

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ST. JOHN'S HUNTING CLUB,

AT

INDIANFIELD PLANTATION,

ST. JOHN'S, BERKELEY,

JULY 4, 1907,

BY

REV. ROBERT WILSON, D. D.,



PRESIDENT OF THE HUGUENOT SOCIETY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



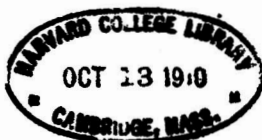
TOGETHER WITH AN

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CLUB, RULES

AND LIST OF MEMBERS.



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Miss L. L. McCrady,  
Cambridge

The Club, having by a unanimous vote expressed its desire that Dr. Wilson's address be published in pamphlet form, the following members were appointed by the President a committee to attend to its publication:

James Armstrong, J. St. Clair White and Henry R. Dwight.

This being the first publication emanating from the Club, the committee concluded that it would be of interest to add to Dr. Wilson's admirable address the sketch by Dr. Henry Ravenel, the rules of the Club, and the list of members and honorary members, thus preserving in permanent form the principal matters of interest which the Club book contains.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the St. John's Hunting Club:

In response to your kind invitation I am here this afternoon to attempt a task which is too much of a pleasure to be irksome, and to enjoy a privilege surrounded with so many difficulties of attainment that it may well be termed a task. You have asked me to reach back into a happy Past which is separated from our prosaic Present by so dark a veil of contrast as to have its well remembered realities dimmed as by some vast reach of time—into a life so different that it seems to have been lived upon some remote planet and in some other phase of existence. The very name of your revived organization is like the familiar perfume of a long forgotten plant crushed by the foot as we wander over strange pathways in a distant land, recalling with its voiceless suggestion a host of memories as vague as dreams and yet as clear-cut and substantial as the experiences of yesterday. It is no easy undertaking to cull out from so great a store of varied antiques, just those best fitted to appeal to your interest and entertainment, and to cover hastily with loving and those others which awaken scenes so sacred that only in solitude might one dare to enter them again. And I want to warn you that the facts which we gather up in such a retrospect of personal experience are not always readily separable from the seductive traditions which childhood and youth find more real than reality itself, so that if I tell you of some happenings which antedate even the last century, I hope you will not therefore mistake me for either Methusaleh or Munchausen redivivus. I have no purpose of going into the history of the St. Johns Hunting Club, as of that I have no personal knowledge and the records, if preserved, would be more accessible to you than to me. The old club house at Black Oak is one of my earliest recollections. It stood in the woods by the roadside near the Church and only a few hundred yards from the outer gate of Pooshee Avenue, and long before I was old enough to participate in the good cheer and social enjoyment of its meetings I used to hover about its precincts on "Club Days" in April and

December, searching the woods for anything in feathers or fur, from a woodpecker to the old buck which, I was certain, lay waiting to jump up and make a hero of me, but which always scuttled away with a concert of grunts and squeals, or leisurely got up and stared at me with lazy, Juno-like eyes as it chewed placidly on the "quid"—or cud—which was more satisfying than tobacco and more respectable than gum. And I looked with reverential longing at the stamping horses hitched to swinging limbs, and the guns stacked around the doorway, wondering why these last seemed to be so objectionable to certain of the older members that they always slipped out and spirited them away about the time when the empty plates and dishes left the table. But I am anticipating and must reverse my lever for awhile. Those were the days when the North Eastern Railroad was a purpose of the future, and the Cooper River steamboat a stern reality.—(I didn't mean to do that, and would make a bow of apology to my friend, Colonel Armstrong, if he was here. The boats were really side-wheelers). April and December were the regular holiday months when every country boy and girl dropped books and migrated to the woods of the old plantation. We worked at school all Summer, with no holiday except the forth of July, but with the first crisping of the frost, or the first call of the passing crows in Spring, books began to look like gun-wadding; marks dropped toward zero, and Corporal Punishment became the busy drill-master of the Awkward Squad. "Wire-twisted" single-barrels were hunted out and cleaned, fishing canes straightened in hot ashes; shot, powder and fish-hooks were bought in "fourpence" and "sevenpence" lots and hidden away for "the country." Marvellous stories began to circulate about "cheweekers" shot out of the tops of trees; of how "my cousin at Pooshee" could drop three bucks with two barrels, right and left, and how Mr. Blalock, the overseer, could shoot out a squirrel's eye with his rifle as he (the squirrel, of course) sat on the ball of St. Michael's steeple. Sky was never bluer, sea-gulls never whiter and marsh never greener than when seen from the big forward deck of the Etiwan, or the George W. Coffee, or the Massasoit, fussing and

