BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

REV. WILLIAM MARTIN

Notes on the Life of the Reverend William Martin, First Chester County Covenanter Preacher, And Patriot of the Revolution, Born in Ireland 1729; Died in Chester County 1807, Compiled By Mrs. Jno. M. Bell, of Chester.

(From Glasgow's History of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in America, Page 572.)

"The Rev. William Martin, son of David Martin, was born at Ballyapollen, near Ballykenny, County Londonderry, Ireland, May 16, 1729. (Communications from Ireland, Irish testimony.)

In 1750 he entered the University of Glasgow, Scotland, where he graduated in 1753. He studied theology under the direction of the Rev. John McMillan and was licensed by the Reformed Presbytery of Scotland, October 10th, 1756. He was the first Covenanter minister ordained in Ireland, this act taking place at Vow, on the lower Bann, and he was installed pastor of the societies centering in Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, July 13th, 1757. In 1760 the societies were divided into two congregations, separated by the river, he choosing Kellswater congregation, and lived for many years in Bangor. He came to America with a colony of his people in 1772, and settled on Rocky Creek, Chester district, South Carolina, and bought a tract of land one mile square, and his people took up bounty land. He was the first Covenanter minister settled in the South. In 1774 his people built a church two miles east of Catholic where he preached, and was dismissed in 1777 on account of intemperate habits. His adherents built another church nearby, which was burnt by the British in 1780. He suffered many annoyances from the British and Tories, and taught his people to fight for their liberty as Americans. In the spring of 1781 he went to Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, on account of the disturbed state of the country in the Chester District and after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Oct. 9th, 1781, he returned to South Carolina and resumed his charge around Catholic. In 1785 he was again dismissed for his conduct and his services became unacceptable to the people. In 1793 he was restored to his privileges, and was made a member of the committee of the Reformed Presbytery of Scotland with Revs. King and McGarrah, to judicially manage the affairs of the church in America. He continued to preach at the Jackson's Creek church, Wolf Pen or Wolf Pit, Meeting house, Winnsboro, and at private houses in all the settlements between Statesville, North Carolina, and Louisville, Georgia. Coincident with his good preaching he continued his bad

habits until the meeting of the Reformed Presbytery of America, when seven charges were brought against him, among which were habitual drinking and the holding of slaves, and he was deposed from the ministerial office by that court, March 12, 1801. (Minutes of Reformed Presbytery.) He did not cease preaching however, until shortly before his death. He sold all of his land and made over his effects to his relatives. He died of a fever, brought on by a fall from a horse, October 25, 1806 and was buried in a small graveyard near his cabin. He was married three times. He was a large, fine-looking man, a proficient scholar, an eloquent preacher, and an able divine."

Rev. Robert Lathan, D. D., in his Sketch of Union Associate Reformed Church, page 11, says: "About the year 1773, soon after the arrival of Mr. Martin, the Covenanters, for reasons afterwards stated, withdrew from both Catholic and Fishing Creek and built a house of worship about two miles east of Catholic. It is very probable that about the same time the few Covenanters in the region of the country around what is now Richburg influenced Mr. Martin, organized themselves into a congregation or society and built a house of worship which they called the Rocky Creek Meeting House. It is manifest that the harmony which prevailed among the different branches of the Presbyterian church, which were in the region of the country now occupied by the congregations of Fishing Creek, Union and Catholic, began to be disturbed about 1770, if not prior to that date. From the first settlement of the region all the Presbyterians of every name, and there were few of any other denomination in the region, worshiped together at Catholic, Lower Fishing Creek, or Richardson, and Fishing Creek."

NOTE—Dr. Lathan says the Covenanters became uneasy over the desire in some Presbyteries to substitute Isaac Watt's metrical version of the Psalms for the version adopted in 1647 by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, known as the Rouse version. There was also an agitation to add certain tunes to the twelve in use known as the "Old Twelve." That they might be enabled to walk in the foot-steps of their fathers, they, no doubt, made application to the Reformed Presbytery of Scotland for, in the quaint language of the times, "A supply of sermon." It was in response to this petition that William Martin came to South Carolina.

Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina, Vol. 1, page 427, says of Catholic Presbyterian church: "The congregation being destitute of preaching, the Reverend William Martin, a Covenanter minister who had come from Ireland a few years before, was invited to occupy the pulpit. Mr. Davies dates the ministry of Mr. Martin in this church in 1775 or 1776, others in 1773. The other account says it was soon after Mr. Campbell's removal. Mr. Davies says Mr. Martin preach-

ed in the congregation two or three years and was then dismissed for intemperance. His adherents built a house of worship about two miles East of Catholic where he continued his ministry till the house was burnt by the British and Tories in 1780." (Evidently his first term of preaching at Catholic was before the Revolution.)

