BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

HUGUENOT SOLOMON LEGARÉ,

AND OF

HIS FAMILY.

EXTENDING DOWN TO THE FOURTH GENERATION
OF HIS DESCENDANTS.

ALSO,

REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

INCLUDING INCIDENTS AND SCENES WHICH OCCURRED IN
CHARLESTON, ON JOHN'S ISLAND, AND IN THE
SURROUNDING COUNTRY OF SOUTH
CAROLINA DURING THE WAR.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY ONE OF HIS GREAT-GREAT-
GRANDDAUGHTERS,

MRS. ELIZA C. K. FLUDD,

AND PRINTED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

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PREFACE.

During the season of civil and religious persecution which immediately preceded and followed the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes, A. D. 1685, in the reign of Louis XIVth—when the sword of Papal authority again perfidiously soaked the soil of Southern France with the blood of the Protestants—great numbers of the best citizens escaped from France, and fled for safety to the Protestant countries of Europe, and not a few of these found refuge on the then newly settled shores of Carolina. Dr. David Ramsay, in his History of South Carolina, gives some account of these refugees, and among the names of the Huguenot families there mentioned, is that of Legaré as a refugee from persecution in France.

The persecuting authorities of France having perfidiously broken their treaty with the Protestants, compelled the Huguenots either to forsake their Bibles and recant their faith in the teachings of the Word of God, or else to be tortured and murdered. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenots were even forbidden to leave France, and commanded to remain within the Kingdom, that they might thus become exterminated; and all who were caught attempting to make their escape were cruelly butchered in cold blood. Yet, notwithstanding all these efforts to prevent the persecuted Huguenots from leaving France, it is computed that at least five hundred thousand escaped the wholesale massacre

and found asylums of rest within the Protestant countries of Europe and America.

"Emigration now attained gigantic proportions. In spite of cunning preventive measures—in spite of constantly reiterated decrees, denouncing death upon all who should venture to pass the French frontier—in spite of cordons of soldiers stationed to dragoon back all refugees, the tide of emigration set resolutely, irresistibly towards Protestant Europe. England, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden, generously relieved their first necessities.

* * * * * * * *

The depopulation of the kingdom was frightful. The best authorities estimate that France lost five hundred thousand of her best, most intelligent, moral and industrious citizens. She lost, besides, sixty millions of francs in specie, and her most valuable manufactures, while four hundred thousand lives paid the forfeit of the reign of terror. This was what it cost to suppress the truth in France!"

History of the Huguenots.

The following facts concerning the Huguenot Solomon Legaré and his parents, have been preserved among their descendants, and handed down from parent to child—some of them through tradition, and some in manuscript form, written in the family bibles of his grandchildren. About thirty-seven years ago one of the Huguenot Legaré's great-great-granddaughters, Mrs. Eliza C. K. Fludd, collected them all together and compiled them into a volume of Family Chronicles—along with biographical

notices of the lives and deaths of some of the old Huguenot Legare's children and grandchildren.

In addition to the traditions which she received from the lips of the oldest members of the family then living, she had other authentic family records to guide her pen, and extracts from the files of old newspapers kept as public records, which were searched out of the offices by the Hon. Hugh Swinton Legaré, one of the great-great-grandsons of the Huguenot Legaré.

When this first manuscript was completed, it was very extensively read among the descendants of the Huguenot Legaré, who were then living in South Carolina. And, at the request of some of them who resided in New England, New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans, the manuscript was forwarded to each of those places for the perusal of those interested in it. This brought out more information; several elderly ladies sent to Mrs. Fludd old manuscripts containing farther particulars about the Legaré family, while they lived in France. Among these old papers, the Huguenot's bible came to hand, containing many notes written by the old gentleman, about the sorrows of God's persecuted people, and God's faithfulness to them under those sorrows, with touching and pathetic remarks addressed to his children, urging them to trust in the Lord always.

The substance of the additional particulars thus received is embodied in the following pages, which are now printed at the special request of many of the Huguenot Legaré's descendants living in several parts of the United States, who wish to transmit the volume to their children as an heirloom.

THE LEGARÉ FAMILY,

Tradition says, were originally natives of Normandy, from whence, more than two hundred years ago, some of them emigrated to the Southeastern Provinces of France, and that it was from this branch of the Legaré Family that the Legarés of South Carolina are descended. While the Hon. Hugh Swinton Legaré was United States Minister to Belgium, he visited Normandy, searched for and found some traces of the family in the *old* public records, but could find no living representative of the old family. He saw among the records of the old Court Tournaments accounts of several of the Knights named Legaré, who had distinguished themselves on certain occasions. But he had every reason to believe that the name was then extinct in Normandy.

Dr. Baird, in his recently published, "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America," has made a great mistake in his statement, that the South Carolina Legaré family—including the Hon. Hugh Swinton Legaré—are all descended from one "Francois L'Egare or Legaré," who was naturalized in England, in the year 1682, then sought admission into the Colony of Massachusetts on February 1st, 1691, and actually settled in Massachusetts, from whence, one of his sons named Solomon, emigrated again to Carolina, and became the founder of the Legaré family there.—See vol. 2d, pages 111, 112.

The Legaré family in South Carolina never before heard of the Legarés who settled in Massachusetts, and know not from whence they came; but both *dates* and *facts prove the error* of the statement.

The father of that Solomon Legaré the Huguenot, from whom the Legarés of South Carolina are descended, never left France, never came to America, and never was a Huguenot by profession, though he was utterly opposed to the persecution of Bible Christians. He continued *nominally* a member of the Church of Rome to the day of his death, which occurred *suddenly* while he was living with his wife, Madame Legaré, in their own home on the banks of the Loire, in France. He left four sons—the three oldest sons were by his first wife, and all of them were members of the Church of Rome. These three sons emigrated from France to the French Province of Canada, in company with Monsieur Valier, second Bishop of Quebec, about the year 1686. Their descendants are still in Canada, and are all still Romanists.

His *fourth* and *youngest* son Solomon Legaré, was the only child of his second wife, Madame Legaré, who was a Huguenot, and a descendant, through many generations, of the Waldenses. This son, Solomon, was educated by his mother in the Protestant faith of the Huguenots; and before he was twenty years of age, became an object of Papal hatred and persecution. This was that Soloman Legaré, the Huguenot, who became the ancestor of the Legaré Family of South Carolina. He fled from Papal persecution in France, in 1685, some months before the

revocation of the Edict of Nantes, while he was at college in the city of Lyons, and while both of his parents were living in their own home on the banks of the river Loire, not far from the city of Lyons.

The sudden death of her husband left Madame Legaré without a protector; the estate was immediately seized by Roman Catholic members of the family, and the daily increasing horrors of the persecution raging all around, warned her to escape quickly, which she did under cover of a visit to her own relatives, who lived on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. From thence, she escaped along with them to the shelter of an English ship, just a few days before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed. In this way Madame Legaré reached Bristol, in England, where she met her son by appointment.

They remained some months in Bristol, and while living there, Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, married a young English lady of eminent piety. Not long after their marriage, he, in company with his young bride and his mother, Madame Legaré, sailed for the British Province of Carolina, in America. They reached Charles Town, in South Carolina, late in the year 1686, where Mr. Solomon Legaré soon after became, along with other Huguenots and Congregationalists from England, one of the founders of the old Congregational (Circular) Church, in Charleston, and he continued, for many years to be one of its most prominent church officers. His mother, Madame Legaré, was the *first adult* person buried in that church-yard. Her mortal remains lie under the circular foundation of the second building

erected upon that site, which was much larger than the first building was.

Madame Legaré knew, that before her husband's death, he had made arrangements for sending his three oldest sons to one of the French Provinces in America. But, the sudden death of her husband and the subsequent necessity for her own speedy flight from France, completely separated the two branches of the family: and, if the Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, knew that Canada was the Province to which his older half-brothers had emigrated, after he had himself fled from persecution in France, he certainly never informed his children to that effect. Consequently, none of the descendants of the Huguenot Solomon Legaré, knew of the existence of the Legarés in Canada, till about fifteen years since, when the two branches of the family became known to each other in the following manner:

At the close of the late civil war, when all the good schools in the South were broken up, Mrs. Phenix, a great-great-great-granddaughter of the Huguenot Legaré—having lost the most of her property by the results of the war, took her son to Canada and placed him in a Jesuit College, on account of the cheap tuition.

The principal of the institution inquired of her, how her son came by the name of Legaré, which, he said, was a French name. Mrs. Phenix replied, that was her father's name, and that her son was named for him. The Priest responded:

"Are you aware of the fact, that you have relatives now living in Canada?"

Mrs. Phenix told him she had no relatives living in Canada, and that the Legarés of South Carolina, are all descendants of the *Huguenot* Legaré. To this the priest replied:

"Yes; but you are all descendants from the same old stock; I know all about it. There were *four brothers*, who emigrated to America, the youngest of whom, Solomon, was your ancestor; and it is because he changed his religion—left the old true Church and his father's family, to become a Protestant, that he lost sight of his brothers who settled in Canada. But *we have had our eye upon you all the time;* we have never lost sight of him and his descendants, though it is now nearly two hundred years since he first settled in South Carolina. There are, at the present time, many descendants of the three older brothers living in Canada—one of these is a distinguished statesman and a member of Parliament; another is the Rev. Adolph Ignace Irénée Legaré, Director of the College or Seminaire de Quebec, a great University!"

"The Rev. Adolph Legaré is one of the greatest minds in the Catholic Church; a man of great learning and a polished gentleman. He has two brothers, also priests, in the same university; but they are not Jesuits priests, belong to no order, simply secular priests. Rev. Cyrille Legaré is also a distinguished scholar, and a charming companion."

Mrs. Phenix asked:

"Why did you you not tell me all this at first?"

The priest replied:

"If I had done so, you would probably have car-

ried your son to Quebec and placed him under their care; but I preferred to have him with us."

Mrs. Phenix, after her return to South Carolina, wrote to Rev. Adolphe Legaré, and received from him in reply, the following letter, which gives the family tradition, as it has been preserved in the Canadian branch of the family, but differing in some points from ours, namely:

That Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, went first from France to Canada along with his older brothers, and then emigrated to South Carolina, where he became a Protestant. This statement is incorrect, for Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, was compelled to flee from France by persecution for being a Protestant, before his older brothers left France and settled in Canada. And the Rev. Adolphe Legaré says in this letter: "Although the tradition of our family may not be identically the same as yours, yet I have reason to believe that yours is the more exact."

"SEMINARY OF QUEBEC,
QUEBEC, Oct. 13th, 1871.

To Madam E. L. Phenix:

MADAM—I have received with a very lively pleasure, and have read with the greatest interest, your letter of the 24th of September last. More—I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance, and of renewing the bonds of relationship with Mr. Joseph J. Legaré, who came to make us a visit in Quebec yesterday and the day before; he will depart this evening for Charleston.

I have no doubt that we are of the same family, for, although the tradition of our family may not be identically the same as yours, yet I have reason to believe that yours is the more exact. The record in the family is that there were four brothers who came to America, (that is to say Canada) with Mr. St. Valier, second Bishop of Quebec. Three of these brothers established themselves here in Canada, and the fourth departed for the Southern States, where he became Protestant, as all his descendants.

The epoch in which Mr. St. Valier came to Quebec was in 1685, but he departed to Europe twice after this epoch, twice returning to Canada. These three brothers established themselves in the environs of Quebec, as cultivators of the soil (I think) and their descendants are very numerous, and all occupy rank in society. Here, in the Seminary of Quebec, we are three brothers, priests; I am the eldest; Mr. Cyrille, whose name you will read in the annual I send you, is the younger, and Mr. Victor, the youngest. We have a fourth brother, still younger, who is in commerce. My mother still lives, she is sixty-nine years old. My father has been dead six years. I have uncles—some lawyers, some notaries, some in commerce. One of my cousins, Mr. Joseph Legaré, dead several years, was an artist, rather distinguished.

Among our ancestors, I do not see that there may have been any who had occupied positions very eminent in society, but I believe that all were in possession of a certain ease, or competency; and, above all, of a great character for respectability.

I am going to try to trace back to the origin of the family, through some private researches, and I shall be happy to transmit to you all the information that I can find.

Mr. Cyrille, my brother, after having made his course of study in Quebec, passed over to Paris, where he took his degrees at the University. He studied four years in Paris, then travelled in different parts of Europe. Unfortunately, he does not enjoy good health. The physicians here have declared these last days, that it is necessary for him to pass the winter in a climate less severe than that of Canada. It will then be possible, some day, that he will go to present his respects to you, and to solicit, on our part, the good will you express in your letter.

Waiting the pleasure of receiving your amiable news, I subscribe myself,

Your much devoted cousin,

ADOLPHE J. J. LEGARÉ."

The following winter, the Rev. Cyrille Legaré passed through South Carolina, on his way to Florida, and called upon the Southern cousins whose acquaintance he had thus made. They were greatly pleased with him, and described him as being a very handsome man, a polished gentleman, and a most agreeable companion.

The personal piety and practical faith illustrated by the facts recorded in these pages, serve to show what religion was to those whose devotion to the "truth in Jesus," and whose love and reverence for the written Word of God, was such an all-absorbing

principle of their very existence, that, *to them*, all else was but dross in comparison with the riches of grace. If they "might but win Christ and be found in Him," they "counted not their lives dear unto the death." Such was the spirit of the Huguenot martyrs—they proved themselves willing to forsake all things else for Christ.

It was this principle firmly implanted in the souls of our Huguenot ancestors, which led them, like Moses of old, to "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Accordingly, they found themselves under the necessity of seeking an asylum in a foreign land. And, following the leadings of Providence, they were brought into "The Wilderness" of America.

And when they reached America, they met with other men and women there, who also had left their homes in Great Britain to find and enjoy civil and religious liberty in the New World, as it was not to be found, and could not be enjoyed under the oppressive and exacting requirements of the State Churches of Europe, those "dragon powers of the old serpent." Thus it was that "Civil and Religious Liberty," became *the watchword* of the American church from its very infancy; and before long made itself heard publicly and decidedly in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitution of the United States, securing liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment to all of its citizens, in things pertaining to the worship of God.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

THE HUGUENOT LEGARÉ,

AND OF

HIS PARENTS.

Both the father and mother of the Huguenot Legaré were natives of Southeastern France, and at the time this narrative begins, they resided near Lyons, on the banks of the Loire. An old manuscript says of him: "Solomon Legaré was under the age of twenty, when, along with other devoted Huguenots, he adjured forever his beautiful native land, the soft and delicious banks of the Loire, to plunge into the depths of an untrodden wilderness, covered with swamps and breathing pestilence; because in its dreary solitude he could commune with and worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, without molestation from civil and religious persecution."

The family consisted then of the father, mother, and four sons. The three eldest sons were the children of the first wife, then dead, and the youngest son was the only child of the second wife, then living. The father and three elder brothers were all by profession, members of the Church of Rome. But the second wife and her son, whose name was Solomon, were Huguenots, and well known as such.

This Madame Legaré, the mother of Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, was herself a descendant of the Vaudois. Her ancestors, along with other Protestants, had been driven by the bloody persecution of the Romanists, to take refuge in the mountain fastnesses of the Alps, from which hiding-places they had again descended to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, where her relatives were living at this time.

"These Vaudois Christians were afterwards called Waldenses under the leadership of Peter Waldo, of Languedoc, one of the finest names in history, and the chief promoter of the Vaudois, as the dissenters were then called. * * But in the reign of Henry the Second, the soubriquet *Huguenots* began to be generally applied to the French reformers, and Huguenots became the honorable and universal synonym of politico-ecclesiastical reform."

History of the Huguenots.

"The precise term or form *Huguenots* may be owing to the fact, that an influential leader of the Republican Protestants of Geneva, was named Hugues and his followers were called *Huguenots*. And many years afterwards, the enemies of the French Protestants called them by this name, wishing to stigmatize them, and to impute to them a foreign, republican and heretical origin. Such is the true etymology of the word."

D'Aubigne.

It appears that, though the father of the Huguenot Legaré was himself, nominally, a member of the

Church of Rome, and his three sons by his first wife were all educated and brought up Romanists, yet he never interfered with the faith of his Huguenot wife; on the contrary, he allowed her to have the whole control of her only son's education, insomuch, that he was thoroughly educated in the faith of the Huguenots as they received it from the Holy Bible. One of the old manuscripts reads: "That the mother of Solomon Legaré instructed her son in the Protestant faith, and by her ardent piety and the diligent performance of her maternal duties, she was instrumental of establishing in Carolina a very numerous and respectable posterity. Her daily fervent and effectual prayer was, that her children, to the latest generation, should continue in the faith, and boldly profess their adherence to their Saviour, a prayer which has, thus far, been mercifully answered to the fourth generation, in every branch of her family.

Indeed, the father of this youthful Huguenot was accused of favoring the "Heretics," as the Bible Christians were called, and no doubt he did, for he was utterly and openly opposed to the persecution of the Protestants, and refused to take any part in it. But some of his first wife's relations were bigoted persecuting Romanists, and they reported the young Solomon Legaré to the Inquisitors, as an obstinate heretic, and a dangerous enemy to the Papacy.

Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, was, at this time, in a college at Lyons, where his mother had placed him; but some one interested in the young man, discovered and communicated to his mother the fact,

that her son was marked as a heretic, to be punished by the Inquisition, and that measures were in progress for his removal from the college and delivery to the Inquisitors.

Knowing that no time was to be lost, Madam Legaré immediately despatched a faithful Huguenot servant to the college, who informed the young collegiate of the danger which both his liberty and life were in from the Papists. The servant also communicated, *verbally*, what his mother's instructions were, as follows:

She counselled her son to leave the college without an hour's delay, and to make his escape from Lyons in the disguise of a young peasant passing from one town to another, with produce for sale: for the effecting of this advice, the means had already been provided, and were at hand. Having thus escaped in disguise from the city of Lyons, she assured her son, that on his arrival at a certain place named, he would there find a certain person awaiting him with a purse of gold and a strong horse equipped for a journey. With these provisions, she counselled her dear young son to make his way expeditiously, but cautiously, out of the kingdom of France, and to go by the shortest road to Geneva, in Switzerland, where he would find friends. Then, after having reached that city of refuge in safety, he must bend his course towards the City of Bristol in England, to which place some of her relatives had already escaped from France by sea.

Madame Legaré also directed her son to remain with her relatives in Bristol, until she could, herself,

escape from France, and join him there. She believed that her own turn to be arrested would soon come, and knew that her husband, in that event, would not be able to save her from the Inquisition. She, therefore, determined to leave France by the first opportunity by sea, and to follow her son to England.

With this determination in view, Madame Legaré had been for months *secretly preparing* for a sudden departure from France. Her husband had also foreseen the necessity that must come, sooner or later, for his family to leave France, or to become victims of Papal hatred and malice. He, therefore, after his son Solomon's escape from the Inquisitors, *secretly assisted his wife* in making her preparations for flight by sea. He also made arrangements for sending his three eldest sons to one of the French Provinces in America, lest, by remaining in distracted France, they should be tempted to imbrue their hands in the blood of the persecuted Bible Christians, as so many others had done.

