "dear son" should become distinguished for the virtues and accomplishments, which form the chief ornament of private life, with a mind formed to manly and active pursuits, yet was glad for him that he had reached that celestial haven where the storms of life are never known. May you, too, early learn to correct the world's false estimate of things, and to "look through the shallowness of earthly grandeur," to

venerate what is truly excellent and noble in character and conduct. You see that I pursue my design with a diligence that strongly indicates an apprehension that I shall not live till it be completed. Time, with his hour glass and scythe is at hand, ready to say to me "Finis, thy deeds are done, and thou must die."

## LETTER IX.

Charleston, April 17th, 1851.

MY DEAR COUSIN :

We will return to Mrs. Mary Smith—

“Forescore years she walked among us,  
With a gentle, upward tread ;  
Was time marked by deeds of goodness,  
Centuries had *crowned* her head.”

Anger fled from her appearing,  
And the heart forgot its pride ;  
Charity, that suffereth all things,  
Was a *dweller by her side*.

She was born in 1697, the same year with her step-daughter Barbary—at the early age of 16, she took the responsible office of mother-in-law, upon herself—her lord and master was almost *three times her age* ; having attained his 43rd year. They lived 25 years happily together, which brought him to 68, and left her 41 years of age ; for there was 27 summers between their births. She lived to be 80, and was appaeled for the grave in 1777, having heard the Declaration of Independence read. Long had she adorned *your high ancestral hall* ; but we are told “she seldom joined the family down stairs, in her latter days.” It was then customary for the members of the family to gather around her with their work and books in her own suite of apartments, as she sat stately in their midst, seated in that *same old oaken chair*,

the loss of which, I have heard your mother deplore—your too generous father having allowed a Yankee workman to persuade him out of it, whilst employed in repairing the roof of the mansion, where it was discovered hid away.

“ It was a carved Oaken Chair,  
Carved with carving quaint and rare,  
*Was that same Old Oaken Chair.*”

Well, this dear old lady died, and, as her will directed, they laid her decently in the family grave yard. The corpse lay not in state, with all the pomp of escutcheons, wax lights, black hangings and mutes ; but all was conducted quietly and in order, by her beloved sons assembled there. She had cheerfully waited to be translated from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant, where, with my mind's eye, do I behold her, flinging down on the jasper pavement her crown of amaranth and gold, and fancy that I hear her hymning praises to Him, who on earth had blessed her with a vigorous and fertile genius, and noble heart, and had extended her days far beyond the usual period allotted to mankind. She had survived her husband 39 years, and out-lived all the ties of intimacy formed in her youth ; yet was she welcomed with cordiality, and treated with the greatest kindness by all who approached her person ; friendships formed fifty years ago, in her mature life, continued unbroken in only a few instances to this time, but those cannot be called “ of her youth,” for she, like the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, may have asked, “ where is the world into which I was born ?” Yet to the last was she in the enjoyment of blessings attendant upon a wise and virtuous old age, and a life well spent, in the full exercise of her faculties. Many had been the vicissitudes through which she had passed. Her life had been an eventful drama ; but none had ever to lament the decay of

her piety or affection, which would not allow this octogenary to rest in the sepulchre "in which she had been quietly interred," after having seen some of her grandchildren grown up, she had been at last gathered to her fathers, like a shock of corn full ripe. No ; she must come forth to watch over the education of her little flock, four years after her burial.

*The Ghost Story*, that our delightful Dr. J. B. Irving gave us in his "Day on Cooper River," in 1842, bears a deeply marked stamp of reality about it ; and she who stood not to be found in a genuine attitude of dismay, but went tramping after the intruder, neither terrified nor awed by her majestic manner nor dignified countenance, protested to Mrs. Jane, the widow of the Rev. Isaac Stockton Keith, even on her death-bed, that "the adventure had never faded from her memory ; that she had been far more surprised than alarmed ; that although a mysterious affair, she must affirm to the last, that nothing could be real, if this was but fancy," and thus she died protesting. You shall have the miraculous story in his own agreeable language : "When the town surrendered to the enemy, on the 12th of May, 1780, Henry Smith, the then occupant of the *Old Mansion*, who had been long declining, 'turned his face to the wall and never smiled again.' But on the eighth of the ensuing December, yielded up his quiet spirit into the hands of him who gave it ; he was then fifty-three years of age, this seventh child of Mary Hyrne, was born, you recollect, on the 6th of August, 1727. His widow finding it lonely and sad, with only her four daughters about her, the eldest twelve, the youngest six years of age, abandoned the upper part of the house entirely, and occupied the two west chambers, opening into each other. After the lapse of a few months, she received into the family an instructress for her girls ; a young and gay widow, a Mrs. Latham, just arrived from the Emerald Isle. She having been but a few days on shore, knew nothing of the family



she had entered, consequently, when informed that she was to occupy the upstairs alone, and a servant girl, (Saunder,) was offered to sleep in her room, she ridiculed the idea of fear, and declined accepting the offer of a companion. The next morning (being Sunday) the family and servants were, many of them, assembled in the hall, and back porch, to go through the church service, they had not proceeded far, when a great tramping about was heard over head ; after some time, Mrs. Latham came down stairs, and asked, ‘ who had passed out that way ? ’ She was assured that no one could possibly have done so, as there were many persons assembled at their devotions at the very foot of the staircase. The household was thrown into great confusion, the rooms were all thoroughly searched to no purpose. She then explained, that whilst she sat reading a novel, the “ Turkish Spy,” she had heard a noise along the passage, she put her book down and listened attentively, when she distinctly heard coming steps along the corridor. The door of her chamber was soon gently opened, when an old lady of benign countenance, dressed in a brown silk gown, white muslin handkerchief, pinned across, and wearing a close cap, stood before her. She rose and gave her several invitations to enter, but finding her motionless, and that there “ was no speculation in those eyes, that she did glare withal,” went towards her, when, like Ajax’s spectre, she moved slowly off to the large east room, from that she glided into the smaller one, which opened into it, and from which there was no outlet, and there she took the faintest part of nothing, and vanished into air.”

“ Not a word she deigned to say,  
But like a spectre passed away.”

Those were the rooms where the old lady passed the last years of her life ; in the closet of the larger you will find

little partitions, which she had directed put up as baby-houses for the granddaughters at home with her, and most acceptable to those great aunts of yours, was that caprice or fancy of hers ; for there she kept sugar and biscuits, with which to furnish forth their doll's parties. Their innocent merriment perchance, beguiled some lonely hours, whilst the usual household duties kept their mother below, or father's business carried him abroad. Her disposition was to let others reap the benefit of her sympathy and benevolence. She knew that a word of kindness was seldom spoken in vain, that it was a seed, which, when even dropped by chance springs up a flower.

“ Benjamin, who strongly resembled his mother coming soon to visit the family, Mrs. Latham, on seeing him was much agitated ; he had a long conversation, however, and at last succeeded in quieting her apprehension, by hinting that his good mother had, no doubt, been only sent to reprove her thoughtlessness, and to warn her not to set such a bad example to her family, now entrusted to her care, as by reading a novel on the Sabbath day. This hint had a wonderful effect, Mrs. L., afterwards Mrs. Braidy, became a faithful and pious instructress in Charles Town. As she attained a good old age, she had the satisfaction of teaching three generations of the same family, many of whom have heard from her own lips, the incidents I have told. I have been given to understand, that many a time, and oft, as her little flock would gather around her, to hear the old lady's *phantom story*, although she would frighten them half out of their senses, and “ make their hair to stand on end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine,” yet they would not, for the wealth of worlds, have had her omit a single circumstance recorded on her memory. Such startling things she told, that though, for a while she chilled the hearts of her youthful listners, yet her tones were soft, like flakes of feathered snow

upon the moistened ground, they melted as they fell. She occupied, for many years, a small Dutch-roofed wooden house, on the present site of the First Presbyterian Church yard, in Meeting street, where a part of her school consisted of Elizabeth Read, Elizabeth Scott, Eliza Rutledge, Harriet Thayer, Laura Carson and Martha Motte." Many are still living, who have heard their parents speak of the style in which the old folks lived in your house before the revolution. The grounds were then under the highest cultivation, the large hall had been painted in landscapes on the wall, other rooms were thickly hung with pictures. In later times, not long before the war, the hall was white-washed, and the landscapes gave way to masterly portraits, from the easel of Mr. Simeon Theus, who painted in South Carolina, his native State, as early as 1750, and continued to 1775. He was a gentleman of considerable reputation in his profession, and I shall be happy to give you a full account of the family in some future number.

Among his pictures were those of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Waring, of Tranquil Hill; Mr. Thomas Smith, your grandfather; his sisters, Mrs. John S. Waring, Mrs. J. E. Poyas, Mrs. Richard Scott and the Misses E. and P. A. Smith. At Richmond, in St. John's Parish, there hangs a portrait of the late John Huger, Esq., of "the Hagan" in St. Thomas' Parish, its coloring is excellent, and, by those who remember the original, it is deemed a masterly likeness." Now, let me give you some more pleasant information from the same graphic pen: "Bob commenced his career in life as a postilion boy, when his dear old mistress used to ride behind four horses, down to Charles Town, and to and from her mansion on East Bay to visit her friends, and attend the *white meeting*, where now stands the Circular Church. He was afterwards advanced to the dignity of driving her in her wide seat chair, when she attended Mr. Wood's vendue, at the ten mile house,

where she purchased, unexpectedly, and carried home in the bottom of the vehicle, a stone jar, that, often after that, contained half a barrel of rice, but which she then filled with the good things bought on that day for the family at home. After her death, in 1777, he became coachman to your great grand parents, Henry and Elizabeth Smith, and Peter was the postilion boy.

To illustrate the aristocratical tendency of a well-bred servant, Bob preserved, through thirty years, the panels of the identical coach he first drove. The family house was unoccupied for twenty years, there and elsewhere he kept them safely locked up until 1817, when they were presented to one of his master's great grand daughters. A wagon was made from those pieces, for the child, by her father, and was, for a long time, a treasured relic ; the admiration of all who saw it." The panels were green, with much gilding, and your family coat of arms and crest on each piece. The Arms—*Sa-a fesse erminois cotissed*, or, between three martlets of the last, each charged with an ermine spot. Crest—a grey hound *sejant gu* ; collared and line reflexed over the back, or charged on the shoulder with a mascle ar—motto—*semper fidelis*.

Remember that the honored individual who built your house, although he lived not to occupy it, had been also the very first to use bricks in the country, his habitation on Back river, in which he had dwelt many years, was decidedly the first brick house beyond the town. His mansion, at the corner of East Bay and Longitude Lane, is still in good repair; the walls were formerly stuccoed, and in large, old fashioned panels, which were, doubtless, considered very elegant at that time. There, as Governor, he received the twenty Cherokee Indians in 1693, and there planted his rice patch. In every respect he proved himself qualified for the

trust reposed in him, and anxious, am I, to have you equally amiable in all the relations of life.

James Smith, the brother of the first Landgrave Thomas, settled in the vicinity of Boston; from him was descended Isaac, called "Deacon Smith," the father of Mrs. Cranch, and the lady of John Adams, late President of the United States, in the "incidents of his life," he gives us his "amatory experience" in 1763. "Here it may be proper to recollect something which makes an article of great importance in the life of every man: from ten years of age, I was very fond of the society of females, I had my favorites amongst the young women, and spent many of my evenings in their company; and this disposition, although controlled for seven years after my entrance into college, returned and engaged me too much till I was married. I shall draw no characters nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It will be considered as no compliment to the dead or the living. This, I will say, that they were all good and virtuous girls, who always maintained their character through life. No maid or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of me, or to regret her acquaintance with me. No father, brother, son or friend, ever had cause of grief or resentment for any intercourse between me and any daughter, sister, mother or any other relation of the female sex. These reflections, to me, consolatory beyond all expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity. And, I presume, I am indebted for this blessing to my education. This has been rendered the more precious to me, as I have seen enough of the effects of a different practice. Corroding reflections through life, are the never failing consequences of illicit amours in old as well as new countries. The happiness of life depends more upon innocence in this respect than upon all the philosophy of Epicurus, or of Zeno, without it. I passed the summer in attending courts and pursu-

ing my studies, with some amusement on my little farm, until the autumn, when, on the 25th of October, 1764, I was married to Miss Abigail, the second daughter of the Rev. William Smith, minister of Weymouth, grand daughter of the Hon. John Quincy, of Braintree, a connection which has been the source of all my felicity, although a sense of duty, forcing me away from her and my children for so many years, produced all the griefs of my heart, and all that I esteem real afflictions in life."

With his politics we may not have any sympathy, yet we must highly respect the man, from whose lips and pen such honorable sentiments could ever fall, and who never had to deprecate any part of his conduct. Perhaps there was a little too much of aristocratic assumption evinced by the good divine on this occasion of parting with his daughter, for in a splenetic mood and moment, he refused her to "The Farmer Boy," as he was pleased to style young Adams, although his neighbors represented him as an exquisite personification of industry, both in Law and Agriculture, hinting (as opportunity offered) to the fair one, that she would lose something precious in resigning him; and that it would be a great pity for her "to allow her promise to him, so far to out-run her performance."

It is scarcely necessary to add that she was quite of their opinion, which she sedulously pursued. She knew well the pliancy of her dear father's heart, that the infirmity of his temper was that of yielding up his will even against his judgment. But now she knew, also, that this was an unreasonable prejudice, that could not be allowed to bear a feather's weight in her mind, against her truth, her honor, and the hope and love of him who had set his steadfast affection on her. Never had she (true woman-like) the slightest idea of conceding her point, but still she resorted to persuasion, knowing that her kind parent's heart would insensibly soften

and expand like a rose-bud, tremblingly unfolding beneath the influence of gentle sunshine and pure dew, such as her smiles and tears should prove. His piety and good sense disposed him to hear her patiently; his warm heart pleaded for his child, who, in a frank and hearty manner, yet with true maiden modesty, had confessed her love, telling with the utmost grace and naturalness of the visit to the country, so fraught with interesting incidents, such a truthful picture of her delight on becoming acquainted with Mr. Adams, and of their plighted vows, and that from the first hour of their meeting, he had been the object of her secret attachment; effectively had she accomplished her task. Never stubborn in the assertion of his opinions, after telling her some wholesome truths, with warnings, counsels and exhortations, he kissed and blessed his darling daughter. Be assured that in this narrative there is nothing of fancy or invention, although I am sometimes charged by my enemies with being too largely endowed with imagination, this is a true, yet beautiful and touching story. Soon was she the wife of that practical, clear-headed man, whose popularity was spreading fast. When his country became distracted by political vicissitudes, deep was his grief at the protracted sojourn abroad that fell to his lot, although his letters gave pleasing evidence to his friends and co-adjutors that he was not idle. It was not long after the union, before Mrs. Adams had an elegant and commodious establishment, where with her husband she lived a rational and quiet life. Long, too, did she occupy the place of honor. Her portrait is not only lovely, but it involves so much dignity of thought. She was to Mr. A. far more valuable than the precious metals of Potosi could ever have been. Now a word of advice to you, my young friend, pursue your studies industriously and enthusiastically to the age of 21 years, and then if you can persuade M. P. H., or any other attractive, modest girl to become yours for life, go you, its

present proprietor, to the old mansion of your forefathers, imparting again to it the comfort of former days; and there, with a select party of relations and acquaintances of worth, whilst your little fairy is flitting around you, be more happy than you could ever be in the most luxurious apartment of a hotel, surrounded by gay and thoughtless young men, clothed in the most approved elegance, in the fashionable costume of the day, with their very whiskers trimmed to a hair. As master, husband, son and friend, let humanity appear the leading feature in your character; let it be said that you invariably show far greater disposition to soothe, than to aggravate misfortune; as far as you prudently can, let others benefit by the fortune that Heaven may bestow upon you. Remember always that you will be but an almoner of that Eternal Father, whose property you are to use as a christian gentleman. Let the partner of your joys have no regrets, but ever wear the smile of happiness upon her lips. The advice that Laurie Todd, the old Scotchman, gives to young bachelors, is—"If you mean to live out all your days, get a wife as soon as you can." When you start on a courting expedition, recollect that the constant desire or effort to say good things is not the way to excel in conversation, although it is a self-deception into which too many fall. Not that I would have you like the Laird of Dumbiedike, to "say not a word." Familiarize yourself always to the best society, remember that the fair are to reign absolute in the saloon. There are you to enter gracefully, and speak the English language undefiled. If you desire the *sobriquet* beau conferred upon you, you must practice the difficult art of gracefully bowing your body, which is symbolical of good breeding, and a most pleasing and captivating method of paying a compliment, for to what does man bow, but to equality or superiority? And I hope that you may coincide with Todd, in the belief that "sitting among the ladies is a natural in-



stinct." For be assured the old man is right in his notion, that "when the roll of the blessed is called in Heaven, seven women will muster to one man." Bear in mind, too, dear Hal, that not only proper words must be selected for the "grand utterance," but the time well chosen; when I was a girl, an evening walk was considered one of the best of opportunities, with our street lamps twinkling just enough to make darkness visible, but now with this shower of gas-light, blushes would be all too well seen. A dark ride, returning home from some happy country party, as the pair sat closely wedged in a sociable or narrow chaise, was sometimes embraced as the propitious moment, whilst the screech owl was chanting into the ear the requiem of friends departed; that made the timid listener nestle closer to the side of him who is pleading to become her guide and guard through all the dark paths of life. But that hateful bird, I hope, has been driven out of the land, like every other frightful thing that could terrify a lady into an acceptance; no, let that be a voluntary act, or left forever undone. There are many other golden opportunities that may be snatched, of which my varied personal experience could inform, but what have you to do with these trials yet? Surely nothing; as an only son, decorously obedient to your mother, and as a brother, full of affection for your three sisters and grand parents. Such we desire to contemplate you yet awhile, may you never be found wanting in gratitude to that kind parent, who has been ever attentive to your wants, and indulgent to your proper wishes. Ever cherish and commend your sisters, pay attention delicately and respectfully to their companions, for know you not that there is a charm in gallantry, when displayed in early life, which is attended with irresistible fascinations. When you come to manhood, travelling will expand your mind and cultivate your taste, but remember before you talk of "*going to the North.*" Why? Be-

cause it is fashionable! go through the length and breadth of your own State, expressly to view the scenes, where her defenders did resolutely contend against the encroachments of tyranny and oppression; after that, go and give praise where praise is due. We are indebted to Massachusetts for General Lincoln, to Rhode Island for General Greene, of the Stonehouse. You will steam it upon the Chesapeake Bay, and sail on the James River; every foot of Virginia is rich in historical fame, or sacred to revolutionary tradition. You will exclaim, "there stood Yorktown, there the American, French, and English redoubts, and there Lord Cornwallis, when he surrendered his sword to General Washington!" Come not home with any Baron Munchausen stories, but with your mind well stored with valuable facts. And remember the "loved ones at home," write often, and forget not that "being of age," as it is called, does not lessen the beauty of respect and obedience to a parent's mandate; an undutiful child is an odious character at any period of life. Should you lose your mother, you little dream how the memory of every unkind look or word, each neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. The grave will cut off all opportunities to rectify mistakes or atone for errors. Your destiny none can foresee, but under all circumstances, equanimity is the best chance for happiness. Take Seneca's advice, "always to keep the mind above the moon, and then you can never suffer from the rising or falling of the tides." Be a youth of energy, and then you will not become a man tormented by infirmity of purpose, ever thinking what he shall do, and doing nothing, because of thinking. Such wise Gothamites are very apt to "go to sea in a bowl," and thus make shipwreck of their all. Forget not that good breeding is a guard upon the tongue, do not put it off and on with your fine clothes and visiting face, but be sure to wear it *where it is most wanted, at home*. And to be worthy of those who have gone

before, you must study to become more and more patriotic, as you approach towards maturity. I am always ready to record any little acts to encourage you onward. Your grandfather, Thomas Smith, was from the earliest dawn of the Revolution devoted in heart to the cause of his country, and was soon to be found in the ranks of her armies. His fortune, without a murmur, would have been sacrificed to his principles, had it been requisite. And to have promoted the interest of America, he would have yielded up his life without a sigh; sleeping on the cold damp earth whilst with the army, cost him his hearing; it left him a life-time deafness. His commission bears date the 1st of January, 1776, and runs thus:—"Lieut. Thomas Smith ranks in the Militia as First Lieutenant."

"Signed, Excellency JOHN RUTLEDGE."

