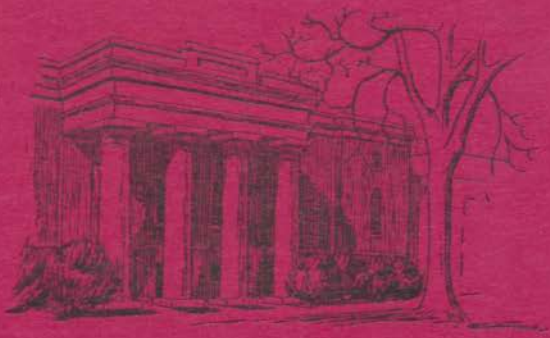
1942

Caroliniana Society Annual Gifts Report - 1942

South Caroliniana Library--University of South Carolina

Publication Info
1942.

UNIVERSITY
SOUTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY



REPORT

OF THE

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

FOR

1942

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

M. L. Bonham — President
Chief Justice of South Carolina, Anderson

W. S. Hendley — Vice-President
State Manager, The Mutual Life of New York, Columbia

R. L. Meriwether — Secretary-Treasurer
Professor of History, University of South Carolina

REPORT FOR 1942

REPORT

To the Members of the Society:

I submit herewith my Report as Secretary and Treasurer for the year 1942. This Report and the Minutes of the 1942 meeting were read and approved at the seventh meeting of the Society, April 1, 1943.

MINUTES OF THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING, 1942

The sixth annual meeting of the Society was held in the South Caroliniana Library, March 10, 1942, Chief-Justice M. L. Bonham, President of the Society, presiding. The one hundred and forty members and guests were welcomed for the University by President J. Rion McKissick.

Dr. Julian P. Boyd, Librarian of Princeton University, made the annual address to the Society, which was followed by the report of the Secretary and Treasurer. The address and report were printed after the meeting and sent to the members.

The incumbent officers were re-elected. The executive committee announced that Honorary Membership had been conferred on Dr. L. L. Babcock, President of the Buffalo (New York) Historical Society. Under miscellaneous business Professor H. C. Davis announced the gift by the family of the late Fitz William and Mary Jane MacFie McMaster of the portrait of Colonel Fitz William McMaster and a gold locket presented to Mary Jane MacFie on her graduation from Barhamville in 1850. Dr. Julian P. Boyd announced the gift of a number of photostatic copies of Revolutionary War records by Mr. Carl Van Doren of New York City and by the Princeton University Library. Mrs. W. Bedford Moore speaking for a group of nineteen members and friends of the Society presented to the Library framed silhouettes of John C. Calhoun and Andrew Jackson (from the original edition of William Harper Brown's *Portrait Gallery of Distinguished American Citizens*) in appreciation of Margaret Babcock Meriwether's work for the South Caroliniana Library.

REPORT FOR 1942

The number of members of the Society is now 261, an increase of 4 over the previous year. During the year the Society has lost by death the following members: former Governor John Gary Evans, Mrs. Nell Flinn Gilland, Mr. James G. Holmes, Mr. Ben Robertson, and the beloved former Governor D. C. Heyward, the speaker at the organization of the Society. Re-

ceipts from dues and additional contributions for the year were $628.50, $88.25 more than for 1941.

November 3, 1942 the Clariosophic Literary Society of the University deposited in this Library its nine portraits and three busts, under an agreement with the University and the Library for their care and preservation.

The Library staff gave the Society and its alumni a reception on that occasion and the portraits, busts, and records of the Society, which were already on deposit in the Library, were put on exhibition.

CHIEF ITEMS AMONG THE ACQUISITIONS

[The use of some of the manuscripts listed has been restricted by the donors and depositors.]

MANUSCRIPTS:

Arthur, Benjamin F., five letters from James B. Steedman to, 1861-1862, and ten commissions and miscellaneous papers of,
By his son, B. F. Arthur, Winchester, Va. 1

Bonham, General M. L., two hundred and twenty-five letters and papers of, 1860-1863, including a letter from General Wade Hampton, 1864,
By his son, M. L. Bonham, Anderson. (See also 22). 2

Dargan, Colonel John J., sixteen letters from the correspondence of, 1902-1940, and five letters of John Leighton Wilson, 1828-1850,
By Mrs. John J. Dargan and Mrs. S. O. Plowden, Sumter. 3

Feaster, Andrew, 21 letters and papers of the family of, 1771-1856,
By Mrs. Edwin R. Lucas, Williamsburg, Va. 4

Manning, Richard I., twenty ledgers and account books, 1896-1925, about six thousand letters and other manuscripts, 1900-1931, thirty-nine ledgers and account books, 1913-1932, and about twelve thousand campaign letters and miscellaneous papers of Wyndham M. Manning, 1931-1942,
By Wyndham M. Manning, Sumter. (See also 20.) 5

McMaster-Winn families, 41 letters and legal papers of, 1790-1888,
By Miss Louise McMaster, Columbia. (See also 13.) 6

Pickens, General Andrew, Andrew, Jr., and Francis W., 28 letters of the family of, including 7 letters and a note and a bill of General Andrew Pickens, and three letters of John C. Calhoun, 1787-1845,
By Francis Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C. 7

Porcher, O. T., 79 letters of, 456 bills and receipts of, 1855-1939, and 27 account and note books, 1884-1939,
By the late O. T. Porcher, Bennettsville. 8

Simons, James, 47 letters of the family of, 1798-1869,
By Edward H. H. Simons, New York, N. Y. 9

South Carolina College and University, a scrapbook containing one hundred and ten letters, 1900-1941, and 105 miscellaneous bills and receipts,
By E. L. Green, Columbia. (See also 17.) 10

Stokes, Lt. Colonel William, 395 letters and 101 bills, receipts and miscellaneous papers of the family of, 1792-1885,
By his daughters, Mrs. L. D. Gillespie, Miss Sarah Temple Stokes, and Miss Helen Stokes, Columbia. 11

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS:

Cotton Plant (weekly), Columbia, Jan. 14, 1893 to Aug. 1, 1895,
By H. C. Davis, Columbia. (See also 21.) 12

South Carolina newspapers, thirty miscellaneous issues, 1834-1866,
By Miss Louise McMaster, Columbia. (See also 6.) 13

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS:

Brown, William Harper, *Portrait Gallery of Distinguished American Citizens*, Hartford, Conn., 1845. [This is the original edition and includes silhouettes of Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Thomas Cooper and Joel R. Poinsett.]
By Mrs. A. F. McKissick and Ellison S. McKissick, Greenville. (See also 26.) 14

South Carolina Garden Club, *Yearbook*, 1930-1940, and *Bulletins*, 1932-1942,
By the South Carolina Garden Club through its President, Mrs. George Butler (See also 23.) 15

South Carolina, seventy-six miscellaneous pamphlets, 1900-1923,
By E. C. Coker, Columbia. 16

South Carolina, one hundred and twenty-two pamphlets, 1887-1934, chiefly of and about the University,
By E. L. Green, Columbia. (See also 10.) 17

