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TOMBEE

PORTRAIT OF A COTTON PLANTER



Theodore Rosengarten

with
THE JOURNAL OF
THOMAS B. CHAPLIN
(1822-1890)

Edited and Annotated with the
Assistance of Susan W. Walker



QUILL
WILLIAM MORROW
NEW YORK



shooting off the hat of my boy John.¹⁷¹ I waited for him then, at Port Royal Ferry, but he did not come, so I came on home.

May 12th. Had a veal killed. Sent a bit to Captain Jenk., & Coz. Betsy.¹⁷² Planted celery & sugarcane. Sent John to Beaufort, being very anxious to hear from Fickling. He intends returning from Charleston via Savannah.

John returned after I had gone to bed, brought a note from Fickling stating 7 Negroes were sold to a man near Georgetown¹⁷³ named Cowen. Marcus, Prince & Sib had not yet been sold.

May 13th. Saw my friend J. R. Toomer. He looks as though he had been pretty severely handled by someone—I wonder who it was? He came into Edmund Rhett's¹⁷⁴ office when I was in there. He appeared very much surprised to see me. He was with R. G. Barnwell,¹⁷⁵ Magistrate, and I suspected he intended to indict me for assault & battery, & sure enough it was so, but the affidavit was not properly drawn, so that he could not compel me to keep the peace—& he wished to do, the *infernal coward*. I demanded his securities also,¹⁷⁶ when lo! he was not to be found—

I stayed in Beaufort to the meeting of the Odd Fellows, was very much amused at the initiation of S. P. Reed, and Mr. D. R. Beaubian.¹⁷⁷

May 14th. Clear & hot in the morning. Everything growing beautifully. Cotton nearly all up. Hauled potatoes.¹⁷⁸ Cloud rising in the south about 2 p.m. Clears off before sunset. Started 2 flats & the boat with 60 baskets of corn & blades,¹⁷⁹ with some furniture for the village.¹⁸⁰ Sent 9 hands including Ben & the carpenters.

¹⁷¹ The younger of Chaplin's two slaves named John.

¹⁷² Elizabeth Perry Jenkins—Cousin Betsy, the Major's mother—was Capt. Daniel T. Jenkins's aunt.

¹⁷³ Major port town of the rice kingdom, 110 miles northeast of St. Helena, 60 miles above Charleston.

¹⁷⁴ Edmund Rhett (1808–1863), lawyer and planter. Born in North Carolina. Son of James Smith and Mariana Gough, a descendant of Col. William Rhett. Brother of R. B. Rhett, South Carolina's leading secessionist. The children of James Smith adopted the Rhett name in 1837.

¹⁷⁵ Robert Gibbes Barnwell (1818–1899), son of William Wigg Barnwell and Sarah R. Gibbes. Became associate editor of *DeBow's Review* (New Orleans) in 1851, and U.S. consul to Amsterdam.

¹⁷⁶ Chaplin is threatening to sue Toomer for assaulting him with a rifle.

¹⁷⁷ Samuel P. Reed (b. 1812), physician and planter, and D. R. Beaubian (b. 1785), planter.

¹⁷⁸ Hoed dirt up against the potato vines to make a deeper bed, to encourage the growth of vines and protect the roots from scorching.

¹⁷⁹ The leaves of the corn plant, dried and used for fodder.

¹⁸⁰ St. Helenaville, a small pine-bluff settlement on the east side of the Island, overlooking St. Helena Sound. Chaplin owned a summer house at one end of the village and his mother rented a house at the other end, a half-mile away. Chaplin is about to send his family off for the long summer.



May 15th. Went very early in the morning to take a cat hunt with the Major, but instead of starting a wildcat we started 2 runaways belonging to Isaac Sandiford¹⁸¹—Charles & Peter. We got a number of fellows working in the adjacent fields & gave chase, but they were too cunning for us & gave us the slip, taking to the marsh after dropping their bag of provisions—cooking utensils &c &c. Returned and dined with the Major. Commenced thinning and hauling cotton¹⁸² on Carters Hill. It looks very sick & puny for its age. Returned home about ¼ past 3 p.m. & found that our folks had not yet dined. Shame to say it, we rise *later*, dine *later* & go to bed earlier than anyone on St. Helena Island.

May 16th. As soon as I was up, heard that sheep had been killed in the pen last night. Went to investigate the matter, found the meat in old Sancho's house. Rode in the field after breakfast, had Sancho tried.¹⁸³ As soon as he found that he was found out he said that Mr. Sandiford's Charles (the fellow that we started yesterday) came and gave him the meat, but after several very doubtful tales I came to the conclusion that Sancho was leagued with the runaways. As he says that Charles was to return the same night & eat some of the meat with him & that he had retired into Toomer's woods for the day, rode over to the Major's, got the Capt. & himself to ride with me in search of the fellow. We traversed the woods & hedges in vain—saw nothing of the runaway, so returned home.

May 17th. Anthony did not catch Charles last night, but saw the other fellow that is out with Charles named Dick.¹⁸⁴ Did not catch him. But I am convinced that my man Sancho harbors the pair of them, as they have both been to see him. What shall be done with this old rascal?

Mother and myself rode down to the village. Went up to the house she has hired of W. B. Fripp.¹⁸⁵ She gave Nelly such directions as she wished, rode round to my house, looked around & returned home to dinner. Expected to find Dr. Jenkins down there to play a game of billiards with me, but he had gone down to Uncle Ben's to stay until Monday.

Finished thinning & hauling the first planting of cotton & commenced hauling March corn. The only Negroes now sick are Rose since yesterday, Tony—22 days, viz. since the 27th of April. Peggy has not gone out to work yet. In fact she does not *want* to do anything. She has now been laying up for 82 or more days.

¹⁸¹ Isaac Sandiford, planter. Lived halfway between Dr. Jenkins and Edgar Fripp, on Seaside Road.

¹⁸² Reducing the number of cotton plants per hill, and hoeing dirt up from the furrows against the stalks.

¹⁸³ Questioned.

¹⁸⁴ Chaplin had mistakenly called him Peter.

¹⁸⁵ William B. Fripp (1792–1853), planter. Son of Paul Fripp and Amelia Reynolds. Chaplin's first cousin, twice removed, on his father's side. He was married to Chaplin's first cousin Eliza Chaplin.

May 18th. Sunday. Went to church. Dined with Capt. D. Jenkins. Capt. C. M. Myers & the Major were there also. Returning home, stopped and got a veal of J. L. Chaplin.

In crossing the Sands Creek,¹⁸⁶ drove too much to the right, & got in the bog. My horse went under water three times, nothing to be seen but the saddle to the harness, my sulky wheels up to the hub in the mud. Puss managed however to drag me out after several very violent lunges & plunges. It would have been a very laughable sight had anybody witnessed it.

May 19th. Capt. Jenkins, Dr. Jenkins, Uncle Ben & myself commenced a veal market, to kill every Monday for a month. I killed this day. Started my boat & flat¹⁸⁷ with furniture & c to the village this morning. Will be glad when the trouble is over. Got ourselves & everything safe to the village, all to our little runaway scrape.¹⁸⁸ Uncle Paul's mule that I borrowed for the occasion took it into his head that he would not pass his master's road. So he, the cart & boy full drive up to his stable, throwing nearly everything out of the cart, among them a basket of crockery, and fortunately only two trifling pieces got broke.