"To possess that which you must ever learn to consider the highest honor, the friendship and esteem of the respectable and virtuous part of the community, you must have such noble sentiments and devotion. The public witnessing your zeal, will liberally reward it by the most flattering commendations. It is unpardonable that with such instances of every public and private virtue, afforded us by the history of our own country, our youth are still, to too great an extent, receiving their first ideas of patriotic excellence from the annals of other nations, knowing more of the heroes of ancient times than of the virtues and services of the worthies of their own country." Make Mrs. Caroline Gilman's "American Boy" your study. "Learn to treasure up the memory of those who stood foremost amongst men who had wisdom to plan the deliverance of their country from a foreign yoke, resolution to attempt it, and valor to insure independence. We will contemplate their firmness, the extent of their sufferings, and the splendor of the actions achieved in the accomplishment of their momentous undertaking; and we will

find our hearts expand with gratitude, and our souls with admiration. With truth may we ever maintain that the citizens of America, during the war of the Revolution, exhibited as splendid examples of heroic gallantry, as firm and honorable adherence to the cause of liberty, as ever adorned the annals of any age or country, and performed more brilliant achievements." You may never be a public man, nor a soldier in actual service, yet I hope that you will prove one of great excellence of character in all the relations of life into which fate may lead you.

## LETTER X.

“By the shore of Time long lying,  
With the inky flood beneath,  
Patiently that Soul—undying  
Waited for the Ship of Death.”

Charleston, April 20th, 1851.

Seizing the fugitive moments as they fly, I snatch up my pen to scribble a few lines ; and now, have you not some curiosity to take a glance at the Will of the dear departed one ? You find that my industry is never intermitted ; in process of time, I shall deserve to be accounted a learned antiquary, for I am certainly indefatigable in my research after that knowledge which will enable me to carry on this my *Great Work*, and you can place implicit faith in my scrupulous veracity, as a lady of distinguished prudence, and most unblemished integrity. By tacking all the fragments together, I shall succeed in giving a correct copy of the Will of Mrs. Mary Smith, *alias* the Ghost Lady.

In the name of God, amen. I, Mary Smith, of St James' Goose Creek, widow, being in good health in body, and of a sound, perfect and *diseposeing meind* and memory, and knowing the uncertainty of this mortal life, and that it is appointed for all once to die, do here make and ordain this to be my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following :— First, my soul I give and recommend into the hands of Almighty God, that gave it, and my body I bequeath to the ground, (to be buried in a plain cedar coffin, and to be interred in a plain, decent and Christian-like manner, according

to the discretion of my executors hereafter mentioned,) hoping to receive the same with glory at the general resurrection, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And as for such worldly goods and estates as it has pleased God to bless me with, I give, devise, bequeath and dispose of in the manner and form following:—All my funeral charges being first duly discharged and satisfied. *Imprimis*—I give to my eldest son, Henry Smith, my three negro men, named Hercules, Bob and Peter, and all my chamber furniture, (except my easy chair.) To my granddaughter, Anne, daughter of Henry Smith and Anne Filbein, his wife, I give my *gold girdle buckle*. To my son, Thomas, one thousand pounds currency, also, my riding Chaise, and the black horse Swallow. To my son, Benjamin, my negro woman Peggy and her children, (except Judith,) also, my worked curtains, now in his possession. To my foster grandchildren, viz: Thomas, James, Martha, Barbary, and John Screven, the sum of eleven hundred pounds currency—to be equally divided amongst them. To my granddaughter, Elizabeth Robert, five hundred pounds currency, together with my easy chair—(she had been Miss Dixon.) To my granddaughter, Rebecca Hamilton, the sum of five hundred pounds currency. To my granddaughter, Mary S. Jaudon, five hundred pounds, to be paid to her *for her own use only*, and that her husband, Elias Jaudon, to have no part thereof. To Mrs. Ann Mills, four hundred pounds currency, in lieu of a negro wench named Judith; (she was the daughter of Mr. Peter Taylor and Mrs. Sabina, the widow of Thomas Smith, the planter.) To my grandson, Thomas Smith, son of Henry and Anne Filbein, my silver tea-pot. *Item*, I give my three sons, Henry, Thomas and Benjamin, and my three granddaughters, Elizabeth, Rebecca and Mary, all my books to be equally divided amongst them; and all my *wearing apparel and linen* of all kinds, to be equally divided between

my said three granddaughters. All the rest and residue of *my real and personal estate* that remains after paying the aforesaid legacies, I give to my three sons. If either of them shall owe me anything at my decease, on account of work done by my fellow Hercules, for them, I hereby freely forgive it, and that all the aforesaid legacies be punctually paid in twelve months after my decease, or otherwise the legacies shall draw the lawful interest for the time, after the expiration of the said term. And I do hereby nominate, ordain and appoint my beloved sons, Henry, Thomas and Benjamin Smith, executors of this my last Will and Testament, revoking all former Wills made by me, at any time heretofore. In witness whereof, I set my hand and seal, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, (1776.)

MARY SMITH."

She died in 1777, aged 80 years. Having spelt out this *worm-eaten Will*, may I not for the future be allowed to regard myself as a singular instance of indefatigable labor and perseverance under the most discouraging circumstances imaginable?

I will now perform another self imposed task, and bring on the history of the province. Late in 1707, Lord Granville died, and was succeeded by William, Lord Craven, as Palatine, alarming Johnson and others for the church. In 1708, he made Col. Edward Tynte, Governor, who was instructed to "adopt such healing measures as would be most conducive to the welfare of the settlement; endeavoring to reconcile the inhabitants to each other, and put down party names," for Lord Craven justly thought those Carolinians who maintained liberty of conscience, merited greater indulgencies from them, for, although a friend to the church, he was not for its establishment. The good Governor had scarcely time to learn the real state of the country, before he died, and a competition arose in the council about the suc-

cession. One party for Robert Gibbes, another for Thomas Broughton; the former carried his election, and for a little while stood at the head of the colony. The proprietors, thinking that bribery had been used by him to gain the office, a commission was sent out to Charles Craven; (by his brother, Lord, William the Palatine) he was a man of great courage and integrity. His council was composed of Thos. Broughton, (the son-in-law of Sir Nathaniel Johnson, and he, who in 1714 began to build Mulberry Castle,) Ralph Izard, (the same that the angry Landgrave Smith had called in scorn, "honest Ralph," in 1704,) Charles Hart, Samuel Eveleigh and Arthur Middleton, all Episcopalians. In 1712, he had to contend with the Corees, Tuscororas and other tribes of North-Carolina Indians. He despatched Col. Barnwell with 600 white men, and 218 Cherokees under Harford and Thurston—79 Creeks under the command of Hastings—Capt. Cantey, of Goose Creek, with 41 Catawbias, and 28 Yamasee under Pierce; 366 Indians, and 600 white men. Dreadful was the wilderness through which they had to pass; they killed or took about 1000 Tuscororas.

Our private history says that Thomas Smith and Mary Hyrne were united in 1713. Edward, their son, was born on the 24th of August, 1714, (George the I., elector of Hanover, was crowned on the 12th of the ensuing October.) James Smith, born on the 13th of August, 1715. Hard must have been the parting between the Landgrave and his Mary, on the 15th of April, previous to the birth of that second son of the youthful wife; but duty called, and although he was 45, he never dreamed of claiming exemption from military service. Placing his family safely in Charles Town, he went in command of that part of the Goose Creek company ordered off, when the Yamasee, joined by all the tribes from Florida to Cape Fear river, burst like a torrent upon the settlement. Part of his company consisted of Wil-



liam Bull, James Alford, William June, William Scott, John Woorams, John Moore, John Dickson, Charles Hastings, Maurice Moore, George Chicken, John Herbert and Thomas Smith, planter.

Well, the Landgrave obeyed orders and marched south. The Yamasee land lay between Port Royal Island and the Savannah river; they had conspired together for the destruction of the colony. For a year previously their chief warriors went frequently to St. Augustine, and returned loaded with presents, hatchets, guns and ammunition to prepare them for striking some important blow. These men had told John Fraser, an honest Scotch Highlander, who lived among and traded with them, that they "had dined with the Governor and washed his face," a ceremony used by Indians as a token of friendship, and that "now the Spanish Governor was their King, and not Craven any more." We had entertained hopes of the assistance of the Congarees, Catawbas and Cherokees, but they all joined the conspiracy. Colonel Robert Daniel was appointed Deputy Governor in town, whilst Governor Craven, at the head of the militia, marched against the largest body of savages towards the south. On the northern quarter they came near the town, but meeting with Captain Chicken and the Goose Creek company, they were repulsed, and retreated into the wilderness. Finally, the Yamasee were defeated and expelled, taking refuge in Florida. Not very long ago, there were traces of Indian mounds in the neighborhood of Pineville, in St. Stephen's Parish, that and St. John's was the frontier of the Province in 1715. Of the three forts, the first was on Cooper river, a few miles below Monk's corner, on Mulberry plantation; the second, on Mr. Daniel Ravenel's Wantoot; the third, at Mr. Izard's, Schenking, on the Santee river. The garrison at the latter were all massacred in consequence of their own imprudence, in permitting a number of Indians to enter the fort under the

cloak of peace and friendship. They had tomahawks concealed with their blankets. A negro escaped by jumping over the wall; running to Wantoot, he gave the alarm. Colonel Edward Hyrne, (the father of Mrs. Smith, then 18; Edward, James and Henry, and grandfather of Major Edmund Hyrne, of the Revolution,) was commanding in that fort. He advanced with a party, surprised the same Indians, and killed the whole of them. They were caught unguarded, busily engaged in feasting, and thus taken by surprise. About the end of April, 1716, Governor Craven, having appointed Daniel, Deputy Governor, embarked for England. None had ever gained more general respect and love, nor had any man ever left whose departure was more universally regretted. While the man-of-war rode at anchor near the bar, Mr. Gideon Johnson, the commissary, with about thirty other gentlemen, went in a sloop to take leave of their beloved Governor, and sail with him over the bar. On their return a storm arose, the vessel was upset, Mr. Johnson, being lame of the gout, and in the hold, was drowned; those on deck jumped overboard and swam to land. Afterwards the vessel drove, and what has been thought remarkable, his body was taken out of it while beating against the same bank of sand upon which he had almost perished at his first arrival in Carolina. The Landgrave's daughter Mary, who was born on the 9th of October, 1717, intermarried with James, the grandson of the Rev. Wm. Screven, the first Baptist minister, who came to the Province in 1682, and located on a spot on Cooper river, a few miles from Charles Town, which he called "Somerton," from his English home in Somersetshire, and who died in Georgetown on the 10th of October, 1713, having completed his 84th year. Mary had become Mrs. Screven in 1736, two years previous to her father's death, fifty-one years after the Rev. William had had a congregation in town, and twenty-three after his death. She

was called to her rest in 1758, just twenty years after her honored father, and about twenty before her cherished mother, to whose care she consigned her five children, having attained her 41st year, and after being 22 years a wife. Her son was Colonel Thomas Smith Screven, who was united to the daughter of the Rev. Oliver Hart, he was the active and useful friend, Treasurer and Deacon of the Baptist Church for many years. On the 3d of January, 1782, the British troops visited St. Thomas' Parish, and took from his house "the old book, kept by the Trustees of the said Church, and also all the indents, acts and papers of the same." His son Thomas married Maulsey alias Mary Hyrne, the second daughter of Mr. Archar Smith, she was own niece to your grandmother, Edith of Westoe, and lived much there as the companion of your late aunt Susan, Mrs. Josiah Perry. Dr. George Frierson intermarried with her eldest daughter, to whom at an early age, she had left the care of younger sisters, in Hampstead, with their father, when she died there in the full enjoyment of a Christian hope. She had been ever a lady of happy temperament, ever looking on the bright side of life's diorama, with a cheering word for everybody. Dr. George had gained a good name amongst his equals, and in him the sick poor found a physician, whose humanity was ever ready to administer to their wants. He was highly acceptable to his Mary Ann's parent, and they were united. Her mental acquirements and moral conduct were no less distinguished than her devotion to her household; but in her case the rich treasure of a loving heart, and bright intellect, were enshrined in a fragile casket. When Dr. Frierson woo'd and won her to his heart and home, he knew little of the seeds of death that were lurking in her system, threatening in a few brief years to lay all his joys low in the grave. But no sooner had they began to develop themselves,

than he decided on a change of climate, with the fond hope of prolonging her valued life.

He had been told that nature had been very liberal to the new State of Alabama, that the soil was fertile, and the climate mild. Mr. Screven had died at home amid the kind offices of his mourning family and other friends, his last hours had been peace, and the care of his single girls had now devolved upon his son-in-law, who, gathering up his treasures, removed to Lowndes county, Alabama, to the great improvement of his wife's health—she lived to see her youngest sister a wife and mother. But life is full of vicissitudes and changes; to-day joy sings at our path, and the bow of promise spans it as an arch of gold; to-morrow, disappointment sits within the heart, and lowering skies hang above and around. Mary Ann was suddenly taken! She had died, to the deep regret of a large circle of friends, and the irreparable loss of a most affectionate family. Her children were three sons, the eldest bearing the time-honored name of William Screven, and I think one daughter; her death occurred in 1845, since which the doctor has intermarried with Martha Ellen, her next sister, by whom he also has a family, and who is greatly beloved as the own aunt, and step-mother; by his older children, with them all around him, and followed by two brothers and their households, he is now growing rich in De Soto Parish, Louisiana. Margaret Screven, who lost her mother at the tender age of three or four weeks, is now the happy wife of Captain Francis Lee, of the Ridge, Dallas County, Alabama, where they occupy and adorn a highly picturesque cottage, on a corner where three roads meet. Imbued with sentiment, with tender and earnest passion, you read her heart through her dove-like eyes, and in her conversation.

The hope of their house, is Thomas Screven Lee, they have

also two daughters of great promise ; the first with a flowery name—Fringella Althea, the second called Martha Ellen. These, you observe, are the descendants of Archar, the grandson of the first Archar, great grandson of Dr. George, and three times great of the first Landgrave Thomas Smith, of happy memory. Archar was the son of George Smith ; (he shot the intruding British officer, who, with a party, landed on his palmettoes plantation on Cooper river, during the Revolution ;) and his wife Elizabeth Waring, the daughter of Richard and Florence Waring, of Pine Hill. His sisters were Sarah (Mrs. Benjamin Smith,) and Edith, (Mrs. Thomas Smith,) the uncle and nephew they married. His brothers were George, the father of Mrs. Charles Brown, of the *Brick House*, the Palmettoes ; and of Savage, the father of Mr. Thomas Smith, merchant, and Mrs. James Edmond Smith and others.

Mary's second son was General James Screven, who married Miss Odingsell, he was killed by the Tories and Indians in Georgia, during the Revolution, at or near the Medway Meeting House, Liberty County, his son, Charles Odingsell, was born in 1774, commenced preaching in 1803 ; his first wife was a widow Jones, who had been Miss Barnard, of Savannah ; his only son by that marriage, became a man of family and a member of the Sunbury Church, where his father had long preached ; his mother died in 1804, and in 1813, his father was united to Miss Barbary Robert, his cousin, by whom he had several children. For twenty-eight years the Rev. Charles O. Screven suffered with a cancer in his eye, yet his labors were uninterrupted ; he died on the second of July, 1830, in New York, where he had gone for advice or change. In his fifty-eighth year did his spirit gladly take its flight to regions of bliss. John, the third son of James and Mary Screven, left a family. Either Barbary or Martha,

the girls mentioned with their brothers, in the Ghost Lady's Will, intermarried with Mr. Robert, and their descendants built up Robertville, in St. Peter's Parish, Beaufort District, South Carolina, where many continue to be of the Baptist faith. And now, in the hope that I am not only rendering myself agreeable, but really useful to you, I take my leave for the present.

## LETTER XI.

*Charleston, May 3d, 1851.*

Methinks I hear you exclaim in dismay, "What, another Letter?" Yes, excuse me, dear!

"'Tis but the flame that flashes up,  
Before the lamp grows dim;  
The effervesence in the cup,  
All mounting to its brim."

"'Tis but the song the dying bird  
Sings at its parting hour,  
Breathing out life, in strains unheard,  
In notes untouched before."

Do you not consider it a part of your peculiar good fortune to be here, on earth, just at the right time to witness the last fitful flashes of my re-awakened memory, now that my departing age, lives over at life's close, the scenes enacted at its dawn? There are those who think that your partiality to the "Octogenarian Lady," does great credit to your discernment. But let us on before my physical strength is exhausted, by the taking of these tremendous strides, back to what Bacon has called "the youth of the world"—Antiquity! Pains and weaknesses of body are reminding me of departed buoyancy and vigor; the friends of my youth have vanished; the dreams of early times are over and gone forever! Happy is it for those, who, whilst growing old, have been laying up a treasure of sweet and virtuous memories, and can look forward to the close of life, as to laying down to a calm and peaceful night's rest, in expectation of a bright

and glorious morning. Praiseworthy is it in all to familiarize themselves with death, as a narrow crossing. How soul subduing is the thought, that but a thin veil, which a moment may lift, divides us from the conscious fellowship of our beloved dead! How solemn the thought, that, being raised into a higher sphere, they may even now know more of us, than we do of them. And does not the belief in Heavenly recognition, present a strong and touching motive to piety? We think of that blest abode but vaguely, unless we think of it as the habitation of our sainted friends, with our Saviour as the chief attraction of the place, surrounded by his happy worshippers. You must pay me the compliment, sometimes, to place one of my volumes as a Souvenir, in the hands of your young friends, to invite them thus to think.

Let us return to the Smiths. Margaret, the fourth child of Mary Hyrne, was born April the first, 1720, she was Mrs. Benjamin Coachman. A second cousin of yours, was telling me the old, trite story of "Blood being thicker than water." About three or four years ago, she was passing carelessly by a respectable colored nurse, (dressed just as a servant should be,) when the infant in her arms, gave forth a baby sound of joyful recognition, that attracted her notice. She turned, and the child looked up at her with its soft and pleasing eyes, so dove-like in their tenderness, that she kissed its smiling lips, and assured the nurse that some of the same blood must flow through the veins of this baby, as through her own. To the question whose is it? the reply "Mr. Tatal Paine's, convinced her that they were about forty-fifth cousins, and that night, as maumer poured forth her plaintiff lullaby, to her little charge, (the sweetest of all music,) no doubt she thought over the matter, and was quite sorry, she had forgotten the name of the mysterious stranger, or conjurer, who knew so by instinct that the blood of Landgrave Smith had met and recognized its own.



Elizabeth, the fifth child of Mary Hyrne, was born on the 6th of January, 1722 ; of her marriage, in 1745, to Mr. Thomas Dixon, a Baptist gentleman, you have been informed by a quotation from the Journal of him, who seemed to have come down from the clouds. Mr. James Elerton, was indeed Madam Smith's learned and useful man. The sixth child was Josiah, on the 10th of July, 1725. The seventh was our Henry, on the 6th of August, 1727. He was your great grandfather, Master Thomas Henry Smith ; and, if you aspire to be like him, be careful ever to keep your mind steady and clear ; such confidence had every friend in his integrity, that they would have staked their life upon his truth, and there will be no resisting my enthusiasm, in speaking of this, my great favorite. Although he became the head of the house, and heir to a large estate, (but greatly diminished by the Revolution,) pride was never cherished in his heart, or allowed to show itself in his family. No, he rather taught them the English adage that "Pride must have a fall." And the saying of Louis XI., of France, that, "when pride rides in the saddle, mischief and shame sit upon the crupper."

It was not to pamper vanity that he filled his hall with their likenesses, but from true affection to his family, and the benevolent motive of employing and encouraging native talent, for we have seen the name of Simeon Theus, as a landholder, in St. James' Parish, so far back as to ascertain that he was a generation previous to the artist who bore the same name, and was, doubtless, his son. Some of the fraternity have left it upon record that "Mr. Theus painted faces with great care, they were beautifully done, but he had not the art to give grace and picturesque effect to the stiff brocades, enormous ruffles, and outre stays and stomachers of our grandmothers, or the wigs, velvet coats and waistcoats, with buckram skirts and flaps, and other courtly appendages, to the dignity of our grandfathers. His pictures

were as stiff and formal as the originals when dressed for the purpose, and sitting for them."

