Dubose

CHAPTER I

EARLY ENVIRONMENT

THE ancestors of William Porcher DuBose were Norman-French Huguenots. The first of the name, Isaac DuBose, landed, with other Huguenots from France and Switzerland, in 1686, in Charleston, S. C., and settled along the Santee and Cooper Rivers.—"This old French Colony still retains more of the character of its origin than perhaps any other in our country."—There had been DuBose immigrants in England about a century earlier, and the name of Pierre DuBose is found among the Huguenot Petitioners, praying that the authorities of Canterbury would assign to them a place for the exercise of their religion. The petition, written in Latin, is without date, and the Dean of Canterbury is authority that it was presented during the later years of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The Huguenot chapel in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral has for centuries been set apart for the use of Huguenot refugees and their descendants.

There were three Isaac DuBoses in succession, and then Samuel, third son of the third Isaac, and great-grandfather of William Porcher DuBose. Samuel, a captain commissioned by Gen. Francis Marion, married Elizabeth Sinkler, and from them came a succession of Elizabeths (Betsies, as they were affectionately called), whose intellectual brilliance and spiritual power very largely moulded the lives of their generations. Samuel DuBose, son of the Captain, was born in 1785, and married Eliza Marion, a double niece of Francis Marion, and granddaughter of his brothers, Job and Gabriel. She died shortly after the birth of her only child, Theodore Samuel Marion DuBose, the father of Dr.

DuBose. Theodore Samuel was educated at Partridge Academy and Yale University, Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina, being a classmate.

Upon his return home he married his first cousin, Jane Porcher, granddaughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Sinkler DuBose. Both families were wealthy, and the young couple inherited extensive estates in the Low-Country. Early in their family life, however, problems of health arose and Mr. DuBose, with his family, made an explorative journey to the Up-Country. He rented a temporary home in Winnsboro, about 30 miles north of Columbia, the Capital of the State, whence he prospected for a permanent new home. This rented house, it is interesting to record, was on the main street and next door to a more commodious Inn which had served Lord Cornwallis as headquarters when on his campaign to that part of the Colony. The same Inn was headquarters later for General Sherman on his movement northward from his "March to the Sea."

It was there, on April 11th, 1836, that William Porcher DuBose was born, and soon after, in the Court House, baptized by the Rev. Peter Shand, who served the scattered members of the fold from his Parish in Columbia.

About the same time Mr. DuBose bought his first permanent home in the Up-Country, Farmington, in Fairfield County, S. C., 10 miles north of Winnsboro. Farmington was a beautiful plantation almost equally divided between rolling lime prairie and sand-clay hill lands, the two forming a plot of about twenty-five hundred acres. It was perfectly adapted to the diversified farming to which the family had been accustomed since their transplantation from France into the Southland of the Carolina Colony. Cotton was replacing indigo, since some 40 years before, and had now become the staple "money crop" of the far South. And since every plantation was a self-sustaining community of the patriarchal type, special attention was paid to the culture of grain and food crops. The prairie area was ideal

for the raising of stock, to supply blooded horses for family use, mules for the farm, and cattle, sheep and swine to furnish the teeming plantation family of Negroes with food. The hill lands, so scientifically terraced by Mr. DuBose as to withstand the wear and tear of a century of use, became the cotton area; while bottom lands upon the two streams, which bordered and bisected the plantation, were devoted to grains suited to the latitude.

Mr. DuBose was both a scientific farmer who loved his science and an administrator of great ability who deeply felt his responsibility as the leader and trainer and nearest friend of the human beings who composed his plantation family, and to whom he became also dearest and most trusted friend. It is true that his science was not that of today, in which the chemical laboratory plays so important a part. His science was the result of his own and his predecessors' experience, and his laboratory that of nature with its never ending series of practical tests. His library thus mingled with the classics of prose and poetry, treatises on plant culture and stock raising and care, from the earliest publications to those of his own day, supplemented by records of his personal experimentation. The classics were the common possession of his household, often read aloud in the family circle of an evening, and at every gathering made still more intimate and vividly personal possessions through conversation and the commentary of elders for the better appreciation of the younger. The agricultural treatises were the Master's study, to be diffused in practical lessons to the agricultural workers.

