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HISTORY

OF

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WILLIAMSBURG CHURCH.

Corrected Copy.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF THE 120TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE WILLIAMSBURG CHURCH, JULY 4TH, 1856,
KINGSTREE, S. C.:

WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX.

BY REV. JAMES A. WALLACE,

Pastor of the Church.

The Corrections are by the Author.
L. C. D.

"There is a voice of years that are gone.—They roll before me with
all their deeds."—Ossian.

SALISBURY, N. C.:

BELL & JAMES, PRINTERS.

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HISTORY OF WILLIAMSBURG CHURCH.

KINGSTREE, S. C., AUG. 6TH, 1856.

REV. JAMES A. WALLACE:

Dear Sir—

At a meeting of the citizens of Williamsburg District, we, the undersigned, were appointed a Committee to request, for publication, your able and interesting Discourse, delivered on the 4th of July last, containing many facts connected with the early history of our section of country, which we deem important to preserve in a tangible form.

Respectfully Yours,

B. WARBURTON BRADLEY,
DAVID D. WILSON,
WILLIAM F. ERVIN.

THE foregoing note will indicate the main reason for giving this little work to the public. The history of the original settlement of any portion of the country, must always be interesting; and its importance increases in proportion as time rolls the events farther back from the generation living. And this is eminently true, of the facts connected with the organization and early existence of the Churches founded by our fathers. Events which appeared to them too trifling to be placed on re-

cord, are now eagerly sought after and treasured up with an avidity of which they never thought

As Williamsburg is the cradle of Presbyterianism, in this part of South Carolina, it becomes an object of special importance to preserve, in a permanent form, all the facts relating to its early existence. The history of the Williamsburg Church, for one hundred years, is, to a large extent, the common property of fourteen other churches in this part of the State, besides those formed wholly or in part, in the Far West, from its members.

From the almost total neglect of Churches and Church Sessions, to keep a record of their proceedings during the last century, the larger portion of their acts have been irrecoverably lost. The faithfulness of individuals, however, in keeping family histories, and the events inseparably connected with them in the Church, has supplied, to some extent, the wants of official documents.—These, corroborated by the current traditions of the country, have been laid under contribution in the present work. Some important information has been obtained by correspondence with Ministers at the North, who had the advantage of access to manuscripts which have not been published; and as some of these have already passed away from earth, the materials furnished from this source, if now lost, could never be recovered.

The author also acknowledges his indebtedness to the late J. B. Witherspoon, M. D., of Greene county, Alabama, who, during his life, furnished him with a brief manuscript history of the Williamsburg Church, and many other interesting facts. As Dr. W. was a native of Williamsburg, and had in his possession valuable

family documents, his statements, when positively made, must be deemed authentic.

Original grants and title-deeds of land, have supplied valuable information.

The authors consulted are generally indicated in the narrative.

In addition, we have the living testimony of a number of individuals who have passed their four-score years on earth, and distinctly remember the scenes of the revolution; and have also treasured up the traditions of their fathers.

The materials thus collected through several years of patient research, are now presented in a permanent form, with the humble hope that they may serve to promote the interests of our Zion and the glory of God.

DISCOURSE.

ISAIAH—68: 8, 9. For He said, surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so He was their Saviour.

In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them: and He bare them and carried them all the days of old.

THAT PORTION of our country whose settlement dates a few generations back, presents objects of both delightful and melancholy interest. Here hang in rich luxuriance the fruits of the trees planted by the hands of the fathers, for the enjoyment of their children. The tears and the prayers

of pious pilgrims exiled from the land of their birth, for the sake of worshipping God in purity and peace, have not been spent in vain. A savage wilderness, and a more savage race of inhabitants, both man and beast, have gradually faded away before the steady and onward march of religion and civilization. The desert has bloomed as the rose; and the wild barren waste, under the hand of cultivation, has been made to present the aspect of abundance and enjoyment.

But, at the same time, we are called to look on many sad memorials of the past. Those scattered fragments of the tenements of man, tell of generations who lived, and labored, and prayed, and suffered, and passed away from the scenes of earth forever. Yonder antique wall of clay, bespeaks a rude structure where humble worshippers praised God, and then went up to stand in his presence. Under that lowly roof the psalm was sung, the old family Bible—sacred relic of father-land—was read, and many a heart burned with heavenly flame, as the patriarch of the family

led the devotions before the mercy seat.— Here hummed the spinning wheel, and here were plied the axe, and other implements of a bye-gone generation. Here the mother beheld the first smiles of her infant babe, and the father pressed his laughing boy between his knees, or looked on and cheered as the sportive circle whiled away the hours of childish glee—soon all to grow up to manhood, to tremble with age, and sink into dust and be forgotten. That clay monument, never animated by the breath of life, has outlived over and over again, the dust that once tenanted immortality.

In yon Church-yard, too, we read a register of abiding interest. The weather beaten stone with antique engraving, marks the resting place of one who once walked where we do now, honored and useful as any of us; but whose visage, none now living, ever saw. The almost imperishable pine knot, is often the only remembrancer of some eminent servant of Jesus Christ, designating the spot where reposes dust, that was once a temple of the Holy Ghost. The minister of Jesus has long since ceased

to invite sinners to the waters of life; and there is nothing to indicate the spot where he sleeps. The frail monuments placed at his head and feet, by his weeping flock, when they laid him down in the tomb, and rolled the clods on his coffin lid, have rotted away; "and no man knoweth of his sepulchre until this day."

In the words selected as the theme of discourse, the prophet solemnly commemorates the mercies of God to his ancient covenant people. When they promised to yield him a faithful obedience, God in his loving-kindness to them said—"Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so He was their Saviour. In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old."

In all the trials which Israel endured—both in Egypt, and in their journeyings through the wilderness, the Lord remembered them. He heard their groanings in the land of oppression, and He raised them

up a deliverer. Through the Red Sea, He led Joseph as a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron. And during their forty years wandering, "the angel of his presence" never left them. The uncreated Son of God led them by that mysterious symbol of His presence, the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. Even their murmurings and disobedience, did not cause Him to cast them off as a nation. He pitied their infirmities, He supplied them with bread and water, He protected them from their enemies; all the way from Egypt to Canaan, even until they crossed the Jordan, and "ate of the old corn of the land."—His promise to Moses was, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." And that promise was realized, not only in the journeyings in the wilderness, but during the centuries that fulfilled their national existence. Though they were rebellious, he was still their Saviour. And, as a tender mother watches over her helpless babe and supplies its wants, and bears it on her bosom, so God is represented as taking his people up, and bearing and carrying them all the days of old.

It will be our design, on this occasion, to show that God still remembers his covenant people. He has never left himself without a witnessing Church—a Church baptized of the Holy Ghost, at any period; and he never will till time shall end, and the scheme of redemption be completed. If the lineal sons of Jacob are cast off, and not now his people, there are others called in to enjoy their privileges. If the branches of the good olive have been broken off, there is the wild olive grafted on the root. Out of every kindred and tongue and nation, He has chosen them into his kingdom, and called them home to himself on high.

But our attention is to be more particularly directed to one small portion of the Master's vineyard; and to the care which He has exercised over the immortal beings who have occupied it at different periods. And it will doubtless be seen, that in each succeeding generation, and in all the trials and sufferings through which they were called to pass, God was still their Saviour, and bare and carried them all the days of old.

The history of the WILLIAMSBURGH CHURCH derives especial importance, from the circumstance, that it was an original body, and not a colony from another Church, nor an assemblage from many, others. Like Israel marching from Egypt to a covenant home in Canaan, this body of Christ's people came from a far country,—a land of oppression—and driving the rude inhabitants from it, they pitched their tents in a waste howling wilderness. It was a transplanting from one continent to another. And this little band, independent in itself, and isolated from all other immigrations, was also the nucleus to gather additional strength from time to time. Moreover it was a centre of light and influence, from which radiated its peculiar characteristics in all directions.

I.—THE ANTE-REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

In taking a cursory view of the history of this Church, it will be our design to consider the dealings of God with it at different periods. And,

I. The first epoch to which we shall confine our attention, will embrace the time

which elapsed prior to the war of the revolution.

The first traces of the settlement of the territory included in the congregation of Williamsburg, appear about the year 1731. It seems from some ancient documents that two men by the names of Finley and Rutledge, attempted a settlement before this time of a portion of land a few miles north of this place, on two bays which still bear their names. But their enterprise of cultivating rice having failed, they abandoned their lands and returned to Charleston district, whence they came.

The circumstances which led to the first permanent settlement of this portion of country may be briefly detailed:—The proprietary government was overthrown in 1719, in consequence mainly of the inability or unwillingness of the lords proprietors in England, to protect their colonies from the incursions of the Indian tribes.—And in 1729 the proprietors relinquished their rights to the crown. A plan was then adopted by the regal government, to facilitate immigration from the mother country,

and the more rapid population of the territory. Gov. Johnson was ordered by his Majesty to mark out eleven townships on the banks of navigable streams, and to divide the lands into shares of fifty acres for each man, woman and child, who would come and settle on them. Each township was to include 20,000 acres, to be augmented when larger numbers of settlers made it necessary; and each one was called and constituted a Parish, and the inhabitants were entitled to the same privileges in the navigation of the rivers. So soon as a Parish numbered a hundred families, they were entitled to send two members of their own election to the assembly, and to enjoy all the civil privileges, which had been secured to the other parishes established in the province. Ten townships were accordingly laid out, two on the Altamaha river; two on the Savannah, two on Santee, one on Peedee, one on Waccamaw, one on Wateree, and one on Black river. This proceeding was in obedience to the immediate orders of the king and not from any act of the Colonial Legislature. In 1731 the Governor issued the war-

rant to St. John the Surveyor General of the province, to mark out these townships; but he demanded such an exorbitant sum for his services that the members of the Council agreed to perform the labor themselves.*

It is proper here to state that the first civil division of South Carolina, was into four counties, viz: Berkeley, Craven, Colleton, Carteret or Granville. Craven county embraced all the territory from the Santee, Congaree and Broad rivers, to the North Carolina line, together with a part of Charleston District, and from the sea-board to the mountains. In 1769, the province was divided into seven precincts, one of which was Georgetown. Georgetown precinct included five parishes and one township, viz: Prince George's, Prince Frederick's, Queensborough, Kingston and All Saints parishes, and Williamsburg Township.—*Mill's Statistics*, pp. 192, 193.

The last enumerated of these divisions is the one which now concerns us. The town-

* Vide Ramsey's History, Vol. 1, pp. 108, 109. Carroll's Collections, Vol. 1, pp. 296, 297—Vol. 2, pp. 124, 125

ship of Williamsburg, in the midst of which we are now congregated, was granted to a colony of Irish Presbyterians, with the full and secure privilege of enjoying their own faith and mode of worship. In the royal grants of the Glebe tract of land there is not only a permission to enjoy the faith and worship of the Presbyterian Church, but a positive proviso and limitation that the minister occupying the premises, and ministering there, shall "profess, teach and use the doctrine, discipline and worship now used in the Church of Scotland, and subscribing the Westminster Confession of Faith as his Confession." The minister, too, according to an essential feature in the Presbyterian Faith, was to be chosen by a majority of the Trustees and Members of the Congregation, "being of the same profession, and using, frequenting and belonging to the same, and not otherwise." The title deed of the lot on which the house of worship was built, made by a private individual, contains the same provisos, conditions and limitations.

This indisputable documentary testimony,

together with the high authorities cited, would seem utterly to refute the idea that the township of Williamsburg was ever an Episcopal Church parish, or that any of the lands included in the tract of twenty miles square, was ever granted to any other individuals and for any other religious purposes than to the Irish Presbyterians and their faith and mode of worship. This township appears to have been laid out in 1731 under the order of the King. Prince Frederick's Parish was set off from Prince George's by act of the Assembly in 1734.

The grants of bounty land in the township of Williamsburg, as in the others, were made without any compensation for the first ten years after their occupancy by the grantees. Subsequent to that term of years the holders were required to pay an annual rent or tax of three shillings sterling, or four shillings proclamation money, for every hundred acres. The *township* of Williamsburg included an area of twenty miles square, and must, in all the earlier historical relations, be distinguished from the pre-

sent *District* of Williamsburg. It constituted a Presbyterian Congregation or Parish, similar to those in Scotland and Ireland. And the grants of bounty lands within this township seem to have been made between the years 1730 and 1745.—*Vide Act of 1788, authorizing the re-survey of the town of Williamsburg.*

The principal immigrations, however, and those which founded the Church of Williamsburg, occurred in the years 1732 and 1734. In this latter year, John Wither-
spoon, Sen., who was born near Glasgow, in Scotland, about the year 1670, and who, on account of the persecutions suffered there during the reign of the Stuarts, had removed into county Down, Ireland, immigrated to this part of the Western Continent. Accompanying him were his sons—David, James, Robert and Gavin, and his daughters, Jen-
net, Elizabeth and Mary, and their hus-
bands, John Fleming, William James and David Wilson. The names of the other colonists of those immigrations, as far as they can now be ascertained, were James McClelland, Wm. Sym, David Allan, Wm.