South Carolina, one hundred and ten state, federal and W. P. A. books and pamphlets, 1925-1940,
By Mrs. Louise Jones DuBose, Columbia. (See also 28.) 18

South Carolina, eighty-four annual reports of church organizations, 1902-1941,
By Dr. Anne K. Gregorie, Mt. Pleasant. 19

South Carolina, 74 state and church books and pamphlets, 1881-1942,
By Wyndham M. Manning, Sumter. (See also 5.) 20

University of South Carolina, three hundred and nineteen bulletins, pamphlets and programs, 1845-1941,
By H. C. Davis, Columbia. (See also 12.) 21

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS:

Bonham, Governor M. L., a carbine in its original wooden case with three barrels of different bores, shell cases, powder measures, bullet and shot molds made by Captain J. J. Mackey of Greenville,
By his son, M. L. Bonham, Anderson. (See also 2.) 22

Carolina Rose, colored plate painted by Mary Lawrance,
By the South Carolina Garden Club through its President, Mrs. George Butler. (See also 15.) 23

Gregg, General Maxcy, his pair of duelling pistols used in the Mexican War,
By Mrs. S. B. McMaster, Columbia. 24

Pickens, Lucy Holcombe (Mrs. Francis W.), a marble bust by an unknown Russian sculptor,
By Mrs. Lucy Holcombe Sheppard Bradley, Washington, D. C. 25

Scott and Ewart, earthenware jug, "Columbia, S. C., 1850",
By Mrs. A. F. McKissick, Greenville. (See also 14.) 26

South Carolina, map of, c. 1620,
By Charles E. Lee, Asheville, N. C. 27

South Carolina, five maps of, 1733-1930,
By Mrs. Louise Jones DuBose, Columbia, (See also 18.) 28

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S ACQUISITIONS

Books and pamphlets: 1842-1942	958
Newspapers (single issues): 1776-1936	542
Manuscripts (volumes of): 1777-1942	303
Manuscripts (single): 1734-1942	33,844
Miscellaneous items: 1733-1915	308
Total	35,955

Despite the distractions and burdens of the war there has been an increase, rather than a decrease, of interest in the Society's work. The destruction that rages through the eastern world has brought our own libraries, archives and art collections, our great buildings and monuments, very much to mind, and not the least of this interest is to be found in the letters from our members in the service, or from their families.

For many of the members and friends of our Society there are not enough hours in the day for the work that is to be done, but somehow they find the time in which to respond to the calls that are made upon them. And as the overcrowding of offices, storehouse and homes, and the injunctions of air raid wardens, force or impel the throwing out or shifting of letters, reports and newspapers, there is the great and obvious need to see to it that this does not mean loss of records that cannot be directly or indirectly replaced. Time does not permit an exact definition here, nor can everyone be expected to go through every file or box. But a scanning of the Reports of this Society will show most of the classes of records which libraries must preserve, and if, in the loads destined for the trash pile, papers are discovered that seem to come under the headings that have been read at this and former meetings, a great service may be rendered by a notice to the office of our library which will enable us to make inquiry or examination.

The staff of this library has striven to meet its additional obligations without neglect of its regular work. This has not been easy, for some of our original staff have gone into the service, and others replacing them have gone in their turn. We now have six student members in the service, and Miss Madeline Holmes, of the regular staff, has enlisted in the WAAC.

In conjunction with the state committee on Conservation of Cultural Resources, which is a part of a national organization of the same name, and the state Defense Council, the Library has undertaken a modest campaign of information about the war risks to historical records, and of the need of duplication by photographic processes of the most valuable and most exposed records and papers.

Recently the national office of the Conservation committee urged that this Library assume the responsibility for caring for the Civilian Defense records as they pass from current use by the offices of that organization, and that its staff furnish some one to supervise the work. Miss Thelma Reid, Assistant Director of the Library, has added this task to her many duties.

Within the library itself encouraging progress has been made on old problems. Most important of all of these has been the beginning of photostatic reproduction of our most fragile wood pulp newspapers. The newspaper of the past sixty or seventy years soon breaks up under constant use, and is even destroyed

by the lapse of time alone. Most of the libraries of the United States which try to care for these files are in a state of chronic despair over the problem. Our own solution is a photostatic reproduction in reduced size which can be read with a strong reading glass, takes up a fraction of the room of the original paper, and is as near permanent as paper can be made to be.

Before we undertook this program we faced the possibility that in a few years our three or four thousand volumes of newspapers would grow to such number as to drive us out of our library, and then finally disintegrate into nothing at all.

That our collection of Caroliniana has grown in such enviable fashion is due to this Society, to its members and friends who have given so generously of their treasured papers, of their dollars, and of their time. That this Library, which is the Society's depository, has grown in the esteem and confidence of the members of the Society and of those interested in preservation of Caroliniana, is in turn due chiefly to the members of its staff, and I would like here tonight to give honor where honor is due. First and foremost, that honor is due to Miss Thelma Reid, Assistant Director, who is as resourceful as she is indefatigable, in the management of the staff of the library and of its work. Miss Reid, in turn, would be the first to say that she would be lost without the aid of Miss Frances Crook, who is in charge of the books and reading room of the library. And last, but not least, I ask the privilege of introducing our student attendants who have given the library their loyal and cheerful service; it is a delight to work with them.

R. L. MERIWETHER,

Secretary and Treasurer,
University South Caroliniana Society.

Abel, Miss C. Marguerite,
Columbia
Ames, J. S.,
Baltimore, Md.
Appelt, Mrs. Clara H.,
Manning
Arthur, B. F.,
Winchester, Va.
Babcock, Mrs. J. W.,
Columbia
Babcock, L. L.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Bacon, F. P.,
Tryon, N. C.
Bacon, Mrs. F. P.,
Tryon, N. C.
Baker, L. T.,
Columbia
Ball, W. W.,
Charleston
Barnwell, R. W.,
Florence
Barnwell, Mrs. R. W.,
Columbia
Barron, Mrs. C. W.,
Columbia
Baruch, B. M.,
New York, N. Y.
Bateman, Mrs. J. M.,
Columbia
Benet, Christie,
Columbia
Blake, E. H.,
Greenwood
Blalock, Mrs. Stella W.,
Edgefield
Blanding, Dr. A. L.,
Fountain Inn
Bonham, M. L.,
Anderson
Bostick, Mrs. Hagood,
Columbia
Boyd, J. F.,
Fort Mill
Boyd. Dr. W. A.,
Columbia
Bradley, F. W.,
Columbia
Briggs, Mrs. Dorothy S.,
Fresno, California
Brunson, Miss Margaret,
Sumter
Burroughs, D. M.,
Conway
Butler, Mrs. George,
Edgefield
Cain, The Descendants of William,
Columbia
Cain, Mrs. J. R.,
Columbia
Callcott, W. H.,
Columbia
Cardwell, Miss Virginia
Columbia
Carothers, Mrs. Charles,
Citronelle, Ala.
Carson, Mrs. A. C.,
Columbia
Cauthen, C. E.,
College Place
Chase, J. A.,
Columbia
Childs, Mrs. Arney R.,
Columbia
Clariosophic Literary Society,
University of South Carolina,
Columbia
Clippard, E. B.,
Columbia
Coker, C. W., Jr.,
Hartsville
Coker, E. C.,
Columbia
Coker, J. L.,
Hartsville
Collins, Mrs. Effie W.,
Columbia
Collins, Mrs. Marie M.,
New York, N. Y.
Conover, Mrs. J. N.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Cook, Vernon,
Columbia
Cook, W. M.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cooper, R. M.,
Columbia
Copeland, Mrs. M. L.,
Laurens
Corbett, Mrs. L. G.,
Tampa, Fla.
Cothran, F. H.,
Charlotte, N. C.
Covington, F. H.,
Bennettsville
Crook, Miss Frances,
Columbia
Crow, O. F.,
Columbia
Culbertson, J. B.,
Greenville
Dalton, H. L.,
Charlotte, N. C.
Daniel, J. McT.,
Columbia
Danner, H. E.,
Beaufort
Dargan, G. E.,
Darlington

