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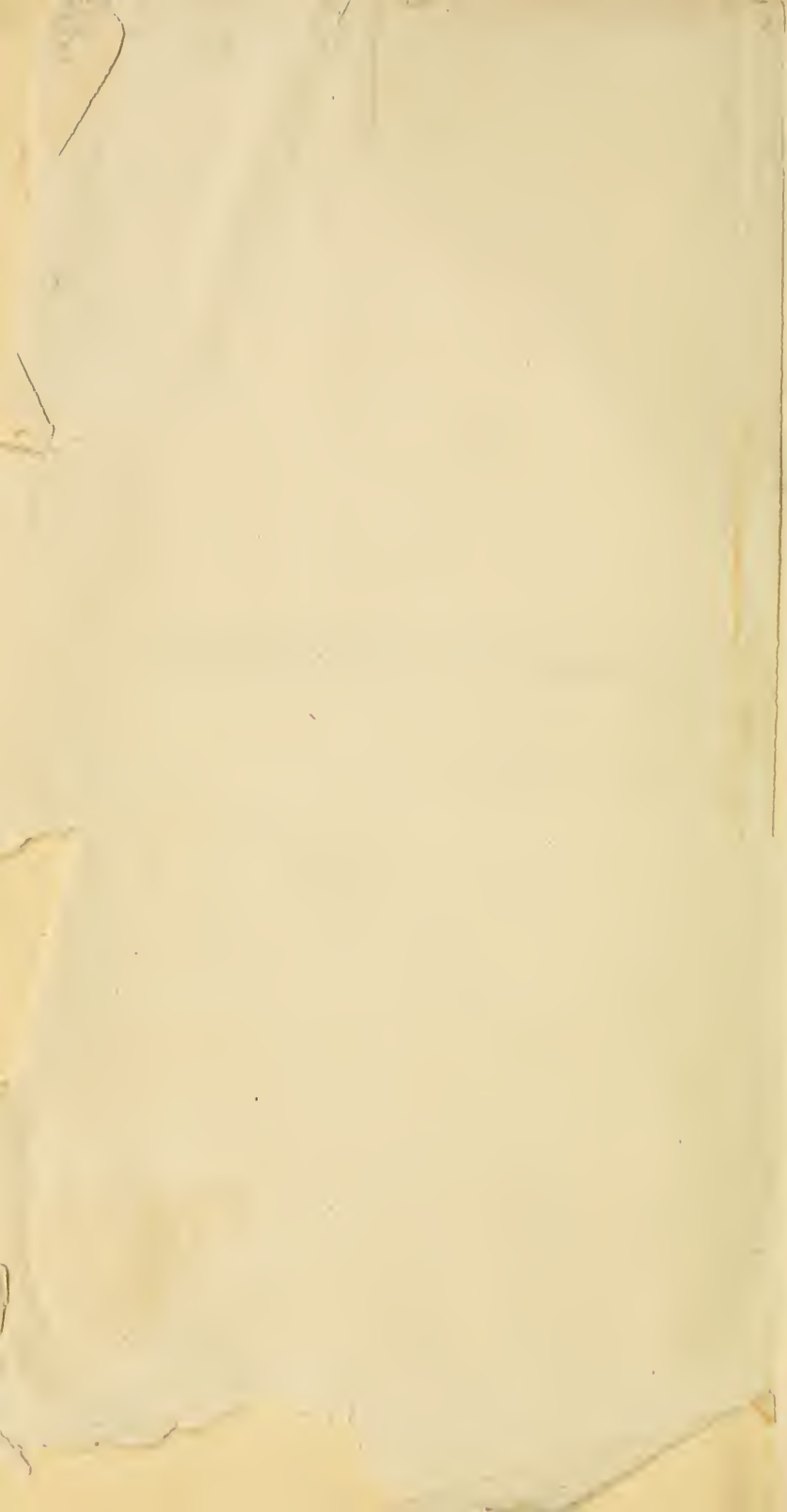
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TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES.



TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES

CHIEFLY OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN THE SOUTH;

INCLUDING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES,

FEW OF WHICH HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED,

PARTICULARLY OF RESIDENTS IN THE
UPPER COUNTRY.

BY

JOSEPH JOHNSON, M.D.

Of Charleston, S. C.



CHARLESTON, S. C.:

WALKER & JAMES.

1851.

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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

BY JOSEPH JOHNSON, M. D.

In the Clerk's office of the District Court for the District of South-Carolina.

CHARLESTON, S. C.:

STEAM POWER-PRESS OF WALKER & JAMES,
No. 101 East-Bay.

P R E F A C E .

As I advance in years, I am sensible that my memory is failing me as to recent events, but not as to what I heard and saw in my youth. The remembrance of such occurrences, even in my childhood, is still vividly impressed on my mind, particularly of such as were connected with the Revolution. This partial failure of memory is but a gradual decline of my mental faculties, and reminds me that those incidents and facts which I now remember, may soon be forgotten in "the down hill of life."

My seniors and cotemporaries are also falling off rapidly, and in a few years little or nothing could be collected of the many interesting scenes and events, which may still be preserved by committing them to paper. Occurrences which escaped the recording pens of historians, or were considered by them comparatively unimportant, too local or too individual for a place in general history, may even now interest our reading community.

Historians of the American Revolution all lived on or near the sea coast—many of the sturdy sons of the forest were therefore unknown to them, and the daring acts and patriotic sufferings of such worthy persons have never been written or published. Most of these collections are derived from the families or connections of the parties, and many of them from documents which may still be seen; some of them from tradi-

tions—traditions from the lips of our parents and friends, whose memories we venerate; and I transmit my collections to any who may have a curiosity to know some of the past events.

“ I still had hopes—————

* * * * *

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I heard—of all I saw.”—GOLDSMITH.

My children, too, may have some curiosity to hear the traditions of their own family, and of the exciting scenes in the American Revolution in which they and their countrymen struggled and suffered together. I will, therefore, endeavor, by occasional biographical sketches, incidents and anecdotes, to elucidate some of the public events imperfectly described, or not recorded in history. Personal incidents being thus interwoven with political and public transactions, will, I trust, be a relief to the narrative, without distracting or fatiguing the attention of readers.

Some of the following articles I have republished from newspapers and periodicals, where I considered them worthy of again being brought before the public, and of being more durably preserved in a book. For others I am indebted to friends who have kindly aided me with information and narratives. To these I return my thanks, and especially to the

HON. A. P. BUTLER.

HON. JOHN P. RICHARDSON.

HON. J. B. O'NEALL.

DR. A. L. HAMMOND, late of Augusta.

MRS. MARY BROUN, of Charleston.

MR. I. K. TEFFT, of Savannah.

INTRODUCTION.

THE people of these then Provinces were mostly emigrants from England, or were the children of such emigrants, who, claiming the rights of British subjects, taught them to their descendants. They who could afford it, sent their sons *home* to England for their education, who thus became confirmed in the rights, privileges, and duties of British subjects; many sent their daughters also. Each Province being chartered by the British Crown, with the exclusive right to raise all their own taxes, by their own Delegates in their Provincial Assemblies, the inhabitants were ever on the alert to oppose all other exactions.

The British government made numerous attempts of this kind, which excited discussion and opposition in public and private circles; so that all persons, even of moderate education, were well informed on those subjects. In Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. i, in Stevens' Georgia Historical Collections, and in other histories, are various records stated of legislative provisions, remonstrances and resolutions against such proceedings. These, we believe, commenced in Virginia, were continued at intervals by other Provinces; and the public mind was kept alive to the discussion by the memorials of Dr. Franklin and other Provincial Agents, sent for that purpose as *charge d'affairs*, residing in England; also by the publication of their correspondence and comments, in the public papers, on

the claims and grievances complained of by the colonists. Among these were the able letters of Dr. Franklin to Gov. Shirley, which a parliamentary writer declared to be so full and conclusive, that scarcely any thing new against the right of Taxation could be adduced after these. But these, too, were forgotten or overlooked in the excitements of war and changes in the Ministry or their measures.

In South-Carolina the opposition to these measures was always kept up against their constitutionality; but on the question of expediency the mother-country had the power to decide, and the colonists had not the power to resist.

TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

Culpepper's Insurrection in Albemarle—Dr. Hugh Williamson—Separation of North from South-Carolina—Dispute between Gov. Boone of South-Carolina and the Assembly—Stamp Act and Commotions in South-Carolina—Col. Henry Laurens—Death of Miss Davis—Capt. Daniel Curling—Congress of 1765 in New-York—Liberty Tree and its Confederates—First Funerals without Mourning—Gen. Christopher Gadsden.

To the exaction of a tax on tobacco in 1677, forcible resistance was made in the northern part of Carolina, fifty-two years before its separation into North and South-Carolina, and one hundred years before the general American Revolution. This epitome of that revolution commenced in Albemarle, with John Culpepper at its head, who was Surveyor General of the Province, and member of its Legislature. It was in opposition to a tax of two pence on each pound of tobacco, sold to any one who did not ship it to England; thus giving England a monopoly of the tobacco trade, excluding even the colonists from buying tobacco even for their own use, except at a higher price than was paid by other British subjects, and extorting, at the same time, an unconstitutional tax from American subjects.

Culpepper and his associates seized Miller—the collector—took all the money that he had received in this office, and used it equitably in preserving the peace and defraying the expenses of his little State of Albemarle. The country prospered astonishingly in the actual enjoyment of free trade, during the three following years; and the merchants of Boston, promptly availing themselves of the opportunity, carried on a brisk and profitable trade with Albemarle. The gov-

ernment being strong in Virginia and Maryland, the people were compelled to pay the tax, but clamored loudly. They demanded that they also should be exempt from the tax, or that their nearest neighbors of Albemarle should be compelled to pay it also.

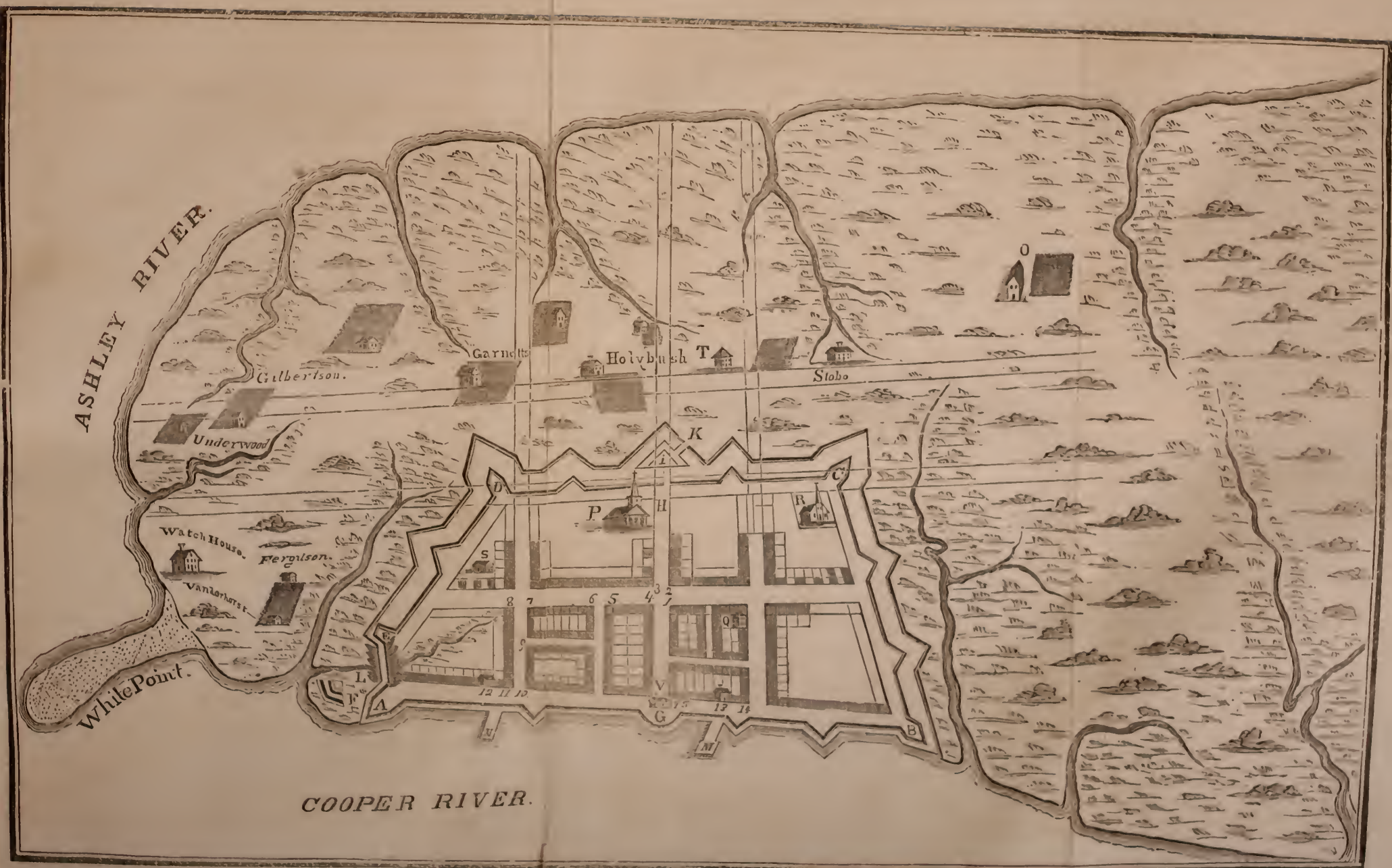
Culpepper, finding that preparations were set on foot to crush his little sovereignty, went to England, and appealed to the throne for justice to his people, by a repeal of the tax, and mercy to himself for resisting the royal authority. He was there arrested, and about to be tried for high treason; but when the ministry found that he would defend himself, by proving that their enactment was illegal, and that he was justified in resisting it, they shrank from the investigation, and Lord Shaftsbury contrived to hush up the question, lest it should be taken up by the House of Commons, and impair the influence and duration of his ministry. He alleged that the laws of England had not yet been extended to this remote and obscure portion of America. But, if not extended, by what authority did his collector—Miller—extort upwards of £3,000 sterling

PLAN OF CHARLESTON

AS LAID OUT BY JOHN CULPEPPER, IN 1680, WITH THE BUILDINGS AND FORTIFICATIONS IN 1704, BY EDWARD CRISP.

A Granville's Bastion,	T Quaker Meeting House,
B Craven's do.	V Court of Guards,
C Carteret's do.	W First Rice Patch in Carolina,
D Colleton do.	1 Pasquero and Garret's house,
E Ashley do.	2 Landsack's do.
F Blake's do.	3 John Crosskey's do.
G Half Moon do.	4 Chevalier's do.
H Drawbridge,	5 Geo. Logan's do.
I Johnson's,	6 Poinsett's do.
K Drawbridge,	7 Elicott's do.
L Palisades,	8 Starling's do.
M Rhett's Bridge,	9 M. Boone's do.
N K. L. Smith's Bridge,	10 Tradd's do.
O Minister's House,	11 Nat. Law's do.
P English Church,	12 Landgrave Smith's do.
Q French do.	13 Col. Rhett's do.
R Independ. do.	14 Ben. Skenking's do.
S Anabaptist Church,	15 Sindery's do.





ASHLEY RIVER.

COOPER RIVER.

Gilbertson.

Garnetts

Holybush T

Stobo

Underwood

Watch House.

Farnison.

Vanlorst

White Point.

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from the people of Albemarle? If collected without law, why did he not arrest Miller, and try him for illegal practices?*

Culpepper immediately returned to Carolina, and, in the year 1680, laid out the original streets of Charleston, running from south to north, intersected by others from east to west, at right angles.†

That the ministerial party should abuse Culpepper, might be expected, and not injure him; but that American writers should join in the outcry, without due investigation, is to be regretted. Even Dr. Hugh Williamson, a man of talents and a patriot, has fallen into this error. Dr. Williamson, the historian of North-Carolina, was the gentleman who obtained for Dr. Franklin the original letters of Gov. Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, and of Oliver, the Lieut. Governor, to the British ministry, advising hostilities against the people of America. He was then in London, engaged in scientific investigations, and had observed a chamber or office in which colonial papers were kept for future reference. Concluding that the reported letters were probably there, he went, in the character of a messenger from the head of one of the departments, and called for the letters last received from Hutchinson and Oliver. They were handed to him, without suspicion, and immediately put by him into the hands of Dr. Franklin. Early the next morning, Dr. Williamson was the bearer of these despatches, and at sea, crossing over to Holland, on his way to America. This transaction gave rise to the violent philippic of Mr. Wedderburn, (afterwards Lord Loughborough,) against Dr. Franklin, which has always been considered one of the most finished specimens of declamation in the English language.

* See Chalmer's Political Annals, p. 560, also Carroll's Collections, vol. ii., p. 340.

† The first buildings erected in Charleston were irregularly built and inclosed. On that part of it, appropriately called Zig Zag Alley, between Atlantic and Water Streets, the cows, as Knickerbocker says, had laid out the lines of that alley.

The separation of North from South-Carolina is an era in their history. This separation was officially ordered in 1729, but not effected until 1732. The line was not run until 1735, and then very incorrectly executed. In 1763, instructions were received from the king for a re-survey, which, when completed, gave South-Carolina several of her best districts. These, previous to their being sub-divided, were known only by the aggregate name of "new acquisition." Chester District was certainly a part of it. After the revolution, another error was discovered, and repeatedly discussed with some warmth by the Governors of the two States. The tax collectors of both States contended for the right to extend each his warrants over the disputed portion of country, and the inhabitants refused to pay either, until the doubt was settled. It was finally adjusted about the year 1801, during the first administration of Gov. John Drayton.

To commemorate the separation of the northern from the southern part of the Province, a silver medal was struck in the year 1736, by order of the North-Carolina Legislature, only one of which is now known to us. This was found in a neglected cabinet in Philadelphia, in the year 1845, and a copy of it obtained in type metal by Dr. Blanding, late of Camden, South-Carolina, and sent to his nephew, Captain William Blanding, of Charleston.



The obverse represents Caroline, Queen of George II., with a sceptre in her right hand; watering, with

her left, a grove of young palmettos. Her figure divides these palmettos into two parts, representing the two Carolinas. The exergue is, "Caroline protecting," 1736, and over all, the words, "Growing arts adorn empire." The reverse represents George II., in the costume of Minerva—goddess of all the liberal arts and sciences—leaning on a spear in his right hand, at the foot of which, and behind him, are grounded the implements of war,—as the shield, helmet, sword, quiver, lance, standard, &c., over which the laurel waves, emblematic of victory. In his left hand, the palm leaf, (the emblem of constancy, faithfulness, patience and triumph,) waving over the emblem of the arts, represented by a globe, scroll, pallet and brushes, volumes, bust, &c., crowned with an olive branch.

EXERGUE.

"GEORGE REIGNING."

And over all, in the border,

"BOTH HANDS FILLED FOR BRITAIN."

 DISPUTE BETWEEN HIS EXCELLENCY, THOMAS BOONE, THE
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, AND THE
HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

In a MS. record by Christopher Gadsden, we find a message from Governor Thomas Boone, of South-Carolina, to the Assembly of that Province, dated 19th March, 1762, objecting to the election law of 1721, and recommending "a new law as absolutely necessary." This message was immediately committed, with due deference and respect to the officer from whom it was received. On the 23d of the same month, the committee reported; on the 24th, the Assembly discussed the report, and adopted the following message to the Governor:

"May it please your Excellency—This House having fully considered the election act now in force, and not knowing, or having heard, of any bad consequences from the method thereby directed, for issuing and executing writs of election, are of opinion that it is not necessary, at this time, to alter that law in those respects." By order of the House.
B. SMITH, *Speaker*.

Subsequent to this, a writ of election was issued to the church wardens in St. Paul's Parish, for the election of a member to represent that Parish in the Assembly, and a return made by them, that Christopher Gadsden was duly elected. It then is stated that the House sanctioned the election, that Mr. Gadsden was qualified before them, on the 13th September, 1762, and, by their order, went with two of their members, Mr. Bee and Mr. Sommers, to see that he takes before the Governor the required state oaths—one of which was for allegiance to Great Britain, the other disclaiming the right of the Pretender's family to the throne. The Governor refused to administer the state oaths to Mr. Gadsden, and summoned the whole Assembly to meet him in his council chamber.

He there objected to the election of Mr. Gadsden, because the church wardens had not been sworn previous to that *particular election*. It appeared, however, that the church wardens had taken an oath, when elected to that office, that they would duly execute the duties of that office, of which holding these elections was a part. The Governor not only refused to admit the election of Mr. Gadsden, but dissolved the House of Assembly for their late contumacy.

In the ensuing winter a new election was held, and a new Assembly convened, of which Christopher Gadsden was again elected a member. Their first act was a remonstrance presented to the Governor, against his late dissolution of that body, dated 4th December, 1742, declaring that it would tend to deprive that House of a most essential privilege—that of solely determining the validity of the election of their own members, and productive of the most dangerous consequences. They likewise enclosed the report of their committee on the subject, with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that the power of examining and determining the legality and validity of all elections of members, to service in the Commons House of Assembly of this Province, is solely and absolutely in, and of right doth belong to, and is inseparable from, the representatives of the people met in General Assembly.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that the Governor cannot constitutionally take notice of any thing said or done in the Commons House of Assembly, but by their report; and that his censuring their proceedings is contrary to the usage and custom of Parliament.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that Christopher Gadsden, Esq., having been declared by the last Commons House of Assembly a member thereof, duly elected, and having taken therein the proper qualification oath, his Excellency the Governor's refusal, when requested by message from that House, to administer to him the state oaths required by law, in order to enable him to take his seat therein, was a breach of their privilege.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that the abrupt and sudden dissolution of the last Assembly, for matters only cognizable by the Commons House, was a most precipitate, unadvised, unprecedented procedure, of the most dangerous consequence, being a great violation of the freedom of elections, and having a manifest tendency to subvert and destroy the most essential and invaluable rights of the people, and reduce the power and authority of the House to an abject dependence on, and subserviency to, the will and opinion of the Governor.

On the 16th December, 1762, it was also resolved in the House,

That his Excellency the Governor, by having repeatedly and contemptuously denied the just claims of this House, (solely to examine and determine the validity of the election of their own members,) hath violated the rights and privileges of the Commons House of Assembly of this Province.

Resolved, That this House (having ineffectually applied to his Excellency for satisfaction for the breach of privilege) will not enter into any further business with him, until his Excellency shall have done justice to this House in this important point.

South-Carolina, like the other Provinces, had an agent resident in London, for the purpose of representing the interests of their Province on all occasions, and of presenting to the proper departments of the British government any communications that he may be instructed to make to the ministry, to their officers or committee of the colonial department, and to the other resident agents of the other Provinces. Also to execute any other instructions that may be sent to him. At this time Mr. Charles Garth was the resident agent of South-Carolina.

The Assembly appointed a numerous committee to address and correspond with Mr. Garth on this subject, stating the particulars of their dispute with Governor Boone, inclosing the documents and evidences in their cause, with the grounds of their complaint. They did so, and instructed him to print the whole dispute, and submit it to the British ministry. Mr. Garth did as instructed, and a copy of this printed statement has been preserved by Christopher Gadsden and his descendants, and is now before me after a lapse of 88 years. As far as I have been able to discover, this is the only copy. From these it appears that the House also ordered, on the 16th December, 1762, their proceedings in this case to be published in both the gazettes of this Province. They were accordingly published, and may be seen in the Charleston Library, in the South-Carolina Gazette, at the dates above mentioned.

On the 13th September, 1763, the Assembly adopted an address to his majesty, stating their unhappy difficulties with the Governor, showing that his assumed power of interfering in their popular elections would not only violate the charter of the Province, under which they were prospering and happy, but would be destructive of their personal rights as British subjects. This address was forwarded to their agent, Mr. Garth, and presented with the documents at a meeting of the British ministry, and by them referred to their committee on the plantations.

The House still adhered to their resolution of having nothing more to do with Governor Boone; laid all his messages and recommendations on the table, refused to pass a Tax Bill or appropriate money for the salaries of all officers, including the Governor, and not excepting their faithful agent, Mr. Garth.

At these proceedings the Governor was much irritated. It was the custom of all provincial agents to inclose their communications for the Legislatures to the Governors, sealed and directed. Governor Boone,

contrary to usage, broke open the seal, and then sent the letter of Mr. Garth with an abrupt message: no other letters of course came through this channel to or from the committee of correspondence.

On the 17th September, 1763, Mr. Gadsden reported to the House, that in obedience to their order, Mr. Moultrie and himself attended Sir John Colleton, to see him take the state oaths before the Governor at his own house, when Sir John Colleton, in their presence, informed his Excellency that he had taken the usual qualification oath in the House, and desired his Excellency to administer the state oaths to him. Whereupon his Excellency was pleased to ask Mr. Gadsden and Mr. Moultrie, if they had any message to deliver to him from the Assembly. Mr. Gadsden then answered that he and Mr. Moultrie attended Sir John Colleton by order of the House, to see him take the state oaths. His Excellency replied that the House had no right to order any person into his dwelling house, and thereupon called his servant to open the door for Mr. Gadsden and Mr. Moultrie; at the same time taking Sir John Colleton by the sleeve, and saying that if he had any business, he (his Excellency) was ready to transact it with him. Whereupon Mr. Gadsden and Mr. Moultrie bowed and retired. The Governor literally showed them the door.

Sir John Colleton then attended and stated that the Governor had administered to him the state oaths; but the usual evidence in such cases was wanting. The House therefore sent for the clerk of the crown to bring with him the roll, whereon were recorded the names of those who had taken the state oaths. The clerk attended but without the roll, as he had given it up to the Governor, with the power to administer such oaths. Sir John Colleton was admitted to his seat on his own testimony.

The House then sent for the treasurer with his books, to show the accounts of the public creditors

and funds: the treasurer attended, but stated that the papers had been delivered up to the Governor by his written order dated the 5th inst.

Four other members of Assembly being duly elected, and having qualified before the House, were sent by its order, with Mr. Parsons and Sir John Colleton, to witness their taking the state oaths before the Governor. They returned, saying that they had gone accordingly, but that the Governor had refused, saying that he would not take any man's word, but would send for the journal and see, and then act as he should think proper. Whereupon, resolved in the House of Assembly, "That his Excellency the Governor, by his treatment of the members of this House, who waited upon him yesterday, to see several gentlemen, duly returned members of this House, take the state oaths, hath been guilty of new insults to, and breach of the privileges of this House."

Letters were now received from the agent in England, saying that he had called to inquire if any thing had been done in the dispute between the Governor and the Assembly, but was told that they could not decide on their *ex parte* statement, but had sent to Governor Boone leave of absence that he might come to England and be heard. This was very proper; the committee *unasked*, gave, very politely, permission for Governor Boone to return to England, that he might be heard, but the Governor would not then accept the invitation, and they expecting him, would not proceed in the investigation.

On the 6th January, 1764, Thos. Smith and Mr. Brailsford having been elected members of the House, were qualified there, and sent with Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Drayton, to take the state oaths before the Governor. Whereupon the oaths were administered and the declaration signed; the Governor having ceased to make objections as of late. A motion was therefore offered, "That the resolution of the 16th December, 1762, to do no more business with his Excellency the Governor, and the several subsequent

resolutions thereupon made and entered into, be vacated and discharged." But this was negatived, probably because Governor Boone had not made any acknowledgment of mistake, regret, &c., or given any declaration that he would not resume the offensive measures. Another meeting of the Assembly was then convened by Governor Boone, early in May, 1764, but as the House continued firm in their non-intercourse with him, although he had become more accommodating, he availed himself of his leave of absence, and sailed for England about the middle of May.

Lieutenant Governor Wm. Bull, his successor, then addressed the Assembly, and harmony was immediately re-established between the Legislature and the Executive; the liabilities of the Province paid, and peace established in South-Carolina. But not so in England as to South-Carolina's affairs.

On the arrival of Governor Boone in England, he had the address, before the board of trade and plantations, by exhibiting his repeated addresses to the Assembly, urging them to provide for the Huguenots, as instructed by the king; to protect the frontier settlers from the Indians; and to make appropriations for the public creditors; that the House had taken unreasonable offence at his being thus urgent in the duties of his office; that his zeal in executing the instructions of this board, and the commands of his majesty, while contending for the prerogative of the crown, was the cause of these complaints against him. His papers being all certified by the great seal of the Province, were admitted as evidence, while several of the documents from the House were rejected for want of the seals. The board reported, blaming the Governor for "having been actuated by a degree of passion and resentment inconsistent with good policy, and unsuitable to the dignity of his situation." Also blaming the House for having "violated their duty to his majesty, and his subjects of that Province, by totally interrupting the public business of the Prov-

ince for so long a time, a conduct highly deserving his majesty's royal displeasure." They offered no opinion on the constitutional questions, the original cause of the dispute—the Governor's refusal to qualify an acknowledged member of the Assembly; but go on to recommend what Governor Boone had withheld, the appointment of deputies to administer the state oaths to members elected to the House of Assembly.

Mr. Garth, the agent, appealed from such a vote of censure on his constituents the Assembly, and employed Mr. Dunning, a celebrated lawyer, to advocate their constitutional rights, and justify their motives and doings. After this Mr. Garth became a member of Parliament, and therefore ceased to be their agent, but continued their friend. Here the correspondence terminates, and the final decision of the ministry is not reported. It was, however, evident that the Governor was recalled, and no other attempt ever made by any Governor to control the popular elections.

Before this dispute terminated, the agitation about the stamp act commenced, and Mr. Garth gives a decided opinion that no petition would be received denying the right of Parliament to tax the American colonists. The stamp act, the tax on tea and other things, appear to have engrossed the public mind, both in England and America, during the next ten years, and to have ceased only with the ensuing war.

There can be little doubt that Governor Boone's interference with the election of Christopher Gadsden, was an exciting cause in South-Carolina, for the jealousy of their public and private rights; that these feelings were confirmed and strengthened by the countenance to Governor Boone given him by the British ministry, and irritated by their assuming a right to tax and govern America in all cases whatsoever. We find the following names attached to different parts of the correspondence, and cannot doubt that this dispute roused in them, their families and friends, that spirit of resistance which led to the revolution, and carried them through it triumphantly.

Benjamin Smith,
 James Moultrie,
 P. Manigault,
 Thomas Lynch,
 David Oliphant,
 Isaac Mazyck,
 Christopher Gadsden,
 J. Rutledge,
 Wm. Roper,

Charles Pinckney,
 Thomas Wright,
 Henry Laurens,
 James Parsons,
 Raw. Lowndes,
 Thomas Bee,
 William Scott,
 Ebin. Simmons,

STAMP ACT AND COMMOTIONS.

At length the stamp act was passed in 1764, by the British Parliament, in which America had no representative. This was a direct tax imposed on the colonies, and was opposed by them with more warmth and decision than usual, because a violation of their charter and rights as British subjects. When the stamps arrived in Charleston, nobody would accept the office of Receiver, and they were landed in Fort Johnson, which at that time was a strong fortress, but very negligently guarded. One hundred and fifty men were secretly organized, armed, and sent down to the fort in open boats, to destroy the stamps, or otherwise get rid of them. They surprised the fort, possessed themselves of the stamps, manned and loaded the heavy cannon, hoisted a flag, and were prepared for action by the dawn of day. The captain of the armed ship which brought the stamps, came to a parley with them, and was assured that they would destroy the stamps unless he pledged himself to take them away with him immediately, and not land them anywhere in America. The condition was acceded to, the pledge given, and the obnoxious stamps immediately taken away. Col. Henry Laurens had used persuasive language to prevent this expedition, and in their excitement this may have caused a suspicion among the people that he had some of the stamps concealed at his own house. He then lived in a beautiful cottage in the centre of that square between Anson street and East Bay, bounded by Laurens and

Society streets, the whole comprising an elegant garden, abounding in beautiful exotics and choice shrubbery. Col. Laurens was universally respected and esteemed, but the people could not yield their political rights to personal affections. The subjoined extracts of letters from Col. Laurens to his friend, Joseph Brown, of Georgetown, will best elucidate the whole transactions and his feelings.

Extract from letters of Henry Laurens to his friend, Joseph Brown, of Georgetown, dated

OCTOBER, 11TH 1765.

“Conclude not, hence, that I am an advocate for the stamp tax. No, by no means. I would give, I would do a great deal to procure a repeal of the law which imposes it upon us, but I am sure that nothing but a regular, decent, becoming representation of the inexpediency and the inutility of that law will have the desired effect, and that all irregular, seditious practices will have an evil tendency, even perhaps to perpetuate that, and bring upon us other acts of Parliament big with greater mischiefs.”

To the same.

OCTOBER 22D, 1765.

“Some of our folks were wise enough to exhibit certain effigies on Saturday last; a minute and pompous account of which I suppose you will see in the gazettes. I was out of town and saw not the farce, but some sensible men have convinced me, that six men of spirit could in the beginning have crushed the whole show; whereas, meeting with no opposition, they carried their point with an high hand.”

To the same.

OCTOBER 28TH, 1765.

“A circumstance that occurred on Wednesday night, the 23d, has so affected Mrs. Laurens’ bodily health, as well as her spirits, that my presence and attention at home are become absolutely necessary.

At midnight of the said Wednesday, I heard a most violent thumping and confused noise at my postern door and chamber window, and soon distinguished the sounds of ‘liberty, and stamped paper, open your doors, and let us search your house and cellars, &c.?’ I opened the window, saw a crowd of men chiefly in disguise, and heard the voices and thumpings of many more on the other side. I assured them that I had no stamped paper, nor any connexion with stamps; when I found that no assurances would pacify them, I accused them with cruelty to a poor sick woman, far gone with child; called their attention to Mrs. Laurens, shrieking and wringing her hands; adding, that if there was

any one man among them who owed me a spite, and would turn out, I had a brace of pistols at his service, and would settle the dispute immediately, but that it was base in such a multitude to attack a single man. To this they replied in general, that they loved and respected me, would not hurt me nor my property, but that they were sent even by some of my seemingly best friends, to search for stamped paper, which they were assured was in my custody, and advised me to open the door to prevent worse consequences.

Mrs. Laurens' condition and her cries, prompted me to open the door, which in two minutes more they would have beat through. A brace of cutlasses across my breast, was the salutation; and 'lights! lights! search! search!' was the cry. I presently knew some of them under their thickest disguise of soot, sailors' habits, slouch hats, &c., and to their great surprise called no less than nine of them by name, and fixed my eyes so attentively on the faces of others, as to discover at least the same number since. They made a very superficial search, or rather no search, in my house, counting-house, cellar and stable. After that farce was over, they insisted upon my taking what they called a "bible oath" that I knew not where the stamp paper was, which I absolutely refused, not failing to confirm my denials with curses of equal weight with their own, a language which I had learned from them.

They then threatened to carry me away to some unknown place and punish me; I replied that they had strength enough, but I would be glad to have it attempted by any single man among them, or those who they said had sent them. When they found this attempt fruitless, a softer oath, as they thought it, was propounded. I must say, "May God disinherit me from the kingdom of heaven, if I knew where the stamped papers were." This I likewise peremptorily refused, and added that I would not have one word extorted from my mouth; that I had voluntarily given my word and honor, but would not suffer even that to pass my lips by compulsion. Further, that if I had once accepted of a trust, they might stamp me to powder, but should not make me betray it; that my sentiments were well known as to the stamp act, that I had openly declared myself an enemy to it, and would give and do a great deal to procure its annihilation, but that I could not think that they pursued a right method to obtain a repeal, &c., &c.

Sometimes they applauded—sometimes cursed me—at length one of them holding my shoulders, said that they loved me, and every body would love me, if I did not hold way with one Gov. Grant. This provoked me not a little, as it led me to suspect secret malice. I answered that if he meant that I corresponded with Gov. Grant, and esteemed him as a gentleman, I acknowledged with pleasure that I did "hold way," as he called it, with him; that I knew nothing in Gov. Grant's conduct or principles as a gentleman, that could shame my acquaintance with him. But, in one word for all, gentlemen, I am in your power, you are very strong, and you may, if you please, barbecue me. I can but die; but you shall not, by any force or means, compel me to

renounce my friendship, or speak ill of men that I think well of, or to say or do a mean thing. This was their last effort—they then praised me highly, and insisted on giving me three cheers. They then retired, with ‘God bless your honor,’ ‘good night, Colonel,’ ‘we hope the poor lady will do well,’ &c., &c. A thousand other things you may believe were said and done in one hour and a quarter—the time of their visit—but the above is a fair abstract of all that is important.

Is it not amazing that such a number of men, many of them heated with liquor, and all armed with cutlasses and clubs, did not do one penny damage to my garden, not even to walk over a bed? Mrs. Laurens has been very ill indeed, but to-day I have great hopes that she will go out her expected time of four or five weeks longer.

The party have gained a great victory over G. Saxby and Caleb Lloyd. I pray God preserve you from insurrections and from every evil. I am, &c.,

HENRY LAURENS.”

Col. Laurens went to England in 1771, chiefly for the purpose of educating his children, and there continued his active endeavors to retard, if not to prevent, the taxing of America. Finding that arguments, remonstrances and memorials were of no avail, and that nothing short of a disgraceful surrender of their chartered rights could save his country from war, he resolved to leave his children and return to South-Carolina, to partake, with his fellow-citizens, in whatever might be the result of their difficulties. In a letter to a friend in London, written from Falmouth, in the last of 1774, he says: “Your ministry are deaf to information, and seem bent on provoking an unnecessary contest. I think I have acted the part of a faithful subject. I now go resolved still to labor for peace; at the same time determined, in the last event, to stand or fall with my country.”

On his arrival in Charleston, he was cordially received; his leaving England, at such a time, to take part with his fellow-citizens, in their expected conflict with the parent State, riveted him in their estimation. The Provincial Congress appointed a council or committee of safety, with executive powers, and Henry Laurens was chairman of that committee. He was, therefore, the head of the revolution in South-Carolina, but his judgment never deserted him, nor did his

energy falter. He did nothing to excite, but rather soothed the ardor of the many. The royal authority still existed nominally in South-Carolina, and he determined to "bide his time" for action.

The packet "Swallow" arrived from England, on the 19th of April, 1775. The despatches were intercepted by order of the committee, and disclosed the orders issued by the British government, to commence hostilities against the colonists. From that moment, the committee acted with the greatest energy and decision. They did not wait to be attacked and crushed. They ordered the public armory and magazines to be broken open, seized all the military stores, and prepared their friends for war, by disarming their enemies. In no State of the Union were the first movements of the revolution better conducted than in South-Carolina, while Mr. Laurens held this station.

In 1776, Henry Laurens was elected a member of the Continental Congress, and shortly after he had taken his seat, was by that body elected their President. While he filled this office, the British commissioners arrived with hopes of inducing the Americans to rescind their alliance with France, and resume the character of free British subjects; but they came too late. The correspondence of Mr. Laurens, on this occasion, with Governor Johnstone, one of the commissioners, has been published, and is highly honorable to him and to the American character. On the 27th May, 1778, Lord Howe addressed him on this subject, as "Henry Laurens, Esq., President of Congress, Philadelphia," and on the 9th June, 1778, the Earl of Carlisle, William Eden, George Johnstone and H. Clinton, addressed their communication as commissioners, "To his Excellency, Henry Laurens, the President, and other members of Congress."

In December, 1778, Mr. Laurens resigned the chair of Congress, and received their thanks "for his conduct in the chair, and in the execution of public business." Shortly after this, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Holland, and in his voyage out, was

captured on the 3d September, 1780, by the frigate *Vestal*, Capt. Kepple, carried into Halifax, thence sent to England and committed to the Tower of London as a state prisoner. While thus confined, he suffered much from ill-health, and petitioned Parliament to be put on his parole, offering any amount of security that they might require.* No answer was returned to him; but a message, after a time, was received from the ministry—"Their lordships say, if you will point out any thing for the benefit of Great Britain, in the present dispute with the colonies, you will be discharged." An indignant refusal was returned by Mr. Laurens.

The same friend also brought another proposal to Mr. Laurens for consideration—"That you should remain in London among your friends. The ministers will often have to send for and consult you. You can write two or three lines to the ministers, and barely say you are sorry for what is past, and a pardon will be granted." Mr. Laurens replied: "I will never subscribe to my own infamy and to the dishonor of my children." When it became known in England that his son, Col. John Laurens, was sent on an especial mission to the Court of France, the British ministry sent another message to Henry Laurens, offering advantages to him, if he would influence his son to withdraw from the object of his mission. To this he replied: "I know that my son would sacrifice his life to save mine, but would not sacrifice his honor or his country to save either my life or his own, and I commend him for it."

Henry Laurens was at last permitted to sign a bail bond, and when the time arrived for his appearance, according to the bond, he was discharged by Lord Shelburne, to go to the continent with a scheme for making peace with America. Mr. Laurens was startled at the offer, and replied, "that he durst not accept himself as a gift, and as Congress had once offered Lieutenant General Burgoyne for him, he had no

* See Appendix, for parody of his petition.

doubt of their now giving Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis for the same purpose." He was finally exchanged for Lord Cornwallis, and shortly after received a commission from Congress, to be one of the ministers for negotiating a peace with Great Britain. He accordingly repaired to Paris, and in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Adams and John Jay, signed the preliminaries of peace, on the 30th of November, 1782, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged by Great Britain. His grand-son, Edward R. Laurens, has letters, both from Lord Shelburne and Lord Cornwallis, on the subject of his exchange.

THE PETITION OF HENRY LAURENS, ESQ., TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*To the Right Honorable Charles Wolfran Cornwall,
Speaker, and the Honorable the House of Commons :*

The representation and prayer of Henry Laurens, a native of South-Carolina—some time recognized by the British Commissioners in America, by the style of his Excellency Henry Laurens, President of Congress, now a close prisoner in the Tower of London—most respectfully sheweth, that your representer, for many years, at the peril of his life and fortune, evidently labored to preserve and strengthen the ancient friendship between Great Britain and the colonies; and that, in no instance, he ever excited, on either side, the dissensions which separated them. That the commencement of the present war was a subject of great grief to him, as he foresaw and foretold, in letters now extant, the distresses which both countries experience at this day.

That in the rise and progress of the war, he extended every act of kindness in his power to persons called loyalists and quietists, as well as British prisoners of war, very ample proofs of which he can produce.

That he was captured on the American coast, first landed upon American ground, where he saw exchanges of British and American prisoners, in a course of negotiation, and that such exchanges and enlargements upon parole, are mutually and daily practised in America.

That he was committed to the Tower on the 6th of October, 1780, being then dangerously ill; that in the meantime he has, in many respects, particularly by being deprived (with very little exception) of the visits and consultations of his children and other relatives and friends, suffered under a degree of rigor almost, if not altogether, unexampled in modern British history.

That from long confinement, the want of proper exercise, and other

obvious causes, his bodily health is greatly impaired, and that he is now in a languishing state.

And, therefore, your representer prays your Honors will condescend to take his case into consideration, and, under proper conditions and restrictions, grant him enlargement, or such other relief, as to the wisdom and benignity of your Honors shall seem fitting.

(Signed) HENRY LAURENS.

TOWER OF LONDON, December 1st, 1781.

PARODY OF HENRY LAURENS' PETITION.

This petition has been spoken of by some Americans as too humiliating for the late President of Congress. I think this a mistaken impression, and that with a little consideration, justice will be done to the motives and acts of Col. Laurens. In all memorials and petitions to public bodies, a certain form of words is always required. Not to adopt them, would be disrespectful, and the petition would not be received or considered. Col. Laurens' health required both. These expressions are but terms of courtesy or politeness, and are no more humiliating than the invariable usage of closing a letter with the words, "I am your most obedient humble servant," &c. It may be seen in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1781, page 322, among public papers, and I submit the following parody, as expressive of Colonel Laurens' true meaning and motives in that petition:

The representation and prayer of Henry Laurens, a native of South-Carolina, one of the United States of America, the same person officially mentioned by Sir Joseph York, "as styling himself the President of the pretended Congress," he being now a close prisoner in the Tower of London, most respectfully showeth: That your presenter seeks no concealment of his rank and public functions, nor makes any concession or excuse for his opinions and actions; he recants in nothing whatever, but shows that he, for the space of ten years previous to hostilities, at the peril of his life and fortune, labored to preserve and strengthen the ancient friendship between Great Britain and her colonies.

The evidence is now offered, that on the passage of the stamp act, your presenter, although satisfied that your government was doing wrong, tried all in his power to allay the irritation and excitement of his countrymen, and thus incurred their suspicions and ill-will to such a degree, that he was mobbed by them in his own house, and injury done to his property; had he resisted, he would probably have been killed. Your representor mentally acknowledges that he adopted this line of conduct, hoping that your government might be induced to repeal that act, and persuade his countrymen that they were then too weak to resist your gigantic power. That he effected both objects, and came to England in 1771. Here he also labored to prevent the contemplated measure of taxing America, and offers evidence of the fact. Knowing that his countrymen, as British subjects, would, and ought to, resist an unconstitutional tax, he tried to postpone the measure, if he could not prevent it, that they might acquire strength, and you adopt a different course. His great object was to gain time, that the continued discussion might enlighten the rising generation in both England and America, giving greater unanimity and strength to the latter.

The American government treat their prisoners with kindness, supplying all their necessities; the same is done by individuals from motives of humanity. The Americans confined as prisoners experience treatment the reverse of this in every respect. That being captured on the coast of America, your representor first landed in the British possessions, where he saw daily exchanges of British and American prisoners negotiated, as they are in the United States and between all civilized nations in modern warfare. But this benefit was refused to him, a civilian, which was never withheld from his countrymen when taken in arms. That this unjust severity was continued to him after his arrival in England, and he committed to close confinement in the Tower on the 6th October, 1780, although then dangerously ill. That in prosecution of

the same severity, he has been deprived of many consolations, particularly of the visits of his children and relatives, and the consultations with his friends, except in very few cases; and that he is still suffering under a degree of rigor, unpractised in England and unexampled in modern British history.

That your representor is a prisoner of war, not a British subject, as your government absolved the Americans from their allegiance, by their orders to commence hostilities against them, and by the commencement of those hostilities on the 19th April, 1775. That the government of the United States, therefore, declared their independence on the 4th of July, 1776. And that, as a prisoner of war, such indulgences are requested, as are usually granted to prisoners, for the restoration of health.

CAPT. DANIEL CURLING, OF THE SHIP BEAUFAIN.

Previous to the revolution, Captain Curling commanded one of the ships trading between London and Charlestown. He had been many years engaged in this business, as a commander; his skill in seamanship and deportment as a gentleman, were universally commended. He could obtain freights while other vessels were idle, and his cabin was preferred by all who wished to cross or recross the Atlantic. Insurance was lower on his freight than that of other ships.

On one occasion, a smart, active young man, captain of a ship, came into port after Captain Curling's arrival. Being unknown, no freight was offered, until Captain Curling's ship was full; he then obtained his complement and was soon ready for sea. Captain Curling was then at anchor in the roads, waiting for the wind and tide, to favor his going to sea. The young man also came to anchor in the roads, but he had not been inattentive, while his senior was there inactive. He had observed that the southerly and south easterly winds which prevented the other from

sailing, generally changed after dark, and became a land wind, from midnight until after sunrise, blowing gently but steadily from the west and north west until after sunrise. The tide suited for him to cross the bar before sunrise, and he determined to avail himself of the temporary land wind to effect his object. He rose at midnight, and observing the first puff of the land wind he called up his crew, got up his anchor, and stood out for the bar. He reached it in time, but had only time enough to cross in safety, when the wind died away, and left him exposed to a flood tide, and no wind to keep him off from the shoals. He dropped anchor outside, and waited for the usual increase of the wind. When it sprang up, it was fair as usual, and he was outside. He again got under weigh, and had a short passage to England, landed his cargo, took in a fine freight back to Charlestown, and on crossing the bar found his old acquaintance, Captain Curling, still anchored where he had left him more than two months before; still waiting for the wind and tide to be fair at the same time, *after the usual time of his awaking in the morning.*

There were no steamers as at present, for towing vessels in safety, without regard to the course of the winds, in and out of our harbor. Youth is the season for mental and bodily energy; age for caution, prudence and slow deliberation. Our young captain had to make his own name and fortune; he had to improve himself in his profession; his senior captain had probably become confirmed in old habits and opinions, which had been tolerated by his employers, and sanctioned by his success.

Captain Curling continued in the trade respected and esteemed as before, but not so high in the estimation of those who shipped our produce to England, and counted on a speedy return, that they might re-invest the proceeds of sales.

Captain Curling was subsequently cast away on the Scilly rocks off Landsend, and lost his life, probably

from too much self-confidence, and not adverting to the current running always from the Bay of Biscay, to that point, and thence up the two channels.

We never heard what became of the more vigilant and energetic young captain, his competitor.

The Rev. Mr. William Davis was one of the earliest rectors of St. Mark's Parish, in the lower portion of Sumter district. He was inducted in 1773, but only continued a year or two in the performance of his clerical duties, in that place, and then accepted the living at Dorchester, at that time one of the best in the Province.

He had one only dear daughter, Elinor, young, lovely, and accomplished. "Life, love and rapture, blossomed in her sight." She was engaged to be married, and in the bouyancy of youth, sprightliness, and hope, she walked out into the woods, accompanied by some of her young friends and bride's maids. In a sportive humor, she bent a sapling and was riding on it, when by the breaking of a branch, she was thrown from it, with some force and violence, but arose unhurt. Instead of thanking God, mentally or otherwise, for this preservation, she foolishly, nay impiously exclaimed and boasted that she had cheated God Almighty for this time. "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." In the afternoon of the same day, Miss Davis went to ride out with the same youthful party; her horse took fright, she was thrown from his back and killed, in an instant, in the presence of them all. Heaven in retributive justice is ever merciful. Her many young friends were, no doubt, awfully impressed with the providential visitation, so directly after her irreverent and impious boast. And to her bereaved, but blinded parents, it may have been a direct interposition for their benefit, "That God to save the parents, took the child."

CONGRESS OF 1765 IN NEW-YORK.

Great irritation pervaded America during the year 1765, because of the stamp act, recently passed by Parliament in Great Britain. In September of that year, a newspaper called the "Constitutional Courant," was published in Massachusetts, by Mr. Holt, the emblem of which was a snake cut into thirteen pieces, on each of which was a letter, the initial of each of the Provinces aggrieved by the British assumptions. Above this emblem was printed the motto, "Join or die." It may be readily seen, that this emblem and motto refer to a popular belief at that time, that the beautiful glass snake, peculiar to America, called by naturalists "Ophisaurus Ventralis," which, when struck, breaks into different pieces, is capable of re-uniting those broken parts and continuing to live.

On the declaration of American independence, and the formation of a perfect union between the thirteen states, Holt's paper changed its emblem. A beautiful snake was now represented by him in a regular circle; its two extremities, the head and tail, being equally elevated to the top of the picture.

The Congress of 1765 was convened at New-York, by the request of Massachusetts, not only to promote uniformity of action throughout the Provinces, but a union for mutual support in any measures that might be adopted jointly; and in any difficulties that either might suffer by such procedure. John Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, and Christopher Gadsden, were the delegates from South-Carolina, who attended in that Congress, and notwithstanding the previous dispute with Governor Boone, they united cordially with the delegates from the other Provinces, and proceeded in discussions with much moderation and decision. They first declared their constitutional rights; then their grievances, including all taxes imposed by others than representatives, chosen by themselves, from among themselves, and objecting particularly to this stamp act. They then petitioned the king and presented a

memorial to both Houses of Parliament, and adjourned with a perfectly good understanding, that they would postpone the evil day as long as possible, that all might gather strength, and be more firmly united by the delay.

I have before me a letter, dated Charlestown, 2d December, 1765, written by Christopher Gadsden to some friend. He had been hurried off that he might arrive in time to meet the Provincial Assembly, and report their proceedings in Congress, but had a long passage, and they had adjourned before his arrival. In the meantime they sent copies of the proceedings in Congress to North-Carolina and Georgia, who had no representatives in that Congress.

On the 26th November, the South-Carolina Assembly, again met, and received the report of their delegates to Congress. These embraced the minutes of that Congress, their Declaration of Rights and Opinions, and the engrossed Addresses to the King, Lords, and Commons. These were accordingly read and considered, and adopted unanimously, (excepting one man,) and the addresses ordered to be signed by the Speaker.

The thanks of the House were then presented by the Speaker to the three gentlemen, their delegates, in the most obliging manner; and suitable resolutions having been reported by a committee, were adopted by the Assembly, and published as their sanction and assent to the proceedings of the late Congress. They then instructed their committee of correspondence to send a copy of these proceedings to their agent in London, and to write fully in explanation of them, where explanation might be deemed necessary. He then adds: "The friends of liberty here, are all as sensible as our brethren to the northward, that nothing will save us, but acting together. That Province that endeavors to act separately, will certainly gain nothing by it; she must fall with the rest." He makes many other excellent observations on the relations between England and America at that time, some of

which are applicable to the present difficulties of the South. Major Garden calls this Congress of 1765, the *Ovum Republicæ*.

In the fall of 1766, about ten months after the above interesting proceedings, the act of Parliament repealing the stamp act, was received in Charleston, and other parts of America. Great and general rejoicings ensued, for it was considered a triumph over the unjust pretensions of the British Parliament, obtained by unanimous, firm, but peaceable measures. It was not so considered by the British ministry; after the bill had passed through both Houses of Parliament, it was, on motion, referred to the ministry to be engrossed, and they prefixed to the bill a clause declaring "the right of Parliament to bind the colonies and people of America, in all cases whatsoever." This important preamble had been generally overlooked by the American people, in their joy at the repeal of the stamp act, but not by all.

Christ'r Gadsden, while he yet held no public office or appointment, and did not seek for any, met occasionally some of his friends in a public garden, a little north of his residence, and conversed freely with them under the wide spread branches of a noble live oak tree, which stood near the centre of that square in Mazyckborough, now bounded on the north by Charlotte street, east by Washington street, south by Boundary street, and west by Alexander street. This oak was subsequently called Liberty Tree.

The following paper, in the hand writing of George Flagg, one of the above party, was found among the papers of the late Judge William Johnson of the Federal Court, and is supposed to have been written in the year 1820, from memory. It is signed by George Flagg, the only surviving member of that party at that time.

A list of the persons who first met at Liberty Tree, in the fall of the year 1766, after the repeal of the stamp act, viz:

Gen. Chris. Gadsden,	John Calvert,
William Johnson,	Henry Bookless,
Joseph Verree,	J. Barlow,
John Fullerton,	Tunis Tebout,
James Brown,	Peter Munclear,
Nathaniel Lebby,	William Trusler,
George Flagg,	Robert Howard,
Thomas Coleman,	Alexander Alexander,
John Hall,	Edward Weyman,
William Field,	Thomas Searl,
Robert Jones,	William Laughton,
John Lawton,	Daniel Cannon,
Uz. Rogers,	Benjamin Hawes.

All dead except GEORGE FLAGG ; he also died in 1824.

It may be asked, what was done at this meeting, nothing of which is noticed in history. The public journals make no record of their proceedings that I have been able to discover. But in Johnson's *Life of Greene*, vol. 1st, page 266, the author appears to allude to this paper in the following note:

"Gen. Gadsden, it is well known, and there are still living witnesses to prove it, (in 1822,) always favored the most decisive and energetic measures. He thought it a folly to temporize, and insisted that cordial reconciliation on honorable terms was impossible. When the news of the repeal of the stamp act arrived, the whole community was in ecstasy at the event; he, on the contrary, received it with indignation, and privately convening a party of his friends beneath the celebrated Liberty Tree, he there harangued them at considerable length, on the folly of relaxing their opposition and vigilance, or of indulging the fallacious hope that Great Britain would relinquish her designs or pretensions. He drew their attention to the preamble of the act, forcibly pressed upon them the folly of rejoicing at an act that still asserted and maintained the absolute dominion of Great Britain over them; and then reviewing all the chances of succeeding in a struggle to break the fetters whenever again imposed on them, he pressed them to prepare their minds for the event. The address was received with silent and profound attention; and, with linked hands, the whole

party pledged themselves to resist—a pledge that was fully redeemed when the hour of trial arrived. The author is in possession of the names of many who were present.” It was from this event that the Liberty Tree took its name. The first convention of South-Carolina held their meeting under it.

I have also heard that Gen. Gadsden first spoke of American independence under this tree, on the first passage of the stamp act, and this is confirmed by a family tradition.

It may be asked, who were the persons thus assembled, and what is known of them and their families? After a lapse of 85 years, it is difficult to trace a sketch of any, and some of them are unknown. Of the unknown, some may have paid the debt of nature during the ensuing ten years of peace; some may have died defending their country's rights in the battle-field, or have sunk under imprisonment and disease in the prison ships of the enemy. All that are known, were fathers of families, reputably engaged in their maintenance—all in easy circumstances, none rich. At least half of them were master mechanics, the very bone and muscle of a thriving community.

To Gen. Gadsden history does justice, in identifying him with the origin and progress of the revolution; in commending his unwavering firmness and rectitude in public and private life; and in recording his services, his indefatigable industry, and judicious execution of the various offices confided to him, both in the civil and military duties of his country. He was a delegate to the Congress of 1765, of 1774, of 1775 and 1776. He was one of the earliest and warmest advocates for independence, but just before it was declared, he had reluctantly yielded to the urgent call of the governor and council, that he, their highest military officer, should return and conduct the military proceedings in his own State. He always regretted that this urgent call prevented him from affixing his name to that honored document—the most important State paper in our history.

William Johnson was a blacksmith, carrying on an extensive business, in partnership with Tunis Tebout, on Beal's wharf, now Boyce's. That he did his duty to his country, firmly and faithfully, in her difficulties, may be seen in the Carolina histories of the revolution, and in the following extracts of letters.

From the Hon. I. E. Holmes, dated 16th October, 1847, to Dr. Joseph Johnson :

"*Dear Sir* :—When a young man, I was often entertained with anecdotes of my uncle, the late Philip Gadsden, who you know was himself in the war of the revolution, and was son of our sturdy soldier and patriot, Gen. Gadsden.

My uncle told me 'that the General used often to speak of your parent, Mr. Johnson, as one of the earliest and most spirited and most useful of our whig citizens, in whom he always had the fullest confidence, and upon whom he could always rely when any difficulties occurred in a march or in a camp.'

I remember that the impression made upon me by the narrative, was that of admiration for your father. May the recital not prove unacceptable to the son, who has the best respects and best wishes of his obedient servant,

I. E. HOLMES."

From Charles R. Carroll, Esq., to Dr. Joseph Johnson.

"*Dear Sir* :—It was the habit of John Rutledge, the (former) Dictator, to visit my father while the clay houses in Boundary street were being erected. During these visits, partaking of the simple hospitality of my father, he would speak freely of the men and events of the revolution, and disclose many things omitted by the chroniclers of the day. My father often repeated to me the substance of these conversations, and I now remember distinctly one circumstance concerning the part your father took in the revolution. He said that John Rutledge informed him, that the man who first moved the ball of the revolution in Charleston was your father ; that he was an upright, influential and intelligent mechanic, and at his own instance, two or three individuals assembled with him under an oak tree, somewhere in Hampstead, on the Neck,* and there freely discussed the aggressions of the mother country ; that, in the course of time, others were added to the original number, but that Johnson was the mover of it. Accept my kind wishes, &c.

Yours truly,

CHARLES R. CARROLL."

This testimonial from Governor Rutledge, preserved by Mr. Carroll, is new and unexpected to the family of William Johnson. He never claimed any such merit,

* All north-east of Boundary street was then called Hampstead.

at least, in the recollection of his surviving sons. He always spoke of himself as a determined supporter of his country's rights with heart and hand, but he aspired not to be the head. When offered an appointment by his friends in the volunteer battalion of Charleston artillery, which would have been a step to promotion, he declined their offer, and Daniel Stevens was elected, who gradually rose to be colonel of the regiment of artillery. William Johnson always spoke of General Gadsden as one of the chief advisers in the early movements of the revolution. When the despatches by the Swallow packet were intercepted, William Johnson was one of the armed party sent to break open the magazine at Hobcaw and take out the powder; also, to break open the State House, and remove the public arms stored there; also, one of the flotilla of boats sent inland to Beaufort, to convoy and convey the powder to Charleston, which had been seized at the entrance to St. Augustine and taken into Beaufort.

William Johnson was a member of the Legislature from the first of the revolution until he declined a reelection, about the year 1792, excepting only the Jacksonboro' Legislature, at which time he had not returned to the State.

Joseph Verree, a house-carpenter, the father of a large family, was a decided patriot, of so much character and judgment, that he generally commanded in the detachments selected for any confidential duty. He was a member of the first general Provincial Congress, convened in Charleston on the 11th January, 1775. His only surviving child is Robert Verree. The family of Teasdales are his descendants.

John Fullerton was also a house-carpenter, the father of the venerable Mrs. Elizabeth Righton, and of numerous descendants, both in North and South-Carolina. Among these, are the De Rossets, of Wilmington, North-Carolina. Mr. Fullerton was a Scotchman by birth, and the celebrated historian, David Hume, was

his uncle ; from him Mr. F. received a letter of reproach for his rebellious conduct to his king. This letter was well known in the family, and was loaned by Mrs. Righton to her relative, the late Joshua W. Toomer, but is now lost or mislaid. Mr. Fullerton was also disinherited by his father for the same patriotic course of conduct.

James Brown was a retail merchant in Church street. If he left any family, they are not now known.

Nathaniel Leiby was a boat-builder, a zealous patriot of great respectability. He married a sister of Robert Howard, and when committed to the prison ship, she is said to have gone on board to prevent him, if so disposed by privations, from taking protection. Dr. Robert Leiby, William and N. H. Leiby, A. P. Aldrich, and others, are his descendants.

George Flagg, a painter and glazier, a native of Boston, was the most intimate friend of William Johnson, and equally firm in his patriotic career. On this account, they were both confined in a prison ship—then exiled to St. Augustine, and detained there eleven months, until exchanged as prisoners of war. Mr. Flagg being at that time a very active man, had served in the fire department, and during the siege of Charleston, was more exposed to danger at the frequent conflagrations, than if under arms at the lines. His grand children are Mrs. C. H. West, Mrs. Dr. Phillips, and others in Charleston, and Mr. William Greene, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Flagg died in Charleston in 1824, and in the 83d year of his age, and the last survivor of these associates.

Thomas Coleman was an upholsterer in Church street, and his descendants are said to be living in or near Georgetown, South-Carolina.

John Hall was a brother of George Abbot Hall and of Daniel Hall. They were natives of Bristol, in England, relatives of General Gadsden ; all engaged in mercantile pursuits, and all firm patriots. John Hall removed to Georgia, and left a family there.

William Field—his descendants are believed to be planters, living south-west of Charleston, between it and Beaufort.

William Laughton, Uzziah Rogers and Benjamin Hawes, were at that time in partnership, carrying on an extensive business as coach and chair makers, a little to the north of St. Philip's Church. Hawes was a painter in this concern, and after it, was in partnership as such with George Flagg.

John Calvert was a very respectable man, a commission merchant and book-keeper. Thomas and Mortimer Calvert are his grandsons.

Henry Bookless, J. Barlow, Peter Munclear, and Thomas Searl are now unknown. Many of the mechanics took protection, after the fall of Charleston, rather than see their families suffering for want, under British restrictions. But Bookless was the only one of this list who signed the complimentary address to Sir Henry Clinton.

Tunis Tebout was a blacksmith, in partnership with William Johnson. He was the grandfather of the late talented William Crafts.

William Trusler was brother-in-law of Daniel Cannon, and a butcher by trade. His only child, Mrs. John Lloyd, is, I believe, still living in the city of New-York. Mr. Trusler was killed at the quarter house, while the British were in possession of Charleston.

Robert Howard—a factor, a very respectable man and an active, zealous whig. He was the father of the late Colonel Robert Howard, and has many descendants living, of whom the Whitfields, in England, are said to be wealthy.

Alexander Alexander was a schoolmaster of high character and popularity. He was a native of Mecklenburg, North-Carolina, and educated in the whig principles of that distinguished district, at their academy in Charlotte. His daughter, Rachel, married Charles Kiddell, a merchant, and left several children.

Edward Weyman, an upholsterer, the grandfather

of Miss M. R. Weyman, of W. B. Foster and others, was a very energetic, influential whig. He was leader of the party appointed by the executive committee to break open the king's stores, and seize the arms and ammunition. He was also one of the secret committee associated with William H. Drayton. He was also exiled to St. Augustine, contrary to the stipulations on the surrender of Charleston, at the same time with General Gadsden, William Johnson and George Flagg.

Daniel Cannon, a house-carpenter, was the oldest and most influential mechanic in Charleston, and subsequently called Daddy Cannon. He owned all Cannonsborough. His descendants are the late Daniel Cannon Webb, and many others.

John Lawton was an Englishman by birth, uncle of Winburn Lawton. He became a planter, near the Savannah river, at Black Swamp, and left a very respectable family.

From these notices, it is evident that the revolution commenced, at least in South-Carolina, among the people, the mechanics and middle class of citizens. No ambitious demagogue interposed to irritate their minds, and elevate himself on their discontent. General Gadsden's residence was the nearest to their place of meeting; they, probably distrusting their own judgments, determined to consult him, and Weyman, from the prominent appointments which he afterwards held, was probably one of the committee appointed to wait on General Gadsden. He agreed to meet them, and consulted with Henry Laurens, his intimate friend and neighbor. General Gadsden fully concurred with the associates in the violation of their rights by the stamp act, and their reasons for anticipating continued aggressions of this kind, but advised them to await the result of their memorials and petitions, warning them against riots and tumults which then prevailed.

When the stamps were brought into Charleston, some rioting ensued, but not, we believe, by any of these associates, and all became tranquil as soon as the

vessel was seen to cross the bar, taking away the obnoxious stamps, without burning or bloodshed.

In Drayton's *Memoirs*, vol. ii., page 315, we find that Christopher Gadsden, and twenty-five other persons, meeting under this tree, in the autumn of 1766, talked over the mischiefs which the stamp act would have induced. On this occasion, Mr. Gadsden addressed them, stating their rights, and encouraged them to defend them against all foreign taxation. Upon which, joining hands round the tree, they associated as defenders and supporters of American liberty. And from that time this oak tree was called Liberty Tree, and public meetings were sometimes holden under its friendly shade. We have given a list of the twenty-six confederates who joined hands on that occasion.