My boat went on to the main to bring over some things for Mother. As they were returning, that rascal Baker lay wayed¹⁸⁹ them at the mouth of Chehaw River, armed with guns and pistols, ordered them to stop or he would shoot them. He then got on board the boat, and took it up to the Point landing.¹⁹⁰ Took Ben, Rinah & Daphne out, & all their things & locked them up. He intended also to vent his spite on Old Davey, but the old fellow was too cunning & got off into the woods. The others escaped out of the house when the scamp was at dinner, by bursting open the door. Simon & Ben came over to me that night in a small boat. My boat returned also in the evening. Rinah, Davey & Daphne were left in the woods. Just as Baker got on board of my boat, he saw Mr. Minott coming down the river. This frightened the fellow, as he would not have attempted anything of the kind if there had been a white man present.¹⁹¹

¹⁸⁶ A tributary of Station Creek which bisected Tombee and passed under Seaside Road.

¹⁸⁷ Flat-bottomed creek boat which draws very little water and can handle great weights.

¹⁸⁸ "All to" means except for. The "runaway scrape" refers to the incident with Uncle Paul's mule, not to Isaac Sandiford's runaway slaves.

¹⁸⁹ Waylaid.

¹⁹⁰ On the Combahee River.

¹⁹¹ As usual, Negroes are the objects of contention. Baker does not accept his wife's deeds to her sons. He runs from Minott, a close friend of the Chaplins, because he feels unsure about his position. If the Appeals Court sustains the lower-court ruling, he could be held liable for damages.

May 22nd. Sent the boat back to the main for the Negroes that got away from Baker yesterday.

Grouse was taken down very bad with the staggers.¹⁹²

Grouse, poor Grouse.

May 23rd. Boat returned before I got up in the morning. They found the Negroes at Perry's¹⁹³ & brought them over. They had no clothes but what they had on their backs. Sent the boat home. Ben & Violet went home in it, to work in my field the balance of the year.

Gained two hands

Col. Johnson¹⁹⁴ & William Fickling had a falling out the other day, about the trial of a Negro woman for assault & battery.

May 24th. Killed a lamb to carry to the village.

June 4th. Since the 24th of May my journal has been left at the plantation.¹⁹⁵ I have ***not*** been able to write any nonsense in it. E. Morrall¹⁹⁶ & the Capt. came home with me from church on the first, and dined. After supper the Dr. & Major came up. We all returned with them to the Dr.'s & took supper with him & spent Sunday very wickedly.

Had the Irish potatoes dug, 100 feet turned out 3 pks.¹⁹⁷ I intend showing them for the premium at the Society tomorrow.

Dr. Jenkins & Capt. I. Fripp have made up & played billiards on my table yesterday.

June 5th. Meeting of the Agricultural Society. Capt. Paul Jenkins¹⁹⁸ furnishes dinner. Did not present my Irish potatoes, as the premium is only 25 cts. Weather very warm and dry—crops suffering for want of rain.

June 6th. Had fodder corn planted in the stable yard, for the benefit of the milk cow & calf. Heard that man Bidcome,¹⁹⁹ down on the estate of

¹⁹² Grouse was a horse. Staggers was the name given to various diseases which induced a dull, sleepy appearance and a staggering gait.

¹⁹³ William S. Perry (1797-1854), Combahee River planter. Son of Peter Perry and Ann Fripp, Chaplin's first cousin, once removed, on his mother's side. Uncle of Major D. P. and Dr. W. J. Jenkins.

¹⁹⁴ Benjamin Jenkins Johnson (1817-1861), planter and lawyer. Son of William Johnson and Elizabeth Whaley. A colonel in the B.V.A.

¹⁹⁵ Chaplin is staying at the village.

¹⁹⁶ Edward F. (Ned) Morrall, planter and attorney, St. Luke's Parish.

¹⁹⁷ Three pecks. A peck equals eight quarts, dry measure, or one-quarter bushel.

¹⁹⁸ Paul Fripp Jenkins (1826-1878), son of Col. Joseph E. Jenkins and Ann Jenkins Fripp. Chaplin's second cousin on his father's side. First cousin of Eliza Fripp Jenkins (Dr. William Jenkins's wife), and second cousin of J.E.L., W.O.P., and J.T.E. Fripp.

¹⁹⁹ A slave.



W. S. Chaplin, had caught runaway Dick belonging to Mr. Sandiford. He & Charles, his companion, were in the sheep pen, had two sheep tied. Charles escaped by knocking down one of the men.²⁰⁰

June 11th. Wednesday. Went down to the plantation to go to the Hunting Islands, on a fishing excursion for the amusement of Fickling, who has been a good friend to me, because he was a friend in need. Had very good weather, though very hot, did not have much sport. Our only amusements were bathing in the surf & digging turtle eggs, of which we got about 400—135 in one nest. The bathing was delightful, and Fickling enjoyed it very much.

June 17th. Tuesday. Capt. J. Fripp & Mr. J. J. Pope²⁰¹ went with me down to the plantation for the purpose of appraising all of my land & Negroes, as I wish to have them secured to my wife & children, and take out of the bank \$10,000 of her legacy.²⁰²

The Negroes were valued at \$14,605.²⁰³ The land, both tracts, at \$11,450.²⁰⁴ Making the full amount of my property appraised—\$26,055.

Took dinner & returned about dusk. Found Maj. Felder here ready with a dun for me, for lumber. He is the man, J. M. Felder,²⁰⁵ of Orangeburg,²⁰⁶ but a very cross, grasping, rough, ungentlemanly fellow. But he is rich & that pushes him along.

June 22nd. Sunday. Went to the Central Church. Very hot, very dry, no rain, crops going to the devil.

June 23rd. Had 6 hands all the evening cleaning up the hedge—on the creek—so as to get more air.

June 26th. Went to Beaufort in the afternoon with Bell²⁰⁷ to stay with him until after parade on the 28th. Arrived in Beaufort about sunset. Mrs.

²⁰⁰ Slaves from the estate of W. S. Chaplin, who confronted Sandiford's runaways.
²⁰¹ Joseph J. Pope (1793–1864), planter. Pope and Capt. Fripp were thirty years older than Chaplin.

²⁰² Mary Chaplin was left \$15,000 in bank stock by her grandfather, John McDowell. Chaplin hopes to substitute land and Negroes for the stock, then convert the stock to cash.

²⁰³ An average of \$250 per slave, counting the very young and the very old, field slaves and house servants, full hands, quarter-hands, and slaves unable to work at all.

²⁰⁴ Tombee, worth \$6,000, and an unidentified tract—possibly land recently deeded to Chaplin by his mother—worth about the same.

²⁰⁵ John Myers Felder (1787–1852), planter, lawyer, and lumberman, of Orangeburg District. Son of Samuel Felder and Mary Myers. Member S.C. House of Representatives 1814–16, 1822–24, and State Senate 1816–20, 1840–51.