The third of that name was the son of the artist, and the benefactor to his country, by a generous loan during the Revolution, and his personal services as a Major in the army, for both of which his heirs are now receiving a just recompense from the government. He was collector for the port of Charleston at the time of his death. He had been united in early life to Miss Legare, and left daughters Rebecca, first Mrs. Stiles, then Mrs. Napier; Ann, Mrs. Bennet, his son, the fourth of the name, intermarried with Miss Harriet Poyas in 1811; she died in February, 1817, leaving an only child, Catherine, then two years of age. He entered into a second matrimonial engagement in 1818, with Miss Susan Bentham, by whom he left the fifth Simeon and daughter Susan, now of this city; may he who bears the name emulate the virtues of the Major, of whom I would gladly tell you more, did not time imperatively command me back to your grandfather, Henry Smith, who was married on the 27th of September, 1753, when twenty-six, to Anne, the eldest daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Anne Filbein; she was born on the 23d of August, 1736, and had then attained to "sweet seventeen." Their daughter, Mary Hynes, was born on the 7th of November, 1755, and died in 1756. Thomas, their son, was born June the 3d, 1757; he was your paternal grandfather. John Filbein was born the 12th of April, 1759, and died in 1760. Anne Filbein was born February 19th, 1761; she was your great aunt. Mrs. John Smith Waring, whose portrait, along with her brothers', belongs to your hall, and should be highly prized by you. Mrs. Anne Smith died at the family house on the 20th of November, 1762, aged twenty-six, after an union of only nine short years. The stricken husband bowed his head and wept long, for the love of this, the first and only

love his heart had ever known ; his mother placed the Bible in his hands, saying, "my son, this will make time put off 'its leaden wings, and while away in blessed instruction many a lagging hour.'" His Thomas was five years of age ; Anne, who nestled on her affectionate grandmother's bosom, was only twenty-one months old, she loved the warm pressure of those arms, although too young to comprehend the soothing words, "believe me, my sweet innocent, that I will ever prove to you a firm friend and protectress." There she grew up and married. She was fifteen in 1776, when her grandmother left her, in the will of that year, her gold girdle buckle, which, I dare say, she had flourished in for two years before ; for she had been a treasured child, dressed in the extreme of elegance, and taught to curtsy with the most exquisite grace ; indeed, they had made her quite too attractive, and she displayed a little too much of womanly self-will by her resolute persistence in accepting the hand of Mr. J. S. Waring, who, somewhat eccentric, was not quite as acceptable to her father as some other suitor may have proved ; she was bereft of that kind parent in 1780, when nineteen years of age ; previously to which she had become the wife of one whose conversation sparkled with genuine fun and good humor, yet a selfish, lazy man, neither improving the property she had, nor writing to enlighten posterity, although whenever alone he was to be found plunged into a sea of reading ; increasing intelligence which he never communicated, therefore posterity weaves him no garland ! I knew her well in after life, still attired with the best of everything, and her toilet made with the greatest care ; her stockings so diligently renewed that no hole was ever detected in one of them, and so strictly just was she, that each pair should be worn in turn, that not content to use them by number, she invariably stuck a pin in the next pair to be put on, lest Diana, her maid, should have mismatched them, and she take the wrong number. Yet

her's was a solid and most substantial character, and her life truly irreproachable. After her widowhood, which occurred early, she and her brother's family always made their home together, by which a great amount of happiness was secured to all parties. Family prayer was never omitted by them, (for their honored father had sedulously cultivated religious habits in his numerous household,) and whoever came within their doors was requested to come within the discipline of their house, for they thought with the Rev. Thomas Fuller, that, "if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my homely devotion ; and sitting at my table, he will be entreated to kneel down by it." When wives and children had all passed away from the deaf man's homestead, many a long and weary hour would he have been compelled to spend in solitude, but for that dear sister, to whom, in common justice, he left his house and servants, as a life estate, in 1822. They had lived happily together, for their sentiments of piety were fervent and habitual, and they were both firmly attached to the Independent meeting ; so, too, was their old friend, Mr. John Rose, a man who, in his conversation, was easy and innocent, and whose whole life was exemplary ; they were, all of them, strict observers of the Sabbath, and with a very particular aversion to swearing. The brother's earthly career was closed only a few years before that of the attached sister's, she died about 1828, her departure was

"A gentle wafting to immortal life."

You will observe that your grandfather Thomas, of whom we have been speaking, had not much of bachelor stoicism to boast of—since at the age of 18, he was married to Edith, the daughter of Mr. George Smith, and his wife, Elizabeth Waring—she was born on the 15th June, 1755, and was 20—yet her lover being a precocious youth, seemed much

more advanced in life than she did ; they lived most happily together for thirty-seven years, seven months, and twenty-one days ; they had been united on the 23d of November, 1775, by the Rev. William Tennent, the patriotic minister, who died at the High Hills of Santee, of fever, in 1777. His Edith, as the affianced and loving girl, as the confiding and faithful wife, as the fond and anxious mother, was ever to be regarded with intense interest and admiration ; fully proving to the man of her choice, that woman's love is no fable. Their daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was born in Charles Town, September 24th, 1776, and was christened by the Rev. Wm. Tennent, the 20th of October following. She intermarried with the Rev. James Adams, of York District, (who had been called to the pastorship of the White Meeting, near Dorchester, which had just been rebuilt.) On Tuesday, the 26th of February, 1799, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hollingshead ; she was then 23, and died on Tuesday night, near 12 o'clock, at Mr. Josiah Smith's house in Anson, opposite to George-street, Charleston, in January, 1800, aged 24 years, 3 months, and 26 days. She had been for several months in a consumption ; the very gradual approach of the incurable disorder gave her an opportunity to display all the tenderness, and more than the firmness of her gentle nature. Her infant died at its birth—thus fell a double bereavement on her devoted husband and afflicted parents. I need hardly remind you that she lies buried in the family yard, as her grave is marked by a stone, which you cannot overlook. But perhaps you have yet to be informed that on the 14th of May, 1800, just 4 months after her departure to fairer lands, the Rev. Wm. Hollinshead, one of the pastors of the Independent or Congregational Church of Charleston, preached her funeral sermon at her husband's church, near Dorchester, from the text—"To live is Christ, and to die is gain." The sermon was afterwards

printed by T. B. Bowen; in it the preacher told us that at the request of the widower, he would speak of the afflicting Providence which had suddenly bereaved him of one of the sublimest blessings of social life. "Mrs. Adams having been snatched, by a remarkable conversion, from the pursuits of pleasure so fashionable in the circles of the opulent and polite, and having experienced a variety of temptations and distresses, under her first religious impressions, she became at once, on her embracing the hope of the gospel, a pattern of that gravity and sedateness, and of that steadiness and uniformity which become every Christian, peculiarly qualifying her to be the partner through life, of a godly man. Mild, gentle and persuasive in her manners, humble and unassuming, she gained the esteem, and obtained a large share of the affections of her friends, and made conscience of improving it for her own and their spiritual advantage. And although generally sparing of words in conversation, she was free to communicate admonition, when properly called to it, yet always doing it with such humility and meekness, as showed her to be much under the influence of a gospel temper. Her dearest earthly friend, she loved unfeignedly; there was nothing nearer her heart, than his success in the ministry; her greatest desire was to promote his usefulness. In the domestic relations, she was a dutiful daughter, respectful in her behaviour, and studious to maintain a deportment towards her parents, expressive of that regard to their honor and happiness, which she considered as due for their care and indulgence in training her up through the walks of infancy and childhood, preparing her for usefulness in life. In her, they lost a pleasing companion, a friend and a counsellor in difficulty, and a real comforter in affliction. As a sister, her example, her advice and her prayers, which ever flowed from an undissembled affection, and from a heart strongly impressed with sentiments of piety, were employed for the improve-

ment and salvation of the children of the family. So much worth in so young a Christian, seemed to indicate the probability of a long term of usefulness. But, alas! how little was known of the intentions of Providence! She was soon, very soon removed to the mansions of the blessed, expressing to the last her readiness to depart, and be with Christ, who as the holder of the keys of death and the grave, had determined the time and the manner in which, to remove this daughter of grace to glory." Go *thou* and be like her! Long, her friends retained a recollection of their loss.

Yet after all, time did wear away the edge of the widower's sorrow, and cast his reflections into a different mould, from that which they had assumed, in the first transports of grief; and he entered again into married life—and greatly to the satisfaction of your grandfather's family, he named his first daughter, Elizabeth Ann, after the dear departed saint of that name, in consequence of which, she became their especial favorite, and continues such, now, as the wife of the Rev. Mr. Davis, of York District, South-Carolina; or they are just across the line in North-Carolina. Go thou, dear Henry, and like your Aunt, improve for eternity, the uncertain period of this transitory existence; that like her you may hope to enjoy the bliss of Heaven, and serve God in a state of undiminished perfection throughout eternity.

Susan M. Smith was born on the 24th of September, 1784, and died in Summerville, on the morning of the 6th of December, 1849, in the 66th year of her age—(as the relic of Mr. Josiah Perry, of St. Paul's Parish, who had gone down to an early grave in 1824, aged 27—having buried his first wife, Charlotte Smith, and two or three children, and leaving a widow, with a daughter Mary, and son Josiah Isaac, the former of whom, intermarried with Mr. Chalmers Boyle.) "Many were the virtues which characterized this estimable lady; ever shall we remember the

true kindness of feeling, the honesty and uprightness of purpose, and the forgiving heart which influenced every act of her life. Never will her children need to be reminded of that unfathomable and never failing affection which made every thought and comfort of her life, and even existence itself, subservient to their interest and happiness. Furnishing an example of self-sacrificing devotion, rare, even among instances of parental love. Yet, with the deep sense of sorrow and affliction which her demise occasioned, there was mingled, however, much that should afford consolation, even to those who were most bowed down by the bitterness of their grief. After a long and painful illness her life was closed in the beautiful and glorious sunset of a Christian's death. For many years a pious member of the "Dorchester Church," she left the things of time without fear or dread of that eternity which was opening upon her. The faith which had carried her successfully through the many afflictions of her life, enabled her to meet triumphantly this, the last trial of humanity. Calmly she slept the sleep of death, and long ere the morning sun had gladdened the eyes of those who watched over her last moments, her soul, freed from its earthly tenement, was bathing in the glorious sunshine of its heavenly home. The stone which marks her resting place in the Parish Church yard, where her body reposes, needed no other inscription than a "fond mother and pious christian," to tell the history of her life in this world, and her fate in the next.

Your father, George Henry Smith, was born on the 1st of September, 1793, and on the 16th of March, 1816, married Maria, the youngest daughter of Mr. William and Mrs. Elizabeth Day; Susan, their daughter, was married on Thursday morning, the 1st of February, 1849, in Charleston, to Mr. Thomas P. Lockwood, the brother of her step-mother, and started for the family mansion, St. James', Goose Creek,



for a visit. On the 4th of October, 1837, your father had intermarried with Miss Elizabeth Fishburne, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Perkins and Mrs. Mary Lockwood, of Charleston; the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. William Barnwell, the Rector of St. Peter's Church. Your father's death occurred on the 26th of August, 1848—(two hundred years after the birth of the first Landgrave Smith)—he had been for several months an invalid. And does it not occur to your mind that, in some measure, you stand in his place, and must not be a careless observer of your duties towards your mother and sisters? Yes, I am sure it does; and by early training your mind to find happiness in doing good, you will always have the means of real pleasure at command. Ever desiring to be more known and loved at home, for a warm heart and cultivated understanding, than to be admired and flattered abroad. And do not, my dear, above all things, become one of those indigenious biped, whose too great ambition is to show a moustache, and be known among the ladies as "a dangerous man!"

Your grandfather, Thomas, commenced life young, and by his first union had thirteen or fifteen children; only four or five grew up. One would have thought that such a patriotic youth would have deferred "falling in love" until the prospects for his country should begin to brighten, or that his judicious father would have interfered to stop the marriage for a time; but we find that it is an error to suppose that great convulsions disturb the whole order of society. Although the entire nation be turned into a camp, men will still love or hate as ever. For the dross of the earth, they will continue to strive; will still, if young and generous, go on to risk their hearts' happiness in love. To judge from his portrait, and appearance in middle life, I set him down for a youth of noble mien and handsome face; and when the war came home to us,

“Where the battle raged the worst,  
Ever was his right hand first.”

In peace he finished his course, and went down to the silent receptacles of the dead, and there will that body rest until the Almighty voice shall call forth the entombed millions from their chambers of repose. He had not only labored to subdue the host of enemies that inhabited in his own heart, but had waged war against the faults of others for their amendment; and I believe that, in his dying hour, he was truly entitled, like the illustrious astronomer, Tycho Brahe, to have exclaimed with delight, “I have not lived in vain.” And I, coveting a like blessing, have patiently and laboriously toiled, showing my Saxon blood, which renders me persevering and steady, never to be broken in spirit—never to be turned aside from the enterprise on which I have resolved, that of printing a book for the promotion of virtue and patriotism.

## LETTER XII.

"Rest not!—life is sweeping by,"  
*Go and dare*, before you die ;  
 Ponder well and know the right ;  
 Onward, then, with all thy might ;  
 Something worthy, if not sublime,  
 Leave behind to conquer time ;  
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
 "When this form has past away."

May 12th, 1851.

Still trying to submit cheerfully to the various allotments of Providence, through a life of struggle and change, your old friend resumes her pen, to say that we are induced to believe that *your ancestor*, the first Landgrave, studied physic and surgery, at Edinburgh, in Scotland, from the medicines and instruments mentioned in his will, and from the compliment paid to his son, the second Landgrave in 1724, making him "Burgess and Guild Brother of said City," thirty years after his father's death, out of respect to his memory. He had then reached his 54th year, had had two wives, and more than a dozen children. George, the younger son, also adopted that profession, and probably studied under the guidance of his father, at a time when there was no medical school, and few medical men in the province, or he may have prosecuted his studies in Massachusetts, where it is believed that he finally intermarried with a Miss Quincy, which introduced into the Smith family the name of Josiah, borne by his second son, the Rev. Josiah of 1704. His eldest son was

called Archar, after a Scotch class mate and friend. George graduated in Edinburgh in 1700, six years after his father's death, at the age of 28 years; the same year in which his friend, Gov. Joseph Blake died.

Knowing that the benign and gifted physician is a priest at the altar of humanity, we will flatter ourselves that both father and son gave their services, whenever required by the needy, without money or price, and to the rich at a *fair price*.

When the second Landgrave carried the company in 1715 to Toogoodoo, against the Indians, one of his men was drowned in attempting to ford some water in the way; he was a pipemaker, named Dawes, who lived with Mr. Barksdale. Your grandfather Thomas and aunt Anne, both had the Smith grey eye, yet their mother, Anne, was a black-eyed lassy. We have been told that—

“ Her dark and flashing eye did speak  
Of a proud and fearless mind,  
Imbued with aspiration high,  
With lofty thought refined;  
Of sparkling wit, of fancies rare,  
Of lighter web than gossamer.”

This little maid was only six at the time of her father's death, and Susanna only four, they had previously lost their mother, (Anne Barker.) Here is the will of your great great grandfather :

“ In the name of God, amen. I, John Filbein, of Colleton County, Province of S. C., a planter, being weak in body, but of sound mind and memory, blessed be God, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following:—That is to say, first of all, I do commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, and my body to the earth, to be buried in a decent manner, at the

discretion of my executor, hereafter mentioned, in hopes of a joyful resurrection at the last day, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer and Almighty Saviour. *Imprimis*—I will that my funeral charges, together with all other of my lawful debts be fully discharged and paid. I give unto Mr. Isaac Chanler, Minister of the Gospel, the sum of £50 current money of this Province, and it shall be due, and paid at the end of one whole year after my death. I do give unto my brother-in-law, Charles Barker, £30 current money per annum, for the space of ten years running, from the time of my decease, taken out of my estate yearly. *Item*—as to the rest of my estate, I do will that both my real and personal estate, and goods and chattels whatsoever, be equally divided between my two daughters Anne and Susanna Filbein, and delivered unto them accordingly, when they shall arrive at the age of 18 years, so that each of them shall have power at that age, to demand each one their dividend and portion. In case one of these should die before the other without an heir, the surviving daughter shall possess the whole of my estate, always, provided she has arrived unto the age of 18 years. Moreover, my will is that in the case of both of these my daughters dying, the whole of my estate, both real and personal, shall become the right and property of Charles, son of my brother-in-law Charles Barker, and John, the son of my brother Charles Filbein, to be equally divided between them, when they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years; and I do hereby further declare it to be my will that my executor, hereafter named, shall have a discretionary power, either to keep my land or real estate under cultivation, and to keep the negroes unsold to cultivate the same, or else to sell the lands and negroes, and other goods, and put the money out to interest, for the use and benefit of my said daughters; and I do hereby constitute and ordain my trusty friend Mr. Charles Barker, my brother-

in-law, to be sole executor of this my last will and testament, and do hereby declare this to be my last testament.

“In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-seventh (27th) day of December, Anno Domini, 1742.

JOHN FILBEIN.

“Signed, sealed, delivered, etc., in the presence of Thomas Bulline, Hugh Ferguson, and Thomas Bulline, Jr., Secretary's office, a true copy taken from the original, and examined by Wm. Pinckney, Deputy Secretary.”

An old paper before me, throws some light upon the cause that Maum Lydia had for her indignation against the Barkers, “they had plagued her master about his first wife's property.” They had been married in Sept., 1753, she seventeen, on the 5th of December following. We have the opinion of James Michie on the Filbein will, the father and sister had both died, and Anne had survived its being made eleven years, perhaps receiving cold hospitality in her uncle's house, who may have desired to match the heiress with his son, or her other cousin, (Filbein.) Mr. Michie tells us that he had considered Mr. Henry Smith's quarys on the will of Mr. John Filbein. Your Henry is the beau ideal of a handsome gentleman, intelligent and well educated at home, see him starting off on this first courting expedition to the house of his belle's gouty uncle and jealous cousin, reflecting thoughtfully as he rode slowly over to his neighbors, on what he was about to do, he remembered that deep feeling does not overflow in words. He resolved, as usual, to talk only common sense, and not too much of that. Entering the house without a shadow on his brow, for even should she decline his suit, he could be happy yet, and life be joyous still, doubting not that some other flower would in time seem as fair. He had not yet been introduced to care, and every month was May. That evening sealed his fate, she met him

with such a glad face, that the philosopher surrendered his heart at once.

“He thought her eyes had grown more bright,  
As childhood’s hues depart ;  
She now was lovelier to the sight,  
And dearer to his heart.”

They had occasionally met at Mr. Chanler’s Baptist Church, on Ashley river, until 1749 ; he died, and the services were discontinued there ; she was then thirteen ; during the four following years, she had spent a part of the time at a boarding school in Charles Town, and was pronounced by her discomfited cousin Charles, on her return to the country, “as arrant a piece of coquetry and mischief as ever nature turned out.” And he declared that any one who should be fool enough to trust his happiness to her keeping, would find it as “brief as woman’s love,” and was anxious to have it appear that he only felt pity, and not resentment. He really soon began to find comfort in one of his near neighbors’ daughters, where he was invited and spent many evenings, (not nights,) for one of the most commendable features characterizing parties in those days, was their early assembling and closing, for surely our late hours have nothing to recommend them but custom ; and I really think it the duty of every sober-minded person firmly to discountenance any demand of fashion, which can seriously affect the health of any one, Anne’s lame uncle, (like Squire Burchell,) with his fudges and pshaws, kept her at a respectable distance ; but in her aunt-in-law, she had much to love, and from her cousin and companion Sarah, she received a large share of sympathy, both in joy or grief. The engagement matrimonial was entered into after a negotiation of a number of days ; and was, finally, consummated in due form by the Rev. Josiah Smith, at the express desire of his first cousin, the groom, although

his speech was then greatly affected by the palsy. The ceremony was very short, yet those few words had annihilated the bride's liberty forever.

“ And often did she at His altar bow,  
Praying for strength to keep the marriage vow,  
That bright and sacred it might ever be,  
Stored in the treasure cell of memory ;  
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,  
And must be questioned in eternity.”

Madam Smith, accompanied by her revered friend Josiah, and a large party of relatives and other guest, attended the young couple to their splendid home, which, no doubt, the bride entered with high hopes and pleasing anticipations, all fully realized in the nine years that she was spared to them. In her to the rarest personal attractions, there were added the more valuable qualities of the mind ; Henry had secured a rich treasure. The bridal chamber was the large west room up stairs in the mansion.

You have been told how, when this loved one died, the widower bowed his head in that mute anguish, which is more touching than the loudest lamentation, and, for several months, he sat down in deep solitude and desolation. Many were the true friends, who expressed their cordial sympathy in his sorrows. As he was greatly affected by the mute memorials, ever in his sight, his tender mother persuaded him to remove to the chamber below, on the piazza, and also west. When his emotions had somewhat subsided, he returned to society, and the duties of his station in life. But, ultimately, another was destined to be mistress of his heart and hand, as well as of his much-coveted ancestral hall. Yet, to her on whom his affections rested, such extrinsic splendors were of little value in her eyes. She first respected him for having mourned deeply, the early death of her who had



loved him fervently, and then she felt how happy she would be to lean on a man of his character for support and guidance ; one of such a generous, unselfish, and devoted nature. She had been told that, to his other eminent virtues, he added that of frugality without avarice, and generosity without extravagance, and that his whole conduct was truly amiable and exemplary. Eighteen months had sped away, when Henry's mother would sometimes intrude upon his voluntary retirement, and speaking to him with perfect frankness, encourage the shaking off of the incubus which was pressing on his heart ; and to put away the repining and mournful thoughts that filled his mind when alone, saying " Although in society you deceive us by your forced cheerfulness, we know your deep grief ; a sufficient interval has elapsed since the death of Anne, for you to think seriously of giving your little ones another protectress ; for you know, my son, that I am aged, and you, too, need a companion and a comforter." Thus encouraged, he turned his attention to Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Coming Ball and his first wife, Catherine Gendron, at Hyde Park, St. John's Parish, (now owned and occupied, dear Henry, by your second cousin, Mr. John, the son of the late Mr. Isaac Ball, who has intermarried with his first cousin, Miss Maria Louisa Gibbs, of St. James', Santee.) Spring had been succeeded by summer ; how bright to the lovers ! summer had ripened into autumn, with its golden harvest, gladdening all hearts with abundance ; but this joyous exaltation of soul, this spring-time of happiness, was soon to be succeeded by heart-sickness and deep-sorrow, for her loved and honored father died on the 21st of October, 1764, on Sunday, half-after one o'clock, in the morning, leaving his widow Judith, with her young son John Coming and his own sisters, Jane and Eleanor, and of his Catherine's children, there was Elias, twenty years of age ; Elizabeth, eighteen ; Catherine, thirteen ; and Anne, eleven. The marriage

was privately celebrated on the thirteenth of December following, and in Mr. Smith, the whole family secured one of the best of friends and advisers. In the "Poem of Limerick" we are introduced to this interesting family at Hyde Park, thus :

" But lighter tales sometimes we would require,  
 As close we crept around the cheerful fire,  
 Of what ' Old Master ' used to do and say,  
 Or how Mass Lias, a courting went one day ;  
 And many a pleasant tale of Lady fair,  
 In rich brocade, and gems and auburn hair ;  
 How lovers flocked around, their hands to gain,  
 Because, forsooth, their father's rich domain  
 Spread far and wide, o'er many an acre good,  
 Enriched with smiling fields and shady wood !"