Thus *secretly assisted* by her husband, Madame Legaré had had a large amount of gold coin and other valuables conveyed to some of her relatives living on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, who, from thence, shipped them on board of a friendly English vessel lying off the coast, and thus these valuables were conveyed safely to the care of friends in England.

The sudden death of her husband, but a few weeks before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, left Madame Legaré entirely without a protector in France, and the daily increasing horrors of perse-

cution all around warned her to escape without delay to her relatives on the sea-coast, which she did under cover of a visit to them. Then, along with them, she escaped to the shelter of an English ship on the Mediterranean Sea, just a few days before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed by Louis the XIVth, and just in time to save them from coming, personally, in contact with "the blood-hounds of the Papacy," who were then immediately unleashed, and let loose upon the Huguenots to hold their carnival of blood, which they did throughout all France, but especially in the Southern and Eastern provinces, as history has faithfully recorded, and glowingly depicted, to the disgrace of the wicked persecutors.

The ship containing these refugees soon reached England in safety, and landed them at Bristol, where Madame Legaré had the happiness of meeting her son, about whom she had been exceedingly anxious, having neither heard from nor of him, since he left France.

Shortly after Madame Legaré's arrival in Bristol, her son Solomon Legaré and herself, along with some other Huguenot refugees, decided to join the then newly settled English Colony in America, on the shore of Carolina, under the protection of Great Britain. Accordingly, after a sojourn of several months in Bristol, they again embarked for their final destination in the Western wilderness, sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and landed at Charlestown, in South Carolina, in the year 1686, about sixteen years after the first settlement of the Province, and

about six years after the first settlement of the present site of the City of Charleston, which was in 1680.

While the young Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, sojourned in Bristol, he had sought and obtained in marriage, the heart and hand of a young English lady, who was afterwards noted through life for the deep-toned piety of her heart, as well as for her intelligence, moral worth and domestic virtues. Their marriage took place immediately before they sailed from England, and Madame Legaré lived with them in their new home in Carolina for several years before death ended her eventful life on earth. She was honored and loved by all who knew her, and of her it was said by mourning relatives and friends—"Her children arise up and call her blessed."

The mortal remains of Madame Legaré were laid to rest in the grave-yard of what is now called the Circular Church. It is said that she was the *first adult person* buried in that grave-yard, and her body lies under the foundation of the present edifice, which is considerably larger than the first building erected on that site.

ORIGIN

OF THE

Independent Congregational Church,

OF

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, was one of the founders of that old church, along with a number of other Huguenots from France, and Dissenters from England.*

Shortly after the arrival of Solomon Legaré in Charleston, in the year 1686, these emigrants, after consulting together, organized themselves into a united Church membership, composed of church-members gathered together, by the providence of God, from the Protestant Churches of France and the dissenting Churches of England. They then built a church in Meeting Street and invited Rev. Thomas Barret, a Congregational Minister from England, to be their pastor.

Thus, it appears that, at its origin, this undenominational Church united, in its organization, both Congregationalists from England, and Independent Presbyterians from France—for such the Huguenots had really been in France, all of whom were, without an exception, *Dissenters* in principle and in practice, *from a State Church policy.* Thus united, they allowed themselves to be indiscriminately styled, a Presbyterian, a Congregational, or an Independent Church.

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* As the old grave-stones in the church-yard show.

Within the fold of this united Christian brotherhood, all *Dissenters from a State Church policy*, met on the basis of the Holy Bible, *as one in Christ*, and worshipped God harmoniously together, not troubling themselves and the Church with disputes about "Mine and Thine," in the *non-essentials* of religion, but recognizing each other as *unitedly one* in all those things which *are essential* to salvation through Chtist; a lesson which many professing Christians and churches of the present day might learn to their own advantage, as well as to the peace and prosperity of the Church universal.

Such to a very remarkable degree has been the spirit which this undenominational Christian Church has been noted for, and has maintained for nearly two centuries past. "It was called a Congregation Church, not because it was bound up to any rules or forms laid down by the Savoy or Cambridge Directory, but because it acted in all its concerns as a congregation disconnected from all others. It was also sometimes called a Presbyterian Church, because its creed, doctrines and form of worship were, in substance, the same as those of the Presbyterian Church generally." But this Church was in existence, as it now is, before any Presbyterian Church was ever organized in America. And though it has repeatedly been urged and invited to unite formally with the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and in these United States of America, it has always refused to come *under the rule* of any presbytery, either in its spiritual or temporal and secular affairs. "The Church has always, from its origin, been governed

by its own sessions, the one composed of its own pastor, deacons and *male communing members*, have the oversight and control of all its spiritual affairs. The other composed of its own corporators, have the management and control of all its secular concerns."

"The doctrines or creed of the Church is thus given by Dr. David Ramsay, who was in his day a very prominent officer of this Church. 'To these outlines of the government of the Church, it may be proper to subjoin a general view of its doctrines. It never was the intention so much to build up any one denomination of Christians, as to build up Christianity itself. Its members were, therefore, less attached to *names and parties* than to a system of doctrines which they believed to be essential to a correct view of the gospel plan of salvation. These have been generally called the doctrines of the Reformation—of free grace, or, of the evangelical system. The minister who preached these doctrines explicitly and unequivocally, was always acceptable, to whatever denomination he might belong. On the other hand, where these were wanting, no accordance on other points, no splendor of learning, no fascination of eloquence could make up for the defect.'"

In 1804 the congregation took down the old church, and built upon the same site, an entirely new church of a circular form, having eighty-eight feet interior diameter, at an estimated cost of $60,000, and the new Circular Church was dedicated May 25th, 1806, hence comes the familiar name, "The Circular Church," by which this old church has since been so well known in later times.

And this same old Independant Congregational (Circular) Church, has a record of usefulness and benevolence which few individual churches can show. Standing alone, independent of, and disconnected with all other churches, it has given to the world more than twenty of her baptized and trained sons, to be ministers of the gospel, and missionaries of the Cross of Christ.

"The first sabbath school in South Carolina originated in this church in 1817."

"The Charleston Bible Society, which preceded the American Bible Society by six years, and is but six years younger than the British and Foreign Bible Society, originated with the Rev. J. S. Keith, D. D., a pastor of this Church."

One of the ladies' societies in the church for assisting in the education of pious youths for the gospel ministry, accomplished much good. "This society's records mention donations to individual young men amounting to $5,590. It also founded two scholarships in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey, in the days of good old Dr. Alexander; one of these was called the "Charleston Female Scholarship," and the other, "The Jane Keith Scholarship." It gave, years ago, to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, in Columbia, South Carolina, the sum of $5,634.

Besides the above, it has, at various times, donated smaller amounts to the Educational Society, in Yale College; to the American Educational Society; to Andover Theological Seminary, and to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Its recorded

gifts to outsiders amounted in all to about $15,000.

Thus, liberally, they gave of their abundance, but not of their *superabundance*, for that was before the day of American millionaires, and it is mentioned to show how diffusive and liberal were the charities of this "Old Mother in Israel," as this old church was often justly styled, as well as to illustrate how much good a small society of earnest Christian ladies can accomplish.

And the above named sum is but a small portion of the amount which this old church, *as a body*, has, from time to time, contributed to help forward religious and charitable institutions, while her *individual members* have also given freely to other denominations thousands of dollars for religious and charitable purposes, as many still living can testify.

After the Church had been organized in 1686, by French Protestants and English Congregationalists, Presbyterians from Scotland and Ireland arrived in Charleston, and also united themselves with this same Independent Congregational Church. Here they all worshipped God together harmoniously, until the arrival of Rev. Archibald Stobo in the Province.

Rev. Archibald Stobo was a Scotchman, and he was the first Presbyterian Minister in South Carolina. He had been sent from Scotland with a small company of Presbyterians, to settle a colony on the Isthmus of Darien. They failed in doing this and were returning to Scotland. When the ship reached the coast near Charleston, they sent a boat up to the town for water and provisions. Mr. Stobo and his

wife having Scotch friends living in Charlestown, took this opportunity of visiting them, expecting to return with the boat to the ship next day. But, that night a hurricane suddenly arose, the ship was wrecked and every one on board of her perished. After the storm was over, the boat's crew went over the bar to look for the ship, but only a few floating pieces of the wreck could be seen. The sailors, along with Mr. and Mrs. Stobo, then returned to Charlestown in great distress, and received every kindness from the hospitable and sympathizing colonists.

The Congregational Church being just then without a pastor, invited Mr. Stobo to preach for them, and afterwards he became their pastor—1700. But, as soon as Mr. Stobo was installed as pastor of the Church, he began to urge the congregation to unite their Church formally with the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. This the French and English elements positively and decidedly refused to do. They had had quite enough of State-Church rule already in Europe. Notwithstanding this refusal, Mr. Stobo being a man of a dictatorial and obstinate temper of mind, persevered in pressing his proposal upon the congregation until he became so unpopular that he had to resign as pastor of the Church in 1704.

Shortly after, through Mr. Stobo's influence, about *twelve Scotch families* left the Independent Congregational Church, and built the Scotch Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Meeting and Tradd Streets, now called the First Presbyterian Church.

The separation was an amicable one; there was no discord about doctrine, the question was simply

one of Church government, and each party accorded to the other the right to judge and act for themselves. Consequently, the best fraternal relations have ever existed between these two churches; their ministers often interchanged pulpits, and the congregations occasionally worshipped together under the same roof, and united their religious and charitable enterprises in the same societies.

Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, was a man of small stature and of a very warm and excitable temper, as most Frenchmen are, but he possessed the strictest integrity of character combined with primitive piety of heart. He was naturally a man of very decided character, and educated and disciplined as he had been from childhood, in the hard school of civil and religious persecution and oppression, it is not strange that this innate decision of character almost amounted to sternness in cases where principle was involved. He never hesitated to speak out fearlessly his convictions of right and duty, even if he stood alone in so doing.

Some amusing incidents are related of him, as illustrating this characteristic of the old Huguenot. It was customary at that early day for families to dine at twelve o'clock noon. The Huguenot Legaré was ever very strict in the observance of regular hours, and to his great annoyance the Rev. Mr. Stobo, then pastor of the Church, introduced the practice of preaching sermons of such unusual length, that the church services interfered with family arrangemets for the usual dinner hour. Mr. Legaré and the other church officers had several times told

Mr. Stobo of this difficulty, and requested him to divide his sermons into two parts, for morning and afternoon. But the reverend gentleman believed in having everything done in his own way, regardless of the convenience of the whole congregation, and obstinately persisted in preaching his one long sermon, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the church officers. The other church officers were displeased at Mr. Stobo's conduct in this matter, but submitted to the annoyance for fear of creating a disturbance in the church. But Mr. Legaré told them that *he* would not submit to the innovation another Sabbath, and would find a way of letting Mr. Stobo know *his* determination in the matter.

Accordingly, the next Sunday as the town clock struck twelve, Mr. Legaré got up in the midst of the sermon and left the pew, followed by his wife and children and several other members of his family. As they were silently walking down the aisle of the church, Mr. Stobo, after pausing awhile in his discourse, called out to Mr. Legaré in a loud Scotch accent, "Aye, aye, a little petcher is soon full!" Upon this irreverent remark from the pulpit, the Huguenot's French blood became excited, and, turning himself round in the aisle, he still more irreverently retorted, but in a suppressed tone only heard by those near to him, "And you are an old fool!" Mr. Legaré then quietly went home with his family, where they ate their dinner; after which they all returned with him to the church, marched noiselessly up the aisle behind him to the pew in front of the pulpit, and listened to the balance of the

sermon as gravely as if nothing had occurred to disturb the services of the morning.

This silent reproof had the desired effect; Mr. Stobo yielded the point, and the next Sabbath he preached the first half of his sermon in the morning, closing the services in time to allow the congregation to go home and take their dinner at the usual hour. After which they returned to the afternoon service in proper time, and heard him preach the last half of his discourse, and so the difficulty ended.

The gold which Madame Legare had succeeded in bringing with her from France, served as a capital for her son to start life upon in the New World, and he soon became a large land owner in Charlestown and its vicinity. He was the owner of three large squares within the town, and of several large plantations in the surrounding country The Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, had nine children—three sons and six daughters, and he settled every one of them comfortably in life, as soon as they successively grew up to manhood and to womanhood, and attained the age of twenty-one years—reserving for himself and wife a comfortable and independent support.

Though possessed of so much property, he made a rule in his family which was faithfully carried out in practice for several succeeding generations, namely: That every male child of his family, no matter how much property he might be heir to, or be already in possession of, should be taught some useful trade. So that, in the event of some other revolution, or other misfortune in life, which should deprive them of their property, as he had been

deprived of his, they might have something else to fall back upon for a support, even in a foreign land. Such a rule existed among the Jews in the time of the Apostle Paul.

It was the custom in these early days of the young colony for families to dine at twelve o'clock, and take their tea and supper at sunset; after which the old folks sat around their street doors; or, like good old-fashioned neighbors, they exchanged kind greetings with each other from house to house, while the young people assembled in groups to walk or play about the streets. It is said that on summer moonlight evenings, the grown girls and young men amused themselves after this fashion in playing "Tray's Ace," "Blind Man's Buff," &c. And they, doubtless, enjoyed these rural sports quite as much as our more refined modern belles and beaux enjoy the battery promenade of the present day. But the fathers and mothers of that day had a greater regard for early and regular hours than their descendants now have, for it was then considered a great breach of family discipline for a child to stay out after nine o'clook at night; it was the custom to close the house at nine o'clock, when all its inmates assembled around the family altar to engage in the devotions of the evening. After which the little community all retired to bed and was soon wrapped in peaceful slumber—thus preparing themselves for a proportionably early start upon the duties of the coming day.

The Huguenot Legaré had married an English lady of eminent piety, and because she spoke English fluently and he did not, family worship was gener-

ally conducted by her, at his request. It is said of this lady, that she was seldom known to conclude a prayer in the family circle without asking of God, that her posterity to the latest generation might be numbered among his chosen people. These whole-souled Christian parents were eminently successful in the training and education of their children for usefulness in life; and they had the happiness of seeing every one of them become sincere and earnest Christians.

Their rules of family government, though kind, were very strict, for they required of their children *implicit obedience*, and great reverence for sacred things; especially they required a strict observance of the Christian Sabbath, in their entire household. These parents always devoted Sunday evenings to the religious instruction of their children, when every child was expected to be present in the family circle, even after they were grown up. No Sunday visiting was allowed, excepting in cases of sickness and distress. But on the week days the young people were permitted to visit freely, and to enjoy themselves in many ways.

To these Huguenots the Christian religion was a *reality* in which they lived, and for which they were ready to die, if called to it. The circumstances that had surrounded them in France, forced them to be at a point, like Joshua of old, who cried out before the assembled nations of Israel: "Choose you this day *whom* you will serve; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!" Believing thus, they taught their children the impossibility and

absurdity of trying to serve both "God and Mammon," and urged upon them the necessity of making the written Word of God, "the man of their counsel and the chart of their life."

But the sufferings of this Huguenot and others from the persecutions of their own countrymen, greatly prejudiced him against the government of France, and made him abhor the State Church power which had instigated and hounded on the persecution of good men for conscience sake. He had a perfect horror of any of his descendants ever returning to France, or being perverted into joining the Church of Rome, and sought unceasingly to sever every tie that might bind his children to his native land, which he considered accursed of God for the sake of his persecuted people. He, therefore, would not allow his children to learn the French language, or even suffer it to be spoken in his private family circle, preferring rather a broken English dialect from those who could not speak English fluently.

Mr. Legaré, who was in the habit of telling his children a great deal about the Reformation in France, Switzerland and Germany, always became eloquent and excited when he related to them the dreadful scenes of martyrdom by fire and sword, which, in his childhood and youth his own eyes had witnessed in France, some of the victims being his own blood relatives on his mother's side. He also told them about the wholesale massacre of Bible Christians which his parents and ancestors had witnessed before he was born; especially he dwelt upon the horrors of the massacre of Saint Bar-

tholomew—when the "streets of Lyons were said to flow with the blood of God's martyred people." Again, he described to them the cruel tortures inflicted upon individuals by the Inquisitors, to force them to recant their faith in Christ and the Holy Bible, and told of the fiend-like butchery of thousands of the Huguenots in cold blood, after the perfidious revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which he and his mother had only escaped from by fleeing from their home in France, first to England and then to the American wilderness, where they had found rest and peace, and where they could worship God in safety, according to the dictates of the Holy Bible and their own enlightened consciences.

At such times he would exclaim: "Ah, my children! the blood-soaked soil of France cries to heaven for vengeance, and vengeance it will have, just as surely as righteous Abel's blood, crying from the earth to God for vengeance upon his murderer, brought down the curse upon Cain, so will a blasting curse rest upon France. Mark well what I say to you! France, *guilty France*, will never again be blest with peace, prosperity and quiet; but, on the contrary, trouble, violence and revolution after revolution, will vex and rend those who have thus troubled and murdered the people of God. Therefore, my dear children, never do you return to France—keep yourselves clear of it, if you would keep clear of the fearful curse which hangs over it."

The history of France for two hundred years past, proves how prophetic his words were.

Mr. Legaré also affirmed the belief that God

would never permit "The dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan," Rev. xx: 2, to establish any persecuting *State Church Power* in these (then) British Provinces; because this was "the place prepared of God," (Rev. xii: 6,) as a shelter for his persecuted people fleeing from those very persecutions in Europe. He insisted that the emigration of the persecuted Huguenots, Puritans and other Bible Christians from the old countries had *commenced* the fulfilment of that prophecy, and that the persecuting State Church Powers of Europe would *thus* find themselves shorn of their power, and *comparatively* impotent to afflict Bible Christians, as they had hitherto done.

Here, too, the old Huguenot was not mistaken, for it is a well-known fact in the history of nations, that since the rise and establishment of these United States of North America to their elevated position in wealth, power and influence among the nations of the earth, the sword of *professedly religious persecution* has been, comparatively speaking, sheathed, and those who, otherwise, would have used it as of old, have been compelled to sit in the mouth of their caves —like Bunyan's Giant Pope, grinning with suppressed rage, and see their intended victims escaping to the shelter of that civil and religious liberty, which God has "prepared" for the oppressed, in this land of bible light and gospel influences, and all the efforts of infidelity, red republicanism, radicalism, with all the other depths of Satan's iniquity combined, has never yet, and never will, succeed in putting out that light, for it is the light of Truth in the fulfilment of Prophecy.

It is not at all surprising that children brought up under such influences became themselves thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Huguenots. Accordingly, one of the peculiar characteristics of this Huguenot's descendants in most of the branches. has been, as a general rule, an unequivocal and unbending adherence to the principles of *civil and religious liberty*, as taught in the Holy Bible, not only professing openly and fearlessly the doctrines they believed in, but also, in living according to the rules of primitive piety. For generations they maintained strict religious discipline in their families, refusing with unyielding independence of spirit, to conform to any of the vain and sinful inroads of fashion and wealth, all of which practices they believed to be inconsistent with a profession of Christianity.