²⁰⁶ Commercial and resort town in the pinelands, seventy-five miles north of St. Helena.

²⁰⁷ Theodore Augustus Bell (1822–1882). Son of John Bell and Henrietta McKee. Lieutenant in the B.V.A.



Bell²⁰⁸ was just dressing to go to a party at Col. Johnson's. Bell was quite unwell, had a slight fever so, as a good wife, she would not go, though she appeared to be somewhat disappointed. Spent a very hot night—no such breeze as we have at the village. Drank soda water &c by the woods, which was somewhat refreshing.

June 27th. Friday. The hottest day I think I have ever felt, almost perspired to death. Changed my linen about four times. Oats (100 bushels) came up in the steamboat.²⁰⁹ My boat came up for them. Could not take but 23 bags—3 bushels each, leaving 10 bags. Sent word by Dr. Jenkins to Mrs. C. to send the boat up for the oats tomorrow. Mrs. Bell is to have a little party tonight.

A heavy cloud commenced rising in the north, about 3 o'clock—got heavy & heavier with peals of thunder & vivid flashes of lightning. The party was disposed of, after all the preparation. Just before dark in pops J. H. Webb with Julia Rhodes²¹⁰ on his arm. Soon after, say 6 o'clock, it commenced raining very hard. Slacked a little about 10, when in came Dr. Johnson,²¹¹ H. McKee,²¹² John McKee²¹³ & a Mr. Cunningham.²¹⁴ These were all that thought fit to attend a party this stormy night, but I think they made up for the rest in the *eating line*. I made myself sick eating ice cream.

June 28th. Saturday. The anniversary of our company—the plow & bugle to be shot for.

We paraded at 8 o'clock a.m. in citizen's dress. The rain last night made it more pleasant than it otherwise would have been, though it was very hot. We marched out to Sams Point & shot at the target. The shooting was only tolerable—25 in the target out of 75 shots fired. I knew my chance was lost at the first fire, so gave it up, having missed the whole target, owing to the blowing of my rifle burning me up with powder &c &c. Lieut. T. A. Bell won the plow, or, made the best shot. Lieut. Baker²¹⁵ the bugle, the second best shot. There was some misunderstanding in the matter. Baker understood, & so did some others, that the best shot had the

²⁰⁸ Mary Chaplin Adams (1815–1890). Daughter of Benjamin Adams and Mary Rebecca Chaplin. First cousin to Thomas B. Chaplin on her mother's side.

²⁰⁹ From Charleston.

²¹⁰ Julia Rhodes. Daughter of Thomas W. Rhodes and Elizabeth Jenkins. Niece of Capt. Daniel T. Jenkins.

²¹¹ Either Joseph Fickling Johnson (b. 1813), or John Archibald Johnson (1819–1893), physicians and planters. Sons of William Johnson and Elizabeth Whaley. Brothers of Benjamin, Richard, and William H. Johnson, and Sarah Johnson Verdier.

²¹² Henry McKee (1811–1875), planter and resident of Beaufort.

²¹³ John McKee, Henry's father.

²¹⁴ Either A. M. Cunningham (b. 1820), Irish-born planter, or H. L. Cunningham (b. 1812), planter, both of St. Helena Parish.

²¹⁵ John M. Baker (b. 1800), tax collector.



choice, so Bell claimed the plow & so did Baker.²¹⁶ It was put to the whole company & decided in favor of Bell. The company then broke until 4 o'clock p.m. I was however excused from drill on account of having a very painful corn on my toe. It is a great consolation to me to know that at least I have taken the shine off the plow that they would quarrel for.²¹⁷ A very heavy cloud making again this evening. I was afraid it would overtake me before I got home but escaped with only a few drops on me. It poured directly after I got in the house & rained the greater part of the night. I was sure that I would get a full share of this rain, as the heaviest cloud hung in that direction, but was disappointed—only a few drops fell on my parched fields.

June 29th. Sunday. Went to the Central Church. A heavy cloud made up while in church, which cut Mr. M.'s²¹⁸ sermon short.

The boat got here just before day with the oats, left ten bags in Beaufort. Gave the first feed off them this morning. Heard of the death of Mrs. Cannon—Mrs. O. Fripp's sister, yesterday. Went to the village church in the afternoon. Rode up to Mother's after tea.

June 30th. Dined with the Major at the plantation. Got 10 bushels of rough rice²¹⁹ of him. Returned home a little skeiweed.²²⁰

O fie fie!!!

July 1st. Sent John to Beaufort. Rode up to Mother's in the morning. While there it rained very hard for two hours, the first time I have seen the water settle on the ground for a long time. Sent for W. J. Jenkins & D. P. Jenkins to witness the signature of three deeds executed by Mother in favor of Saxby & myself, D. Jenkins²²¹ & her creditors. These deeds cover all of her settled property.²²² Now what will R. L. Baker do? Go & keep accounts & paint coats of arms for jackasses, as he did before for a living.²²³

²¹⁶ One man thought the best single shot won; the other thought the best average of shots closest to the center of the target won.

²¹⁷ Chaplin had won the use of the plow at the last contest and has been using it.

²¹⁸ Mr. McElheran.

²¹⁹ Rice with the grain still in the husk.

²²⁰ Either a word play on whis-key, or from "skewgee," meaning confused or uncertain.

²²¹ Daniel T. Jenkins was a first cousin to the two other Jenkinses.

²²² These deeds made a clean sweep of Isabella's estate. All her property, except for a number of Negroes selected out for sale and a family of slaves she kept for herself, now belong to Thomas and Saxby. The Bakers are left without any means of support.

²²³ Baker painted portraits during the years he ran a pharmacy.



From sleeping with a fresh breeze blowing on me last night, I took a cold which gave me a little fever & sore throat this evening.

July 2nd. Felt very unwell all day—pains in all my bones & sore throat. Mother spent the day with us, she is also quite unwell. Had a little ice cream today—

DaCosta came down in the evening, after a couple of little run-aways—Lundon & Morris.²²⁴ Caught them at the village & took them home.

Felt very sick this evening. Sent for Dr. Jenkins. Wanted to give me jalap²²⁵—would not take it.

July 3rd. Went to the plantation. Left the two deeds²²⁶ at the Captain's house, as he had gone to Beaufort by water. Dined with the Major. He paid me 10 bushels & 3 pecks of corn, being all that he owes me, & that for a long time.

July 4th. Friday. Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of these United States. Felt too unwell to go to Beaufort, went to the muster house.²²⁷ An oration was delivered by Mr. C. Belcher, Declaration of Independence read, or at least spoken by E. M. Capers—he had all by heart—prayer by Mr. McElheran. The oration was a plain, well-written speech, a very good repetition of the history of the Revolution, but not oratorically delivered. We dined about ½ past 2 p.m., drank 12 bottles of champagne, & returned to the village at about 5 o'clock—all sober. Preparations were then made for fireworks, which came off about 8 o'clock p.m. I had the misfortune to get my right eye very much hurt from the bursting of one of the rockets. They went off very well. After which, the young ladies gave a picnic in Dr. Scott's²²⁸ piazza. I did not eat any of this supper, but expect it was very good. I furnished 6 bottles of champagne—I know that went off very well.