puffing and churning her way out of the dock, "cutting the waves with her taffrail" like Cooper's Red Rover as she backed out and laid her course for "My Lady's Bush" and—the country! That would be about 7 a. m. An hour after hour passes swiftly by what a glorious panorama unrolls its never to be forgotten scenery of green lawns and moss-bearded live-oaks, of spreading pecans and spiring poplars of Lombardy—of brave old plantation homes with their red roofs and broad piazzas! There is Coming Tee, and Pimlico, and Mepkin and the Bluff; there is Mulberry, old and castellated, and Rice Hope and Washington, Dean Hall and Côte-Bas, and higher up, as the river winds its narrowing way, Stoney Landing (the redundant syllables always added, and Lewisfield and Pawleys, one or other of the latter being the end of our voyage. If it were Winter every flowed rice-field would be black with ducks of every variety known to this latitude, and every shrill note of the steamer's whistle would be answered by the roar of thousands of rushing wings. If Spring the glitter of jumping fish and the heavy splash of numberless alligators would punctuate the story. Landing at Lewisfield in the late afternoon there was the long drive to Pooshee and supper. Once I remember being stranded, by some mistake, there being no buggy to meet me. The elder Dr. Morton Waring, however, promptly made room for me in the sulky which seemed hardly capacious enough for his huge frame. It was characteristic of this sport-loving and obliging gentleman that seeing a covey of partridges across the road he insisted on my getting down for a shot, and scolded me roundly for riding with an unloaded gun and having no ammunition except what was in my valise. Juvenal's "Maxima reverentia pueris" seemed to be his motto, but his greatest reverence was for the boy who loved a gun and could shoot it. These steamboats filled the transportation gap between horseback or the family carriage and the train to Monck's Corner or Bonneau's. They were about the size of the Sappho and of equal accommodation, but to the Middle St. John's negro they were marvels of more than earthly magnificence. "Bush John," the driver of the only mule on Pooshee, was sent down once with a

trunk. When he returned and was asked what he thought of the boat, he could only stammer out "I bin in hebbel!"

I do not know just what were the beginnings of the various Hunting Clubs, but they mark the late period at which hunting began to be regarded as sport. In the earlier provincial times game was so abundant that it was regarded chiefly as a food supply and was bought at very low rates from the Indians and other professional hunters, the planter killing only deer and turkeys, incidentally as they came in his way, and regarding his racing stud, home-raised or imported, as the only legitimate form of sport for gentlemen. There is reason to fear that if asked the question put to the historic Mississippian, "What kind of game is here mostly?" he would have given a similar answer: "Well, mostly Brag and Poker." Only he would probably have put it "Dice and Picquet." An old Pooshee story was that Stephen Mazÿck, the second, of Woodboo, walked over one morning to see his sister Ravenel who had been sick. She expressed a wish for venison, seeing his long-barrelled gun. "Send a cart down the road," said her brother; "I killed three deer on my way here and they are lying in the road. You can get one of them." Ducks and birds were seldom shot for sport, even in my younger days, and foxes were shot on deer-hunts because they spoiled the young hounds and broke up the drives. I remember when "big ducks" were killed in quantities by the drivers, and on some of the river plantations were fed to the negroes until these latter begged for a change. I recall the time when only two men of this neighborhood, the younger Thomas Porcher of Whitehall and the second Dr. Morton Waring, kept bird-dogs, though many deer-hunters were good wing shots. These two, also, were practically the only turkey hunters except when trailing out before hounds. These birds were very abundant and on one occasion Peter Taylor, a Pooshee overseer, baited a trench and got nine at a single shot from his blind as they raised their heads to his whistle. Of fiercer game, the last wolf was said to have been killed at Wilton by Mr. Isaac M. Dwight in the early thirties, while Douxsaint Bonneau was the champion bear-hunter of Santee Swamp.

The old Santee Canal was inseparably bound up with the history of this Club as far back as I can remember, and I never cross it now, however often, on a Coast Line train without looking out to see a friend of the auld lang syne. As I recall the childish frolics when we hurried to Black Oak to ride through the locks on the passing boats I see again the tethered horses about the Club House and the busy cooks at work under the open kitchen shed. Later as a boy returning from some long and fruitless tramp with a single-barrel on my shoulder, a blackbird or woodpecker in my game bag and a saving story of the duck which fell into the canal and was irretrievable, though, surely dead, I can hear again the chaff and teasing jibes which would greet me from the Club House door. The regular meet for the weekly Saturday hunt was the White Bridge, and there on any Saturday during the season at nine a. m., one was sure to find a waiting party, large or small, with dogs and drivers ready for the start. The drivers were always privileged characters, whose chief employment for five days out of seven was "Cleaning steel," an occupation which was almost as laborious as fishing for "mawmouths" and which was the invariable plea in bar of anything else which might be required of the gentleman's gentleman. The ladies who were the usual sufferers used to call them ornamental appendages and wonder how bits and stirrups could last a year under such incessant polishing. Some of them, like White Hall John and Pooshee Jeems were masters of their craft and knew every stand in every drive, the tone of every horn and the tongue of every dog in the combined pack. They never quite reached the standard, however, of old Belle Isle July and Bluford Ephraim of the Upper Club. Deer were very plentiful in those days, especially when the Santee was in freshet and Mexico bank in danger, and turkeys were trailed out on almost every hunt. Right and left shots were very common and I can recall two fine bucks killed in their tracks by Mr. John White in sight of Woodlawn house and two huge gobblers fluttering out their lives under the gun of Edwin DuBose of Harben. William F. Ravenel once killed three deer with two barrels, but of course shots like that were exceptional, though a few

years later the same shot was successfully made by the Rev. Roberts Johnson during a hunt in the Upper Parish.