The Liberty Tree continued to be a favorite place for social and political meetings. When the Declaration of Independence was received by Governor Rutledge from Congress, he and his privy council determined that it should be proclaimed with the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed at that time in South-Carolina. The clergy of all denominations, all the military that could be paraded, were joined by all in the civil authorities, and all the citizens in procession, and all their families in carriages, proceeded up to this favorite place of resort.

When Charleston was surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, this tree was still in its original beauty. But the name and associations in history rendered it an object for destruction to the British authorities. The tree was not only cut down, but a fire made over the still upright stem, by piling its branches around it, that the destruction might be complete. I remember to have seen the low black stump after the revolution.

When this piece of land was purchased by Mr. William Dewees, and enclosed for building, the late Judge William Johnson, of the Federal Court, requested that the root when grubbed up might be given to him. He had portions of it cut and turned into cane-heads, one of which was given by him to President Jefferson,

and others to different friends. A part of it was sawed into thin boards, and made into a neat ballot box, which he presented to the '76 Association. When the great fire of 1838 destroyed Mr. Seyles' establishment, at which that society held their meetings, this interesting relic was consumed, with the minutes of the Association recording his letter and donation.

In 1767, there was another imposition of taxes or imposts, and in 1769, the British government again attempted to tax her American colonies, by duties imposed on their importations. General Gadsden was on the alert among his confederates of Liberty Tree, and there proposed to counteract the measure by associating under a pledge not to purchase or consume any British productions thus taxed. The manufacturers and merchants of England, being thus cut off from their best market, would, by their clamors, induce the government to repeal this act. These restrictions were submitted to a meeting of the citizens of Charleston, the 22d July, 1769, discussed, amended, adopted, very generally signed, and became the basis of that adopted by the Continental Congress in October, 1774, to be carried into effect on the 1st February, 1775.

FIRST FUNERALS WITHOUT MOURNING.

The 8th resolution of that Congressional measure, requires—"That on the death of any relation or friend, none of us, or any of our families, will go into any further mourning dress, than a black crape or ribbon on the arm or hat for gentlemen, and a black ribbon or necklace for ladies, and we will discontinue the giving of gloves and scarfs at funerals."

This having been published and assented to by the community, the death of Mr. Solomon Legare, great-grandfather of the lamented Hugh S. Legare, occurred soon after. His exemplary descendants met and consulted on the occasion, and determined that as they had all assented to the restriction, it was as proper

and as binding on them then, as it would be on the 1st of February ensuing. They, therefore, buried their deceased ancestor, without scarfs, gloves, and other mourning, usual on such occasions, and had the honor of being the foremost in obedience to the restrictions of Congress. Although sincere mourners, they followed his funeral with only black ribbons or crapes on their arms.

Again, after the 1st of February, when the restriction took effect, Mrs. Providence Prioleau, wife of Samuel Prioleau, died on the 18th of February, and was the first mother of a family buried without mourning, under these restrictions. Her children—all adults—submitted to the will of the community, but resolved that, as they could not wear mourning for a beloved mother, they never would wear it for any other person.*

GENERAL CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN.

Christopher Gadsden was born in Charleston, in the year 1724. His father, Thomas Gadsden, was a Lieutenant in the British navy, and subsequently king's collector in South-Carolina. Christopher was sent for his education to England, (home, as it was called,) and became a favorite with his father's relatives, the Gascoigns, Halls and Gadsdens, in the west of England, not far from Bristol. Here he acquired a knowledge of the learned languages; also, of French, Hebrew and Algebra. Having returned to America, at the age of sixteen, he entered the counting-house of an eminent merchant, named Lawrence, in Philadelphia, and continued there until twenty-one years of age. At that time he went again to England, and on his way back to Carolina, as passenger in a man-of-war, the purser

* The custom then prevailed, of giving burnt wine and other refreshments at funerals; this was not interrupted by the restriction on wearing black. Some one, in a newspaper of the day, significantly inquired, whether the wine and other liquors had not paid a tax to the British government.

died, and he was appointed in his place. In this office he continued to serve the two following years; then he returned to Charleston, and engaged in the mercantile and factorage line of business.

His father had become the owner of that portion of Charleston, between Boundary and Laurens streets, extending eastwardly from Anson street to the channel of Cooper river. When Lord Anson arrived in Charleston about the year 1733, he was hospitably received by the inhabitants, and entertained by the collector, Thomas Gadsden. His lordship was so fond of gambling, that he has been censured for even winning money from his humble midshipmen. It was said that Mr Gadsden played with his lordship, lost a large sum of money, and paid the debt of honor by giving him titles for all these lands, which to this day bear the designation of Ansonborough.

Christopher Gadsden, having been very successful in his mercantile pursuits, re-purchased all this property formerly his father's, and lived all the rest of his life in the Anson House. This was a very neat cottage, built of cypress, standing on the lot now the residence of Mrs. Isaac Ball. When Mr. Ball purchased this lot and was building his house, this cottage was pulled down, and the cypress materials all used in the construction of the kitchen, which is still standing on the lot at the north-east corner of East Bay and Vernon street.

Whatever Christopher Gadsden undertook, he pursued with exemplary ardor and perseverance, as evinced by the very extensive improvements, still known as Gadsden's wharf, on land reclaimed from the salt marsh. Henry Laurens was his nearest neighbor on the south, and his most intimate friend. They encouraged and supported each other in virtuous and honorable pursuits. They agreed also perfectly in their habits of business, and in their opinions of American rights opposed by British exactions. But the warmth of Gadsden's temper was moderated by the calculating policy of Laurens' reflections. It

was a blessing to South-Carolina that they had two such influential characters among her counsellors and advisers. They saw that the Americans were too weak at that time, for effectual opposition, and urged that unseasonable resistance would only serve to rivet their chains. Their pacific policy prevailed, but there can be no doubt that the popular clamors over all America, were reported to the British ministry, and had their influence in the repeal of the stamp act and other taxes. Gadsden was the one more impetuous; both were right and necessary to effect the repeal of these unjust schemes of taxation. They simplified the question by their practical arguments. It is admitted, said they, that no man in Great Britain can legally demand of me in America, a sum of money which I do not owe, and never agreed to pay him. Of course he cannot confer on others the right which he himself never possessed. The people of England do not possess this right, they therefore cannot confer it on their representatives in Parliament; neither can the Parliament legally confer a right on their collectors to enforce a payment by Americans, of taxes and imposts which, by their charters, they are not bound to pay.

To the various excitements in America, resulting from the attempts of Parliament to impose taxes on the colonies, was now added the Boston port bill.

All America became indignant at its severity, and united in contributing to the wants of a commercial people, suddenly deprived of their usual means of support by despotic power. It was passed in March, 1774, and soon after it was published, came the additional news that General Gage had arrived in Boston, and was to be followed by 20,000 men to sustain him, and enforce the obnoxious acts of Parliament. Massachusetts again proposed a Congress of delegates from each Province, to meet in Philadelphia in September, 1774. Twelve of the Provinces united in sending their representatives to this meeting; Georgia was still too young to resist the power and patronage of the royal governor. On this occasion Christopher

Gadsden was a delegate from South-Carolina, and moved that General Gage be attacked and overpowered in Boston, before the arrival of his expected army. But a majority of the members were opposed to him, because the measure was considered premature. Unfortunately, the other delegates from South-Carolina differed from Christopher Gadsden on another point. When the bill prohibiting trade with Britain and her colonies was taken up, and that clause which prohibits the "export of any merchandize or commodity," to those countries, was discussed, four of the five Carolinians insisted that rice and indigo should be excepted from that prohibition. The other Provinces could not assent to it, and Congress was about to adjourn in discord, when it was agreed that rice alone should be excepted from the prohibition. The South-Carolina Assembly were dissatisfied at this screening of their interests from the restrictions on all the other Provinces; but as harmony among our own citizens must be promoted, and as defended by the eloquence of John Rutledge, the matter was suffered to rest.*

Congress adjourned after recommending that delegates meet again in Philadelphia in May, 1775, and the same delegates from South-Carolina attended that meeting. While so occupied in Philadelphia, the Provincial Legislature resolved to enlist three regiments, and elected Mr. Gadsden senior colonel, of course the commandant of all the troops thus raised. The enlistment advanced rapidly, and the drilling and exercising of the separate companies proceeded tolerably well. Colonel Thomson's regiment having been ordered out against the tories who had attacked General Williamson at 96, had an excellent opportunity for acquiring practice and discipline. But with the other two there was a want of energy and management in the higher officers, that induced the council of safety to send urgently for Colonel Gads-

*See Drayton, Chapt. 5th, Vol. 1st.

den, to quit Congress to assume command of the whole, and train them to exercise as one corps. He arrived early in February, 1776, and immediately proceeded with his characteristic industry to effect this desirable object. While so engaged, he was also employed in the civil concerns of South-Carolina, and was one of a committee that reported the first constitution adopted by any Province in the Union. In the discussion of this matter, many thought that it was unnecessary and improper. Colonel Gadsden insisted that it was not only proper but necessary, and declared that he was not only in favor of this form of government but "of the absolute independence of America." This was like an explosion of thunder among the members. It was the first intimation given of any such intention, at least in South-Carolina. It was on the 10th of February 1776. Few, if any, had thought of independence, and John Rutledge, one of the most decided supporters of the revolution, reproved Colonel Gadsden, pronounced the opinion treasonable, said he abhorred the idea, and would post off to Philadelphia to assist in re-uniting Great Britain and America.*

We claim for Christopher Gadsden that he first spoke of independence in 1764, to his friends under Liberty Tree, and there renewed the subject in 1766, rather than submit to the unconstitutional taxes of Great Britain. Also that he was the first to advocate independence of Great Britain in the Provincial Assembly of South-Carolina on the 10th of February, 1776.

As the number of regiments in the South-Carolina line was increased, Gadsden still retained the highest command, and was commissioned general. He commanded the division sent over to Haddrill's Point for the purpose of opposing the two British cruisers, the Cherokee and Tamar. He opened a cannonade against them, and drove them out to sea.

*See Drayton's Memoirs, Vol. 2d, page 172.

During the battle of Sullivan's Island, his division was stationed at Fort Johnson, expecting every hour to be engaged with Sir Peter Parker. But the treatment received at Fort Sullivan prevented him from trying his hand with another Yankee fort. General Gadsden continued among the most active and energetic, both in the civil and military concerns of the South, but we believe that he did not approve of the management of Lee, Howe, D'Estang, or Lincoln. He resigned his commission in the army while Lincoln commanded, and previous to Provost's invasion. After that event he was elected lieutenant governor, associated with John Rutledge in the civil administration, and presided in the council. As such, he remained in Charleston during the siege by Clinton, while Gov. Rutledge went out into the back country, with the view of bringing down their militia upon the British encampment. As lieutenant governor, General Gadsden signed the capitulation of Charleston, and gave his parole under it, expecting to remain with his family until exchanged as a prisoner of war. But in violation of those terms, he was taken up on Sunday, the 27th August, but little more than three months after the capitulation was signed, confined in the prison ship *Sandwich*, and on the 3d September removed to the transport ship *Fidelity*, commanded by Captain Wm. Pilmore, and exiled to St. Augustine, with sixty-five others of the most respectable among those who had been taken in Charleston. There they arrived on the 8th, and were made to walk separately before Governor Tonnyn, their names being called as they severally passed *his Excellency*. Their quarters being designated, the prisoners were required to give their paroles for the privilege of walking about within certain limits. General Gadsden positively refused to give his, saying "you have violated your faith to me in the capitulation, I will never treat with you again." He was, therefore, confined in the castle, in a dungeon, where he never saw the sun for about eleven months.

Having been exchanged in June, 1781, the late prisoners sailed for Philadelphia, and arrived there on the 30th July.

General Gadsden was there highly honored by all the public officers, civil and military, but considered it a loss of time to remain there. His heart was at home; his whole time and attention were devoted to the welfare of South-Carolina. The first that we know of him after his return, was as a member of the Assembly, convened by Governor Rutledge, at Jacksonboro,' on the 18th January, 1782. The confiscation of property belonging to the royalists, was then advocated by the leading men of the State, but as strenuously opposed by General Gadsden and a few others. They contended that it was time for the irritated feelings of the inhabitants to be soothed by a general amnesty; that the confiscation act would be unproductive, and that most of the property thus taken would be returned to the royalists when applying by petitions, and advocated by their respective friends and relatives; and so it proved.

The Assembly elected General Gadsden governor, but he declined the honorable appointment, and retired into private life.

CHAPTER II.

Regulators and Schoflites—Duel between Dr. John Haley and Mr. Delancy—William Henry Drayton—Massachusetts, the cradle of the Revolution—Congress of 1774—Signatures of the Members—Seizure of British Despatches—Powder and Arms—Powder intercepted off St. Augustine—Seizure of Powder at the mouth of Savannah River—Revolution in Georgia—Governor William Bull—Lord William Campbell—other Campbells in America—Tarring and Feathering—Anecdotes of John Walters Gibbs.

POLITICAL discussions were, for a while, suspended in South-Carolina, by commotions in the west and north-western portions of the Province, where no courts of justice had been yet established. There a number of lawless men had collected from different parts of the world, probably from the number of soldiers disbanded from the armies in Europe and America after the treaty of peace in 1762.

These indolent, profligate settlers committed depredations on their neighbors, who, by industry and frugality, were acquiring property, or had brought it with them into the Province. The negroes, cattle and horses of the industrious citizens were the chief objects of those depredators, but they frequently burnt the houses, barns and provisions of the respectable and industrious farmers who opposed them, and escaped with their plunder among the Indians, Spaniards and French, on the south and south-west of the Carolinas.

Even when any of those plunderers were captured, being one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles off from the jails and courts of law, many of them would effect their escape; the captors, also, having to guard their prisoners that distance for trial, and afterwards to attend as witnesses on their trials, found the hardship intolerable. Sometimes, after all their trouble, the culprit would escape his merited punishment, and

return upon them with vindictive feelings against the prosecutors. Under these difficulties, the most respectable inhabitants united to inflict summary justice on the depredators, and called themselves Regulators. The culprits, finding that punishment was inflicted on them without the forms or delays of courts, appealed to the royal governor for protection, and he sent a commissioner among them to adjust their differences. This was Colonel Schovel, who, instead of redressing the grievances on both sides, armed the depredators and paraded them for battle; they were, consequently, called Schofilites. When on the eve of bloodshed, some more considerate persons interposed, and they both sent delegates to the governor, claiming relief. The governor and council saw the source of the difficulties, and, in 1769, seven new courts, with suitable jails and court-houses, were established in different parts of the back country. By these established courts, the honest Regulators gained all that they wanted, and many dishonest Schofilites got what they had long merited—suitable punishment for their offences. It was remarkable with these men, that having been marshaled by Schovel, under authority of the royal governor, most of them joined the tories or royalists when the revolution broke out, about six years after having been thus marshaled.

A commotion of the same nature, and about the same time, in North-Carolina, terminated much more unfortunately. The Regulators, having here acted very improperly in several respects, were attacked by the governor's troops—a battle ensued, many lives were sacrificed, and the Regulators were dispersed.

DUEL BETWEEN DR. HALEY AND DELANCY.

The political discussions were revived with much warmth and irritation, in consequence of the non-importation and non-consumption restrictions, and continued exactions that were opposed by the colonists,

but could not be resisted. In 1771, on the 16th of August, an altercation arose, at a genteel house of entertainment in St. Michael's alley, between Dr. John Haley and Delancy, an elegant, accomplished royalist, of New-York, a brother of Mrs. Ralph Izard. Delancy being irritated, probably from being foiled in argument, insulted Dr. Haley, by giving him the "lie." Haley immediately challenged Delancy to fight with pistols at that house, and proposed that they should go together to an upper room, alone, and without seconds. Delancy accepted the challenge, and the proposed arrangement. He took one of the pistols offered to him by Haley; they fought across a table, fired at the same moment, and Delancy was killed.

Dr. Haley was an Irishman by birth, an eminent practitioner of medicine in Charleston. He warmly espoused the popular cause in opposition to royalty, and, as a man of education and influence, was much encouraged by the leaders of the incipient revolution. Delancy being a very distinguished man among the royalists, much irritation was exhibited among them, at his death, and the circumstances attending it. The whigs, on the other hand, defended Dr. Haley, and concealed him until his trial came on. During this concealment, being secluded from society, and deprived of his usual occupations of mind and body, he became melancholy, and this depression was increased by an accidental occurrence that took place while he was in this seclusion. In passing, after dark, across the enclosure where he stayed in the country, a clothes-line, which had been left extended and unseen, suddenly caught him by the throat, and stopped his course. He considered this to be ominous of his fate, and the impression could not be dispelled by the reasoning or the jokes of his friends. He may have imbibed superstitious fears from nursery tales in his youth, which sometimes, even in manhood, embitter the feelings. The firmest minds have their moments of weakness, and, in his situation, such depression might be expected. Dr. Haley knew that, having fought without witnesses

and killed his opponent, the laws of his country and the usages of courts considered him a murderer, and that he must be tried for his life. His cause, however, had been taken up as a party dispute. Thomas Heyward, the Pinckneys and the Rutledges defended him in his trial. They proved that Delancy was the aggressor; that he not only accepted the challenge, but the terms also; that he took Haley's offered pistol, and voluntarily followed him up stairs into a private room, as had been proposed; that he fired with intent to kill Haley with his own pistol, for the two balls with which it was loaded were taken out of the wall just back of his adversary, one on each side of where he stood. Haley was acquitted, and his acquittal was considered a great triumph by the whigs and popular party, situated as they were under the royal government. It was also considered by the royalists a proportionate source of chagrin.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.

One of the warmest opponents of popular measures in this early stage, was William H. Drayton, a young man of one of the oldest and most distinguished cavalier families in the South. He was elegant in his deportment, and having acquired his education in England, was probably impressed with a belief that the parent State would yet do all that was just and proper for the colonists, if not opposed by violent measures. He was a nephew of Governor Bull, and may have adopted this opinion from him, in whose unquestionable sincerity all reposed entire confidence. Under these impressions, Mr. Drayton went to England, and there re-published in 1771 the pieces printed in Charleston, for and against the political movements in the South. General Gadsden and Mr. John McKenzie were the advocates for those measures, while Mr. William Wragg and Mr. Drayton were the opposers. I believe that a second edition of this book was printed

in England, with notes and comments, under orders from the ministry.

Mr. Drayton was introduced at court and appointed one of the governor's privy council. He returned to Charleston, and took his seat at the board; but, finding that the orders from England and the proceedings of council, were not what he considered just and favorable to the joint interests of the kingdom and colonies, he opposed them conscientiously, and continued to do so nearly three years, at which time he was superseded. He lost his place in the privy council, when they were themselves on the eve of being superseded by the revolutionists, but he rose the higher in the estimation of his countrymen. They confided in his well-known zeal, talents and integrity,* appointed him one of their judges, and, subsequently, one of their delegates in Congress. He died in their service, a member of Congress, in 1779.

MASSACHUSETTS, THE CRADLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have seen that the Congress of 1765 was convened at the request of Massachusetts, to effect uniformity of action by all the Provinces, and union for mutual defence and support. We find, also, that in 1773, Mr. Josiah Quincy, a lawyer, and one of the most influential men in Massachusetts, made a tour through the southern Provinces, for the purpose of ascertaining, personally, how far the influential men in those several Provinces were disposed to act in concert with Massachusetts, in opposing the unconstitutional and oppressive measures of the British government. The separate movements in each Province opposed to the stamp act, had been published and read every

* While Charleston was threatened by a bombardment from the two sloops of war, Cherokee and Tamar, the council of safety appointed William H. Drayton to command the armed ship Prosper. When she was fired on by those two vessels, he ordered the fire to be returned, and thus commenced hostilities in the South.

where, but it was chiefly among the well educated Puritans of Massachusetts, that united action against those measures was deemed to be essentially necessary. Mr. Quincy was probably sent by them to promote and concert such united opposition, and, if necessary, resistance. In these respects, Massachusetts may well be called "the cradle of the revolution;" and, in addition to these, be it remembered, that there was the first battle—the first bloodshed—that at Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775.

In South-Carolina, the movements in 1765 were promptly met by resolutions for a continental union, in accordance with the request of Massachusetts.

CONGRESS OF 1774, IN PHILADELPHIA, AND SIGNATURES.

In 1773, the indirect tax on tea paid by the East India Company in England, and, in 1774, the despotic passage of the Boston port bill, roused all America to concert measures for union and resistance. The first revolutionary Congress, therefore, met in Philadelphia, on the 5th September, 1774, as proposed by Virginia.* Georgia was not represented there; that colony being yet too young, and the power of Governor Wright too great, to admit of it. After the usual memorials and addresses, they adopted, on the 20th October, the plan for a general non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation association throughout the colonies of North America. These proposed restrictions were printed in pamphlets, one of which was sent to each of the colonies as a document, and all of them were signed by each delegate of that Congress, arranging themselves together in the order of their respective colonies. These resolutions have been repeatedly published, but the only original copy, with the signatures

* Her resolution was also adopted by all the other colonies, to set apart the 1st of June, for fasting, humiliation, and prayer; this being the day on which the tax bill was to commence its operations.

attached, that I know of, is in my possession. It was found among the papers of General Gadsden, by his grandson, John Gadsden, and by him presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society. The autograph signatures attached thereto, are minutely copied and here represented.

The highly interesting plate which represents the first opening of this first revolutionary Congress with prayers,* as described by Mr. John Adams, is, in one respect, historically correct—that the delegates from North-Carolina were not present at this scene of pious humility and prayer. Those delegates did not arrive until the 14th, but then they zealously engaged in all the discussions and resolutions of the Congress. In some other respects, that plate is not perfectly correct. It omits the name of Christopher Gadsden, who was certainly present, among the delegates from South-Carolina. Mr. Adams says that Peyton Randolph and Patrick Henry, of Virginia, were present,† but, as their signatures are not attached to this document, they may have been obliged to leave Philadelphia before the printed copies were ready for signature. Besides these, the picture includes Caesar Rodney, of Delaware, Samuel Rhodes and Charles Thomson, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Thomson was the well known Secretary of Congress throughout the revolution, and, therefore, very properly introduced in this representation. The following gentlemen, however, were present, and signed the resolutions, but are not represented in the plate; it may be that their likenesses could not be obtained :

* The original painting of which was by T. W. Matteson, published by John Neal, of New-York.

† There is a tradition in Virginia confirming the attendance of Patrick Henry. On his return to Virginia, he was asked by a friend, whom he considered the greatest man on the floor of that Congress. He answered : “ If you inquire about the eloquence and talents of the members, John Rutledge, of South-Carolina, is, in my opinion, the first; but, if you mean the judgment and other mental qualifications, our Colonel George Washington is decidedly the greatest.”

FAC-SIMILIES OF SIGNATURES TO THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS IN 1774.

In^o Sullivan }
Nath^l. Folsom } *New-Hampshire.*

Thomas Cushing }
Samuel Adams } *Massachusetts Bay.*
John Adams }
Rob^t Treat Paine }

Step Hopkins }
Sam: Ward } *Rhode Island
and
Providence
Plantation.*

Eliph^h Dyer }
Roger Sherman } *Connecticut.*
Wm Deane }

Jas Duane

Isaac Loug

John Alsop

John Jay

New-York.

W^m Floyd

Henry Wisner

W. Besum

Phil. Livingston

Wil. Livingston

Hepp. Crane

Rich^d. Smith

Conroy

John De Hart

New-Jersey.

Wm Dickinson
Jos. Galloway
E Biddle
Cha Bumpfrey

Pennsylvania.

John Morton
Tho Mifflin
Tho M'Kean
Geo Read

Delaware.

Mat Tilghman
Th' Johnson Jun^r
W^m Paca
Samuel Chase

Maryland.

Richard Henry Lee
G Washington

Virginia.

Menj' Harrison
Richard Bland

Virginia
conel'd.

Massie

W^m Hooper
Joseph Hewes

North-Carolina.

Christyadsen
Tho Lynch

J. Rutledge
Edward Rutledge

South
Carolina.

John Sullivan, of New-Hampshire.
 James Duane, of New-York.
 Henry Wisner, of do.
 S. Boerum, of do.
 J. Kinney, of New-Jersey.
 John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania.
 Joseph Galloway, of do.
 E. Biddle, of do.
 Charles Humphries, of do.
 Mat. Tilghman, of Maryland.
 Thomas Johnson, Jun., of Maryland.
 Richard Bland, of Virginia.

It was in allusion to this Congress, that the Earl of Dartmouth asked an American gentleman, in London, of how many members it consisted. The gentleman readily answered, of fifty-two. "Fifty-two," said the Earl, "why, that is just the number in a pack of cards; pray, tell me, if you can, how many knaves are in it?" "Not one," replied the sturdy republican, "your lordship will recollect that the knaves are *court cards*."

SEIZING BRITISH DESPATCHES, POWDER AND ARMS.

It will be recollected, in the preceding memoir of Henry Laurens, it was said that, on the arrival of the packet *Swallow*, the government despatches were intercepted by the committee of safety, and disclosed their orders to commence hostilities against the Americans. This was on the 19th of April, 1775, the day on which the British troops had been sent to attack the Americans at Concord and Lexington. Before it was known that these orders had been issued, before the battle of Lexington was heard of in South-Carolina, before the British governors in the South could receive their orders, or prepare to execute them, the committee of safety had concerted measures for preventing such an attack, by seizing all the powder and public arms; thus disarming their enemies, and affording to their fellow-citizens the means of self-defence. The parties for these duties were selected and arranged on the night of the 19th; they were informed the next day

of the duty assigned them, fully apprized that breaking into the king's stores and magazines was high treason; and requested, if any were unwilling to execute the trust, that they would retire quietly, and be silent as to what they had heard; they were warned of their being surrounded by spies and informers, and that they were risking their necks for the general benefit; that they might be criminated, arrested and convicted, in any change of fortune or circumstance, in any place, at any time, however remote, on evidence of these acts. But they had determined to oppose the exactions of the British government, and to resist their hostilities; it was, therefore, much better to anticipate such acts, than supinely to wait and suffer. The two parties for seizing the powder, were told to arm themselves for resistance, if opposed, or defence, if attacked. They both embarked on the night of the 20th, rowed themselves to the magazines, broke them open without opposition, and so far every thing prospered. The party sent to the magazine on Charleston Neck succeeded perfectly, and delivered their powder to General Gadsden, on the morning of the 21st, at his own wharf. When the party sent to that at Hobcaw entered the magazine, they found it empty; the powder had all been removed, in anticipation of their coming. It was evident that their intention had been discovered, and that they would be liable for the consequences, without the consolation of success. They returned in very sorry plight, and reported their failure to the committee, but the result was much more favorable than they could reasonably have expected.

Captain Robert Cochran, the powder receiver, was well disposed to the American cause. As a public officer he was bound to do his duty, and was personally answerable for the property stored in his keeping. Having heard something which induced him to suspect that the powder was aimed at, he crossed the river before the provincial party, removed all the powder, and concealed it among the bushes, a few yards off from the magazine; there he remained watching the move-

ments of the expedition. When they returned to Charleston he also returned, having first secured the powder from accident or injury. The next day he called on the merchants, the owners of the powder, and was sorry to inform them that the magazines had been broken open, and not a keg of powder left in them. The reply of all the merchants was a very natural one: we have nothing to do with that; here is your certificate for the powder, if not produced, you or your securities must pay for it. Captain Cochran accordingly took from each of the owners a bill of his powder, presented these to Colonel Henry Laurens, chairman of the committee, received the money, paid the merchants the amount of their bills, and delivered the powder into the hands of General Gadsden for the revolutionists.

Inquiry was instituted into the cause of failure in this expedition. The gentlemen were all respectable, and had confidence in each other; none had knowingly divulged the secret, but some one may have indiscreetly given ground to suspect it. Edward Weyman, sen., was one of the secret committee, and commanded this expedition; no one could doubt his honesty, but he was peculiarly fond of good cheer and good company; he was addicted to good living, and as much of it as possible. Meeting with his friend Paul Pritchard, whose shipyard adjoined that magazine, Weyman told Pritchard to get a good supper ready that evening, as he and some of his friends were coming over there. The supper was provided, but none of the party came to partake of it. When Weyman was asked why they did not come to the supper, he answered, dryly, that "they had lost their appetites all at once." The party were certainly too much chagrined for the enjoyment of a supper that evening. As their object had certainly been discovered, there was reason to believe that they were also personally known, and some of them began to feel whether the stocks worn in those days round the neck, had not changed into halters since they left home. Captain

Cochran never would say how he discovered the affair. Pritchard may have invited him as a friend to come over and sup with Weyman and his friends; this would have apprised Cochran that Weyman and his party were going, after dark, next to his magazine, and his suspicions be thus excited and directed to their true object. William Johnson was one of this party, but I never heard the names of any others; nor did I ever hear the names of the other party which took the powder from the magazine on Charleston Neck, but as General Gadsden received the powder from both places, it is probable that he had made up both parties from among his confederates of Liberty Tree, and the members of the Charleston Artillery, of which he was the captain.

The small arms were then stored in the attic story of the State House, a handsome two story building, at the north-west corner of Meeting and Broad streets, where the Court House now stands. They were in the custody of Mr. John Paug, the ordinance store keeper, an officer appointed by the royal government, and supposed to be perfectly secure, as the guard were on duty at the opposite corner of Broad street, and a respectable person had the care of the State House, living on the same lot with it. The committee of safety having possessed themselves of the powder, pursued their object of securing the small arms also. The execution of this business was committed to Daniel Cannon, William Johnson, Anthony Toomer, Edward Weyman, and Daniel Stevens. So admirably was it arranged and executed, that commencing at eleven o'clock at night of the 21st April, they had before daylight removed eight hundred stands of arms, two hundred cutlasses, and many other important articles of military stores. The doors were of course broken open, and all the pains and penalties incurred by these deputies, but they were countenanced and encouraged by the presence of several gentlemen of the committee of safety, and others of great influence. Among them were Colonel

Charles Pinckney, president of the Provincial Congress, Colonel Henry Laurens, chairman of the executive committee, Thomas Lynch, a member of the Continental Congress, Benjamin Huger, William Bull, a nephew of the governor, and William Henry Drayton, another nephew, lately a member of his privy council.

Although these proceedings were seen and heard at the guard house all night, and within hail of Governor Bull's residence in Broad street, where Page's Hotel now stands, yet there was no interruption offered, and the party separated after daylight. Many of the muskets were stored in the neighboring houses, and some of them sent to the blacksmith's shop of William Johnson, where he and his workmen were employed cleaning and repairing them for immediate use if required. He, at least, did not shrink from his liabilities. A choice of evils or of risks and duties was imposed on him, by the intercepted orders of the British government, and he did not hesitate to decide on prompt energetic action.

Governor Bull offered a reward for information of the persons engaged in this affair, and sent a message to the Commons House of Assembly, officially notifying them of the outrage, but the community favored them, and if any information was given, it never was acted on. Dr. Ramsay says that this was done on the night after the intelligence of actual hostilities was received in Charleston, and observes that "all statutes of allegiance were repealed on the plains of Lexington." But he was certainly mistaken in point of time, for Governor Bull's message respecting it was dated on the 24th April, and Drayton informs us that previous to the arrival of the express by land, a vessel from Salem arrived on the 8th of May, bringing the particulars of the action. The two expeditions against the magazines proceeded on the night of the 20th, the powder was delivered to General Gadsden on the *morning* of the 21st, and the arms were taken on the *night* of the 21st of April, 1775. Both the

committee and their agents, therefore, deserve the more credit for their energy and daring. Again, both Weyman and William Johnson were certainly engaged both in the expedition to Hobcaw, and in the removal of the arms from the State House; the two duties could not have been executed by the same men, on the same night, and both were certainly executed previously to the governor's message to the Legislature. If in Massachusetts allegiance was repealed by the commencement of hostilities at Concord and Lexington, it was repealed in the South by the intercepted orders of the British government to commence the work of death; orders that could not be denied or disputed.

POWDER INTERCEPTED OFF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Some of the letters intercepted on the 19th of April, were directed to John Stuart, Indian agent for the southern colonies, and showed that, in compliance with *his wishes*, a large shipment of powder would shortly be made, in the brig Betsy, Captain Loft-house, to St. Augustine, for the purpose of arming the Indians in support of "his majesty's government." The committee of safety determined to intercept this vessel, and seize the powder intended to equip the Indians for making inroads on the western parts of the three southern colonies. Other evidence was obtained, about the same time, that Stuart, through Cameron, his resident agent, had actually reconciled the disputes between the Cherokee and Creek Indians, which, until now, he had been fomenting, and had now united them against "his majesty's enemies," viz: the southern colonies, against which orders were issued to commence hostilities.

The sloop Commerce, Captain Lampriere, with twenty-one armed men, was sent out for this purpose, with orders to take out the powder, by force, if necessary, and carry it into Beaufort. The expedi-

tion succeeded perfectly; the brig was found at anchor off St. Augustine bar, waiting for the tide to enter the harbor. Although she might have been defended by the armed men sent on board from St. Augustine for that purpose, she was taken by surprise, and the powder put on board of the American sloop. To effect this, however, it was found necessary to compromise. Captain Lofthouse was individually liable for the private property, and he received a draft on Mr. John Edwards, a merchant of Charleston, for £1000, sterling; some money was also distributed among his people, for their trouble in assisting to remove the powder from the brig to the sloop. This was highly necessary, for the number of men being equal in the two vessel, the English may have risen on the Americans, when engaged in the hold, and have defeated the whole object. Captain Lampriere took from the brig one hundred and eleven barrels, one half barrel, and thirty kegs of powder, and arrived safe in Beaufort, although pursued by British cruisers. Here other dangers attended; the royalists were disposed to seize both the sloop and powder, to prevent which, a flotilla of boats, with a competent force of armed men, was sent from Charleston inland to Beaufort. William Johnson was one of this expedition, and the boat in which he went was commanded by Joseph Verree, a Liberty Tree associate. Drayton informs us, that ninety-one barrels of this powder were delivered by Captain Lampriere to the committee at Cumming's Point, on the western part of the city, but leaves the question open, what became of all the rest? Here, tradition aids us in the difficulty. William Johnson told us that this portion of the powder was taken into the boats that the sloop might draw less water, and the risk be divided; that when the flotilla passed through into Stono river, they saw a boat full of people, rowing rapidly towards them. Mr. Verree, thinking it suspicious, ordered his men to examine their muskets, blow the priming out of the pans, and put fresh priming into them. This boat,

however, proved to be a despatch from the committee with orders for the open boats to deliver their freight of powder to a pilot boat, sent for that purpose to the Stono inlet. They found the pilot boat waiting at anchor for them, and signals being exchanged, their powder was delivered by each boat, making up the apparent deficiency of twenty barrels, one half barrel and thirty kegs of powder. The boats now returned leisurely to Charleston, and there learned that the committee had been applied to for powder, to carry on the siege of Boston; also that the royal governor, Lord William Campbell, having heard of the powder taken off St. Augustine, had sent out his cruisers to intercept it, if possible. But the judicious measures of the committee defeated all his plans. The powder put on board of the pilot boat did some service in the battle of Bunker Hill, and the rest was received safe in Charleston.

SEIZURE OF POWDER IN SAVANNAH RIVER, AND REVOLUTION
IN GEORGIA.

The executive committee of South-Carolina also obtained information from their energetic friends in Georgia, that Governor Wright and John Stuart had obtained from the British ministry permission for a large shipment of powder to be made to certain merchants in Savannah. Over this powder the royal government in Georgia, would have the control, so as to extend their influence over the Indians, to the great annoyance of the Americans. The committee determined that it must be intercepted, and for that purpose commissioned Captains John Barnwell and John Joyner to wait for the arrival of the ship——, Captain Maitland, at the mouth of the Savannah river. Governor Wright of Georgia also determined to oppose this movement of the committee, by means of a schooner, commissioned for the occasion. The Carolinians then concerted measures with the Georgia whigs, to fit out a schooner capable of overpowering

both the English ship and schooner. Accordingly, as the colonial schooner came down the river, the governor's schooner went out to sea in great haste. Scarcely was she out of sight, when the expected ship with powder came in sight, was boarded by the colonial schooner, and 16,000 pounds of powder taken out of her, of which 9,000 pounds was the portion conceded to the Georgians. Captain Brown and Mr. Joseph Habersham commanded the Georgia volunteers on this occasion, and we believe that all the information obtained on this subject by the Carolina committee was communicated by Mr. Habersham.

This expedition gave great encouragement to the brave patriots of Georgia, but as yet they had not the power to adopt the non-importation system of the other colonies. Governor Wright was still at his post, and armed vessels were constantly in the river, subject to his commands, particularly for breaking through the continental restrictions, if attempted in Georgia. They were by far the youngest and most exposed of the colonies. They could not yet send delegates to the general Congress. Sequestration and Indian depredations would certainly have depopulated that colony. Congress appointed the 20th of June for a day of general humiliation and prayer. It was universally observed; the people of Georgia cordially and devoutly observed it. Although not represented in that Assembly, yet their hearts were with the councils of their country, and their hands soon co-operated.

Doctor N. W. Jones, Joseph Habersham, Edward Telfair, William Gibbon, Joseph Clay, John Milledge, and some others, broke into the magazine, and took out the powder. A council of safety was appointed, and in July, 1775, they acceded to the American association, but had not the power to enforce it. Two of the members of their council came to Charleston, to concert with their committee of safety, the course to be pursued.

Some of the bravest and most honorable men in the

Union, were among the patriots of Georgia, but they were comparatively few, and their power small. Their council of safety was divided on almost every question or measure proposed, and could not act with energy and decision. The delegates from Georgia admitted that it would never do for South-Carolina to be restricted on one side of the river, while the disaffected portion of the Georgians were at liberty to import, export, and smuggle, on the other side of the same river. They also agreed that these irregularities must be suppressed, even by force if necessary.

Colonel Stephen Bull, of Beaufort, brother of the late lieutenant governor, a man as well known and as much liked in Georgia as at home, was sent there with four hundred men to support the patriots while they executed the needful work. This was soon and effectually done, after a smart action with the marines of the whole British fleet, and two of the lightest of their armed vessels. The outward bound merchantmen were seized and dismantled, the inward bound were mostly burnt with their cargoes, some escaped, and the armed vessels retired at the back of Hutchinson's Island. Colonel Bull took no part in these movements; the Georgians did the needful work.

Mr. Joseph Habersham alone and unaided entered the house of Governor Wright, arrested him at his own table, surrounded by a convivial party of his friends, and paroled him to his own house. The governor soon after broke his parole, effected his escape, and went on board of one of his six armed vessels then lying at anchor off Cockspur; but Georgia was left untrammelled.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR WILLIAM BULL.

This gentleman was a native of South Carolina, a well educated physician, descended from an old cavalier family of great respectability. He had held this office many years, and during a large portion of that

time had been the chief magistrate, exercising the office with great dignity and propriety. He was related to most of the leading whigs, but faithful to the king, and honorable in all his transactions. His brother, Stephen Bull, was colonel of one of the regiments first raised by South-Carolina, and supported the Georgians when struggling to expel the royal government. He had, also, at least, two nephews, conspicuous among the revolutionists. Governor Bull had a princely fortune at stake in this revolution, but did not waver in his conscientious duty to his king. He believed that obedience to the royal government was a paramount duty, and acted accordingly. It was supposed by some writers that if William Bull had been made dictator in this crisis of American affairs, there may have been no revolution; that his knowledge of the American rights and feelings, his sense of justice and of true policy, would have restrained him from enforcing unconstitutional taxes on British subjects; that his firm, patriotic and conciliating administration, would probably have prevented the "*ultima ratio*." But this was supposing too much—by supposing his peculiar administration of affairs would be continued by his successor in office, and would even rule the various administrations of Great Britain, who insisted on a right to govern in the colonies as well as Great Britain.

The following anecdote of Governor Bull, was told to me by Dr. Samuel Wilson. Governor Bull was living in Broad street, where Page's Carolina Hotel now stands, and Dr. Wilson, at that time, next door to him. While the governor was walking one day between his residence and the State House—now the Court House—he was met by a plain, uneducated back countryman, who, staring at him with open mouth, stopped. The Governor also stopped, and civilly asked the countryman, "what is the matter, friend?" The countryman replied, "really, Mister, you are the ugliest man that ever I saw in my life." The governor smiled, as if neither surprised nor displeased, and, with much good

humor, said, "but you would not say so, if ever you had seen my brother, Stephen." *Par nobile fratrum.*

Governor Bull was so great a favorite in South-Carolina, that parents frequently named their children after him. There was a plain, respectable man then in Charleston, a tailor, named Frog. Influenced by some favor or patronage received from John Walters Gibbs, of facetious memory, Frog had asked Mr. Gibbs to be the godfather for his son, to be named John, after his proposed godfather. Mr. Gibbs promptly assented, and the day was appointed for the ceremony. When the parties met, and were going together up to the font, Mr. Gibbs asked permission to give the child an intermediate name, after their worthy governor, Bull. Permission was of course granted, and the child was baptised John Bull; the ceremony was over, and the parties separated in great good humor. But when the whole name was pronounced, and the child called John Bull Frog, the parents were dismayed; the citizens all joined in the laugh, and all the Frogs, little and big, hopped off to escape the continued jests.*

Lord William Campbell, the last of the royal governors, was the third brother of the Duke of Argyle. He arrived in Charleston, after the first seizure of arms and ammunitions, relieving Governor Bull from his painful duties and responsibilities. He was married to Miss Sarah Izard, a young lady of one of the best families in the Province, and one of the richest.† They

* See Anecdotes of John Walters Gibbs in Appendix.

† She was the sister of Walter and Ralph Izard, and remained in Charleston, after the governor had gone on board of the British cruiser, treated with all due deference and respect. But, unfortunately, the governor caused the capture, among others, of a sloop, owned by Samuel and Benjamin Legaré, merchants of this city. They obtained an order from the executive committee for reprisal on the governor's property. The execution was levied on his carriage and horses, which had been ordered out for the use of his lady. This was not right, and the committee ordered them to be restored, but my Lady Campbell was indignant, and would not receive them; they were, consequently,

lived in Meeting street, in the house now owned and occupied by Judge D. E. Huger, in a very becoming style of taste and elegance. Finding, on his arrival, that the revolutionary establishment of executive committees had superseded the royal authority, and that he could effect nothing by direct means, he intrigued with the royalists in the north-west part of the Province, assuring them that troops would soon be sent out to all the colonies to re-establish the officers of the crown in their places and powers. His proceedings were discovered by the revolutionists, and evidence of it obtained, by address, from his own lips. On being confronted by this evidence, he found his situation hazardous on shore, and took refuge on board of one of the sloops of war, the Cherokee and the Tamar, then at anchor in the harbor.

As these vessels annoyed the trade of Charleston, by capturing vessels going in and coming out of the port, the committee of safety determined to dislodge them, by taking Fort Johnson, under the guns of which they were anchored.

Orders were accordingly issued to Col. Motte, who detached Captain T. Heyward's company of the Charleston Artillery, with others, to effect this duty. They embarked after dark, in open boats provided for that purpose, well supplied with arms, ammunition, and every thing necessary to take the fort and retain possession of it. Unfortunately, just after they had embarked, they were overtaken by a severe gale of wind from the east, with heavy rain. They persevered, notwithstanding these difficulties, and were driven by the gale about two miles westward of the fort. Here they landed, without a dry thread upon them; their ammunition all wet, and their match ropes and port fires all ruined. But their ardor was not damped, with the

sold, and the proceeds received by the prosecutors. While they were watching for an additional attachment or levy, the property was secretly removed through the back of their lot to boats in the creek, which then flowed up where Water street now is, and she escaped with the furniture and servants on board of the cruisers.

dampness of all their equipment ; their bayonets were as good as ever, and with stout hearts and strong arms they determined to attack the fort, and send back for further supplies. They marched forward with this resolution, and fortune favored their brave enterprise. They advanced, expecting every moment to receive a volley which they could not return, and advanced in silence, but met with no opposition ; not even the challenge of a sentinel was heard ; the British troops had evidently abandoned the fort in haste ; the guns were dismounted or overturned, and every thing left in great confusion. Every thing being wet with the rain, they could not flash a pistol, or otherwise strike a light. William Johnson being a private in Captain Heyward's company, was one of this expedition ; while groping his way in the dark, his foot struck against something in one of the barracks, which, on examination, proved to be a bag belonging to the British gunner. On opening it, the first thing that he put his hand upon was a tinder box and matches. These gave him light, and kindled a fire. Then, he found in the bag a hammer, a cold chisel, and files ; then gimlets, nails, &c. They could now see the situation of the cannon and carriages, and could now proceed actively to clear and remount them. Captain Robert Cochran had been sent down with the expedition, probably in command of the flotilla. He rendered them important aid in mounting the cannon, by his skill in working the blocks and tackles, after the guns had been detached from the carriages, by means of the cold chisels, files, &c. By the dawn of day three of the cannon were mounted, ammunition and balls found in the fort, the guns loaded, and every thing ready for defence, except the match ropes, or other means of firing the guns. The question arose, what is to be done ? William Johnson remembered, that when an apprentice in New-York, during the Canada war, he had frequently made for the armed vessels in that port, what they called logger-heads, resembling those irons used by tanners for soldering, which, when heated red hot, would ignite pow-

der, although damped by the spray or otherwise, better than any other means. He, accordingly, put the end of an iron crowbar into the fire, and, when red hot, brought it on his shoulder to the platform, saying that he was ready for the word "fire."

But there proved to be no occasion for that order at this time. As soon as the king's ship discovered that the fort was in the hands of the rebels they drew off, anchored near Sullivan's Island, and were subsequently expelled from that position also, bearing off Lord William Campbell with them to Jamaica.

But Lord William was a brave man, and when the expedition under Sir Henry Clinton was fitted out, in New-York, to attack Charleston, and overrun the Southern States, Lord William joined it, fought bravely on the quarter deck of the Bristol, by the side of Sir Peter Parker, believing that they could not fail of success, and that he would be replaced, in a few hours, as governor of South-Carolina. But he was woefully undeceived. He was badly wounded as well as Sir Peter. In that action the latter lost his leg, in consequence of his wound, and the former, Lord William Campbell, lost his life. Depressed in mind, and tortured in body from his wound, he survived about two years, and died in 1778, leaving a family, one of whom, Lady Johnstone, is still living.

Among the numerous respectable British officers in America, there were many named Campbell. That so distinguished a family as that of Argyle, and one so uniformly loyal, should be sent to quell rebellion, will not surprise any one, who remembers the old Scotch song:

The Campbells are coming,
The rebels are running.

Among them was Lieut. Colonel Colin Campbell, a cousin of Lord William, who also married a Miss Izard, a sister, I believe, of Lady Campbell, consequently the aunt of Mrs. Poinsett and Mrs. Eustis. Colin Campbell was wounded in the battle of Stono, and left on the field in the care of a soldier. Contrary

to military usage, the soldier was considered a prisoner, as well as his colonel, and both carried off by the Americans. Some correspondence ensued, and I believe it was correctly adjusted. But for the colonel, he was immediately paroled, and lived among his wife's relations, much more comfortably than he could have done in the boats or wagons returning to Savannah. On his recovery he was exchanged. They left no family or descendants, that I know of.

General Mungo Campbell, father of Captain David Campbell, of the sixty-third regiment, was mortally wounded in the battle of Monmouth, New-Jersey, on the 18th of June, 1778, bravely resisting the attack made by General Washington on Sir Henry Clinton's army, in their retreat from Philadelphia to New-York. He was conveyed to that city by his retreating division, died there, and was buried in the cemetery of Trinity church, with a suitable monument and inscription to his memory.

A Lieutenant Colonel Campbell was killed in storming the American Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson river, 7th October, 1777.

A Lieutenant Colonel Campbell was taken by the American army, under General Washington, with five Hessian field officers, in the battle of Trenton, in December, 1777.

Colonel Archibald Campbell, of the seventy-first regiment; no higher or better eulogium can be given on this distinguished officer, than that by Major Garden, in the 1st vol. of his anecdotes.

Of Captain David Campbell, Major Garden also speaks in high terms of commendation; by none was such commendation better merited. As captain of infantry, he did his duty fearlessly and faithfully, during his service in America, and at the close of the war went off with his command to Jamaica. There he sold his commission, and left the British service forever. Having formed an attachment for a young lady of South-Carolina, a descendant of Landgrave Smith, he returned and settled in this State, married,

and became a highly respectable citizen. As such he commanded a troop of volunteer cavalry, about the year 1799. Having lost his first wife, he again married a Carolinian, the daughter of Colonel Isaac Motte, one of the brave defenders of Fort Sullivan, and left a respectable family, among whom is Doctor Isaac Motte Campbell.

Of Mad Archy, or mad Campbell, we know nothing, except while the British occupied Charleston; we believe that this appellation was given him by his brother officers. An instance of Campbell's violence of temper was told to a lady still living, (1851,) by the Rev. Edward Ellington, rector of St. James', Goose Creek. Captain Campbell once drove up to his house, accompanied by a young lady, who appeared agitated or alarmed; he called for the reverend gentleman to come out to him, and asked to be married to this lady. "Yes," was the answer, "with her consent, and that of her friends." Campbell then drew his pistols, and swore that he should marry them, or be put to death immediately. Such was the character and deportment of Campbell, that the minister did not dare to refuse; he married them, and it proved to be a case of abduction. The lady was Miss Paulina Phelps, of one of the most respectable families in the State. She told her friends that when Campbell was particular in his attentions, and flattered her, she had considered it nothing more than what all the British officers were in the habit of saying and doing, and supposed that Captain Campbell meant no more to her. That she had never promised to marry him, or intended to do so, and never consented except when terrified. They had one daughter by this marriage.

At the battle of Videau's Bridge, in St. Thomas' Parish, the advanced companies of the two armies met near the club house, east of the bridge. In the onset the Americans under Col. R. Richardson had a decided advantage, beating and pursuing the British under Campbell over the causeway, into the field west of it, at Brebant. Here the want of Marion's experience

produced a reverse. Many of his men were new on this occasion, and from want of discipline, pursued the flying enemy, until they came under the fire of his infantry. It is said that twenty of the Americans were killed by the first volley of musketry, and the rest in great confusion were charged by a fresh body of cavalry under Captain Coffin, driven back over the bridge, and pursued until they met Marion advancing. The British again retreated, but in good order.*

When Campbell was pursued over the causeway, he became unhorsed, whether by the fall or death of his horse we are not informed. He got over the ditch, and having surrendered, was seated on the root of a tree, and a sentinel placed over him, to prevent his escape. But when Coffin pressed the Americans in their retreat, Campbell became impatient, and began to move off, in hopes of resuming his command. The sentinel was the late Nicholas Venning, of Christ Church Parish. He cautioned Campbell not to stir, or he would be shot; but Campbell disregarding the notice, continued to hurry off, Venning, in compliance with his orders, fired at Campbell and killed him. Had Campbell kept his seat a few minutes longer, he would certainly have been recaptured by his own men.

Of Crazy Campbell we know but little, except that with some eccentricities in *his manner*, he was a very brave, honorable, humane man. In the pursuit after

* If Colonel Richardson had halted one or two dozen of his mounted militia at this bridge, and bade them maintain it, all further pursuit would have been arrested, but "who can be valiant and wise?" I said that the charge upon the British in the first instance, was imprudently continued by Marion's new men, but there were some veterans in this division. I was told by an eye witness, that in the hurry of their retreat, before Captain Coffin, they saw the body of a British officer who had been killed in Campbell's retreat. This officer had a good pair of boots on, which being observed by one of the retreating party, he stopped his horse, dismounted, put one foot into the dead man's crutch, pulled off both boots, stuffed them into his pockets, and rode off with his prize. This was an *old soldier!*

Colonel Isaac Hayne, it was Crazy Campbell's company of cavalry that came upon him, at Mrs. Ford's house. Campbell in person captured Colonel Hayne. Campbell did his duty, but often expressed his deep regret at the final event, and his indignation that *such* a gentleman should suffer *such* a death. He went so far as to say, that if he could have supposed it, he would rather have killed Colonel Hayne in the pursuit, that he might have died the death of a soldier.

Of Smart Archy Campbell we know nothing, and suppose the distinction attached to his name, arose from some peculiarity in his dress or deportment; possibly from his gallantry among the ladies. Some such appellation was needed among the numerous Campbells.

Lazarus Campbell was so called, from a wound or other injury to his leg—he had a sore leg. He was billeted at the house of Colonel Barnard Beekman, the same which now stands at the south-west corner of Hasel street and East Bay. It was thought by many that he made the most of his sore leg, obtaining, on that account, exemption from arduous field duty, during the greater part of his residence there. When the town was about to be evacuated by the British, its inhabitants were very apprehensive of violence by the licentious soldiery, on leaving a place where evidence of their misdeeds could neither be adduced nor sent after them. When there were ladies in the families where officers were billeted, they generally offered, and were sometimes requested by the ladies, to stay as long on the premises as possible, or until the soldiers were paraded. Campbell had behaved well in Colonel Beekman's family, and was respected. It so happened on the morning of embarkation, that he overstayed the appointed time, and in his hurry down to the boats was seen to "get along" very well; and, it was observed of him, that "leg or no leg, he was very nimble in the heels."

We are not informed whether either or any of these

Campbells were at the memorable defence of Savannah, but we learn from Mrs. Mary Broun, that her husband, Archibald Broun, captain of a light infantry company, there witnessed an interesting scene. He was ordered, as one of the American detachment, after the battle to bury the dead. One Campbell, a member of his company, went with him on this melancholy duty. He there met an officer, in the British uniform, whom he recognized as his brother. The recognition was mutual and simultaneous. The two brothers gazed for a moment at each other with much emotion, and then, impelled by youthful recollections and fraternal affection, rushed into each others arms. They met as enemies, but parted as brothers. They both continued true to the family character, each faithful to the cause in which he had embarked.

TARRING AND FEATHERING.

This singular punishment, in popular commotions, has, by many, been considered peculiar to America, and alone practised by the whigs against the tories in their revolution. It is not so. The first instance on record that I have been able to find or hear of, in our revolution, was on the 8th of March, 1775, six weeks before the battle of Lexington. It was practised by a part of the 47th British regiment, on the person of an American, an inhabitant of the town of Billerica, in Massachusetts, about twenty miles from Boston. The select men of that place immediately sent a strong but respectful remonstrance to the royal governor of that Province, which may be read in the London Remembrancer, of 1775, page 62. What due attention was paid to this complaint, by his most excellent majesty, or by his majesty's royal governor, or other royal officers, I am not informed; but the example having been set by one of the highest British officers in America, it soon brought down retaliation on the heads of their adherents in America.

We do not pretend that ancient usage can justify or excuse the violation of law or personal rights, but contend that tarring and feathering was practised in England four or five hundred years before these events in America. It was even sanctioned by law in the reign of their heroic king, Richard I., the Lion of Crusaders. We have seen the following extract from one of his enactments: "If any one of the crusaders going to Jerusalem, shall be convicted of stealing, his head shall be close shaved like a prize fighter, melted pitch poured upon him, and then he shall be covered with feathers, that he may be known to be a thief. Afterwards, he shall be put on shore at the first land made by the ship." With these examples before them, it is not to be wondered at, that the Americans, when sorely provoked, should follow the example of their rulers, and wish to do more. The following toast may show it:

"May feathers and tar be their next birth-day suit,
And the block be the fate of North, Mansfield and Bute."

In June, 1775, two men were proved to have threatened and ill-treated another for taking the part of the executive committee, whom they were abusing. The secret committee ordered those two men to be tarred and feathered, and then sent out of the country. This having been entrusted to persons of discretion, was executed without rioting or other personal injury to the offenders. But Drayton, in his 2d vol., page 17, gives several instances, some of which caused great disquietude to the late crown officers and non-associators. The executive committee now saw that the mob would take the matter out of their hands, unless immediately restrained; they, therefore, put a stop to further proceedings in this line.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN WALTERS GIBBS.

Many anecdotes were told of John Walters Gibbs, but few of which are now remembered. Besides being a great humorist, he was a gentleman in character and

department. It is well known that rum (made by distillation from fermented sugar or molasses) was drank almost universally, at that time, in America. Many were intemperate in the use of it, and among others, a man of some note, named Hill, had become a drunkard, and his life was shortened in consequence. Mr. Gibbs wrote the following epigram at the time of his death :

The essence of the dulcet cane,
Has sunk a "Hill" six feet beneath the plain.

After the revolution, Mr. Gibbs found himself, like most others, in narrow circumstances, and opened a counting-house, in his former line, as broker and auctioneer. He was uneducated in the Wall street school, and, after various expedients to draw attention and obtain employment, he said that he was so much reduced, that he was alarmed if he heard his wife speak of going out, lest she should purchase something that he was unable to pay for, and thus expose his poverty. At length, he advertised a sum of money to be loaned out, when he had scarcely enough to pay for the advertisement. This brought many applicants to his office; he had never seen so many customers there before. To all of them he expressed himself very sorry that they had come so late, the money was all disposed of, but he expected to have more shortly, &c. It happened, beyond his expectations, that a gentleman called to say that having read his advertisement, he had come, not to borrow, but to loan money through his agency, supposing him to be best acquainted with the relative credits of borrowers. This was just what Mr. Gibbs wanted; it gave him not only commissions, but credit and custom. He could now speculate, and as opportunity offered, would sell out at a profit.

Shortly after this, a gang of negroes was sent to him for sale, and, about the same time, an English merchant called with an invoice of wigs, to inquire if there was any chance of selling them. He had been misled by some wag in England, punning on the party term whig,

who said that whigs were all the rage now in America. Mr. Gibbs promptly undertook to sell the wigs, and advertised to sell the negroes on a certain day, *each having on a new and fashionable wig*. Accordingly, on the day of sale a great company assembled, and the negroes were put up for sale, each with a powdered wig over his natural black wool, and each wig to be paid for at a guinea a piece, let the negroes sell for what they may. The novelty of the scene and Mr. Gibbs' humor, inspired the assembled people; the bids were very lively and liberal; the negroes were all well sold, and the powdered, old-fashioned wigs, with long cues and great rolls of curls, all brought a guinea a piece in addition.

During the revolution, when the citizens were harassed by frequent drafts to serve in the militia, and substitutes were hired to relieve them from the duty, Mr. Gibbs was still ready to amuse himself and others. He was one day on the vendue table, professionally engaged, when a green-looking backwoodsman looked up, and asked "what he was doing thar." Mr. Gibbs whispered, in answer, that he would put the countryman in a way of making 200 or 300 dollars, if he would come up there, and not interrupt him. He immediately set up the countryman for sale, as a substitute, to the highest bidder. "Here, gentlemen, is an able-bodied substitute—will serve three months for him who will pay him best. You all see that he is sound, sober, honest, and *no runaway*. Who bids \$100? I will warrant him full of blood and guts and courage. Who bids \$150, 150, 200, 250? I'll knock him down." At this apparent threat, the countryman turned short round to defend himself. "That's a brave fellow," said Mr. Gibbs, "see how ready he is to fight. He is worth \$50 more to any man. Who will give \$300 for this fine fellow? It's your bid, sir, \$300; he is yours, sir." The countryman now asked, for the first time, what he was to do; and, on being told that he must go and fight the British, tories and Indians, he said very dryly, "I be darned if I do." After some further

bantering, they agreed to let the countryman off, if he would treat them to a bowl of punch.

In connection with this story, Mr. Gibbs also told of an illiterate man, who, wanting to employ a substitute, inquired of him where he could engage a p——e. With perfect gravity, Mr. Gibbs directed him to a house where he might be certain of obtaining one. Of course, he never inquired about further proceedings in this case.

During the revolution, Mr. Gibbs was frequently on guard duty in the volunteer company to which he was attached. He observed that one member of the company was always ready to answer at roll-call, morning and evening, but never could be found when his squad was called out in turn for patrol. Mr. Gibbs found, by watching, that this gentleman always retired into the church, at which the company were stationed, and slept all night in the pulpit. For more reasons than one, he determined to expose the trick practised on them, and prevent its continuance. When they were again going on duty, Mr. G. procured a calf, and secured it secretly in the pulpit before the meeting of the company. After roll-call, his sleepy companion strolled off as usual. Mr. G. kept his eye upon him, but said nothing. After a while, a tremendous outcry and downfall was heard in the church, and Mr. G., taking a light, called on the company present to go with him, and see if any thing supernatural would make its appearance. The group soon arrived at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and, to their astonishment, found their comrade prostrate on the floor, and the calf, dazzled by the light, standing mutely over him. After removing the calf, their comrade came to his senses, and declared that when he heard the seraping and rattling made by the cloven-footed animal in the pulpit, he really believed it to be the devil, come to punish him for his irreverence in this case, and for other sins. After this, if ever negligent of duty, his fellow soldiers would only bleat at him like a calf, and he became very punctual.

On one occasion, Mr. Gibbs invited a party to dine

with him, of whom only one or two were his old convivial associates in fun and frolic. The rest were all habitual stutterers, and the more they stuttered, the better suited to his purpose. He arranged them at table, so as to increase the effect. Each one was politely asked what he would be helped to, what part he would prefer, &c.; and, while trying hard to express their wishes and thanks, there was a general display of grimaces, with uncouth but unutterable sounds. Each guest must be content to eat what was before him, or be laughed at, in his fruitless endeavors to ask for what he would have preferred.

Some of the guests were displeased at the evident intention of their host, but were so well plied with his excellent wine, so well filled with his good cheer, so well amused with his social and entertaining conversation, and with the good stories and jokes of those who did not stutter, that they at last retired in good humor with Mr. Gibbs, and all the world besides.

CHAPTER III.

Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence—Colonel Thomas Polk of Charlotte, North-Carolina—Troops enlisted in South-Carolina—Captain Barnard Elliott—Major James Ladson—Colonel William Thompson—Royalists in South-Carolina—John Stuart—Legend of Bloody Point.

WE have seen that the first acts of rebellion in South-Carolina, were simultaneous with the battle of Lexington. On the 19th of April, 1775, the despatches from the British ministry, to the royal governors in the South, commanding them to commence hostilities, were seized by order of the council of safety, and the arms and ammunition in the king's stores consequently taken possession of by the rebels. No notice of these movements in Charleston were despatched to the neighboring Provinces, as far as I am informed; but the good people of Boston immediately sent by express the notice of hostilities having been commenced at that time. Even by express, it did not reach Charlotte, in North-Carolina, until the 19th of May, and even then it would appear that the movements in Charleston were not known in Charlotte. The inhabitants assembled on the 19th of May, appointed a committee to consider and report on the circumstances; and on the 20th the following declaration was reported, adopted, and published, as the Mecklenburg declaration of independence.

The copy here attached is from a handbill, the oldest publication of the Mecklenburg declaration yet found in print. It is beautifully printed, with a great variety of lettering in a new type, which elderly printers agree was not the type used during the revolution. They pronounce them to be American types, and that this handbill could not have been

printed earlier than 1800. It can, therefore, be only a reprint of the original declaration, especially as it contains only the three first resolutions, they alone declaring the total separation from Great Britain. The other three contain temporary provisions for self-government, and for preserving order in their little community. Colonel Thomas Polk was the one who convened the meeting of delegates, from the different companies of his regiment, and he read the declaration from the steps of the Court House to the people; but it was written by Doctor Ephraim Brevard, one of the secretaries to the convention of delegates. The other three resolutions are as follows, and were read by J. McKnit Alexander, the other secretary.

“4th. *Resolved*, That we do hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct, all and each of our former laws, and the crown of Great Britain cannot be considered, hereafter, as holding any rights, privileges, or immunities among us.

5th. *Resolved*, That all officers, civil and military, in this county, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore—that every member of this delegation shall be henceforth a civil officer, and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony, in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country, until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

6th. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted, by express, to the president of the Continental Congress, assembled at Philadelphia, to be laid before that body.”

With a foresight highly honorable to the leaders in this revolutionary movement, this convention adjourned to meet again in ten days, that they might be able to reflect coolly on the measures adopted in the warmth of their patriotic feelings, and amend them where apparently defective. They met accordingly, and adopted the last series of these resolutions, and ordered them to be published in the newspapers for information to their constituents and fellow patriots; to be to themselves, also, the source of authority, and rule of conduct in the administration of civil concerns, and adjustment of personal difficulties, in their respective jurisdictions.

One copy of those resolutions was sent to England, by Governor William Tryon, to inform the colonial department of the energetic movements in both Carolinas, and was lately discovered there, by our minister, Mr. Bancroft, a copy of it taken, and sent out to the Historical Society of North-Carolina. Another copy of it was also discovered in the Charleston Library, by myself, much about the same time, but a little before Mr. Bancroft, printed in Timothy's Carolina Gazette, of the 13th June, 1775. A copy of this was taken and sent to Governor D. L. Swain, the president of that society; but the original publication of the Mecklenburg declaration has not yet been discovered. It is not, however, considered lost.

The evident similarity in several parts of the Mecklenburg declaration, with that universally known as proceeding from the pen of Mr. Jefferson, more than thirteen months after the first in date, has led to various publications on the subject, producing some irritation between the parties espousing the credit of originality. Mr. Jefferson has denied having seen or heard of the North-Carolina declaration, at the time of his drawing up that of the 4th July, 1776. However extraordinary this may appear, when a copy of the North-Carolina declaration was ordered to be sent to the Continental Congress, yet we are bound to respect his word and character. We think that the apparent difficulty may be reconciled, by referring both documents to some common origin, some state paper published on a similar occasion. We think that we have a clue to this source of both declarations, in the education of Mr. Jefferson by private tutors, from Scotland, of the Presbyterian religion; and in the early history of Mecklenburg county, showing that the first settlers were of that religion, mostly, I believe, from the north of Ireland, and occasionally called the Scotch Irish. The valleys of the Catawba and of the Yadkin, both in North and South-Carolina, were mostly settled by such firm decided opponents of royal misrule; all familiar with

the history of their Puritan forefathers. The earliest and most minute history of their wars in defence of their civil and religious rights, is by Rushworth, in his historical collections, and that abounds in the official papers announcing their resolutions and proceedings in their various trials, afflictions, and triumphs. Jefferson distinctly says: "With the help, therefore, of Rushworth, whom we rummaged over for the revolutionary precedents and forms of the Puritans of that day, preserved by him, we cooked up resolutions, somewhat modernizing their phrases, for appointing the 1st day of June, on which the port bill was to commence, for a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer," &c.

From Timothy's Carolina Gazette, of 13th June, 1775.