Mr. Legaré's independence of spirit sometimes led him into peculiarities of conduct which were a marvel to some persons, while they drew a smile from others. It was well known in the community that he was a rich man, and that he was always very benevolent and generous in helping the poor and needy, yet he had for many years, a strange and seemingly ridiculous habit of picking up old rusty nails and other small bits of iron, which he carried home and threw into an old iron chest that always was kept in an open piazza at the back part of his house. The iron really was too rusty for use, and the old iron chest was anything but a desirable piece of furniture in a piazza, yet Mr. Legaré persisted in keeping it there, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances from his children, and would still occasionaally add to it small contributions of

rusty iron. This strange conduct was an enigma to his children and others, but on his death-bed the riddle was solved, for then he told his children that the old iron chest in his back piazza was his *bank* for the deposit of *gold coin*, and directed them how to open a false bottom in the chest, where they would find a large amount. He also then told his children that for fifty years he had kept his gold coin in that chest without a lock upon it, in the open piazza, and without any one's ever having suspected that anything valuable could be found in it. The following anecdote in connection with this fact, has been related of him :

Some small boys who had observed old Mr. Legaré's habit of picking up rusty nails, determined to play him a trick. They heated some old nails in the fire and watched for the approach of the old gentleman in his accustomed walk. They then threw the hot nails into the street a few paces ahead of him, and, as usual, he stooped to pick up two or three of them and burnt his fingers, to the great amusement of the mischievous urchins.

The Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, lived almost to the age of a hundred years. An obituary notice of his death in *Timothy's South Carolina Gazette*, May 17th, 1760, says of him : "On the 8th instant, died Mr. Solomon Legaré, Sr., in the ninety-eighth year of his age—one of the oldest settlers in this Province. He had been here seventy-four years."

"The family must then have settled in Carolina in 1686, but sixteen years after the settlement of the Colony."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

SOME OF THE CHILDREN

OF

THE HUGUENOT LEGARÉ.

The Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, had nine children; eight of these were the children of his first wife, who was an English lady, and the youngest child, Thomas, was the son of his second wife, who was a native of America. They all married as follows:

Solomon, the eldest son, married Miss Mary Stock.

Daniel, the second son, married Miss Peronneau.

Thomas, the third son, married Miss Jones.

The eldest daughter was married to Capt. Barksdale, an Englishman by birth: from these the whole family of Barksdale, in South Carolina, are descended; most of these now bear different names through marriages with other families.

The second daughter was married to Mr. Miller, a native of Scotland, who afterwards returned to Scotland, and their descendants are lost sight of by their American cousins.

The third daughter was married to Mr. Holmes, an Englishman, and relative of General Isaac Holmes, who was a British Officer. Mrs. Holmes died young, leaving one child, who also died young.

The fourth daughter was married to Mr. Eveighly, an Englishman; from these are descended the Eveighly family, and some of the Richardsons of Camden, Clarendon and Santee.

The fifth daughter, Mary Legaré, was married to Mr. Ellis, an Englishman. This lady was very wealthy, and noted alike for her piety and benevolence. Mrs. Ellis gave a valuable plantation in St. John's Berkeley, to her brother, Mr. Daniel Legaré. She also gave two plantations in the same Parish, to her nephew, Mr. Thomas Legaré, (to whom she was greatly attached, and with whom she lived and died during the Revolutionary struggle with Great Britain), besides leaving a very large estate to her only child, Mr. Thomas Ellis, and to his family. This lady is the "old Mrs. Ellis," spoken of in "Reminiscences of the Revolutionary War."

One of Mr. Thomas Ellis's daughters, Eleanor, was married to Dr. David Ramsay, the historian, of South Carolina. She was his first wife, and died childless. Dr. Ramsay afterwards married a second wife—a daughter of Henry Laurens, of Revolutionary fame.

Another daughter of Mr. Thomas Ellis was married to Col. White, and settled in Brunswick, New Jersey.

Mr. Thomas Ellis's only son, Thomas Ellis, Jr., married and settled in Carolina, where, by his extravagance, he soon got to the end of a very large estate, and died, leaving a widow in such indigent circumstances, that she was for years supported by the charity of the Circular Church in Charleston—

to the support of which church, his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ellis, had very liberally contributed of her abundance, for years before he was born. Here was a clear case in demonstration of the truth of that scripture injunction, given with promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

None of Mrs. Ellis's descendants are now living in South Carolina.

The sixth and youngest daughter of the Huguenot, Solomon Legaré, and his English wife, was married to Mr. Peronneau, a son of the French Huguenot Peronneau, from whom some of the Peronneau family in Charleston are descended. Mrs. Peronneau died young, leaving but one daughter.

Thomas Legaré, youngest son of the Huguenot Legaré, and the only child of his second wife, married Miss Jones. They had two sons, Samuel and Benjamin, and two daughters, Mrs. Somersal and Mrs. Baker.

The descendants of Samuel and Benjamin Legaré are very few, and live now mostly in other States.

Mrs. Somersal had but one son, Mr. Thomas Somersal, whose only daughter Sarah Somersal, was married to Mr. William J. Grayson.

Most of Mrs. Somersal's descendants live in Charleston, South Carolina; *some* of them now live in other States.

Solomon Legaré, the eldest son of the Huguenot Legaré and his English wife, married Miss Mary Stock, a sister of Mr. Thomas Stock, whose descendants now live in Charleston, South Carolina.

This lady had been brought up by a devotedly pious mother, and was herself a very pious woman. The moral and spiritual instructions of this affectionate and devoted mother, united with the kind but strict religious family discipline of her husband, most happily combined in training up their sons and daughters for usefulness in life. These parents were permitted to enjoy the happiness of seeing every one of their children become also hopefully pious at an early age.

This lady died of spotted fever, which was then an epidemic in the town. When Mrs. Legaré perceived the purple spots appearing on her hands, she, with the utmost calmness called for her grave-clothes, and with the assistance of her nurse, dressed herself in them. She then had her family assembled around her bed, and showing them the certain sign of approaching death, told them she had already prepared her body for interment, and requested that no one might be permitted to touch her after death, excepting to lift and place her corpse in the coffin. After this, she thanked her weeping loved ones for all their devotion to her, blessed them, and bade them a cheerful farewell.

Her son, Thomas, asked her, "Dear mother, are you so willing to die?" To which she replied with a bright smile: "O, yes, my son; for 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!'"

Her bereaved husband survived her a few years. He was a man of great integrity of character. He

joined the church at an early age, and lived up to the requirements of the law of God in his conduct among men; while yet, at the same time, he continued for several years destitute of real piety of heart. In after years, Mr. Legaré, speaking of this period of his life, said, "I lived at that time a complete Pharisee, without even being conscious of it; for I was trying to work out my own salvation by good works and not dreaming that I was building on the wrong foundation, till God in mercy opened my spiritual eyes to see my mistake. I then experienced a saving change of heart, and received Christ as my atoning sacrifice for sin, as well as my only hope of salvation."

He died about the commencement of hostilities between the Colonies and Great Britain, when, true to the principles of *civil and religious liberty*, he was himself a strong advocate of the act passed to oppose royal usurpation by force. *His funeral was the first* at which the non-consumptive agreement went into full effect.

The following obituary notice of the eldest son of the Huguenot Legaré, shows in what light the family were regarded by the community in which they lived:

Crouch's South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal, Nov. 22d, 1774, says:

"Died in this Town, on Saturday last, Mr. Solomon Legaré, a man of most remarkable integrity of character and undissembled piety, at the age of seventy-one years. His remains were attended to

the Congregational Church on Sunday evening, by a numerous family and many of the most respectable inhabitants of this Town, where a short discourse was delivered suited to the occasion.

"This was the *first funeral* at which the non-consumption agreement took place fully. Here neither scarfs nor gloves were given; the nearest relatives, (though as sincere mourners as those who shroud themselves in black,) appeared in their usual dress, with the exception of a hat-band or black ribbon.

"They have the *honor of being foremost* in obedience to their Country's decrees, and of stemming the torrent of luxury and expense, which never appear so absurd as when they parade at the grave.

"They have the thanks of every lover of his Country, and it is to be hoped that so laudable an example will be universally followed, and that the wise agreements of the Grand Council of this Empire will ever have the fullest force of law."

The five children of Solomon Legaré and Mary Stock married as follows:

Solomon Legaré, the eldest son, married Miss Owen.

Thomas Legaré, the second son, married Miss Eliza Basnett.

Daniel Legaré, the third son, married Miss Paycom.

Mrs. John Freer, the eldest daughter, was married to Mr. John Freer, of John's Island, and died childless.

Mrs. Solomon Freer, the second daughter, was married to Mr. Solomon Freer, brother of Mr. John Freer.

Mrs. Solomon Freer left two daughters, one of whom was married to Mr. Ralph Atmar, and has many descendants now living in South Carolina and other States.

The youngest daughter of Mrs. Solomon Freer was married to Mr. Hendlen, and Mrs. Hendlen's daughter Sarah, was married to Mr. Thomas Ogier, an Englishman by birth, but himself also a descendant of the French Huguenots. Mrs. Ogier has descendants now living in Charleston, South Carolina, in Pennsylvania and in Louisiana.

DANIEL LEGARÉ,

The second son of the Huguenot, Solomon Legaré and his English wife, married Miss Peronneau. From his dictatorial temper he was generally styled by his friends "Oliver Cromwell." But he was also a man noted for strict integrity of character, and was immovable as a rock when he believed himself to be in the right. On one occasion, he was impanelled with a jury, where eleven men were opposed to him in making up their verdict for the court. Mr. Daniel Legaré continued firm to the convictions of his conscience, and after starving with them (as was the custom at that time), for three days, he brought the whole eleven jurors over to his opinion. In allusion to this fact, he afterwards declared that he had never before met with *eleven such obstinate men.*

Mr. Daniel Legaré had three sons and two daughters, as follows:

Isaac Legaré, who married, and has a great many descendants now living under other names; but the name of Legaré is now almost extinct in this branch.

Nathan Legaré, the second son, married his cousin, Miss Barksdale, daughter of Mr. Thomas Barksdale, who was a grandson of the Huguenot Legaré.

Joseph Legaré, the third son, married Miss Barksdale, a sister of Mrs. Nathan Legaré, and another daughter of Mr. Thomas Barksdale. Both of these brothers have many descendants now living, mostly bearing other names through marriages.

Mrs. Scott left but one daughter, who died unmarried.

Mrs. Doughty, the second daughter, had two daughters, one of whom married Mr. James Matthews, and the other was married to Mr. Thomas Condy. Both sisters have descendants living.

The descendants of Mr. Daniel Legaré and his wife, Miss Peronneau, are numerous at the present day, as the family tree shows more fully to those interested, while these biographical sketches only descends to the fourth generation.

THIRD GENERATION.

In the above biographical sketches, we have given an account of the sons and daughters of the Huguenot, Soloman Legaré, and of whom they married, with life portraits of his two eldest sons, Solomon and Daniel. In continuation, we will now give some samples of the third generation, showing how the Huguenot spirit continued to be developed in some of his grandsons, and in what various ways Divine Providence led them *personally* into the exercise of faith and repentance, when they became Christians in heart, as well as by profession.

SOLOMON LEGARÉ,

THE THIRD,

Was the grandson of the Huguenot, and the eldest son of Solomon Legaré, the second), and of his wife Mary Stock. In his youthful days he always paid great respect to sacred things, as he had been carefully taught to do, and yet he was disposed to be very gay; and contrary to the *advice* of his parents, though with their consent, he married at an early age into a very fashionable and worldly-minded family, from which source he experienced, in after life, some very severe trials. For these Huguenots considered *true piety in the wife and mother of a family*, an all important consideration. Therefore, in chosing a wife, they sought for one that would assist in training their children to be Christians.

Mr. Legaré was devotedly attached to his wife, who came very near dying at the birth of her first child, on which occasion the old family nurse, Mrs. Parker, (a pious Dutch woman), spoke to him of the mercy of God in sparing the life of his beloved companion, and also of the new obligations and responsibilities which would in future devolve upon him as a parent. Though he had been very religiously educated by his parents and always felt great reverence for sacred things, yet up to this time he had never felt any personal concern about the salvation of his immortal soul. But now his heart was

touched, and the solemn address of the old nurse made so serious an impression upon his mind that his spirit was troubled, and he walked out to a neighboring wood and there knelt down to pray. Scarcely had he given utterance to one petition, before the Lord gave him such a view of the innate depravity of his heart, as seen by the eye of God, that he became terrified at the lost and ruined condition of his soul, and, starting up from his kneeling posture, he cried aloud: "Lord, forgive me for this attempt to pray, and I will never make another!" So saying, he hastened back to his house.

For several days his conviction of sin continued to give him almost insupportable anguish of mind, but at length he succeeded in throwing off his unwelcome convictions, and regained his usual gayety of spirit.

About two years after, his wife died in giving birth to another child, and this afflicting bereavement had the effect of bringing him to Christ. The *work of conversion* was instantaneous; for, as soon as the sad tidings of his wife's death was conveyed to him he at once recognized the hand of his Heavenly Father's correcting love in the afflicting stroke, and with a broken and contrite heart, he bowed submissively to the will of God. From that hour to the day of his death, about twenty years after, he lived the consistent and earnest life of a Christian. But he was very unfortunate in business, and the worldly education which his wife's sister persisted in giving his only daughter, was a source of continual uneasiness to him.

Mr. Legaré never married again after his wife's death, and a maiden sister of his wife lived with him and brought up his daughter. This lady had a settled aversion to religion, and did everything in her power, secretly, to counteract the pious instructions which Mr. Legaré endeavored to impress upon his daughter's mind. Contrary to his wishes and express commands, Miss Owen also had her niece instructed in dancing, and then clandestinely conveyed the young girl into scenes of dissipation. And thus, before the father was fully awake to the evil, his daughter was educated a thorough worldling.

This daughter, Elizabeth, was his only child; at an early age she was married to Dr. James Air, who died but a few months after their marriage. She had but one child by this marriage, James, who, also, afterwards became Dr. James Air; he afterwards married Miss Harriet Atkinson, by whom he had two daughters—Mary Eugenia Air, and Harriet Angeronia Air.

A year or two after Dr. Air's death, his widow was married again to Col. Isaac Holmes, who had been her first lover, and who was a half-brother of Mr. John Bee Holmes, of Charleston, and a grandson of Mr. Joseph Stanyarne, of John's Island. By this marriage Mrs. Holmes had four younger children, namely: Elizabeth, Emily, Isaac and Henry Holmes.

Mr. Henry Holmes, son of Col. Isaac Holmes and his wife Elizabeth Legaré, married Miss Caroline Drayton. The name of Legaré is extinct in this branch of the family.

A short time after Mrs. Holmes' second marriage, her father, Mr. Solomon Legaré, died. When the dying father ascertained that the hour of his departure was at hand, he exhibited such mental uneasiness, that his brother, Thomas, who was present, affectionately inquired if he felt doubtful of his interest in the atoning blood of Christ. To this question he replied: "No, my brother, I have a full assurance of my own safety in Christ, my Saviour; but oh! my daughter! my daughter! think you that it is an easy thing for a Christian father to die and leave his only child in the bondage of sin?"

Then turning to a servant he said: "Call Betsy to me, and tell her to bring the child with her." Mrs. Holmes entered the room and went to the bedside of her dying father, who took her hand between his own, and in the most solemn and affecting manner, urged her to turn from a life of pride and vanity, to Christ, the only true source of happiness. He also, most impressively charged her respecting the education of her son, and taking the little James Air into his arms, kissed and blessed him. After which he clasped his hands together, and looking upward, he cried out with a strong voice: "Now, Lord Jesus, cut this work short!" and instantly expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

THOMAS LEGARÉ,

The second son of Solomon Legaré and Mary Stock, was first brought under conviction of sin at the early age of seven years; these convictions never again entirely wore off, though he was at some times more seriously impressed than at others. At the age of fifteen he experienced a saving change of heart, after having vainly endeavored for several years, to work out his own salvation by good works. At this time he entered into a solemn but *secret* covenant with God, to devote himself and all that he had to the service of God, in a life of Christian usefulness and faithfulness. But he did not then come forward and unite himself with the visible Church of Christ, by a public profession, as in after years, he thought and said he should have done at that time, because of his youthful age. Yet, even then, he was regarded by all who knew him, as a decidedly pious boy.

At the age of eighteen years he became attached to Miss Eliza Basnett, a very young and beautiful girl, who was the only child of John Basnett, Esq., an English gentleman sent out to Carolina by George III, as Master in Chancery, which office he held for many years in Charleston. Mr. Basnett lived to old age, universally respected as an upright, amiable and very benevolent gentleman. His great-grandson, the Hon. Hugh Swinton Legaré, during his practice of law, was engaged in winding up several cases in chancery, which were first brought

before his great-grandfather, more than one hundred years before.

Mr. Basnett lost his wife while his daughter was very young, and he never married again, but committed the care of his daughter's education to a worthy Irish lady, Miss Mary Glade, who had come out to Carolina with Mrs. Basnett as a companion. This lady was advanced in life, and devotedly attached to the little motherless Eliza, who was taught to love and respect her as a parent. Such was the female friend who, with judicious kindness, trained Eliza Basnett up to womanhood under her father's roof. She was, also, the darling and pet of her father, who thought nothing too costly to be lavished upon her, which she could desire, or his wealth could obtain. Yet, though thus indulged and petted, Eliza Basnett had never been taught her need of a Saviour, as a sinner, or her responsibility to God as a woman. It is true that the best *moral* principles had been instilled into her mind, both by Miss Glado and her father; for he was a high-toned moralist, though he was a Deist in his religious views. But, though Mr. Basnett professed to be himself a Deist, he never attempted to make his daughter one. Still, she was educated altogether for this world, and partook freely of its pleasures and gayeties, while the only religious instruction she received, was in her attendance on public worship at the Episcopal Church once every Sabbath. Thus, as she afterwards said, she had grown up to womanhood in a Christian land, without having ever been taught the way of salvation.

Such was Eliza Basnett at fifteen years of age, when the youthful Thomas Legaré first placed his affections upon her, and for a time, he seems to have been so absorbed by his passion for her, that he never paused to consider the circumstances which apparently unfitted her for becoming his wife, according to the views which he had imbibed as a serious Huguenot Christian. But it is said that "Matches are made in Heaven," and, judging by the results of this union, we certainly think that this match was first ordered and made there, before it was consummated on earth.

Mr. Legaré afterwards said, that his love for her was so irresistible, that, for a season, he was drawn into a course of conduct which was at variance with the dictates of his conscience. For, in order to enjoy Miss Basnett's society and to accompany her, he frequented scenes of gayety for which he had no taste, and there mingled with the frivolous votaries of fashionable follies which his soul loathed. Ever and anon his conscience reproachfully told him that he was thus losing and wasting precious time, and also cheating his immortal soul out of that intellectual culture for which he thirsted, for the attainment of which he was then surrounded by the most propitious circumstances in life; and that he was thus actually unfitting himself for those more elevating and ennobling pursuits in life which he felt that a merciful Creator had designed him to engage in. Notwithstanding these thoughts, he still continued spell-bound by the fascinating attractions of his lady-love, and resisted the convictions of his judgment.

