

This copy belongs to

These Sams (Clyde)

HISTORY  
of the  
SAMS AND WHITTLE  
FAMILIES.  
by  
Conway Whittle Sams.

Table of Contents.

Family Names,	_____	1
Ancestors, Classified by Generations,	_____	10
Positions of Honor held by our Ancestors,	_____	28
Immigrant Ancestors,	_____	32
Old Family Seats,	_____	35
The Sams Family,	_____	38
Sams in History,	_____	41
The Whittle Family,	_____	177
The Fripp Family,	_____	309
The Tyler Family,	_____	312
The Hext Family,	_____	344
The Munford Family,	_____	347
The Johnson Family,	_____	352
The Barnwell Family,	_____	358
The Stanyarne Family,	_____	373
The Moseley Family,	_____	375
The Cocke Family,	_____	405
The Beverley Family,	_____	410
The Bassett Family,	_____	418
The Contesse Family,	_____	424
The Bray Family,	_____	429
The Bland Family,	_____	436
The Burwell Family,	_____	440
The Meriwether Family,	_____	467
The Byrd Family,	_____	470
The Randolph Family,	_____	477
The Carey Family,	_____	490
The Smith Family,	_____	495
The Hone Family,	_____	497
The Bennett Family,	_____	497
The Isham Family,	_____	578

Table of Contents.

The Gookin Family,	-	-	-	511
The Higginson Family,	-	-	-	513
The Bacon Family,	-	-	-	516
The Page Family,	-	-	-	523
The Savage Family,	-	-	-	530
The Bushrod Family,	-	-	-	535
The Cateline Family,	-	-	-	538
The De Vere Family,	-	-	-	540
The St. Leger Family,	-	-	-	544
The Chiles Family,	-	-	-	549

Family Names.

Whitmarsh 5  
Tith 6  
1/2

Family Names.

Bacon,	Eighth.	Honeywood,	Ninth.
Baker,	Eleventh.	Horsemander,	Eighth.
Barnwell,	Fourth.		
Bassett,	Fifth.	Isham,	<b>Eighth.</b>
Bedell,	Ninth.	Jarrett,	Sixth.
Bennett,	Eighth.	Johnson,	Third.
Berners,	Fifth.	Judde,	Twelfth.
Beverley,	Fifth.	Keene,	Tenth
Bland,	Sixth.	Keene,	Fourteenth.
Bray,	Fifth.	Kenyon,	Sixth.
Burwell,	Sixth.	Lewknor,	Seventeenth.
Bushrod,	Ninth.	Low,	Seventh.
Byrd,	Seventh.	Luckin,	Ninth.
Carey,	Seventh.	McNiece,	Fourth.
Cateline,	Tenth.	Meriwether,	Sixth.
Chiles,	Seventh.	Morris,	Sixth.
Cocke,	Fourth.	Moseley,	Fourth.
Contesse,	Fifth.	Munford,	Third.
Cotton,	Eleventh.	Murfin,	Thirteenth.
Crafford,	Seventh.	Offley,	Ninth.
Davis,	Tenth.	Page,	Eighth.
Deering,	Fifth.	Palmer,	Fourth.
de Vere,	Twelfth.	Poulton,	Eleventh.
Dickerson,	Eighth.	Poulton,	Eleventh.
Elcock,	Eleventh.	Randolph,	Seventh.
Fripp,	Second.	Sams,	First.
Glenn,	Seventh.	Savage,	Ninth.
Gookin,	Eighth.	Scott,	Eleventh.
Hack,	Sixth.	Smith,	Seventh.
Hayward,	Tenth.	Smyth,	Eleventh.
Hext,	Third.	Stanyarne,	Fourth.
Higginson,	Eighth.	Stegge,	Ninth.
Hobson,	Ninth.	St. Leger,	Tenth.
Hone,	Eighth.	Stringer,	Seventh.
		Taylor,	Eighth.
		Tesdale,	Tenth.
		Tokesey,	Ninth.
		Tyler,	Second.
		Tyng,	Tenth.
		Tyree,	Fifth.
		Utie,	Ninth.
		Whittle,	First.

Ancestors,  
Classified by Generations.

ANCESTORS.

First Generation.  
-----

Major Horace Hann Sams,  
Of Beaufort, South Carolina.  
Born March 5th, 1829;  
Married October 18th, 1860;  
Died May 6th, 1865.

Grace Latimer Whittle,  
Of Norfolk, Virginia;  
Born August 29th, 1831;  
Died December 15th, 1897.

Second Generation.  
-----

Doctor Berners Barnwell Sams,  
Of Beaufort, South Carolina;  
Born May 26th, 1787;  
Married November 5th, 1812;  
Died March 15th, 1855.

Elizabeth Hann Fripp,  
Of St. Helena, South Carolina;  
Born September, 20th, 1795: *Aug 11*  
Died March 16th, 1831.

Conway Whittle,  
Of Norfolk, Virginia.  
Born August 21st, 1800;  
Married February 18th, 1823;  
Died June 26th, 1881.

Chloe Tyler,  
Of Williamsburg, Virginia;  
Born April 21st, 1802;  
Died June 19th, 1858.

ANCESTORS.

Third Generation.

William Sams,  
Of Beaufort, South Carolina:  
Born April 18th, 1741; 2  
Married  
Died January 16th, 1798.

Elizabeth Hext,  
Of Beaufort, South Carolina:  
Born January, 2nd, 1746;  
Died November 8th, 1813.

Thomas Fripp,  
Of St. Helena, South Carolina.  
Born  
Married  
Died

Martha  
Born  
Died

Conway Whittle,  
Of Thistleborough, Ireland, and  
later of Norfolk, Virginia.  
Born  
Married  
Died 1818.

Frances Moseley Boush, née Munford,  
Of Norfolk, Virginia:  
Born  
Died 1801.

Chancellor Samuel Tyler,  
Of Westbury, Charles City County, Va.  
Born about 1765.  
Married 1787.  
Died 1812.

Elizabeth Bray Johnson,  
Of Littleton, James City County, Va.  
Born 1768.  
Married at 13 yrs. 1787.  
Died 1842.



ANCESTORS.

Fourth Generation.

Robert Sams,  
Of South Carolina.  
Born  
Married April 14th, 1741.  
Died February 6th, 1760.

Bridget Barnwell,  
Of Fort Royal, then in Granville,  
now in Beaufort, County, S.C.  
Born  
Died

Francis Hext,  
Of  
Born  
Married  
Died

Elizabeth Stanyarne,  
Of  
Born  
Died November 8th, 1813.<sup>2</sup>

William Fripp,  
Of St. Helena, South Carolina:  
Born  
Married  
Died

Tabitha  
Of  
Born  
Died

James Whittle,  
Of Thistleborough, Ireland:  
Born  
Married  
Died

Mary McNeice,  
Of  
Born  
Died

Theodoric Bland Munford,  
Of  
Born Feb. 21st, 1742;<sup>3</sup>  
Married  
Died October , 1772, at Col John Banister's  
residence in Dinwiddie County.<sup>4</sup>

Frances Moseley,  
Of Rolleston, Princess Anne County, Va.  
Born  
Died

1. South Carolina Historical Society, Vol. 2, p.1.
2. South Carolina Historical Magazine, Vol. 6, p. 33.
3. Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Mag. Vol.3, p. 177.
4. Same, p. 177.

5

ANCESTORS.  
-----

Fourth Generation, Continued.  
-----

Louis Contesse Tyler,  
Of Williamsburg, later of Charlotte County.  
Born  
Married December 29th, 1772.  
Died

Mary Barradall Palmer,  
Of Williamsburg, his first cousin.  
Born  
Died

James Bray Johnson,  
Of  
Born  
Married 1773; Va. Mag. V, p. 32.  
Died

Rebecca Coker,  
Of Westbury, Charles City County, Va.  
Born  
Died

15. *The Father of Martha, the wife of Thomas Fripp?*  
15. The Father of Martha, the wife of Thomas Fripp?

16. *The Mother of Martha, the wife of Thomas Fripp?*  
16. The Mother of Martha, the wife of Thomas Fripp?

ANCESTORS.

Fifth Generation.

Bonham Sams, Of South Carolina:  
Born  
Married  
Died

Of  
Born  
Died

Colonel John Barnwell,  
Of Dublin, Ireland; later of Fort  
Royal, South Carolina.  
Born  
Married  
Died

Anne Berners,  
Of  
Born  
Married  
Died

John Stanyarne,  
Of  
Born  
Married  
Died

Hannah  
Of  
Born  
Died

Luke Whittle,  
Of Thistleborough, Ireland, near Glenavy  
Born  
Married, June 29th, 1726.  
Died

Mrs. Eliz. Donaldson, née Deering, widow of  
Of  
Born  
Died

Col. Robert Munford,  
Of Appomattox, Prince George Co. Va.  
Born  
Married his first cousin  
Died

Anne Beverley, of Blandfield, Essex County.  
Born Feb. 25th, 1711?  
Died

1. South Carolina Historical Society, Vol. 2, p. 47.  
2. Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine, Vol. 3, p. 177.

Military Service.

37

Col. John Barnwell.  
Col. Edward Hack Moseley.  
Col. Philip Johnson.  
Col. Littleburg Cocke.  
Col. William Bassett.  
Col. Peter Hack.  
Capt. William Bassett.  
Col. Peter Hack.  
Capt. William Bassett.  
Col. John Stringer.  
Major Lewis Burwell.  
Col. James Bray.  
Capt. John Gookin.  
Capt. Robert Higginson.  
Col. Edward Moseley.  
Col. Miles Cary.  
Ensign Thomas Savage.  
Captain William Moseley II.  
Capt. Hillery Moseley.  
Major Horace H. Sams, C.S.A.

Lawyers.

Horace Hann Sams.  
Conway Whittle.  
Samuel Tyler, Chancellor of the Williamsburg District,  
1804-1812.  
John Palmer.

Doctors.

Dr. Burners Barnwell Sams.  
Dr. Lewis Contess.

**Immigrant Ancestors.**

Immigrants.

Bonham Sams came from Cardiff, Wales, to South Carolina, at an early date. He acquired a grant of land in the time of Charles II.

Conway Whittle, came from "Thistleborough," on Lough Neagh, in the north of Ireland, about 1790.

Col. John Barnwell came from Ireland to South Carolina, in 1701. He was from Dublin.

Capt. Wm. Basset, of the British Army, came from Isle of Wight, England, to New Kent County, Virginia, in 1659.

William Mosely, came from Rotterdam, Holland, to Virginia, about 1649. He settled in Princess Anne Co., and built ~~Wolleston~~ <sup>Wolleston</sup>, named for the family seat of ~~Wolleston~~ <sup>Wolleston</sup> Hall", in Staffordshire, England.

Capt. Robert Higginson, a noted Indian fighter, came from Barkswell, Warwick Co., England, to Virginia, in 1643.

Col. Miles Cary came from Bristol, England, to Virginia, about 1640; a lineal descendant of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, and, at the time of his death, heir apparent to the barony.

Captain John Gookin came to Virginia before 1639, and settled at Newport News.

Louis Burwell came from Bedfordshire, England, 1640.

Ensign Thomas Savage came over in the "Second Supply," in 1602.

William Randolph, of Turkey Island, was born in Yorkshire, and came from Warwickshire, England, in 1674.

Henry Isham of Bermuda Hundred, came from Northamptonshire.

Nicholas Meriwether of James City County.

Theodoric Bland.

Hugh Hext came from England in 1686.

Immigrants.

Major Robert Beverley.

Colonel John Page, of England and Williamsburg. He emigrated to Virginia in 1650. The family was seated at Bedfont, near Feltham, on the London and South West R.R., about thirteen miles from London

William Byrd came over **about** 1674.

Henry Tyler, came to York County Justice of the Peace in 1653.

Old Family Seats.



Old Family Seats.

---

- Datha, about five miles east of Beaufort, South Carolina, an island in the sea, the seat of the Sams.
- Thistleborough, On Lough Neagh, in the north of Ireland, the seat of the Whittles.
- Carter's Creek, formerly called Fairfield, in Gloucester County, Virginia, the seat of the Burwells. Described in 1st Bishop Meade, page 352. See Life of Lewis Burwell.
- Eltham, in New Kent County, the seat of the Bassetts. This is the name of a town in Kent County in which is a Royal Palace dating back to the times of Henry VIII. It was the site of Machot.
- Westbury, in Charles City County, the seat of Chancellor Tyler's family. It was next to Shirley.
- Littletown, James City County, on the James, north side, opposite to Hog Island, the property of the Brays, having come into it by marriage with the widow of Capt. Thos. Pettus. It stayed in that family till 1752, when it came to our great, great, grandmother, Elizabeth Bray Johnson.
- Kingsmill, James City County, the property of Abigail Smith, who married Lewis Burwell, the seat of the Bacons. See 1st Meade, 332.
- Rolleston, in Princess Anne County, Virginia. The seat of the Moseleys.
- Greenwich, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, near the station of that name on the Virginia Beach R. R. One of the seats of the Moseleys. Here is an old family grave yard, where Mary Bassett, wife of Col. Edward Hack Moseley, and others, are buried.

Old Family Seats, Cont'd.

Westover, on the James River, the seat of the Blands, where Theodoric Bland settled, 1665-6. Sold by Theodoric and Richard Bland to William Byrd, Esq., 1200 Acres of the tract, in 1688. Tyler's Cradle, &c., page 143.

Cary's Quarter, at the confluence of the James and Warwick Rivers, the seat of the Carys, where Col. Miles Cary is buried.

Turkey Island, the home of William Randolph, is described in Tyler's Cradle of the Republic, at page 139, which is given at length in the history of William Randolph. It is situated in the James River.

Weyanoak and Kicotan, the property of Governor Richard Bennett.

Shoal Bay, in Isle of Wight County, on the south side of the James, the residence of Colonel Louis Burwell before he moved to the north side of the James and built Carter's Grove.

Vauxhall, York County, the seat of Col. Phillip Johnson, who married Elizabeth Bray.

omit } Whittle's Rest - 250 Acres surveyed May 4th 1663 for George Whittle in Calvert County, Md.  
(Side Lights in Maryland History vol 1, p. 302).

Pitchley, the seat of the Ishams, in England.

Cawsons, the later seat of the Blands, near the mouth of the Appomattox, In Prince George County.

Savage's Neck, Northampton County, the home of Thomas Savage.

Old Family Seats, Continued.

---

Utimaria, the home of Col. John Utie, in York County.

Belvidere, the home of William Byrd the first, in Richmond, on the Bank of  
the James. The present Belvidere Street was the road which  
led to the house.

Conjurer's Neck, in Henrico County? The seat of Col. Richard Kennon.

The name Conway is derived from a Celtic hero Conn, son of the Red.

An account of a conflict in which he was engaged, in Ireland, to avenge his father's death, and to exact a ransom from the nobles of that island, is given in "The Fians Gaelic and English", by J.G. Campbell, p. 120. So powerful was Conn that Fionn declared he could not be "subdued without guile by two-thirds of those that are in Ireland".

After the slaughter of numerous people, Conn was confronted with Goll, son of Morra, a mysterious personage who was called upon to rise in defense of his people. Goll was the person who had taken off the head of Conn's father.

After more than eleven days of conflict, Conn was defeated, and slain by Goll.

The name Conn appears in Connaught, one of the four great divisions of Ireland, a separate kingdom until 1590, when it was divided into five counties. And again in Lough Conn, a lake in Mayo County, Ireland.

The full word Conway appears as the name of a town in Carnarvonshire, North Wales, on the river of that name, near its mouth.

The Sams Family.

64

40

The Sams Arms.

---

Burk's General Armory gives the following Coats of Arms under the name of Sams. The first mentioned is identified by my Aunt, Elizabeth E. Sams, as being according to the tradition of the family the Arms to which we are entitled.

"Sammes, or Sams, (Little Totham and Toulson, Co. Essex).

Or, a lion ramp. Sa. embrued on the breast  
gu.

Crest - A man's head in a helmet ppr. garnished or,  
on the top a plume of feathers sa."

---

"Sammes Gu. Two salmons haurient ar. finned or.  
Crest - A lion ramp. ar. collared and chained or."

---

"Sams (Langford, Co. Essex) Gu. Two Salmons in  
pale ar. finned or.  
Crest - A leopard salient sa. spotted or, ducally  
gorged, ringed and lined of the last."

---

The Name.

---

The name Sams is a patronymic, derived from the baptis-  
mal name Samuel. It means the son of Samuel, in its ~~diminutive~~  
**diminutive** form of Sam. The name is the same as Samson, Samkin,  
Sams and Samnes. The name Samuel is from the Hebrew, and  
means Heard of God, or, asked for of God.

Sams in History.

42

Sams in History.

The principal location of this family would appear to have been in Essex County, England.

Burke, in his General Armory, in giving the arms borne by various branches of the family mentions:

Sames, County Essex.

Sames, Sir John.

Sammes, or Sams, Little Totham and  
Toulson, County Essex.

These three had the same arms, those given here.

Sams, Langford, County Essex, had a different arms.

All whose location was given were from Essex.

*out*  
There is a place of this name, Sams, of about 100 population, on the Kentucky River, in Estill County, in the State of Kentucky.

Sammes, Aylett, a lawyer and antiquary. He was educated at Cambridge, and took the degree of M. A. He was admitted to an eudem degree at Oxford in 1677, having in the previous year published his "Britannia Antiqua Illustrata", or the antiquities of ancient Britain derived from the Phoenicians. A eulogium of the book appeared in the Philosophical Transactions at the time. Some imputed the authorship of the work to Sammes' uncle. He died in 1679.

(The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. Vol. 12, page 892.)



Sams in History.

Hotten's Original List of Emigrants to America.

Published by J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway, 1874.

"The original Lists of Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Rebels, Serving men sold for a term of years; apprentices; children stolen; Maidens Pressed; and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations 1600-1700."

In the "lists of Convicted Rebels" involved in Monmouth's Rebellion of 1685.

"(Barbadoes)

A list of Seventy-two Rebels by his Majesty's Mercy granted to Gerome Nepho to be transported to this Island by the Betty, James May, Master, received by Charles Thomas and John Penn, by order of George Penne, Esqr., being the order of Jerom Nepho."

(Then follows the list thus divided:)

Masters		Rebells.
		Edward Marsh,
Thomas Berresford.		John Sams,
		Nathaniel Standericke. "

1. This was the attempt to make the Duke of Monmouth, alleged alleged son of Charles I., King, in place of James II. See Trevelyan's England under the Stuarts, pp. 430-431.

43 1/2

Sams in History.

---

Hotten in his Original Lists of Emigrants 1600 - 1700 also mentions Elizabeth Sames<sup>1</sup>, nineteen years of age, who embarked for Virginia July 4th, 1635, on the Transport of London, her conformity to the orders and discipline of the Church of England, being attested by the Minister of Gravesend, in whose Parish she therefore presumably had lived .

John Sams, the rebel is mentioned<sup>2</sup>, George Sam, of Chid-leigh, fifteen years old, sailed from Plymouth in 1624, in the Robert Bonaventure for St. Christopher's<sup>3</sup>.

1. page 103.
2. Page 324.
3. Page 153.

Sams in History. 114

---

Sir George Sams is mentioned in Burke's History of the Commons, a work in four volumes, published in London in 1837, (Vol. 1, p. 592) as having married one of the daughters of Sir John Garrard, Kn't., who was sheriff of London in 1593, and Lord Mayor in 1601.

Sir John Garrard married Jane, a daughter of Richard Partridge, citizen of London, and had several children, five of whom married and left issue.

George Sams, Gentleman, was a subscriber to the stock of the Virginia Company, under the Third Charter. He was of Tolshunt Major, in Essex County.

Sir John Sams, or Samms, was a subscriber for £150, of which he is known to have paid £50. "He was a son of John Samms, Esq., of Lanckford Hall, Essex, by the daughter of Bartholomew Averell; knighted at Dublin by the Earl of Essex in August 1599; M.P. for Malden in Essex, 1610-11; M.C. for Va. Co., 1612; an incorporator of the N. W. P. Co. in 1612; M.P. for Malden in Essex in 1614. Chamberlain wrote to Carleton, October 14, 1620: 'Sir John Samms is stept aside and gone for Bohemia, as is pretended, being overladen and ready to sink under the burthen of his debts.' Married, in 1595, Isabella, daughter of Alderman Sir John Garrard of London; died in Flanders, where he was governor of Isondike, leaving an only son, Sir Gerard Samms, who married Ursula, daughter of Gawen Champernowne, Esq., and widow of Auditor Saxsey." (Brown's Genesis of the U. S., Vol. 2, p. 991).

Sir John Sames was knighted in 1599 by Robert, Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. (Burke's General Armory, page 893).

### Sams in History.

Joseph Sams, born 1784, died 1860. Orientalist, born at Somerton, Somerset, was educated at Ackworth school, Yorkshire, from 1794 to 1798, and became a teacher there in 1804. He left in 1810 to start a school at Darlington, but relinquished it to open a bookseller's shop.

Later he travelled over the continent of Europe and elsewhere in search of antiquities. During his many visits to the East he found a valuable collection of Egyptian papyri, mummies and sarcophagi. The objects were intelligently collected to show the workman's method, and included half-finished inscriptions, palettes with the colors prepared, and children's toys.

Among the jewelry was said to be the ring presented by Pharoah to Joseph. In the course of his visits to Palestine, Sams visited every spot mentioned in the New Testament, that could be identified.

In 1832 he obtained from a banker in Girgenti 150 Graeco-sicilian vases of much interest, which he exhibited and described.

Sams was somewhat eccentric wore a "three-decker" hat, and secreted the money for which his circular notes were changed in a screw ferrule at the end of a walking-stick. He carried with him religious books and tracts in Italian, Arabic, and other tongues. When granted an interview with Mohammed Ali at Alexandria, he gave him a copy of the scriptures, and deposited another in the monastery at the foot of Mount Sinai.

Sams's curiosities were exhibited at 56 Great Queen Street, London, and at Darlington. Many collections were enriched from them. The bulk, which was offered to the British

Sams in History.

---

Museum, was purchased by Joseph Mayer, about 1850; was exhibited with his own collection in Great Colquith Street, Liverpool, and in 1867 presented to the town by him.

Sams died on the 18th of March, 1860, and was buried at Darlington. He married in 1807, Mary Brady of Doncaster (d. 1834); by her he had several children. His books, pictures, tapestries and manuscripts, were sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in London on the 2nd of November, 1860.

Sams issued a "Descriptive Catalogue" of his collection of rare books, illustrated by Bewick, and with critical and biographical notes. He also printed drawings of the Egyptian remains; in 1839 an illustrated catalogue of them, and a catalogue of ancient and modern books relating chiefly to the Society of Friends. (Durham, 1856, 8 vo). A notice of his Egyptian curiosities and plates appeared in the "Gentlemen's magazine" April, 1833, pp. 312-315.

Sams in History.

A family of this name was settled in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. A number of references to their affairs is contained in the first volume of Virginia County Records.

The name is spelt indifferently, Samms, Sams or Sames. The given names were James, John, Joseph, William, Katherine, Mary, Anne, Nanny.

The transactions recorded are included between the years 1726 and 1795, and relate to the purchase and conveyance of various tracts of land, Witnessing deeds etc.

James Sams divided his land on Pike Run between his sons William and James.

Another James Sams dies inestate and his son Joseph conveys the plantation his father lived on, to his brother John, in order to carry out the wishes of his father. Before this Joseph had, with his guardian's consent been bound out as an apprentice.

The transactions are not striking in amount nor character. They are located in St. George Parish.

(Pages 1, 14, 62, 55, 91, 93, 94, 167, 169, 173, 230, 299, 310, 376, 427, 475.)

Sams in History.  
-----

Books by or About Persons of this Name.  
-----

A sketch of the life and professional services of Isaac Sams, for fifty years a distinguished teacher with some reminiscences by an "old boy". Cincinnati, P. G. Thomson, 1880; 83 pages. 8° , by Henry S. Doggert.

Sams, John Walter.

Stray leaves from the journal of a wandering printer. By John Walter Sams, Tours through the South and West, visits to points of interest in the new world, including battle fields of the Civil War, memories of early days in Texas, Original Poems, Pioneer Newspaper Men.

Duncan, I. T. Eagle Publishing Rooms, 1909. 144 pages.

Peter W. Sams, 1840-1919.

A Wonderful Thought, and other poems by Peter W. Sams. Berkley, California. Wetzel Bros. 1919. 10 pages.

Samuel Sams.

A complete and universal system of stenography or short hand rendered easy and familiar to the meanest capacity, on a plan entirely new. By S. Sams. Both Printed (and sold) for the author, by Wood & Cunningham, 1812. 64 pages.

William Sams.

A Tour through Paris illustrated with 17 colored plates, accompanied with descriptive letter-press. London W. Sams. 1824.

*Handwritten:*  
Sams

Sams in History.  
-----

Stanhope Sams,

Gunton's Magazine, V, 1-27. Mar. 1891 - Dec. 1904.  
New York (Institute of Social Economics etc.) 1892-1904.  
Washington, The Gunton Company.

Stanhope Sams,

Japan and America. VI - 3. July 1901- November 1903.  
New York. H. Hoshi, 1901-3.

Stanhope Sams.

U. S. Dept. of Commerce.

Wearing Apparel in Japan by Stanhope Sams. Commercial  
Agent., Washington Government Printing Office. 1917. 134 p.



Letters from Sams in England.

