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# AMERICANA

April, 1934

## The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York

By L. ELSA LOEBER, LIBRARIAN, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE  
STATE OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK CITY



HEREAS, mercantile societies have been found very useful in trading cities for promoting and encouraging commerce, supporting industry, adjusting disputes relative to trade and navigation, and procuring such laws and regulations as may be found necessary for the benefit of trade in general;

For which purpose, and to establish such a society in the City of New York, the following persons convened on the first Tuesday in, and being the 5th day of April, 1768:

John Cruger,  
Elias Desbrosses,  
James Jauncey,  
Jacob Walton,  
Robert Murray,  
Hugh Wallace,  
George Folliot,  
William Walton,  
Samuel Verplank,  
Theophylact Bache,

Thomas White,  
Miles Sherbrooke,  
Walter Franklin,  
Robert Ross Waddle,  
Acheson Thompson,  
Lawrence Kortright,  
Thomas Randal,  
William McAdam,  
Isaac Low,  
Anthony Van Dam.

The following gentlemen, who are of the Society, not being present, assented to same:

John Alsop,  
Henry White,

Philip Livingston,  
James McEvers.<sup>1</sup>

1. "Colonial Records of the Chamber of Commerce," p. 3.

# Archibald Stobo, of Carolina---Presbyterianism's Stormy-Petrel

BY MARY-ELIZABETH LYNNAH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA



IN September 3, 1700, two stormy-petrels were blown into Charles Town harbor. Alike in many other respects, in this they differed, the one was a man, the other a bird.

The Rev. Archibald Stobo, rigid Scotch Presbyterian that he was, unquestioningly attributed his sudden and unforeseen arrival on Carolina shores to his involuntary execution of a complicated life-programme, personally prearranged for him by an indefatigable Destiny.

Stobo's ornithological prototype, however, having enjoyed only a more or less limited education, and being a practical sort of creature, simply and whole-heartedly blamed the rapidly gathering hurricane for his enforced detention in this foreign port.

Whether it was Destiny, or the terrific convulsion of nature which drove the travelers into the haven of Charles Town, remains unproved. This much, however, is known. Both lives were saved, and after the violent hurricane had spent itself, the bird struck out for its home port, whereas the Scotch clergyman settled down in Charles Town with his good wife and little pocket Bible, his sole remaining possessions, thus entering upon a stormy but impressive ministerial career, which was to terminate only at his death, some forty years later.

So far as can be determined, there remains to us today no attempted word or brush portrait of the Rev. Archibald Stobo, as he appeared to his contemporaries. There is, of course, the possibility that a forgotten likeness of this distinguished churchman lies moulding in some dust-powdered Charleston attic, just as there is the added probability that ancient Edinburgh trunks may conceal, along with their faded eighteenth century love notes and creamy brocades, some correspondence relating to, if not actually penned by, the stern hand of this revered Colonial clergyman.

It seems natural, however, to picture Archibald Stobo in his prime as a man of average stature, somewhat thickly and soberly set, pos-

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sessed of an imposing brow surmounted by crisp black hair, and having the firmly drawn mouth and darkly burning eyes of the zealot. To all outward appearances, a typical Scotch Presbyterian minister, Stobo was, without a doubt, dyed in a far more potent solution of Presbyterian bigotry than the remainder of his fellow-clergymen.

This very fact went far toward establishing his reputation as a noted Dissentist divine. Archibald Stobo was literally immersed in church tradition from the very time of his birth, which, though unrecorded, may be said to have taken place in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, as Edinburgh University files show that he matriculated there on March 16, 1691, graduating on June 25, 1697.

His immediate forebears are unknown, although it is believed by some that he was the son of one John Stobie (Stobo), a merchant of Edinburgh, whose most noteworthy achievement appears to have been his marriage to one Anna Maxtoun on June 5, 1623, less than one month after he had become first the husband and then the widower of one Euphans Adamson. The dates of these marriages, however, repudiate this otherwise plausible solution. This much may, nevertheless, be said for Archibald Stobo's antecedents. The Stobo family was held in great esteem in Scotland, and its members residing for the most part in the counties of Lanark, Peebles and Dumfries, were able to trace their lineage back some four hundred years, numbering among their ancestors large landowners and officials of the Crown and the Church.