SECOND SERIES OF RESOLUTIONS IN MECKLENBURG, NORTH-CAROLINA.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, }
Mecklenburg County, May 31st, 1775. }

This day the committee of this county met, and passed the following resolves:

Whereas, by an address presented to his majesty by both Houses of Parliament, in February last, the American colonies are declared to be in a state of actual rebellion, we conceive that all laws and commissions confirmed by, or derived from, the authority of the king or Parliament, are annulled and vacated, and the former civil constitution of these colonies, for the present, wholly suspended. To provide, in some degree, for the exigencies of this county, in the present alarming period, we deem it proper and necessary to pass the following resolves, viz:

1st. That all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the crown, to be exercised in these colonies, are null and void, and the constitution of each particular colony wholly suspended.

2d. That the Provincial Congress of each Province, under the direction of the great Continental Congress, is invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective Provinces; and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist, at this time, in any of these colonies.

3d. As all former laws are now suspended in this Province, and the Congress have not yet provided others, we judge it necessary, for the better preservation of good order, to form certain rules and regulations for the internal government of the county, until laws shall be provided for us by the Congress.

4th. That the inhabitants of this county do meet on a certain day appointed by this committee, and having formed themselves into nine companies, (to wit) eight in the county, and one in the town of Charlotte, do choose a colonel, and other military officers, who shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of this choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain, and former constitution of this Province.

5th. That for the better preservation of the peace and administration of justice, each of those companies do choose from their own body, two discreet freeholders, who shall be empowered, each by himself and singly, to decide and determine all matters of controversy, arising within said company, under the sum of twenty shillings; and jointly and together, all controversies under the sum of forty shillings; yet, so as that their decisions may admit of appeal to the convention of the select men of the county; and, also, that any one of these men shall have power to examine and commit to confinement persons accused of petit larceny.

6th. That those two selectmen, thus chosen, do jointly and together choose from the body of their particular company, two persons, properly qualified to act as constables, who may assist them in the execution of their office.

7th. That upon the complaint of any persons to either of these selectmen, he do issue his warrant, directed to the constable, commanding him to bring the aggressor before him or them, to answer said complaint.

8th. That these eighteen selectmen, thus appointed, do meet every third Thursday in January, April, July and October, at the Court House, in Charlotte, to hear and determine all matters of controversy, for sums exceeding forty shillings, also appeals; and in cases of felony, to commit the person or persons convicted thereof to close confinement, until the Provincial Congress shall provide and establish laws and modes of proceeding in all such cases.

9th. That these eighteen selectmen, thus convened, do choose a clerk, to record the transactions of said convention; and that said clerk, upon the application of any person or persons aggrieved, do issue his warrant to one of the constables of the company to which the offender belongs, directing said constable to summons and warn said offender to appear before the convention at their next sitting, to answer the aforesaid complaint.

10th. That any person making complaint upon oath, to the clerk, or any member of the convention, that he has reason to suspect that any person or persons indebted to him, in a sum above forty shillings, intend clandestinely to withdraw from the county, without paying such debt, the clerk or such member, shall issue his warrant to the constable,

commanding him to take said person or persons into safe custody, until the next sitting of the convention.

11th. That when a debtor for a sum below forty shillings, shall abscond and leave the county, the warrant granted as aforesaid, shall extend to any goods or chattels of said debtor as may be found, and such goods or chattels be seized and held in custody by the constable, for the space of thirty days ; in which time, if the debtor fail to return and discharge the debt, the constable shall return the warrant to one of the selectmen of the company, where the goods are found, who shall issue orders to the constable to sell such part of said goods as shall amount to the sum due ; that when the debt exceeds forty shillings, the return shall be made to the convention, who shall issue orders for sale.

12th. That all receivers and collectors of quit rents, public and county taxes, do pay the same into the hands of the chairman of this committee, to be by them disbursed, as the public exigencies may require ; and that such receivers and collectors proceed no further in their office, until they be approved of by, and have given to, this committee, good and sufficient security for a faithful return of such monies when collected.

13th. That the committee be accountable to the county for the application of all monies received from such public officers.

14th. That all these officers hold their commissions during the pleasure of their several constituents.

15th. That this committee will sustain all damages that ever hereafter may accrue to all or any of these officers thus appointed and thus acting, on account of their obedience and conformity to these resolves.

16th. That whatever person shall hereafter receive a commission from the crown, or attempt to exercise any such commission heretofore received, shall be deemed an enemy to his country ; and, upon information being made to the captain of the company in which he resides, the said company shall cause him to be apprehended, and conveyed before the two selectmen of the said company, who, upon proof of the fact, shall commit him, the said offender, to safe custody, until the next sitting of the committee, who shall deal with him as prudence may direct.

17th. That any person refusing to yield obedience to the above resolves, shall be considered equally criminal, and liable to the same punishment as the offender above last mentioned.

18th. That these resolves be in full force and virtue, until instructions from the Provincial Congress, regulating the jurisprudence of the Province, shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America.

19th. That the eight militia companies in the county provide themselves with proper arms and accoutrements, and hold themselves in readiness to execute the commands and directions of the General Congress of this Province and of this committee.

20th. That the committee appoint Colonel Thomas Polk and Dr. Joseph Kenedy, to purchase 300 lbs. of powder, 600 lbs. of lead, and 1000 flints, for the use of the militia of this county, and deposit the same in such place as the committee may hereafter direct.

Signed by the order of the Committee.

EPHRAIM BREVARD, *Clerk of Committee.*

COLONEL THOMAS POLK, OF CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA.

This gentleman was originally a surveyor in the south-western portion of North-Carolina; his education not acquired within the classic walls of a college, but practically obtained, at intervals, from his occupations in the hills, vallies and forests of that Province. He thus became universally known and respected. No man possessed more influence in that part of North-Carolina. He was uniformly a member of their Legislature, and was elected colonel of the militia in Mecklenburg county; Adam Alexander was the lieutenant colonel, John Phifer the 1st major, and John Davidson the 2d major.

In consultation with his neighbors, the Alexanders and Dr. Brevard, it was thought necessary to express their opinions of the political relations of America with Great Britain, particularly of the Boston port bill, and the late arrival of numerous British troops in Boston. It was agreed that he, as the military head, should issue a notice to officers of each company in his regiment, convening them on the 19th of May, to consult on civil and military concerns. The officers met at the time appointed, not knowing of any political excitement, but it happened, providentially, that on the same day the express arrived from Boston, with printed statements of the attack on Concord, by the British troops, and the battle of Lexington which ensued. There was no longer conjecture or apprehension of what might be done by the soldiers to the citizens. Here was an outrage, attended by hostilities; the war had commenced, and they resolved to meet the exigency by the measures which have been detailed.

The first opportunity for proving his zeal, afforded to Colonel Polk, was in South-Carolina, in the winter of 1775. The tories in the north-western part of the State had embodied themselves under Fletchal, Cunningham and others, with the inducements held out to them by Sir William Campbell, the last of the royal

governors. They had attacked the whigs, under General Williamson, besieged him in Cambridge, Ninety-Six, and forced him to capitulate. The council of safety ordered out General Richard Richardson's brigade of militia, supported by Colonel William Thomson's new regiment of rangers, and called on the whigs of North-Carolina to aid in crushing the royalists. They did not hesitate or delay, but marched into the upper districts, under Colonels Polk, Rutherford, Martin and Graham, with about nine hundred men. Colonel Polk took with him his oldest son, Charles, who was wounded in a skirmish with the enemy. The royalists were completely vanquished, and did not again give any trouble, until the fall of 1780, nearly five years.

When North-Carolina raised four regiments of continentals, the Legislature elected Colonel Thomas Polk to the command of the 4th regiment. We have not heard of his adventures during the exciting scenes of General Gates' advance and disastrous flight through that part of North-Carolina, but cannot doubt of his untiring energy and resistance to the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, when we know that he called Mecklenburg "the hornet's nest." This gentleman was uncle of the late President, James K. Polk.

When General Greene succeeded to the command of the Southern army, we find the following letter recorded :

"CAMP CHARLOTTE, *December 15th, 1780.*

To Colonel Polk :

SIR :—I find it will be impossible to leave camp as early as I intended, as Colonel Kosciusko has made no report yet, respecting a position upon Peedee. I must, therefore, beg you to continue the daily supplies of the army, and keep in readiness the three days provisions beforehand. I have just received some intelligence from Governor Nash and from Congress, which makes me wish to see you.

I am, &c.,

NATHANIEL GREENE."

This letter bears strong evidence of Greene's confidence in the energy, punctuality and patriotism of Colonel Polk, who, at that time, owned mills in the neighborhood of Charlotte, and kept a store in the

village. General Greene wished to communicate personally to Colonel Polk, intelligence from Congress, which he did not think proper to write.

In the fall of 1782, while a child, I remained two or three months in Charlotte with my father's family. I remember to have seen the then General Polk and his sons repeatedly. The general was plain and unassuming in his deportment, more like a farmer or miller than a general; the sons were wild, frolicsome blades, four in number, named Charles, William, James and Ezekiel. I there heard it told that the general was, on some occasion, speaking of highway robberies, sometimes committed by a single man. He expressed his surprise at their frequent occurrence, without capture or resistance, and went on to say that he had never been robbed, and no single man would dare attempt it. His sons all heard it, and Charles resolved to try him. Hearing that his father was going on some bye-road to receive a sum of money, he waylaid him, and demanded the instant delivery of all that he had. The father grasped at his pistols, but Charles was too quick for him, and seeing a pistol, as he supposed, presented to his breast, he gave up the money, and went home very much fretted and mortified at the result. After some condolence with their father, the young men inquired the cause of his depression, and offered their aid in any difficulties. He then told them that he had been robbed of such a sum of money, on the road designated. They all expressed surprise, and asked if he did not go armed on that occasion. He acknowledged that he had his pistols, but had not time to use them. They then, with apparently greater surprise, concluded that there must have been several highwaymen associated, and he, with increased mortification, acknowledged that there was but one, but said he was taken by surprise, and off his guard. The three youngest sons then retired, and Charles, returning the money, acknowledged that he had taken it from him. "What," said the general, "and did you endanger your father's life?" "No, sir," said Charles. "What, did you not

present a pistol to my breast?" "No, sir," said Charles. "How can you say that?" said the father. "I assure you, sir," said Charles, "it was only my mother's brass candlestick, that I took off from your own mantel-piece."

After the revolution, General Polk purchased from the disbanded soldiers the land warrants issued by the State of North-Carolina, in payment for their military services. He then armed himself and his four gallant sons; with their rifles in hand, they all went out into the wilderness of Tennessee, where the grants were made. The father, resuming his original profession of surveyor, selected the best lands that could be found, ran the lines, marked them, and secured the grants, notwithstanding the hostility of the neighboring Indians. He thus died possessed of a valuable property, which his children inherited, but did not improve. Most of them liked frolicking better than work, and two of them came into Sumter District, in this State, married and died there, leaving no family. These were Charles and James; Ezekiel was said to have been reckless as well as frolicsome. I heard of one instance, told by himself, somewhat in these words: "I was driving my wagon, in company with another young man, a friend. We had just finished our dinner, and had each taken a good, stiff drink, when a gentleman rode up in a sulkey, alone. We concluded to have some fun with him, and stopped him to have a little chat. We asked him to alight, and take a drink; he did so, and we then told him that it was 'a way we had,' to make all strangers dance for us. We then began to crack our wagon whips at him, and compelled him to dance in the road for us, we cracking our whips all the time for music, to cheer him up. As he seemed to take it gently, we did not press him hard, and when we stopped the music, he stopped the dance. He then said that after such a jig, we must take another drink with him; and while he was opening his sulkey-box, we dropped our wagon whips to join him. In an instant he drew out a pair of pistols, and presented them at us, with a look and manner that satisfied us he was in

earnest, and said that we should now dance for him, or 'pay the piper.' Finding that we had made a mistake, to it we went; he whistled a Virginia jig, and kept us at it. I never had such a sweat in my life, and was right glad when he drew up, and told us that it would not always do 'to play tricks upon travellers.' He then politely offered us a drink of brandy and water; we shook hands, and parted good friends. We had the lead, he followed suit, beat us with our own cards, and won the odd trick. But it was all fair."

TROOPS ENLISTED IN SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The executive committee lost no time in arming for the defence of South-Carolina, both by sea and land. Three regiments were officered and enlisted, and among the captains of the second regiment, commanded by Colonel Moultrie, was Bernard Elliott, a great favorite in this State. He had been educated in England; his manners were engaging, his person elegant, and his character commanded all the respect and esteem in which he was universally held. On receiving his commission, he immediately proceeded into the upper country for the purpose of enlisting his men. He took with him the usual provision of hard money, strong drink, drum, fife, and fiddle, with a well dressed sergeant, to recommend the service; but was disappointed in making enlistments. Perceiving that a group frequently assembled around a raw-boned, athletic countryman, and finding that he possessed great influence over the rest of the neighbors, Captain Elliott paid him particular attention, as their leader, but still not with the desired success. At last he took the countryman aside, and asked him to say candidly what were his objections to the service. The countryman looked at Captain Elliott's silk stockings, and said, with a smile, "that he never could think of serving under a man that he could lick." Being then asked if he would enlist, provided the

captain should whip him, he confidently answered that he would, and promised that he would use his influence to obtain others for the same company. There was no time lost; Captain Elliott had acquired, as a part of his English education, the science of boxing. He immediately told the man to strip, and prepared himself for the rough encounter. At the first pass he fairly knocked down his opponent, who was astonished to find himself on the ground. He soon, however, picked himself up, and, like a good fellow, returned to the scratch, until he was ultimately convinced by a succession of forcible arguments, that he had been whipped by a man who wore silk stockings. The countryman acted honorably in this business. Captain Elliott had made a strong impression, both on his mind and body, and conciliated his friendship and respect by the sound thrashing that had been given him for nothing. He set the example, by enlisting in Captain Elliott's company, and by his influence it was soon filled with choice recruits. Captain Elliott appointed him orderly sergeant to his company.

MAJOR JAMES LADSON.

Copy from General Thomas Pinckney's letter, dated Eldorado, Santee, to James H. Ladson.

4TH JANUARY, 1824.

My Dear Sir:—In consequence of the desire you expressed when I last saw you, that I should communicate to you what I recollect concerning the earlier part of your father's life, when you were not born, or too young to remember him, I will proceed to relate such circumstances as a memory, never good, and now much impaired by the lapse of seventy-five years, may furnish.

My first acquaintance with your father was in this country, between the years 1771 and 1773; soon after I had arrived at age, and he was approaching it; for he was my junior by one or two years. He had then finished his education in the best schools the State (then Province) afforded, and was living with his uncle, Mr. John Gibbes, who was also his guardian, who having been many years married without issue, it was presumed your father would be his principal heir. They

lived with the old Carolina hospitality, at the grove, which then comprehended all the land between King street Road and Ashley river, including the present race course, as well as Mr. William Lowndes' farm, and several others.

I went to England, in the year 1773, for the purpose of being called to the bar, and was soon followed by your father, who took lodgings in Buckingham street, in London, where I had placed myself on account of its convenient distance from the Temple, where I was keeping terms. But your father, who had a moderate patrimony of his own, and considerable expectations from his uncle, did not dedicate himself to any profession. While in England he attended to the objects worthy of attention in London and its vicinity, and visited the different parts of the country; partaking of the amusements of the metropolis, and enjoying the pleasures of rural sports. He spent part of his time with his relative, Colonel Fenwick, who hired a seat in Essex, where he became intimate with his cousins Edward and Thomas Fenwick, which friendship continued until their deviation from the line of politics which he had adopted, dissolved their intimacy; but with the present Colonel Fenwick, of our artillery, I believe he was always on the best terms. He was also a welcome guest at Crowfield, the hospitable seat of the late Sir William Middleton, the eldest branch of the respectable family with which you are well acquainted. During the time he passed in England, he availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his situation, of obtaining the best instructors in the exercises, which were then thought almost indispensable, for completing a liberal education. We were together scholars at Reda's fencing academy, and at the riding school of Angelo, at which he was much distinguished by his vigor and activity. At this period American politics occupied much of the public mind in London, and the young Americans attended a meeting of their countrymen convened by Doctor Franklin, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. Ralph Izard, &c., for the purpose of framing and presenting petitions to the Legislature and to the king, deprecating the acts of Parliament, then passing, to coerce our country, and I think you will find your father's name subscribed to those petitions in the periodical publications of that date. But the petitions not having the desired effect, and foreseeing that an appeal must probably be made to arms, we endeavored to qualify ourselves for the event, and hired a sergeant of the royal guards to drill us at your father's lodgings. From him we obtained the knowledge in military service we could derive from a person of his rank. We returned home together, arriving in Charleston, in December, 1774. We here found affairs ripening to the crisis; the form of the royal government continued, but the patriots commanded the effective force of the country. No regular troops were yet raised by them, but volunteer corps of militia were beginning to be organized. The little skill we had obtained in the manual exercise, and in marching, was now of service to us, and the late General Isaac Huger, who had served in the regular army, in the campaign against the Cherokees, under Colonel Grant, wishing to organize a company, proposed that I

should be his first, and your father his second lieutenants. The company called the Rangers was accordingly raised, and we proceeded to instruct them according to the information we had obtained in London, aided by such military manuals as were then published. The company began to be tolerably disciplined, when the affairs of Lexington and Concord in Massachusetts decided our Provincial Congress to raise two regular regiments. The appointment of officers deprived the Rangers of those by whom they had been raised and instructed. Our captain, Isaac Huger, received the command of lieutenant colonel, myself that of captain, and your father that of oldest 1st lieutenant in the first regiment of infantry. Our intimacy obtained for us the privilege of serving in the same company, but as other regiments were raised, he was soon promoted to the command of a company, while he was yet my lieutenant in 1776, before our regiment had been placed on the continental establishment. Several of our officers were sent on the recruiting service, into North-Carolina and Virginia, and it was in contemplation to send some as far as Maryland, but it being necessary to obtain permission of the governments of those States for that purpose, your father and myself formed the military diplomatic corps on the occasion, being sent in advance, first to Halifax, in North-Carolina, then its seat of government, where we obtained permission to recruit in that State. We thence proceeded to Williamsburgh, in Virginia, where Patrick Henry was the governor, and their Legislature were in session, and where, after some demur, we obtained similar license. But on proceeding to Baltimore, we found that Congress had taken refuge there after the capture of Philadelphia by the enemy. Some of the members there, on observing our regimentals, expected we had brought them a reinforcement of regular troops, instead of wishing to draw men from that part of the country. This was one of the most gloomy periods of the revolutionary war; the continental army being nearly disbanded, by the mistaken policy of short enlistments, and just preceded the masterly operations of General Washington at Trenton and at Princeton, which restored hope and energy to our government, and confidence in their own prowess to our army. Your father and I returned to our regiment without having much augmented its force by our recruits, but the excursion afforded him an opportunity of seeing some of the most prominent characters at that time in America, and of forming some valuable acquaintances. In 1778, our regiment was ordered on the unfortunate expedition to Florida, commanded by General Howe, where our troops, without ever coming in contact with the enemy, suffered more from privations of every kind, than they could have experienced from the most sanguinary engagements. The object was to take St. Augustine, but for want of an experienced and well organized commissariat, our march was retarded, waiting for supplies of provisions and every necessary, until the heat of summer had commenced; and before we had taken possession of Fort Tonyn, a small post on the frontier of Florida, which the British abandoned at our approach, more than half of our regular troops were in their graves, or in the hospitals. Your father suffered

much on this expedition. I was then a major, and of course on horseback; but your father being obliged to march on foot with his company, sometimes laboring through a sandy road, under a burning sun, sometimes with bread and no meat, sometimes with meat and no bread, frequently without other liquor than bad water, and destitute of salt, sugar, or other comfort, he contracted a fit of illness, which nearly reduced him to the grave. He was reconveyed, by water, from St. Mary's to Charleston, and on his recovery, got married to your mother, to whom he had been some time engaged. Not long after he was promoted to a majority, in one of the more newly raised regiments, which, if he had joined, he must have quitted all his old associates to serve with officers with whom he had little acquaintance. This circumstance, and the approaching cares of a family, induced him to resign his commission, but although he quitted the regular army, he did not abandon the cause; for when the prospects of active service opened, by the arrival of D'Estaing, with a French fleet and army, to co-operate in the attack on Savannah, he joined General Lincoln as aid-de-camp, and was with us during the siege, and in the desperate assault on the lines of that city. And, to the best of my recollections, he continued to serve in the family of General Lincoln, until the surrender of Charleston, in May, 1780, when his military career terminated. Of his amiable disposition and exemplary domestic character, to you I need say nothing; but I may remark that, through the whole course of his life, he associated with the most respectable part of our community, by whom he was esteemed, respected, and beloved.

I shall be pleased, my dear sir, if this imperfect sketch of my recollections of your father, shall give you as much gratification as the remembrance of many pleasant hours I have passed in his society has afforded to

Your respectful and obedient servant,

(Signed)

THOMAS PINCKNEY.

To James H. Ladson, Esq., Charleston.

COLONEL WILLIAM THOMSON.

Colonel William Thomson commanded the third regiment, called the Rangers; he being from the upper part of Orangeburg District, soon filled his regiment with many of the best riflemen in the State, he being himself the most practiced marksman in his command. The Tories in the upper country having been influenced by Sir William Campbell, the royal governor, and his agents, commenced hostilities there, and afforded the new troops a fine opportunity for

exercise and for facing an enemy. The expedition was under command of General Richard Richardson, of the militia, and was completely successful, but the cold and exposure was very severe to such soldiers. They had scarcely concluded this campaign, when news was received that Sir Henry Clinton was preparing, at New-York, a strong armament against the South. They were consequently ordered down to the sea coast, for its protection. Colonel Thomson was posted at the eastern end of Sullivan's Island, in a small battery of two guns, the brick foundation of which has lately been discovered, by the shifting of the sand. It was called the advanced guard, and was ordered to protect the island from the bayonets of Sir Henry Clinton,—his command of two thousand British regulars, being then encamped within sight, on the western extremity of Long Island.

This gentleman was born in Pennsylvania, of Irish parents, about the year 1727, and removed with his father's family to South-Carolina, while yet a child. They settled on the west side of Congaree river, in what was called Amelia township, now known as St. Mathew's Parish, in Orangeburg District. This was at the time a frontier settlement, and young Thomson grew up "amidst alarms and strife," which trained his mind to deeds of enterprise and daring, and nerved his body to endure the toils and sufferings incidental to border warfare. The rifle became his favorite companion in all his excursions, and his sure reliance in danger. He planted with his father, and aided him in guiding the plough, in driving the team, and in all the other occupations of a country life. Being sociable and friendly in his disposition, he became a favorite among his neighbors, secured their admiration by winning the prizes at every shooting match, and commanded their respect and esteem by his uniformly correct deportment.

About the year 1763, William Thomson married Miss Eugenia Russell, born in that neighborhood, the half sister of Colonel William Heatly. Her father

was a native of Massachusetts, and born of English parents who had settled in that then Province.

In 1769 great commotions arose in the upper parts of the State, between what were called Regulators and Schofilites. At that time no courts were established out of Charleston, and lawless depredators, living near the Indian nations, plundered the industrious, honest farmers, and escaped over the borders with the stolen horses and cattle. The parties aggrieved united to protect each other, soon took upon themselves to punish the aggressors, and personal feelings no doubt hurried them on into some unjustifiable acts. They called themselves Regulators; the depredators appealed to the royal governor for protection, and a silly fellow, a Colonel Schovel, was sent up for that purpose. He encouraged them to assemble in arms, and bloodshed was barely prevented by the intervention of a few more discreet persons. They took their name from that of their colonel, and having been screened by the royal authority, many of them and their descendants became royalists in the revolution, which commenced a few years after this event.

Among the royalists of 1775, there were, no doubt, many conscientious, honest men.

To soothe these irritations, and prevent future depredations, several additional courts were established in the upper country, one at Camden, one at Orangeburg, and one at Cambridge, in Ninety-Six, now Abbeville District. As soon as the establishments could be carried into effect, William Thomson was elected sheriff of Orangeburg District, as a man of the greatest influence, energy, and decision. He entered on the duties of his office in June, 1772, and continued to be called upon in all difficulties and in all emergencies of a public nature that subsequently occurred.

He was elected a member of the Provincial Legislature, under the royal government, and was a member of the convention which commenced revolutionary measures, adopted a constitution, and organized the means for resisting Great Britain. When it was re-

solved to raise three regiments for this purpose in South-Carolina, William Thomson was elected colonel of the Rangers, or third regiment, and immediately proceeded to enlist his men, under orders issued on the 17th June, 1775. Before his number was complete, and while employed in drilling his men, the royalists in Ninety-Six armed in opposition to the revolutionary government. Colonel Thomson had previously been out with William Henry Drayton and the Rev. Mr. Tenant, accompanied by Colonel Joseph Kershaw, of Camden, endeavoring to conciliate and restrain the disaffected in the upper and western portions of the State. Now, that the royalists assembled in arms, and attacked Colonel Williamson, at Cambridge, forbearance ceased to be a pacific measure. Colonel Thomson marched with his command, under General Richard Richardson, captured all their officers, except Colonel Cunningham, and crushed their hostile proceedings. This was in the winter of 1775, and such was the severity of the weather that the expedition was designated "the snow camp."

Scarcely had Thomson's regiment returned from this campaign, when news arrived that the British had assembled, in New-York, a fleet and army, under General Clinton, to attack Charleston and overrun the Southern States. After this British armament had appeared off Charleston bar, but had not yet either landed their army or entered the harbor, Colonel Thomson asked for leave of absence, that he might make some arrangements on his plantation, called Belleville, about one hundred miles from the city. A furlough was granted him for only two days. He immediately mounted his horse, rode home, effected his business, and returned to the city within forty-eight hours. This is a family tradition.

The united attack of this British army and navy on Sullivan's Island, and their total defeat, on the 28th of June, 1776, are as well known as any part of the American history. But it is not generally known what an important part, in this defence, was performed by Colo-

nel Thomson's command. They were posted at the eastern extremity of Sullivan's Island, in a redoubt, called "the advanced guard," constructed of palmetto logs, with merlins, on a brick foundation. At this point, the army under General Clinton, numbering two thousand regulars, was to make the grand attack, as soon as the fleet should become engaged with Fort Sullivan. They accordingly marched from their encampment on Long Island, down to the edge of the inlet, where it was fordable, except at high water. They were flanked by an armed schooner and sloop, and by a flotilla of armed boats from the fleet, with orders to reach the landing on Sullivan's Island, and rake the platform of the redoubt, while the army crossed over the inlet and stormed the little fort, which was entirely open on the west. Colonel Thomson had but two cannon, and they were manned only by his rangers, who had never fired a great gun before this occasion. But, with small arms, they were the best marksmen in the State, and their commander, Colonel Thomson himself, was decidedly the best shot of the whole regiment.

The flotilla advanced bravely to the concerted attack, cheered on by the army, paraded on the shore, within speaking distance of the boats. When within reach of his guns, Colonel Thomson opened on them so well directed a fire that the men could not be kept at their posts; every ball raked the decks. The flotilla made repeated attempts to reach their destined point, and did come so near to it as to be within the range of grape shot. This being equally well directed, soon cleared the decks, and dispersed the flotilla.

This attack by Clinton's regulars, on land, was well concerted, but not well executed. They intended that it should be made at the same time with that of Sir Peter Parker's fleet on Fort Sullivan. Clinton had two thousand British infantry, exclusive of the marines and boatmen supplied from the fleet, which probably amounted to six or seven hundred more. He had, therefore, about two thousand regulars more than the

whole command of Colonel Thomson, of which the Raccoon and other militia companies constituted a considerable portion. The force was sufficient to defeat Colonel Thomson, and then to storm Fort Sullivan, as was intended. If Wellington had commanded instead of Clinton, he would probably have passed with more facility than he did over the river Douro, near Oporto. Clinton had the command of boats for transportation, of which Wellington had very few.

Mr. Alexander Forrester, a near relation of the late Robert Elliott Rowand, left Charleston at the commencement of the revolution, and joined the British troops in this expedition. He said, in my presence, that he was in the schooner, and that it was impossible for any set of men to sustain so destructive a fire as the Americans poured in upon them on this occasion; that it was the destructive fire from Colonel Thomson's fort which prevented the flotilla from advancing, and not the shoals and sand bars, as was alleged; that it was the repulse of the flotilla which prevented General Clinton from fording the inlet, and not the depth of water.*

Two other stations are represented on this plan—the rear guard, of which the foundation may still be seen, as the foundation of the Episcopal Church, and the quarter guard, on or about the site of the new Moultrie House. These were spoken of by British writers, as efficient means of resisting their combined attack, but they had no opportunity of showing what they might have done; they never fired a gun. They

* One of the opposition papers in England, the *St. James' Chronicle*, announces, in an epigram, a miracle on Sullivan's Island :

“By the Red Sea, the Hebrew host detained,
Through aid divine the distant shore soon gained;
The waters fled, the deep a passage gave,
But this God wrought, a chosen race to save.

“Though Clinton's troops have shared a different fate,
'Gainst them, poor men! not chosen sure of heaven,
The miracle reversed, is still as great—
From two feet deep, the water rose to seven.”

also say, that the inlet which ran across the low land, called curlew ground, was covered by heavy cannon, mounted and pointed in the fort; but this, also, is an excuse. The annexed plan of the fort, copied from Drayton's Memoirs, will prove that not a single gun, of any description, was mounted on the eastern part of the fort. A great part of the eastern portion of the fort was unfinished, and exposed to the intended attack of Clinton's bayonets.

The riflemen, under Colonel Thomson, were much amused with the grape shot, and the effects of shooting a pocket full of bullets into a crowd of their enemies, at every discharge; for they could not suppose that any one of their balls could ever miss its object.

For his good conduct on this occasion, Colonel Thomson received the thanks of Governor Rutledge and of Congress.—See vol. i., of Moultrie's Memoirs, page 183.

Moultrie takes but little notice of Colonel Thomson's agency on this memorable occasion. The effects of his fire were not known until long after the revolution. The British officials and their ministry did not like to acknowledge it; the reputation of their navy was made to bear the disgrace of this defeat; the army was not suffered to come within gunshot of the Americans.

AMERICAN VERSION OF SIR PETER PARKER'S DESPATCHES TO
THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

My lords, with your leave,
An account I will give,
That deserves to be written in metre;
For the rebels and I
Have been pretty nigh,
Faith, rather too nigh for Sir Peter.

With much labor and toil,
Unto Sullivan's Isle,
I came, fierce as Falstaff or Pistol,
But the Yankees, add rat them!
I could not get at them,
Most terribly mauled my poor Bristol!

MAIN LAND

MAP



Floating Bridge

COVE



Acorn 28



Sphinx 28

Sphinx



Fold-out Placeholder

This fold-out is being digitized, and will be inserted
future date.

Bold Clinton, by land,
 Did quietly stand,
 While I made a thundering clatter ;
 But the channel was deep,
 So they only could peep,
 And not venture over the water.

Devil take them, their shot
 Came so swift and so hot,
 And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, sirs,
 That I put ship about,
 And was glad to get out,
 Or they would not have left me a skiff, sirs.

But, my lords, never fear,
 Before the next year,
 Although a small island could check us,
 The continent whole,
 We will take, by my soul,
 If these cowardly Yankees will let us.

It was a happy thing for America that this flotilla was so soon repulsed ; had they made another attack, they might have effected a landing. Colonel Thomson had, by this time, expended all the ammunition provided for his two cannon, and would have been compelled to spike them, and rely on his infantry and small arms, to oppose the enemy in their march to Fort Sullivan. For this purpose, he had about seven hundred and fifty excellent marksmen to oppose two thousand British infantry.

When the battle of Sullivan's Island was fought, there were no post office establishments in America. The important despatches for government, were conveyed by couriers employed for each especial purpose. Familiar as we now are with the very rapid conveyance of the mails by steam, it may surprise our readers to learn that the first news of this victory was conveyed to Congress, and of course to all the country between Charleston and Philadelphia, by a single gentleman, travelling on horseback, about business, and that this gentleman was alive in Charleston, as late as July, 1842. Mr. Daniel Latham was, at that time, a very athletic young man, and had provided a fine horse for

his journey to Philadelphia. The horse was ready on the other side of the ferry, and Mr. L. would have started on the 28th, but for the attack commenced on the fort. He set out early in the morning of the 29th, rode very diligently, and kept ahead of the despatches, spreading the news wherever he went. We first hear of him stopping for breakfast at "the Blessing," in St. Thomas' Parish, about seventeen miles from town, and conclude that he crossed at Scott's ferry, on Daniel's Island, as the least subject to interruption. Although a Quaker, he was very warmly attached to the American cause, and well known in Philadelphia. Although some doubted his report, there was no doubt with all who knew his character, and it was soon confirmed officially.

From this time, Colonel Thomson continued actively engaged, wherever duty or danger required his services. Under General Howe, he lingered out a summer campaign in one of the most sickly parts of Georgia, where inaction and disease, more wasteful than war, reduced the numbers and spirits of his brave companions in arms, until the British forces, under Colonel Campbell, defeated Howe, and overran that State. Next he served under General Lincoln, in his various endeavors to protect the Carolinas, by confining the enemy within the limits of Georgia, and, finally, to expel them, by the attack on their entrenchments at Stono. In these harrassing duties, his exposures brought on a fever, when in the neighborhood of Purisburg, and he retired for a while under furlough.

Colonel Thomson also served under Count D'Estaing, in his well known disastrous siege of Savannah, in which it became evident, as previously demonstrated in the siege of Newport, Rhode Island, that a man high in rank at the Court of France, and high in the favor of his king, was not, intuitively, a skilful admiral or able general. It was probably lucky for the Count that he was wounded at Savannah. He had something to show for his defeat—a set-off. In this unfortunate expedition, Colonel Thomson had embarked

with all his family influence, with the highest hopes of success. His son, William, his three sons-in-law, and two nephews, accompanied him to Savannah, under D'Estaing; their mortification at the result was sore, indeed.

In these battles, in the previous severe duties of the campaign, and in the subsequent exposure and sufferings of his regiment, little or no mention is made in history of the services rendered by Colonel Thomson. Justice has not been done him; probably, because he was always attached, with his light troops, to the command of some officer of high rank, to whom his services were inestimable, in scouting and skirmishing, but not reported in the line of battle. By his own men, he was designated by the sobriquet, "Old Danger." Even General Moultrie, when speaking of the battle of Sullivan's Island, uses the expression, "I had seven hundred and fifty men under Colonel Thomson," although in a detached command, about three miles off from him. Drayton, in his account of it, does not even give, on his map of Sullivan's Island, the position defended by Colonel Thomson.

When Charleston was beleaguered by General Clinton, Governor Rutledge was advised to withdraw from the city, that he might be better able to annoy the enemy, and cut off the aid and supplies that they might otherwise obtain from the country. For this purpose, the rangers were withdrawn from the defence of Charleston, and kept in active service in Orangeburg District.* The governor's family had been previously withdrawn, like most of those who could effect it, and were residing near where Stateburg now stands, at the house, I believe, of Colonel William Richardson, owned and occupied by his son, the late lamented Judge J. S. Richardson. Such was the confidence of Governor Rutledge in Colonel Thomson's character, that when informed of the surrender of Charleston,

* His orderly books have been preserved by his family, and are very creditable to his officer-like conduct and discretion.

he committed the care of his family to Colonel T., requesting that he would escort them with his own family to some place of safety. The governor remained in the State, with the hope of keeping up a resistance to the victorious British army. The indisposition of Mrs. Rutledge prevented their prompt removal, and thwarted this arrangement. In two or three days after the appointed time, Colonel Thomson's house was surrounded by a body of tories and British troops, and he was made a prisoner, with his son, William Russell Thomson, then about seventeen years of age.

The father was sent down to Charleston, and confined many months in the "Provost," in the same damp vaults that are under the present Custom House. He was there confined at the time of Gates' defeat. But his son was left at home, with the family, on parole. This elegant establishment was called Belleville. The British made it one of their garrisons, and stockaded it for defence. Various officers were in command of it, at different times, and of very different dispositions; some behaving with great rudeness and brutality, while others were polite, and even kind. It was the misfortune of young Thomson to displease one of the former description, who did not appear to resent it, until removed to the command of Fort Granby, opposite to Columbia. He then wrote to his successor, at Belleville, to hang young Thomson for a breach of parole, without trial or evidence. Fortunately, this officer was a just and humane man; his name was Stewart. He did not like the duty imposed on him, and contrived to drop the letter where it would fall into the hands of the family. Young Thomson saw that it was neck or nothing with him, and watched for an opportunity of making his escape. While standing near one of the sentinels, for this purpose, a poor, half-starved pig, belonging to the garrison, had escaped from his pen and passed close to them. Thomson had a fellow feeling for the pig, and thought that both of them might escape by the same means. He, therefore, persuaded the sentinel to catch it, and started with him in the

pursuit. The pig, not being overloaded with fat or food, ran out at the sally-port, and they, whooping and holloing after him, continued the chase, until they had driven the animal out of gunshot. In the pig chase Thomson lost his hat, but he saved his neck. He soon joined Sumter's division, where a horseman's cap was obtained, much more becoming than his old slouch. His excellent mother soon devised means for sending him a change or two of clothes, and he was free.

Colonel Thomson was kept in close confinement until his health was much impaired. He was then permitted to return on parole to Belleville. It so happened that the officer in command was relieved in a day or two after Colonel Thomson's return. Whether from private instructions, caprice, or other motives unknown, this officer marched Colonel Thomson back with him to Charleston. He was, however, soon permitted to return to Belleville, which continued to be occupied as a British station. About this time it was attacked by the Americans, and to this day some of the bullet marks may be seen in the house. While he was exulting with hopes that it might be taken, and he released, he was obliged to provide for the safety of his family, by making them all lie down on the floor. This attack was simultaneous with that on Fort Motte, and was only intended as a feint to prevent a junction of the two British forces, the stations being within sight of each other. The double purpose was answered; when Fort Motte was taken, Belleville was evacuated.

On the surrender of Fort Motte, a number of tories were found among the British regulars. Most of these were of German families, who originally settled Amelia township, and built Orangeburg.* The Americans were about to retaliate on them as tories, the severities inflicted on themselves as whigs. At that critical moment Col. Thomson rode over to the Ameri-

*The Germans in South-Carolina generally refused to take part in the revolution, either for or against the government, saying that the king was of German descent, and that they did not understand the dispute.

can camp, and knew most of these, his Dutch neighbors. He represented to Colonels Lee and Marion, that these people had been compelled to enter the British fort, and made to labor as artificers; that they had always been harmless, and tried to keep aloof from both parties. Their release was secured. The Dutchmen, who had given themselves up for lost, now hurried off without thanking Colonel Thomson, or pausing to say "Good by to you." They scrambled over the breastwork instead of going through the gate, and some rolled over into the ditch, in trying to be the first out.

In the general exchange of prisoners, effected by the address of Major Hyrne, Colonel Thomson was set at liberty, and immediately repaired to General Greene for service. From his knowledge of the country, he was peculiarly useful in scouting and cutting off the couriers and supplies of the enemy. In one of these expeditions, a very young and inexperienced recruit was sent out with a detachment, on patrol. They fell in with a superior force of the enemy, and were hotly pursued. The young man was well mounted, and a good rider, but it was the first time that ever he had faced an enemy, and when the retreat commenced at full speed, he concluded that all the detachment would be cut off. His own comrades galloping close behind him, were mistaken for the enemy, and he called out for "quarters!" He spurred on, still crying out "quarter! quarter! quarter!" until he was actually within his own camp. Being then stopped, and asked why he continued to cry out "quarter! quarter!" when there was no enemy within a half a mile of him, he declared that he had believed the enemy to be close upon him, and expected to be cut down at every leap of his horse.*

The whig ladies were sometimes permitted to enter Charleston, and Mrs. Thomson obtained from one of

*This anecdote was communicated to me by the late Colonel Lawrence Manning of Clarendon.

the British officers a passport for herself and little daughter, Charlotte. On her way down, she had an interview with her husband, and passed on. She made the intended purchases, and while so engaged, left her child in a room, only saying that a gentleman or two might step into the room, and she must not be frightened, he would not hurt her, but that she must keep in her bosom anything that he might place there. Accordingly while alone in the room, a gentleman entered, and looked anxiously around, then bowed to her, put a folded paper into her bosom, and went hastily out, without saying a word. The mother returned, and they left the city immediately; the father again met them, conducted them into General Greene's camp, and introduced them to the general. The little girl was asked by the general, if she had not something for him, but she, having been much amused with the novelty of every thing that she saw, had forgotten all that had passed in the room, and told him "no." He then asked more particularly for a paper, that had been put into her bosom, and she gave it to him. It has since transpired that General Greene had agreed with General Andrew Williamson for a particular description of the British forces in Charleston, on condition that he should be screened from confiscation and other injury. General Greene did obtain the information from Williamson, and it was probably in this way, through Colonel Thomson. The little daughter of that day, is now the venerable Mrs. Charlotte Haskill, the only survivor of Colonel Thomson's large family.* He had four sons and eight daughters. Of these sons, William and Paul lived to be married; Paul had no children; William left a fine family, among whose descendants the name is preserved and cherished. The daughters, we believe, were all married, and left families.

At the commencement of the revolution Colonel Thomson was an indigo planter, living in the enjoy-

*She is now dead also.

ment of affluence and domestic happiness. His only motive for resistance, was a sense of duty to protect the chartered rights of his country, and the rights of British subjects in America. In the course of the revolution, he lost almost everything that was movable, from his plantation. His valuable stock of horses and cattle, with his negroes, were dispersed, and most of them lost. The camp fever and small pox had been introduced into his plantation, by the British troops, and about one hundred of his people died of these dreadful disorders. But none of his negroes ever left him to join the British, notwithstanding their promises of freedom, their temptations, and their threats. One negro, named "Abram," had been intrusted by his master with the care of a favorite blooded horse, and the enemy heard of it. All their endeavors to obtain the horse were of no avail with Abram, and at last, from threats they proceeded to execution. He was hung up, by the neck, three several times, until senseless, but still refused to reveal the place in which he had concealed the horse. The name of Abram is gratefully spoken of by Colonel Thomson's family to this day, and his other faithful services recounted.

When Charleston was recovered from the British, Colonel Thomson returned to his plantation, and diligently endeavored to restore his shattered fortune. He continued the cultivation of indigo, very successfully, as long as he lived. His house was ever hospitably open to all travellers; his friends and neighbors were ever generously entertained at his plentiful board. To some he was too liberal and confiding; he involved his estate by securityship to a large amount.

He continued subject to the calls of his country, whenever his services were needed for public purposes, and again became the sheriff of Orangeburg District. He was fond of the sports of the field and of the turf, and for his enjoyment in these he kept a choice collection of hounds and horses. He enjoyed these pleasures the more, in proportion to the number

of his associates, and was as much amused with their errors and mishaps, as with their success in the hunt. To him they were very exciting scenes and incidents.

Colonel Thomson's health having declined, he travelled to the Sweet Springs of Virginia, hoping for its restoration, but he died there on the 22d of November, 1796, aged sixty-nine years.

ROYALISTS IN SOUTH-CAROLINA.

These were generally designated tories, and the opposers of the British government called themselves whigs, but by others were called rebels. They certainly rebelled against the violations of their chartered rights, and most of them gloried in their acts and appellations.

The annexed list is copied from the gazettes of that day, published by order of the committee.* It is composed almost entirely of officers, under the British government, who in qualifying for their several offices, all took a solemn oath of allegiance and obedience to that government, and when called on to sign the association, refused, in conformity with their oath of office. Their conscientious scruples were respected, and they suffered to remain in the peaceable enjoyment of their property, with a right to sell it, and retire from the State with the proceeds, whenever they thought proper, until after the capture of Burgoyne's army, in 1778. The maxim in such political commotions is, that they who are not with us, are against us. About this time it was discovered that some insidious foes were in correspondence with the enemy, and as it was difficult to designate the informers, all were ordered off without distinction. It has since been discovered, that some who signed the association, did so for the purpose of injuring the

*See South-Carolina Gazette and Country Journal, No. 498, June 13th, 1775. Also the South-Carolina and American General Gazette, No. 908, February 9th, 1776.

American cause, by giving treacherously to the British notice of all the American proceedings. They thus involved the honorable, conscientious loyalists in the consequences of their treason. They caused the horrors of a civil war, by which the country was desolated; and with it, the vindictive or retaliatory acts, the banishment, sequestration, and the destruction of life and property, on both sides, as each in turn acquired the ascendancy and power to do wrong.

Various appellations have been used to distinguish parties in England, at various times. At the time of the republic we hear of the Cavaliers and Roundheads; after the restoration, the court and country parties were opposed to each other, and subsequently the whigs and tories. The conventiclors of Scotland were the first whigs; and in England the sturdy advocates for old English rights, both civil and religious, received the same appellation from their opponents. Instead of rejecting, they adopted the designation, as the exemplary conduct of the covenanters had rendered it honorable. In return, however, they gave to their opponents, the royalists, an epithet of degradation and reproach; the lowest class of the people in Ireland were then called tories, and were sometimes called Popish banditti. It was probably intended at the time, to embrace the advocates of King James, both as religionists and loyalists. In such commotions, all have equal rights to enjoy their opinions, both civil and religious. Such opinions, however, can never be changed or moderated by ridicule, reproach, abuse, injury, or threats.

JOHN STUART.

Among the most active and dangerous of the royalists, was John Stuart, his majesty's Indian agent for the southern Provinces. He was a member of the governor's council at the commencement of the revolution, and he successfully kept up hostilities between

the Cherokee and Creek Indians, that the colonists might be free from their inroads. As soon as the revolution commenced, Stuart reconciled these nations, and incited them to war against the United States. He became apprehensive of personal injury in South-Carolina, from a consciousness of those proceedings, and retired to Georgia. Here his intrigues were discovered by Mr. Habersham, and reported to the committee of South-Carolina. In an interview with Mr. H., he had spoken of uniting the Indians "against his majesty's enemies." As England was not at war with France, Spain, or any other nation, this expression "his majesty's enemies," could only apply to the people of America, who had been made his enemies by unjust extortions and actual hostilities. After this interview, Stuart became still more uneasy, and went to St. Augustine, that he might be more at his ease in communicating with his majesty's allies, the Indians.

Although the barbarities of Indian warfare are infamous, Stuart, the agent, does not, on this account, deserve the character "infamous," with which he has been branded by some American writers. His were official duties, and must be performed under the orders of his superiors,* the British ministry, or disgrace and resignation be the consequence. No one ever had more influence among the southern Indians than Stuart, and he was considered among the revolutionists an active, enterprising, dangerous opponent. All the inroads of the Tories and Indians, during the first years of the revolution, were ascribed to his agency.

Two brothers, John and Francis Stuart, natives of Scotland, came out with General Oglethorpe to colonise Georgia.† We are not informed at what time, or

* See Ramsay's *Revolution in South-Carolina*, vol. i., page 343.

† They may have come out with the Highlanders, under MacIntosh, who settled at New Inverness, on the Altamaha. They certainly were associated with that gallant corps, during the wars with the Spaniards. John Stuart was ensign during the Spanish invasion, of 1742, and was left in command of Fort William, on Cumberland Island. There he was attacked by the Spanish fleet of twenty-eight vessels, on the 18th July, 1742, and he repulsed them, after a very severe action. The

under what circumstances they removed to South-Carolina; we only know that they were both engaged in mercantile pursuits; John keeping a store in Charleston, and Francis in Beaufort. After a time, John became the Indian agent appointed by government, and thus possessed great advantages; not only securing to himself the certain disposal of a large amount of groceries, powder, lead, guns, blankets, &c., &c., but a large profit, also, on the skins of various kinds, brought down for barter by the Indians. Here he married Miss Fenwick, a lady of one of the first families in the Province, and lived in handsome style in one of the best houses in Charleston—that at the west corner of Tradd and Orange streets, now owned by Wm. Carson, Esq.

In this house his son John was born, the same who distinguished himself as a general in the British army, and with about five thousand men, who had never been in action, defeated a like number of French veterans, at Maida, in Calabria, commanded by General Ranier. This brilliant victory, occurring after their discomfitures at Dunkirk and at Toulon, was the more agreeable to the British nation, as the first which had been gained over the French, by British troops, in the French revolution. For this achievement, the general was knighted, and became Sir John Stuart.

Francis Stuart continued his mercantile establishment in Beaufort, in a house still to be seen in Bay street, at the bend, still in the centre of the town, and now occupied by Mr. Cockroff. In this house was held the first celebration of the 4th of July in Beaufort, and continued in it many years in succession. There Francis Stuart married Miss Reeve, a daughter of Dr. Reeve, of that place, whose other daughter married Mr. Robert Gibbes, one of the most wealthy and res-

Cherokee and Creek Indians aided the Georgians in this war, and were much pleased with the bravery, dress, and wild habits of the Highlanders. They became attached particularly to John Stuart, after his brilliant victory over the Spanish fleet, and this was the commencement of his great influence over them.

pectable men in the Province. At the death of Francis, he left a son, who became Dr. Stuart, of Beaufort.

Next door to Francis Stuart was another store, kept by Mr. Thomas Middleton, whose widow married General Stephen Bull, of that district, brother of William Bull, the favorite governor of South-Carolina. Some disagreement existed between the two store-keepers, but their descendants made out much better; Dr. Stuart having married Miss Middleton, and left several children.

When Francis Stuart died, his widow believed herself to be rich, and sent to her brother-in-law, John Stuart, in Charleston, for some family supplies, but they were refused. John Stuart sent word back that his brother, Francis, had died much in debt to him, and that he would keep all the proceeds of the estate to pay himself. This reverse of fortune was a great additional affliction to the family of Francis Stuart. They considered themselves unkindly and unjustly treated by John Stuart, and no intercourse existed between the parties subsequently.

After John Stuart's death in England, his son, Sir John, continued to keep his house in London, and two of his cousins, the Misses Fenwick, lived with him. As he had no family, he certainly intended that they should inherit his estate. But the youngest of them made a runaway match, which displeased Sir John, and he opened a correspondence with his cousin, Dr. James Stuart, offered to adopt his son, John A. Stuart, and obtain for him a commission in the guards. Mrs. Stuart, his mother, could not part with her son, and objected to the arrangement. Still the correspondence between Sir John and Dr. Stuart was continued, and Sir John, by will, left the bulk of his estate to Dr. Stuart. Unfortunately for the family of Dr. Stuart, he died eight days before the date of Sir John's will. The legacy consequently elapsed, and the whole estate was inherited by Sir John's relatives in England, who had displeased him.

RANCOR OF SOME ROYALISTS.

In the Boston Gazette, of 1774, we find the following article :

“The following is an authentic copy of a letter, which was lately thrown into the camp, with the following direction : ‘To the officers and soldiers of his majesty’s troops in Boston.’

It being more than probable that the king’s standard will soon be erected, from rebellion breaking out in this Province, it is proper that you, soldiers, should be acquainted with the authors thereof, and of all the misfortunes brought upon the Province. The following is a list of them, viz :

Samuel Adams,	John Hancock,
James Bowdoin,	William Cooper,
Dr. Thomas Young,	Dr. Chauncey,
Dr. Benjamin Church,	Dr. Cooper,
Capt. John Bradford,	Thomas Cushing,
Josiah Quincey,	Joseph Greenleaf,
Maj. Nathaniel Barber,	William Denning.
William Mollineux,	

The friends of your king and country, and of America, hope and expect from you, soldiers, the instant rebellion happens, you will put the above persons immediately to the sword, destroy their houses, and plunder their effects. It is just that they should be the first victims to the mischief they have brought upon us.

(Signed) A FRIEND TO GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

P. S. Don’t forget those trumpeters of sedition, the printers, Edes and Gill and Thomas.”

What stronger evidence of patriotism can be adduced in favor of those gentlemen, than this denunciation.

 BLOODY POINT.

The legend from which this name was derived, for the southern extremity of South-Carolina, occurred previous to the revolution, but may still be interesting. The islands of Port Royal and St. Helena were pretty thickly inhabited by white settlers, while the neighboring islands, Hilton Head, Dawfuskie and Pinckney, were held in possession by a few scattered Indians, who formed a kind of neutral ground between the

white and red men. The Georgia Indians were in the habit of making frequent inroads on the Carolina settlements, killing the inhabitants, and carrying off in boats whatever plunder they collected, to their homes further south. Large war parties were sometimes formed, which would proceed to Hilton Head, and skulk in the thickets until a fair chance offered, when they would cross over Broad river, and ravage the neighborhood; hence the name of Skulk Creek, not Skull, as it is now generally called. After these invasions, the Indians would return to Skulk Creek with their plunder, and elude pursuit amongst its numerous thickets and windings.

After one of these expeditions, having committed a number of murders, and loaded their canoes, they never halted until they reached the end of Dawfuskie, where they supposed themselves safe, a very strong and determined party of whites went in pursuit of them. On reaching Hilton Head, they learned from some friendly Indians that their enemies had proceeded further south. Having induced these friendly Indians to join them as guides, they continued the pursuit. When they reached Dawfuskie, they discovered the smoke of the Indian camp, where they had halted on the end of that island.

The whites landed on the north-west portion of it, and marched towards their enemies. The Indians had put all their boats a short distance up, what is now known as New river, to avoid the surf which breaks upon that point. The Indians were at the extremity of this point, enjoying the good things which they had stolen. The whites approached cautiously, until passing between the Indians and their canoes, effectually cut off their retreat. A shower of bullets was the first intimation received of the presence of an enemy. The surprise was complete—the massacre dreadful—the white sand was crimsoned with blood—some escaped by swimming, but nearly the whole of the party was destroyed. It was, literally, a bloody point to them.

The Indians who escaped on this occasion, collected,

after a lapse of some time, and returned to Hilton Head. Finding only two of the tribe, who had guided the whites in their pursuit, they avenged the downfall of their own tribe, by destroying both of them. They then returned to Georgia, and were lost sight of forever after,—*A Tradition from St. Luke's Parish,*

CHAPTER IV.

Naval proceedings in the South—Commodore Gillon—Tory Insurrection—Cherokee War—Salvador—General Andrew Williamson—Civil Government in South-Carolina.

ON the 13th October, 1775, the citizens of Charleston, being much annoyed by two British sloops of war, the Cherokee and the Tamar, lying in the harbor, and firing on their vessels sailing in and out of port, the council of safety purchased the schooner Defence, armed her with two long nine pounders, and appointed Captain Abr'm Whipple to command her. About the same time, also, they purchased and equipped three gallies or gun-boats for harbor defence, and for expeditions through the inlets and inland water courses. On the 11th November, council having ordered Hog Island channel to be obstructed, lest the British should pass through it, and thus attack the city, William Henry Drayton was appointed to execute the order, supported by the Defence and gallies. While in the performance of this duty, the party was fired on by the sloops of war, and Drayton ordered the fire to be returned by the Defence. Captain Whipple, accordingly, fired the first hostile gun at the British in South-Carolina, and this was the commencement of hostilities in the South.

Whipple was the oldest captain in the marine of South-Carolina, and was, therefore, called the commodore. When the British cruisers were blockading the harbor of Charleston, Whipple thought that as St. Michael's church steeple was one of their principal landmarks, he could render it less distinct, and confuse the enemy, by painting it black. He accordingly ordered the eastern side of it to be painted black; but, to his disappointment, the black being contrasted

with the light, clear sky, became a more distinct object, and a more perfect landmark than before. He was, therefore, called "cunning Commodore Whipple."

The gallies proved to be very useful in guarding the coast and inland trade, at that time constantly going on. One of them was then commanded by Jacob Milligan, a very brave, active man, who kept a watchful eye over the movements of the enemy. During the interval between the arrival of Sir Peter Parker's fleet, and their attack on Fort Moultrie, an active partizan warfare was kept up, by the flotilla commanded by Whipple, Tufts, Milligan and others. Some firing from them took place almost every day; while passing the inlets, they found opportunities of attacking a transport or storeship of that fleet, either in a calm, or at anchor, and several were captured.* On the morning after the battle of Fort Moultrie, the gallies, or rather their boats, under the command of Milligan, aided by volunteers, among whom were Captain William Hall, and Captain George Warren Cross, boarded the Acteon frigate, while she lay grounded on the shoal, where Fort Sumter now stands. The crew of the frigate seeing the movement, set fire to her, and escaped in their boats. Our flotilla took the flag and bell, and were loaded with sails and other movables. Milligan then turned the guns of the frigate against the other British vessels, fired on them, and left the guns loaded and pointed, so as to be discharged against them, when the fire approaching should ignite the powder.

During Provost's inroad, this flotilla was also very efficient. They made a very gallant attack on an armed schooner, protected by a British fort, in St. Andrew's Parish. They captured the schooner, after a severe action, and brought her to Charleston. Cap-

*During a cannonade on some such occasion, which occurred on the 15th June, 1776, I was born, as I was told; my readers will, therefore, consider this a tradition, not a reminiscence.

tains Frisbie,* Pyne, and Boutard, were publicly thanked for this act by Governor Rutledge. Captain Simon Tufts and Lieutenant Pickering have, likewise, been commended for their services in this inland warfare.

Milligan had by this time left the service, and taken command of a privateer, with which he cruised, very successfully, in the West Indies. He captured many British vessels, and took them into Spanish ports, but from the want of responsibility in Spanish agents at that time, or from some other cause, he did not appear to have profited by his adventures. Privateering injures the commerce of an enemy, but always demoralizes the citizen; it very seldom benefits either the State or the subject, but certainly embarrasses the commerce of a belligerent.

Milligan was captured in the schooner Margery, his privateer, on the 21st May, 1778, by the ship *Levant* of 28 guns, when off the coast of Georgia. He lost everything that he was worth, but thought that he got off very well, in not being confined in a British prison ship. Captain Martin, of the *Levant*, treated him very civilly, and put him on shore at Bloody Point on parole. As soon as Milligan could get exchanged, he again went privateering, but returned to Charleston a little before the siege, and was again put in command of one of the State armed vessels, but we do not know of any other services performed. While in command of this vessel, a suitable quantity of powder was delivered to him for her stores and use when occasion should occur. Milligan stored this powder in an arch, under the west portico of the Exchange, and converted it into a magazine. It was stipulated in the surrender of Charleston, that all the arms and ammunition in the garrison should be delivered up to the British authorities; but this did not sit well on Milligan's stomach, and instead of doing so, he took

*Captain Abel Frisbie had been, anterior to this time, Captain Wm. Hall's first lieutenant aboard the State brig *Notre Dame*.

out the doors and frames of his magazine, and bricked up the open space, so that the change could not be discovered. When the Americans retook the city, Milligan went to look for his powder; it appeared to be just as he left it, but had become damp from the dampness of the close vault, and was totally ruined. Milligan, however, consoled himself by saying, that the devil might have it rather than the British. Milligan was made the harbor master, after the revolution, and continued in office, I believe, to the end of his life.*

After the commencement of hostilities, the council of safety purchased the merchant ship *Prosper*, then in port, and armed her with twenty guns. Captain Clement Lampriere was appointed to the command of her, but declined it, on finding that he would be subject to the orders of Whipple, who had the oldest commission. William Henry Drayton then took command, and was ordered to equip her as soon as possible. Accordingly, all the seamen enlisted in the land service, were joyfully transferred to the ship *Prosper*, for the purpose of rigging and fitting her for the occasion. Forty of the infantry were also put on board to act as marines. This company soon armed the *Prosper* with eight twelve pounders, eight six pounders, and four four pounders, with proper supplies of powder, ball, musketry, &c.

It was expected daily that the British vessels would bombard the city, and much reliance was placed on these two vessels, in opposing them successfully. Soon after, also, two schooners were purchased and armed; the *Comet* with sixteen guns, and the other with ten guns, intended for the protection of Georgetown.

During the year 1776, these vessels were kept well provided with everything for service, in every part of

*The acts of the Provincial revolutionary Houses of Assembly, with the records of the State, were secreted and preserved in the same vault, while in some other States they were either destroyed by the enemy, or carried off, in wagons, to places of safety.

our sea coast, but had little to do, until Sir Peter Parker's fleet appeared. The number of men in the Defence was increased, however, and in company with the Comet, she made several successful cruises on our coast, protecting the trade from British depredations, and bringing in several prizes.

On the 30th March, 1776, Captain Turpin, in the Comet, retook the sloop Hetty, which had been captured by Captain Telemache. She had been armed, and was serving as a tender to the Falcon man-of-war. Both the Comet and her prize arrived safe in port.

In March, 1777, the continental frigate Randolph, Captain Nicholas Biddle, put into Charleston to refit. She soon sailed again on a cruise, and in eight days returned, having captured four rich West Indiamen, and brought them all safe into port. This caused much excitement in Charleston, and induced the governor and council to equip a squadron for sea, in hopes of proportionate success. The Prosper having been changed, in her rigging, to a brig, a battery of eighteen guns mounted in the place of her twenty, she was called the Notre Dame, and Captain William Hall was appointed to command her. To her were joined the three private armed brigs—the General Moultrie, Sullivan, of eighteen guns; the Polly, Anthony,* of sixteen guns; and the Fair American, Morgan, of fourteen guns—which the State had taken into the public service for this cruise, and had increased their complement of men, by adding twenty-five of

*Captain Anthony was a very brave, enterprising man; he continued actively engaged in privateering, during the whole war, and was remarkably successful, not only in saving himself from frequent danger, but in annoying the enemy, and capturing their vessels. Among other instances of his success, Wells' South-Carolina Gazette, of the 21st January, 1779, reports his having brought in three prizes, one of which was a vessel of eighteen guns, having two guns more than his own. After the British took Charleston, Captain Anthony continued to harrass their trade on the southern coast. He even landed on different parts of the coast, and his name was a terror in Bull's Bay and on Santee, among the Tories. He had commanded the Washington privateer, and previous to this, the Polly.

their regulars to each of the four vessels, that they might serve as marines. To the crew of the Randolph was also added a company of fifty regulars, from their first regiment, under the command of Captain Ioor, for the same purpose. The Randolph was a beautiful little frigate, built in Philadelphia, and mounted thirty-six brass cannon. She was of the most perfect model, and had the most complete equipment of any vessel that had ever sailed from an American port. Her officers and men were devotedly attached to her, having been uncommonly successful in all their cruises. Her joyous crew, happy in the enjoyment of their abundant prize money, attributed all their success to the fine qualities of their favorite ship. The prizes brought into Charleston, by the Randolph, were said to have been sold for half a million of dollars, and this is probably correct, when we recollect that it was paid for in depreciating paper money. The greater part of this money was expended in Charleston; the improvident crew of the Randolph squandered their portion of it, in all kinds of foolery, of which some of the particulars are still remembered. One of the sailors bought a horse just to take a land cruise; the horse ran away with him, as might well be expected, when Jack carried too much sail. Being owner as well as commander of the new craft, Jack concluded to go better found with ground tackle in his next cruise. He accordingly took on board a kedge anchor, secured the cable round the horse's neck as to the bow of his ship, and made sail as before. The horse again ran away, and Jack soon brought him to, all standing, by casting anchor. The horse broke his neck in the fall, when Jack, coolly, took off the saddle, bridle, &c., and returned into port, saying that he had been cast away on a lee shore, and had lost his ship, but saved all the rigging. Some of them paraded the streets, splendidly dressed, with females ridiculously ornamented with jewelry; others made dresses with the large sheets of paper money, and hired carriages, at any price, to take an

airing *like gentlemen*. When ordered on board for another cruise of the frigate, some of those who had not made way with all their cash, made a bonfire of the paper money, by way of spending it.

All this served to depress the currency of the country, and enhance the price of everything to the virtuous poor.

When the Randolph and her squadron were ready for sea, under Captain Biddle as commodore, the British cruisers disappeared from the coast, for there were always spies and informers, on shore, to afford them seasonable information. The squadron sailed southwardly, and cruised in the West Indies with little success about ten weeks. They then fell in with the Yarmouth, a sixty gun ship, so disguised that they took her for a West Indiaman. The Polly and the Fair American first spoke the British man-of-war, and told her that they were from New-York, and were of course undisturbed. But Captain Biddle not knowing this, ordered the Notre Dame and the Moultrie to join in engaging her. The Randolph was very gallantly, but imprudently, run along side of the Yarmouth, and commenced the action, while the Notre Dame was running under her stern to rake her. A desperate engagement was kept up between them about seventeen minutes, and just as the Notre Dame reached her station, and had fired into the stern of the Yarmouth, the Randolph blew up with a dreadful explosion, covering the decks of the Notre Dame with the fragments of fire and wreck; she saved herself with great difficulty, but not having backed her topsails she was saved.

Wells' South-Carolina Gazette, of the 16th April, 1778, publishes a letter written from St. Eustatius; says that the action and catastrophe took place on the 7th of March, and that the Yarmouth, several days after it, "saved four sailors of the Randolph, found on a fragment of the wreck, and landed them in that port." Also, that "the Yarmouth lost one lieutenant and six men, killed by the fire of a brig under her stern," of

course by the broadside of the Notre Dame, Captain Hall.

The poet, Captain Freneau, says that the Yarmouth was first silenced, but this was only a poetical version of the tragical event. None on board of the Yarmouth would tell such a tale, to their own discredit, even if true, and none in the Randolph ever returned to America to boast of it. It was currently reported and believed here, many years after the revolution, that every soul on board the Randolph had perished. Cooper, in his *American Navy*, says that three of her men were saved on a piece of her wreck, by the Yarmouth, but these may never have reached the United States. I remember the widowed mother of one of the young officers, in tears for her son, expressing herself to this effect, many years after the revolution. If any had returned, some of their relatives and friends in Charleston would have known it. Joseph Fordham, the carpenter of the Randolph, who was left in Charleston because of an injury to his leg, lived here many years, and some of his children are still living here; he always believed himself to be the only survivor of the Randolph's gallant crew.

My father did all the blacksmith work required in the repairs of the Randolph. A large portion of such work was directed by the gunner, for different parts of her armament; the gunner, therefore, was very familiar, in his different calls at the shop for iron work. He spoke frequently of his great attachment for the Randolph, swore that she never should be taken by the enemy, and that he would, with his own hands, blow her up first. As the gunner had the immediate charge of the magazine during the action, and as it was impossible for the Randolph to escape from under the guns of the Yarmouth, my father was always satisfied, that the gunner of the frigate had blown her up, according to his oath.