Fool forgot about your 10 Negroes sold! Ah, Low! Low!

Date my weak eyesight from this same occurrence

July 5th. Saturday. My eye very sore. Tried bread & milk & slippery elm poultice. Something better towards evening. E. M. Capers came home

²²⁴ From the Riverside.

²²⁵ A purgative drug made from the tuberous root of a plant in the morning glory family.

²²⁶ Two of the three deeds mentioned above.

²²⁷ Meeting house of the St. Helena Mounted Riflemen.

²²⁸ John A. P. Scott (1794–1874), physician and planter. Son of Joseph Jenkins Scott and Catherine Adams. Married to Chaplin's first cousin Sarah Ann Chaplin. The Scotts lived on a 750-acre plantation north of Tombee, on Lands End Road, bordering Dr. Jenkins's place. Jenkins eventually acquired it.

with me on the 4th, still here—**& always here** Dr. Jenkins, the Major, the Capt., B. Capers, F. Capers, E. Capers,²²⁹ Ben & Tom were all in the billiards room today.

Regular rendezvous for all the village loafers

July 7th. Monday. E. Capers & myself went down to the plantation. Rode over the crop. He thinks mine as good as any he has seen on the Island, only, as with all the rest very backward, not blossoming as much as the rest. Dined with the Captain.

O this dining somewhere or other every day almost

July 10th. Peggy is at last confined. She had ***pretty*** good cause for laying up, being delivered of two fine boys. She has never had a male child before.

Elimus, one of the twins now alive, is 32 years old on the 10th of July this year of 1876

Started for the main this morning, the Major, Captain & E. Capers with me. Arrived on the main about 11½ o'clk. Met with no resistance from Mr. Nix. He would not give me up the keys, but I soon had the locks broken open & took what I wanted. When he found out I was determined he opened some of the doors.²³⁰

Brought, or rather sent over to the village, a quantity of furniture, 10 bushels of corn &c &c. Had a little rain there. Spent the night with E. Capers. Mosquitoes bit very bad, but it was quite cool.

July 11th. Got to the village in a hard rain about 3 o'clock. Ned did not come down to the Point in time so did not wait for him. Found Old Grace at the Point very sick with the dropsy. Employed Dr. Hazel for her. The boat returns to the Point this night. They have a very good crop over there.

July 12th. Saturday. Went home. Found a good mess of ripe figs on the tree. Three good showers of rain during the day. Planting slips as fast as I can.

July 14th. Monday. In the village all day. Played billiards & backgammon with E. Capers. The Major & his posse²³¹ stopped in the evening—he looked like a capon carrying chickens.

²²⁹ Benjamin Capers (b. 1815), Francis T. Capers (b. 1828), and Ned Capers, three sons of C. G. Capers and Mary Reynolds.

²³⁰ After this break-in, Chaplin was sued by Francis L. Roux for "pursuing a system of annoyance" against Mrs. Baker's estate, and obstructing him, Roux, from fulfilling his duties as trustee. See Aug. 15, 1845.

²³¹ Planters riding patrol—night watch—over the slaves.

July 16th. Wednesday. Ned & myself went down to the plantation, dined, returned before dark. Went up to see Uncle Ben. Stopped at Dr. Jenkins', had a small dance there. Ned was the fiddler.

July 19th. Sent John to Beaufort. Killed lamb for market. A few large drops of rain about ½ past 2 p.m., very hot. Rode with Sophy in the buggy up to Mother's,²³² found her very sick, though I heard she was much better in the morning. Had the carriage got. Made a bed of pillows in it & brought her to my house.

July 20th. Sunday. Did not go to church, very hot. Mother some better. Ice appears to revive her very much. She eats it continually.

Peggy lost one of her twin boys on the 18th inst. I thought they would not live, they were so very small. Went up to the chapel in the evening.

July 21st. Went to Beaufort. Dined with Bell. Returned before dark. Heard that S. A. Hurlbut²³³ had stopped from Charleston very much in debt. I hope he has not got me into any difficulty as he had some business of importance to transact for me. Got Fickling to write Gray about him.²³⁴

July 22nd. Remained in the village. Lent my buggy to D. P. Jenkins to take Mary Jenkins to Beaufort. Charles Belcher called after breakfast. Spent the day & night with me. We played 31 games of backgammon, he winning 16 & I 15 games—this, he said, he never knew to happen before to his knowledge. The weather was exceedingly hot today. The thermometer standing as high as 96 in the shade & 100 in the sun & wind—in the shade at 6½ o'clock & in the sun at 5¼ p.m.

July 23rd. Went to the plantation. Took Belcher as far as Lawrence Fripp's²³⁵ on, or out of, my way home. Carpenters still at the boat house.

²³² Mrs. Baker is now separated from her husband and living by herself in St. Helena-ville. Major D. P. Jenkins testified that her relatives "had cast her off" when she married Baker, and welcomed her back in the fold only after she signed deeds in favor of her sons.

²³³ Stephen Augustus Hurlbut (1815–1882). Son of Martin Luther Hurlbut and Lydia Bruce. U.S. district commissioner for South Carolina, in charge of registering bail and affidavits in civil cases. In the fall of 1845 Hurlbut left the job and fled the state because of financial troubles. He resettled in Springfield, Ill., where he became a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and a member of the Ill. House of Representatives. Lincoln sent Hurlbut on a special mission to Charleston in 1861 to sound out Hurlbut's former employer, James L. Petigru (see note, Feb. 25, 1846) about feelings in the state toward the Union. Hurlbut later won a commission as brigadier general in the U.S. Army, but charges of corruption led to his dismissal. After the Civil War he served in U.S. diplomatic missions to Colombia and Peru.

²³⁴ Chaplin was trying to draw cash from his wife's legacy.

²³⁵ James E. Lawrence Fripp (1817–1864), planter. Son of James Fripp and Ann Pope.

Sawney nearly cut two of his toes off, with the broadaxe. Gave the Negroes at the Riverside a small beef. Dined with the Capt.

July 24th. Killed beef for market. Rode down to Coffin's Point,²³⁶ a part of the Island I have never been at in my life. On my way I met Capt. I. Fripp.²³⁷ Rode up to his place with him for the first time I had ever been there. He is one of the most enterprising planters I know of. Has a great quantity of thrown-by machinery which he has tried & never succeeded with, such as gins &c &c &c.

Went to Coffin's to see Cockcroft²³⁸ his overseer to buy some corn. Succeeded in getting 50 bushels at 75 cents.²³⁹ He is a very obstinate fellow, appeared to be afraid I would not pay him in time for him to pay Coffin when he returned from the North. I am to give him an order on Mr. Gray for the amt. \$37½,²⁴⁰ payable the 1st of October next.

Alas, how little did I think then, that now, 32 years after, in 1876, I would be living on the same place, Coffin's—now Whitwell's,²⁴¹ almost as an overseer myself & a Yankee schoolteacher, & not worth shucks, much less 50 lbs. corn. Truly the vicissitudes of life are past the comprehension of mortal man. Coffin, Cockcroft and hundreds more are dead & a great blast of ruin & destruction passed over the country.