The very name "Stobo" (also spelled Stubhoc, Stobhow, Stobhope, Stoboe, and Stobie) vouches for the family's antiquity, having been originally employed to designate a parish or mensal barony belonging, until the Reformation, to the Church of Glasgow. The people living on these church lands, and paying fealty to the Abbot or Bishop presiding over their respective barony, in time appropriated the name of the lands on which they lived, and became known as the Stobos.

In the year 1699, two events of momentous importance in the life of Archibald Stobo took place—his marriage, and subsequent debarcation on the Second Darien Expedition. On July 9, 1699, two years after his graduation from Edinburgh University, "Mr. Archibald Stobo, probationer," and Elizabeth Park, the daughter of James Park, writer, deceased, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

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As a young probationer Stobo had already completed his theological training, and had been appointed by his presbytery to preach the Gospel until, by his ordination to a charge, he should also be empowered to administer the Holy Sacrament. His marriage to the daughter of the "writer," or advocate, took place in the city of Edinburgh, and was, from all indications, the culmination of a very real romance, which outlived young love, and mature passion, bringing at the end contentment and a sense of fulfillment.

About two weeks later, Stobo, together with the Rev. Alex. Shields, Francis Borland, and Alexander Dalyliesh, were the recipients of a commission addressed to them as "the Presbytery of Caledonia," and dated July 21, 1699. Stobo, together with the other clergymen, was therein charged by the General Assembly, at the request of the Darien Company, a large stock company, to put himself in readiness to sail with the Second Darien Expedition.

In 1698, the Scotch had determined upon the foundation of a new Caledonia on the Isthmus of Darien, near the Panama Canal's present site. The first Expedition, which had sailed from Leith on July 25, 1698, had met with meagre success, due to the inexperience of their leader, a little-known man by the name of Patterson. With true Caledonian persistence, however, the Darien Company embarked on a follow-up campaign. The Rev. Archibald Stobo, now fully ordained to the Presbytery, accompanied by his young wife, was in September, 1699, assigned quarters on board the "Rising Sun," a sixty-gun vessel commanded by one Captain Gibson, and enjoying the distinction of being the largest of the flotilla of four comprising the main body of the Second Colony Expedition, and transporting about 1,200 men.

Disaster hovered around the Colonists from the time they put out to sea. One of their ministers, the Rev. Mr. Dalyliesh, died at sea between Montserat and Darien, and gloom immediately encompassed those remaining. They could only look upon Dalyliesh's sudden death as a grim foreshadowing of the certain defeat in store for them. The crescent fears of the Colonists by slow degrees became realities, and the enterprise was acknowledged by all to be incapable of success.

Darien itself was reached after many horrifying days spent on the horizonless Atlantic, but disease, hostile Spaniards, Indians and the treacherous climate combined with the sorely diminished stores to make the Colonists forget their dreams and demand that their leaders

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turn back, in an effort to reach their old home, before starvation and slow death should utterly defeat them.

Even the zealous preachings and abundant admonitions of the Presbyterian ministers were of no avail, so far as raising the spirits of the forlorn expeditionists was concerned. In fact, they merely dampened them. Attendance upon the religious services was disconcertingly small. The clergymen wrote home that one-third of the Colonists were "wild Highlanders, that cannot speak Scotch, which are barbarians to us, and we to them."

As to the Indians of the Isthmus—they lamented sorely the fact that they could make no headway in converting them, as they lacked not only a personal understanding of their queer language, but also the necessary interpreter. It was for this reason that the Rev. Mr. Stobo and his fellows felt it their duty to concentrate their entire prayers and thought on their Scotch charges, whom they daily exhorted to ignore their present sufferings, which were, indeed, but their destined lot on earth. In severest terms, they complained to headquarters, moreover, of the rank obscenity, profanity, drunkenness and open contempt for the Gospel ordinances prevalent among the Darien expeditionists.

The Colonists, on the other hand, unreservedly denounced their religious leaders as sheer fanatics, refused to attend the protracted services, and actually became so hardened as to ignore the harrowing threats of a hereafter in which fire and brimstone would play major rôles. Everything considered, it must be admitted that the Rev. Mr. Stobo and his associates, in spite of their excellent intentions, did much to injure the colonial cause. By carrying the doctrine of Predestination to vast extremes, and declaring that the outcome of all acts depended not upon the doer of the deed, but rather upon the whim of Destiny, they stamped out all tentative ambition in the Colonists, and thus completely defeated their original purpose.