49<sup>a</sup>

Emberton Rectory,  
Newport Pagnel,  
Bucks.

23 Nov., 1921.

My dear Sir:

I hasten to write and thank you for the very handsome present I received this morning by post.

It seems to be admirably written and I am reading it with very great pleasure and interest, rubbing up my history and geography meanwhile.

I am most sorry that I am unable to give you any family history. Indeed I cannot go further back in the Sams family than my grandfather, the Rev. John Barwick Sams, who died before I was born. He was a posthumous child which may perhaps partly account for his lack of interest in his ancestors. His residence was Bury St. Edmonds where he filled the office of "Reader" in St. Mary's Church. He was, however, incumbent at the same time of four benefices, from each of which he drew a good stipend - a very lax and discreditable system which is now happily abolished.

One of my uncles professed to have made out a family tree but it has always been looked upon as of doubtful value.

I should much like to be able to claim cousinship with the author of so good a book as that you have kindly sent me.

The only genius in our family is my youngest son, who left Charterhouse as head of the school, got a high first class in the Cambridge Classical Tripos (?) and is now one of the youngest judges in the Indian Civil Service.

I think there can be little doubt that our branch of the family came originally from Essex.

Such has always been the accepted tradition.

Thank you for your kind reference to my elder son who was killed in the war. Today is the dear fellow's birthday. Another son of mine is a commander in the Navy, and fought in the battle of Jutland.

20402

47

Sams Family Homes mentioned in Books.

References to the places our family lived and owned are found in the following publications:

In describing St. Helena Sound, James Henry Rice, Jr., in his book "Glories of the Carolina Coast", has this to say of the old family Plantation, Datha, or, as he spells it, Dawtaw:

"Still further toward the sound, Coosaw is joined by Bull River, itself formed by Millimon and Wimbee rivers, both of which again have two branches. Just below Hangman's Point, Morgan River enters the sound from behind Morgan Island, which lies midway between Ladies and St. Helena islands. Morgan River, once the scene of phosphate dredging on a vast scale, is an arm of the sea, properly speaking. Far up towards its head, where the river becomes lost in marsh, there is a dream island, called Warsaw Island on the topographical survey map, but which is no other than Dawtaw Island, once the seat of the Sams family in their days of prosperity. The mansion has long crumbled and no trace remains; but the live oak grove speaks with mute eloquence of taste and care in days gone by. Near it is another grove, where rest the dead of the family.

"Dawtaw is the most inaccessible of all islands whereon there is cultivation, except by boat from the Chee-Ha side. Captain Samuel Gaillard Stoncy of Charleston and Hedway Court is its overlord. Its area is 1,000 acres. Coosaw and Morgan islands, north of Dawtaw, are much larger islands, while St. Helena, with exactly 100 square miles, or 64,000 acres, is the largest of them all.

The town house in Beaufort is thus described in Harriette Kershaw Leiding's "Historic Houses of South Carolina:"

"The house on the Point now occupied by the Crofuts was built by Dr. Barnwell Sams in the latter part of the fifties, and was taken during the Confederate War for a hospital. The Sams family bought it at the U.S. Tax sale, and sold it to Mr. Wilson the sheriff. It passed through many hands and was bought finally by the Crofuts.

"This residence has been selected as a good type of the ante-bellum residence of Beaufort. Its heavy brick columns, supporting the flat roof to the galleries, give a rather massive effect to the establishment."

X  
Same Family Homes mentioned in Books.

And a picture is given in the same book, not of the dwelling itself, but of the kitchen, wall and servants' quarters.

In the "House Beautiful" of April, 1921<sup>2</sup>, there is a rear view of the house with the servants' quarters in the foreground. The servants' quarters seem to have particularly struck the imagination of these two writers.

But in the magazine "Travel" of February, 1917<sup>3</sup>, there is a fine picture of the house itself.

1. Page 248.
2. Page 300.
3. Page 31.



Major Horace H. Sams, C. S. A.,  
Eleventh Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers,  
Stuart's Battery; Rhett's Brigade;  
Huger's Division; Hardee's Corps,  
General Joseph E. Johnston's Army.

49/2

Sams on the Map.

A few spots on the face of the earth have borne the name of Sams.

The one that comes nearest home to our branch of the family is Sams Point, in Beaufort, where our grandfather Berners Barnwell Sams built his substantial home. A large part of this point later passed to the Hamilton family.

The name is obscured locally; however, by the place being generally spoken of as "The Point", it being in reality the point of land on which the town is built, projecting into the Beaufort River.

Another Sams Point is on Coosaw River; about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles, in a straight line, northeast of Beaufort. This is shown on the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Chart, of that region.

This was in a cluster of plantations owned by the sons of Dr. B. B. Sams. These plantations were "Laurel Hill", "Burgamot", "Black's Point" and "Bolus Point", and were owned by Julius, Clement, Franklin, Bainbridge, and Donald Sams.

They were three or four miles north of Datha Island. Between these plantations and Datha lay Coosaw Island, the property of Captain John Barnwell, whose father bought it from an Indian Chief.

Still another Sams Point is at Cragsmoor, N.Y. A pretty picture postal of this has been made of "East Ledge Sams Point". It shows a rocky promontory overlooking wooded, hilly land. The scene is picturesque; but desolate looking.

In the State of Kentucky is the town or village of Sams, situated about the middle of the northern part of Estill County; some fifty-three miles southeast of Lexington.

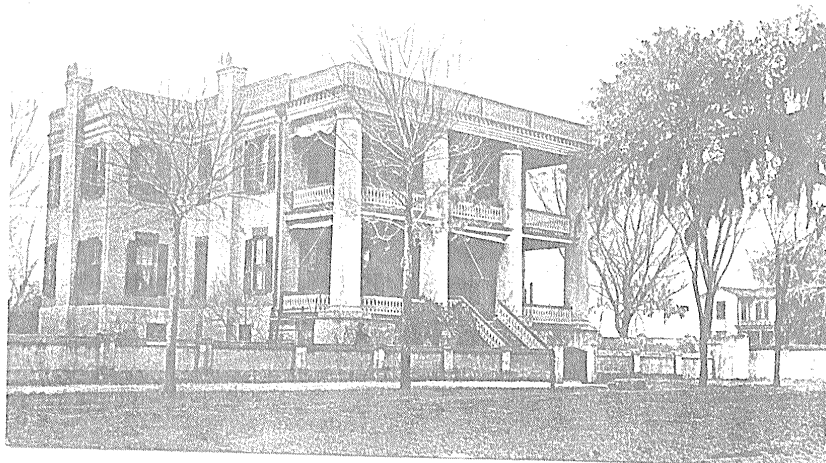
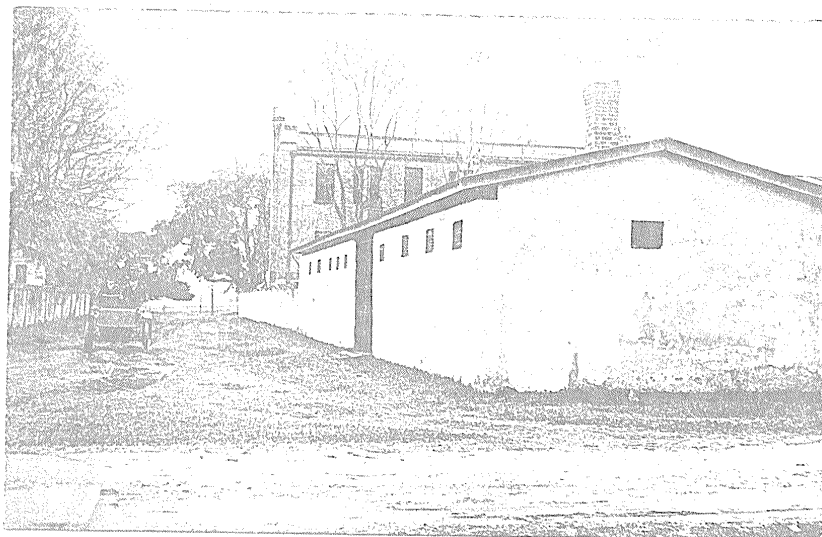
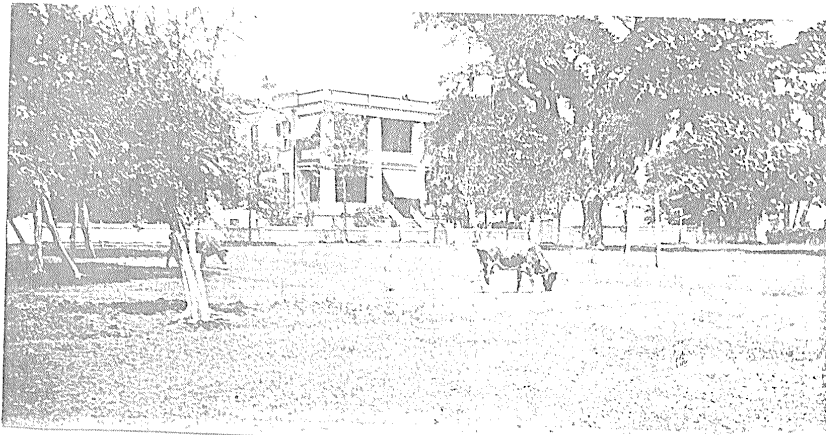
It is an inland place, not on any stream whatever, and appears to have had a population in 1904, of about 100.

And then in Jackson County, in the southwestern part of Oregon, is Sams Valley, about seventy-eight miles from the Pacific Ocean.

About the middle of the northern part of Edward County, Illinois, in the southeastern part of the State, 21 miles west of the Wabash River, is Samsville.

And about the middle of the Western part of Custer County, Oklahoma, on the Wash-i-ta River, about 40 miles east of the Texas line, is another Samsville.

Berners Barnwell Sams.



The Home on Sams' Point, Beaufort,  
Built by Berners Barnwell Sams.

Perhaps this is p. 52  
JRS

Horace Mann Sams.

A Description of Beaufort.

put 2nd

Beaufort is thus described in part in Timothy Ford's diary written in 1785: *copy written on 1785*

"After the visit at the DeSaussure's, Timothy rides into "the little village of Beaufort. It consists of about 30 houses - stands on an arm of the sea very pleasantly & is stiled a very healthy place. The inhabitants are almost all connected by marriage." He proceeds to give his impression of the town, which differ but slightly, with the exception of the number of houses, from what would be said about it to-day. Beaufort has always been famed for the beauty of its women and the culture and bravery of its men.

put 2nd

The earliest mention of the name "Beaufort" in connection with the town is found in the minutes of a meeting of the Lords Proprietors of the Province held December 20th, 1710, where it was agreed that a seaport town should be erected at Port Royal in Granville County to be called Beaufort Town. An order was passed on June 6th, 1717, by the Council of the Province, that any person taking up any of the front lots in the town should be obliged to erect thereon, within two years, a house fifteen feet wide and thirty feet long; those taking up any of the back lots were to build houses of similar dimensions within three years from the date of their grants.

5

A map supposed to be either the original or a copy of the first map of Beaufort is in the Historical Commission at Columbia. The street or space along the water front is not designated by any name on the plan. In the grants and in some deeds giving the boundaries of the front lots this street is called Bay Street, or The Bay, and as such it is known to-day.

put 1st

In 1785 the commissioners (John Joyner, William Hazard and Robert Barnwell) are directed by an Act passed March 24, of that year, "to expose to sale in whole or in lots the land commonly known to be common adjoining the town of Beau-

2

Perhaps this is  
p. 52 1/2  
T.R.S.

Horace Mann Sams.

A description of Beaufort.

rebuilding the parsonage house on the glebe lands.

The house which was sold to St. Helena's Church as a rectory is in front of the east gate of St. Helena's Church, and is one of the oldest houses in Beaufort. It was the home of John Barnwell, who was called "Tuscarora Jack" from having driven that powerful tribe of Indians out of Carolina. He came to this part of the country in 1701.

(Stop here)

Barnwell Houses in Beaufort.

At the corner of Washington and Cartaret Street, on the Point, stand the ruins of the "old tabby house," once owned by John Barnwell, grandson of "Tuscarora Jack". John Barnwell married Sarah Bull, the daughter of General Stephen Bull.

Stephen Bull and John Barnwell were the two most prominent names in the first permanent settlement in the neighborhood of Port Royal, which, having the finest natural harbor in the State, was naturally first selected for settlement. It was so difficult to defend, however, that the first two attempts failed. The annals of Beaufort County during its first century may be said to consist of accounts of these two gentlemen.

The son and grandson of Stephen Bull were both named William, and both were Royal Governors of South Carolina. Stephen Bull had unusually large land grants, and was very wealthy; he endowed and built Sheldon Church, twice laid in ruins (during the Revolution, and again during the Confederate War), and he is buried in a vault under this church.

Colonel John Barnwell founded the town of Beaufort, which at the commencement of the Confederate War was chiefly inhabited by his descendants, in families of Elliott, Stuart, Rhett, Fuller [Sams,] etc., and he seems to have been the founder of Beaufort Church, near the east end of which he is buried in a vault, only a few bricks of which are visible above the ground.



Horace Ham Sams.

---

Horace, the tenth child of Berners Barnwell Sams and Elizabeth, his wife, was born March 5th, 1829, in Beaufort, South Carolina. Other brothers and sisters who lived to grow up were Bainbridge Barnwell Sams, Melvige Millige Sams, Donald D. Sams, (Dr.), Evelina E. Sams, Franklin Fripp Sams, Rev. James Julius Sams, Dr. Randolph R. Sams, Elizabeth E. Sams. Two died in infancy, William and . By a second marriage to a Mrs. Fripp, who was the sister-in-law to his wife, he had Adelaide, Bonum, Sarah and Celment. His father, therefore had a large family.

He owned half of a part of Datha. This island came into our family through our great grandmother, Elizabeth Hext, who married William Sams. It is said to have been bought by her from a Miss Gibbs who owned it, and lived there. Our great grandmother lost many children on Datha, and so moved to Beaufort, and lived in a frame house not far from the big brick house on Sams' Point, and is still to be seen there.

He went to the South Carolina College at Columbia, studied law, but never practised, and became a cotton planter. The families met at the Salt Sulphur Springs, Virginia, where the two families were spending the summer. He addressed her in the parlor of the old Mills House in Charleston, South Carolina, when she and her father were there on a visit to her sister May, who had already married Uncle Julius. There were married in Norfolk, October 18th, 1860. The only children of this marriage were Fannie Fortescue Sams, born July 16th, 1861, and Conway Whittle Sams, born August 25th, 1864. He was in Norfolk at the time of Fannie's birth, and returned to South Carolina shortly afterwards, and went

Horace Hann Sams.

into the war. His final title and position was that of Major, acting as Commissary in Rhetts' Brigade, Hardee's Corps, Huger's Division of Johnson's Army. He died of typhoid fever on May 6th, 1865, at Greensboro, North Carolina, in the Methodist Church, then used as a hospital, now, (1901), turned into an Academy of Music. He was in his 36th year. He was first buried in the grounds of that church, but afterwards his body was brought to Norfolk, and reinterred in Cedar Grove Cemetery. He had been dead one or two weeks before our mother knew that he was even sick, and his death was a great blow to her.

He was a person of a very genial temperament and cheerful disposition even in the dark days preceding the fall of the Confederacy, as letters from his companions in arms show. He was a fine planter, prosperous under ordinary circumstances, and took a very hopeful view of the prospects. He was a great secessionist and had two horses, one named "State Rights," and one named "Nullification," the two burning political issues of the day. The only book of his that we have is on "Tactics," which contains, apparently in his handwriting, this entry: "Ensign of Beaufort Bat. Nov. 15th, 1851, 2d Lieutenant 1854. Capt in A 1856." His other books, and a good collection of birds, stuffed by himself were lost or destroyed during the war. He was the first member of his family to be baptised, his friend George Hamilton, whom we met in Beaufort, being one of the witnesses.

His mother died during his infancy, at the birth of her next child, Aunt Elizabeth. His father died when he was twenty-six, leaving him the guardian of his infant half brothers and sisters, whose mother

54

Horace Hann Sams.

---

died soon after her husband. His favorite brother was Uncle Julius, and his favorite sister was Aunt Elizabeth. He was fond of gunning, and could draw very well. He was of medium height, of a florid complexion, very dark, sparkling eyes, of a quick temper, but this he had under control. He owned a lot of about 100 by 200 feet on Sams' Point in Beaufort, on which he intended building his town home, but the war frustrated this plan. This lot now belongs to Fannie and me, it having escaped confiscation by the Yankees, on account of their not fully understanding the title, thinking it belonged to the adjacent house, and so not selling it.

At his wedding his two groomsmen were his first cousin, Richard Sams, son of his Uncle Louis Reeve Sams, and his friend, a Mr. Barnwell. The bridesmaids were Cousin Adelaide Armstrong and Adelaide Sams, his half sister. They were married at our house No. 122 Boush Street, had a large reception afterwards, and stayed here for a month.

As he died when the writer, his son, was but ten months old, and as our mother felt his loss so keenly that she did not like to talk much about him, we really know little of his personal history, but have always been led to believe that he was a person of an exalted character and who was admired by those who knew him.

Horace Hann Sams.

55

Will.

"State of South Carolina,  
Beaufort District,  
18th Nov. 1861.

"In the name of God, Amen: I, Horace H. Sams, of the town of Beaufort, of the District and State aforesaid, planter, knowing the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death; but not knowing the time thereof; do hereby make and declare this to be my last will and Testament, making null and void all former wills by me at any time made: I commit my soul to the hands of my God to gave it:

"To my wife, Grace L. Sams, I give, devise and bequeath, all my property of which I die possessed, of whatsoever kind, both real and personal, to have and to hold the same for her own use, and during the term of her natural life; and after the death of my wife, I give, devise and bequeath, all of my property both real and personal, of whatsoever kind, and wheresoever found, to my daughter, Fannie Fortescue Sams.

"My real estate thus disposed of consists of one lot in the town of Beaufort, District and State aforesaid, and of one plantation on the Island of Datha, and one-third of an undivided Tract of Pine Barren of 100 acres, and a life-interest in a Tract of Pine Barren of 30 acres on Ladies Island, in the District and State aforesaid; and also a "right of way," through the plantation of Dr. R. R. Sams, and through the plantation of B. F. Capers, from the town of Beaufort to Datha. The personal property bequeathed in this will consists of negro slaves, horses, mules, boats, carts, etc., etc., crockery, etc.

Horace Hann Sams.

Will.

"I desire that my gold watch and gold studs should be given to my Daughter, Fannie Fortescue Sams, together with such moneys as are now due to me, so soon as she can use the same.

"I appoint my wife, Grace L. Sams, to be the executrix of my last will and Testament.

"Signed, sealed and delivered, in the presence of us, the witnesses of this will & Testament.

Horace H. Sams, (L. S.) "

Charles C. Sams.

J. Julius Sams.

M. M. Sams.

Horace Hann Sams.

57

List of his Slaves.

"State of South Carolina,  
Beaufort District.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have this day made an inventory and appraisement of the negro slaves owned and possessed by Horace Hann Sams, of the Town of Beaufort and District and State aforesaid, planter, on his plantation on the Island of Datha. And that the annexed list contains a true and correct memorandum of said inventory and appraisement. To-Wit:

<u>Names.</u>	<u>Ages.</u>	<u>Value.</u>
Moses	38	\$1200.00
Bess	40	800.00
Titus	15	1000.00
Andrew	12	900.00
Ruth	8	450.00
Moses	5	350.00
January	4	250.00
James	1	150.00
David	37	1100.00
Beck	33	1000.00
David	5	400.00
Rose	1	100.00
Cato	21	1200.00
Phoebe	26	700.00
William	4	250.00
Primus	1	100.00
Soloman	51	700.00
Aphe	41	450.00
Winter	9	600.00
Hatta	6	400.00
Jacob	38	1200.00
Peg	61	50.00
Moll	20	1100.00

64

58

Horace Hann Sams.

List of his Slaves, Cont'd.

<u>Names.</u>	<u>Ages.</u>	<u>Value.</u>
Isaac	49	\$ 750.00
Hannah	44	500.00
Emanuel	22	1100.00
Lonnon	15	950.00
Cinder	12	750.00
Thomas	10	650.00
Delia	6	400.00
Tom	26	1000.00
Marge	24	1000.00

Given under our hands and seals, this 23d  
of September, 1861:

Thos. F. Cuthbert (L. S.)

Berners E. Fripp (L. S.)

R. Randolph Sams (L. S.)

And certified before:

W. J. De Treville,  
Magistrate."

Horace Hann Sams.

"The following is an inventory , an appraise-  
ment of all the property on the Datha Plantation at the  
time that it was taken possession of by the Federal  
forces. The original of this document under the seal  
of the Confederate States of America, and signed by J. P.  
Benjamin, the Secretary of State, is in our possession.

"The State, of South Carolina.

"Schedule of Negroes and other property of Horace  
H. Sams, of the town of Beaufort, in the State aforesaid,  
now in the hands of the enemy, which said property fell  
into their hands after the reduction of Fort Walker,  
whilst the said deponent was absent from home in the  
military service of the State, at Port Royal Ferry --  
To-Wit:

- 1 Flat \$160. 4 Batteaux at \$30--\$120.
- 1 six-oared plank boat--\$250. 1 Plank boat--\$30.
- 1 Hull boat--\$125. 1 Two-oared hull boat --\$25.
- 11 Head common cattle at \$7.00--\$77.
- 2 Imported cows at \$30--\$60.00 1 Bremem Ram (Sheep) \$60.
- 25 Improved sheep at \$5.00 -- \$125. 20 Hogs at \$5.00-\$100.
- 2 Horses at \$125--\$250. 2 Mules at \$155 -- \$310.
- 4 Pairs Oxen at \$40--\$160. Agricultural Implements--\$500.
- 450 Bushels of Provisions, consisting of corn, pease,  
etc., at \$1.00 -----\$450.00
- 800 Bushels of cotton seed of finest variety of Sea  
Island at \$2.00 -----\$1600.00
- Library ----- 300.00
- Museum of over five hundred birds, fishes and  
animals of this state, mounted in best  
style, with nests, eggs, etc., ----- 2000.00
- 45 Bags of Sea Island cotton, gathered and in  
barn, 300 lbs. to Bag at .55 cts.  
per lb. ----- 7425.00



Horace Hann Sams.

Inventory, Cont'd.

10 Bags ungathered in field at .55 cts. pr.lb.	\$1650.00
Furniture Bedding, and Chamber Furniture -----	800.00
House in Town of Beaufort -----	250.00
Residence and Out-houses on Island of Datha -4--	7000.00
Twenty-nine Negroes. "	

"The State of South Carolina,  
Beaufort District.

"Personally appeared Horace H. Sams, who being sworn says that the facts set forth in the within written schedule are true: That he actually owned the property enumerated therein: That he actually had gathered in his barn the amount of cotton set down in the within schedule, and that he verily believes that there were ten bags of cotton ungathered in the fields when he left his plantation: That the number of negroes is correct and also that of the other animals therein specified: That the value in money set against each article is the true and real value thereof: That the negroes were prime and of the average market price at that time.

Horace H. Sams.

Sworn to before me this  
26th Sept., 1862.  
Charles L. Bell, Magistrate."

"Personally appeared Richard F. Sams, and on oath says that he was acquainted with said H. H. Sams and his circumstances: That the facts set forth in the within schedule and affidavit of said H. H. Sams are true, and the value of articles therein set down, not unreasonable.

Richard F. Sams.

Sworn before me this 26th  
Sept. 1862.  
Chas. L. Bell, Magistrate."

Horace Hann Sams.

"The State of South Carolina,  
Beaufort District.

"I, the undersigned, a magistrate for St. Helena Parish, in the District and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that Richard F. Sams, whose testimony (by way of affidavit) attached to the return of Horace H. Sams, of slaves and other property of said Horace H. Sams, in possession of the enemy, is well known to me, and that his evidence is entitled, in every respect, to full credit and belief.

"Witness my hand and seal this 6th October, 1862.

Charles L. Bell,  
Magistrate."

(L. S. )

"Confederate States of America,  
Department of State.

"I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original on file in this Department.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State at Richmond, this 15th day of October, 1862.

J. P. Benjamin,  
Secretary of State."

Horace Hann Sams.

The above inventory shows the property on Datha exclusive of the soil itself, but including all buildings and all forms of personal property on the same, exclusive of slaves to have amounted to \$23,732. By the list of slaves made Sept. 23, 1861, there were 32 of the aggregate value of \$21,550. The above inventory of the personal property states that there were on Datha, at the time that it was taken, twenty-nine. What had become of the other three, we do not know, but supposing that they had been sold, or had died, and allowing, for the sake of argument, that they were the three most valuable, and subtracting their value from that of the others, it would leave the value of the twenty-nine who were on Datha at least \$17,950. This would make the total value of the personal property and buildings on that estate at the time it was captured by the Northern forces, the sum of \$41,682.

Jacob was probably one of those absent, being with my father in the army. Peg was probably another, who was with my mother in Norfolk.

The following additional account of my father was made up from statements of Aunt Elizabeth, during a visit to us in Norfolk.

My father, the youngest son of Dr. Berners Barnwell Sams by his first wife, was born in the old frame house which once occupied the square on which the brick house now stands. He was the tenth child, and five other children were afterwards born in the family, four by a second wife.

