

PETER CARNES.

This gentleman is better known for his humor than anything else. He was a native of Maryland. I know that his wife was Elizabeth Wirt, from the fact of seeing a copy of his will, made by my grandfather, at whose house, "Springfield," he was once dangerously ill. I see from the rolls of Attorneys in Charleston, he was admitted to the Bar on 8th March, 1785.

To Chief Justice Rutledge, and other boon companions, at Ninety-Six, he described his life. He said, that he began first, as a house-carpenter—that this did not at all answer his purposes. He next tried his hand as a mill-wright, then as the manufacturer of balloons. Neither of these prospering, he became a Methodist exhorter. Here again he failed, *which drove him to the Bar*. As a lawyer, he said he had succeeded wonderfully. Chief Justice Rutledge said to him, "Brother Carnes, how much would your balloon carry up?" Carnes, looking round and espying Shaw, who was an Englishman—(he was admitted to the Bar, in Charleston, 10th August, 1784)—and a very diminutive man, walked up to him, slapped his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "it would carry on a good, stout chunk of a boy, as big as brother *Pop Corn*." Shaw was very excitable; this observation filled him brim-full of wrath. Carnes said, "brother Shaw often provokes me until I am ready to knock him down, but when I look at him, he looks so much like a pretty little gal, that I feel like kissing him." At this moment, William Tate, a lawyer, remarkable for a frizzly head, entered the room, Carnes, wheeling round and facing him, said, "enter frizzly." Tate, who, like Shaw, was irascible, said, "Mr. Carnes, I should like to know what you mean?" Carnes said, "Tate, you look like the fragments of a hail storm borne upon a whirlwind."

The Chief Justice's shield was all which saved Carnes from the wrath of the two subjects of his wit.

William Tate was admitted to the Bar, in Charleston, 20th February, 1787. He was one of the government recruits for the Revolution in France. He went to France, received a commission as Chef de Brigade or Demi-Brigade. He was landed as a part of the invading army of Ireland—captured—and after many years' absence—I think, about 1819—returned to this State. I remember seeing him once—a very venerable grey-headed gentleman. What became of him I do not know. His brother, Robert, once owned the plantation north of Saluda, in Newberry, opposite to Saluda Old Town, which, at the time I speak of seeing William Tate, was the property of Major William Dunlap, and was claimed in a bill in equity, by William Tate and others. They failed.

In a case of trespass for assault and battery, tried at Ninety-Six, William Shaw, above spoken of, was the defendant's Attorney. Peter Carnes was for the plaintiff. Mr. Shaw pleaded, "*molletur manus imposuit.*" The case turned out, in proof, to be a very aggravated assault and battery. Carnes said to the Judge, when, in his turn, he had the opportunity to address them, "Gentlemen, you all know I am no Latin scholar, but I think I can translate the gentleman's plea, '*molletur,*' he mauled, '*manus,*' the man, '*imposuit,*' and imposed upon him. Now, gentlemen, did you ever hear of such impudence—to shamefully abuse my client, and then to come into Court and brag of it?" The argument was irresistible. Other anecdotes of this great humorist, will be found in the Annals of Newberry, at pages 12, 20, 21, 22.

If I have been correctly informed, he realized a large fortune at the Bar, and died in Augusta, Georgia, in consequence of over-exerting himself at the defence of a man for murder.