

U+C  
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# 12 Bee St. Is To Be Sold By Church

By ROBERT P. STOCKTON  
Staff Reporter

The three-story Greek Revival mansion at 12 Bee St., which has housed the Episcopal Church Home for Women since 1929, is to be sold by the Church.

Money from sale of the property is needed to help pay for the old City Police Department property at St. Philip and Vanderhorst streets, where a new church home is to be built.

The brick double house at 12 Bee St., built in 1858 by a prosperous Charleston rice miller, has served as a maternity hospital as well as a ladies' home.

The builder was William Robb, partner in the East Point Mills which stood at the foot of Laurens Street on the Cooper River.

Robb, who is listed as living at the location in the 1859 Charleston city directory,

bought the property on which the house stands on March 30, 1858 for \$5,200.

The site was then part of 11 building lots, fronting on Rutledge, Bee and Ashley, which Thomas D. Condy offered for sale.

An advertisement of the sale, in the Charleston Courier of March 30, 1858, states, "The above land has been remarkable for its healthiness for the last

sixty years, and has been entirely free from all epidemics."

In fact, the land was one of the few natural high points, an island, in the low, marshy tract of land which Daniel Cannon acquired in the 1760s.

It was the site of two large lumber mills owned by Cannon, who also built the house at 185 Rutledge, corner of Bee, in 1798 for his kinswoman, Miss Sarah Peronneau Webb.

Cannon conveyed the property, then bound by Pinckney Street (now Rutledge Avenue), Thomas Street (now Ashley Avenue), Elliott Street (now Cannon Street) and what was to become Bee Street, to Miss Webb's trustee, Thomas Doughty, on May 2, 1798.

Doughty acquired the property in his own right from Cannon on April 3, 1789. He willed the property to his wife, Mary Legare Doughty, in 1815.

She in turn willed the property to her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Hall Condy, in 1818. Mrs. Condy, wife of the prosperous merchant, Jeremiah Condy, conveyed it to her son, Thomas D. Condy, the same year.

Thomas D. Condy divided the property into lots and sold them at auction in 1858.

William Robb bought two lots and part of a third at the corner of Bee and Ashley streets and built his fine home. His partner and kinsman, James Robb, bought two lots and part of a third, to the east of William Robb's lots.

William Robb conveyed his property, on June 9, 1874, to Samuel Lord Jr., in trust for Mary Augusta Gilchrist, wife of Robert C. Gilchrist, attorney, for \$8,500.

James Robb, on Dec. 18, 1875, sold his property to Wilmot G. DeSaussure, the former Confederate general, in trust for Mary Riker.

## A Correction

On Feb. 9, 1878, Mrs. Gilchrist bought from Gen. DeSaussure the narrow strip of land, to the east of the house, on which the church home's chapel now stands.

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Mrs. Gilchrist's heirs sold the property on Aug. 21, 1912, for \$9,500 to George S. Legare. It was acquired in the division of his estate, in 1918, by Frances Izlar Logan, for \$12,000.

She, on April 30, 1920, sold the house to Mercy Maternity Hospital for "\$10 and other considerations."

Mercy Maternity Hospital, the first of its kind in Charleston, represented a very modern

medical concept at the time and was considered "the place" for any expectant mother (who could afford it) to have her baby.

The hospital board sold the property, on Aug. 17, 1926, to William King McDowell, for \$30,000. McDowell, who was at the time president of the hospital board, was also president of the Coca Cola Bottling Co. in Charleston and several other local businesses.

McDowell, on Dec. 5, 1927, "actuated by motive of charity," according to the deed, gave the property to the Church Home and Orphanage.

That corporation then operated the Episcopal Church Home for Children in York and the Episcopal Church Home for Women at the southwest corner of Ashley Avenue and Spring Street in Charleston.

## Morning Coffee

By Dave Doubrava

Rain is nature's cruellest trick. Sitting here gazing out the window at all that wet stuff coming down, the miserable grey sky, the cold damp, makes me feel like heading for the palace and a long nap. In fact, right now Charleston looks a lot like Ohio, which is known for its nasty, rainy winters. The only real consolation is my people up there have four months of this stuff to look forward to while down here it will probably be relatively pleasant and mild shortly.

Granted, rain is great if you're a tree, bush or front lawn. But for the life of me I can't think of one immediately useful purpose it serves for humans. It's just a very large pain.

Sunshine, on the other hand, is terrific. You can lie in it and get a tan. It keeps you warm. There are hundreds of outdoor things you can do in it. And it's great for the spirits, while rain is generally depressing.

Snow, which is really just frozen sunshine, is great too when it comes down in huge bunches and doesn't immediately melt into slush. Trudging

But what can you do in, under or on top of rain? Not much unless your idea of sport is getting a good dose of flu. Sliding down a muddy mountain is messy, skating on a puddle is tiresome and bad for the blades and making a well-packed rainball is nearly impossible. About all you can do in rain is be depressed and wish you were somewhere else.

I find, also, that things don't go well for me when it rains. In fact, I've developed a series of little barometers which tell me more accurately than any three weathermen combined when it's going to rain. It's a sure sign that rain is on the way when my VW wiper blades wear out and start smearing the windshield. I also get an uncontrollable urge to buy a cheap umbrella.

For a more specific day-by-day forecast I have other indications. If I get up in the morning and find a hole has suddenly appeared in the sole of my left shoe there's about a 50 per cent chance of rain that day. If I have to spend any amount of time outside that day, it jumps to about 65 per cent. And



(Staff Photo by Stockton)

**12 Bee St.**