Hunting, however, was by no means the only sporting interest of the Club. Indeed, notwithstanding its name, there were probably a majority of its members who very rarely attended the meet, while quite a number of them could scarcely load a gun without risk of putting in the shot first, and would have frightened a swamp-owl into fits with the unearthly sound which resulted from their efforts at blowing a horn. From the earliest days of the settlement of the Parish a love for fine horses and the ability to ride like centaurs was a characteristic of every low-country planter, and the best point of the finest English racing strains could be recognized at a glance among the mounts which brought the Club members to the meetings. In those days no saddlehorse ever looked through a collar, no gaits were tolerated except the walk and the lope, and if these were satisfactory few men cared what the temper of their mounts might be. It must be remembered, however, that the vice of a high bred saddle horse is a very different thing from the spiteful tricks of a boy's pony or the low meanness of a Texan, and the masterful horsemanship which, without apparent effort controlled a plunging thoroughbred with light snaffle, somerset saddle and narrow steel stirrups was an entirely different accomplishment from sitting a bucking broncho on a McClellan or high peaked wooden tree with cowboy hooded wooden stirrups and a curb that might break a mule's jawbone. The fact is, however, that there were wild riders in the old Club days who after dinner cared little for saddle or bit but rode as the humor took them, whatever came to hand, and vied with each other in such performances as riding up and down stairs, jumping the dining table or catching up at full speed a handful of sand to throw at the rider who tried to pass in the scrub race. I can recall but one fatal accident from all this reckless fun, and that was when K. P. started for home one dark night on a full run from the Upper Club house and returned a little later on foot with his saddle on his shoulder, remarking in explanation that his horse was dead, having knocked out his blanked brains

against a pine tree. I doubt if the world was ever witched with nobler horsemanship than that displayed on the Pineville Race Course when Lower, Middle and Upper St. John's met in the not infrequent tournaments of race week, and I remember especially seeing E. B. bring his horse to its haunches at full speed with a shock that nearly broke the stirrup leathers, and that same K. P. swing out with extended arm and take the ring with a side stroke of his lance as his horse swerved away to the opposite side of the track. The only saddle tolerated was, as I have stated, the small, flat English somerset with narrow knee pads, and the seat was the old style English hunting seat with long stirrup leathers. The finest horses that I remember were of the old Pooshee "Hybiscus" strain, and of these the best saddle horses were Hybisca, a dark brown mare, Marplot, her colt, a mahogany bay, so named from his failure on the turf as a two year old, but who could walk a four mile clip without spilling the water from a full glass, or lope alongside a walking horse with a movement like that of a well balanced rocking chair, and lastly Satan, a wild-eyed sorrel who justified his cognomen by his temper. He, however, came of different stock. Pacing ponies were ridden by the old gentlemen and boys, but these were usually bought in the city, or from Wassamasaw where the old time tacky stock persisted. These horses were at one time reared in herds as wild as the swamp cattle and hogs and were driven into bogs to be caught and branded. One of these places was "Tavern Bridge" which thus got its name of "Horse-pen." I can testify to the efficiency of this method of horse catching, having once been in it myself, horse, sulky and boy, and glad enough to get out with no further scathe than a few loose straps and open buckles. The carriage horses were barely of any other color than dark mahogany bay with back legs, manes and tails, sixteen hands high and of weight adapted to the heavy and commodious family carriage which they drew. Buggies and similar light vehicles were practically unknown except the sulkies which were used between the plantation and the "pineland" and an occasional fossil relic of some remote geological era in the shape of a "gig" or "chair," which