The plantation was both a patriarchal family and an agricultural and mechanical community and school. Almost to the close of Mr. DuBose's life the community manufactured for itself the implements and clothing needful for plantation use and personal wear, — buying only such raw material as natural resources did not supply. This does not apply, of course, to the finer goods for the family of

the Manor House. Accordingly the community was organized for the care of the ever growing plantation family. Children were coming into the family and midwives were trained under the direction of the Plantation Doctor, while nurses for the Day Nursery were carefully supervised by the Mistress of the Manor, or "Big House," as it came to be called by the Negro servants. The sick must be cared for, and a sick room was set apart for those, surprisingly rare, cases for which home facilities were inadequate. Clothing was ever in demand, supplied from the "Weave House," with its carding, spinning and weaving activities, and a separate establishment for the making of garments, especially of those who had not yet set up housekeeping. And so, too, the shoes were for long made by trained workmen from hides cured and tanned by the wearers. For all, milk, vegetables and delicacies were abundant, and for their proper care and serving to day nursery and sick-room inmates, trained workers were successively at hand.

About the patriarchal family life, with its round of duties and happy social twilights, a steady, quiet religious influence was thrown by Mr. and Mrs. DuBose, and by their children as they grew in age and grace, through Bible reading and teaching, as by example in Godly living. Some were members of "The Big House Church," many more members of denominations of Methodist and Baptist communions. Sunday was in reality "Preaching Day" and "Prayer Meeting Day." The sacredness of marriage was instilled, and very generally the Bride was adorned for her wedding by the "Missus" or "Young Missus" of the "Big House."

In its organization as an agricultural and mechanical community, the plantation was a school of training in which the field, the stable, the shop furnished both the means of production, and the clinic of experimental teaching under trained foremen selected from the workers themselves. Workers in iron, steel and wood who showed unusual gifts, received additional training through their apprenticeship

under skilled white mechanics and carpenters from whom they "learned the trade." Their accomplishments included the making of horse-shoes, plow points and shears, steel saddle stirrups, cabinet making, house building. Their handiwork covered the gamut of plantation needs, and many beautiful, prized products of the shops of the old era still remain. Farmington was thus both beautiful in its setting on the big Wateree Creek, and thoroughly and successfully organized for the purposes of its owner.

Farmington had been the winter camp of the Wateree Indians since an unknown past, who continued to occupy the site, near a bold spring of water, for a season each year, long after Mr. DuBose acquired it. There they made their arrow heads from a quartz ledge jutting out from the rock below, their bows and arrows from iron-wood and other timbers of the Wateree bottoms while trading their earthenware for provisions,—corn, wheat, tobacco and cloth. From them the Creek received its name, and where the Creek enters the Catawba River its name became Wateree until uniting with the Congaree it flows through the region of the Santee Indians and received a new name from that tribe.

In the making of character, it is difficult rightly to evaluate the influence brought to bear in the successive periods of what is so mystical and spiritual a process. Certain it is that the unconscious impress upon childhood, the most impressionable period, can hardly be overvalued. The fundamental lessons of life are learned in this early period at the family table, by the family fireside and at the family altar. Innumerable applications of them may and will be made as the varied experiences of life bring them into play. They may and will become the theme of personal philosophies of life. But the lessons, in primitive essence, are the indelible impressions of the child period of character making. This assuredly is true of the life of the Farmington community, in which the science of life was the absorbing quest,—the science of natural life and that of human life

corollary to the science of relational life, by and through which the purpose of the loving Creator and Father for the works of His hands can alone be fulfilled. The extant letters of Mr. DuBose clearly indicate the profound religious philosophy which dominated his own life, and directed the duties and relationships of those, in the providence of God, committed to his care and guidance.

Farmington, in its sparsely settled environs and far from the county seat, was of necessity its own cultural center. Under the guidance of its Master, university trained, and his cultured wife, the home was both school and church, and the children grew into its dual character and were cultured by it without thought that the spirit of home could be otherwise. It was in this period that Mr. Samuel DuBose, growing old and seeking a summer home in a more invigorating climate, bought a plantation near to that of his son. Shortly after, Samuel, his son by a second marriage, established himself at Dovecot, a plantation across the Wateree Creek from his older brother, Theodore. Thus the circle of cultural influence was greatly enlarged.

It was in this environment that the boy, William Porcher, awoke to consciousness and spent the periods of childhood and boyhood. For while, in his eighth year, his father bought a second home, Roseland Plantation, within three miles of Winnsboro, the life and habits of home were the same. The environment was in no way changed save as it was enlarged to supply the demands of the growing years of the children. At one time a lady teacher, at another a man, had been employed at Farmington for the early training of the children. A deciding motive for the move to Roseland was that the boys might receive the advantages of the Mt. Zion College in Winnsboro.