There soon remained no further excuse for lingering on in Darien. The leaders realized that unless the homeward trek was begun at once, there would be none left alive to recount the horrors of the Second Expedition. In seven vessels, therefore, they set sail for Scotland. Had it not been for the assistance rendered by the Spaniards, who were overjoyed at the Scots' withdrawal from the Isthmus, the Darien Colonists would have been forced to abandon their largest

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vessel, the "Rising Sun." Only with the greatest difficulty did they succeed in getting the ship out of Darien Harbor, and, had it not been for this hard-earned success, the Rev. Archibald Stobo would never have enjoyed the reputation of being the first Presbyterian minister to set foot on South Carolina's sands.

Of the seven vessels plowing northward up the Atlantic Coast, in a desperate effort to make Scotland, only Captain Campbell's ship and one other actually reached their home port, and scarcely more than thirty Colonists survived the ordeal. The "Rising Sun," with the Rev. Mr. Stobo and his brave young wife on board, was one of the five vessels lost. Heading northward up the stormy Atlantic seaboard, and buffeted by mountainous waves, the "Rising Sun" resembled nothing more closely than a floating hospital, wherein the advantages of scientific sanitation were quite unknown. The very fact that the ship bobbed about so freely on the heavy seas added greatly to the distress of the passengers, the vast majority of whom, weakened by the prolonged privations and unhealthy diet, were fast falling a prey to "malignant fevers and fluxes." The deaths among the Colonists reached an alarming figure, and, when the captain of the "Rising Sun" ran into a heavy gale off Florida, he put in closer to the coast, planning to seek a port should the weather conditions grow worse.

By the time the Carolina shoreline hove into view, it had become apparent that the storm in the making would prove nothing short of a hurricane when it broke. Captain Gibson immediately headed for Charles Town, South Carolina, under a jury-mast, reaching that port on the morning of September 3, 1700. For once, the ship appeared quite safe, and consternation was forgotten as she rested at anchor, in the unexpected calm, just outside the Charles Town Bar, waiting until her load could be sufficiently lightened to permit her entering the harbor proper.<sup>1</sup> During the lull in the storm, the Rev. Mr. Stobo and

1. "A tradition prevails, that about the year 1700 a large vessel, supposed to be the 'Rising Sun,' with 346 passengers on board, came without a pilot up Sampit creek to the place where Georgetown now stands; but finding no inhabitants there but Indians, the captain made for Charleston. On his arriving near the bar, he was boarded by a pilot, who told him that his vessel could not enter the Harbor without lightening. The captain being in distress, sent his long boat with the Rev. Mr. Stobo and some others to solicit assistance. Before the boat returned a hurricane took place, in which the vessel and every soul on board were lost. Tradition states further, that the same hurricane broke open the north inlet, and that previously there had been only one inlet from the sea to Winyaw bay. That a vessel came over Georgetown bar without a pilot which could not cross Charleston bar with one, if true, is very remarkable. It is rendered probable from the circumstance that the bar of Georgetown has from that time to the present been constantly growing worse." Ex.: "Statistical Account of Georgetown," appended to Ramsay's "History," Vol. II, 590, Charleston, 1809.



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a special committee went into town in the ship's long-boat, to arrange for a pilot and fresh provisions.

The presence of a Scotch Presbyterian minister in Charles Town being something of an event, Stobo's identity was immediately discovered by some members of the Congregational Church, whose minister, a Mr. Cotton, had died only a short while before. At once a deputation of three waited upon Stobo, insisting that he do them the honor of preaching to their Dissentist congregation.<sup>2</sup> Archibald Stobo, flattered by the invitation, and tempted by the opportunity to assist in the spread of the Gospel among the people of pleasure-loving Charles Town, went over to the Congregational meetinghouse, together with his wife, and Lieutenant Graham, James Byars, David Kennedy, Lieutenant Durham, Ensign John Murray, Ensign Robert Colquohoun, William Bready, John Spence, James Dick, Alexander Hendric, John Miker (a boy), and James Pickens.