As a boy he went to school in Beaufort, at the Beaufort College, taught by the Rev. Mr. Fielding. Here he got many whippings for laughing, anything being sufficient to start him off when he ought not to. This College was on the square just South of the Episcopal Church, and now used as a private residence. From there he went to the South Carolina College in Columbia. Here he stayed a full term of three or four years, and graduated. He studied law after he returned to Beaufort. He also taught school in a house now destroyed, on the South side of the square in front of the Chaplains'. This school was a small one-story frame house. He was the principal of the school, it being his own private enterprise. The average attendance was probably something less than twenty. Among his scholars we only know now of Mr. Joseph Barnwell of Charleston, his nephew, Toland Sams, Cousin Stanyarne's oldest brother, and probably Berners Fripp. His life as a cotton planter did not begin until after his father's death; until then he had no plantation to plant. Randolph was the last one his father settled off with a plantation and slaves before his death. During all this

OK

Horace Hann Sams.

64

time he was living still in a part of the old frame house on the brick house square, with Clement, and taking his meals at his father's house. This arrangement continued up to his father's death.

He had been for several years collecting and stuffing specimens of the birds of South Carolina. He prepared them himself, using Arsenic. In his museum, which was on the ground floor of the little building in the square opposite the brick house, he had, among other specimens, two young bald-head eagles in their nest, two feet in diameter, a white Quebec Owl, a large variety of wild ducks, birds, snakes, insects, butterflies and moths. This collection remained until Beaufort was abandoned, in this little office building, except one glass case, containing about one hundred birds, which was kept in the hall of the brick house. During the early part of the war, the collection was destroyed. He had begun to write a History of the birds of South Carolina, but this was interrupted by the war. In the inventory of his property which he made on September 26th, 1862, he included a "Museum of over five hundred birds, fishes and animals of this State, mounted in best style, with nests, eggs, etc.," which he valued at \$2,000.00.

After his father's death he became, under his will, one of the owners of Datha. He then stopped keeping school and became a cotton planter, cultivating it under some arrangement with Julius, who owned also an interest in this plantation. Julius was then a Minister, having a Church at St. John's Berkeley Parish, "Black Oak Church." He was during this period the sole manager of the place. Franklin managed it for the first

Horace Hann Sams.

---

year after his father's death. His father had died March 15th, 1855, and he married our Mother October 18th, 1860. During the years from 1856 to 1860 he cultivated Datha, living at the Brick House, in Beaufort.

During this time, as a young man in Beaufort, he entered into the social life of the place, visiting but little at private houses, but going to all the parties. That was the only way they did visit. As soon as a young man began to call on a girl there, he was supposed to be paying her serious attention. This resulted in but little visiting being done. He was the pink of neatness, and loved dress. He closely adhered to the fashion, whatever it was. He always wore white duck in the Summer. He did not care for billiards like his brother Franklin. Never smoked; never drank to excess, probably did not know how whiskey tasted. You could not do that in Beaufort and be invited anywhere. He was fond of sailing, owning the "Sheerwater." His greatest delight was with his collection of birds. He loved duck shooting, and went all through the Winter. Never went driving, but sometimes went riding.

The gentlemen had a Club of some kind about three miles from Beaufort, this was on the Port Royal Road, going to Broad River. Several would join together to furnish dinner for the Club. It was only a gentlemen's club. He was fond of dancing, but according to the custom of those days, he stopped when he joined the Church. He was something of a reader, preferring works on Natural History. His special friends among the girls were, Miss Henrietta Hamilton, Miss Lucia Guerrard and Miss Florida Morrall of Grahamville. These brothers were not much of ladies' men. Julius never went with any young ladies up to the time he was married. Frank-

lin, who never married, only cared for one young lady, Randolph only had two friends. All of these girls married before he did.

In 1851 he was Ensign in the Beaufort Battery, a volunteer Militia Company, with head quarters at the Old Arsenal, yet in Commission. He was Second Lieutenant in 1854, and Captain in 1856.

After his marriage in 1860, he lived regularly at Datha, having no real home in Beaufort, but visited frequently at the old place. He bought the vacant lot on Hancock Street in order to build a Town house there. The War prevented this.

He lived on Datha during the beginning of the War. He was in Norfolk with his wife when Fannie was born, and left when she was two weeks old, returning to Beaufort early in August, 1861. All Beaufort was then in confusion. The Town was abandoned, and the women and children, under the orders of General Drayton, were removed from it. My father was one of those who remained, and was assigned the duty of guarding the magazine at the Arsenal. He was at that time Captain of the Artillery Company known as the Beaufort Battery.

Aunts Elizabeth, Sarah, Adelaide, Sally, Mamie and Phoebe, Uncle Randolph's wife and daughters, went to Charleston, stopping at Mrs. Dibbles' in King Street.

Dr. Hal Means Stuart of Beaufort, had organized the Battery known as "Stuart's Battery," and in this Company were my father, Richard Sams, Thomas Sams and Stanhope Sams, Aunt Sally's brother. He died during the War. Cousin Stanhope was shot in the heel. Uncles Julius and Bonham were Ministers, and had no connection with the Army. Uncle Clement was in the Army, but discharged twice, on account of ill health. Uncle Melvin,

Horace Hann Sams.

who was a Doctor, was in the Army, and was stationed at Hardeeville. Uncle Donald, who was also a Doctor, did not go in at all, practicing throughout the War in Charleston. Three sons of Aunt Evelina Fripp were in the Army, Berners Fripp, Melvin Fripp and Julius Fripp, my first cousins, who were in Captain Barbers Cavalry Company from Chester. They served through the whole War. Julius was captured and put in prison a long time in Camp Chase, in New York, and came out skin and bones. None of them were wounded.

Cousin Edings Sams, Uncle Clement and my father came to their death on account of this War. The first we think was killed, Uncle Clement died of Consumption, just at the close of it, and my father of Typhoid fever, a week before him.

My father was Post Commissary, which was an important place, demanding position, honesty, and every quality that a gentleman ought to have. His duties were to provide and distribute the rations for the department of the Army over which he presided. He had to keep an account of everything. It was a difficult position with a plenty to do.

In the Summer of 1864, the forces with which he was connected were stationed at McPhersonville, about twenty-six miles West of Beaufort, about six miles from the Rail Road Station of Yemassee. My father and his brother Randolph took a house together in this little forest village, and here on August 25th, I was born.

Ten months after this event, when the Army had been ordered to North Carolina, and while at Greensboro, separated from his wife and children, he died on May 6th, 1865, of Typhoid fever, in an Army tent, in connection with the Confederate Hospital. My Mother was then in Camden, not having seen nor heard from him



OK

Horace Hann Sams.

for some time. He was attended by Uncle Randolph. His brother then went to Chester to tell Uncle Julius, who took a carriage and went to Camden to tell my Mother, and took her and her children to his house in Chester. While on his way back he met a gentleman who told him his other brother was dead. He did not know whether this were Clement or Franklin, both of whom he had left ill at his house. It was Clement who had died.

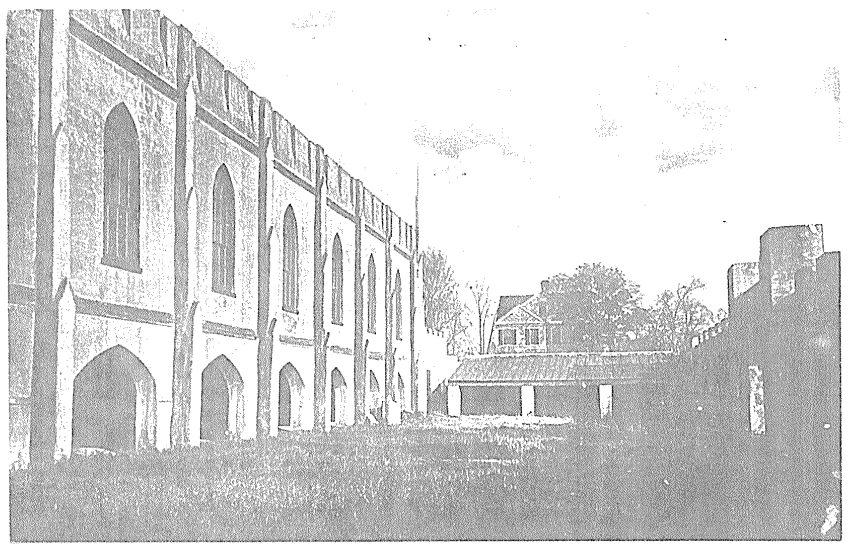
Out father was first buried at Greensboro, before my Mother even knew of his sickness. She returned with her two children to her father in Norfolk, where she spent the rest of her life.

During the Fall of 1865, his body was removed to Norfolk, and interred in my grandfather's lot in Cedar Grove.

He was a handsome man, with black eyes, brown wavy hair and pleasant manners, cheerful, warm hearted and affectionate. He was of rather a nervous temperament. The least little sickness used to affect him very much. He was a thorough gentleman. He was of an aristocratic turn of mind, never caring to associate with a common class of persons. He had not a vestige of musical talent, could not turn a tune to save his soul. He could draw a little, loved duck shooting and fishing, but did not care for deer hunting. He never composed any poetry, but was very fond of it. He was a very refined person. His special hobby was the collection of his museum of birds, insects and reptiles. To this he devoted all his spare time. He never did any hard work. The life of a planter, which he only followed for a short time, was itself a very easy life. He was brought up to be waited on, and naturally took to it. None of the boys did any hard work.

Horace Hann Sams.

---



The Arsenal,  
1776.

His planting was successful while it lasted, but it came to an abrupt termination by the War. He was especially fond of Aunt Elizabeth.

He never did any particularly funny things. He was rather dignified. He ran against Bower Barnwell for the Captaincy of the Militia Company, and was elected. The Militia Company had no uniform and would parade in citizens dress. They wore cloth caps mostly in the Winter, and stiff straw hats in the Summer. They wore shoes, boots being used by the elder generation. The Militia Company numbered about forty, and served throughout the War.

The boys of the family got into no scrapes while in Beaufort or at College, they were very correct children. On Saturday they went and picked chinquapins out by the National Cemetery, which was then dense woods, and also fox-grapes. He was about ten years old before Aunt Elizabeth remembers much about him, she being the younger of the two. There was such a large family that the children played a great deal at home together, marbles, and romping games of all sorts. Later he played chess a great deal with his father. Both were devoted to the game, it was grandfather's greatest pastime, they always played after tea.

A day would be spent about this way. Grandfather rose at sun-rise, he took an early breakfast, and went off to one or the other of his plantations. The girls, boys and their stepmother breakfasted later, about half past seven, the servants preparing everything. My father opened his school at nine. The girls sewed and attended to other household duties, no social visits being paid until the evening. Dinner was served at two. There was no school in the evening. All took a nap after dinner. After this the gentlemen generally

Horace Hann Sams.

went down town, to the Post Office, where they met the other men, talked about the crops, cotton and corn, and discussed the drought, the heavy rains or the caterpillars, and anticipated the September storm with its usual damage, which often finished several crops. The ladies often drove in the Afternoon. There was no regular hour for supper, the family waited until all had come in. This was always a hot supper.

After supper the boys strolled out, visiting among other places the houses of their relations, there were these other separate establishments then in Town:

First, Lawrence Fripp's, their brother's-in-law, the husband of their Sister Evelina, who lived in a house on the Bay, now pulled down, seven houses West of Uncle Lewis'.

Second, Uncle Melvin, who lived where Cousin Stanyarne now lives.

Third, Uncle Bainbridge, who lived in a rented house at the Southeast Corner of Lawrence and Hamilton Streets.

*down of Lewis' Bay. Once more of E. S. B.*

Fourth, Cousin Caroline Fripp's, at the old Hext house. Adelaide, Elizabeth, Sarah and often Franklin went there every wednesday night for supper.

The family at home spent the nights out on the porch. They never went rowing at night, and seldom went out at night except to entertainments, to take tea, or attend parties. Every night at nine o'clock the Town bell rang. This ment that no negroes were then allowed on the Streets, unless they had a pass from their owners. There was no regular police, the Town was patrolled every night by the gentlemen of the Town, about nine being on duty every night. My father and his brothers had to do their part of this patrol duty, which continued through the night. This bell was called "The Market Bell."

Horace Hann Sams.

OR

72

This regulation was strictly enforced, and few violations of it ever occurred. The result was a very orderly Town, no poultry was stolen, no houses broken in, no disorder - peace and quiet reigned.

Most all the slaves that were sold were taken to Charleston, where they had a regular market for them. There was no public market for them in Beaufort. Those that were bought and sold in Beaufort passed by private transfer. The proportion of negroes to white people in Town was then probably what it is now, about three to one. The slaves were an orderly, well-behaved set, being mostly native born. No slave traders were ever heard of in Beaufort. One of grandfather's slaves was a genuine African, named Mingo, who could speak English, but could still speak his original African "Gulla" tongue. He was a good and faithful old man, but as awfully ugly as a baboon. All the other slaves were American born, many being born in the family.

In the list of my father's slaves Aunt Elizabeth remembers the following:

Moses and Bess, who were field hands, were probably from Datha or The Bluff.

David and Beck, field hands.

Cato, a field hand. After the war he tried to poison Uncle Randolph on Datha.

Solomon and Aphe.

Solomon was one of the Carpenters. Aphe was a seamstress. She was brought on to Norfolk by my Mother as nurse to Fannie, and ran away at the end of the war, taking refuge at the Rodgers' house on Boush Street.

Winter and Hatta.

These were children of Aphe. Winter was a boy. Hatta was learning to sew.

Horace Hann Sams.

---

Jacob was my father's valet, while they were living at the Brick House. He took him as his body servant to the War. He let him leave the army and return to Beaufort once, and he came back at the proper time. He was afterwards given permission to return another time. This time he got drunk, and was killed in Beaufort. He was a tall, fine looking black man, a great dandy and fond of a glass. He was a good servant, took a great deal of interest in everything, and could announce dinner with great pomp and ceremony. He would walk out on Sunday evenings dressed in a white suit, with a tall black hat, and looked very imposing. My father often said that he believed Jacob wore his clothing.

Peg. She used to be in the yard, was Clement's nurse, made fine preserves, and was generally useful.

Moll. This one is still alive, living with her daughter in Beaufort, at the South-west Corner of Pinckney and Hancock Streets. She lived for years in the old house on our lot, and was much put out with Uncle Randolph because, when Fannie and I were in Beaufort, "Young Massa's children were in Town, and he did not let her know." She is crippled with rheumatism, and talks very loud. She is very fond of the Sams family.

Isaac and Hannah.

Hannah was bought by grandfather as a pastry-cook, but was a dismal failure at that, and was sent off into the Country. She lived in Beaufort up to a short time ago, where she died.

Emanuel. Aunt Elizabeth does not remember him, but thinks that he must have been a field hand.

Lonnon. Merely remembered as a field hand.

Cinder. This is the granddaughter of Lucinda, who lived at the Bluff, a field hand. The others were all field hands.

Horace Hann Sams.



The home of Barnwell Stanyarne Sams,  
our first Cousin, the father of  
Leila.  
It was purchased by him since the  
War.

Horace Hann Sams.

OK

Of these slaves the following seven were bought from his Sister Adelaide, Isaac, Hannah, Emanuel, London, Cinder, Thomas and Delia for \$4,900.00, and Tom and Marge from his Sister Elizabeth, for \$2,000.00, both transactions taking place January 30th, 1860.

Aunt Elizabeth only remembers the domestic servants at the Brick House, some of the field hands on Datha, and some of those at the Bluff, through which they had to pass in going from Beaufort to Datha.

When the family left Beaufort they took some of the servants with them. The others were left behind to themselves, in nobody's charge. From the beginning of the War it had been instilled into them by the Yankees that the war was for their freedom, but this fact did not make them insubordinate during the struggle. They were as obedient and respectful during all this time as they had been before. The relation of master and servant continued up to the very end of the war. When the war was over, they understood that they were free. They very generally left their masters. Few of the masters hired their former servants. Louisa, one of Aunt Elizabeth's servants, was with my father and mother in MdPhersonville, at the time of my birth. She would have stayed on, but one of her sons was taken ill in Barnwell, and she was sent for to be with him. He died. Aunt Elizabeth was then in Barnwell, who left this servant and three of her children there, when she left to go farther up the country, to avoid Sherman's raid, which was then expected. She never saw that servant again, as she died there some months afterwards.

The masters had no money with which to employ their former servants. There was a kindly feeling between the masters and their former slaves. Some few of



Horace Hann Sams.

---

OP

the servants did stay on with their former masters. Uncle Randolph continued to keep a woman named Pat, who belonged in the family. Aunt Elizabeth kept an old servant named Moll, as a cook. Aunt Elizabeth lived with Uncle Bonham for seven years after the war, in Barnwell. He kept none of his own slaves, but hired others. Uncle Donald kept an old servant named Murrhea, a good old woman, who was cook and nurse to the children. She stayed by him through war and peace, and died at his house in Charleston. Franklin kept none. Julius had Morm Judy, who stayed with him in Summerville, and went to Baltimore with him. Adelaide had none. Sarah's servant left her, as she could not hire her. Melvine only hired other servants at the Quarantine Station. Whenever they would meet the old servants the relation was friendly.

The servants were as a rule well behaved towards the old masters and their families, being more respectful to them than to other white persons who were not their masters. They were taught equality by the Yankees who were there, and who maintained one or more public schools for them. The young negro girls would fly up and down the streets dressed to death. They would not go into service, and were completely spoiled by the Yankees. Old Susan, one of Aunt Elizabeth's slaves, told her that freedom was not everything, that she had a harder life after freedom than she had before. She always abused the negroes, saying that they were so idle, and would rather steal than work. This feeling was not universal, however, as one little negro in Barnwell was heard to boast that "he was as free as a frog."

673  
Horace Hann Sams.

When servants were hired at this time the pay was very small, about \$3.00 a month for a domestic servant. Farm hands often worked for a part of the crop.

The liberated slaves as a body continued to live in the same locality they had before inhabited. There was no migration to other regions, no fleeing from the land of bondage. They are there today where they were in the days of slavery. The ending of the relation was quiet and peaceful. Many of the negroes hung around their former masters and were distrustful of the Yankees. The carpet bag Yankees fraternized with the negroes at first, and preached and practiced the idea of equality. In the course of time they have all abandoned this idea, and now conduct themselves towards negroes as the Southern people. They now wonder how we could stand controlling so many. Just after the war the condition of the Southern white people was very trying, the least offence being sufficient to cause their arrest and arraignment before the military authorities then in control of the Town, but with the return of civil government, and later of Democratic control, their condition has greatly improved. The great numbers of negroes in town has led to the retention of some of them as policeman, who can arrest offenders of their own race with less friction than in the case of white men exercising this authority.

Horace Hann Sams.

611

Beaufort was evacuated first by the women and children in the Fall of 1862, and soon afterwards by the Confederate forces when the Federals reduced Fort Walker, at Bay Point, on St. Phillip's Island, about fifteen miles from Beaufort. This point was opposite Hilton Head, and commanded the approaches to Port Royal Sound, Broad River and Beaufort River. As soon as it was evacuated the negroes crowded into the Town from the adjacent Islands. They took everything they could lay their hands on, ransacking the houses, and taking everything they wanted. All the houses were plundered. They then returned to their homes on the Islands, carrying the booty with them.

The Town remained in the possession of the Yankees for the rest of the War, and their practical control of it continued for some years afterwards. During the war the houses and lots in the Town were sold by the United States Government to satisfy the Direct Tax which had been unconstitutionally levied on the land in the Confederate States by the United States Government. They levied this tax against the land of a whole State as a lump, in this case against South Carolina, and as they only held in their power a small part of it at that time, Beaufort, they held this part responsible for the amount claimed against the whole State, and proceeded to sell the lands and houses there to satisfy the demand. As the owners were out of the City, in the Army, they could not protect their property, and as they only had Confederate money they could not have paid the taxes in the money demanded by the Federal Authorities, if they had been there. So the sale was a virtual confiscation.

like to see  
Edgar Tripp  
like

Horace Hann Sams. 67

Everything was sold, houses, lots, plantations, woods and marshes. In some instances consideration was shown the owners, by allowing them to buy back their property after the War, for small sums. There were three tax Commissioner, one named Judd. These allowed the Brick House to be bought back for \$200.00, Aunt Elizabeth's house, by Dr. Lewis Sams, for \$100.00, Uncle Melvin bought back his, and Uncle Lewis' house on Bay Street was bought back. But Datha was lost, the square in front of the Brick House was lost, the Hext house was lost, "The Bluff," Uncle Randolph's plantation was lost, Bruton Sams' house, opposite the house of "Bill the Dragon" Barnwell, was lost, the plantations on Ladies Island were lost. It was a time of utter demoralization, and small as the sums were which were needed to redeem the property, they were impossible to raise. It was a time of starvation. The ladies and gentlemen of the Town had to do anything and everything they could to keep alive. Not a fence remained around a house in Beaufort, while it is remarkable that only one house had been burned during the war. There was little or no business. The negroes were in a tremendous majority, and insolent, trained and encouraged to be so by the carpet-bag whites from the North. Cousin Stanyarne went into Mr. Henry Stewart's cotton-mill, weighing the cotton, etc. Uncle Franklin went into Dr. Stewart's drug store, Uncle Randolph made an unsuccessful attempt to cultivate Datha, then owned by a Mr. Woods and Dr. Winslow, purchasers under the tax sale. Uncle Melvin got a position at the Quarantine Station on Buzzard Island on Bull River. Aunt Elizabeth was living with Uncle Bonham in Barnwell, where he had the Episcopal Church. Here she copied

Horace Hann Sams.

OR

deeds in the deed books for the Clerk of the Court, having the books at her home for that purpose. She lived there for several years, and never intended to return to Beaufort, which she considered a deserted village. Aunt Adelaide was married and lived in Barnwell also, her husband, who was a lawyer, was keeping school. Aunt Sarah was married to Johnnie Sams, who was unsuccessfully planting on John's Island. Julius continued in the Ministry, having the Church at Summer-ville, and Donald was practicing medicine in Charleston. All were as poor as could be at that time. Uncle Donald had to borrow a bed to sleep on. He gradually got on well, and lived in comfort during the latter part of his life, and left his family fairly well provided for. Uncle Randolph said that he and his family lived on potatoe peelings. And so it went.

Howard  
Sams

The following are the old aristocratic families of the place: The Rhetts, there being several families of that name. This name was originally Smith, and changed by the Legislature to Rhett. The Barnwells, another numerous family, the Meanses, there were several families of this name, the Cuthberts, the Heywards, the Leveretts, the Gibbsees, the Fullers, the Hamiltons, the Habershams, the Prioleaus, the Chisolms, the Elliotts, the Stuarts, the Walkers, the Dessesaires, the Guerrards and the Frazers. Most of these were very large families, with many branches. It was this circle that our family associated with.

A little below these families, but socially recognized, were the Verdiers, the Chaplins, the Johnsons, the Fylers, the Fripps, the Jenkinses, the Ficklings, the Bythewoods, the Bolds, the Mckees, the Oswalds, the Baynards, the Wiggs, the Butlers and the De Treilles.

OK  
Horace Hann Sams,

These two classes of families comprised about the whole of recognized society in this little Town.

All of these families were cotton planters, and large slave holders, most of their slaves living on their plantations, but with a plentiful number of domestic servants to keep large and comfortable houses in Town. Our grandfather had in all at the time of his death about three hundred, and at his Town house about seventeen. His brother Lewis Reeve Sams had at his home on Bay Street nineteen domestic servants, and in all a larger number than our grandfather. The number of domestic servants employed by these two brothers was unusually large, the average number being probably seven or eight.

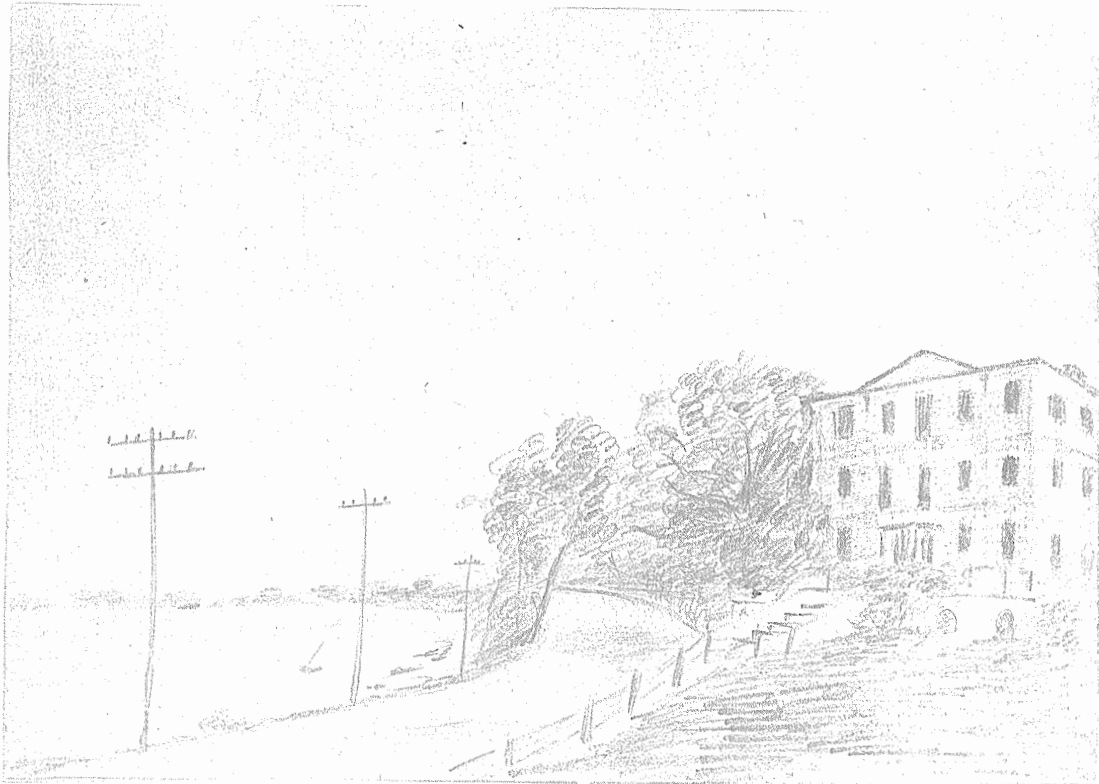
I have heard the above account read, and believe it is substantially correct.