Rev. Robt. Lathan, D. D., says in his sketch of Union A. R. P. church (Chester county) page 16: "It is very probable that the Covenanter meeting house, two miles East of Catholic became soon after its erection the principal place of worship for all the Reformed Presbyterians, both on Rocky and Fishing Creek. This church East of Catholic was erected in 1773. Here Rev. William Martin preached most of his time until he was taken prisoner by the British or Tories in 1780. After his release, which was not until about the time the British army under Cornwallis left Winnsboro, Mr. Martin went to North Carolina and did not return until after the close of the Revolutionary War. The Covenanter meeting house East of Catholic had been burned down and the congregation of Catholic was without a pastor. Such being the case Mr. Martin preached at Catholic for the three or four years. (This term was after the Revolution.) During all this period extending from the beginning to close of the Revolutionary War, the only preachers of the Presbyterian faith and order in the eastern section of Chester county were William Martin and John Simpson, pastor of Upper Fishing Creek."

The detailed account of the settlement of the Rev. Martin and his congregation in Chester District as related in the Chapter on Nancy Green in Mrs. Eilet's Women of the Revolution, Vol. 111, beginning at page 117, is entirely too long to quote here, valuable as it is for local color. However, a few paragraphs descriptive of the pastor's war sermon will be given: "On this particular day, the whole neighborhood seemed to have turned out, and every face wore an expression of anxiety. Groups of men might be seen gathered together under shade trees in very direction, talking in loud and earnest tones, some laying down plan for the assent of their friends, some pale with alarm, listening to others telling the news, and some, transported with indignation, stamping the ground and gesticulating vehemently as they spoke. Everywhere the women mingled with the different groups, and appeared to take an active part in what was going on. At eleven o'clock precisely the venerable form of Martin, the preacher, came in sight. He was about sixty years of age, and had a high reputation for learning and eloquence. He was a large and powerful man, with a voice which it is said might have been heard at the distance of half a mile. As he walked from the place where he had hitched his horse, towards the stand, it being customary when the congregation was too large

to be accommodated in the meeting house, to have the services in the open air, the loud and angry words of the speakers must have reached his ears. The voices ceased as he approached, and the congregation was soon seated in silence on the logs around the stand."

"When he arose to speak every eye was fixed upon him. Those who had been most noisy expected a reproof of their desecration of the Sabbath for their faithful pastor was never known to fail of rebuking those whose deportment was unsuited to the solemnity of the day. But at this time he too seemed absorbed with the subject that agitated every bosom. "My hearers," he said, in his broad Scotch-Irish dialect, "talk and angry words will do no good. We must fight. As your pastor in preparing a discourse for this time of trial, I have sought for all light, examined the Scriptures and other helps in ancient and modern history, and have considered especially the controversy between the United Colonies and the mother country. Sorely have our countrymen been dealt with till forced to the declaration of their independence, and the pledge of their lives and sacred honor to support it. Our forefathers in Scotland made a similar one, and maintained that declaration with their lives; it is now our turn, brethren, to maintain this at all hazards." After the prayer and the singing of the Psalms he calmly opened his discourse. He cited many passages from the Scriptures to show that a people may lawfully resist wicked rulers; pointed to historical examples of princes trampling on the peoples' rights; painted in vivid colors the rise and progress of the reformation, the triumph of truth over the misrule and darkness of ages, and finally applied the subject by fairly stating the merits of the Revolutionary controversy. Giving a brief sketch of the events of the war from the first shedding of blood at Lexington, and warming with the subject as he went on, his address became eloquent with the fiery energy of a Demosthenes. In a voice like thunder, frequently striking with his clenched fist the clapboard of the pulpit, he appealed to the excited concourse, exhorting them to fight valiantly in defence of their liberties. As he dwelt on the recent horrid tragedy, the butchery of Buford's men, cut down by the British dragoons while crying for mercy, his indignation reached its height. Stretching out his hand toward Waxhaw, "Go See," he cried, "the tender mercies of Great Britain." In that church you may find men, though still alive, hacked out of the very semblence of humanity; some deprived of their arms; mutilated trunks; some with one arm or leg, and some with both legs cut off. Is not this cruelty parallel to the history of our Scottish fathers, driven from their conventicles, hunted like wild beasts? Behold, the godly youth, James Nesbit, chased for days by the British for the crime of being seen on his knees upon a Sabbath morning," etc.