Dargan, Mrs. J. J.,
Sumter
Davis, H. C.,
Columbia
Davis, Miss Nora M.,
Columbia
Davis, R. B.,
Columbia
DePass, S. C.,
Columbia
Derrick, S. M.,
Columbia
Donaldson, Mrs. T. Q.,
New York, N. Y.
DuBose, Mrs. Louise J.,
Columbia
Dudley, J. S.,
New York, N. Y.
Duke, Mrs. C. H.,
Columbia
Easterby, J. H.,
Charleston
Elliott, William,
Columbia
Ellis, Mrs. R. L.,
Columbia
Epting, C. L.,
Clemson
Euphradian Literary Society,
University of South Carolina,
Columbia
*Evans, J. G.,
Spartanburg
Ferrell, C. M.,
Columbia
Finley, D. E.,
Washington, D. C.
Fitch, Mrs. F. B.,
Columbia
Foran, W. A.,
Columbia
Gambrell, E. S.,
Atlanta, Ga.
Gambrell, W. H.,
New York, N. Y.
Gary, F. B., Jr.,
Columbia
Gaston, A. L.,
Chester
Gayden, Miss Joyce,
Eastover
Gibbes, Dr. J. H.,
Columbia
Gibbes, Mrs. J. H.,
Columbia
Gibbes, Dr. R. W.,
Columbia
Gibbes, Mrs. R. W.,
Columbia
Gilbert, J. B.,
Hartsville
Gilland, Flinn,
Columbia
*Gilland, Mrs. Nell F.,
Columbia
Gist, Miss Margaret,
York
Gittman, J. T.,
Columbia
Glenn, L. C.,
Nashville, Tenn.
Goodwin, Mrs. G. M.,
New York, N. Y.
Green, E. L.,
Columbia
Gregorie, Miss Anne K.,
Columbia
Groves, Mrs. Earl,
Gastonia, N. C.
Guignard, Miss Caroline,
Columbia
Guignard, Miss Susan,
Columbia
Hall, W. E.,
Anderson
Hallman, E. B.,
Spartanburg
Hammond, H. C.,
Augusta, Ga.
Hammond, J. H.,
Columbia
Hanahan, J. R.,
Charleston
Hare, L. M.,
Leesville
Haynsworth, H. C.,
Sumter
Hazel, W. G.,
Bennettsville
Hendley, W. S.,
Columbia
Hendley, Mrs. W. S.,
Columbia
Hennig, Mrs. Helen K.,
Columbia
Hennig, H. W.,
Darlington
Herbert, R. B.,
Columbia
Heslep, Mrs. J. C.,
Columbia
*Heyward, D. C.,
Columbia
Heyward, Miss Katherine B.,
Columbia
Holmes, Calvin,
Nashville, Tennessee
*Holmes, J. G.,
Columbia

*Deceased.

Holmes, Miss Madeline,
Columbia
Hough, Mrs. Ben C.,
Lancaster
Hughes, J. G.,
Union
Hutson, F. M.,
Columbia
Jackson, J. B.,
Columbia
Jeter, E. R.,
Rock Hill
Johnson, Miss Leila G.,
Columbia
Johnson, Mrs. P. W.,
Marion
Johnstone, Francis E., Jr.,
Auburn, Ala.
Jones, F. D.,
Clinton
Jordan, A. B.,
Dillon
Kendall, H. P.,
Camden
Kennedy, Perrin
Columbia
Knowlton, Mrs. B. A.,
Columbia
LaGrone, T. E.,
Columbia
Latimer, S. L., Jr.,
Columbia
Lee, C. E.,
Asheville, N. C.
Lesesne, J. M.,
Due West
Lewis, A. R.,
Columbia
Lewis, Ralph,
Columbia
Lieber, Miss Mary,
Newport, R. I.
Long, Miss Alves,
Columbia
Lott, Mrs. J. C.,
Columbia
Lowrance, W. B.,
Madison, Tenn.
Lucas, Mrs. E. R.
Williamsburg, Va.
Lucas, Dr. S. R.,
Florence
Lumpkin, Bryan,
Columbia
Lyles, Miss Mary E.,
Columbia
Macaulay, A. H.,
Chester
Manning, W. M.,
Stateburg
Marion, J. H.,
Charlotte, N. C.
Marshall, Miss May C.,
Columbia
Marshall, M. C.,
Montgomery, Ala.
Mauldin, Mrs. T. F.,
Columbia
Mays, C. A.,
Greenwood
McCaw, Mrs. W. H.,
Columbia
McColl, Mrs. D. D.,
Bennettsville
McGowan, Frank,
Columbia
McKissick, Mrs. A. F.,
Greenville
McKissick, Ellison,
Greenville
McKissick, J. R.,
Columbia
McLean, H. B.,
Blythewood
McMaster, F. H.,
Columbia
McMaster, Miss Louise
Columbia
McMaster, the family of Col.
Fitz William,
Columbia
Meriwether, R. L.,
Columbia
Meriwether, Mrs. R. L.,
Columbia
Milling, Dr. C. J.,
Columbia
Mills, J. E.,
Hartsville
Mims, Mrs. J. L.,
Edgefield
Moise, Harold,
Sumter
Montgomery, Miss Mabel,
Marion
Moore, W. B., Jr.,
Columbia
Moore, Mrs. W. B., Jr.
Columbia
Morgan, Miss Katherine G.,
Georgetown
Morris, J. B.,
St. Matthews
Moses, H. A.,
Sumter
Murchison, Rev. H. R.,
Columbia
Nettles, J. B.,
Columbia