Wilson, Robert Wilson, James Bradley, Wm. Frierson, John James, Wm. Hamilton, Archibald Hamilton, Roger Gordon, John Porter, John Lemon, David Pressley, Wm. Pressley, Archibald McRae, James Armstrong, ——— Ervin, ——— Plowden, ——— Stuart, ——— McDonald. Besides these, there were doubtless many names which have disappeared entirely, and cannot now be recovered. The elder of these people, it is supposed, were natives of Scotland, and had sought refuge from the fury of persecution, in the more secure retreats offered by their co-religionists and friends in Ireland. The James family, almost the only one of which we have any authentic account, were from Wales. Wm. James, whose name has already been mentioned as one of the colonists, left Wales on account of a difficulty with his sovereign, regarding the right to a mill-pond and the fish contained in it. This property being wrested from him, he removed into Scotland, where he married the daughter of John Witherspoon. Subsequently he emigrated to Ireland, and afterwards to

America. He is said to have been an officer in the army of William, of Orange, in his contest in Ireland with James II; and to have afterwards inherited, with the rest of the family, a barony of land in Wales, which they did not return to claim, and which, in consequence fell into the hands of other heirs.*

We have now found our little band of God's faithful ones, in the wilds of Carolina, far from home and from most of the comforts of life, surrounded by wild beasts and venomous reptiles, and by a more dangerous foe in the native Indian race. Let us now see how He in whom they trusted will bear and carry them in the waste howling wilderness. The royal bounty furnished them not only the land, but a free passage across the Atlantic, provisions for one year, axes, hoes, and other agricultural implements, and a gun and a quantity of ammunition for each family. Each person, too, entitled to a grant of land, received there-

* It is said that the colony of 1734 landed at Potatoe Ferry, on Black river, and penetrating through the forest, crossed Boggy Swamp and settled in various parts of the township.

with a town lot in the village of Williamsburg.

Immediately after their arrival they laid out the town of Williamsburg, on the site of the present village of Kingstree, which they named in honor of William III. Prince of Orange. The name of Kingstree was given to the town from a large white pine tree, which grew on the bank of the river; which tree, with all gold and silver mines, were reserved in the grants, to the King.* This circumstance gave the name of Kingstree first to the pine, and afterwards to the village.

But one of the first cares of this pious colony, (for they were mostly, if not all, members of the Presbyterian Church,) was to build a house to the Lord. They were content to dwell themselves in shanties, not more comfortable than potatoe cellars, while their labors were more especially given to the erection of a house of worship, and a manse or parsonage for their minister, according to their custom in their native

* This reservation is made in the grant of the Glebe land, and in others still extant.

land. On the 2nd day of July, 1780, just two days more than one hundred and twenty years ago, they petitioned the Lient. Governor and Council for a grant of the tract of land which is now the parsonage, with a view of building their house of worship at that place; no doubt complying with the custom of the mother country, of having the Church and the manse on the same plat of ground. Wm. James was selected to present the petition, which was in due form granted on the 3rd day of July, 1741, five years and one day after its presentation.

This delay was probably the cause of their changing the intended site of their place of worship; and in 1738 they purchased the lot of land on which the Church was built, from Roger Gordon, one of the original members of the colony. After the erection of the Church the title was made in trust to the following persons as trustees of the congregation, viz: James Bradley, William Sym, David Allan, John James, James McClelland and David Witherspoon, of Williamsburg Township, Craven coun-

ty, and Province of South Carolina. The trustees to whom the Glebe tract was afterwards granted, were William James, John James and John Porter. The cause of the delay in granting this land to the petitioners does not fully appear. It is known, however, that applications of this kind at this time were not responded to in a shorter period than two years. And in the present case, a difficulty may have arisen from the previous granting of the same land to Archibald Hamilton, one of the colonists, who dying without heirs, the property escheated to the crown, and might be granted again without violating the rights of a private individual.

In the mean time the people were not unmindful of the sacred duty of assembling themselves together, and procuring some one to break to them the bread of life. They first made out a call for the Rev. John Willison, of Scotland, whose great worth they properly estimated from an acquaintance with his writings; but he declined accepting. Soon after, however, they procured the ministerial services of the Rev.

Robert Heron, from Ireland, by whom the Church was formally organized in the month of August, 1736. Under the labors of Mr. Heron, the Church prospered. About the year 1740 or 1741, Mr. Heron returned to Ireland, where it is supposed he spent the remainder of his life.

The next who broke the bread of life to this people, was the Rev. Joseph Ray, who is spoken of as a man of heavenly spirit, and unwearied diligence and faithfulness in his ministerial work. During his labor of love, the colony prospered both in its spiritual and temporal interests; and many additions were made by immigrations from the mother country. Having faithfully served his generation, Mr. Ray fell asleep in 1761, in the forty-sixth year of his age, "and his sepulchre is with us unto this day." He was the first minister buried here.

But for a moment we must retrace our steps. The children of Israel in the wilderness, though ever in view of the pillar cloud of the Angel of the Covenant, were not exempt from dangers, temptations and

sufferings. So these children of the Covenant, though living in the presence of a faithful prayer-hearing God, and enjoying his smiles, endured many scenes of afflictions. Sometimes they came to the bitter waters of Marah; they were smitten by the pestilence, and the serpents of the desert, and were called to do battle with the hosts of Amalek. The climate was uncongenial to European constitutions, and many of them fell sick and died. The manner of cultivating the soil and the products of the country were new to them; and the felling of forest trees, and other toils incident to a new country, rendered life, for a series of years, exceedingly burdensome. Like most of the colonists who settled along the Atlantic coast, from time to time, numbers of them did not long survive their adoption of a new country. During the winter of 1749-1750, a fatal epidemic ravaged the country, called the "Great Mortality," the exact character of which is not known; but it is supposed to have been a violent type of influenza. By it eighty persons of the township died, not a few of whom were

heads of families and prominent men of the colony. Three of these were original elders of the Church: John Fleming, William James and David Witherspoon.

They were also under the necessity of defending themselves against the attacks of the native Indians. Dr. Ramsay in his brief Memoir of Maj. John James says, (and he most probably obtained his information from the Major himself,) "His first recollections were those of a Stockade fort, and of war between the new settlers and the natives."

But amid all these scenes of adversity the colony gradually prospered, and continued to add to the comforts of life; and that which afforded them the most immediate relief, and turned the tide of suffering, was the introduction of African slaves, who, inured to such a climate, encountered its dangers with impunity. In the language of Ramsay—"But as this township received frequent supplies from the same quarter, the Irish settlers, amid every hardship, increased in number. Having obtained credit with the merchants for negroes, they were

relieved from the severest part of their labor. By this aid and their own industry, spots of land were cleared, which, in a short period, yielded them plenty of provisions, and in time became fruitful estates."

The successor of Mr. Ray, in the pastoral office, was the Rev. Mr. McKee, of whom not much is known, except that he was a godly man, walking with God like Enoch of old. After laboring here two or three years, he was called to the Salem Church, where he died about the year 1770, and was buried on the spot where the Brick Church now stands.

We have now reached a period in the history of our Church where we are able to place our feet on *terra firma*. Hitherto we have been plodding our way by the light of musty manuscripts and the legends of tradition. Now, we have the authority of the printed records of the Church judicatories, which serve at least to aid our researches, and corroborate the testimony drawn from other sources. And another circumstance is not unworthy of notice, that the first three pastors of the Church were

natives of Ireland; and now we are called to notice one who is known to have been born and educated in our own country.—The successor of Mr. McKee, was the Rev. Hector Alison, believed to have been a native of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.—He was a brother of Rev. Dr. Francis Alison, of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished ministers and ripest scholars of the American Presbyterian Church. Mr. A. was a member of the New Castle Presbytery, and was reported by that body to the Synod of Philadelphia, as an ordained minister, in May, 1747. In 1751 he was ordered by the Synod to supply certain Churches in the back settlements of Virginia; which appointments he faithfully fulfilled. In 1753, when he had been only about six years in the ministry, he was chosen Moderator of the Synod of Philadelphia. In 1758, when the Synods of Philadelphia and New York, were proposing terms for the re-union of the two bodies, Hector Alison was appointed Chairman of the Committee on the part of the Commission of the Synod of Philadelphia, entrust-

ed with the delicate duty of drafting the plan of union. In 1760, he was directed by Synod to supply the "English Presbyterian gentlemen at Albany;" and during the same year he was sent as chaplain to the Pennsylvania forces on the march towards Canada. During the whole period of his ministry at the North, Mr. Alison seems to have occupied a prominent position, and his influence and efficiency are abundantly indicated in his being one of the Commission of Synod, and on most of the responsible and important Committees. His name appears as a member of the New Castle Presbytery, for the last time, in 1762. ~~The following year he is recorded as absent;~~ ^{then recorded as absent} and about this time it was that he was called to the Williamsburg Church. Uniting probably with the old Presbytery of South Carolina, which soon after became extinct, and the records of which are lost, we are able to trace him no further, and we are involved again in the uncertain intricacies of tradition and manuscripts. One account says his ministry here was from 1765 to 1770, when he left, and

his subsequent history is wanting. Another and a more probable one, from a still living witness, is, that Mr. Alison died here, and his sepulchre, though like that of Moses, unknown, is with us. Had he removed to some other part of the Master's vineyard, we should doubtless have heard of him again. A minister of his distinction would not have been lost from public view so easily. A venerable lady,* whose birth synchronizes to a day with the great Napoleon, who was born during Mr. A's. ministry, and who still lingers on these mortal shores—a bright example of unabated mental vigor—assures us that the tradition was, that both Alison and his successor are entombed in this sacred repository of the dead. He most probably began his ministry here as early as '63 or 64, and went to his reward about the year 1770.

The next minister was a native of Ireland, the Rev. Thomas Kennedy. Of him we know but little, except that he was a man of God, and faithful in his covenant work. Under his ministry the Church pros-

* Miss Nancy Mouzon.

pered in a remarkable degree, both by additions from abroad and by evidence of genuine conversions to God. But his labors closed about the commencement of the revolutionary war. The same conflicting statements attend him as his predecessor: one that he went to Ireland to bring his mother to America, and the war breaking out, prevented his return; the other that he closed his mortal career here, and his dust sleeps beside that of Alison and Ray, and others of whom we shall presently speak.

During the ministry of Mr. Kennedy, or about the year 1770, there were large additions made to the Church and village of Kingstree, by immigrations from Ireland. The congregations were so much increased, that it became necessary to enlarge the house of worship, which was done by taking out the side opposite the pulpit, and adding to the building about one-half of its original dimensions. The increased accommodations were not unblessed to those who sat under the ministry of the man of God; and many of those who made no profession

and no pretensions to piety in their native land, became the hopeful subjects of saving grace.

We have now approached the limits of the first epoch we have assigned ourselves in the history of Williamsburg Church.— But before leaving it, we must be indulged in a few reflections. It has been our design to show how the Angel of the Covenant bare and carried these, his covenant-people, all the days of old. For his ancient Israel, he wrought signs in Egypt, and wonders in the field of Zoan; but a large measure of the Almighty's dealings with Isreal, in Egypt and the wilderness, was a disciplinary course, to prepare them as a nation for the inheritance of the promised land. The wicked generation, who were too stubborn to be reformed, and too degraded in spirit by Egyptian slavery, to enjoy properly the sweets of civil liberty, were all doomed to fall before crossing the Jordan; and a new generation taught and disciplined, for the purpose, by God himself, were prepared to enter their earthly inheritance. The old people, brought up in

Egypt, in the habits of slavery and idolatry, were unfitted to this end; so that speaking of Israel as a nation, the Lord bare and carried them, even when laying on them the heavy hand of His judgments.

The same is true of those, whom the Head of the Church, in his Providence, led to the wilds of America. We trace one family suffering injustice in Wales, and fleeing into Scotland; and all of them together enduring persecution under the Stuart dynasty in Scotland, and fleeing for refuge into Ireland. But their pilgrimage is not ended yet. Civil and ecclesiastical oppression directed their eyes to the wilds of America, where, if toils and privations stared them in the face, they could enjoy the inestimable blessing of worshipping God in accordance with their own views of the precepts of His Word.