That very night a terrific hurricane swept the Carolina Coast. The "Rising Sun" crumpled up like so much cardboard, sucking down to the sea-floor in its wreckage the captain and his three hundred and forty-six passengers. Only the Rev. Archibald Stobo, his wife, and the men that had accompanied him to Charles Town prior to the tempest, escaped the wholesale slaughter.

In this manner the minister found himself stranded in Charles Town, with only his faithful wife and little pocket Bible remaining to console him. Saturated as he was in the doctrine of Predestination, Stobo could only regard his remarkable escape in the light of an act of Divine Providence, signifying that Charles Town was henceforward to be his charge. How he reconciled the preservation of the other members of his party, excepting Mrs. Stobo, is not recorded. His attitude toward those who perished, however, was cold and unsympathetic. Like many of his faith back in Scotland, he sincerely believed that Captain Gibson, for one, had been visited by heavenly retribution for his terrible mistreatment of some unfortunate prisoners, whom he had transported to the Colony, back in 1684.

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2. The story also goes that the Rev. Mr. Stobo came up to Charles Town at the request of a young couple desiring to be married by a Presbyterian minister. Although this is a more romantic version than the one given above, the existing records of the Congregational Church in Charleston bear out the first story, reading as follows: "Mr. Stobo, one of the passengers, was invited by a deputation of 3 members of this church to preach while the 'Rising Sun' dallied for supplies. He accepted the invitation and came up to Charlestown with the deputation on the day before the hurricane commenced. His life was thus providentially saved."

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And, as for his justification of the annihilation of the wretched Colonists, it is best to refer to his fanatical letter, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Borland, a minister of Glassford:<sup>3</sup>

I do not doubt [he wrote] but you have heard how narrowly I escaped the judgement that came upon the Rising Sun; I and my wife were scarce well gone from her, when wrath seized upon her; and after our departure the storm came so sudden, that none could find the way to her. It was the Lord's remarkable mercy that we were not consumed in the stroke with the rest. They were such a rude company, that I believe Sodom never declared such impudence in sinning as they; any observant eye might see that they were running the way they went; hell and judgement was to be seen upon them and in them before the time. You saw them bad, but I saw them worse; their cup was full, they could hold no more; they were ripe, they must be cut down with the sickle of his wrath. Here I lost my books and all, and have only my life for a prey, with my skin as it were in my teeth.

Mr. Stobo, however, was not to remain in this confusing condition for long. The members of the Congregational Church saw in his miraculous escape so closely related to the affairs of their meeting-house a sign that Stobo had indeed been sent by Providence to fill the pulpit so recently vacated by their deceased Mr. Cotton. Accordingly, the devout man was besought to become their fourth minister. Stobo immediately acceded to the request, and from September, 1700, to the year 1704, served the Congregational Church diligently.

"Not far off, by Cartarett Bastion, is the Presbyterian Meeting-house, of which Mr. Archibald Stobe (Stobo) is Minister," wrote Oldmixon, in his "Carolina"; and on Crisp's map of Charles Town, drawn in the year 1704, Stobo's residence is shown as being situated on King Street above Queen, and one of the largest houses in the growing community.

So far as any actual records of his labors and accomplishments as pastor of the Congregational Church are concerned, none are to be found. His worth and success must be inferred from his deeds themselves rather than from any written account. Absence of church records is explained in the Register of the Independent Congregational

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3. The Rev. Mr. Borland, one of the few Darien colonists of the last expedition to reach home, included this letter in his "History of Darien," written in America in 1700.

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Church, dating from 1732-96, wherein the following notation is to be found in faded, yellowed ink:

### MEMORANDUM,

There was a former Register kept, belonging to the Meeting-House & Congregation;—which by Misfortune of the Great-Hurricane that happened the 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> Sept: 1713; was lost; when the House where the late Rev<sup>d</sup>: Mr. Wm: Livingston, minister, dec: then lived (and in whose possession it was) at White-Point, in Charles Town, in this Province, was washed & carried away, by the over-flowing of the Sea.

Inform<sup>n</sup>: of John Tipar—  
Prest: clerk.  
Feby: 8<sup>th</sup> 1733.