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY—Continued

Nicholson, Allan,
Union
Oliphant, Mrs. A. D.,
Greenville
Parler, Miss Mary C.,
Cuthbert, Ga.
Plowden, Mrs. Oliver,
Sumter
Poplar Springs Baptist Church,
Ware Shoals
Porcher, Miss Elizabeth L.,
Columbia
Prince, S. L.,
Anderson
Proctor, Mrs. Louise,
Camden
Ravenel, Miss Mary H.,
Aiken
Rawl, F. B.,
Columbia
Reed, Mrs. Mary Swaffield,
Columbia
Reid, Miss Thelma M.,
Columbia
Reynolds, Mark, Jr.,
Sumter
Rion, Mrs. W. C.,
Columbia
Roberts, Carlisle,
Columbia
*Robertson, Ben, Jr.,
Clemson
Robinson, D. W.,
Columbia
Robinson, F. C.,
Columbia
Scott, Mrs. Florence J.,
Rio Grande City, Texas
Scott, Mrs. Irene A.,
Columbia
Seibels, Mrs. Alice C.,
Columbia
Seibels, E. G.,
Columbia
Seibels, Mrs. E. G.,
Columbia
Shand, Miss Louly,
Columbia
Shand, Mrs. William
Columbia
Shaw, Dr. A. E.,
Columbia
Sheppard, J. O.,
Edgefield
Sherrill, G. R.,
Columbia
Simons, Mrs. A. St.J.,
Columbia
Simons, E. H. H.,
New York, N. Y.
Simons, Miss Katherine D. M.,
Charleston
Sledge, Miss Mary G.,
Chester
Society for Orphan and Destitute
Children
Columbia
Spivey, D. A.,
Conway
Stackhouse, Mrs. T. B.,
Columbia
Stukes, T. H.,
Manning
Sumwalt, R. L.,
Columbia
Surles, Miss Flora B.,
Columbia
Swaffield, Miss Caroline
Columbia
Taylor, G. L.,
Georgetown
Taylor, J. P.,
Columbia
Taylor, Mrs. Thomas
Columbia
Taylor, W. F.,
Columbia
Thomas, J. P., Jr.,
Columbia
Thompson, Broadus,
Columbia
Thompson, Mrs. Broadus,
Columbia
Thornley, Fant,
Columbia
Tilghman, Mrs. H. L.,
Marion
Tillman, B. R.,
Washington, D. C.
Tillman, Mrs. Mamie N.,
Edgefield
Timberlake, J. E.,
Columbia
Timberlake, Mrs. J. E.,
Columbia
Todd, M. A.,
Charleston
Townsend, Miss Leah,
Florence
Trotter, A. M.,
Camden
Trotti, M. W.,
West Columbia
Ward, W. H.,
Columbia
Ward, W. T.,
Columbia

*Deceased.

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY—Continued

Wardlaw, F. H.,
Columbia
Wardlaw, Patterson,
Columbia
Wasdin, Mrs. Agnes M.,
Georgetown
Watkins, H. H.,
Anderson
Watson, H. L.,
Greenwood
Wauchope, G. A.,
Columbia
Welbourne, F. F.,
Columbia
Wells, B. J.,
Nashville, Tenn.
Weston, Mrs. A. D.,
Columbia
Wheeler, Miss Mary P.,
Columbia
White, Mrs. Walter C.,
Stateburg
White, Mrs. W. H.,
Abbeville
Wienefeld, R. H.,
Columbia
Wiggins, A. L. M.,
Hartsville
Wilds, J. L.,
Chicago, Ill.
Williams, G. C.,
Columbia
Williams, Miss Julia,
Greenville
Willson, Mrs. J. O.,
Anderson
Wilson, Mrs. C. C.,
Columbia
Wilson, J. M.,
Columbia
Wingard, Miss Mary C.,
Lexington
Woods, W. S.,
Columbia
Woodson, Miss Hortense
Edgefield
Wright, M. A.,
Conway
Wyeth, Dr. M. S.,
Palm Beach, Fla.
Yeargin, Mrs. W. W.,
Laurens

THE JUNIOR UNIVERSITY SOUTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

On Commencement Day, May 25, 1942, several members of the graduating class, with the approval of the Caroliniana Committee, organized the Junior University South Caroliniana Society. The purposes of the new organization are to aid in building up the library and to stimulate interest among college and university students in the preservation of South Carolina historical and literary records. Membership is confined to college and university students.

Officers

President ..... Mildred Kohn
Vice-President ..... Betty Kinard
Secretary and Treasurer .... G. G. Williamson, Jr.

Members

Adams, Charlotte
Columbia
Cardwell, Virginia
Columbia
Copeland, Virginia
Columbia
Faulkenberry, Mack A.
Lancaster
Gaston, Thelma
Sumter
George, Elizabeth
Columbia
Kinard, Betty
Columbia
Kohn, Mildred
Columbia
Reid, T. F.
Columbia
Trotti, Marion W.
West Columbia
Williamson, G. G., Jr.
Columbia

ANNUAL ADDRESS*

Mrs. A. D. Oliphant
Greenville, South Carolina

William Gilmore Simms—Historical Artist

It is peculiarly fitting that in coming to address a society devoted to the preservation of antiquities I should choose for my subject a self portrait of William Gilmore Simms. Perhaps no South Carolinian has done more than Simms toward bringing our people to a realization of the importance of our source material, his whole literary credo expressing itself in his dictum: "A State never arrives at her true dignity until she is in possession of her own facts."

Rarely does it happen that it is possible to reconstruct a man's life in his own words so adequately—his methods of work, his purpose, his ideals, his attitude toward his actual accomplishments—as we are able to do with Simms. Beginning the reconstruction as a girlhood hobby by sticking into bureau drawers numberless scraps of paper on which I had jotted down all sorts of odds and ends of information, I garnered such items as impromptu poems of Simms' father (handed down by word of mouth from father to son and son to daughter) family anecdotes, tombstone inscriptions, Bible records, all available letters and papers, pictures—everything from wedding rings to christening caps and robes. There were even gruesome locks of hair from those who long since shuffled off this mortal coil. As time went on, scores of people over the country became interested in my hobby. Mr. A. S. Salley has been a coadjutor of almost a lifetime, acquiring letters, clippings, books, even Simms' ivory chess men which he has given me. Mrs. Salley has been sending me notes for years. When my first little history came from the press, Mrs. R. L. Meriwether brought me from her father, the beloved Dr. Babcock, the small mahogany desk upon which Simms had corrected the proof sheets of the first Simms History in 1839 at the home of the Babcock publishers on Green Street, opposite Charleston College. Mrs. Meriwether has been helping me ever since. Mr. J. M. Lesesne is one who never forgets my hobby in his historical wanderings. Every family connection over the country keeps me in mind, contributing occasionally an astonishing Simms item for my bureau drawers.

So it went until some three years ago Furman University invited Dr. A. T. Odell and me to write a biography of Simms. Dr. Odell got a sabbatical year which he and Mrs. Odell spent in New York and New England hunting Simms material. After

*On the occasion of the seventh annual meeting of the University South Caroliniana Society, the South Caroliniana Library, Columbia, April 3, 1943.

some weeks in the Congressional Library I went to Europe to see what I could find in the way of literary reviews of Simms' books, spurred by the offer of Dr. Meriwether for the University to help with the expense of acquiring photostats and films. Mr. Salley, whose work is an open sesame to documentary gates abroad as well as at home, pulled wires to see that guiding hands were stretched out to me in Paris, London and Berlin. I even spent a week in the small village of Larne on the northern coast of Ireland, hunting up the modest Scotch-Irish Gilmores and Simmses who had gone into the making of the infant named William Gilmore Simms born in Charleston, South Carolina on April 17, 1806.

