



Glimpses

Items of recent and historical interest
from members of The Heritage Library

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Chapels of Ease

by Lyman Wooster

When the Anglican Church in colonial South Carolina authorized the establishment of Chapels of Ease in St. Luke's and St. Helena's Parishes, both in Beaufort County, they were following what had been for centuries a common practice

in Great Britain. Chapels of Ease were intended to provide for the ease and comfort of parishioners living some distance from the main parish church.

And in this country there were apparently four chapels of ease that existed briefly in Beaufort County in the 18th and 19th centuries.

Zion Chapel of Ease was built on Hilton Head in 1788, although it had been authorized by St. Luke's Parish about 20 years earlier. Zion accommodated the planters who lived on the island and who were at some distance from St. Luke's Parish Church located on the road between Coosawhatchie and the Savannah River crossing, now Route 170.



Above, the Zion Chapel of Ease was at the heart of antebellum Hilton Head Island. Nearby were a Muster House, a Praise House, and the Masonic Temple. Today the cemetery and mausoleum are part of the site owned and maintained by the Heritage Library Foundation.

The Zion Chapel was a rectangular structure of 30 by 40 feet built of wood on a brick foundation, and it completely disappeared immediately following the Civil War. The sanctuary was emptied of its alter, pews, prayer desks, pulpit, and silver chalices by 1867 and the following year the building itself, its lumber and its bricks, were gone.

St. Helena's Chapel of Ease was built in the 1740s to accommodate the planters who lived on St. Helena's Island, which was some distance from the parish church in the town of Beaufort. The chapel, constructed of tabby and brick, is now in ruins ... four thick walls remain with no roof or flooring... having been damaged in a forest fire on February 22, 1886. Tabby is a highly-textured cement



The tabby shell of four walls and some gravestones are all that remain of the Beaufort Chapel of Ease. Photo by Lyman Wooster.

made of oyster shells, lime, and sand, and its whiteness gave the chapel the nickname "White Church."

Another chapel in St. Luke's Parish was dedicated in 1820; missing from its name was the term "ease" but almost certainly it filled the role of a chapel of ease. It

See "Chapel of Ease" on Page 2

Chapels of Ease (Cont'd from Page 1)

was the Chapel of the Holy Trinity in the community of Grahamville, which is now in Jasper County but which was in Beaufort County until 1912.

Moreover, it left St. Luke's Parish in 1835 and became a separate congregation. Today, the communicants of the Church of the Holy Trinity worship in a charming sanctuary, architecturally described as "carpenter gothic," built in 1858.

At a service in June 1954 commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Church of the Cross, the Rt. Rev. Albert Sidney Thomas, retired Bishop of South Carolina, spoke in his "historic sermon" of a Chapel of the Cross that had preceded the founding of the Church of the Cross. He did not use the term "chapel of ease" but it would seem appropriate to assume that the Chapel of the Cross, which was consecrated in July 1842, was in fact a chapel of ease, just as the Chapel of Holy Trinity probably was.

The Bishop noted that the minister of the St. Luke's Parish Church was also the minister of Bluffton's Chapel of the Cross and Hilton Head's Zion Chapel of Ease. He also pointed out that within a decade the capacity of the Bluffton chapel had become "insufficient"; in other words, a church was needed to accommodate the growing population. Thus, construction on the Church of the Cross was begun in 1854 at a new site, and the first services were held in July 1857.

Two incidents associated with the Civil War occurred in Zion and the Church of the Holy Trinity that are worthy of note. Among the items in Zion that disappeared during the time that Union forces occupied Hilton Head were two eucharistic chalices made by a London silversmith and delivered to Zion in 1834. Many years later, a Philadelphian purchased in a pawn shop two heavily tarnished goblets, which upon being polished revealed engraving that read "1834 Zion Chapel Hilton Head." The purchaser subsequently sent the chalices to the parish church in Beaufort with the proviso that once an Episcopal church was established on the island they should be sent there. The two chalices are

now in the possession of St. Luke's Episcopal Church on Pope Avenue, Hilton Head Island.