were a sort of double-barrelled sulky on two enormously high wheels in which two might ride as comfortably as in a modern "courting buggy," too wide for one and not wide enough for two—except when acting in the title role. Pooshee William was once sent to town with the horses to bring back a new carriage just bought. When leaving the city he stole a dog and shut him up inside, making the 'forty-two miles between sunrise and late supper time. When the incident was closed the inside of the carriage and the outside of William both required re-upholstering. He was never again known to mistake a family coach for a dog cart. The negroes of that day in Middle St. John's constituted a distinct type, differing in many particulars from those of Cooper River and in more, perhaps, from those of the lower Santees. This was not from any difference in origin, for all came from the same part of the Guinea Coast, but was caused by circumstances not difficult to understand. The three classes mentioned were practically three distinct communities, with the same heredity, but modified by environments which had persisted long enough to produce fixed differentiation. The owners of the St. John's negroes had for generations been almost exclusively Huguenots and those of Santee very nearly so, while those of Cooper River were almost entirely English; but the two last named classes were influenced in many ways by the fact that rice was their staple crop, while the former were cultivators of cotton. The proximity of the sea also caused a difference in modes of life and habits. There was very little intermingling and still less introduction of outside blood, for there was little buying and selling. Single negroes were rarely sold, except for incorrigible faults, and still more rarely bought. Gangs were sometimes introduced from the city marts to stock newly acquired or newly cleared plantations; but far more frequently new lands were acquired to accommodate the natural increase of the negro yard, great enough in the course of a few years to make wholesale employment for the surplus an important problem. We are all familiar with the stories of digging ditches on one day and filling them up on the next, or building fences one week to keep out the stock and mov-

ing them the next week to keep it in. The negroes were not hard to control, but discipline required the use of the whip, either by the white overseer or the negro driver. In fact this was the negro's preference in the matter of punishment, and whenever a choice was given he would almost always say "Gimme de lick." Cruelty was expressly forbidden and a broad "smacker" was always used to prevent cutting. Indeed the drawing of blood usually meant dismissal for the overseer, or for the driver the exchange of his whip for a hoe. Of course there were abuses but the planter who punished over-severely, or who worked his negroes on Sunday or sold them away from their families invariably lost caste in the community. The brutal floggings which fifty years ago were still frequent in the army and navy were never known among the planters of South Carolina, and the man who could have been guilty of inflicting such would not have been tolerated by his neighbors. Indeed it could not have been otherwise in a community where master and slave had grown up together, generation after generation on the same plantation. I once heard the late W. Mazÿck Porcher say that there were negroes in Mexico working the same half-acre tasks that had come down in their families from the ancestor who came out of the slave ship. Occasionally some idle young scapegrace would yield to "the call of the wild" and run away to the Swamp for an outing. When tired of camp life he would come in, take his "licking" with a few "do maussas," and think he had paid a ridiculously small price for his fun. Occasionally some outlaw would take to the Swamps and terrorize the negroes, steal hogs and corn, and demoralize things generally, until all patience was exhausted. Then the dogs would be sent for as a last resort and he would be trailed down and caught. We all know now that the terrible blood hounds were only ordinary small deer hounds such as are used to-day at every jail in the United States, trained to bay their game without biting. I assisted once at such a hunt on which the desperado, when run down, was found standing with his back to a pine tree keeping off the whole pack of savage pursuers with a switch. He was given his choice of a flogging or

a month on bread and water, and without the slightest hesitation chose the "licking." He was then sold to a former owner in the city, his two wives going with him as a matter of course, where "they ever afterwards lived happily together."

It was my privilege to be a guest at the dinner in the Club House on that anniversary occasion a few months less than fifty years ago, when the venerable Samuel DuBose—"the old captain" as we all loved to call him—read his paper before the Black Oak Agricultural Society on the introduction of cotton planting, which, with the invaluable reminiscences of families and plantations that have since been printed with it, has preserved so much interesting local history that otherwise would have been irretrievably lost. Although that Society and the St. John's Hunting Club were different organizations with entirely different objects in view, yet the practical identity of the membership of the two Societies and the many things which were in common between them render it not impertinent to recall that pleasant incident to-day. Were I more conversant with the practical details of cotton planting it would be of great interest to review that delightful and valuable brochure and note the changes which have passed upon the industry since those comparisons with the methods of a previous half century were drawn, and ask whether, when submitted to the one crucial test, success, there has been any appreciable improvement. But I am thoroughly convinced that the less I have to say about green seed and black seed, Whitney and McCarthy gins, long and short staples and all the rest of it, the more I shall be respected for a modesty which veils under a judicious and discreet reticence the vast erudition which it would be too trying to display. Suffice it to say that I have seen crops that would make a planter's mouth water to-day made exclusively with hoes and a possible bull-tongue plow, and ginned out by female foot power on home made treadle machines. With the personality of the author, however, and some representative types among his audience, I am on safer ground, and I know no better way of concluding these reminiscences of the past than with some brief allu-