I stand forth the champion to exonerate this lover from every spark of interestedness. All that he desired was one who could dare to eschew prejudice, and act as becomes a natural woman, who would be the proper guide and director of his well-ordered household ; possessing a practical knowledge of domestic economy ; and with all, a mind stored by reflection as well as reading. In that house he found nothing but kindness and simplicity pervading the manners of its inhabitants, and, from its number, he chose

" Her, whose unsullied soul looked out,  
 From the bright eye of blue ;  
 The token of a guileless heart,  
 Forever warm and true ;  
 And thoughts of Heaven, of hopes on high,  
 Were mirrored in her deep blue eye."

Life seemed to promise a thousand advantages with him

who was now the solace of her early grief, in the loss of her loved parent, who had only attained to the age of fifty years.

“A husband ready now to wear  
The smile of love for her was ever near ;  
Full of bright plans in view for every day,  
All tending first to make her spirit gay.”

And all her sunny anticipations were realized. To his venerated mother, then sixty-seven years of age, her delicate kindness was unbounded ; her feelings were considered, her taste consulted ; whilst she was flatteringly looked up to as the “guardian angel” of all the inmates of that happy home ; who asked her advice on important occasions, and followed it implicitly. From this very suitable alliance, sprang the following family :

Henry was born on the 30th of September, 1765, ten months after the union ; he lived only a few months, when the reluctant parents were called upon to resign him.

“ So fades the lovely, blooming flower,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour.”

Their second son was born 28th of May, 1767 ; he expired immediately. Catherine was born the 20th of October, 1768 ; she intermarried with Dr. John Ernest Poyas, and died in 1836, aged sixty-six ; her husband had died in September, 1824. Elizabeth Smith was born 1st of July, 1770, died on the 19th of August, 1846, aged seventy-six. Judith Ann was born 5th of September, 1771, died in infancy. Harriet was born on the 22d of August, 1772 ; she intermarried in 1789, with Richard, the only son of Colonel William Scott, of the Revolution, and his wife Mary, the daughter of Richard and Florence Waring, of Pine Hill, St. George’s Parish, her husband expired on the 21st of April, 1818, of Influenza,

aged fifty-five, and she of fever, on the 19th of October, 1822, aged fifty years, two months. Mary Ann, (alias Polly,) was born the 30th of September, 1774, and died in July, 1825, aged fifty-one years, nine months. Sarah, born the 3d of March, 1776, died in childhood. Jane Ball was born on the 20th of November, 1778, died next day. The father died on the 8th of December, 1780, aged fifty-three years. The mother on the 30th of April, 1787, aged forty-one years. Most of the above lie buried in your family yard, dear Henry, where soon you may be called upon to place the Octogenerian Lady.

## LETTER XIII.

June 6th, 1851.

MY DEAR HENRY :

I am

“ Only waiting till the angels,  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
*Weary, poor and desolate.*”

“ Then from out surrounding darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light, my soul shall gladly  
*Tread its pathway to the skies.*”

Such a chaos of events are floating in my brain, now that I am fairly set upon antiquarian research, that I am at a loss where to begin, and where to end. We are now to take up one who became a man of quiet and inoffensive life—Thomas, the son of Thomas and Mary Smith. He was their eighth child, and fifth son; born on the 26th of January, 1729. He intermarried with Susanna Walker, soon after becoming of age, in 1751, which was thirteen years after the death of his father. Their daughter, Susanna, was the wife of a Scotch gentleman by the name of Bruce; now the widow of an Irish gentleman, whose name was Andrew Smilie. She is a lady of such benevolence of disposition, and activity of body, as still to feel that she has no right to withdraw from the ordinary duties of life, although exceeding her 70th year;

and she does every thing in such a quiet, cheerful manner, making no ostentatious display. She is a complacent looking person, with an unmistakable resemblance to the Smiths. In rambling about the Circular Church yard, I have observed near the edifice, east of it, tombstones on which the following information is inscribed:—"Mary Hyrne, the daughter of Thomas and Susanna Smith, who died in 1765, aged 11 years. Edward Hyrne Smith, son of the same, died in 1766, aged 5 years;" they were the sister and brother of Mr. Smilie—their mother was the sister of Mrs. Ann Hume, the wife of Mr. Roberts, and mother of the late Mr. John Hume, of Charleston—they all lie buried there, also "James Garden Smilie, aged 5 months, and Thomas Smith Smilie, aged 15 months."

This great grand uncle of yours was a man devoted to his books and family; his children never thought his commands arbitrary; still he had a proper regard to authority, and did not fail to form in them the habit of prompt obedience; teaching them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, was to be good. His want of personal activity made some of his neighbors call him *a lazy man*; but they did him injustice, for he was doing good in his own way. He loved home with all its endearments; and his active wife, with her admirable contrivances, kept all right. Whilst her husband equally useful, and less noisy, was doing all in his power for their temporal and eternal benefit, so far as education went, she, too, was making the best possible use of all the faculties that God had given her. With firmness and constancy of purpose, she went straightly on to the object she desired to obtain, and all with activity and cheerfulness. Blessed with a mind more than usually collected under excitements, she could accomplish more than most of her sex. This is a truthful picture; if not vividly drawn, I have at least given authentic details of the facts, which is of far greater consequence. You will be gratified to hear that this

merciful helpmeet never attempted to *force*, by persuasion, her good man from the solitude which he loved, for she knew that with his dear ones about him, and a rich library at his service, he was perfectly happy; kneeling at the family altar night and day, to thank his Heavenly Father, for his creating goodness and preserving mercy. Here you have your relations made living, present and visible to your senses—I have no genius as a novelist, but would have made a pretty good lawyer—fond of wills, &c.,—and here is that of the above—Thomas Smith, of the Parish of Prince George, in South-Carolina—

“ I being of sound and *desposing* mind and memory, considering the uncertainty of life, do make this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following:—First, I commit my soul to Almighty God, in hopes through his mercy, and the merits of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, to enjoy eternal rest. And my body I commit to the earth, to be decently buried at the discretion of my executors. And as for such temporal estate as it has pleased God to bless me with, I give and dispose thereof as followeth:—I Will that all my debts and funeral charges be paid, as soon as possible after my decease. I give to my only daughter, Susanna Smith, all her mother’s wearing apparel, rings, earrings, &c. My Will is that my executors do sell a tract of land containing about 400 acres on Newton, being part of a barony, formerly the property of my father, the second Landgrave Thomas Smith, and also another tract of 600 acres, being part of the same barony, and to be run out of the same tract I now live on; adjoining land formerly the property of David Deas, Esq., deceased, on Santee marsh; the line to extend from Cat Island to lands formerly claimed by Mr. Thomas Lynch, deceased, which were left by my father to his grandchildren. And I do empower my executors to make good titles to the purchasers. They shall purchase

negroes with the money arising from the sale of said lands, to be a part of my personal estate, and kept for the improvement of it. My desire is that all my stock and negroes be kept together, and worked on the plantation on which I now live, and that the profits arising therefrom, be applied for the maintenance and education of my children. I bequeath unto my sons Robert and Henry, and my daughter Susanna, all my personal estate not yet given, to be equally divided amongst them, each of my sons to receive their dividend or share, as they respectively arrive at the age of 21, and my daughter at 18 years of age. To Robert I give the north-west part of the tract of land I now live on, with all the buildings appertaining thereto, bounded by a canal lately cut through the marsh from Wynyaw river, running near a ridge of high land that lies between the swamp and marsh. To my son Henry, a part of the said tract on the south-east side of the canal, the same to be a line bounding the two tracts, to extend on Cat Island to lands the property of Mr. William Allston, formerly belonging to my brother Edward Hyrne Smith. To Susanna I give two hundred and fifty acres of swamp and marsh lands, together with three hundred acres of high land, being a part of the tract I now live on, bounded northwardly by each of the tracts given to her brothers, south-east by lands the property of William Allston, lying on Cat Island and joining to a tract of six hundred acres, left to be sold, also lands left by my father to his grand children. To Robert and Henry, a lot in George Town, lying in Duke-street, to be equally divided between them. It is my will that if any of my children die before they arrive at the ages aforementioned, or without lawful issue, my surviving child or children, be joint heirs of the estate. I constitute and appoint my own brother Benjamin, Mr. Samuel Smith, of Georgetown, my friend, (not relative) Col. Thomas Smith Screven, my sister Mary's son, (then 41,



for he was born 1741, only twelve years after his uncle, the legator,) Mr. Thomas Smith, the son of my late brother Henry, and my son Robert, executors of this my last will and testament.

“In witness whereof, I set my hand and seal, on this 4th day of April, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty-two, (1782.)

THOMAS SMITH.

“Signed, sealed, and published in the presence of us.

“Witnesses—Joseph Cook, John Hart, Thomas, the son of Mr. Benjamin Smith, (his brother.)”

You will observe that this great grand uncle of yours, who was two years younger than his brother Henry, survived him only two years, both dying at the age of 53. They had only brought the war to a close, but lived not to reap any of the benefits of the peace.

Mr. Smith's son Robert intermarried with Miss Withers, their daughters are Mrs. Elizabeth Cheeseborough, of Georgia or Florida, and Mary, the wife of Dr. Samuel Cordes, whose parents were Thomas Cordes, and his wife Miss Charlotte Evans. Henry Smith intermarried with Miss Bealer, their daughter Cecilia, is the present Mrs. Wm. H. Inglesby, and their Anne Poyas, the “first maid of honor” chosen to fill that station, at the late splendid Tournament, held at Pineville, S. C., on the 23d of April, 1851. On that gay occasion your cousin, Morton Waring, as “the knight of Carolina,” entitled to the first prize for having taken the ring off oftenest, lowered the point of his lance at the feet of Miss E. P., thus proclaiming her the queen of “love and beauty.” Mr. Julius Porcher was “the knight of Walworth,” who, with all the gallantry of a true knight errant, lowered his lance to a bright daughter of Charleston, saying—“fair lady, I choose thee first maid of honor;” “the knight of the Grove” being called, “Miss B. was chosen by him “second maid of honor.” Anne, as the grand daughter of Henry,

son of Thomas, and you as the grandson of Thomas, son of Henry, have for your great grandfathers, brothers, and Anne, the eldest sister of those brothers, was Mrs. Ben Waring, the mother of Elizabeth; Mrs. Joseph Brailsford, whose son John was the grandfather of Susan Brailsford, the young cousin, and attached companion of Anne, to whom she is first cousin on the Inglesby side of the house. There I have shown you a new cousin, but true. I quite like the idea of these Tournaments, they will do much towards making our youths chivalrous and gallant, and put our girls upon being more than ever fascinating, by resolving to be more than ever educated, and companionable to the noble cavaliers. George, the ninth child of Thomas and Mary, was born 30th of August, 1732, and is named in Mrs. Anne Boone's will of 1749. Benjamin, the tenth child, was born on the 15th of September, 1735. As Capt. Smith, he was married to the beautiful E. A. Harleston, himself a very handsome young man. At Goose Creek Church you will find a tomb-stone to the "memory of Elizabeth Ann, the amiable and deservedly beloved wife of Capt. Benjamin Smith, who died on the 26th of March, 1769, aged 27 years; also, their daughter Mary Hyrne, who died September the 9th, 1768, aged 10 years, five months and eight days;" the father was then 34 when he became a widower; his title was Major, at the time of his union with Catherine Ball in 1773, (by his first marriage he had a son, Thomas, who lived to have two or three wives; he left a son, Thomas and daughter, Catherine, named after his step mother, of whom he had a childish recollection.) She and her infant died ten months after the marriage. His third wife, Sally Smith, had one son, Benjamin; his fourth, Mrs. Coachman, no child. We see him mentioned in 1765 as one of the executors of the will of Mr. Charles Faucheraud, who styles him "his good friend." With our known preference for "old familiar faces," we can readily dispense with

the labor of invention, and give you only home stories, the following has been dreamed, or conjured up by some heartless wag, who knew not how to appreciate the feeling of one, who, in the sorrow of bitter parting from a third wife, sat in deep cogitation by the side of her lifeless form, within the cedar room of your mansion. For several years they had kept "the chain of matrimonial felicity ever bright and bur-nished." His Sally, as the daughter of that most notable old Mrs. George Smith, (the mother of your grandmama Edith of Westoe,) had grown up "a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food." For her sensible mother considering household knowledge to be of the great-est importance, had made her daughters well acquainted with the keys of the store-room, but never gave them a master to teach them those of the piano, for she was too wise a woman to regard the want of that as any deficiency in the education of her girls; she desired to have them both expert at their needle, and house-keepers in practice, not simply in theory. Now let me narrate further, although it is a painful subject to be pursued, how the mourners went about the house and spoke words of consolation to each other. Benjamin had come with his Sally to pass a night at Henry's house, she had been seized with violent illness, and sudden death en-sued. Seemingly unconscious of all around him, deaf to the voice of friendship and condolence, sat the bereaved husband. Information was given in haste to her parents at the Pal-mettoes, of this melancholy event, and to other of her nearest relations, many of whom lived close at hand, and were speedily there to witness the sad reality. The next day a list of those to be invited to the funeral having been made out, was read aloud to the grief-worn man, and the question put with a certain low tenderness of tone, whether there were any others that he desired to have added to this catalogue of names? "Oh, no, no!" he could not think—sorrow had

berest him of memory—"go, go," he added, but as in obedience to his command, they had reached the chamber door, he looked up imploringly and said:—"Only don't forget the widow Coachman!"

It will be folly to lengthen this recital. The loved remains were soon lost in the depth of the grave. Time stole on, and the widower into the affections of the widow, who had abundant remains of great personal beauty, and he felt that he had seldom encountered such a fascinating companion. We are unconscious of any singularity of appearance about him, but have often seen his son, who strongly recalled to mind the song of

"Two stout single gentlemen rolled into one."

He bore his father's name, to which some thought fit to subjoin the cognomen "shadow," others had nick-named his son Thomas "Hogarth," perhaps from some fancied resemblance to the likeness of, or great admiration for the talents of that most original of painters, or probably from the fact of his having been born, in 1764, the year of the artist's death, which occurred in London, England. Mrs. C., with a joyous and irresistible sparkle of good humor in her eye, consented, after the lapse of two years, to become Mrs. S., and I trust her daughters found him a nice papa. We are told that this family had every thing that was necessary to render their home, both to themselves and their guests, the nearest embodiment of perfect happiness, to be found this side of the gate of heaven. The lady attained to a good old age, holding a prominent position in this community, she resided in Queen, west of King-street; was benevolent and well disposed to do good to her neighbors, one of whom Mrs. K., has spoken to me of a part of her beneficence to herself in sending "old maum cook," to convert, for her, the most simple native fruits into

ambrosial, by the exercise of her skill, "all out of her own head," long before Miss Sally Rutledge had favored us with that excellent volume, "The Carolina house-wife or Cookery book," which she published for charitable purposes. Mrs. S.'s sight was greatly impaired in old age, weak, perhaps, for I have been informed that she often wore a green shade, to exclude the too powerful light, but

"Heaven seemed opening in her daily prayer,  
 It was her home of hope ; her heart was there,  
 'Till gently from this world she passed away,  
 And they consigned her to her kindred clay.  
 Yet, as they laid her in earth's narrow cell,  
 They knew that she her husbands had loved well,  
 And now had gone to them, as stars on high  
 Shoot inward, and are hidden in the sky,  
 She loved their memory, and through many years  
 Had dreamed there was a world unknown to tears,  
 Where light and love should ne'er grow sad and dim,  
 Where she should be at rest and be with them."

Having, in the mention of George, referred to the will of Mrs. Anne Boone, of Charles Town, in the province of South Carolina, you shall have it : she was a daughter of Colonel Joseph Blake, who died in 1700, consequently a sister of Sarah, the first wife of the second Landgrave Smith—it runs thus :

"I, Anne Boone, widow, do hereby make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following :

First, my will and desire is to have a private funeral, and to be interred at my plantation, called Mount Boone, and my worldly estate, as it hath pleased the Almighty God to bestow upon me, I dispose of in the following manner and form.

First, I will that all my just debts and funeral charges be paid and discharged in convenient time after my decease.

Item, I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved ne-

phew, the Hon. Joseph Blake, Esq., my Dorchester plantation, given me by my mother, called Mount Boone, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, unto him, and to his heirs and assignees for ever. Unto my two beloved nephews, Thomas and Charles, sons of my brother-in-law, Charles Boone, by his second wife, (presumed to be Miss Blake,) my house and lot, I now live in, in Charles Town, to them and each of their heirs and assignees forever. I give unto my two nephews, Thomas and John Izard, sons of Walter Izard, Sr., Esquire, each £100 current money of South Carolina. To my loving cousin, Paul Jenys £100. To my loving sister, Rebecca Moore, of Philadelphia, £50 currency of Pennsylvania, provided she lives to survive me. To the Rev. Josiah Smith, minister of the Gospel, in Charles Town, £200. To the Rev. Mr. John Osgood, minister of the Gospel, near Dorchester, £100. To my loving friend, Mary, the widow of the second Landgrave, Thomas Smith, £400. Also £400, to be equally divided between her four sons, Henry, Thomas, George and Benjamin. To Mrs. Elizabeth, the wife of John Ballantine, £100.

Item, I order and direct that my executor and executrix, hereinafter named, dispose of and sell the residue of my ——— estate, either in South Carolina or elsewhere, and the monies arising by such sale, after my debts and legacies being first paid, my mind is that the part thereof still left, I give and bequeath unto my beloved nephew, the Hon. Joseph Blake, Esq., in trust, nevertheless, and the sum so remaining, to be put out at interest by him, for the sole, separate and distinct use of my beloved granddaughter, Anne Slann, which interest so arising to be paid her annually, without the power, control or intermeddling of her husband, Andrew Slann. (From whence comes the name of the Toll bridge, near Summerville,) and immediately after her death, I give the said remaining part to be equally divided between the issue of her body.

Lastly, I do hereby constitute and appoint my loving friend, Mary Smith, and my friend, her eldest son, Henry Smith, executrix and executor of this my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this, first day of December, in the year of our Lord 1749. Signed, sealed, pronounced and delivered by the within named Anne Boone, (widow of Joseph Boone,) Testatrix Witnesses, Thomas Dixon and his wife, Elizabeth Smith Dixon, and James Elerton, (the Smith family Teacher and Journalist.)

“By his Excellency, James Glen, Esq., Captain General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over his Majesty’s Province of South Carolina, and Ordinary of the same. To all whom these presents shall come, greeting, know ye, that on the twenty-fifth day of October, which was in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and fifty-one, the last will and testament of Mrs. Anne Boone, late of this Province, widow, deceased, was proved, approved, and allowed of. Henry Smith, Executor. Secretary’s office, certified by William Pinckney, Deputy Secretary.” And now, having prolonged this letter to the length of an essay, rather than an epistle, must plead as my excuse the pardonable garrulity of extreme old age, yet am so far reasonable as to conclude with a promise, dear Henry, of more mercy in future, convinced that you will now say to every lingering vestage of hostile feeling, “Peace, be still,” thus persuaded and re-assured, I subscribe myself.

## LETTER XIV.

Charleston, June 12th, 1851.

MY DEAR HENRY :

“ She laid him in the grave,  
As decent as she could,  
And shed a tear upon his grave,  
For he *was very good.*”

Having disposed of in some manner, his 20 children, I now retrace my steps to tell you of the death of the father, and give his Will ; by which you will see that *your old relative* departed this life, between the 6th of May, and the 30th of August, 1738, perhaps in the enjoyment of health and understanding to the last. In his Will, *my wife* is twelve times repeated, *my loving wife* eighteen, and *beloved wife* six times. You will perceive that the old gentleman of 68, almost takes it for granted, that his widow of 41, handsome and wealthy, would not be allowed to remain single. He had attained 43, when she, the blooming maid of “sweet sixteen” took him ; yet all things seem to prove that she never had cause to regret the act ; she loved him to the last ; and when on the bed of death, he pronounced his farewell words, many were the hot tears that coursing down the smooth cheeks of his Mary, fell upon his bosom, as she bent tenderly over his form.