A somewhat similar incident occurred in Grahamville. When Union forces occupied the town, General Sherman is said to have used the Church of the Holy Trinity as a stable; more to the point, the church's large Bible disappeared at that time. Many years later a Bible containing enough inscriptions to reveal where it had come from was found in a New York City attic, and in due course it was returned to the Church of the Holy Trinity.

The Anglican and Episcopal Churches and the Roman Catholic Church grant parishes the authority to restrict the functions that chapels of ease may perform. Stated another way, parish rectors may give permission to chapels to perform such functions as baptisms and marriages. All four chapels mentioned here clearly had the right to conduct funeral services for all four had cemeteries. We know from parish records that the Zion chapel performed baptisms and marriages as well as burials and we assume that the other three had similar authorizations.

The progression of chapels of ease into churches is not uncommon. St. Helena's took that step after the War for Independence, the Chapel of the Holy Trinity in 1835, and the Chapel of the Cross in 1854. The Zion Chapel of Ease disappeared, another casualty of the Civil War; now the two eucharistic chalices at St. Luke's are the only physical connections of the islands current Episcopal churches with the past.



The Church of the Holy Trinity is the successor to the chapel of the same name. Located in what is now Jasper County, it is typical of the Carpenter Gothic style of the 19th century.

Photo by Lyman Wooster



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Musing on History



Clio, Muse of History

In this issue we see how interconnected history events are. Dr. Rose's article on the WPA Slave Narratives makes us think of that other class of servants who came to the Colonies: the indentured servant, and we look at that briefly on Page .

That in turn makes us think of the inducements used for such servants, based on vivid descriptions of the good life to be lived here, which in turn takes us to the description by Captain William

Hilton, who provided some excellent prose on the subject.

Then we come upon one of the most fascinating aspects of history: trying to discern the reality of a past that can be overlain with the preconceptions of a culture or an era, of which Dr. Rose gives us an excellent example, and which my own experience validates.

I grew up in the rural South; my father knew neighbors, black and white, who shared memories of the post-Civil War period. As children we learned respect for the black elder who had earned the honorific "Aunt" or "Uncle." These elders scolded us when we needed it but also gave us unstinting warmth. But there was also, on the part of many whites, a sense that they must look after the welfare of those descendants of slaves. So we were surrounded by both fondness and subtle paternalism.

I can see both reflected in the WPA tales.

The story collectors were told to avoid stereotypical renderings of the ex-slaves' speech, but in reading their reports we find the collectors could not help themselves. They were as unconscious of a paternalistic tone as a fish is of the water in which it swims.

The former slaves, on the other hand, could have had equally unconscious concerns. One has only to imagine a former slave talking to the granddaughter of the man who once owned him to appreciate the delicacy and tact he might summon.

Language: The language is a reflection of the Thirties.

See "Musing" on Page 6

WPA Slave Narratives Connected to Beaufort County

By Dr. James R. Rose



During the later years of the 1930s the WPA Slave Narratives The Works Project Administration (WPA) Slave Narratives of 1937-38, produced by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Project Administration after the Great Depression, was conducted in: North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi,

Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, and Oklahoma.

Since their creation in the 1930s, the WPA interviews have been a source of both rich detail and professional ambivalence for historians and anthropologists. Collected from seventeen states between 1936 and 1938 but terminated before the project was completed, the narratives provide thousands of pages of often times first-hand accounts of those who were enslaved in the years just prior to the Civil War. Embedded in these narratives is a perspective born more from interviewees' intimate connection with the slaveholding family than from their experiences as enslaved African Americans.