To this stirring sermon the whole assembly responded. Hands were clinched and teeth set in

the intensity of feeling; every uplifted face expressed the same determination, and even the women were filled with the spirit that threatened vengeance on the invaders. During the interval of Divine worship they went about professing their resolution to do their part in the approaching contest; to plow the fields and gather the crops in the absence of the men—aye, to fight themselves, rather than submit. In the afternoon the subject was resumed and discoursed with renewed energy, while the appeals of the preacher were answered by even more energetic demonstrations of feeling. When the worship was concluded, and the congregation separating to return homeward, the manly form of Ben Land was seen walking among the people, shaking hands with every neighbor and whispering in his ear the summons to the next day's work."

In the same volume in the article on Esther Walker, at page 164, we may read: "On the next Sabbath after Buford's defeat at Waxhaw, the Rev. William Martin preached the discourse already mentioned at the log meeting house. As steel sharpeneth steel, so did this minister, by his stirring words, rouse the spirit of his hearers, and prepare them to meet the coming storm by taking up arms. The effect of his eloquence was soon apparent. At an early hour on Monday morning, many of the conscientious Covenanters were seen drilling on the musterground seven miles from Rocky Mount, under the brave Captain Land, while two miles above this, at the shop of a negro blacksmith, some half a dozen more were getting their horses shod. Those at the muster-ground were charged upon by a party of British dragoons, having no previous notice of their approach. Their Captain being overtaken and surrounded by the dragoons, who attacked him with their broad swords, defended himself with his sword to the last, and wounded several enemies before he fell. The news of his death was carried to his wife, who shortly after gave birth to a son. It may be mentioned, as an instance of female patriotism illustrative of the general feeling that in the anguish of her recent bereavement, while it seemed that the prospect was utterly dark, and the hope of national freedom crushed forever, Mrs. Land called her child Thomas Sumter, in honor of the American General.

"The party at the blacksmith shop was also surprised, and one man killed in the shop. The dragoons then crossed Rocky Creek, and soon found their way to the rude stone hut which was the preacher's dwelling. They found the old divine in his study, preparing a sermon which was to be a second blast, made him their prisoner, and carried him like a felon to Rocky Mount."

Dr. Robert Lathan in his historical Sketch of Union A. R. P. Church, page 37, after quoting from Tarleton's own account of this campaign, says: "There were at the time of this attack was made upon Rocky Mount several prisoners in one of the log houses of which Col. Tarleton speaks. One of these pris-

oners was Rev. William Martin. He with, some others, perhaps all, was tied and laid on the floor. To save his life, which was endangered by the bullet's of Sumter's men, Mr. Martin, in some way, raised a puncheon and crept under the floor.

"From Rocky Mount Mr. Martin, with the other prisoners, was taken to Camden, and from thence to Winnsboro, to be tried for his life before Cornwallis. When brought before the British Commander he displayed so much manly courage, and made so favorable an impression upon the court, that he was dismissed.'

In Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina, Vol. I, page 500, we may read: "The Rev. William Martin, a Covenanter, preached occasionally at the Jackson's Creek Church. He was a warm Whig, and did not scruple to use his influence in the cause of the Colonists. The hand of power was laid on him, and he had been confined in prison at Rocky Mount and Camden since early in June. He was now brought before Lord Cornwallis at Winnsboro. He stood before him erect, his gray locks uncovered, his eyes fixed on his lordship, and his countenance marked with frankness and benevolence. 'You are charged,' says his lordship, 'with preaching rebellion from the pulpit—you, an old man, and a minister of the gospel of peace, with advocating rebellion against your lawful sovereign, King George III. What have you to say in your defence?' Nothing daunted, he is reported to have replied, 'I am happy to appear before you. For many months I have been held in chains for preaching what I believed to be the truth. As to King George, I owe him nothing but good will. I am not unacquainted with his private character. I was raised in Scotland; educated in its literary and theological schools; was settled in Ireland, where I spent the prime of my days and emigrated to this country seven years ago. As a King he was bound to protect his subjects in the enjoyment of their rights. Protection and allegiance go together, and where one fails, the other cannot be exacted. The Declaration of Independence is but a reiteration of what our Covenanting fathers have always maintained. I am thankful you have given me liberty to speak, and will abide your pleasure, whatever it may be.' "

This was the testimony of Mrs. Mary Grey Barkly, who was living in Winnsboro during those stirring times. The statement is further made that the Tory, Col. Phillips, who in the old country had kept the race horses of the father of Lord Cornwallis, had known Mr. Martin in Ireland and respected him. This acquaintance may have been a contributing cause to the minister's release.