*Elizabeth E. Sams*

March 18th, 1905.

Horace Ham Sams.

---



Old Pinckney House,

on Bay Street, Beaufort, where the original of the ordinance of Secession passed by South Carolina is said to have been drawn up. This house has recently been purchased by Rear Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., retired, now dead, and converted into a beautiful residence, with white Corinthian Columns for the porch, two stories high, and all the other features of an elegant Colonial Mansion. The garden occupies the whole of a small irregular square, with a large frontage on Bay Street.

Horace Hann Sams.

---

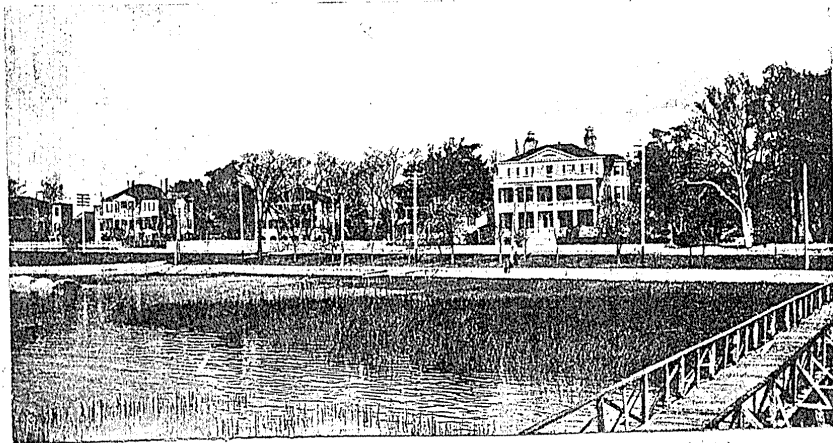


A View of Bay Street,  
Beaufort, S. C.



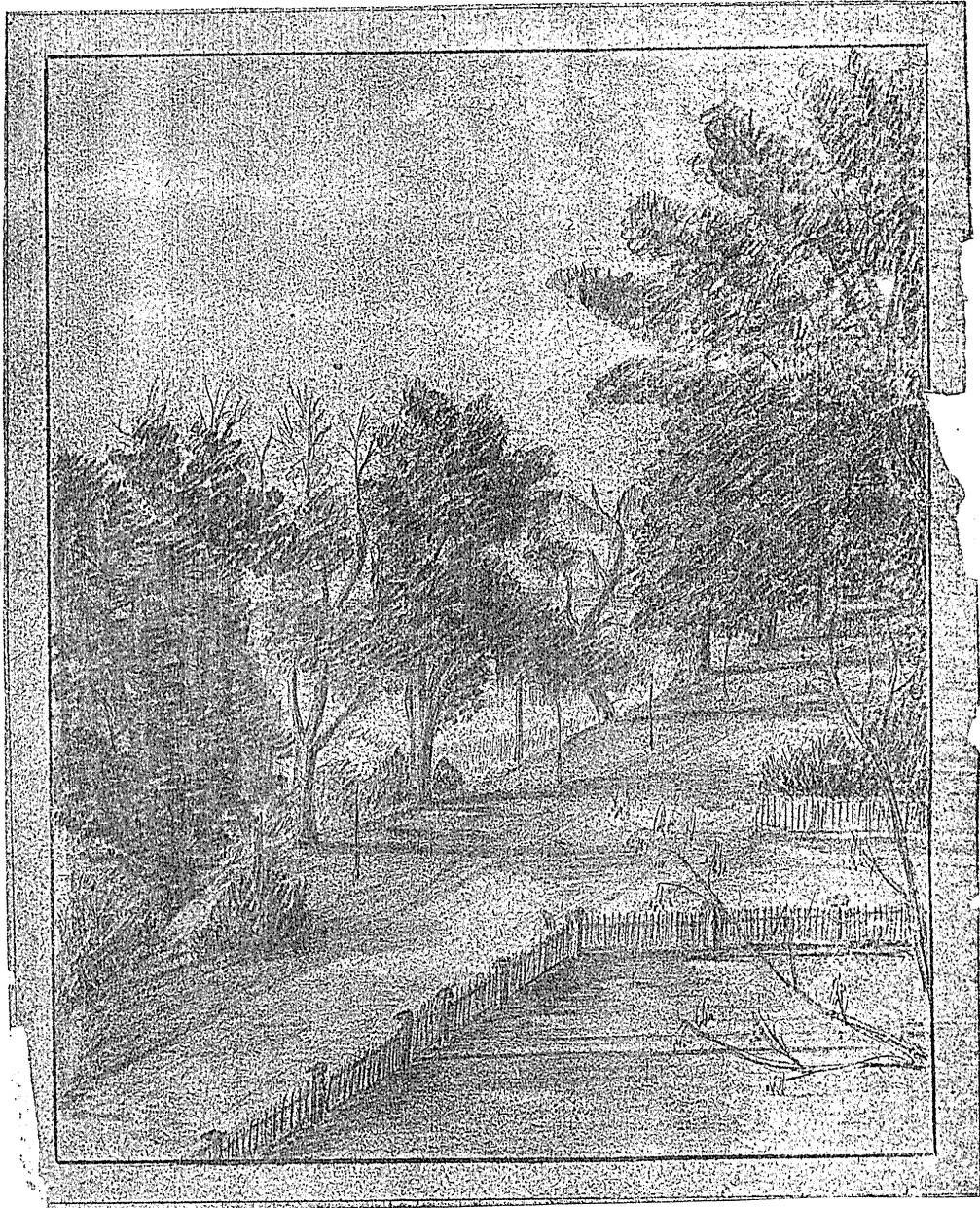
Horace Hann Sams.

---



View of The Bay.

Horace Hann Sams.



A View of Bay Street  
Beaufort.  
Drawn November, 1903.



*Dr* Berners Barnwell Sams.

2 copies

Berners Barnwell Sams.

The Name.

The name Berners comes into our family through Anne Berners, the wife of Colonel John Barnwell, the great grandmother of Berners Barnwell Sams.

Two generations passed over the name. It was revived in the third from the person who bore it. Berners Barnwell united in our grandfather both the family names of that couple.

The name Berners is a modification of the baptismal name Bernard. Other forms of it appear as Bernards, Bernardson, Barnard and Barnett.

The name, properly a first name, became often a patronymic. It appears in both forms in our family.

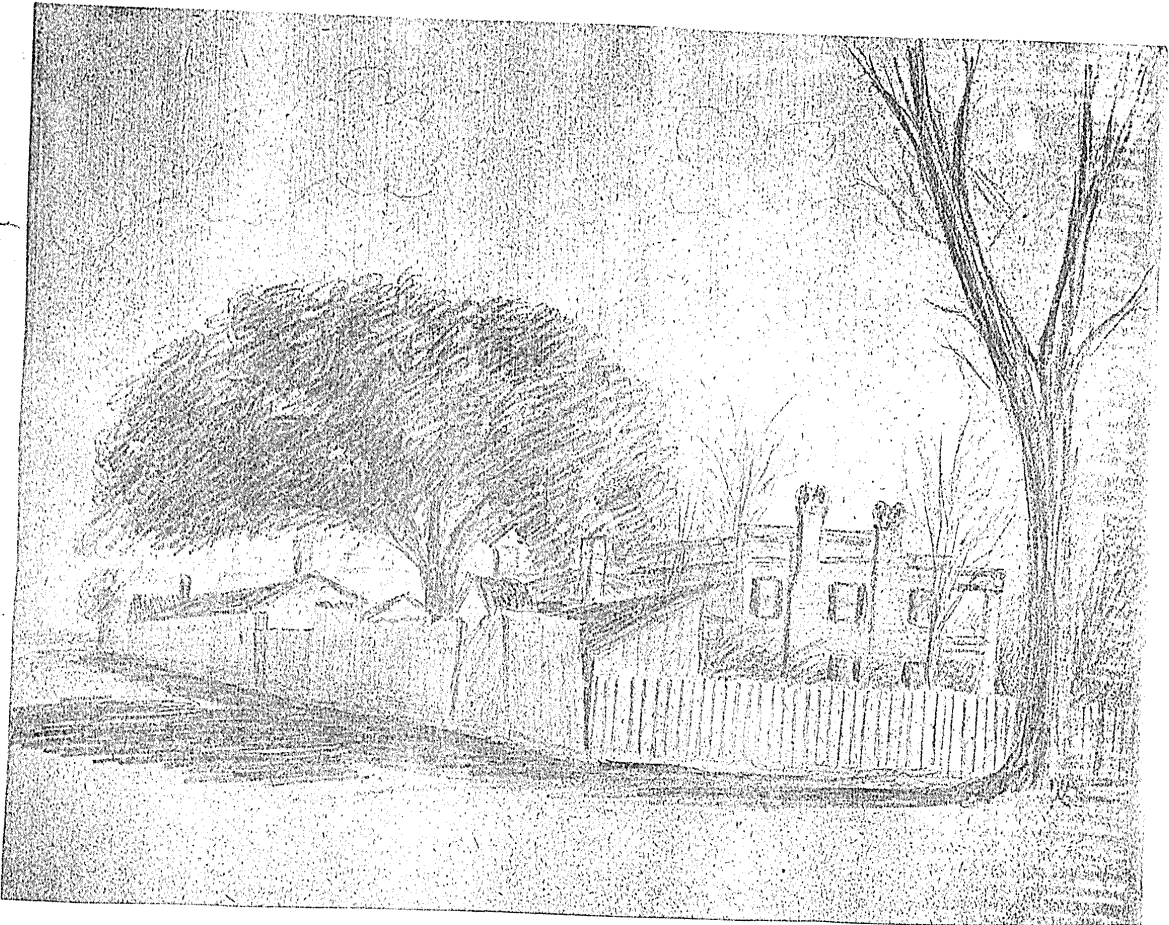
1. Lower's Essays on English Surnames, Vol. 1, page 166.

Berners Barnwell Sams.



The Beaufort House,  
drawn from a point immediately in  
front between the live oak trees.

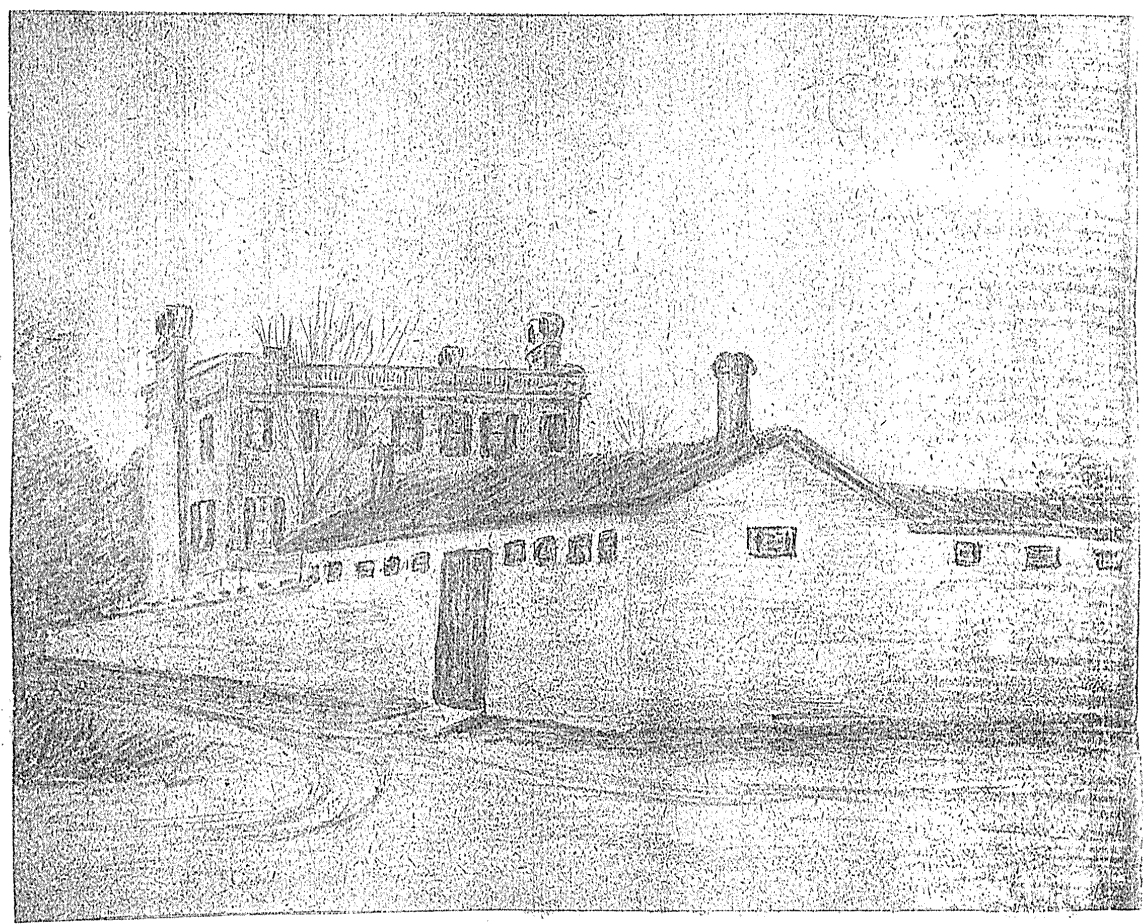
Berners Barnwell Sams.



The Beaufort House,  
from the North West Corner, showing  
the square which originally  
belonged to it.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

---



The Beaufort House,  
from the Northeast corner showing  
the slave quarters.

Chap. B.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

Our father's father was born May 25th, 1787, and died March 15th, 1855. He was a physician and cotton planter, was born in Beaufort, in the house built by his mother, and lived mostly on Datha, which he cultivated. He was a prosperous man, of much executive ability, and had a great many plantations and slaves. He was the sixth son of William Sams and Elizabeth Hext. His brothers were six out of a family of twenty-one.

They were:

Robert Sams, born February 25th, 1764;

William Sams, born March 6th, 1766;  
died April 3d, 1817;

John Sams, born May 1st, 1769;

Francis Sams, born July 31st, 1771;  
died July 25th, 1827;

Louis Reeve Sams, born July 23d, 1784;  
died Dec. 21st, 1856;

Edward Hext Sams, born Jan. 1st, 1796.

Robert, William and Francis died unmarried.

Edward Sams moved to Florida, and married before he left Carolina, a Miss Fripp, their son, Dr. Francis W. Sams, married Cornelia Hopkins, daughter of Governor Hopkins of Florida. Their son, Frank Sams, lives at New Smyrna, Florida, and is a popular man.

His portrait, a copy of which I have, and which hangs in the Dining room, is that of a handsome, self-possessed man, of an intellectual countenance. He built the big brick house in Beaufort on Sams' Point, but never lived to move into it. It was occupied, however, by his family until some time after the war, when, unfortunately, it was sold out of the family. After having settled off five children. he left nearly 300 slaves.



OK.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

The following facts in connection with our grandfather Sams, were gathered from his daughter, Elizabeth, during a visit paid us in Norfolk.

Our grandfather was of middle size, with dark complexion, dark eyes and hair, and had beautiful teeth.

He was fond of reading, medical books particularly, and studied a great deal. He was a practical man, without much regard to the beautiful. He surrounded himself with his children. He loved his orchard and loved to graft trees. He cared little for politics, but loved to plant. He never made a speech nor address nor wrote anything. He lived a great deal to himself, and his family, did very little visiting. He enjoyed his home with his family, was always at home at night. Never travelled. Never heard of his going out of the State of South Carolina. Was a regular attendant at Church and a member of the Vestry.

He took a glass of brandy and water every day at dinner, but did not drink at other times.

The first thing in the morning he would take his coffee and waffle and go over to Datha. He would spend the night, and come back the next day, getting back about dinner time. Always lay down after dinner.

He was fond of duck shooting, made ponds for them on Datha. Doves were also shot there, and bull-bats. There were large quantities of ducks, green and blue winged teal; black ducks, and English ducks being the most numerous.

He only practiced medicine with his own family and slaves. His family would have no one else. He was a good physician, a calm man in a sick room, though at other times he had a good deal of temper; he was a high spirited man, really quick tempered. He was as honest as the day was long, and believed in owing no man anything.

He was fond of fishing, would go in April down to Bay Point, and marooned for about a week, fishing for drum.

Cotton was his only crop grown for the market. This was sold for him by his factors in Charleston, Messrs. Lagare & O'Hear.

He increased his substance by his planting. He inherited the Western half of Datha from his Mother, it having been her property, belonging to the Hext family. This was all he inherited. His other property was purchased by him.

His first wife was Elizabeth Hann Fripp, who was from St. Helena Island, near Datha, just South of it, being cut off by Jenkins' Creek. We do not know where she lived on that Island, and but little about the family. Her brother, James Fripp, my great Uncle, being the only one Aunt Elizabeth knew, the others died long before she was born. He was a highly educated man, of good family, but lived entirely in the Country, and though a very rich man, saw little of the Beaufort people, and confined himself principally to St. Helena. None of the family live on the Island now, they all having passed away.

By this wife he had eleven children, all born in Beaufort except the first two, Washington and Arianna, who died there as infants. She died March 16th, 1831.

He married again in less than a year, a widow lady, Mrs. Martha Fripp, née Edwards. She was living in

Beaufort when married. She was a very nice person, placid, quiet and mild, with a sweet face. She had two sons when she married, Lawrence Fripp and Oliver Fripp, both died not long after the War. Lawrence had nine children, five of whom survived him, Anna Fripp being one of them. Oliver had no children.

Our Grandfather had four children by this wife, Adelaide, Bonham, Clement and Sarah, our half uncles and aunts.

This second wife survived him two years. She died in the big brick house in Beaufort in the East front room, in the year 1857.

He died in Aunt Elizabeth's house and room, March 15th, 1855, of pneumonia, caught by standing in the cold wind looking after the building of the brick house. The attack went to his head. He took off his coat sitting in the sitting room, to the surprise of his daughters. He was induced to go to bed and never got up.

He was a democrat in politics. Never held an office, nor made a speech. He conducted the following plantations, "Datha," "The Bluff," across the river opposite Beaufort on Ladies' Island, "Laurel Hill," about four miles North of the Bluff. These he was conducting personally the latter part of his life.

He gave his son, Bainbridge, "Black's Point," situated on the Northern part of Ladies' Island, on the South side of Coosaw River.

This property was bought by him from the Talbirds. It had a good two story frame house on it, which he built. Uncle Bainbridge died at thirty-six, before the War. He left a wife and three children, one living now, Mrs. Dunlap, of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Dunlap, now dead, was a lawyer. This family was not of the first standing.

OK

Berners Barnwell Sams.

OK

He gave "Bolus Point" to Donald. This was next to, and South of Bainbridge's, on the North side of Lucy Point Creek. There was no house on this plantation. It was merely cultivated. Franklin attended to it for Donald. This was confiscated after the War.

He gave "Burgamot" to Franklin, this was named from a burgamot tree, a fruit tree similar to the lemon, which was on it. This had a two roomed house on it. He did not often stay there, living with the family in Beaufort. This place was confiscated after the War.

*Grandfather  
had p  
112*

He gave "Laurel Hill" to Clement. This was next to and North of the place he gave to Franklin. This probably had a house on it, as Clement used to spend nights there. He lived with the family in Beaufort.

To Melvine he gave a place on St. Helena Island called "Oaklands." This plantation had a one story house, good enough for him and his family to live there in the Winter. This was just on the other side of Polwanna Island from Datha. He spent his Summers first at St. Helena village, and then when his children grew larger, he bought a house in Beaufort and moved there.

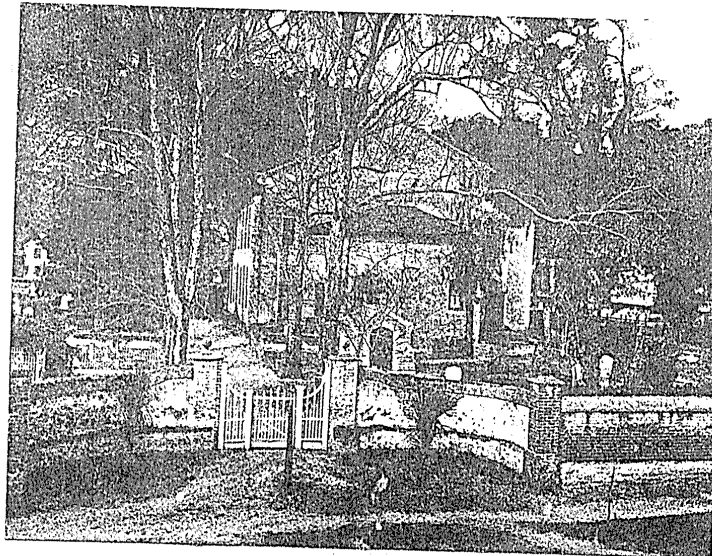
This property first belonged to Dr. Lewis Reeve Sams, our Grandfather's nephew, and was bought from him, and he gave it to Melvine.

He owned it up to the War, after which it was either confiscated, if not sold by him before the war, as he bought a place on "the main," that is, on the West side of Broad River.

By his will he gave his half of Datha to my father, Horace, Uncle Julius and Clement.

*Grandfather had p. 112*

Berners Barnwell Sams.



St. Helena Episcopal Church;  
Established, 1712,  
Beaufort, South Carolina.

617

Berners Barnwell Sams.

His town property, already separately described, he gave to his daughters, Elizabeth, Adelaide and Sarah.

In Beaufort he had a four seated carriage and kept a pair of horses. After his death his children also kept a saddle horse of Uncle Randolph, and a buggy horse of Uncle Franklin.

Of the nineteen servants all told at the town house, there were, a man cook, Jimmie, who filled that position for forty-two years; a coachman, Cicero; two dining room servants, Jacob and Boz; three seamstresses, Affie, who belonged to my father later and came to Norfolk, she also served as maid to our step-grandmother. Harriet served only as seamstress, and Louisa, who also served as maid to Aunt Elizabeth; two maids, Nancy, who waited on Adelaide, and Diana, who waited on Sarah; Jacob also served as valet to my father. Two washwomen, one of whom was also named Nancy; one boat hand, Christmas, a bought negro, and Cicero, who also served in that manner; four children, Joe, Emma, Elisha called Mannie, and Winters. The garden was worked by the coachman.

Only three of these slaves were bought, Juliet, Nancy and Christmas, all the others were born in the family. They had little to do and had an easy time.

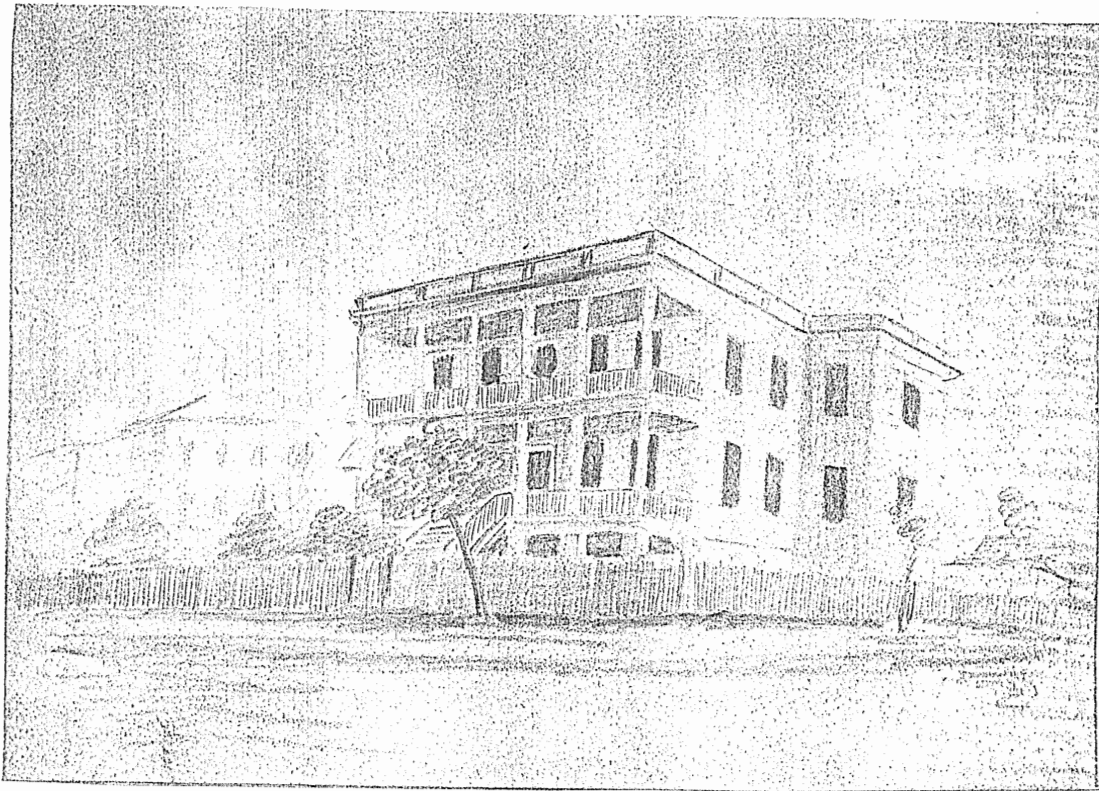
When the family moved over to Datha for the month of December, all these slaves were taken with him except one, who was left to protect the property in Beaufort.