After pursuing this course for some time, as he was returning home from a dancing party one evening, to which he had accompanied Miss Basnett and others, he fell into a very serious train of thought on this subject. While thus engaged in a thoughtful review of his past conduct, he found the following inquiry propounded to his mind with great power:

"Will this manner of life answer for *you?*"

His soul instantly responded:

"Alas! it will not, for it is at variance with my better principles, and, God helping me with his grace to withstand temptation to the contrary, I will put a stop to it at once!" From that hour he resolved to *follow Christ fully* at any and every sacrifice, cost what it might.

He then communicated to his parents the fact of his deep and long attachment to Miss Basnett, and told them, *in confidence*, of the mental struggle which was wringing his heart with anguish, for he felt that he must give up the hope of marrying the object of his devoted and cherished affection. Brought up as she had been, without any sound religious instruction, her father a Deist in principle, and she accustomed to live in a constant round of fashionable amusement and worldly pleasure, how could he expect her to give up all this for him, and to conform herself to the strictly religious principles and quiet life of a Bible Christian, such as he felt his wife must be? Again, how could such an one assist him in training up a family for the service of God? Lastly; his principles as a "Huguenot" required him to marry according to the injunction of Scripture: "Only in the Lord."

His parents, while they greatly admired the young lady, objected to the connection for the same reasons, and they tenderly advised him to try and overcome his affection for her. The disapprobation of his father and mother, together with the scruples of his own mind, induced him for some time to struggle against his love for Miss Basnett, who was surrounded by other admirers and suitors, and, at last, he absented himself altogether from her society; but all in vain, his affection for her rather increased than diminished while he continued to absent himself from her presence.

At length, one moonlight evening he was taking a solitary walk at the end of Meeting Street, which was at that time called White Point, and is now known as the South Battery, and thinking over his secret heart sorrow, when a youthful party of his acquaintances, who were also on their way to inhale the salt breeze from the ocean, approached the spot where he stood watching the moonbeams as they played upon the rippling waters. Among the group he recognized the voice of his loved Eliza, who was then too near for him to retreat without being seen and recognized by her. At this moment his throbbing heart whispered: "Who knows but what I may win her to Christ if she becomes my wife?" The persuasion was so strong in his mind that thus it would indeed be, that he immediately joined the party of young people, and renewed his attentions to Miss Basnett on the spot.

The next day he made known his determination to his parents, and told them of his intention of

addressing Miss Basnett immediately, to which they consented.

A few days after, Mr. Legaré made a proposal of marriage to Miss Basnett—in doing which, he candidly acquainted her with the whole history of his love for her, told her of all the religious scruples he had felt in prospect of being united with her in marriage, and how he had struggled to overcome his affection for her, until the hope arose in his heart that he might succeed in winning her to Christ if she should become his wife. And then he asked her if she *could* and *would* resign the gay world, with all its attractions and unsatisfying pleasures for his sake, and become such a wife as a Christian man ought to wed.

Mr. Legaré's suit was accepted, for Miss Basnett had from the first preferred him to all of her other suitors, and she now acknowledged to him that his conversations with her on the subject of religion had made a deep impression on her mind. Also, that she had *secretly* reverenced and loved him for those very points in his character which he had feared would prove a barrier to their union. In short, Miss Basnett promised Mr. Legaré to give up the gay world; to attend his church with him constantly, and to conform her conduct to the dictates of his conscience in all of their family arrangements, after she should become his wife. All of which she afterwards faithfully performed, and to the day of her death, many years after, she ever made him a most dutiful and affectionate wife, while, as a mother, she had few equals. Yet, though Mrs. Legaré strictly

conformed to all of her husband's religious family rules in the training of their children, and never was known to exercise any influence in her family contrary to his principles, she did not herself become a professor of religion for some years after her marriage. But when she did make that public profession of her faith in Christ, she was recognized as a bright and shining light in the Church of Christ, by all who knew her; and after her death, an account of her Christian life and happy death was published in some of the English and Scotch magazines.

The following is an extract from a manuscript now nearly a hundred years old:

"Mrs. Eliza Basnett Legaré was born in Charleston, Oct. 29th, 1734, and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Dwight. She was the only surviving child of John Basnett, Esq., who was Master in Chancery, and came from England to this Province. Eliza Basnett was married to Mr. Thomas Legaré on the 14th of June, 1753. They had thirteen children, only four of whom survived them. She departed this life on Feb. 5th, 1798, aged sixty-three years. An account of the remarkably serene and triumphant death of Mrs. Eliza Basnett Legaré, has been published in the *London Evangelical Magazine.*"

The Rev. George Whitefield, the world-renowned preacher of that day, was an intimate friend of Mr. Thomas Legaré, and he often preached in the old Congregational (Circular) Church during his visits to Charleston. Mrs. Legare always took great pleasure in hearing Mr. Whitefield preach; and on several occasions, when quite a gay young girl, she

had gone to hear a sermon from him in preference to attending her dancing school, so much was she pleased with his eloquence. At this time, Mrs. Legaré was just recovering from a fit of extreme illnes, but having heard that Mr. Whitefield was, on that Sabbath morning, to preach *his last sermon in Charleston*, she expressed a great desire to go to church and hear that farewell sermon. The day being very cold, and her health so feeble, her husband, who was always very careful of her, refused his consent to her leaving the house—upon which refusal she began to weep. The old family nurse, who had been for weeks in charge of Mrs. Legaré, on seeing her distress, said to Mr. Legaré: "La, sir; how do you know but what this great desire to *hear the Word preached*, may be God's work? Let her go well wrapped up from the cold!" To which Mr. Legaré replied: "Well, Mrs. Parker, if you think she may safely venture to church, I will not farther object to her going."

Under that sermon from Mr. Whitefield, Mrs. Legaré was brought, for the first time, to feel the deepest convictions of sin; and, though she was naturally of a remarkably cheerful disposition, she continued for three months after this, in anguish of soul, fearing that she was eternally lost. At length, one Sabbath morning, her husband, finding that she did not come down stairs as usual, to go with him to church, went to her bed-room in quest of her, and there he saw her seated in tearless despair. She refused to go to church, saying, that every sermon she heard only increased her damnation. Mr. Le-

garé seated himself by her side and talked to her of Christ's love for dying sinners, till she began to weep; and then he persuaded her to accompany him to church. She did so, and heard Rev. Dr. Percy preach from these words: "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." Rev. ii: 17.

After service, Mr. Legaré handed his wife into her carriage, along with their children, but walked home himself. On entering his house, he found her, to his surprise, calm and smiling and looking up into his face, she said: "O! my husband! I have that 'white stone with a new name written in it,'—I have found *my Saviour!*"

Mrs. Legaré lived many years after this a cheerful and consistent Christian, who never again felt a doubt of her own personal salvation; on the contrary she enjoyed a full assurance to the end of her life. She was seldom, however, heard to speak of her own spiritual exercises to any one but her husband, until her last sickness; when her lips were wonderfully opened to speak the praises of her God.

After a protracted illness of two years' continuance, she was death struck on a Thursday, and was dying slowly till the following Monday, during which time her physical sufferings were intense. Her breathing was extremely difficult, and her extremities were entirely dead for two days before the breath left her body; but her soul was perfectly serene and peaceful through it all. On Sunday she

had all her family assembled around her bed, and requested them to sing Dr. Watts' 17th Psalm.

"Lord, I am thine. but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword—the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:—
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;—
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpets joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

Some time after, her son James, observing how great her sufferings were, asked: "Dear mother, how are you now?" to which she replied: "Suffering greatly in the body, my son." Bursting into tears, he answered: "True, dear mother, but your precious Saviour suffered more for you." With brightening eyes she responded: "O yes, my son; O yes!"

The next day, her husband said to her; "I perceive, my dear wife, that the struggle is nearly over; you have always been very fearful on the waters of the Ashley river; but, tell me how it is now in the waters of Jordan?" "O, I do not fear," she replied, "for my Saviour is with me, and will carry me safely through." Shorty after she fell gently "asleep in Jesus," aged sixty-three years, A. D. 1798.

Mr. Legaré had ever been a most devoted and affectionate husband, yet he was wonderfully sustained under this heartfelt bereavement, and his deportment was calm and submissive. As he was about to leave the chamber of death, he heard the physician, Dr. McCalla, who had witnessed the closing scene, expressing to Mrs. Legare's son, James, his surprise at the calmness, fortitude and peaceful hope, with which the departed saint had met and passed through death. He said: "I have been upon the field of battle, and have seen men die there. I have stood beside death-beds under almost all circumstances, but never before have I seen one die like her. To think how such a feeble, emaciated lingering sufferer could so deliberately, calmly and joyfully meet and yield to death, is unaccountable to me."

At that moment Mr. Legaré approached, and, hearing the remark, replied: "Can you not understand, Doctor, how this can be? Then go to Mount Calvary, and there learn how a sinner saved by grace can die thus." Having said this, the bereaved husband passed on to his lonely room to seek there in prayer the sympathy of his God under the heart-rending affliction.

Dr. McCalla went down stairs, and as he opened the street door Col. Joshua Ward entered and asked how Mrs. Legaré then was. "She has just expired, sir," replied the doctor. "Ah!" said Col. Ward, "and how does Mr. Legaré bear the blow?" "Wonderfully supported," was the reply. "Yes, I suppose so," said the other, "for he is a good deal of a philosopher." "Philosopher! philosopher! ah, sir, depend upon it, there is *more than philosophy* there!" answered the doctor, as he departed with tearful eyes. This scene in the house of mourning was blest to the conversion of the physician, who up to this time was a great skeptic, but was thus led to seek for himself an interest in the atoning blood and righteousness of Christ.

When Mr. Legaré first experienced a saving change of heart he was but fifteen years of age, and at that time, supposed himself to be too young to take such solemn obligations upon himself as were involved in a public profession of religion. He afterwards said that he had committed a great error in so thinking and acting—an error, the result of which was, that he could never again see his way clear enough to approach the communion table of his Lord, for thirty-five years after he became a Christian.

Yet he was all through life respected by others as a consistent and devoted child of God, who frowned down impiety with a powerful influence, whenever it was developed in the conduct and conversation of those with whom he associated. He was also a man of such sound judgment and integrity of character,

that he was frequently appealed to for advice in temporal matters, and appointed sole arbitrator in settling disputes among his neighbors. So deeply learned was he in the Scriptures of truth, and well acquainted with the principles of human nature, that he was consulted far and near, in cases of conscience, and also summoned to attend the sick and dying, both to direct the alarmed sinner to the cross of Christ, as well as to administer the consolations of the gospel to those that needed them.

But, though his piety was of such a deep and decided tone, and though he could administer the balm of consolation to other contrite mourners, he was ever "writing bitter things against himself." And he often endured such strong temptations, that he was frequently in the depths of spiritual distress. Several times when his wife and children were trying to comfort him under those strong temptations, he said to them: "Never do you ask God to give you a view of the whole depravity of your heart, for it is a sight which you cannot bear. I once asked God to show me my heart as it was in his sight, and he answered the prayer by giving me a view which has ever since crushed me under the weight of my sins. Only ask for such a view of your sinfulness by nature, as will serve to keep you humble before God, without overwhelming your soul with anguish such as I have endured."

Ministers and private Christians often urged him to unite with the visible Church of Christ in celebrating the dying love of Christ, but his constant reply was: "I am too great a sinner; I fear to dis-

honor my Master's cause, by proving unfaithful in the discharge of duty." The Rev. George Whitefield, with whom he was personally intimate, on one occasion sat by him for hours trying to convince him that it was his *duty before God* to unite with the Church in receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, assuring him that there could be no doubt of his being a precious child of God. But at last, finding Mr. Legaré still persisting in denouncing himself as too unworthy a sinner to make the venture, Mr. Whitefield started up exclaiming in his own peculiar way: "Well, well, my friend, if you *will be damned*, though Christ has died to save you, then go on fighting and striving to the end, and hell will be all the cooler for it at last!" This speech had an electrical effect upon Mr. Legaré's mind, for he instantly perceived that his very struggles against sin was evidence of his being in a gracious state. And, not long after, he saw his way clear to go forward and receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Legaré had been for *thirty years* before this, so identified with the cause of Christ in the minds of others, that his advice and counsel in spiritual things were often sought even by the pastors of his church, as well as by its deacons and other members. While, at the same time, he was himself so under the influence of constitutional despondency, that he was constantly fearing and doubting whether *he was personally* entitled to the blessings of the covenant of grace. At length one Friday afternoon, during the sermon preached preparatory to the administration of the

sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the following Sabbath, Mr. Legaré felt so powerfully urged to unite with the church, that as soon as the church service was closed, he walked up to the pastor and offered himself as a candidate for admission to the table of his Lord. Dr. Keith immediately summoned the deacons to his side, and made known to them the decision of Mr. Legaré, and, rejoicing that one whom they considered so eminently a child of God, had at last resolved to make this public profession of faith in Christ as his duty to the church, they all immediately stretched out to him the hand of fellowship, and welcomed him into the church with joy. So Sudden was Mr. Legaré's determination and action, that his own wife was ignorant of it till after the business was concluded. This was soon followed by the public profession of several others in the congregation, who testified that they had hitherto been restrained from thus doing their duty by Mr. Legaré's example, feeling, that if so good a man held back, they were far less worthy to approach the table of the Lord. After Mr. Legaré had thus united with the church, we hear nothing more of his falling into such distressing temptations and deep despondency, and his usefulness in the church and in the world became greater than ever it had been before.

Doubtless such desponding views in one who evidently lived a life of holiness, will seem very strange and unaccountable to those who are themselves strangers to the depths of the human heart, and to the devices of Satan, who is often permitted to assail

God's choicest servants and dearest children, with a force and power of temptation, which well nigh crushes them for a season into utter despondency, and which those who have never been thus exercised can form no conception of. Witness Job and his friends as narrated in scripture, Martin Luther and others, as we read in modern history.

The wisdom of God ordains that it should be thus with them, nor may we doubt that such a dispensation involves in it purposes of love and mercy towards the soul thus exercised, though God's reasons for it may be concealed from us short-sighted creatures. In some instances, these buffetings of the enemy may be needful for the eminently useful, whose hearts are disposed to foster spiritual pride, or there may be some other constitutional evil, or weakness for which it may serve as a corrective. But, in general, these dark and desponding views in a Christian arise, either from a constitutional tendency to melancholy, or from a want of well balanced conceptions of the plan of salvation and the doctrines of redemption.

Particularly this is the case when a Christian is forever dwelling on the evil of sin as developed in his own heart and practice, without lifting the eye of faith to the only antidote for sin, the blood of Christ crucified, and is looking for that in his own heart which is only to be found in the righteousness of Christ, imputed to us as our only plea for justification before God. Is it any wonder that such are overwhelmed with fear, or that they seem at times almost to despair of mercy from the heart-searching

and veins-trying Jehovah, in whose sight the very heavens are not clean? That is not genuine humility, though it wears the garb and assumes the name which makes a sinner cry: "I am too sinful to be saved." It is rather the fruit of a legal spirit in a heart too proud to be saved by grace alone. For "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin:" I John, 1: 7. And "saves them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7: 25.

In Mr. Legaré's case there was a natural tendency to melancholy, and the tempter was permitted to assail his soul through this constitutional infirmity, and by means of it to cloud and darken his mind at times to a great degree, but never succeeded in destroying his influence as a Christian, for the irreligious and profane alike respected his character, and feared his censure.

Col. J. W———, who had contracted a habit of swearing and uttering oaths in conversation, on his return from Europe called to visit Mr. Legaré's family, and out of respect to his well known piety, endeavored to omit the use of his oaths while in Mr. Legaré's presence. But from the force of habit repeatedly caught himself in the act of swearing, and as often, apologized for so doing. At length Mr. Legaré replied with great solemnity: "Cease, sir, from offering *me* apologies for the insults you are heaping upon your Creator! The Commandment says, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'" The reproof was felt and the swearer silenced.

Mr. Thomas Legaré was instrumental in the conversion of Mr. Bernard Elliott, from the deistical sentiments that he had imbibed early in life, and did not hesitate to profess openly. Mr. Legaré was one day on a visit to the Elliott family, when the conversation turned on the truths of revealed religion. The Rev. Dr. Percy, (the brother-in-law of Mr. Elliott), had often conversed with Mr. Elliott on this subject without convincing the Deist by his arguments that his views were erroneous, and being present on this occasion, Dr. Percy led the conversation to this point and then withdrew from it in silence, leaving Mr. Elliott to discuss the subject with Mr. Legaré. After a long debate in which Mr. Legaré met Mr. Elliott's deistical sentiments and arguments with confuting passages from the scriptures, he left the house.

Some weeks after, Mr. Elliott was taken ill and Mr. Legaré was summoned to attend his death-bed. On his arrival there, Mr. Elliott thus addressed him: "I have sent for you, Mr. Legaré, to tell you that the conversation I had with you some weeks since, has been the means of enlightening my mind to the truth of revelation, and convinced me of the Divinity of Christ. Your arguments confounded me, and the passages of scripture which you referred to convinced my mind. Thus I have been led to embrace the doctrines of Christ, my Saviour, and I am now dying happy in the Lord. O, sir, I shall meet and rejoice with you in Heaven!"

During the life of Mr. Thomas Legaré occurred the scenes of the Revolutionary war with Great

Britain, in which he proved himself to be also a zealous patriot and a good soldier—his two eldest sons, John and James, also served in the army as commissioned officers, at a very early age. An old record says of him:

"Thomas Legaré, the grandson of the Huguenot, and the second son of Solomon Legaré and his wife, Mary Stock, was one of the faithful few who, at the darkest period of our history, with a Roman firmness, refused to submit even when farther resistance seemed hopeless. He was a man of a most superior judgment, of inflexible integrity and courage, an excellent theologian and an exemplary Christian. He was one of the 'Council of Safety' during the Revolution, and was for many years 'member of Assembly.'"

Thomas Legaré and his wife Eliza Basnett, had thirteen children—only six of them lived to mature age.

John Legaré, the eldest, died young, unmarried.

James Legaré married Miss Mary Wilkinson.

Thomas Legaré married Miss Ann Eliza Berwick.

Solomon Legaré married Miss Mary Swinton.

Catharine Legaré was married to Rev. J. S. Keith, D. D.

Mary Legaré was married to Mr. Kinsey Burden.

All of the above named, married children of Mr. Thomas Legaré and his wife, Eliza Basnett, excepting Mrs. Keith, left large families, and more of their descendants still bear the name of Legaré, than in any other branch of the Huguenot's family.

Mr. Solomon Legaré, the Huguenot, had a great many of his descendants engaged in the Revolutionary struggle with Great Britain: his three sons, Solomon, Daniel, and Thomas; his eight grandsons, Solomon, Thomas, Daniel, Isaac, Joseph, Nathan, Benjamin and Samuel; his three great-grandsons, John, James and Joseph; all of these fourteen bearing the *name of Legaré*, and several of them held commissions in the American army. Besides these, a number of his grandsons not bearing the name of Legaré, who were the sons of his daughters and grand-daughters, making a total of thirty-two men who bore arms, and were engaged in fighting for the liberties of their country during that time which "tried men's souls."