From a Sketch of the Covenanters of Rocky Creek, (Chester county) S. C., written by the venerable Daniel Green Stinson, Esq., and printed in The Chester Reporter of March 23, 1876, and afterwards in Dr. Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina. Vol. II, beginning at page 700, we will take

one paragraph: "After the war, when Mr. Martin returned to Rocky Creek, he was employed as supply at Catholic for three years. He was dismissed by the people of Catholic on account of becoming intemperate. He, however, did not quit preaching. He preached at a schoolhouse at Edward McDaniel's, about a mile or two west of the place where a brick church was afterwards built. He also went down to Jackson's Creek, in Fairfield, and preached there. I recollect that Richard Gladney was a Covenanter in the neighborhood, and doubtless there were others. He was also in the habit of crossing Catawba river and preaching at the house of William Hicklin, who had moved from Rocky Creek to Lancaster. He frequently preached at other places, often at private houses. A congregation afterwards built him a church two miles east from the site of the one formerly burnt down, near the Rocky Mount road, on a beautiful hill, in the rear of what was called Earle's House, in a fine grove of trees. The lands are now all cleared up, and there is a negro house now at the top of the hill, where the church once stood. In that hill and dale country it can be seen for miles. He must have continued to preach there until near his death. I have frequently heard him preach at that place, as well as at my father's. Some two years before his death his rock house was burnt down. It was in the early part of the night; I suppose most of his property was saved. He afterwards lived in a log cabin. He sold his plantation for six hundred dollars, one hundred to be paid yearly. After his death his widow received his payments. He had been three times married, but left no children living. His only daughter, married to John McCaw, had died before him. Shortly after coming to this country he took up about four hundred acres of vacant land, which he made a present to his nephews, David and William Martin. The land now belongs to Mrs. Gaston. Mr. Martin often stayed at my father's for days or a week at a time. I do not remember ever seeing him under the influence of liquor but once. That was on a day in which he came in company of some wagons. It was a wet day. My mother, with the assistance of two negro women, got him to the back door, and bringing him in, put him to bed. She came out, I remember, with a very long face. The last visit he ever made to my father's, after crossing the creek at Stroud's Mill, in some way he got his horse's head turned up the creek by a path. He fell off in a branch, being old and feeble he was unable to rise. He was found by Mr. Thralekill; was said to be in the act of praying when found. Mr. Thralekill understood from him where he wanted to go. My father sent for him and had him brought to the house. He had fever, and lay there for more than a month. In the delirium of fever he constantly quoted Scripture, and spoke of the crossing of Jordan. My mother became alarmed and sent for my father, thinking Mr. Martin was near

his death. But he recovered and became able to walk. My father mounted him on a horse and sent him home. He soon became again confined to his bed, and died in about six months, in the year 1806. He was buried in a graveyard near his own house. Whether there is a stone to mark it, I do not recollect, though I have seen the grave. He was a large heavy man. By those who knew him he was said to have been an able divine. He came from County Antrim, Ireland. In the same party with him came my father and his brother, James Stinson, then called Stevenson; William Anderson and his wife, Nancy; Alex Brady and his wife Elizabeth; I think the Linns, and possibly the Kells. Mr. Martin owned two negroes. I recollect Savanna and Bob by name. Some who owned slaves refused in 1800 to submit to the regulations made by McKinney and Wylie, believing that the Scriptures justified the possession of the heathen, whom they, as teachers, were civilizing and Christianizing. It would be, they thought, as cruel, to free them, as to turn a child out to buffet with the world."

Mr. Martin's domestic life was marked by tragedy. In Mrs. Ellet's Women of the Revolution, Vol. III, pages 123-129, we are told that when his first wife, Mary, lay a corpse in his house in Ballymoney no one thought he could attend to preaching in his sore distress; but, precisely at the striking of the hour he was seen walking down the long aisle to the pulpit, and there was not a dry eye in the whole congregation—old men and women fairly cried aloud at the sermon he preached.