After the loss of the Randolph, the squadron continued their cruise with more success. They fell in with a Jamaica fleet off the Isle of Pines, and, although

under convoy, succeeded in capturing three of them. In that cruise they also captured eight others of the enemy's merchantmen, one of which was a ship, of twenty guns, captured by Captain Hall, of the *Notre Dame*, by boarding; his own ship having but eighteen guns.*

Captain William Hall was a native of Charleston, and at the age of nineteen, in the commencement of our revolution, was in England, in the merchant service. He was there detained as an American prisoner, but effected his escape, and arrived in Boston, in 1776, soon after it was evacuated by the British army. He here entered immediately on board of an American privateer, called "the True Blue," commissioned as second lieutenant. During several cruises, this privateer was very successful, and considerably annoyed the British commerce; but Hall became anxious to visit his relatives and friends at home. He accordingly arrived in his native city, and was cordially welcomed. On the second day after his arrival, he was commissioned lieutenant, on board the State brig, "*Notre Dame*," carrying eighteen guns. She was quickly despatched for sea, and, in a few days after leaving port, fell in with a British brig, of sixteen guns, which, after an action of twenty-five minutes, struck to the *Notre Dame*. Lieutenant Hall was put on board as prize master of her, and, after escaping from the frigate *Daphne*, in a long chase, he arrived safe in Georgetown, South-Carolina. This brig proved to be a valuable prize, being loaded with dry goods, and afforded good prize money to the captors. Captain Seymour, who then commanded the *Notre Dame*, resigned soon after he returned from that cruise, and the command of her was given to Lieutenant Hall, at that time but twenty-two years of age.

Early in 1778, Captain Hall was ordered, with the *Notre Dame*, to join the squadron which sailed from Charleston, under the command of Captain Biddle, of

* See Wells' South-Carolina Gazette, of 28th May, 1778.

the frigate Randolph, as above stated; the results are already known. He continued to cruise on the southern coast, by order of the governor and council, affording protection to their commerce, which was very considerable. The home squadron was now increased, to aid in this duty, by the purchase and outfit of the Eagle, Turner, and by the building a fine new brig, called the Hornet, at Captain Cochran's ship-yard, on Charleston Neck, where the frigate John Adams was built, under the administration of John Adams. The Hornet was commanded by Capt. Pyne, late of the Comet, and armed with fourteen guns. They continued to cruise singly, and in company, with much success, effectually protecting the coast from the annoyance of privateers and other depredators, and taking a number of prizes. The private armed vessels—the General Moultrie, Sullivan, the Sally, Stone, and the Family Trader, Allen—were occasionally sent out by the merchants on the same service. In March, 1779, in a cruise of ten days, they took the Sally, of New Providence, bound to Georgia, with dry goods and West India produce; also, two vessels from St. Kitts, with cargoes of the same kind, one of which, the Prince of Wales, Askridge, of twelve guns, fought the Hornet until three of her guns were dismounted, and four of her men wounded; only one being wounded on board of the Hornet. The Notre Dame also recaptured the Sally, of Boston, which had been taken by the Vengeance, privateer, of New-York.

In the next month, they were not so successful. The Notre Dame and the Eagle returned in safety, but without prizes, and the Hornet was captured by the Daphne, of twenty guns, and carried into Savannah. The officers and men of the Hornet were well treated, and landed, on parole, on the Carolina side of the river, where they effected an exchange of fifty-three Americans for an equal number of English prisoners. The Carolina papers made light of this capture, saying that the Hornet was a valuable prize to the British seamen, as *she had a supply of biscuits on*

board, and the crew of the *Daphne* had not seen such a thing for three months, but were subsisting on boiled rice.

When General Provost lay with the British army near Charleston, the governor was informed of several armed vessels, which brought the British supplies from Savannah. The *Notre Dame*, *Hall*, the brig *Beaufort*, *Tryon*, and the *Bellona*, *Anthony*, put to sea, under directions of the navy board, fell in with them near Stono Inlet, captured two of them, and blew up one; the rest effected their escape. We annex a copy of one of the sailing orders received by Captain Hall in this service.

COPY OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM HALL'S SAILING ORDERS.

CHARLESTON, 24th April, 1779.

Captain William Hall:

SIR:—The commissioners of the navy board direct that you proceed to sea this evening, with the *Notre Dame*, in company with the *Eagle*, pilot boat; run to the northward, as far as Bull's, in quest for an English privateer, which has been hovering about the coast several days past, and captured several vessels in sight of the shore. You are to furnish Captain Turner, of the *Eagle*, with proper signals before you leave Charleston bar, and by no means separate from the *Eagle*. You are to continue to cruise close along from Bull's to Stono, for three days, (unless sooner chased by a superior force.) After which you are to anchor in Five Fathom Hole, and send the *Eagle* to Charleston with any intelligence you may have to communicate. You are to keep a strict regard to your orders of 27th March, respecting the treatment of prisoners, and every other matter contained therein.

By order of the Board.

EDWARD BLAKE, 1st Commissioner.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HALL, of the *Notre Dame*.

The governor and council finding that many things were required for the clothing and equipment of their troops, sent out vessels, at different times and to different places, loaded with the produce of the country, for the purpose of obtaining such supplies, and encouraging others to engage in this trade, however hazardous. The cruisers of Great Britain swarmed on every coast; many American merchantmen were taken, but many also escaped. In the winter of 1776, three armed ves-

sels were sent to France, from Charleston—Captain Robert Cochran, in the *Notre Dame*, Captain Hatter, in the *Snow Hope*, and Captain McKenzie, in the *Betsy*. Of these, Captain Cochran was the only one who succeeded in the object of his voyage, and returned safe with the much wanted supplies.

In this voyage, Captain Cochran was seven weeks in his outward passage, but on his arrival in France every facility was afforded to him by the American agents, and he sailed promptly on his return. In his return voyage, he fell in with an armed British victualling ship ———, Captain Coombes, from Cork, bound to New-York, with a full cargo of Irish beef, pork, and other provisions for the British army. She surrendered, after exchanging a few shots, and both arrived in Charleston on the 19th February, 1777.

Archibald Broun, a merchant of great respectability, in Charleston, and captain of a light infantry company, was sent in the *Hope* as supercargo, having been selected on account of his mercantile knowledge, united with his character for determined bravery. He was instructed to defend his vessel to the utmost, in case of attack, and much was left to his own discretion, in providing the means of defence. She sailed fully manned and equipped as a letter of marque, arrived safe in Nantez, about the 11th February, 1777, without having fallen in with an enemy's cruiser. Here Mr. Broun sold his cargo of rice, indigo, and tobacco, to great advantage, and obtained a large supply of soldier's clothing, two forty-two pounders, and other military stores that were much needed. He also engaged twenty young Frenchmen, who wished to emigrate to America, agreeing to give them their passage and provisions free of expense, on condition that they should aid him in defending the vessel in case of an attack. All went on very well, until they reached soundings on our coast, when they were attacked by a British armed ship, which Captain Broun determined to resist, and prepared for the engagement. But not so his passengers; they were so near to America, that they expected

to reach it with either of the belligerents, if in a whole skin. They, therefore, declined fighting, under the plea that, as subjects of the French king, they would lose the protection of their own government, if taken fighting on board of an American vessel; the king of France being not yet allied to America, they would not forfeit their neutral rights, they would not join in defending the vessel; the *Hope* was, therefore, captured, and taken into St. Augustine, about the 12th of November. Captain Hatter, on their arrival, was closely confined in the castle, and nothing known of him in Charleston until the following March, fourteen months after they had left that port. Captain Broun returned to Charleston in the next August, by the way of the northern States.

The southern coast had been much annoyed in the winter of 1777, and spring of 1778, by some small British cruisers that out-sailed the Americans. Colonel Elbert, of Georgia, having heard that some of these marauders had gone into the port of Frederica to levy "black mail," and replenish their provisions for another cruise, resolved on an expedition against them. He took command of the three galleys or gun-boats, belonging to the State of Georgia, manned them with volunteers from his own regiment of Georgia continentals, and proceeded by the inland route to attack them. The armed brigantine, *Hinchinbrook*, with her consort, the sloop *Rebecca*, lay at anchor there with their prize, the brig ———. Colonel Elbert immediately attacked them, and, after much resistance, succeeded in capturing the three by boarding. They all arrived safe in Sunbury.*

Captain William Hall continued his active protection to the commerce of Charleston and the southern coast, and, in the autumn of 1779, aided in the transportation of troops, and in the landing of them for the disastrous siege of Savannah, under Count D'Estaing.

* See his letter in the *South-Carolina Gazette*, of 23d April, 1778, dated Frederica, 19th April, 1778.

He continued in the service of the State, and aided in the defence of Charleston, during the siege by Sir Henry Clinton. He of course became a prisoner, by capitulation; but, in violation of its terms, he was sent off to St. Augustine, and there confined eleven months. When released from this imprisonment, by exchange, he arrived in Philadelphia, in August, 1781.

Here he became acquainted with a very amiable family, and married one of the daughters, Miss Anna Wilson, eldest daughter of Captain John Wilson, of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, by whom he had several children, only one of whom, the present Dr. William Hall, has survived him. We have not heard of Captain Hall's being engaged in naval warfare after his return from St. Augustine, but have heard that during the American revolution, including his privateering out of Boston, he had captured, or, by his squadron, had aided in capturing, sixty-three of the enemy's vessels. Few Americans ever lived who have been equally successful in annoying the commerce of their enemies, and in protecting that of their country. But, as to his individual profits from those captures, little, if any thing, remained at the close of the revolution. Captain Hall had very judiciously ordered, that his prize money should be immediately expended in the purchase of land in and near Charleston. But his friend, charged with these instructions, was deterred from their execution, by a mistaken impression that the price asked was too high, that the rise in property was unreasonably great; he did not reflect that it was the real depreciation of the currency, causing the apparent increase in the value of real estate. In consequence, Captain Hall received only an immense nominal amount of continental money, instead of possessing houses and lands, at the close of the revolution. But he was young, healthy and enterprising. He engaged actively in commerce, and again realized a competent estate, with which he retired to domestic enjoyment.

The Notre Dame, to which Captain Hall was very much attached, was in port when Charleston was be-

sieged by the united forces of Admiral Arbuthnot and Sir Henry Clinton. When the British fleet passed the forts and anchored in the harbor, it was, with reason, apprehended that they might also pass the city, and enfilade the lines; they might even bombard and burn the city. To guard against these contingencies, the council ordered that Cooper river be obstructed, by sinking a number of vessels across it, from the Exchange, eastwardly, connecting them by what was called a boom, and forming a kind of *cheveux de frise*. Accordingly, the Bricole, of forty-four guns, the Queen of France, of twenty-eight guns—both purchased from the French—the well-remembered brig, Notre Dame, and the General Moultrie, a large privateer, were sunk for that purpose. Besides these vessels, owned by the State, the following were captured in port when Charleston capitulated: The Providence, a thirty-two gun frigate; the Boston, a thirty-two gun frigate; the Laventure, a twenty-six gun frigate; the Truite, a twenty-six gun frigate; the Ranger, a twenty gun sloop of war; and the General Lincoln, a sixteen gun sloop of war. Besides these, which cost the State a great deal of money, they had then cruising on the coast of Europe the splendid frigate South-Carolina, under command of Commodore Gillon, probably the finest frigate in the world at that time.

Thus South-Carolina, although unfortunate, was one of the most energetic States of the Union, in her endeavors to establish a navy for the protection of her extensive trade and sales of indigo, tobacco and rice. Charleston and the State generally were never more prosperous than in the years 1777, 1778, and 1779.

MEMOIR OF COMMODORE ALEXANDER GILLON.

In the year 1777 and '78, the port of Charleston was blockaded by various British cruisers. At one time, three of these were particularly troublesome. There was but one armed vessel in port, and she was

not more than a match for either of the British vessels, singly. Alexander Gillon, extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, volunteered to go out against the three with this single vessel, if the governor would sanction it, and supply him with a suitable number of marines, in addition to the crew of the vessel. The proposal was accepted, and the marines drafted from the regulars in the service of the State.

He disguised his vessel, by means of tarpaulins and a change of rigging, to look like a merchantman. By moving with secrecy and great despatch, the secret enemies on shore could not notify the British of the changes made and movements contemplated by the Americans. Gillon went to sea while the enemy were in sight, but at some distance, and a little scattered. In his assumed character, Gillon pretended to runaway from the British cruisers, and concealed all his men under his windward railings. One of the enemy pursued him, and thus became at a still greater distance from his comrades. When he came up with Gillon's vessel, he ran alongside with the utmost confidence. Gillon then threw his grappling irons on board, and, at the head of his marines, boarded the British vessel, and captured her with very little loss on either side. Gillon then divided his prisoners between the two vessels, and secured them under hatches. He also divided his men and officers between the two, and considered himself a match for the two remaining blockaders, able and willing to fight them, if fighting should be necessary; still he proceeded in disguise. He kept the British flag flying on his prize, and reversed the American on his own vessel, over which he hoisted a British flag, to indicate that his had been captured, and not the other. The two then made easy sail towards the British vessels. On coming up with the first, he ran alongside in her comrade which had just been captured, and surprised her by boarding, without firing a gun. The third blockader seeing no fight, and hearing no firing, suffered herself to be surrounded, before she could suppose that they were her enemy's

vessels; but when their flags were, at a given signal, all displayed in form, she found that escape was impossible and resistance useless; she, therefore, surrendered at discretion. Gillon returned in triumph into Charleston with his prizes, and this brilliant exploit transferred him from the counting-house to the quarter deck of the finest frigate then afloat.

The above particulars were told to me by a gentleman who was in Charleston when the capture of these three vessels took place. I once had the particulars in my hands, stated by the son of Commodore Gillon, from his father's papers, for the Literary and Philosophical Society. I put the manuscript, detailing the names of the different vessels and their respective forces, into the hands of Mr. Stephen Elliott, president of that society, but have reason to believe that it was mislaid or lost in some of the frequent removals of its museum and collections.

Soon after the last expedition, under Captain N. Biddle, had sailed, the Legislature of South-Carolina resolved to purchase or build three frigates in France, and to have a commodore and three captains to command them. Alexander Gillon, Esq., was accordingly elected commodore, and John Joyner, William Robertson, and John McQueen, Esquires, elected captains. They were commissioned by President Lowndes, in the spring of 1778, and sailed to France, taking with them a great deal of indigo, rice and tobacco, the produce of the country, to supply the funds necessary for the outfits of these three frigates. On the 8th November, 1777, Commodore Gillon wrote to the Hon. Henry Laurens, President of Congress, proposing to go out to France and Holland, where he was well known, as a merchant, for the purpose of sending out supplies of arms, ammunition, clothing and money, which were very much wanted at that time by Congress and by South-Carolina. The offer was accepted by Congress; but before Gillon was notified of it, he received the commission of commodore in the navy of South-Carolina. This commission was accepted under

the impression that his own State had the first right to his services. Gillon could not sail until September; convoyed by the *Notre Dame*, he arrived in Havana. Here he refitted, and became so strongly impressed with the importance of that port as a station for American cruisers, that he urged it on the provisions of Congress, in a letter, dated 18th September, 1778. By various detentions he was prevented from reaching France until the first of the year 1779.

A navy board was also established at the same time, to transact the business of the department, with power to fill vacancies in the navy and in the marine corps attached thereto, and to draw on the treasury of the State for expenses, &c. Edward Blake, Roger Smith, Josiah Smith, George Smith, Edward Darrell, Thomas Corbett, John Edwards, George Abbott Hall, and Thomas Savage, Esquires, were appointed commissioners. They were all men of business, most of them merchants, and they were diligent in forwarding supplies to the commodore, by remitting the produce of the country to Europe. But these shipments were so frequently captured by the enemy, that nothing was purchased by Gillon, except some clothing and ammunition for the use of the State, and that on credit.

A large frigate, called the *Indian*, had been built in Holland, at Amsterdam, by order of the French king, for the United States, at the instance of Dr. Franklin, and the command of her offered to the celebrated John Paul Jones. But as a neutral nation, the government of Holland was obliged to interfere and prevent its destination. The frigate was then sold, and purchased by the Duke of Luxemburg, a subject of France. Commodore Gillon had not the funds for purchasing any one or more frigates, but he hired this fine ship from the duke for three years, engaging to return her, and pay over one-fourth of her prize money. He also enlisted men and marines for her crew, but then found her too large to be floated out of the Texel. With much difficulty and delay, she at

last got over the bar in August, 1781, and was called the South-Carolina. She mounted 28 Swedish 36 pounders on her main deck, 12 Swedish 12 pounders on her fore-castle and quarter deck, with 69 seamen and 280 marines; she was equal to many sixty gun ships of that day, and very like to the razees of the present. Commodore Gillon first cruised in the European seas, and took many valuable prizes, which were sent into the friendly European ports. He next cruised off the American coast and in the West Indies, where he captured ten more prizes, all of which were sent into Havana for sale. While refitting in this port, he united with our Spanish allies and some American privateers, in an expedition against the Bahama Islands. In May, 1782, he sailed from Havana, commander of a fleet of eighty-two vessels, Spanish and American. He succeeded in reducing the Bahamas from the British to the Spanish government, and left them under a Spanish governor, supported by seven or eight hundred regular troops. Neither the State of South-Carolina nor the Duke of Luxemburg derived any benefit from the capture of these islands; nor was anything received by either of them, from the numerous captures made by the frigate. The commodore probably received money from the sale of the prizes, but it was all divided between himself and the crew of his frigate. If the State's portion was left by him in the hands of the agents, that portion was never recovered. Even the expenses of refitting the ship in Philadelphia, were afterwards paid by the State. It was said at the time that this expedition cost South-Carolina £100,000 sterling, equal to \$500,000, without any returns, and without annoying the common enemy in proportion to the expenditure.

Shortly after the surrender of the Bahama Islands, the frigate South-Carolina parted from her confederates, and arrived in Philadelphia. Here she was completely refitted; Commodore Gillon resigned and left her in command of Captain John Joyner, his next in rank. When the frigate was ready for sea, the

British in New-York knew it as well as her own crew. The New-York papers even announced the day of her sailing, and offered to bet that she would be brought into that port within a given number of days. The frigate left the Capes of Delaware at the time anticipated by the New-Yorkers, and shortly after it three British frigates joined in pursuit of her. In this crisis, as I was informed by Richard Wall, one of her crew, Captain Joyner was not to be seen; he certainly was not on his quarter deck, directing the course and management of the ship during the chase, nor her preparation for action, if that should be necessary. When the enemy came within gunshot, one of the thirty-six pounders, by order of an officer, was fired at the nearest British frigate, and the ball passed through her cabin, near the quarter galleries, showing what more might be done. At this Joyner came out of his cabin, not in the usual dress of an officer going into battle, but with his head newly powdered, with his best naval uniform on, decorated with gold lacing and epaulets, as if going, by invitation, to a dinner party. Instead of ordering a general fire to be opened on the enemy, he reprimanded the officer in the presence of his men, for having fired that gun without his permission. Not another gun was fired by the South-Carolina, and she was shamefully surrendered without resistance.* Captain Joyner was put on shore in New-York, and went about on his parole; but his men were confined in the prison ships, lying in the Wallabaugh, back of Brooklyn. Mr. Wall also told me, that his brother, Gilbert Wall, was with him in this frigate at this time, and was outrageous at their surrender without a fight. That both of them, and many others of her crew, had been with Paul Jones in the capture of the *Serapis*; that they all believed she could have sunk at least one of the British frigates, and might have escaped from the other two;

*See Moultrie's Memoirs, and Ramsay's Revolution in South-Carolina,

but that the South-Carolina had been sold and her crew also. Against this verbal report from one of her crew, it is but just to state that in March, 1784, the Legislature of South-Carolina constituted a court of naval officers, then out of commission, for the trial of Captain John Joyner, at his request, for the loss of the frigate South-Carolina, and that he was honorably acquitted by them. Among other respectable names appointed for this purpose, we find those of Captain William Hall, Captain Charles Crowley, and Lieutenant John Mayrant, and Captain R. Cochran.

Copy of a letter from Captain John Joyner, late of the frigate South-Carolina.

CHARLESTON, 17TH MARCH, 1784.

Gentlemen:—I find by the ordinance, passed the 10th inst., for an inquiry into the loss of the frigate, the South-Carolina, then under my command, that you are nominated the commissioners of the court for that purpose, and that the court was to sit immediately (after) passing the said ordinance.

As I have been in Charleston a great length of time, waiting for such inquiry, as my expenses are very great, and as my private affairs call pressingly for my attending to them, I request that you be pleased immediately to form the court, that the said inquiry may be had and made with all possible despatch.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient and most humble servant,
JOHN JOYNER.

To Captain Robert Cochran, Captain David Lockwood, Captain Stephen Seymour, Captain William Hall, Captain Jacob Milligan, Captain John ———, Captain Symon Tuft, Captain Charles Crowley, and Lieutenant John Mayrant.

Commodore Gillon was a man of a very fine personal appearance, and of a very acute, well cultivated mind. He could converse in seven different languages, and write in five of them. He was born in Rotterdam, in 1741; his family being one of the oldest and most wealthy in that great commercial city. He was probably accustomed from childhood to a style of living which, at a subsequent time of life, exhausted his resources, and at his death left his estate insolvent, injured some of his best friends, and reduced his beloved family to want.

The family Bible of Gillon's grandmother, is still extant, with the name "Madame Johanna LeGillon," written in it, dated 1600, and having the old lady's coat of arms painted on the first leaf; but the names of his parents I never heard. As long as I can remember, apprenticeship in a Dutch counting-house has been considered the evidence of mercantile knowledge. Having served in this capacity, Alexander Gillon removed to London, and continued in England about four years, but how occupied or situated, when there, we never heard. He came from England to Charleston in 1766, an excellent English scholar, a handsome gentleman. In the same vessel with him, Mrs. Mary Cripps, a widow, and her son, John Splat Cripps, were fellow passengers. They were very respectable, genteel people, natives of Kent county, in England, emigrating to a new country, with a considerable estate. Gillon courted her during the passage to Charleston, and they were married in a few months after their arrival in that port.

They lived in a handsome establishment on East Bay, were intimate with many of the most respectable families in the State, and had a handsome country seat, called Ashley Hill, on Ashley river, in the vicinity of the city, next south of Middleton Place. It was there General Greene encamped previous to the recapture of Charleston, and lost many of his men by the country fever, bilious remittents or fall fevers. Gillon became actively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was considered a rich Dutch merchant. He took into co-partnership with him, one of his own countrymen, Florian Charles May, and his step-son, John Splat Cripps, and the firm continued successful in business until May, 1777, at which time Gillon retired from it. As the other two partners continued to be very independent merchants then and many years after the revolution, they had, no doubt, each a very handsome share of the divided stock.

Gillon's active, enterprising turn of mind led him to engage in the brilliant enterprise that we have above

described; and his success on this occasion induced the government of South-Carolina to appoint him commodore, and to send him to Holland for a command of three frigates, to be there built or purchased. His commission was signed by Rawlins Lowndes, President of the State in 1778, and Gillon sailed with one of his captains, John Joyner, in a letter of marque, well loaded with indigo, rice and tobacco, the produce of the State, all of which were at that time very valuable in Europe. He arrived safe in France, and sold his cargo to great advantage. There he purchased and shipped a quantity of cloths, blankets, &c., for the soldiers in the service of the State. The other vessels going out to him, with similar cargoes, were all captured by the British cruisers, and in them were probably captured his other two captains, Robertson and McQueen, as nothing more was heard of them, at least in tradition. In the meantime, Gillon having returned to his native country, a retired merchant of wealth and great respectability in that which he had adopted, holding a high office, and charged with the execution of important public services, was held in very high consideration. Being a man of talents, of elegant person and engaging deportment, he lived among the delegates of royalty and nobility, in high style, and travelled about with expensive equipages for the benefit, no doubt, of the republican State which he represented, for a limited object only. Being disappointed in the arrivals of other consignments, living in profusion, and enlisting men for his contemplated cruise, Commodore Gillon soon expended all the cargo of the letter of marque, and every nail in her bottom, and then resorted to the credit system. He pledged his own and the credit of South-Carolina to effect his objects as far as possible.

Among others from whom he obtained loans and credits, was Peter Buyck, a wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, who not having received the promised remittances and consignments of prizes, for the sale of

which he was to be the agent, became a bankrupt. After the revolution he came to Charleston, in hopes of receiving something from Commodore Gillon and the State, but not producing his vouchers or authority from the commissioners, to whom he had assigned them, his claims were refused, and the unfortunate man was reduced to indigence. Here he supported himself by dealing in empty bottles.

Another creditor was the Duke of Luxemburg, whose claims were in such form and for such objects, that the State admitted them and appropriated the amount. But there being no one to receive it, the money was put at interest, to meet the claim when properly made. In the meantime the French revolution took place, the duke was a royalist and an emigrant; his estate was confiscated by the republican government, and he, too, became poor. Commodore Gillon's whole mission to Holland was attended by a series of misfortunes to those interested in it. After the revolution he, however, continued in high estimation and influence in South-Carolina, associating in all the active duties of a good citizen. He was senator in Congress many years; and when not so delegated, he served in the State Legislature, and in the conventions by which the federal constitution was adopted, and that of the State amended. In a debate, which occurred on one of these occasions, Mr. Charles Pinckney having the floor, introduced a Latin quotation, to elucidate the subject to men, very few of whom understood the language. When he resumed his seat, Commodore Gillon replied to him, and in the course of his address observed, "that the learned gentleman had enlightened the minds of his audience by a Latin sentence, and he would follow his good example as far as possible, but would prove the reverse of his position, by a quotation from High Dutch, which he hoped would be equally well understood by his hearers. He then gave the house a sentence from a German author, which he assured them was applicable

to the subject before the Assembly. It would be needless to say that there were no more quotations, in that session, from the dead or foreign languages.

Chancellor Richard Hutson, himself a great admirer of the learned languages, told me that when he was a member of the Continental Congress, during the revolution, a young member, expressing his indignation at some acts of the British government, wished that the Americans could be effectually separated from them for ever, and speak a different language from theirs, and then spoke in favor of the Greek, as one of the best that could be adopted. When he sat down, an elderly gentleman (I think it was Roger Sherman, of Connecticut) said, that he would like the gentleman's suggestion very well, but at his time of life did not like to study Greek, and would second the learned gentleman if he would move that the British nation *should be obliged* to speak the Greek, and we retain the plain English.

When President Washington visited the Southern States, Commodore Gillon was one of the committee of arrangements, for entertaining him in Charleston. At the supper of a public ball given to him, Gillon was requested to fill the places at the head of the table. With ready tact, he handed Mrs. Shubrick to the seat opposite to President Washington, she being the handsomest matron in the assembly; and next to him, on the right, was placed Miss Claudia Smith, the most witty and sociable of the young ladies; thus judiciously enhancing all the pleasures of the entertainment.

The State House in Charleston having been burnt, the Legislature were called on, at their next meeting, to re-build it. In the spring of 1786, they met in the hall of the Custom House, fitted up in haste for the occasion, with plain benches and temporary desks, not even painted. The country members were generally economical in their votes for appropriations, but, on this occasion, they not only re-built the house for a court house, but resolved to build a town also. They embraced the opportunity to remove the seat of gov-

ernment from Charleston to a central position in the State, and there to erect the necessary public buildings. In this part of their proceedings they acted with much harmony, but when the question arose about the particular location of the town, there arose a contention among the many who owned land in the interior, each of them insisting that his land was the best situated for the purpose. General Sumter owned large tracts of land on the Wateree river, and, in anticipation of this removal, had commenced building a village three years before this fire, and called it Stateburg. Colonel Wade Hampton, Colonel T. Taylor, Commodore Gillon and others, owned lands on the Congaree river, and the neighbors of each united in advocating the relative merits and advantages of each position. In the discussion, a personal dispute arose between General Sumter and Commodore Gillon. Without a message or pre-concert, each came the next morning into the House, armed with a small sword, the weapon usually worn, at that time, by gentlemen for defence. This was observed by the other members. Here were two game cocks, gaffed and pitted; had either of them crowed, the other would probably have struck, and bloodshed ensued. One of the members, I think it was Mr. Edward Rutledge, took the earliest opportunity of bringing the occurrence to the notice of the House, in a very soothing address; and complimenting, in a becoming manner, the established reputation of these two gentlemen for patriotism and valor, showed them that no imputation could tarnish their characters, and least of all should a hasty or inconsiderate expression, in the warmth of a debate, be considered serious by two such gentlemen. He hoped that the House would interpose, and reconcile the difference between them. The Speaker first addressed the parties, and then the House; the dispute was settled.

The site of Columbia was selected, chiefly because it was the more central of the two, and at the head of boat navigation; and Commodore Gillon was appointed one of the commissioners for having it surveyed and

laid out into streets and lots. All admire the foresight and taste displayed in the execution of this commission. Columbia is one of the most beautiful inland towns in the United States.

In 1787, Commodore Gillon became a widower, Mrs. Gillon having died at their country seat, on Ashley river. After this, he sold the place and settled on Congaree river, three or four miles above Totness, and called the place Gillon's Retreat. He embellished it with his usual taste and elegance, and formed several beautiful avenues, radiating from the front of his hospitable mansion.

In 1789, he married Miss Ann Purcell, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Henry Purcell, rector of St. Michael's Church, in Charleston. He continued to live at this delightful establishment, in his usual expensive style, and was still considered a very rich man. Here he had a family of three children—a son, named after himself, and two daughters, who, after his death, grew up; one of them and his son married and had families. Here he died, in 1794, in the fifty-third year of his age; shortly after which, his widow, finding his estate embarrassed, gave up the property, and removed to Charleston.

A son of Peter Buyck came forward about this time, with claims from his father's estate against the estate of Commodore Gillon, and produced a mortgage (I believe) of the elegant place, the Retreat. He certainly became the owner of it, and a grandson of Peter Buyck is still the proprietor and resident at Gillon's Retreat.

Commodore Gillon always told his family that he had spent much of his private fortune, and embarrassed the remainder, for the benefit of the State, in his mission to Holland, during the revolution, but having left his vouchers in Europe for safe keeping, he could not substantiate his accounts. After some years he did bring forward his claim, which, on examination by a committee of the Legislature, was reported to be unexceptionable, and payment was recommended. Pay-

ment was accordingly made, and the State thought it all settled; but in a year or two another account was brought against them, incurred during the same mission. This also appeared to be unexceptionable, and was paid. Then came another and another for repairs of the frigate after each cruise, and her equipment for an ensuing cruise. These were all paid, and yet Commodore Gillon's family are still under an impression that their father's services were never remunerated.

After the death of Commodore Gillon, the son of Peter Buyck also brought forward heavy demands against the State for clothing, &c., &c., furnished by his father, under the orders of their commodore, in the revolutionary war. There being no offset or defence discoverable, this was paid; and this was followed by another and another, until secured by stipulations that no other claim should be made against the State.

The debt to the Duke of Luxemburg was previously set apart on interest, as stated. It was subsequently claimed by the Minister of France, in Washington, and paid to his order.

Mrs. Gillon, the widow of the commodore, removed to Connecticut, that she might live more frugally in her reduced circumstances, and died in 1844, in Litchfield. Her descendants continue to live in that neighborhood.

TORY INSURRECTION.

Among the residents of the back country, there was a larger proportion of royalists than in the middle and low country. They obtained their lands at little or no trouble or cost, and believed that they held them by the favor of the king, who owned all the country, and would, at his pleasure, eject them and again take possession of their fields and habitations. They knew nothing of conditions in the charter, by which no taxes could be legally imposed on them, except by their own elected delegates; and believed that, as the original

grants were from the king, he still possessed the rights of a landlord to collect a revenue from the tenants. Many of them had been Schoflites a few years before, and had been screened from personal injury by officers of the crown, when threatened by the Regulators, previous to the establishment of circuit courts in those parts of the Province. In these opinions and predilections, they were encouraged by Lord William Campbell, the royal governor, and his emissaries. Commissions were issued to their leaders by the governor, and positive assurances given that forces would soon be sent out from Great Britain to restore the royal authority in every part of America; that the power of Great Britain was so great, both by sea and land, that no other nation could withstand it, much less these half-settled Provinces.

In order to counteract this influence, and pacify the minds of these misguided people, the committee of safety sent messengers of peace among them, men of character and influence, of eloquence and piety, of moderation and firmness; such were Colonel Kershaw, Rev. William Tenant, William Henry Drayton, and others. With much difficulty some pacific measures were agreed to; but scarcely had the whigs retired, when the Cunninghams gave out that they would not be bound by any such agreement, and a general resort to arms, on both sides, was the consequence. The royalists were headed by Robert and Patrick Cunningham, Fletchal, Moses Kirkland, Hugh and Thomas Brown, Robinson and others. The whigs were led on by Colonel Andrew Williamson, who, after a show of opposition, turned and retreated to Cambridge, Ninety-Six; was there attacked, besieged and capitulated, before aid and support could be sent to him.

The committee of safety, as soon as they heard of the Cunningham's resistance, sent off orders to General Richardson, of the militia, and to Colonel William Thomson, of the Rangers, to march forward and suppress it. Richardson was already advancing with eleven hundred men, and his forces were increasing every

day. The patriots of North-Carolina, with nine hundred men, under Colonels Polk, Rutherford and Caswell, joined him after he crossed the Saluda, and with other reinforcements, gave him the command of more than four thousand men. All opposition was considered desperate, but the royalists continued in arms, retreating under Patrick Cunningham into the Indian nation, whose neutrality they supposed might protect them. The powder which they had seized was recovered, most of their leaders were arrested and sent down to Charleston. Cunningham's party, when much reduced, was surprised in the Cherokee country, and many of his men captured; but he escaped on his horse, bare-backed.

John Stuart, Agent of Indian Affairs, fearing for his personal safety in South-Carolina and Georgia, had taken refuge in St. Augustine, from whence he intrigued with the Indians and tories, bordering on the three southern States, and supplied them with arms, ammunition and money, for hostilities against the whigs of those States. The combined attack of the British army and navy on Sullivan's Island, was also made in concert with him; that he should, previous to the sailing of that expedition, make a diversion in their favor, by commencing Indian hostilities on a very extensive scale. This would have been awfully distressing to the southern States, but by the capture of the vessel bearing the despatches, in the hands of Moses Kirkland, the plan was disconcerted, and the southerners prepared for defence.

Colonel Andrew Williamson was sent against the Indians; but so great was the terror of their barbarities, that the inhabitants, instead of rallying round Williamson, were all engaged in first removing their families to some place of safety. In consequence, he could not at first repel the enemy; he could only stem the torrent of border warfare. Until the news arrived of Moultrie's victory at Sullivan's Island, Williamson had only about five hundred men. About this time, also, a battle was fought, in which the Americans,

under Major Downs, beat a party of Indians and Tories united. These two incidents being known, put Williamson at the head of eleven hundred and fifty men. With a part of these he advanced into the Cherokee nation, but suffered himself to be drawn into an ambuscade, and, for a while, suffered severely. From this dilemma, he was extricated by the bravery of Colonel LeRoy Hammond, of Edgefield, who, with a few followers, charged on the concealed Indians, started them from their covert at the point of the bayonet, gave them a deadly volley as they were running, and dispersed them. Williamson burnt their towns and ravaged their fields, on both sides of the river Keowee; but in all these proceedings against the lower towns of the nation, Colonel Hammond was the hero.

Williamson then retired from the Indian country, to obtain provisions and refresh his men. On the 13th of September, he again advanced at the head of two thousand men, in much better spirits than before. They were again attacked by an equal number of Indians and Tories, under skilful officers. Their positions were judiciously chosen, ably fortified, and bravely defended; but by the good conduct and bravery of the Americans, their enemies were vanquished and dispersed. Lieutenant Richard Hampton distinguished himself in this hard fought battle.

Williamson continued his progress through the Cherokee nation, burning and destroying every thing before him. None of the previous Indian wars, even when aided and supported by the British crown and British regulars, had been as decidedly successful as this, the first warfare of our young republic. The year 1776 was a distinguished era in the history of South-Carolina: a combined attack of the British army and navy was defeated, and the Cherokee nation of Indians totally vanquished, and made to surrender their lands, as the price of peace, although supported by the British.

In the second battle fought in this war—that in which Colonel L. Hammond distinguished himself—the death of Mr. Francis Salvador was most lamented. He

was a highly accomplished gentleman in his education and deportment, highly honorable and generous in his character and conduct. He was a native of England, of Hebrew parents and persuasion. He inherited a large fortune from his father, Jacob Salvador, and married his first cousin, by whom he also acquired a handsome addition to his estate. His brother married a daughter of Baron Suasso, and settled in mercantile pursuits, at the Hague, the capital of Holland. Early in 1774, Mr. Salvador, with his friend, Richard A. Rapeley, came out to South-Carolina, purchased a large tract of land and negroes, in Ninety-Six District, and lived there honored and esteemed. He became a member of the General Assembly, and was warmly attached to the principles of the American revolution. When the detachment was surprised, Mr. Salvador was the first man killed. He received two wounds, was scalped, and died in forty-five minutes, unconscious of the savage act.

Andrew Williamson was born in Scotland, and probably removed, when young, with his parents to Ninety Six District, in South-Carolina. At that time the facilities of obtaining an education in Scotland were so great, that many were sent over from America to that country to reap its benefits. The peasantry of Scotland were better and more generally instructed in the elementary branches of knowledge, than any other people in Europe. Andrew Williamson, with a good natural understanding, great energy of character, and a Scotchman, was, nevertheless, illiterate. This can only be accounted for by assuming that he lost the advantages of education in his own country, by emigrating to this, while a child.*

Large flocks of cattle were kept at that time all over South-Carolina, in settlements called cow pens; very much as still practised by the Spaniards south of us. Active, faithful, enterprising young men were employed to take care of these herds of cattle; to

*He signed his name "And^w. W^mson."

pen, brand and mark them, for a future market. Williamson was first brought into notice while employed in this capacity, and a better school can scarcely be imagined for training the youth to hardihood, enterprise and scenes of danger. He was called a cow driver, and was certainly a very skilful woodsman. He had probably been out in the Indian wars, when Colonel Montgomery defeated the Cherokees in 1760, and he certainly was with Colonel Grant in 1761, at which time he was distinguished for intrepidity and expedients.

At the commencement of the revolution, Williamson was found to be a man of influence in the upper country, a major of the militia, a good whig, and a marriage connection of Le Roy Hammond. Andrew Williamson married Miss Eliza Tyler, of Virginia, and Le Roy Hammond married her sister; there was a third sister married, I believe, to Captain Winter. He was with Drayton and Tennant, when the whigs and tories first armed against each other; and when Patrick Cunningham, with a party of loyalists, intercepted the supply of powder, which the council of safety were sending to the Cherokee Indians, in order to secure their peace and good will, Major Williamson immediately began to embody his command of militia, for the purpose of recovering the powder, and counteracting the tory insurrection; but they were too numerous for the whigs. Williamson was obliged to retreat and fortify his camp, in Cambridge. Here he was besieged by the royalists, under Major Joseph Robinson and Captain Patrick Cunningham, and after several days of hard fighting, the whigs, amounting to five hundred and sixty-two men, surrendered to one thousand eight hundred and ninety tories, on the 22d Nov., 1775. Fortunately for the whigs, Colonel Richard Richardson and Colonel William Thomson were advancing for the relief of Williamson, but they came too late to prevent his surrender. They, however, continued to advance with increasing forces, until the royalists were completely overpowered and dispersed.

Williamson, himself, joined Richardson in this expedition, which they called the Snow Camp, from the heavy falls of snow which then occurred in December, 1775; and he was afterwards charged with delivering to the Indians the powder which had been intercepted by Cunningham.

When it was discovered, from intercepted despatches, that the British had concerted an inroad on the back country, by hostile Indians and Tories, a little before the attack on the sea coast, by the united forces of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, Gen. Williamson was ordered to meet and oppose them. So great, however, was the terror from Indian barbarities, that no more than five hundred men could be collected in sixteen days. They had gone to remove their families to places of safety, and then returned to the post of danger and duty. Even with this small force, the Indians were kept in check—one battle was fought, by a division under Major Downes, and the Indians defeated. It was not decisive, but very encouraging, and immediately after it, the news arrived of the total defeat of the British army and navy, in their attack on Fort Sullivan. The concurrence of these joyful events, soon gave Williamson an army of two thousand men. He pushed forward into the Cherokee nation, with these ardent but undisciplined troops, conquered them, and reduced them to a submissive peace.

General Williamson was next engaged in opposing the projected inroad of Provost, from Florida, for the conquest of Georgia. The American troops were under the command of General Robert Howe, and there never had been a finer body of men assembled in the Southern States. Captain James Butler, who was killed by Cunningham, at Hays' Station, and his more distinguished son, General William Butler, were, we believe, officers under Williamson in this expedition. William Butler certainly commanded a troop of horse, under Pickens, shortly after this event. The expedition was grossly mismanaged; the commissary and quarter-master departments were miserably defi-

cient, and the general was loudly and publicly censured for some of his conduct or neglect.* The army was halted in a very sickly part of the country, and remained withering away in listless inactivity. Sickness, dissension and disaffection ensued; and the army, when reduced to a mere handful of discouraged troops, was routed by the British, under Colonel Archibald Campbell, and driven before his bayonets, through the very streets of Savannah. General Elbert, who commanded the remains of three Georgia battalions, distinguished himself in this battle or rout.

We next hear of General Williamson when, under the command of General Lincoln, he was ordered to invade the south-western part of Georgia, and co-operate with the whigs, while Lincoln marched directly down from near Augusta to Savannah, hoping to take it by *coup de main*. Williamson had crossed the Ogechee, and made a new road, for his command, through the pine woods, which has ever since been called the rebel road. It was winding, as pine land roads generally are, but afforded his division a convenient route for uniting with the many brave and patriotic Georgians in and about Liberty county. Provost outgeneraled Lincoln, by advancing rapidly to take Charleston, in the absence of the Southern army. Lincoln recalled Williamson, and hastened to save South-Carolina. He did so, but Williamson did not make his appearance as early as was expected; he did not return in time for the active warfare which ensued. His absence prevented the early attack on Provost's entrenchments, but he was certainly present, with his command, at the battle of Stono, three or four weeks after Provost crossed the Savannah. He was also, with his command, in the siege of Savannah, under Count D'Estaing, and, in the disastrous attack, served with General Huger's division. Neither did

*See duel between General Howe and General Gadsden, occasioned by a publication of General Gadsden, censuring General Howe for the sufferings of his army on this occasion.

Williamson come to the aid of Charleston during its long siege. He neither threw himself into the beleaguered city, for its defence, nor did he take any active part in annoying the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, while carrying on that siege of six weeks. This he might have done, by frequent assaults, or more combined actions of the militia; for he held the highest commission of any officer out of the precincts of Charleston, and was aided and encouraged by the presence of Governor Rutledge. Had Williamson been with Colonel Washington, when he beat Tarlton, near Rantowls, they would probably have captured most of the British cavalry, and prevented the defeat at Monk's Corner and Lanud's Ferry. He might have saved the city and the State. When Charleston capitulated, he had about three hundred men under him, totally inactive, and he kept them together in that inactive state, until he not only capitulated with them, but himself had taken British protection. This conduct of General Williamson led many well informed persons to believe, that when he lingered in Georgia, during Provost's invasion, he had already decided on his defection; and that he did it to favor the British in reconquering the Southern States. It was generally believed, that he had taken a British commission, but we have no evidence of this; he certainly did not engage in any active military movements in their service. His ability to do the Americans great injury was admitted by all, and he was both feared and hated by them. Williamson was called the Arnold of the South, and it was said that his countryman, Andrew Cameron, the Indian Agent under John Stuart, was the agent by whom he was corrupted. So great was the irritation against Williamson, that when he was captured by Colonel Hayne, many believed it to be for the purpose of bringing him before a military tribunal for trial and execution. (See Johnson's Life of Greene.)

In McCall's history of Georgia, Williamson is accused of sending information of an expedition, headed

by Colonel J. McCall, intended to capture Cameron in the Indian nation. (See vol. ii., page 81.)

In Johnson's *Life of Greene*, volume 2d, page 386, he is also represented as one of those, in Charleston, from whom General Greene obtained information of the British movements, through the influence of Colonel John Laurens. Thus was Williamson doubly a traitor, first to his country and next to his king. These were the general opinions in South-Carolina and Georgia. Now, read Colonel Samuel Hammond's notes of what occurred, in his presence, on the fall of Charleston.

COLONEL SAMUEL HAMMOND'S NOTES.

This rendezvous was intended to concentrate a force from the militia of the upper part of South-Carolina and Georgia, to be employed under the command of General Andrew Williamson, of South-Carolina, to make a diversion upon the outer posts of the enemy, near Savannah, with the view of drawing away a part of the British force employed before Charleston, in the hope of giving aid to General Lincoln. The militia were so tardy in their movements, that at the end of fifteen days there were not more, from Carolina, than two hundred, and from Georgia ———, under Colonel Clary. On being notified of the surrender of Charleston, these troops were notified that the enterprise was given up, and a council of the officers called, to meet the next day, at McLeans' Avenue, near Augusta, to consult what plan might be most advisable to adopt for the good of the country.

Colonel Clary, with all the officers of his command, attended; Governor Howley, of Georgia, his council, his secretary of state; Colonel Dooly, and several other militia and continental officers of the Georgia line; General Williamson and suite, with a number of field officers of his brigade, also attended. General Williamson presented a copy of the convention entered into by the American and British commanders, at

Charleston, which was read by one of Governor Howley's secretaries. Various plans were proposed and discussed, but finally no plan of operation could be resolved upon. Governor Howley, his council, secretary of state, and a few officers of his militia, determined to retreat, with such of the State papers as could be carried off conveniently towards the North. General Williamson resolved to discharge the few militia then on duty at that place, retire to his own residence, Whitehall, near Cambridge, to call together the field officers of his brigade, and the most influential citizens, to consult what course should be taken by him and the force of his brigade. Colonel Dooly and Colonel Clarke retired to Wilks county, and promised Williamson to co-operate with him in any plan that should be adopted by the council, at Whitehall, *for the defence of the lower part of the two States, or to retire with him to the North*, should that plan be determined upon. Some officers, still remaining in Augusta, with a number of respectable citizens of the State, sent a flag towards Savannah, offering their surrender upon terms proposed; what those terms were, is not known. Everything being thus disposed of, Williamson moved hastily to Whitehall. A large number of his officers were assembled there, and high hopes were entertained, by Captain Hammond, prior to going into council, that the determination would be to move without loss of time, with all the force there collected, and all that chose to follow, for the northward; to press the march, until a number sufficient for offensive operations should be collected, and then to keep up a kind of flying camp, until reinforced from the main army. General Williamson had under his command at that place, three independent companies of regular infantry, raised by Carolina, and enlisted for three years, or during the war. Their officers were good, and the troops well disciplined. There were one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, of various parts of the State (not organised) present; Colonel Andrew Pickens, being on his march

for the lower country, was halted about three miles below and near Cambridge, Ninety-Six, and with this force a retreat would have been made safe, as the enemy had no force near us, except the disaffected men of the State, under Colonel Parris, and that not equal to us, either in number or discipline. Council met; the terms of capitulation in Charleston were read; the general commented upon them, took a short view of the situation of the country, and wound up, by advising an immediate retreat; but he said that *he would be governed by the determination a majority of the council should adopt*; that they were friends, and well informed that their families and his would be equally exposed or protected, by any course that may be adopted.

Captain Samuel Hammond says that he was struck dumb, on finding not more than one officer of the staff, one field officer, and about four or five captains, to oppose an immediate acceptance of the terms stipulated for the militia of the State by the convention of Charleston. It was now proposed and carried, that a flag should be forthwith sent to Colonel Parris, to notify him of their determination, and to settle the time, place, and manner of surrender.

Yet Williamson persevered; Colonel Pickens was not of the council, but encamped a few miles off. The general again addressed the council, expressed his wish for a different determination, and proposed to ride with any number of the officers present, as many as chose to accompany him, to Pickens' camp; stating that he wished to advise with the colonel, and to address the good citizens under his command. This plan was adopted, and we shall see what was the result.

General Williamson had a short consultation with Colonel Pickens—his troops were drawn up in square, all mounted—the general addressed them in spirited terms, stating that with his command alone, he could drive all the British force then in their district before him, without difficulty, and then caused the convention of Charleston to be read to them. After it was gone

through, he again addressed them, that there was nothing in the way of a safe retreat, and that he had no doubt that they would soon be able to return in such force as to keep the enemy at least confined to Charleston. He reminded them of what they had already done, and hoped they would persevere, but left it to themselves to say what they would do, and that he would go on or stay, as they should resolve. A short pause took place, when the general called to them, saying: "My fellow-citizens, all of you who are for going with me on a retreat, with arms in our hands, will hold up your hands; and all who are for staying and accepting the terms made for you by General Lincoln, will stand as you are." Two officers, Captain McCall and Captain McLidle, with three or four privates, held up their hands; all else stood as they were. The question was again put, and the result was the same.

Captain Samuel Hammond was present, and rode back with the general and his officers to Whitehall, and that evening, in company with Bennet Crafton, adjutant of one of Williamson's regiments, left Whitehall, determined to make his retreat in the best manner possible.

Towards the close of the revolution, Williamson disappeared from his place of residence, called Whitehall, about six miles west of Cambridge. Nothing more is said of him in our histories or traditions. The place of his retirement was never spoken of; the time and place of his death are unknown; he died an obscure, heart-broken, poor creature. Mr. James L. Petigru thinks that he heard his father say that General Williamson died somewhere in the low country of South-Carolina.

Notwithstanding all the allegations against him, it should be remembered that he never appeared in arms against his countrymen; that he does not appear to have accepted a British commission; and that he died poor. The last mention of his name that we find in print, is the act of the Legislature, in 1782, confiscating

his property, and another act of 1783, restoring it, probably in compliance with the stipulation of General Greene, for information of the British movements in Charleston. General Williamson left two daughters, one of whom married Judge Ephraim Ramsay, and the other Charles Goodwin, two distinguished citizens of South-Carolina, and both, we believe, left families.

From Colonel S. Hammond's note of the expedition to Long Cane, by order of General Greene, we also extract the following statement: "With these additions to our force, it was resolved in council to make a bold and rapid push, through the western part of Ninety-Six District, into the Long Cane settlement, west of the British stationed at the town, Cambridge or Ninety-Six. Our wish, also, was to draw out the well affected of that part of the country, who had been paroled by the enemy, on the surrender of General Williamson; believing that the British had violated their faith under this capitulation, they having compelled the whigs to bear arms against their late companions in arms, instead of leaving them at home, until exchanged as prisoners of war; and that this would be a favorable opportunity for them to join us.

At A. C. Jones' plantation, the council of officers detached Major McCall, with his command, to see Colonel Pickens and invite him to co-operate with us, as the British, by their breach of faith, had freed him from the obligation of his parole. Major McCall was selected for this purpose, not only for his known prudence and fitness, but for his personal friendship with Colonel Pickens.

Major S. Hammond, with his command, was ordered down to Whitehall, the residence of General Williamson, for the same purposes and views. Captain Moses Liddle was united with him in this mission. Both detachments were ordered to bring the gentlemen sent for to the camp, whether willing or otherwise. They were both, of course, taken to camp. The object of the whigs was to gain their influence and their better experience to our cause. They both obeyed the call

promptly, but declared that they did not go voluntarily, and considered themselves in honor bound by their parole, whether the British violated their faith to others or not, so long as it was not violated to them."

They were subsequently ordered out by the British, when Pickens joined the Americans, and Williamson obeyed the British order.

CIVIL ADMINISTRATION IN SOUTH-CAROLINA.

From the time of superseding the royal government, in South-Carolina, by the Provincial Congress and their committees, the civil administration was conducted by them about two years, and very generally submitted to and supported by the inhabitants. When first established, it was universally believed to be but a temporary measure, and all hoped and believed that Great Britain would relax in her unconstitutional claims, restoring harmony, trade, and constitutional government to all her Provinces. Early in 1774, secret committees were appointed, who acted with vigilance, energy and judgment. They called a Provincial Congress, and the Congress appointed deputies or delegates to the National Congress. They also continued the agency of the committees, by whom all the powers were exercised incidental to an administration of justice, and protection of ourselves, our persons and property. A Provincial Congress was accordingly elected by the people, and convened punctually on the appointed day. They promptly decided that all the inhabitants should sign an association, or have their names published. They determined to issue bills of credit, raise troops, and commission suitable officers. They armed a flotilla of small vessels, took Fort Johnson, and fired on the two British sloops of war, so as to drive them out of the harbor. They determined that a written constitution was requisite for self-government, and that they having just been elected by the people, were competent to frame and adopt the constitution, and organise

it for future proceedings. They enlarged the powers of the general committee, authorising "them to do all such matters and things relative to the strengthening, securing and defending the public interests, as should by them be judged expedient and necessary."

William Henry Drayton, when Chief Justice of the State, in his address to the grand jury, declared: "We were the first in America who publicly pronounced Lord North's conciliatory measures inadmissible. We first raised regular forces on the continent, and for a term of three years; we first declared the cause of taking up arms; we originated the councils of safety; we were among the first who led the way to independence, by establishing a constitution of government; we were the first who made a law authorising the capture of British vessels, without distinction; we alone have defeated a British fleet; we alone have victoriously pierced through and reduced a powerful nation of Indians, who, urged by Britain, had attacked the United States."

This was addressed to the jury, but was intended for all his fellow-citizens. He reminded them of the advantages possessed, and the necessity of maintaining them by energy and decision. If they now faltered or became indifferent, these advantages would be lost, and the infamy and evil consequences resulting from that loss, would fall on them with tenfold force. Happy would it have been for the State, had its citizens profited by such admonitions. When too late to retrieve the consequences of apathy, error and selfish notions of their interest, they suffered the siege of Charleston to go on six weeks without counteraction, and the State to be overrun by British troops in six weeks more. While the constitution was under re-consideration by the Provincial Congress, there was "a looker-on in Venice." Mr. George Bryan has favored me with a letter to his grandfather, the Hon. George Bryan, Vice-President of Pennsylvania, and subsequently dictator of that State. It was written by a well educated gentleman of Philadelphia, well ac-

quainted with public men and measures. I give the following extracts :

“ CHARLESTON, S. C., *March 14th*, 1778.

Dear Sir :—I was greatly surprised when I arrived here, to find, notwithstanding we were told so confidently by the opposers of our constitution, that the people of South-Carolina had reformed their constitution, and were extremely happy under it, that they had not yet established their constitution, and had several reasons to fear that it would not pass. It lately passed the council with great difficulty, as they made a bold effort to continue the choice of their legislative council in the Assembly, because then Charleston would have governed the State. However, they were obliged to give that up. They then tried two other ways—one by reducing their Legislature to one-half of their present number ; the other to have the members of their Senate chosen any where in the State. In either of these cases, Charleston must have ruled the State ; and they failed here too. The consequence was, that after the council, who were thought to be in the interest of the Rutledge family, failed, the constitution was then presented to the President, R. Lowndes, for his confirmation. But, at the very time that every body expected to have a constitution in a few hours, he called the council and Assembly into the council chamber, and, in a formal speech, gave the constitution the negative. This produced great consternation for a day or two, but the Assembly resolved to choose another ; made an adjournment for three days, which they were obliged to do, before they could bring in any rejected bill, chose another president, and passed the constitution, and it is expected to have the new president's sanction in a day or two. Several propositions were made by the party opposed to the constitution, to have it set aside, but those for it prevailed, having determined to pass no tax bill, nor do any other business of consequence, until the constitution was established.

The church—I mean the church clergy—seem, by their sermons, very much displeased that their establishment is likely to be abolished. One of them told me that a State could not subsist without an established church ; that an establishment was the support of the State, and the state of an establishment being inseparable. I told him that we had in America two happy instances to the contrary, viz : one where all religions were established, and one where none were established ; and that these two were the most populous and flourishing on the continent. He made no reply. There is, however, great nervousness on the religious head in the South-Carolina constitution. I long to hear how you all go on in Pennsylvania,

* * * * *

Your merits, in supporting the constitution and vigorous measures, are such as Pennsylvania can never sufficiently reward.

* * * * *

This harbor is well fortified, and their bridge from Sullivan's Island is an amazing work ; nothing like it on the continent. It is called Gadsden's Bridge, from General Gadsden, who has the direction of it. If this place be attacked, it will be at a place called Beaufort, about

sixty miles south of it. Goods and every necessary of life are out of all measure dear.

The State has voted £5,000 or \$15,000, to import necessaries for the inhabitants, at the public risk. Two and sometimes three frigates cruise constantly in sight of the bar. They take a great number of prizes, and are very mischievous. Biddle, with six other vessels, from twenty to fourteen guns, have been out a month, but we have heard nothing from them yet. Present my best respects to the president, secretary and members of the council. I am, your sincere friend, &c.

JAMES CANNON.

P. S. The president's name is Rawlins Lowndes, who was proclaimed on the 11th inst., under the discharge of small arms. The president negating the constitution, has opened their eyes to the danger of such a power; and I have heard some of their sensible legislators declare that three or even two branches, viz: an upper and lower house, are only a servile imitation of Great Britain; that no good argument, unless precedent can be pleaded as one, can be adduced in its behalf."

To this vivid representation of opinions, parties and prepossessions, not described by any other writer that I know of, it must be observed that the report in Pennsylvania of the South-Carolinians having a constitution was not incorrect. A temporary constitution had been adopted in March, 1776, and under it John Rutledge was elected president, with a right to veto acts of the Legislature. Under this constitution, Rawlins Lowndes was elected on the 7th of March, 1778, successor of John Rutledge. In the spring of 1778, the constitution was revised and amended, when President Lowndes vetoed the revised constitution. The Assembly, which had voted itself a convention, adjourned for three days, with becoming respect to the existing constitution, and to their talented president. They then reconsidered the rejected bill, with all the objections made to it by the president, and among other alterations, abolished the office of president, for which they substituted that of governor, but *without the power to veto*. Mr. Lowndes, therefore, resigned, and Mr. Rutledge was elected the first governor. The veto has been withheld ever since. If there had been no constitution when this gentleman wrote, how came Mr. Lowndes to be president, and how came he with the power to veto?

CHAPTER V.

General Richard Richardson—Colonel Richard Richardson—Camp Anecdotes—Daniel Macgirth—Colonel Andrew DeVeaux—Colonel Robert Barnwell.

THE numerous distinguished descendants of General Richard Richardson, have many interesting traditions, legends and incidents of his life and family, of his revolutionary services, and the consequent distresses of his family, while the British troops had overrun the State.

General Richardson was a native of Virginia, of highly respectable parentage and large family connections. He received the best education which the times and circumstances of the country afforded, and, in common with many of the most distinguished men in Virginia, he became a land surveyor, as was Washington about the same time. The preparatory mathematical studies, the self-confidence acquired by practice in mensuration, calculation, and the exact sciences, gave him great respectability, even among his associates in a profession then considered one of the most honorable and useful in the colonies. The hardihood acquired, both in mind and body, by his frequent exposure in a wilderness, to all the dangers and contingencies of a residence on the borders of savage warfare, was the finest possible preparation for the revolutionary warfare in which he soon bore a conspicuous part, and acted a distinguished part. His habits and predilections for the life of a surveyor, probably induced him to visit South-Carolina as a new field for his professional and speculative ardor. To this quarter, also, the enterprise and energy of Virginia were, at that time, chiefly directed, as pioneers in emigration. His judgment in lands and experience in their selection,

wisely and happily guided him in the choice and location of some tracts, so large in extent and so valuable in quality, as at once to elevate him to wealth. These lands, even in the long continued culture, and in the numerous sub-divisions among his descendants, are still possessed of exhaustless sources of fertility. In South-Carolina, his high character for prudence, firmness, benevolence, frankness and self-possession, united with a courteous, friendly, engaging deportment, and a fine commanding person, soon won for him the confidence of the interior, particularly of Craven county, in which he resided. He was selected generally by the inhabitants, the judge and arbiter of most of their feuds, bickerings and dissensions, and possessed an equity jurisdiction from the Santee to the North-Carolina boundary of the State. His family residence frequently presented the appearance of the assizes, and few, if any, even of the disappointed parties, ever left his hospitable board and cordial welcome with an inclination to dispute his decision, or appeal to law. Even at the close of half a century, the strong impression made on the minds of men by the force and rectitude of his character, is still remembered by many of the oldest inhabitants of Lancaster and the adjoining districts, and kindly manifested towards his descendants.

Richard Richardson commanded the militia of South-Carolina in several campaigns against the Indians, where his reputation as an officer was first acquired. In the Cherokee wars of 1760 and 1761, he bore a colonel's commission. We believe him to have been present in the first of these expeditions, under Colonel Montgomery, and are sure that he was in the last, under Colonel Grant. The South-Carolina Gazette, of the 25th September, 1762, informs us that "a very handsome service of plate was lately presented by the inhabitants of St. Marks' Parish to Colonel Richard Richardson, as a mark of their gratitude and esteem; and to show their sense of the many services he rendered this Province during the late unhappy Cherokee

war, and to that parish, in particular, on every occasion." To which of the many distinguished officers in that war, was so handsome a compliment paid?

One of the most important expeditions in South-Carolina, during the revolution, was under the command of General Richardson, commenced for the relief of General Williamson, when besieged by the royalists at Ninety-Six Court House. General Richardson was hastening, at the head of one thousand men, to raise the siege, when he heard that Williamson had capitulated. This was so great a triumph to the tories, that Gen. Richardson felt the necessity for counteracting its influence. Without waiting for instructions from the executive committee, he determined to push forward and crush the tories. But he sent an express to the committee or council, informing them of his intention. It was, of course, highly approved by them,—was admirably conducted by him, and proved eminently successful.—(See Drayton, vol. ii., page 126.)

In the civil administration of the State, Gen. Richardson was a delegate to the Provincial Congress, assisted in framing the first constitution, and under it was elected a member of the legislative council, which corresponded with our senate in its powers and duties. He was also active in organising the new administration, and the appointment of officers, both civil and military, under that constitution. This was effected on the 26th of March, 1776, and was the first constitutional government established in the revolution. It was revised and amended in 1778, and continued the supreme law of the State until 1789.

In addition to the services recorded in Drayton's Memoirs, his influence, both as a citizen and an officer, was actively exerted in counteracting the tories of the interior, and in rallying assistance for the protection of Charleston, whenever assailed or even threatened. He was there, with his command, at the defeat of Sir Peter Parker's fleet, on the 28th June, 1776, and held a high and distinguished command, under General

Lincoln, in all the campaigns succeeding the loss of Savannah, including the pursuit of Provost from before Charleston, among the sea islands, back to Savannah.

In the capitulation of Charleston, after a siege of six weeks, Gen. Richardson was made a prisoner, with a right to reside on parole, at his own home in Clarendon, Sumter District, until exchanged. The forced construction of allegiance, following the right of conquest, was now assumed by the British commander, as soon as their arms had overspread the State. This roused the indignation of the whigs in the interior of the State, who were on this plea ordered to take up arms against their relatives and friends, who had not been made prisoners. General Richardson was among the foremost in expressing his indignation against the injustice and impolicy of the measure. This was discovered by Lord Cornwallis, who fearing the influence of General Richardson against the royal cause, proposed to him, in the presence of his family, either to unite himself to the royal standard, with a *carte blanche* as to offices, titles, and other gifts of the crown; or that he must submit to the alternative of close confinement. These tempting offers, and intimidating threats, were equally disregarded; General Richardson promptly answered, with great decision, in such dignified terms as to elicit an involuntary expression of respect and admiration from his lordship. His reply is authentically reported to have been exactly in the following words; his manner cannot be described: "I have, from the best convictions of my mind, embarked in a cause, which I think righteous and just; I have, knowingly and willingly, staked my life, family and property, all upon the issue; I am well prepared to suffer or triumph with it, and would rather die a thousand deaths than betray my country or deceive my friends."

The alternative threatened was promptly and rigidly enforced; his health declined under the joint influence of a sickly climate and a loathsome prison

house; the infirmities of old age (then in his seventy-sixth year) increased rapidly upon him, and death was so evidently approaching, that he was again sent home, in September, to linger out the last remaining hours of his life at his family residence.

His remains had been interred but a short time before Tarleton occupied the establishment. He ordered the body of General Richardson to be taken up, and left it exposed, until, by the entreaties of his family, they were permitted to re-inter it. Tarleton's pretext for this inhumanity was, that he might examine the features of a man of his decided character; but it was, in fact, from a mean suspicion that the family plate was buried there for concealment. All the property of the estate, which could not be conveniently taken for his majesty's service, or the gratification of his officers, was wantonly and sedulously destroyed. Provisions and houses were all burnt; stock of all descriptions slaughtered or driven away; negroes captured or decoyed, until little or nothing remaining but the dwelling house, Tarleton, *in person*, directed the torch to be applied to it, with the *avowed* intention of making it the funeral pile of the widowed mother and "her three young rebels." The humanity of one of his officers interposed to rescue this family from the flames, and in saving a few articles of clothing and furniture.* Among the spoils, seized by the British, was General Richardson's military saddle; this being seen by his son, James Burchell, (subsequently Governor Richardson,) he jumped upon it, and insisted that they should not take his father's saddle. The men were amused at what they called the impudence of the little rebel, then but seven years old, and took credit to themselves for giving it up to him.

During the sojourn of Tarleton and his corps in this neighborhood, to counteract the influence and opera-

*Most of these facts were communicated by the Hon. John P. Richardson, grandson of the general, in a letter, dated Clarendon, 29th September, 1845.

tions of General Marion, the family of General Richardson were reduced to subsist by the voluntary and secret contributions of a few faithful and affectionate servants, who collecting some trifles in the day, would leave their hiding places, at night, to supply their mistress and family with food. Greater instances of kindness, disinterestedness, fidelity and devotion, were, probably, never exemplified in any of the relations of life.

COLONEL RICHARD RICHARDSON.

This gentleman, who was spoken of as commanding the advance of Marion's men, in the battle of Vedeau's Bridge, had been stationed westward of that bridge, to prevent predatory expeditions of the enemy, from Charleston into St. Thomas' Parish. He discovered a large detachment of the British advancing up Wando river, and landing where Louisville now is, on its northern bank. Not being strong enough to attack them, he sent off a messenger for Marion, and hovered about the enemy, to prevent their plundering the neighbors. In this he succeeded perfectly; they carried off no cattle or other provisions, and were followed, after the battle, until they re-embarked. Colonel Richardson was the oldest son of General R. Richardson, of Sumter District. He was a captain of the militia, under his father, at the commencement of the revolution; they being men of great influence, the executive committee wished to keep them in that salutary influence, and did not, at first, commission this son in the newly raised troops. As a captain of militia, in 1775, he attended his father in the Snow campaign, which he commanded, for the purpose of crushing the tories, who had, under the command of Cunningham, Fletchal and Robinson, attacked and beaten General Williamson. In 1776, he was commissioned a captain in the second regiment, under Colonel Sumter; his brother Edward was previously commissioned a captain of the Rangers, under Colonel

William Thomson. They were all constantly engaged in all the active duties of those troops, until made prisoners of war, at the capitulation of Charleston. But the right of living at home with his family, was then violated as to Richard Richardson, who had now become a major, and he was confined at some station, on John's Island, where he took the small pox, and was very near losing his life from it.