sion to their characteristics. As I look back now I can see clearly that those gentlemen were not, like their successors to-day connecting links between the old and the new, but products and notable types of a civilization and a culture which had done its work and done it well, and was even then about to terminate abruptly, giving place to a new order that was to spring like the fabled goddess into new born but full maturity, armed and ready for its mission; a mission to begin with ruthless destruction of the old ideals, and re-construction into God only knows what in the future. At the time of reading the above mentioned paper Mr. DuBose was about seventy-four years old, but hale and hearty in appearance, notwithstanding the slight stroke which a year before had given the warning to be fulfilled some twelve months after the day of which I speak. He was ever a man of simple habits, kind and courteous in his demeanor and impressing my youthful observation as one possessing in rare but harmonious combination the strength of manhood, the gentleness and purity of woman and the simplicity of character of a child. All these traits he had illustrated through a long life of public service and of social and domestic worth, commanding a degree of respect and affection not often attained and rarely if ever surpassed in any community. There was a winning attractiveness about his manner which drew to him the young as well as the old and his genial companionship was sought and enjoyed by all. There was a marked old time flavor in his speech and quaint simplicity of thought and expression that often brought a smile or merry laugh at his expense, without a suggestion of disrespect, in which he would join with genial good humor. And I have dwelt on these little things because they combined to produce a vanished type, the product of his age and environment which has passed with them irrevocably from the world. Another whose place was rarely if ever vacant at the Club meetings, was Dr. Henry Ravenel of Pooshee. He was another and totally distinct type; unique, in fact, and if anything more impossible from a modern point of view. Although younger by six years than the Old Captain and having fewer physical signs of age about him he left a distinct impression of

representing even then a more remote generation, and indeed he was a survival in almost every particular of a previous condition of society. I have never known a man of more pronounced individuality or more absolute independence of character and self-reliance, illustrating in these particulars in the highest degree the characteristics of that pure Huguenot blood which pulsed unmingled through his veins. Kind hearted and generous to a fault and of over abounding hospitality, unfailing in his courtesy to all of every class and finding an ever flowing source of pleasure in the happiness and the amusements of those about him, he was yet through the many years in which I knew him with almost the familiar and affectionate knowledge of his own children, a man apart and self-contained, ministering to the enjoyment of others and yet taking no active share in their amusements, and so indifferent to their opinions of his own peculiarities as to seem utterly unaware that they had any. Although still in the prime of life when I first remembered him his ways were as old then as when I last knew him. The old time costume which no other man wore remained unchanged to the end, except that in later years the blue darkened into a blacker shade, the red silk handkerchief and the snuff box seemed as natural to him as to his grandfather's picture, and no thought of their incongruity with his surroundings ever troubled him. Unlike Mr. DuBose who was fond of fishing and occasionally took part in a drive, I never saw him touch a gun or a fishing cane, although he gave me many valuable hints about the habits of fish and game and the best ways to cast a line or shoot a deer or turkey. A kind and considerate master, his negroes understood perfectly his harmless irascibility and held "Old Maussa" more in affection than in awe, and run-aways from Pooshee were almost unheard of. His cropping methods and plantation economy were the outcome of his own judgment and experience and differed in many particulars from the general practice of his day, but his uniformly successful results were his ample justification and their influence is with us still.

The last of these commanding figures that gave dignity and conserving tone to the St. John's Hunting Club of a

half century ago, and which loom on the horizon of memory into a magnitude which is perhaps nearer their true proportions than that which appealed with the diminishing effect of familiarity to the cotemporary eye, is that of Mr. William Cain of Somerset. Tall of stature, dignified in presence and deliberate in all his movements, Mr. Cain exhibited to all a gentle courtesy and polished address which testified conclusively that these traits were not the exclusive heritage of pure Huguenot descent. In dress he always clung, like Mr. DuBose, to the style of a previous generation, but each of them instinctively used the modification which best suited his own personality and both were as different from the daring persistence of the owner of Pooshee as they were different in type of character. Like the others Mr. Cain was a successful planter of long cotton and his crops usually brought the top of the market. I do not know any better illustration of his courteous good humor than the pleasant and unprotesting smile with which he accepted the statement of a gentlemen who was credited with seeing many things and telling more, that walking through the streets of Paris he had been surprised and gratified at seeing a number of the familiar round bales of St. John's, Berkeley, all marked W. C.

And now, Members of the St. John's Hunting Club. let me conclude by saying that in these personal allusions I hope that I have violated no canon of good taste, having used them because I believe devoutly that those three typical gentlemen stood for all that was high and true and noble in the community that moulded their lives, and together with others of the same strain have left an impress on succeeding generations which even the radical changes of the new environment have not been strong enough to obliterate. I thank you for your courteous attention.

#### CLUB DAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

The following resolution was this day offered by Percival R. Porcher and seconded by Hon. Wm. Cain.

Resolved: That the Secretary be requested to furnish the Club with a history of the origin, organization and

progress of the Club, and that it be transcribed into the new Book.

In compliance with your wishes I shall proceed partly from my own memory and partly from tradition to give you a succinct—but I hope a truthful history of the origin and progress of our club.

The Social Club such as we are writing about appears to be an institution confined almost entirely to the seaboard portion of our State.

Tradition has handed down to us the existence of three clubs, one in our own, and one in each of our two neighboring parishes, of St. Thomas and St. Stephens. Anterior to the Revolutionary War there was a social club that held its monthly meetings in a hall of one of the hotels at Moncks Corner, then a populous village.

The members were the St. Juliens, Mazÿcks, Ravenels, Gen. Moultrie, Keiths and others from this immediate neighborhood and the Broughtons, Mottes, and others from the western side of Cooper river.