In this connection we also learn that later on Mr. Martin laid his heart at the feet of Nancy Stinson, who was to become the wife of William Anderson, and later still of Daniel Green. This information must have come from Daniel Green Stinson, who was not only nephew but practically adopted son of the Greens, and it seems creditable, since Mr. Stinson was a man of middle age before the death of Nancy Green this giving him ample opportunities to hear such romantic stories. In the Ellet book Nancy Green is shown as declining the minister's offer by tactfully turning his affections toward Jenny Cherry, whom he married as his second wife. Then the story goes on that their first child was named Nancy for the kind-hearted Nancy Stinson, who by that time had married William Anderson. It is not known where Jenny Cherry was buried, but probably her husband chose the spot near their home where his grave, too was later dug. Their daughter married John McCaw of York District, but died before her father, apparently leaving no children, as Mr. Martin's will cut John McCaw off with five shillings and made no mention of grandchildren.

Several interesting facts may be gleaned from his deeds. The home-tract which he bought soon after his arrival in the Rocky Creek section, was bought from William Stroud, for whom it was laid out as 450 acres, but a resurvey showed the tract to

include 539 acres, nearly the six hundred of popular estimate. Fifty acres of this tract he gave to his "beloved nephew Hugh Wilson, late from the Kingdom of Ireland." This deed was made in 1800, as was another for one hundred acres to "beloved nephew" David Martin. These deeds were also signed by Mr. Martin's third wife, who was Susanna Boggs before marriage. David Martin's land was part of the 400 acre tract granted directly to Mr. Martin, and from which he had given a farm to his nephew, William Martin, and his son John, in 1787. In 1804 he sold his larger tract, with the reservation of Hugh Wilson's fifty acres, to his neighbor, and kindly friend, John McKown, Esq. He retained his home upon it and was to receive yearly payments.

It is sad to have to relate that Mr. Martin's fine mind was clouded before he died. When the time came for the execution of his will ten witnesses, neighbors, testified that he had been for some time of unsound-mind, while only one stated, under oath, that he thought him rational enough to make a legal will. So the will was set aside and administrators appointed. The will itself was written by some other hand, and its errors and crudeness cannot be ascribed to him. Only the heavy scrawled signature was the effort of the broken old man. Beneficiaries of the will were to have been his wife, Susanna Boggs; his brother, John Martin, whose sons William and David had received land from him; John McCaw of York District; Martin Wilson, son of James Wilson; and William Martin Hemphill. The residuary legatee was his sister, Mary Brown, a widow, living in Scotland. The will was signed January 3, 1805. Mr. Martin's actual death date, though remembered in the neighborhood many years later as 1806, is shown to have been January 13, 1807, this date being fixed by an item in the adminstrator's accounts, which allowed fifty cents a day to Robert Petegrew for 126 days "for attendance on his death bed, from the 8th of September 1806, to the 13th of Jany. 1807." Samuel Gaston gave a receipt on 27th of December 1807, for seven shillings for making a coffin for the Rev. Wm. Martin, deceased.

Let us take a quotation from Dr. Robert Lathan's Historical sketch of Union A. R. P. church: "The only charge ever brought against Rev. William Martin was for intemperance. That he was intemperate there can be no doubt. The fact is well established, and it is not proposed to attempt to wipe out this stain upon his otherwise fair name. We ought, however, to take into consideration the manners and customs of tho age in which William Martin lived.

"It would be a very easy matter to mention the names of other clergymen of that age, and even of a later age, and not of the Covenanter faith, who were frequently drank. Every age has its particular forms of vice as well as particular types of piety. The piety of William Martin was certainly, if we are

to believe all testimony in the matter, of the most marked kind, notwithstanding the fact that he was intemperate. It is very probable that the enemies of Mr. Martin, and the Tories were all his enemies, greatly exaggerated his intemperance. No charge of intemperance was ever brought against him until he was far advanced in years. It should be remembered that one hundred years ago, and even less than that, ardent spirits of some kind (generally home made whiskey) was kept in every house. It would have been regarded three-quarters of a century ago as a breach of the laws of civilized society for a parishioner not to have furnished his preacher with some kind of spirits when he came to visit him, either socially or ministerially. It was, no doubt, when out visiting his Scotch-Irish neighbors and parishioneers, and enjoying their unbounded hospitality, that Mr. Martin became intoxicated. With all his faults, or rather with this one fault, William Martin was a Christian gentleman and a patriot of the purest type. He made an impress for good upon Rocky Creek, which is seen and felt today. His influence over the Covenanters was unbounded, and at his bidding they rose on their solid might to redeem, what appeared to many, a lost cause."