With the exception of Virginia, the majority of the interviewees were white and had a family history of slaveholding. Historians have questioned whether these interviewees, who were also family members of the major employers in the region, influenced the formerly-enslaved interviewees. Added to these concerns is the issue of memory worn by time and circumstances, especially for those suffering from ill effects of America's Great Depression. Nevertheless, embedded in these interviews are accurate—sometimes frighteningly so—pictures of individuals' pasts and family ancestries, which heretofore have been ignored by historians because of the paternalistic tone of the interviewees' accounts.

In 1973, after working with Alex Haley on the Kinte Library Project, I had the fortune to meet Dr. Alice Eichholz. Alice and I created the Ethnic Genealogy Center at Queens College, City University of New York with

See "WPA Slave Narratives" on Page 4

WPA Slave Narratives (Cont'd from P. 3)

the idea of developing projects dealing with ethnic Americans. It was here that the idea of “substantiating” the slave narratives began to evolve. Research began on genealogical extractions of around 300 narratives from the printed copies of the WPA Slave Narratives. The Ethnic Genealogy Center faculty and students began by extracting genealogical data such as birth, death, names of family members, and names of slave owners. The data were entered on index cards and around 400 were completed. I carried those cards of individuals from Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina when I relocated to Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1990.

The narratives tell the stories of slavery from the mouths of the ex-slaves and give us a new interpretation



The Library of Congress says that this photograph, taken in 1862, is of five generations of a slave family on Smith's Plantation in Beaufort, South Carolina. Could this be where Melvin Smith (see Page 5) was born?

of the history of their homes. Several narratives are from towns in Beaufort County. Others, from other counties and states mention family and historical connections to this area.

Clark Heard was born in Georgia in 1851. He stated he was “but nine years old at the close of the Civil War.” He said:

I was born in August, 1851, on a 300-acre plantation in Troup County, Georgia. De plantation was five mile from Wes' Point an' jes' twelve mile from La Grange—dat's de county seat of Troup County. My father was Amos Heard, born in Charleston, South Carolina. Don' know whar my mother, Delilah, was born—somewhar in Virginny.

Clark was located with his wife Carrie in the 1910

census of Jasper County, Georgia.

Several other subjects were interviewed in towns in South Carolina who, though outside of Beaufort County, had a direct connection to the Lowcountry. Andy Marion was in Sumter County when he heard about the firing at Fort Sumter. He lived on a plantation owned by Eugene Mobley that had seventy-two slaves living on it. During the Civil War, he worked with his master as a body servant in the fighting in Mississippi.

Charleston had several ex-slaves interviewed by the WPA who told many stories about life as a slave in Charleston. Ex-slaves like J. W. White and Amos Gadsden gave compelling interviews.

J. W. White (who when interviewed was an elder of Emanuel Church on Calhoun Street in Charleston) said:

The Lord give you three score an' ten year to live. I born up Cooper river in '66, where me father was a farmer. He his own boss an' a smart man too. It was free time den. Me father was a slave in Virginia. How he come to South Carolina I doan know but think may be he was sold. Me mother was a licker, she lash me every day fer exercise an I thank her fer it today, or I would a been in penitentiary. I belong to the old tribe that see things today that you never see befo'. This generation! I wouldn't give ten cents for one of em.”

Amos Gadsden stated that he was born on St Phillip's Street in Charleston, and was nineteen years old before the start of the War. He throws a new light on old history:

Before the War come here [Charleston] it was down in Beaufort, on the Port Royal Road; Confederates on one side, Yankees on the other.

Things happen here that belong to War. One evening, early dusk, because it was winter, I was with two white boys on the corner of Hasell Street and East Bay. We stopped to watch a balloon slowly floating in the sky. I never saw anything like it before—it looked so pretty—and while we were looking a streak of fire came straight down from the balloon to Russell's Planing Mill at the foot of Hasell Street, right by us.

In a short time the mill was on fire; nothing could put it out. One place after another caught, and big flakes of fire were bursting up and flying through the air, and falling on other buildings. (*illustrating with his arms, hands, and whole body*) The first church that burned was the Circular Church on Meeting Street; then Broad Street and the Roman Catholic Church, and St. Andrews Hall.