She had hastily collected as many of the children and grandchildren as she could, around the expiring man—the head of the house about to depart—there they stood, and



hung in silence on his every word, that the echo of those well beloved and inspiring tones might long linger in their souls. The wife, who to the last retained her unswerving devotion to him, gazed intently with streaming eyes upon the countenance she had long loved, as if to fix the features on her memory; whilst many of his slaves pressed towards him, to touch his hands, and bathe them with their tears. A few months ago, he had told us in his Will that he was "sound in mind and body," but now he was yielding to the unalterable decree of destiny; and the grave was teeming for him. And they laid him in his family ground, at the back of his garden. The whole group assembled—was heart-rending to look upon—even the guest and neighbors were moved to tears, at the sight of so much unaffected grief. Many embraced and kissed her children—devoting herself ever after to their service.

Here follows the mighty Will, which was proved on the 30th of August, 1738, as already shown you.

"In the name of God, amen, I, Thomas Smith, one of the Landgrave of South-Carolina, in perfect health, yet considering the uncertainty of this life, for the settling, well-ordaining and disposing of my whole estate, real and personal, do make, appoint and ordain this present instrument of writing, to be my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following:—First, and principally, I recommend my soul unto Almighty God, my Creator, firmly hoping that through faith in Jesus Christ, I shall obtain pardon of all my sins, and inherit eternal life. My body, I desire may be decently buried, according to the directions of my executors. Concerning the worldly estate wherewith God in his mercy has blessed me, I dispose of the same in the manner following:—I do appoint that all my just debts and funeral charges be fully discharged, and paid with all convenient speed after my decease. *Item*—I give and bequeath unto my eldest son,

Henry Smith, my brick house or family mansion at Goose Creek, together with 500 acres of land joining on my brother, Dr. George Smith, and my great marsh, also containing 200 acres, the east—most part. Also to him, my Landgrave patent. I give to the same, 300 acres of my Wassamaw lands, to be taken out of the whole plat, he to have his first choice. To him also, 300 acres of my Back river land, and the same quantity of it to my sons Thomas, George and Benjamin, to be equally divided, so that each may have a proportional share of the Cypress Swamp. I appoint that my land joining on Granvil's Bastion be sold, containing 70 odd feet front, and 1040 feet back; which I empower my beloved wife to sell, and give a sufficient title to them that buy; the money to be laid out for young slaves for the plantation I now live on. I give to my four sons, my Ceader Island, (now Smith's Island,) at the mouth of Cape Fear river, North-Carolina, being on the north side of the river; containing 800 and odd acres, also the remainder of my Cape Fear lands to the four sons. To my son, Thomas, I give 400 acres of my Goose Creek lands, adjoining his brother Henry. Of marsh, 200 acres, of Wasmasaw lands, 300 acres. To my daughter, Mary Screven, 1000 acres of pine land, joining on Whistimbo, and 1000 to my daughter, Elizabeth Smith, (afterwards Dixon,) and 300 acres to each of them, of my Wasmasaw land. The remaining part of that land, with 1000 acres of pine land, joining that I gave to my son-in-law, Benjamin Waring, and his wife, Anne, I give to my beloved wife, to her and her heirs forever. *Item*—I give to my daughter, Elizabeth, 180 acres of my Goose Creek land, with 70 acres of marsh. To my son, George, 150 acres of my Goose Creek plantation, and one-half of the second great marsh. To my beloved wife, 100 acres of that plantation, together with 25 acres of the marsh that is commonly called Cannady's marsh; the land adjoining on

Mr. Daniel Wealsay's sons. And, whereas, there is near 200 acres of pine lying between this and the high road, leading to Goose Creek; it is my wish that on a survey what belongs to me, may be equally divided between my beloved wife, and our sons George and Benjamin. I do appoint my loving wife, in case of my death, to give Capt. William Pinckney a title for 120 feet on the eastermost part of my bay land, that runs to low water mark, on the north side of the said Pinckney's bridge, for which he has paid me the greater part. And the 120 feet of the westmost part, I give 40 feet of it, joining to the said Pinckney's, to my beloved wife Mary. And the westmost part of 80 feet remaining, I give to my sons. Henry to have his first choice. I do confirm such titles as my wife may give to Captain William Pinckney. To my daughter, Sarah Bowen, 200 acres of high land, and 200 of marsh, that joins on the Old Store, and fronts Cooper and Back rivers. To my son-in law, Edward Hyrne, of Hyrneham, North Carolina, I give 500 acres of land, on Lawrence Island, at Wynyaw, according as it is platted in the said grant; which title I empower my wife to give him for his use and his heirs forever. I give the eastermost half of my lot, number 102, to be equally divided between my wife and all my children. The westmost part I do empower my wife to dispose of, and sell to the best bidder, with the marsh before it. The marsh that lies before the eastmost part, I give to my wife and all my children. And to my loving wife and all my children, I give all my White Point land. And whereas there is a grant recorded of mine in the Secretary's office, which was taken out by my father, when Governor of the Province; the original somehow or other is mislaid, though the counter part, the Secretary writes me word, is in the Secretary's office, which confirms my title to said lot, and the other part of my White Point land, as granted to my father, and his heirs forever; which

titles be in the House. The aforesaid White Point may be divided by lot. And whereas my eldest son Thomas Smith, did, by a scandalous marriage, bring a disgrace on my family, on which I only gave him liberty to settle on part of my Ashley River land during his life, paying taxes and rent, due to the Government, which, when his surveying executor, Mr. Roger Saunders, sent me word he could find no title to that land, where my son Thomas lived, therefore desired I would settle it on his son ; which request I granted. as appears by the first paragraph in my will, before this, dated the 27th of March, 1732, (this 1738.) Signed, sealed and published, and declared before evidences, and since my grandson Thomas died, before he was of age or married, which were the conditions of giving it to him, and therefore it consequently descended to me and my heirs forever. I therefore, empower my beloved wife to dispose to the best bidder. And whereas I have lately sold to Dr. Martini, part of two or three small tracts on the westmost part of Goose Creek high road, which I have yet signed no title for ; in case of my death I empower my wife to give him a title. And whereas, Mr. Swinton, of Wynyaw, has, in a triumphant manner, writ me word that, he was before hand with me in getting the King's grant for 2000 acres of land, joining on each side on Mr. Commander at Black River, which was surveyed and platted, first of all, by Mr. Leagrاند, who could not finish it, he having a misfortune by falling into a pitch hoole ; I got one Mr. Robertson, one of Mr. St. John's deputies, to survey and return the same as a sworn officer, in part of my Landgrave Patent : all of this was done before Mr. Swinton's undermining title, of which I complained in Governor Broughton's time, who sent me such an answer, Mr. Swinton's friends won't like to see. I was also informed by Major Pawley, that Captain Akings had also underhand run out several hundred acres of my land, that was returned me by virtue of my patent, by

the late Governor Broughton, when surveyor General, above twenty-six years ago. And some since returned by Mr. Young, when surveyor general, and titles and rent always paid for. So that I hope and trust that succeeding government will not let my poor family suffer, contrary to all laws and equity. And whereas, as I have laid out a Township on my Wynyaw barony, and have advertised to sell part of it, and to give part of it to strangers, as also to rent out part ; I do authorize my loving wife to sign such writings, that either the purchasers or renters may be sure of a good title, according to agreement made with her during her widowhood. Whereas I have reserved for myself 20 lots on the front said Township, which runs back to the first cross street. I give unto my son Henry lots 16 and 46, as appears in the model of the said town. To Thomas 13 and 43. To George two lots, 10 and 40. To Benjamin 19 and 49. I give to my loving wife the lots 22 and 52. To my daughter Anne Waring, 25 and 55. To daughter Justina Moore, 28 and 58. To daughter Sarah Bowen, 7 and 37. To daughter Mary Screven, 4 and 34. To Elizabeth Smith, 1 and 31. I give unto Dorathy, daughter of my good friend, the Rev. Nathaniel Bassett, one lot, No. 106. And, whereas, I have thirty-one grand and great grand children, I give unto each a lot, beginning at No. 301, fronting Church street, to No. 315, joining Broad street. And from No. 331 to 345, on Broad street. And 361, being the corner lot of the first cross street, from Church street. I also give unto my aforesaid grand and great grand children, 2000 acres of land, to make each of them a small retiring country-seat ; to begin from the back part of the barony that is near Santee river, and to run towards Wynyaw river, to join that land which I have by my will given to schools, churches, meeting-houses, etc., etc. And whereas, in all probability, my loving wife may live at Goose Creek, during her life or widowhood, and so will be ready to

sign any titles that I may not sign, according to my printed promises. I do hereby empower her to give titles to any I have promised them to. As to the remainder of my Wynyaw Barony that extends to the northward and southward of the said town, I give unto my sons Henry, Thomas, George and Benjamin, 1000 acres, each, which is to be run out proportion to north and south side of the barony. Henry to have his first choice, then Thomas, George and Ben. And seeing they are all much under age—Henry, only eleven; Thomas, nine; George, seven; Benjamin, three. I do order my loving wife, during her life time and widowhood, to take care and bring up my minor children, as a parent and guardian, in the fear of God, and to chuse out this land for them according to my order. Now, what is still more remaining of my Barony land, I do empower my loving wife to sell to any purchaser that will buy. In case she cannot sell, to rent or lease it out for what term of years she pleaseth. And, whereas, I have title to 1000 acres of swamp land, which lies between Pee Dee and Waccamaw rivers, it is my will, and I do give it to be equally divided between my sons and wife. I have 1100 acres of land on Lawrence Island, joining on Pee Dee and Waccamaw rivers, and 2000 acres of land fronting Black river, joining Mr. Commander's with platt of 45 acres of oak and hickory land, all which I give to be equally divided between my son-in-law, Waring, my son-in-law, Screven, and my daughter Elizabeth. And, whereas, there is 148 acres left of my Goose Creek plantation, with 46 acres of the west most part of my second great marsh, which I give unto my son Benjamin. I have empowered my loving wife during her life or widowhood, to sell and rent the lands according to the platt of the town, except such lots as I have given away in my printed advertisement, and do ratify and confirm what my wife may do in the premises which I confirm to such persons that she shall agree with them and their heirs forever. And

the nett produce of all money as she may receive, I give unto my wife Mary and all my children, each of them a like part, except £100 to the poor of the Rev. Nathaniel Bassett's meeting house, in Charles Town, to be distributed by the officers of said meeting. Also, £50 to my cousin, N. Bassett, minister of the same. Also £50 to my nephew, the Rev. Josiah Smith. Also, £50 to my son Waring, and £50 to my son Screven. Also, £50 to my nephew, Archar Smith, (the eldest son of Dr. George and brother of Josiah,) and to each of them and their children, a town lot in the third cross street, as their fathers shall chuse for them. 'Tis my will, and I do give to my loving wife, my silver powder box, tea pot, tea table and what belongs to it. Also, what bed and curtains she will chuse, with sheets, pillows and pillowbers, each two pair, with the best chest of drawers, quilt and blanketts. To her I give Cooper Andrew, his wife Moll, and their three children that are youngest; together with the sixth part of my cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. One sixth part of any of the household goods, (plate excepted.) To my daughter Waring, a large silver salver, to Justina Moore, two silver spoons. To Mary Screven and Elizabeth Smith £300 each, out of money that may become due, out of the Half way House land. To sons Henry and Thomas, daughters Mary and Elizabeth, sons George and Benjamin, my whole personal estate, except Mary, which I give my loving wife, during her life, after which to descend to my son Henry. I give two cows and calves to Sue, the daughter of Mary, to be delivered to the mother for the girl, to buy clothes and necessaries for her, and the said Sue to be free for herself, after serving my wife, Mary Smith, to the age of 18 years. I give unto Henry, my large silver tankard, and my double barrel pistols, and such a gun as he shall chuse out of my guns; and my silver hilted sword, and two silver spoons. To Thomas, my silver tankard, that I bought

of Mr. Weakly, together with a fowling piece, his second choice, and one silver spoon. To my loving wife, my large silver spoon or ladle, during her life, and after her decease, to go to our eldest son, Henry. To my daughter, Elizabeth, my silver candlestick and one spoon. It is my will that the remainder of my plate, not in particular given away, I desire my wife to see it equally divided between our little boys, George and Benjamin. If either of my children die before they marry, or come of age, then my will is that, what is given to them, shall devolve to my loving wife, and the rest of my children. I have appointed my loving wife to be the guardian to my children, and to live on Goose Creek plantation, and to manage it, till my son Henry comes of age, provided she lives a widow, but, in case she should alter her condition, then I desire my sons-in-law Waring and Screven, the Rev. Bassett, and my nephews Archar and Josiah Smith, to take my whole estate into their custody and act." "I, the said Thomas Smith, do, by these present, codicil, confirm and ratify my said last will and testament. And that there may be no dispute about my loving wife managing my estate, and living at the mansion, or on any of my lands not given to those of age. I do empower her to remove my hands anywhere she thinks fit, in order to enlarge my personal estate, and if she finds that it shall please God to increase it more than will maintain herself and the children with her, the overplus, I would have her put to interest for the use of my minor family. That there may be no dispute about the dividing my personal estate, I do order my beloved wife to give each one of my children as they marry or come of age, their part of it. This 3d day of May, 1738, signed, sealed and acknowledged in the presence of us who saw the Testator Thomas Smith, sign his name to this, and all the within sheets. Charles Filbein, Joseph Hurst, Sarah Filbein and James Elerton." Before the Hon. William Bull, Esq., President



and Commander-in-chief, and Ordinary of the Province of South Carolina. "On the 30th day of August, 1738, came and appeared, Joseph Hurst and James Elerton, two of the witnesses to the within instrument of writing, who being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God, declared that they saw Thomas Smith sign the sheets of the said Instrument, and declared the same to be his last will, and that he was at the same time of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding." Thus he died as he had lived; for he had been distinguished through life by a clear understanding, a solid judgment, and sound discriminating talent. Mary's affection for her husband was manifested by her conduct after his death; and her care of her children was the theme of general panegyric. Time, with lenient hand, closed the wound, and religion consecrated her moderate sorrow, for she never leaned upon the world, that broken reed, which pierces many to the heart, who thus foolishly rely. They do but chase a shadow, and their hands grasp the air. And thus far have I raised my feeble voice, in support of the best hopes and consolations of man. Like the widow, in the Gospel, I have thrown my contribution into the public stock. It is but a mite, but it is all that I had in my power to bestow.

## LETTER XV.

“ O, who could but honor that good old man,  
As he neared his three score years and ten,  
He had made it the work of his life to bless  
Our world in its wo and wickedness;  
When he opened the page of the sacred word,  
Not a whisper, nor low nor loud was heard;  
Even folly assumed a serious look,  
Whilst he read the words of that holy book;  
And the thoughtless and gay grew rev'rent there,  
As he opened his lips in fervent prayer.  
Ah, many there were to weep that day,  
When the good old man did pass away;  
For the last of his ebbing sands were run,  
And his labor was o'er, and his work was done.”

*June 20th, 1851.*

Well, positively my dear Henry, so much taken up am I with the delightful past, that it requires heroic self command to descend to the humble duties of this work-a-day world, whilst dim voices are ever haunting me from the grave, for the dream of life is nearly dreamed, and to my mind's eye mouldering hands seem to point upwards, and say “ Look thy last on the blue skies, and come rest with us.” In this world we are all pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which I am fast hastening, we hope to be reunited in glory with the loved ones gone before, and there we shall have no more partings, no more tears! My place will soon be prepared amongst your green trees, where I shall slumber with the sod on my bosom—“dust to dust” in long repose. The hand which now guides the pen, will then rest “within the icy

keeping of the grave." Believe me that it is no gossamer thread of love, or respect that binds me to the memory of Madam Smith ; her's was a character to command homage and affection. The seven dinner tables that you will see hereafter mentioned in her son Henry's inventory, prove to us that they did not live pampered, luxurious, and utterly forgetful of all but self. Madam, we are told, was habitually silent, but not proud. Her large, soft blue eyes spoke only kindness, and with fine powers of mind was she endowed. Her sunny smile, and radiant beauty, in youth, had captivated many, for she was a lady—a lady in each action, word and look. There was about her a refinement and elegance which no education can bestow, although with her there had been no waste of brilliant powers for want of cultivation ; for her fond father and delighted brothers, loved to teach one, who with celerity acquired every thing that they proposed to her as a study, encouraged by her sensible mother. Her fascination of manner and high-bred elegance, perfectly satisfied the fastidious Landgrave that he had made a wise and prudent choice ; and that in giving her lily hand at the altar, she had conferred the greatest favor upon him, and he thanked her each revolving day for new proofs of regard to his children, whom she treasured as her own, and for twenty-five years she made him "a good wife." You must, therefore, bear with me a little longer, whilst I give you some of her whereabouts, from 1740 to '49, and of those who thronged her house from time to time ; she was then only 43 years of age, gentle in manner, pure in heart, affectionate in disposition, emulous to adorn the high station to which she belonged, as the widow of a Landgrave, and yet "to bear her honors meekly," whilst she used every precaution to avoid secret interviews with those horrible bipeds, called *beaux* ; for although flattered by respectful homage, the dignity of her manner "swept all such obnoxious intruders away," and her

self-devotion to her family was beautifully repaid by their love of, and attention to her every comfort. To bring you more intimately acquainted, I will resume the old Journal :—

“January 4th, 1740, Mr. James Screven brought his wife, Mary, to visit her dear mother, (she had then been four years married and her father two years dead.) 5th. I went to town and stayed two or three days. 20th. Madam went to Mr. Sam Waring’s and remained till the 24th, (he was the brother of Ben who had married Anne Smith and died in 1739.) 25th. She rented the Back River place to Peter Huskins. (It was usually called *The Plantation*, as the first settled by the original Smith.) 26th. I went to Back River and dined with Mr. Saunders, and gave Peter possession of the house by order of Madam. 27th. I went to church with Mr. Archar Smith, our neighbor. 29th. I raised the hen house and packed the rice. 30th. Sold seven cords of wood and killed three hogs. February the 8th, Mr. Allen Wells came here and filled up five titles for lots, which Madam signed. 9th. I went with him to the Ferry, and from thence to *The Plantation*, where I measured out thirty bushels of corn for Mr. Tom Saunders, and the same for Peter Huskins; from there I went to Messrs. Ferguson, Boswood and Mills. That evening came Miss Betsy from town, (Elizabeth, the future Mrs. Dixon.) 13th. She and her mother went to her first cousin’s, Mr. A. Smith. 18th. Miss Betsy went to Goose Creek to Mr. Waring’s. 19th. Mr. Norman agreed for to pick up lightwood at *The Plantation*. 22d. Capt. Fenshaw’s boat landed six cords of wood at the landing, windy and very cold. 25th, I killed a fatted steer, sent his hide and four cow hides to Mr. Wood’s shop at the Ten Mile House. 26th. Pleasant weather and began to plough for rice. 28th. Began to dig the oat piece for corn. 20th. This day settled with Madam for the year, she paid balance in my favor. March the 2d, we went to the Ashley river

Baptist meeting. 3d. Capt. Fenshaw's boat loaded six cords, and we began to saw the studs for the house, (half a century old then.) 4th. Came Mr. Thomas Smith from town; after breakfast he went to Mr. A. Smith's to company Madam Jenys to town, who had come up to see old Madam Smith, (probably Archar's mother, the wife of Dr. George; he lived until 1757, but in town.) 8th. Sold twenty bushels of corn to Mr. Walker's *Patty Augre* man. 9th. I went to church and Madam to the meeting. I heard that Dr. Martini was married on the 5th inst."