Over on Datha there were scores of slaves, some of whose quarters were some distance to the Southeast of the house on Jenkin's Creek. There were about four of their houses here. There was a long row of their cabins to the North of the house.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

On the road coming up from Mink Point was, first, a big cotton house, on the left hand side of the road near that, on the same side of the road, was the gin house, where the seeds were gotten out, and the cotton was packed. Then came the dairy, then a brick well, to the East of the dairy, and then the tabby fodder house, near the barn and corn mill, the corn being ground on the place. To the West of the house was the overseer's house, of frame. The overseer was always a white man, one was named Cummings, a severe man, whom the servants hated. He was there for several years. Our grandfather finally parted with him; Mr. Reynolds succeeded him. The overseer's house was one story with three or four rooms in it, with a kitchen in front. West of the overseer's kitchen, across the road, were two small tabby houses for the servants' quarters. The overseers lived on the place the whole year, and in the absence of the owner, had direct control and management of the place and the slaves. The negroes complained that Mr. Cummings whipped them unnecessarily, and was very exacting of them. The overseer and his family were the only white people living on the plantation eleven months of the year. No complaints were made about Mr. Reynolds, and the plantation got on just as well.

On the place besides the cotton which was raised for sale, there was grown for home consumption corn, peas, potatoes, turnips, sugar-cane, tanyas, a vegetable like a turnip, pomegranates, pears of every variety, different varieties of figs, apples, ground nuts, black walnuts, persimmons, bitter-sweet oranges, cattle, pork, chickens, geese, ducks, guinea fowls, turkeys, in large quantities, and sheep. He cured all the meat, made hams, gams, sausages, sides, lard, but bought butter, using but little that was made on the place.



The Home of Lewis Reeve Sams,  
brother of Berners Barnwell Sams,  
This is the last house to the East on Bay  
Street, proper, is of frame, painted white, and  
is a very handsome house. It was sold by the  
family.



Berners Barnwell Sams.

611

The provisions grown on Datha supplied the Beaufort house throughout the year, leaving only tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, rice and other condiments, which were bought in large quantity from Charleston.

There were few pictures at either Datha or the Beaufort home. There was a piano at the town house, Adelaide and Elizabeth palying on it. It fell to Uncle Julius in the partition. There was a small collection of books at Datha, but very few in the Beaufort house.

Our grandfather kept a great deal to himself, but had an agreeable manner. His brother Lewis was of a much more social disposition. His turn of mind was democratic. He talked little of his family affairs. He was head of his house, always acknowledged so, his children were perfectly obedient to him, whatever he wished was done promptly without question. Of all his children Franklin had the best mind and soundest judgment. Instead of practicing law, which he had studied, he preferred to plant cotton, he succeeded at this, but was impoverished by the war. After the war, he did not continue to plant, but studied pharmacy, and took a position in Dr. Stewart's drug store at \$60.00 a month. He was there for several years. Later he kept the books at the Sea Island Hotel. Mrs. Odell, the wife of the Proprietor, told Aunt Elizabeth, that it gave an air of respectability to the hotel to have a man like the Major seen there.

Grandfather never spoke of his father, William Sams, nor of his Mother. He never entertained any of the prominent persons in the State, nor knew them personally. The bent of his mind was not that way, he was above all things a cotton planter. When he went to Charleston it was purely on business, and he paid no

Berners Barnwell Sams.

SR

social visits there. He had no relatives there, and only stayed one or two days. The community at Beaufort was like a set of moles, they never went anywhere, except to move to their plantations in the winter.

His particular friends were Col. Robert Barnwell, a distant cousin, old Dr. Guerrard, and Dr. Henry Fuller. He was fond of smoking, cigars being his favorite form. He never played cards, this was not then considered genteel. Never drove nor rode for pleasure, but used sometimes to go sailing. He had two sail boats, the "Lizzard" and "Sheer Water." Our father afterwards owned the latter and Franklin the "Lizzard."

He was not a member of any militia company, nor was he a Mason or OddFellow. He dressed very neatly, even when going into the Country, never was seen without his coat, even on the hottest day. He wore a stock and boots almost to the knees. His clothing was made in Charleston. He had two tailors of his own, who made his country clothing.

Business was done on a yearly basis, pass books being sent to the stores, and the accounts settled at the end of the year. He was one of the most honest men who ever walked. When he died there were no debts. He had inherited some property and steadily increased it during his life. He studied medicine at Charleston at the Medical College. With a large family he went steadily ahead. He gave good educations to all his children, all his sons except Clement studied a profession, Melvin, Donald and Randolph studied medicine, Franklin and Horace studied law, and Julius and Bonham studied for the ministry. Clement did not study a profession on account of his health. The girls studied the usual

Berners Barnwell Sams.

---

OK

English courses and Music and French. Elizabeth and Adelaide went to boarding school at Montpelier, in Georgia, and Eveline and Sarah went to boarding schools in Charleston.

The attractions of the easy life of a cotton planter, diverted his sons from prosecuting their professions. It was the aristocratic thing to do, and they naturally adopted it, employing a large number of slaves in the cultivation, Only the two Ministers really followed their professions.

I have heard the above sketch of my father's life read, and believe it to be substantially correct.

*Elizabeth B. Sams*

Feb. 21st, 1905.

Berners Barnwell Sams.



Old St. Helena Church, Beaufort, S. C.,  
The ancient official church of the Colony, built in  
1712. It was in good preservation in 1903, occupying  
a whole square, with a brick wall of ancient appearance  
around it. Our grandfather's pew was on the right  
hand side about the third from the pulpit. Several  
of our Uncles and Cousins are buried here, and Col.  
John Barnwell in an unmarked vault of brick,  
near the church in the rear.

101f

Berners Barnwell Sams.

---

History of the property on Sams' Point,  
Beaufort, South Carolina.

The property of Dr. Berners Barnwell Sams.

The square with the old residence on it.

The title to this square now stands in three separate owners, and we will consider them separately, so as to make a clear statement of the transfers of the property from one owner to another.

The Old Brick Residence.

This house was built between 1853 and 1855, by our grandfather, Dr. Berners Barnwell Sams, for his residence, and occupied the entire square. It took two years or more in building.

He lived first on Datha all the time, but lost two children there, and decided to live in Beaufort, especially in the Summer. He bought two squares on what was known then or later as Sams' Point, giving \$1500.00 each for them; they were the one the house stands on, and the vacant square opposite it.

Here he first built in the middle of the square on which the brick house now stands, a frame house. It was not a building of great pretensions. Here he lived for many years. All of his younger children were born there, among them my father.

Then he bought and moved to Aunt Elizabeth's home. Continuing to prosper, and while living there, he decided to build for himself a really good house, and proceeded to erect the handsome one still standing. This house was built in the Southeastern corner of the square on which the frame house was built by him. It cost \$12,000.00, and was paid for by the sale of cotton grown on the Datha Plantation.

Our Grandfather died, however, shortly before the brick house was finished. His family according to his wishes moved into it a few days after his death.

Under the provisions of his will all his town property was left to his three daughters, Elizabeth E. Sams, Adelaide Sams, afterwards Hallonquist, and Sarah Stanyarne Sams, afterwards the wife of John Sams.

This was the state of the title of the property when the war came on. After the war it was sold by the United States for the non-payment of the Direct Taxes, unconstitutionally levied on land by the Federal Government. At this sale it was bought in by Uncle Franklin F. Sams, for his sisters, for \$200.00. This sum was gradually repaid to him from rent from the property, as the owners were living at that time at Barnwell, S. C.

In a partition between the three owners, it fell to Adelaide A., then the wife of Laurent Hallonquist, and Sarah A., then the wife of John H. Sams.

Sarah S. and John H. Sams, her husband, who had left the State to live in Florida, encumbered their half interest in the property, which resulted later in their having to sell. It was bought by Mr. Wilson.

Adelaide A. Hallonquist sold her half for \$1100.00 to this same Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson lived there until his death. It remained in his family for several years after his death, being rented out. It was finally sold to Mr. George Crofut, or his wife, the present owner and occupant. The property has in these recent sales, sold for only small sums, such as \$1,500.00 or \$1,900.00. Mr. Crofut has put valuable improvements on the property, and it now presents the appearance of a handsome house in excellent condition, both within and without. He seems disinclined to part with the property, though I hope some day to purchase it.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

63

The Vegetable and Fruit Garden.

This was the Western portion of the property surrounding our Grandfather's residence. By partition, presumably, among the daughters, Elizabeth, Adelaide and Sarah, this became the property of Adelaide, afterwards Mrs. Hallonquist.

At the Tax Sale by the Federal Authorities, this was most probably protected by Uncle Franklin, as he protected in this manner the house.

It was sold by Adelaide A. Hallonquist to her brother, Franklin F. Sams, for \$200.00. He built a small house on it, and lived in it.

By his will he divided the property into two parts, leaving the portion with the house on it to his brother Dr. R. Randolph Sams.

Dr. R. R. Sams, sold it for \$700.00 to Charles Tyler. Charles Tyler sold it to a widow, Mrs. Mitchell.

Mrs. Mitchell sold it to Capt. Chadwick, who is the present owner, and who lives there with his wife and three children.

The other portion, the Western part, with Pinckney Street as its western line, Franklin F. Sams gave by his will to John Clancey.

John Clancey sold it to Capt. Christensen.

Captain Christensen sold it to James Rhett, a resident of Beaufort, who is still the owner.

The ownership of the square now therefore stands as follows:

The Eastern part with the house, stands in the name of the wife of Mr. George Crofut, Jr.

The middle portion with Uncle Franklin's little cottage, belongs to Captain Chadwick.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

---

The Western portion to the Street, belongs to James Rhett.

The Square Opposite the Brick House.

---

This square, containing several fine live oaks, is unenclosed and vacant, except for a small two story dilapidated building of tabby situated at its Southwest Corner, and which was once used by Uncle R. Randolph Sams, as an office up stairs, and by my father downstairs, as a museum for collecting his stuffed birds, etc., of which he had a large and varied number. He was writing a Natural History of the birds of South Carolina, when the war interrupted his work.

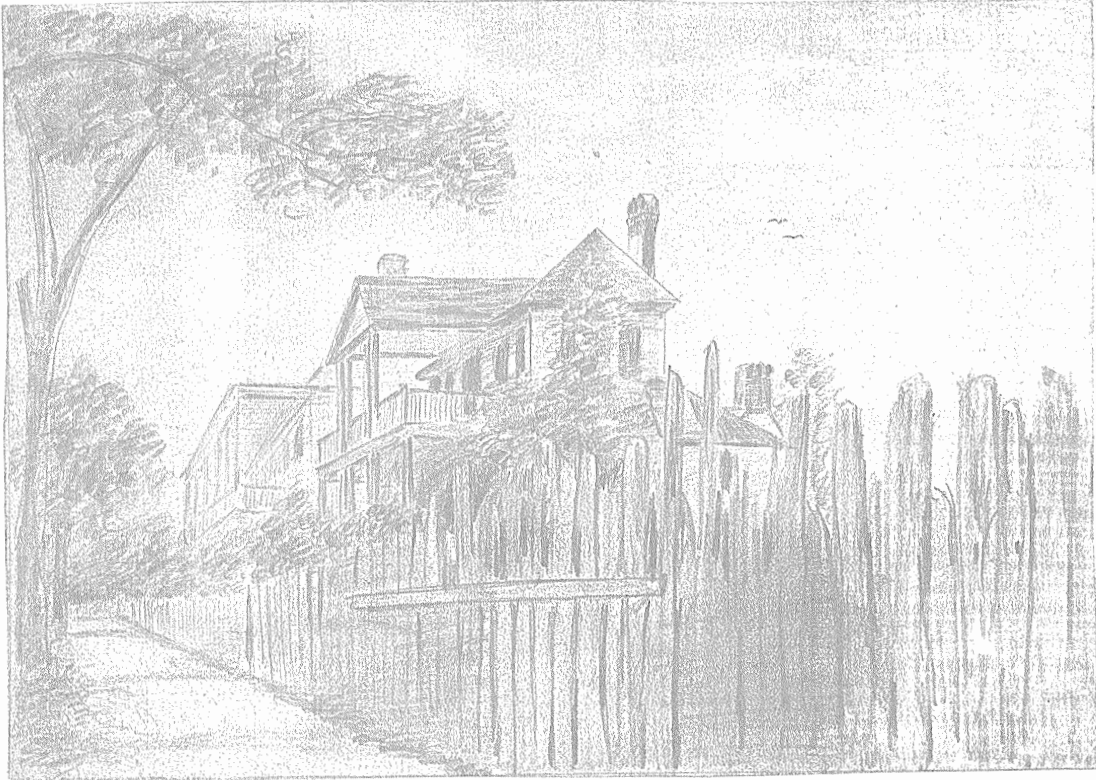
This square seems to have been confiscated by the Federal Government after the War, being sold for Direct Taxes, and not redeemed by the family. It is now believed to be Mr. or Mrs. Crofut's, having been purchased from some owner under this tax sale. But whether owned entirely by him or not, we do not know.

CR



Berners Barnwell Sams.

---



Aunt Elizabeth's House

in Beaufort, her room being that on the end this way. This was an old family house, our grandfather having died in her room while the big house was being built, and just before it was finished. The beautiful fence in the foreground is in front of a lot which belonged to Fannie and me, of about 100 X 200 feet, which was our fathers. It has a beautiful view of the river from the rear, but that is a back street. It is fine land, and has an old shanty on the rear, but is cultivated as a fine vegetable garden, which paid the taxes.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

617  
Aunt Elizabeth's House.

This property is situated on Hancock Street, and was bought by our grandfather, as were those still to be mentioned, later than the above, and a few years before his death.

Under the will of their father, this was owned by Aunt Elizabeth, and her sisters, Adelaide and Sarah.

They sold it to Dr. Lewis Reeve Sams, a son of our great-uncle, Lewis Reeve Sams.

After the war it was confiscated in his name, and bought in by him as his own property for \$100.00 .

Not having paid his cousins for it, however, and being unable to do so, he reconveyed it to them. By partition between them, it passed wholly to Aunt Elizabeth, who is still the owner, and has all the trouble with it she wants.

A Vacant Lot in Front of Aunt Elizabeth's House.

This was bought by our grandfather as stated above. It belonged to his three daughters after his death.

During the War it was sold for taxes, and bought by Susan Jackson, a colored woman, who had made some money keeping an eating house, after the War.

She still owns a part of it, with a small house on it, and has sold the rest to Capt Christensen.

This old colored woman is the regular servant of my Aunt Elizabeth, who lives just opposite.

110

Berners Barnwell Sams.

---

The Vacant Lot of Mine and Fannie's.

---

This lot on Hancock Street is about 100 feet in width by 200 feet deep, and runs back to another Street. It has a fine view of the Beaufort River to the North of it. It is East of Aunt Elizabeth's house, and next to it. It is cultivated as a vegetable garden, and has a ramshaketty old frame building on the rear, occupied by some colored people. The cultivation of the garden and occupancy of this house pay the taxes on the property. Uncle Randolph kindly attends to this for us.

It was bought by our grandfather, and was purchased from Richard I. Dayant, Special Commissioner, appointed in a partition suit between the three sisters, April 9th, 1860, for \$300.00. It is described in the Deed as - "Situate on Black's Point, bounded on the North by Bayard Street, on the South by Hancock Street, on the East by a lot belonging to John A. Johnson, and on the West by a lot belonging to the estate of Dr. B. B. Sams, (lately occupied by Dr. R. R. Sams), measuring from East to West, one hundred feet, and from North to South, two hundred and ten feet."

This partition suit was brought by Elizabeth E. Sams and Adelaide A. Sams against Sarah S. Sams, February 6th, 1860, in the Court of Equity, at Gillisonville, in the District of Beaufort.

I have the deed for it in my safe. It was recorded April 13th, 1860, in Deed Book 30, pages 5 and 6.

The lot escaped confiscation by the Yankees, who got mixed up in some way about the title and thought it belonged to the house of Dr. John Johnson next door, which was sold.

63  
111

Berners Barnwell Sams.

By the assistance of Dr. Lewis Reeve Sams, it was recovered by my mother, being deeded to her, and passed under her will equally to me and my sister.

The old house on the rear of this lot is a portion of the original frame house built by my grandfather on the square on which now stands the big Brick House. It was rolled around there by my father when the old frame house was pulled down.

On this lot my father intended to build a town residence living during the Winter partly on Datha. He was collecting his materials for this purpose when the War broke out and prevented his carrying out this plan.

By deed of July 7th, 1906, Fannie and I sold this lot to J. Albert Kinghorn, of Beaufort, S. C., for \$350.00. My half of the money was put in the addition made to No. 308 Main Street, in which is my private office.

Berners Barnwell Sams.

Datha.

Datha was bought by the Hext family from the Gibbises, and appears to have been the property of Elizabeth Hext when she married William Sams.

After William Sams' death, it continued the property of his widow, Elizabeth, who managed it in a very vigorous manner. She was a business woman. Every day at twelve o'clock, she had all the little darkies brought up in the yard, and personally superintended their receiving a bountiful supply of soup. She did not mince her words in dealing with the servants. She died in the old Hext house in Beaufort, which was also her property.

After her death Datha passed to two of her sons, Berners Barnwell Sams, inheriting the Western half with the old house on it, and Lewis Reeve Sams, inheriting the Eastern half.

The portion of Berners Barnwell Sams was devised by him to three of his sons, Horace, Bonham Barnwell and Charles Clement Sams, one-third each.

Bonham sold his third to Julius. Clement sold his third to Horace and Julius, giving them a half each. Julius paid Clement for his half, by the conveyance of the whole of Laurel Hill, which had been devised to him by his father. Horace and Julius verbally partitioned the land between them.

Horace owned the house and all out-buildings, Long Field, Pee field and others.

Julius owned Mink Point field, also that between Cedar Hedge and Jenkin's Creek, and the Hill field.

Oak Island continued to be held jointly by Horace and Julius.

This is  
owned by  
Map Grant  
motto  
1811

113

113

Berners Barnwell Sams.

This was the state of the title when the war came on, and the property was confiscated by the Federal Government.

Under the tax sale it was bought by two northern men, Dr. Winslow and Mr. Woods.

Several years ago the heirs were paid \$5.00 an acre by the United States Government in satisfaction of their illegal confiscation.

In 1905, after other transfers, it passed to a Mr. Saunders, a brother of Mr. Wilson Saunders, a South Carolinian from around Bluffton. He bought the whole Island, the eastern portion also, which had been lost by the Lewis Reeve Sams branch of the family, at the time of the general confiscation.

114

Berners Barnwell Sams.

---

The Property of Lewis Reeve Sams.

---

Our great Uncle owned the following pieces of property on Sams' Point:

The square on the River to the East of our old Home Square, now owned by Mrs. Shepper. This was sold voluntarily by Uncle Lewis before the War to Edgar Fripp.

The square on the River East of the vacant lot in front of our Old Home Square, now owned by Mrs. Barnwell Fuller. This was sold voluntarily by Uncle Lewis before the War, to Col. Paul Hamilton, father of the above Mrs. Fuller.

The Old Elizabeth Hext House.

*Stephens*  
*Step. Hext. H. of No. 1, D.*  
This occupied a small irregularly shaped square, and had been the property of his mother, Elizabeth Hext, who married William Sams, the father of Lewis Reeve Sams, and my grandfather, Berners Barnwell Sams. He may have inherited this piece in that way.

This was left by him to his daughter, Caroline Sams, afterwards Mrs. James Fripp, who lived there until the War.

It was confiscated during the War and bought by an outsider, a Mr. McLeod.)

Mr. McLeod sold it to \_\_\_\_\_, who sold it to \_\_\_\_\_, sold it to Reid, who now owns it, who gave \$700.00 for it. He offered it to me for \$800.00, in the Fall of 1903.

I have heard the above account of the property on Sams' Point read, and believe it to be correct.

February 14th, 1905.

*Elizabeth E. Sams*

William Sams.

Great Grandfather. His children were:  
 1. Robert, 2. William, 3. John, 4. Francis, 5. Louis  
 Reeve, 6. Berners Barnwell, 7. Edward Hext. Our great-  
 uncles.

William Sams' Descendants:

1. Robert Sams. Born Feb. 25th, 1764. Died unmarried.  
 Buried on Datha.
2. William Sams. Born March 7th, 1766. Died April 3d,  
 1817. Unmarried. Buried on Datha.
3. John Sams. Born May 1st, 1769.
4. Francis Sams. Born July 31st, 1771. Died July 26th,  
 1827. Unmarried. Buried on Datha.
5. Louis Reeve Sams. Born July 23d, 1784. Died Dec.  
 21st, 1856. Married Miss .  
 Child:  
 Richard Sams, Married Miss . Their  
 child was:  
 Richard Sams, who married a Miss Jones of  
 Macon, Georgia.

Their children are three boys and one girl.

1

2

3.

Louis Reeve Sams was the father of the Richard  
 Sams who was our father's groomsman. He lived  
 in the fine, large, frame house on Bay Street,  
 in Beaufort.



William Sams.

CR

6. Berners Barnwell Sams. Our grandfather. Born May 26th, 1787. Died March 15th, 1855. Married, first : Elizabeth Hann Fripp: Second: Mrs. Martha Fripp, née Edwards.

7. Edward Hext Sams. Born January 1st, 1796. Died Married a Miss Fripp and moved to Florida. Their children were:

Dr. Francis Sams, married Cornelia Hopkins, a daughter of one of the Governors of Florida. They live in New Smyrna, Fla., which is on Mosquito Inlet, about the middle of the coast of Florida. Popular, nice man.

OR  
Robert Sams.

---

Robert Sams, Ancestor in fourth generation, married Bridget Barnwell, the daughter of Colonel John Barnwell, and lived and died on John's Island, near Beaufort, S. C., off the coast, between Charleston and Beaufort. This is a flat, sandy, island, very large, with palmetto and oak. It seems that their only child was William Sams, mentioned earlier in this account, who married Elizabeth Hext. He presumably inherited a large part of John's Island from his father. John's Island is between Edisto Island and James Island, bounded by N. Edisto River, the ocean and Stono Inlet.

612

118

Bonham Sams.

Bonham Sams and his wife, Elizabeth, came to South Carolina from Cardiff, Wales, in 1650 or 1668, with a grant for a large tract of land on Wadmalow Island.

The Sea Islands.

The following account appeared in one of the South Carolina papers:

"These beautiful, fertile and attractive 'islets of the sea,' sentinel, as it were, of the Carolina coast, were recognized and regarded in anti-bellum days, as the floating gardens of our southland. They included James, John's, Wadmalaw, Edisto, St. Helena, Fort Royal, Hilton Head, Dawfuskie, Spring, Pinckney, Pritchard, Paris and minor islands, extending from Charleston to the Savannah river.

"The first explorers and colonists, sailing among those islands, gave glowing descriptions of their discoveries, and the first European settlement was established on Fort Royal Island.

"For many years, owing to the strength and hostility of the different Indian tribes inhabiting the interior, the settlements of the colonists were limited to the seacoast; consequently, the islands were soon populated, their fertile soil cultivated and abundant harvests gathered. With the introduction and cultivation of sea island cotton, long staple, the sea islands at once, from their peculiar soil and climatic influence, established their exclusive adaptability for the growth of the finest staple of cotton known to the civilized world.

"Two planters, one on John's, the other on St. Helena Island, in looking over their crops, noticed stalks of cotton different in growth and production from the general growth in the fields. Upon examination they found the staple in length and fineness superior to any other they had ever seen; so, marking the stalks, they picked the cotton themselves, and planting the seed thus selected, propagated the famous grade

known before the inter-state trouble as the little cream, big cream, and silk stocking grades of cotton, which commanded and sold in foreign markets as high as from one dollar, to one dollar and fifty cents per pound.

"Owing to their exemption from malarial influences, the fertility of their soil under proper culture, the exclusive and limited product of the finest grade of cotton in the world, these islands before the civil war were thickly settled and the lands exceptionally valuable. The estates passed from generation to generation of the same family and the islanders were recognized and distinguished by their appearance and dialect as well as their intelligence and progressive refinement.

"Prior to 1861, the sea island planters were highly prosperous and possessed all the comforts and luxuries of an advanced civilization. They lived in large, hospitable residences on their estates and almost reminded one of the baronial style and indulgences of the 'olden time.' Next to his cotton field the pride of the sea island planter was in his large family boat, rowing twelve oars, dug out and shaped from a single cypress tree, but, more frequently, constructed from three cypress pieces and known as a stick boat. His bi-annual visits with his household in his barge of state, spring and fall, to the cities of Savannah and Charleston always proved to his mercantile friends a 'joy forever.'"

D A T H A .