July 26th. Saturday. The steamboat came along about 7 o'clock. She came to opposite J. L. Chaplin's landing. The Capt., seeing several of J.L.C.'s family on the beach waving handkerchiefs &c, thought they wanted to get on board, but as soon as the yawl was lowered they scampered up the bluff. The Capt. was very much provoked, & hardly wanted to stop for me opposite D. Jenkins' landing. Bristol & Sancho put me on board in J.C.'s little boat. We arrived in Savannah about ½ past eleven o'clock a.m. I had never been there but once before, with the company on the 28th June and had no opportunity of seeing anything but a great crowd. I cannot say that I admired the place at all, it is one of the hottest & dirtiest places I ever saw in my life. Very few good looking stores. I got

Chaplin's second cousin on his father's side. Lived northwest of Tombee on Chowan Creek, next door to his brother, William Oliver Perry Fripp.

²³⁶ A 1,400-acre plantation on the eastern end of the Island overlooking St. Helena Sound. One of several large tracts owned by Thomas Aston Coffin (1795–1863), who spent most of his time in Charleston. Coffin was the son of Ebenezer Coffin and Mary Matthews.

²³⁷ Another Isaac Fripp, not Chaplin's "Cousin Isaac."

²³⁸ Jonathan Cockcroft (b. 1808), overseer.

²³⁹ Per bushel.

²⁴⁰ This money comes out of his wife's inheritance, for which Gray is keeping accounts.

²⁴¹ Samuel W. Whitwell (1816–1880), a northerner who acquired Coffin's Point during the Union occupation of St. Helena, in the 1860s.

so wet with perspiration that I was obliged to go into a clothing establishment & get a change dress even to a linen. We partook of fine ice punch & a very ordinary dinner at the Pulaski House.²⁴² Drank a good deal of iced champagne & left the Georgian city at 4 o'clock.

July 27th. Rode down home & over all the crop. Cotton looks very well, but backward. March corn tolerable—young, good & very bad in spots. Potatoes very bad. Peas miserable. ¾ acres of slips planted, no rain to plant more. Had only a few drops last eve, though we had a fine rain at the village. Ground almost as dry as it was before. Cattle suffering for water.

These must have been happy days.

July 28th. Monday. Peas cannot sprout. Those that have come up are withered up. Commenced stripping blades²⁴³ on Thursday the 24th inst. They are very much dried up but I think I will make more than last year. Mr. McElheran took tea with us. Walked up to Dr. Jenkins' in the evening. Heard today that the scarlet fever was in J. J. Pope's family & the whooping cough in Mr. James Fripp's²⁴⁴—hope we will escape.

July 29th. A very pleasant day, fine breezes. Stayed at home. Major borrowed my buggy to go to Beaufort. I walked a mile after supper by walking the length of my piazza 88 times, it being 60 feet long.

July 30th. Wife rode down to the plantation with me. The weather looked very fine when we started, but about 10 o'clock a cloud rose in the southwest & commenced raining about 12 m. Rained very hard for about an hour, but the ground was so dry it was not wet an inch deep. The sun shone out again for about ½ hour when we saw another cloud making up in the same direction. I rode over in the field, & while trying my potatoes it commenced to rain again. Took shelter with the Negroes in Adam Morcock's²⁴⁵ house. It rained very hard for about ½ hour, with several very severe claps of thunder. When it slackened a little I concluded to take advantage of the interim & gallop home, but got a complete drenching, this being the first time I have been wet by rain this summer.

July 31st. Thursday. Planting slips with all hands. Hope we may have enough rain to finish, for it is now so late I will hardly get anything but

²⁴² Savannah's finest hotel.

²⁴³ Pulling the leaves off the corn plants.

²⁴⁴ James Fripp (1811–1880), planter. Son of Isaac Perry Fripp and Mary Pope. First cousin to Chaplin, once removed, on his father's side.

²⁴⁵ Possibly William A. Morcock, of Beaufort.

seed potatoes.²⁴⁶ Rode out with wife in the afternoon. Clouds rising in every direction—no rain. Rode up to the Major's after tea.

Mr. McElheran sent round a subscription paper for the purpose of raising money to have the well in the parsonage yard bricked—as he pretends—for the benefit of any person that may succeed him as minister on the Island. I have no doubt he expects to spend his lifetime here.

He did not & the shame of the people²⁴⁷

Aug. 1st. Friday. This stormy month comes in with not much prospects of rain or storms. Yet the sea may smooth in the morn and ere night be tossed by winds & waves. So it may be with this month. My opinion is, that as we have had no rain to set a crop of slips & peas up to this late season when it is (generally speaking) too late to ensure a crop, we will now be visited with tremendous storms of rain & wind, which will destroy or greatly injure the crops of cotton. But we trust to God—He alone can control the seasons, it may be all for the best.

Aug. 3rd. Sunday. It commenced raining last night about 9 o'clock & rained steady all night. I never in my life heard such thunder as we had last night between 12 & 1 o'clock, such loud & rapid succession of claps of thunder & vivid flashes of lightning apparently nearer & nearer every time, it was really alarming. I thought the house or something in the yard would be struck every moment & still fear that some damage has been done in or near the village, for it seemed as if the whole artillery of heaven was opened on this spot.

Aug. 4th. Got up 8 o'clock, found it still raining, wind blowing fresh from the east, & SSE. Very dark & dreary, looks more like continued rain than breaking. I fear it will greatly injure the cotton. The Captain is with me, very uneasy first ***at*** one window then another, hardly sits down for one minute at a time. This is the day I intended to be at Bay Point on a devilfish²⁴⁸ excursion, but am very glad I am at home.

I was much astonished about 10 o'clock at seeing several gentlemen walking up from the other end of the village, but learnt that they only

²⁴⁶ Because of adverse growing conditions, Chaplin expects his potatoes to be too small to eat and good only for use as seed the next year.

²⁴⁷ See June 12, 1856.

²⁴⁸ A species of ray; "a monster," wrote William Elliott, "measuring from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, having powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously through the water or vaults high into the air. . . . The chase of the devil fish [is] an established diversion of the planters of Port Royal Sound. They make Bay Point their place of rendezvous." (*Carolina Sports by Land and Water* [Charleston, S.C., 1846], 6.)

came to see what damage had been done to the bluff up here from the heavy rain last night. I took a walk up the village & was very surprised to see the manner the bluff in different places has been washed. At Mr. Hall's,²⁴⁹ it washed within 20 feet of his house, the gully about 10 feet wide & 15 deep. At Dr. Sams',²⁵⁰ about 15 feet from his fence is a gully. A small cave-in opposite John Pope's,²⁵¹ one opposite John Fripp's, & a tremendous chasm opposite D. P. Jenkins', about 30 feet wide, 20 deep, & about 8 feet from his steps. Another hard rain would wash away his steps. All the hands that could be started in the village were immediately pressed to fill up this large gully. Several persons have agreed to [provide] carts & horses with a boy & have it filled up at once, as it injures the looks of the village very much, that is, the front walk, for there is no siding pass on that part of the bluff. Everyone thought that my bluff would wash more than any other, but they were much mistaken. The bluff opposite my house did not wash at all, owing to the slant being towards the house & not to the bluff.