Yes, Ma'am, 'course I remember St. Andrews Hall, right next to the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Broad Street! That was 1861... That balloon went on down to Beaufort, I s'pose. Yes Ma'am, I saw it drop that fire on Russell's Mill.



Thaddeus Lowe ascending (just above treetops) in Intrepid, one of seven hydrogen-filled balloons under his command during the Civil War. Most of the reports of balloons used in battle were in the Virginia area; one apparently fired on Charleston..

Melvin Smith of Beaufort, stated that his white folks lived in Beaufort, South Carolina.

That's whar I was born. My old Miss, I called her Miss Mary, took care of me 'till I was eight year old. Then she give me back to my ma. You see, it was this a-way. My ma an' pa was sold in Beaufort; I don't know whar they come from before that. When I was born Miss Mary took me in th' big house with her an' thar I stayed, jest like I told you, 'till I was eight. Old Miss jest wanted me to be in th' room with her an' I slep' on a pallet right near her bed. In the daytime I played in th' yard an' I pick up chips for old Miss. Then when I got most big enuff to work she give me back to my ma.

Then I live in a cabin like the rest of th' niggers. Th' quarters was stretched out in a line behind Marse Jim's house. Ever' nigger fam'ly had a house to theyselves. Me an' my pa an' ma, they names was Nancy an' Henry Smith, live in a cabin with my sisters. They names was Saphronia an' Annie. We had beds in them cabins made out of cypress. They looked jest like they do now. Ever'body cooked on th' fire place. They had pots an' boilers that hung ever th' fire an' we put th' vittles in thar an' they cooked an' we at 'em. 'Course we never at so much in th' cabin 'cause ever mornin' th' folks all went to th' field. Ma an' Pa was field hands an' I worked thar too when I got big enuff. Saphronia an' Annie, they worked to th' big house. All th' nigger chillun stayed all day with a woman that was hired to take care of them."

When asked about the kind of food they ate, Melvin replied:

We had enuff for anybody. Th' vittles was cooked in great big pots over th' fire jest like they was cookin' for stock. Peas in this pot, greens in that one. Cornbread was made up an' put back in th' husks an' cooked in th' ashes. They called that a ash cake. Well, when ever 'thing was done th' vittles was poured in a trough an' we all et. We had spoons cut out of wood that we et with. Thar was a big lake on th' plantation whar we could fish an' they show was good when we had 'em for supper. Sometimes we go huntin' an' then we had possum an' squirrel to eat. Th' possums was best of all.

Hilton Head was also visited by the WPA and among the slaves they interviewed was ninety-six-year-old Lucretia Heyward. She told the interviewer:

W'en gun fust shoot [when guns first shoot] on Hilton Head Island, I been 22 year old. Muh Pa name Tony MacKnight and he b'long to Mr. Stephen Elliott. My Ma name Venus MacKnight and she b'long to Mr. Joe Eddings, who had uh plantation on Parris Island. De overseer been Edward Blunt. He been poor white trash, but he wuk haa'd and save he money and buy slave. He buy my Ma and bring she to Beaufort to wuk in he house by de Baptist chu'ch. I been born den. I hab seven brudder name Jacob, Tony, Robert, Moses. I can't 'member de odders, it been so long ago. I hab one sister Eliza—she die de odder day.

W'en I been little gal, I wuk in de house. Wuk all day. I polish knife and fork, mek bed, sweep floor, nebber hab time for play game. W'en I git bigger, dey send me to school to Miss Crocker to learn to be seamstruss.