The following narrative of facts which occurred during that season of trial, was written out nearly forty years ago by the same individual who now pens these lines. And what is here related is in no degree fiction, but is a simple statement of scenes and events as they occurred, received from the lips of individuals who were in their childhood and youth, either themselves actors in, or ear and eye witnesses of the scenes herein portrayed. This narrative may, therefore be relied upon as an authentic history of some of the trials which our ancestors endured in their struggle for political freedom from foreign domination and oppression, which struggle ended, after a seven years' war, in the establishment of the independence of the United States of America. The scenes herein delineated were enacted *chiefly* on John's Island, in Charleston and in the surrounding

country of South Carolina, and the above named Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Legaré were very prominent personages in many of these scenes.

Mr. Legaré's family, like many others, suffered much from the depredations of the British soldiery, and had other protracted and bitter trials to endure. but the providence of God was manifested frequently in a very remarkable manner for their relief, protection and deliverance. Many of these occurrences and emergencies are worthy of being cherished in the memory of his descendants, as illustrative of the energy and integrity of his character under severe temptations, as well as demonstrative of that great faith in his covenant God, which sustained him in the severest straits. Besides this, these wonderful special providences in the time of need, are a powerful testimony to the faithfulness of God in helping and preserving all those who put their trust in Him.

REMINISCENCES
OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR
WITH
GREAT BRITAIN.

Very soon after the commencement of hostilities between the Colonies of Great Britain in North America and the British Government, a militia company composed of gentlemen, who were planters on John's Island, was ordered down to Chaplin's Point, on the Kiawah river, near Stono inlet, to keep a look-out guard on that portion of the coast. All remaining in quiet and safety, they, after some weeks, sent an invitation to their families and others on the Island, to spend a day with them at their encampment, which invitation was accepted by all the ladies excepting Mrs. Thomas Legaré, who declined to be one of the party, saying that she felt too sad for merry-making.

As yet, the good folks of John's Island knew nothing of the horrors of war, except from hearsay, and the anticipated excursion was regarded by most of them as a frolic, for which every matron prepared the most choice refreshments that well-stocked store-rooms and pantries could produce. And all these "good things," were sent ahead of them in wagons to Chaplin's Point, to await their arrival at the encampment.

The road to Chaplin's Point passed through Mr. Thomas Legaré's plantation, and as each family drove by the house, one after another stopped for a few moments to persuade Mrs. Legaré to change her mind and to accompany them, but all in vain. At last Mrs. William Stanyarne and her daughters drove up to the steps, and urged Mrs. Legaré to go with them, saying: "We are going to have a regular 'merry-make' at the Point to-day." Mrs. Legaré replied: "Surely, Mrs. Stanyarne, this is no time for merriment, while our country is in such distress, and our families are exposed to so much danger! Both my husband and my sons are absent, engaged in the service of their country, and, for aught that we know to the contrary, they may at this very time be in danger from the enemy. Indeed, I have no heart for a frolic." Mrs. Stanyarne gayly responded: "O my good lady! I too have a son in the army, but I am such a patriot that I have been wishing my four daughters were all sons, that they also might go and fight the battles of their country." So saying, the whole party drove off from the door in high glee.

But in less than two hours after, the whole cavalcade was seen returning at full speed, and among the first came Mrs. William Stanyarne, exclaiming, in a terrified tone, as she passed the house: "Oh, Mrs. Legaré, we are all lost!"

Close behind came another and another chaise in rapid succession, with their attendant equestrians—all rushing by in Jehu-style, and every individual apparently in such consternation that no one among

them could be induced to stop long enough to answer Mrs. Legaré's importunate cry of—"Tell me, for Heaven's sake! what is the matter?" Last of all came Mrs. St. John and her family, and this lady, who was less frightened than the others, stopped to tell Mrs. Legaré that the ladies had been alarmed by seeing two boats putting in from sea, and one of them evidently in pursuit of the other; that they supposed the foremost boat to be their husbands returning from scouting, and the hindmost one to be the British in pursuit of them. At which sight, the ladies had been seized with a panic and hurried off to their homes. Mrs. St. John added: "And after all, it may be a false alarm?"

Such it proved to be. For the gentlemen returning from their post of observation at the mouth of Stono Inlet, had seen a boat manned with negroes in advance of their own, and for their own amusement, pretending to be the British, had chased the boat filled with negroes, who, becoming alarmed at the pursuit pulled hard at their oars to escape. It was this race that the ladies had seen and taken fright at. And when the gentlemen reached their station at Chaplin's Point, they found a feast spread for their entertainment consisting of the best and richest dishes, but to their great disappointment, not one of their invited guests could be seen or found, and even their negro servants had vanished out of sight for fear of the British.

Some time after this the British troops actually landed on Simon's Island, (now called Seabrook's Island), from which John's Island is separated on

the south-west only by a creek. Here another amusing incident occurred, which beguiled the enemy into the belief that the Island was defended by a large body of soldiers, which was exactly the reverse of the truth in the case.

It must be borne in mind that the Colonists had no regular army of their own, as the British government had at their command, and the army which was collected and armed for their defence by the Colonists, was, at the commencement of the war, altogether composed of militia companies hastily enrolled. These companies consisted, not of men who were drilled and trained soldiers, but of men, who, at the call of their country, had left their several avocations in civil life to fight for their liberties. Even their officers generally knew very little about military tactics, and consequently made many mistakes before their own experience had taught them the art of war. Yet it was to these very citizen soldiers that God eventually gave the victory, in their struggle for Independence from foreign domination and oppression.

A company of about fifty such volunteer soldiers were stationed at the Presbyterian Church in the centre of the Island, and a scouting party had been sent by them to that point on John's Island which is nearest to Simon's Island, to watch from thence the movements of the enemy's vessels on the coast.

This party of scouts had a seargant in command, whose *written instructions* were: That if the enemy attempted to land their troops on the beach at Simon's Island, they should immediately fire their cannon as a signal to the inhabitants on the Island,

and then retreat quickly to the *main body of troops* at the church. Accordingly, when the scouts saw the British ships commence landing their soldiers on Simon's Island, these Tyros in military warfare, not only fired their signal cannon, but retreated with fife and drum in full sound of the enemy's ears, thus informing them in what direction they were retreating. A party of the British were immediately sent in pursuit of the scouts, but had not proceeded far on their track when they picked up the written instructions which the scouts had dropped in their hasty retreat. The British officer supposing that "the main body of troops," spoken of in the instructions, referred to a large body of troops in reserve at the church, hastily retreated back to their ships with his men, where they re-embarked and left the shore.

But there were two *concealed Tories* then living on John's Island, and from them the British learned the real state of affairs. Accordingly, about two months after the British troops again landed a foraging party on John's Island, and the alarm being given, most of the gentlemen hastened to remove their families to Charleston. Mr. Thomas Legare's plantation being some miles distant from Stono river, he drove his family down to McCall's landing, which is the nearest point to the city, and his largest boat had been sent there to meet them, and convey them from thence to the city.

Just as the family were seated in the carriages and about to leave their own house to go to McCall's landing, the overseer's wife, Mrs. Humphries, came to Mrs. Legaré and asked what was to be done with

the family plate and other valuables which they were leaving on the plantation. Mrs. Legaré replied: "Indeed, Mrs. Humphries, I do not know! Do what you can, but I expect the British will be here presently and will take everything from you." So saying they drove off as rapidly as they could to escape themselves.

Mrs. Humphries immediately called two trusty servants, and with their assistance, she packed away in boxes all the silver and other valuables left in her care and then secretly buried the boxes—they three being the only persons to whom the place of concealment was known. And in that spot all these things remained in safety until the close of the war—the servants keeping the secret; though one of the negro men who had assisted Mrs. Humphries in burying the boxes afterwards joined the British and remained some time with them on the Island, yet he never betrayed the trust reposed in him on that occasion.

An elderly gentleman on John's Island, Mr. John Freer, who was too old for army service, had remained neutral. As such he took protection from the British Crown and then remained on John's Island as the protector of the ladies and children left there, while their fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, were engaged in fighting for their country.

Mr. Freer's first wife was Mr. Thomas Legaré's sister, and a very warm friendship and affection existed between these brothers-in-law all through their lives, though their opinions differed widely in some things. Mr. Freer believed it impossible for the

Colonists to succeed in establishing their Independence, but his sympathies were entirely with his oppressed countrymen. He had, at that time, a large family by his second marriage, and his son Charles served in the American army as soon as he was old enough to bear arms.

But to return to Mr. Legare's family on their way to Charleston: They reached McCall's landing in safety, but when they were getting into the boat to go on to the town, Mr. Legaré discovered that his trunk of valuable papers was not in the boat. This trunk of papers had been sent from the plantation along with other things, to Mr. Freer's house on the banks of Abbepoola Creek, where Mr. Legaré's boats were usually kept, in order to be removed to Charleston along with the family; but the servants had neglected in their hurry to put it in the boat. One of the boat hands remembered that he had seen the trunk in Mr. Freer's piazza. As soon as Mr. Legaré ascertained this fact, he directed the family to await his return, mounted a swift horse and started off in pursuit of his trunk of papers. But he had not gone two miles before he met a negro man, who stopped him, saying: "Mas Legaré, where are you going, the English are all at the meeting house, (now Presbyterian Church) and if you go, they will sure to catch you!"

Thus warned, Mr. Legaré paused and asked: "Then will you carry a note to Mr. John Freer, for me?"

"No, sir; for the English will sarch me and take it from me. But they can't make me talk if I don't

choose to; so, if you *tell me* what you want, I'll go tell Mr. Freer."

Mr. Legaré replied: "That is true; go, then, and tell Mr. Freer, that I request him to take care of the trunk left in his piazza, containing my papers."

Having said this, and given a reward to the negro, Mr. Legaré turned his horse's head and ran him back to McCall's landing, hurried his family into the boat and crossed Stono river with all expedition—intending to send back for his horses which were all left tied at McCall's landing; but scarcely had the boat reached the opposite shore of the Stono, when they saw a squad of British soldiers ride down to the spot they had just left and take possession of all their horses. Of course, they pushed forward for Charleston with all expedition, and reached their destined port in safety.

The negro sent to Mr. Freer faithfully performed the errand entrusted to him. The trunk of papers remained in Mr. Freer's possession till the close of the war, and would not have been equally safe any where else; for nothing under his roof was ever meddled with by the British soldiers at any time during the war.

The British only held possession of John's Island for a short time, and as soon as it was vacated by them the families of the planters returned to their plantations on it, and continued in quiet for a season; but when General Prevost took possession of Wappoo Cut and James Island, in the year 1779, their troubles commenced in earnest and continued to the close of the war.

In the month of May, 1779, a company of American militia, composed chiefly of the inhabitants of John's and the neighboring Islands, under the command of Captain Benjamin Mathews, together with another company of the Port Royal militia, commanded by Captain Robert Barnwell, were stationed at Raven's settlement, then owned by a grandson of the former, Mr. John Raven Mathews. Just a little north of them, on James' Island, was the encampment of the British army, commanded by General Prevost.

On the 20th of May, Captain Mathews marched his men down to the bank of the Stono and there paraded them in view of the enemy. Mr. Thomas Legaré being one of the "Council of Safety," ventured a remonstrance with the Captain, on the imprudence of what he was about to do, and he, not liking the interference, some sharp words passed between the two, who were friends and neighbors on the Island. After the parade was over Mr. Legaré addressed Captain Mathews thus: "Well, Captain, you will know by to-morrow whether you have acted wisely or not. I tell you that the British on James Island have, with the aid of their glasses, counted every man you have in your ranks, and, despising the weakness of your force, they will cross the river to-night, surprise your sentinels and take you all prisoners of war. Now, as I have no desire to fall so ingloriously into their hands, I request you to send me to join the guard at Chaplin's Point, immediately." After laughing at Mr. Legaré's "unnecessary fears," as Captain Mathews termed this wise

remonstrance, he consented to the proposal, and Mr. Legaré left Ravenswood and went to join the Chaplin's Point guard. But his son, Lieutenant James Legaré, who had entered the American army as a commissioned officer, at the early age of sixteen, and was then a Lieutenant in that company, remained with Captain Mathews, and along with him and the rest, were that night surprised and taken prisoners by the British, just as Mr. Legaré had predicted to Captain Mathews.

Ramsay's Revolutionary History gives the following account of this affair: "While the British were encamped on James' Island, about seventy or eighty of the Americans were posted nearly opposite to them at the plantation of Mr. Mathews on John's Island. On the 20th of May, a party of the troops, commanded by General Prevost, crossed the narrow river which separates the two islands, surprised the out-sentinel of the Americans and extorted from him the countersign. Possessed of the word, they advanced to the second sentinel, surprised and bayonetted him before he could give an alarm. Without being discovered they then surrounded the house of Mr. Mathews, rushed in on the unprepared Americans and put several of them, though they made no resistance, to the bayonet. Among the rest, Mr. Robert Barnwell, a young gentleman who adorned a very respectable family by his many virtues, good understanding and sweetness of manner, received no less than seventeen wounds, but he had the good fortune to recover from them all, and still lives an ornament to his country. The British having com-

pleted this business, burned the house of Mr. Mathews."

The ruins of this old brick building, which was the old Raven mansion, are still standing in a field owned by the family of Mr. Kinsey Burden, deceased.

The following particulars of the above named surprise and capture, were received in after years by the writer, from the lips of one of the officers and two of the private soldiers, who were present on the spot at the time of the surprise: They said that on the evening of the 20th of May, Mr. Thomas Fenwick, a resident of John's Island, who was not as yet suspected of being a Tory, went to the Ravenswood settlement on an apparently friendly visit to the militia officers and soldiers, who were his neighbors, and supped with them, and during the social and unsuspected intercourse and entertainment of the evening, he elicited many particulars, and, in taking leave, he obtained the countersign for the night.

The officers, strangely secure, considering the vicinity of the British, and the warning which Mr. Legaré had given them, placed only two sentinels on guard and then retired to rest themselves; while the men, or a number of them, were distributed about among the various buildings of the plantation, and were all soon fast asleep. At midnight one party of the British approached silently from the river, having crossed it in boats, while another party, who had crossed to Fenwick's plantation, three miles north of Ravenswood, advanced by land under the guidance of the Tory Tom Fenwick, who thus returned to repay the hospitality and confidence of his unsuspecting neighbors.

When the British appeared at the door of the apartment in which Captain Barnwell and a number of his men were, and demanded their surrender, Captain Barnwell called out to know what quarter they should have. "No quarter to rebels!" was the reply. "Then, men, defend yourselves to the last—Charge!" exclaimed Captain Barnwell. In an instant the "click" of every gun was heard, as it was presented in the faces of the enemy, who immediately fell back.

Presently, a sergeant of the British put his head into the room, saying: "Surrender yourselves prisoners of war, and you shall have honorable quarter." "What grade do you hold, and what authority have you for the promise, if we accept the terms?"

"I am but a sergeant in command, but my word is as good as that of any officer in his Majesty's service."

On this assurance, Captain Brrnwell and his men surrendered their arms, and then immediately the British soldiers commenced an attack upon them with their bayonets, wounding them cruelly, particularly Barnwell and Barns, who were each pierced by seventeen bayonet wounds.

A few of the men who were sleeping in the out-houses escaped; for, being awakened from their slumber by the noise, and finding out how the matter stood, they made their escape to the woods before the British soldiers searched the out-houses of the plantation—in the doing of which they found some heavy sleepers, whom they took prisoners.

Mr. Benjamin Reynolds, of Wadmalaw Island, was one of the few who escaped from the British on

that occasion; and the following humorous account of his escape was given by him in the presence of the writer, after he had become quite an old man. According to his statement of the affair, he was sleeping in a house that was some distance from the others, when he was aroused from sleep by the clash of arms, the shouts of the assailants, and the cries of the wounded, and guessing how the case stood, without waiting to dress himself or even to secure his weapons, he darted out of the house and ran towards the interior of the island, intending to return to his home on Wadmalaw Island.

Mr. Reynolds was, at that time, very young and a stranger on John's Island. Before he had proceeded far he met another American militiaman, whom he recognized as a fellow-soldier also making his escape from the British, and hoping to be directed or guided through the strange woods by him, he approached to join company with him. But to his farther consternation, Mr. ——, turned the muzzle of his gun towards him, exclaiming in the negro-dialect for which he was notorious:

"Who you?"

"Ben. Reynolds; do show me the way to the Bugby Bridge."

"No, you com yer, man! you too white; I shute you, if you cum close me; go way, go way, I tell you, you too white!"

"Then, for Heaven's sake! tell me which way I must go!"

"Follow your nose and keep dead ahead," replied the other.

With this indefinite direction, Mr. Reynolds plunged into the woods, and about daylight found himself in the Bugby swamp, with scarcely a vestige left upon his person of the white garment he had on when he left Ravenswood, and with his limbs bleeding from the scratches he had received from the briar bushes.

After the surprise and capture of the militia companies at Ravenswood, the whole of John's Island was again left at the mercy of the British army, communication with Charleston was cut off, and the families of the planters, who had hitherto, spent the sickly months of the summer in Charleston, were now compelled to spend them on the plantations. All of the men taken prisoners at Ravenswood were removed to the British Camp, but the rest of the male residents found on the Island were paroled to their plantations under the penalty of death, if known to go beyond their boundaries. Small detachments of British soldiers were distributed about the Island in every direction, and kept a strict watch over it, and at the same time, they made excursions in every quarter, *searching for plunder*, and seizing for themselves whatever appeared desirable in their sight. But *the officers* of these soldiers billeted themselves on the families they found most agreeable, generally selecting those among whom they found pleasant and pretty young ladies, to whom they paid many polite attentions. Indeed, *that set* of his Majesty's officers were noted for their kind and courteous behavior to the inhabitants of the Island generally; and after the war was over, several of the

higher grade of officers married and settled there, becoming planters themselves.

Mr. Legaré's old aunt, Mrs. Ellis, was at that time living with his family on John's Island. She was the youngest daughter of the Huguenot Legaré—was then in her eightieth year, and so infirm that she had a white nurse to attend constantly upon her. This old lady was very wealthy, and she had a large quantity of silver plate, damask table linen, and other valuables, packed away in large chests which she insisted upon keeping constantly in her own bed room, saying that was the safest place for them. And yet this bed-room was on the first floor of the house, with two entrances to it—one door opening at the foot of the stairway, and the other opening into the hall or public entrance of the house. And it is remarkable that though her chamber was in such a public situation, and the British soldiers in their searches for plunder, frequently brushed against the latches of her doors, yet they never once entered her room, or even seemed to see the doors that opened into it.

Mrs. Ellis was a great patriot in feeling; she was also a woman of much prayer, and strong in faith, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Huguenots. It was her habit to go to prayer every time the approach of the British soldiers was announced by the watchword: "They are coming?" And on one occasion, when she heard a British soldier swearing with horrible blasphemous oaths, just outside of her door, she arose from her prayers, opened her door and reproved the man for his profanity. The soldier,

who had frequently been to the house before, looked astonished at the sudden apparition, and after eyeing her in silence for a few moments, he asked: "Where the devil did you come from, old woman? Go away and mind your own business." Mrs. Ellis closed her door, and the man immediately left the house, to the great relief of the other ladies whom he had alarmed by his behavior.