When Dr. Odell and I converged upon Furman University once more, setting up an office in the library basement, it was with complete accord that we decided that with the hundreds of Simms letters we had discovered to be still extant we would publish them before we undertook the biography. Working in our spare time off from our regular work we have had films made of all the letters we have found, have copied the letters from film, carefully corrected the copies by reading back on the film, have then had stenographers make typewritten copies of our copies and carefully corrected their copies, and have partially edited between five and six hundred Simms letters, reading from the film as well several hundred letters written to Simms. This is no mean task in view of the handwriting of all of the letters and the condition of some of them. We will be able to get at least one hundred additional letters. Eventually, any originals which we may have acquired, photostats of foreign reviews, typewritten copies and any kind of material which we have accumulated on Simms will find a repository in this ancient hall, a rich mine for the worker in almost any field of South Caroliniana from Nullification through Reconstruction.

We found some sixty odd correspondents of Simms, such as: Governor James H. Hammond and his fascinating brother known affectionately to his intimates as "The Major"; Governor James L. Orr; Governor B. F. Perry; Armistead Burt; Porcher Miles; General Chesnut; James K. Paulding; J. P. Kennedy; George Frederick Holmes, classical scholar of William and Mary and the University of Virginia; Edgar Allan Poe; Paul Hamilton Hayne; Hawkins Ferris, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury; Evert A. Duyckinck, distinguished New York publisher and editor; William Cullen Bryant; John Esten Cooke. The letters we have not found have proved the most tantalizing feature of our work. To come across references to letters to and from such men as Calhoun, Timrod, Beverley Tucker, Charles Carroll, Judge Huger and Judge Aldrich, Bishop Stephen Elliott and such northern literati as James Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Hallock, General James Grant Wil-

son, Washington Irving and a score others and not to find any trace of such letters keeps us in a fever of anxiety lest publishing day may arrive without them.

Though we have not yet found a single letter written by Simms before his thirty-first birthday, we can fortunately tell his early story in his own words because of a brief memorabilia written in Simms' hand in the Charles Carroll Simms Collection in Washington, D. C. and of another personal account preserved in the Duyckinck papers of the New York Public Library. These accounts, with the long, explanatory, autobiographical prefaces to Simms' books, with asterisks pointing to autobiographical notes in the body of his novels and even in his poems, illuminate Simms' youth, piecing together the gaps of the story and supplying the hiatus of the early letters.

In both of the personal accounts Simms tells movingly of his mother's death when he was an infant, of his father's passionate grief which turned his hair snow white within the space of a single week and set him marching off to the wars under Andrew Jackson. Simms was left in Charleston with his maternal grandmother as the custodian of a very nice little estate, remnant of his wealthy great-grandfather's (Thomas Singleton) property. There were two city houses, twenty-five slaves, property in Edgefield District and a Simms plantation in Mississippi. Simms says that the estate was ample for support and for an adequate education but that his grandmother mismanaged it so that they steadily grew poorer and poorer. He started out in the free schools and, poor as these schools were reputed to be, he says that he was so advanced at the age of ten that he entered Charleston College, poor, he adds, though the college was reputed to be in those years.

At least a year or two before he entered the college, that is, at the mature age of eight or nine, Simms says that he was so aware of history in the making that he had put into doggerel a large number of the events of the War of 1812, mostly naval. He adds that he was a great reader, that he devoured everything he could lay his hands on, exhausted the libraries of his friends, was active in debates of juvenile societies and, by the time he entered Charleston College at ten, was possessed of more national and literary history than most persons of twenty. He says that he had picked up enough French, Spanish, Italian and even German to enable him to dabble in translations, of which he made a good many. By the time he was twelve he had written a drama, "full of red paint." Deciding to study medicine, he got through the materia medica, quit college and entered a chemist's shop, becoming something of a chemist himself.

Despite these amazing activities, Simms felt that he lived a lonely and unhappy childhood, the twig of his nature bent by two dominant and conflicting minds, his father and his grand-

mother. Simms did not see his father until he was twelve years old, the passionate Irishman having fled Charleston, that "place of tombs" he called it, in a wild outburst of grief at the death of his young wife. He fled though with the promise that the grandmother would bring his child to him as soon as he had established a home in the West. Among Simms' earliest recollections were the thrilling letters his father wrote back while on the Creek campaigns with Andrew Jackson, of his race to New Orleans at the approach of the British when he made the hundred mile trip on horseback from Baton Rouge to New Orleans and got there in time to take part in the great battle, of the Florida campaign with Jackson. One letter that the child gloried in gave a blood-curdling description of killing his own horse and of living on its meat for seven days.

Simms tells us in the memorabilia that his father finally settled on a Mississippi plantation and sent his brother to bring the child with his grandmother to live with him. The grandmother refused to come. The boy's uncle tried to seize him on the streets of Charleston one night, but the attempt failed and the case was taken to court. Judge Bay presided. Robert Y. Hayne represented the grandmother. The father of William L. Yancey, one of the great lawyers of the day, represented the father. Hard put to decide between such an array of legal talent, Judge Bay left the matter to the ten year old boy, who, greatly to his father's chagrin, said that he would stay with his grandmother.

Two years later, when he was about twelve, he says that his father and grandmother patched up their quarrel and that his father came on a visit to Charleston. The boy sat spellbound, shivering with delight as he listened to the thrilling raconteur of Indian warfare, child as he was assimilating the tales for his own use. Especially fascinating was his father's habit of breaking into impromptu verse or song. The child remembered his father telling him that the newsboys one day in New Orleans began shouting the false rumor of Jackson's death. "Jackson is dead. Jackson is dead," they cried. The elder Simms, standing on the steps of a coffee house when he heard the shouts, cried out instantly in grandiloquent tones:

> Jackson is dead cries noisy fame
> But that can never be
> Jackson and glory are the same
> Both born to immortality!

The child was entranced. The father became one of the two formative influences of his life. When he was eighteen he visited his father in Mississippi for the better part of a year during which, with two later trips, he gathered the material which was to serve him in his border stories.

Living day by day with his grandmother, however, it was she who exerted the stronger influence. The grandmother had

lived through the British occupation of Charleston which enmeshed the entire state with its spider-like threads. She substituted first-hand historical accounts for nursery rhymes so effectively that the pattern was early cut for his lifework. Simms tells us how as a lonely child he had wandered miles along the seashore, lying for hours in the sands, gazing into space, his mind seething with speculations about the Spaniards, the French, the pirates, the first explorers, the first settlers along these coasts. Even as a child he had a passion for locating the exact scenes of historical events. In one of his prefaces he tells us that as a young boy he had wandered over the country around Dorchester where he could see, in his mind's eye, the British flag over the old fort, could reconstruct the church from a glimpse of its ruined steeple, could hear the shout of Marion's men as they rushed into charge from a thicket near by.