Of the new home, Dr. DuBose, in his memoirs, gives his first impression as a child eight years old. "We drove away (from Farmington) in the carriage to a place some three miles from Winnsboro and there my father pointed out to

me a new home, Roseland. I remember distinctly, as we got to the front gate, there was an immense garden filled with trees. At that time it was not cared for, the place being idle, but we trimmed it up and made it beautiful. Roseland became a sort of Mecca. Then began my school days."

Roseland was indeed a Mecca, to which scores of relatives and friends from Charleston and St. John's Berkeley were drawn for the summer season to the full capacity of "Big House" and smaller cottages in the capacious grove. It was also the home during the school session of a number of the Low-Country cousins attending Mt. Zion College.

It was at this time, about 1842, that the St. John's Colony in Fairfield was augmented and much strengthened by the coming of Mr. David Gaillard with his large family to Winnsboro, and the Palmers and Thomases to the near-by Fairfield village of Ridgeway. It was a ripe occasion for the establishment of the Church, and, accordingly, in 1843, the Parish of St. John's Fairfield was organized, named for the Low-Country home of the founders. It was quite in accord with the custom of the fathers, that two St. John's Churches should represent the Parish, one at Winnsboro built by the DuBoses and Gaillards, and the other at Ridgeway built by the Thomases and Palmers, and later named St. Stephens. The Thomas family was the direct descendant of Parson Thomas, Rector of old Goose Creek Church of St. John's Parish in its earliest years. Mrs. DuBose was the direct descendant of the first Senior Warden of old Dorchester Church, destroyed in the Revolutionary War, while all the families were direct or collateral descendants of Parson Thomas.

St. John's Winnsboro was built at the northern limit of the town, convenient to the families living on plantations beyond it. The site afforded sheltered hitching ground for those who habitually travelled by carriage or on horseback. This first St. John's was designed and built by the Rev. John D. McCullough, whose long ministry of quite 60 years

was devoted to the building of the Church in the Up-Country of South Carolina. No call from the task to which he felt God's consecration could ever tempt him. To St. John's, Winnsboro, was presented one of the three bells which composed the chimes given to Old Dorchester Church by Queen Anne. Another was given to St. Paul's Church, Charleston, — in both cases the gift was made to congregations composed, in part, of descendants of the extinct Dorchester congregation. Unhappily, St. John's was destroyed in the War between the States, the intense heat melting the bell, of which nothing was left but the clapper and unusable fragments. Serving the congregation from time to time was the Rev. Josiah O'Bear, who, with his cultured family, came down from New England about 1840, seeking and happily finding health. Though others were Rectors, Rev. Mr. O'Bear served in the interim, and about 1872 was himself the revered Rector until his death.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

"THEN began my school days." In his memoirs Dr. DuBose says: "I can scarcely remember those first school days, but I do remember that I first went to a woman's school — that of Mrs. Atkinson. At the end of the year I took my first prize in scholarship. I led the whole school and got as a prize a book, 'G and H's First Reader.' It was admirable and I read it to pieces." It was probably soon after this experience that the big occasion of entering Mt. Zion came. In his memoirs this is approached with the vividness of a boy's fresh experience. "As I came out of my room one morning my mother pointed to a beautiful little saddle and bridle hanging on the banister. I was perfectly entranced. My dear mother tried to suggest that I say 'thank you,' but I was entranced. I couldn't. A little later, a beautiful mare, Bagatelle, arrived from Farmington for me. This was my first horse."

Little boys rode tired mules bareback, and horses wise and gentle in age-long training. Here was a thoroughbred colt of his own generation, as horses and boys develop. "This is my horse" for the first time bursting from a boy's lips, conveys an intoxication of joy into which only those can really enter who have experienced such a boy-horse heaven. Then followed the initial session of awesome school life, the mutual training of horse and boy, before they would be ready to assure prompt attendance upon Mt. Zion, or even their arrival at all on its campus. "I had never tried a saddle before, and it gave me great difficulty. I slipped off many times until at last they told me that every time I fell off I would get a switching. I never got the switchings, as it turned out, but I did get the falls. At last, however, I learned to stay on! All this was preparatory to school."

Staying on is not really riding, though it is the initial requisite, and it was a long time before the little William became the capable horseman of his slender, strong youth.