Allow me to digress so far as to give some account of this "Benedict, the married man." The years 1700, 1717, 1732 and 1738, are memorable for the small pox in Charles Town. In the last it was imported in a Guinea ship, as not a sufficient number could be found to attend upon the sick, many perished from neglect and want. Dr. Moybray, surgeon of a British man-of-war, then in the harbor, proposed inoculation. The physicians were opposed to it at first, but with the exception of that French gentleman, Dr. Martini, they afterwards all came into the measure, nor could he ever be brought to approve, although he saw the happy results. Mr. Philip Prioleau was the first person who submitted to the operation; thus encouraged, many others followed the example, and the disease soon abated. Let us resume Mr. Elerton's Journal:—

March 11. We have hail and very severe weather, now comes snow at last, to make it worse. 16th. From the church, I dined with Mr. Mimick and his spouse. 17th. Went to get bark, and took up two young horses; Miss Betsy Smith and her neice, Nancy Waring, came from Goose Creek, from Nancy's Uncle, who sent her to me, to school, and to live with her step-grandmother, Madam Smith. 18th. Mr. Archar Smith's daughters, Sally and Succy, came to see their first cousin Nancy," (her father Ben and their mother Edith

Waring, were brother and sister.) 19th. Madam went to town and we began to plough for corne and planted potatoes—warm weather. 21st. Sold a fatted steer to Mr. Trusswell, and broke two young horses. 23d. I went to church; meeting with T. B., was absent from home, being lame part of the time, till the 5th of April; then went to muster, and we did, also, on the 7th, to a private muster, and walking on my legg, was laid up till the 17th, then came home, but was not able to do my business till the 20th; (your great grandfather Henry, was then thirteen years old.) April 22d. Madam went to Dr. Martini's, to see his wife as a neighbor. 23d. She went to see Madam Dry, and brought Miss Rebecca Moore, who had come from North Carolina to visit all. 28th. Mr. Slade's men finished part of the studing of the house. 29th. Miss Betsy Smith and Miss Moore, went to Mr. Saunders' and we began to lath. May 2d. Mr. Burrel Hyrne, Madam's nephew, came from town. 3d. Madam and Miss Moore went down. 6th. They came back from shopping. 7th. Burrel went home. 8th. Mr. Leagree (Legare) came to see the bark. 12th. Misses Betsy and Rebecca went to Mr. Morris', and his boat came to load the bark. 14th. John and Archar, the sons of Mr. A. Smith, came to school again; Mr. Hurst came this morning and brought two young horses. 17th. Came Madam's brother, Mr. Henry Hyrne, from town. 18th. He went to Mr. Backer's, (Baker, whose daughter Sarah, he married,) and carried the horse, Jolly, with him; I killed a lamb for the house. 20th. After dinner came Dr. Martini and spouse, as did Mr. H. Hyrne in the evening. 22d. Miss Betsy and her neice Rebecca Moore, and Mrs. H. Hyrne, who was staying with us, went to Mr. Waring's, Goose Creek. I sold Dr. Martini thirteen bushels of Indian corne—wind and rain. 23d. Sold Mr. Ferguson seven bushels of corne; marked fourteen yearlings, nine of them for the plantation, three for Mr. James Screven, and two of them

for Madam. 23d. Mr. H. Hyrne and spouse went hence. 25th. Madam and Rebecca went to Mr. Mellichamp's, and the day before I went to his church, and that day Miss Betsy and neice came from Mr. A. Smith's. 27th. This morning Miss Moore took her departure for Cape Fear, to her parents, and Mr. B. Hyrne went home. 28th. This evening came here Mr. Joseph Brailsford and spouse, Elizabeth Waring, to visit her grandmother. I received a letter from Captain Grange, to appear and muster on an alarme; thirty-seven negroes of St. John's Parish, taken up and carried before Mr. Colleton; we kept guard all night in sundry places; this afternoon came from the muster field, went again at night, and discharged after setting patroles. June 9th. This morning came Mr. Henry Hyrne from town, with his family, and we all dined at Mr. Smith's; Dr. Martini had twenty bushels of corne. 11th. Mr. Shepherd and spouse here to-day. 12th. Carted seven barrels of corne to the landing for Mr. James Withers. 13th. I went to town and bought a suit of clothes of "Simmons and Smith," (the former was the first cousin of Colonel William Scott, then sixteen years of age, his mother was Susannah Simmons, the wife of Mr. William Scott, merchant of Charles Town. On her tomb-stone, south of the Circular Church, you will find the following notice, "Departed this life on the 9th of November, 1767. She was an affectionate wife, tender mother, humane mistress and sincere Christian, aged seventy-four." By her side you will see the grave of her daughter, Mrs. Susannah Jones, who had died in 1764, at the age of thirty-nine years; her widower removed to England, and was anxious to take with him Susannah, the only daughter of William Scott, by his first wife, Mary Waring, (the daughter of Richard and Florence Waring, of Pine Hill,) for she had been the adopted child of his late wife, who had become more precious to him than fame or fortune, and dear as life itself, and should have gone with him, but that she was

the glory of her grandmother's old age, the staff of her declining years, for a short time more, after which Mr. Jones again applied for her; she was then twelve or thirteen, and could not consent to leave her father and brother, only four years of age, to whom she acted the part of a careful mother. I am sure that you must become interested in her, when I tell, that she was the mother of your valued friend, Colonel Thomas Lehre, of this city. Old Mrs. Scott had a beautiful garden, some where on East Bay, which was almost entirely destroyed by the great gale of 1752; she was then fifty-nine years of age; her son William was born in 1728, he was, consequently, thirty-nine at her death. His son Richard was then four, having been born on the 4th of May, 1763. Her great, great grand son, Milton Flud, died in 1811, aged five, and was put into her grave with a stone over him, between her head and foot stones; about eighteen months ago, his mother Mary (Mrs Daniel Flud,) was laid upon his coffin, and an inscription for her added to his. She was the second daughter of Mr. James Stanyarne and Miss Scott. Let us take up the thread of the journal and leave the Simmons for a future volume:

June 22d. Mr. Shepherd came to work, making chamber doors; the house has been forty-five years occupied by the Smith family. 29th. This morning Madam went to Town, taking Betsy and Henry with her, to attend the White Meeting. I went to Goose Creek Church, and there heard of Colonel Palmer and near one hundred men being killed in Florida; and I measured Dr. Martin twelve bushels of corne in the evening.

Let me give you the little historical fact—Colonel Palmer, with ninety-five Highlanders and forty-two Indians, was left at Fort Moosa, to scour the woods and intercept supplies; General Oglethorpe sent from Goose Creek, Colonel Vanderhusen with the Carolina regiment to take possession of a neck



of land called Point Quartel, more than a mile distant from the Castle, with orders to erect a battery upon it, while he with his regiment, and the greatest part of the Indians, embarked in boats and landed on the Island of Anastatia, resolving to bombard the town of St. Augustine. Pamor or Palmer was surprised at Fort Moosa, and while his party was asleep, they were almost entirely cut to pieces, a few escaped to the Carolina regiment, at Point Quartel, in a small boat; thus ended the expedition in disappointment both to Georgia and Carolina. The Assembly of the latter had voted £120,000 for the service of the war, (Carolina Money;) the regiment was partly raised in Virginia, and Indians collected from tribes in alliance with Britain. War having been declared in 1739, by Great Britain against Spain, an opportunity was afforded for attempting the reduction of the Fort at St. Augustine, as our negroes were seduced away.

Mr. Elerton tells us in high glee that "June the 23d, here comes Madam Smith from town, and has brought a saddle for our Tommy, now 11 years of age. July 1st. Mr. A. Smith began to burn his bricks; very hot weather, Prince went to town with butter; thunder, lightning, and heavy rain. 3d. In the afternoon thunder and rain, and again in the evening, which split the east chimney very much, broke the sashes in the cedar room and passage, and the lightning took fire in the *chitchen*, but through mercy no other damage. Mr. Shepherd finished the doors. 6th. Madam went to town. Mr. George Whitfield preached this afternoon, at the Ashley Ferry Baptist Meeting; I and the Smith children went there from home, and Madam came from town to hear him, and with her Mr. Js. Screven and Mary, then they came here, the text was Matt.—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." 8th. This morning our family went to meeting, Mr. W's. text was Luke—"Two men went up to the Temple to pray, the one

a Pharisee, and the other a Publican." Mr. Screven's family went from there home, leading his young mare. 10th. This day Mr. Peter Hume agreed to take Mr. Leaspact's (Nesbitt's) land at Back river, and twenty acres more, in all one hundred and fifty acres. 12th. Mr. Smith sent four negroes to work. 15th. Came a wench of Emanuel Smith's here, being sick; rain, thunder and lightning. 18th. Eight of Mr. A. Smith's hands at work here—Prince came from town with a bushel of salt. Miss Betsy went to town to hear Mr. Whitfield's farewell sermon in the evening, his text was Philipians—"Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ." 20th. This morning I went to Ashley Ferry to hear him preaching on wisdom, and righteousness, and redemption; from thence he went to Pon Pon, and so to Georgia. Madam came from town in the evening, in thunder, wind and rain. 28th. This morning John went from his father's, Mr. A. Smith, in order to go with his grandfather, Dr. George Smith, to Philadelphia. 30th. I went over to Capt. Grange's. August 1st. Madam went to town. 5th. I finished covering the old store with bark. 6th. Madam Martini visited Madam. 7th. I docked Mr. Smith's and Henry's horses. 8th. I set the sloop on fire for her iron work. 9th. I went to church, Mr. Mellichamp preached on these words, "Reverence my sanctuary." 12th. Madam went to Mr. Ralph Izard's to pay her tax, it amounted to £138. 14th. Capt. Morris' daughters visited here. 15th. I sold Mr. Joseph Brailsford fifteen bushels of corne, sold Mr. Partridge seven bushels. 17th. Went to the Baptist Meeting, Mr. Chanler preached from his text, "And great numbers gathered and turned to the Lord;" at night I rid patrol. 21st. This day the negroes went on the highways to work. 22d. Old Jose made Madam a pair of hampers or large baskets; the cart went to Mr. Robert Woods' for hair, and brought home twenty-two pairs of shoes. 23d. This after-

noon Madam and Miss Betsey went to town to hear Mr. Whitfield preach, and the *dog Jowler dyed*. I finished the *poteter seller*. 30th. Prince carried things for his mistress to town, and the boy Lightfoot lost my saddle. September the 1st. Madam came from town, where she went to hear Mr. Whitfield. He now took leave of them for a time and went off to New-England. 3d. Mr. Smith and spouse, Edith, came here. I made an axletree to the cart. 19th. Mr. Chanler baptized four persons in Ashley river. 21st. I stayed at home till in the evening; rid patrole. 27th. This evening finished the chimneys, Mr. Screven and spouse were here. 28th. Mr. Screven carried away a yoke of oxen and a mare. October 17th. Horse Jack bogged in the calve pasture. 20th. I received four hundred bushels of shells of Mr. A. Smith, carted home some, and in the afternoon Madam and children went to Dr. Martini's. 21st. Mr. S. sent his young horse to ride for him, the same day the horse Jack dyed, being bogged. 26th. We went to Ashley river, but Mr. Chanler being sick, there was no service. 27th. Marked eleven calves, three or four more to do; branded three yearlings for Mr. Screven. 31st. This evening Sir Richard Everet lay here. November 1st. I went with Sir Richard to see Madam Buyurs' negroes, he wanted to buy them. 2d. Miss Betsy to town, I to church. Mr. Mellichamp preached, "have a conscience clear, void of offence." We heard that Thomas Goodbie was killed by riding a race. 8th. This noon Madam Brailsford, widow, came here from town. 9th. Went home 20th. This day a fire broke out in town, burning a great part of it down. 22d. From this day I was from home till the 11th December. December 13th. Mrs. Bassett dined here, (her husband, the Rev. Nathan, had been settled over the White Meeting in 1724, and died of the small pox in October, 1738, two months after his cousin, the second Landgrave Smith; he was their sixth minister.) They had as seventh,

the Rev. James Parker, from 1740 to 1742, when he died, and the eighth was the Rev. Josiah Smith, who took charge in 1742, and resigned in 1750. He was born in Charles Town in 1704, was the son of Dr. George and grandson of the first Landgrave Thomas Smith. George was the first native of Carolina who obtained a degree from a College; and his son, the Rev. Josiah, Lieut. Colonel William Bull, Dr. John Moultrie, and the Rev. John Osgood, of Dorchester, were all the natives who obtained that honor for the first ninety years after the settlement. Dr. George died in 1751, at the age of 79, for he was born here in 1672. His father, the Governor, who expired in 1794, had only numbered 45 years. The minister attained to the age of 77, and died in Philadelphia in 1781, when exiled from his home by the British, along with his son Josiah's family. That son, as the cashier of the branch of the National Bank in Charleston, to the 80th year of his age, ably performed the laborious duties of that office, for which a clear head, and accurate knowledge of business and accounts was requisite; he died at the advanced age of 95. You have often seen his likeness hanging in the front room of his granddaughters, the Misses Smith, of Broad-street, but of that branch of the family, I hope to speak fully in my second book, if ever called for. Impossible it would now be to ascertain the number of the descendants of Gov. Smith, from his two sons, Thomas, the second Landgrave, and George, the physician. Those three were men of integrity and simplicity of manners, they were also patriotic christian gentlemen. Be sure that you bring no discredit on the name, or on the lessons of

THE OCTOGENARIAN LADY.

## LETTER XVI.

*Charleston, June 30, 1851.*

What, another epistle? Yes, and in the words of some one else, I plead my excuse.

“It is the expiring throe of pride,  
To dissipate the gloom  
That gathers round, and soon must hide,  
My glories in the tomb.”

This is to me a day of breathless hurry and agitation, full of those ominous feelings that will take hold sometimes, from a conviction that the dream of self-delusion might soon pass away, and the mournful reality flash upon my mind, that my letters may prove uninteresting to you. Yet, no, I will not succumb to this fit of dejection, but recall to my thoughts the maxim, that “wherever we greatly desire success, one of the first rules to attain our end, is not to appear anxious about it.”

Let us, by a return to the journal, bring ourselves further acquainted with your relatives in 1741. It tells us that “on the 30th of January, 1741, Madam’s servants, Mary and Judith, went to town on a visit; 9th of February, Madam came up with a new saddle, cover and furniture, (no doubt she was a graceful equestrian then, at the age of forty-four;) 18th, we killed the cow Spotty; 14th, Valentine day; 19th, Mr. Mimmack signed his lease for the Back River land, 130 acres; 20th, sent three barrels of pork to Mr. Thomas Smith to sell, (he was the son of Sabina Smith;) Mr. Screven went home, and I put on a pair of new shoes; April 26th, I went

to Ashley river meeting, and on to Major Fuller's funeral; May 2nd, went to meeting and saw Molly Latson (Ladson) and Thomas Bullen baptized in the Ashley, and Mr. Chanler preached much against infant baptism; 11th, Madam gone to Mr. Norman's, at Back river; 15th, she has gone to Mr. Izard's, at the Camp, (he married Miss Blake;) June the 9th, Mrs. Archar Smith went to town to increase her family; 20th, I saw six persons dipped in the Ashley; 21st, went back to meeting, it being their sacrament, a great ordinance; July 2nd, this day we heard that Mrs. A. Smith has a daughter at her father-in-law's house (Dr. George,) as last week Mrs. Screven a son at her house in Church street; 19th, Mr. Chanler preached a funeral sermon for his own son, out of Job the 14th chapter, 1st, 2nd and 3rd verses; 21st, Mr. Slade's men came to mend the hole in the hall floor, and the coopers to get rice barrels; August 3d, this evening the Rev. Mr. Josiah Smith has brought Madam, Madam A. Smith, and infant, from town by water, (his mother and brother's wife.) He christened Jacob, and went back on the fourth day. This the 5th, Mr. A. Smith has began to raise his houses, the old ones having been burnt; 14th, A negro burnt in town for *tempting* to fire it a windy night; 21st, Mrs. A. Smith's infant died, aged seven weeks, and buried at home. January 26th, 1742, Madam went to Mr. Saunders' vendue, and about midday Mary had a son; (he was Bob, immortalized by the graphic pen of Dr. Irving; he died in Charleston in 1828, at the age of eighty-six, faithful to the last.) February the 4th, Dr. Brown took a lease of land, sixty-three acres, of Madam, at fifteen shillings per acre. (With Mr. James Ellerton, the teacher, overseer and penman, as her friend and coadjutor, she was enabled to carry into effect her late husband's directions for the improvement of the estate for the minor children :) 5th, Madam went to town, and I finished paling in the yard; we have twenty lambs; 9th,

Madam returned with new shoes for me, and I sold fifteen cords of wood to Mr. A. Smith, and finished the back steps ; 24th, I delivered to Col. Alexander Venderduryson twenty bushels of corn ; last night Miss Betsy sold her mare to Mr. Wood for £30. April 11th, I went to meeting and Jewel had a colt ; 12th, Joseph and Benjamin Hurst came to my school ; on the 13th, Sarah and Ann, their sisters, came ; 16th, Friday, I finished school for Easter ; 20th, I went to town, whilst there, Mrs. Dart died ; 23d, St. George's day, Messrs. Screven and Dixon came and brought me two pairs of new shoes. May 6th, we went to Mr. Filbein's vendue, where Madam bought a man, Mingo, for £220 ; 29th, the plasterers came to plaster the hall. September 8th, the man began the oven and to whitewash the hall. October 17th, Mr. Wood set out for the Creek nation. November 8th, I went to Mr. Cattoe's son Paul's funeral, (Mr. Cater) Mr. Chanler preached from Job the 9th chapter, 12th verse ; 13th, Mr. James Moore came from Cape Fear, (the son of Justina Smith ;) 21st, heard Mr. Webster had killed himself. January 10th, 1743, I began school for the new year ; James Moore and Henry Hyrne went to visit Mrs. Mary Screven ; 27th, I sent thirty barrels of rice to town to Mr. Thomas Smith & Co. ; 28th, Ann and Sally Waring went to town to school. February the 18th, Madam Izard here ; 20th, Madam Baker came, (the mother of Mrs. Henry Hyrne ;) 28th, James Moore started to Cape Fear. March the 10th, Henry Hyrne came back to school as his friend had gone home ; March 14th, Mr. Christie signed a lease, dated December 20th, 1732, for fifty acres of land, at fifteen shillings per acre, £37, 10 shillings ; 22nd, Mrs. A. Smith went to town to add another to her family. Her son George intermarried with a cousin, Elizabeth, the daughter of Richard, (the son of Ben Waring and Anne Smith) and Florence Waring, of Pine Hill, St. George's. Your grand mother Edith, of Wes-

oe, was their daughter, you know. 23d, we dined with Mr. Catter, off a barbacue shoat in the woods. April 1st, Madam to town, and I break up for Easter; 6th, heard Madam Edith Smith had a son. May 4th, Miss Betsy and her second cousin, Sally Smith, went to the Cypress, to Mr. Ben Waring's, Miss Betsy's nephew. His son by his first wife, name of the lady unknown, was the Benjamin who resided there until his removal to Columbia in 1782; he married his uncle Thomas Waring's Anne; his mother died, the journal tells us, "on Tuesday, the 13th of the ensuing September, after this visit to her house," and his father was united to this self-same Sally, as I have already told you, on Thursday, the 10th of January, 1745. Capt. Benjamin became one of the first settlers and most valuable citizens of the new town of Columbia, after it was established as the seat of government. I remember, in 1806, meeting with his wife at Tranquil Hill, on a visit to her brother Richard's widow, when she merrily told of her vain attempt at making a muskmellon shaped hat, twenty-six years before, when they were all the rage. She said, too, that her good man had established a paper mill, which, she regretted to say, was too strong a temptation for the poor in summer, to set a just value on their winter garments, for they offered for sale, as rags, such articles as the thrifty heads of families could make look "almost as good as the new." We had come in the journal to May 13th, 1743—Madam went to town with Henry, now sixteen, and to be sent on business to Georgia. Miss Betsy has come from the Cypress; Sally left with the family for a longer visit." It seems she showed an amiable disposition by petting the child over whom fate had decided that she was, in the short space of two years, to exercise the authority and practice the duties of a parent; and no doubt gratifying in the highest degree, was the companionship of this young girl, to the beloved and cherished wife and fond mother. Neither



can we reproach Mr. Waring for his second marriage, he was too young to resign himself hopelessly to a life of celibacy. Nature dictates maternal love. The noble and generous lady, (his first cousin,) who came to create a genial atmosphere in his lonely home, took his child to her heart for the love she bore the father, and soon she loved and cherished him for his own sake. "Journal 17th, at night, Mr. A. Smith's new boat, with one hundred and thirty barrels of rice, was aground at Dr. Martini's, her first voyage." He must, therefore, have lived between Mr. Smith's and the mouth of the creek. Yours is the first, then on the east side, a mile or two from its entrance into Cooper river, "is the house built sixty years ago, by Mr. William Johnson, on a foundation that had been deserted, from a rumor of its being haunted. Col. Vanderdussen, its former owner, lived in great style; the dairy built by his order was lately in use, built of brick, with a pavement so low as to be flowed by a pump, the water passing off to adjacent low grounds." (You may, even at this remote period of time, find the vestige of a similar one on the second Landgrave's Beech Hill plantation; that means the beautiful hill opposite to your mother's Westoe house, where there are wide spreading oaks, with the public road passing by it.) "The Colonel had also a fine row of mulberry trees. A report prevailed that he was a severe master; and, after his death, the negroes fearing that he would return, 'making night hideous,' avoided the place, saying to each other, "if you go there, old Bandison will catch you,' J. B. Irving."

