

and I had just come to the conclusion that both of us could not stay in the boat, and that as *he* seemed determined to stay, *I* should have to make my departure, unless the bait can would make a suitable weapon—when—“Wow! bloody murder! another was coming in at the other end!”

That settled it. With a final yell, over I went. Though unable to swim a stroke, I kicked and struggled desperately, swallowing liberal quantities of muddy water all the while, and at last nearly gave up. But nature seems to have favored me, for once my feet touched bottom, my height enabled me to keep my chin above water, which would have been impossible for an ordinary person (how I blessed those long legs)! While my two unwelcome visitors were peacefully taking possession of the boat, I stood thus, unable to move. Help soon came, however, as the rest of the party had heard some of my war whoops, and knew that something was going wrong. I was helped out to the banks, and, badly soaked up and scared as I was, you may be sure I was glad to get home again. Since then, I have had no desire to go fishing where there is danger of finding snakes; in fact, I much prefer to catch my fish from good, clear, salt water, free from anything worse than sharks.

'08 (6 ft. 4½ in.)

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### The Fort Hill Mansion

(CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. P. H. MELL—SECOND INSTALLMENT.)

After inspecting the parlor of the Calhoun Mansion, the visitor should go to the dining room on the right of the entrance hall. When imagination restores the old order of things and reanimates these rooms with the people and scenes of long ago, the dining room is the one of most interest in the house. Here it was that the great men of South Carolina and other States would assemble around the hospitable board of the Senator. He spent the time from April

to November, each year, at Fort Hill, and the house was full of guests, who were welcomed with the open hospitality of the days of Southern prosperity.

Governors, Congressmen and statesmen of all ranks came to discuss weighty matters of political importance; relatives and friends came crowding in with affectionate interest and loving pride; and strangers came to pay their respects and offer their tributes of admiration to the great man. And all were entertained around this table in this room. If its walls could speak, what volumes of "Table Talk" could be published; what sayings of genius, wisdom, wit, humor and plain, shrewd common sense.

Memories of the past make us look with great respect upon this room. It is very old; no one knows when this part of the house was built, but it was here when the place was purchased by the Calhouns before 1825. It is long and low, with papered walls, board ceiling, big fireplace and high mantel, painted black; there are four small windows.

The state dining table occupies the center of the room; it consists of two very handsome wide mahogany tables with claw feet connected by cross bars. These are extended to their full length and form one long table; each will fold with very large leaves which almost touch the floor when lowered; the center leaves are square and fit perfectly when the tables are joined, the outer leaves have rounded corners, making the table more symmetrical when extended. These tables can be used singly or together and folded to suit convenience. Their dimensions together are five feet in width by twelve feet in length.

A smaller mahogany table was used ordinarily by the family; it has a round top and several leaves and measures when closed forty-four inches in diameter.

A massive piece of furniture fills nearly the whole wall opposite the fireplace. It is an odd combination of a wardrobe and bureau; the drawers are in the center, with a mirror

frame on top and a wardrobe on each side with shelves and pegs for hanging clothes. This was in Mr. Calhoun's bedroom, but is now placed in here for present convenience.

The mahogany sideboard is high and narrow, instead of being low and broad, as the sideboards of that time were commonly made. Two cellarets with sloping tops are placed upon it. These were used for wine bottles and decanters.

Visitors are always surprised and pleased to find two Washington relics here; two pieces of furniture that belonged to George Washington. Mr. Clemson's sister married a nephew of Gen. Washington, who received some articles from Mt. Vernon before it passed out of the possession of the family. These two pieces were among them and were afterwards owned by Mr. Clemson, who gave them to the college. It is inspiring to know that Clemson College is thus in touch with the great and noble Washington; relics of Washington are almost priceless in these days and these two are most highly valued by the college authorities. One is a strong, plain, straight-backed, sprawl-legged wooden arm chair used by Washington at Trenton. Tradition says that the negroes on the Clemson plantation believed that any person who sat in this chair for fifteen minutes would not be able to tell a lie for sixty days. It is needless to say that there was no trouble in keeping them from touching it.