Although the Register for 1700-04, the years of Stobo's pastorate at the Charles Town church, was lost during the ministry of his successor, the Rev. Mr. Livingston, Dr. Hewatt, an early arrival in the province paid a glowing tribute of affection to Archibald Stobo:

"He possessed those talents which render a minister conspicuous and respected. To his treasures of knowledge and excellent capacity for instruction, he added uncommon activity and diligence in the discharge of the various duties of his sacred function. No minister of the colony ever engrossed so universally the public favor and esteem."

The knowledge, therefore, that Archibald Stobo, in spite of apparent success, was actually forced to resign from his position in the Congregational Church, in Charles Town, embodies a certain element of shock, but, upon examination can be readily understood.

Three factors were responsible for Stobo's enforced withdrawal, namely: his over-abundant zeal in spreading the Gospel, his own unbending will in adherence to principles of the church in Scotland, and the all important element of political pressure. No minister ever applied himself more unreservedly and selflessly to his charge. The fault lay in the fact that he overstepped the limitations of reason. The dissatisfaction among the members of his congregation was chiefly of a personal nature. For one thing, when deeply moved, Stobo's sermons were often prolonged throughout the better part of the day. At first hypnotized by the force of his vivid faith, the congregation gradually accustomed itself to his commanding presence, and with the passing of the sense of novelty, became rather querulous about the heavy demands made upon their time.

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In Mrs. Flud's MS. history of the Legare family, there is recounted the following anecdote of an open rebellion on the part of one Solomon Legare, "the first emigrant," and the Rev. Mr. Stobo. Although extremely amusing, the incident inclines one to sympathize with the unfortunate minister.

"Mr. Legare," writes Mrs. Flud, "was strict in the observance of regular hours, and to his great annoyance, the Rev. Mr. Stobo, who preached at one time in the Congregational Church, gave sermons of such unusual lengths that they often interfered with the dinner hour. At length Mr. Legare was determined to submit no longer to such irregularity and the next Sabbath he got up, with his family, in the midst of the discourse, and was about to leave the church, when the Rev. Scotch gentleman perceiving his intention, called out from the pulpit: 'Aye, aye, a little pitcher is soon fill!' Upon which irreverent address the Huguenot's French blood became excited, and turning himself about in the middle of the aisle, he still more irreverently, and not altogether to his credit, retorted, 'And you are an old fool!' He then quietly went home with his family, ate his dinner, returned with them to the church, and then listened to the balance of the discourse as gravely as if nothing unusual had occurred."

"What the failings of Mr. Stobo were, we are not informed," writes Howe in his history of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina. "We judge him to have been a man of most decided character, uncompromising in his assertion of what he believed to be right and in his denunciation of what he knew to be wrong. He was too earnest an adherent of Presbyterian government to please all parties in the church at Charleston."

"He had a natural aversion from the Episcopal jurisdiction. The governor and his adherents found it necessary," says Hewatt, "to sow the seeds of division among his fellows, and from maxims of policy, to magnify his failings, in order to ruin his great power and influence."

In this connection, it is interesting to note a letter written by Dr. LeJau, a contemporary of Stobo, holding the position of rector of St. James' Parish, Goose Creek, near Charleston. The letter, dated April 15, 1707, gives the Episcopal point of view and reads:

One Mr. Stobo has printed a covenant subscribed by 46 of his Presbyterian Meeting (Meeting-house). . . . I read only the two first and two last leaves; my patience was sufficiently tried then; he

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binds them to a Presbyterian congregation forever in Church discipline, doctrine and government, as set down in the Old Testament. That christenings, marriages and burials shall be among themselves, that their ministers shall come from Scotland, such as he, Mr. Stobo can comply with, that upon Sabbath days they shan't go to other places but the Meeting (Meeting-house) in Charles Town or must meet among themselves rather than by gadding abroad for strengthening others vice and giving offence to one another. The conclusion is most horrid; the 46 men subscribe to those promises as the revealed truths of Jesus Christ. I would read no more; yet I am promised one of the printed papers and will send it to you: however the subscription was not 12 months old but they turned the man out to put in a young man lately come.

Dr. LeJau, in referring to Stobo's successor, neglected to state that the young Livingston surprised the congregation he inherited by possessing just those qualities for which Stobo was condemned.