I love your Parish, and most of all its romantically situated Ancient Church of St. James. Its antiquated appearance, the death-like silence that pervades its immediate vicinage, and the time-worn, moss-covered tablets of those who there sleep the quiet sleep of death; of those who shall never be awakened from their leaden slumbers, until that awful day arrives, on which the great Jehovah will command the wide

earth and the deep sea to yield up its inmates. A friend of ours, a gentleman of taste and piety, having long desired to visit that hallowed and sequestered spot, returning from the country some time ago, diverged the short distance from Goose Creek road to gratify his laudable curiosity, and tranquilize his mind by serious reflection ; in his own beautiful language, he goes on to say, " As I traversed the deep and solitary vista that lead to the portals of that church, my mind involuntarily turned to a retrospect of the past—to the long number of years that had passed away forever, since this beautiful carpet-clad avenue, in nature's own livery, had been first used as a pathway to the house of prayer. How many noble sires and virtuous matrons—how many youths of lofty bearing, their hearts buoyant with the hopes of future manhood—how many lovely maidens, with hearts as gay, and steps as light as the merry red-bird, carolling at their sides. Yes, I thought of how many, during those by-gone years, possessing all that renders existence fascinating, who had the same feelings, were influenced by the same hopes and fears, actuated by the same invisible agency that controls my own destiny ; how many of these fellow-beings of mine are gone, forever gone, as if they had never been ; this place that once knew them, knows them no more. Yes, this very spot, this very path, where their footsteps fell, as they approached the temple of the living God, is now trod by many who scarcely know that such ever were ; and in a few brief years or months, aye, perhaps even days, the same common fate awaits me too. Such is the tenor of man's life, a mere bubble, often bursting ere it is formed. With such reflections, I found myself in front of a most chaste, but venerable looking little structure, embosomed in all the wild luxuriance of nature's bowers. The moss-grown stones, covering the remains of those who once held sweet communion in this sanctuary of the Lord, who has, in his own inimitable language, promised that

‘where two or three are gathered together in his name, there he will be in the midst of them.’ Yes, these testimonials to the departed worth, even these, were fast crumbling into dust beneath the insatiate ravages of time ; and in a few years they will also have passed away forever, as being one among the many unerring proofs of the utter instability of human records, though they were traced with points of steel, upon plates of adamant. Here, said I, at this porch, how many happy, joyful greetings have been given ; how many fond and anxious enquiries have been made, by those met here on that ‘hallowed day, the best of all the seven.’ On that day of sweet influences, they were here drawn as to one common centre, for here they were sure to meet one day in the week, and interchange all the kind courtesies of life ; here they united their voices in singing praises to the Most High, the incense of which, ascending to heaven from this little rural tabernacle of the wilderness, were, perhaps, more acceptable than those issuing from the gilded domes of the most magnificent temples.” He goes on to tell us, that “that the interior accords with its exterior, being very neat and chaste, without any attempt at elegance ; but the walls are adorned with several fine marble ornaments, exhibiting some of the choicest specimens of the sculptor’s art, and commemorating the memory of the ‘illustrious dead,’ of those who were enshrined at the commencement of the last century. At the east end is a large window, near this is the pulpit, from which, for almost a century and a half, have the everlasting words of life and hope been conveyed to those who seek the Lord with clean hands and a pure heart. The sides of the altar are adorned with four Corinthian pilasters, upholding cornice ; between these pilasters are the marble tablets of the Decalogue and Lord’s Prayer. Over the east window, which is immediately in the rear of the pulpit, are the royal arms of England. It was this insignia, that saved this church from sharing the

fate of nearly all the other country churches during the war; as they were either burnt, pilaged or converted into barracks, and not the sternest Republican would now wish to see these symbols of regality removed, when it is known that they saved the temple of God from the violence of a mercenary and ruthless soldiery. Even this little church had its chapel of ease, some five or six miles beyond; this is now a mass of ruins, the tombs requiring the chisel of 'old mortality' to enable one to decipher their inscriptions. The Parish of St. James', Goose Creek, was the wealthiest and thickest settled of any around, the clergy of which, for many years, were supplied by the society in England for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. There are few more antiquated churches than this of St. James', in the whole Union, and I shall never again pass it by on the other side. Similar to this are most of the Parish Churches in the lower part of Carolina. From their secluded location and primitive appearance, as they stand embowered among the stately oaks and brilliant foliage of our forest, they are, indeed, well calculated to awaken feelings of deep and vivid interest"—requiring only the pen of an Irving to clothe them with as many attractions as he has so beautifully imparted to the abbeys and churches of other climes. And why may not our own Irving do as much for us? he who possesses the precious gift of painting with the pen. He has given us an account of the sale of Dr. Martini's valuable land on Cooper river, to Colonel John, the son of Nicholas Harleston, and Miss Sarah, the daughter of Mr. Isaac Child. Mr. Elias Ball, the first cousin of Mr. Harleston, was married to Lydia Child, the widow of Mr. George Chicken, those unions took place in 1740 and '47. "Mr., afterwards Colonel John Harleston, was in the counting house of Mr. Henry Laurens, who had designed to send him to England, on business, when the charms of Miss Elizabeth Faucheraud proving irresistible, he was diverted from an

Atlantic voyage to the shorter and more agreeable one, of a voyage hymenial. Having, by his lady, come into the possession of a gang of negroes, he resolved to purchase land on Cooper river. The Huguenot gentleman, Dr. Martini, having, in olden time, bought a tract of land, situated in the vicinity of his father's property, he resolved to purchase it, being then in the market for sale.

The sum was agreed upon between the parties, a day and an hour appointed for the deliverance of titles, provided the money was laid down, £6 sterling for the uncleared lands, £30 for those cleared and banked. Another stood ready to make a cash payment, but the honorable Doctor having passed his word to Mr. H., must wait until the expiration of the time given him to procure the money. He had gone to town and secured the sum demanded. Crossing a bridge on the Goose Creek road, he was thrown from his horse, and the bills of credit of the Province getting wet, he apprehended his bargain would be lost, as the time would expire at 12 o'clock that night; there was no time for returning to procure other money, he opened his paper on the road to dry it, a puff of wind blew some of it into the water; had he hesitated a moment, they would have been lost, he leaped in and recovered his property. He used to describe this as a very anxious day, night coming on and he had far to ride. He reached his destination half an hour before 12 o'clock, and found the other gentleman sitting with the Doctor, ready to purchase the land should he not arrive in time to comply with the terms of sale. That tract of land comprised those valuable plantations, Richmond and Farmfield. Mr. Harleston immediately established himself at the former, prosecuting the arduous work of banking and clearing the swamp." We will transcribe the last testament of Miss Elizabeth's father, that you may understand the family better: "In the name of God, amen! I, Charles Fauchereaud, of St. James', Goose

Creek, Berkley county, in the Province of South Carolina, planter, being infirm in body, though of sound and disposing mind and memory, considering the uncertainty of this transitory life, and the certainty of death, do make and declare this to be my last will, in manner and form following. Principally, being truly sorry for all my sins, and humbly asking forgiveness of them ; I commend my immortal spirit to God who gave it, and through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, by whom I trust to receive full pardon of all my sins, and inherit salvation. My body, at death, I commit to the earth, to be interred in a plain and christian-like manner, at the discretion of my executors, hereinafter named, in hopes of a glorious resurrection into life and immortality by the mighty power of God. And as to all my worldly estate, with which it has pleased God to bless me with, it is my mind and will, that the same, and every part and parcel, shall go and be disposed of such way and manner as is hereinafter respectively mentioned. To my ever honored mother, a mourning ring to the amount of £50 current money. To my loving sister, Mrs. Mary Grimke, and my nephew, John Fauchereaud Grimke, (he intermarried with your cousin, Miss Smith, they were the parents of Dr. John, Mr. Thomas S., Mrs. Ann Frost, and the Misses Grimke,) to each of them a mourning ring of the value of £25. I ordain that the executors of this will shall, with all convenient speed, after my decease, convey, in fee simple, the plantation which I sold to David Grame, situated on the southwest side of Pon Pon river, in Colleton county, for the doing, executing, and perfecting thereof ; I do thereby grant to them the same power and authority as if I myself were living. I desire the rest of my property to remain together until my debts are duly paid. But it is my true meaning, that my daughter Elizabeth be suitably maintained out of the profits arising from my estate, until a division be made, provided

she be sole, but in case of marriage her maintenance shall cease. After my debts are paid, my estate shall be divided between my daughters, Mrs. Mary Allston and E. Faucheraud, in manner following: To Mary, the plantation on which I now live, together with the buildings thereon. To Elizabeth, the place where I formerly lived, which my father bought of Samuel Bacot, and my plantation at Wassamaw, of one thousand acres, and ten negroes. All else to be equally divided between my daughters. I nominate my loving son-in-law, John Allston, and my good friend, Benjamin Smith, of St. James', to be executors of this my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have set my hand and seal, this the 22d day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1765. Charles Faucheraud, (L. S.) Witnesses—Thomas Barton, John Boone, and George Murray.”

Mr. Smith was then thirty years of age, and united to E. A. Harleston. We have seen it recorded that twenty years before that, when he was a lad of ten, his mother had taken him with her to Mr. Faucheraud's, on a visit. He married his second wife, Catherine, the daughter of J. C. and C. Ball, in 1773, on the 8th of April, when thirty-eight. She, with her infant, died on Wednesday, the 23d of February, 1774, at the age of twenty-three years, after an union of only eleven months. His mother died three years after. His third wife was your grandmother Edith's sister Sarah; his fourth, the widow Coachman.

We will for a short space resume the journal. Late in the eventful year of 1745, when, as you must remember, there were three weddings. Miss Betsy became Mrs. Dixon, Ben and Tom Waring persuaded their aunt Edith Smith, to confer their cousins Sucey and Sally upon them. “Saturday 7th, 1745, September, Messrs. Screven and Dixon and families came by water to us.” 8th. We went to the Baptist meeting, and heard of a great many people dying in town

daily. 9th. I shared the cattle; Mr. Dixon's part, twenty head and one young horse called Blaze. 10th, Thursday. They have all gone home, and I paid Mr. Screven £3 10 shillings for Mr. Whitter, on James Island, for two pair of shoes. 11th. Went to the funeral of Mr. Hurst's child. Saturday, 13th. Sent eighty bushels of corn to town to Mr. Shutes. 14th. To meeting, their sacrament, and Mr. Hudson preached. 17th. Mrs. A. Smith and Wood were here. 23rd. Mr. S.'s boat loaded sixteen cords. 24th. Madam went to Col. Pinckney's. 25th. Mr. Postell and wife came here. 26th. This day Thomas Waring and Susannah Smith took each other for man and wife (as already told.) 29th. Go to meeting, and Madam stayed at Mr. Elisha Baker's. (Richard Bohon Baker, of the Revolution, intermarried with Sarah, the daughter of Mr. Henry Hyrne, Madam's brother.) October the 4th. Delivered Mr. Withers twenty-five bushels of corn. 5th. At the muster, heard that Mr. Peter Marion was dead, and Obar too. Monday, 7th. Mr. Dixon came in the night; a great rain. 8th. He killed a steer, next day he went home, and Madam to Andrew Slan's vendue, with Mr. Wood. 10th. She came from Dorchester. 12th. I came from Mr. Cater's, had sat up with him, and left him very ill. 13th. We went to meeting, where we saw Mr. William Elliott and wife." Barnard and Wm. of that period married Elizabeth and the beautiful Fanny Guerin; from one of those unions came Col. Barnard Elliott of the Revolution. I have a nice letter of his to his wife in the country, from town, the day after the battle of Fort Sullivan, from that time called *Moultrie*. She had been Susannah Smith; they had a son or two. His sister, Amarinthia, never married. But, dear me, how we have run away from the English schoolmaster, he was just about to tell us that "On the 14th he sat up again with Mr. Cater, and that on the 16th George Smith came to his father Archar, from Augustine, being twice taken by the



enemy, the Spaniards. 20th. We to meeting. Tuesday, November 5th. Col. Edward Hyrne's horses came here from Cape Fear. 10th. He came himself, and there was a joyful meeting. 19th. Thomas Waring's wife went home for good. Saturday, 12th. Went to muster. 13th. To meeting. 14th. To muster, drafted seven men to go to 96 (now Abbeville.) 18th. Madam paid her tax to Dr. Brown, £61, 8s. and 6d., and received two years rent for ye Back river land, £92. December 2d. Madam went to town. 5th. She came up. 7th, Wednesday. Her dear brother, Col. Edward, came again from town, not meeting with a passage to go home to Cape Fear, and we had a ream of paper from town, cost 35s. 11th. Henry Hyrne went home. Wednesday, 14th. In the afternoon a thunder shower, Prince went to town with a lamb and Sue's calf; broke up school for Christmas. 16th. I, George and Benny went to Mr. Dixon's. 17th. He and family left for Madam's, and we went to Mr. Screvens'. 20th. I went to Mr. Stone's on James Island. 21st. Returned home, rain. 22d. Col. E. Hyrne went to town in order once more to go home, and was to sail the next day—he came alone, it was many years since he left us. 23d. Mrs. Bretton came, Mr. Screven and family came, a lamb killed for the use of the house. 26th. The Rev. Mr. Chanler dined here. 27th. Mr. Dempsey's two sons came to school, and Mrs. Bretton went to town." (Holydays were short in those times.) June the 3d, 1746. One young steer died, and another broke his leg. 4th. This morning, between one and two o'clock, Mrs. Dixon had a daughter born here, to be named Mary Hyrne. 10th. Lent a quire of paper to Mr. A. Smith. 11th. Mr. Dixon went home, and Henry with him. 17th. Mr. Dart and spouse came. 20th. Mrs. Smith to dinner. 29th. To meeting. July 4th. Monday I went to town, Mrs. Dixon on home, Mary a month old. 15th. Madam went to see Mr. Cater work his mill, hard rain, so she lay at Mr. Smith's.

22d. Two pair of sawyers went to saw for the garden. 27th. Madam to town, to James Island, to Ashley meeting, and came home on the 5th of August." And these have all passed away, and so shall you and I. Everything around and about us speaks the tale, that man is but a sojourner here below; then let us mortals learn our lesson well and prepare for immortality, for we are all hastening to that slumber from which we will never awake to this world. At all events I must soon expect my summons; not that I am haunted by any foreboding of my approaching end, but that my extreme age is sufficient to awaken me to such reflections and expectations. For your sake I regret that much useful knowledge of the good old folks has been lost by the shameful destruction of the journal of twenty years. What Goths and Vandals must your visitors, or other inmates, have proved themselves to be, who could tear up such invaluable information; and the little that they have left is fast hastening to oblivion, and would have become entirely extinct but for the untiring efforts of your cousin,

THE OCTOGENARIAN LADY.

## LETTER XVII.

" Pray feel for her who is struggling on  
 In wild ambition's race,  
 Yet feels that the gaol cannot be won—  
 That her spirits droop and her strength is gone,  
 And soon she 'ill find a resting place.  
 Pity her who has weary grown,  
 Of a world that loves her not,  
 Whose joys have vanished and hopes have flown,  
 Whose only wish is to be alone  
 In the grave, that envied spot !"

*Charleston, July 6th, 1851.*

We will take up the Journal as late as Oct. 13th, 1748 ;  
 "on Thursday has come the information of the death of Molly  
 Hyrne Dixon, who departed her life last night, being two  
 years and six months and eight days old. 14th. All ye  
 family have gone to ye funeral this day. " January 9th,  
 1749, Mrs. Tuckerman was buried at night in a great storm."  
 Weep not for the dead, but

" Mourn the living, drop a tear,  
 O'er the pallid child of fear ;  
 O'er the broken hearted crowd  
 That a thousand storms have bowed ;  
 Living grief hath ears to hear,  
 It will bless thee for a tear."

" March 20th, on Monday morn, Sue and Paul removed to  
 live at Mr. Smith's. May 16th. Mr. Rigby came about the  
 stairs, balcony and other things, came Mrs. Mary Waring.

18th. Mr. Smith and Waring's families dined with us. 31st. Mr. Rigby finished the work. November the 8th. Mrs. Sarah Waring, Sen. dined here," the mother of Edith, (Mrs. A. Smith,) and grandmother of Mrs. B. Waring, the Sarah, Jun. "December the 2d, heard of the death of the Rev. Mr. Chanler, was buried this day, as also was Mr. George Waring's child;" (he was one of the four sons of Mr. B. Waring, and his wife Ann Smith.)

" Mourn the living, not the dead ;  
Sigh not for the early fled ;  
Mourn the living, but the dead  
Plant gay flowers about their bed.

" Sing, for songs are for the blest ;  
Smile, for peaceful is their rest ;  
For their tones once cheered our dreams,  
And their smiles gave hope its beams."

And now having thrown the Smiths and Waring's promiscuously together for the space of ten years, respectfully solicit their descendants to come forward and select their respective progenitors, after more than one hundred years gone by. And thus we work on to the end of our task of love.

You are to be told that the Misses Harleston and Ball introduced the Episcopal religion into the regular puritanical family of Smith. The Rev. Edward Ellington was the minister for St. James' Church from 1775 to 1793, when he removed to Savannah, Georgia—a change that he did not long survive. By crossing the carriage and horses in a flat, and having the family rowed over the creek in a fine canoe, Mrs. Henry Smith and daughters had only a few miles to ride. But your mother loves to believe, as the old negroes have told, that "Massa stayed at home and kept *sarvace* with old Misses, his mama," and I have not the least doubt of it, for she was just drawing to the close of life, and we have never

ceased to hear that he was good, benevolent, pious and pure, ever devotedly attached to his excellent mother, who he survived only three years. You find that although you may never be a Churchman, I must have you take an interest in the early state of affairs in your own Parish of St. James. It was laid off by an act of Assembly, November 13th, 1706, and its boundaries defined by an act, December 18th, 1708. The Rev. Wm. Corbin, formerly a preacher at the Chapel of Bromley, St. Leonard, Middlesex, published a Thanksgiving Sermon there in 1695. He arrived here in 1700, and left in 1703. Goose Creek had become thickly settled, and he is the first on record as officiating there. The Rev. Samuel Thomas was the first missionary sent to this Province, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; he came in 1702, and was soon appointed for the three branches of Cooper river, but directed to make the village his principal place of residence, which was represented to the Society as "one of the largest and most populous country towns, and settled by English families entirely, all well affected to the Church of England." Revisiting England in 1705, he came back in October of the same year, and a few days after his arrival he died, much beloved for his sound doctrine, exemplary life and industry. No sooner had the Society heard of his usefulness and death, than they sent out their first missionary to that Parish exclusively, the Rev. Francis Le Jau, D.D. He arrived on the 5th of October, 1706; was a native of Angers, in France, and had been a Canon in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London. Pursuant to the Church Act, the parishioners met on Easter Monday, April 14th, 1707, and elected Robert Stevens and John Saunders, Church Wardens; and Ralph Izard, (he whom your angry forefather called "honest Ralph,") George Canteley, Capt. James Moore, Arthur Middleton, Capt. John Canteley, William Williams, and Capt. David Deas, Vestrymen.

Well satisfied with the character and attainments of Dr. Le Jau, they elected him Rector. He had written to the Society of the kind reception he had met with from Gov. Johnson, and Chief Justice Trott, and of the numerous civilities which he had received from the parishioners, who were busy providing materials for the Church and Parsonage house. These were soon after built. He found that various opinions had been spread there, by a multitude of teachers of all sorts, yet could find very few who understood Christianity, even to the essential parts of it. He was diligent in performing the duties of his cure, and occasionally performed divine service in its neighborhood. When Commissary Johnson was absent, he officiated once a month in Charles Town, and sometimes he visited the French settlement at Orange Quarter, St. Dennis Parish, which, although without a minister, produced fifty communicants when he administered the sacrament, and that out of thirty-two families. In his Parish he had one hundred families, containing one thousand persons. He baptized twenty-one children the first, and nineteen the second year. His zealous exertions for the good of souls gained him the affections of his people. They subscribed £60 currency a year, in addition to his salary from the Society. The congregation soon became too large for the first church, and they then erected the present handsome edifice of brick, which has been so prettily described in our past pages, and wherein I hope you will often be found when residing at the mansion. A parsonage was built, and a donation of one hundred acres of land, as a glebe, was made by Capt. Benjamin Schencking, the building was nearly destroyed by fire, but a sufficient sum was soon subscribed for its repair. He subsequently informed the Society, that the moral character of his parishioners had improved, and that his Church was well attended. You see there was some justice in the account that Landgrave Smith gave of their bad lives and con-

duct in 1704. Mr. Le Jau had, however, to lament that there were still among them "some few atheistical persons, and scoffers at all revelation." Here we have "confirmation strong, as proof of Holy Writ," in these words of so good a minister, that your great great grandfather had not accused them falsely of bad lives. In 1714, when the present Church was began, there were seventy white communicants and eight black ones. Mr. Le Jau had frequently represented to the Society the want of schools in the Province, both for religious and secular instruction, earnestly recommending their establishment. He particularly urged the Society to send a master to his parish, with a suitable compensation. Accordingly, in 1710, Mr. Benjamin Dennis arrived. A number of scholars had been collected, when the Indian war of 1715 dispersed the school, driving many of the inhabitants to town for protection. Mary Hyrne had then been two years Mrs. Smith. After the conclusion of the war, Dr. Le Jau returned with his parishioners to his Cure. In 1717 he was taken sick, and after a long and painful illness died, and was buried at the foot of the altar, where we find the following inscription on a square marble tablet over his grave:—"Here lyeth the body of the Rev. Francis Le Jau, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, who came to this Province in October, 1706, as the first Rector of St. James'. Obit. 15th Sept., 1717, ætat 52. To whose memory this stone is fixed by his only son, Francis Le Jau."