The other Washington relic is a large old sofa, an unusually fine specimen of colonial furniture. The frame is of black mahogany, elaborately carved and upholstered with haircloth; dolphins gracefully curved and twisted form the legs and arms; the straight high back is broken at each end by a deep oval curve which frames the head, neck and wings of an eagle "displayed," to use a heraldic term, beautifully carved with pose spirited and alert. Tradition says that Washington used this sofa at Litchfield. Another tradition told by Mr. Clemson was that, when Washington and his committee were planning a design for the first American

dollar, he copied the pose of the eagle carved upon this sofa. Certain it is that the two designs are very similar, and this fact seems to confirm the story.

Everything connected with Washington is of deepest interest and greatest value, and the boys of Clemson College should be proud of the fact that they have here visible reminders of the man whom all sections of this country delight to honor.

This room was Mr. Clemson's favorite sitting room in the later years of his life. His invalid chair is placed here, a perpetual memento of him. Seated in front of the fireplace, he had an extended view from the windows on either side. On the north, an avenue of cedars and a lawn bounded by a row of magnificent hollies, beyond that a wooded slope, then a big field of 125 acres, beyond that the far blue mountains. On the south, the grass-covered yard with its venerable oaks, the historic little study of Calhoun, beyond that the orchard and garden, and the noted Fort Hill in the distance, the hill which gave the name to the plantation. These views were greatly enjoyed by Mr. Clemson, whose artistic eye fully appreciated their beauties.

After leaving the dining room, the visitor ascends by a steep and winding stairway to a little passage in the second story. A door at the head of the steps opens into what was the guest chamber when the Calhoun family lived at Fort Hill. It is the room over the parlor, and is of the same dimensions, with a large fireplace and high black mantel and four small windows, which look out upon the front and back colonnades.

The principal piece of furniture in the room is a very heavy mahogany French bedstead, with high rolling head and foot boards. A bureau and washstand match the bed, and are made with drawers, gracefully curved in the old style. The mirror is dim with age, and one wishes longingly that the images could have been preserved that have

fitted across its surface in the past; the thoughtful countenance and piercing eyes of the Senator; the laughing faces of children; the sweet blushes of a bride, all were reflected in this surface which is so dim to-day.

This bedroom set matches the huge wardrobe combination down stairs in the dining room, and were last used by Mr. Clemson in his own room. A pretty little bow front triangular washstand fits in one corner and a small oval folding table with straight legs and inlaid border stands in the center of the room; a low, straight-backed wooden chair completes the furniture.

Against the wall is placed an old trunk which was full of Calhoun letters and papers when the property came into the possession of the Trustees of the college. These valuable papers are now in the college vault and the trunk is prized because it is associated with the memory of Calhoun.

This was always called "Calhoun Clemson's Room," because he was accustomed to occupy it when he visited Fort Hill. He was a grand-son of Mr. Calhoun and the only son of Mr. T. G. Clemson. His mother was the best beloved child of her father; she was more like him in talent and character than any of his other children, and he turned to her in later life for the loving sympathy that understood and appreciated his thoughts and ambitions.

John Calhoun Clemson was born at Fort Hill in the summer of 1841, and from infancy he was Mr. Calhoun's favorite grand-child; he mentions him in every letter to his daughter, sending him a kiss when he was a baby, and when he grew older, the message was "love and a kiss from grand-father." A little sister came before the Clemsons went to Brussels, in 1844, who is also remembered in every letter from the grand-father. Calhoun Clemson was a handsome, bright, interesting boy, and learned very rapidly. When he was only five years old he wrote a letter to his grand-father

with his own hand, and the following sweet little reply is taken from the Clemson collection :

“Washington, 27th Decr., 1846,

“My Dear Grand-son :

“Your letter made your Grand-father very happy. He was happy to hear from you ; happy to learn that you were well and to see that you could write so pretty a letter. He sent it to Grand-mother in South Carolina, that she might be made happy too by reading it.

“You must tell your sister that she must learn to write, too, and that I wish to get a letter from her.