But their course of discipline and preparation still continues. The fathers who worshipped God so pure of old, amid the deep glens and mountain caves of Scotland, were not the fleet horsemen and deadly marksmen, prepared to encounter the fiery and

bloody contests with the mother country, in which their sons bore so noble and conspicuous a part; but the youthful immigrants, and those who were born here, were necessarily trained by the hand of God himself, as if for the special purpose of battling, successfully, with the tyrannical minions of the old world. The young man trained to pursue the flying deer, with the speed of the antelope, through swamp, and jungle, and brushwood, to sit the wildest horse, as though he, centaur-like, was a part of the animal himself, and to rival Tell himself, in feats of marksmanship, was better prepared to battle, successfully, *in this country*, with the veterans of Europe, than if he had been taught in military schools abroad. A wiser than man's wisdom was preparing and marshaling his battalions for the awful and almost superhuman warfare, which was to set a nation free from the crozier and the crown.

And the members of the Williamsburg congregation, as is abundantly attested, bore as noble a part in that perilous strife, as any on the soil of America. There

coursed in their veins—even those of the more recent immigration—some of the best blood of the revolution. The uniform testimony of unprejudiced writers is, that the Irish, or more properly, the Scotch-Irish, were generally the staunch friends of independence.*

And it may be remarked appropriately in this place, that, before the rupture with the mother country, the youthful colonists of Williamsburg Township, now heads of families and prominent citizens of the province, had strengthened the general cause of their religion and of liberty, by spreading themselves beyond the original limits of the township, planting other Churches, and creating new sources of light and influence. Prior to the year 1760, a number of removals had taken place, which formed the germs of several of our present most im-

*“Col. Williams was a Presbyterian, and like all of that faith, his religion placed him on the side of freedom. He and they thought with John Knox, “that if they suffered the twins, LIBERTY and RELIGION, either to be infringed or taken from them, they had nothing left them whereby they might be called men.”—*Trad. and Rem. of the Revolution.* By Dr. Joseph Johnson of Charleston, p. 496.—See pp. 78 and 79.

portant Churches. Among this number, Maj. John James, William Wilson, Robert Wilson and David Wilson, removed from the bounds of the original congregation, and formed the Church of Indiantown; Sam'l Bradley and James Bradley, settled in Salem, and planted the Church there; Roger Wilson, James Wilson and Capt. William Erwin founded the Mount Zion Church.— John Witherspoon, Gavin Witherspoon, John Erwin and Hugh Erwin, removed to Jeffries Creck, and formed the neucleus of the Hopewell Church.* Messrs. Plowden, Nelson and Gamble, pitched their tents in the fork of Black River, and formed the Church of Brewington.

As we have seen, the parent Church continued to prosper, notwithstanding the number of colonies that separated from it.— These colonies on the contrary, like a cordon of outposts, served to strengthen each other in times of peril and contribute to the general safety.

*It is said that the Hopewell Church had an existence a little prior to this, having been formed by persons directly from Ireland.

II.—THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

We come now to consider the dealings of God with this people during the revolution. Hitherto their existence had been mainly one of peace. Their early skirmishes with the natives were not important, and they were too far removed from the frontier, to be endangered by the attacks of the savages during the French and Indian war; but the next epoch of their history must be written in blood. For a period of seven years, the scene is to be transferred from the peaceful farm and the house of God, to the camp and the field of strife; and from its proximity to the seashore, Williamsburg, like all the low country, was doomed to share largely in perils and sufferings.—From the commencement of the struggle with the mother country, there was but little hesitation as to which side this people, together with those who had formed neighboring Churches, should take. By this time, too, not a few of the French Huguenots, the descendants of those sterling christian patriots, whom France had exiled by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, had

united with them in common faith, religious and political. These two distinct races of people, well worthy of each other, stood shoulder to shoulder through all the painful scenes of blood and danger, battling for the same high and holy principles:—"Truth, man's heritage in the Church," and "Liberty, man's heritage in the State."

As early as 1776, when Charleston was first threatened with a British descent, John James, then a captain, marched down with his company to aid in its defence. In 1779, we hear of this same officer, afterwards to become a distinguished actor in scenes of danger, in the army of Gen. Moultrie, in his retreat before Gen. Prevost, and commanding 150 riflemen in the skirmish at Tulifinny Bridge.

It was not, however, until after the fall of Charleston, that the full cup of bitterness was poured out to the people of Williamsburg, which, on account of their patriotism, they were doomed to drink to the dregs. Many of them marched down to the defence of the city; and at its surrender were made prisoners of war, and

suffered to return home on parole. Maj. James had been ordered back by Governor Rutledge, to embody and train the militia of the district, and thus escaped the catastrophe. After the fall of the Metropolis, South Carolina was regarded by the British as a conquered province; and many of the citizens submitted as prisoners of war and took paroles, in order to avail themselves of the privilege of remaining at home with their families and attending to their business, but the hope soon proved illusive.— Following the first proclamation, offering security to all who would refrain from further opposition to the royal government, and full pardon of all past offences, there was promulgated another, calling on all “prisoners not taken by capitulation, and who were not in confinement at the surrender of Charleston,” to take up arms in favor of the King. By this suicidal policy, the British lost more than they gained by their arms. Many, who from various motives, would have remained neutral, peacefully awaiting the issue of the contest, shuddered at the idea of taking up arms against their own country.

But there remained a portion "of that district," says Ramsay, "stretching from the Santee to the Peedee, containing the whole of the present Williamsburg and part of Marion district, to which the British arms had not penetrated." And it was in consequence of this second proclamation, put forth by the invaders, that Maj. James was deputed by the citizens of Williamsburg to inquire of the commanding officer in Georgetown, the precise terms of the requisition. The story of his encounter with Ardesoif, is too well known to be repeated.* "Unconditional submission," was a term too abhorrent to those who had been nurtured in the lap of freedom, to allow them for a moment to think of accepting. If forced to take up arms they would fight for their country. "Liberty or death," now became the motto of every man; and it was the immutable sentiment of every heart. Four military companies were immediately called into service, under as many Captains: Henry Mouzon, William McCottry, John James (of the Lake) and John

* See Appendix A.

Macauley.* This was the origin of that far-famed band that bore so conspicuous a part in the contest for liberty during the rest of the war, known as "Marion's Brigade." Whether the honorable fame of that body was due more to their distinguished General, than to the men who composed it, might admit of discussion. No reasonable doubt can exist, that if they were honored in serving under the great Marion, they were worthy of such a commander. Whether all these companies had a previous existence, and were then merely called into active service, cannot now be ascertained.— That, however, which was commanded by Capt. Mouzon, (the Kingstree company,) was organized before. It consisted of 75 men previous to the fall of Charleston; and to the honor of the company and the community, there was but one man that bore the epithet of tory. This was John Hamilton, a petty merchant of Kingstree, who was more distinguished for his profanity and plundering propensities, than for courage to assault the enemies of his royal master.

* See Appendix B.

And we have good authority for saying that he was the only decided royalist in the township of Williamsburg, during the war. Others we know there were in different parts of the present district; but among the descendants of the Irish Presbyterian colonists of the township, the name of tory was unknown.*

Some of the men composing this celebrated corps, were remarkable for their daring courage, not less than for great bodily strength and agility. This was the character of Maj. James and several others of the same name. Trained, as we have seen, in early life, to the rearing and driving of wild cattle, requiring the most dexterous feats of horsemanship, their skill found ample field for exercise in their almost interminable night and swamp' skirmishes with the British and tories. Had some of these men lived in the reign of king David, they would have been numbered among his mighty men. One of them, Gavin James,† was a veritable Horatius Cocles,

* See Appendix C.

† In recounting the gallant exploits of this man, we

and some of his feats of noble daring were worthy the recording pen of a Livy. At the passage of the Wiboo swamp, he held in check and faced the volleys of the whole advance of the British army. The foremost dragoon fell by the fire of his musket, the second that assailed him was struck dead by his bayonet—the third shared the same fate; but laying hold of the weapon,

are forcibly reminded of the almost incredible deeds of another of the same energetic and indomitable spirit.— We refer to Maj. James White, of Cabarrus, (then Mecklenburg) county, North Carolina. He rode a horse called STONO, which in fleetness set the swiftest of the British coursers at defiance. As early as 1771, he had distinguished himself as one of the "*Black Boys*," who intercepted and blew up Gov. Tryon's powder on the road between Charlotte and Salisbury. He was one of that daring few who disputed the advance of Cornwallis into Charlotte; and, during his lordship's stay there, caused him to give the town the enviable soubriquet of the "*Hornet's Nest*." In one of his skirmishes with the enemy, he killed a British soldier, and stripping off his red coat put it on himself, not less as a memento of his success, than as a mark of contempt for the enemy.— Confiding in the power of his noble steed, he repeatedly suffered the British cavalry to approach within speaking distance, when they would call out, "White,"—for they had learned his name—"White, that coat don't fit you." "Come and take it off," was his unvarying reply. Then drawing his unerring sight, he would cause one to bite the dust, and wheeling round, soon leave his pursuers far behind. We heard this anecdote and many others regarding this man, from a veteran of the revolution, who fought the battles of his country with him.

he was dragged by James, at the heels of his noble steed, a distance of thirty or forty yards along the causeway. There was many a Tachmonite and son of Zeruah, in that small band, whose name and deeds are unknown to us, and are only enstamped indelibly on the registers of eternity.

Speaking of Marion—Marion whose name alone sends a thrill through every patriotic bosom, whom every lisping school boy has learned to admire, and longed to emulate—speaking of him, it is manifestly not extravagant to compare him to the ^{great} Napoleon. One of the same impulsive race, he was endowed with many similar characteristics. I know it may be said, that we are in such a comparison, likening small things to great; but he is truly great, who performs to perfection the part assigned to him. We can say of Marion what can be said of few other Generals: he never was beaten, and he never was surprised, nor can it be said that he ever committed a serious blunder. Greater, by far must he appear sometimes, at the head of his little brigade, than the mighty Corsican leading his myriads. Give the

latter the same limited education as the former, and the same circumscribed number of men and means, and you place him on a level with the artful, energetic partisan officer that skirmished so successfully in the swamps of Carolina. On the other hand, bestow on the stern Huguenot the advantages of the school of Brienne, and then place him in the command of hundreds of thousands, with all the necessary accoutrements of war, and an inexhaustible treasury, subject to his draft, and he would have made the thrones and kingdoms of Europe tremble.

The characteristics of the one were, to a great extent, identical with those of the other. Both in an unusual degree ignored the old established rules of warfare; so that an Austrian general said of the one, that he was unable to fight him, because he (Napoleon) was ignorant of military tactics; and the British officers complained of the other that he would not do battle according to the rules of civilized nations. To watch unsuspected the minutest operations of the enemy—to assail him in his rear in Italy or

Germany, while he was himself supposed to be still reposing in his camp at Bologne, or in the palace of the Tuilleries—to plunge through the marshes of Arcola by night, making more use of his men's legs than their arms, and attack his foe and cut him to pieces in detail—to transport his legions, as by magic, from one remote point to another, and hurl his whole force, on the enemy, like an avalanche, and crush him at one blow; all this was Napoleon. And the uniform testimony of the whole cloud of witnesses is, that these were the characteristics of Marion. Such was the man who honored this little army of patriots with his confidence and care.

We have not time to give in detail, a full history of the war in this part of the State. Nor is it necessary, as we should only repeat what has been written by abler hands before. A few facts, allusions and reflections must suffice.

There seem to have been three distinct invasions of Williamsburg, all of which rebounded neither to the profit nor military glory of the enemy. The first was that of

Tarleton. So soon as the rising of the whigs, in Williamsburg, was reported, this celebrated cavalry officer was dispatched to quell it. The insults offered to the insolent Ardesoif in Georgetown, had revealed the unwelcome truth, that freemen were not so easily brought to terms of "unconditional submission" as had been formerly supposed. But British arms must effect what arrogant assumptions could not.— Passing the Santee at Lenud's ferry, Tarleton, with one hundred British dragoons, and a larger number of tories under Col. Elias Ball,* encamped at the plantation of Gavin Witherspoon, south of the lower bridge, on Black River, early in August, 1780. Hearing of his advance, Maj. James, who was then at Witherspoon's ferry, on Lynch's Creek, pushed McCottry's company forward with a view to surprise him at or near Kingtree. Henry Durant was dispatched to watch the movements of Tarleton, reconnoitre, &c., and report; but before reaching the lower bridge, at a sudden turn in the road, he met the enemy's advance, and immediately wheeling round, he

fled as fast as his steed could carry him.— Being closely pursued by about twenty of Tarleton's fleetest cavalry, he effected his escape by throwing himself from his horse, leaping a high fence in sight of Robert Witherspoon's house, (now Mr. Shaw's) and running across the field, rustling with corn and matted with pea vines, to the swamp of Black River. That evening Tarleton encamped at Kingstree, and was saved from surprise by being advised of McCottry's advance, with a reported force of five hundred men. At the reception of this intelligence, he decamped early in the night, and McCottry arrived a few hours after.