The vestry applying to the Society, stated the great loss which the Parish had sustained in the death of their pastor; declaring him to have been a "good, pious and learned minister, by whose doctrine and conversation, many had reaped much profit." That same year a large, handsome book of Common Prayer, was presented to the parish by Abel Kittleby, Esq., of the Middle Temple, London, and a Landgrave of Carolina. A record was entered in the journal of the vestry,

July 14th, 1719: "That the church being now completely finished, should be forever set apart from all temporal uses, and wholly appropriated to and for the Christian worship of the Holy and Eternal Trinity—one God for ever blessed." The two lower of the middle two rows of pews were kept for the use of the wardens and vestry. To Arthur Middleton, Esq., for giving four acres of land to the parsonage, and for other pious contributions, and for zealous industry and care in promoting this holy work, of building this church, is given an enclosed pew, containing five feet six inches, by seven feet of ground, and to his heirs for ever. The same to Captain Schencking, for one hundred acres of land. To Benjamin Godin, for sixteen acres for the church yard; and to the following persons, for their "pious contributing and zealous industry and care:" Colonel James and Mr. Roger Moore, Robert Hawes, Major Thomas Smith, (the son-in-law of Captain Schencking,) Mrs. Anne Davis, Benjamin and John Gibbes. The rest of the pews were subsequently sold. St. James is a handsome rough-cast, brick edifice, near Goose Creek bridge, containing the marble tables of the Decalogue, Apostle's Creed, and Lord's Prayer, presented in 1758, by the Hon. William Middleton. The vestry, in their letter of thanks, "pray that, *that God*, whose altar he had adorned, and whose laws he had set before them, might bless him in himself, and every branch of his family." The roof is supported by four Dorick columns on each side, and the walls are adorned with several handsome marble monuments, with beautiful inscriptions. A lengthy one to the Hon. Ralph Izard, born 1742, died May 1804. There are twenty-four large double pews on the ground floor, and the aisles are paved with flag-stones. The communion plate consist of a tankard, chalice, and an embossed plate. The Ralph Izard of 1706, bequeathed the sum of £10 to buy a convenient piece of plate for the use of the church, when they celebrate



the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. A Mr. Merry was sent out in 1720, but his behaviour was so indiscreet, that the Parish could not elect him. Thomas Morrit, in 1723, was invited to fill the place until the Society sent another. The Rev. Richard Ludlam entered on the duties on the 31st of August, 1723, and was soon elected Rector. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his spiritual duties, until his death, in 1728. He left his estate to the Society in trust, for erecting and maintaining a school for the instruction of the poor children of the parish; amounting to £2000 currency. In 1729 the Rev. Mr. Thomas was drowned near Sheerness, in going to the vessel to embark for Carolina. In 1733 came Timothy Mellechamp, of whom such frequent mention is made in *The Journal*. He went to England in 1746 for his health, his absence was greatly regretted; for two years the church was only occasionally supplied. The vestry wrote to the Bishop of London and the Society, complaining of his long stay, and requesting another to be sent. He was Rector in Colesbourne, in the diocese of Gloucester. He wished to leave a supply there and come back to America, but the Society wisely dismissed him from their service, and sent the Rev. Robert Stone, A.M. He was appointed in June, 1749, and came in October; he died exactly two years after his arrival, October 1751, a century ago, and was buried in St. Philip's, the second church of that name in Charles Town. In July, 1752, the Society appointed the Rev. James Harrison to this mission; he arrived in December, and on the 18th entered on his duties. He was received with great kindness. The Parishioners, in December, 1754, subscribed £340 currency, to purchase a negro for the use of the parsonage. You have been introduced to the acquaintance of this good man in the pages of "That Nice Old House." In 1756 he wrote of the prosperity of his Cure, that his people were sober, industrious, and attached to the Liturgy of the Church. He spoke of land

bought and bricks made, for the building of a school-house ; that he and his family had been ill, that the vestry had complimented him with £120 currency, to defray the expenses incurred by it. In 1757 he mentioned that persons had brought their children to be baptized, from a distance of eighty to two hundred miles. His communicants then numbered thirty whites, ten of whom had been added in the last year ; and seventeen negroes. Mr. Peter Taylor, a worthy and respectable gentleman, had generously presented to the Parish, a negro slave for the use of the Rector, as a small encouragement to him, for his endeavoring to propagate the Gospel among the slaves in the said Parish. It is honorably recorded on the journals, that in 1759, Mr. Thomas Wright built a vestry room at his own expense. In 1761 Mr. Harrison wrote to the Society that the Cherokee war had induced many of his parishioners to remove to the Northern Provinces for greater security and surer maintenance. The Chapel of Ease, belonging to your Parish, stood about seven miles below Strawberry Ferry ; a brick edifice in the form of the Roman Cross. After a few years use, it was accidentally burned down. I visited the ruin some four years ago, and read the inscriptions on ancient tomb stones ; amongst the names there recorded, you will find those of Broughton, Broun, and Deas. The Baptists have a neat wooden church adjoining the ruin, from which they have used a few bricks for their steps. That glebe of one acre of land, had been presented by Mr. Dutart, of unfortunate memory, he and his family having afterwards fallen into fatal delusion. There is no record of the time when the chapel was built, something like the figure of 1721 appears on a brick ; and, from a road law, we find that it was standing in 1725. The oldest inscription on a tomb there, that is now legible, is 1757—it is that of Mr. Nathaniel Broughton, of Mulberry Castle, in St. John's Parish ; son of Colonel Thomas Broughton, who built the castle, commencing

it in 1714, and the grandson of Governor N. Johnson, who died in 1713.

Returning from thence to Whiteville, St. John's, we drove close to the old brick schoolhouse, where a young man had collected a few scholars of the lower class, from Groomsville<sup>d</sup> and the neighborhood. In 1767, Mr. H. transmitted the accounts of the Rev. Mr. Ludlam's legacy, in consequence of which the Society sent out a new power of attorney for the managing it. He, the Rev. James Harrison, Robert Hume, Joseph Coachman, and John Parker, were appointed their attorneys. Of the bequest made to the parish in 1765, by Mr. Taylor, you have been told that £100, sterling money, was to be paid two years after his decease, for the promoting of the school. Mr. Harrison gave notice in 1774 that he intended to resign; he removed to St. Bartholomew's, and Mr. Ellington, late Rector of St. Helena, Beaufort District, entered on the duties of the parish, April 1775. Mr. H. delivered over to the vestry all the accounts, papers, &c., &c., belonging to the Ludlam fund, together with the balance of £15,272, and received a final discharge, with many thanks for the trouble he had taken; he had proved himself a patriotic gentleman, and an eloquent advocate for, and a beneficent patron of the education of the poor, the distribution of the Holy Scriptures and the general welfare of mankind; indeed, he was ever punctual and conscientious in the discharge of every duty that devolved upon him, to the end of a long life. The Church of St. James, you know, was the only one not profaned throughout the country, by the British army during the war. Some were converted into garrisons, others into hospitals and barracks, and a few were burnt, and you have been told that it was attributed to the royal arms being suffered to remain over the altar, notwithstanding the Revolution. The Rev. Milward Pogson was elected Rector of this parish in 1796, on the 28th of March, and resigned the 26th of February,

1806. The Rev. John Thompson was elected his successor, he had been Rector of St. Thomas and St. Dennis, he removed to England in 1808.

Now, I have given you one hundred and fifty years of your parish, as enjoying the benefits of preaching. Many of the congregation I have named to you, at various times, thus investing them with visible and life-like forms, and you have been informed of ministers, some of whom, glowing, eloquent and enthusiastic, deserved that I should place their mental and moral qualities before you. Through all their conversation there was a vein of deep religiousness—a constant recognition of God and justice. There was a devotion of heart to their calling, that secured them the love and respect of all worthy persons who felt the keenest relish for whatsoever things were true. You find there is not a relic of Olden Times that is not dear to me. I should like to know all that survives, either of fact or legend, respecting that church, although, from 1714, when first preached in, to 1851, we may sing thus :

“ One hundred and thirty-seven years have passed away,  
Since there our God benign  
Saw England’s sons first homage pay  
Before that holy shrine.”

And, in looking about among the tomb-stones that surround it, you will observe the names of many, whom, on the theatre of active life, it will continue your delight to honor, as some of the bravest patriots of your country. That vicinity has been the field of many incidents of interest in the social and political history of our Province or State. Adieu.

## LETTER XVIII.

“ Where are the homes, the dear old homes,  
 Our homes as they used to be ;  
 With frugal wives, of busy lives  
 As they sang right merrily ?  
 When white hands lent to garments rent,  
 The beauty they knew before,  
 And honest glance ne'er looked askance,  
 If creditors passed the door.

When the sweet sight of holy light  
 Shone from the love-lit eye ;  
 And friendship's band with cordial hand,  
 Were precious in days gone by ;  
 O, the key to the homes, our dear old homes,  
 The homes as they used to be,  
 For which we mourn, and hopelessly yearn,  
 Is but virtue's simplicity.”

*Charleston, July 10th, 1851.*

You have often had it repeated to you, that a part of the first Landgrave Smith's land was chosen in North Carolina, where many of your distant relatives are now to be found. My Fayetteville correspondent has written to say that a gentleman, now of that place, but a native of Wilmington, has politely given him the following information : “ that he personally knew two gentlemen of the name of Smith, they were General Benjamin, who resided in Brunswick County, where he owned a large landed estate, extending from the Northwest branch of Cape Fear river, to the sea coast, a distance of

thirty miles. He was an accomplished and talented man, once Governor of the State, and died ten or twelve years since, and was buried on the sea-coast, at a village formed by himself, and called Smithville. The other was Mr. James Smith, also a talented gentleman, he resided about fifteen miles below Wilmington, on a plantation presented to him by his brother, the Governor, and called "Rendall," where he remained many years, and raised a numerous and highly respectable family; several of his daughters married in Wilmington. He ultimately sold out, and returned to South Carolina, establishing himself in Beaufort, he believed he was the father of the Hon. Barnwell Smith, (now Rhett.) The informant had often heard Colonel Edward Hyrne spoken of, who established a plantation about thirteen miles from Wilmington, on the north east branch of the Cape Fear, called Hyrneham, upon which stands, at this time, a large brick building. He was a man of great reputation and high esteem, he died there, and his remains were entombed by his sons Henry and George. The Moores are a numerous family in that section of the State, they were, originally, of South Carolina, and pretty much of the stock of Governor Roger Moore, who was one of the Provincial Governors of it. The gentleman, who communicated the above, is closely related to that family, by his mother's side of the house; she was the only daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Moore, who removed to North Carolina before the Revolution. His brothers were John and James, and he thinks the three were brothers of Governor Roger Moore." Now let us return, and connect your own immediate branch of the family, with the history of your own State.

On the 3d of February, 1779, an action took place near Beaufort, between General William Moultrie, and the British troops. On the 11th of May, General Provost appeared be-

fore Charles Town, and demanded its surrender, which the inhabitants thought fit to refuse. On the 20th of June was fought the battle of Stono Ferry, between General Lincoln, of Hingham, Massachusetts, and the British. On the 10th of September, the militia from Carolina joined the regular and French troops against Savannah. Now comes the tug of war in 1780. On the 11th of February, the British troops cross the Savannah river, and, marching towards Charles Town, are joined by other troops, who had landed on John's Island. Then, on the first of April, they actually broke ground before the lines of Charles Town, and many within it, felt that it was all over with them. On the 12th of May, the place surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton. When these evil tidings reached Yeoman Hall, on Goose Creek, your great grandfather, Henry Smith, too ill to bear arms for his beloved country, "turned his face to the wall, and never smiled again," but died on the 8th of December, 1780. How much more wisely would he have acted, to have risen from his sick bed, shaken off his despondency, and resolved to live in spite of the enemy; agreeing with Campbell, that, "to bear is to conquer our fate." Let me charge you ever to keep up a steady warfare against "the blues,"—rather sing,

" Begone dull care, fain you would me kill,  
But you never shall have your will."

I have heard a great deal in my lifetime of crushed hopes and blighted prospects, of *ennui*, &c., &c.; but let us resolve that on us shall none of these things rest. We will enlist under the banner of the Ascii, those inhabitants of the earth to whom the sun is vertical—like them we will know no shadow. Had Mr. Smith turned his back to the wall, and cried aloud to the enemy, "come ye on, *comme il faut*, and we will endeavor to dress you." Had he perseveringly lived

on to January of the ensuing year, (1781, just one month after his death,) and heard of the battle of the Cowpens, in Spartanburg, South Carolina, how Gen. Morgan defeated Col. Tarleton; and in February, that Gen. Nathaniel Greene had been appointed to the command of the Southern army, his hopes would have revived. Could he have contrived to exist until the 8th of September, and heard the glorious news of the battle of Eutaw, they would have been confirmed; and by the 14th of December, 1782, he could have seen Charles Town evacuated by the British troops. Yes, he might have witnessed that most gratifying sight to all true patriots, ever seen in this town; for, on Sunday, at the sound of the morning gun, the British and American armies were put in motion, they moved down the King street road till they had passed the Lines, when the former filed off towards Gadsden's wharf, where, under Gen. Leslie, they embarked in boats which awaited them. The latter, under Gen. Wayne, moved forward and halted on the south side of Broad, near Church street. Then came Gov. Matthewes and Ex-Governor Rutledge, attended by Gen. Greene, of Providence, Rhode Island, and escorted by two hundred cavalry; and long troops of officers, soldiers, and citizens following on horse back. Smiling faces and joyful voices saluted the deliverers as they came by, with "God bless you, gentlemen, welcome, welcome home." That glorious evacuation day filled all hearts with joy; when their eyes witnessed the departure and formal withdrawal of the British forces, that, for two years and more had possessed the city, and controlled, in great part, the administration of the provincial affairs. Ah, had your great grandfather only lived to be present, he would have had a pleasing sight spread out to his view. The British fleet, upwards of three hundred sail, laying at anchor from Fort Johnson to Five Fathom Hole, in a curve line, as the current runs. And he may have heard afterwards of Gen. Moultrie's



saying, "that which rendered it most agreeable was the fact that they were ready to depart." And uniting his voice with the General's, would have expressed the hope, that we should never again suffer from the painful scourge, humiliating annoyance and footsteps of the invaders. And they would both have declared that the line of conduct most likely to secure us this great blessing would be unanimity among our citizens, which would always give us unconquerable strength. They would have agreed that, if true to ourselves, an invasion could never again set hostile foot on the shores of our country; but there was neither consultation or voice in the grave to which he had hastened. While his country was bleeding at every pore, his patriotism burned with a pure flame, although disease had unstrung his nerves; but his son Thomas, young as he was, had a hand ever ready to strike, for he was a cautious, daring, prompt and resolute man. I hope that you will make our own American history a subject of close study, you will find it almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have greatly bled or toiled for their country; or it rest on votive tablets, inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind. You know that many years of my eventful life have been spent in Yeoman Hall, where, raising my eyes ever and anon to look down that dark and silent Goose Creek avenue, my thoughts would run ever upon olden stories of outlaws and robber bands, with their sternly knit brows. And all night there rang in my ears the blast of bugles, the clatter of galloping steeds, with the shouts of fierce riders, bursting in one wild torrent upon us.

How often there, did I hang with breathless interest on the lips of narrative old age, as it related tales of the Revolution, and those of times long before the war—for the mem-

ories of old Bob and Murriah extended back to a much earlier period of their residence at the Family Mansion Plantation. To them it seemed but as yesterday, that on the 6th of March, 1783, was held the appraisement of the goods and chattles belonging to the estate of their beloved master, Henry Smith, who had died three years before. It ran thus : "Six walnut chairs and two easy chairs, £8, 15s.; bedstead, bed and furniture, £21 ; chest of drawers, dressing table and glass, £14 ; one dozen pictures, one pair of shades, seven dining tables, eleven mahogany chairs, tea table and waiters, fourteen green arm chairs, fifteen hickory chairs, one looking glass, six butter plates, the china in the beaufette, £9 ; one other dozen pictures, seven table clothes, nine sideboard clothes, twelve damask napkins, and three towels, £9 ; one old riding chair that had been Madam Smith's, three guns and a spy glass, £13 ; coach and harness, £35 ; one hundred and sixty-three ounces of silver, £50 ; twenty-three head of cattle £300 ; slaves, Prince, his wife Murriah, their children Stephen, Toby and Plenty, £300 ; Harry, his wife Grace, and their children Molly, Binah and Harry, £280 ; Hercules, £120 ; Tim, £90 ; Tom, £120 ; Bob and Cassander, £200 ; Bellah £30 ; Brass, £80 ; Hager, £10 ; Cenah and child Jenny, £90. There were seventy others, total £5229. Daniel Cannon, John Dupont, George Smith. A true copy taken from the record and examined by me, Charles Lining, Ordinary's Office, November 15th, 1783.

An inventory and appraisement of sixteen negroes, belonging to the estate of Henry Smith, Esq., deceased, this 7th day of April, 1784 :—Jacob, £150 ; Lisbon, £150 ; Rachel and child Plenty, £140 ; Dinah and child Tom, £140 ; Judy, 130—total, £1,390.

And now let us take leave of pounds, shillings and pence, for the more agreeable employment of eulogy. Your grandfather, Thomas, will live in the remembrance of those who

knew him, for his kind, generous courtesy, which shed a halo around his character. At rather an advanced age he entered into a second matrimonial engagement, with a lady much younger than himself; that union was of short duration, productive of great happiness although heavily laden with deep griefs. Many were they who sincerely condoled with him, who had passed through numerous checkered scenes in his lifetime. The following page in the hand-writing of Mrs. Ann Waring, of Tranquil Hill, is fraught with valuable information to us:—

“Jane Morgan, my adopted daughter, was born on the 10th of November, 1787; was given to me by her widowed mother in June, 1790. She was married to Mr. Thomas Smith, of Westoe, 15th of September, 1815. Their daughter Ann Ball, (my namesake) was born September the 5th, 1816. Their daughter Jane Keith, (after a dear friend) was born the 3d of October, 1818, and departed this life on the 1st of December of the same year. My dear child, Ann Ball Smith, departed this life August 15th, 1819. My dear Jane departed this life, left earth for Heaven, July 17th, 1820. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Amen.”

Mrs. Smith's manners possessed a natural delicacy, whilst her countenance beamed with good humor; yet there was an ardor and enthusiasm in her character, that lead her to act with a degree of energy that was sure to result in success. Her private journal proves her to have been an humble christian, cultivating urbanity, politeness and the social virtues. She could each night reflect with pride and pleasure on the well spent day. In your great aunt, (Mrs. J. S. Waring,) she found a thoughtful, warm-hearted sympathizing sister, ever speaking words of affection to her dear brother, and the wife he had chosen. And now having counselled the young man soon to enter upon the active and deceiving scenes of

life, desire, in a second number, to address girlhood, advancing to the years of maturity, and tremblingly alive to all the most delicate emotions of the heart. Never shall the Octogenarian allow any repulsive severity to injure the influence of her wisdom, since even to the end of time has she resolved to cultivate a graceful suavity of manners, such as shall at once conciliate esteem and command respect; her only desire has been to stimulate the ambition of both sexes in the pursuit of learning, wisdom, and virtuous glory, by holding up to their example the illustrious models of previous generations of our own people. All her instructions have been dictated by a spirit of parental affection, and unfeigned solicitude for their present and future prospects. Beware, my loved ones, how you conduct yourselves; sit not in the seat of the scorner, since it is impossible to conceive a character more irrational and pernicious. For how can religion be a fit object of ridicule since it involves the peace of millions, and holds in one hand the promises of Omnipotence, with His awful threatenings in the other? Remember that the wheel of life is rapidly revolving, and that we are all hastening, with irresistible velocity, towards the grave. Charmed by the novelties of life, and confiding in the vigor of health, you are too apt to defer the day of self-examination, and yet you see too often the young cut off in the midst of their career. The breath of death not unfrequently blast the beauty of the opening rose. The wind of the desert levels the towering cedar with the dust, and the young man, or the blooming maiden is carried to an early tomb. But I can be deceived by no such hopes, yet if my life should be prolonged awhile, I think to carry on the history of many in whom you may have become interested and desire to know more. Thus ends my labor of love for the present. May God grant that beyond the narrow bounds of mortality we shall all live forever in bliss together. Yours, affectionately,

THE OCTOGENARIAN LADY.

















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