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EDITORS

## The Fort Hill Mansion

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

The office or study in the yard completes the list of rooms open to the public. All country houses in the South before the war had these offices in the yard. Here the master of the plantation kept his accounts and transacted his business. His overseer and foremen and the slaves made their reports and complaints to him here; the men who came to see him on

business found the planter here; his library was here, and if he was fond of literature, he read and studied in quiet here. These offices were necessary on every plantation, and the home was thereby rendered more private and comfortable for the use of the family alone and their guests.

A flagged walk led formerly from the end of the back colonnade directly to the office. The building has a porch in front and underneath is a walled excavation twenty feet in depth, formerly used as an ice house. A description from an old magazine gives an account of the old office as it appeared in bygone days:

"The statesman's favorite haunt was his library, which occupies a square, one-storied structure by itself, a hundred feet or so in the rear of the house. One gets a good idea of the grandeur of the old estate from the porch of this little building, whence he can view the three hundred acres of park and admire the gigantic, symmetrical examples of oak, cedar and other trees that group themselves picturesquely in this noble demesne. Beyond it the hill slopes away to the river bottoms, which, overflowed yearly, are perpetually fertile, and to the greensward or black fallow that marks the swell of old Fort Hill. At his right, close by, is the old house-garden, now a tangled, odorous jungle of roses and grapes; at his left, a varied landscape, with the spires of old Pendleton, the county-town, in the distance; behind him a valley full of woodland, out of which rise the hills and park and large white house, where the Senator's brother-in-law resided.

"The library has its sides filled with book-shelves, and these are packed with volumes of every description, though largely the literature of the law and rostrum. Calhoun's own speeches appear in several editions, and there are many books that bear the marks of his pen. A marble bust of the Senator occupies a pedestal in the corner, and here is the

\* Scribner's Magazine v. 21 (1881) p. 892

table at which he wrote, the chair in which he sat and the pictures that pleased his taste.”

A picture of the office and its furniture is given in this old magazine, and a faithful copy of the arrangement has been made by those now in charge.

The most sacred and solemn memories of the place are connected with this study of Mr. Calhoun's. We feel as if it should be entered with bared head and quiet footstep, for a mighty soul once dominated this spot. Momentous national problems were discussed here by the Senator and his gifted associates; great thoughts sprang from his brain here and were penned by him at this desk—thoughts that vitally affected the history of our country and shook it from North to South, from East to West.

The boys of Clemson College are perfectly familiar with the history of Mr. Calhoun, and have the most profound respect and admiration for his memory and when they visit this little office they will find themselves drawn nearer to him than ever before; it needs very little imagination to picture him here seated at his desk surrounded by the familiar furniture daily used by him.

A large open fireplace with tall, heavy black mantel faces the door; the walls and vaulted ceiling are painted in oak; on the right and left are small windows that light the room. A large pine table painted oak to match the walls stands in the center of the office; against the wall to the left of the fireplace is the old desk where the statesman spent so many hours of deep thought and study, and where he planned and wrote those grand orations which compelled admiration from both friend and foe.

High book shelves rise to the ceiling on each side, empty now, for the books were carried to the college library for safe-keeping, and were burned when the college was destroyed in 1894. A standing bookcase painted oak to match the walls occupies the right center of the room, a lounging

chair is placed beside it, and an old settee is on the right of the fireplace. Before a window is a quaint little cabinet with an upper drawer and cupboard below; between them a semi-secret compartment covered by a revolving lid. It is said that Calhoun kept his valuable papers in this cabinet.

An old trunk stands in one corner and two pairs of crutches, which bring sad memories of Mr. Clemson in his invalid days and of "little Miss Cornelia," the crippled daughter of Mr. Calhoun. When about twelve years old she fell from a swing, and never recovered from the injury; her figure was dwarfed and bent. She was tenderly beloved by her father and the very best surgical treatment was given her, but the case was absolutely hopeless.

A handsome jointed fishing rod and a rifle case tell of bygone sports; a branch of an antler upon a bracket on the wall is all that remains of a noble pair of stag's horns hung there by Calhoun himself and killed by his own rifle. He was an excellent shot and generally carried a gun when he walked or rode over the plantation, and rarely missed his aim.

A model of the old ship, the "Constitution," is upon the mantel; every school boy knows the history of this famous vessel. Mr. Calhoun owned a beautiful sideboard made of mahogany taken from the officers' cabin of this ship. It is now in the possession of one of his descendants. Upon the mantel once stood a fine steel engraving of Davy Crockett, the famous Tennessee backwoodsman and Congressman, whose romantic life is full of interest. He sent his picture to Mr. Calhoun with this inscription, which is clear and legible now:

"I am happy to acknowledge this to be the only correct likeness that has ever been taken of me.