In St. Thomas there was also a club whose members were the Kerwans, Wigfalls, Williams, Hugers and others on the eastern side of Cooper river.

In our neighboring parish of St. Stephens there was a club long prior to the Revolutionary war; the members of that were the Sinklers, Peyres, Thomas, Canteys, Cordes, Philip Porcher, Gaillards and others. This club was the only one of the three that was revived and again brought into existence after the Revolutionary War.

Before proceeding to our immediate subject I hope I will be pardoned for the introduction of a little episode or narrative which I have thought worthy of perpetuating, I have stated that the St. John's Club celebrated its monthly meetings in a hall of one of the hotels at Moncks Corner. On one occasion when the Club was in session, and immediately after dinner, a traveler from Charleston arrived at the Hotel bringing the morning paper—the morning paper so far up into the country was a rare thing in that day, the traveler kindly loaned it to the members of the club. Gen. Moultrie was the first that got possession of it

and his eye lit on the following advertisement: "Notice; —A public ball will be given at the Court House in Charleston this evening to commence precisely at 5 o'clock."

It was no sooner read than a banter was given by the General to any of the company to ride down to Charleston to attend the ball. The challenge was accepted by two of his fellow members, one a Broughton, the other I think a Motte.

The old General in relating it to his old friend and neighbor, Captain Henry Ravenel, of Brunswick (from whom the writer of this got it), said: "Harry, in less than three hours and a half after we got into our saddles at Moncks Corner, we reined up before the Court House door in Charleston and danced long after midnight." Gentlemen, it appears to be a simple little narrative, but I have introduced it to show to you who and what were the people that lived in that day.

They were the men who carried us through the long and trying contest of the Revolutionary War, they were the men we could confide in to fight our battles, they were the men we could entrust with our Revolutionary armies, and they were the men who carried us triumphantly through a seven years war, conquering the richest and most civilized and most military nation in that day on the face of the earth.

During the winter of 1800 the subject of forming a club at Black Oak or its immediate neighborhood was frequently discussed.

About the middle of April of that year at an accidental meeting at dinner at Mr. René Ravenel's the subject was much discussed by the eight or ten persons present, and it was then determined on, that a meeting for the purpose of organizing should soon take place, when Mr. Stephen Mazyck of Woodboo, invited all present to dine with him on the 1st day of May, and to come prepared then and there to organize. Invitations in the meantime were extended to the absent neighbors who to the number of twelve accepted and were present.

The first twelve named persons on the record attended and there consummated the social compact under the style and title of the "St. John's Hunting Club."

In the meantime between the meeting at Pooshee and that at Woodboo, Col. Thomas Porcher was requested to get the rules of the St. Stephen's Club from his brother, Major Samuel Porcher, who was at the time secretary of that club. Our rules are a literal copy from theirs in everything save in name and date. As the first dinner was to be found within a fortnight, and no one offered to find it, it was suggested that twelve bits of paper on which twelve successive numbers, beginning with one should be written and that they be drawn from a hat, whereupon George Porcher of Cedar Springs drew number one; William Ainsley Moultrie of Northampton, number two; Stephen Mazýck of Woodboo, number three; Christian Senf, Chief Engineer of the Santee Canal, number four; George P. Artope, assistant engineer and afterwards first superintendent, number five; Paul D. Ravenel of Hardput, number six; Thomas Porcher of Ophir, number seven; Peter Porcher then of Chelsea, afterwards of LeBois, number eight; Henry Ravenel of Brunswick, number nine; Peter R. Witten of Liberty Hill, number ten; René Ravenel of Pooshee, number eleven; James Gray Weare of Cedar Grove, number twelve; Stephen Ravenel of Hanover, number thirteen; Daniel Ravenel of Wantoot, number fourteen. I have stated that the first twelve named persons on the list met and organized the society. The two following named gentlemen, Mr. Stephen Ravenel and Mr. Daniel Ravenel of Wantoot, had taken an active part in getting up the club, and their names were put as numbers thirteen and fourteen. Mr. Stephen Ravenel was Secretary of State, living in Charleston, and Mr. Daniel Ravenel confined at home that day by indisposition—all other persons by the rules of the Club are ballotted for. Mr. George Porcher consequently found the first dinner on the second Thursday in May, 1800. The table was spread under a large oak by the side of the road nearly opposite the South gate of Pooshee. All the succeeding dinners from June, 1800, to December, 1801, both inclusive, were given under the shade of a large oak tree over the branch on its Eastern bank and South of the public road. The Club selected this spot because it furnished a cool and delightful little spring

of pure limestone water nearby. In January, 1802, the Club took possession of a new house that had been previously contracted for, and found their first dinner in it on the second Thursday in January, 1802, where it continued until September, 1811.