Indignant at the breach of the stipulation, in the surrender of Charleston, that all under arms should, on parole, remain at their homes, until exchanged as prisoners of war, he considered himself absolved from his parole, by their violation of his rights. Major Richardson determined to make his escape as soon as possible. Soon after his recovery he effected his object, by means of a lady, who had obtained permission to remove the corpse of her father from the island. As he was still seamed and marked with the small pox, he availed himself of that as a screen and disguise. He wrapped his blanket round his head and shoulders, to conceal him from those who might recognize him, and travelled, on foot, until he reached his hiding place in Santee swamp, near his own plantation. In his way, upwards, he came unexpectedly on a party of British troops; to stop or turn aside, would excite their suspicion and ensure his recapture. He, therefore, went forward with a tottering, slow pace, as if still sick and weak, and going up to them, asked for aid to a poor creature with small pox; they gave him some trifle, and he accepted it with thanks, and passed on his intended route.

He called his retreat, in the swamp, John's Island, to distinguish it from another retreat of the same kind, called Beech Island, because of the beech trees then and still on it, some of which are still marked with the names of those who had resorted there for concealment. He soon found means to inform his wife of his safety, and by means of a faithful servant, obtained clothing and food from home; sometimes also to see his family, although at great risk. Tarleton

and his command had taken possession of his house and out-houses, as a convenient station, affording excellent quarters and an abundance of provisions and forage, for men and horses, about eight hundred troopers in number.

While thus secluded, Major Richardson was not idle; he sent round to all his former fellow soldiers, in whom he could confide, assembled them on Beech Island, and drilled them, frequently, as mounted militia, hoping soon to appear again in arms against their foes, the British troops. At this time, Major Richardson's family was permitted to live in only one room of their roomy habitation, and to feed themselves *if they could*; there was nothing on their own, that they could call their own; and even there, Mrs. Richardson was frequently jeered and reproached, and made unhappy by the taunts and threats of her unfeeling oppressors.

While Major Richardson was thus occupied, Tarleton had been on some expedition, lower down the river, and on his way back, stopped at the plantation of his father, the late General Richardson. After having feasted all his command, he ordered the destruction of all the buildings and other property, on the place, reluctantly permitting the widow and orphans to save their clothing and a very few necessaries. At this time, Major Richardson heard of General Marion's advancing to encounter Tarleton, and prepared to join him. To do this, he passed through his father's plantation at the time of the fire, and by its light formed a correct estimate of the enemy's numbers. He found Marion encamped where the elegant establishment of the Hon. John Peter Richardson may now be seen; and reported all that he had seen. At the same time, Marion was informed that ———, one of his best guides, had deserted from his camp. Marion had been misinformed as to Tarleton's forces, and now saw that he had not a moment to spare, for effecting a retreat. He immediately commenced his retreat, guided by Richardson, over the wood yard, an inland

swamp, pursued by Tarleton, conducted by the deserter ———, one of the most skilful in the district. This man continued with the British to the end of the war, a ruthless, mischievous tory, and then came back, to his own house, under the lesislative act of amnesty, lived many years in peace, and left a respectable family.* On one occasion, Major Richardson was traced from Marion's camp to his own house, by this tory, and his party occupied Richardson's avenue before he was aware of his danger. Then mounting his horse, he spurred him through the midst of them; none but this tory fired lest they should kill their own men; all wished to take Richardson alive, for the promised reward. When he got through the body of tories, he stopped and threatened this insidious foe with vengeance, if ever he caught him. And he did, once, catch him at his own home; his men surrounded the deserter's house; he sneaked to the upper part of it, for concealment. Maples and some of the best riflemen had fired at him, repeatedly; his clothes were said to have been riddled, when his wife, whom all respected, came out to Major Richardson, and on her knees, implored that he would pardon and save her husband; Richardson called off his men, and pardoned his treacherous enemy.

On another occasion, Richardson, urged by his domestic affections, applied for leave of absence. General Marion reminded him, of his former narrow

*As soon as the British discovered that Richardson was in Marion's camp, they became very polite to Mrs. Richardson, and requested her to say what they could do for her, if she would use her influence with her husband to come home, take protection and live in peace with his family. They offered him equal rank in their army, nay promotion, if he would accept it, or retirement if he wished to quit the camp. She evaded these proposals as civilly as possible, but they pressed the subject and offered to send any messenger that she would name for this purpose. They finally proposed that Captain Edward Richardson, his own brother, a prisoner on parole, on the adjoining plantation, should proceed to Marion's camp, with such proposals to his brother. Edward Richardson went directly to General Marion, told him of the message that had been sent to his brother; then broke his parole and remained with Marion to the end of the war.

escape, and insisted that he should take an escort. This was, accordingly, done, and his party had scarcely reached the house, when a large party of the enemy was seen galloping up to it. Richardson and his escort immediately remounted their jaded horses, and pushed down into the swamp, which was a little way off, back of the house. The enemy pursued rapidly, and captured a young man, named Roberts, who was one of the neighbors under Colonel Richardson. They immediately hanged him on a walnut tree, within a few paces of the door, and when Mrs. Richardson interceded and remonstrated at the act, they rudely and unfeelingly told her, that "she should soon see her husband kick like that fellow."

The horse, which Major Richardson rode on all occasions, was the only remnant of his once well stocked plantation. He was named Corn Crib, from the circumstance of his having been secreted in the swamp, in a log house, built for storing corn, and called a corn crib. This favorite animal was killed, under his master, at the battle of Eutaw, when, as Colonel Richardson, he commanded the right of Marion's brigade, on the right of General Greene's first division—the post of honor and of danger. To the surprise of both armies, these apparently undisciplined militia, urged by the voice and example of their officers, withstood the hottest and most galling fire of the enemy, and not only bravely commenced, but gallantly sustained the brunt of the action, to its successful termination. During this, the hardest and best fought battle in the South, Colonel Richardson was seen encouraging and leading his troops, with cool and distinguished valor. While issuing orders to his command, his horse, Corn Crib, was killed under him, and he wounded in the leg by the same ball which killed his horse. Colonel Lawrence Manning, then of Lee's legion, was present, and often spoke of the exemplary manner in which Colonel Richardson extricated himself from the dying animal, mounted another horse, and resumed his duties in the battle.

Previous to this battle, Colonel Richardson, having been sent by Marion with a detachment to annoy the enemy and beat up his quarters, in any way that he may think proper, went to his own plantation, and stationed his men so as to cut off any patrols and supplies for Tarleton's troops, that may be passing either way. There were always some young, inexperienced recruits, among such parties. One of the sections so placed, could see the red coats moving about the enclosure, and a young man, named Coulliet, became so excited, that he wanted to fire at them from his covert, half a mile off. He was prevented at the time—the object of the expedition explained to him, and the order given for no one to fire until ordered. But Coulliet was wound up to the striking point; he sneaked up a little nearer to the British and fired at them so as to give the alarm, but do no harm to the enemy. They kept a certain portion of their cavalry always bitted and ready for action; the dragoons were immediately in the saddle pursuing Richardson's mounted militia. The whole object was frustrated by the excessive zeal of this young man; and some of the men being mounted on plough horses and old field tackys, narrowly escaped with their lives. Colonel Richardson at last ordered a halt, and while engaged in forming the line, another young man came up, whipping and spurring, and calling out quarter! quarter! quarter! although none of the enemy was in sight, and not a gun or pistol had been fired at them for half an hour. On being asked why he continued to run and holloa, he asked, in turn, how he could stop when the bullets were flying about him as thick as hail.

CAMP ANECDOTES.

Colonel Richardson was commended for his vigilance in discovering the movements of the enemy up Wando river into St. Thomas Parish, in providing

promptly for their repulse, and in bravely aiding to repel their inroad; but it is admitted, that in the hot pursuit, if he had halted about twenty of his mounted militia at or near the bridge, they could have repulsed Coffin's cavalry, and prevented his pursuit up to Marion's advance.

Among the sufferers in this fight and flight were two gentlemen, afterwards well known in Charleston, as living monuments of British inhumanity. These were John Clements, the carpenter, who established Clement's ferry over Cooper river, and Joseph Dickinson, captain of the city guard, about the year 1806. They were both remarkable for the numerous wounds received on this occasion, and yet to have recovered from such wounds. They were probably among the new recruits in Marion's or Maham's cavalry, which had been sent forward to support the men previously under the command of Richardson, and unaccustomed to the casualties of warfare.

Mr. Thomas Bennett, speaking of this action, told us of his brother-in-law, Joseph Warnock, who, on that occasion, in the retreat, being on a small horse, was jostled by those better mounted, and pushed off from the side of the main road into a deep ditch. Here he thought it most prudent to remain and conceal himself until after the battle. On rejoining his friends, the poor man appeared to be wounded, but not dangerously; it was only by the briars, into which he had thrust his head to hide it.

Some days before the battle of Eutaw, a detachment, under Captain John Singleton, was reconnoitering in the neighborhood of Nelson's ferry. They were discovered by the British, entrenched on the other side of the river, and fired upon by them. When the balls began to cut among the trees, the party retired through the swamp. Being in want of food, they killed a sheep with a bell on its neck, which Avery, one of the men, took to put on his horse, when turned out to pasture. While retreating through the swamp, the bell,

which had been stuffed, worked loose, and began to ring, giving notice where the party might be found. Avery was ordered to stop it, but said he had not time, as he heard the enemy pursuing very near him. Maples then told Avery to ride off in a different course, or he would do so himself; and ever after that Avery was called the bell-wether.

Fort Watson, it will be remembered, was a British fort, built on the top of an Indian mound, at least forty feet above the surrounding country, near the margin of Scott's lake, on the upper part of Santee river. When this fort was taken by the united forces of Marion and Lee, Lieutenant Manning, of Lee's legion, was one of the officers ordered to take charge of the prisoners. The Americans were very destitute of clothing, food, and other necessaries. When the inhabitants of the fort marched out, Manning observed one of them uncommonly stout for his height, and yet thin in his face; his name was Rosher. Manning went up to him, and asked, "what have you here, my good fellow? is all this from good living?" "No," said Rosher, "we often suffered very much for want of food, and but for our surrender should soon have suffered cruelly." "Well, then, my good fellow, unburden yourself." So the soldier commenced to take off coat after coat, waistcoat after waistcoat, and shirt after shirt, until he had removed a dozen or more; Manning, all the while, encouraging him. "Come pull away, my good fellow; be quick, if you please; you are a God-send to my half-clad comrades; be in a hurry, if you please;" until he came down to his old buff friend, of which Manning did not wish to fleece him. "Now, my good fellow, be pleased to try it lower down." So Rosher continued to take off breeches after breeches, stockings after stockings, &c., until he had nearly got all off. Lieutenant Manning then told him to choose a suit of the best, and be thankful to the Americans who had kindly saved him from starving in that bit of

a fort. Rosher resided, several years after the peace, in the neighborhood of Fort Watson, and often told this story himself, among his other adventures.

When the British were erecting fortifications at Camden, they took by force the slaves of the whigs, all around, and made them labor on these works, encouraging them not to return to their owners, but join the British forces. With little or no exception, the negroes returned to their owners, disgusted with the severity of the British discipline to both white and black. So, Admiral Cochran, in 1814, issued invitations to the southern slaves to enter his majesty's service, or go as free settlers to the West Indies, but few or none went, except by compulsion.

For the above anecdotes, I am indebted to the late Colonel Lawrence Manning, of Sumter District, grandson of General Richardson.

In Marion's brigade, there were at least three named John James: first, the major, father of Judge James; second, Captain John James, of the Lake; and John James, a subaltern. This last and least of the name, said, that in December, 1775, when not sixteen years of age, he volunteered under General Richardson, in his expedition against the tories, commanded by Colonel Fletchal. This campaign, on account of the severity of the winter, was distinguished as the Snow Camp, and John James, being a neighbor of the general, was advised by him to go home, because of his youth. He did so; but hearing that Fletchal had been captured, and was coming, guarded by a detachment, he went up to meet them, and assisted in keeping guard over him, about where the village of Stateburg has been since built. After this, he served in the militia, under General Richardson, in all their arduous and vexatious duties from Camden to Sunbury in Georgia. When Marion's brigade was organized, he joined it, and was of course partaker in all the privations, trials and triumphs of that patriot band. Being well acquainted with the country, he was generally out on patrols—receiving and giving information—cutting off and collecting supplies—at

tacking small detachments, and giving due notice of those which were strong. His instructions were of the most confidential nature; among which were messages from the general to Miss Videau, whom he afterwards married. In one of these scouts, he came unexpectedly out into a road, among a British detachment. The vanguard had just passed the place at which he had entered the road, the main body was within gunshot, and two officers, one of whom was a surgeon, were just at the spot where he broke cover. He was alone—his escort some distance behind, and scattered, but he waved his sword, and called out to his men, "here they are, advance, charge." Then, going up to the two officers, he claimed them as his prisoners. Both parties of the British had halted, expecting an attack, but they could not fire, lest they should kill the two officers, and this afforded James time to escape unhurt with his prisoners. After the peace, he married a daughter of Colonel R. Richardson, and has grand children surviving him. Notwithstanding the warm feelings of John James, he was kindly attentive to his relative, the wife of Daniel Macgirth, and, for her sake, received and protected her husband, when sick, and when threatened by his vindictive neighbors and former friends.

Daniel Macgirth was a respectable young man, a native of Kershaw District, nearly related to the Canteys of that neighborhood. He had married a very amiable lady, of Sumter District, aunt of the late much respected Matthew James, Esq. Macgirth, from his early attachments and associates, joined with his father and relatives cordially, in opposition to the claims of the British government. Being a practised hunter and excellent rider, he was well acquainted with the woods and roads and paths in that extensive range of country, extending from Santee river to the Catawba nation, on the east of Wateree river. He was highly valuable to the Americans for the facility with which he acquired information of the enemy,

and for the accuracy and minuteness with which he communicated what he had obtained. He had brought with him into the service a favorite mare, his own property, an elegant animal, on which he felt safe from pursuit, when engaged in the dangerous, but important, duties of a scout; he called her the Grey Goose. This fine mare was coveted by one of the American officers, at Satilla, in Georgia, who tried various means to obtain possession of her, all of which were opposed by Macgirth, chiefly on the ground that she was essentially necessary to the American interest, in the duties performed by him; and without her, he could no longer engage in them. The officer continuing urgent, Macgirth said or did something to get rid of him, which he might have only intended as a personal rebuff, but probably was much more. He was arrested, tried by a court martial, found guilty of violating the rules and articles of war, and sentenced to the public whipping post, for a breach of subordination, which could not be overlooked in an army. He suffered the whipping and exposure, and was again committed to prison, waiting to receive another whipping, according to his sentence. While thus situated, he saw his favorite mare, observed where she was picketed, and immediately began to concert measures for his escape, and the re-possession of his mare. He succeeded in both, and, when seated on her back, he turned deliberately round, notwithstanding the alarm at his escape, and denounced vengeance against all the Americans, for his ill-treatment. He executed his threats most fully, most fearfully, most vindictively. Indulging this savage, vindictive temper, was indeed productive of great injury to the American cause, and of much public and private suffering, but it was also the cause of his own ruin and misery. When the State was again recovered by the American army, he still kept in the woods, retreated into Georgia, and thence into Florida. When Florida was re-conveyed to the Spaniards, by the treaty of peace, he became subject to their laws or suspicions, was arrested, and confined by them five years in one

of their damp dungeons in the castle of St. Augustine, where his health was totally destroyed. When discharged from St. Augustine, he, with much difficulty, returned to his wife in Sumter District. She had ever received the kindest attentions from her relatives and friends, notwithstanding the misdeeds of her husband. Protection and a home was offered to Macgirth by Colonel John James, the father of Matthew James, and there he died in misery, but not in want. His unfortunate, but faultless, widow, is, I believe, still living in that neighborhood, still cherished by her friends and relatives.

Macgirth's father was a captain in the South-Carolina militia at the time of his son's defection, but continued firmly and devotedly attached to the interests of the country.

COLONEL ANDREW DEVEAUX.

This gentleman was of a Huguenot family, which settled in Beaufort District, after the repeal of the Edict of Nantz, and was nearly related to the Barnwells and others, the most respectable families in the Province. He was remarkable, from childhood, for mischief, bravery and adventure. John Dupont, one of his schoolfellows, would tell of his battles with himself and other larger boys, in which little DeVeaux, though knocked down and covered with blood and dust, would wipe his eyes and nose, and at it again as long as he could stand. Captain William Joyner told a story of him, that on one occasion he was going in a boat with Mr. Stephen DeVeaux, who was at the helm, while Andrew sat in the bow of the boat. They went on very well, until they came to a point in the river, called "negro head," when the progress of the boat suddenly ceased. The negro oarsmen were encouraged to row up, pull away, row smartly, &c., all to no purpose; the boat did not move. Their cheerful song now ceased. Some said that the boat was be-

witched, and others apprehended some greater evil. Mr. DeVeaux, less superstitious than the rest, observed that Andrew sat all this while very quietly in the bow, a deportment so unusual with him, that it alone excited suspicion. "I will bet," said Mr. DeVeaux, "that this mischievous chap, Andrew, has been playing some trick." So it turned out; Andrew, for want of something to do, had been handling the grapnel at the bow, dropped it quietly overboard, and brought the boat literally to anchor. This unexpected state of the case being exposed, turned a good humored laugh against those who had expressed most apprehension that the devil was coming at last to lay hold of some of them.

In the commencement of the revolution, Andrew DeVeaux, being about sixteen or seventeen years old, showed a good disposition, in common with his brave and patriotic relatives in that district, to join the cause of his country, and oppose the unjust impositions of England. His father, Andrew DeVeaux, however, thought otherwise. He fell out with those relatives, and may have received some harsh words, or other treatment, as a tory. Andrew DeVeaux, Junr., took sides immediately with his father, and resented the offence given him. He united with a number of inconsiderate, frolicsome young men, and embarrassed the proceedings of the whigs, whenever an opportunity occurred. Many of these associates cared only for the excitement resulting from the vexation produced by their opposition to the whigs, and DeVeaux saw it; he wanted more. When Provost made his inroad in 1779, DeVeaux assembled his associates, led them across Port Royal ferry, and determined to commit them by some glaring act of hostility, from the notoriety of which they could never expect concealment.

Sheldon Church was an elegant place of public worship, the resort and pride of the wealthy Episcopalians in that part of the district. It was a bond of union and of good fellowship among the neighbors. Here they met, kneeled together at the same altar, suspend-

ing all feelings of political animosity and personal enmity. It had been built only a few years before that period, chiefly by Governor William Bull and his family. His brother, General Stephen Bull, appeared to have the especial care of it, and was in the habit of taking home with him, after divine service, every Sabbath day, the rector and neighbors to dine with him; thus uniting the bonds of religion with social harmony, without the distinctions of party. In the fine landscape from his house, this church was the chief object of their admiration, in which all partook with equal warmth. Stephen Bull was a rebel, and at that time out with his command, opposing by arms the king's troops, under Provost.

DeVeaux led his men there only to vex the rebels, as he told them; but when there, he induced them to ravage the plantation, and burn Sheldon Church. There was no retracting from their allegiance after such an act. His adherents or company were now ready enough to follow him in any measures that would annoy the Americans, or promote the wishes of their enemies. Provost found them invaluable to him as guides, spies and scouts, especially in his retreat to Savannah by the inland water courses, with all of which they were well acquainted.

In one of DeVeaux's hair-brained adventures, he was taken prisoner, and sent, under escort of Mr. Robert Barnwell, to the prison in Charleston. When they were about to land, DeVeaux spoke familiarly to Mr. Barnwell, calling him cousin Robert, and requested that he might not be exposed as a criminal in the streets, and led off to the common jail, but be put on his parole as an officer, a gentleman, and his relative. He pledged his honor that he would be subject to the call or order of Mr. Barnwell, at any time that he should appoint, or send for him; and Mr. Barnwell, wishing to do as he would be done by, acceded to the proposal, and appointed the next morning, at nine o'clock, for DeVeaux to call on him.

DeVeaux was not half an hour in Charleston. By

some means, he obtained a little money and a pair of pistols; hurried down to the wharf, found there a country boat, with two negroes in it; showed them his silver, and promised liberal pay, if they would row him to where he would direct them; then showed them his pistols, and threatened instant death if they did not go. These arguments were both very persuasive. The negroes rowed him out to a British armed vessel, either in the roads or offing, and returned to their master to tell of their fright and danger, but said nothing about the money that they had pocketed.

Mr. Barnwell, hearing the next day how DeVeaux had escaped, called on Governor Rutledge to inform him of the circumstances, and then asked what he was to do. The governor, feeling disappointed, told Mr. Barnwell to go after DeVeaux, or go home. DeVeaux was soon landed and again in the saddle; one of his first objects was to retaliate. Soon after this, he went to Beaufort, again to cousin his cousin Robert. Mr. Barnwell was at home, and DeVeaux actually made his way into the parlor, without discovery or alarm. He then demanded an immediate surrender as a prisoner on parole. Mr. Barnwell rose at the demand, to see what chance he had for resistance. He was very near-sighted, but saw, as he supposed, a blunderbuss presented at him, while surrounded by his family; and being urged with a threat of present death, if he moved a step, he surrendered and gave his parole. It turned out that this threat was neither enforced by a blunderbuss, gun or pistol, but by Mr. Barnwell's own spyglass, picked up in his own entry. Mr. Barnwell was so exasperated by these tricks, that he vowed, if ever he met DeVeaux, either one or both of them must die. But they never met. When DeVeaux came to South-Carolina long after the revolution, Mr. Barnwell's feelings had been soothed by time, by his triumph as a patriot over the enemies of her independence, by piety and peace. Still he was but a man, and might be excited by words, deeds and recollec-

tions, to do what he would wish to avoid ; he, therefore, concluded to avoid DeVeaux.

When Charleston was besieged by the British, under Sir Henry Clinton, DeVeaux was of the utmost value to them. He was subsequently patronised by Lord Cornwallis, raised two companies of Provincial dragoons, and was promoted to the rank of major. When great exertions were made to mount Tarleton's dragoons, from the time of their landing in Edisto, until after the siege, DeVeaux was very active and successful in enabling them to procure horses. Among other instances of his success, it is said that a rich old relative, Mr. Nathaniel Barnwell, had a number of valuable horses ; DeVeaux knew it, but did not know where they were kept. He went to Mr. Barnwell, lamenting the unsettled state of the country and the difficulty of preserving their cattle and horses. He then suggested that the adjacent small islands, well covered with woods, might be advantageously used for their concealment, and drew out from the old gentleman the desired information of the place in which they were concealed. In a few days after this interview, Mr. Barnwell's fine horses were conveyed into the British camp.

When Colonel Harden captured Fort Balfour, near Pocatigo, Tarleton Brown, late of Barnwell District, was an officer under his command. Mr. Brown informs us that the commanding officer of that fort, with one or two next to him in rank, were, at the time of the Americans' advance, visiting their sick and wounded, at a house outside of the fort ; that these officers having been captured by the Americans, DeVeaux was the highest in command in the garrison, and surrendered the fort without firing a gun. This is the more probable, as Colonel Lechmere, DeVeaux's brother-in-law, late in command of the fort, was then a prisoner. Colonel Fenwick was also captured outside of the fort.

When the British forces were, by the advance of General Greene's army, confined to the precincts of

Charleston, and in great want of provisions, DeVeaux was still as active and as useful to the British, still as bitter an enemy to the Americans. He now took the command of some small vessels, and foraged all along the inland water courses, extending his incursions to Osebaugh, in Georgia, for he was well acquainted with them all. In one of these expeditions, he attempted the plunder of Colonel Richard Proctor's plantation, which was exposed on one of the rivers near Beaufort. DeVeaux came up to the landing in a schooner; Colonel Proctor being absent, his family was unprotected and his negroes would probably have been carried off, with provisions of every kind. At that moment, John Dupont, the former schoolfellow of DeVeaux, rode up to the house in company with two other friends of the family. The gentlemen determined to resist, and, if possible, prevent the plundering of property. There was at the landing a pile of boards, high enough for a breastwork. The gentlemen reached this place just as the schooner was about to drop anchor, and when it was just dark enough in the evening to render objects indistinct; the three gentlemen pretending to be the advanced guard to a large force stationed at the house, hailed the schooner in a tone of confidence and authority, and being answered evasively, fired into her; then called out for the artillery to man their drag ropes, and pour in the grape shot; then ordered the infantry to keep up their fire and secure their prize. DeVeaux slipped his cable, made sail, and went off, almost beyond the expectations of those opposed to him. Colonel Proctor, on his return, recovered the anchor and cable, which the assailants had left behind them, and was very grateful for the protection afforded to his family and property.

It must be admitted, to the credit of DeVeaux and his followers, that they were not sanguinary, but merciful to their prisoners.

In 1782, we find DeVeaux in St. Augustine, with about seventy men of his own Provincial dragoons.

We, therefore, conclude that after foraging with them on water for a while, he found his field for adventures, in South-Carolina and Georgia, much circumscribed, and kept a southerly course inland to St. John's river, and thence round to St. Augustine.* Here his active turn of mind first led him to propose an expedition into West Florida, for the capture of Pensacola, but this was discouraged. He next projected an expedition against the Bahama Islands. It must be recollected that Commodore Gillon, commanding the frigate South-Carolina, with a squadron of American cruisers, in conjunction with another, of our Spanish allies, fitted out in Havana, had captured the Bahama Islands, and left them in possession of the Spanish authorities. To recover these for Great Britain was now the object of DeVeaux. The Governor of Florida, we are told, either had no means or no inclination, to aid him in the enterprise. At his own private expense Major DeVeaux fitted out six small vessels, put into them uniforms for three hundred British troops, with suitable provisions and military stores. He embarked with his seventy men, and about as many more were received as volunteers. His flotilla being still very short-handed, he engaged a small number of Seminole and Creek Indians, to aid him as sharpshooters. To encourage these white and red men, he made liberal promises of booty, to be taken from the Dons. From the days of Anson and Drake, to those of William Pitt, it was always thought fair to plunder the Spaniards, and the followers of DeVeaux had keen appetites for the same sport. His flotilla was convoyed by the *Perseverance*, of twenty-six guns, Captain Dow, and the *Witley Warrior*, of sixteen guns, Captain Wheeler. They first landed at Abacco, and from among the English inhabitants soon raised one hundred and fifty more men, who being dressed in the uniforms brought from Florida, gave him three hundred men with the appearance of British regulars.

*See Sketches of Florida, by James Grant Forbes, page 52.

About fifty fishing boats were also collected there, for the purpose of extending his line and deceiving the Spaniards. With these, he made a great display; the Indians also raised a war whoop, while he advanced on land with them, and a few men bearing fascines and scaling ladders to conceal their want of numbers. The deception succeeded, and the Spaniards, in Fort Montaigne, spiked their guns and filed off towards Nassau, leaving a train to fire the magazine. DeVeaux heard this from a prisoner just captured; he immediately halted his men, and advanced with the prisoner, alone, into the fort, guided by him, and extinguished the match before it could explode the magazine. Three cheers announced his success, and was the signal for his flotilla to attack that of the Spaniards. These also were carried with but little resistance, when he sent to demand a surrender from the Spanish governor. The demand was refused, and some skirmishing ensued, in which the Indians were important auxiliaries. Don Antonio, the governor, finally capitulated, and surrendered his six hundred regulars, well entrenched and equipped, to DeVeaux with his three hundred men, mostly undisciplined, scattered and exposed.

On this occasion a great deal of military genius, strategy and personal bravery was displayed by Major DeVeaux, at that time but twenty-three years of age.

With the news of this exploit, DeVeaux went to England, was complimented with a colonel's commission, and received full remuneration for all his advances. Here he exhibited some elegant feats of horsemanship, in the park; came out to America, married Miss Verplank, of New-York, a very aimable, fine woman, and lived at an elegant country seat on the Hudson river. Here he had two daughters, one of whom married Colonel Hare Powell of Philadelphia: the other married Mr. ——— Verplank, a relative of her mother's family.

Colonel DeVeaux continued fond of gaiety and display; he drove his own carriage, with four elegant

horses, about the streets of New-York, with an ostrich feather in his hat, when such decorations and equestrian feats were unknown, even among the gay of that city. He, consequently, outlived his fortune, and became embarrassed before his death.

COLONEL ROBERT BARNWELL.

This gentleman, of whom mention was incidentally made in the sketch of Colonel DeVeaux, was a private, at the commencement of the revolution, in a militia company commanded by his brother, Captain John Barnwell. He served with them in all the arduous, harrassing duties of that period, and was stationed with them, during Provost's inroad, at the plantation of Captain John Raven Mathews, on John's Island; the enemy were posted on the opposite side of Stono river. Captain Mathews, from seniority of commission, commanded this Beaufort company with his own, and was training them to march and countermarch in sight of the British troops, who, no doubt, counted their numbers accurately, by means of their spy-glasses.

Mr. Thomas Legare and his son James were under the particular command of Captain Mathews, and as a friend Mr. Legare remonstrated against this unnecessary exposure, but his caution was disregarded. After the parade he again spoke to Captain Mathews, advising that the sentinels should be doubled, and other precautions taken against a night attack, but his advice was slighted. Mr. Legare then asked leave of absence, that he might join the guards, at Champlin's Point; and this was granted, with some jests at his fears. Accordingly only two sentinels were put on duty. Thomas Fenwick, who was after that well known as a royalist, came into the American camp, and supped with the officers. He soon obtained all the necessary information for himself and the British purposes. At midnight the British troops crossed to

John's Island in two divisions, one of which went directly to Fenwick's house, about three miles above; the other went directly to Mathew's landing. They waited for a signal from Fenwick's party, that the attack might be simultaneous. Fenwick, himself, conducted the land party against his friends and neighbors, with whom he had been supping. Some may suppose that Fenwick was influenced, on this occasion, by conscientious loyalty to the British government. I give great latitude to honest feelings of this kind, but his were not honest. From this time, until after the revolution, Fenwick was considered a devoted royalist, and as such his property was confiscated by the Legislature, convened at Jacksonborough, but it was afterwards given up to him, on the certificate of General Greene, that Fenwick had acted as a spy for him, affording information of what the British were doing in Charleston, and that he had, therefore, promised protection to Fenwick's property. Thus was Fenwick proved to be doubly a traitor; a mean, insidious traitor. The evidence of this may still be seen.

The first sentinel, whether from fright or treachery, ran off without firing the alarm gun, and saved his life; the second sentinel was James Black, a ship carpenter of Beaufort. He fired his gun, but was immediately bayoneted, and died of his wounds.

Mr. Black was a personal friend of my father, who informed us that Mr. Black was brought to Charleston a day or two after he had been wounded. That he called to see Mr. Black, and found him in good spirits. Among other wounds, the bayonet had been run into the fleshy part of his back, extending to the spine; it had been dressed according to the usage of that day, with a tent to keep the wound open, and this tent was a piece of gentian root, which by its expansion was intended to dilate the wound. By the removal of Mr. Black to the city, this piece of gentian may have been overlooked; it had caused much inflammation, and my father called shortly after the

temporary relief from its removal. Mr. Black spoke to him sociably and cheerfully, telling him that the doctor had just drawn out of his back a trunnel two or three inches long. The trunnel of workmen is spelt trenail, and is a wooden pin driven through the bottom of a vessel, to secure the planks to her timbers; a nail made of a tree; but the inflammation extended to the spinal marrow, and Mr. Black died in Charleston.

Captain Mathews' quarters were immediately surrounded, and every man of his company made prisoners. The boat party also surrounded the Beaufort company, and demanded their surrender. Captain Barnwell called out to know what quarter they should have; "no quarter to rebels," was the reply. "Then men," said Captain Barnwell, "defend yourselves to the last; charge!" In an instant the click of every gun was heard, as it was cocked and presented in the faces of the enemy, who immediately fell back. Shortly after this, a sergeant of the British put his head into the door, saying "surrender and you shall have honorable quarter." "By what authority do you promise quarter, if we accept it—what rank do you hold?" then asked Captain Barnwell; "I am but a sergeant in command," was the answer, "but my word is as good as any officer's in his majesty's service." On this assurance, Barnwell and his men surrendered their arms, and the British soldiers immediately commenced an attack on them with their bayonets, killing and wounding most of the Beaufort company. Robert Barnwell and ——— Barns each received seventeen bayonet wounds. Benjamin Reynolds, of Wadmalaw, was one of the few who escaped from the British on this occasion. Mr. Barnwell was left apparently dead, but by the unremitting kindness and attention of Mrs. Robert Gibbes, who lived on the adjoining plantation, he finally recovered. The British burnt the houses and ravaged the plantation. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Thomas Legare, from whom the above

particulars are derived. It is now owned by Mr. Kinsey Burden, Mr. Legare's son-in-law. The ruins of the dwelling house may still be seen in his field.

Robert Barnwell, with his two elder brothers, John and Edward, were, after the fall of Charleston, confined in a British prison ship. While there, the execution of Colonel Hayne took place, and General Greene's threat to retaliate was received by the British commandant. He sent notice to the Barnwells and other prisoners that they should be held liable to similar treatment, if General Greene enforced his threat. All the prisoners thus notified, immediately signed an address to General Greene—the three brothers being the first on the list—requesting that he would not regard them in his future proceedings, as they were ready to die in the cause of their country. This address was enclosed to the British commandant, and forwarded by him to General Greene.

Robert Barnwell was not only distinguished for his patriotism, but for his piety, strict honor and commanding eloquence. His style of oratory was peculiarly impressive; it was declamatory, uttered with a fine manly voice, graceful gesture and appropriate action. He was polite and gentlemanly to his political opponents, conceding to them in minor points, but inflexibly insisting on his own federal principles and measures. He stated his premises in a tone of confidence and authority, not pausing for evidence adduced from this or that page of such and such authors. His assertion was always respected, for he was well known to be superior to all intentional errors. From these premises he drew his inferences, without peroration, figures of rhetoric or scholastic syllogisms. By his own honest convictions and confident assertions, he impressed his hearers with the most perfect conviction of his sincerity, even if they differed in their opinions and objects. On one occasion, his opponent proving to be a man of talents, resource and eloquence, Colonel Barnwell complimented his forensic abilities, by observing that the gentleman was never disconcerted,

but, like a war cat, in whatever direction or position he might be cast, he was sure to fall on his feet, ready for action, offensive or defensive.

Mr. John Strobel remembers the impressive eloquence of Colonel Barnwell, both in the federal convention and in the State Legislature, but remembers more particularly his singular courtesy, liberality and candor. On one occasion, in the Legislature, a member's seat was contested, on the ground of their being one vote more in the box than the number of voters. Although the member returned had a much greater number of votes than his opponent, Mr. Barnwell, being indignant at every thing like fraud, opposed his taking his seat. A young lawyer, much better known afterwards as Judge Wilds, opposed Colonel Barnwell's motion, showed that, as the fraudulent voter was unknown, the innocent would probably be punished for the guilty. If such returns were set aside, it would be in the power of every disappointed candidate to thwart the election of his more successful opponent, and almost every member's seat might be thus disputed, through the mischief or the malice of the opposition. Mr. Barnwell rose next, to say that he was forcibly impressed with the arguments and observations of the "young gentleman," and withdrew his motion.

Colonel Barnwell was many years Speaker of our State Legislature, and a distinguished delegate to Congress from South-Carolina, at a time when much warmth was excited between the federalists and republicans in their debates.

In his own district, Colonel Barnwell was the arbiter or umpire of most differences arising among his numerous relatives and friends, few of whom ever appealed from his award.

On one occasion, a neighbor of respectability had done what Colonel Barnwell considered improper, and he took occasion to speak his opinion to him of this matter in very plain terms. The gentleman was displeased, and told Colonel Barnwell that he should hear from him. "What," said the colonel, "then you

mean to challenge me, when you know that I am, from principle, opposed to duelling, and will not meet you for that purpose. You know that I consider duelling by no means a proof of courage, but frequently the result of cowardice—of fear to encounter the frowns or insinuations of a community misguided by custom, example and education. I know that you are not a coward, and you must not think that I am afraid of you. What I said, was to your face, sir, and I will not retract it, nor will I keep out of your way, sir. I am going to-morrow morning to my plantation, and will pass your avenue about (a time which he named.) If you think proper to attack me then, or now, or at any other time, you shall find me ready to defend myself.” No more was heard of the challenge.

CHAPTER VI.

Remarks on the Declaration of Independence and battle of the 28th June, 1776—Old Paper Currency and its Signers—Duel between General Gadsden and General Robert Howe—Charleston Artillery and Battle of Beaufort—Anecdotes of a young Volunteer—Provost's Invasion—Pulaski and Colonel Flagg—Threat to the Privy Council—Death of Major Benjamin Huger—Governor Rutledge and William Joyner—General William Moultrie and Battle of Stono.

THE coincidence, in point of time, between the battle of Fort Moultrie and the report made to Congress, by Mr. Jefferson and his committee, on the declaration of independence, is not unworthy of notice and comment.

These very important occurrences both took place on the 28th of June, 1776, and were probably equally efficient, if not indispensably necessary, and providentially ordered to be simultaneous, in support of each other. Had the Southern States been cut off from the Union, by the united invasion of Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton, in this early stage of the revolution, it is difficult to say how far the Middle and Northern States could have sustained this declaration of independence, under their great local difficulties, when further embarrassed and discouraged by the dismemberment of one-fourth of their number, if not of their relative strength. In that case, Virginia would have become the southern frontier, and all her resources required at home to oppose the army of Lord Cornwallis, and the simultaneous British inroads by land and water. Virginia would have been totally unable to send her liberal supplies of men and arms to sustain General Washington, when sorely pressed in protecting the Middle States from the British forces. Without such support, General Washington might

have been obliged to retire to the mountains, and Congress unable to send the army of General Gates first, and then that of General Greene to re-conquer the South. It is difficult, also, to say whether South-Carolina might not have become arrogant, listless and inactive after this victory, or distracted by the commotions of her domestic enemies, the royalists, but for this simultaneous declaration of independence. By this the Americans ceased to be colonists and rebels; they became an independent nation, warring under all the rights of belligerents. Their domestic enemies, the tories, in each State became the rebels, and subject to the State authorities respectively. American citizens were thenceforth protected in their personal and national rights by the united councils and strong arms of the whole Union.

The Declaration of Independence, as first published on the 4th of July, was sent on by express, and received on the last of July in Charleston. The importance of this measure was duly appreciated by the civil authorities, and they determined that the announcement should be as imposing and impressive as possible. The civil and military were all paraded, and the reverend gentlemen of the clergy of all denominations were invited, and did very generally unite to countenance and solemnize the ceremony. The Liberty Tree, in Mazyckborough, of which mention has been previously made, was the favorite resort for all meetings of the people, with revolutionary objects, during the preceding ten or twelve years. The popular feeling for this tree, associated with its name, induced the governor and council to select this as the place for the first declaration of independence. Thither the procession moved from the city, on the 5th of August, embracing all the young and old, of both sexes, who could be moved so far. Aided by bands of music, and uniting all the military of the country and city, in and near Charleston, the ceremony was the most splendid and solemn that ever had been witnessed in South-Carolina. It was opened by prayers, offered up to the

throne of the Most High, by the Rev. Mr. William Percy, of the Episcopal Church. The declaration was then read in the most impressive manner by Major Barnard Elliott, and closed with an elegant and appropriate address by the same reverend gentleman, inspiring the crowded audience with piety and patriotism. It was followed by a universal burst of popular applause, by loud huzzas and animating cheers. The infantry responded with a general *feu de joie*, and the discharge of cannon echoed and re-echoed the general enthusiasm.

It must be recollected that this display took place a few weeks after the victory of Sullivan's Island, when there was reason to suppose that the enemy were still on our coast, meditating another attack. The ardor, enthusiasm and unanimity evinced, was peculiarly gratifying to the patriotic conductors of the scene.

There were always secret enemies and informers in our country, and this ceremony was described soon after in the British prints with as much ridicule as possible. Among other circumstances, the day was said to have been intensely hot, and the reverend gentleman, while addressing the audience, was shaded by an umbrella, held over him by his servant, a negro man. As the crowd pressed forward, and the orator became warm with his ardor of patriotism, his countenance also glowed with the actual heat of the weather, the ardor of sunshine. The black servant was then observed to be fanning his master, while holding the umbrella over him, and the British narrator observed on the circumstance :


Good Mr. Parson, it is not quite civil
To be preaching rebellion, thus fanned by the devil.

GEORGIA. 1776 No. *667*

THIS CERTIFICATE entitles the Bearer to
 FOUR SPANISH MILLED DOLLARS,
 or the Value thereof, according to Resolution of
 CONGRESS

W. Stephens
J. M. Warrham
J. Bellair

Mr. B. Smith
Mr. B. Smith



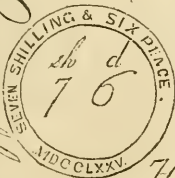
76 South Carolina No 2372. 76

This Bill will entitle the Bearer to the sum
 of SEVEN SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE
 Currency by order of the Provincial Congress
 15th November 1775

C. Middleto


J. Boomer.

9076



\ One Pound Five teen Shillings ✓
 07 00 000000 [No 15 X 41]
 SOUTH-CAROLINA
 THE Bearer is intitled to ONE
 POUND FIVE TEEN SHILLINGS
 Currency, by Resolvo of Congress,
 March, 1776. *Maring*
 U.S. 155

10/ South Carolina No 521 10/
 This Bill will entitle the Bearer to the sum
 of TEN SHILLINGS
 Currency by order of the Provincial Congress
 15 November 1775.
Berwick
J. Berwick.
Ph. M. Simon's
 10/



SIGNERS OF THE OLD PAPER MONEY.

It may be asked, who are the signers of these old notes? were they men of respectability, or only men of straw, against whom there could be no procedure or redress, in case of failure or a reverse of fortune? We will endeavor to give some short account of several; and it may be seen, that the most respectable inhabitants of the Province, in education, character and property, were alike willing, by their signatures, to pledge all that was dear to them on the result of the revolution. A few of their signatures are represented in the plates attached hereto.

Roger Smith was a merchant, extensively engaged in business, living in handsome style, high credit, and undoubtedly wealthy at that time. He was a descendant of the old Landgrave Smith, and married to a daughter of Governor James Moore. Josiah Quincy speaks of the dinner party at which he enjoyed himself at this gentleman's house. He was the father of a large family, of whom the talented Thomas Rhett Smith was one. His father, Thomas Smith, was a man of most estimable character, universally respected and beloved; a wealthy merchant. In the numerous branches of that name and family, he was called "Long Tom Smith," for distinction, being a tall man. The descendants of his youngest son, James, have all assumed the name of Rhett.

Samuel Carne was brother of Patrick Carne, the gentleman who married the widow of Colonel Barnard Elliott, who had presented the pair of standards to the second regiment, in compliment for their victory on Sullivan's Island. These flags had each a splendid rattlesnake, with thirteen rattles, embroidered on them, with the words, "Don't tread on me." They were taken in the fall of Charleston, and sent to England among the trophies of victory, and may, as I am told, be still seen in the Tower of London. Carne, after the fall of Charleston, took protection of the British.

Isaac Mazyck was the wealthy owner of Mazyckborough, and of the lands on the north and on the west of that public square which comprises the Medical College, Marine Hospital, Jail, &c., with much other property.

William Roper, a man of independent property, the father, we believe, of the present Benjamin D. Roper. He then owned the Southern Wharf.

Peter Manigault was father of the late Joseph Manigault. He was Speaker of the House of Assembly; a man of talents, of wealth, though not discreet in its management; he died young.

Stephen Drayton was an accomplished gentleman, a first cousin, we believe, of William Henry Drayton, so often spoken of in the history of the revolution.

Thomas Bourke was a brother of Judge Edanus Burke, although they spelled their names differently. The one who changed the spelling had probably no lands to lose by the change. Thomas Bourke afterwards removed to the State of Georgia, and died, we believe, in Charleston, as he was buried near the western gate of St. Michael's Church yard.

Peter Bocquet was a descendant from one of the Huguenot families, and at the time married to Miss ——— Maclochlin, a lady of considerable property. He was, after the revolution, elected treasurer of the State, served in that office many years, became a defaulter, and died insolvent. He has no family living.

Aaron Loocock was a rich planter on Cooper river, and, after the revolution, went to live in Rhode Island, where he died. His remains were brought back to South-Carolina, and buried in the family cemetery. He left no children.

John E. Poyas was Dr. John Ernest Poyas, who married a daughter of Henry Smith, of St. James' Goose Creek, and left a large family, of which James Poyas, late of St. Thomas' Parish, is one of the survivors.

Peter Bacot was likewise a descendant of the Huguenots; a branch of which family having remained in

France, has a Baron Bacot at its head. Peter Bacot was a perfect "man of business," and highly respected. He was grandfather of the late lamented Peter Bacot—the only cashier of the Charleston Branch Bank, United States—their signatures were exactly alike.

John Edwards was a merchant, among the highest in respectability, credit and character, at that time in America. He was in Charleston during the siege, and became a prisoner of war; but, in violation of the terms on which the town capitulated, he was taken from his home, put on board of a prison ship, and then exiled to St. Augustine. Having been exchanged, he arrived in Philadelphia, and there died of apoplexy on the 19th August, 1781.

John Neufville was also a merchant of great respectability, chiefly engaged in the exportation of our produce. After the adoption of our federal constitution, and the funding of the public debt, General Washington appointed him the first Commissioner of the Loan Office, and he did great justice to the office. The present Mrs. Frederick Khone is his daughter, and, when he became infirm, she acted as his clerk or secretary, in transacting the business.

Thomas Corbett was father of the late Thomas Corbett, and was also a merchant of great respectability and popularity. The firm was Mansell, Corbett & Co., but, at the breaking out of the revolution, they failed. Mansell was believed to have secreted the funds for his own use, leaving Mr. Corbett, and Mr. William Roberts, the partner in London, very much injured. In 1775, Mr. Corbett and Mr. Neufville were associated with William Henry Drayton, as members of a committee, who, on the arrival of the packet *Swallow*, from England, seized and opened the government despatches, and thereby discovered the orders from the British ministry, for commencing actual hostilities against the colonists. Intercepting these despatches prevented or retarded the execution of the orders, and enabled the Southerners to arm themselves for the crisis. After the revolution, Mr. Corbett resumed his

mercantile pursuits, under the firm of Thomas Corbett & Son, but, as he had been long out of business, and every thing had changed, the firm wound up their business honorably, but not profitably.

Gideon Dupont was probably a merchant, at that time, in Charleston, but afterwards a planter in Prince William's Parish, Beaufort District, universally respected and beloved. He was the most methodical and minute man, in his dealings, that I ever met with.

John Berwick was a man of great respectability and genius, originally a mechanic, carrying on an extensive and profitable business in partnership with his brother Simon. He married a Miss Ash, and left one child, a daughter, Ann Berwick, who married Thomas Legare, of John's Island, and left a large family. Mr. Berwick was a member of the Legislature, and warmly attached to the principles of the revolution. He was, therefore, exiled to St. Augustine, and detained there eleven months, very unjustly.

Simon Berwick, his brother, was also a signer of these notes; he was an enterprising mechanic, and established Berwick's Iron Works, on the river Pacolet a little above the battle ground of Cedar Springs. Little is now known of his life, but his death occurred after the revolution, by assassination, on the Congaree road, when travelling up to where Columbia now stands.

Benjamin Waring was a planter in the neighborhood of St. George's, Dorchester. When Columbia was established as the seat of government, he was one of the first settlers, and one of the most valuable citizens of that place. He established a paper mill, a tan yard and a vineyard there; he was the first who ever used circular saws for other purposes beside ginning cotton. With them he reduced the refuse cotton to a pulp for making paper, and reduced the oak bark to sawdust, instead of grinding it for tanning. The Legislature elected him Secretary of State.

Thomas Waring was the first cousin and brother-in-law of Benjamin. He was also a planter in the

same neighborhood, and very fond of country sports, particularly of deer hunting. He always travelled with his double-barrelled gun resting on his arm, and one of the barrels was always loaded with buckshot. He was many years Naval Officer in the Custom House of Charleston. Both he and Benjamin Waring left families.

Thomas Middleton was a wealthy rice planter, of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in South-Carolina. One of his ancestors, Arthur Middleton, was president of the council and commander-in-chief of the Province. He headed the revolution in 1719, by which the government of the proprietors was put down, and the Province placed under the immediate control of the crown. He married Sarah Amory, an heiress, daughter of Jonathan Amory, the first Provincial treasurer. Her parents both died in 1699, and left her under the guardianship of Colonel William Rhett and his lady, Sarah Rhett. Mrs. Middleton became the mother of a large family, the oldest of whom became Sir William Middleton, by inheriting the title and estate of that family, in England, and her descendants still enjoy them. This lady died in September, 1765, at her plantation in Goose Creek, the same now owned by Mrs. Middleton Smith, in the eighty-second year of her age, having been more than sixty years without leaving the Province. It is highly desirable that the wealthy inhabitants of the South would follow her example, and cease to be locomotives. At her death she was believed to be possessed of property worth £50,000 sterling, all her children having been previously well settled. Other descendants of this family have at different times borne the highest offices in South-Carolina. Thomas Middleton's father was a member of the Continental Congress of 1765, and of 1774 and 1775. His brother, Arthur, was the member in 1776, who signed the declaration of independence.

Anthony Simons was one of a very respectable Huguenot family, engaged in the factorage business

with General A. Vanderhorst, and sold a large portion of the rice crop of this State. Dr. Benjamin Bonneau Simons, of high celebrity in his profession, was the son of this gentleman.

George Abbott Hall was trained to business from his youth, and continued, to his death, one of the most accurate and indefatigable officers of the government. During the revolution he was Collector of Charleston, and when the State was overrun by British troops, he was sent off to St. Augustine with many more. While there, he heard of his wife's death, and obtained leave to return for the purpose of removing his large family of young children. Before he arrived, they had been ordered off to Philadelphia, and arrived there in the cartel ———, D. Newton, master. He never saw his children until after the re-capture of Charleston, when they returned to it. On his arrival from St. Augustine, he first heard of his being exchanged, and immediately joined the Southern army. Having reported himself to the State delegates, in Congress, he was appointed the agent of Robert Morris, financier of the United States, for negotiating the scanty supplies of money, when indispensably necessary to General Greene's army. On one occasion, not being fully acquainted with the necessity of the case, he had resisted the supply, but was compelled by General Greene, in person, to make the required advance. The money was produced, and nothing more said about the difficulty. President Washington, among his first appointments, nominated Mr. Hall Collector of the port of Charleston, and he continued in office until his death. Mr. Hall left a large family of children, but he was too exemplary, in his public offices, to leave them any other inheritance than his good name.

Jacob Motte—this gentlemen was rich and highly respected; he was the husband of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, the Spartan matron, who not only doomed to the flames her family mansion, Fort Motte, when occupied as a British garrison, but supplied the bow

and arrows by which the flames were kindled on the roof over their heads. That bow and the remnant of those arrows, are, I am told, still to be seen in Peal's Museum, Philadelphia.

John Boomer was a very respectable man, of considerable property; a retail merchant in Elliott-street, then chiefly occupied by such merchants, with their families.

William Parker was a planter in St. Thomas' Parish, and otherwise a man of independent fortune. As with other patriots, this was very much impaired by the "waste of war," during the revolution.

William Gibbes was of an old, distinguished cavalier family; his ancestor, Robert Gibbes and Mary, his wife, were natives of Kent, in England, and removed with their family to Barbadoes, in 1648, about the time of the king's imprisonment, and when the Scottish army, under the Duke of Hamilton, invaded England. They had ten children, and soon removed from Barbadoes to South-Carolina, with six or seven of them; of these, Alice, their third child, married John Daniel, who became Governor of the Province. Robert, their fourth child, also became Governor of South-Carolina, and died here, in 1715, aged seventy-one years; William, the son of Robert, married Alice Culchith, and their third child, William, was the signer of these notes. William Gibbes married several times; his second wife was Elizabeth Hasell, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Hasell, of St. Thomas' Parish; their son, William Hasell Gibbes, was born in 1754, and died in 1834, in the eightieth year of his age. This gentleman, for his distinguished patriotism, was sent off to St. Augustine, in the revolution, and was the last survivor of the number so exiled. On the return of peace, he was elected Master in Equity, and filled the office with unblemished reputation — years. He left numerous descendants of great respectability. The other children of Robert Gibbes the elder, had most of them large families, and their

descendants are among the most respectable and valuable inhabitants of the low country.

Among the signers of the Georgia notes is William Stephens, son of Colonel William Stephens, the first President of Georgia, descended from a family of great distinction in England, (see Stevens' History, volume i, page 242.) He was a native of Savannah, and by his high character and acquirements became Chief Justice of that State. Mr. I. K. Tefft gives me the following brief sketch of him: "I remember William Stephens well; he was a remarkable man, and, like Windham, he could, at the same time, read on one subject and converse on another. While writing his decrees as Chief Justice, he was in frequent conversation with his family and friends, without the least interruption to his pen."

James Habersham was the son of Captain —— Habersham, one of the friends and co-operators with General Oglethorpe. He was brother of the highly distinguished Colonel Joseph Habersham, the first Post-Master General under Washington; and father of the late Richard W. Habersham.

William Ewen was elected the first revolutionary President of Georgia; this honorable appointment took place forty-one years after he had been sent out to that Province by the proprietors, in England, "as a servant indented for two years to stay in their store."

Edward Telfair was a native of Scotland, where he was born, in 1735, on the farm of Town Head, the ancestral estate of the family, and which has since been sold to the Earl of Selkirk. He received an English education at the grammar school of Kerkdubright.

At the age of twenty-three, he came to America as an agent of a commercial house, and resided some time in Virginia. He afterwards removed to Halifax, North-Carolina, and subsequently to Georgia, and in 1766 settled in Savannah. He was one of the princi-

pal promoters of the revolution in that colony, and one of the committee appointed in 1774, to draw up resolutions, to be adopted by the friends of liberty. He was an active member of the council of safety, and one of the small party of republicans, who, on the night of the 11th May, 1775, broke open the magazine, then under the protection of the Provincial governor, removed the powder, sent a large portion of it to Beaufort, South-Carolina, for the use of the patriots there, and concealed the rest in their cellars. Though a large reward was offered by Governor Wright for the persons who had seized it, and they were well known to some of the members of his privy council, yet they were not arrested, and the powder soon spoke for itself, to the dread of the British and Tories.

During the revolution he suffered great pecuniary losses by the occupation of the enemy. His family, at one time, sought refuge in Fredericktown, in Maryland.

In February, 1778, he was elected, by the House of Assembly of Georgia, one of the delegates to represent the State in the Continental Congress, and took his seat in that body on the 13th July following, and on the 24th of that month signed the ratification of the articles of confederation. In November of that year, he obtained leave of absence; resumed his seat on the 15th February, 1780, and continued a member until January, 1783, when his term of office expired. Early in this year, he was appointed by the Governor of Georgia one of the commissioners to conclude a treaty with the Cherokee chiefs, which was finally concluded on the 30th May, 1783, establishing the boundary line between the State of Georgia and the Cherokee nation.

In May, 1785, he was re-elected a member of Congress, but did not take his seat. He was Governor of Georgia from 9th January, 1786, to 9th January, 1787, and again from the 9th November, 1790, to 7th November, 1793.

During General Washington's visit to Georgia, in May, 1791, he was brilliantly entertained by Governor Telfair, at his family residence near Augusta, called the Grove, and on the departure of the general he addressed to him the following letter, which is still preserved in the archives at Milledgeville.

“ AUGUSTA, 20TH MAY, 1791.

To His Excellency Edward Telfair, Governor of Georgia:

SIR:—Obeying the impulse of a heartfelt gratitude, I express, with particular pleasure, my sense of obligations, which your excellency's goodness and the kind regard of your citizens have conferred upon me. I shall always retain a most pleasing remembrance of the polite and hospitable attentions which I have received in my tour through the State of Georgia, and during my stay at the residence of your government.

The manner in which you are pleased to recognize my public services, and to regard my private felicity, excites my sensibility, and claims my grateful acknowledgments. Your excellency will do justice to the sentiments, which influence my wishes, by believing that they are sincerely offered for your personal happiness, and the prosperity of the State over which you preside.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

McCall, in his history of Georgia, makes honorable mention of Governor Telfair. He says that at the period when “the sources of public revenues had been exhausted in supporting the expenses of the war, and while negotiations were pending between the United States and the continental powers of Europe, Mr. Telfair suggested to Mr. Walton, his colleague in Congress, the idea of sending ministers generally to those powers, and of drawing bills upon them, at six months sight, depending upon loans for their payment. Mr. Walton, at first view, considered the plan chimerical, but admitted of its being worthy of consideration. When the subject was introduced before the House, by Mr. Telfair, he displayed a solidity of financial talents, in an unexplored field, which eventually favored the national credit. Bills were drawn upon foreign nations to a considerable amount, on the faith of the public credit, while Congress were employed in making ministerial appointments to the courts on which

these bills were drawn. They were accordingly accepted and paid, and for a time relieved the public embarrassments, and gave new life and vigor to the prosecution of the war."

Thomas Telfair, one of his sons, was a member of Congress, from 1813 to 1817. He took a conspicuous part in the debates of that Congress, upon protection of domestic industry and the tariff for that object. He warmly opposed Mr. Calhoun and the protectionists of that day; he was one of the Georgia delegation who voted for increased pay to members of Congress, and the people of Georgia elected an entirely new delegation to express their disapprobation of that measure. Mr. Telfair's letter to his constituents, on that occasion, contains sentiments highly honorable to his manly independence of character.

Governor Telfair died at Savannah, on the 19th September, 1807, in the seventy-second year of his age, and was interred with military honors.

Dr. Noble Wimberly Jones, one of the patriarchs of Georgia, a companion of General Oglethorpe, and, throughout the revolution, a decided, unwavering patriot. As such, he was exiled by the British to St. Augustine. After the revolution, he was President of the Georgia Medical Society.—(See a sketch of his life in the *Encyclopedia Americana*, vol. xiii., page 479.)

WARFARE IN GEORGIA.

It was certainly good policy, as well as justice, in South-Carolina, to keep her own State, as long as possible, clear of the enemy, by advancing to meet him in the adjoining State of Georgia. That being the seat of war, Provost's invasion of Georgia was defeated, and the country rescued from depredation by the Carolina troops, under General Robert Howe, until December, 1778. But, in this expedition, the Carolinians suffered more than if they had been engaged in active warfare. They were badly fed and provided, and

stationed, during the most sickly season of the year, in the most sickly part of Georgia. Consequences ensued, which might have been expected—the regulars of South-Carolina were reduced to half of their numbers, by deaths and diseases, by discharges and desertions; the remainder of those who so bravely fought at Sullivan's Island, now only numbered six hundred men, and were finally driven out of Georgia, by Colonel Campbell's two thousand regular troops. Whether this was owing to General Howe's inefficiency, his fault, or his misfortune, we do not pretend to know. He certainly was censured for the unfortunate result; and among other publications, was a letter of General Gadsden's, disapproving of his conduct. Howe sent a message to Gadsden; but he would neither retract nor apologize; what he there said, was still his opinion. A duel ensued, in which Howe's ball grazed the ear of Gadsden, but the latter fired his pistol in a different direction from his opponent. In a newspaper of the day, a very minute statement of all the circumstances was published, and this being received in New-York—the head-quarters of the royal army—it was issued in a new dress or poetical parody, written by the celebrated Major Andre, as follows:

CHARLESTON, S. C., *September 1st.*

We are favored with the following authentic account of the affair of honor, which happened on the 13th August, 1778. Eleven o'clock was the hour appointed for Generals H. and G. to meet; accordingly, about ten minutes before eleven—but hold, it is too good a story to be told in simple prose.

It was on Mr. Percy's land,*
 At Squire Rugeley's corner,†
 Great H. and G. met, sword in hand,
 Upon a point of honor.—*Yankey Doodle.*

G. went before, with Colonel E.,‡
 Together in a carriage,

* Percy's land, north of Cannonsboro', extending to the lines.

† Squire Rugeley—the Colonel Rugeley, near Camden—now Major Bulow's Corner.

‡ Colonel Bernard Elliott.

On horseback, followed H. and P.,*
As if to steal a marriage.

On chosen ground they now alight,
For battle duly harnessed,
A shady place and out of sight,
It showed they were in earnest.

They met, and in the usual way,
With hat in hand saluted,
Which was, no doubt, to show how they,
Like gentlemen, disputed.

And then they both together made,
This honest declaration,—
That they came there by honor led,
And not by inclination.

That is, they fought, 'twas not because
Of rancor, spite or passion,
But only to obey the laws
Of custom and the fashion.

The pistols, then, before their eyes,
Were fairly primed and loaded ;
H. wished, and so did G. likewise,
The custom was exploded.

But, as they now had gone so far,
In such a bloody business,
For action straight they both prepared,
With mutual forgiveness.

But, lest their courage should exceed
The bounds of moderation,
Between the seconds 'twas agreed,
To fix them each a station.

The distance stepped by Colonel P.,
'Twas only eight short paces ;
Now, gentlemen, said Colonel E.,
Be sure to keep your places.

Quoth H. to G., sir, please to fire,
Quoth G., no, pray begin, sir ;
And, truly, we must need admire
The temper they were in, sir.

* General C. C. Pinckney.

We'll fire both at once, said H.,
 And so they both presented ;
 No answer was returned by G.,
 But silence, sir, consented.

They paused awhile, these gallant foes,
 By turns, politely grinning,
 'Till, after many cons and pros,
 H. made a brisk beginning.

H. missed his mark, but not his aim,
 The shot was well directed,
 It saved them both from hurt and shame,
 What more could be expected.

Then, G., to show he meant no harm,
 But hated jars and jangles,
 His pistol fired across his arm,
 From H., almost at angles.

H. now was called upon by G.,
 To fire another shot, sir,
 He smiled, and after that, quoth he,
 No, truly, I cannot, sir.

Such honor did they both display,
 They highly were commended,
 And thus, in short, this gallant fray,
 Without mischance was ended.

No fresh dispute, we may suppose,
 Will e'er by them be started ;
 And now the chiefs, no longer foes,
 Shook hands, and so they parted.—*Yankey Doodle.*

ANCIENT BATTALION OF ARTILLERY.

A single company of artillerists was organized in the year 1756, and called the Charleston Artillery. The subscribers to this company were first called together on the 1st March, in that year. Other calls were advertised in August, September and October, still saying that they were for the formation of the company. From these, it might be inferred that they were slow in completing their number. Another cause

for the delay, may be supposed from a paragraph or two, expressing a hope that the company would select officers who were well acquainted with the duties and exercises of artillerists. It is, therefore, evident that the members could not agree in their election of officers; the most popular candidates, probably, were not the best qualified for teaching the artillery exercises. We have not been able to state at what date they finally organized themselves and elected their officers, but believe that, as in the present day, the most popular were selected, and that, in this case at least, the election was a very happy one. Christopher Gadsden was elected captain; Thomas Grimball, Junr., lieutenant captain; Thomas Heyward, Junr., first lieutenant; Edward Rutledge, second lieutenant. They then obtained the services of a sergeant in the British artillery, and made him their orderly. The other subalterns were chosen for their intelligence and zeal, in acquiring a knowledge of their duties, with a due degree of firmness and courtesy in executing those duties; among them was Benjamin Wilkins.

Under these arrangements, they appear to have been very well satisfied, and to have acquired a competent knowledge of artillery exercise. In October, 1759, on the departure of Governor Lyttelton, with the Provincial troops, against the Cherokee Indians, the artillery offered their services, for his escort up to the Congaree; that is, to the neighborhood of Columbia. This handsome compliment was gratefully declined, on the ground that their services were more wanted in Charleston, in the performance of guard duty, during the absence of all other protection. On the 5th January, 1760, the governor returned with the troops, and, although he had not acquired either honor or popularity by this expedition, the Charleston artillery company offered to escort him back at their own expense.

About this time they probably lost the instruction of their orderly sergeant, for, on the 26th January, 1760, the company was called together, for the pur-

pose of being instructed by Lieutenant Mayne, who had been sent, at their request, by General Amherst, from New-York, for this purpose. On the 19th of April, following, they had become so expert in their exercises that a parade was ordered, for the purpose of having them exercised and reviewed before the governor, who was graciously pleased to commend their skill and proficiency in the evolutions required.

The exercises and duties of this company were duly performed, until the commencement of hostilities in the revolution. That their discipline was regular and strict, is evinced by a variety of circumstances, one of which is on record. In a tour of guard duty, a night or two after the arrival of the last Provincial governor, Lord William Campbell, the field-piece was paraded on the side pavement, in front of the guard-house, and the sentinel received orders to exclude persons from passing between it and the guard-house. After an hour or two, several gentlemen came on that side of the street, and tried to pass back of the cannon on the pavement, rather than be obliged to step off from it into the muddy street. The sentinel presented his fusee, and told them that they could not pass there. The party thus opposed, was the governor and his suite. The governor said nothing, but his secretary stepped up, and asked the sentinel if he did not know that it was his excellency who wished to pass. The artillerist calmly but firmly replied, he did not know any body but his commanding officer. The secretary then asked his name, and was promptly answered, "Harvey, at your service, sir."

It was Thomas Harvey who, for his good conduct on this and other occasions, was appointed commissary for the continental troops in South-Carolina. As an evidence of this good man's patriotism, the only survivor of his children, Mrs. Bradley, shows a silver medal of William Pitt, marked T. H., 1766, apparently with a knife; a proof that the same feelings of gratitude and admiration, which induced the Assembly to erect a marble statue to the elder William Pitt, led Mr.

Harvey to purchase and keep this medal—the only one I ever saw of the kind. Thomas Harvey died on the 10th July, 1786, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The Charleston Artillery being called out in detachments, whenever confidential duties were to be performed, as in breaking open the magazines and arsenal, to seize the arms and ammunition, is an evidence of the high estimation in which the members were held by the public and by the leaders in the revolution.