On his retreat towards Camden, Tarleton performed some acts of cruelty, that would have stained the character of Sir Hudson Lowe or Philip II. of Spain. The next morning after his flight from Kingstree, he took the two Messrs. Samuel McGill and carried them along as prisoners of war.— The same day, the 7th of August, he burnt down the dwelling and out-houses of Capt. Henry Mouzon,* fourteen buildings in all,

* This was the first house burned in this part of the

with all their valuable contents. A little further on he destroyed, in like manner, the houses of Wm. and Edward Plowden. In Salem he went to the house of Mr. James Bradley, disguised as an American officer, and passed himself off as Col. Washington. By this stratagem he drew from the aged patriot, (for he was an old man, one of the original immigrants to Williamsburg) an unreserved statement of the feelings of the whigs, and a detail of their plans for the defence of the country. Having gained

country. The venerable daughter of Capt. Mouzon, already referred to, was then eleven years old, and has now a distinct recollection of the scenes of that dreadful morning. Tarleton's troops, one hundred in number, were all elegantly dressed in red coats, white pantaloons, half-leg boots, and caps with plumes. Ball's tories were not in uniform. Tarleton spoke politely to Mrs. Mouzon, but told her, with apparent regret, that "Harry," (Henry, her husband,) had turned against the King, and in consequence would be broken up. Capt. Mouzon was then at home; but on the approach of the enemy escaped to the swamp near at hand. After their departure he returned to his residence, now only smoking ruins, and told his weeping family to provide for themselves as best they could—he would go to the camp and there find victory or death. They saw him no more till the following winter, after he had been wounded at Black Mingo, and recovered sufficiently to return home. Was it strange that vengeance should be sometimes taken by the whigs, on those who were the authors of their sufferings?

his confidence, Tarleton then prevailed on him to conduct him across the swamps of Black River, on his way to Camden; and when he reached his camp, he threw off his disguise, avowed himself Col. Tarleton, and told his aged victim that he was his prisoner. Carrying him to Camden, he put him in irons, and repeatedly had him carted to the gallows to see his fellow-patriots executed, threatening him each time that he would be the next victim. And the execution of this atrocious threat was prevented only by the knowledge of the fact, that it would meet with a fearful retaliation at the hands of Mr. B's. relations and friends, many of whom were in Marion's army. But his unvarying reply to the taunts of his persecutors was, that he was ready at any time to die for his country. This treatment he endured until Lord Rawdon was forced to evacuate Camden in the following May, and return to Charleston; during which time his venerable lady, who had entertained Tarleton with the richest viands of her table, was refused permission to see him, and was driven from his presence, with

profane and ribald language, by the same officer. The marks of the irons on his legs remained as mementos of his sufferings, and were borne by the venerable christian to the grave.

The inquiry naturally arises here, what the British expected to effect by these atrocities, and from what diabolical motive they perpetrated them. One cause of these barbarities has been found in the fact, that the British officers of the revolutionary period were a class of men inferior to those who co-operated with the Americans in the French and Indian war. Another and a principal one, doubtless, was *disappointed ambition*. These men looked upon the southern country as conquered, and regarded themselves as entitled to all the glory of the achievement. Dukedoms, Marquisates and Baronies, into which this vast domain was to be divided, were already grasped in imagination by them. And when they found themselves disappointed by the rising of the people—and among the first to resist their demands of “unconditional submission,” were those of Williamsburg—their

wrath knew no bounds, and they felt themselves justified in going to the most dire extremities, in wreaking their vengeance on men whom they viewed in the light of rebels and insurgents, rather than enemies in war. It is certain, however, that they were far from understanding the character of the American patriots; particularly if they really wished to regain their allegiance to the crown. The murdering of their best citizens in cold blood, contrary to the rules of civilized nations, the plundering and burning of their property, only exasperated them to fight even unto death, in preference to yielding to such monsters in iniquity.

The cruelties exercised on Mr. Bradley, by Rawdon and Tarleton, have been accounted for in this way: while at Kings-tree, or in the vicinity, Tarleton had been informed that Mr. Bradley had communicated with the people of Williamsburg, many of whom were his near relations, urging them to resistance to British authority, backing his advice with the promise from Gov. Rutledge, that Colonel Washington

should speedily be sent on to support them. The correctness of this report appears evident from the strategem of Tarleton, in assuming the character of Washington, and the facility with which he gained the confidence of his victim. The one would not probably have thought of the expedient otherwise, nor the other so readily believed the impostor, had he not been looking for the American officer.

A little before this, Thomas and Matthew Bradley and John Roberts, were basely murdered by the tories, under one of the Harrisons, and the graves of the two former may be seen near the town of Lynchburg.* One of the murderers, named Holt, was afterwards apprehended by Samuel Bradley, a son of Moses Gordon and others, and hung near the residence of the late William Bradley, of Salem.

In the attack on the tory camp, near Black Mingo bridge, Capt. Henry Mouzon and Lieut. Joseph Scott were both wound-

* Judge James states erroneously that these men had joined neither party. They had been out on service and had just returned home on a visit.

ed, and were carried to White Marsh, in North Carolina, where they remained till their recovery. They were both lame for life. Lieut. Roger Gordon having been sent out to patrol on Lynch's Creek, was attacked by a large party of Tories under Capt. Butler, and after capitulating, was basely murdered with all his men.

The second invasion of Williamsburg was conducted by Maj. Wemyss, and was marked by atrocities unsurpassed, if not unequalled in the annals of civilized warfare. Marion was at Port's ferry, when he heard of the advance of this officer, and immediately marched across Lynch's creek, with the determination to give him battle. Maj. James was despatched with a party of select men to reconnoitre and ascertain his forces. *The locality of the daring exploit performed by James and his men that same night, no living witness is now able to designate. The scene must have transpired, however, somewhere not far distant from Kingstreet. Placing himself near the road, James, by the light of the moon, not only ascertained pretty accurately the forces of

was for eight of Indian town

Wemyss, as they passed, but dashing from his hiding place, like a lion from his lair, he burst in thunder on his rear guard, and bore many of them away captive, before their friends could render them the least assistance. The force of Wemyss was reported to Marion before the morning dawned; and a council was held by the officers, near to James' plantation, as to what course should be pursued. The British force alone was double that of Marion's, beside five hundred tories under Maj. Harrison. The result of the conference was announced in an order to retreat into North Carolina, which was responded to by a groan of anguish from the whole line—men who, for the first time, were to leave their wives and children, and their homes and property, to the tender mercies of a ruthless and exasperated enemy. On the 28th of August they took up their line of march, which ended at White Marsh, in North Carolina.

Maj. Wemyss entered Williamsburg from above, and crossed Black river from the west side, at Benbow's ferry, (now Mr. E. Eppes'). Above Kingstree he burned the

houses of Maj. John Gamble, Capt. James Conyers, James Davis, Capt. John Nelson, Robt. Frierson, John Frierson, Robt. Gamble and William Gamble. An immense tract of country along Black river, Lynch's creek, and Peedee, seventy miles in length, and in places, fifteen miles wide, he left a complete picture of desolation and suffering. At the command of this officer, the church of Indiantown was burnt, because he regarded all Presbyterian Churches as "sedition shops." The Holy Bible, too, with "Rouse's Psalms," indicated the presence of the hated, rebellious sect, and was uniformly consigned to the flames. The house of Maj. James was burned, and his property swept away and destroyed, which was the common lot of Presbyterian patriots.—As an evidence of the fiendish character of Wemyss, he exhibited a particular antipathy to loom-houses and sheep; for the important reason that these constituted a principal element in the support of the inhabitants, both in food and clothing. The first were uniformly reduced to ashes; and where the latter were not needed for the support

of his men, they were bayoneted or shot, and left to putrify on the ground. Fortunate it was, says Judge James, that the crops of corn were not gathered in, and on this account were saved, or utter famine would have reigned over the land. And yet this was the work of those who boasted of being the most enlightened and christian people on the face of the earth! On most of the plantations, the houses and provisions were burnt or destroyed, the moveable property and negroes carried off, and women and children, not tomahawked and scalped in true savage style, were left homeless and destitute of all the necessaries of life. Salt was then worth ten dollars a bushel, and was seldom to be obtained at that price. As the seaboard towns were in the hands of the enemy, the property destroyed could not be replaced from the market; and "the people were to be seen after the fires, searching for every thing they could find: knife-blades, scissors, hinges, nails, &c. Handles were put to the knives, dishes and plates were rudely manufactured out of wood, and log huts

were gradually built by the assistance of one another." (James, p. 79.)* Truly we should duly estimate the precious boon of liberty, when we remember what tears, and sorrows, and blood, it cost our fathers to purchase the rich inheritance.

But some men's sins go before them to judgment, and the retributions of heaven follow fast on their career of crime. It was so with Wemyss. A few months after his march of devastation, through Williamsburg, he was wounded and taken prisoner

* Acts of shameless barbarity were perpetrated during this invasion, from the recital of which the mind involuntarily recoils. A party of Wemyss' men came to the house of Mr. John Frierson, on the place now owned by Mr. John Kinder. Mr. F. had just time to escape and conceal himself in the top of a tree, in full view of his house. The officer in command threatened Mrs. Frierson in the most profane and insulting language, that unless she revealed the place of her husband's concealment, he would BURN HER UP in the house. She was accordingly forced in, leading her little son, four years old, who yet lives to tell the tale of horror. The house was fired on the roof, and sentinels were placed at each door to prevent her exit. The roof was soon in flames, and flakes of fire fell fast and thick round the faithful wife, who sat still in view of death by faggot and fire; and it was not until the intense heat of the burning mansion drove the sentinels from the doors, that she was suffered to escape. The bee-hives were knocked to pieces, and the honey poured on the ground in mere wantonness; pigs, poultry, and every living thing that

by Sumpter, near Fishdam Ford, on Broad river, and a list of the houses he had burned, was found on his person. No wonder that he TREMBLED, when forced to show the document, and begged the American commander to protect him from the vengeance of the militia!

The cruelties inflicted during this expedition too, roused the lion in his lair, and called Marion from his retreat. British and to-ry barbarities had made more Whig soldiers than the General himself ever could have done. And on his return, the injured citizens whose premises had been burned, and

could be caught, were thrown into the flames and burned to death. The party that burned the house of Mr. Gamble on the west side of Black river caused every thing of value to be thrown in to be consumed. A child's chair belonging to his little son, George, was several times thrown out, and at the command of the officer, as often thrown back. The little boy himself at length ventured to remonstrate with him, saying, "it is my chair." With the profane epithet usually applied to all whigs, the officer then said—"you — little rebel keep it." These atrocities, which may serve as specimens of what too many others suffered, were doubtless due in some measure to the royalist, Hamilton, who had been placed in command, by the British authorities, over this part of the country, and now gave information against those personally obnoxious to himself, or most hostile to the royal cause.

property stolen and wantonly destroyed, flocked to his standard in hundreds.

And it may appropriately be here remarked, that in the original township of Williamsburg, but few houses were burned beside those already mentioned. In the absence of the British, the dastard tory before named was more intent on plundering, than inflicting other injuries; and there was no other enemy in the vicinity. And it is a well attested fact, that after the return of Marion, and the flight of Hamilton, the congregation of Williamsburg, owing to the entire unanimity of the people, afforded an asylum for refugee Whigs, from other portions of the country, which were more exposed to the incursions of the enemy. The God of battles seemed to watch over this cradle of liberty and christian influence.