Archibald Stobo's career, as might have been expected of such a man, did not come to a sudden conclusion, upon his ejection from the church in Charles Town, in the year 1704. From that year on his importance and influence steadily increased throughout the Colony. Under his supervision and leadership was established the first Presbytery in South Carolina, and the third in America. According to the old Register of the present Circular Congregational Church of Charleston, "he lived nearly half a century afterwards and became the founder of a numerous family, and also of several churches on the Presbyterian plan in different parts of the Province."

Of Stobo's family life, practically nothing is known, with the exception of his undiminished devotion to his wife, Elizabeth. So far as can be learned, his "numerous family" consisted simply of two sons and two daughters, which appears rather diminutive, as families of Presbyterian ministers grew in those days.

Of his activity as an organizer of churches, however, there is much to be said. Six years after Stobo's resignation from the Congregational Church in Charles Town, a letter bearing the date June 1, 1710, mentions the fact that there were already "five churches of British Presbyterians" in South Carolina. As no churches of the Presbyterian denomination existed in South Carolina prior to Stobo's appearance, to him alone must go the credit for the foundation of these five churches at Wilton, James Island, Cainhoy, John's Island, and

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Edisto, as well as the foundation of the Bethel Presbyterian Church in 1728.

Whether or not Archibald Stobo actually removed his residence from Charles Town to Wiltown is not known. The church at Wiltown, however, became his particular charge after 1704, as well as his pet obsession. It was, in fact, Stobo's first brain-child, and as such he loved it. His choice of Wiltown, or Wilton as it is also called, was a natural one. Wiltown was probably the second town to be settled in South Carolina, Charles Town alone having the right to claim seniority, and as such its inhabitants must have early begun to feel the need for a local church, as the distant Charles Town often proved impractical as a place to worship because of the rigors of the climate, and the uncertain methods of transportation.

The little settlement seems never to have attained to any real size or distinction. Because of its proximity to the more flourishing Charles Town, its advantages as a trading port, if any, were sadly overlooked. The site, moreover, although most beautifully placed on a bluff overlooking fertile rice fields, was quite incapable of defense, should an invader put in an appearance; and the surrounding fresh waters of the lazy South Edisto were most conducive to the spread of malaria. Although Oldmixon speaks of the Wiltown of Stobo's time as boasting some eighty houses, such prosperity is difficult to believe. If the number of dwellings is correctly given, this must certainly have been Wiltown's Golden Age.

It is practically impossible to secure material evidence relating to the history of Wiltown Church, as whatever records existed in Stobo's time, were destroyed when the original meetinghouse perished. No sessional records are to be found, and the "Minutes of the Board of Trustees," are of no assistance to the historian, as they only go back a few years. Some interesting facts, however, are to be learned upon examination of the records of the church's financial affairs. It is to be inferred from these accounts that a very compact and efficient Presbyterian organization sprang into being shortly after Archibald Stobo's arrival at Wiltown.

The original meetinghouse was, in spite of the fact that four acres had been set aside to contain a church (on the plan of the town), erected high up on the bluff overlooking the river. There is extant, moreover, a list of subscribers for building a Presbyterian meeting-

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house in Wiltown, dated 1731. At this meetinghouse the Rev. Archibald Stobo was preaching on September 9, 1739, when news reached his congregation of a terrifying negro insurrection, in progress at Stono, a few miles distant.

The insurrection, an indirect result of secret workings of hostile Spaniards who were engaged in tampering with the negroes of Florida and the Creeks in Georgia in order to turn them against the English Colonists, was the only negro revolt to come to a head during the one hundred and ninety years since Governor Yeamans had brought the first slaves to South Carolina. It seems that the Stono negroes, having gotten wind of a similar insurrection down in St. Augustine, had determined to follow the example set by their fellow-Africans. Five negroes, servants of one Captain McPherson, opened hostilities on that eventful day in September by wounding their master's son, killing another man, and escaping unpunished. Shortly afterwards, a crowd of negroes gathered at Stono, and, after surprising two young men who were guarding a warehouse packed with arms and ammunition, killed the youths and appropriated the contents of the warehouse. Thus weaponed, they elected one black "Cato" captain, and with savage, rumbling drums and flags at their head, they marched southwest, killing the whites, looting and burning their houses, and compelling all slaves to follow them, thereby greatly strengthening their forces.