But a very different character also lived in Mr. Legaré's family—Miss Glado, the friend who had assisted in rearing Mrs. Legaré to womanhood after the death of her mother, and had accompanied her to her husband's home. This old lady, then ninety years of age, but still active, was a thorough-going Loyalist in feeling, who never would allow that the Colonists had any right to free themselves from the yoke of Great Britain. She was a person of warm temperament, and old age had made her exceedingly irritable. Whenever the British soldiers went to the house on a plundering expedition, she did not go to prayer as Mrs. Ellis did, but would begin to reproach Mr. Legaré's rebellion against the king of England, as the cause of all their troubles; and then turn about and scold the soldiers for disgracing their king and themselves by such conduct. One day a squad of these marauding British soldiers went to Mr. Legare's house, and after they had even searched the drawers and closets in the ladies' bedrooms, and taken all they wanted, one of the men put his head into a little under-stair cuddy, about two feet square, hoping to find more booty concealed there. Nor was he quite mistaken, for old Miss

Glado had hidden all the children's shoe and knee buckles in that place, supposing that no one would expect to find anything valuable in an open closet like that. And while the soldier was prosecuting his search, old Miss Glado sat a short distance from him, rocking her chair; and while she watched for the result, she could not refrain from giving utterance to her displeasure in a suppressed tone of anger: "Thieving wretches! And all this comes of rebellion! Accursed robbers! I hope that head of yours may stick fast in that cuddy!" But when she saw the man draw forth all the silver shoe and knee buckles, her wrath could no longer be restrained, but burst forth in a tone of indignation: "Do you see that, Betsy!—the thieving devil has even stolen the children's silver buckles!" In return for which, the soldier cursed her, declaring that she was too old and ugly to live, and a scold besides.

This was a party of McGirt's men, chiefly Scotch Highlanders, and noted for their ferocity and brutality. Just as they were leaving the house, Mr. Legaré rode up to it on horseback, and one of the men immediately demanded his saddle, which he refused to give up, and a struggle ensued. The soldier drew his sword, but Mr. Legaré still held on to the saddle; and Mrs. Legaré seeing a British officer approaching the house, ran out to him and begged his interference, and he ordered the soldiers to leave immediately, which they did.

While such searches for plunder were frequently going on, and every other part of the house ransacked, Mrs. Ellis's bed-room remained undisturbed,

and her valuables undiscovered. Who can doubt that a special providence thus preserved what she had thus committed to God's special keeping?

While Mr. Legaré was confined to his plantation on parole, he was informed that misrepresentations were being made to Governor Rutledge, in Charleston, accusing him of treachery to his country. He, therefore, determined to go to Charleston at the hazard of his life, and see the Governor in person. Accordingly, he selected two trustworthy servants, to row him to the city by night in a little boat. and left his house on the plantation late in the evening, without the knowledge of any one else excepting his wife. He reached Charleston in safety, and had a private conference with the Governor. who assured him that he had not for a moment believed the accusation. And having concluded his business, and received a passport from the Governor, Mr. Legaré set out on his return to John's Island at midnight. They crossed Ashley river, passed through James' Island Cut, and went down Stono river on the James' Island shore, and then crossed Stono river to the mouth of the Abbepoola creek, which they entered without having received any interruption from friend or foe. And then Mr. Legaré laid himself down in the bottom of the boat to catch a few minutes' repose, before he should commence his walk back to his plantation. He directed his servants to row the boat as quietly as possible up the creek to their intended landing place; but, if they should see any one or hear a noise, to stop rowing immediately and awaken him.

According to his order, the boat advanced up the Abbepoola creek until it came opposite to what is now Captain Walpole's settlement, when they were hailed by horsemen, and ordered ashore on that side. The negroes instantly stopped their oars, and awoke their master, who bade them turn the boat quietly and put her into a little creek which they had just passed on the same side, while he remained lying in the bottom of the boat to screen himself from the view of his pursuers. The moon was shining very brightly, and they distinctly saw the British horsemen on the opposite shore, who continued calling to them and firing upon them in rapid succession. But the high marsh soon concealed the boat from view, as it moved quickly up the windings of the little creek, and they soon landed in safety at the rear of the present village of Legaréville, at that time a thickly wooded piece of land; from this port they pushed forward on foot, being still some miles distant from home.

They had proceeded as far as Holmes' plantation, and were in the midst of an old field, where every object was rendered distinctly visible by the bright light of the moon, when they heard horsemen rapidly approaching from the quarter to which they were going. In this strait, Mr. Legaré and his servants paused and looked about them a moment—the woods were too distant to admit of their reaching them soon enough, but they saw a large tree fallen by the roadside, behind which they threw themselves flat upon the ground, and just in time to conceal themselves from the view of the British soldiers, who

rode by at full speed, and evidently in pursuit of them. They then got up and ran across the field, and through the woods till they reached home, when Mr. Legaré immediately undressed and went into bed. But scarcely had he done so, when the trampling of horses was heard around the house, and Mrs. Legaré, trembling with fear, hastily ripped up one of the hearth-tiles, and hid her husband's wet stockings under it. In a few minutes the soldiers were in the room, and accused Mr. Legaré of having been in Charleston, *not that night*, but *two days before.*

To this charge Mr. Legaré replied: "Were you not here the day before yesterday? And did you not, yourself, see me in this house? how, then, could I have been in Charlestown on that day?"

"Well, I did; but you have been in town—we know it."

"Who told you so?" asked Mr. Legaré.

"That is nothing to you; you went to Charlestown the day before yesterday."

"I did not go to Charlestown the day before yesterday?" replied Mr. Legaré.

After looking about the room awhile, the soldiers left the house, and rode off to Mr. John Freer's house. From him they tried to find out if Mr. Legaré had been to town, but being himself ignorant of the fact, Mr. Freer positively denied the charge. At length, the leader of the party exclaimed: "We never searched Mr. Legaré for papers! And if he went to Charlestown, he could not have passed the lines without a passport from Governor Rutledge on

his return." As soon as Mr. Freer heard this remark, he placed refreshments before the soldiers. And then, stepping aside, he directed a servant to go quickly to Mr. Legaré and tell him, that, if he had any papers about him to burn them, for the British were going there to search him.

On the receipt of this message, Mr. Legaré remembered that he had the Governor's passport in his pocket, and immediately threw it into the flames. It was just consumed when the same party of British soldiers, accompanied this time by an officer, again rode up to the house. Mr. Legaré went into his piazza to receive them and the officer said to him: "Mr. Legaré, you were not in Charlestown the day before yesterday, but you were there yesterday." Mr. Legaré replied: "Really, Captain, I think we have had enough of this child's play," and then, turning to one of the soldiers, he asked him: "Were you not here, yourself, for hours yesterday, and until after sunset last evening?" The soldier acknowledged that such was the truth. And then Mr. Legaré added: "Come, gentlemen, our breakfast is on table, and, to end this matter, walk in and take breakfast with us." The officer assented, they went into the house and breakfasted with the family, talked and laughed with Mr. Legaré, and never again was the subject of Mr. Legaré's visit to Charlestown alluded to by any of the British.

In after years, Mr. Legaré often spoke with strong emotions of gratitude to God, of his wonderful escape on that occasion, and of the remarkable manner in which God had, by the interposition of his

providence, turned the wisdom of the enemy into foolishness; for, instead of sending that night first to his house to ascertain if he were absent from home, they sent their men to watch at the several landing places for his arrival, and deferred going to his house till near day-light, thus giving him time and opportunity to go and return in safety; and then they as strangely persisted in charging him with being absent from his home at times when he could prove by their own soldiers that he had been at home, without once naming *the night* that he had actually gone to the city, and in which they were watching for his return to John's Island; which, if they had done, he could not have denied.

Shortly after this occurrence, Governor Rutledge effected an exchange of prisoners, by which both Mr. Legaré and his son, Lieut. James Legaré, were placed at liberty, and they joined the American army in Charlestown, assisted in defending the town and remained there during the siege.

But, as the interior of the State was then considered more secure than the sea islands, and the immediate vicinity of Charlestown, Mr. Legaré removed his family from John's Island to his plantation in the parish of St. John's Berkeley, near Monck's Corner. The Rev. Dr. Percy and family, Miss Rinchea Elliott, Mrs. Percy's sister, and Miss Baker also accompanied them, and there they all lived together in Mr. Legare's house, under Dr. Percy's care, until after the fall of Charlestown, Mr. Legaré having returned to Charlestown to assist in its defence.

The Rev. Dr. Percy was an Episcopal clergyman

of the evangelical type, and was, afterwards, the first rector of St. Paul's Church, in Charleston. He was a native of England, and was *first* sent out to preach the gospel in Carolina by Lady Huntington. He afterwards married Miss Elliott and settled in Charleston. Though an Englishman by birth, his sympathies were entirely with the Colonists of America in their struggle for independence, and he used all his influence to encourage a spirit of patriotism in the people, and to strengthen the soldiers in fighting for their country. He was *intensely English* in his ideas of *family discipline*, which some condemned, for at that early date the "Young America" of this day, had already begun to assert its independence of parental control. But Dr. Percy was a truly good man, and a noble Christian character.

While these families were thus living together in St. John's Berkeley, near Monck's corner, Lieut. Col. William Washington and his body of cavalry were surprised and defeated at Monck's Corner, by Colonels Tarleton and Webster with a superior force. The Americans were routed, about twenty-five of them were killed and the fugitives hid themselves in the neighboring swamps, rather than surrender themselves prisoners to the British. A few days after this defeat, a poor woman named Gibson, who lived in the neighborhood, went to Mr. Legaré's house and told the family that some half-starved American soldiers, "bloody as hogs," she said, had gone to her house and begged for food, but she had none to give them. "Then do go and bring them here, for we have enough and to spare!" exclaimed Dr. Percy.

The next morning several heads were seen peeping out from the bushes. Mr. Legare's house was situated between the forks of the public road, and, according to the signal given to Mrs. Gibson for the soldiers, Dr. Percy put on his *ministerial robes* and walked out into the road. Then immedietely an officer with two of his aids, came out of the woods and asked for food. Dr. Percy invited them into the house, and all the ladies—who were equally anxious to help the sufferers—met them at the door with kind greetings. Miss Řinchea Elliott, in her earnest solicitude about her defeated countrymen, stepped forward and asked with much feeling: "Can you tell us, Sir, what has become of *dear* Colonel Washington? Is he among the killed or wounded?" With a polite bow, the officer responded to her inquiry: "I am that unfortunate man, Madam!" "O dear!" exclaimed Miss Elliott, drawing back and blushing deeply.

Colonel Washington was a Virginian, (better known *afterwards* as General William Washington, who married another Miss Elliott, the granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Stanyarne, of John's Island,) then said to them: "I do, indeed, thank you all for your sympathy and kindness to me, but most of my suffering men have not tasted food for three days, and are now lying in the woods faint from exhaustion."

"Send and call them all here; we have had a large supply of food prepared already, and can supply all their wants," said Dr. Percy. On a signal given by the officers, the soldiers came out of the woods and up to the house, and while the ladies and servants

busied themselves in serving out refreshments to the hungry officers and soldiers, Dr. Percy walked up and down the road as sentinel, to give the signal of alarm if the enemy should appear in sight, for they were not far distant.

Some weeks after this occurrence, just as the family had seated themselves at the breakfast table, the approach of Mrs. Gibson was announced. Poor Mrs. Gibson was always the bearer of bad news, and a feeling of anxiety immediately seized the whole party—she entered the house exclaiming: "Good people have you heard the news? Charleston has fallen! and the devilish British soldiers have already cut to pieces all the men, all the cats, all the dogs, and now they are coming here to kill all the women and children!" The ladies were all terrified by her incoherent and exaggerated statement, and Dr. Percy cried out: "For shame! Mrs. Gibson; do you not know that Mrs. Legaré's husband and son are both in Charlestown, and you will frighten her to death with your wild talk?" Mrs. Gibson replied, addressing Mrs. Legaré: "Why, bless you, good woman! I have a husband and *four sons* in the army at Charlestown, and God only knows if any of them are still alive, for I have not heard from them."

A few days after, Mrs. Gibson received the information that her husband and four sons had *all* been killed during the siege of Charlestown. And thus, the poor woman was, by one stroke left alone—widowed and childless. Alas! what sorrows follow in the train of war!

After the fall of Charleston, Mr. Legaré again became a prisoner on parole. At first, the British authorities were very mild in their treatment of their prisoners, hoping thus to win them to submission; and Mr. Legaré obtained permission, in the month of June, to go and visit his family, from whom he had not heard for several months. To do this, he was obliged to *walk* all the way up to his plantation in St. John's Berkeley, where he found them all well and still in possession of an abundance of the necessaries of life. But the next morning after his arrival, a troop of "Tarlton's brutal corps," as they had been justly stigmatized for their ferocious character, rode up to the door and took from them everything eatable that they could find in the house. In vain the ladies pleaded to have some provisions left for them, and Mr. Legaré, taking his own children and Dr. Percy's children, carried them all out to the commanding officer, and asked him if he would leave all these little ones to starve. Coldly eyeing the group of children, the officer replied with an oath, "Rebels had better starve than the king's troops."

Finding that starvation only awaited them there now, Mr. Legaré and Dr. Percy determined to remove their families to Charlestown. But as smallpox was then an epidemic in the town, they had every member of the household innoculated, who had not previously had that dire disease; after which, they all embarked on board of a schooner, and thus the entire party returned to Charleston.

Mr. Legaré's town residence was occupied by

British officers, and he was obliged to take his family to Mrs. Ellis's house in Broad Street, was afterwards owned and occupied by the Misses Ramsay. On the first floor of this house several British officers were quartered, and among them, Dr. Turnbull, who was a native of Greece, but at that time attached to the British army. In the upper part of the house old Mrs. Ellis was allowed to remain, and the house being large, Mr. Legaré's family there found a resting place for a season. There they all had the small-pox, and there Mr. Legaré was taken sick with the country fever, which he had contracted in his walk through the sickly country up to St. John's Berkeley. After awhile they were all restored to health, excepting Mr. Legaré, who continued to suffer through the summer from paroxysms of fever.

The situation of the citizens of Charlestown became very trying at this time. Dr. Ramsay, in his Revolutionary History, says:

"The common soldiers of the British army, from their sufferings and services during the siege, conceived themselves entitled to a licensed plunder of the town. That their murmurings might be soothed, the officers connived at their reimbursing themselves for their fatigues and dangers at the expense of the citizens. Every private house had one or more of the officers or privates of the royal army quartered upon them. In providing for their comfort, or accommodation, very little attention was paid to the convenience of families. The insolence and disorderly conduct of persons thus forced upon the citizens, were, in many instances, intolerable to freemen

heretofore accustomed to be masters in their own houses." "For slight offences, and on partial and insufficient information citizens were confined by the orders of Lieut. Col. Nisbit Balfour, one of the commandants, and that often without any trial. The place allotted for securing them being the middle part of the cellar under the Exchange, was called the Provost. The dampness of this unwholsome spot, together with the want of a fire-place, caused among the sufferers some deaths, and much sickness. In it the American State-prisoner, and the British felon shared the same fate. The former, though, for the most part, charged with nothing more than an active execution of the laws of the State, or of having spoken words disrespectful, or injurious to the British officers, or government, or of corresponding with the Americans, suffered indignities and distress in common with those who were accused of crimes tending to subvert the peace and existence of society."

Dr. Ramsay farther states, that: "On the 27th of August, thirty-six of the citizens"—whose names he gives along with his own name—"were taken up early in the morning out of their houses and beds, by armed men, and brought to the Exchange, from whence, when they were collected together, they were removed to the Sandwich guard-ship, and in a few days transported to St. Augustine. The *manner* in which the order was executed was not less painful to the feelings of gentlemen, than the order itself was inglorious to the rights of prisoners entitled to the benefits of a capitulation. Guards were left at

their respective houses. The private papers of some of them were examined. Reports were immediately circulated to their disadvantage, and every circumstance managed so as to give a general impression that they were apprehended for violating their paroles, and for concerting a scheme for burning the town and massacreing the loyal subjects."—Page 370.

Dr. David Ramsay's first wife was the grand-daughter of old Mrs. Ellis. She died childless—he afterwards married a daughter of Henry Laurens, the statesman of Revolutionary fame; but at that time he was a widower, and lived next door to the house in which Mrs. Ellis lived, with whom Mr. Legaré and his family were then residing. And, when the British soldiers went to arrest Dr. Ramsay, as stated above, the ladies of Mr. Legaré's family were assembled in an upper balcony of Mrs. Ellis's house, looking on, and of course, sympathizing deeply with their oppressed and insulted fellow-citizen and friend. Among these ladies stood a Mrs. Gordon, who was on a visit to them. This lady was herself a native of England, and had become notorious for the unfeminine fearlessness with which she upbraided the British officers and soldiers for their injustice and cruelty to their prisoners; and, of course, she soon became herself an object of persecution. When Dr. Ramsay came out of his house with a small bundle of clothing under his arm, and surrounded by *twelve armed soldiers*, Mrs. Gordon called out aloud: "Only look at that! *twelve* armed British soldiers to carry *one* poor rebel across the street! O you dastardly cowards!" The soldiers looked up at the balcony

and cursed her. The ladies all implored her to be quiet, and not to exasperate their enemies by such remarks, and old Mrs. Glado said to old Mrs. Ellis: "If you do not turn that wretched woman out of this house, *her tongue* will bring us all into trouble." Mrs. Gordon replied: "O you chicken-hearted set of patriots! Well, if I cannot talk here, I will go where I can talk—good morning ladies!" and away she went.

Sure enough, Mrs. Gordon's tongue did bring them trouble, for the next morning before breakfast, a party of British soldiers entered Mr. Legaré's bedroom to arrest him, also, and carry him to the Provost prison. Mr. Legaré was sick in bed with the fever, and told them that he was too sick to go. They replied roughly: "Come, come, none of your excuses." Mr. Legaré immediately dressed himself, took leave of his distressed family, and accompanied the guard to the prison-vault, where his sufferings as an invalid were very great. Old Mrs. Ellis sunk into despondency under this last trial. The next day she visited Mr. Legaré in the prison, and, putting a large sum of money into his hands, she said to him: "Now that they have taken from me my last earthly props, Dr. Ramsay and yourself—I will go home and die." Then, after having taken an affecting leave of her dear nephew, to whom she was greatly attached, Mrs. Ellis went back to her house, and a few days after gently passed away and went to her eternal rest in heaven.

Nor did Mrs. Gordon altogether escape. On the same day that Mr. Legaré was arrested, a party of

soldiers were sent to arrest her. She heard they were in pursuit of her, and hastily put on her hat to go out and seek a place of concealment for herself. As the soldiers reached the door of the house in which she was living and knocked for admittance, she opened it. They asked: "Does one Mrs. Gordon live here?" Mrs. Gordon replied: "You had better *go inside* and inquire there." And while they walked in she walked out on fleet feet, and concealed herself so effectually in the house of a friend, that they never found her.