I make an extract from the old book, "February, 1811. Col. Thomas Porcher of Ophir submitted the following resolution, viz:—"

Resolved:—That it be expedient and proper to build a new Club House, whereupon it was unanimously agreed to. When on motion of Mr. Samuel DuBose of Harbin, it was

"Resolved:—That three members be appointed a committee to contract for the building of the same. Whereupon Thomas Porcher of Ophir, Samuel DuBose of Harbin and John Frierson of Morefield were appointed a committee for the above purpose."

The following extract from the old record will show the date of its execution and delivery, its acceptance and use by the Club.

"September 12th, 1811. At 12 o'clock the members present assembled, whereupon the committee to whom was referred the superintendence of the building of the new Club House reported that they have examined the same and find it finished agreeably to the contract, and do recommend to the Club to accept of it, in consequence of which it was unanimously resolved that the Club do immediately take the same into possession and repair to dinner."

The first dinner eaten in this house was on September 12th, 1811. The Club appears to have been popular in its earlier days, for we perceive that by July, 1801, fourteen months after its formation, it recorded twenty-one members and by March, 1802, not quite two years, it numbered twenty-seven members. Up to this date one hundred and eight members have been elected, of these thirty-seven still survive. Twenty-five members now compose our Club, and twelve ex-members still live.

You will perceive that death has made its solemn and solitary march on seventy-one. Gentlemen, it would appear to be a fearful and mournful mortality, but you must

recollect it has been stretched over a period of sixty years. Death commenced at an early period of our society, for by the record we will see that James Gray Weare, one of the founders of the Club, died in 1801, and Gabriel Gignilliat, one of the earliest elected members, died in 1803.

For the information of those who compose the Club, I will state the names of our surviving ex-members, viz.: Daniel Ravenel, now of Charleston; Isaac Marion Dwight, Theo. S. DuBose, Philip J. Porcher, Frederick A. Porcher, Dr. Edmund Ravenel, Henry W. Ravenel, S. Porcher Gaillard, Julius E. DuBose, John W. Mazÿck, Stephen L. DeVeaux and P. Gaillard Fitzsimons.

My young friends, you must be aware, that our ancestors in forming their Club had principally in view a society for social intercourse, hence they were particular in their social organization. Sixty years ago the social status of this Club was fixed, and you, their descendants, I hope, will never permit that social standard to descend. Cherish it in this house as you would around your own hearths.\*

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\*The above historical sketch of the Club was written by Dr. Henry Ravenel of Pooshee, Secretary of the Club.

## RULES OF THE ST. JOHN'S HUNTING CLUB.

### RULE I.

This Club shall be known and distinguished by the name of "The St. John's Hunting Club" and shall consist of any number of members, not less than twelve.

### II.

The members shall meet at the Club House annually, on the second Thursday in May, and the second Thursday in every other month throughout the year. The hours of the said respective meetings shall be these: From May to October inclusive, at ten o'clock, and from November to April inclusive, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and that each member have the privilege of inviting his friends.

## III.

Any person wishing to become a member of the Club, must apply by letter, or be proposed by a member; he shall then be ballotted for, and if he obtains a majority of the votes present (provided such majority be not less than seven votes), he shall be declared elected. Provided that no person shall be ballotted for as a member of this Club unless he shall have been proposed as such at least one Club Day preceding the time of his election.

## IV.

Each member shall find a dinner in turn as follows, viz: A barbecued shoat or sheep, a ham or piece of salt beef, a turkey, two fowls or two ducks, two loaves of bread, and in the season, potatoes, a half bushel of rice, pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar, one bottle of rum, half gallon of brandy, and one dozen of good wine. Pipes and tobacco, or one hundred segars, one dozen tumblers and two dozen wine glasses. Should any member find more than what is above specified, he shall find dinner every successive Club Day until he finds the right quantity, and should any member find less he shall be liable to the same penalty as he that finds more unless he can make good and sufficient excuse to be approved of by a majority of the members present. Any member neglecting to find in his turn shall be expelled the Club unless he can make good and sufficient excuse to be approved of by a majority of the members present.

## V.

Dinner shall be on the table at one o'clock from the Club Day in November to the Club Day in March, both days inclusive, and all other days at two o'clock, and the member who finds shall sit at the head of the table, and be president of the day, and shall have the doors and windows of the Club House securely shut before he leaves it.

## VI.

Should any member be off the State at the time of his finding dinner, the member next on the list shall find in his turn, and he who is off the State, on his return shall find in the room of the member who found for him.

## VII.

No public sales or negro trials to be allowed on any account on Club Days at the Club House.

## VIII.

Each deer that shall be killed shall be divided into eight parts of which the killer shall have his choice, and the president of the day the second choice, the remaining part of each and every deer killed to be distributed by lot among the rest of the attending members.

## IX.

The above rules shall not be subject to any addition or alteration whatever, except at the annual meetings, and at least one months' previous notice being given of the motion intended to be made of such addition or alteration.