The third invasion of Williamsburg occurred, about the time that General Greene was performing his renowned retreat across North Carolina, which resulted in the battle of Guilford, in the Spring of 1781.—Sumter and Marion, then two hundred miles apart, commanded the only forces left in

South Carolina. And Rawdon, who was directly between them, seized the opportunity to crush Marion in his retreat at Snow's Island. Col. Watson with a British regiment and Harrison's tories, was ordered to proceed down the Santee, and Col. Doyle along the east side of Lynch's creek. But the vigilant scouts of Marion soon revealed the danger; and leaving Col. Erwin in command of his camp, the intrepid General by a forced march met Watson unexpectedly at Wiboo Swamp, about midway between Nelson's ferry and Murray's. It was at this pass that Gavin James performed the daring exploits already mentioned. Here Captain Conyers, killed with his own hand, a tory officer, the Maj. Hamilton, who had participated in the murder of the two Bradley's, at Lynchburg. *Harrison.*

By means of a superior force, and two field pieces, Watson forced his way down the river; the American General cautiously retiring before him. His direct route to Snow's Island lay through the heart of Williamsburg; and the struggle on the part of Marion now was, to arrest his career. One

of the two bridges on Black River was to be the Thermopylæ; and while there were lacking the Persian multitudes to overwhelm it, there was a Spartan band to dispute the passage. Watson chose the lower bridge, perhaps fearing an ambuscade on the West side of the River opposite Kings-tree, if he attempted to pass that way.— Making a feint of continuing down the Santee, he fell below the Broomstraw road to deceive his enemy; but soon after wheeling his columns, he made a rapid push for the lower bridge. Marion anticipating his movement, despatched Major James with seventy men, thirty of whom were McCottry's riflemen, by a nearer route, who crossed the bridge, threw off the planks and fired the string pieces at the north-eastern end, to prevent the British infantry walking over on them. The rifles were then posted advantageously at the end of the bridge, and the rest above and below, so as to command the ford and all the approaches on the other side. Marion soon after arrived with the rest of his army, and disposed them in the rear, so as to support James' men.—

Scarcely was there time for these preparations, when Watson appeared on the plain beyond, and opened the thunder of his artillery. But the little band of patriots, fighting, as it were, in sight of their own wives and children, homes and hearth-stones, were not the men to quail before this formidable array. And owing to the elevation of the ground on the South-western side, the artillery effected nothing but to cut off the tops and limbs of the trees above their heads. To approach the brow of the hill, when the guns could be brought to bear on the low grounds on this side, exposed the artillery men to the destructive fire of the riflemen. An attempt was now made to carry the ford by storm. But the officer in command of the advance, approaching the brow of the hill, waving his sword over his head, was seen to clap his hand to his breast and fall. He was pierced by a bullet from McCottry's rifle, a signal for his men; and the deadly precedent was so skilfully followed up, that the whole advance of the British was hurled back in confusion from the fatal volleys poured into it. The mo-

tion of the whole army was checked. Four men ventured back to carry off their fallen commander, but they slept in death beside him. Watson was afterwards heard to say, "that he never saw such shooting in his life."

This brilliant action decided the fate of Williamsburg. Col. Watson retired, and took up his quarters at the house of John Witherspoon, about two miles South of the bridge, the place now owned by Mr. Lifrage. Here it was that sergeant McDonald climbed a hickory tree at the end of Mr. Witherspoon's avenue, that overlooked the house and yard, and shot Lieut. Torriano through the knee, at the distance of three hundred yards—a feat of marksmanship not surpassed by Napoleon in the distant shot that mangled both the limbs of Moreau at Dresden.* Here, too, the brave Scotchman

*The credit of this deed is here ascribed to McDonald, on the authority of Judge James, and authentic historians generally, and the unvarying tradition of the inhabitants of the community. The tree was pointed out by the men who were in the skirmishes, and was cut down not many years ago. The rifle used was a German Yager, carrying an ounce ball. It detracts nothing from the glory of Conyers, to ascribe the feat to ~~that~~ brave Scot.

the

frightened the whole British army, by threatening to kill eight of their number, unless they returned the contents of his plundered wardrobe.

And while McCottry and Conyers, who had been pushed across the river by Marion, kept up the terror by shooting the enemy's pickets, and cutting off his supplies, the latter signalized himself by almost daily skirmishes, and daring feats of horsemanship in sight of his lines.

Abandoning the hopeless enterprise, Watson at length broke up his encampments, and proceeded by forced marches towards Georgetown, constantly annoyed by his ever present foe; and at Sampit bridge, McCottry's rifles gave him a farewell in the form of a shower of bullets. In this expedition, so inglorious to himself, Watson commanded five hundred men, more than double the number of his enemies. Marion lost only one man, while the Briton, as tradition reports, was compelled to sink his slain in a deep hole in the river above the bridge, to conceal their numbers. He arrived at Georgetown with two wagon loads

of wounded men. Thus Williamsburg was preserved by the blessing of God on the bravery of its own men, from another march of devastation and suffering, similar to that of Wemyss, the year before.

In the mean time, Col. Doyle proceeded to Snow's Island; and the commandant, Col. Ervin, having too small a force to defend the post, threw the stores and ammunition into Lynch's creek, and retreated.—Marion hastened across the country towards the place; but arrived too late to effect anything against Doyle, but gave him one destructive fire across Witherspoon's ferry. Doyle heard news about this time which induced him to destroy his heavy baggage and hasten back to Camden, and Marion gave up the pursuit. From the loss of his ammunition, at Snow's Island, the American General was deterred from giving battle to Watson, who had pushed up the Pee-dee, and was then in five miles of him, although his force had been augmented to five hundred men. From this distressing circumstance, he, together with his field officers, was seriously meditating a retreat into

North Carolina: with the exception of Capt. Gavin Witherspoon, there was perhaps not a man in the army could command more than two rounds of ammunition.

But though for a moment obscured, the star of liberty was in the ascendant, and was destined soon to dispel the cloud of despotism from the country forever. At this critical juncture, a well known whig by the name of Baker Johnson, came into the camp with the welcome news of the approach of Lee's legion—the same intelligence that had hurried Doyle back to Camden, and Watson to Georgetown. Marion lost no time in effecting a junction with Lee at Fort Watson, in obedience to the orders of General Greene. And in crossing Williamsburg, many of his faithful soldiers wearied by a campaign of incessant toils and dangers, availed themselves of the opportunity of reposing a little while in the bosom of their families; soon however to join again the standard of their revered General, to follow him into other dangers, and to more certain victories.

Here we must close our account of this

band of christian patriots, as their future operations were not connected with the territory of Williamsburg. The sword devoured in other localities; but here, peace reigned. Their deeds of valor have been recorded imperishably by abler hands.— It is enough to say, that they laid down their armor, only when their country and liberty no longer required their services.— And when the tocsin of war ceased to sound, the soldier again became a peaceful citizen, beating swords into plough-shares and spears into pruning hooks, never to learn war any more.

But it is a melancholy fact, that a large proportion of those brave, self-denying men, lived but a few years to enjoy the blessings of liberty, purchased with their own blood and treasure. They suffered and fought, and triumphed, and then bequeathing the priceless inheritance to their children, departed from the scenes of earth forever, to that blessed land, we hope at least, where wars and battles are no more. Captain McCottry contracted a complication of dis-

eases, by his exposures in a camp life, that brought him to an early grave.*

Major James enjoyed the independence of his country less than ten years, dying in 1791. Marion himself closed his earthly career, in 1795. May we not enjoy the hope that they with their compatriots, fellow soldiers and fellow sufferers, have joined the ranks on high of that mighty prince, who hath a sword and a vesture dipped in blood, whose sceptre is righteousness, and of whose kingdom there is no end.

See the sword of Britain waving,
O'er the soil our Fathers trod;
Tyrant's chains our land enslaving,
Deeply died in patriot blood.

But the cloud of war is rolling;
In their might our Sires arise:

*As an evidence of the true christian spirit of this officer, and the absence of every feeling of resentment, he had it entirely in his power to have taken the life of Hamilton, who had been the instigation of so much suffering to the community, and perhaps to himself, during the battle at the Lower Bridge, but declined doing so. He had his sight drawn on him; and the fire of McCottry and his men was like the cavalry charges of Murat, "no child's play;" but he remembered that he was his neighbor. The deadly weapon was raised repeatedly to his eye, but as often lowered again, and the miscreant was suffered to live.

Hark! the tyrant's knell is tolling,
Freemen shout it to the skies.
See Britannia's hosts retreating,
Proud no more of victories won;
Hear Columbia's sons repeating
Loud the name of WASHINGTON;
Carolina's sons repeating
HORRY, JAMES AND MARION.

To the God of battles bending,
In his arm we'll put our trust;
Who, our homes and rights defending,
Laid the tyrant low in dust.

From the reign of wild aggression,
KING of Kings, now set us free,
And to thee we'll make confession,
And our country trust to thee:
To thy name we'll make confession,
And all glory give to thee.

III—THE SCHISM.

Turning now from scenes of tumult and blood, we come to consider the Church again in the enjoyment of peace. Independence is gained; articles of peace are signed; and the camp and field are exchanged for the sanctity of domestic bliss, and industrial pursuits. The war-worn veteran long estranged from the public worship of the sanctuary, may return to the enjoy-

ment for which he longed like David in his exile. But war has little in it congenial with the gospel, under any circumstances; and that which we have been considering was, in an imminent degree calculated to inflame the passions, and incite to acts of personal retaliation. It was a bloody strife between old neighbors, friends, and relatives; and feuds, and grudges, and injuries, were not easily forgotten nor forgiven.— Not that there was any difficulty of this kind among the members of this congregation, in the late struggle for independence; for in it they were all as one man. But the field of justifiable strife, is a school where the meek spirit of Christ is badly learned; and when men have no more war to wage, nor enemies to do battle with, they are prone to put their tactics in requisition, by turning their arms against each other. This melancholy condition of things appeared in the Williamsburg Church, soon after the close of the war. During that period the Church was without the stated means of grace, except as it was occasionally supplied, by Rev. James Edmonds of

Charleston, Rev. Thomas Hill of Indian Town, and Rev. Mr. Hunter of the Black Mingo Church. In 1783, when the scattered fragments were again collected together, a large number of its best members were no more to be seen; they had gone to their rest, and their seats in the sanctuary were vacant. A few war-worn veterans who had carried their Bibles in their knapsacks, it is true were left, to praise God in His own House, as they had trusted to Him in the strife of Death; but a large proportion of the congregation were without hope, and without God.

At this time a minister by the name of Samuel Kennedy, a native of Ireland, presented himself; and was engaged to supply the Church for a period of three years.—

He had not been here long however, until it appeared that he was guilty of unministerial conduct, and unsound in doctrine; and at length throwing off the mask, he avowed the doctrines of Socinianism.— It must not be supposed, that the pious portion of the congregation were unconcerned as to the preaching, and life of their Minis-

ter; and a large proportion of them insisted on his being removed. But the majority sustained Mr. Kennedy; partly it may be supposed from the circumstance, that like themselves, he was but recently from the "old country," and partly because they were less strictly puritanical in doctrine and life, than those who had founded the Church near fifty years before. Besides the demoralizing effects of the recent war, we must take into the account the fact, that many of these persons were strangers to vital piety, and not even professors of religion, while their rights as pew-holders conferred on them the privilege of voting for Pastor. We may perhaps perceive too, in the contrast here presented between the two parties, some of the fruits of the "Moderatism," of Robertson and others of like principles, in the Church of Scotland. And this ecclesiastical policy we trace to the *Patronage system*, which was forcibly engrafted on the Presbyterian Church, by a faithless despotic government.*

*Vide Lorimer's Protestant Church of France, pages 400, 404, 413.

By the terms of revolution settlement in 1690, *patronage* was wholly abolished, and Presbyterianism was established in Scotland, according to its purest primitive model—giving to the Churches the unrestricted privilege of choosing their own ministers. In the reign of Anne, in 1706—1707, an “Act of Security” was passed, as an essential condition of terms of the union of the English and Scottish Parliaments, sacredly guaranteeing to the Presbyterian Church, its claimed privileges against all intrusion. Only five years after the final ratification of this act however, in 1712, this security was shamefully violated, and patronage was restored in the Church; forcibly wresting from the people the right so sacredly prized of electing their own Pastors; and conferring it on wealthy land-holders, who might be ungodly men, and of erroneous sentiments.*

It is evident, that under a system of this kind, the minister chosen would be of congenial faith and practice, with the patron-

*Hetherington's Hist. Chh. Scotland, pages 303, 319, 330.

who presented him ; and in many instances, the Presbyteries were forced, under pains and penalties, by the civil power, to ordain and settle candidates contrary to their own consciences ; the candidates being unacceptable both to congregations and themselves. Thus, by the despotic power of the British government, unholy men were placed as teachers of religion in the Churches, and as a natural consequence, whole generations grew up under their ministry, who like themselves, were strangers to vital godliness. Less than twenty years ago, ministers of the Church of Scotland were prosecuted and punished by the civil courts, because they refused to ordain men, in congregations to which they were unacceptable. A final appeal to the House of Lords for relief, having failed, the best portion of the Scottish Church, with the great Chalmers at their head, marched out of the establishment, leaving the flesh pots of Egypt behind them, esteeming the pure faith and privileges of their Church greater riches, than well endowed parishes and splendid houses of worship.