Simms's personal account of his childhood tells us of the verse he was publishing in the newspapers at sixteen. At seventeen he was editing a juvenile periodical. At nineteen he edited a magazine called *The Album* and published the *Monody on General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney*. Before he became of age he studied law and married. On the day he was twenty-one he was admitted to the bar and before the year was out had published two more volumes of verse and was getting ready to conduct a new monthly magazine. From this time on his prodigious work in various fields—short story, novel, essay, drama, poetry, biography, periodicals and history is too familiar to need recountal.

One of the first characteristics Dr. Odell and I noted in our work on the Simms letters was Simms' feeling for words—old words, new words, coined words, foreign words, obsolete words and expressions, along with a very nicely tuned ear for a well-turned phrase, greatly at variance with his hasty and sometimes slouchy framing of sentences. He had a particular liking for eighteenth century words. He loved to speak of Charleston as "this ancient ilk" and of the "venerable eld of Savannah, delightful beyond description." He liked the old word "provand" for provisions. He spoke of the first dawn of cheap literature flooding the country with *asturia*, meaning a storm, of whitey brown paper worse than that of the sage. To Poe he wrote in no uncertain terms: "Stop squabbling. No southern gentleman wishes to be mixed up in broils with people one does not care to know. I often submit to misrepresentations, content, though annoyed with the *slaver*, that the viper shall amuse himself at the expense of his own teeth." It was a long time before we decided that we were correct in reading the word (in Simms's handwriting) as slaver and found the word in the dictionary meaning, very appropriately "a dripping at the mouth".

Simms liked to speak of the "absquatulation" instead of the defaulting of a bank official or the "lachesse" rather than the delinquency of a publisher. One word that stumped us for a year or more was one that looked like u-s-q-u-e-b-a-u-g-h. We were convinced that Simms' handwriting had played us a scurvy trick this time. The library officials at Furman struggled over it with us, with magnifying glasses and dictionaries of foreign words in several languages. Finally, the answer came from four different quarters almost at once. My sister, reading Don Byrne's *Marco Polo*, came upon a description of a wine shop in Venice which catered to the tastes of sailors from all nations. One potent drink they kept on hand for the lusty Scots was named *asquebæugh*. Next, we read a wild and wooly Texan pioneer story in the *Saturday Evening Post* in which the hero manufactured his own Irish brew, *wisque borsagh*. Third, a story in *Red Book* told of one of the Dukes of Ormand going from Ireland to the court of Henry VIII fortified with a species of dynamite known as *arsquebaugh*. Henry VIII liked it so well that they took a supply along with them when they crossed the Channel to visit the Field of the Cloth of Gold near the old town of Guines, in France. Lastly, we were humiliated by an eminent philologist of the University of Chicago on a visit to Greenville who, upon hearing of our discussion, said in effect: "Aw shucks! Why didn't you look in Webster in the first place? It's nothing but the old word for whiskey." Sure enough, there it was, usquebaugh, just as we had read it a year or so before, and doubted our own eyes.

Simms' affection for coined words is a very definite characteristic. "I am in a state of betweenity," he writes to Hayne, or perhaps, in the coinage of Lamb, "I am very beddish", or "very unwellish", or "rather unwell today." He liked to speak of his column in the Charleston papers as his "*letterary* report". Or, to Hammond: "Please *scissorize* all that concerns me in the Augusta papers and send it on."

Simms liked to poke fun at his intimates by giving a wicked twist to old phrases. For example, in inviting northern friends to spend Christmas at the plantation, he says: "Come and set the Yule Log. There shall be cakes and ale, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth—in spite of your virtue." Or perhaps he liked to jibe at himself: "My wife has just added another girl to my *stock*, or to my *flock*. Or, "My wife has added a boy to my *collection*." Many of his expressions sound very current in our ears: "The top of the morning to you", or, "knock that theory into a cocked hat", or, in advising a friend during Reconstruction: "Keep your powder dry."

A very interesting phrase of Simms' love of words is the nicety and aptness of his use of metaphor and simile. We find him complaining to an intimate of the briefness of his letter:

"It's short enough", he growls, "written in large characters, big as a barn door, the lines as wide apart as a church door." Writing whimsically to a Virginia friend he would promise: "Next summer I shall bestraddle a short cob and make my way to you over the mountains of Buncombe, taking all the swart ranges by the snout, as Faust and Mephistopheles might have done along the Brockden." Or, in warmly complimenting Hammond's very occasional poetry: "Your verses to Caroline are as smoothly turned as if you had frequently practiced at the lathe." Or, this piece de resistance written wryly to a northern friend during Reconstruction: "Our freed negroes move to work like elephants with the gout."

Raven I. McDavid's careful linguistic studies of Simms' use of dialect show the odd handling of prepositions, the scientific accuracy of his Indian and gullah and negro dialect, his use of foreign names and phrases. He notes more than thirty characters in Simms' novels speaking various forms of the substandard from Cape Hatteras to Missouri, from the mountains to the canebrakes of the Mississippi, all redolent with apt dialect. Mr. A. Allen Morris confirms the scientific accuracy of Simms' use of dialect as a major characteristic of his method of work, often at variance, as we have noted, with his hurried, careless composition. It was as though Simms gloried in the painstaking necessity for meticulously careful preparation of the historical material which he used as the frame work of his fiction, reveled in the artistry of his use of words, but, once down to actual writing, lost himself in the dash of telling a good story.

We have Simms' own comments on his methods of work. In the preface to *Katharine Walton*, for example, after telling us that he had wandered over the scene of action as a boy, he says he went back for a careful study preparatory to writing the novel. He hunted up all the old men and women around Dorchester and took notes on their reminiscences, located all the available letters and documents in the neighborhood, among them a collection of Marion letters, hunted up the surviving soldiers who had served under the Swamp Fox, and then went to Belle Isle to see Marion's grave. He goes on to state that for the portion of the novel dealing with the occupation of Charleston by the British he had ear-witness accounts for even the repartee he put into the mouths of his characters. As one of the very salty characters of the novel he used his own maternal great-grandfather, Thomas Singleton, one of the sixty prominent Charlestonians imprisoned in the Castle at St. Augustine by the British for their subversive activities. Living witnesses had told Simms who were the conspirators meeting in the library of the Singleton house on Church Street. Among them was the witty widow of Miles Brewton, and Simms says

that he had historical basis for the words he put into her mouth. An interesting corroboratory sidelight on his care in gathering material is the letter which came into our possession written to a gentleman of Savannah asking for detailed information about Colonel Walton of the Revolution whom he wished to use as the hero of the novel. Small wonder that Dr. William P. Trent remarks that *Katharine Walton* was more a carefully prepared social history of the period than a work of fiction.