Dey nebber learn me to read and write. I ain't hab time for sech t'ing. I go to chu'ch in white Baptis' chu'ch. Nigger hab for sit upstairs, white folks sit downstairs. If nigger git sick, dey send for doctor to 'tend um. Mr. Blunt nebber lick me, but Miss Blunt cut my back w'en I don't do to suit her. Nigger git back cut w'en dey don't do wuk or w'en dey fight. Dey hab uh jail in town, run by Mr. McGraw. If nigger be too bad, run street and t'ing, he git in jail and Mr. McGraw lick um. I been lock in jail one time. Dey hang me up by wrist and beat me twenty-five lick wid uh cowhide. I forgit w'at I don' to git dat.

W'en Yankee been come de Blunts leab Beaufort, and I walk out house and go back to Parris Island. De Yankee tell we to go en Buckra corn house and git w'at we want for eat. Den I come back to Beaufort and go to wuk in cotton house. De Yankee pay we for wuk and I tek my

WPA Slave Narratives (cont'd from Page 5)

money and buy twenty acre ob land on Parris Island. I ain't had dat land now 'cause de Government tek em for he self and mek me move.

Lucretia can be found in the 1930 census.

Bluffton was also visited by the WPA workers, and they found Daphney Wright, known affectionately as "Aunt Affie." The interviewer wrote: "She says she is 106 years old. She comes to the door without a cane and greets her guests with accustomed curtesy [courtesy?]. She is neatly dressed and still wears a fresh white cap as she did when she worked for the white folks. Save for her wearing glasses and walking slowly, there are no evidences of illness or infirmities. She has a sturdy frame, and a kindly face shows through the wrinkles."

I been livin' in Beaufort when de war fust [first] break out. Mr. Robert Cally [Corley] was my marsa. Dat was in October. De Southern soldiers come through Bluffton on a Wednesday and tell de white folks must get out de way, de Yankees right behind 'em! De summer place been at Bluffton. De plantation was ten miles away. After we refugee from Bluffton, we spent de fust night at Jonesville. From dere we went to Hardeeville. We got here on Saturday evening. You know we had to ride by horses - in wagons an' buggies. Dere weren't no railroads or cars den. Dat why it take so long. I been right here when de Yankees come through. I been in my house asittin' before de fire, jes' like I is now.

One of 'em come up an' say, '...I is come to set you free. You kin stay wid your old owners if you wants to, but dey'll pay you wages.

But dey sure did plenty of mischief while dey was here. Didn't burn all de houses. Pick out de big handsome house to burn. Burn down Mr. Bill Lawton' house. Mr. Asbury Lawton had a fine house. Dey burn dat. (He Marse Tom Lawton' brother.) Burn Mr. Maner' house.

Some had put a poor white woman in de house to keep de place; but it didn't make no difference. De soldiers say, 'Dis rich house don't belong to you. We goin' to burn [it]. Dey'd go through de house an' take ... anythin' they could find. Take from de white, an' take from de colored, too. Take everything out de house! Dey take from my house.

De white folks would bury de silver. But dey couldn't always find it again. One give her silver to de colored butler to bury but he was kill, an' nobody else know where he bury it. ... Wheeler's Brigade kill him.

Regarding these slave narratives, the Library of Congress notes on its Web site:

These stories are "a mélange of accuracy and fantasy, of sensitivity and stereotype, of empathy and racism that may sometimes be offensive to today's readers. Yet whatever else they may be ... [they] are themselves irreducibly historical, the products of a particular time and particular places in the long and troubled mediation of African-American culture by other Americans."

*Musting on History (Cont'd from Page 3)*

Research by Dr. Rose suggests that the unconscious biases of the interviewers led them to render the interviewees' language in atypical ways. Many ex-slaves simply did not talk that way. Also, in the Thirties people had no idea of the responses the "n-word" were to evoke in the future; the word was used freely by the interviewer or the interviewee; we can only surmise which.

Despite the subjective aspects of this and much other history, these narratives are valuable as a reflection of the times in which they were written; let us read them as such.

Burning Charleston? Amos Gadsden (Page 4) gives a vivid description of artillery from a balloon over Charleston. I have found only vague references to this event, but the richness of detail in Gadsden's memory seems to point to a very real event. I hope one of our readers can enlighten us.