But, as a necessary result, of the constant migrations of the people, from one country to another, the fruits of patronage appeared wherever the Presbyterian faith was found. The dead, heartless formalism arising from the evil, found its way into the American Churches, and contributed largely to the schism which occurred in the Synod of Philadelphia, more than a century ago.— Dr. Alexander, in his history of the “Log College,” says: “We, of the Presbyterian Church, are more indebted to the men of the Log College for our evangelical views, and for our revivals of religion, than we are aware of.” Allusion is here made to the men who advocated the necessity of high degrees of vital godliness in candidates for the ministry, revivals of religion, &c., in opposition to others who made these things secondary to an elevated standard of scholarship. These evangelical views were defended in Scotland by John Witherspoon, as faithfully and powerfully, as he maintained the cause of independence in the Congress of 1776.

We have brought this subject to notice,

at this time, because the dead formalism that prevailed in the Church of Scotland, has been attributed to other principles; by some to infant baptism, and by others to the rigid doctrines of the Presbyterian system. But while it can be conclusively shown, that the Presbyterian Church presents as pure a communion roll, as any body of Christ's people on the face of the earth, (if not a purer), it must not be deemed extravagant to say, that the evil is justly attributable to neither, but to the despotic English government; engrafting on our system by force, a *fungus* or *excrescence*, wholly uncongenial to it, and which the Church will ever throw off, when left to the legitimate and unrestrained workings of its pure faith.

But the fruits of patronage had found their way to America, with those who had been brought up under its influence; and outward connexion with the Church was too far regarded as all that was necessary, while the heart was a stranger to the new birth. And no doubt the want of converting grace, was one of the chief ingredi-

ents, in the lamentable scenes which occurred in the Williamsburg Church. And the fault lay not on one side alone, but at the door of both parties. That vital piety had sadly declined during the war, and rashness and violence taken its place, on the part of the descendants of the first settlers, admits not of a doubt. A spirit of christian forbearance would have ultimately gained the point they desired, without resorting to unlawful proceedings. But the habits learned in their battles with the enemies of their country, of carrying every measure by force, was not easily laid aside; and that very determination of purpose which carried them triumphantly through the battles of the revolution, now led them to contend with unyielding obstinacy against their own brethren in the Church.

The Mr. Kennedy, of whom we are speaking, arrived in this country from Ireland, as early as the year 1772, as we find him before the Synod of that year. For some time he did not connect himself with any Presbytery; but obtaining letters of recommendation from the second Presbytery of

Philadelphia, he went into the bounds of the Donegal Presbytery, and labored there without leave. This latter body, in consequence of some irregularities of Mr. Kennedy, brought the matter to the notice of the Synod, at its sessions in 1772. The Synod ordered Mr. Kennedy to put himself under the care of the Presbytery of Donegal, and answer to that body for his future conduct, which he refused to do, but continued to preach in its bounds as before.— Mr. Kennedy appeared before the Synod the following year, offering reasons for not obeying its order; and, at the same time, so inculcated the conduct of the Presbytery, as to call forth a reply. The Synod determined the case by rebuking Mr. Kennedy for his contumacy, and directing the Presbytery to bring him regularly to trial. The following year the Presbytery reported to Synod, that the case had been issued, and Mr. Kennedy ordered to desist from preaching. Mr. Kennedy, at the same time, complained to Synod of the decision of the Presbytery; when, from want of time to issue the case, it was deferred to the following year.

The minutes of that year, (1775) dismissing the complaint of the accused as "groundless and frivolous," furnishes the last information of him, found in the printed records.*

Unimportant, as this case might appear, it was the occasion of a standing rule, which in substance, is a law of the Church at the present time. In consequence of the irregularities of Mr. Kennedy, the Rev. John Roan offered an Overture, restraining Presbyteries from receiving foreign ministers and candidates, or even giving them leave to labor in their bounds, until their credentials had been duly examined by the Synod, at its earliest meeting next after their arrival. This Overture passed into a law, only by a small majority of Synod, and was protested against by the whole Second Presbytery of Philadelphia present, and dissented from by a number of other members.†

This protest furnishes us with an important clew to the subsequent course of Mr. Kennedy. This same body had given Mr.

*Records Pres. Church, p.p. 435, 441, 442, 452, 460, 470.

†Records Pres. Church, p.p. 443, 444.

Kennedy testimonials which enabled him to gain access to the Churches in Donegal Presbytery; and the course of its members on the trial, indicates how deeply they still sympathized with him. A manuscript written by one who was a witness of the melancholy scenes which occurred here, says that Mr. Kennedy bore testimonials from the "Presbytery of Philadelphia," not specifying the number. In the Bellamy papers, it is stated that Mr. Kennedy was unsound in doctrine; and in consequence was unable to form a settlement in any of the Churches, and wandered along the seacoast to the South. It has been already stated, that one of the former pastors of this Church was the Rev. Hector Allison, two of whose brothers were now members of the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia.—The Williamsburg Church was not unknown to them, and it were not difficult for him to obtain access to it through them, either by a general or particular recommendation.—Every characteristic of the Mr. Kennedy who labored here, given by those who well remember him, goes to identify him as the

same individual, who appeared as a troubler of our Israel at the North. In the records of Synod, he is called a "candidate"; but whether we are to infer from this that he was not an ordained minister, is uncertain. He had, however, now been in this country more than eleven years, before coming to this place. He had married, and was again single from the death of his wife, and had a son with him who died, and was buried in the bounds of this congregation. During his sojourn here, he married Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, a member of his Church. After leaving, he removed into North Carolina, in the vicinity of Charlotte, where he died.

But, his ministry here was unhappy to himself, and disastrous to the Church. And among his most inveterate enemies at the last, were his own party in the Church, and those united to him by family relationship. When the first three years stipulated for were out, he determined to remain two years longer; and the majority of the congregation sustained him. Finding now no means of redress, the minority resolved on the unwise and unfortunate expedient, of demol-

ishing the Church; preferring to *destroy* what their fathers had built and consecrated with many prayers, rather than suffer it to be desecrated by the preaching of one who denied the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, by previous understanding, they met early one morning in the month of August, 1786, with about one hundred negro men, and in a few hours razed the building to the ground, and removed the materials from the spot. The pulpit was carried three miles, and concealed in the barn of Mr. Samuel McClelland, whose father was one of the original members of the Church.

In this whole procedure, we perceive the manifest lack of disinterested piety and christian zeal on the part of Mr. Kennedy, in refusing to leave a Church, where his presence was rending the body of Christ, and creating a schism and personal animosities, which were to last for more than a generation; and on the part of the minority of the people his enemies, an unchristian rashness, which induced them to take the law into their own hands. But, on the

skirts of the majority, there lay the sin of an utter oblivion of the golden rule, and respect for the rights and consciences of the minority; a most dangerous principle, either in Church or State; one which, in numerous instances, has proved ruinous to both; one against which themselves had just before been battling in the revolutionary contest; and one which *now* ominously threatens to rend to pieces the fair fabric of this glorious Union, which our fathers cemented with their blood. May God avert impending calamities.

The issue was now fairly made between the two parties; and, at a suit in law, which was tried in Georgetown, the minority lost the case, and were required to pay for the house they had demolished. The result was, the foundation of two distinct congregations, worshipping in different houses, each under its own pastor. A living witness remembers distinctly, that only a Sabbath or two after the destruction of the Church, a rude log structure was raised on the same spot, for the temporary use of the congregation. The minority were organized into a separate

Church by Rev. James Edmonds, and became connected with the Presbytery of South Carolina, which then embraced the entire territory of the State. They took the name of Bethel, and built their house of worship less than one hundred yards east of the other, and received occasional supplies from the Rev. James Edmonds and Rev. Thomas Reese.

IV.—FROM THE SCHISM TO THE REUNION.

In 1789, the Bethel Church secured the ministerial services of Rev. James W. Stephenson, from Lancaster District, a licentiate of the Presbytery of South Carolina, by which body he was regularly ordained and installed pastor of Bethel and Indian-town, in December, 1790. On the 4th of August, 1791, Mr. Stephenson was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth James, daughter of Maj. John James. But this union was short; Mrs. Stephenson died on the 29th of July, 1793, and her remains repose near those of her father, in the Indian-town grave-yard. As many persons yet living can testify, Mr. Stephenson's ministry

was owned of God, in this charge, which on many accounts, was peculiarly trying. In the summer of 1802, his labors were blessed with a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and his congregations participated largely in the precious refreshings from on high, which were at that time being vouchsafed generally to the Churches. A camp-meeting was held at the Sand Hills, near the road, three miles above Kingstree, which was attended by the Rev. John Brown, of Waxhaws, Rev. Duncan Brown, of Hope-well, and Rev. Mr. McWhorter, of Salem. At the commencement of the meeting, Mr. Brown, of Waxhaws, who had just before enjoyed a blessed work of grace in his own Church, in which Mr. Stephenson had assisted him, preached a sermon in explanation and defence of the revival. The effect was happy in convincing the people generally, that the work was genuine, and the wonderful scenes which occurred, were, to a great extent at least, from the influence of the Holy Spirit.

Faithful in his opposition to vice in every form, Mr. Stephenson was successful in

abolishing the unchristian practice of horse-racing, drinking at funerals, and to some extent, other practices inconsistent with our holy religion. To him, also, belongs the honor of introducing in this part of the country, the benevolent work of evangelizing the colored people, and preventing them laboring for themselves on the Sabbath.— In the year 1808, Mr. Stephenson, with about twenty families of his charge—a part of whom preceded him—removed to Maury County, Tennessee, and settled on a tract of land which the emigrants jointly purchased from the heirs of Gen. Nath. Greene. Of this colony, the Zion Church was organized, to which Mr. Stephenson ministered till about a year before his death, when the infirmities of age rendered him incapable of further services. He preached his valedictory discourse, at Indiantown, on the 28th of February, 1803, and set out for the West on the 3rd of March following; and on the 26th of May he was again married to Mrs. Mary Fleming, a member of his Church, and one of the emigration from Williamsburg. In 1815, he received from

the South Carolina College, the well merited degree of Doctor in Divinity. He died in the enjoyment of an unclouded hope, on the 6th of January, 1832, at the advanced age of 76, having been pastor of a part of his congregation more than forty-two years.

To return to the residuary party, who were legally entitled to the name and rights of the Williamsburg Church: after the departure of Mr. Kennedy, the Church was vacant until 1792, when the Rev. James Malcomson arrived from Ireland, having been specially invited from thence to this pastoral charge. Mr. Malcomson was a man of talents, learning and pleasing address; and added to his theological culture, the skill of Doctor of Medicine. In 1804, he removed to the city of Charleston, and rested from his labors during the summer of that year. The only ruling elders of this Church, whose names can now be recalled, were James McConnell, Thomas McConnell, and John McClary.

After the removal of Mr. Malcomson, the Church was without the stated means of grace, for many years, receiving occasional

supplies from Rev. Messrs. Knox and Thompson, and other ministers. In 1809, the Rev. Thomas Ledley Birch, of Washington, Pa., a native of Ireland, was invited to visit the congregation, with a view to a settlement; but he declined coming. A letter written in reply, to Dr. William Dollard, in 1811, exhibits the breathings of a man of heavenly spirit. In this communication, he recommends Rev. Robert Reid, also a native of Ireland, and resident in Pennsylvania; but it is not known that he was ever invited to visit the Church. Mr. Birch seems to have been acquainted with Mr. Malcomson in Ireland, and makes affectionate inquiry after him, as his old friend.

After the removal of Doct. Stephenson, the Churches of Bethel and Indiantown engaged the services of Rev. Dr. Flinn; who, however, was translated to Charleston, in less than a year, to the charge of the second Presbyterian Church, which is still called by his name. The successor of Dr. Flinn, was the Rev. Daniel Brown, of North Carolina, whose ministry was signally owned of God, especially in his labors among the

blacks. On a visit to his native place, in the summer of 1815, he was seized with sudden illness and died; and there sleeps with his fathers.

During the vacancy that existed for nearly two years, divine service was regularly kept up on the Sabbath, by the Elders of the Church. In 1817, the Rev. John Covert, a native of New York, and student of the Theological Seminary of Princeton, was engaged to supply the Churches for one year. In the Spring of 1818, the ministry of Rev. R. W. James commenced, which enjoyed the rich blessing of God in adding to the communion of the Church; and also experienced some reverses in the death, and emigration to the West, of many leading members. During this period, Bethel gave to the Church its first native minister, Rev. William James Wilson; who, however, was not permitted to labor long in the Master's vineyard. His short ministry was spent in Salem Church; and a monument was reared to his memory in this place, by the bereaved people of his charge. Mr. James was called to succeed him, and left here in 1827.