His older brother, McNeely, was a singularly graceful rider, and the two were companions,—and contrasts,—on their three-mile rides to Mt. Zion. Dr. Bratton's house occupied a hill site at the entrance to Winnsboro, commanding a wide view of the road to school. There were two great friends of the DuBoses, William Bratton, who was then teaching the classics in Mt. Zion, and his beautiful sister, Mary, children of the Doctor. Many ludicrous stories were told by them of McNeely DuBose cantering gracefully by on his horse, Mayflower, and little William slipping and sliding on half-broken Bagatelle, but sticking on in grim determination to keep pace with brother.

The foundation of Mt. Zion had been laid by an act of the South Carolina Legislature in 1785. Dr. LaBorde's History of the South Carolina College, in its opening chapter, gives an interesting story of the progress of education in the Colony, and later the State. Of this act of the session of 1785, he says that it "probably was more important to the educational interest of the State than any which preceded it; this is the 'Act for establishing a college at the Village of Winnsborough, a college in or near the City of Charleston, and a college at Ninety Six.' The first two have had a long career of usefulness and honor." The last sentence must be qualified, since the career of the college at Winnsboro was hampered by the financial straits of the new State staggering under heavy burdens. The formation of the Mt. Zion Society saved the day, and the college grew under the stimulus of the fostering care of the Society from which it received its name.

Mt. Zion had attained great distinction under a famous teacher, Mr. J. W. Hudson. He weighed about 250 pounds, was as hard as iron, and very powerful. He was a great man, quite a character, and wise in the ways of boys. The

boys were terribly afraid of him, not so much for what he did as for what they knew he could and would do,—and they obeyed him implicitly. He dominated both school and community for many years, and left the powerful impress of his character, transmitted to this day. His fame, supplemented by the attraction of the transplanted DuBoses and Gaillards to its neighborhood, drew many students, relatives and friends, from Charleston and St. John's Parish in the Low-Country. One of these boys said: "If Mr. Hudson were to speak to me, I'd faint, and if he went to put his hands on me, I'd die," which is, perhaps, not more strong than the feeling of the average boy.

This incident, however, may be enough to illustrate the real Mr. Hudson in his relation as Teacher and Master of the school. We are using very freely Dr. DuBose's Reminiscences.—"Occasionally we forgot ourselves, particularly at lunch time, and made a noise. Once Mr. Hudson opened the door of his private quarters and called out, 'William, come here,' and I went! Mr. Hudson said, 'William, sit down!' I sat and *waited.* At last I began to count his numerous shoes which were scattered around. Finally he said, 'Go now.' At that time I found out that he was only terrifying for bad boys." This revelation soon became a conviction. Measles having broken out at Roseland, William DuBose became an inmate of the school and in more intimate contact with the dreaded teacher. "Mr. Hudson was very kind to me and gave me books to read." Awe, no doubt, persisted, but fear was gone and affectionate admiration ever after tinted the awe of him. "Mr. Hudson always punished more with his tongue than with his hand." He knew the vulnerable point both of attack and of appeal in his boys, and his great character gave a power to his punishment akin to healing.

To such discipline William DuBose was, by nature, singularly sensitive for he seemed to have been born mentally and spiritually honest. His chief moral warfare was not

through the mountains of North Carolina, for which he also promptly prepared. With his sister, Mrs. Porcher, and her little daughter, Augusta, he drove first to White Sulphur Springs in North Carolina. There they spent three weeks, drinking and benefiting by the water, the sister, no doubt, keeping strict watch. The result was the return home of Mrs. Porcher and her daughter, while DuBose resumed his camping trip by stage through the mountains.

Such an outing, in that invigorating climate, not only served its purpose well in initiating a restoration to health, but was also the occasion of chance meetings with delightful people of the Carolinas, many of whose lives were interwoven with his own in succeeding years,—as, for example, when in Asheville he enjoyed the delightful voice of a Miss Scarborough, daughter of a wellknown artist of Columbia, S. C., who had painted the portrait of his father, Mr. Theodore DuBose,—and several years later knew her as the wife of his cousin, Dr. John DuBose, of Clarendon and Ridge Spring.