Servitude in the Carolinas. Although we tend to think of servants in the Carolinas as African slaves, there were actually indentured servants here, primarily from the British Isles. Never as numerous in the Carolinas as in the colonies to the north, they did in fact exist. Meet Millicent Low on Page 7.

A number of colonists who began life in the Colonies as indentured servants eventually prospered. One of our volunteers at the Heritage Library has uncovered such a story with relevance to one of our founding fathers; we'll bring it to you in a forthcoming issue of *Glimpses*.

BARBARA MULLER

Indentured Servitude

Charles II of England was interested in creating settlements south of Virginia. It was said that the climate was healthier than that of Virginia, and the settlements in the Barbados were growing crowded.



"Carolina is a fair and spacious Province on the Continent of America: so called in honour of His Sacred Majesty... Charles the Second, whom God preserve" wrote the pamphleteer in 1667.

So Captain William Hilton was sent forth from Barbados to reconnoiter the coastline of what was to be known later as the Carolinas.

The Lords Proprietors who had received the grant of land from His Majesty, began a campaign to people the Carolinas. In order to "speed the planting" of such settlements, pamphlets were distributed in England promising a rich land with a great climate teeming with wildlife and

fish. Workers were needed, and men and women alike were urged to consider making the trip. A man who paid for the passage of himself and his family could earn a "headright" of 100 acres for each member, and 50 acres for each slave or servant.

If you did not have the money for passage, then you could sign on promising to pay the captain in so many years of service.



A two-part land indenture (from www.staffordshire.gov.uk)

This agreement was sealed by an indenture, which the captain could in turn sell to one of the settlers. The "indented" agreement (with toothlike incisions) was cut in two along jagged lines, with each party signing both parties, and each keeping a half. The validity of a half of a document was thus easily determined..

Unmarried women were encouraged to sign up with the suggestion that in this new world they would find husbands who would actually pay their dowries. "If any Maid or single Woman have a desire to go over, they will think themselves in the Golden Age, when Men paid a Dowry for their Wives; for if they be but Civil, and under 50 years of Age, some

honest Man or other, will purchase them for their Wives."

Warren B. Smith¹ gives us such an example in the person of Millicent How, an indentured servant who came to the Carolinas in 1699, binding herself to the captain of the ship:

Know all men that I Millicent How of London Spinster ... doe firmly ... bind and oblige my selfe as a faithfull & obedient Ser[vant]t in all things whatsoever, to serve and dwell with Capt. Joseph West ...Merchant, in the plantation, or province of Carolina, ...The said Joseph West providing for the sd Millicent his Servant all such necessarys in the time of her service and at the expiracon of her terme as the lawes and Orders of the place doth like wise provide and Oblidge Masters to pforme to their servnts. Wittnesse my hand and seale this pnt twentyeth day of September 1669."

Captain West apparently sold her indenture before they even left London, for she was listed on the ship's manifest as a servant of Will Bowman.

Many benefits were promised the settlers: freedom of conscience (*i.e.*, the freedom to worship "their own way"); freedom from taxes for seven years on locally-raised commodities such as silk, raisins, oil, almonds and olives; the aforementioned headrights; and the freedom to choose their own assembly, the only entity with the power to lay taxes.

The pamphleteer also sought to make his case to those workers in England who were finding it hard to earn a comfortable subsistence. They would be better off in the Carolinas than apprentices in England and have a shorter period of servitude.

"Let no man be troubled at the thoughts of being a Servant for 4 or 5 years, for I can assure you, that many men give mony with their children to serve 7 years, to take more pains and fare nothing so well as the Servants in this Plantation will do. Then it is to be considered, that so soon as he is out of his time, he hath Land, and Tools, and Clothes given him, and is in a way of advancement. Therefore all Artificers, as Carpenters, Wheelrights, Joyners, Coopers, Bricklayers, Smiths, or diligent Husbandmen and Labourers, that are willing to advance their fortunes, and live in a most pleasant healthful and fruitful Country, where Artificers are of high esteem, and used with all Civility and Courtesie imaginable."