We follow Simms through his letters prodding the whole state into a treasure hunt for its memorials. We find him writing to General Jamison for such minute details as the exact spot upon which an inn stood in Orangeburg during the Revolutionary War; to Dr. Stevens, for first hand information on the siege of Savannah; to Governor Hammond, for everything from the location of Galphin's Fort to such trivials as the origins of southern wines, actual receipts for southern wine-making and the like. He wandered over the country from Spartanburg to King's Mountain because he said he wished to be "particularly attentive to our neglected hill and mountain country history, now scattered fragmentarily in pamphlets and the like." He spent weeks at a time camping in the wilds of the South Carolina and North Carolina mountains, beyond the bounds of civilization, living with hunting parties, sleeping, to use his own words, with the shrieks of the wolves and the howling of the panthers in his ears. He filled scrapbooks with careful notes on his mountain experiences. These scrapbooks, now in the Charles Carroll Simms Collection, will some day find their way to this hall.

So it was with practically everything he wrote. His story, "Grayling", pronounced by Poe and various English critics as the best ghost story written up to that date, was based on material given him by his grandmother and the philosophical discussion of the denouement grew out of a heated argument carried on by Simms as a little boy with his grandmother and his father. Simms followed the most careful methods in the preparation of his border stories. At eighteen he had ridden for the better part of a year over the states to the Mississippi and three hundred miles beyond. He made two more such trips as a mature man. He says he lived with, ate with, slept with all types of people. He knew every foot of his ground when he wrote "Guy Rivers" of Georgia, "Richard Hurdis" of Alabama, "Charlemont" and "Beauchampe" of Kentucky, "Border Beagles" of Mississippi. In the novel "Vasconselos" the scene spread all the way from Hammond's plantation "Silver Bluff", on the Savannah River, where De Soto had captured the lovely Indian princess, all the way to Old Man River himself. And Simms had followed the route, staying sometimes for weeks in Indian villages, picking up the dialect, stopping sometimes

for days in the cabin of some stalwart pioneer, noting the vernacular, but more often (to use his own words) sleeping under some virgin tree of the forest, the solitude unbroken save by sound of bird or beast. Years later, in addressing the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa Simms stated that long years before he had slept on the spot where the University stood, at that time an unbroken wilderness.

Thus it was that when a hue and cry was raised by the critics as to the coarseness, the profanity, the salaciousness, the actual savagery of these border novels, Simms cried out in effect: "Good God! I am writing about real people, about scenes I have actually visited. I know what I'm talking about. You complain of the brutality of the Murrell gang who figure in the novels. I knew the lawyers who prosecuted the infamous gang. I am familiar with every scrap of the testimony. I knew many of the actors in the scenes. I could, of course, have softened these characters to make the tales more acceptable to polite literature, but I am reporting what I saw, what I heard. The historical events portrayed are in accord with the despotic facts of a society in the process of formation. I only reserved to myself the artist's privilege of grouping my characters for action." As a result, these border novels constitute today our best available social history of the southwest in the making.

The Simms letters have turned up all sorts of valuable information as to the source material Simms used. When he wrote the article on De Kalb, he based it on the De Kalb letters in his possession. When he wrote the article on John Rutledge, he had his own collection of Rutledge letters and papers. He had Henry Laurens' letters and the diary for the Laurens sketch; we have his published volume of the John Laurens letters along with his forty to fifty page comment. His publishers pushing him once for an article on McDuffie, he said, in effect: "Hold your horses. It is true that you ask for but a sketch, but the experience of a lifetime has taught me that I must write from the fullness of a subject, no matter how brief the finished piece. I must see McDuffie; I must get the comments of his contemporaries; I must go into old discussions." After writing to Armistead Burt to thank him for the very satisfactory material sent on McDuffie he adds: "But it is not enough. Send me some more." At the same time he had written Hammond and others for McDuffie material, in like pressing vein. And so on through the long list of biographical studies dealing with nearly every prominent Southerner of the day, faithfully and carefully prepared with the object of putting the material on record, so that if the source material or artifacts were to be scattered or destroyed, as has so sadly come to be the case in many instances, *the record would have been made.*

Through the Simms letters we learn how Simms prodded the entire South into putting itself on record, to use one of

his pet phrases down the years. It was not enough to collect materials upon which to work, one must put them on record, along with the interpretation of the times. Exploding to Governor Hammond, upon whom Calhoun's mantle had fallen, he says: "What right have you to have a stomach? Damn your eyes for failing you. It's partly your imagination, anyway. You are the man of the hour. Get busy and publish your complete works." When Hammond remonstrated, he would reply: "You say you are not able to get the material together. Well, then, set your boys to doing it." To Hayne he would write advising him on every subject from his poetry to his mulch pile. He would say: "Keep on with your essays, Paul. They are so much seed set to grow, though you see no fruit." Or, "Turn your long poem on South Carolina poets into a volume. Don't leave out such writers as young Sass and others, just beginning to put on their singing robes." Or, "Take advantage of your visit to Pickens, Paul, to make notes on his wonderful fund of reminiscences of notable men, in this country and abroad, for future use."

To J. P. Kennedy, Simms would write in praise of *Swallow Barn*, and then add: "Write that memoir of your kinsmen Cooke. You owe it to your family to put him on record." To his old friend, James K. Paulding: "You have been a champion in the field of national literature. You must not even temporarily retire from the field." He urged William Cullen Bryant, another intimate, to expand his sketches into a volume and to let himself go as "a well-bred gentleman plays reminiscent at his own dinner table." He begged Evert A. Duyckinck, New York publisher and writer, to "take Sir Philip Sidney with you to a warm, sunny attic for several hours each morning" until the book was done. He would prod George Frederick Holmes, the classical scholar, with such suggestions: "A good subject for you would be *Tuscan Art*, or *Gladiatorial Combat*, or *Roman Drama*. Even *Cato at Home* or *Horace Fuddled* would do."

We follow Simms through his letters helping Stevens with his *History of Georgia*, for which Simms himself had made voluminous notes, Pickett with his *History of Alabama*, Beverley Tucker in getting his complete works published, General Jamison with his two volumes of *Bertrand du Guesclin*, Richard Henry Wilde with his Dante, Dr. Peyre Percher with his volume on South Carolina plants, for which Simms himself had also made voluminous notes. In noting the long list of proddings and helping I could easily sympathize with Timrod who, though he loved Simms with all the affection of a wayward son, became so irritated at times that he could cheerfully have wrung Simms' neck. Simms would cajole, plead or quarrel with "Tim" who one time would fly into a rage and say the ugliest things imaginable, or again would write back tenderly: "Somehow you al-

ways seem to be able to magnetize me on to a little further effort."

The Simms letters show Simms frustrated in his great ambition to put on record his interpretation of his people, based on his own lifelong search for and preservation of available source material. As early as 1839, when his little daughter asked him for information about the state, he realized that nothing had been written "suited to the proper understanding and to the ardent temperament of the young." He thereupon provided her and the young people of South Carolina with a very readable history of the state. By 1848 he had definitely reached the point where he was ready to discuss his great ambition. He outlined his plan to the man with whom he had communed as a brother for more than a quarter of a century, James Henry Hammond. He told Hammond that his heart had long been set on an elaborate history of the state based in large measure on the records he had gathered. Could Hammond get 1000 subscribers for such a work at $5.00 each? Would the General Assembly do what New York, Louisiana, Georgia and other states had done—send an historiographer to Europe to ransack colonial offices for documents? Several years before, he said, Albert Rhett had asked him if he would be the one to go to Europe to do it. The work should contain a comprehensive analysis of all transition periods, with the exception of Nullification, still too hot off the griddle. Selections should be published from the store of source material. Especial attention must be given the Up Country.