The list of the summer's meetings would be too long to record,—save one which marks an epoch in his life. The outing was drawing to a close with a visit to his friends, Thomas Gadsden and Professors Trapier and Hanckel, who were recreating at Johnston's Settlement on the Upper French Broad River. In a hired vehicle DuBose set out upon his mountain journey, and late on a beautiful summer evening entered through a narrow pass into an exquisite valley, watered by a stream which tumbled through the gap and flowed through the middle of the brilliantly flower-strewn valley. As he drove slowly along "about forty miles out of the world, there came the sound of singing, gradually swelling, and at a sudden turn in the road I met a wagonload of young people, a few of whom I knew."

There were a number of Low Country families summering in this elevated valley. In company with Miss Sarah Trapier, daughter of the Professor, DuBose paid a visit to Charleston friends staying at an inn kept by Mr. and Mrs.

Ewing. On the way Miss Trapier entertained him with information concerning the guests at the Inn,—the Gadsdens, the Johnstones, the McCords and the Peronneaus. She was particularly eloquent in her account of her very dear friend, Miss Nannie Peronneau, and disclosed the fact that two clergymen (afterwards DuBose's dear friends) had addressed Miss Nannie. But she added: "Nannie Peronneau will never marry; she is too good to marry." Miss Nannie's father had been a prominent lawyer of Charleston; his health had failed and he was confined to an invalid's chair. His daughter had devoted herself to her father to the exclusion of all else to the end of his life, which had come quite recently. DuBose spent the close of his summer outing at the Ewing Inn, and there met the Peronneaus at table. His reminiscence is vivid, yet restrained:

"At this table, literally at the first sight of Nannie Peronneau, my fate seemed determined. I remained there a week, walking, making little excursions, visiting with the young people. Up to the moment of that visit, I had thrown off the indisposition that sent me to the North Carolina mountains. Apparently well, I never could walk or take exercise. On the first walk or two I felt that lassitude, but it passed away, and I may say I became well in that week. You may depend I made good use of my week, though I did not pay her particular attention." This was the beginning,—the happy ending was long postponed by tragedies. At the close of the week he returned home for a brief visit, and in October, 1860, entered upon the second year of preparation in the Seminary at Camden.

This, again, was a year of interruptions,—in which the experiences of sacred studies and contemplation; the winter recess coincident with the political excitement of the Secession Convention in Charleston and the signing of the Ordinance of Secession on the one hand,—and the tender, exhilarating excitement of courtship in the same city, Charleston, on the other; the return to study, and then the rude,

myself." The young officer was from Washington, Ga., Gen. Dudley DuBose later, of a branch of the family of which the most prominent member was Mrs. Robert Toombs, wife of General Toombs.

Another relative met was Dr. Edwin Gaillard, Chief Surgeon of the Confederacy, who sent DuBose home on sick leave, and thus gained for him a needed holiday before rejoining his command. The bombardment of Charleston had long been in progress, and the most exposed citizens had been expelled from the city. Among these were the Peronneaus, who had found a refuge in Anderson. The DuBose sisters invited them to Roseland, and there William DuBose and his sweetheart, Miss Nannie, enjoyed his furlough together.

CHAPTER IX

MORE WAR EXPERIENCES: HIS MARRIAGE: APPOINTED CHAPLAIN

AT THE close of 1862 DuBose rejoined his command, then stationed near Wilmington, N. C., in time for the campaign northward to Goldsboro and Kinston. In the latter battle, late in December, he was in command of the Holcombe Legion and received his most serious wound. A minie ball, fired at close range, entered his side, touching two mortal spots without actually entering them. He was providentially saved for the second time, other wounds being painful, but not serious. "I had no feeling as I was hurried away to the rear on a stretcher. As we passed over the bridge we came to Gen. Evans, who commanded the operations. He stopped the stretcher and asked who it was. "Oh, poor fellow, poor fellow," he said, and drew out a flask of whiskey."

DuBose was repeatedly cited by his commanding General and recommended for promotion. Gen. Capers, afterwards Bishop of South Carolina, who read the reports some years later in compiling his admirable story of the record of the Southern Army, was much impressed by these citations of one who had become known to him as the distinguished theologian.

DuBose was sent to Raleigh and treated in St. Mary's School for Girls, converted into a hospital. Of this School, forty years later, two of his nephews were, in turn, in charge. In his Reminiscences, apart from an incident of his treatment recalled with deep gratitude, the impression is inescapable that his own memory of his wound chiefly gathers about the furlough home, his visit to Anderson and his recuperation under the healing smiles of his beloved Miss Nannie. It was then, in the spring of 1863, that their wedding was projected. This was accomplished at the end of