In the autumn of the same year, Mr. Legaré was removed from the Provost prison, and sent on board of one of the prison ships anchored in the harbor, along with his son, Lieut. James Legaré, Mr. John Bee Holmes, Mr. John Edwards, Mr. Job Palmer, Rev. Mr. Edmonds, and many others. As usual on such occasions, a great crowd of citizens assembled to see them leave the wharf in boats, and among the rest were a number of ladies. Just as the prisoners, sad and dispirited, were moving off from the shore, while the crowd looked on in solemn silence and tears, Miss Martin (who afterwards married Captain Lewis Ogier), ascended to the top of the earthen fortification at the foot of the wharf, took off her bonnet and waived it high in the air, exclaiming: "Courage! my brave countrymen! keep up your spirits! there are better days ahead!" The prisoners, aroused from their sadness, answered with three loud cheers, which the crowd took up and repeated. But this proceeding enraged the British officers and soldiers, who were doing all they

could to crush out the patriotism of their prisoners, and some were for proceeding to violence, but were restrained by those in command, and so the patriotic young girl escaped with only curses against her rebel spirit—a spirit which, nevertheless, seemed to flourish most when most trampled upon, as a Southern matron told a British officer.

The prison-ships of the British were anchored in the harbor of Charleston, between Castle Pinckney and Sullivan's Island, and there they remained till the following June, when the ships were ordered on to Virginia by the British authorities in Charleston, who circulated the statement that the prisoners were sent to Virginia to be exchanged; but what their *real intention was* in sending them away, will soon appear by the result.

After Mr. Legaré had been removed to the ship in the harbor, his family left the town and went to the plantation on John's Island, and from thence Mrs. Legaré went once in every fortnight to visit her husband aboard of the prison-ship. These little voyages she performed in a small row-boat, accompanied by her sons Thomas and Solomon, then young lads about fourteen and ten years of age. Mrs. Legaré had always been exceedingly afraid of rough water, but now, duty and affection overcame the strength of her fear, and led her to hazard this sometimes dangerous navigation for a little boat, for the gratification of seeing and conversing with her husband and son for a few hours. And as long as she was permitted to visit them, she kept up her spirits with heroic fortitude under all her other trials.

At length, however, a stop was put to even this occasional intercourse, which had then been carried on for six months. Some of the ladies from Charlestown, who visited the prison-ships, had very imprudently, and as unseasonably, taken music along with them, and had tried to get up a dance with some of the American prisoners, on board of one of the ships. This proceeding was intended as a defiance from them to the enemy; but it was as unwise a measure as it was an ill-timed amusement, and it reacted upon themselves and others in painful effects; for the British, angered by such conduct in the few, forbade any farther intercourse between the prisoners and their families. Nor were ladies ever after allowed to go aboard of any prison-ship.

Ignorant of the recent prohibition, Mrs. Legaré went as usual to visit her husband and son in Charleston harbor, but when she arrived alongside of the prison-ship, was denied the privilege of seeing them. In vain she pleaded that she had never offended, or mingled with the dancing people. The officers said they were sorry for *her* disappointment, but their orders excluded *every lady*, and they could make no exception in her favor. Then Mrs. Legaré was obliged to return to her home on John's Island, sick at heart and filled with agonizing fears for the safety of her husband and son. This disappointment, together with the fatigue and exposure for so many hours to the heat of a meridian sun in the month of May, brought on a violent fever, and when she reached the plantation, she was put into bed extremely ill. For weeks she continued so ill that her recovery

was despaired of. Old Miss Glado, who had always nursed her in sickness so tenderly and faithfully, had recently died, and to complete their distress, her two little daughters, Catharine and Mary, were also taken ill with country fever. But kind neighbors and faithful servants nursed them day and night throughout this severe ordeal.

Just at this juncture—"in May, 1781, a general exchange of prisoners was agreed to, in which the militia on both sides were respectively exchanged for each other. Notwithstanding every difficulty, a considerable number of the inhabitants had perseveringly refused to become British subjects. These being exchanged were delivered at the American ports of Virginia and Pennsylvania. Great were the exultations of the suffering friends of Independence, at the prospect of being released from confinement and restored to activity in their country's cause, but these pleasing prospects were obscured by the distress brought upon their *families* by this otherwise desirable event, for they were all ordered to quit the town and province before the first day of August next."—Ramsay's History of the Revolution.

The prison-ship in which Mr. Legaré and his son were confined, was ordered to sail for Virginia in June, 1781. A few days before the ship left the harbor, Mr. John Freer went to Charleston and obtained permission to visit Mr. Legaré, when he used every argument in his power to persuade Mr. Legaré to take protection from the British, and return to his family. Mr. Legaré maintained that the Americans were engaged in a just and righteous

cause, and that God would yet help them to establish their Independence—nor would he forsake the cause of his suffering country. Mr. Freer then told him of the illness of his wife and daughters, and of the probability there was that he would never again see them, if he persisted in his determination. This information was a heavy blow to Mr. Legaré, and moved him to tears, but still he continued firm, and Mr. Freer, at his request, returned to Charleston and obtained permission for Mr. Legaré to visit his family.

The British Commandant sent to the ship for Mr. Legaré, and giving him a passport, told him to go and visit his family on John's Island. Mr. Legaré inquired to what time his absence from the ship must be limited. The Commandant replied: "You are aware, Mr. Legaré, that the ship is to leave the harbor to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and I depend upon *your honor* to return in time to go in her to Virginia." Mr. Legaré left Charleston immediately, and arrived on the plantation in the evening. As he entered his wife's bed-room a sad spectacle met his view—in one bed lay his two little daughters, both very ill, and on the other side of the room in another bed, lay his unconscious wife. A faithful servant, Chloe, was bending over her with tender solicitude, and bathing her fevered temples with cold water, while two kind friends, Mrs. St. John and Mrs. William Stanyarne, were administering to the wants of his suffering children.

Mrs. Legaré had been in a stupor for hours, from which they had found it impossible to awaken her to

consciousness, but the sound of her husband's voice calling to her in accents of tenderness and love, aroused her to consciousness—she opened her eyes and recognized him, and from that moment she began to revive. Mr. Legaré sat and watched by her side until the day began to dawn, when he told her that he was then obliged to leave and return to the ship before she sailed out of the harbor. Shocked at this information, Mrs. Legaré looked up into her husband's face with an expression of anguish, asking: "Oh, can you go and leave me thus?" But, recollecting in a moment that she was urging him thus to break his pledged word of honor, she added with heroic fortitude: "Yes, my husband; go, go at the call of duty and honor; and may God be with you!"

Having committed his loved ones to the care of his and their heavenly Father, and having taken a very sad leave of them, fearing that they would never meet again in this world, Mr. Legaré with an aching heart, set out on his return to the prison-ship. But, after he had gone a mile or two from home, while his heart was engaged in fervent prayer to God, a passage of Scripture was applied to his soul with such power as to raise him from his depression, and he was comforted with a firm assurance that *all would end well*, and that he should be again restored to his family in safety.

Mr. Legaré afterwards told this, and added the assertion: "That he had never, from that hour again had a doubt or a feeling of despondency about his family's restoration to health, so greatly was his faith and hope strengthened."

True faith in God's promises always puts men upon using the means which lie within their power for the accomplishment of those promises, and if they do not do this, they tempt God rather than trust Him, for God usually works by men and means.

According to this principle, Mr. Legaré was desirous of having his family removed to the city till the sickly season should be over, therefore he went first to Charlestown and called to see Dr. Turnbull, who was still living in the house that had belonged to old Mrs. Ellis, which house she had in her will bequeathed to Mr. Legaré. Mr. Legaré requested Dr. Turnbull to allow his family to occupy the third story as they had done before. Dr. Turnbull acknowledged that it was a hard case for a man to be denied admittance to *his own house*, under such circumstances, but, he added: "It is more than I dare do to bring them here, for it would certainly bring me into collision with the British authorities. But, if you can get lodging for them elsewhere in the town, I will attend your family as their physican, and do all in my power to assist them."

Mr. Legaré's time was too limited to admit of his doing more than calling upon an old friend, Mrs. Roupelle, whom he requested to hire rooms for his family, if it were possible to obtain them in the crowded town. And Mr. Freer undertook to bring them to Charlestown as soon as lodgings could be procured. Mr. Legaré then returned to the prison-ship and sailed in her to Virginia.

Mrs. Roupelle immediately set out in search of lodgings for Mrs. Legaré, and after much difficulty

succeeded in obtaining but one small room near her own house—which was at the corner of Tradd and Friend streets, and already crowded by British officers quartered there. And to this one room, Mr. Freer conveyed the sick family of Mr. Legaré. Mrs. Legaré, her two sick little daughters, and two young sons, were all crowded into that one room, just large enough to hold three beds and one table in the midst. Two faithful female servants, Chloe and Phillis, who were both devotedly attached to the family, had accompanied them from the country and still nursed them faithfully. But the weather was exceedingly hot, and Dr. Turnbull said Mrs. Legaré would certainly die if she continued in that place. Mrs. Roupelle and another friend, therefore, went again in pursuit of more comfortable lodgings, and at length succeeded in obtaining two rooms in King street, to which Mrs. Legaré and her children were again removed.

Thus Mrs. Legaré—who was the owner of a large property and really the mistress of three large houses in the town, then occupied by British officers, with the greatest difficulty, procured a miserable lodging place for herself and children in their extremity. Such were the trials of that day! But how little do those who are surrounded by all the luxuries and elegancies of life, ever realize what our ancestors endured, or even pause to think of the trials, privations and sufferings which *they* cheerfully submitted to, in order to secure that civil and religious liberty, which we are now enjoying.

Scarcely had Mrs. Legaré recovered from the

country fever before she and her children were ordered into exile—to leave the town and province and go to Pennsylvania, along with many other families of those gentlemen whom they had sent to Virginia as prisoners, to be exchanged. Mrs. Legaré's two faithful servants, Chloe and Phillis, immediately begged her to take them along with her, to which she gladly assented. And in the month of July. Mrs. Legaré and her four children—Thomas, Solomon, Catharine and Mary, together with the two servants who smuggled themselves into the ship, and with a large number of other ladies and children, were all compelled to embark and crowded aboard of an *old leaky vessel*, which was put under the command of a man almost wholly ignorant of sea-navigation. In this piteous condition the vessel was sent off to Philadelphia, and there is no doubt that the British authorities in Charlestown, thus arranged every particular of this inhuman proceeding with the deliberate design that the vessel should be wrecked, and all on board of her be drowned in the ocean. But God took care of them and in His good providence defeated the intentions of the enemy, for they were carried through all the dangers they encountered safely into their destined port.

Among these helpless and distressed exiles from their own homes was the family of Mr. Job Palmer; Mrs. Palmer was in daily expectation of her accouchment, and pleaded to be allowed to remain at her home for only a few weeks longer. But regardless alike of her pitiable situation and her tearful entreaties, she was compelled to embark for Philadelphia at once.

They had a most dangerous voyage, during which they encountered much stormy weather, which frightened the Captain in command so greatly, that he begged an aged *sea-captain* who was on board of the vessel, to take his place and command the ship. This old sea-captain was himself one of the exiles who had been driven from Charlestown by the British, and he, after some hearty curses upon the enemy for their brutality to helpless women and children, and upon the "land-lubber of a Captain," who had undertaken a responsibility that he was utterly incompetent to fulfil, took command and succeeded in guiding the crazy vessel through its perils into the port of Philadelphia. Shortly after the arrival of the exiles in Philadelphia, the Rev. Benjamin Palmer, D. D., (since pastor of the Circular Church, in Charleston, S. C.,) was born, while his mother was an exile in a strange city, and his father, in company with Mr. Legaré and others, were making the best progress they could back to Charleston. under the impression that their families were still there, where, some weeks before. they had left them.

We will now return to the prison-ship on board of which these gentlemen had been sent in the month of June, as was said, to be exchanged as prisoners of war in Virginia. But when the ship arrived at the mouth of James river, the prisoners were all landed on a desolate sand-bank, which was separated from the main land by a wide and deep channel of water. The prisoners remonstrated against such a *murderous* proceeding, and claimed their rights as prisoners of war. But the command-

er of the ship declared that such had been his *private instructions*, and he dared not disobey them. And on that desolate sand-bank, out of sight and hearing of assistance from the land, the ship left them all, without a drop of water or a mouthful of food. The prisoners, seeing nothing before them but the horrors of starvation, gave themselves up for lost. Most of them sat down in despair, but Mr. Legaré's faith and hope in God's help led him to expect deliverance, and set him to searching out some means of deliverance or escape from their perilous position. Taking his son and Mr. Palmer with him, he walked all around the bank, and at length discovered the end of a small boat projecting out of the sand on the beach, on the side next to the shore. They three dug the boat out and found it sound and water-tight, with the exception of one hole in the bottom made by a bullet fired through it. They stopped the hole with some of their clothing, and then the whole party escaped from the sand-bank to the main land, crossing the intervening channel two or three at a time. Once on the soil of Virginia, they soon found friends both willing and able to assist them.

As soon afterwards as they could procure horses, Mr. Legaré, his son, Lieut. James Legaré, Mr. Palmer, Mr. John Bee Holmes, and Mr. John Edwards, set off together to return by land to Charleston, S. C., supposing that their families were still living there. And they reached Goosecreek, S. C., before they had received any tidings from home, and there they met Mrs. William Elliott. Mrs. Elliott was

the last friend Mr. Legaré had spoken to when he was leaving his native State some weeks before, and now she was the first he met on his return to Carolina. On meeting them, Mrs. Elliott exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Legaré! where are you going to? Do you know, gentlemen, that the British have exiled all of your families, and sent them all to Philadelphia by sea?" And then she related the particulars of the proceeding to them. Shocked at this information, and remembering the perfidious and cruel treatment which they had themselves just received from the enemy, they were filled with the most anxious solicitude for the safety of their loved ones. Bidding their sympathizing friend, Mrs. Elliott, a sad adieu, they immediately turned their horses' heads, and, with heavy hearts, commenced to retrace their steps northward.

They had not proceeded far on their way before they met Governor Rutledge, who invited them to ride up to his plantation and refresh themselves before they went farther, which they did, resting only a few hours, and declining his pressing invitation to stay longer, on account of the intense anxiety they felt to know the fate of their families. Governor Rutledge delivered to Mr. Legaré's care some government papers, which he requested him to deliver to Congress at the State House in Philadelphia. And then they started afresh on their journey.

While they were traveling through Virginia, they met a number of gentlemen assembled at a public house for the transaction of business, with whom

they were invited to dine. During the social conversation at the dinner-table, some of the Virginians were expressing a wish for certain table luxuries which the war-times denied them, and Mr. Legaré replied to them: "Well, the greatest luxury which I crave now is a fine apple and a slice of good wheaten bread and butter, neither of which have I tasted for many months." One of the gentlemen present, who was a perfect stranger to Mr. Legaré, immediately said to him: "If you will do me the favor, sir, of accompanying me to my plantation this evening, you and your traveling companions shall have both at breakfast to-morrow morning." Mr. Legaré thanked him for his kind invitation, but, hearing that they must go three miles out of their road to accept of it, he courteously declined it on that account. But the gentleman urged their acceptance of the invitation so much, that they felt constrained to accompany him to his home, and were sumptuously entertained that night in his handsome residence by himself and family.

The next morning his polite host requested Mr. Legaré to accompany him to his stable, and asked him to point out the horse which he considered the best. Mr. Legaré then pointed out a beautiful animal as the finest horse there. And the gentleman responded: "Now, sir, you must do me the favor to accept of that horse—I perceive that you are badly mounted for a journey, and your tired horse will never carry you to Philadelphia." Mr. Legaré thanked him for his kindness, but insisted that he could not take the handsome horse. "Then, sir, if

you will not accept of that horse, choose another, for a horse from my stable you must and shall have." Finding his host so much in earnest, Mr. Legaré told him that he would gratefully accept of a strong but less valuable horse, on condition that he would receive his note for the value of the horse, which note Mr. Legaré would pay whenever he should recover his property out of the hands of the enemy. The gentleman consented to the arrangement, and Mr. Legaré was accordingly mounted on a fine, strong horse. They then bade adieu to their kind host—but in parting he presented Mr. Legaré with a letter of introduction to his father-in-law, whose door they must pass the next evening.

This gentleman also received them with great kindness, and insisted on their spending the night under his roof. And the next morning when they were taking leave, their host put a large sum of money into Mr. Legaré's hand, telling him that it had been sent there for him. Mr. Legaré replied: "My dear sir! this is too much kindness—it overpowers me; Indeed, I cannot receive this!" His host replied: "But, indeed, sir, you *must* take it—my son-in-law sent it for you, and has charged me not to let you go without it. He says, you have still a long journey before you, and he is sure that you will need it before you reach Philadelphia." Deeply affected by the kindness and delicacy of these stranger-friends, Mr. Legaré thankfully accepted the money, which they greatly needed. This sum of money paid the expenses of the whole party of five gentlemen all the way to Philadelphia. And after

Mr. Legaré's return to Carolina, he refunded both this sum and the value of the horse, with many thanks to the kind friends whom Providence had raised up for him in a strange region, and in an hour of very great need.

It is greatly to be regretted that the *names* of these two gentlemen are involved in some uncertainty in the minds of those *now living*, who received the recital from the lips of two of the traveling party, and therefore, we reluctantly forbear giving them.

As soon as they reached Philadelphia, Mr. Legaré rode directly to the State House and delivered the papers intrusted to his care by Governor Rutledge. And there he found out from some of the gentlemen where their several families had obtained lodgings in the city, and then, very soon, each and every one of them was in the midst of his own loved ones, who were overjoyed at their arrival.

During the residence of these exiled families in Philadelphia their difficulties and trials were very great, and they were often reduced to want—for be it remembered, that all their property and resources were in the hands of their enemies, and all communication between them and friends at home was cut off. But God took care of them, watched over them and in many ways provided for their necessities, as they afterwards testified.

Many were the merciful provisions and interpositions of Divine Providence, in behalf of Mr. Legaré's family in their times of extremity, some of which we will here relate for the encouragement of *those*

who put their trust in God, and yet may be reduced to the like straits for the trial of their faith, for many such there are at this day.

On one occasion, Mr. Legaré went to market and expended the last piece of money he had, to purchase a dinner for his family, not knowing from whence the next day's provision would come. He was returning home feeling anxious about it, and *mentally* engaged in prayer, when he met General Robertdeau. Mr. Legaré had corresponded with this gentleman on church matters, before the war began, but they were *personally* unknown to each other till Mr. Legaré's arrival in Philadelphia, when General Robertdeau called to see Mr. Legaré, and renewed the acquaintance in person. General Robertdeau on this day, stopped Mr. Legaré in the street and said to him: "My friend, situated as you are, with all of your property in the hands of the enemy, and your family in a strange city, I am sure you must be in need of funds; allow me, therefore, the pleasure of contributing to your present necessity with this sum." And so saying he put some gold pieces into the hand of Mr. Legaré, who gratefully received it, acknowledging that he had just expended the last cent he had.