The Ruling Elders whose names are remembered, (beside the three original ones already mentioned) were, at the time of the division, Robert Witherspoon, Robert Frierson, and Joseph McKee. In addition to these, there were in the Bethel Church prior to the ministry of Mr. James, Robert Frierson, Samuel Frierson, Dr. John Graham, Samuel Wilson, John Wilson, William Wilson, James Bradley, and Thomas Witherspoon. At the commencement of Mr. James' ministry, there were of these living, Samuel Wilson, William Wilson, Robert Frierson, and Thomas Witherspoon. Soon after this, in 1818, there were added to the Session by ordination, David McClary, Robert J. Wilson, Samuel E. Fulton, R. S. Witherspoon, and J. B. Witherspoon. In the Spring of 1826, the Session having again become weak, by the lamented death of Robert J. Wilson, their faithful and efficient Clerk, and by the removal of Thomas Witherspoon and Robert Frierson, Jun., to Alabama, John McClary, Robert Frierson, and Daniel Frierson, were added to their number. As an example of the irregularities sometimes per-

mitted, Mr. John McClary was inducted into the Eldership in Bethel Church, by installation, while he held his membership, and exercised the office of Elder in the original Church of Williamsburg. He had been chosen at the election in 1818, but declined serving at that time.

Recurring again to the original Church; that body enjoyed the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Covert, from the time he ceased to labor in the Bethel and Indiantown Churches, until his death. And to the influence of this man of God, is in an eminent degree due the happy reünion of the two Churches afterwards. His labors of love and christian deportment, united to his urbanity of manners, are not forgotten by the people of his late charge. And as a legitimate consequence, the members of Bethel congregation, not only united cordially in his support, but attended regularly on his ministry each alternate Sabbath in the old Church, when there was no service in their own. Thus happily circumstanced, the two christian congregations worshipping together under the ministry of the same pastors, one Sab-

bath in the old Church, the next at Bethel, were destined soon to become one body again;—a happy illustration of the benign influence of prudent, God-fearing men, in the exercise of the holy office. Having served his Lord faithfully in this part of his vineyard, Mr. Covert was cut down in the vigor of life, being in his 84th year, and taken to his reward. His melancholy death occurred at the parsonage, on the night of the great storm which swept over this part of the country, September 29th, 1822. His body was borne to its lowly resting place, on the shoulders of men, the trees prostrated by the tornado having so blocked up the roads, as to render the passage of vehicles impracticable. His sepulchre is with us; and with Ray, and Alison and Kennedy, and Wilson, and Mitchell,* he will sleep peacefully in yonder sacred spot, till the resurrection morn.

V.—THE REUNION.

The last event in the history of this Church, with which we must close the present effort,

*Mr. Mitchell died in 1882.

is the merging the two bodies into one, in 1828. This happy event was farther promoted by the pious labours and kind christian deportment of Rev. William J. Wilson, in his first efforts in the ministry. While residing with his father, Mr. William Wilson, he frequently delivered his Master's message of peace in the old Church, which was owned of God in drawing the people together in a common bond of love. After the removal of Mr. James to Salem, Bethel Church, enjoyed the services of Mr. Josiah W. Powers, a Licentiate, from December, 1827, to May, 1828. Immediately subsequent to this, the Churches of Bethel and Indiantown united in a call to the Rev. John Erwin, of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. On the 15th of June, Mr. Erwin performed divine service in Bethel Church, and a sermon was preached in the old Church, by Mr. Nixon, a Baptist minister. On the morning of that day, the Session of Bethel Church met, and resolved to propose terms of union to the other congregation.

Mr. John McClary, who seems to have been a patriarch in both these branches of

the house of Israel, was judiciously selected to bear the olive branch of peace to the body worshipping in the old Church. Both congregations were now prepared to sheath the sword forever; and the time was come when Judah should no more vex Ephraim nor Ephraim envy Judah. The white banner was as joyfully hailed on the one side, as proffered on the other; and the venerable bearer was authorized to carry back a favorable response. Mr. Erwin was requested to preach in the old Church, on the Tuesday (the 17th) following, and the Bethel congregation invited to attend, for the purpose of deliberating on the subject of the proposed union. After divine service, on that day, Mr. John McClary was called to the chair, and stated the object of the meeting. The first question propounded was, "Shall the two Churches be now united in one body?" which was responded to by a unanimous vote in the affirmative. After some deliberation regarding the location of the house of worship, it was decided to erect a new building;—the same in which we are now assembled. Mr. Erwin was unani-

mously elected pastor of the united Church, and a committee appointed to inform him of the election. The call was accepted; and Mr. E. entered upon his labors here in the Fall of that year, which he continued faithfully to discharge, greatly beloved by his people, till his return to North Carolina in 1832. After ministering there some years, he removed to Arkansas, where, after a short term of service, he fell asleep, and his mortal part there awaits the better resurrection.

The ecclesiastical connexion of the Williamsburg Church, was originally with the Presbytery of Edinburg. It was afterwards transferred (it is believed) to the old Presbytery of Charleston, which was never in connexion with our General Assembly, and which has been for perhaps near forty years extinct. As the records of that body are lost, the date of the transfer, cannot now be ascertained. The Bethel Church was connected from its organization with the Presbytery of S. Carolina; and in its subsequent divisions, fell into that portion of it now embraced in the Presbytery of Har-

mony. The united Church, under the original name of Williamsburg, sought the same connexion; which continues till the present day. Thus a painful schism in the body of Christ was healed, after an existence of near forty-two years.

With some reflections we will now close.

1. The Almighty will always remember His Covenants. His Truth and Faithfulness are to all generations. Notwithstanding the infirmities of His people, He will carry out His glorious designs in regard to them. The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal—"The Lord knoweth them that are His." His sheep know His voice, and follow Him; and no power shall be able to pluck them out of His hand. Through how many generations of the sons of Adam, has He borne and carried His chosen ones, realizing His promises to all that put their trust in Him. And never was His Truth more clearly demonstrated, than in His dealing with the generations that have, from time to time, filled this Church, and with their ancestors before them. His mighty arm was not less perceptible, in his

guardianship of those whose motto, was "Christ's Crown and Covenant," in the glens and mountains of Scotland, than in that of His ancient Israel, who followed the visible symbol of His presence, in the Red Sea and in the Wilderness. They owned no Head of the Church on earth; and they reposed on the arm of a Sovereign who did not desert them to their enemies. And we have seen how His faithfulness has been exercised over their descendants, who pitched their tents in the waste-howling wilderness. In all the perilous and afflictive scenes through which they were called to pass, though individual numbers have fallen, the whole has been wonderfully preserved. Few associations of men have ever sustained the shocks, that have from time to time convulsed the Williamsburg Church. Like the bush of Moses, it has been repeatedly as it were, wrapped in flames; and yet it stands forth unconsumed, a glorious monument of the providential care of the Lord of Hosts. Through pestilence and death, poverty and discouragement;—through the ensnarements of prosperity and peace, and

the fires of war;—through the long continued bitterness of party strife and division, and the temptations to lethargy that arise from unity and strength;—from all these, we see the old Church emerging, still to gather strength from disaster itself, and ever bearing aloft the blood-stained banner of the cross. The colonies that went off from it in its infancy, threatening its very existence, by forming other Churches at suitable distances, served the rather to give it strength. Of these colonies, no Church in all our Southern Zion, we feel assured, has sent out an equal number.

All the Presbyterian Churches on Black River and Lynch's creek, together with Hopewell, on Jeffries' creek, may properly be regarded as its offspring; either having been founded by members from it, or from those Churches that were indebted to it for their parentage. One entire Church, in Tennessee, was formed out of its families; and this one again has given large contributions, (in many instances the majorities of Churches) to the Presbyterian Church in the Southwestern States. And still the old

parent stock is green and flourishing, and promises as fair as ever, to outlive the shocks that future time may have in store for it.

And the promises of God are not limited to one generation of christians, nor to particular families; but extend to the Church in its aggregate capacity.* There is "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." If one race passes away, another comes on the stage and fills its place. The seats in the sanctuary are continually being occupied by new worshippers; the old going to their reward on high, and to other parts of the Master's vineyard. Still it is the same Church, with the same covenant God as its King. We have as strong reasons to believe, that the Williamsburg Church will exist one hundred and twenty years from this time, as that it has outlived the storms of the one hundred and twenty years that are past. Other ministers will preach here, when the tongue

*The truth of this has been happily realized since the delivery of this discourse. Ere the month had passed away, the Lord was pleased to pour out his Spirit, and bring many souls to a knowledge of the truth; making the third time of refreshing from on high, which this Church has enjoyed in the last eight years.

that now addresses you, will be silent in the tomb. Other Elders will serve at the altar—other saints will live for God and praise him for his mighty acts; and other sinners will despise the calls of mercy, and be damned. Still the Church will be the same.

But, 2. These encouraging features ought the more to stimulate to greater zeal and exertion. The very fact that God works for us, should nerve our every arm to effort.—Assurance of victory always inspires the soldier with courage. No mortal man perhaps, ever believed more strongly in destiny, than the great Napoleon. And the effect was to urge him on to the success which he saw “his star” pointing out to him. In our case, times and circumstances changing, call for renewed, and more signal efforts and self-denials. The world, as well as the Church, is on the march; and we must keep pace with them, or lag behind. The exertions that were sufficient last year, may prove defective the year to come. The providence of God, as well as his Word, proclaim in every ear, “Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh when no

man can work." Let our Israel be faithful, in labors and prayers, letting their light shine as epistles of Jesus, and the promise to Jonadab shall never fail; we shall never want a man to stand before the Lord. "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." A pure Church, a Church zealous for the Lord of Hosts, will live and prosper, while thrones totter, and kingdoms come to an end.

3. Finally, what a *glorious resurrection* will a faithful Church enjoy! The mortal remains of generations will sleep in unconsciousness side by side, as ages and centuries roll away; but they will rise together at last, and behold each other for the first time, when they shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. What a blessed morning will be on this sacred spot, where we are now worshipping, when the archangel's trump shall wake the sleeping dead! Here lie the pious patriarchs who suffered persecution in Wales and Scotland and Ireland, and endured penury, sickness and danger, in the wilderness homes of Carolina. Here sleep in a few paces of us, the first Elders

who served at the first communion table that was ever spread in this part of God's dominion, and the communicants who received the bread and wine at their hands. For more than one hundred years, their children and their successors have walked over their graves, falling themselves, one by one beside them; and the fourth generation is now fast ripening for the tomb. The Saviour's own ambassadors too, lie here, six in number. Kindred souls have already met beyond the skies. Pastors and their flocks have gathered around the throne, and now sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Their bodies lie entombed, some here, and some far distant in other lands; but their souls are living and reigning in the presence of God. From the most distant points, all will find their way up the narrow path, that leads to the presence chamber of the King. The patriot saints of the revolution have joined each other in the spirit land, to suffer and bleed and learn war no more; and perhaps to look down and rejoice over their children, enjoying the fruits of their toils and dangers. Their bodies mangled in the

strife of death, will meet their final reward in receiving the crown of life.

May the pastors and people, from Ireland, from Carolina, from Tennessee, from Arkansas, and Louisiana, and from the wide extended territory over which they have spread themselves, be permitted to rise to the same glory, to join the orchestra of heaven—to add another wave to the many waters, a new peal to the mighty thunder, a higher strain to the eternal anthem.

APPENDIX.

(A)

THERE was one additional feature of resemblance between the Williamsburg Colonists generally, and the sons of Jacob—their trade had been to feed cattle from their youth. Of the two brothers, John and William James, the former who was the elder, settled on the Lake, the latter on Broad Samp. William owned large flocks of cattle which he kept for pasturage on Bull's Savanna, about twelve miles above Kingstree. Here, his son John, the future Major, spent much of his boyhood, like the killer of Goliath, herding his father's flocks; and to the exercises in bodily agility and horsemanship absolutely necessary to this vocation, he was largely indebted for his daring equestrian exploits during the war.

And *ab uno disce omnes*. Their plain and simple manner of living too, which they made a matter of conscience like their fathers, not less than of necessity, affords another clew to their patient endurance of the privations and sufferings, to which they were subjected in the camp and field. Major James married Miss Dobbin, and settled on the place now owned by the heirs of Dr. John Fluitt, and subsequently removed to Indiantown.

Different versions of his encounter with Ardesoif have been given ; all of which, including that of his sons who fought by his side, differ from that of Weems, who has attached both romance and immortality to it, by making him knock the Briton down. We venture another phase of the story, as it was recently furnished us by a venerable Elder, who remembers distinctly to have heard James himself relate it to his father, one of his neighbors. Major James rode up to the house where Ardesoif was lodged, with some apprehensions lest he should be detained as a prisoner, when his unwelcome message was told ; and as a wise precau-

tion, hitched his horse near the door. As the discussion grew warm, Ardesoif and James both rose to their feet, the latter unarmed holding his chair between them, and keeping himself next the door where his horse was tied. Ardesoif slowly followed him, as he retired still holding the chair, until he sprang from the door and mounted his horse. He did not strike Ardesoif, as Weems has stated; but held the chair in readiness to do so if necessary. And had the supercilious Briton approached near enough, though wearing his sword, the stalwart arm of the fearless patriot would have made him repent his temerity, by crushing him at a blow.