In the Associate Reformed Presbyterian of Sept. 20, 1888, appeared the first of a series of articles by the Rev. Robt. Lathan, D. D., bearing the title, "An Excursion," in the third chapter of which he told of a visit to the grave and ruined stone house of William Martin. It is a matter of interest that Dr. Lathan's description of the place nearly fifty years ago, will still serve nicely today. The grave is now as he saw it then, but of the house, no part of the wall stands above ground level, though the cellar contains many of the fallen rocks and many lie scattered about, the best probably having been carried away for use elsewhere. But it is at the spring that one feels closest to the old patriot, for it is in perfect condition just as he drank from it for over thirty years, a period including the distresses and triumphs of the American Revolution. No trace has been found of the old spring house.

The following quotation from Dr. Lathan's article is taken from an old scrapbook owned by Mrs. John G. White, of Chester, S. C.: "On Monday, in company with Mr. J. Craig McFadden and Mr. Jason C. Hicklin I visited the home and grave of Rev. William Martin and Paul's graveyard.

"It may be that only a few of the readers of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian know anything about Rev. William Martin. The age in which we live is so grasping after something that is supposed to be in the future and which it will never obtain, or if it does obtain it, it will not retain, that the past with all its achievements is ignored. William Martin was a Scotch-Irish Covenanter preacher who came to Rocky Creek, Chester county, in 1772. He settled about one mile east of Big Rocky Creek. The site selected for his dwelling is perhaps the most picturesque in the

whole region. It is on the south-eastern brow of a steep rocky hill. The dwelling was constructed out of stones, an abundance of which lay and still lie, all around. Nothing remains of the house but the foundation and the cellar. The house was, as the remaining walls testify, about forty feet long and thirty-six wide. The cellar seems to have been of the same dimensions as the house, but how deep I could not tell from the fact that many of the stones once belonging to the walls had fallen into it. There were only two doors in the house; one on the east side near the middle, the other in the south-end, near the west side. The house was evidently built in good country Irish style. I have seen in Ireland several dilapidated farm houses which resemble in every particular what remains of the house of Rev. William Martin. From what remains of the walls—and it is only the foundation—it is evident the house was built with some care. The vandals have been at work upon it. The best rocks have been removed to build, probably chimneys to negro cabins. A few rods east of the house runs a small branch, which either bears or ought to bear the name of Martin's branch. The bed of the branch is perhaps thirty feet lower than the foundation of the house. Across the branch there is a natural wall of rock with a depression over which the water of the branch runs. The wall across the branch is at each end about ten feet high and six where the water of the branch runs over. Out of the western bank of the branch, or rather from beneath the western end of the massive rock which stretches across the branch, there gushes a spring of clear ice-cold water. The walls of the spring-house, like the walls of his dwelling nothing remains of them but the foundation. The dimension of the spring-house was forty feet long and twenty-one feet wide. It can only be conjectured as to its height. Within the walls of this spring-house, no doubt, the old Covenanter preacher spent many a sultry summer day. Before the forest was cut down, perhaps the sun never shined upon it. At present it is a delightfully pleasant place and what must it have been when the forest was all standing. William Martin came to Rocky Creek in 1772. He had been pastor of the Covenanter church in Ballymoney and Kellswater, Ireland, for about twenty years. Soon after coming to Rocky Creek he built his stone dwelling and walled in his spring. The dwelling was burned down about 1800 or a year or two later. He afterward built a log house in which he lived. In 1806 he died and was buried about two hundred yards distant, in a western direction from his dwelling. A granite stone upon which no polishing tool ever came marks the spot. There are a number of graves around it, but only one is marked by a tombstone. It seems the proper place in which to have deposited the remains of Mr. Martin was in Paul's graveyard about two miles north of the place. It may be that Mr. Martin gave direction with regard

to his burial place and his dust rests in the grave of his choice. Be that as it may, the grave of William Martin ought to be marked with a decent tombstone and a monument ought to be erected in some public place to perpetuate his memory. The County of Chester ought to do this, but Rocky Creek ought to claim it as a special privilege to erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of his patriotic virtues. What John Knox was to Scotland, William Martin was to Rocky Creek."

It is a pleasure to state that Dr. Lawson's plea is at last to receive a fitting response in the determination of the Mary Adair Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to erect a marker upon the old preacher's grave.

(The End)