Aug. 5th. Tuesday. The wind has got to the NW & is quite cool—a thick coat very comfortable, & I do not think a small fire would be amiss. It would certainly be wholesome to dry the damp walls.

Went down home. The Capt. & myself rode his crop & mine. Found that the rain & wind had whipped the blossoms & forms off considerably.²⁵² Had to recover some of the slips.²⁵³ The hands were scattered all about. Some letting off water out of the field, some supplying peas.²⁵⁴ Sent Ben with the bay mare & cart to assist in filling up the breaks made in the bluff at the other end of the village. Though I doubt very much, if the same thing should happen up here, if they would lend their aid.

Aug. 7th. Went to the Agricultural meeting. The new member Geo. Law found his maiden dinner, & it was very good, & what is surprising, he found 6 bottles of liquor. There was no show of fruit as expected & agreed upon the last meeting. C. G. Capers brought a fine basket of grapes. W.O.P. Fripp, *one peach* & one little watermelon, & about ½ dozen potatoes, old & new crop.

²⁴⁹ John W. Hall (b. 1810), planter.

²⁵⁰ Either Berners Barnwell Sams (1787–1855), physician and planter, or his son, Melvin Melius Sams (1815–1900), also a physician and planter. The younger Sams was a second cousin to Chaplin on his mother's (Eliza Fripp's) side.

²⁵¹ John Jeremiah Theus Pope (1799–1864), planter. Lived at the Oaks Plantation, 500 acres on Chowan Creek, northeast of Tombee.

²⁵² The wind blew off both the cotton flowers and the young bolls behind them.

²⁵³ Set out new cuttings.

²⁵⁴ Replanting peas in places where they did not come up or were washed away.

behind, was sent back on Hawk to inform me of the accident. I sent the wagon for the buggy.

March 15th. Sunday. Tony brought me information last night from Treville that I must go to Beaufort early this morning, which I did, & got there by 11 o'clock. Treville told me that Roux wished to have another writ of injunction served on me, on an attachment got out for contempt of court for my having in my possession some of the property now in dispute. I signed two affidavits & J. D. Pope went on Gillisonville with them to appear for me. I got back about dark.

What this was all for I never knew to this day 1876 C

March 17th. Heard that Uncle Ben when on his way to Beaufort yesterday met with a sad accident—*another upset*. His horse shied at something in the road, ran the gig in the ditch (which was half full of water), knocking him senseless & hurting him very much. Dr. Jenkins happened to [be] just ahead of him (which was most fortunate, for his head was under water & mud & he may have drowned), ran back & got him out & brought him back home. Sent Tony to Beaufort. He brought me a letter from Treville. The motion for the order was granted, but he has appealed. I do not know how this matter will end. Treville has sent up for the judge's decree, which I suppose will settle everything.⁶⁰

March 18th. Wednesday. All hands banking corn land.⁶¹ Carpenters pulling down the old tabby house,⁶² got the top & one gable end & chimney down, I will get some very good lime brick from it. Rode over to see Uncle Ben, found him in a great deal of pain, cannot turn himself over in bed, and is likely to remain there for some time.

Sent a boy & got 19 crabs. If the day suits I try them myself tomorrow. Sent my buggy to Beaufort to be mended yesterday. Robert sick—

March 19th. John plowing potato root land. All hands banking & tracking corn land,⁶³ commenced planting the 14 acres. Went out drum fishing for the first time this year, took Ernest with me. Caught 2 drum—I one & Tony one—lost one. We had no prawn & caught no fish until I bought a

⁶⁰ See March 15, 1846. Though Chaplin believes he is legally in the right, Roux's maneuvering has shaken his confidence. Nine months will pass before the chancellor announces the court's decision in favor of Chaplin. See Dec. 1, 1846. On appeal, however, Baker and Roux will win.

⁶¹ Throwing up a bed with hoes.

⁶² An outbuilding that housed the old kitchen. Tabby is a cementlike substance made of sand, lime, crushed shells, and water.

⁶³ Laying out the rows, two and a half to five feet apart, depending on the "strength" of the land, then making the beds.

few from a Negro, though the prawn appear to be plenty. Ernest was delighted.⁶⁴ He never has been out with me before & never saw a drum caught. I fished at Bay Point & I understand that the Major, who fished at Middle Bank,⁶⁵ took 20 drum & bass. Ernest got a little seasick, but after he got onshore, was ready for another trip.

March 20th. Finished planting March corn, ditto plowing potato land. Stopped one cart—3 carts putting sedge in the cow pen.

Kitty foaled just before day this morning. I had her in an enclosure but she got out somehow & made for the bayside where she foaled—a large, light bay horse colt, resembles, even now, the dame & sire. Got by Berkshire, he by Clock Sunday.

March 23rd. Sent 6 hands on the Island to raft off the rails. Ben & John plowing cotton land, balance planting potatoes. Let Uncle Ben have 11 baskets of red seed potatoes. He, the Capt., the Major & W. Jenkins all planting today. My potato seed have rotted very little. I attribute it to their being covered so close & fresh dirt thrown on them whenever the bank cracked open, & after a rain. The leathercoats & pumpkin Spanish were completely rotted down to nothing. Sent Tony to Beaufort for some fruit trees, which I got R. Chisolm⁶⁶ to import from France for me. They cost me, landed in Beaufort, \$26.29 &, if I can get them to grow, will be worth ten times that amt. Tony got back about 4 o'clock with the trees & a sack of salt, 1 box Cuba sixes,⁶⁷ & 1 box Spanish cigars. M. Petray & Sons, of Paris, is the firm Chisolm got the trees from.

March 24th. In all the rain I went out & set out 43 trees in my new orchard of French trees. 2 in the yard called Maria Louise⁶⁸ (apple) makes 45. The ground got so wet had to stop for a good day. Some of the trees I had to put down in water, & many of them were sprouting. Dr. Jenkins sent in his a/c—could not pay it. Sent it back. Lent Capt. D. Jenkins 10 bushels of corn. Between the showers, planted 1½ acres of yam potatoes.

March 25th. Finished planting potatoes, watermelons & muskmelons 7 days earlier than last year. Planted Smyrna muskmelon seed in the potato patch. Finished setting out the imported trees in the orchard—66 trees in

⁶⁴ Ernest is six years old at this time.

⁶⁵ A shoal in Broad River.

⁶⁶ Robert Chisolm (1807–1880), rice planter and horticulturist of St. Bartholomew's Parish. A proponent of olive culture on the seaboard, he exhibited olives, citrus fruit, and preserves at the 1850 S.C. Institute Fair.

⁶⁷ Six-inch cigars.

⁶⁸ Incidentally, the name of one of Chaplin's daughters and his deceased sister.



the orchard & 10 in the yard, 76 in all. I am afraid some of them will not take, as I had to set them out in the water that would spring in the holes, the ground was so very wet.