¹ Smith, Warren B, *White Servitude in Colonial South Carolina* (1961), USC Press

Captain Hilton Comes to Port Royal

In September, 1663, Captain William Hilton on the ship *Adventure* sailed into a harbor which he described as “the River Jordan, and was but four Leagues or thereabouts N. E from Port Royal.” The Spanish, exploring the area in 1533, had named the river Jordan; later historians determined it was the river we now call the Combahee.¹

Captain Hilton found more evidence of Spanish influence. Indians visited his ship using such words as *capitan* (captain) and *camarado* (comrade) and *adios*. These Indians were accustomed to ordnance, and were not startled by gunfire. They were familiar with the settlement at St. Augustine, and some of them had actually visited there, saying it was only ten days journey.

On another day several Indians visited the ship, one of them described as “The Grandy [Grandee?] Captain of Edisto.”

The Indians also told him of four English castaways who were in the custody of one Captain Francisco. The Indians brought Hilton a letter concerning these castaways, but since the letter was in Spanish, no one on the ship could read it, and they suspected some kind of Spanish trick. Eventually Hilton was able to rescue the castaways.

Hilton’s account also tells of many exchanges of gifts; the Indians would bring him baskets of acorns, and the Spanish sent a quarter of venison and a quarter of pork; Captain Hilton in turn sent the Spanish a jug of brandy.

Captain Hilton’s glowing description of the climate and wildlife on the lands he visited was of great help to those eager to settle the Carolinas, and we find echoes of his description in the pamphlets of the period.

“The Lands are laden with large tall Oaks, Walnut and Bayes, except facing on the Sea, it is most Pines tall and good: The Land generally, except where the Pines grow, is a good Soyl, covered with black Mold, in some places a foot, in some places half a foot, and in other places lesse, with Clay underneath mixed with Sand; and we think may produce anything as well as most part of the Indies that we have seen.

“The Indians plant in the worst Land, because

1 Alexander S. Salley, Jr., ed., *Narratives of Early Carolina*, 38. In the Heritage library.

they cannot cut down the Timber in the best, and yet have plenty of Corn, Pumpions, Water-Mellons, Musk-Mellons: although the Land be over grown with weeds through their lazinesse, yet they have two or three crops of Corn a year, as the Indians themselves inform us. The Country abounds with Grapes, large Figs, and Peaches; the Woods with Deer, Conies, Turkeys, Quails, Curlues, Plovers, Teile, Herons; and as the Indians say, in Winter, with Swans, Geese, Cranes, Duck and Mallard, and innumerable of other water-Fowls, whose names we know which lie in the Rivers, Marshes, and on the Sands Oysters in abundance, with great store of Muscles; A sort of fair Crabs, and a round Shelfish called Horsefeet. The Rivers stored plentifully



The horseshoe (or horsefoot) crab that Captain Hilton saw is often referred to as a living fossil, since it has changed little in 445 million years. More closely related to spiders and scorpions than to crabs, this creature may have evolved in the shallow seas of the Paleozoic Era with other primitive arthropods like the trilobites.

with Fish that we saw play and leap. There are great Marshes, but most as far as we saw little worth, except for a Root that grows in them the Indians make good Bread of.

“The Land we suppose is healthful; for the English that were cast away on that Coast in July last, were there most part of that time of year that is sickly in Virginia; and notwithstanding hard usage, and lying on the ground naked, yet had their perfect healths all the time. The Natives are very healthful; we saw many very Aged amongst them. The Ayr is clear and sweet, the Countrey very pleasant and delightful: And we could wish, that all they that want a happy settlement, of our English Nation, were well transported thither.”