An Account by  
James Julius Sams.

The Island of Datha is situated five miles to the east of the town of Beaufort, on the Coast of South Carolina. It was a lovely island, is now, probably more than any of the many scattered along that coast. It was bought by my grand-father and inherited from him by my Uncles, Lewis and Edward, and my father Dr. Barnwell B. Sams. My Uncle Edward sold his interest to my father and my Uncle Lewis. They divided the island. The part owned by my father was the most picturesque. It was shaped something like a boot. It was bluffed on one side and shelved on the other. Both sides were bordered by trees. Not a wide, but a beautiful, river flowed along the eastern side, the side that was bluffed. The sands which stretched out from the bluff were precipitous. The strong tide, that was running more or less all the time, was continually washing away the soil of the bluff, and exposing the roots of the trees which grew thereon or near, and in time causing the trees to tumble into the river. Those roots were often the resort of the mink, a little chocolate-colored animal, that did much damage to the poultry. This river seemed to be a branch of the Coosaw. It started from Coosaw Island with a broad sweep, ran close up to Pol-Wannie (an island owned by Dr. L.R. Sams and situated between St. Helena and Datha) then swept around the eastern part of Datha, beginning with Big-Landing, passing Polly-Dock, then on to Bob Island and around, finally becoming what was known as Curiska Creek or River, which ran in front of Mink Point on to

Bell Island and emptied into Warsaw River. The other side of Datha, that which shelved, did not present an appearance as picturesque or attractive. After passing through the thick undergrowth which bordered it, we gazed upon a long and wide stretch of short marsh, and then beyond that a still larger and wider stretch of tall marsh, on the other side of which could be seen the Warsaw River. Never seen, though, to advantage, except at full tide. This stretch of marsh was of great interest to us, because of the marsh-hens that abounded there. There is another part of the island by no means to be omitted in my attempt to describe it. It consists of Oak Island, the two Pine Islands, Cedar Island and some two or three smaller. Oak Island was the largest, the next in size, the Pines. Between Datha, Oak Island and the Pines were a number of ponds. These ponds were the result of an attempt made by my father to obtain salt land for the planting of cotton. At one time there was a great rage among the Sea Island planters for salt lands. It had several advantages over other kinds of land. From the time the seed was up there was little or no trouble. The cotton grown on it required very little working, did not suffer much from either excess of rain or sun. After, however, the dams were built, my father found there was little or no soil, no soil near the surface or lower down. It was all sand. He tried the cotton. It came up badly and grew worse. It was a failure. My father, though, determined to put the work done and money spent to some use. Being quite a sportsman, and looking upon the wild duck as the very best of game for his family, always anxious for his children to have a variety of wholesome food, having a great many sons among his child-

Datha.



Distant View of Datha,  
Across Washa Sound from Ladies Island.  
This sketch was made during a visit paid there by  
Reeve Sams and C. Whittle Sams, Dec. 5th, 1903.



Datha.

---

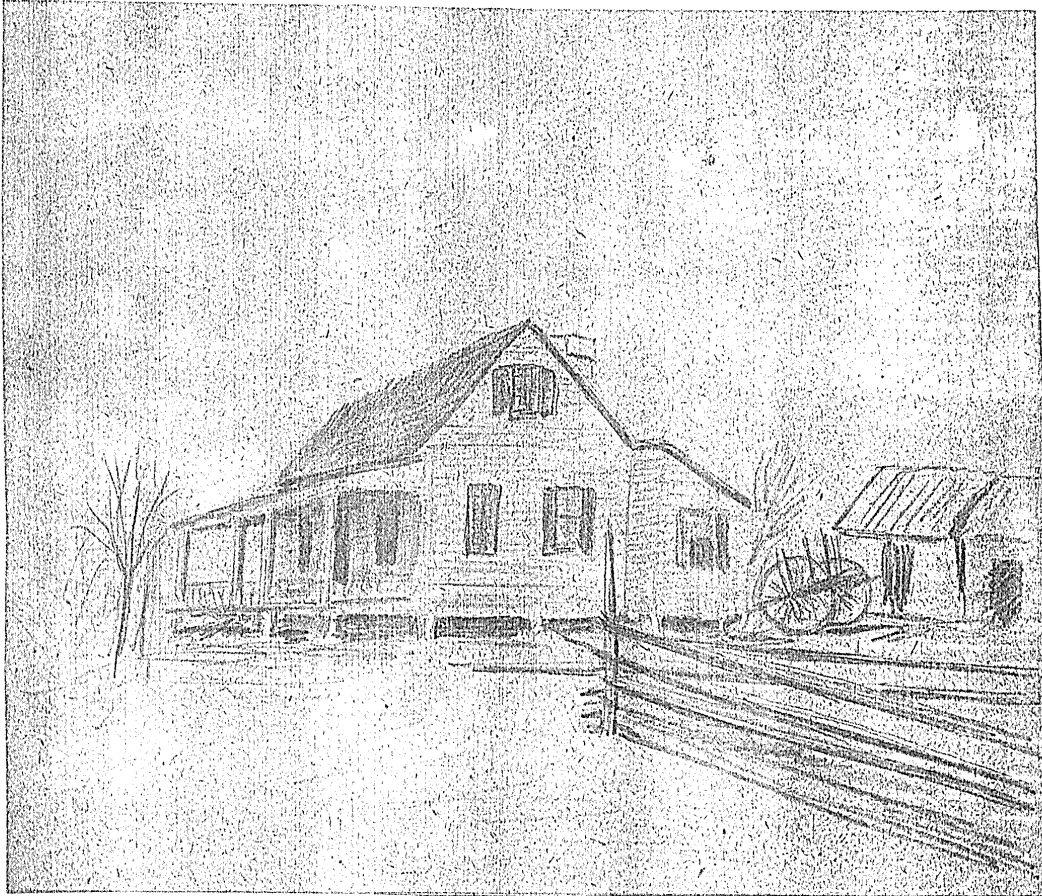
ren, wishing to remove as far as possible the temptation to wander from home, he converted his experiment into a kind of game preserve. Hence these ponds that added so largely to the beauty of Datha, and contributed so much to the supplying of the table during the winter season. Take a clear wintry day, at sun set, and when these ponds were full, and you could not gaze upon a more lovely scene in nature. Go over to the opposite side of the island, stand by the Bee-Stinger Dam, look in the direction of Oak Island, after the sun had dipped behind, or go and stand between Oak Island and the larger Pine Island, and the scene would amply repay every moment you spent gazing upon it. At any rate, so it always seemed to us, Horace and myself, and sometimes Donald, would take one of these positions and drink in the beauty of the picture, a picture wanting not one touch to make it perfect; the wild ducks leaving the ponds in bunches of six, twelve and twenty, at different times and short intervals between; the marsh-hens, cackling on every side, the curlews flying overhead for home for the night, and sometimes the whooping crane, farther off and higher up and uttering their peculiar note, and other sounds from animated nature, the reflection cast by the setting sun, the quietness that stole over one's spirit, all this, and more, produced an impression too vivid ever to pass away. Between Oak Island and the smaller of the Pines there was a body of rushes. In those rushes, Horace, Donald and I often squatted to give the curlews passing over a parting salute, sometimes successfully and often times not.

Mink Point was a field at the extreme south of the island. Curishaw River flowed in front, and

Datha.

washed its bluff dreadfully. To the east of Mink Point was Bob Island, the two connected by a dam. The interest in that island for us was mainly in the fact that it was a part of Datha. My father's part of the island was divided into different fields by means of hedges. There was an oak hedge between Tweedee and the Hill field. Cedar hedge, between the Hill Field and a small field, running to the shore on the south. Casena hedge and another oak hedge running along the cornfield and Long Field. Corn Field, Long Field and Mink Point were again divided from each other by raised turf dams, on which were planted trees of various kinds, cedar, oak, casena, etc. This very division of the place added to its beauty.

Big Woods was not on our part of the Island but deserves some notice. It began just over what was known as the Locust Fence, the line dividing the island. It commenced at the fence, and extended down within a half a mile of the other end of the island. It was called Big Woods in distinction of a smaller body of woods, known as Little Woods. This latter had disappeared before my time. There is a story connected with Big Woods which I might as well tell here. At the time to which I allude, there were two settlements on the island. The negroes were continually passing from one to the other after night fall. On one occasion they would not leave either settlement except in day light. On inquiring the reason, it was found that there was a rumor amongst them of a white lady with long hair, who had taken up her abode in these woods, and whenever there was a storm, she would commence to scream and wring her hands. It was found impossible to reason them out of this. At last my uncle William told them that the next time they heard the white lady, they must

Datha.

Home of August Burks, one of the old  
Sams family servants, on Ladies Island.  
From this house the foregoing picture of  
Datha was taken. We left here, three  
in one wretched road cart, drove South  
a mile or so, took a boat and were row-  
ed over to Datha. December 5th, 1903.

let him know. Accordingly not long after this, a storm of wind happened to rage, and some of the negroes came and reported that the white lady had commenced to scream. Calling his dogs and taking a hatchet, my uncle set out on a search for the white lady. It was at night. Entering the woods and making his way as well as he could in the dark, he followed the sound until he reached a tree from which it seemed to come. He barked the tree with his hatchet and then turned homeward. He passed out of the field and entered that known as Little Woods. Then he said it was his time to be frightened. Suddenly he heard around him great trampling as of many horses. The conduct of his dogs helped to alarm him. They ran between his legs again and again, almost tripping him up. At last with yelps they dashed off, never stopping until they reached home. He said it was the first time he ever experienced the sensation of hair standing on end. He never found from what that sound came, nor could he explain the conduct of his dogs in connection with it. The white lady turned out to be two limbs of a tree which had crossed in contact with each other and, being long, whenever the wind blew they rubbed together and made a shrill, creaking sound. I believe all these so-called mysterious sounds can be traced to natural causes. I remember hearing my father tell of a little incident that happened when he was living at the parsonage on St. Helena. It was when he was practicing medicine. He was often called out at night, and my mother complained of a certain strange sound which she never heard except in his absence. The sound proceeded from the lower part of the house, something like a knocking. She did not believe that there was anything supernatural in it, nor did he. Though he

128

Datha.

tried, it was a long time before he discovered the cause. One night he was called out and had returned without his servants knowing it. Soon after he entered the house the noise commenced. He listened for some time, and then slipping his boots off walked softly out of the house, down the steps, around to a door which opened into a cellar. He caught sight of some dark object within. Springing forward he grasped one of his own servants. It seems his servants were dissatisfied with staying there and hoped by alarming my mother to induce a move back to Datha.

The last place of note I mentioned was Big Woods. The other places of importance along the eastern shore of our part of the island, beginning from the side of Bob Island were, Murphy's Dam, Bee Stinger Dam, Polly Dock, Big and Little Landings, Spring Well and Salt Hole. Salt Hole was the place which supplied us with arrows. I remember it, though, for another reason. One December there was a great excitement among the negroes in regard to an alligator, which, they said, had eaten some of the hogs. After a good deal of talk about the matter his den was discovered near Salt Hole. The negroes reported the discovery to the overseer. He took his gun and went to join in battle with this alligator, which was reported as being very large. Several of the negroes accompanied him. Sure enough after getting to the Salt Hole, and passing through the canes, down on the sand to the left was the alligator in his den, under the bluff, seeming asleep. He had either found a natural cave, or he had made one for himself, and had taken possession. The overseer approached as near as he could and taking aim, shot him while asleep. The negroes soon had him out and he was indeed an ugly

customer. I always doubted whether he was the real thief of the hogs. But whether or not he was an alligator and no love is thrown away on alligators. I ought to say something about the house. My recollections cling more around the house than anything else. It was not a common house. It was uncommon. It was not one house, but three, three distinct houses. The roof above was so constructed and the passage within, as to be, to all intents and purposes, one house. It was built of tabby, a mixture of shells, lime and sand. The way of construction was to make a box or several boxes according to the length and width of the buildings, each box so many feet long, say about fifteen or twenty feet, and about one and a half feet wide. These boxes were put in place, filled with the mixture, which was packed or pestled down, and allowed to stand until dry. The sides and ends of the boxes were held by movable pins. When these pins were drawn out, the box would fall to pieces. The box was taken down and put upon the tabby already dry, and so box after box was packed or pestled until the walls were as high as you designed. My father had a great preference for this kind of building, and put up a great many houses built in this way, upon his plantation and on his premises in the town of Beaufort. On one occasion he made a very narrow escape with his life. He was building an outhouse of large dimensions in Beaufort. He found that there was something wrong with its construction. It had been carried up beyond the first story. While walking around it, it fell well nigh covering him with its ruins. The defect had been in one of the boxes. It had not been placed in a direct line, square with the others. In other words, it produced a bowing wall, and a bowing wall will certainly fall. He generally superintended the

work himself, knowing how particular it was necessary to be. His success as a planter was largely owing to his knowing everything about everything that was to be done. He owned tailors, blacksmiths and carpenters, but he seemed always to know more about these trades than the servants themselves. He knew exactly what was to be done, how much in a given time. He could always correct mistakes. His acquired practical knowledge of all the work necessary to successful planting operations, kept his negroes in orderly condition, in which they always were. He had several plantations and a great many negroes. He allowed them to visit on these different plantations, and nowhere else. Nor did he permit strange negroes to visit on his plantations. He employed missionaries for the religious instruction of his negroes. I do not think there was another body of negroes in the whole district more orderly or well-cared for, physically and religiously. He had administrative talents, was systematic in everything and was always in trim. Many of the planters in the Beaufort district were just as energetic as my father, but they seemed never to get on. They were always busy doing, doing, but never successful. The seasons were always too fast for their work, and their expenditures too fast for the crops.

To return to the house; it had three names, or rather the three houses of which it was composed had three distinct names. West, East and Middle. The middle house was the old and original home. It was much older than my grandmother's time. It consisted of two rooms, a narrow passage between, two attic rooms above, and two cellars below. My father added the two wings, each consisting of two rooms, and each wing as large as the original house. The two wings were connected by a large passage way, running back of the middle house, not

only connecting the east and west house, but also connecting the middle house. The narrow passage in the middle house opened into this large passage on its side. The two ends of this large passage were entered from two doors respectively in the parlours, and piazzas of the east and west house. The three houses had each its own piazza. That of the middle house was most isolated. This large passage opened to the north upon the brick steps, as they were always called.

The description of the surroundings of the house will complete the description of the Island. In front of each house there was a large sycamore, beyond there were two large walnut trees, beyond these again was the old garden, which stretched to a little pond. On this side of which, that is, between the house and pond, was a large grove of poplar trees. On a moonlight night they looked like so many ghosts. Back of the house was the dairy, on the east side of the dairy, the well with the old oaken bucket. On the other side, directly on the north, was the pear orchard. East of it the old plum orchard, great place for setting traps and catching red birds. Northwest of the house was the orange orchard. Southwest the fig orchard, and beyond that, the apple orchard. There were pear, fig, apple and orange trees elsewhere. The Island was well supplied with fruit. West of the orange orchard was our family burying ground. It was shaded all over by the spread of the largest live oak tree I ever saw. This tree grew in the middle of the graveyard, and threw its limbs out and around in all directions, even taking under its cover the wall which encircled the yard. On the east of the oak between it and the orange orchard, was a chapel, which was so placed as to form part of the wall, which ran around the whole spot. Northeast of the



house, and almost directly behind the east house, was the old tabby blade house. This was one of the popular resorts when we were little fellows. We would go up there to hunt for hens' nests, and a dozen hens could not have made as much cackling over their newly laid eggs, as we did when we discovered a nest, which was often our reward. One other object was to climb on the blades to the top of the ceiling and then slide down or turn somer-saults. We generally came out looking quite fuzzy with bits and chips of blades hanging or sticking to us. Our clothes and hair always telling where we had been. In our way, we always cackled loudly or noisily over the nests we happened to find. Of course we wanted everybody to know we had found a nest, but I often thought the hens were very foolish to set up a great cackling, as they did, when they laid their eggs, thus telling every egg-sucking dog within hearing that a new egg was ready for him. There were some of the dogs which ran direct to the spot, as soon as they heard the hens. I suppose this is the evil mixed up with the good. Eggs being so excellent for food, Providence never intended they should be secreted. On the same line with the old tabby blade house was the stable. Between that and the tabby house was the barn. Probably the barn was never open without our trying to get in, especially if there were any pigs in the hog pen, which was made by the fence running all around the barn. We would get into the barn, and stand at the door and drop a few grains of corn near the steps. "Now, Horace," I would say, "I'll drop the corn and you catch that spotted fellow." "Well, wait till I get ready." And Horace would get on his knees and reach a little out of the door; I standing by with the corn. As soon as it was dropped, up the little stupid pig would run and be-

fore he knew what he was about, Horace would grab him by the tail or leg. When it was by the tail, I always helped him. Fortunately for us it never broke, but when it escaped us, it was by slipping away. A pig running about with the tail half off would have told a tale on us, the sequel of which would not have been very pleasant to think of. Well, he would twist and turn, draw himself up and struggle and squeal, but between us two, we managed to hold fast and draw him in. Then the fun commenced. We would pull his ears, tickle his ribs, catch him by the hind legs and shake him up and down, to make him squeal. Our whole fun was in that. The old mother would get angry of this treatment of her precious little pigs and rushing up would guff, guff at us in a most fierce manner, chopping her jaws and looking daggers. The more they fumed and fretted, the more delighted we were. We took good care though to let the little pigs go before we ventured to come out of the barn. I used to think certainly that hogs had no brains, or, if they had, the brains of those little pigs would be so churned and addled and mixed up by the jerking up and down that, when let go, instead of switching their tails and scampering off in a straight line to the old sows, they would reel from side to side and tumble about. There was an old sow we called Old Hag. She was tall, long-sided and thin, a very good old creature she was. I believe she had some temper, however, and I think if she could have spoken she would have retorted on us by calling, little \_\_\_\_\_, never mind, I won't say. It would have been some comfort to her no doubt, could she have known how dreadfully afraid we were of her. At the cry, Old Hag is coming, we were up the steps and on the fence, in a moment. We used to always halloo at her, throw corn cobs, worry and tease her little pigs, but always stood in great awe of her.

Hogs are very greedy animals and, as a rule, eat all their food greedily. I have witnessed one exception. It would have been a study for a painter. It was in the eating of sugar cane. My father believed in sugar cane both for his children and the animals. We always had free access to it. It never hurt the teeth or the digestion, never took away the appetite. As a change of diet the work animals were fed on it one month. Of course the hogs often got it. A perfect picture of animal contentment and delight, was when a hog got a piece of cane he could not take into his mouth, without first pressing under his feet and tearing with his teeth. I have often seen a hog take a piece, get it fairly within his jaw, throw his head up so as to prevent the juice escaping, shut his eyes, and then set to work and chew and squeeze and swallow down, as though the piece of sugar cane was something so sweet that it could not be put in words.

In front of the stable was the overseer's house. To return to the hog pen. It furnished us with another amusement in the catching line. My father had a large pigeon house right back of the west wing of the dwelling house. He raised a great many pigeons. The pigeons were very fond of visiting the hog pens to pick up whatever grain they could find. In the large hog pens there were several little pens in which some little pigs or their brothers and sisters would be confined for staying out too late, or not coming home for several nights. Into these pens the pigeons would fly to get the corn, that was our time. We would go to the fence, I standing outside, Horace jumping in, and after a great deal of scrambling and catching, would at last seize one pigeon. We would talk to each other very

much in this way: "You got him?" "No! You got him now?" "No, he dodges me." "I can't." "Never mind, try again." "I got him now." "Well, bring him out." A moment after he would be climbing the fence, holding on with one hand and the other holding the pigeon, which I waited to receive. We would play with it some time and at last throw it up in the air, when it would sail away and come back the next morning to undergo the same fright.

Like all children, we were mischievous, often disobedient, but not from any evil disposition. There was an old African, who was a hog-minder. He was a little old man, honest and good-natured. In the afternoon he used to stand at the hog pen, near the gate and cry Poo-goo, Poo-goo, Poo-goo - until I thought he would split his throat. I seem to have him before me now. We were very fond of playing tricks upon him. He loved the hogs, sows, pigs, mothers, little pigs, all, and was very anxious to have them in the pen before night fall. The hogs tried his patience a great deal, but it was very wonderful what he did with them. Some times when he would see a hog coming along in that slow way, peculiar to them when not driven, he would blurt out at them in a way to make one think he was really angry. We noticed this, and every now and then would go up the road, towards the cedar hedge, and pretend that we were the hogs. There was a road running direct from cedar hedge to the pen. We would go up as far as cedar hedge, get on our knees (as we never thought of the pantaloons) and make our way down to the pen. Being dressed in dark clothes, dark caps on our heads, and the sun having set or very near to it, it was very easy to deceive old Brutus. We would creep a little, then stop, as the hogs did, sometimes going a little out of the road, then we would stop, putting our heads down, as if rooting

for something. We could see him facing in our direction and when we got near we would jump up with a giggle and laugh, delighted with the success of our deception. I believe the old man was really deceived. He never seemed to suspect. Of course we took good care not to do it too often, or with too much regularity. When we played this trick, we always waited until, from the lateness of the hour, we thought nearly all the hogs had gone home, and we noticed that as soon as we made ourselves known the old man would pin the gate and go home.

But to us the most exciting of the scenes connected with the hogs was the catching of those that were to be fattened for bacon. They were generally caught early in the morning. A squeal would wake us. Up we would jump, hurry on our clothes, look at the water in the basin, knock the comb one way, and the brush the other, dash down the steps, and, in a moment, would be strung along the fence which constituted the hog pen - not to see the hogs caught, that ended the fun, but to see the negroes catching the hogs. If you put a coward in a corner, he will fight. This was often the case with the hogs. At first when the negroes jumped into the pen they would scatter or crowd together, and run here and there, into one corner then another. Sometimes under the barn, and would then try to climb the fence. After a while, however, they would turn with their tails to the fence, and their heads towards the negro man, facing the enemy as it were, some of them chopping their jaws together, and looking quite savage. I have seen three or four men in front of one or two hogs which were the doomed ones. The

hogs would stand facing the negroes, their snouts dropp-  
ed a little to the ground and their eyes raised, giv-  
ing them a rather singular appearance, a picture of  
savageness and determination. It was a look that gave  
a kind of challenge, it seemed to say, come on if you  
dare. The negroes were very fond of encouraging each  
other to make an attack, but not fond of setting an  
example. At last one of them would make a dash, miss  
his aim and tumble down flat. The hog would make at  
him, and he would scramble upon all fours, making the  
dust and straw fly all around him, escaping, but at the  
expense of a laugh from the others; or he would make  
at the bog, the hog would make at him, he would then  
make for the fence, and not jump but tumble over heels,  
head, body, all and land, not on his feet, but on his  
back, and again a laugh. But even Cuffee was too smart  
for the hog. Whilst two or three negroes would be in  
the pen engaging the attention of the hog, another would  
slip outside, and putting his hand between the rails,  
seize one leg, the others then would rush in, and that  
generally ended the contest.