Rode over & took tea with Uncle Ben, he is much better. Saw J. H. Webb & his wife⁶⁹ there. Paid Dr. Jenkins his a/cs, by order on Treville for \$500.

Note 1876 This gives the lie to some assertions I have heard that Dr. Jenkins made "that I never paid him my acct." He has scoundled me out of many a dollar for nothing

March 27th. Friday. Borrowed Uncle Paul's boat, went out fishing. Uncle Paul sent his fellow Sambo with me. Fished on Middle Bank about an hour, did not get a bite, & the wind blew so hard we had to pull up anchor & run into Station Creek. Stopped at Station Island, made a fire, roasted oysters & stayed there till was low water. The wind fell a little & we went down to Bay Point—fished there until the tide was high enough to get up the creek, & came home, did not get a bite the whole day.

Hands banking ground & planting cotton. Lent the Capt. my sulky & the chestnut mare to go to Beaufort. Carpenters making oars⁷⁰ for the *Pelican*. Could get no stuff but sapling pines which are very poor, being full of sap at this season of the year, & very supple. March corn coming up very pretty.

March 28th. Saturday. Went fishing, took 5 drum. Finished planting 20 acres of cotton.

March 29th. Sunday. Fanny Douglass had a colt early this morning—bay, not a white spot, slight dark line down the back, very much like Kitty's only a very little darker & unfortunately a mare colt. It is as large as Kitty's, which is 9 days older.

Went to church. Capt. J. Fripp's horse broke both shafts of his gig & nearly killed his boy, all from the carelessness of the boy in taking the horse out of the gig.

March 30th. Wind chopping around every point of the compass, finally got E. & N.E. & blew pretty fresh. 3 carts hauling rails from the raft to the line. 5 hands making fence on the line between J. L. Chaplin & myself, finished it about 2 o'clock. Put the same hands to cutting crotches to build the fence on between Est. B. Jenkins⁷¹ & self. Balance of hands banking

⁶⁹ Emmeline Jenkins Webb. See note, Aug. 26, 1845.

⁷⁰ Oak and gum were preferred for oars.

⁷¹ Cousin Betsy's Riverside plantation, known by the name of her late husband, Benjamin Jenkins.



ground & planting cotton. Sawney & Sam thrashing rice, thrashed 4¾ bushels.

March 31st. Bay mare had a horse colt last night, dark bay on brown, both hind feet white.

April 1st. Cold, windy, & rainy, thus is April ushered in. One of the dismal, gloomy days I ever spent. High wind from the east, & cold, with constant fine drizzle, drifting rain the whole day, and with all this to sit in the house all day with a dull Methodist minister⁷² who seldom ever says a word except on religion, unless I happen to ask him a question. Would not look at anything stronger than cider, and not for the world sit in the room where a simple game of backgammon is being played. He came over expressly to take a drum fishing & I do hope the weather may clear off to-night so that we can do something.

Hands did some work today tho the weather was so bad. Making fence, banking ground &c &c. Finished carting out the rails. If this weather continues very long (and I fear it will not clear before the next change of the moon, which is on Friday next), I think I will get sick from staying in the house with these supercilious people. And I have been foolish enough to ask Kirkland & his colleague (a Mr. Franks) to come over & take a fishing bout with me when the fish are biting well. Mrs. Kirkland being my wife's old friend, I bear it all with as much patience as I am master of (& that is not much) & try to put on as solemn an air as possible.

April 2nd. Just such a day as yesterday, cold drizzle rain, but not so much wind. Hardly went out of the house during the whole day. This weather has almost made Kirkland sick.

Puss had a bay mare colt about 11 o'clock today, exactly like Kitty's only one is a horse & the other a mare colt. Hard case that I cannot get a match.⁷³ Out of four colts from the same horse there are two pair that match in color, but one a horse & the other a mare.

April 3rd. Mr. Kirkland & myself went out shooting. Killed a few birds, went out & caught a few crabs. Wind very high. Finished making fence

⁷² William C. Kirkland (1814–1864), Methodist missionary to Beaufort and Pocotaligo. "He was an exceedingly amiable, sweet-spirited man. . . . In his tongue was the law of kindness, and in his heart a fountain of love. His preaching had the charm of simplicity and was directed with evident singleness of purpose to the conscience of the hearer." (Rev. Albert M. Shipp, *The History of Methodism in South Carolina* [Nashville, Tenn., 1884], 624–625.) Kirkland and his wife, Virginia, had two sons: William, Jr., who followed his father into the ministry, and James, who became chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

⁷³ A working pair.

yesterday, have about 4 cart loads of rails left. Hands banking cotton land. Yesterday was agricultural meeting day, forgot to go out.

April 4th. Kirkland & family went home. Finished banking cotton land on this side [of] the Sands. Put marsh sedge around the roots of my French trees. Rec'd. a list of names & Nos. from Chisolm—all in French, but will have it translated.

Major Felder came here dunning. Sent him off as he came—old rascal.

April 5th. Heard that Capt. J. Fripp's boy that got hurt last Sunday at the church from his horse running off has since died from the hurts he rec'd. Went out to church. Tom Fripp, Oliver Fripp, W. Jenkins, and D. P. Jenkins have all sold their cotton, which is from the same seed that I planted, at 32 cts. Webb is holding mine at 34, hope he may get it.

April 6th. All hands planting cotton, banking some salt land,⁷⁴ & digging ditches. Commenced plowing land to plant early peas. Numbered all of my new fruit trees. Sent Tony to Beaufort. Wife & myself rode over to Uncle Ben's on horseback in the evening, the first time she has rode on horseback for at least a year. Engaged Kudjo⁷⁵ to make my kitchen chimney.

April 7th. Went out fishing, very few boats out, fish bit very badly. Uncle Paul's Sambo⁷⁶ fished with me.

April 8th. Cloudy, wind S.E. Commenced listing in marsh sedge on the Bay Field yesterday. Went fishing. Finished the pillars under corn house, building the kitchen chimney.

April 9th. Rode over to the Captain's. He & Dr. Jenkins dined with me. Finished my kitchen chimney. Cost me \$4 for the pillars & relaying the hearth to Sophy's room.

April 10th. Good Friday. Sent Tony to Beaufort. Finished planting fodder corn. All hands listing cotton ground. Capt. D. Jenkins came over & altered my sails & made them set a great deal better—my boat runs two points nearer in the wind.⁷⁷

⁷⁴ Formerly salt marsh, now impounded.

⁷⁵ Slave belonging to Uncle Ben. *Kudjo* is a name in the Ewe language (Togo and Dahomey) given to a boy born on a Monday.

⁷⁶ See Nov. 27, 1853.

⁷⁷ Chaplin's old billowy sails have been cut and reshaped so that they can "sheet" flat, allowing him to sail two degrees on the compass closer to the wind.

April 15th. Beautiful day. Wind N.W., cooler. Went fishing. Finished banking cotton ground. Stopped the plows. Saw Dr. Jenkins in a new boat which he bought of C. G. Capers for \$200.

April 16th. Planting cotton over the Sands, Godly selection seed. Supplying March corn. Never knew the birds so bad before, though the seed was well tarred, they will pull it, but can't eat it. Took nearly as much to replant as it did to plant. Went fishing.