“You must also kiss her for Grand-father.”

The last letter ever written by Mr. Calhoun was to this beloved daughter and the last words were, “Kiss the children for their grand-father.”

After the expiration of Mr. Clemson's term as *charge d' affaires* in Belgium, he returned with his family to Washington, where they were living at the beginning of the war.

The Clemsons sympathized most warmly with the South and drew upon themselves the attention of the authorities at Washington, who watched them closely, and were preparing to order their arrest, when they were warned by a friend in time for Mr. Clemson and his son to make their escape at night and cross the Potomac in a row boat. They walked all the way to Richmond and offered their services to President Davis. Young Clemson was immediately appointed a lieutenant in the army and began his duties without delay ; Mr. Clemson was sent to the Trans-Mississippi Mining Department.

John Calhoun Clemson was a fine man and a gallant soldier ; he was tall and handsome, charming in his manners and very popular.

Soon after the close of the war, Mr. Clemson purchased Fort Hill, and this room was assigned to his beloved son.

He became a civil engineer and was devoted to his profession; life was full of promise to him. After his sister, Floride, married Mr. Lee, of New York, he was the sole joy and light of the house, the hope and pride of his parents.

In 1871, Mrs. Lee died, and only seventeen days after her death, this noble young man was cut off in the flower of his youth; killed near Seneca in a railroad wreck caused by the collision of two trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad. Col. Simpson, President of the Board of Trustees, writes: "The loss of their two children was a terrible shock to Mr. and Mrs. Clemson. Desolate, they mourned the loss of all the brightness of their lives; but unsearchable are the providences of God, for it was then that these two stricken, sorrowing parents determined to unite in so disposing of all they had left of their property as to bring their fellow-men as much happiness and prosperity as they could have wished for themselves." Consequently, they made their wills leaving all their joint property to found this college at Fort Hill.

The great Leland Stanford University of California was founded under similar circumstances. In each case a grief-stricken, childless couple determined to devote their means to the education of the youth of the country in order that coming generations may profit by their wealth, and so hold in perpetual honor and reverence their names and the names of these beloved sons.

Calhoun Clemson lies buried in the Episcopal churchyard at Pendleton. We deeply deplore the early death of one so promising, cut off in the prime of young manhood, his bright, ambitious dreams unrealized, the hopes of parents blighted. Yet to-day six hundred active, energetic, restless youths are here at his old home; their feet tread the ground where he played as a boy; their eyes view the scenes so loved by him. In the hurry and push of their busy lives, in the midst of their duties and studies and games, let them pause for a moment and give a pitiful and sympathetic thought to

the noble young man sleeping in the village churchyard. For his tragical and untimely death was the means ultimately of endowing the youth of South Carolina with the blessings and benefits of Clemson College.

MRS. P. H. MELL.

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### **"Over the Hill From the Poor House**

The little town of Mountain Pass is one of those relics of days that are no more. It is a quiet, unpretentious place, inhabited by men who go about with a careless and diffident expression on their faces, as if they were not interested in anything or anybody, nor any one interested in them. They mingle not with the people of the outer world. Still they were so remote that it would have been very inconvenient if they even wished to do so. Their surroundings were very rough but picturesque. Great cliffs surrounded the place on two sides, some of which jutted far out over the sleepy cluster of houses below, seeming, as it were, to form a protection to the lazy, enchanted inhabitants.

No railroads had as yet been built in this wild, mountainous country. No great ingenious tunnels had been bored through the massive rocks, which lay hidden in the body of the mighty peaks, nor thin network of steel yet spanned the deep fathomless canyons that lay between Mountain Pass and more polished civilization. No, there was not even the good public road of to-day, but only a crude narrow wagon road, which had gradually been worn down by use for more than a century. The wild red-skin was the one who found and first traveled it.

Some years past gold was discovered here. So the news flashed east and, in a short time, rude log huts dotted the valley, which was, but a short time previous, covered with a coat of verdant green. The call of the eagle from its perch on high, the yelp of the wolf in his night wanderings, and