When the above supply gave out, the family were again reduced to want, and then there came a Mr. Gilbert from New Jersey, who brought Mr. Legaré a large sum of money, saying to him: "Mr. Legaré, some years ago I went to Carolina a poor man, in want, and without friends. But you, pitying my circumstances, allowed me to cut ship-timber on your

land and build myself a ship, and afterwards you refused to take a cent from me in payment of that timber. Little did I think then that you would ever need my aid, or that I should ever have it in my power to return kindness to you. But *now*, Providence has given me such an opportunity—I am well off in the world, have enough and to spare—and you must receive this money, for it is only your due." Here was an illustration of a Bible precept with a promise attached to it: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Again—after all that money was expended, Mr. Legaré's family was reduced to great necessity, and he tried to borrow money from the Treasury. They agreed to lend the money, provided, that when he should return to Carolina, he would leave the two slaves he had in Philadelphia, Chloe and Phillis, as hostages until the money was returned to the Treasury. But, when they were asked if they were willing to stay in Philadelphia, both Chloe and Phillis refused to be left, saying—they would either go back *with* their mistress to Carolina, or run away and *go after her* as soon as they could. And their master and mistress told them not to distress themselves about it—for *they* would trust God to provide for them in some other way, rather than have them there against their own will, especially too, after all their faithfulness and devotion to the family in their times of suffering and distress. This assurance comforted them, but Mrs. Legaré's spirits were greatly depressed about their sad condition, and she began to weep.

On the contrary, Mr. Legaré expressed a very strong assurance that their Covenant God, who had already done such strange things for their relief, would again manifest His care for them in some way or other, through and by His providence. And he said with a smile to Mrs. Legaré: "Dry your tears, my dear wife, and be hopeful, for 'the Lord will provide!'" While he was thus trying to comfort his fainting companion in tribulation, they heard a knocking at the street door. Mr. Legaré opened the door himself and saw a gentleman, then holding a public office in Philadelphia, who said to him: "Mr. Legaré, a large sum of money has been forwarded for you, from Carolina—I do not know who sent it, but by calling at my office you will receive it."

This sum of money not only supplied their present necessity, but was sufficient to pay all their expenses in traveling back to Carolina, as well as to provide the wagons and horses that were needed to convey the family to their home in the South. But it was not till after their return to Carolina, that they could find out from whom the money came—and then they heard from Mr. John Freer, the following singular history of it:

After Mr. Legaré's family left the plantation on John's Island, and went to reside in Charleston, most of the negroes continued to work the lands under Mr. Freer's direction, and made a very large crop of corn. As soon as the crop was harvested, the British sent an officer with a party of soldiers, to take it all away from them. The negroes told the British that the corn belonged to Mr. Freer, and

they sent to call Mr. Freer, who immediately went to the spot and claimed the corn. He told the British officer that he had loaned the provisions to these negroes, and therefore the crop properly belonged to himself. The officer replied: "That as Mr. Freer was a loyal subject to the king, he would pay him the value of the corn, provided Mr. Freer could bring a proper witness to prove his claim." And instantly one of the British soldiers in the party, who was an entire stranger to Mr. Freer, started up and said: "I will swear to the fact! for I know that the whole crop belongs to Mr. Freer." On this assertion, the officer, without farther demur, paid Mr. Freer in gold, the full value of the whole crop; and this was the money which had been so mysteriously forwarded by Mr. Freer, through a government conveyance, to Mr. Legaré in Philadelphia, and which proved such a merciful provision for the family in a time of great need.

Thus, through various instrumentalities, and in wonderful ways, did God, in his providence, supply the wants of his trusting children, under their many and severe trials. And finally he brought them home in safety from their wanderings as exiles, and restored to them the most of their possessions.

Shortly after Mr. Legaré had received the last named sum of money, the inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia were aroused at midnight by the joyful cries of the watchmen in every direction, proclaiming the news of the defeat of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Virginia, which occurred October 19th,

1781—and which event virtually closed the war. The watchmen received the news from the lips of the express courier, who came with dispatches from General Washington to the government, and rode through the city to the State House, at that hour proclaiming and repeating in a loud voice as he passed along the streets—"Cornwallis is taken! Cornwallis is taken!" The watchmen along the streets caught up the joyful news and shouted it forth again in their loudest tones, till the streets echoed and re-echoed the joyful sounds. The Dutch watchman, who was stationed under Mr. Legaré's window, bawled out in broken English: "Half-bast twelfe o'clock! and Gornwallis e daken!" Mr. Legaré instantly leaped from his bed, and raised the window-sash, asking: "What ho! friend, did you say that Cornwallis is taken prisoner?" "Yaw!" responded the Dutchman, and then burst out into a merry Dutch song.

In less than a half-hour the whole city was in commotion; bells were ringing merrily, cannon firing off a salute, persons running to and fro, and acclamations of joy were heard on every side.

And then quickly the exiled families began to prepare for their journey homeward. Mr. Legaré purchased two large wagons and teams to convey his family and servants back to Carolina. The wagon in which his family rode, Mr. Legaré drove himself, and his son Thomas drove the baggage wagon—Lieut. James Legaré had joined General Washington's army as soon as he had reached Pennsylvania, and remained in that division of the army till peace was declared, and the army was disbanded.

Several others of the exiled families—among these was the family of Dr. Joseph Johnson's parents, he being at that time quite young, but old enough to remember all these details—joined Mr. Legaré's family in their return journey to Carolina—all of them riding in wagons, which was indeed, the only way in which they could travel at that time. And thus they formed a traveling caravan in the day, and at night they encamped by the road-side, or in the woods, all keeping near together for their mutual protection. The ladies and children slept in their wagons, and one of the party with the dogs, kept guard and watched the camp around while the others slept.

Traveling in this style they came all the way from Philadelphia, and reached their homes in South Carolina in perfect safety.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Legaré lived for many years after their return to South Carolina, at the close of the war. Mrs. Legaré died in February, 1798, aged sixty-three years. An account of her life and death has already been given in the foregoing pages. Mr. Legaré only survived his wife three years. About a year after her death, their youngest son, Solomon, (Hon. Hugh Swinton Legaré's father) died, after lingering for many weeks through a nervous fever, and left a widow and three small children. Mr. Legaré constantly wept over the death of this child, concerning whom he refused to be comforted. This constant weeping brought on a disease of the throat, which ended his days two years after his son's death, and prevented his either swallowing nourishment,

or articulating a word for days before his death. Mr. Legaré died A. D. 1801, aged sixty-eight years. Mr. Legaré's death was soon followed by that of his eldest daughter, Catharine—who was a great-granddaughter of the Huguenot Legaré, and second wife of the Rev. Isaac Stockton Keith, D. D. This lady died two years after her father's death, at the age of thirty, and as her husband wrote to his sister, "of a consumption of the nervous class, under which she languished till the 15th May, 1803, when, on the morning of the Lord's day, she left me and her other relatives and friends here in the house of mourning, and triumphantly entered upon the enjoyment of that everlasting Sabbath, which is celebrated by the spirits of the just made perfect in glory. To her, 'to die was indeed gain,' but to me, how great is the loss!" Her husband adds in the same letter: "And under the influence of a steadfast faith, and lively hope in Christ, and in the cheering prospect of that eternal life, which God has in and through Christ promised to believers, she was enabled to view the certain, steady, solemn approach of death, with an undismayed heart; and not only so, but with an ardent desire to depart that she might be with her Saviour and God. At different times within the week before her death, she said: 'O that the blessed hour were come! O that it might be this night, or this moment, if such were the will of God, for then I shall be happy, happy, happy!'"—See *Keith's Works*, page 269.

Mrs. Keith was death-struck on Thursday, when immediately a powerful death-sweat burst from every

pore, and fell from her face and hands in large drops, wetting her clothes so thoroughly that she desired her sister, (now Mrs. Kinsey Burden,) to bring her a change of clothing. But when she returned with them to the bed-side, Mrs. Keith, with the utmost calmness said: "Let it alone, Polly; Mrs. Thomas says it is not worth while disturbing me now, to change, for it will soon be over, she thinks"—meaning that she would soon expire: but she lingered in death till the following Sabbath morning. On Saturday night Miss Legaré, leaving her cousin, Miss Hendlin and other friends with her sister, retired to seek repose in another room, and returned about day light. On entering she saw her sister lying with her eyes closed and her hands clasped, apparently in prayer, but perceiving by her hurried breathing that the tide of life was ebbing fast, she placed her hand upon the dying pulse. As she did so, Mrs. Keith opened her eyes and said: "Polly, my throat is very sore; go down stairs, my dear sister, and prepare a mop to wash it."

Miss Legaré hurried off to do what her sister had requested, and returning with the mop found her lying in the same position. Mrs. Keith again opened her eyes, and looking tenderly at her sister, said: "What, have you returned so soon? Go, my dear, and tell Dr. Keith that he will not be able to preach to-day, but ask him to write and request Dr. Hollingshead to pray for a speedy dismissal for me."

Miss Legaré then saw that her sister wished to spare her the sight of her last struggle, and running hastily to Dr. Keith's study, she exclaimed: "Come,

quickly, Dr. Keith; our dear Kitty is now going rapidly!" Then hastening back to the chamber of death, entered it as her sister expired—aged thirty.

Twenty-seven years after the death of Mrs. Keith, the summons of death next arrived for her eldest surviving brother, Mr. James Legaré, who had, for many years, lived a godly life, as a member of the church of Christ, and a zealous and devoted officer of the churches with which he was personally connected.

He died of paralysis, combined with cancerous affections of his system, under which his physical sufferings were intense, and his mental powers much impaired. The actings of his mind towards the last were disordered, and at times he appeared unable to penetrate the gloom of the dark valley through which he passed down to Jordan's stream. The day before he died, being very restless, an old friend at his bedside, asked what ailed him, to which he replied: "Oh! I am passing through the dark, dark valley of the shadow of death." Some time after he said: "I have now got to the end of that dark valley, and again behold the sun of righteousness!" He evinced much concern about the salvation of his only surviving son, who had not then professed faith in Christ, as his daughter had, and taking his hand between his own hands, he cried: "Take hold on Jesus, my son"—and, "O James, be faithful, be faithful, be faithful to the Church, as I have been!"

He died January, 1830—aged sixty-eight.

Next followed his younger brother, Mr. Thomas Legaré, who had also been a Christian for many

years, and was long an active member and officer of the churches with which he was personally connected, both in the city and in the country. He also died after a lingering illness of some months, under which his sufferings were very great, and his mental powers greatly impaired. He departed this life in July, 1842, aged seventy-six.

The youngest and last surviving child of Mr. Thomas Legaré and his wife Eliza Basnett—Mary Legaré, who was afterwards Mrs. Kinsey Burden, Sr., survived her brother Thomas ten years, and died on the 12th of June, 1852, aged seventy-seven years.

This lady was still-born and supposed to be dead: she was, therefore, laid aside for burial; while the sister, who was twinned with her, being a fine, strong, healthy-looking child, was carefully dressed and nursed. Some time after, the nurse heard a feeble, little cry, like that of a kitten's, proceeding from the little still-born infant, and found that it was alive. She laid it upon a pillow, for it was too small to be carried about in any other way; and being too feeble to nurse, milk was dropped into its mouth from a spoon for some weeks before it became able to take its nourishment in the usual way. In this way, the little Mary, who was small enough at her birth to be held in a quart-mug, survived through the perils of a feeble infancy, while her larger and healthy-looking twin-sister died a few hours after her birth. And though so feeble in her infancy, that same little Mary afterwards enjoyed a great share of health and strength through a long life of seventy-seven years,

and outlived every other member of her father's family.

Some weeks before Mrs. Mary Legaré Burden's last sickness, she told her husband, Mr. Kinsey Burden, Sr., that the time of her departure was at hand, and requested him to remove her at once from the plantation on John's Island, to the house of her daughter, Mrs. Eliza Fludd, in Charleston, under whose roof she wished to die. She was then in her usual health, but her husband complied immediately with her request, and accordingly, she arrived at her daughter's house, in Charleston, about the middle of May. On meeting her daughter, she said: "Well, my darling child, according to my promise, I have come to you to die, for I *know* that the hour of my departure is near at hand." She was cheerful, well enough to attend church on the next Sabbath and to take a daily drive in her carriage, yet still insisted that the hour of her departure from earth was near, and spoke frequently of the heavenly joy in reserve for the people of God. On the last Sabbath of her life she attended church services in the Circular Church where she heard a stranger minister preach a delightful sermon on the subject of the family relation on earth, as ordained of God, to be typical of the whole family of God in Heaven.

This sermon made such a deep and pleasing impression on her mind as led her to speak of it several times to her children and grandchildren. The next day she was taken sick with symptoms which soon ended in pneumonia, and closed her earthly life in a few days. The evening before her death, seeing

everyone of her children and grandchildren assembled in her room, with a loving smile she called them around her bed and took leave of them all—again she referred to the sermon she had heard but a few days before, and expressed the hope that when we all should meet again in Heaven—it would be as an unbroken family circle, "around the throne of God in glory"—from which none would be absent, who was then present. She then admonished them all to love each other, to bear with each other's failings and never to allow anything whatever to enter among them as a separating wedge to divide the family. Then giving them her blessing, she ceased speaking from exhaustion. A night of great physical suffering ensued, and at sunrise the next morning she expired. The following truthful obituary notice is taken from the Charleston papers, and was written by her pastor, on John's Island—the Rev. A. Flinn Dickson:

"OBITUARY.—Departed this life on Saturday, the 12th of June, 1852, in Charleston, in the seventy-seventh year of her age, Mrs. Mary L. Burden, wife of Mr. Kinsey Burden, Sr., and youngest and last surviving child of Thomas Legaré, Sr., who deceased in 1801."

This venerable lady possessed many of those traits which distinguished her Huguenot and Puritan ancestry, modified by the circumstance of sex, and the softer age in which she lived. Ardent in disposition, sincerity and truthfulness formed the foundation of her character. Candid in the expression of her opinions, she never hesitated to remonstrate with

those whom she thought had not dealt rightly with her; but having done so, she was as ready as ever to exhibit towards them that kindness which marked her intercourse with all. A sincere believer in those religious opinions in which she had been educated, and ever ready to profess her attachment to, and preference for them; no shade of bigotry mingled in her religion. To love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, to acknowledge Him as their God and Saviour, was, with her, to be of the same "household of faith."

Like her Huguenot and Puritan fathers, she had a firm faith in a special Providence, and this, more than all things else, appeared to comfort her in the trials and disappointments of life. And, no wonder that such was the case, for, apart from the teachings of scripture, she delighted to tell of many instances, handed down in the family, from generation to generation, where God's interposing hand was manifested for the care and preservation of his servants. Born in the dawn of the Revolution, cradled amidst its distresses and privations, its scenes made an indelible impression upon her childhood. Preserving a vivid recollection of its sufferings and losses, she fully appreciated the importance of the struggle in which they were incurred, and as she recounted the tales of those times, one could understand how controling a part the women of South Carolina acted in that great drama; and though not claiming to be a Spartan mother, she ever taught her children that in the cause of liberty, as in the cause of religion, the path of duty was the path of safety.

Early in life she became the professed follower of Jesus Christ, and for near sixty years adorned that profession by a consistent life and fervid piety. The companions of her youth were the friends of her riper years, and she was the last of a band, distinguished by many virtues, and whose mutual friendship even the snows of age could not chill.

She was much "given to hospitality," and the wayfarer and stranger were never turned from her door. To the entire community in which she lived, she was deeply endeared, and to the last of her life sedulously cultivated the pleasures of rational life and society—it being a maxim with her, that we should never live to ourselves.

To the aged partner of her life, her removal is an unspeakable grief; separation after so long a union must be bitter in any case, but doubly so, when one is taken who was a helpmeet indeed. To her children, her loss can never be repaired. The tender cares, the devoted and indulgent love which she lavished upon their infancy and childhood, have only been exchanged for the most solicitous affection. as they advanced in life. She made their troubles and trials hers. She wept over their sorrows and over their pleasures. Themselves the heads of families, they looked up to her as a part of their common head, and fondly hoped that that cheerful and loving countenance would not be hidden from them yet a while. To them the word "*mother*" will ever be associated with the most holy and tender emotion of the heart. Not to eulogise the dead whose praise is with all who knew her, but rather to portray her

character for the emulation and veneration of her descendants, to teach them what they must be, if they would be like her, is this record inscribed to her memory. May her virtues live in her children's children to the latest generation! May the fear of God be *their* distinguishing characteristic, as it was *hers*, and *those* from whom she was descended. May they never substitute for it a miserable expediency, the offspring of the fear of man and of conformity to the world.

I will here narrate a touching incident which occurred while our dear mother was lying a corpse in the third-story room where she died—that room having been her favorite apartment of all in the house, was fitted up for her special accommodation, and called "grandmother's room." A number of her negroes from the plantation on John's Island, had come to the city to attend her funeral, and came up to her bed room to take their farewell look at their beloved mistress; the stair-way was lined with them ascending and descending—as one set left, another entered the room of death, silently weeping. In the midst of this mournful array, a strange voice was heard ascending the stairs and asking in broken English: "Where is the good lady?" Immediately after a poor Italian entered the room and approached the bier; he threw himself upon his knees by the side of the lifeless body, and bursting into a flood of tears, lifted the cold hand of my sainted mother to his lips and covered it with kisses and tears, saying: "O let me kiss, for the last time, this dear hand that so

often fed me and mine—O, lady, good, good lady, your rest is sweet; God bless you!" Then rising from his knees, he descended the stairs, weeping bitterly as he went. At the funeral he again appeared in the throng and, with a badge of mourning on, followed in the procession with the servants.

This poor Italian, with his wife and child, had a few years before been shipwrecked in Stono inlet, the planters around had assisted and provided them with a home and the necessaries of life. Our dear mother had often supplied them with clothing and food, and always had a kind word for the poor stranger, who had taken up his abode upon the Island as a fisherman. On hearing of my mother's illness, he had traveled many miles to show his gratitude and affection to his benefactress, but arrived too late to see her in life, and thus expressed his grief at her death.

Dear, dear mother! many mourned and lamented thy departure from earth, and thy "works do follow thee!" But, though the cold clay be turned to dust and lie silent in the grave, thy children can never forget thee, nor thy precious counsels and example. May they ever live before us in all their freshness and beauty!

Mrs. Mary Legaré Burden was the last survivor of the *fourth generation* from the Huguenot Solomon Legaré. She was also the last survivor of the caravan-party, who, as related before, at the close of the Revolutionary war, returned from their exile in Philadelphia, to their homes in South Carolina. Mrs. Burden was, at that time, a very young girl, but old

enough to remember and be deeply impressed by all the occurrences of their sojourn in Philadelphia, and of their journey homeward, as well as by many of the preceding incidents of that eventful period, from the very commencement of the war itself, and often delighted her children, grandchildren, and their youthful friends, with her animated and vivid recitals of the scenes she had witnessed, and of the feelings which she and others had endured under the circumstances which she related.