April 20th. Monday. Went fishing. Listing corn land. Everyone of my fruit trees have taken.

April 21st. Finished listing corn land. Went fishing—biting very badly. Borrowed Capers' buggy to take to Bay Point tomorrow if I go. Cotton all up & pretty *regular*, all to some salt land near the house, & the first planted, which I think is owing to patting the dirt too hard on it with the hoe. Sugarcane coming up, but not at all regular.

April 22nd. Went with all the family to Bay Point. Stayed in Elliott's house.

April 29th. Moved all hands back home. The children look better, but the trip I do not think has done my wife any good. She complains still a great deal of the pain in her side. Heard that while we were away, that both Mrs. Tom & Jos. Perry⁷⁸ had died, one in childbed, the other very suddenly. Everything looks green, particularly the joint grass. Finished planting April corn. Cotton all up well, that planted last looks much the best. Potatoes coming up very well.

April 30th. Commenced hoeing potatoes, weather clear & hot, thunder in the evening but no rain.

May 2nd. Hoeing grass in cotton. Killed a veal.

May 4th. Went to Beaufort—paid my taxes, \$50.19 cts. Sent Steel to Charleston as a present to T. L. Webb. Old bay mare refused the horse on the last day of April—Fanny ditto.

May 5th. Hoeing cotton. Killed a lamb & gave the Capt. half. Chestnut mare had a black horse colt. Sent Tony to the village with a cart to move Mother's furniture out of W. B. Fripp's house. He did not return at night.

⁷⁸ Fanny Kershaw Perry (1820–1846), wife of Joseph Perry.



May 6th. Went to the muster field to dine. A Mr. George Schley (Sly) & J. W. Pope⁷⁹ came home with me & spent the night. The former is a gentleman of Georgia, near Augusta, owns a large cotton manufactory, and is traveling about the country with samples of his Geo. plains, a woollen cloth which he wishes to introduce among the planters in this section for their Negro clothing, instead of their buying Northern goods. I hope he may succeed. It would relieve us a great deal from the heavy tariff on that article. His goods are thicker, stronger, as warm & cheaper than the Northern & I shall patronize him.

1876 At a later day, we find we were mistaken. Not about that cry of "Tariff" how or when twas it. The cloth was better but higher, that was certain. But we ought to have supported Southern enterprise. I tried the cloth & found it to be as so presented. C

May 7th. Thursday. Schley, Pope & myself went down to Trenchards to draw the seine, but got there too late. Schley has never been on the sea beach before & everything was novel to him. Was very much amused at him & he was perfectly delighted. Got a fine mess of fish from Grayson's⁸⁰ Negroes who were down there & made a hearty dinner.

May 8th. Clear in the morning, hoeing March corn. Clouds up about 1 p.m. Very heavy storm of rain & wind, did not last very long. J. Webb⁸¹ & C. J. Colcock⁸² came over to see me—were out in the river in all the storm but got here safe, all to a heavy ducking.

May 9th. Hauled potatoes. Reds look very fine, yams came up badly, & a good many died after commenced running.⁸³ Webb & Colcock insist on my going over with them⁸⁴—concluded to go. Started in their boat, left orders for my boat to come over for me tomorrow morning. The wind was blowing very fresh from the S. but as Webb's boat was a good sea boat we thought we could get over very well, & started. Rowed down to Station

⁷⁹ John W. B. Pope (b. 1825), Charleston attorney. Son of Joseph J. Pope, Sr., and Sarah Jenkins. Brother of Joseph Daniel Pope.

⁸⁰ William J. Grayson, Jr. (b. 1820), physician and planter. Son of W. J. Grayson (1788–1863), lawyer and author of the polemical poem *The Hireling and the Slave*, a rejoinder to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. William, Jr., lived on St. Helena until Jan. 1854.

⁸¹ Maj. John Webb, of St. Luke's Parish.

⁸² Charles Jones Colcock (1820–1891). Son of Thomas Hutson Colcock and Eliza Hay. Nephew of R. L. Baker's attorney William Ferguson Colcock. He was a director of the Bank of South Carolina and had an interest in a cotton factorage firm in Charleston. He also owned a plantation in St. Luke's Parish. Colcock and John Webb were brothers-in-law, having married Mary Caroline and Elizabeth Savage Heyward respectively, daughters of Thomas Heyward, Jr., and Ann Eliza Cuthbert, and granddaughters of Thomas Heyward, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Colcock was a colonel in the 3rd S.C. Cavalry 1861–65.

⁸³ The plants died after they began shooting out vines.

⁸⁴ To the mainland.



Creek, & hoisted our sail, ran over to & across Parris Bank.⁸⁵ When we got on the other side Webb took the helm from me (who had been steering all the time before) & said he knew the way best & would steer the boat. We went along very well, sailing with a light south breeze, for the wind had fallen very much, when we saw a very black cloud in the N.W. apparently about four or five miles off. About a quarter past five we felt a few drops of rain, & the wind died away to a complete calm, when I proposed to Webb to take down the sails & row. He gave the order & the mainsail was made up, & the foresail brailed⁸⁶ up. During this time the rain came down in torrents, & the wind sprung up from the N.W., & before we could get down the foremast one of the most awful squalls struck us from the N.W., & in less than three minutes the boat was bottom up, & the wind fallen almost to a calm. We were in a horrid situation. We all got on the bottom of the boat, 4 Negroes & 3 white men. Everything floated out of the boat & we held on to one oar which we saved—was afterwards the only thing except one thwart⁸⁷ we had to paddle ashore with. The boat rolled over & over like a barrel though fortunately the water was smooth, for no sooner than the squall passed over it became almost a dead calm. We were about a mile from the shore & the wind driving us further off. The foresail was fastened to the boat by the halyard rope, which one of the Negroes by diving down succeeded in cutting off (Colcock had fortunately saved his knife by putting it in his glove), and we got rid of the sail. The boat would then lay bottom down for five or ten minutes at a time. During these times we would get rid of our clothes & boots, principally by cutting them off, & when the boat would roll over we would swim off until her bottom came up then get on it again. One poor fellow named Monday could not swim & though we got him on the boat twice the third time he went down, never to rise again, poor fellow, he was drowned without a struggle to save himself. This almost disheartened the rest of us, not knowing which of us would go next. We had not the most distant idea of being saved, for nothing but the mercy of God could save us, & the idea was beyond description that one after the other we would drop off & the one that could hold on longest would see the rest go, & what would be his feelings, no power to assist. But God had mercy on us. Though the boat had turned over some twenty times & we repeatedly managed to keep her on the bottom, her gunwales would be underwater & we could neither get the water out nor would she bear us inside, but all at once, when it was perfectly dark & we had nearly given up all hope, she righted up, leaving about 2 inches of the gunwale left out of water. We saw it was our only chance, & all with one feeling let go & supported ourselves in the water to

⁸⁵ A shoal in Broad River, just below Parris Island.

⁸⁶ Hauled in, by means of small ropes called brails.

⁸⁷ A rower's seat.