## X.

To a strict observance of the above rules we mutually bind ourselves. Witness our hands this sixth day of May, one thousand eight hundred.

Following is the list of members from the organization of the Club until July 4, 1907:

George Porcher	Daniel Ravenel
Wm. A. Moultrie	Francis Marion, Jr.
Stephen Mazÿck	Thomas Davis
Christian Senf	Samuel DuBose
George B. Artope	Stephen Mazÿck
Paul D. Ravenel	Daniel James Ravenel
Thomas Porcher	James Ravenel
Peter Porcher	Henry Ravenel, Jr., M. D.
Henry Ravenel	Thos. W. Mazÿck
Peter R. Witten	Robt. W. Mazÿck
René Ravenel	Isaac Porcher
James G. Weare	Daniel Broughton
Stephen Ravenel	Charles Stevens
Daniel Ravenel	Thomas Porcher, Jr.
Edward Edwards	John S. Ravenel
James Brickell, M. D.	Daniel Ravenel
G. Gignilliat	Philip Porcher
Nathaniel McCants	Stephen G. DeVeaux
R. M. Johnston	William Porcher, M. D.
James Theus	Isaac M. Dwight
Wm. Doughty, Jr.	Wm. Cain
Paul Warley	Theo. S. DuBose
John Cordes Prioleau	Philip J. Porcher
Peter Oliver	Daniel Cain
R. McKelvey	Samuel J. Palmer
Philip Couturier	John Simpson
Peter Ray	Robert M. Cahusac
Peter D. Ravenel, M. D.	Frederick A. Porcher
Samuel Wilson	Isaac DuBose
Wm. Mazÿck	Edmund Ravenel, M. D.
Daniel Mazÿck	Thomas M. Cooper
Solomon Legare	Solomon Clarke
Francis Cordes	T. W. Peyre
John Frierson	Morton Waring, Jr., M. D.
Nathaniel Marion	Daniel Cahusac
W. F. Shackelford	Henry W. Ravenel
Joseph Palmer, Jr.	S. P. Gaillard

## (LIST OF MEMBERS CONTINUED.)

John P. Porcher, M. D.	Thos. S. Waring, M. D.
Charles Macbeth, Sr.	R. Press Smith
Press M. Smith	James L. Jervey
Isaac Porcher, Jr.	John C. Porcher
P. M. Porcher	W. Eddings Fripp
R. D. McKelvey	J. J. Williams
Benjamin P. Ravenel	Henry L. Ravenel
Maham Palmer	Henry M. Palmer
Henry F. Porcher	Edward G. Cain
Thomas P. Ravenel	Peter J. Couturier
Edwin DuBose	H. H. Harvey
Wm. E. Porcher	Samuel W. Ravenel
Wm. Robertson	Hawkins K. Jenkins
René Ravenel, M. D.	D. M. O'Driscoll
Henry L. Stevens	Philip C. Kirk
Thomas F. Porcher	J. Coming Ball
Wm. F. Ravenel	Elias Ball
J. E. DuBose	W. H. Warley
J. W. Mazÿck	René Ravenel
Percival Porcher	Yates Snowden
Joseph M. Clarke	W. Peyre Porcher, M. D.
John S. White	S. P. Stoney
Stephen L. DeVeaux	H. S. Gaillard
Julian H. Porcher	Lewis S. Lucas
I. DuBose Porcher	P. R. Porcher
Wm. H. Cain	J. Faber Porcher
Alexander M. Porcher	Henry F. Porcher
John R. Waring	S. D. Jervey
John H. Porcher	Percival P. Ravenel
P. G. Fitzsimons	Isaac de C. Porcher
John P. Porcher, Jr.	Wm. Cain
Iley Coleman	Charles Stevens
Morton Waring, M. D.	John St. Clair White
J. Calhoun Cain	Thos. P. Ravenel
Joseph P. Cain, M. D.	Richard S. Kirk, M. D.
Charles J. Macbeth	J. Palmer Gaillard
A. J. Harvey	Edward O. Hall
R. Y. Dwight, M. D.	Edmund G. Palmer

## (LIST OF MEMBERS CONTINUED.)

Francis G. Ravenel	Stephen D. Ravenel
Wm. St. Julien Jervay	Henry Edmund Ravenel
Wm. J. Walker	R. Y. Macbeth
Robert J. Kirk	Elias H. Cain
Robert Wilson, Jr., M. D.	W. K. Fishburne, M. D.
Wm. Carson	Henry R. Dwight
C. St. G. Sinkler	

## HONORARY MEMBERS

Joseph Palmer, Sr., 1809	Stephen L. DeVeaux, Oct., 1900
Henry Ravenel, M. D. May 9th, 1867	James Armstrong, 1902
Wm. Cain, Jan., 1868	Henry F. Porcher, May, 1902
Julian H. Porcher, Oct., 1900	Stephen D. Ravenel, 1905
Wm. Henry Cain, Oct., 1900	