It happened that old Governor Bull, himself, was returning that day to Charles Town. He encountered the insurrectionists, and having caught sight of their armed condition, skillfully outrode them, and hastened *via* the John's Island route to warn Charles Town of the approaching hordes. A certain Mr. Golightly, moreover, also had the ill fortune to come upon the slaves, as they marched toward Wiltown. Remembering the gathering at Wiltown Presbyterian Church, Mr. Golightly had the presence of mind to make all possible speed in that direction. He rushed into the meetinghouse just as the Rev. Archibald Stobo was addressing a large and attentive congregation.

Formalities were waived, and immediately upon Mr. Golightly's transmittal of the alarming news, the clergyman, together with the men of the congregation, who as planters were required by law to go armed at all times, locked their frightened wives and bewildered children in the little meetinghouse, and set out in search of the negroes.

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By the time the Wiltown militia reached the raving slaves, the negroes had congregated in an open field, and were busy celebrating the havoc they had wrought over the 15 miles they had traversed uninterrupted. Among other objects which they had stolen from the houses of their white victims was a goodly quantity of old rum. It was, moreover, their enjoyment of this rum in their victory celebration that proved their undoing.

The Rev. Mr. Stobo and his militant congregation, under the capable leadership of a Captain Bee, easily surrounded the negroes, who were by this time, dancing and singing in a drunken frenzy in the glow from the burning plantation house which they had recently looted.<sup>4</sup> The militia carefully closed in on the rebel negroes. "Cato," their captain, was killed just as he finished emptying one musket into the Presbyterians, and was in the act of unloading a second. A few of his "soldiers" also perished, but the vast majority hurried off to their respective plantations, hoping to take advantage of their masters' absence at church services, thereby escaping detection. A few guilty ones, no doubt, escaped their just punishment, but a substantial number of the insurgents were rounded up and executed. Only those slaves who had been compelled to join the rebels were pardoned.

When the whites counted heads, twenty in all had been lost forever, but it was universally agreed that, had it not been for the alacrity and efficiency of the Rev. Mr. Stobo's Wiltown congregation, matters would have been considerably worse. Archibald Stobo's participation in this subjugation of the maddened slaves may be pointed out as a final highlight in his adventurous and tempestuous career as a servant of the Presbyterian Church. His remarkable ministry must have ended soon after this, for in a document dated October 15, 1741, and located in the archives of the church at Wiltown, his death is referred to as a recent event, and his will, proved and recorded in Charles Town on November 28, 1741, read as follows:

In the name of God Amen. I, Archibald Stobo of Colleton Co. in the Province of S. C. Minister of the Gospel, being weak in the body but sound in mind and judgement do make and ordain this my last will and Testament, as follows:

In primis, I give grant and bequeath unto the Presbyterian congregation of Willtown the sum of one hundred pounds current money of

4. The plantation house in question once stood on a piece of ground known since the insurrection by no other name than "The Battlefield."



## ARCHIBALD STOBO, OF CAROLINA

the said Province towards the future support of a Presbyterian minister in that congregation.

ITEM, I give grant and bequeath a mourning ring unto each of my two sons James and William Stobo.

ITEM, I give grant and bequeath a mourning ring unto each of my two daughters, Jean Bulloch and Elizabeth Stanyarne.

ITEM, I give grant and bequeath a mourning ring to each of my two sons in law James Bulloch and Joseph Stanyarne.

ITEM, I give grant and bequeath a mourning ring unto my daughter in law Elizabeth Stobo.

ITEM, I give grant and bequeath unto my loving wife Elizabeth, her heirs, Execrs. Admns. and Assigns the whole and full remainder of my Personal Estate together with the whole and all of my Real Estate, Hereby constituting ordaining and appointing her, my Beloved Wife together with my two sons James and Wm. Stobo Execrs. of this my last Will and Testament, and hereby revoking and annulling all other and former last Wills and Testaments by me made.

In witness whereof I here unto set my hand and seal this 25 Feb. 1735-6.

ARCH'D STOBO.

In presence of  
Geo Mitchell  
Eliza Didcott  
Tabitha Peter

Stobo's will was drawn up several years before his death, the exact date of which, like many other facts of his life, remains a mystery. His burial place, if not unmarked, is yet unknown. The constant and unending growth, however, of the Presbyterian Church in the State of South Carolina stands out as an enduring and most worthy monument to his great memory.