In March, 1775, the Provincial Congress resolved to enlist two regiments, and published a recommendation that all the inhabitants should be trained to arms. Captain C. Gadsden, of this artillery company, was elected colonel of the first regiment. The highest military appointment in South-Carolina was given to him, the captain of this company; and thus the greatest compliment was paid to his character and to their discipline, by his elevation.

From the general enthusiasm prevailing at this time, more men applied for admission into the artillery than was authorised, and it became necessary to form two companies, uniting them in battalion. The officers of the original company were accordingly all promoted to effect this object. Thomas Grimball, Junr., became major; Thomas Heyward, Junr., became captain of the first company; Edward Rutledge became captain of the second company; Anthony Toomer, Charles Warkam, Daniel Stevens and Benjamin Wilkins, lieutenants; but in what order, we are not informed. The original plan of having a lieutenant captain in each company was continued in them, until united to the regiment of artillery.

STATE OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

June 3, 1778.

This is to certify, That *William Johnson* is this day inlisted into Captain *Thomas Heyward's* company of the Charlestown battalion of Artillery, commanded by Major THOMAS GRIMBALL, JUN.

Benjamin Legare Adjutant.

Hostilities commenced soon after the Charleston Artillery were thus organized, and they were ordered on the first expedition in arms—that for the capture of Fort Johnson. In this they were among the most efficient. Although drenched to the skin by the inclemency of the weather, and incapable of firing a gun, they pushed forward as infantry, and resolved to take the fort at the point of the bayonet. They, however, met with no resistance; they took the fort, and kept it. The guns had been overturned by the British troops, who were withdrawn in haste as the Americans advanced. Before the next morning three of the heavy guns had been re-mounted in the fort, and were ready for defence against the expected attack of the British sloops of war.

In 1776, during the invasion by Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton, the battalion were stationed in the fort at the southern extremity of Church-street, a part of the present Battery. The post was then called Fort Broughton, but shortly after the battle of Beaufort, in which the battalion lost a favorite officer, Lieutenant Wilkins, the name was, at their request, changed to Fort Wilkins, for the purpose of commemorating his bravery and worth.

In April, 1778, the members of the battalion were paraded, that they might take the oath of allegiance

and sign it. This they all did, except one man; and the certificates of their having signed, were given by Major Grimball, dated April 1st, and delivered to each of the men.

I do hereby certify, That *William Johnson* hath taken and subscribed the oath of allegiance and fidelity, as directed by an act of the General Assembly of the State of South-Carolina, entitled "An act to oblige every male person of this State, above a certain age, to give assurance of fidelity and allegiance to the same, and for other purposes."

Grimball Junr

April 1st, 1778.

Early in 1779, the battalion were ordered to Purisburg, near Savannah river, under General Moultrie, and while there, were detached from General Lincoln's army, to attack the British artillery, under Colonel Gardner, on Beaufort Island.

BATTLE OF BEAUFORT.

The British forces having obtained possession of Savannah, and the greater part of Georgia, sent off, early in 1779, several detachments to annoy South-Carolina. One of them was sent to Beaufort, with a howitzer and two field-pieces, under the command of Colonel Gardner, with about two hundred of their regular troops. Colonel Moultrie was sent to oppose them, with two companies of the Charleston Artillery (militia) and two pieces of field artillery. In Beaufort, he was joined by nine men of the State troops and several volunteers, with a third piece of artillery. Among these, were Captain DeTreville, Captain Mitchell, Captain Dunham and Lieutenant Moore. These gentlemen waived the privilege of rank, under their commissions in the local militia, and worked, as pri-

vates, at their own gun.* This put Moultrie on an equality, in arms and numbers, with the British regulars; and this gun, having been admirably served, did great execution. Both parties endeavored to gain a particular position—a defile, protected by a ravine or swamp. The British gained it, and had the great advantages of being sheltered by the growth of woods, as well as the position and the discipline of their artilleryists; while the Carolinians were exposed in an open field. They, however, continued to advance on the enemy, who had a portion of their troops selected as sharpshooters, which did much execution from their covered position. Moultrie, on the other hand, although a portion of his men were armed with fuses to protect their cannon, in case of a charge, had given orders that they should not be fired; apprehending that his men might be thrown into confusion by their anxiety to shoot, and thus neglect their field pieces. A very lively fire of artillery was kept up by both parties, and a shot, directed by Lieutenant Benjamin Wilkins, struck the British howitzer and dismounted it. This was, no doubt, important in the fortunate event of the battle; but he, poor fellow, was soon after wounded, and died after the action. The Carolinians, continuing to advance, were much galled by the sharpshooters. One of them was observed by John David Miller, who asked permission of Captain Thomas Heyward to shoot him, alleging that “he will kill us, if we do not kill him.” But Captain Heyward could not permit it, and directly afterwards, a shot fired by that man broke the arm of Mr. Miller, passed through it, and lodged in the side of Mr. John Righton, inflicting a very dangerous wound.

After a very gallant action, the British artilleryists retreated, and were pursued by Captain John Barnwell, with about fifteen mounted volunteers, until they left the island and the State. The American detachment, as in other cases, being short of ammunition,

* The first of these commanded the gun, the second pointed it, the third rammed and sponged the piece, and the fourth fired it.

were unable to pursue their retreating foes. Several prisoners were taken by the Americans, and among them a sergeant, wounded, but not dangerously. When his wounds were dressed, he inquired if that company was commanded by Captain Gadsden; and being told no, but that Captain Gadsden did command it, when first formed, he inquired for the orderly book of that company. This having been produced, he asked if a person, whom he named, was not the drill sergeant at the time of its formation. They turned to the first pages, and found that it was as he represented. He then said, "that is my name; I am the sergeant who taught that company their exercises, which they have so well performed in this day's action; they have beat me with my own weapons." The poor fellow was then recognized by some of his former comrades, received kind attentions from all, recovered, and was exchanged.

After this action the duties of the battalion were confined to the neighborhood of Charleston, and when besieged by Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Arbuthnot, the post of honor was assigned to them; the post called the horn-works, which enclosed the gates of the city; one company was stationed on each side of the city gates and drawbridge. By the fall of Charleston, the battalion was dissolved, for a time. After the peace it was revived, and most of the officers re-elected in the same comparative rank. They were frequently exercised and drilled, and acquired as much confidence in their officers and in themselves as formerly. This continued with much good feeling, until the Legislature revised and altered the militia system, incorporating the old battalion into a regiment of artillery. In this change, it is true that some of the officers acquired a rank not attainable in the battalion, and some few were gratified with the commission of colonel, yet, from that time, the battalion declined. The *esprit de corps* was lost; the higher officers, their comrades and associates, ceased to parade with them, as formerly, and other officers occasionally

commanded, whom they had not elected, and who had been imposed on them by the new law—officers that they did not like, but must obey. There was compulsion introduced into a volunteer association. They gradually diminished in numbers, and finally became extinct as a military corps. In the war of 1812, they were as numerous as ever, and as great favorites. Shortly after the declaration of war, Governor Middleton ordered an encampment of the artillery, the riflemen and other uniform companies of Charleston, at Fenwick's Point, in St. Andrew's Parish, near the bridge, which was then new. The want of due preparation and provision, experienced on that occasion, was an evidence of its necessity. Shortly after this, the artillery were ordered into a second encampment, at Stent's Point, on the south-east part of James' Island, and there things were but little improved. Many of the citizen soldiers were dissatisfied, but few or none resigned, until an order was issued for taking the height and personal description of each member, as in conscripts and enlistments into the regular service. Many became dissatisfied that they should be thus treated like fort soldiers, as if they were expected to desert and be advertised like them. It must be acknowledged that encampments are the best means of instructing the militia and young troops, when *well arranged and well conducted*; but it must also be acknowledged, that when this encampment was over, there was still much room for improvement—of the officers, especially. It should have been preceded by encampments of the officers; the officers should have been first drilled by some one well acquainted with the duties. The men who were encamped on this occasion, had reason to complain; their tours of duty were not arranged equally, nor the relief sent to them at the proper time; they were not well supplied with provisions or camp equipage. Some duties required of them were menial, as if they had signed the articles of war, and had taken the bounty. One of the captains was a tailor, and when insisting

that he would take a minute description of his men, was asked, by one who had been a customer, if "he wanted to take his measure for another suit of clothes?"

Still there was war, and the enemy on our coast; still the members served as long as their services could be useful to their country, with the exception of a few who resigned, that they might serve in other corps. As soon as peace was declared, they began to fall off rapidly; and after several attempts to rally and revive the peculiar feeling among the descendants of those who had served in the revolution, it became evident, that the partiality to it as an independent corps was now lost by its junction with the regiment of artillery. They finally ceased to parade about the year 1827, and ceased to exist except in a benevolent institution, which they had established in 1808, and of which every member of the corps was a member under the rules. It was called the Charleston Ancient Artillery Society. This society, like that of the Cincinnati, still exists, composed of a few original members, but chiefly of the descendants of members of that corps. Their funds amount to \$10,000, well invested in stocks; the admission to it is by the votes of the present members, the payment of thirteen dollars entrance, and the annual contribution of six dollars by each member. For this they enjoy their social recollections, and a fine dinner, free of expense, at their anniversary.

ANECDOTES OF A YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

A young officer, of Charleston, was a volunteer in this detachment, under Colonel Moultrie, on Beaufort Island. He was a man of talents, courage and respectability, and anxious to distinguish himself, but he was not in the action. He came up after it was all over, saying that he was very sorry, but he had been led off by a fine flock of wild turkeys, which he wanted to

shoot, and could not get back in time. Instead of sharing in the honors acquired by the rest of the detachment, he was mortified, and felt as if every one was sneering at him, and whispering that his absence was intentional. He was mortified, but not disgraced in the eyes of the community. This circumstance is mentioned to show our young readers, the consequences of turning aside from the paths of duty and honor, not only in military matters, but in all the various pursuits of life. By yielding to the seductions of pleasure, this gentleman, although ambitious of distinction, and ardent in his patriotism, was not only disappointed when an opportunity was afforded him for acquiring distinction, but sorely mortified at the reverse.

This gentleman possessed many good qualities, which were appreciated by his fellow citizens; but being handsome and the possessor of a fine person, he was vain and ostentatious. Every mishap or mistake that occurred with him, was noticed, talked of and laughed at by the invidious, when in one less conspicuous, or, as they said, less assuming, it would have been overlooked, as accidental, and forgotten. His were errors of education and example, not of principles, but they were errors, and ought to be avoided by all in our republic, and by all in every other country in the world. It is very probable that some of the good jokes against him were fabricated, and the following among others.

After his return from imprisonment, in St. Augustine, to Philadelphia, where Congress met, having been exchanged and being desirous of service in the army, he was again about to equip himself for the field. Wanting a sword, he went to a celebrated cutler there, to be supplied. The cutler asked what kind of a sword he wished, when our countryman, displaying his fine person in the attitude of a fencer replied that "he wanted a sword suited to *that* arm." The cutler rejoined, "that his swords had been approved by all who had *tried them in battle*, but that they were tem-

pered to suit the heart and not the arm of the wearer." This implied doubt of his courage, might have been avoided by the ordinary department of one who wished to purchase a good sword, and its temper afterwards be proved in battle.

When a prisoner, on parole, in St. Augustine, he, with the rest, was permitted to write to his friends, in the United States, on condition that nothing should be communicated about the state of affairs in St. Augustine. In one of his letters to a friend, this condition was violated and the fact discovered; he was arrested, by order of the commander, and confined in one of the cells of the castle. In one of the long, dreary hours of solitary confinement, he wrote on his prison walls the following reflections, or something like them, on the "vain glories of the world."

"Life is a vapour, man needs repose,
He glories but a moment, down he goes."

A British officer, to show his wit, certainly not his sympathy or humanity, wrote under it,

"—— is a bubble, as his scribbling shows,
He cuts a caper, and then up he goes!"

with a finger pointing at a man, suspended on a gallows.

In a regimental muster, this gentleman was the commanding officer, and was exercising the companies in the usual mode, when he made a mistake in the word of command. His order was, "right about—to the left—wheel!" All wheeled, but some to the right and others to the left; some stood back to back, while others stood face to face, laughing at each other in glorious confusion.

GENERAL PROVOST'S INVASION.

General Provost's inroad and attack on Charleston, occurred nearly three years after the battle of Sullivan's Island. General Lincoln having gone with the

greater part of the Southern army, up the Savannah river, to the neighborhood of Augusta, the low country was left exposed, and advantage was taken of it. The greatest exertions were made to fortify and save Charleston, and they succeeded. The governor and council were indefatigable in their energies, but did not always confine themselves to their duties as civilians. They did not act in concert with General Moultrie, the military commander of Charleston.

On the very day that Provost crossed the Ashley river, Count Pulaski crossed the Cooper river with a few choice troops, both cavalry and infantry. Although his reinforcement was not great, numerically, yet his arrival was highly important and encouraging to the inhabitants, at that critical moment. One of them, Mr. George Flagg, was riding up the Dorchester road, that day, and saw the vanguard of the British army crossing Ashley Ferry; he hurried back to Charleston and spread the alarm. Being introduced to Count Pulaski, an expedition against the British was immediately determined on. Mr. Flagg was requested to be the guide, and Pulaski may have said something about his being one of the aids. They encountered the British in the only road at that time leading to the city, about the place of Noisette's Garden, a little south of the forks.

The charge of Pulaski's cavalry was in character with their leader—desperately brave, but of short duration—and in the result inefficient. It was what is now called feeling the enemy; and although few were killed, it made an impression on the minds of the British, who did not dream of an encounter with Count Pulaski, or any such attack by regulars. They, therefore, became more cautious in their advances. Pulaski's horses being jaded and fatigued by their long journey, were unfit for the route which ensued, and a number of his men were lost in the pursuit. Among others of note, was Colonel Kowatch, the second in command, a very experienced, able officer, who fell and was buried, by the British, on the west

side of the road, at the south-west corner of it and Huger-street, on the 11th of May, 1779. Colonel Kowatch was a Prussian by birth, and had distinguished himself in the army of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, from whose own hands he had received a complimentary badge of honor.

After the revolution, Mr. Flagg frequently travelled in the Northern States, and always with the title of "Colonel Flagg, aid-de-camp of Count Pulaski;" a traveller's title. He often told of this engagement as *one* in which he was present, and told it with animation; but he only *sometimes* told how expeditiously he leaped the ditch to get out of the skirmish, and made his escape to the city in safety.

THREAT TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

The day after this skirmish was spent in negotiations between the council and the British commander; they offering to surrender the town on condition that it should remain neutral during the rest of the war. This disgraceful proposal was made by council as a *ruse* to obtain time for defence, and for General Lincoln to advance and cut off Provost's retreat. Gadsden, Ferguson and Edwards voted against it. One of them told of it, in terms of disapprobation, to a number of the Charleston battalion of artillery, while stationed at the lines, of which my father was one. They, unanimously, exclaimed, that if carried into effect, it should be at the peril of those who voted for the offer, and that their lives should answer for it. This threat was repeated to some of those who were believed to have voted for the offer; Governor Mathews was said to have been present and heard the threat, and was believed to be one of the council. General Moultrie certainly believed it to be a serious offer, and when the demand for surrender was made on him, as the military commander, he positively refused to do so. The gallant John Laurens, on being

told of the refusal, said, "thank God, we are on our legs again."

The civil authority now determined to obstruct the road, and sent out a party for that purpose, under Major B. Huger. This measure was a very proper one, if concerted with Moultrie, the military head; but, unfortunately, he was not even notified of it, and no notice extended by any one to the sentinels on duty. When Major Huger had executed his orders, and was returning with his men, he was fired on by the sentinels, and killed, with several of his comrades, by his own countrymen. No one ever died more justly or deeply lamented in South-Carolina. He was one of the most accomplished, honorable, gallant gentlemen in the State. He was the father of our chivalric fellow-citizen, Colonel F. K. Huger, the friend of La-Fayette.

The alarm having been given about ten o'clock at night, by the firing of the sentinels, it was taken up along the whole of the lines, a tremendous cannonade ensued, and was kept up all night by the Americans. When the next morning dawned, the British flag was no longer visible; they had moved off quietly during the night.

MAJOR BENJAMIN HUGER:

This gentleman was the fifth son of Daniel Huger, a descendant from one of the first and most respectable of the Huguenot emigrants to South-Carolina. Daniel Huger, the first of that name, arrived with his family in Charleston, in the year 1694, and settled, with other Huguenots, in what was called French Santee, near Lanud's ferry, in St. Stephens' Parish, and in that of St. James', Santee.

Mr. Huger removed, with several other families, to the head waters of Cooper river. The original names given by these families to many of those settlements, are still retained; such as Cote Bas, Huger's bridge,

Videau's bridge, Bonneau's ferry, French quarter creek, &c. In the cultivation of rice, they all prospered; Mr. Huger, in particular, became wealthy. He was of a liberal disposition, and gave his numerous family all the advantages of education that America afforded, and sent his sons, in succession, to Europe for the tour, which was then considered indispensable towards the completion of a good education. They all profited by their opportunities, and returned courteous and polished gentlemen.

At the commencement of the revolution, the brothers united with great cordiality in support of the American rights. John Huger was elected, by the Provincial Congress, a member of the council of safety, associated with Miles Brewton, Thomas Heyward, Arthur Middleton, and others, of which Henry Laurens was the president. John Huger was afterwards Secretary of State. Isaac Huger was elected lieutenant colonel of the first regiment, in June, 1775, as soon as possible after the battle of Lexington; Daniel Huger was several years a member of the Continental Congress; Francis Huger was elected quarter-master general; and Benjamin Huger major of the second regiment of riflemen in the Provincial service.

The commissions issued on this occasion were singularly worded, as if the members of council were apprehensive of signing their own death warrants, by issuing these commissions.

(COPY.)

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

In pursuance of the resolution of the Provincial Congress, we do certify that Benjamin Huger, Esq., is major of the second regiment of riflemen, in the Provincial service, dated 17th day of June, 1775, and signed by William Williamson, James Parsons, Henry Laurens, Thomas Bee, Thomas Heyward, Rawlins Lowndes, William Henry Drayton, Benjamin Elliott, Charles Pinckney, Arthur Middleton, Miles Brewton and Thomas Ferguson. Each of the signers concluding that if he should be hanged for this, his act and

deed, it would be in good company and in a good cause. The Provincial Congress did it, and they certify it in obedience.

In 1777, while residing on his rice plantation, near Georgetown, Major Huger was called upon by two strangers, neither of whom could speak a word of English. Being accustomed, from childhood, to speak French, Major Huger went out and invited them into his family circle. They were evidently men of distinction. They told him that they had left France to visit America, and had been put on shore near Georgetown, on North Island, wishing to proceed northwardly. One of them announced himself as the Marquis De La Fayette;



the other as the Baron De Steuben. They were hospitably entertained by Major Huger, introduced to his neighbors and friends, and then conveyed, in his own equipage, to Charleston, where they were well taken care of by the governor and council, and provision made for their journey to Philadelphia.

At the time of Provost's invasion, Major Huger had a family, and lived in the enjoyment of ease, health and honor, in an elegant establishment, with all the enjoyments of domestic and social happiness. When he accepted the commission in the newly raised regiment, he had no earthly motive for thus devoting himself to the public service, but the love of country, and

his sense of duty to defend her dearest rights. When appointed by the governor and council to proceed with his command and execute the duty confided to him, however dangerous it might have been considered, he rejoiced in the opportunity of rendering a service to that country, even by his death. He fell in executing it! For this

“Men’s cheeks were pale with grief,
And women’s eyes were bathed with tears.”

Major Huger had married a sister of Francis and Cleland Kinloch. She was left a widow, with a daughter and two sons, to lament his untimely fate and their irreparable loss. His widow lived to see her children well educated, married and honored. Her daughter married the Honorable Hugh Rutledge, chancellor of South-Carolina. Her oldest son, Benjamin, married the widow of Thomas Allston, Esq., and was many years a delegate to Congress, from his own district, Georgetown. And her youngest son, Francis Kinloch Huger, after his daring enterprise to rescue LaFayette from the prison of Olmutz, was commissioned colonel of artillery, married a daughter of the late General Thomas Pinckney, and held the commission of adjutant general, in his division of the Southern army, in the war of 1812, against Great Britain. He still lives, blessed with health of mind and body, blessed in his children and friends, and in the consciousness of a life well spent.

Among those children, is Colonel Benjamin Huger, chief of the ordnance department, whose bravery, professional skill, and diligent provision of all things required in its execution, induced General Totten to say of him, that he was the means of taking Vera Cruz.

A few years after the death of Major Huger, a marble monument, with well sculptured figures, was erected by his widow, to his memory, in St. Philip’s Church, with an inscription, recording his death before the lines

of Charleston, in the thirty-second year of his age, and concluding with the following lines :

Ye that peruse his name who living shin'd,
Oh ! bear the merits of the dead in mind !
How skilled he was in each engaging art,
The mildest manners, with a generous heart,
He was—but heaven how soon ordained his end,
In death a hero, as in life a friend.

This monument was unhappily destroyed by the fire, which consumed that church in the year 1835.

In this inroad of Provost, the second attack of the British on Charleston, Governor Rutledge was, for a time, invested with all the power of a dictator. In one of his visits of inspection, on the extreme right of the lines, where Dr. Thomas G. Prioleau lately lived, he discovered some of the militia inattentive to their duty, and to the danger of their situation. He rode up to them, and not only reproved them in a tone of irritation, but actually struck one of them with his rattan or twig whip. This was Captain William Joyner, of Beaufort, who lived until the year 1835, as firm a patriot and as worthy a man as any in the State. On the day after this occurrence, Governor Rutledge rode back again to the same place, and addressed those who were on the station; stated, with much dignity and propriety, that in his extreme anxiety for the public welfare, he had hastily struck a citizen at that station. He did not know who, but that he had come publicly to express his regret for having done so, and to hope that nothing more might be thought of it.

General Provost, in his return to Georgia, was cut off from the main road by the return of General Lincoln's army. He entrenched himself at Stono ferry, and was there very gallantly attacked by that army, in a movement concerted with Colonel Moultrie, who still commanded in Charleston. Moultrie was ordered to take six hundred of the Charleston militia with

him—to leave the city at an hour designated, with one galley and a sufficient number of boats, for transporting the troops; to pass through Wappoo, at high water, and be ready to join in the attack, at a certain hour. But Moultrie was not there. The attack was very gallantly made and well sustained; the American troops charged the British regulars in the open field, routed them, pursued them to their entrenchments, and gained their heights. From these heights, with victory within their grasp, they discovered a large reinforcement of British troops crossing over the ferry, to the relief of the fort, and there was no possibility of maintaining the advantage which they had gained. If Moultrie had been there, as appointed, this reinforcement could not have crossed the ferry, and the British division in the entrenchments would certainly have been captured. Why was not Moultrie there? It was no doubt true, as he said, that the boats could not pass through Wappoo in time for the action. But why could they not? Because Moultrie did not leave the city at the time appointed; he lost his tide, and stuck aground in Wappoo. Moultrie was not a punctual man. He remained at his own house, with a convivial party of friends, until the tide had fallen too low for him to pass through the cut.* The expedition failed, and many valuable lives were sacrificed in vain; had he been punctual, it would most probably have succeeded. This was the only blemish in Moultrie's character. Who was ever more free from faults? His countrymen loved him, and they overlooked this failing. I mention this traditionary fact, chiefly to guard my young friends against the many, various, and dangerous consequences, which result from procrastination. One of the most distinguished commanders in modern wars, declared that he owed all his success in life to his punctuality; that his invariable habit of attendance, one quarter of an hour before the appointed time, had made him lord high admiral of Great Britain. Colo-

* This was told to me by one of the expedition, Mr. Robert Dewar,

nel Henry Laurens, whose example we have ever before us, was one of the most remarkable men in South-Carolina for punctuality and early rising. His extraordinary success, as a merchant, depended on these habits. While others were thinking to get up, he was already going around among the wharves, securing the purchase of produce as soon as it arrived, and loading his vessels, while others lingered in port.

During this invasion of Provost, some of the disaffected, and some more devoted to money than to their country, afforded important aid to the British troops. A law had been passed by the State Legislature, making such conduct sedition, and providing an especial court, with plenary powers, for the trial of persons so accused, and for their execution, if convicted. Remington, Groundwater and Tweed, were taken, going out to the enemy. They were tried under this sedition act; Remington turned State's evidence, and Groundwater and Tweed were found guilty under his testimony and executed. Some interest was made to save Groundwater, for the good he had done to the country, when, as captain of a small vessel, he had brought in military and other stores from the West Indies. He was, however, believed to have been concerned with Tweed, in setting fire to the town repeatedly, in and near Pinckney-street, and there was no sympathy for such a convict. They were hanged on the 17th March, 1779.—(See Wells' Gazette, of the 18th.)

A little before this, Free Jerry—a pilot—a colored man, was taken up and tried, for communicating with the British, and piloting them, with their supplies, from Edisto Inlet to Provost's encampment at Stono ferry. The evidence against him was not strong or conclusive, until one of the above convicts came forward with testimony, on which he was convicted and executed. Jerry and his friends declared the evidence given in this case to be false and malicious, as a dispute had arisen between this man and Jerry a little before the trial.

CHAPTER VII.

Gov. James Moore—Col. William Rhett—Dr. John Moultrie—Dr. Lewis Mottet—Disastrous Siege of Savannah—Count Casimer Pulaski—Siege of Charleston—Pitt's Statue—Death of a man and wife—Death of ——— Sawyer—Guns of the Foudroyant—Maj. Andre, then a Spy—Progress of the Siege—Proposed Letter by Gen. Gadsden—Capitulation.

ON the death of Col. Joseph Blake, in the year 1700, Capt. James Moore was elected his successor by the proprietors' deputies in council.

At this time there unhappily existed a great excitement among the inhabitants of South-Carolina, about the establishment of the Episcopal Church in that province, and Moore favored and sustained the establishment. On his convening the Provincial Assembly, as we are told by Oldmixon, he procured a bill to be brought before them, for regulating the Indian trade, calculated to throw into his own hands a monopoly of that profitable business.

This bill being opposed by Nicholas Trott and others, was negatived by the Assembly. After detailing various abuses of power and scenes of violence, Oldmixon continues his history, saying: "The governor's measures having succeeded, he commissioned Anthony Dods-worth, Robt. Monkton, and others, to set upon, assault, kill, destroy, and take as many Indians as they possibly could; the profit and produce of which Indian slaves were turned to his private use."

He first involved the Province in the expenses of an attempt to take St. Augustine, in which he failed; and then in an Indian war, in which his troops penetrated as far south as Apallache, killing and capturing great numbers of the Indians. These prisoners he was accused of sending off to the West Indies, chiefly to

Jamaica and Barbadoes, to be sold as slaves for his private benefit.

These are the allegations against Governor Moore, by Oldmixon, Hewet and others; they are so serious in their nature as to call for investigation.

The sale of Indians as slaves in the West Indies, was commenced by Governor Joseph West, about the year 1675, and continued as a government measure, whenever such prisoners were brought to Charleston, by any of the war parties sent to oppose their depredations. At this time, Great Britain was the greatest of slave traders, and the coast of Africa was lined with her merchant slavers. These shipments of Indians were encouraged by the proprietors and by the British ministry, to reduce the number of the Indians, the only enemies to their American colonies: as the only means by which the Indian captives could be saved from immediate death. If not killed or sent abroad, they would escape to their respective tribes and kindred, and be more mischievous than before, because better acquainted with the localities and avenues.

But as to the alleged monopoly, many of the Indian traders have ever been men who would take all advantages of the artless savages, corrupt, intoxicate, swindle, and exasperate them. To restrain these practices, as far as possible, the measures proposed were to license the most respectable traders on bond and security, thereby excluding all others. The plan was adopted, but proved ineffectual then, as it has since, under the United States government. Even the resident agents cannot prevent the demoralizing influence of ardent spirits.

That Governor Moore's measures were known and approved in England, is evident from his being retained in office about three years, and when superseded by Sir Nathaniel Johnson, was appointed attorney-general, and his advocate, Trott, the chief justice. That Moore had not lost the confidence of the inhabitants, is proved by his having been appointed their governor when they rebelled against the proprietors, and displaced their

governor, Robert Johnson. But we have more direct and conclusive evidence in a tradition communicated to me by James S. Rhett, Esq., derived from his father, Mr. James Smith. This gentleman, when travelling in Europe, about the close of the revolution, paid his respects to our former venerable governor, William Bull. He was then in London, infirm from age, but like other gouty persons, retaining a clear and discriminating mind. In the course of conversation on American affairs, they discussed the allegations against Governor Moore; and Governor Bull told Mr. Smith, "that to his own knowledge, the charge was false as to his applying the sales of the exported Indians to his private emolument. That the Indians being a terrible scourge to the colony, Moore had been very energetic and successful in having them captured and shipped to the West Indies, but that the proceeds of sales were always paid into the public treasury. That he had himself investigated the matter, and knew this to be the fact." This is the last record that we know of relative to Governor William Bull. Throughout a long life, he was remarkable for his liberality, integrity and mercy.

We are, therefore, satisfied that the clamours against Governor Moore resulted from the religious controversies which then pervaded Europe, and extended to America until the adoption of the Federal Constitution. We deprecate the establishment of any religious sect in connection with the government of any country whatever. Our Maker knows all the propensities of our nature, and wisely permits the discussion of civil and religious subjects for the diffusion of knowledge and establishment of truth. He benevolently sanctions a difference in religious tenets, from the time of Paul and Apollos to this day, for the purpose of keeping alive our zeal in religious inquiries, by a study of the holy scriptures. Men who rely on an establishment, are very apt to become lukewarm and inactive.

Governor Moore married the only child and heiress of Sir John Yeamons, who was the governor of this colony from 1671 to 1674, and then died in Barbadoes.

He ordered the present city of Charleston to be surveyed for its location.

Governor Moore was a son or grandson of the celebrated Roger Moore, the Irish conspirator against Cromwell. Their descendants have ever been among the most distinguished in North-Carolina.

COL. WILLIAM RHETT.

A considerable portion of the following sketch is taken from Ramsay's South-Carolina, vol. ii. p. 507. This gentleman was born in London, in the year 1666, and came to Carolina in 1694, with his wife and one child. They had six children born in Charleston. His father's family came from Holland, under William of Orange, and the original spelling of his name was changed to suit the English mode of pronouncing it.

In the year 1704, the Province was invaded by a French squadron, five vessels of which actually came to anchor within the harbor of Charleston. Rhett was commander of the militia with a colonel's commission, and the governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, having hastily armed six small merchant vessels for the occasion, appointed Rhett to the command of this squadron. He promptly accepted the appointment, manned his vessels with the *elite* of his militia companies, and some volunteers to act as marines in the expected naval action. With this equipment, as soon as the French vessels anchored, he proceeded to attack them; but on his approach the enemy hoisted sail and proceeded to sea.

In a few days after this adventure, information was received that an armed ship was seen in Sevee Bay, more probably Bull's Bay, and had landed a number of her men. A party of the militia under Captain Fenwick, was immediately ordered to attack those on land, and Commodore Rhett to go to sea with his squad-

ron, consisting of a Dutch privateer and a Bermuda sloop, to attack the French ship in the bay. Both expeditions succeeded perfectly and without bloodshed; the ship having surrendered, was brought into the port of Charleston with about ninety prisoners.

In 1778, the pirates were so daring and troublesome, as to blockade the port of Charleston, by relieving each other in the offing, and alternately resorting to Cape Fear river for supplies and outfits. Robert Johnson, the son of Sir Nathaniel, the former governor, was now the Governor of South-Carolina. He fitted out two armed sloops, gave the command of them to Colonel Rhett, and sent him to sea for the protection of the trade. On his approaching the bar, Steed Bonnett, who commanded a piratical sloop in the vicinity, fled to Cape Fear river. Rhett followed him, and a severe engagement ensued. In it, Rhett and his men boarded the pirate and fought them hand to hand, on their own deck. During the action, Rhett was dangerously wounded by a musket ball through his body but after killing many of the crew, he captured the vessel and brought her into Charleston, with the captain and thirty other survivors. The ball by which Rhett was wounded, was preserved many years among his relatives.

Shortly after this capture, while Rhett lay dangerously ill of his wound, Richard Worley, the associate of Steed Bonnett, returned to the station, and was again blockading the port of Charleston, in a sloop armed with six guns. Governor Johnson, therefore, took command of his own armed vessel, and attacked the pirates at sea. They defended themselves with desperate bravery; a bloody battle ensued on being boarded: none of the crew would submit, and all were killed except Captain Worley and one of his men. Nor did they submit until both were dangerously wounded. These two pirates were brought with their sloop into Charleston, by the governor. He there had them immediately tried, condemned and executed, to save them from dying of their wounds.

Steed Bonnett, and the survivors of his crew, were

also tried, convicted and executed, with the exception of one man, on White Point, and buried there below the highwater mark. Bonnett was said to have been a man of education, rank and property. He was usually called Major Bonnett, and wrote a letter to Colonel Rhett, which Ramsay has published. Bonnett made his escape from prison, disguised in woman's clothes, but was re-captured and very properly hanged.

Colonel Rhett, being a man of cool, determined courage, was well qualified to command, and rose higher than ever in favor and influence. He was appointed collector of the port and receiver-general of the Province. In the revolution of 1719, although he did not join in it, he retained the confidence and favor of the people. They now appointed him lieutenant-general of their militia, and inspector-general of the fortifications, which he retained until appointed Governor of Barbadoes.

Shortly after this, while preparing for his departure, Colonel Rhett was attacked with apoplexy, and died in Charleston. A monument was erected to his memory over the family vault, in the western cemetery of St. Philip's church, near the front door of that building. His old family mansion is still the respectable residence of Mrs. E. Stoney, No. 26 Hasel-street.

DR. JOHN MOULTRIE.

The father of General Moultrie was Dr. John Moultrie, born at Culross, in Fifeshire. After completing his medical education, he became surgeon in the navy of Great Britain, that his theoretical knowledge might be corrected and confirmed by practice and observation at the bed-side of his patients. He then came out from Scotland and established himself in Charleston, South-Carolina, in the year 1733. Here his talents, courtesy and humanity, soon introduced him into very extensive practice, which he retained with unblemished reputation about forty years. A lady, now alive, speaks of his mild, dignified deportment, which, without appearing to seek

it, commanded the respect and admiration of every one. He married a lady of South-Carolina, and had four sons, all of whom survived him, and were all distinguished for talents and bravery.

If Dr. Moultrie had a fault, (and who has not?) it was his conscientiously adhering in his practice to the principles acquired in his medical education. Relying on the knowledge and experience of his teachers, the most respectable physicians in the "diseases of that climate and country, he adopted and practised them in Charleston. In the treatment of small pox, therefore, he continued to exclude the fresh air from his patients, lest it should check the eruption, and to give warm drinks for the purpose of throwing out the peccant matter from the blood, according to the theory and practice that he had been taught. About the year 1760, he was called to attend Mr. Benjamin Mazyck, a very respectable planter, in the eruptive stage of small pox. The hot treatment was of course pursued, and the patient continued to grow worse, and finally died, as every one present believed. When about to lay him out, one of his friends, Mr. Samuel Prioleau, observing that the chamber was very close and offensive, and as the fresh air could no longer do the patient any harm, threw up the sash close to the side of his bed. A fresh breeze blew in upon the body, and by the time that he was completely shrouded, he was observed to gasp. From that time his chamber was kept airy; Mr. Mazyck finally recovered, and lived about thirty years after he had been declared dead. Stephen Mazyck, his son, knowing of this, and other providential escapes of his father, often used the expression, "if my father ever dies," I will do this or that. Mr. Stephen Mazyck was a worthy, honorable man, and an officer in the ——— regiment of the South-Carolina troops. When the State was overrun by the British troops, he was one of the many who despaired too soon, and abandoned themselves to intemperance, to drown their sorrows. After disgracing himself and his very respectable relatives, by a continued course of intoxication, something rous-

ed him to reflection and reformation. There being no temperance societies at that time, and no pledge to be signed, he took no oath, but pledged what he considered the most sacred and binding on him,—he pledged the honor of a continental soldier—that he would never again be intemperate, and steadily cherished and maintained his word.

The second of Dr. Moultrie's sons, was the general whose name is recorded in almost every page of the history of South-Carolina, from his earliest youth, in the Cherokee war, to his death, in 1805.

The next was Alexander Moultrie, Esq., many years attorney-general of the State, and one of the most talented members of the bar, among the many distinguished lawyers at that time in South-Carolina.

The third was Dr. John Moultrie, jr., the first Carolinian who received the degree of M.D. at the medical school at Edinburgh. On that occasion he defended his Latin thesis, "*De Febre Flava*," and obtained the commendation of several eminent professors on the continent of Europe. Dr. Moultrie unhappily differed with his brothers in their firm resistance to the royal government. The king appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of Florida, and in this conspicuous post, his name was often published as a counterpoise to the influence of his brothers.

Lastly, Captain Thomas Moultrie, of the ——— regiment, in the South-Carolina line. He was killed during the siege of Charlestown, in a sally under the command of Colonel Henderson, in which they captured one of the British redoubts.

When their father died in 1773, the regret of the inhabitants was universal. His death was especially lamented as an accoucheur. In losing him they lost their reliance "in the hour of nature's sorrows." Depressing fears affected their spirits, and the year following was remarkable for the unusual number of deaths among the mothers of families.

We do not know of any publications by Dr. Moultrie, except his account of what is still called the great

hurricane in South-Carolina, which occurred on the 15th of September, 1752.

DR. LEWIS MOTTET.

This gentleman was a native of France, a man of education, and a talented physician. He first settled in practice in or near Monk's Corner, and attended the plantations both in St. John's (Berkley) and St. James' Goose Creek, at that time probably the most genteel range of practice in South-Carolina. Mottet was said to have been a *bon vivant*, and always to have looked out for good cheer, when sent for to visit a patient.

In his professional visits, he would tell the families that if a good fat calf was killed, he could extract from it something highly beneficial to his patient. That eating a loin of veal, or good calf's-head soup, strengthened his nerves, quickened his understanding, and gave him a more perfect insight into the patient's disease—a more correct judgment of the remedies best suited to his case. By such means he contrived to administer to his own appetites, while prescribing for his patient's relief.

On one occasion Mottet had sent in his bill against a gentleman who objected to the charges, said that it was extravagant, and refused to pay it. Mottet said nothing, made no abatement, but waited patiently until the gentleman again sent for him, having himself been attacked with a painful but not a dangerous affection. Mottet went immediately, prepared to relieve him; saw the gentleman, ascertained the nature of his disease, and then very deliberately took his seat in the chamber. Being requested to do something for the relief of his patient, he said yes, he could easily relieve him; but asked, in turn, whether the gentleman had not refused to pay his bill? The gentleman acknowledged this, but now offered to pay in advance for relief from his distressing situation. Mottet still kept his seat;

the patient again begged for God's sake that he would relieve him, but Mottet swore that until his last bill was paid, the gentleman should not be relieved. He was obliged to acquiesce, the money was paid, and he was promptly relieved.

On another occasion he was sent for by a dashing young gentleman, sick with intermitting fever. He inquired into the circumstances, prescribed for his patient, and left the medicines with particular directions for the taking of them. He returned the next day, a little before the time when the chilly fit was expected. But his directions had been altogether neglected—the medicine not taken—the chill had returned earlier than before, and his patient had just gone to bed with an ague. Mottet was chagrined and provoked at this neglect of his arrangements. He went up to the chamber, and finding every particular confirmed, he stripped off the bed-clothes of his patient, and gave him a smart scourging with the twig-whip, still retained in his hand. Mottet then covered up his patient carefully, and left him raging with pain and vexation. A profuse perspiration ensued, and neither the ague nor the doctor ever returned. The young man was cured of his ague, but there was no balm applied to soothe his wounded feelings. On account of the disparity in their years, the patient resorted to the law, and sued the doctor for assault and battery. Mottet entered an appearance, attended the court, and requested permission to defend his own cause. This having been granted, he proceeded with much humor, endeavoring to make the suit ridiculous, and laugh off the penalty. He assured the court that he had only acted professionally in this case; had only executed a professional duty. That it was his duty both to prescribe and administer for the relief of his patient. That his prescriptions having been totally neglected and the paroxysm returned, he had visited him in the very crisis of the disease. That there was not a moment to spare for other remedies, such as blister, mustard plasters, and potions; even if prescribed, they also might have been rejected and neglected

like the first ; he was therefore obliged to administer the only remedy of which the time and circumstances admitted. He had only, in the line of his profession, applied a stimulant and rubifacient to the extremities of his patient, the application and effect of which were instantaneous, both in mind and body, and no other application could have been equally so ; and he then appealed to the patient and his friends for an acknowledgment that the disease was cured from that time. Mottet spoke English imperfectly, and pretended to mistake the meaning of words both in the accusation and defence. He very gravely assured the court that the charge of "sault and batter" was altogether unfounded—that it was for a cook to use salt and batter—he was a physician, and was indignant at the imputation. The whole court was convulsed with laughter, and the doctor got off with one shilling damages.

Mottet having thus triumphed, sent in his bill to the young man for "medical treatment in his intermitting fever," and his patient paid it rather than encounter a second time the shouts of laughter from a court and jury.

Mottet removed from the country to Charleston, and there practised physic about the year 1756. In 1769, he was still in practice and attended my father, in an attack of acute rheumatism. After other medicine, he administered a dose of laudanum dropped from a small phial, which he left on the mantelpiece. My father awoke in the night much relieved, but not entirely. He knew that the relief had been derived from that little phial within his reach, and concluded, if a little had done so much good, that more would cure him. He accordingly poured some of it into a wine-glass of water, probably with a heavy hand, took it, and did not awake until called upon the next day, by the doctor. Mottet looked upon the patient, still asleep, then at the phial of laudanum, and missed a large portion of what he had left in it. He awoke my father, and being told how well he felt from the second dose, he stamped

and swore—cursed my father according to custom, took the laudanum and left the house.

Mottet was jealous of the well merited celebrity of Dr. Alexander Garden, and having been told that the doctor had been complimented by Linneus, in calling a very beautiful plant "Gardenia,"—he said that was nothing; that he had discovered a very beautiful native plant, and had named it "Lucia," after his cook "Lucy." He did not advert to the difference between Mottet and Linneus.

In 1774, the name of Dr. Lewis Mottet is still seen among the residents of Charleston, and there he probably died soon after. His co-partnership with Dr. Savage expired in October, of that year.

SIEGE OF SAVANNAH.

After Provost's invasion, the British were not entirely driven from South-Carolina; they still held possession of Beaufort, with one regiment, under Colonel Maitland; they also still held Savannah and the greater part of Georgia. Count D'Estaing arrived, for the purpose of re-conquering it with his navy and army. The Carolinians flew to his aid and support. Major Thomas Pinckney accompanied him by request, told him of this regiment in Beaufort, and the ease with which it might be cut off, and prevented from joining the army in Savannah; but the Count was too great a man in court, in camp and at sea, to take advice from any one; he was too sure of success. Four days after they landed at Savannah, he first sent a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the post and garrison to the army of *his most Christian Majesty*. The American interests were probably too insignificant to be included in his vast calculations. The British asked for one day to consider of the demand. It was granted; and five days were thus given to the British for strength-

ening their defences. Colonel Maitland in the meantime reached Savannah with his regiment, and then the British refused to surrender. Had the French marched into Savannah when they first landed, there would have been little or no resistance—had they immediately assailed the British intrenchments, when the surrender was refused, they could have been carried with ease and but little loss. But the Count concluded to give them a month for the completion of their fortifications, then attempted to storm them, and was shamefully beaten. The whole was miserably conducted and arranged. One instance of this kind was told to me by a gentleman who was present on that occasion. At that time seniority in the date of a captain's commission gave him a right to place his company in a position suited to his rank—not excepting the casual derangements which may occur in the evolutions of an army in a battle field. On this occasion, an officer discovered that he was out of place, and demanded his right to seek and to take it. His doing so delayed the attack until he had passed in front of the whole line with his drum and fife, while the British kept up a hot fire, not only on this company, but on the whole line of that division.* The Americans fought with great bravery, and their flag was planted on the British parapet, but so great was the destruction from their cross fire, that the flag was with great difficulty withdrawn and saved. The French also, headed by Count D'Estaing, made a gallant attack, but were repulsed, and retreated in great confusion—the Count having received two wounds. Pulaski seeing this, left the head of his own brigade, to try and rally the French troops, in which fruitless attempt, being much exposed on horseback, he received his death-wound.

* This silly point of honor was overruled in the French revolution.

COUNT CASIMER PULASKI.

Count Casimer Pulaski was the second son of an ancient and distinguished family of nobles in Lithuania, in Poland. By education he was intended for the profession of law. The kings of Poland had, for many hundred years, been elected by the nobility of that kingdom, convened for the especial purpose. The crowned heads of Europe took a lively interest in all such elections, as the result might affect the peace and welfare of the neighboring kingdoms, according to the preponderance of their own, with the conflicting intrigues of other nations. Many of the Polish nobility were poor and proverbially venal; the influence of money was therefore urged with great liberality and effect on men, who from the force of example, were subject to its influence, although brave and patriotic. Education and example have a direful influence in corrupting a nation, even to its downfall and ruin.

In the year 1768, the crown of Poland became vacant by the death of Augustus II., and in the choice of a successor, the family of Pulaski, joined with a number of the most respectable, in endeavoring to promote the election of Prince Czartoryski to the throne. In furtherance of their views, it was deemed necessary to solicit the patronage of their great neighbor, Catharine II. of Russia, and the young Stanislaus Poniatowski was selected for the mission. Catharine possessed great judgment in *personal* merit as well as in her political relations. She not only adopted the *gallant young* Stanislaus as a favorite, but determined to make him the king of Poland instead of Czartoryski, whose election he was pledged to promote. On the election of Stanislaus, great displeasure was expressed at his breach of faith, and much irritation exhibited at the increased influence of Russia, over the interests and administration of Poland. A party was formed to overturn this influence, and by rebelling against Stanislaus, actually to resist the whole Russian empire. A meeting was

convened at Bar, a small but well fortified town in Poland, and a confederation signed at first by only ten noblemen, of whom four were Pulaskies: the old Count, his two sons and a nephew. This number was subsequently increased by malcontents in different parts of Poland, and was called "the confederation of Bar." Among the most active of these was Count Benyowsky, a relative and friend of Pulaski. From some precipitancy or imprudence, the rebellion broke out prematurely, in a remote part of the kingdom, where the confederates could not assemble with their adherents. A desultory warfare ensued, in which the old Count Pulaski was imprisoned, and probably put to death. Many desperate acts of bravery were performed, but no advantage gained, the head being cut off, there was no regular plan for co-operation. Count Casimer Pulaski was elected Commander-in-chief, but was not able to collect a competent force. In 1771, they concerted the plan for seizing the person of the king, for the purpose of placing him at the head of their army, and calling on the nation to rally round him (their king) and expel the Russian forces. Forty of them bound themselves by oath, to execute this daring project. Pulaski and his associates entered Warsaw disguised as peasants, and concealed their arms and accoutrements under hay, in market carts. They attacked the king, in his carriage, surrounded by his body guard, with whom they had a smart skirmish, the pistol balls flying like hail, in the midst of a crowded street, of that large and populous capital. Some were killed on both sides, but in the confusion the king was forced out of his carriage, with only a slight wound in his head, and carried out of Warsaw, by Pulaski and a few of his companions. They avoided the most direct high roads to their camp, for fear of falling in with the patrols, or other bodies of the military—were lost among the enclosures, and at daylight were but a short distance from Warsaw. Instead of being more vigilant and united, they now began to separate to escape observation and arrest. Pulaski left them, and finally the king was left with

but one man, who was induced by bribery and persuasion to let him return to his Capital.

Pulaski's little army was, during the next year, totally routed and dispersed by superior numbers, and he, though vanquished, unsubdued retired to Turkey, aiding the Turks in their war against Russia. By the treaty of peace, between these two powers, in 1774, he was again out of "occupation," and going to Paris, was introduced to Dr. Franklin. His estates having been confiscated, by the Russian faction, himself degraded, outlawed and condemned to death, he had no longer any ties in Europe. He attached himself to the cause of American liberty, and arrived in Philadelphia, in 1777. Here he tendered his services and was accepted, but probably not at first commissioned. He joined the army under General Washington, and was with him in the battle of Brandywine. Here when the right wing of the American army was turned by the enemy, and the centre about to retreat, Pulaski at the head of thirty horsemen, charged the enemy's advance and checked their progress. He also rallied a few others in the retreat, and by a seasonable attack on the enemy's right flank, saved the baggage, which would have otherwise fallen into their hands. After this battle, while Washington's army was on the Lancaster road, near the Warren Tavern, Pulaski's vigilance saved it from surprise. He was out with a reconnoitering party, and saw the whole British army advancing to attack the Americans. He immediately retreated and informed the Commander-in-chief. General Scott, of Virginia, was ordered to take three hundred Infantry and advance with Pulaski's cavalry, to attack and detain the enemy in their approach, until Washington could be ready for action. When this advanced party was ready to engage the enemy, a violent storm of wind and rain fell on both armies, and prevented the battle. Pulaski was also in the battle of Germantown, but on the authority of General C. C. Pinckney, we learn that here he reaped no laurels. General Pinckney was then aid to General Washington, and says that

Pulaski was ordered out with his horse, by the commander, to patrol the roads, and report the enemy's advance—but they passed him while he was asleep at a small house on the road, and Washington was embarrassed by their approach. General Pinckney ascribed the failure of Washington in this attack chiefly to Pulaski's want of vigilance.*

In March, 1778, Congress by resolution, empowered Count Pulaski to raise and take the command of an independent corps of horse and foot. Soon after his enlistment of these men, the legion repaired to New Jersey, and were ordered to little Egg Harbor, with a field-piece from Colonel Proctor's Regiment of Artillery, to defend that place from an expected attack by the British; but by the treachery of a deserter, they were surprised, and lost their Lieutenant Colonel Baron DeBotzen.

Copy of a letter from Count Casimer Pulaski, to Colonel Henry Laurens, President of Congress, received July 5th, 1778 :

“I hasten to thank you for the remembrance with which you have honored me. I received your letter by an officer, and am sorry to appear, at present, backward in military operations. It is my wish to be ready and active, and to show all my zeal for the service of the United States. I believe that this campaign will be very instructive. The enemy may make different movements on the left; they wish to engage us in a general battle, but our interest is to avoid it, and not abandon to the fortune of war the interests which, being already on a solid footing, may be reversed. You know that there are some reverses of fortune, and the battle being lost, the conquest of all the Jerseys may follow. Philadelphia may be re-taken and New-Jersey re-occupied, and the junction with New-York cannot then be avoided.

It may be that General Clinton will not be so active, but it is certain that the English must risk every thing for the present, or entirely abandon America. I believe it then necessary that our great object should be, not to risk every thing on the fate of one general engagement, but, by many detachments, observe the movements of the enemy, disconcert them whenever possible, cut off their divisions at favorable opportunities, rather than to attack them with our whole army.

My plan would be to send, with all haste, the best engineers to fortify anew the forts which are at present destroyed; to throw forces into them; construct *chevaux de frise*, and in such quantity that they would

* See Johnson's Life of Greene, vol. i. p. 83.

better obstruct the approach of the English fleet. Otherwise, it might happen that the enemy having succeeded in Jersey, will re-take Philadelphia, establish their posts in detached places, so well fortified, as to resist our most vigorous attacks.

I could not finish my arguments, as I wish to explain myself more fully on these subjects. I know the prudence of our general, and doubt not that he will do all for the best. Present to him my respects, and believe that I am ever his.

I beg, as a favor, that you will let me know if you in Congress are preparing for the conflict. I shall arrive with all despatch, and though, perhaps, with a small force, I may not be useless. Adieu.

Very truly, your friend and servant.

C. PULASKI.

My compliments to the General Marquis De LaFayette, Baron De Steuben, and to all the family of the general. You may say to the Marquis De LaFayette that I have written twice to him, without having received an answer."

Vote véritable ami et serviteur
Pulaski



In February, 1779, Pulaski was ordered to South-Carolina, to place himself under the command of General Lincoln. He arrived in Charleston on the 11th May, 1779, having crossed over Cooper river, from the east, about the same time that Provost crossed Ashley river, from the west. An attack on the British was immediately concerted, which, without him, would certainly not have been made. In this very gallant attack on the British advance, he had personally several encounters with individuals of the enemy, and was always the victor. His next in command, Colonel Kowaltz, was not so fortunate. Having been bravely engaged with the enemy, he was severely wounded, and, in the retreat, fell from his horse in the road. The British buried him where he fell, on the west side of the road, in land now owned and enclosed by John Margart, at

the corner of Huger street. He was an officer of great merit and experience, a Hungarian by birth, and had been a colonel of hussars, under Frederick the Great, from whom he received the Cross of Merit. Pulaski continued actively employed under General Lincoln, until the 9th October, 1779, when, with the whole command of General Lincoln, they joined Count D'Estaing, in the attempt to take Savannah. During the first four weeks of unprofitable blockade and siege, he was indefatigable in the execution of every duty assigned to him, but, in his last disastrous fight, when the combined assault upon the fortifications was ordered, he with his command of cavalry, both French and American, were a *corps de reserve*, with orders to charge into the gate of the entrenchments, as soon as they had been entered by the assailants. Finding that D'Estaing was wounded, and the French troops repulsed, Pulaski, with one or two of his officers, galloped up to them, to rally and lead them back to the British lines. Being thus exposed on horseback, he became the target for every marksman, and sacrificed his life, by fruitless and unnecessary exposure. In endeavoring to lead the French division back to the assault, he was struck on the upper part of his right thigh, by the ball of a swivel, and removed to the United States brig Wasp. A mortification ensued; he died on board, and his honored remains were committed to the deep.*

When the news reached Charleston, universal sorrow pervaded the community. A day was set apart for the solemnization of his funeral rites, and the procession, composed of all the citizens, in common with his military comrades, moved forward, with the solemn

* Another report of his interment has lately been received from my friend, I. K. Telfit, of Savannah:

"Charles Litomisky, a Polander, said that he was at the siege of Savannah, as aid-de-camp to General Count Pulaski, and had the consoling satisfaction of supporting this hero in the struggles of death, and that he assisted in consigning his mortal remains to its kindred earth, under a large tree, about fifty miles from Savannah, upon the bank of a creek leading from Savannah to Charleston." I believe this statement to be correct.

dirge of a military band, to St. Michael's Church, where the service was read, and an eloquent and impressive discourse delivered by the chaplain.

Congress, also, voted a monument to his memory, and the grateful—the generous citizens of Savannah, have erected a memorial of this gallant soldier, bestowing due honor on the dead, and reflecting credit on their own taste and liberality.

Dr. P. Fayssoux, surgeon-general of the State of South-Carolina, told me that Pulaski had the consolation of being attended, in his last hours, by a countryman—a relative, a friend—a brother confederate in the cause of their native country. Count Benyowsky had been captured by the Russians, and exiled to Siberia—even to its utmost verge—to Kamscatka. Here his adventurous genius found means of effecting his escape, by seizing a public armed vessel. In it, he arrived safely in China, and availed himself of various opportunities for reaching France, from whence he proceeded in search of Pulaski. He was recognised by the dying hero, officiated as his relative, chief mourner and heir, and departed, in search of other adventures in the Island of Madagascar.

Count D'Estaing had under his command twenty sail of the line, two fifty gun ships, and eleven frigates, containing two thousand five hundred well appointed and well disciplined French troops; a force more than sufficient to have captured the whole of that division of the British army, and preserved the three Southern States from incalculable sufferings; and possibly to have put an end to the war. In the attempt on Savannah, as in the previous attempt on Rhode Island, D'Estaing's mismanagement was the source of failure, and of great injury to the American cause.

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Having been twice repulsed from Charleston, the next attempt made by the British, was early in the

year 1780, after the most ample preparations and equipments, both for the sea and land service. They landed in Edisto Inlet, on the 11th February, 1780, advanced slowly and cautiously, entrenching themselves at various stations, and showing that their previous conflicts with the Carolinians had impressed them with respect, if not with a fear of future results. Although the distance was only about thirty miles from Charleston, it was nearly six weeks before they appeared in front of the lines. Scarcely had they appeared on Charleston Neck, when they were assailed by a sortie, under Colonel John Laurens, who commanded a corps of light infantry, and the necessity enforced for continued care and precaution; but in this, Captain Bowman was killed, and Major Herne, so wounded, that he died, in consequence of it, in 1783. On the 3d of April, Sir Henry Clinton commenced the construction of his batteries, and advanced with great circumspection, to form them in three parallels. His first battery was constructed on the extreme right of our lines, as nearly as possible on the south-east part of the old race course, where the nine pin alley and club house kitchen are now erected. Scarcely were the guns mounted, when they were attacked in their shelter by a detachment, under Lieutenant Colonel Henderson, the fort carried at the point of the bayonet, the guns spiked, and the victorious party returned to their quarters. In this sortie, Captain Moultrie, brother of the general, was killed. But the relative weakness of the garrison, compared with the overwhelming numbers of the British army, prevented further instances of partizan warfare, and confined the siege to the tremendous cannonade that was kept up day and night.* The Americans had a deep water

* On the 9th of April, Admiral Arbuthnot, taking advantage of a strong southerly wind and flood tide, left his anchorage in Five Fathom Hole, and passed Fort Moultrie, without stopping to engage it. Colonel C. C. Pinckney, who commanded at that post, kept up a fire on the British ships, by which twenty-seven of their men were killed, and considerable injury sustained in their hulls and rigging. One of their

ditch in front of their lines, extending quite across the neck, which, on the east side of King street, was a little to the north of Mr. Joseph Manigault's house, and was confined by an embankment, north of the house built by the late Colonel Vanderhorst, and now owned by Mr. C. Heyward.

This embankment was guarded by a battery, constructed on that lot, and at night, fire balls were thrown to the opposite end of that bank, where Mr. J. L. Nowell lives, to show if any attempt was made to cut it, and let off the water. On one unhappy occasion, the combustible did not fit the mortar, from which it was to be thrown. Being too small for the mortar, it was thrown on one side, and fell in the battery intended for the defence of the causeway. Here it set fire to some cartridges, and their explosion fired a cannon pointed to the place where the engineer, Captain John Gilbank, had stationed himself, for the purpose of inspecting the proceedings of the enemy, when the fire ball should fall among them. The most valuable engineer in the garrison was thus killed, on the 10th of April, by the accidental discharge of this cannon; and, in a few days after, the water was all drained off, by sapping or drawing it off under ground. The south bank of this water ditch, now afforded the most perfect shelter for the British infantry, and among them, to a body of German riflemen, called jagers, (pronounced yagirs,) enlisted among the Tyrolese and hunters of the Alps, who kept up a constant and most galling fire, from twenty-five to fifty yards distant from the American lines. Under the cover of this fire, Sir Henry Clinton advanced his third line, by constructing a battery, within point blank shot, about three hundred yards off, on the lot in Mary street, formerly used as the lower rail-road depository, and

transports ran aground near Haddrell's Point, (now called Mount Pleasant) and being attacked by General Gadsden, with two field pieces, her crew set her on fire, and escaped in their boats.

long known as the fresh water pond. A young man was seen to step out, in open day, on this ground, with his instruments, tapes and stakes, measuring and marking out the plan of the fort, with the most perfect coolness and precision; staking the angles, and fixing his tapes to guide the fatigue parties in its construction. The Americans brought all their guns to bear upon this young officer, and kept up a constant fire of round and grape, to no purpose; he had a charmed life, and escaped unhurt. That young man, I have been told, was the father of the late Major John Wilson, and nephew of old Dr. Robert Wilson. He married a daughter of Dr. Wilson, while the British were in possession of Charleston, went with them when they left it, and resided with his family in Scotland, where Major Wilson was born. He was second only to Major Moncrief, in the corps of engineers.

The battery thus laid out, was so far completed in one night, that cannon were mounted on it the next morning. The Americans directed their cannon at it, and before night it was in ruins. It was again repaired, strengthened and enlarged, and successively demolished and re-built, to the end of the siege. The force of the British being much greater than that of the Americans, they supported this advanced line with all their power. On this point depended the success of the siege; the British maintained their position, and Charleston fell.

It may be recollected by some, that the lines which thus defended Charleston, were on that ridge of land where St. Paul's Church, the Orphan House, the Citadel and the Second Presbyterian Church now stand, extending to the river on both sides. On each side of King street, there was a strong elevated fortress or citadel, faced with tapia or tabby, a remnant of which is still visible on the east side of it, about forty yards from the street, on a vacant lot, between the picket guard-house and Dr. Boylston's, owned by Mr. Mordecai Cohen. These were called the horn works;

this was the post of honor.* The defence of these horn works, at the city gates, was granted to the Charleston battalion of artillery, and they well sustained the reputation previously acquired. The enemy threw their shot, occasionally, in every direction about the city; and one, from what was called the watermelon battery, on James Island, ranged up Meeting street, struck Pitt's statue, at the intersection of Broad and Meeting street, and broke off his left arm, on the 16th April. This beautiful specimen of statuary had been erected by the Legislature of this (then) Province, previously to the revolution, to commemorate the brilliant defence of American rights, by William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and his agency in effecting the repeal of the stamp act. It was afterwards very properly considered an obstruction, in the two most frequented streets of the city. The city council, therefore, ordered it to be removed, but made no provision for its preservation and erection elsewhere. This was about the period of anarchy in the French revolution, when the records and memorials of their own history were destroyed, and the guillotine was a familiar topic of conversation and jest. The workmen employed to remove the statue, did it in the easiest way for themselves. With a rope or tackle, they dragged it down from its pedestal, and in its fall, the head was broken off. The thoughtless crowd shouted that old Pitt was guillotined, and the fragments were stowed away in some of the public buildings. After the lapse of several years, the commissioners of the Orphan House had them collected, and erected within the area, and in front of that institution; the original marble tablet having been preserved by Judge Grimke.

* My father often spoke of the late Mr. Nathaniel Heyward, then a stripling, assisting at this station, in all the light duties of his brother's company; in patrol and sentinel duty, &c. Mr. Heyward not only confirms this, but remembers handing cartridges to my father, while working the cannon. Mr. Heyward lived until April, 1851; probably the only survivor, previous to that date, of all who bore arms in the siege of Charleston.

The enemy likewise threw bomb shells, carcasses and fire balls, from their mortar batteries, which set fire to houses in different parts of the city. Much property was destroyed, houses were burnt, and lives of the inhabitants lost. The carcass is so called, from its being made of iron hoops, so arranged as to be round and capable of confining the combustibles intended to set fire to houses at a distance. It is as large as a bomb shell, and like it is thrown from a mortar, and kindled in the discharge. As it does not explode like a shell, it is ingeniously contrived to do as much mischief as possible, and prevent attempts to extinguish its fires. Pistol barrels, loaded with balls, are secured to this frame of iron hoops, so as to point outwards from every part of it. The combustibles, in burning, fire the pistols, and the unwary surrounding crowd are often wounded or killed by their discharge.

The fire department of that day was fully organised, and furnished with engines, buckets, &c. At each alarm of fire, they turned out actively, and crowded round the flames, to extinguish them, or prevent their extension. On all such occasions the British increased their fire, directing balls at the smoke to annoy or kill the firemen, and throwing other carcasses and bomb shells into different parts of the city. The fire masters would order the engines each to its station, but as soon as a lane was formed for the supply of water, a ball would rake it, or the explosion of a shell scatter the parties engaged. While zealously engaged in arresting the progress of fire in one place, a new alarm would be sounded in another; and before they could reach that, their attention was distracted by a cry of fire! fire! fire! from a third and more distant part of the city.

The shells were also very liberally thrown, and well directed against those engaged in defending the front lines. Among others, one fell at the gun where my father was stationed, and a large fragment from the explosion struck William Griffin, one of his comrades, on his back, between his shoulder blades, wounding

him very severely. Another shell fell among the continental artillery, with its fuse, fuming and hissing threats of instant destruction. A Frenchman, who belonged to the nearest gun, cried out, "for vat you come here to smoke your pipe?" and cursing it, threw it over the breast-work into the ditch, where it immediately exploded, without injury.

The families which remained in Charleston, amidst these exciting and alarming scenes of danger, removed generally into their cellars and places of this kind, for safety, and were generally safe; but about twenty of them were killed. One family lived in obscurity and poverty, in a small house, much exposed; which, from description, I believe to be the small old brick house, No. 77, on the south side of Boundary-street, midway between King and Meeting. The father of this family was serving his country at his post on the lines, and had obtained leave of absence to visit them. He had just entered his home, and was then actually embraced by his wife, when a ball entered the house, and killed them both at the same instant. This occurred on the 17th April.

"When more unwilling would they yield their breath?
Yet how could heaven bestow a happier death?"

Let us suppose this poor man to have been long estranged from his domestic endearments, by the engrossing cares and duties of a soldier; that his children had clustered around him to share his smiles and caresses; that he had raised one in his arms, while another "ran to lisp the sire's return;" his affectionate wife hastens at the call, regardless of cares, wants and dangers, and, on the family hearth, surrounded by her children, while pressed to the bosom of her husband, is swept away with him into eternity, without a sigh—without a pang—without a struggle!

Our sympathies are excited by Ariosto's death of the Duke La Brett and his lady, by one thrust of a sword; by Sterne's affecting story of poor La Fever's wife, killed "in his arms, under circumstances which caused

the whole army to feel for him." The beautiful monody, by Dr. Darwin, on the death of Eliza, a lady accidentally killed at the battle of Minden, is familiar to the feelings of us all; and the parallel case—the death of two lovers, transfixed by the same spear—so poetically fancied and depicted by the beautiful verses of Dr. Dwight, has caused many a tear to flow in sympathy at their supposed fate; while the real death of this unfortunate couple, are not recorded by the historian; their very names are forgotten.

Among the incidents of this siege, may be recorded the fate of — Sawyer. He was said to have been a very handsome, genteel young man, apparently a model for patriotism and courage. He had recently married a young lady of one of the most respectable families in the State; one of the most decided in opposition to royalty. Her brother held a commission in the regular troops of the State, and had distinguished himself at Sullivan's Island and elsewhere. Notwithstanding the showy exterior and deportment of Sawyer, he could not stand fire. Early in the siege, he deserted his post of honor and of duty on the lines, and went home to his wife. There he met with no encouragement, but was told to return to his station and act as became a man, and redeem his character, before he could again see her. He did return, surrendered himself to his commanding officer, was treated with moderation, and offered another trial to redeem his credit. He could now bear the roar of the cannon, and the dangers of battle, but he could not bear to be pointed at by the finger of scorn and derision; he could not bear the bitter gibes and sarcastic sneers of his comrades and others. He again left the platform, and went on board of one of the armed vessels in the port, where he probably met with the same treatment, and eventually cut his throat.