One of James' visits to his family during the war, was discovered by Amos Gaskins, who was killed soon after at Tarcote with cards in his hand; and a plan was laid by the thieving tory, to surprise and murder him in his house. Fortunately, James was made aware of his danger, and prepared to meet it. He procured several guns from Mr. Barr, one of his neighbors, whose little son, just old enough to draw a sight and

pull a trigger, volunteered to go with him, and aid him in watching for Gaskins. For several nights, the Major and master Barr lay together in a cart, waiting for the foe. But the dastard assassin had got wind of the unwelcome fact, that the lion was not asleep; and personal safety taught him to keep aloof when he was awake.

(B)

OF these Captains, three belonged to the congregation of Williamsburg: McCottry was a member of the Indiantown Church. Their men were chiefly from these two congregations. And of the other companies and officers, who afterwards joined the "Brigade," from Marion, Sumter, Georgetown, &c., the larger proportion were the descendants of the Scotch Irish who first settled in Williamsburg township. It is already well known that Major James was one of the original Elders of Indiantown Church.

In this tribute of respect to the Scotch Irish, we would not willingly detract one

iota from the glory of the Horrys, Postells, &c., of another race. Their deeds are immortalized by Ramsay, James, Weems, &c., and more fully and accurately by Dr. Sims, whose classic work is now a standard authority; to one and all of which the reader is referred.

(C)

IN order to understand the condition of affairs in Williamsburg already referred to, it is proper to state, that Hamilton, who had but recently come from parts unknown, was not connected with any of the people, until his marriage with a highly respectable family. On account of his immoral character, he was but little respected; and had contracted personal enmity with Wm. Matthews and some others of the same name. In the earlier part of the contest for liberty, he was a decided Whig, and took an active part in favor of Congress; but, after the fall of Charleston, he turned royalist, went down to the city, and returned with a Captain's commission from the British authorities.—

As the people of the community repudiated his authority, his forces were brought from a distance. By a regular system of plundering, and giving information to the British, he kept the country for some months in a state of alarm; and the men generally who were not in service, formed encampments in the canebrakes and swamps, to avoid capture or murder, where they were concealed, and also inaccessible, except by a single path which was carefully guarded.

After the devastating march of Wemyss, and the return of Marion from North Carolina, Hamilton was obliged to fly for refuge to his friends the British and the tories, to the great relief of the community, which was afterwards neither annoyed by him or any other enemy. William Matthews and John Boyd both threatened his life if he returned; and after the war, when he had ventured home to his family, his step-son, who happened to be there on a visit, was shot through his clothing at night by an unknown hand, in mistake it was supposed for Hamilton. Perceiving his danger, Hamilton disappeared, and never returned.

We sympathise with Dr. Foote, the able author of Sketches of North Carolina and Virginia, in the regret, that so few of the soldiers of the revolution have been honored with monuments to mark their resting places. If we enter the Williamsburg graveyard by the Northern gate, we shall pass the tombs of two of these men; though their epitaphs do not tell us of the part they took in the struggle for independence.— Their names are William Wilson and James Bradley. Of the friends of others of the same patriot spirit, it may with truth be said, that when they performed the last rites of sepulture for them,

“They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But left them alone in their glory.”

Venerated men!

“They ~~have slept~~^{slept} their last sleep, they have fought their
last battle;

No sound can awake them to glory again.”

It was the lot in life, of the two above named, to live near together, to fight side by side the battles of their country, to serve as Elders at the same communion table, and to await together the joyful resurrection

morn. At one time, they both served in the command of that persecuted and exasperated Whig, Captain Snipes. In their march, a tory was taken from his house despite the tears and entreaties of his wife and children; and farther on, another of those misguided men was met, who professed to have abandoned his royal friends, and desired to join the Whigs. Snipes told him he would be received, on condition only of his shooting the tory, who had just before been taken from his family. The poor fellow obeyed, and like Cain, though with a better pretext, killed his brother. Mr. Bradley thereupon informed the Captain, that if he pursued this murderous course, his men would no longer obey his commands. Snipes replied with an oath, that the next tory they met, he would order *him* (Bradley) to shoot him. "If you do," rejoined the other, at the same time pointing the muzzle of his gun which lay across his saddle, at Snipes, and placing his thumb and finger on the cock and trigger, "then I will shoot you."

Broad Swamp, on which these two men lived, on account of its being inaccessible

by a public road, escaped the ravages of Wemyss; but the people were much harassed by Hamilton, during his brief authority.

On one occasion, a tory by the name of

Barr, from Salem, came to the house of Mr. Bradley, entreating his friendly interposition, and leave to stay with him, stating that he wished to join the friends of liberty, but had been refused. As Barr had been an old school mate, the hospitalities of his friend's mansion were granted him. But as soon as the miscreant had discovered the hiding place of Mr. Bradley's horses in the swamp, he revealed the secret to Hamilton, who came with his company guided by Barr, and drove the horses out into the lot. Mrs. Bradley came out and begged the marauders to leave two mares and colts, which she said could be of little use to them; when one of the party, an itinerant tailor, without either family or property, began to complain how the Whigs had carried off all his property and left his wife and children to suffer. "Is not this Mr. Connelly?" quickly asked the good lady. "Yes," sheepishly drawled out the lying thief, when he saw that he

was identified, and disappeared instanter. The mares and colts were left at that time; but were stolen the same night.

The people on Broad Swamp were all good Whigs; and in consequence were compelled to keep a good look out for Hamilton and his men. There was one encampment in the "Canes," at the south end of Findlay's bay, where Mr. Bradley and his neighbors found refuge. William Matthews, who then lived on the place now owned by D. P. Fulton, formed one in Sandhill bay; others on Black River occupied secluded spots in the swamp contiguous to their houses.

When Hamilton was about to make a foray, he was accustomed to call in his men, and make his designs public; it was supposed for the purpose of giving the Whigs time to escape to their hiding places, indicating pretty strongly that he would rather plunder than fight; for it was not even a doubtful fact that he was much afraid of William Matthews, John Boyd, John Fulton and others. An Irish widow lady—named Douglass, and a true Whig, lived on the right side of the road leading up the hill

into Kingstree, near where the Rail Road now passes, who had two sons too young for military duty, that rendered the Whigs much service in giving notice of Hamilton's movements. On one occasion, the latter had returned with a large number of stolen horses, and left them tied near the branch; when one of the boys proposed to the other, to climb a tree and watch, and he would go and cut them loose. The proposal was accepted, and a number of the creatures were set free to return to their owners; but the little sentinel in the tree becoming frightened gave a false alarm, and the remainder were left in possession of the plunderers.—Hamilton had two negro men, as base as himself, whom he kept employed in stealing, acting as spies, &c. As there was no other way of securing them, a company of Whigs having got possession of them, carried them out to a suitable place, with spades and other implements for grave digging, and deposited them the usual number of feet below the surface of the earth.

At a period prior to the revolution, a number of Williamsburg families had emi-

grated to Liberty County, Georgia; but being now surrounded by tories, they were compelled to fly from their homes. Among these were John Fulton with a brother and sister, John Witherspoon of Midway, Samuel McClelland, — Thorpe, and perhaps Mr. Heatly. Cutting their way through numerous enemies, they crossed the Savannah River on a raft of logs, and returned to their former homes.

The case of Mr. John Gordon, of Indian-town, was not dissimilar. Removing, after his marriage from the community of his ancestors, he found himself all at once in the midst of enemies, and was compelled to fly for his life, back to his native place. He made his home with William Matthews, in Sandhill bay; and while going into the camp by the narrow pathway once came near being shot by Matthews, who hearing him at a distance, supposed him to be some enemy who had discovered his hiding place. Fortunately, before Mr. Gordon came in range of the gun, he was recognised by his voice talking to his servant.

During the brief career of Hamilton, Mr.

James Bradley, mentioned above, was constrained, on account of the condition of his family, to go and offer himself a prisoner of war, that he might enjoy the privilege of remaining at home on parole. Mrs. Bradley was alone with two small children, and expected soon to become the mother of a third. Under the stern necessities of the case, he presented himself before the tory Captain, in Kingstree, who received him politely, but denied his request. Hamilton alledged that his orders allowed him to parole no prisoners; and the only conditions he could grant, were the oath of allegiance, and taking up arms for the king. Mr. Bradley promptly replied, that rather than violate his conscience, he would trust in God and suffer every extremity. The tory then changed his tone, and reasoned the case with him, alleging that South Carolina and Georgia were entirely conquered, except a small strip of country towards the mountains; and that the North had too much to do at home, to afford them aid.— Mr. Bradley replied that he was mistaken, and told him that Gov. Rutledge, then in

Philadelphia, had written to his relative in Salem, the venerable sufferer under Tarleton, already mentioned, that Congress would soon send on Col. Washington to their assistance. This has already been assigned as the cause of Tarleton's savage treatment of the old man. This information was brought from him to his Whig friends in Williamsburg, by Samuel Bradley, who had broken his parole in order to avenge the murder of Thomas Bradley, by hanging Holt; and in consequence was afraid to remain in Salem, where tories were more abundant. He, however, frequently passed to and fro, and was used by the aged patriot to keep up the spirits of the Whigs in Williamsburg. The truth now developed, was probably made known by Hamilton to Tarleton, in his passage through Kingstree, the consequences of which have been detailed. It now brought the tory to terms, and he asked three days to consider the request. Before the time was expired, however, Mr. Bradley was in the army; and soon after, Hamilton was driven from Kingstree. Mrs. Bradley was accustomed to

speak of this circumstance, as one of the most remarkable instances of the kindness of a covenant God, that she had ever experienced.

Soon after the appointment of General Greene to the command of the Southern army, the hopes of the patriots were realized by Congress sending Col. Lee to their aid, instead of Washington; and in the following January, we find him cö-operating with Marion in an attack on Georgetown. He was soon after recalled, to the main army, and formed part of the rear guard of Gen. Greene, in his famous retreat before Cornwallis across North Carolina, with the prisoners taken at the battle of the Cowpens.— Colonels Lee and Maham were both encamped on Broad Swamp at different times; but they effected nothing of importance.

It were a work of supererogation to assert what has been so fully attested, that the "Women of the Revolution" were not a whit behind the sterner sex, in deeds of heroic suffering and patriotism. The list of female worthies with their noble and virtuous actions, given to the public by one of

their own sex,* altogether competent to the task, is an invaluable contribution to American historical literature. The work might, however, be much protracted. Thousands of interesting facts have been kept back from public view, purely from the delicacy which many persons feel in writing about themselves, and their ancestors and other kindred. But the time has come when this feeling should be laid aside, and honor given to whom honor is due. The unwritten traditions of the families of our country, furnish rich and abundant materials for volumes of interesting details. Deeds of heroism are not the less worthy of being recorded, and handed down to posterity—thus furnishing a graphic portraiture of the past—because they occurred in the retired walks of life.

Speaking of the patriotic matrons of the revolution at present, however, our space limits us to the mention of one or two.

During the brief period of skirmishing between Marion and Major McIlraith, on Santee, seven British soldiers, having in

*Mrs. Ellett.

some way become detached from their corps, were endeavoring to find their way back to it. Coming to the house of Mrs. Jane Hawkins, they requested this lady to direct them to the encampment of the British commander. With great apparent interest in gratifying them, she mounted one of her horses and rode along before them, all the while chatting pleasantly, and asking them such questions, as would lead to important information to the American cause; when all at once they found themselves in the midst of Marion's men, instead of the forces of McIlraith, and the men were duly secured as prisoners of war.

Pending the predatory warfare of Hamilton, in Williamsburg, a party of marauding Tories went to the house of Capt. Wm. Gordon, and commenced plundering the house. But conscience makes men cowards. The alarm was given, whether false or not does not appear, that the Whigs were coming, when the whole party fled. One of them becoming fastened in some way on the fence, was unable to get over. Mrs. Gordon ran and caught the fellow, and pull-

ing him down on her own side of the fence, detained him until help came, and he was secured.

At another time, the free-booters came and carried off all Mr. Gordon's horses, while he was absent fighting the battles of his country. Mrs. Gordon unable to prevent the robbery, followed the party at a distance, and observed where the horses were enclosed. That night she went alone, caught the best horse in the lot—a better than any one of her own, and mounting him rode away in safety with her reprisal.