I return to the house. The extreme west room  
was my Father's chamber. The room next that, a parlor.  
Often on a mild December night we would sit in the piazza  
of the west house and enjoy the scene, common-place  
enough when looked at under sun light, but uncommon  
beauty when the view was at night, and the moon was shin-  
ing. It was a survey of the field known as the corn  
field. It commenced outside of the Fig Orchard and  
ran away down as far as the woods that fringed the edge  
of the first pond. The field was long, and just with  
breadth enough to make it complete. At the season of  
the year, to which I am alluding, the stalks from which  
the grain had been gathered were tall, strong and cover-  
ed with the empty shocks that had held the ear. These

stalks had been bleached by successive hoarfrosts. The light of the rising moon first fell upon the stalks, bright and white, interspersed for awhile by the shadow from the pines at Polly Dock, stretching full across one part of the field, it fell upon the woods that bordered the first pond, then seemed to settle upon the tops of the pine and oak in Oak Island, massed together, and which formed part of the beauty and glory of Oak Island. This was no common picture, looked at when the sun was down and the moon was rising. Often did we sit in the Piazza of the west house and enjoy the scene, listening at the same time to the Too whoo, Too whoo, whoo-whoop of the great white owl, which came from the woods of Oak Island. This reminds me of an early adventure on that island with my brother Horace. If I am not mistaken, we had gone there to cut a palmetto cabbage. I had just learned to shoot, he not yet. I carried the gun, he the ax. We left the house rather late in the afternoon. By the time we reached the island day was well nigh gone, and night was coming on. The ducks had left the ponds. The last flock of Curlews had passed over. The Doves had commenced to gather around the little ponds in Oak Island which they always did about sun set; the negroes had left the adjoining field, the cow, hogs and sheep had all gone home, not even the call of the cowboy shouting at some stray member of the flock, ya-e-e-e. "You sukey, come back here." "May whar you gwine?" "Cut-teet, cut-teet, get out of dat bush, you always war a fool cow." No, the silence was unbroken. There was a still and sombre look about everything. "Horace, you are not afraid?" "Afraid? Not I." "No, not I, either." Thus we tried to bolster each other up. Of what should we be afraid? There was nothing to harm us. Even if so, we had a gun and an ax. We march-

Datha.

ed on, and marched in. After proceeding a little distance an owl commenced to hoot. Neither of us liked the sound. We would have enjoyed it more if we had been seated in the Piazza of the west house. We both had a kind of feeling that the ill omened bird was laughing at us as though it had caught us in a trap by ourselves, and our day had come; our night. However, we both knew it was only an owl, and that it was really more afraid of us than we were of it. I rallied therefore and determined to put my best foot foremost, and attack his owlship. When I look back and take in all the circumstances, I am a little surprised at my own resolution and his agreeing. I stopped, told him to stand where he was and watch to see whether the owl would fly, should he cross the road after I had passed on. It had darkened more. The music of the owl had not become any more pleasant to us than to the squirrel. I went on softly, leaving Horace as I thought behind in the road and on the watch. I walked on, peering with my eyes into the palmetto pines and oaks on either side, to see if I could see his owlship and get a shot. After awhile I heard a slight foot fall, and looking behind, whom should I see but Horace, who scared me as much as if the owl had suddenly clutched me by the hair. Horace explained himself: "Well," I said "What's the matter?" "Why, I am not going to stay in the road by myself and an old owl hooting and flying all around me." We concluded to give up both owl and cabbage and get out of the woods as quickly as we could. We both breathed a little more freely and talked a little more loudly after we got clear of the island. A year after he took to his gun and it was a poor chance for any owl that crossed his path. As I have already said the Piazza of the



west house and the parlor opened upon the passage. On the south side of the passage, and between its two ends, a door opened into the small passage of the middle house. The first room of the middle house was called the girls' room. It was the scene of all the Christmas preparation and completion. Its very atmosphere seemed to savor of jelly, mince pie, cheese, cakes and (a perished pastry, I believe) and Syllabub. The room opposite was known as the big bed-room. After you left the middle house you came to the east house. The first room was called the drawing-room. Both in regard to painting and panelling, it was more finished than any room in the house. It was sometimes used as a bed-room, and sometimes as a school-room. My Father once engaged a man both as an Overseer and teacher. His name was Rushing. He was above the overseer and not equal to the teacher. I do not think he was strict. That seems not to have been his fault. Anyhow, Horace and myself took it into our heads to run off from school and hide among the potato banks. We escaped and were enjoying ourselves very much, playing in the sand, when we were suddenly pounced upon by an elder brother and arrested as fugitives from justice. We knew that we were guilty and made no attempt, either to flee or fight, but surrendered at the instant. If I remember right, we had a grape vine thrown around us and were marched back to school. Of course we enjoyed the return almost as much as the escape. It was just like playing horse. My brother was the driver and we were the horses. I have no recollection of being afraid, which makes me think Mr. Rushing was not strict. To play truant is about the greatest offence a boy can commit, as a school boy, and about the meanest. We were quite young and did not under-

the criminality and the meanness of it. Probably, however, we were reported to headquarters, for we never again helped ourselves to a holiday. I mention one more incident in connection with the house and myself, and then dismiss it. If one were at all superstitious, a night spent alone in the Datha house would play very much on his weakness. I did it more than once and I confess that, as the noise and sounds of plantation life ceased and everything became still, the various creakings and cracking that are more or less in all houses of the kind, were painfully distinct. I remember one night in particular after sitting up very late, I retired to the middle room, or rather the girls' room, of the middle house. I was in bed some time and was just beginning to forget myself as sleep was coming on, when I was suddenly aroused and startled by some one coming down from one of the attic rooms. It was first a soft sound, and then a hard, just like a person walking with one shoe off, and the other on. I felt rather queer. I did not believe in ghosts, did not believe that any ghost could make that sound; and knew there was no servant in the house. Still I did not like the sound and drew the covering over my head. After awhile I fell asleep. The next morning I examined and found a very simple explanation of the whole affair. My Father had selected some corn for seed and stowed it away in one of the rooms above, in the shock. A rat had got possession of one of the ears and had tried to bring it down the steps. The hard sound was that of the corn as it struck step after step, the soft sound was that of his own body. That staircase frightened me on another occasion, and the result might have been much more serious. We were playing hide and seek. I thought some of the children had hidden themselves on the narrow piece

above the stairs, but running its length, and next the east of the attic rooms. Accordingly I got on my hands and knees and commenced to creep in the dark on this piece, when suddenly I got to the edge without knowing I was near, tumbled over, fell upon the steps, beginning pretty high up, falling to the bottom, my head bumping, bumping on each step, until I reached the platform at the bottom. With it all, I was more frightened than hurt.

Before I go on further, I would say a word about my parents. I have already spoken of my Father's business capacities. He always had family prayers, night and morning. I know I was so much accustomed to this that, after I entered the ministry and took charge of a parish, I was very much surprised on visiting my parishioner and spending the night at being asked to have family worship at night, but not in the morning. As children, we were required to attend family worship, school and church, and ask no questions. As I have already said, he provided religious instruction for his servants. While he exacted of us obedience, there never was a Father who did more to make home pleasant to his children. He educated his children to believe in his word, whether that word was a threat or promise, good training for believing in the word of the Heavenly Father. With all of us, home was the spot most dear on earth. This again giving us some idea of what the Heavenly Home is and how we ought to feel in regard to it. There is no influence on earth more for the good or evil of children than the home influence. It is in every parent's power to do something towards making that a pleasant and wholesome influence. Every parent

Datha.

ought so to arrange it that his children have the most tender recollection of home, will always leave it with regret, long for it when away, and return to it with joy and gladness. Every cent spent towards beautifying home and making home-life attractive is well spent, economically, wisely and lovingly spent.

My recollections of my Mother are connected more or less with little incidents. I remember sitting on the carpet in Beaufort playing with one or two of my brothers, and a servant - Diana - coming in and asking how she was. At that time my Mother was standing at the end of a table cutting out some kind of work. I have now on my mind the expression of her face. I have no recollection of the words and her answer, but the answer itself drew my attention to her. I remember again we were with her in the carriage and stopped at a store to buy tin cups. Some painted ones were brought out with sharp half-diamond points all around the edges. Of course we all clutched after these and wanted them. But of course we did not get them. Though of a very mild disposition, yet my Mother was always firm enough to deny what she thought would hurt us. I remember riding out with her in the carriage one summer morning and clutching at the limbs and twigs of trees and bushes that swept against the carriage. My last recollection of her carries me back to Datha. I walked out with her one afternoon. The live oak log at which we stopped and rested was still in Long Field when I was there some three years ago. Well, one morning I was awakened and told in a whisper that my Mother was dead. Young as I was, I knew a dark shadow had crossed our threshold. But it was not until after years I found out how very dark that shadow was. My brothers and myself were

called into the chamber and one after the other, kneeling in front of our Father, who was sitting by the bed, we put our hands in one of his and he with the other uncovered her face. It was the last I saw of her, except in a dream some months after. She died in Beaufort. That winter we moved to Datha. I dreamt of her one night, only once. I called to my Father, he replied and I fell asleep again. He mentioned next morning my calling to him, but I never explained it. I ascribe the dream to seeing the grave the day before.

Before I go any further, I would mention one other incident connected with my brother, Horace, and with which I had something to do. The house in Beaufort was on Sams' Point, as it was called. The whole of that part of the town was owned by my grandfather. And a very popular drive for carriages was around our premises. We were much given to running after carriages. We would catch on behind, draw ourselves up and swing our feet off the ground and ride about half a square. This was not in accordance with my Father's good judgment or sense of propriety. He had his office midway between the ends of the lot on the south side of the premises. One evening Horace and myself fancied a ride. An excellent carriage came by with a pair of very fast horses, - that unhappy evening. And Horace and myself concluded to take a ride from the gate around to the office. So we waited a little while, and as the carriage passed, we made a dash, seized hold, swung ourselves up, giggling a little at our success in overtaking the carriage, and enjoying ourselves the more for thinking how ignorant the sitters within were of the riders without. As soon as we reached the office we dropped off, but judge of our dismay when we saw Father

standing in the door looking at us. We knew what that look meant. The next carriage that drove by was not troubled with any outriders. Here were right and wrong. Father was right and we were wrong. But probably our disobedience was oftener in regard to fruit than anything else. Adam and Eve fell by eating fruit, and I think it is the most difficult of all temptations for a boy to resist.

Well, we were positively forbidden to eat green fruit. In looking back upon this specific disobedience I get an illustration of the Heavenly Father from the Father on earth. In our desire for green fruit, we were governed by the pleasure of the moment, the immediate gratification of appetite. We did not think of consequences. The possibility of having to take jalap and hippo, or oil, was too remote, was as dust in the balance when weighed against this immediate gratification of the palate or appetite. Father would not have us sacrifice the future for the present, health for a morbid taste. His prohibition meant good, not evil. Thus do the Commandments of God respect our future and everlasting good. God forbids us to do what will either make us unhappy here or unhappy hereafter. Carried away by passion and appetite we disobey him, and sacrifice health, conscience, Heaven itself, for some momentary sinful pleasure or gratification.

When a boy at school Horace was much given to laughing. He laughed at almost everything that happened. He escaped reprimand and discipline, through the good sense of the teacher. The teacher was one of those men who had sense enough to see the differences when others could only see analogies. He could detect the difference between evil and the appearance of evil, good and the appearance of good. The difference between Hor-

ace and myself was, I was always inclined to laugh at incongruities. An old cart horse, turned out and trying to rear and pitch and be graceful generally, would make me laugh, but not if the horse was a fine, good-looking thoroughbred. Anything said in the pulpit which struck me as very out of place would make me laugh when the same thing said elsewhere would scarcely attract my attention. He laughed at things funny in themselves. I remember a little occurrence that took place at Datha, (of which we felt very much ashamed), that illustrated this. Dinner had been brought in and we were standing, I on one side and he on the other, before saying grace, which I was to do. We had a little dog the name of which he often forgot. While we were standing, old Phillis came in with a pitcher of water. Horace had been trying to remember the name but could not. He asked old Phillis. "Dot dog name - Sir - I neber remember, I firgit." Horace then said, "Well, call him Forget," and commenced to laugh. I was standing up waiting to say grace. He was shaking with laughter in front of me, trying to control himself. I kept waiting, and at last the whole thing seemed so incongruous that I joined with him. I need not say there was no grace said that meal. His first introduction of himself into the Steward Hall at College, almost introduced him out of college. After prayer in the chapel the students went to the Hall for supper. I was Senior, Horace was Freshman, rising Soph. He was not in the same room with me. This special afternoon some of the students pitched one or two biscuits at some of the others. Horace caught at it immediately, and gathering some biscuits around his plate he threw them right and left in every direction. It was such great disrespect to the biscuits that one could hardly expect the Bursar whose judgment, taste and

economy had put them there, would submit without resentment. Accordingly a day or two after, I was summoned to appear before the President at his house. He soon informed me of the object of my summons. He said, "Your brother has been guilty of a little indiscretion at the Steward Hall and the Faculty concluded to speak to you on the subject, thinking it might prevent any serious course adopted in regard to him." I understood the President and told him it would not happen again. I reported to Horace and he was glad to get off as easily as he did.

I come back to Datha, and mention some of the ways we entertained ourselves before learning to shoot. Setting traps came first. Datha was rich in trap birds, bull finches, sparrows, reed birds, thrushes and many others. It also abounded in places for trap setting. All the small islands, the hedges and a number of places. Our traps were sometimes unsuccessful. I cannot say as often as they ought to have been. There is no business that has not its drawback. Sometimes the cows mashed them - sometimes the hogs rooted them and sometimes the fowls scratched them. But the cow, hog or fowl caught near one of our traps learned what brickbats were in the hands of indignant boys, three or four of them at that. When we found a bird in a trap, one of us would hold the trap down and the other dig a hole near it, slip his hand through the hole under the trap, and grab the prisoner. We would then carry him home, put him in a cage, enjoy him for a day or two - and the third day fling him out, a dead bird. We never succeeded in keeping them alive very long. I suppose being unaccustomed to it, they were unable to stand the confinement.

Oyster-picking was one of our great pleasures. We enjoyed the oyster-picking, but precious few oysters



Datha.

did we ourselves pick. The negro boys did the rowing of the boat, and the picking of the oysters. Big Landing was our starting point. We had a little row boat for our special use. In looking back it seems to me the great pleasure was in returning to eat a cold dinner, or rather in having an appetite for dinner, whether cold or hot. I know we always enjoyed oyster-picking more if the tide suited so as to keep us away beyond the dinner hour. We had to consult the tide. It was hand-picking, it was done on the banks, and of course the tide must be low. We would push off from Big Landing shore, run up into Big Landing Creek, or Pol Wannie, or some other, gather two or three baskets, return and sit down to cold ham, turkey, hominy and potatoes, and some other vegetable ( all cold, cold and stale) and lick the platter clean. We needed nothing to give us an appetite. The body wanted food, and enjoyed the food it got.

An amusement second to none, was camping. The cold and cloudy days were the days we most liked. There was a grove of pines near Bee Stinger Dam that, of all the places for camp ground, we fancied. The grass was thick. We would cut eight long poles. We would then tie four from one pine to another in the form of a square, as high as we wished the camp to be. We would then, in the same way, tie four more midway between them and the ground. Next we would cut some salt Palmettoes and tie them all along the poles as near as possible to each other. Finally we would lay some poles across on the top and cover them with brush. This would complete the camp. The next thing was the potato. To make up a fire inside and thrust into the ashes some raw potatoes, take them out half done and eat them,

imagining all the time that we were Indians. This was the next best thing in camp life. The best thing was for the camp to catch fire - accidentally - it must be accidentally. We always made great efforts to do so, we pretended to, but we never succeeded in putting out the fire. The fun was to build the camp, eat the half roasted potatoes, fancy ourselves Indians and then for the camp to burn down after the most heroic efforts on our part to extinguish the fire. Before we took to gunning, camping was a great source of amusement. It was one of which we never grew weary.

Before I pass on to gunning, I want to tell you a little about the dogs. Like most country gentlemen and sportsmen, my Father was very fond of dogs. He fancied the New Foundland and Spaniel - Belisle, Breton, Beta, Ulay and Fool come to my memory. Belisle and Breton were famous, though I have no recollection of Breton. After hunting or walking about the place my Father would sometimes sit under a tree. I heard him say that, on such occasions, none of the negroes, however familiar they were with the dogs, could venture to approach near to him. They had to call to him from a distance. Belisle had the dropsy. I remember seeing my Father tap her. I wondered where all the water came from. It would come again and again and seemed to increase the more it was drawn away. Beta was the puppy of the two. She was a dog of a great deal of uncommon sense but without common sense enough to know her own feet when swimming in the water. Every time she raised them up to strike the water she would bark and smap at them - of course never catching them. She would continue this until forced to shore from weariness. Ulay's fondness for a gun amounted to a passion. He was beyond any dog I ever knew. If you put your hand

upon a gun and he was in the house and saw you, he would commence to turn and twist and shine and bark. If he was with you out shooting, he always became so excited that he would frighten the birds away. It was idle to carry him duck-hunting. While you would be creeping and crawling, afraid even to break a twig, he would be dancing and prancing up and down making a low moan as though he knew that some kind of silence must be observed. We generally shut him up before going to the ponds. But I have known him to sneak out of the house and dash off ahead of us. As for catching him after he once saw the guns in our hands, it was impossible. You could neither coax him to come to you or overtake him by running at him. Shooting was his fun, and if there was a hunting party going out he would join it if possible. But the dogs in which we were most interested were the squirrel dogs. Gouge, Grab and Wallace. Gouge was remarkable. I never knew her to fail. If ever she barked at the foot of a tree, we were as sure that a squirrel was in it as though we had it in our hand. She was a very nervous dog, bright-eyed, quick in her movements, good at squirrels, good at rats, good at everything. Even good at snapping up fowls. Many a whipping she got for killing fowls before they were needed. I think it arose from her indignation at being disturbed when grabbing for rats. The fowls were very fond of coming around her to pick up the insects she would throw up with the dirt. She would snap at them in an instant. Bite their heads or break their necks, and then go on grabbing away, as though she had done nothing amiss, only removed an obstruction to her business. Grab was more sedate and not so smart. Gouge would turn around twice while Grab seemed to be thinking whether he would turn at all. Gouge and Grab

were terriers. Gouge was black with white legs. Grab was black with tan legs. Another dog that came on the stage at that time was called Wallace. He was left on the Island by an overseer. He was black and tan and a most excellent squirrel dog.

Now before I take up our shooting, I should say a few words about shooting itself. I have never liked that kind of sentimentality that spent so much of itself on the dumb animal. There are those also who seem to think of mere animal life as much as they think of human life. I believe God has made man an entirely different being from the mere creature. One is immortal, the other is not. The one is accountable, the other is not. The one has a conscience, the other has not. The creature was made to serve man, and man was made to serve God. I have never had any scruples about hunting, no more than about fishing. Some people make a difference. I would like to know on what grounds. God has given us both the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air. There is just as much suffering to the fish when it is hooked, pulled by main force out of its native element and allowed to beat and thump itself about and suffocate in the air, as there is to a bird when it is shot. There is excitement attending both fishing and shooting and were it not for that excitement probably, we would not be so much induced to take, and use what God has given us. The Apostles were fishermen. Of course they were. They made their living by fishing. If the country had been favorable for it, they might have been hunters. And had they been, they would not have been barbarians or savages for that reason. Hooks sometimes run into the feet and cause lockjaw. Boats upset, guns also explode and destroy human life. But

152

Datha.

ten are lost at sea for everyone that is killed on land. God gave man cunning to manufacture guns and hooks. Through carelessness and abuse they become dangerous and destructive. In gunning no evil passions are aroused, no revenge, malice, hate or any other. It does not demoralize the moral man. Persons sit down and cry out against God and what he has permitted man to do and yet the doing of which is unattended with immoral effects. Any evil temper indulged in towards a human being is ten thousand times worse than all the shooting of all the birds the sportsman could accomplish in his life time. Gambling, saloons, theatres - performances which play upon human sensibilities without exciting to active exercise demoralize, but not the killing of a partridge or catching of a trout. My brothers B. and H. were considered the most affectionate in the family, and they were the great sportsmen. My brother D. was also very affectionate and he was very fond of his gun. The best boys in the town of Beaufort spent their Saturdays gunning. The worst boys lounged and lolled about the wharves and streets. You could find more sportsmen in Beaufort than any other place of its size. And no where would you find a more high-toned and moral community.

The squirrels on Datha always got a great deal of our attention as sportsmen. Early in the morning, or as soon after breakfast as was possible, we would get out guns and commencing at Little Landing we would take the woods along the margin, and make our way to Big Woods, which was considered the great squirrel hunting grounds. Horace, D. and myself generally composed the hunting party. Our hunt was very thorough. There was not a Palmetto or Oak or piece of woods that was not searched. If there were any vines running up into the tree they were pulled and shaken. When we reached Big

Woods the real hunt commenced. The other was a kind of skirmishing. Sometimes we would go there in the evening or late in the afternoon, and take a silent hunt. We would separate and each take his stand near some tree. The squirrel would come out, if everything was quiet and run and bark. We would follow the sound and generally managed to kill a few before sunset. When we hunted in the morning we would take the dogs. As soon as a dog barked we would start off in a run and surround the tree. The effect of the barking of the dog was to frighten the squirrel, and make it stop on the tree up which it ran or on which the dog found it. It was somewhat amusing to see us standing like three statues around the tree at some little distance from each other—each holding his gun cocked, muzzle up and each hoping that one of the other two should make some noise and cause the squirrel to move around to himself. If you get to a tree on which a squirrel is he will always go around to the side of the tree opposite where you are standing. The only way to get him round to you is to throw something on the opposite side and that making a noise would make him move round to you. It was not considered fair play to do this on these occasions. Hence we would stand as stiff as marble statues, each hoping that some accidental move on the part of one of the others, or the noise made by the dog would cause the squirrel to come round to him. And woe be unto the squirrel that made any display of himself, whether head, side or tail. Bang ! Bang !! Bang !!! would be the salutation. After all they sometimes escaped, running up to the topmost branches of the tree or hiding themselves in the mass.

Datha.

The marsh hens that frequented the low marsh on the northwestern side of the Island were not neglected. After we had finished shooting in the afternoon around the ponds, we would turn homeward and take our way through that body of short marsh, scaring up the marsh hens and shooting them on the wing - or rather shooting at them. They were very deceptive. They had a way of starting up very suddenly and sometimes when shot at dropping very suddenly - producing the impression they had been shot down. But when we ran up expecting to pick up our bird, to our great astonishment, for we never got accustomed to it, we would hear it cackling away in the taller marsh, as though laughing at us.

Hunting the mink ought to come in for some notice. The mink was not a favorite on Datha. No one had any pity for him, he was so wasteful of fowl life. Nothing but blood would satisfy him. He would kill half a dozen fowls to satisfy his thirst besides maiming others. I once had a hen with scalp torn off by a mink, without being killed. High tide was the time for hunting them. They would then leave the marshes and hide themselves under the roots of those trees which had fallen from the washing of the bluff - He has the power of emitting an odor of a most abominable kind, which no doubt was given him as a protection or probably to warn weaker animals of his approach. He has a silent but quick way of moving. If the odor was defensive the dogs did not care for it, and shot could not smell it. His practice was to get under the tree into the roots, as high up as possible after the dogs had discover him. You must either poke him out or smoke him out. The smoking generally did the business. When

Datha.

he made a dash it was always for the water. And when once in he was generally safe. He would dive immediately and not rise until at a distance. And when he did rise all you could see of him would be a little bit of his skull. Whatever it was it was never hit and from its position the shot glanced off. He was seldom or never killed in the water. When he fell, it was generally at the mouth of the dogs. They would sometimes overtake him before he reached the water and snap him up. Then came the struggle. He would bite them and they would yell, but hold on. He squealed, but would keep on biting until he could bite no more. If the dogs once caught him, he was doomed. He always bit and drew blood to the last. He fought to the end and the dogs always came out of the fight with bloody noses, scratched eyes and with a smell that made them an abomination to everybody for a day or two.

But the kind of game most eagerly pursued was the wild duck. The rivers and ponds around and about Datha supplied us with the game, some seasons in abundance. I have now in my mind that special river running on the east of Datha, along Big Landing, Folly Dock, Bee Stinger Dam, on to Bob Island. I cannot say however that we were very successful on these occasions. Whether it was that the bluff was too high, thus deceiving us in regard to distance. Still, with all our dodging and creeping behind trees and bushes and getting on our knees so as to approach as near as possible to the edge, I cannot remember more than two or three killed in that river. Sometimes we would shoot together, thinking to make sure of our game, yet after the sound from the explosion would die away, there would be a great flapping of wings on the water and the next thing we would see would be the game on the wing, making its way



Datha.

as fast as possible up or down the river, or over the great stretch of marsh between Datha and Pol-wanie.

But the ponds around Oak Island and between that island and Datha and the smaller islands were the favorite places. The best time for shooting them was early in the morning. Before day break we would get up, go down and taking our position behind some one of the blinds on the Dam, would wait and wait, and just about sun rise we would bang, bang away. The object in getting up early and getting behind the blinds, (generally made of the soft Palmetto) was to be ready for the ducks when they came into the ponds. It was generally cold business, but you warmed up by the shir-r-r made on the water by the ducks as they came in in flocks of four or twelve or twenty at a time. From the time of this peculiar noise, made by them as they lit on the water, until sun rise you were in a constant excitement. The ducks generally lit in the middle of the pond, and after being quiet for a while as though listening and looking to see if any enemy was near, they would swim towards the dam for the purpose of feeding where the water was shallow, and the grass seed more easily reached, at the same time eyeing the blinds, as though speculating as to the probability of some enemy being ambushed behind. At that early hour even the slightest sound could be heard, and the snapping of a small twig or piece of sedge would alarm them. I always suspected though that they saw much more than we gave them credit for. The blinds mostly faced the rising sun. The sun blinded us but not the ducks. I have no doubt they often got sight of our dark clothes or a flash from the sun on the gun barrel when we changed our position or when we ourselves

Datha.

were unable to see them. I used to be provoked sometimes when, just as I was getting ready, they would wheel around, and in a much shorter time than one could imagine take themselves off back into the middle of the pond. And when once alarmed they were always more wary in approaching the next time, coming up more slowly and feeding with more or less excitement. No doubt all animals much hunted become more and more fearful and fear is transmitted from one generation to another. I always found that as the season advanced the ducks became more and more shy. I put that down to this inherited fear increased by being themselves hunted or shot at.

Horace killed more ducks than I. He aimed at the wing and I at the head. My idea was that when the head was struck the duck was dead, you either missed or killed. There was no fluttering about, no trouble in getting, no escaping in a crippled condition. To be successful it needed much creeping and patience and much waiting. The bogging outside the dam in a stooping position, with the soft mud splashing up in your eyes, mouth and nostrils was something I could never do to perfection. The ducks often got wind of what I was doing though in creeping I was out of their sight. They would either paddle off into the middle of the pond, beyond gun range or they would take to the wing and take themselves off. Besides I found it difficult to resist the temptation of popping up my head every now and then, as I crept down, to see whether they were in shooting distance. Besides shooting excited me very much. Sometimes I would shoot too quickly. I remember walking down to the ponds one afternoon, three or four of us together, and after crossing one of the dams and

Datha.

approaching another than ran across that, I saw a duck just on the other side in some water near the dam and moving a little from side to side. In an instant my gun was up to my shoulder and away I banged. I was very much startled by a laugh all around me. We had a wooden decoy duck that had been anchored there with a bullet and piece of twine. I had shot at it. I remember at another time I was so excited as to have been unable to shoot. I was at the end of the island walking around the margin hunting for game. After getting near what had been a pond and which opened into a creek, I heard some black ducks quacking. I ducked down in some soft Palmetto, and waited to find out where they were. While waiting some nine or ten large fat ducks came waddling along on the mud, within easy shooting distance. I was taken so much by surprise, and was so excited that, though I raised my gun, my hand trembled so I could not shoot at the proper time, and when I had recovered myself they had gone. Sometimes sportsmen do very foolish things. I remember hearing of a little incident connected with a friend of one of my elder brothers, who had been invited by him to visit Datha. This young man went down to one of the ponds in which there were a great many widgeon. When feeding, the widgeon very often plunge their heads down into the water and throw their tails up. If you stopped and looked at them when there was a large flock it presented a very curious and somewhat interesting sight. This young man got a position and waited an opportunity, as soon as the ducks threw their tails up he banged at them. Of course they were very much surprised at the whizzing of shot through their tail feathers. And when they got their heads up they took themselves off. The proper plan was to

Datha.

take advantage of their putting their heads under, and creep nearer. When you thought you were near enough you gave a low whistle. Then the whole flock would lift their heads, that was the proper time to shoot.