“ When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The *coward sneaks* to death,—the brave live on.”

During the siege, my father was stationed, as before mentioned, with Captain Heyward's company of artillery, on the right horn work, as nearly as possible at the place where the remains of the tapia facing is still visible, on the lot next south of Dr. Boylston's garden. They had charge of two guns,—one a brass twelve pounder, the other an iron French twenty-four pounder. Finding that the latter did not hold the priming well, he asked leave of absence, that he might bring the tools for making the pan wider, deeper and more convenient, and he did so. The gun was of course taken away by the British, when they evacuated Charleston, and the circumstance was forgotten. When our difficulties arose with France, during the presidency of Mr. John Adams, the country was armed for defence on land, and for reprisals at sea. A number of heavy cannon were purchased by the American government, in Nova Scotia, to be mounted on our forts. Among those sent to Charleston, my father recognised his old acquaintance, the twenty-four pounder, by the groove, made by his own hand and cold chisel, round the touch-hole of the gun.

FOUDROYANT.

The twenty-four pounders, of which this was one, may be more worthy of notice on another account. They were the guns mounted on the French line of battle ship *Foudroyant*, commanded by Admiral Gallessonier, about the year 1756, and believed to have been the heaviest armed ship then in the world. It was for avoiding an engagement with this ship, that Admiral Byng, when ordered by the British ministry to raise the siege of Fort St. Philip, in Minorca, was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed for cowardice. Captain Gardner was the captain of Byng's line of battle ship *Ramilies*, and, during the trial, severe reflections were cast on him, although immediately subject to the orders of his admiral. Burning to wipe off

the imputation from his character, Captain Gardner fell in with the Foudroyant, two years after that event, off the coast of Nova Scotia. Although in the command of the Monmouth, of only sixty-four guns, and having twenty-six guns less than the Ramilies, he immediately bore down on the Foudroyant, engaged and captured her, but lost his own life in the action. The Foudroyant, which had been represented by Byng's advocates, as capable of blowing the Ramilies, a ninety gun ship, out of the water, was thus captured by a sixty-four gun ship, and the propriety of executing Admiral Byng established.

In this visit of my father to the city, above alluded to, he called to see a sick friend, Stephen Shrewsberry, at the house of his brother, Edward Shrewsberry, in the same neighborhood. There he saw a stranger, dressed in homespun, asked Edward Shrewsberry who that was, and was told by him that the stranger was a back countryman, who had brought down cattle for the garrison, to the opposite side of the river. This answer being prompt and plausible, nothing more was thought of the circumstance. About eighteen months after this, when my father, having been exchanged, had returned from his confinement in St. Augustine, met his friend, Stephen Shrewsberry, in Philadelphia. This was shortly after the discovery of Arnold's treason, and the execution of Major Andre. It was impressed on my memory, while a child, by then seeing, on the back of an almanac, Arnold's picture represented with a double face, and the devil standing at his elbow, tempting him with a purse of gold in one hand, while he brandished in the other a threatening dart.

In this interview with Stephen Shrewsberry, he asked my father if he remembered calling to see him, when sick, during the siege, and having seen at his brother's house a man dressed in homespun. This being perfectly remembered, he went on to say that it was Major Andre, in disguise, and that his brother, Edward, had confessed the fact to him, but said that

he had been deceived. Thus, it appears that Andre, however fascinating by his talents and deportment, was not entitled to the commiseration of Americans, as an honorable but unfortunate foe. In two instances, at least, he acted the part of an insidious spy, corrupting and deceiving with falsehoods and mean dissimulation. He ought to have been hanged in Charleston.

In Johnson's *Life of Greene*, vol. i., page 209, in a note, we find "it was an universal belief in the British army, as in the city of Charleston after its fall, that Andre had been in the city in the character of a spy, during the siege. There is now living, (1822) in this place, a respectable citizen, who acted in the commissary department in the British army, during and after this siege; and another, of equal respectability, and whose means of information were much greater, who was in Charleston during the siege, and remained in it until the evacuation, who will testify to the truth of this assertion. And this opinion is corroborated by the following fact: There were two brothers of the name of S. S. and E. S., both well known as men of property and respectable standing in society. The former was, to the last, faithfully devoted to the cause of the country, the other was disaffected. During the siege, S. S. being taken sick, was permitted to go to his brother's house, to be better attended. There he was introduced to, and repeatedly saw, a young man in a homespun dress, who was introduced to him by his brother, as a Virginian, connected with the line of that State, then in the city. After the fall of Charleston, he was introduced to Major Andre at his brother's house, and in him recognised the person of the Virginian whom he had seen during the siege. This he communicated to his brother, who acknowledged that he was the same, asserting his own ignorance of it at the time. S. S. related these facts to many persons in his life-time, and his veracity was unquestionable. Another citizen, W. J., at the time of Andre's capture, a prisoner in St. Augustine, also saw the supposed Virginian at the house of E. S., while S. S. lay sick, and

his recollection of the fact was revived by S. S., after he had made the discovery of his real character. It is also known that the life of E. S. was sought after by Marion's men, on the charge of treachery."

The initials only are given by the author, although he was personally well acquainted with all the parties. He concealed the name of the disaffected, (probably) treacherous brother, from a respect for his only child, a very amiable, worthy lady, then alive, but who died in 1844. None of Edward Shrewsberry's family are now living. This lady left no children. There is no longer a motive for concealment of the facts and circumstances.

The very house in which Major Andre was secretly entertained during the siege of Charleston, may still be seen. It was, at that time, and many years after, the dwelling of Edward Shrewsberry. It is the brick house, now used as a kitchen to the residence of Mr. Edmund Bull, No. 134, on the east side of East Bay, opposite to the residence of the late General C. C. Pinckney.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

We resume our traditions of the siege of Charleston. The fire from the British redoubts was soon found to be much superior to that of the Americans, from their greater number of men, mortars and guns; but more especially from the great superiority of their engineers, particularly of Major Moncrief, who was considered at the head of his profession. The British had twenty-one mortars and royals; the Americans had but two, and were soon reduced to one. The Americans had but two engineers, and the best of these was unfortunately killed. The British cannon soon demolished most of the embrasures to the fortifications, so that the besieged could not avail themselves of the usual shelter while working their guns. Many of them had burst, particularly all those taken from the wreck of

the Acteon frigate, and had done more injury to the Americans than to the British. Sand bags were piled unceasingly, but they were as rapidly swept away by the British cannon; and in the midst of these deadly contests, would be heard the frequent alarms of fire! fire! fire! kindled by the shells and carcasses of the enemy, lodging in the houses of those at the lines. Colonel John Laurens was stationed in front of the horn works, with his light infantry. Seeing the exposed situation of those on the platform, he came to them, and asked what he could do for their greater security. My father suggested that fascines might be useful, but, with the doubt of their being had in the beleaguered city. Colonel J. Laurens immediately acted on the suggestion. His father, Henry Laurens, had probably the finest and largest garden in the State, filled with choice exotics, and other elegant shrubbery. Even this paradise could not escape "the ruthless waste of war." Even this, the favorite resort and recreation of a much honored father, was, in part, demolished by the son, in obedience to the calls of patriotism. He and his light infantry prepared and brought the fascines, composed of such shrubbery, to the lines, and repaired the breaches in the fortifications, where most required, and then resumed their post of danger.

SURRENDER OF FORT MOULTRIE.

After the British fleet, under Admiral Arbuthnot, had passed this fort, Colonel Pinckney, with the greater part of its garrison, was ordered over as a reinforcement to the town. Lieutenant Colonel Scott, of South-Carolina, commanded the feeble remnant, and, on being summoned to surrender, he did so on the following terms:

Articles of capitulation agreed on, between Captain Charles Hudson, of his Britannic majesty's navy, and

Lieutenant Colonel Scott, commandant of Fort Moultrie, on the surrender of that fort, May 7th, 1780.

1st. That the troops in garrison be allowed to march out with the usual honors of war. Granted, and to pile their arms outside of the gate.

2d. That all the officers in garrison, as well continental as militia, and the non-commissioned officers and privates of the militia, shall be considered as prisoners of war, at large, on parole, until exchanged, and be allowed, in the meantime, to reside with their families and friends. Granted; but none to enter Charleston 'till after the siege.

3d. The continental and militia officers be allowed to wear their side arms. Granted.

4th. The slaves and other property of every individual in garrison, shall be secured to their respective owners; and all such slaves as are in garrison, belonging to persons out, be secured to their several owners, in such manner as may be agreed upon between Captain Hudson and the commanding officer of the fort.

All property, slaves, &c., to be secured to each individual of the garrison. Such as is lodged in the fort for security or otherwise, belonging to individuals not of the garrison, to be delivered up.

5th. That the sick have every necessary accommodation, and all the continental private soldiers be treated in a humane manner, and not rigorously confined. Every humanity shall be shown to sick and well.

6th. The fort, artillery, arms, ammunition and stores of all kinds, to be delivered up to such officers and guards as Captain Hudson shall think proper to send for the purpose.

The garrison to march out of the fort and pile their arms early this morning, in front of the British forces, who will be drawn up before the entrance of the fort on the occasion.

(Signed) CHARLES HUDSON.
WILLIAM SCOTT,

Lieut. Col. 1st Regiment, and Com. of Fort Moultrie.

Provisions now failed among the besieged. A sufficiency had been provided for the occasion, but the beef and pork had become tainted and unfit for food; the only rations issued at last were rice and sugar. Previous to the siege, an abundance of sugar had been brought into port in the prizes captured from the West India fleets of the enemy, by the public and private vessels cruising out of Charleston. At this time, the British threw within the lines a bomb shell, which did not explode. After due respect had been paid to the possibility of its still bursting, it was taken up, examined, and found to contain molasses and rice—an evident slur at the Yankees and their provisions. The

compliment was returned, by the Americans sending back the same shell, charged with a supply of sulphur and hogs' fat for the Scotch regiments, to cure them of the itch.

At this period of scarcity, Peter Bennett, an old soldier, a Frenchman by birth, who had previously some experience in sharp sharings, went to the commissary for his rations. Being asked how many rations he was to receive—how many were in his mess—he replied, “me, Peter Bennett, one Frenchman.” The commissary then asked, “do you receive rations for three persons?” “If you please, seer,” was the ready reply, with a polite bow. Three rations were then given to him, and he took them very kindly.

As the distress of the besieged increased from hunger, exhaustion, watching, wounds, death, and the destruction of property, the fire of their foes increased daily, and its effects became more and more destructive. Storming the town was hourly expected, and their only engineer, Colonel Lamey, pronounced the lines incapable of defence against such an attack. The inhabitants now joined in a petition to General Lincoln, that he would capitulate, and a negotiation was accordingly opened. The relative duties of the civil and military departments of government were, unfortunately, not well adjusted or understood in the American revolution, as the following paper will show. This letter was certainly never published, and, we believe, never presented. The copy, from which this was taken, was found among the papers of Mr. Thomas Ferguson, a member of the privy council.

“50 minutes after 9, *May 9th*, 1780.

To General Lincoln:

SIR:—By the favor of Colonel Simmons, at forty minutes past 2, P.M., of yesterday, I was informed of your determination to send proposals of terms of capitulation to the enemy, and that what I had to propose for the citizens, was to be sent to you before four o'clock. Antecedent to this information, I did not even know, except from common report, that General Clinton had sent in a flag very early in the morning, in consequence of which a council of sixty officers

was called, including all the field officers of the militia. Strange that I, the supreme magistrate of the State, in town, and, *at the head* of those gentlemen, in their civil capacities, should not have been consulted at all on so momentous a matter; and much more strange still, when the consultation was so general. As I was acquainted that you were determined to send proposals, I had no time to lose; I, therefore, called a council as expeditiously as possible, and made up the article sent you in the best manner I could. What reason may have induced you to make proposals, and what they are, I know not; but my duty to my country obliges me to tell you, that I had a right to be consulted on this occasion, and as I was not, I do solemnly protest against such treatment, and send you this to let you know I do so. I should have rested much better last night, had I certainly known that the enemy had deferred their answer until this morning.

I am, sir, &c., &c.

(Signed) CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN."

Mr. Ferguson adds: The lieutenant-governor had resolved in his own mind to send the above letter immediately to the general, but was persuaded by his council to delay it, "till the result of the capitulation, now on the carpet, should be known. The council were unanimously of opinion that such a letter was extremely proper; but were apprehensive that it might kindle some resentment in General Lincoln, in which case he might be less attentive to the interests of the citizens in the capitulation. All this was reconciled, as General Gadsden, the lieutenant-governor, signed the capitulation."

The town was thus surrendered, after a close siege of six weeks. How mutable and precarious is the fortune of war! After this capitulation, it was discovered by the Americans, that the British commander, having ascertained that a French fleet, under Admiral De Tiernay, was on its way for the relief of Charleston—a circumstance unknown to the besieged—had called a council of war to consider the propriety of raising the siege, lest he himself should be taken, or at least lose his fleet. It was also ascertained that their conclusion to abandon their enterprise, was only prevented by an intercepted letter from General Benjamin Smith, brother-in-law of Governor Rutledge, addressed to his

wife, exposing the exhausted situation of the inhabitants, and declaring that "in a few days she would haer of as complete a Lincoln-ade as ever she had heard of a Burgoyne-ade;" the capture of Burgoyne and his army, being so called by the Americans. So narrow was the escape of Sir Henry Clinton, on this occasion, that the pilot boat, despatched by him to New-York, announcing his victory, was taken by the tenders of the French fleet, near our bar, and the information thus acquired that they had come too late. Had the news of this approaching fleet been known to General Lincoln, his defence of Charleston would have been celebrated as one of the greatest achievements of the revolution; the Southern States would have been saved from the unutterable woes which ensued. The capture of Sir Henry Clinton, as was the subsequent capture of Lord Cornwallis, might have produced the early triumphant termination of our revolution; but this glory was reserved for Washington.

CHAPTER VIII.

Situation of South-Carolina previous to the Fall of Charleston—Consequences of its Fall—Violation of the terms of its Capitulation by the British—Taking Protection—Martial Law—Tradition of the Amorys—Explosion of the Magazine—William Williamson—Marion and his Men.

FROM the commencement of hostilities, in 1775, to the siege of Charleston, in 1780, the State of South-Carolina appeared to enjoy as great, if not a greater degree of prosperity, than in any previous term of five years in her history.

By the foresight and energy of her rulers, the war commenced at Lexington, and continued in the North, was here prevented, for the first fourteen months, by the seizure of all the arms and ammunition, which would otherwise have been used against her. During this time, the contending armies were engaged in the Northern States, and the Southern ports were only subject to the annoyance of British cruisers. The American armed vessels—private and public—frequently sent their prizes into this and other Southern ports, and followed them, to share and enjoy the prize money, while their vessels were re-fitted for another cruise. Many letters of marque, loaded with rice, tobacco and indigo, the produce of the country, were sent by the merchants to foreign ports, and returned with dry goods, arms, ammunition, groceries, &c., &c.

These frequent arrivals, with their valuable cargoes, invited the attention of merchants in all parts of the Union. They who resided in sea-ports, sent fast sailing vessels, with their produce, for a market in Charleston, to return with West India produce and European manufactures, which were, occasionally, very abundant and cheap in this port. A number of these vessels

were taken by the enemy, but others, sent in their stead, were more fortunate, and the trade continued, subject to the fortune of war.

The number of strangers who arrived in these vessels, spending lavishly the money which had been acquired casually in some cases, and bravely won in others, contributed largely to the gratification and profits of the Carolinians. They did not reflect that these profits consisted of paper money, the mere shadow—if the representative of gold and silver—a mere promise to pay, dependent on contingencies—not the real coin. The depreciation of this paper was, at first, slow and imperceptible, leading the inhabitants to believe that their profits were increasing and their property rising in value, but it was subsequently rapid and ruinous to many.

To this increase in commerce was added a great increase in the inland trade, by means of boats and wagons, bringing down our produce, and taking back the goods, groceries, &c., most wanted by the inhabitants of South-Carolina and the adjoining States.

It must not be supposed that such prosperity could have been maintained in South-Carolina, during the greater part of our revolution, without partaking in the dangers and privations of warfare.

“I would have been ashamed, if Cato’s house,
Had stood alone, and flourished ’midst a civil war.”

The energy and foresight of her rulers, supported by the bravery of her citizens, effected, with the blessings of heaven, the preservation of South-Carolina, during five out of seven years. They disarmed their enemies, by seizing all their arms and ammunition, by capturing their forts, and forcibly expelling their armed vessels from the harbors of Charleston and Savannah; they repulsed the invasion of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, by beating them from Sullivan’s Island; they suppressed the armed resistance of the royalists, aided by the British, in the upper country; they vanquished the Indian nations, incited and sus-

tained by the British; they defended Charleston against the attack of Provost; they fought the battles of Beaufort, Kettle Creek, Briar Creek and Stono; they exerted their whole strength in the disastrous siege of Savannah, under Count D'Estaing, and only failed by his mismanagement; they defended Charleston, during a siege of six weeks, against the British army and navy, in greater force than ever had been united in any other expedition during this war.

Charleston was subjected to three sieges, during the first five years of the revolution. The enemy were repulsed in the first two, as we have seen; and the last was longer and more obstinately protracted, and more bravely defended, than in any, except the strongly walled and moated fortresses of Europe. No other American city stood a siege by the British troops. Boston, Savannah and Augusta, when in possession of the British, were besieged by the American forces; but General Washington determined from the first, that it was better to abandon the cities to the invaders, than to have one of his armies captured. His greatest difficulties arose from his want of regulars, and his greatest losses of men were sustained in the capture of such fortresses.

By the terms of capitulation, the militia in Charleston and the inhabitants had a right to remain on parole, and keep peaceable possession of their own property, until exchanged as prisoners of war. I will not enumerate the vexatious violations of these rights, by the construction given to the different articles by the British authorities. The capitulation was not only signed by General Lincoln, as the military representative of the United States—the general government—but by the lieutenant-governor of the State, General Gadsden, who, in the absence of Governor Rutledge, was head of the civil authority, represented the State, and included the whole State under the same capitulation. All parties appeared to believe this to be the case, about six weeks, during which the British forces were

rapidly advanced over the whole State, and without opposition, took possession of all its strong-holds. General Clinton had returned to New-York, and Lord Cornwallis succeeded to the command. It was then first discovered that the inhabitants of the interior were not included in the benefits of the capitulation. The State was then declared to be a conquered Province, and the inhabitants, able to bear arms, drafted to fight against their own countrymen. The capitulation took place on the 12th of May, and, on the 3d June, 1780, a proclamation was issued by Sir Henry Clinton, declaring that, after the 20th of that month, all paroles given to prisoners in the State, who were not included in the capitulation of Charleston, were revoked and declared "null and void," and the late holders of them called upon to take "*an active part in forwarding military operations*, or be considered and treated as rebels against his majesty's government." Many did exchange their paroles for protections, most of them hoping to enjoy more ease and peace on their plantations; while many did it to raise an abundance of provisions for the use of the American armies, and to join them whenever a favorable opportunity offered. It is said of General Marion, that he encouraged and promoted these views among his friends, and among them made his arrangements for obtaining information of all the hostile movements of the British forces. Many conscientiously believed, that their allegiance was due to the British government, whether right or wrong; and as many, that whether right or wrong, the British had now obtained the power, and would maintain it over the State. These altogether constituted about one-half of the population; while the other half took up arms against the invaders, rather than be drafted and compelled to bear arms against their fellow-citizens, the whigs.

The following is a copy of the paroles given at that time :

[COPY.]

I do hereby acknowledge myself to be a prisoner of war, upon my parole, to his Excellency, Sir Henry Clinton, and that I am thereby engaged, until I shall be exchanged, or otherwise released therefrom, to remain in the town of Charleston, unless when permitted to go out by the commandant; and that I shall not, in the meantime, do, or cause any thing to be done, prejudicial to the success of his majesty's arms, or have intercourse or hold correspondence with his enemies; and that upon as unmons from his Excellency, or other person having authority thereto, that I will surrender myself to him or them at such time and place, as I shall hereafter be required.

Witness my hand, this 21st day of May, 1780.

Wm Johnson

I do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the parole this day signed by

*Maj: Stuart
Com'ry. of Pris'rs*

Witness.

John Mafsey

Will the gentlemen, bound for St. Augustine, accept of their paroles?

I consider the word parole to mean, that the gentlemen, while on board, and at St. Augustine, are not to do any thing whatsoever prejudicial to his majesty's service.

If the gentlemen are re-taken, it is not expected that they are to return to any part of America, under the British government, but are to consider themselves on parole.

Tho. Gen. Abbot

FIDELITY, armed ship, 4th September, 1780.

In addition to these severities, Lord Cornwallis, by his proclamation, dated July 25th, 1780, prohibited those who had not taken protection, from selling their property, without especial permission,—from continuing to make a livelihood, by carrying on their respective trades or occupations,—and from collecting debts legally due to them. Every imposition was practised that could break down their patriotic resolutions, and induce them to submit to the oppressions of the royal authority. The male inhabitants, who would not conform, were arrested and imprisoned, on various trifling allegations, until the crowded prison ships would hold no more, and then they were exiled to foreign prisons. The families of these firm patriots and exiles were also ordered out of their homes, without the means of subsistence, and sent out of the State, on no other plea than “expediency.”

It is asserted by American writers, that the restrictions and severities practised on the American prisoners of war, in New-York, Philadelphia and Charleston, were purposely inflicted to make them enlist with their enemies, the British troops. The stinted and bad provisions—the filthy quarters, unventilated, and pervaded with an atmosphere surcharged with animal effluvia—the depression of mental and bodily faculties, inseparable from such imprisonment, under such circumstances, soon increased the horrors of their situation, by producing infectious diseases. The typhus, or camp fever, and the dysentery, swept off hundreds of their companions in arms and in misfortune. Cut off from the necessaries of life, and seeing the British sol-

diers well fed, well clothed and well paid, they became more forcibly impressed by their own hopeless prospects. Hearing and seeing the destitution of their families, and feeling that their own sufferings increased daily, many did give way to these strong temptations, and took the British bounty for enlistment. About five hundred of the Americans, who capitulated in Charleston, enlisted in the British army, on condition that they should be sent abroad, and not made to serve against their own countrymen. Many of these were really sent to the West Indies and to Florida, in accordance with these stipulations; but it was said, that some of them were brought back again, in violation of this agreement, under the pretence that they had only engaged to take them away, which having been done, they were under no obligation to keep them away for ever.

Among the citizens, too, there were many who took protection, contrary to the general expectation of their fellow-citizens, and some lampooning ensued, as a substitute for expressions of chagrin or ill-will. Martial law having been established, many vexations and hardships were experienced, and many were compelled to change sides, as the only means of supporting their families. Dr. George Carter, a native of Ireland, was a practitioner of medicine in Charleston. In a group of citizens, speaking on these subjects, he declared that nothing should induce him to change sides, and that if they cut him limb from limb, "they would leave an honest trunk;" but he changed his mind. The following verses express the feelings of the whigs.

When first Sir Henry came to town,
To finish all vexation,
He, in obedience to the crown,
Did make a proclamation,

Desiring all, both great and small,
To come and swear allegiance;
At which some looked very glad,
And some declared obedience.

Among the rest was Williams Bob,*
 Who was so very funny,
 Sir Henry's troops might steal and rob,
 So he could keep his money.

Sir Henry's right he will maintain,
 And swears by all it is so,
 The righteous cause he will sustain,
 Like honest Tommy Phippoe.

Sweet George,† indeed, is little known,
 But you shall hear the story :
 His limbs he swore he would have none,
 E'er he would turn a tory.

First, then, said he, cut off my thighs,
 And this you may believe, sir,
 Cut off my arms, my head, likewise,
 You'll leave an honest trunk, sir.

But honest George soon changed his mind,
 Petitioned for protection,
 Would rather keep his limbs, we find,
 Than undergo dissection.

Believed to have been written by Judge Heyward.

After having joined the British, Dr. Carter still tried to keep in with the Americans. On one occasion, he invited a party to dine with him, both of British officers and Americans. Towards the close of the entertainment, believing that none remained but Americans, he proposed that they should join in their favorite toast—"The American Congress." "What is that you say?" exclaimed a harsh voice from the foot of the table, "do you mean to insult us with such a toast?" "My dear friend," said the wily doctor, "only hear me out; I meant to add, "may they all be hanged." The officer was pacified, but the doctor's sincerity was ever after doubted by both parties.

Among the vexations resulting from martial law, we will state but two. Something had occurred in the family of the Miss Sarrazins, one of the oldest and

* Robert Williams.

† Dr. G. Carter.

most respectable in the State, with the police, which, to them, appeared very strange; and the oldest of them—the mistress of the house—expressed her feelings at the new order of things. This was reported to the officer on guard, and he construed it into a treasonable offence against his majesty's government, in the conquered Province of South-Carolina. He, as in duty bound, committed the lady to prison, and she was actually confined in the Provost—the vaulted, damp prison under the then Exchange, now the Custom House—she being the only lady, at that time, among the many male prisoners. The other occurred with my own mother, after my father had been shipped off to St. Augustine. She had sent a servant to market with an English shilling, instructed to purchase her homely fare for her large family. In a few minutes the servant returned, followed by a rude, noisy butcher, to whom the money had been offered in payment, accusing my mother of issuing false or counterfeit money. With this accusation, he brought a file of soldiers to arrest a helpless woman; and by them she was hurried off to Craven's bastion, where Fitzsimons' wharf fronts on East Bay, to be adjudged by the officer on duty. There she was detained out in the street, waiting the leisure of this officer about an hour, when Dr. Elisha Poinsett passing, casually observed her, appeared for her to the officer, and kindly obtained her release.

It will be observed, that under this regime, every common soldier was a police officer, with power to arrest the citizens; and every officer, on duty, possessed the power to commit, without the discretion or consideration exercised by a justice of the peace. The town major, charged with the superintendence of this police, was Major Charles Fraser, who, dressed in a little brief authority, was very despotic over the whigs, his countrymen. The father of Mr. Charles Fraser, married to a sister of Governor Rutledge's wife, was obliged to call on the town major about some business. The major did not, or would not, know him,

and asked his name. He was answered—"the same name as your own, C. Fraser, sir." "Ay, ay," said the major, "there are more of that name than are good." The retort courteous might very well have been made, by looking him in the face, with a bow of assent: "I am perfectly satisfied of that, sir," but it was not prudent to offend such a magistrate.

TRADITION OF THE AMORYS.

My mother, Sarah Johnson, was a descendant from Jonathan Amory, a merchant of Dublin, who came to Charleston with a considerable capital, and invested a portion of it in houses and lands. He was elected Speaker of the Colonial Legislature, and subsequently treasurer of the Province, the first treasurer of the proprietors. He died in the fall of 1699, of what was then called the distemper, but now believed to have been the yellow fever, and his widow, Martha Amory, died about three months after him. They both left wills, which are recorded, and the originals preserved. His has an eglet, the family seal, attached to it, appointing Mrs. William Rhett, guardian of their children. Their son, Thomas, was soon sent to England for his education, and there bound apprentice to a merchant of London, who sent him to the Azores in the prosecution of trade; and while residing there, he became the British consul.

In 1709, Thomas Amory came to Charleston, that he might see his sister, and settle with his guardian, Mrs. Rhett. He expected to have taken quiet possession of his lands, under his father's will, but found that they had been sold, by order of the Provincial Legislature; that they had been purchased by Bentley Cook, for the sum of one hundred and thirty pounds; and that it was useless to contend for his right against an act of the Legislature. He married in Charleston, and left it, in 1711, to settle in Boston, as a merchant. The records inform us, that soon after the departure of

Thomas Amory, conveyance was made by Bentley Cook to Colonel William Rhett and Mrs. Sarah Rhett, for the same amount, one hundred and thirty pounds, of all the lands that he had purchased from them, under the act of the Legislature, and their title to the land is unquestionable in law.

After the death of Colonel Rhett, Trott married his widow, and the whole property was, for many years, designated as Trott's Point. These lands extended from the channel of Cooper river westwardly to King-street, embracing both sides of Hasell-street, on the south, and both sides of Wentworth-street, on the north. "The lot, No. 48, adjoining to Cumming's land," also extended beyond King-street, westwardly to St. Philip's-street, where "Cumming's land" commenced.

We have reason to believe that Thomas Amory lost his first wife in Boston, married again, and had three more children; that after the death of Thomas Amory, his widow went to England with her three children, for their education, leaving her step-sons engaged in their father's mercantile pursuits, in which their successors continue eminently respectable to this day; that their daughter, Sarah, married, in England, to James Wilson, probably of Lincolnshire, and, after his death, came out with her mother to Charleston; annuities having been first purchased for the education and support of the two youngest children, Isaac and Mary. Sarah married, in Charleston, to Thomas Nightingale, a saddler and harness maker, having his establishment in Meeting-street, next to the State House, and my mother was their only surviving child.

Isaac studied divinity, and was ordained in England, after which he came out to South-Carolina, and became rector of St. John's Church, on John's Island, in the year 1765. Some disagreement having arisen, he left the Parish and the Province before the revolution, returned to England with ample testimonials of his good conduct, and obtained a rectorship near Newark, upon Trent, in Lincolnshire. My brother, the late Dr.

Isaac Amory Johnson, was named after him, and in his family is still retained the name "Amory."

The Carolinians had divided their stores of powder among several magazines, in different parts of the city. One of them may be now seen on the south side of Cumberland-street, nearly opposite to the Methodist Church, and another back of the Medical College, converted into a kitchen. The remains or foundation of a third may be seen on the south side of Magazine-street, to which it gave the name, about midway between Archdale and Mazyck-streets. Here there was, also, a very extensive store-house for arms, and when the town capitulated, the small arms, of every description, were conveyed to this store-house or armory, by order of the commandant. The British officers had the privilege offered them, to go there and select any gun, sword or pistols, that they thought proper to take. While many of them were there engaged in selecting choice arms, the magazine was blown up with a tremendous explosion. It has been said, that from one to two hundred officers of the British army and navy were killed on this occasion. All the small arms were destroyed, the whole range of stores was consumed, and the flames extended across Mazyck-street to the Jail; that building, which was lately known as the Work House, was also destroyed. One elderly officer was very much injured, but escaped with his life. He represented, that the young officers were carelessly snapping the fire arms, in selecting their pieces, and then throwing them down as carelessly, when they went on to examine others. He also stated that he had cautioned them against doing so, as some of the pieces were loaded, and loose powder scattered about on the floor; that he had left the magazine hastily, from an apprehension of danger from this source, and had only escaped from the enclosure, when he was overwhelmed by the ruins. This explanation satisfied all parties, but, in the first of the alarm, many of the British army believed that the Americans had purposely blown it up. The threats were loud and vio-

lent. "Skiver them, skiver them," was frequently heard; and had any influential officer encouraged the outcry, there would have been an awful scene of bloodshed in Charleston in that moment of excitement. The taste for blood and plunder being encouraged in a lawless soldiery, there is no bound to be estimated, or limit set to their rage and rapacity. The fire masters and engine companies, with their usual alacrity, repaired to the scene of alarm, but hearing themselves abused and threatened, they quickly retired in disgust, and the fire left to exhaust itself. The Work House, adjoining to the Jail, was also destroyed, but here the fire ceased. The square building south of it was saved, and is now the centre building of the three which constitute the Poor House.

This centre building was called the Widows' House, and was one of the earliest charities established in the Province. At this day, a house of this kind would be one of the kindest and most efficient establishments that can be made in Charleston for the benefit of the poor. There is no community in America in which a larger proportion exists of poor, industrious, virtuous and pious women. The institution of slavery depresses these poor women more than in other cities, and their principles, as well as pride, preserve them from vulgarity and vice. Such a house, under the care and patronage of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, would be of inestimable benefit to Charleston.

William Williamson had been extensively and profitably engaged in mercantile pursuits, but had retired from business previous to the revolution. At its commencement he became a member of the committee of safety; as such, he certified the commission of General Moultrie, and other officers of the two regiments, then raised by the first Provincial Congress. The lady of Governor Rutledge was his half sister, and he was related by marriage and otherwise, with many of the most respectable whigs in South-Carolina. He was rich and well educated; he was a whig from principle,

and his example was important and influential with the many who wavered, or were opposed to the energetic measures of that party. Although sincere in his opposition to the measures of the British government, he had no turn of mind for the turbulence and strife of a revolution. He was devoted to his various agricultural interests and pursuits—to his domestic endearments and his horticultural occupations. His favorite residence near Wallis' bridge, was one of the handsomest country seats in South-Carolina, and at that time they were numerous. It was about seventeen miles from Charleston—a convenient ride for his friends in their occasional visits. The garden, as it was called, embraced about fifty acres in its enclosure, and was diversified with shrubberies, lawns and fish-ponds, in addition to the collections of rare and elegant exotics, the most beautiful of the native plants to be found in Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas; with the most splendid and costly of the bulbous roots and ornamental shrubs, usually cultivated in the gardens of Europe.

He owned a rice plantation on Stono, a very valuable one on the Savannah, the Sisters' ferry, and other valuable property adjoining that river; also, three establishments called cowpens, with large flocks of cattle, and one hundred breeding mares of the best descriptions that could be procured. One of these cowpens was on the Ogechee, in Georgia; one on Black Swamp, and the other on the lower three Runs, in Barnwell, South-Carolina. These last were all devastated during the revolution; the stock of every description, and even most of the valuable negroes, their keepers, carried off by the tories and marauders.

Mr. Williamson was married in early life to Miss Martha Evans, but it was their misfortune to have no children. His amiable wife died in Charleston, shortly after its surrender to the British, in 1780, and he then endeavored to leave the desolating scenes by which he had suffered so severely. He became ill in passing through the upper country, but recovered, and resided in seclusion in the Middle States during the two years

which followed the capture of Charleston. Shortly after the peace, he returned and resumed his former agricultural pursuits. He then married his second wife, the widow of Mr. Peter Valton, a celebrated teacher of music in Charleston. She was a near relation (I think a sister) of Peter Timothy, the printer, who, from the first revolutionary movements, was secretary to the committee of safety, conspicuous in all their transactions and highly respected.

Mr. Williamson died about five years after his second marriage, leaving a son two years old. This child died about a year after his father, "the only child of his mother, and she was a widow." She left Charleston in the summer of 1791, and died in England.

A faithful, affectionate servant of Mr. Williamson, named Captain, is still living. At the age of ninety years, he enjoys a green old age, with his memory perfect; to him I am indebted for most of the above particulars. Captain superintends several farms for the supply of Charleston market, and is universally respected; he was one of his master's gardeners. The old man shows, with commendable pride, a set of silver buttons on his waistcoat, given to him by his last mistress, as a compliment for having brought to her from the Sisters' ferry, on Savannah river, a large sum of money, due to her for the rent. Each button is stamped P. V., the initials of her first husband, Peter Valton.

The great respectability of Captain, and the affectionate confidence reposed in him by his owners and employers, is one of the many instances of primitive harmony still subsisting between master and servant, as in the days of the patriarchs.

Capt. Harry Barry, of the fifty-second regiment, appointed deputy adjutant-general under General Leslie, by Lord Cornwallis, on the 24th December, 1780, was the author of the following satirical letter.

Madam:—Right painful have been my lucubrations in this essay after fame; over it have I consumed the midnight oil, and the twinklings of the matin lamp have found me still assiduous; surely, then, greatly anxious must I be for a fit matronization of an offspring, which has given as much pain to its parent, as the birth of Pallas to the immortal Jupiter.

And seeing this most celebrated poem treats of the characters and principles of that party I must ever revere, it has been my most serious search to find for it some mother, who will anxiously nurse and fondle the darling brat, and whose *warm* principles and *glowing* zeal may raise it to celebrity.

Many, madam, have been the personages who presented themselves on this great occasion, and as many have been superseded by your redundant qualifications. I speak not the language of flattery, for my soul abhors it. But when I lay this blazing offering on the shrine of party, I do it with the holy zeal which inspired the sybil nymphs, and gave, in the prophetic hour, that energy to their countenances, that it hath been reported none could stand before them.

And, here I might have associated from *congenial fire*, the names of Edwards and Horry with that of Gadsden, but the minor parts of their history would be below that dignity which swells to its height your more complicated character: The feathers which bedecked the head of Mrs. Ferguson, for a moment attracted my attention, but right fearful was I, lest the critics and poetasters of this age, might infer a light foundation from so airy a superstructure, which most sorrowful event might at once overthrow both the patronized and the patronizer.

Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Parsons called vociferously for notice, but their zeal so shook the dagger and the bowl in their hands, that I deemed them unfit for the *calm* dignity of the tragic scene. Too much mildness, on the other hand, superseded the veteran Mrs. Pinckney, when I beheld her sliding, gliding and smiling, advance to meet the commissioners of sequestration. As for Mrs. Charles Elliott, she is only allied to such exalted spirits by the zeal of party, *perhaps*, in her case, the too exuberant emanations of a delicate and susceptible mind. And, as the banners in the hand of Mrs. Barnard Elliott waved but for a moment, flimsy as the words that presented them, so slight a triumph could not entitle her to fame so pre-eminent as this.

'Tis in you alone, madam, we view united every concomitant for this most eminent distinction; qualities which receive addition, if addition they can have, from the veteran and rooted honors of that exalted character, the general. A character allied to you *by all the warm*, as well as tender ties; it is with pleasure I ever view the *wharf and bridge*, those works of his hands, which stand like the boasted independence of your country, the crumbling monuments of his august reputations. With what rapture do I behold him in the obscure recesses of St. Augustine, attracting the notice of *all* man-

kind ; and, as he traverses the promised land, planting deep in Hebrew ground the roots of everlasting fame.

These considerations must evince the sincerity of this address, and with how much truth and respect,

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your most obedient, devoted, humble servant.

Copied from a paper in the hand writing of Bishop Smith. I have never seen the poem to which this dedication refers ; the author was Major Barry, of the British army.

JAMES FERGUSON.

Dockon, 11th July, 1846.

MARION AND HIS MEN.

One of the means adopted by General Marion to obtain information from Charleston, at the time of its occupation by the British forces during the American revolution, was reported to me a few months before his death, by Mr. George Spidle. He was at that time a boy, and very small for his age, with a corresponding childish deportment. He was employed by Mr. Joshua Lockwood, to go in his large open boat or periauger, under Captain Bellami, on trading expeditions between Charleston and Georgetown. The boat passing through the creeks, inlets and marshes, stopped, of course, at many of the intermediate landings, and stayed as long as was necessary for the captain to make sales of the cargo, purchase produce in return, and *transact any other business*, secretly or openly, as he thought proper. In the secret transactions, the little boy Spidle was sometimes an unconscious agent, being sent with a bundle of family supplies (*enclosing other matters*) to a particular gentleman in that neighborhood. Sometimes he was taken secretly from Charleston, landed secretly at a particular place, his papers delivered and forwarded to General Marion, and, on the return of the boat, would stealthily creep into his berth and come back to town. If he had rea-

son to suppose that his country friends suspected him, he would pretend that he had run away, and would certainly be taken and given up to Capt. Bellami, who was, of course, very angry with him. Generally he was sent with a basket to peddle various little matters among the neighbors, but charged to offer them first at a *particular house*, where at least one of the articles was always selected; the rest were hawked about to avoid suspicions and to promote the trade. He was once actually taken up by one of the loyalists, but on account of his childish deportment and appearance, was soon set at liberty. Most commonly he was landed openly, and sent about with a hand-bill among the planters on Santee, offering for sale, in the periauger, the different articles specified in that hand-bill. When these expedients were exhausted, the little fellow was showed a hollow tree, near the landing, in which he was to lodge the packages given to him for that purpose.

The story of Marion's inviting the British officer to dine with him on potatoes and cold water, has been doubted by some persons. I believe it to be substantially true, having heard it when quite a child told by my father, as he certainly heard it soon after the occurrence, and believed it. He was told that the young Englishman had first been invited by Marion's aids to dine with them, and had accepted the invitation; but being also invited by the general, he requested an excuse from the aids, among whom he would probably have fared better. The general, with his usual tact, had perceived that the young man was sensitive, and concluded to try him by a *ruse*. The potatoes were served up as has been represented by all; but my father was told, that when the general peeled his potatoes, he did not throw away the skins as others usually do, but left them on one side of his plate. They had been roasted and brought on by Oscar, his favorite servant—his foster brother—who was, therefore, from infancy, always called *budde*, or brother, by the general, when spoken to by him. After dinner, the general

said—"Budde, bring us something to drink," and Oscar brought a gourdful of water, of which the officer was first invited to drink; the general then drank heartily from the same gourd. He then called Oscar to bring his horse Roger, and Roger was led up to his master, who handed to him the potatoe skins, all of which were eaten by the horse from his master's hand—not one of them was lost.

The young officer, whose name I do not recollect to have heard, returned, on the completion of his mission, deeply impressed with the scene which he had witnessed. He afterwards resigned his commission, with a determination never again to draw his sword against men who so bravely and conscientiously opposed his king and government—suffering privations and wants of every kind; without pay, clothing, forage, arms or ammunition: compelled to reside in sickly swamps, without tents to shelter them: with nothing to drink but water, nothing to eat but roots, and feeding their horses on the skins—the refuse of this homely and scanty fare.

After this adventure, General Marion obtained a very fine blooded horse, by defeating a party of tories, commanded by Capt. John Cumming Ball. This fine animal was Captain Ball's trooper, and was called Ball thenceforward after his late owner.

MARION AND HIS MEN.—An old lady, well known in the region of country between Georgetown and Marion Court House, related to a friend of ours a few days ago, a revolutionary anecdote, which we take pleasure in putting on record, and will be very grateful for any additional ones, or other interesting incidents, which may be collected from the very intelligent narrator of this, or from any other source worthy of credence.

At the period to which we allude, the narrator was in the first blush of maidenly beauty, and resided with her mother near Port's ferry, her father having previously been called hence to appear before his God. The British had possession of Georgetown, and were kept

in constant alarm by the intrepid *Swamp Fox*, and his brave and enterprising followers. Scouts from either of the contending parties were frequently seen near her mother's residence. Upon one occasion, one of Gen. Marion's agents left under her charge a quantity of provisions, and immediately after a party of the British called, searched the premises, and discovered the hidden supplies. They charged upon her mother the fact of their being designed for the support of the rebel army. She prevaricated, and the officer in command insisted that she should have them hauled to the river and shipped to Charleston. The old lady said she would have them hauled, as directed, but could not be responsible for them after they left her premises; that some of Marion's men were constantly scouting about there, and would watch and seize them so soon as they were removed. Taking advantage of this hint, the British scouts resolved to carry off with them all they could bear away, and ordered her to have the remainder shipped immediately. With this intent, they proceeded to examine the supplies, so as to secure the most serviceable and consequently the most valuable. The daughter, now four-score years of age, and still in possession of all her faculties, watched these proceedings with a restless and a jealous eye, and was determined, if possible, to defeat their object. Retiring from the house for a few minutes, she hastily returned, and in apparent alarm and agitation, exclaimed, "*Marion and his men are coming!*" A scout hovering on the edge of a neighboring thicket gave plausibility to the assertion. The British beat a hasty retreat, and before night-fall the provisions were removed by a patriotic band to a place of greater security, and freed from the prying curiosity of British emissaries.—*Charleston Gazette*.

Among the most efficient of Marion's men, were his neighbors and friends, of Huguenot descent: the Horrys, Ravenels, Cordes, Du Bose, Simons, &c.

Even among those of French descent were many

who espoused the opposite cause, and Marion, with judicious foresight and liberality, encouraged the aged, the timid and the wavering, to take protection, remain at home, raise provisions for those under arms, be protected by the whigs, if not in arms against them, and be a source of information to him, of the various manœuvres and advances of the British and armed tories.

Marion always enjoined on his men, whenever they fell in with the enemy, or heard of them, that they should obtain all possible information of their numbers, position, object and course, or destination. If any one came in with an imperfect account of the enemy, Marion not only appeared dissatisfied, but by his observations showed the reporter that he might himself be put to great inconvenience or danger by the want of accurate information. That they might be obliged to decamp, when there was no real occasion; or be ordered to pursue and attack the enemy, when too numerous for their division.

On one occasion, when one of the Ravenels was absent from the camp, whether on a scout, or on leave of absence, we are not informed, he met with a considerable British detachment, from which he escaped with difficulty, but had not time to observe their number and description. It was his duty to report them as soon as possible, but what was he to say! He had escaped into the woods, but now determined that he would return towards their track, ascertain their strength, and follow them to their encampment. He accordingly rode through the woods until he reached the head of their line, then climbed into a tree, counted their numbers accurately as they marched past him, and when they encamped, he passed on and reported them to the general. As Marion never lost an opportunity of beating up the enemy's quarters, we have no doubt of his having embraced this to make them feel him, but do not remember to have heard the particulars.

On another occasion, having recently left the camp, he came suddenly on a large body of British troops in

the high road to surprise Marion's encampment. He could have turned out into the woods without risk or difficulty, but this would have exposed his relatives and brother soldiers to a danger which it was possible he might avert. He determined to give them the alarm, and share the danger with them. He wheeled his horse within range of the enemy's fire, and ran in sight of them, whirling his cap and whooping, until the sentinel, whom he had just passed, fired his signal gun, and alarmed Marion in his supposed security. The troopers were immediately in the saddle prepared for the onset, and the infantry paraded for battle. The enemy made a gallant attack, but instead of surprising the Americans, they "caught a Tartar," and were repulsed with great loss.

Once when he ventured home, having hitched his horse outside of the back gate, he went into the orchard for some fruit. While there he heard unusual sounds, and stooping under the peach trees, he saw a number of the British cavalry in his own yard. He withdrew very quietly until he reached his horse, and then left the British to divide their plunder. A little boy helped his master to regain his horse on this occasion, by leading him silently from the back gate to the orchard, which he had seen him enter.

When, by the advance of the American army, Marion was enabled to encamp among the plantations on high ground, his young men were enabled to visit the neighbors, and partake of the parties given to welcome them. On one occasion of this kind, Thos. Parker, afterwards United States District Attorney, had been at a dance, and retired toward morning to sleep at the residence of a friend. A party of Tories surrounded the house about daylight, expecting to take them both. Mr. Parker had a chamber on the first floor, and not waiting to put on all his clothes, ran down to the kitchen and escaped by a back door. His friend was equally prompt, but sleeping in the second story, was intercepted, taken prisoner and conveyed to Charleston.

Among the most active and daring of Marion's men, were Robert Simons and William Withers, two young men equally inconsiderate. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and while resting at noon for refreshment, Withers, a practised shot, was examining his pistols to see if they were in prime order for any emergency; while Simons sat near him, either reading, or absorbed in thought, or *the want of thought*—a reverie. "Bob," said Withers, "if you had not that bump on the bridge of your nose, you would be a likely young fellow." "Do you think so?" said Simons, and again sunk into his reverie. Withers, for want of something else to do, was pointing his pistol at different objects, to steady his hand and practice the grasp, weight and level of his favorite weapons. At last, as Simons sat sideways to him, Withers' eyes were again attracted by the prominent bridge of his nose. "Bob," said Withers, "I think that I can shoot off that ugly bump on your nose." "Ah!" said Bob. "Shall I shoot?" said Withers. "Shoot," said Bob, and crack went the pistol. The ball could not have been better aimed—it struck the projecting bridge, and demolished it for ever. The bone was, of course, shattered, and instead of Simons being improved in his appearance, he became a very ugly man. I knew Robert Simons personally; he lived many years at a plantation on Ashley river, called Mount Geresim. He published a number of pieces in the newspapers on the exciting political questions of the day. In these he sometimes spoke of what he had done and suffered for his country, and sometimes what he was still able and willing to do, if he had a chance. All these were dated at Mount Geresim, and signed Robert Simons, while other persons were writing anonymously.

CHAPTER IX.

Col. Hezekiah Maham*—Keating Simons—James Simons.

THIS gentleman was the son of Nicholas Maham, and was born on the 26th of June, 1739. Little is known of his early life, and the first that we hear of him is as a respectable overseer to Mrs. Sinkler, of St. John's Parish, grand-mother of Jas. Sinkler, the DuBoses and Glovers. Like many others in South-Carolina, Maham advanced himself by his good conduct from this station to distinction and honor in the history of his native State. He became a member of the first Provincial Congress, and although he never enjoyed the advantages of education, he continued to rise in the general estimation of the people. At the meeting of our Provincial Legislature in March, 1776, he was elected a captain in Colonel Isaac Huger's regiment of riflemen. We are not informed of the military services of Captain Maham in this regiment, but, from his subsequent rise in rank, have no doubt that he partook with Colonel Huger in all his dangers and adventures, particularly in D'Estaing's siege of Savannah, and in the hard fought battle of Stono.

Maham's chief distinction was acquired as commander of the cavalry under Marion. He was a very brave man, devoted to the cause of his country, living with his command, partaking with cheerfulness in all their privations and sufferings, he became identified with them in every respect. He and his men were personally attached to each other, and appeared to have few or no other attachments. Maham's temper was naturally impetuous and violent; but to his com-

*This mode of spelling his name is taken from his family Bible.

mand it was restrained to a becoming degree of inflexible firmness, which, when uniform, is the best characteristic of discipline. Where there is uniformity, there is seldom occasion for severity in discipline. Maham was devoted to his country and to his cavalry, and for their good he did restrain himself, but was occasionally violent and despotic in other transactions.

A gentleman anxious to join Gen. Marion's corps, was detained by the extreme illness of his father; but having a favorite horse sent him into the camp by a servant with a message to the general, that he would follow as soon as possible. Maham seeing the horse in the care of a servant, took a fancy for the horse, and mounted his own servant on him. The owner arrived a few days after this appropriation of his horse, called on Colonel Maham and claimed his property, but it was refused to him. He then appealed to General Marion for justice and redress, urging that his services in the line were at least equally important to the country with those of Maham's negro, and that his life and service depended on his being mounted on that horse. Marion sent for Maham, satisfied himself and Maham of his improper conduct, and gave an order for the delivery of the horse, which was accordingly done.

On the arrival of General Greene, Maham received from him a colonel's commission, with orders to raise a regiment of cavalry and equip it for the campaign. Maham was indefatigable in the performance of this duty, and from his popularity and energy was eminently successful.

Among other expeditions of danger and address, he captured eighty prisoners near Monk's Corner, within hearing of the British army under Colonel Stewart. In the various duties under Marion he acquired great distinction. At the close of the campaign, Maham finding himself attacked by an intermittent fever, obtained a furlough and retired to his own plantation for medical advice. While there, in the presence of his physician, and at supper with his family, he was taken

prisoner by a tory named Robins—a partisan officer under Cunningham.

This young man, conducted by a runaway negro, had rapidly traversed the State through the pathless woods, and coming suddenly on Colonel Maham, demanded his surrender. Maham was totally unprepared, and incapable of resisting the threat of instant death; he surrendered and gave a written parole, but it was left on the table by Robins, either from carelessness or some other cause.

When Maham recovered his health, being impatient to rejoin his command, he applied to General Marion for permission to do so, as the enemy had nothing to show for his surrender. Marion could not approve of Maham's proposal, but referred it to General Greene. Greene promptly decided against Maham, saying "that he not only signed the paper, but gave his word to keep the peace until exchanged. That he had never been released from his pledge, which had been given to his captor in good faith, and that he was still bound by it as much as ever."

During the preceding campaigns, Maham was among the most active and daring in the service, particularly in the sieges and capture of the several British forts in South-Carolina and Georgia. In these, he acquired character in the construction of what the whole army called Maham's towers. These were rough structures of pine logs, inter-notched, so as to be firm, and elevated so high as to command the platform of the fort. Its capitulation soon followed. Colonel Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, stated that the first structure of this kind was made of fence rails, at the siege of Granby, opposite to Columbia, by himself, under General Sumter. Maham certainly improved them greatly.

While suspended from his active duties in the field, by his parole, he suffered other mortifications. His regiment fell under the command of militia colonels, and much angry discussion ensued as to the privileges of Maham's regiment, and the relative rank of the parties. The following letter will best explain the views

and feelings of Colonel Maham on this subject. Mr. William DuBose has favored me with a copy of it, found in Maham's hand-writing, in his journal or minute book.

Copy of a letter from Colonel Hezekiah Maham, 1782, supposed to be addressed to, or intended for, Governor Rutledge.

"SIR:—I take the liberty to enclose a letter I received from Mr. Walter, with a few extracts from General Greene, in order that you may be satisfied on what establishment the regiment, I had the honor to command, was raised, and what induced us to believe ourselves to be on the continental establishment, as well as an independent corps.

At the time I undertook to raise the regiment, the enemy were in full possession of all the south side of Santee. I found horses very difficult to be obtained. I made a point to send and get all those that were near the enemy, belonging to the people then with the enemy, whom we looked upon as enemies. The horses taken in this way were most of them put to the use of the dragoons. Those that were not fit for that purpose, were exchanged for others.

Finding I could not get a sufficient number in this way, I issued a reclamation to this effect: 'To the friendly inhabitants:—General Greene has thought it proper to establish a regiment of cavalry, and has honored me with the command; and, as it cannot be accomplished without horses fit to mount dragoons, will be obliged to every gentleman that will send me a horse or horses, for that purpose, as I will pledge my word and honor, that they shall be returned at the expiration of one year, or as soon as the enemy leaves the State. The greatest attention shall be paid to them.' Several gentlemen who sent me horses, on these conditions, are now obliged to borrow when their tour of duty comes on.

The horses I got on the above terms, I made it a point never to part with, on any consideration whatever. The gentleman who wrote to me has had both of his horses swapped away, since Connors took the charge of the regiment. I say, sir, if these horses are to be detained from the owners, after the expiration of the time for which they were borrowed, how ridiculous must it make me, and every officer concerned, appear! I shall be glad to know with what credit or faith I shall be looked upon by those gentlemen, besides being subject to daily insults. Judging the matter has been represented to you otherwise, and certain you would never give orders to have those horses detained and swapped away for others, when, at the present time, they must have nearly double the quantity of horses to that of men. If I have not justice done me in this matter, pray, sir, I would be glad to know, what confidence I can, for the future, put in any of my superior officers or the credit of the State?

At the time I was recruiting men for my regiment, I was fully persuaded that, by a spirited exertion of our countrymen, I should be able

to pay them off, agreeably to contract ; but am sorry to see that there is no provision made for them, and not likely to be any. These men have served a very hard campaign ; done their duty, in every respect, as well as could possibly be expected, say for very little more than one-half their bounty. They were certainly raised as continental cavalry, served as such, at least, under me. To see State troop officers put over men, after serving fourteen months, that had not the trouble of raising or providing any one necessary for the regiment ; to have a corps of deserters consolidated, merely to gratify the ambition and the partiality for one man ; I say, sir, it is really hard on the whole regiment. It has been exceedingly ill-used, and with whatever good intention it may have been done, I am afraid it will prove injurious to the service."

On this letter, Mr. William DuBose observes that it is without date or address ; but circumstances fix the first in 1782. At that time, he was not in command of the regiment, but a prisoner, on parole, having been taken in his own house.

General Greene admitted that Maham's corps were continentals, like Lee's legion, and like them were liable to serve under Marion, Pickens, and other officers of higher rank. I remember to have heard of an adventure, that may aid in delineating Maham's propensities. In some interval from his duties in the field, he was passing a night at the house of a gentleman, who was living in the enjoyment of every comfort. He had partaken of a good hot supper, a thing so unusual in camp, as to be called "an accident." Before this could be digested, he went to bed, taking his arms with him, and placing his trusty sword within reach of his bed. He then hung his clothes on the bedstead post, with his cap over the clothes, that every thing might be ready in case of alarm. Whether his rest was disturbed by the luxury of a feather bed ; whether his breathing had become oppressed, by want of ventilation, usually abundant under his old tent ; or from indigestion, we never heard distinctly. But Maham certainly started from his sleep, dreaming that an attack was made upon him. The moon had, by that time, passed round, so as to shine through his window on to his cap and clothes. These being distinctly seen, as he leaped out of bed, had the appearance of a soldier, of whose attack he had been dreaming ; and, seizing his

sword, he began cutting furiously at his supposed enemy. The commotion alarmed the friendly family, who ran up with lights into the colonel's chamber, and showed him what havoc he had been making with his own regimentals.

At the close of the revolution, Maham's affairs, like those of most other active patriots, were found to be much embarrassed. Suits were commenced against him, and resulted in executions. These, too, were enforced; and when in a passion, on one occasion, he seized the deputy sheriff, and with his sword compelled the poor man to eat and swallow the execution. Colonel Daniel Stevens, the sheriff, was my informant. He told me, that although sorry for Maham, he was obliged to sustain his deputy, and went himself to execute the duties of his office. He proceeded cautiously, with a *ca-sa* against Maham, watched his opportunity, and secured his prisoner. Maham then sent for General Marion, told him of his distress, and acknowledged what he had done. "Go," said Marion, "submit yourself to the laws of your country, and then I will be your friend to the best of my ability." Colonel Maham continued to be embarrassed, and his temper to be more and more irritable, in proportion with his difficulties.

When Maham was exchanged, the dispute between him and Horry raged highest. Georgetown was soon after that recovered by the Americans, and a garrison required to protect it from depredators and other enemies. Colonel Horry was selected for that command, to keep him apart from Maham, and thus promote peace between them and their respective friends and followers.

He never could control his dislike of the tories, and quarrelled with and fought several of his neighbors, because they, or their parents, had formerly been opposed to the whigs. Colonel Maham married before the revolution, we believe, to a Miss Palmer. By her he had two daughters, both of whom married and left families. He had two sisters, Elizabeth and Dorithea,

both of whom also left families. Among the descendants of these last, is Colonel J. J. Ward, in the neighborhood of Georgetown, probably the most successful rice planter in South-Carolina. He erected a monument to the memory of Colonel Maham, of which the following is a description :

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE!

A handsome monument has been recently erected, in St. Stephen's Parish, to the memory of Colonel Hezekiah Maham, one of the noblest spirits and most gallant soldiers of the revolution. We give below the epitaph, which a tasteful and discriminating pen has inscribed to the memory of the deceased warrior. His mortal remains repose in his own family burial place, but the particular grave which encloses them is unknown, and hence the initiatory words in the epitaph. The inscription is designed, too, to mark not only the place of his burial, but also the place of his residence while he lived. This is rendered necessary among us, and especially in our low country, as, in the course of things, old residences not only pass from the descendants of their former owners, but are often left desolate and unoccupied ; and it is, therefore, interesting to be told, by the record, that the honored dead moved in life even where he slumbers in death.

EPITAPH.

ON THE FRONT OF THE MONUMENT.

Within this Cemetery,
and in the bosom of the Homestead,
which he cultivated and embellished,
while on Earth,
lie the mortal remains of
COLONEL HEZEKIAH MAHAM.
He was born in the Parish of St. Stephens,
and died, A. D., 1789,
æet. 50 years ;
leaving a name, unsullied
in social and domestic life,
and eminent for devotion to the liberties

of his country,
and for achievements in arms,
in the Revolution
which established her Independence.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

Impelled
by the spirit of freedom
which animated his countrymen, he
zealously and courageously
devoted himself to its support,
and promoted the cause of American Independence,
by his services
in the State Committees,
instituted by recommendation of the General Congress,
in the Jacksonborough Assembly,
and in various other civil capacities.

ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE MONUMENT.

Successively
a captain in the first rifle regiment,
a commander of horse, in
MARION'S brigade,
and lieutenant colonel
of an independent corps of cavalry,
raised by authority of General GREENE, he
bore an efficient and conspicuous part
in the capture of the British posts,
and in the series
of skilful manœuvres and gallant actions,
which resulted
in the final extinction of the British dominion
in South-Carolina,
and secured
to her and to the Confederacy
the blessings of
Peace, Liberty, and Independence.

ON THE BACK.

His relative,
JOSHUA JOHN WARD, of Waccamaw,
unwilling that the last abode
of an honest man, a faithful patriot, and a
brave and successful soldier,
should be forgotten and unknown,
has erected this memorial,
A. D., 1845.

KEATING SIMONS.

This gentleman was descended from one of the Huguenots. The family tradition is, that the first of them who came to Carolina was an orphan boy, received into the family of Mr. Samuel DuPre, who went from France to England, and there meeting this boy, brought him with his family to America; that the two sons of Mr. DuPre, unaccustomed to the privations and labors incidental to emigrant life, soon became tired of it, and returned to LaBelle, France; but Simons remained, and married the daughter of his adopted father.

Benjamin Simons was the twelfth child of Benjamin and Mary Esther Simons, and was born at Middleburg plantation, in St. Thomas' Parish, then the property of his father, on the 9th July, 1693. They were said to be a branch of the distinguished family of St. Simons, in France; and this was confirmed by a gentleman in England, among the best informed in the study of heraldry, to Dr. Benjamin B. Simons, a descendant of the first Benjamin Simons. So the family of Peyre, in South-Carolina, was originally St. Peyre, and trace their lineage to St. Peyre, the celebrated defender of Calais, in the memorable siege by Edward III.

The second Benjamin Simons was brought up a carpenter. After working several years at this business, he married Miss Ann Keating, by whom he had many children; Benjamin, Keating, and Rebecca, afterwards Mrs. Jamison, survived all the rest. His wife having some property, and both of them extensive family connections, Mr. Simons set up as a factor, for the sale of country produce, and succeeded in transacting a very extensive business. His counting-house was on Motte's, now Adger's wharf, and caused a considerable accession of business in that vicinity.

Having lost his wife, he married a second time, and had a numerous family. His profits having increased, he invested them chiefly in rice plantations and ne-

groes, and became the sole owner of Middleburg, where he was born, although the youngest son. He died on the 30th April, 1772, and was followed to his grave by his thirteen children. Middleburg was left, by will, to his oldest son, Benjamin, who continued, like his father, to be very successful in his planting, and the property is still owned by one of his grandsons, the late John Lucas, Esq.

Keating and his half-brother, Edward, having been brought up in their father's counting-house, succeeded to his factorage business, and conducted it very successfully, until it became reduced by the embarrassment of trade in the revolution, and finally suspended by the fall of Charleston.

In the revolution, four of the brothers took up arms on the side of their country, and none were braver, firmer or more respectable among her defenders. These were Keating, James, Maurice and Robert. The father, who was too old for military duty, left his property to his two sons, Edward and Benjamin; but made provision for his daughters having their due proportions, and acted, I believe, justly by his other children.

On the 10th June, 1774, Keating Simons married Miss Sarah Lewis, and thereby became possessed of a rice plantation and negroes, on the western branch of Cooper river, which he called Lewisfield, which still retains that name, and is still in the possession of his grand children.

On the commencement of hostilities, he was enrolled in one of the volunteer companies, as a private. His brother, Maurice, was colonel of the militia regiment, and was in that capacity at the siege of Savannah and other expeditions.

In the fall of Charleston, Keating became a prisoner, on parole, and retired, as he had a right to do by capitulation, to reside on his plantation, Lewisfield. Having heard of the army advancing, under General Gates, he bided his time, acted with great discretion, and tried to promote it among his neighbors; but some of them would speak too freely, although he would remind

them that their hands were in the lion's mouth. Among these was his old neighbor, Thomas Broughton, who owned Mulberry Castle, and resided under its battlements. One day, returning from a ride, he fell in with Mr. Broughton, and rode home with him, expecting to continue alone in a family dinner. Judge of their surprise, to find the enclosure filled with British troopers and their horses, all apparently much at their ease. The captain, in command of the troop, stepped up to them with an air of easy assurance, and invited them into the castle, as if the two gentlemen were perfect strangers on the premises, and he alone the proprietor. They entered the house in mute astonishment, but he, as if perfectly at home, invited them to the sideboard, and pressed Mr. Broughton to drink out of his own well known decanters. Mr. Broughton did drink, but with coldness and reserve, but Mr. Simons refused it altogether. It appeared afterwards that some unguarded expression of Mr. Broughton had been reported to the British commandant, and construed by him to be incendiary, and either deserving punishment, or requiring surveillance, or both *in terrorem*, for others. He, therefore, adopted what the French revolutionists called a domiciliary visit, and sent a troop of horse to be quartered on Mr. Broughton, and maintain themselves, free of cost, as long as any thing could be found on the plantation fit to eat, by man or horse. They did it effectually, not only consuming all the grain and fodder, but all the live stock, and all the bacon, turkeys, ducks and fowls, while a feather of them could be seen alive. One only escaped. A turkey hen, witnessing the general destruction, took refuge on a little wooded island, near the river bank. No one knew of her retirement there, until the day after the British troopers had retired from the plantation, when she made her appearance at the head of her brood of young turkeys. Shortly after this, Lord Cornwallis, passing down from Camden to Charleston, sent a courier to Mr. Simons to announce that he and his family would dine with him the day after. Accordingly, Mr. Simons provided am-

ply for his reception; killed a lamb for the occasion, and poultry and other plantation fare in abundance, and arranged his sideboard in accordance. But his lordship had his cook and baggage wagon with him, and was well served by those who knew his inclinations. Accordingly, they killed the old ewe, the mother of the lamb; and, on Mr. Simons telling the Scotch woman, the cook, that this was unnecessary, and showing the provisions, she replied that his lordship knew how to provide for himself wherever he went.

When dinner was ready, his lordship graciously invited Mr. and Mrs. Simons to dine with him, at their own board, and of their own well provided fare. Mr. Simons said that he could not think of his wife becoming a guest, instead of presiding at her own table, and told his lordship that Mrs. Simons was otherwise engaged, but that he would accept of his invitation.

Mr. Simons had cordially brought out his best wine and other liquors, but his lordship inquired of his aids if they did not bring with them some of his old Madeira, and called for a bottle or two. The wine was produced, and was certainly very fine. There was great harmony in the good opinion of its excellence expressed by the company. His lordship pretended to inquire the history of it, whether London particular, or imported direct from Madeira, and the young gentlemen had an answer ready for the occasion. A day or two after their visit, Mr. Simons was informed that the same party had passed through St. Stephen's Parish, and stayed a night at old Mr. Mazyck's plantation. None of the family being there, the servants provided every thing necessary; and when they were gone, it was found that his wine closet had been broken open, and every bottle carried off. Mr. Mazyck prized his wine, as a remedy for the gout, to which he was subject, and Mr. Simons never doubted that it was the same which his lordship enjoyed when at Lewisfield, and pretended that it was a part of his own importa-

tion. Such wine could not be imported, it could not be bought, but it might be plundered.