"DAVY CROCKETT."

This engraving was done by Childs & Lehman, of Philadelphia. It is very rare now, and is priced ten dollars by

collectors. Unfortunately the face has been greatly damaged by the destructive little paper moth during the years while the office was closed. It is an interesting relic, however, because of the autograph of this noted man.

A small old-fashioned wedge-shaped carriage trunk excites much interest, for it is a reminder of the days when the Calhoun family went to Washington by private conveyance, a journey that took four long weeks. In these days of steam and electricity a person can go half around the world in that time. A century ago, when a large family planned a journey, there were many preparations before the day of departure; every corner of space in the carriages was utilized by trunks and boxes and bags holding articles to be used during the trip. There were horses for the men of the party, and carriages for the ladies and children; these, with the wagons full of baggage necessary for six months' stay in Washington, made quite an imposing procession. Calhoun mentions a journey to Washington on page 233 of his published "Correspondence." The date is in the fall of 1825. He writes that he will leave Abbeville with his family about the middle of October, reaching Columbia about October 25th; from thence proceeding to Washington by way of Camden, Cheraw, Fayette, Raleigh, Warrenton and Richmond, arriving in Washington between the 15th and 20th of November.

Two framed drawings are on each side of the mantel. They are plans of canal locks on the Erie Canal, N. Y., drawn by William Ransom Calhoun, under the direction of D. H. Mahan, Professor of Engineering in the United States Military Academy. Wm. R. Calhoun was a son of John Ewing Calhoun and a nephew of Mrs. John C. Calhoun. He gave these drawings to his uncle while he was a student at the academy. After his graduation he was a Lieutenant of dragoons; when the war began he was made Colonel of the 1st South Carolina Artillery, C. S. A.; he was killed the 22d of September, 1862, in a duel, by Major Alfred Rhett,



who belonged to his own regiment; he was buried in the family burying ground on his father's place, the old Keowee plantation, now owned by Mr. Ramsay Doyle. His sword is preserved in the parlor of the Calhoun mansion, and has been already described in a previous article.

The walls are covered with old maps of great interest. The oldest is a "Map of Mexico, Louisiana and the Missouri territory, including also the State of Mississippi, Alabama Territory, East and West Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, drawn by John H. Robinson, M. D." He dedicates this map to several men of distinction, and signs himself as a member of various learned societies, and also as "Brigadier General of the Republican Armies of Mexico." The date is 1819.

The next map in point of age is one of South Carolina, drawn by John Wilson, of the South Carolina Board of Education, and dated 1822.

The third map is very curious; it is called a "Geographic Chart with Revolving Circles, Questions and Index;" it was made by William Bricknell, Jr., in 1833. There are three of these Revolving Circles; the names of the different States are printed on the edge of the circle and beneath each name is a long list of answers to all sorts of questions relating to the population, crops, other statistics and geographical data. There are three wedge-shaped triangular openings in the map. The questions are printed on the left side of each opening; the circles revolve behind them. For instance, if information about South Carolina is desired, revolve the circle or disc until the name South Carolina appears in the opening; then the replies printed under the head of this State will appear opposite the proper questions. It will be seen that the questions remain stationary and are the same for every State; but each State has its own set of replies to the questions; it is a quaint, curious but very convenient arrangement.

The fourth map is one of the United States made by the famous geographer, Mitchell, in 1833. Our grand-fathers of that day studied faithfully Mitchell's Geographies and Webster's spelling book, and many secretly think that there are no better books now than the "old blue-backed speller" and the old Mitchell's series of geographies.

The last map is as clear and fresh as if recently made. It is called "A Reference Map of the State of Louisiana, Original Surveys of the United States, which shows the Spanish Grants, Townships, Sections or Mile Squares, Settlement Rights and Plantations." It was made by John La Tourette, New Orleans, La., in 1845.

These maps are described here in detail because connoisseurs and lovers of old books are greatly interested in old maps like these and can appreciate their value.

This article concludes the series upon the Fort Hill mansion. The writer will be deeply gratified if they have aroused the interest and curiosity of the boys, and if they will devote a few hours to visiting the old mansion and examining its many interesting objects. These visits will result in pleasing and valuable memories for all future years.

MRS. P. H. MELL.

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### Concerning a Brickbat and Containing a History

One bright day in the early spring, while walking down by the side of a small stream that wandered along through the edge of our town, I saw on the muddy bank an angular muddy brick-bat, which looked as though it had been there for many years. I was walking toward it, when I thought I saw the bat turn slightly in its bed. There must be something under that bat, thought I, and so thinking went to it and picked it up, more with the intention of throwing it at some tree than anything else. I carefully turned it over and saw that there was nothing there save the print of the brick