The great enemy to duck shooting was the eagle. There seemed always to be some two or three every winter hovering about Datha, watching the ponds. I do not know whether they killed many ducks, but they frightened them a great deal. They were killed from time to time. I only remember having killed one. It was a cold dark day. I was at the ponds near Oak Island. Some of the negroes came and reported to me there was an eagle on a pine tree near the Negro Settlement, watching the turkeys. I hurried off. When I came to the place I got on my knees and scrambled as well as I could through the brush so as to get near enough to shoot. My gun was loaded with small shot. I fired at his head, believing it was my only hope. I was much surprised to see him drop his head, lean over and tumble from the limb. In my excitement I ran up and put my foot upon him, thinking he was either only frightened or slightly stunned and that he would get up and fly away. But he was dead, stone dead. The shot had struck him in the throat. For the reason already given we had no love for the great, screaming American Eagle. Even when we knew he was beyond shooting range, we would send shot at him. There was one that used to post himself on the top of a tall dead tree, near that end of Belle Isle which we passed in going to and from Ladies Island and Datha. And many a load of shot did we send after him. Sometimes he would fly away when he saw the boat coming, and at other times he would stay as though knowing he could not be hurt.

Datha.

Christmas was the merriest and saddest time. The merriest, because we were all together. The saddest, because the time was coming for us to part again. The girls' room ( as it was called) and the Brick Oven of all places were the most attractive places to us. We were continually peeping in at the door of the room asking for little bits of crust to put in the oven, to be baked with the more respectable pies. Then we would come back and beg for little bits of cinnamon out of the jelly bag to put in our mouths, and go off chewing as though they were quids of tobacco, enjoying them more for this conceit than because they were pieces of cinnamon and penetrated with the other sweet things with which they had been mixed in the jelly bag.

The fixture was this: two chairs, back to back, and bag between suspended by a string to each, full of all kinds of sweet mixtures and dripping away, drip, drip, drip. We always wondered whether it would get through in time for Christman and more than that whether there would be enough for all. But slow and sure, clear as crystal, solid, plenty and to spare. And then the Middle piazza was never much frequented by us until Christmas times. The girls' room where all the Christmas mysteries were carried on, opened into a narrow passage which lead out into the middle piazza. How our little feet did trot up and down those steps in and out that passage, all around peeping in and wishing to enter but knowing it was forbidden ground. The old brick oven was in the yard. We took a great interest in the heating of it, always thinking the cook too slow and rejoicing in the good tidings, hot enough, hot enough. We were very active in carrying the news from the oven to the room. Then such a number of waiters, all full of all kinds of pies would come streaming out of that room

Datha.

down the steps to the oven. We never felt uneasy about pies. The wonder was where were the people to eat them all. Twenty-seven mouths though as was often the case, soon left shelves empty that had been crowded. On Christmas Eve we generally formed our plans for the morning. They were generally two. One was put into our heads by the negroes. They told us that at midnight the sheep got on their knees. We often planned to get up and go out and see this wonderful sight. But if ever we went it must have been in our dreams. The other plan was to get up by daylight, go around to some of the negro houses and cry, Merry Christmas. This we did, but there was not much enjoyment in it. The mutterings of the negroes in their half awakened condition rather dampened our enthusiasm.

I ought not to forget the Chapel under the great oak tree that shaded the grave yard. In those days I cannot say that I was especially fond of the Chapel at Christmas. And yet it is Christmas that reminds me of it. My Father had a book of sermons by Burden. There was one on the text, "Let us now go to Bethlehem and see, etc.," and even now whenever I hear that text read, or read it myself, it matters not where I am or about what I am thinking at the time, my thoughts immediately go to the Christmas sermon in that Chapel. The power of association is wonderful. Yesterday I was returning home, after paying some visits, when seven or eight wild ducks flew over my head with that whistling sound, caused by the wings cutting the air and immediately my thoughts ran back to the days of which I am writing and in the quickest time possible brought up scene after scene of things that happened then. I said that

Batha.

Christmas was not only the merriest but the saddest time. The saddest, because we were about to separate, some to return to their home on one island, some to their home on another, and others to Beaufort. We boys were amongst these last. It was indeed the saddest time for us, because we were about to stop playing before we were tired of play and go to work before we were ready to work. But when would we have been tired of the one or ready for the other ?

And here I could remember with gratitude the kind Providence that protected us from accidents. Sometimes there were four or five guns in our party, yet no accident ever occurred. Occasionally we would flush a covey of partridges. They would seek shelter in the soft Palmetto, a growth very difficult to pass through, and often done with much stumbling and catching. We ourselves would be as much excited as the partridges were frightened. They would spring up very unexpectedly and take us unprepared. We would shoot in any direction, more impulsively from the fact that we had no pointer, yet there was never an accident. I believe in the use of means with looking to God for a blessing upon them. Our Savior Himself used means when words were possible. I mention an instance or two. I am writing thus to show you that whether or not it be true we have no right to say, what is to be will be. We do not know what is to be or in what way the thing is to be. Our duty is to use means and when the result comes accept of it as the will of God. Christ used clay to heal the blind man. He could have healed him without the clay. He used a few loaves and fishes to feed the multitude. He could have fed them without one crumb and

Datha.

one bit of fish. He commanded men to use their strength to roll the stone from the grave of Lazarus, when he could have commanded the stone to come away as He commanded Lazarus to rise and come out. In the first place, we believed a gun would go off even without a finger put on the trigger. In the second place, we kept in mind the old saying, a gun can go off without lock, stock or ball. Then we always turned our muzzles out and up and never aimed even in joke and for a moment at any one, whether the gun was loaded or unloaded. And never shot, unless we could see the game and knew positively it was. Terrible accidents have happened where persons shooting without clearly seeing the object at which they shot, only taking it for granted. I remember a sad case of the kind that happened near the town of Beaufort. A young man and his uncle went turkey shooting. Turkey hunters convert one of the wing bones of the turkey into a kind of whistle with which they imitate the turkey call and thus attract them. The imitation is perfect. And when they have decoyed the turkey within shooting distance, they kill it. This young man and his uncle went out on a certain day turkey shooting, intending the next day to go drum fishing. After getting into the woods they separated and each commenced to call. The nephew, however, stood still. The uncle thought that his nephew's whistle was a turkey answering his, and crept slowly in that direction. The nephew thought his uncle's whistle was the call of a turkey coming up in answer to his and prepared himself. He was concealed behind a clump of bushes and peering into some underbrush beyond. His gun cocked, his body half-raised and his finger on the trigger. Suddenly he saw a dark spot, glistening



Datha.

through an opening in one of the bushes. In an instant his gun was up to his shoulder and fired. He rushed forward, but not to exult over a fine turkey. He stood aghast and horror-stricken by the dead body of his uncle. His uncle wore a glazed cap which he had mistaken for the head of a turkey. Three times I can remember having been endangered by a gun, but never when shooting with my brothers. Once I was crossing a fence to get at some ducks that were in the pond nearest the house and at the end of the corn field. In jumping I tripped and fell with both muzzles of the gun under my chin. The next time I was in the cotton field shooting doves with a friend. He shot and struck my thigh, but the ball never entered. The third time, I was in a group of boys in the town of Beaufort. One of them had a gun that was loaded and capped, but the cap would not come down on the nipple. When this is the case you must take the hammer as it rests upon the cap, and with your thumb press it slowly down. Instead of doing so, the boy tried to get it down by lifting the hammer, letting it slip out of his hand, and strike the nipple. I was standing in front and said, "Well, I will move one side." I had scarcely done so when the gun exploded. It was the nearest escape I ever made. He had been doing it for some time with the gun pointed to me. I got other escapes, but not from guns. I was on a roof of a fowl house with a hatchet in my hand. The roof fell in and I fell down, the hatchet coming after and cutting me in the crown of my head. The next escape was in going drum fishing. Early one morning in April we left Bermuda, a small island where we generally camped. We started, sails spread and soon were on our

Datha.

way to Middle Bank, the great fish grounds. A great storm of wind had arisen, which we did not feel until we passed Lands End, the last piece of the shore that protected us. As soon as we passed that point, a tremendous gust of wind struck the boat and buried her head in the waves. I thought we were all going down head-foremost. The boat recovered herself though and we made an effort to furl the sails and stop her, but did not succeed in doing so until we had reached a very dangerous part of Middle Bank. Father came after us in the stream water and we all made our way to land, thankful enough to get there. Middle Bank was considered the best fishing ground in Broad River, and was a very dangerous place. It was far away from shore and the waves were furious when started by the wind. I remember when I was quite young I was there with my Father. A violent storm came up so suddenly that it was down on the boat before anchor could be raised. Fortunately this time the wind blew towards the St. Helena shore, the shore from which we had come. After the anchor was raised the boat's head was turned landward, and the oarsmen went to pulling with a hearty good will. I sat in the stern with my Father, and could not help looking back upon the great rolling waves that seemed actually greedy to get us. I think I was a little frightened, but would keep up my courage by watching my Father to see if he was frightened. After we got to the shore I heard him tell some one he saw me watching him.

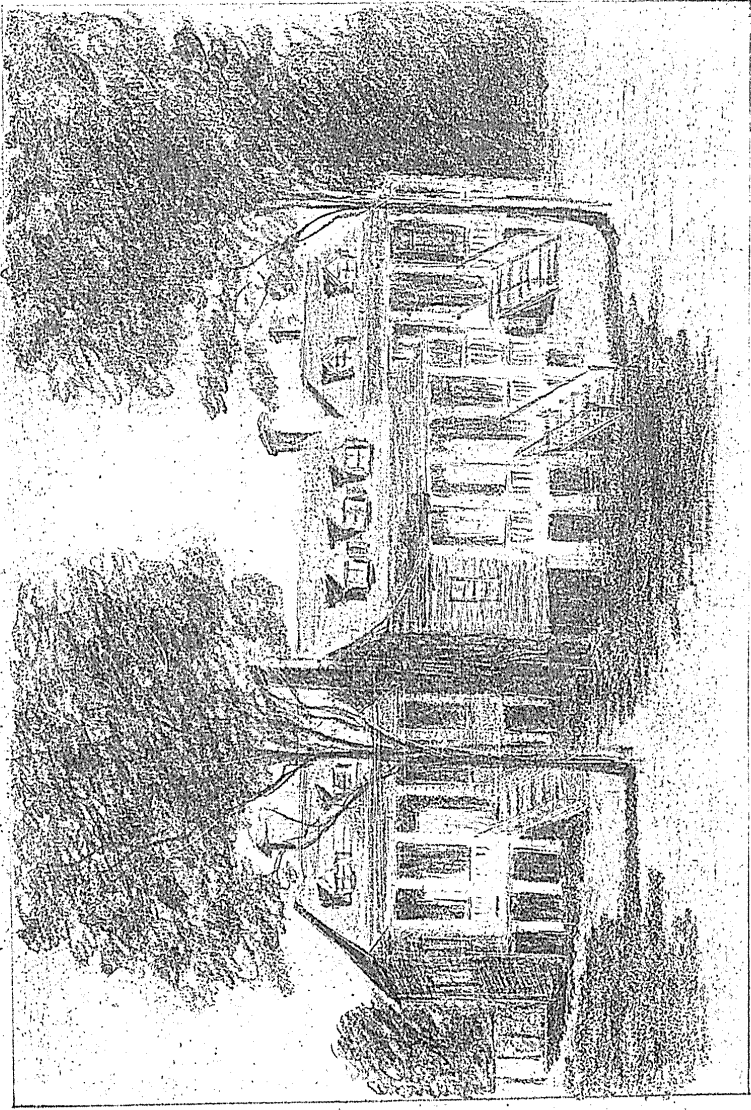
So many years have gone and so many changes have taken place, that I cannot recall all the events and incidents of the past nor have I even dotted down those I have recalled in the order in which they happen-

Datha.

ed. In writing the little I have, my object was to set before you some of the events and incidents of the Datha life. Datha was to us a kind of terrestrial Paradise. With the help of sword and canon and foreign soldiery, the Yankee people have wrested it from us. They have impoverished a rich, rendered unhappy a happy, family, scattered a united family and deprived you of your inheritance, small as it was. You must forgive them and I forgive them. I do forgive them, for I know I need forgiveness. I know no man or set of men can sin against any other man as much as each man sins against God. After all earthly things and ourselves are bound to part, either they must leave us or we must leave them. This is the inevitable. It does not excuse human agents, but even the most trying and saddening events of life we must resolve unto the will of God. We must always say the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. I believe the war waged by the North against the South to have been the most unjust, fraudulent and ungrateful ever waged by one people upon another. They called us Rebels. We allowed them once to draw us into a rebellion. The war of the Revolution was a rebellion. It was a rebellion of the Northern Colonies against England. Those colonies sent one of the Adams family to beseech South Carolina to come to the help of Massachusetts and the others. It was not a quarrel between South Carolina and England. South Carolina was a pet colony. But South Carolina yielded to the tempter and took up arms against England, hoping to right the wrongs of Massachusetts and the rest of the Northern Colonies. In return for this and, in less than one hundred years after, those same Northern States declared war

Datha.

against South Carolina, killed her sons, laid her in waste in every way possible. God's ways are strange, but he is always just, true and righteous. We will see this hereafter, if we cannot see it now. Those who began in the rebellion against England were used as instruments for punishing us for having gone to their help. A descendant of that same Adams, whom I have mentioned, visited Charleston after the last war, and standing almost in the same spot where his ancestor stood as a suppliant, looked around upon the destruction and misery caused by those who had been helped to those who had helped. Still you must forgive them. All the Yankees in the world cannot deprive you of that better and happier life in store beyond the grave for those who repent of their sins and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. If on the one hand I had the choice for you between the highest position possible to be obtained in this world and the greatest wealth possible to be possessed, but with the loss of your soul, and on the other, the lowest place, and absolute poverty, but with the salvation of your soul, I would gladly choose the latter. And I pray God that my own children and my brother's children may have eternal life whatever else they may not have.



The Datha House.



*Rear view*

Datha House, From the rear.

The middle section of the front projected beyond the wings.

House 111 feet X 20 feet, and built of Tabby.

The walls are about twenty feet high.

Drawn Dec. 5th, 1903.

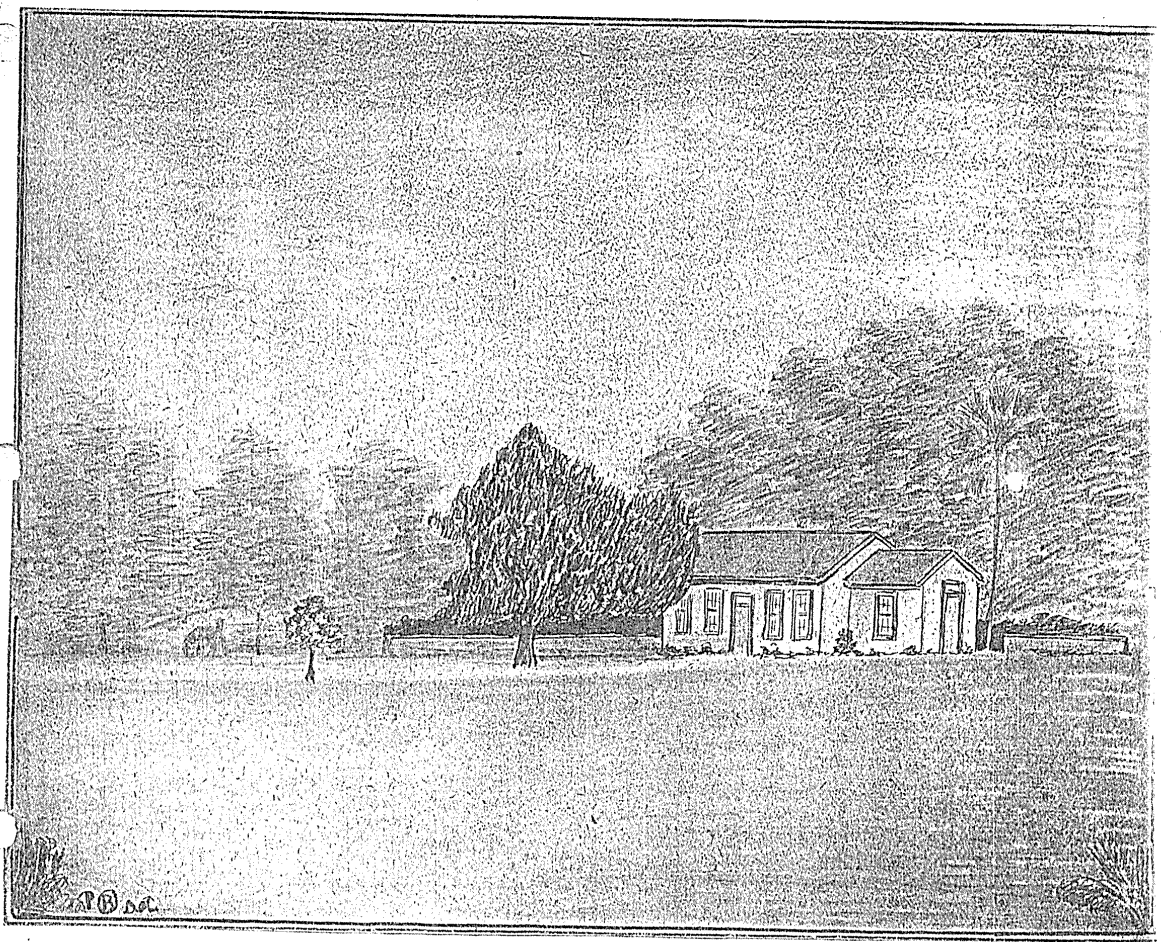
The Datha House.

The central part was the original house, which existed at the time of great grandmother Elizabeth Sams, the wife of William Sams. She survived him, and as a widow lived there for several years, and managed the plantation, and it was always thought of in the family as her property. After her death the whole of Datha Island was divided between Dr. Berners Barnwell Sams and his brother Lewis Reeve Sams. Our grandfather inheriting the house and the western half, and Lewis Reeve Sams the eastern half. This eastern portion was cultivated by him, and had a plain house on it. His son Brewton sometimes lived there during the winters, and looked after it. His father Lewis lived in the old Elizabeth Hext house on Sams' point, later he lived in a house on Bay Street, which he afterwards pulled down and built the handsome one which is now there.

On each side of the original Datha house our grandfather, after the death of his mother, built additions. The old part of the house had only two large rooms, which in the time of grandfather were used as bedrooms. He cultivated it during the rest of his life, living on the plantation during the month of December. The rest of the year he lived in Beaufort, in a frame house in the centre of the square on which he built the big brick house, he pulled down this frame house to build the brick house, living during the time, nearly four years in Aunt Elizabeth's house. Here he died shortly before the big house was finished. It cost \$12,000.00, paid for with cotton grown on Datha. The family moved into it unfinished.

The house faced northeast, but had no view, at least none in its present over grown condition. It faced towards Jenkins' Creek and Polawana Island, and a view could have been obtained in that direction by clearing away trees and bushes. In the front yard of the house there is now erected a disfiguring wooden hut for the negroes who live there.

Datha.



Chapel and Grave Yard at Datha.



Datha.

The Point of View of this Picture is that from the main house, the Chapel lying in the rear, to the Northwest, about one hundred yards off. When seen December 5th, 1903, the old cedar tree, large live oak and tall palmetto shown in this picture were still there. The little Chapel had been burnt, its walls alone standing.

The wall around the cemetery was in good condition. The graves were in disorder in some cases, and the whole interior grown up with trees and bushes. The lawn between it and the dwelling house was completely overgrown with small trees and bushes.

This picture is from a drawing in the possession of Dr. Randolph R. Sams, slightly enlarged. The little cottage is that of Old Bob, my grandmother's servant, who came into the family through the Fripps. His daughter lived on our lot in Beaufort.

Inscriptions on Graves at Datha.

---

While on a visit to Datha, on Dec. 5th, 1903, I took down the inscriptions on all of the tombstones in the family Cemetery there. They are sixteen in number, but I understand that other members of the family were buried there whose graves were not marked in this way. These inscriptions are as follows:

"In Memory of William Sams, son of Robert and Bridget Sams, who died in 1798, in his 57th year. By his son, Berners Barnwell Sams."

(This is our great-grandfather).

"In Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Sams, daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Hext, who died the 8th of Nov. 1813. Aged 67 years, 10 mths. and 6 days. By her son, Berners Barnwell Sams."

(This is our great-grandmother).

"To the Memory of Doctor Berners Barnwell Sams, who was born on the 26th of May, A.D. 1787, and departed this life on the 15th of March, A. D. 1855. From henceforth blessed are they who die in the Lord. Death hath no more dominion over Him."

(This is our grandfather).

"To the Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Hann Sams, who departed this life on the 16th of March, 1831. Aged 35 yrs., 5 mths. and 26 days."

(This is our grandmother, whose portrait I have. The first wife of Dr. Berners B. Sams.)

Inscriptions on Graves at Datha.

"Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. M. F. Sams, who was born June 23d, 1799, and died Feb. 23, 1857. Hear what Jesus saith. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

(This is our Step-grandmother, the second wife of Dr. Berners B.Sams).

"In Memory of Francis Sams, born the 31st of July, 1772, and died the 15th of January 1827."

(A single brother of Dr.B.B.Sams, our great-uncle).

"To the Memory of William Washington Sams, who departed this life on the 21st day of August, 1817. Aged 3 months and 13 days."

(A son of Dr.B.B.Sams, and our own Uncle).

"To the Memory of Ariana Adeline Sams, who departed this life the 5th of Sept. 1819. Aged 9 months and 7 days."

(A daughter of Dr.B.B.Sams, and our own Aunt).

"Sacred to the Memory of Sarah Sams, a member of the Baptist Church, the wife of Lewis Reeve Sams, and the mother of Lewis Reeve, Miles Brewton, Angerona Hext, Caroline Edings, Robert Barnwell, Stanhope Augustus, Marion Washington and Sarah Emily Sams, who was born Dec. 26th, A.D. 1789, and died Aug. 12, A.D. 1825. Aged 35 yrs., 2 months and 17 days. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

(First wife of Uncle Lewis, who lived on Bay St., our great-Aunt-in-law).

Inscriptions on Graves at Datha.

"In Memory of Robert Barnwell Sams, son of Lewis Reeve and Sarah Sams, who was born on the 15th of June A.D. 1817, and died the 29th of Sept.. Aged 3 months and 14 days."  
(Our Second Cousin).

"The grave of Caroline Sams, daughter of L. R. and S. G. Sams, born the 23 of Oct., 1836, and died Dec. Aged Six Weeks."  
(Our Second Cousin).

"In Memory of Angerona Hext Sams, daughter of Lewis Reeve and Sarah Sams, who was born the 26th of February, A.D. 1813, and died the 22 Feb. A.D. 1818. Aged 4 yrs., 11 mths. and 27 days."  
(Our Second Cousin).

"Sacred to the Memory of william Oliver Fripp, infant son of J.E.L. and E.E. Fripp, who was born on the 13<sup>th</sup> day of January 1842, and departed this life on the 17th day of Sept. 1843. Aged 19 months, 2 weeks and 3 days. Sleep my baby the peaceful sleep, thou art in mercy early called away. While we alas are left to weep. Who in this world of trouble still must stay. Angles have wafted thee away to save thy youthful years from sin, thine age from sorrow."  
(Our First Cousin).

(Mrs. E. E. Fripp was Evelina Eddings Sams, our own Aunt, also buried here).

Inscriptions on Graves at Datha.

"Sacred to the Memory of James Hann Fripp, infant <sup>x</sup>  
 son of J. E. L. and E. E. Fripp, who was born  
 ? Jan. 31st, 1842, and departed this life July  
 29, 1843. Aged 17 months, 1 week and 1 day.  
 In the morning of life this infant soul to the  
 bosom of Jesus did speed. Ere sorrow was  
 known or life's dark surge had rolled over his  
 spirit pure. But dead though he be in Jesus  
 he'll rest, and being with him he'll ever be  
 blest."

(Our First Cousin).

"The grave of <sup>Pope</sup> Joseph Fripp, infant son of J. E. L.  
 and E. E. Fripp, born May 18, 1855. Died Aug.  
 7th, 1855."

(Our First Cousin).

"The grave of Lawrence Fripp, infant son of J. E. L. &  
 and E. E. Fripp; born May 3, 1854, Died Jan.  
 22, 1854."

(Our First Cousin).