Time does not permit me to go into the financial difficulties and family troubles which, with war and disaster, foiled Simms in his great ambition. But what became of the source material upon which he based his ambition? He gives us an idea. A collection of 1000 letters went as a royal gift to his dear friend Hawkins Ferris, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. Among many other things, a very fine Washington letter, described as suitable for framing as a library piece, went to his intimate, Evert A. Duyckinck. I do not know the actual number of letters and papers that went as gifts to such friends as the poet Bokie, James Lawson, the wealthy Scotch dramatist, and others in the North. I do not begrudge these gifts because these northern friends stuck staunchly to the South in its need. It was their money that Simms doled out to Timrod monthly, their money that bought provisions for Simms to distribute to scores of southern families, starving, so Simms said, in silence. These northern friends helped Simms sell Jameson's *Bertrand du Guesclin* (which had been published in England during the war and had run the blockade safely home) for the benefit of the Jameson family. They had helped dispose of Tefft's famous collection of autographs for the benefit of the Tefft family. They had helped dispose of a noted collection of coins for another southern family left destitute by the war.

I do begrudge, however, the papers Simms sold to the North at what he considered heart-breaking prices. A Francis Marion letter was one of the first things he sold after the war. By gradual states he came to the resolution to part with his collection of Washington letters for $250.00. The Laurens letters were bought by the Long Island Historical Society for what he considered a meager sum. Piece by piece the less important documents went, Simms steadfastly refusing to part with what he called his major collection.

To make a long story bitterly short, Simms reached the point on May 1, 1867 when he wrote Duyckinck that with great reluctance he must sell his collection. His children were sleeping in outhouses in the yard around the ruins of his spacious home. In the summer of 1865 in Columbia he had slept on a mattress laid on the floor of an attic, "under the leads", he said, in a tropic heat. In Charleston he shared a tiny room with two of his boys, working and sleeping in these small quarters, he who had been accustomed to such ample space. He was so harrassed that he could scarcely work. The documents, he went on, represented thirty years of great and painstaking research, endeared by a variety of precious associations. All his life he had looked forward to the grave labours of the historian, building largely on the material which had already served him in fiction. He went on to explain that it was in the saving of these papers that he lost "Woodlands", his plantation home, with its magnificent library. At the approach of the enemy he had hurried to Columbia to get the documents to safety—*material for fifty printed volumes of source material*—and that while he was absent, as so often happens in the case of the absentee owner, the enemy burned the house. He concluded by urging that the collection be sold quickly, for as much as possible, with little publicity, and that when he came to New York please not to talk about it.

As Simms often said: "I'm at the bottom of my sheet", and there has been no chance to stress those human attributes which made Simms a great man, no matter how history may cast the dice as to his place in literature. His life mirrors all our images for nearly three-quarters of the stirring nineteenth century, truly as Mr. John Higham says, the "Voice of the Changing South." I would like to speak of him as the agriculturalist, working for a balanced manufacturing and farming, who, as early as 1839 was introducing resolutions for such institutions as Winthrop and Clemson, with demonstration and experimental features such as we have today. I would like to report his remarkable views on religion. Something surely should have been said as to the judicial quality of his critical judgments, valid for the most part after the lapse of a century, the man who as early as 1850 was proclaiming Robert Browning one of the geniuses of all time. I would like to tell of the almost Rabelaisian

defiance of convention which kept Simms in hot water nearly all of the time. He was probably the first man in polite society to tell that a woman had legs. How bold he was one hundred years ago to speak of "ladies" as women, proclaiming brazenly that to him the word "woman" was the sweetest in the English language!

I'm through my story without reporting Simms in his halcyon years, in the front rank of American authors, his books brought out in England and Germany, making a peak of $6,000 a year. Time should have been found to touch upon his relations with his remarkable friends. Certainly an inkling should have been given of the delightful plantation life, with perhaps a thumbnail sketch of the first burning of the home early in the war. Simms describes himself leaping from a ladder to a second story window as the floor fell in, his heart touched to the quick by the wailing of his slaves: "Master, Master, save yourself." There was Mrs. Simms rallying the slaves as the flames lit up the darkness: "Boys, save Mr. Simms' books." There was the old saw mill man from around Branchville who drove into the yard next day. "Mr. Simms", he said, "tomorrow morning my wagons start hauling all the lumber you need for rebuilding Woodlands. And you shan't pay me a cent. You have been a public man all of your life. This has been a public house. Let South Carolina do for you." And South Carolina did, stopping in the throes of war to raise some $4,000 toward the rebuilding of Simms' home.

Especially would I like to have spoken of Simms' last public appearance in the May of 1870, just a month before his death. In writing a northern friend about it he told how proud he was of the ovation Charleston had accorded his address—"The Sense of the Beautiful", but that he was prouder of the fact that he had managed to hold out to the last and that no one suspected that he was dying. "If you should come upon me now," he wrote, "lying upon my sofa, surrounded by a circle of young literary men, and hear me talking oracularly, you would see no failing of voice or memory. I sometimes think of the old Arabian tale of the living head that delivered oracles while joined to a dead or petrified body. I am only reminded of my mortality when I forget myself and seek to rise and illustrate my thought by action. It is then that the body pulls me off my perch. Terrible", he concludes, "that a man's brains should be at the mercy of his bowels!"

Paul Hamilton Hayne says that Simms killed himself working, that in the nine months toward the close of his life he had written three thousand pages of closely written manuscript. In the throes of Reconstruction, with his market for his writings practically wiped out, he still managed to support himself and family and to help numbers of less fortunate friends ruined

by the war. He died as he wished, to use his own words, in the heat of battle, with his armor on, lance at side, in the thick of a furious charge. As he lay dead, a friend found that in trying to place a posy of immortelles in his right hand the fingers were drawn up in position to *write*, refusing to be straightened out.

Dr. Meynardine remarked that seldom does it happen that one hears aloud the throb of a people in distress at the passing of a literary man as one heard in South Carolina that day. St. Michael's tolled the news to the old city. A large concourse of people followed the casket in a drenching rain from St. Paul's to Magnolia Cemetery which Simms had dedicated years before. The city consented that he should lie, at his own request, under a very beautiful oak which he had particularly loved. Paul Hayne, in tears, found himself muttering the old superstitious jingle:

> "Happy the bride the sun shines on
> Blessed are the dead, the rain rains upon."

One of Simms' poems which Ludwig Lewishon says should be preserved begins: "Oh! Boy! Man! What a world is in the keeping of him who bravely toils." This might have served as an epitaph for Simms. But working all his days like a charging battery and prodding everyone around him to do likewise because time was so short and so much was to be done for the South, he still managed to find time to jot down his own epitaph: "Here lies one who, after a reasonably long life, distinguished chiefly by unceasing labor, has left all his better works undone."