Mr. Simons remained on parole, at Lewisfield, waiting to be exchanged, until the middle of July, 1781. At this time, General Greene sent his cavalry down into the lower part of the State, even within sight of Charleston.

Colonel Wade Hampton took the Dorchester road across to Goose Creek bridge, that he might rejoin Sumter at Biggin. They came, about breakfast time the next morning, near the avenue to Lewisfield, and Hampton, as if to procure something ready cooked, proposed that he should turn in, to obtain from his friend, Simons, some refreshments, while the rest of his detachment were riding slowly forward. This was his ostensible object, but, in fact, it was to see his "lady love." He was, at that time, courting Mr. Simons' youngest sister, who was living with him. "Love rules the court, the camp, the cot," and, "love directed," Hampton came up while a party of British, from two vessels at the landing, were plundering every thing on the plantation, that they could lay their hands on. He had sent his bugler ahead of him, as a look-out, and Mr. Simons seeing him, gave him notice of his danger, by waving his hat to turn him back. Hampton saw the signal, knew that there was something on foot, and would not be put off, without ascertaining the particulars. He galloped up to the house, received an anxious smile from the lady, and information from his friend, that eighty or one hundred Englishmen were on shore, and their two vessels fast aground. This was excellent. Hampton thought no more of his breakfast, but galloped back to the main road, vaulted upright on his saddle—being an elegant horseman and a very active man—waved his sword over his head, and shouted to his command to return. All this was in sight of the family.* In a few minutes,

* He was in the habit of galloping his horse, and at this speed would stoop from his saddle, and pick up from the ground his cap, sword, whip or glove. This lady, in telling of the adventure, suppressed the

they cantered up the avenue, captured seventy-eight prisoners, burnt the two vessels, and saved the property, which would otherwise have been carried off. Some of the British party escaped in their boats, down the river, to Charleston, and told their story, so as to throw on Mr. Simons a suspicion that he had been accessory to the surprise and capture. An expedition of black dragoons was immediately sent out, with orders to bring him in, dead or alive, but he did not await their arrival.

Mr. Simons reflected that the burning at his landing of the sloop and schooner was a *glaring* circumstance against him, and that the refreshments and congratulations so cordially welcomed and reciprocated at Lewisfield, would be embellished in the details by the prisoners on parole. He therefore left his home early in the evening of that day, broke his parole, joined General Marion, and with him took a large share of the fighting at Shubrick's house, a day or two after. It was well for him that he retired in time; about a day after his departure, a company of black dragoons surrounded his house, thundered at the door for admittance, and demanded that Keating Simons should come out. They were assured that he had left the plantation the day before, but they were not satisfied, and insisted on searching his premises. When they had searched the plantation, and were assured of his absence, one of the family inquired what they would have done if they had found him, and received a prompt answer, "we would have taken his heart's blood."

Mr. Simons was appointed one of Marion's aids, and continued firmly attached to him, not only to the end of the war, but of his life, and to the general's widow as long as she lived. At the death of Mrs. Marion, she left her plantation and negroes to Mr. Simons' eldest son, Keating Lewis Simons, by whose family it is still possessed.

name of the commander, and made no allusion to her having been the source of his success. She died on the 10th April, 1848, aged eighty-eight years and eight months.

After the revolution, Mr. Simons resumed his former business as factor, but in partnership with his brother Maurice. After his lamented death, Keating Simons conducted it alone and very extensively, until his sons, as they grew up, were successively introduced by him, first into his counting-house, and then into the firm of Keating Simons & Sons. The business is still conducted by one of them, many of his father's original customers continuing to be the friends of his successors, T. G. Simons & Sons.

James Simons had a genius as well as predilection for military matters.

Of his early exercises and incidents in arms we are not sufficiently informed, but have reason to believe that he attached himself to Count Pulaski; on his arrival in May, 1779, became his aid; was present with him in his various expeditions until the disastrous siege of Savannah.

After this, Simons took a lieutenant's commission in Col. Washington's corps of cavalry, and continued in all its active duties and dangers to the close of the revolution.

About the 14th of January, 1781, when under the command of General Morgan, Lieutenant Simons was detached with a part of this corps, and a number of our militia, against a body of tories at Hammond's store, on Bush river, a branch of the Pacolet. When they came in sight of the store, the tories were formed in a line on the brow of a hill. The Americans immediately formed and charged down the opposite hill with such impetuosity, that the tories broke and fled without firing a gun. He there ascertained that Tarleton was advancing to cross the Pacolet above Morgan, for the purpose of attacking the rear of his position. Having destroyed the tory rendezvous at Hammond's, Simons hastened to rejoin Morgan with the important information, and reached his camp in the night. Morgan availed himself of this notice, marched northwardly all the 16th of January, then encamped and announced

his intention to fight Tarleton on the following day. Simons partook with Washington in all the dangers and triumphs of this important victory of Morgau at the Cowpens.

He was adjutant to Washington's regiment from the 2d of June, 1781, to the 26th of December following. He was also brigade-major from the 27th of December, 1781, to the 30th June, 1782. This last commission he preferred to the appellation of "colonel," which had not, like that of major, been acquired in the field, but granted by Congress to him in common with all continental officers as a brevet of one grade.

In the daring charge made by Colonel Washington at Eutaw, on the infantry of Colonel Majoribanks, well posted in a thicket of bushes and protected by its branches, Simons received two severe wounds, and his horse having been shot down by the same discharge, fell upon him. Colonel Washington and himself were left not far from each other, wounded about the same time, and entangled under their horses. The cavalry having been repulsed, Majoribanks advanced to relieve the party of British which had taken refuge in the brick house, and were there attacked by the Americans. In this advance, the infantry came to the wounded, prostrate horsemen. Over Washington the bayonet was uplifted, and in the next instant he would have been transfixed, but that the soldier's arm was seized by Majoribanks, exclaiming "it is Washington." The name of Washington was a talisman; his life was saved; he was captured, but well taken care of; recovered and was conducted to Charleston, where he married Miss Elliott, while still a prisoner. Simons also lay under his horse when the infantry advanced upon him. Having no such high name to screen him from the impending danger, he cried out for quarter, and distinctly heard the reply, "oh yes, we'll quarter you." He expected, of course, that in the next moment he would be killed, when his horse, roused by the gleam of arms and array of steel flashing before him, or more probably by the well known call of his

own bugle sounding a retreat, made a sudden effort to get up, and rose with Lieutenant Simons clinging to his neck, and did succeed in bearing him off in that way, until they reached his retreating comrades, when the horse again fell down and died ; but Simons was taken up by his own men and recovered.

Having been favored by Mr. Harris Simons with the marginal notes of his father, Colonel James Simons, in his own hand-writing, to a volume of Ramsay's South-Carolina, I avail myself of his friendship, in attaching the following extracts of such as relate to himself, to the preceding sketch of his services in the revolution.

On his arrival before Savannah, under Count D'Estaing, being, as above stated, aid to Count Pulaski, Col. Simons notes what we do not remember to have seen in history :

“On the 12th of September, General Pulaski charged and cut to pieces the British picket guard. James Simons took one of the guard within pistol shot of the horn-works. A twenty-four pound ball shattered a tree, a large splinter from which knocked James Simons and his horse over, they being about three feet from the tree.”

To the attack on the lines of Savannah, he notes :

“In this action General Pulaski (who commanded the cavalry) received his death wound. James Simons was close by his side, and was his extra aid-de-camp. James Simons had a feather shot out of his cap, and was one of three, out of nine, in the forlorn hope, who escaped with life on that occasion.”

We have been told that Mr. David Cardozo, father of the two brothers of that name, was another survivor, and was wounded in the ankle in that action.

As to the siege of Charleston, he disapproved of it, and notes “the want of infantry to attend the cavalry” in the open country during the siege, as a great error in General Lincoln, and adds that “he ought himself, beyond a doubt, to have kept the open country with his army and given up the town. That the rout the American cavalry sustained at Monk's Corner, and again at Lanneau's ferry, and their failure to cut up

Tarleton near Rantowle's bridge, were all owing to the want of infantry attached to the cavalry. That the up-country militia would not have withheld their aid and support to Lincoln in the field, but could not submit to the sufferings of a garrison in a beleaguered town."

At the dispersion of Cunningham's party of Tories, at Hammond's store, and the destruction of it and the stockade fort, Colonel Simons adds—"that he took more prisoners than he had men under his command."

At the battle of Cowpens, Colonel Simons informs us "that he was the only South-Carolinian who held a *continental commission* in the line, and that he commanded the left division of the cavalry in that action. That until the capture of Tarleton's baggage on that occasion, James Simons had not for months seen candles, coffee, tea, sugar, pepper or vinegar. That the canopy of heaven was his tent, and a great coat his only covering."

At the siege of Cambridge, '96, Colonel Simons informs us "that Colonel Cruger, the British commander, being in want of food for his favorite horse, had turned him out of the fort to graze. That the horse was taken and brought to General Greene, who immediately sent and presented him to James Simons."

That "when Lord Rawdon divided his forces at Camden, Greene immediately turned upon him. Rawdon then concluded to abandon Camden, having proved the truth of the King of Prussia's maxim—"he who divided his forces would be beaten in detachment."

"At the battle of Eutaw, in the charge made by the cavalry on the British infantry under Majoribanks, James Simons received two one ounce balls in his hip, and fell within a few feet of Colonel Wade Hampton," (afterwards General Wade Hampton.)

We learn that Governor Rutledge requested James Simons to leave the continental service, for the purpose of instructing the militia in the discipline and duty of regulars. He undertook the arduous task, but on con-

dition that it should not interrupt or impede his promotion in the continental troops.

After the revolution, James Simons had his military spirit again excited by the heroism displayed during the French revolution, and studied the improvements then introduced into the science of attack and defence. Among other manœuvres, he was much struck by the astonishing rapidity with which an advancing column could suddenly "deploy" and form the line of battle. To demonstrate this to his fellow-citizens, and to teach it to his brother officers of the State militia, he published a pamphlet with plates showing the mode of effecting this change, and the great advantage resulting from its adoption. Colonel Simons called it "The Line of Science," and not only distributed the copies in South-Carolina, but sent some of them to our War Department, and some to France. I am not informed whether he made any improvements on the French practice; he certainly displayed his knowledge of the plan, and demonstrated its usefulness to others.

On the death of the old collector, George Abbott Hall, Colonel Simons was appointed by the federal government collector of the port of Charleston, and continued diligently and honorably to execute the important duties of that office until the year 1807, at which time he resigned it, and Major James Theus was appointed in his place.

Major James Simons first married Miss Dewar, and had two sons, the Rev. James D. Simons and Professor Charles D. Simons, of the South-Carolina College. He next married Miss Hyrne, sister of Major Hyrne, whose name is frequently spoken of with distinction in the Southern warfare. On the early death of this amiable lady, Colonel Simons married the eldest daughter of Dr. Tucker Harris, and left several children, among whom are our valued fellow-citizens Harris Simons and Col. James Simons.

Colonel Simons took a lively interest in all military matters, and was excited, in common with all Americans, in the extraordinary exploits of the French ar-

mies in their revolution. Speaking, about that time, on the subject, in a company of ladies and gentlemen, one of the ladies, from Georgetown, suggested that the enthusiasm of the French armies might be attributed, at least in part, to the influence, patriotism and public spirit of the French ladies. She then asked why the ladies might not become as useful in the councils and in camps as the men. Colonel Simons replied, "I freely admit your patriotism, public spirit and influence in society, but your *domestic relations* prevent your service in the camp, for when you ought to be in the field you would be *in the straw*."

His brother, Maurice Simons, colonel of a militia regiment, was so much liked and so influential among them, that the governor and council thought it best to keep him in that command. He accordingly served with them in all the harrassing calls upon his regiment, and marched with them to the disastrous siege of Savannah, and in the border warfare near Georgia. After the revolution, while carrying on the factorage business on East-Bay, near Lodge-alley, he was grossly insulted by Major Henry Snipes. He challenged Snipes; they fought, and Colonel Simons was killed by a ball entering his brain a little above the eye. He was universally lamented, and left a widow and two sons, whose descendants still cherish the "name and lineage."

CHAPTER X.

The propriety of defending Charleston considered—The terms of Capitulation violated by the British—Tarleton's Severities—A Child dropped by its Nurse—Captain James Butler and the Martins of Edgefield—Sufferings of the Whigs in Charleston—Phebe Fletcher—Measures to induce William Johnson to take protection—British Officers make money out of the King—Arrest and Exile of the firm Patriots in Charleston—Friendship of Captain T. R. Charlton, and of Captain Thomas Buckle, to William Johnson—Treatment and Adventures of the Exiles to St. Augustine—William Brown, the British Commissary—Dr. John Budd, Dr. David Ramsay, Dr. Andrew Turnbull—The exchange and return of the Carolina Exiles—The Expulsion of their Families.

GENERAL LINCOLN has been censured for suffering himself and his army to be shut up in Charleston—there to be captured, and consequently to lose not only Charleston, but the whole State, and his whole army. He knew the belief to be general, that the three Southern States had been preserved from the enemy, during the five preceding years of the revolution, by its successful defence against Sir Peter Parker, and against Provoost. He knew it to be as generally believed, that the best way of preserving these States, in future, was to preserve Charleston. He was promised, by the governor and council, any number of men that he should require, and an army in the field, to annoy the British during the siege; but they were themselves deceived in their calculations. He was surrounded by some of the most able men that America ever produced—the Rutledges, Pinckneys, the Middletons, Gadsden, Moultrie, Huger, and others, whose talents and persuasions it was scarcely possible to resist. These men could not wish to deceive, but they overlooked the important circumstance of the credit and resources of the State having been exhausted, in the total depreciation of the paper cur-

rency, and in the utter impossibility of enlisting recruits for their army. They deceived themselves, in relying on the promptness of the South-Carolinians to rally at every call made for military services. The militia had no confidence in General Lincoln. Even the brave and patriotic in the upper country, could not be induced to quit their homes, to be shut up in a beleaguered town, exposed to starvation, sufferings, disease and death, in their most appalling forms. Many had seen that those who remained on their plantations during Provost's invasion, in 1779, had preserved their property, while others who had turned out to resist him, had lost every thing that could be carried off. It was hoped that they would fare as well by staying on their plantations in Clinton's invasion, as others had fared in Provost's; but woefully did they pay for their error.

The officers and men in Charleston were confident in themselves, from their repeated successes, when opposed to the regular troops of Great Britain; and when repulsed at Savannah, they had behaved as well as the regular army of France, with whose disciplined soldiers they had fought shoulder to shoulder, on that disastrous day. Even this repulse from before Savannah, was conclusive in deciding them to defend Charleston. As the British, in their entrenchments, at Savannah, were able to defend themselves against the French and Americans united, the Carolinians confidently believed that they could as well protect themselves, when entrenched in Charleston, against the army of Sir Henry Clinton and the fleet of Admiral Arbuthnot. Washington, indeed, advised General Lincoln not to await the siege, but to abandon Charleston to the invaders, that they might be amused and enervated by its occupation, while he preserved his army in active operations, by retiring into the upper country. Much, however, was left to Lincoln's local knowledge and judgment, who was, unhappily, influenced by the promises and persuasions of the governor and council. They ordered an additional body of troops to be

raised, and appointed officers to command them; but, having nothing but depreciated paper money for their subsistence and pay, none would enlist. They also ordered out the militia of the State, but for various reasons, particularly their want of confidence in Lincoln, very few obeyed the order. The regular troops, which in 1777 amounted to two thousand four hundred men, scarcely numbered eight hundred. Lincoln knew all this, and yet suffered himself to be persuaded by the governor and council. He ought then to have abandoned the city—have kept his army together, and thereby saved it and the States of South and North-Carolina. He had two months to see all this—Clinton was two months after his landing before he commenced the siege; and in those two months Lincoln never struck a blow at any of the British stations or divisions. He is not justly blamed for endeavoring to preserve Charleston on the promises made to him; but when he found that those promises could not be fulfilled, he ought to have exercised more judgment, decision and energy, previous to the commencement of the siege.

The strength and resources of South-Carolina were thus exhausted, in fighting in and for Georgia; but her valiant sons reciprocated whenever it was in their power, and among them we record the names of Habersham, Jackson, Elbert, Clarke, McCall and Twiggs. North-Carolina generously sent her troops whenever called for to join in our battles, and aid in our defence. Seven hundred of her regulars entered Charleston after it was beleaguered, and while many of the citizens of our own State evaded the call. These seven hundred formed the only reinforcement received during the siege, while the British had three thousand regulars added to their besieging army. The North-Carolinians—Rutherford, Ashe, Isaacs, Henderson, Shelby, Moore and Severe—freely partook also in the laurels won. General Davie, among others, became a cherished son of South-Carolina, and reflected honor on his

adopted State, in return for well merited commendations.

The terms of capitulation were considered fair for all who were in arms in the defence of Charleston. The inhabitants, and all the militia within the limits of Charleston, were to remain in the peaceable occupation of their own homes and property, until exchanged as prisoners of war; and this right it was thought had been extended to all other inhabitants of the State, as the lieutenant-governor, General Gadsden, had signed the capitulation. The British officers, however, denied it, and declared that all who were not in Charleston at the time of the capitulation, were British subjects in a conquered country, and subject to their orders; that they were, consequently, liable to bear arms against their own fellow-citizens in battle. On the 3d of June, not three weeks after the capitulation, the commander-in-chief issued a proclamation, that after the 20th of June, that duty would be required of them. The planters who had stayed at home to preserve their property, now found themselves in a dilemma. When this order was issued, they determined, if they must bear arms, to choose their enemy, and about half of them decided to fight against the British, rather than their late friends and fellow-citizens; the rest to obey the orders and become royalists.

This resolution of the whigs consequently led to what the British called the second rebellion, and it never terminated until they were finally expelled, under the admirable conduct of General Greene.

It was found that the proclamation of the 3d June did not apply to the mechanics and traders in Charleston, who were screened by the articles of capitulation. Lord Cornwallis, therefore, issued a proclamation on the 25th July, depriving all these of the right to sell their property, or collect their debts, or go out of the city, without permission. Many were thus cut off from the means of maintaining their families, and must see them destitute, even of food and clothing, or take protection. Many did submit for a livelihood, but were se-

cretly the enemies of their oppressors. These proclamations were not only the signal for revolt, but firebrands of discord, strife and civil war. They were the cause and commencement of one of the most bloody and wasteful civil wars that ever raged in any country, in any age of the world. History blushes at its horrors, and suppresses the recital of particulars.

The British and royalists certainly commenced it, to punish the Carolinians for their second rebellion. The execution of American prisoners in Camden, and other parts of the State, were the first instances of the kind. The Americans retaliated with vengeance, and each succeeding execution, on both sides, only served to aggravate the evils. The unsparing destruction of lives by Tarleton's troops added to these cruel executions between whigs and tories, equally as each had the power to execute them, and produced exasperations and vindictive feelings that nothing could sooth. They excited fears and alarms in the unarmed that nothing could pacify. The wasteful destruction of crops, cattle and dwellings, was soon followed by the cold-blooded murder of unresisting prisoners. Then the hunting, way-laying and shooting, between whig and tory, equally ruthless, unsparing and savage, was followed in some cases with torture, and the destruction of whole families. The provocations and vindictive feelings of both involving the country in horrors only to be equalled in romance. A lady in St. John's Parish, not far from Strawberry, was going on foot to a neighbor's house, attended by her nurse bearing her infant son. They were unexpectedly met by a party of British dragoons, and in their fright they took to the woods. The British pursued—the servant soon dropped the child—one of the soldiers picked it up, tied it in a pocket handkerchief, and carried it into camp, at Monk's Corner. The alarm, in this case, was probably without cause. The incident serves to show the pervading terror in the inhabitants. The family of Dr. Peter Fayssoux was living a few miles off, at the plantation owned by the late Dr. Phil. G. Prioleau. Mrs. F. heard of the little captive,

went to the commanding officer, and requested that it might be entrusted to her care. She took it home, and, in a few days, had the pleasure of restoring the child to its afflicted mother. I was told of the occurrence by one of the parties.

Colonel Tarleton was one of the most active and unsparing of the British officers, so that the term Tarleton's quarters became proverbial, and synonymous with general massacre.

The political and personal enmity between whigs and tories originated with the first movements of the revolution, and continued, with but little interruption, to its close. Even now there are persons living, who, after the lapse of sixty-five or seventy years, cannot suppress their feelings of bitter indignation, when speaking of those scenes. "A Biographical Sketch of Tarleton Brown, a soldier in the Revolutionary Army," first published in 1843, in the *Rambler*, and then in a pamphlet, affords proof of such feelings in a respectable man. He died in 1846, about ninety-two years of age. If such feelings are improper, his provocations and injuries were grievous, and he who made him thus susceptible can best forgive him.

Among the most moderate incidents of those days, are the following, chiefly taken from Mills' *South-Carolina*: Captain James Butler, of Edgefield, was advanced in years when the war broke out, but would always serve as a volunteer whenever fighting was on the carpet. In one of those situations he lost his life—at the time when the unfortunate Captain Turner, with his whole party, was compelled to surrender to the tories, under William Cunningham, and then murdered, with but one exception. Captain Butler, on being struck by Cunningham, knocked him down with his musket, but was immediately despatched.

The family of Martins, in Edgefield, were remarkably conspicuous during the revolutionary war, for their united efforts in the great cause of independence. There were seven brothers, and all took active parts; they all proved themselves good soldiers. Though

frequently engaged with the enemy, and some of them wounded, yet all survived the war, except one, (William) who fell at the siege of Augusta. He was one of the oldest captains in the service, commanding the artillery—was an excellent officer, and engaged in several battles. The names of these brothers were William, Bartly, James, John, Edmund, Marshall and Mathew. Mathew was alive in 1846, residing in Tennessee—about seventy years after his first essay in arms—but died at the close of the year. The female part of this family evinced the same attachment to their country, and courage in its defence. The following anecdote is an evidence of it: Understanding that important despatches were transmitted up the country by the enemy, Mrs. William and Mrs. Bartly Martin determined to waylay the courier, and take possession of the papers. Accordingly, they dressed themselves in their husbands' clothes, took their muskets, and posted themselves near the road where they knew that the express must pass. Soon after this, the courier appeared, guarded by two British officers. When they came up, the ladies demanded of them to surrender, and presented their muskets, armed with bayonets. The British, surprised and alarmed, immediately surrendered, and were paroled on the spot. The ladies, then taking possession of the mail, made a short cut through the woods, returned home, and forwarded their prize, without delay, to General Greene. The paroled officers, on their return, asked for accommodation as travellers, and it was granted. Mrs. Martin inquired about their object in returning so soon, and was told that they had been taken prisoners by two rebel boys, and showed their paroles. The ladies rallied them on the occasion, and asked if they had no arms; they said yes, but that they were taken off their guard. Mrs. Martin allowed the officers to depart the next morning, without informing them by whom they had been captured.

ILL-TREATMENT AND SUFFERINGS OF THE CAROLINA PRISONERS.

The sufferings of the American prisoners, from typhus or hospital fever, from want of food, both in quality and quantity, from a crowded population in mid-summer, and from want of air and exercise, under depression of spirits, is said to have been greater than could be supposed from the historical representations.

Many enlisted with the British, under a stipulation that they should be sent out of the United States, and not be made to serve against their own countrymen. These men were sent to the West Indies and to Pensacola, accordingly; but some were brought back again, under the plea that no stipulation was made for them to remain absent from the United States, but only to be sent out of the country, which had been done. There can be no doubt that men, so exasperated, would sometimes give vent to their feelings, in ways that were construed into mutiny. One of my brothers, John Johnson, saw an instance in which the poor American was whipped to death. The British officer saying, that a punishment, more terrible than death, was necessary on such occasions.

There was a Magdalene in Charleston, at that time, who merited much consideration from the Americans, for her devoted attendance on the sick soldiers, and her many acts of benevolence to those who were most in need. Phebe Fletcher had received a decent, virtuous education, but had been seduced from the paths of rectitude, by a young man of fashion, a native of Charleston, who, by boasting of his success, doubly blasted her prospects in life. Being shunned by the virtuous, she had no choice; she could only associate with the vicious. Many acts of her life showed that she was fully sensible of her degraded state, and wished to make amends, if possible. A giddy, thoughtless young lady left the home of her respectable parents, and repaired to that of Phebe Fletcher, saying that she wished to live with her. Phebe invited her into a

room, and locked the door on her, that she might not be exposed; then went off to the parents of the young lady, told them what she had done, and added that she knew too well the evils resulting from a loss of reputation and of virtuous society, to countenance its sacrifice by any one. The parents of the young lady took her home, not only treated her frailty with lenity, but with increased parental attentions. She not only repented and reformed, but became the exemplary mother of a respectable family. The secret never was whispered. I never heard the name of the family, few ever heard of the incident, and when mentioned, it was only to give credit to the kind Magdalene.

Phebe Fletcher died several years after the revolution, and such was the general respect for her goodness of heart, that many of the most respectable inhabitants attended her funeral. Peace be to her memory. May he, who can best judge of the frailties of our nature, cast the mantle of pardon over her sins, and reward her good deeds.

After the capitulation, my father asked for a passport, and leave of absence to bring back his family, which had been sent into the country during the siege. This was promptly granted. He then asked for the same indulgence, while his family was passing through the small-pox, in the country, and this too was readily granted. He also received other favors and personal attentions from some of the officers, particularly from Captain T. R. Charlton, of the royal artillery, who had distinguished himself in defending the lines of Savannah. He called again, after a while, for another passport and leave of absence, but it was now refused, with this remark—"You have had time enough to consider your situation, you must now stay at home." He construed this to mean—"You have been favored, by us, with indulgences, in hopes of bringing you over to the royal cause; you must now learn that, if you do not join us, you may be put to inconvenience at first, and then be made to suffer." Although a private in the battalion of artillery, he was a member of the

Legislature, and believed to have some influence among the people. Another attempt was more pointedly made to bring him over, through his friend, Captain Thomas R. Charlton. This gentleman called on him exultingly, to inform him that Charleston was to be made a naval depot, and that he might have all the blacksmith's work for the British navy in the port. He asked Captain Charlton, in turn, if by this it was expected that he should take protection, and quit the cause of his country. The answer being in the affirmative, the offer was declined decidedly, but very gratefully as to Captain Charlton. That gentleman went on to advise my father, with sincerity, as a friend, that he should not refuse such an opportunity of making his fortune, saying that his duty to his children should induce him to accept the offer. My father answered, that he hoped to provide for the real wants of his children, but never would do any thing by which they may be made to blush for him. As to the profits of such an appointment, however uncertain in the final result, they were, at that time, as they still are, considered very great. They certainly were very great to those who could make out unjust charges, and take unjust advantages of king, country, or individuals. But the final success of such unjust dealers is always precarious. The king's officers took all advantages of both sides—of the king, their employer, and of the people who were employed. One instance I remember to have heard. Mr. J. Moncrief was a house-carpenter, in Charleston, and had been employed by one of the king's faithful subjects to do some repairs, or make some additions, to one of the king's stores. He did the work, and carried in his bill, as justly made out as if against any other person. The officer took the bill for examination, and directed him to call again on a given day. He did so, and was surprised to find a new bill made out in his name, much greater in extent and amount than his own; it was ready, certified, and awaiting his signature. He hesitated about signing the receipt, saying that he did not claim that amount. The officer

rudely replied, that it was no business of his, and lifting the desk at which he was writing, he took out a handful of guineas (not counted), put them into Mr. Moncrief's hand, repeating his order to sign the receipt. Very few, if any, of those who joined the British with expectations of profit, appear to have realized such calculations; but the British officers were enriched.

About three months after the capitulation, my father was taken up, put on board of a prison-ship, and exiled to St. Augustine, without any alleged offence. The kind-hearted Charlton did not desert him, but came on board of the loathsome prison-ship to see him, and to ask what he could do for him. He was answered, with thanks, "only retain the blacksmith's shop and workmen, for the support of my family," and this was done. Even after the revolution, this friendly man, being for a short time in Charleston, called at my father's house, to inquire what had become of the family; and had the satisfaction of seeing them all doing well, and of being gratefully introduced to other friends.* The deportment of some of my father's own countrymen and fellow-citizens, under the goading influence of civil war, was very different from that of this generous Briton. On his way to the prison-ship, guarded by a file of soldiers, he passed a group of loyalists, and bowed to them, with a smile. One of them said, loud enough for him to hear distinctly—"You will soon laugh on the other side of your mouth." There were other loyalists who proved kind, considerate and friendly; among them was Captain Thomas Buckel. He came, also, to my father, in the prison-ship, and offered a letter of credit, on a merchant in St. Augustine, which, after some hesitation, was accepted, for two hundred pounds sterling. This was certainly a personal favor to himself, and intended for his individual wants and uses. In addition to this, he

* This worthy man lived to a great age, and became General Thomas R. Charlton, of the royal artillery. About the year 1847, his death was announced in the public prints; it took place in Nova Scotia.

afterwards, unsolicited, wrote to my father, in St. Augustine, enclosing another letter of credit, for an unlimited amount. This was evidently intended for the benefit of any, or all the other prisoners, who might have need of assistance in their exile. It was so appreciated by all, and, at the close of the revolution, was so considered by the Legislature, in releasing his sequestered estate.

On their arrival in St. Augustine, sixty-seven in number, with their servants, they were again offered, on their parole, permission to walk about, within certain limits of the city; and all gladly accepted the conditions, except the lieutenant-governor, General Gadsden. He positively refused all terms and conditions with the British, saying that they had deceived him once, but never should have a chance of deceiving him a second time. Mr. Thomas Ferguson, a member of the council, and one or two others, then spoke to the commissary of prisoners, requesting him to postpone the question until next day, that they might try and persuade the general to change his mind. The next day came, but there was no change in General Gadsden's resolution, and he was committed to a dungeon in the castle, where he never saw the sun for ten months. His reason for this course was peculiar. He, as lieutenant-governor, was at the head of the council in Charleston, during the siege; and, as such, had to sign the articles of capitulation, jointly with General Lincoln. One of the articles stipulated that the inhabitants should remain in the peaceable possession of their own homes, until exchanged as prisoners of war.

PRISONERS SENT TO ST. AUGUSTINE.

General Christopher Gadsden, *Lieutenant-Governor of South-Carolina.*

Thomas Ferguson,	} <i>Members of the Council.</i>
Dr. David Ramsay,	
Richard Hutson,	

Peter Timothy, *Clerk of the House of Representatives.*

John Edwards,	} <i>Commissioners of the Navy.</i>
Edward Blake,	
Josiah Smith, Jr.,	

- Hugh Rutledge, *Judge of Admiralty.*
 Thomas Heyward, *Assistant Judge of Common Pleas.*
 Alexander Moultrie, *Attorney General.*
 John Sansum, *Deputy Marshal of Admiralty Court.*
 Dr. Peter Fayssoux, *Surgeon-General.*
 John Loveday, *Messenger of Council.*
 Captain Edward Rutledge, }
 " Richard Lushington, } *Commissioned Officers.*
 " Jacob Read, }
 " Edward North, }
 Major Joseph Parker, }
 Anthony Toomer, *Lieutenant Charleston Artillery.*
 Isaac Holmes, *Collector of Charleston.*
 William H. Gibbes, *a Lawyer—many years Master in Equity.*
 Dr. John E. Poyas.
 Dr. John Budd.
 George Flagg.
 Thomas Singleton,
 John Todd.
 Edward McCrady.
 Rev. John Lewis, *Rector of St. Paul's Parish.*
 John Neufville, *Member of the Council.*
 William Massey, *Deputy Parade Master.*
 William Johnson, }
 Thomas Grimbball, } *Members of the House of Representatives.*
 Robert Cochran, *Powder Receiver.*
 Captain Thomas Hall, *of the 2d Regiment.*
 Captain William Hall, *of the brig Notre Dame.*
 Captain William Levingston, *of the Militia.*
 John Mouat, *Lieutenant of Cannoniers.*
 Rev. James H. Thomson, *Keeper of an Academy.*
 Daniel DeSaussure, *Member of Representatives.*
 General Griffith Ruthford, } *of North-Carolina, taken at Gates' defeat.*
 Colonel Elijah Isaacs, }
 Thomas Savage, *a Planter.*
 Arthur Middleton, *Member of Congress.*
 George Abbot Hall, *Collector of the Port.*
 Edward Weyman, *Marshal of Admiralty Court.*
 Benjamin Waller, }
 Benjamin Cudworth, } *Vendue Masters.*
 Benjamin Postell, }
 Philip Smith, } *Planters.*
 Moreton Wilkinson, }
 Dr. N. W. Jones, *late Speaker of the Georgia House.*
 Henry Crouch, *Member of the Representatives.*
 Daniel Bourdeaux, }
 John Splatt Cripps, } *Merchants,*
 Joseph Bee, }
 Christopher Peters, } *Planters.*

John Wakefield, *Quarter-Master*.
 Edward Darrell, *Commissioner of the Navy*.
 Richard Berresford, *Aid to General Moultrie*.
 John Berwick, *Member of the Representatives*.
 William Lee, *Captain of a Volunteer Company*.
 Stephen Moore, *Lieutenant Colonel*, } of *North-Carolina*,
 Henderson, *Colonel*, }
 McCall, }
 Clarke, } *Commanding Officers of Georgia*.
 Jackson, }
 Twiggs, }

On the 22d June, 1781, their exchange was effected in Charleston. On the 5th July, it was announced in St. Augustine, and they were first told that they would be landed in Georgia, and marched through it, homewards, amidst hostile Indians. At this they remonstrated, and, at the same time, considered the means by which it might, if necessary, be forcibly resisted.

The terms of capitulation were certainly violated, in sending off this portion of them to St. Augustine, and the lieutenant-governor considered it his duty to protest against the violation, in every way possible, even to his own personal sufferings. A large unfinished building, called the State House, was assigned to the prisoners as their quarters, and a fine grove of sweet orange trees was within their enclosure. Another building, with a large garden, was hired by some of the prisoners, forming a third mess; some of whom cultivated the garden for health, recreation and fresh vegetables. The rations received, were as good as could be expected, where every article was imported, and subject to the casualties of war. But their chief gratification was in the abundance of fine fish with which the place is supplied, at very cheap rates; the water, however, was bad. A few of the inhabitants were friendly and polite; Dr. Andrew Turnbull and Mr. Edward Penman, who both removed to Charleston, about the close of the war, were among the most friendly; always sending to the "American gentlemen," for perusal, whatever newspapers they received by various arrivals. Don Aridondo de Arrara and Mr. Frs. Sanchez, Mr. Jesse

Fish, of Anastatia Island, and Don Lucia De Herriera, also occasionally sent them fruit and other presents, that were very acceptable. On the 4th of July, the different messes agreed to unite and dine in common—the fare was very plain, but ample—the only luxury was a large plum pudding, in the middle of the table, with an American flag, showing its stars and stripes, placed in the centre of it. On this occasion, was first sung the celebrated American hymn,

“God save the thirteen States,
Thirteen united States,
God save them all.”

It was written that morning, by Captain Thomas Heyward, of the artillery, (afterwards Judge Heyward) while sitting under one of the orange trees in their enclosure, and several copies made of it before dinner. After dinner, it was sung with great animation and exultation. Being of the same tune with “God save the King,” the British supposed it to be their national air, and were peeping in at the windows, wondering what had got into the Yankees to sing “God save the King.” The American version of this hymn was soon sent among them, and they were perfectly satisfied that the Yankees were not singing “God save the King”—that they had not “changed their tune.”

There being two clergymen among the prisoners, arrangements were made for their meeting to unite in offering up prayer and adoration to the giver of all good gifts to man. The Rev. James H. Thomson, the younger of the two, first officiated, and afforded the consolations of religion to his brethren in exile. The Rev. Mr. Lewis preached but once, and, on the day after that, a most peremptory order came to them from the commandant, forbidding such religious meetings thereafter, but offering seats to them, on Sabbath days, in their churches. The prisoners could not join in prayers for King George, and “for his triumph over all his enemies;” they could not unite in prayers against themselves and their countrymen; they refused to at-

tend any of the churches, but had private prayers in their several messes.*

The commissary of prisoners, William Brown, was a Scotchman by birth, an upright, honorable man, faithful to his king and country, but ever kind and indulgent to the prisoners under his care, as far as was consistent with his duty. Where entire satisfaction could not be afforded, he would sooth their feelings and console them in a friendly, gentlemanly manner. He was a tall, thin man, and his features so very sharp that they could not be well forgotten. Mr. John Berwick, one of the prisoners, grandfather of the late John Ber-

* Mr. Thomson was a minister of the Independent or Congregational Church. While permitted to officiate in St. Augustine, he, with great liberality, read the prayers and conformed to the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church; not altering any part, but omitting such as was opposed to the interests and feelings of his brother prisoners. He also read a printed sermon, generally of the Church of England, in which there was no consideration of political or sectarian differences. This service was continued on four Sabbath days, successively, without interruption or opposition. Previous to this, he had been keeping a school in Charleston, and after the peace continued to keep one of the best classical seminaries in the United States. He married a daughter of Mr. Theodore Trezevant, and left three daughters, who all married and left families.

The Rev. John Lewis was rector of St. Paul's Parish, Colleton, at that time one of the best livings in South-Carolina. This gentleman was ardently attached to the cause of American independence, and used his influence in promoting its accomplishment. He gave great offence to the British, by preaching from this text: "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."—Kings, xxi., v. 3. It was said, by those who heard the discourse, to have been highly interesting and impressive—well adapted to the spirit of the times. After the surrender of Charleston, Mr. Lewis was one of those patriots seized by order of Lord Cornwallis, taken out of their beds, on the 27th August, 1780, and, in violation of their rights under the capitulation, put on board of a prison-ship, and thence transported to St. Augustine. His principles were not, however, overcome by oppression. He there preached from Genesis, xliii., v. 14: "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Governor Tonyn was so irritated at the spirit of this discourse, that he ordered Mr. Lewis to be confined in the castle, and, on the general exchange of prisoners, he was sent with the rest to Philadelphia. On his return to his cure, Mr. Lewis continued his duties, until his death, in 1784, when he was buried by the side of his predecessor, the Rev. John Tonge, near the east end of the church.

wick Legare, was so struck with his looks, that he carved, with a penknife, the likeness of Mr. Brown, for the head of his walking-stick, and afterwards made it a snuff-box. The likeness was so perfect, that it was recognized by all who knew Mr. Brown, and is still retained in Mr. Legare's family, with the tradition of its object and origin.

The news of General Greene's battle with Lord Cornwallis, at Guildford Court House, was received while they were still prisoners, and Mr. Brown advised them to keep within their enclosures during the great rejoicings for the splendid victory obtained by his majesty's arms. They asked Mr. Brown, whether it was not one of those victories described in the old Scotch ballad :

“They baith did fight, and baith did beat, and baith did rin awaw.”

Mr. Brown smiled, but said no, the official statement was received of a decided victory gained. The Americans conformed, of course, to this well-meant advice of their commissary ; and he, to prevent, as far as possible, the prisoners from being annoyed by the drunken rioters, posted sentinels on the outside of their gates. One of these sentinels was a German, probably an old Swiss soldier. A party of low characters assailed him, and attempted to break in at the gate. The German warned them off, and they persisting, he bayoneted the ringleader and killed him. The old German, on being asked how such a wound could so speedily cause death, replied, “Oh, but I gave my gun a twesh,” (twist) by which the simple puncture became a widely lacerated wound.

Mr. Brown had scarcely left the prisoners, after the above conversation, when they found that they had more cause for rejoicing than the British, at the result of this battle. Thomas Singleton, whose descendants live a little eastward of Santee river, was one of the prisoners. He was a Virginian by birth, and, having lived almost entirely in the back country, had contracted many of its peculiar sayings and doings. He

had been taking a walk, and, observing some persons who had recently arrived, soon singled out one of them, and, as he expressed it, had started a Virginian—he knew him by his gait—had taken his track, and treed him; that is, he followed him into a public house, and entered into conversation with him. The countryman said that the Americans, after having fought very gallantly, retreated in good order from the field, but were ready the next day to enter it again; that the British, on the other hand, were obliged to retreat the day after, and leave their wounded as prisoners to the Americans; and that General Greene's army pursued them down to Wilmington. When Mr. Brown came the next day, the prisoners joked with him about the splendid victory, and asked him to join them in their rejoicing at the result of that battle.

Among the Charleston prisoners was Dr. John Budd. He was a native of New-Jersey, and acquired his medical education in Philadelphia, where he married an amiable and respectable lady, with a considerable property. He also possessed an extensive landed estate, and a considerable income in his native State. This independence in fortune may have trained him in expensive habits; he was certainly inconsiderate and improvident. He ran through all his property during his life, and became involved in certain unpleasant difficulties. He never knew how to keep his hands out of his pockets, or to keep his money in them. He was, in his youth, like most young men of fortune, rather flighty in his pursuits, and without foresight in his movements. One instance of the kind may illustrate this turn of mind. He disappeared from among his relatives and friends, without giving them any notice of his intentions—without writing a line to any one—without assigning a cause for his absence, even by a messenger, verbally, or stating where he was going, or for what length of time. The first tidings of him were from England, that he had gone there without money or letters of credit, and was then in jail.

When Dr. Budd returned from this frolic, he had

sowed his wild oats, and ever after led an exemplary life,—domestic and public, religious and professional. He warmly espoused the American cause, from the first of the revolution, and, on the surrender of Charleston, was one, among the most respectable of her citizens, sent off to St. Augustine, contrary to the terms of capitulation, under which they had become prisoners. While there, the retaliation threatened by General Greene, for the execution of Colonel Hayne, was made known to them, and they were told that they must expect to be treated accordingly. Before it was officially announced, Dr. Budd heard of it, and, calling at the mess, of which George Flagg was one, was asked the news. He replied, “the British have resolved to hoist *Flagg*, and nip the rebellion in its *Budd*.”

After the evacuation of Charleston, Dr. Budd resumed his professional duties in that city, in partnership with Dr. D. Ramsay, the historian, and so continued until his death. When the Medical Society was formed, he was one of the original members; and, when it was his turn to write a dissertation, he selected the subject of fermented liquors for that purpose; on the ground that London porter was preferred to all other kinds, and that trials having been made in different parts of Britain and of the world to imitate it, without success, the conclusion was irresistible that London porter could only be made with Thames water, and that taken at low tide, and near the London bridge. He infers that the Thames water, in its most filthy state, was the only water fit to make London porter. He also showed that the river was there the receptacle for all the filth, of *every description*, from that, the most filthy portion of the great city, extending many miles on both sides of that river; and described the component parts of that water in such glowing colors, that many, previously fond of London porter, never would drink it afterwards.

On one occasion, shortly after the medical fee bill was signed and published, as the rule between physicians and their patients, Dr. Budd was asked to pre-

scribe for one who made a long story of his ailments. The doctor did so, prepared a phial of medicine, with written directions, and delivered it to his patient, saying that the charge was seven shillings and sixpence. The patient complained that the charge was too high, but was assured that this was the established price, and, as it was so published, he was liable for it. The patient finally proposed that the odd money should be taken off, and, on the doctor's assenting, put down sixpence on the counter, took up the phial, and was going away. "Stop! stop!" said the doctor, "you were to pay seven shillings." "Oh, no!" said his patient, "you agreed to take off the odd money; seven is an odd number, and six is the even money, I am, therefore, right, sir." "Well! well!" said the doctor, "take it, and go about your business." Then, as the patient was leaving the door, Dr. Budd observed to one of his students, "hang the fellow, I have made three pence out of him after all."

DR. DAVID RAMSAY.

It would be presumption in me to attempt a biographical sketch of this distinguished citizen, while his own writings afford the best testimony of his talents, patriotism, and untiring industry in literary pursuits. It would be a trespass on the time and patience of the reader, when he is probably well acquainted with the full and graphic memoir of his life and actions, written by General R. Y. Hayne, and prefixed to the second edition of Ramsay's History of the United States.

At the commencement of the American revolution, Dr. Ramsay was in the prime of life, about twenty-five years of age, five feet ten inches high, muscular, athletic and healthy. His countenance beamed with intelligence and deep reflection, but the sight of one of his eyes was impaired from the effects of the small-pox. He was always sociable and communicative, without, in the least, assuming, on the deference always paid to

his talents, political and professional eminence. He was clear, decided and firm in his religious, professional and political opinions, expressing them candidly and conscientiously, with great fluency of speech, but always with liberality and politeness to those who differed from him in opinion.

Shortly after his settlement in South-Carolina, he married Miss Sabina Ellis, a native of Charleston, with expectations of a fine fortune. But she unhappily died eight or nine months after marriage, and previous to her arriving at that age which would have given her possession of her property. He was a widower until the peace. Being then a member of Congress, he married a daughter of the celebrated Dr. John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College. She also died about a year after marriage, leaving a son who became Dr. John Witherspoon Ramsay. At the time of this marriage, Dr. Ramsay was officiating as president, *pro tem.*, of Congress, in the place of John Hancock, who was confined by ill-health. He was, in this way, for a twelvemonth, literally President of the United States, under the old confederation. He was the third Carolinian who had enjoyed that honor—first Arthur Middleton, next Henry Laurens, and then Dr. Ramsay.

Dr. Ramsay was happier in his last marriage, with the oldest daughter of Henry Laurens, a lady of great learning, piety and exemplary conduct. She was the Mrs. Martha Ramsay, whose memory is still revered by all who have read or heard of her. They had a large and amiable family.*

Dr. Ramsay delivered the first oration on the anniversary of American independence in South-Carolina. This was on the 4th of July, 1778; that of 1777, was only celebrated in Charleston by military parades; by a splendid entertainment, given by the governor, John Rutledge, and some other rejoicings, but there

* This lady would sometimes speak of her husband as "her unpolished jewel," probably because the doctor had not "studied the graces," as successfully as he had the knowledge of medicine and history.

was no oration. He was called upon, also, at a meeting of the citizens, to deliver an oration on the death of General Washington, which he did with admirable feeling and effect. On many other occasions, also, he obeyed the call of his fellow-citizens, and was their favorite orator and representative.

DR. ANDREW TURNBULL.

Dr. Turnbull was born and educated in Scotland. Early in life, he settled in Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and soon became a distinguished practitioner of medicine in that ancient commercial city. He was particularly successful in his treatment of the plague. His method was to cause or induce a general relaxation of the system, profuse perspiration and large operations, by small doses of tartar emetic, given at moderate intervals. Had he lived to prescribe for the yellow fever in Charleston, he might here also have adopted some judicious system of practice, by which his reputation would have been extended, and many lives saved in this community. In Smyrna, he married a Grecian lady, Maria Gracia, the daughter of —————, a merchant of that city. After many years residence, he engaged with a company of merchants and others, in an undertaking to plant a colony in East Florida, and there cultivate the vines, olives, capers, figs, and other productions of the Mediterranean coast. He was to superintend the settlement and conduct the affairs in America, and the company bound themselves to supply him, at stated times, with clothing, provisions, implements of husbandry, seeds, roots, and money to complete and support the establishment. Dr. Turnbull, accordingly, left his established practice, and commenced enlisting colonists for his new enterprise, chiefly Greeks and Minorcans by birth. As he was about to settle in an English colony, he adopted the form of English indentures for the contract, between himself and the colonists, and, in the year 1768, pro-

ceeded to St. Augustine, with about fifteen hundred colonists,* and commenced his settlement at New Smyrna, with prospects of perfect success, under the patronage of Lord Hillsborough.

In 1766, Dr. Turnbull received a grant of twenty thousand acres of land in East Florida, from the British government, with the understanding that he should accompany and conduct the establishment of this colony. In compensation for the profitable practice in Smyrna, which he was to relinquish, the colonial minister appointed him receiver-general for quit rents, the income from which office, was valued at twelve hundred pounds sterling, per annum, about five thousand five hundred dollars. The colonists were bound to serve, I believe, ten years in cultivating the produce of the Mediterranean, they being amply provided with all the necessaries of life for themselves and families. After this time, each family, according to their number, should be entitled to a certain quantity of land, in fee simple, to settle it, live upon it, or do what they pleased with it. Every thing went on very well about nine years. The colonists had their own priests, both of the Roman and Grecian Church, and every facility afforded them for their accustomed religious duties. Dr. Turnbull even employed a carver to supply their wants for saints and other images. The colony prospered until the American revolution broke out, and even then. By sending out hunters and fishermen, and by the cultivation of maize, a sufficiency of food was provided for the colonists, but it was not of the kind stipulated, and they murmured for their olive oil, raisins, chesnuts and their light table wine, which could not be supplied, because of the war. Their clothing, too, was very deficient, and no substitute could be obtained for this—they were badly clothed, and the clamor of the women could not be appeased. In this unfortunate state of affairs, a difference arose

*This number included the women and children—the families of the men who signed the indentures. The men, we have been informed, amounted to no more than three or four hundred.

between Dr. Turnbull and the Governor of Florida, Patrick Tonyn, Esq. In a visit to his excellency, Dr. Turnbull discovered, in the governor's lady, an old acquaintance in Scotland, and concluded not to permit the usual courtesies between the governor's lady and his family—her invitations were not accepted, nor her visits returned. Offence was taken by the governor's lady, and it was believed that she sent emissaries among the Greeks and Minorcans, to increase their discontent and promote insubordination. Insurrection ensued, and, in the overseer's endeavors to suppress it, he was killed by the mutineers. Two or three of them were hanged for the murder, and the rest ran away.

In the progress of the American revolution, the whole commercial world became involved in its vortex, and the fleets of France, Spain and Holland, aided by the American cruisers, cut off the supplies which Dr. Turnbull and his company were bound to provide for the colonists, in consideration for their labor. Dr. Turnbull believing that he might keep them together six or eight months longer, for the completion of their contract, resorted to measures which he deemed necessary, and which they declared severe and oppressive. The colonists appealed to Governor Tonyn for relief, and he released them from their indentures, on the ground that the company had failed to supply the colonists with what had been stipulated in their indentures. In consequence of this, all the improvements in New Smyrna went to ruin, and the colonists forfeited their right to the land, the reward for nine years labor.

It may be said, literally, that Dr. Turnbull was ruined by the American revolution, although he took no part in it, from first to last. He came from St. Augustine to Charleston, in May, 1781, with a large family and but few servants. His talents and social qualities were such that he soon rose to the head of his profession, and commanded the esteem and respect of all who knew him.

On the 9th of July, 1781, official notice was received of all the prisoners in St. Augustine having been exchanged. The transport provided by the British government for conveying the prisoners back to the United States, was not half large enough for them, with their servants and baggage. They applied for additional accommodations. They urged the season of the year, which was midsummer; the violation of their rights under the capitulation; the great expense to which they had already been subjected, in consequence of that violation; and their incapacity of earning any thing for themselves, while thus exiled, but all in vain. The only accommodation granted, was the privilege of hiring another brig, of the same size, at their own private expense, for the purpose of dividing their numbers between the two. They sailed together, on the 19th of July, 1781, for Philadelphia. The transport arrived on the 28th, at the Capes of Delaware, and the hired brig not until the 2d of August.

In the hired transport, Judge Heyward was one of the passengers. The weather being extremely hot, and the hold of the vessel very much crowded, he came upon deck one night for fresh air. He remembered seating himself on a hen-coop, near the railing of the vessel, and no doubt fell asleep in that situation. Another passenger, Mr. Sansum came also on deck some time after him, who was totally unacquainted with seafaring matters. As he stepped on the deck of the vessel, he heard a sudden plunge in the water alongside, and supposing that some person or some thing had fallen overboard, he hastily threw a coil of rope over the same side. Still hearing and seeing nothing, and not knowing what would result from his movement, he remained very anxious. He was, however, the agent of Providence in preserving the life of Judge Heyward, one of the most valuable men in the State, one who signed the declaration of independence, and sealed it with his blood. He had rolled overboard in his sleep; the coil of rope fell within his reach, he seized it, and was thus enabled to reach

the rudder of the vessel, to which he clung, until taken up by his friends.

Three days after the exchange of prisoners had been ratified in Charleston, the commandant of that place issued a proclamation, ordering all those families to leave the city and the State, by the 1st of August, whose fathers had not taken protection. This was "the unkindest cut of all." The fathers in St. Augustine did not know of this order, and could not provide for the exigencies of their families. The mothers had all suffered great privations; many were destitute of support when their husbands were abroad, and obliged to sacrifice their furniture, ornaments, and other property, for the means of removal; none knew where they may again meet their husbands, if ever, or find means of making known their situation and necessities. Among these was Mrs. Mary DeSaussure, wife of Daniel DeSaussure, one of the most respectable merchants of Charleston, and one of the most exemplary citizens of the State. A copy of Mrs. DeSaussure's petition to the commandant, for permission to sell her furniture, &c., has been preserved by her children and grandchildren, and is here annexed. It is highly probable that most of the families, banished at the same time with Mrs. DeSaussure, were obliged to crave the same indulgence—the right to sell their furniture. What must Americans have felt, at being ordered out of their own homes before a given day, and at being obliged to petition for leave to sell their own furniture.

Copy from the original, now in possession of Henry A. DeSaussure, Esq.

*To the Honorable Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbit Balfour,
Commandant at Charleston, &c., &c. :*

The humble petition of Mary DeSaussure, wife of Daniel DeSaussure, sheweth, That your petitioner is unable, in her present circumstances, to provide for the expense that must necessarily attend the removal of herself and family from this Province; therefore, prays your honor will be pleased to grant her the indulgence of making sale of the furniture belonging to her dwelling house and kitchen, also a riding chaise,

and to grant her such further indulgence as to your honor shall seem meet, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Mr. DeSaussure is not in debt.

(Signed)

MARY DESAUSSURE.

CHARLESTON, *July 3, 1781.*

N. B. The commandant directs this to be laid before the Board of Police.

The petition is endorsed with the following words :

July 10th, 1781.

Mrs. DeSaussure has permission to sell her furniture and chaise, as within requested.

By order of the Board of Police.

(Signed)

THOMAS WINSTANLEY, *Clerk.*

On the 22d June, 1781, the general exchange of prisoners was signed, and on the 27th, all the families of those sent to St. Augustine were ordered out of the Province, previous to the 1st of August following.

On the 25th of July, many of these families embarked for Philadelphia, in a brig, commanded by Captain Downham Newton, with a passport, making her a flag of truce. Among them were my mother and family; of the others, we can only recollect the families of Mr. Josiah Smith, in which was included his venerable father, the minister; so aged and infirm, that he required constant personal attentions. Also, the families of Messrs. George A. Hall, Samuel Priolean, William Lee, Logan, Cripps, Axson, North, and others who are not now recollected. They had a prosperous voyage, entered the Capes of Delaware on the 2d of August, and, with a fair wind, continued their course up to Newcastle. Another brig had been in sight all the day, pursuing the same course, a little behind them. As they anchored in the evening, the other brig also anchored close alongside. My father, being on deck of this last brig, hailed the other, without the use of the trumpet, and was answered, "from Charleston," in the well-known voice of the captain. They immediately recognized each other. "Is that you,

Downham Newton?" "Aye; is that you, William Johnson? we have your family on board." Many other manly voices immediately and anxiously inquired each for his own family, and a joyful meeting then took place, of many dear ones, thus providentially brought together.

The pious effusions of their gratitude were offered up to *Him*, who had so unexpectedly effected the meeting of families, relatives and friends, without preconcert or provision on their part.

CHAPTER XI.

General Richard Winn—Colonel William Bratton—Captain John McClure—Letters of Joseph W. White—Colonel William Harden—Siege of Augusta—Colonel Isaac Hayne—Captain John Smith—Thomas Ferguson—Governor Bryan's Letter—Kindness of the Pennsylvanians—Residence in Philadelphia—Tradition of the Jansens.

GENERAL RICHARD WINN, of Fairfield District, was a native of Virginia. At the commencement of the revolution, he entered the regular service of South-Carolina, and was commissioned first lieutenant of the rangers, in June, 1775. He served under Colonel William Thomson, in General Richardson's expedition against the tories, in the winter of that year. Their leader, Colonel Fletchal, was taken prisoner, having been concealed sometimes in a hollow tree, sometimes in a cave, and sent down to Charleston. He also served under Thomson, in the attack on Sullivan's Island. The rangers being stationed at the eastern end of that island, successfully opposed Sir Henry Clinton's army, in their attempt to cross from Long Island, for the purpose of storming Fort Sullivan, while bombarded by the British fleet, under Sir Peter Parker. In this engagement, he distinguished himself, and was consequently sent in command of a company to the southern frontier, for the purpose of defending Fort McIntosh, on the north side of St. Illa (Satilla). Shortly after his arrival at that fort, he was attacked by a strong body of Indians and tories. These he beat off, on two succeeding days; but, on the third, when Major General Provost, with a strong reinforcement, led on to storm the fort, Winn surrendered to him on honorable terms of capitulation.* When able

* Statement in Wells' South-Carolina Gazette, 27th February, 1777.

to return to Fairfield, he took command of the militia, consisting of refugees and others in that district. He was in several hard fought battles, and the defeat of the British regulars, under Colonel Fraser, at Hanging Rock, depended, in a great measure, on his conduct and courage. The celebrated General Davie, who commanded a party of cavalry in that battle, said, that when the firing became warm, Winn turned round, and exclaimed, "Is not this glorious?" He fought side by side, in this battle, with Colonel William Butler, of Edgefield. They were then separated, and did not meet again, until eight or ten years after the peace; then they rushed into each others arms, and the first words said were by Winn, exclaiming, "What a peppering we gave those fellows at Hanging Rock!" At this battle, he was wounded, and borne off the field about the time of the enemy effecting their retreat; the Prince of Wales regiment having been nearly annihilated. On his recovery, Winn continued to afford General Sumter his able support, nor ceased until the enemy were expelled from the State. He was a devoted patriot, and probably fought in as many battles of the revolutionary war, and with as brave a heart, as any man who took part in that struggle. After the peace, he was elected brigadier-general of the militia by the Legislature, and subsequently major-general. He also filled various civil offices in the State, and for many years was a delegate to Congress. He removed to Tennessee in 1812, and died shortly after he left South-Carolina. The village of Winnsborough was so called, in compliment to General Winn, and, by an act of the Legislature, it is made the seat of justice, for the district of Fairfield.

Colonel William Bratton, of York District, was the associate, friend and adviser of Major Winn, in all his measures opposed to the British forces in South-Carolina. With Captain McClure, of Chester District, he concerted and conducted the attack on a large body of royalists and marauders, at Mobley's meeting house, in

Fairfield District, and defeated and dispersed them. This occurred in June, 1780, six or seven weeks after the surrender of Charleston, and was the first blow struck at the British power, after they had declared the State re-conquered. A strong detachment of British troops, under Colonel Turnbull, was then stationed at Rocky Mount, in Chester District, for the purpose of overawing all that portion of the State. The news of Colonel Bratton's success drew down on him and his neighbors the vengeance of the British colonel. Among others, he detached Captain Houk, (pronounced Hook) at the head of four hundred British cavalry, and a considerable body of tories, all well mounted, with the following orders, found in his pocket, after death, by one of his conquerors, and still preserved by one of his family :

" To Captain Houk :

You are hereby ordered, with the cavalry, under your command, to proceed to the frontier of the Province, collecting all the royal militia with you in your march, and with said forces, to push the rebels as far as you may deem convenient."

On the 11th of July, Houk came, with his whole command, to the house of Colonel Bratton, rudely entered it, and ordered Mrs. Bratton to provide a repast for himself and his troopers. He then asked her where her husband was, and she fearlessly replied, " in Sumter's army." He then proposed to her, if she would get her husband to come in and join the royalists, that he should have a commission in the royal service. She answered, with continued firmness, that she would rather he should continue where he was, and, if necessary, to die in defence of the State. For this patriotic and heroic reply, a soldier of Houk's company attempted to take her life with a reaping hook, which was hanging near them in the piazza. He was, however, prevented, not by Houk, but by the officer next in command under him. The troops were removed for the night, and quartered at James Williamson, Senr.'s house—the next adjoining to Bratton's. The main road passed close to this house, and being fenced

was a lane before it; here the sentinels were placed along the road, while those not on duty slept in their tents, and the officers in the house. Colonel Bratton having heard of the movement in that direction, concluded that it was aimed at him and his associates, in the attack on Mobley's. He convened his neighbors, who had retired with him to Mecklenburg, in North-Carolina, under General Sumter, and they moved off with all possible despatch, to prevent the mischief, as far as practicable. He mustered but one hundred and twenty-five men, and in the march fifty of them dropped off. On his arrival, after dark, at the scene of action, he had but seventy-five effective men. They concealed their horses in an adjoining swamp, and waited for the dawn of day, to commence the attack. In the meantime, Colonel Bratton himself reconnoitered the position of the enemy, and actually passed through their line of sentinels, satisfying himself of their positions and negligence. He then selected his own sentinels, and placed one against each sentinel of the enemy, with orders not to strike until the first gun was fired. With his personal knowledge of the place, and of the British stations, he advanced, at the head of half of his men, down one end of the lane, and penetrated, between the sentinels of the British, into their very camp, before the alarm was given. Captain McClure, of Chester, at the head of the other half, advanced from the other end of the lane, with equal silence and success. They cut off the troopers from their picketed horses, and kept up so brisk a fire on them, that they could not form a line for regular action. Houk and Ferguson succeeded in mounting their horses, and were bravely aided by their officers, in endeavoring to rally their men for resistance; but they were shot, and fell in sight of both parties. At the sight of this, notwithstanding the exertions of their officers, the British dropped their arms and fled. The battle continued about an hour, and a full proportion of the British were killed and wounded; but, as they were on foot, with cavalry arms, and fired with the feelings of

men surprised, alarmed and surrounded, they only killed one of the whigs—his name was Campbell. Houk was shot by John Carrol, who, with his brother, Thomas, was among the foremost in the action. There were also, in this action, two brothers named Ross; two named Hanna; and two named Adair—one of these became the distinguished General Adair; three named Gill, and three named Rainey; also, four sons of John Moore, Senr., five sons of James Williamson, Senr., and three brothers of the Brattons. It was a band of brothers—of brother patriots, all fighting "*pro aris et focis*;" more especially so was it with the five Williamsons, at whose birth-place, dwelling-place, and father's residence, the battle was fought, and the victory won. One of these, Samuel Williamson, was the first who killed his foeman in that eventful day.

Dr. John S. Bratton, late of Winnsborough, the son of Colonel Bratton and of his excellent wife, Martha Bratton, inherited his father's, and the adjoining land—the battle-field. He informs us that he was but five years old at that time, but remembers that Houk fondled him on his knee, while endeavoring to prevail on his mother to persuade her husband to join the royalists. Also, that when she refused to do so, he was so rudely thrown by Houk to the floor, that the blood gushed from his nose in consequence; that his mother retired with her children to the upper story of their house, where, when awakened by the firing, he tried to peep out at "the fire-works," but she prudently prevented it, and placed him in the fire-place, that he might be as much protected as possible, by its walls, from the straggling and glancing bullets. While lying there, a ball did actually pass near his head, and strike the hearth where he was, but missing him, he took it up the next morning, and treasured it as a prize. In the rout and pursuit of the British, this house became the scene of action; and when the family descended from their hiding-place, after the engagement, the dead and wounded were lying round the house and in the lower rooms. To these suffering ene-

mies, his mother paid the kindest and most assiduous attentions; feeding, nursing and supplying their wants to the best of her ability. The officer who had saved her life being taken prisoner, requested to be brought to her, confident of her grateful feelings; and he was not disappointed—he was protected from injury, and hospitably entertained. This noble-minded lady, an example of female patriotism and heroism in South-Carolina, in the hour of trial and danger, risked her own life and all that was most dear to her on earth, rather than encourage her husband to desert his country, or shrink from his duty. In the hour of victory she remembered mercy, and, as a guardian angel, interposed to save and comfort the unfortunate among her foes.

This victory was the first check given to British *troops*, after the fall of Charleston; the first time that their *regulars* had been opposed by undisciplined militia. It had a most salutary and important effect on the destinies of the State.* It arrested the predatory warfare of the tories, re-animated the drooping spirits of our countrymen, and inspired them with new life and lively hopes. It had the immediate effect of giving security to that neighborhood, and of adding six hundred men to Sumter's army, within a few days after the battle; thus enabling him to make a gallant attack on the British station at Rocky Mount.

CAPTAIN JOHN McCLURE.

He was one of four sons, living in Chester District, near the western bank of Catawba river, at the commencement of the revolution. Their father had been long dead. Their mother, Mary McClure—a Spartan mother—was a native of North-Carolina, and sister of John Gaston, one of the first settlers in that part of

* That at Mobley's being an assemblage of militia royalists, attacked by whig militia. Thomas Rainey, one of the whigs, on the hesitation of a comrade, said, "that he had come there to fight, and he would do it." This was on the last of June, 1780.

South-Carolina. Many scenes of alarm and danger occurred during the youth of these brothers, by which their minds were trained to daring enterprises; their bodies, also, were enured to fatigue and hardihood, by the labors of a country life in a frontier settlement. The invasion of all the upper country by the Cherokee Indians exposed them to great danger, and obliged them all to take refuge in a fort, hastily constructed for the protection of the neighboring settlers, while the men were proceeding to repel the foe.*

The exciting scenes between the Regulators and Schofilites then followed, both in North and South-Carolina; and these were succeeded by the discussions and commotions of the revolution. The McClures were among the foremost in maintaining the rights of America, against the assumptions of Great Britain; and when the British troops were overrunning the State, they took the field to resist them.

Encouraged by their exemplary mother, the four McClures, with their three brothers-in-law, and about thirty of their neighbors, first attacked and defeated a detachment of the enemy, numbering about two hundred men—one-half of whom were British regulars. John McClure had previously served in the cavalry, under Colonel William Washington, and lost a horse when they were surprised and defeated near Monk's Corner, during the siege of Charleston. In directing and executing the present attack, on what was then called the Old Field, now Beckhamsville, in Chester District, the coolness and courage of John McClure, the captain of the Americans, were strikingly exhibited and applauded. Some of the tories defeated on this occasion, finding that the red coats were not invincible, and could neither defend themselves nor their allies, immediately changed sides, and joined the whigs, believing that they were now the strongest party. Several of these weak and vacillating men were after-

* The lines of this fort may still be seen about two and a half miles from the Nation's Ford.

wards taken by the British, and hanged by order of Lord Cornwallis.

The next movement of McClure's company was in concert with Colonel Richard Winn and Colonel William Bratton, at that time, of York District. This was for their attack on Mobley's meeting house, in Fairfield District. Here, too, the whigs were completely successful; the British adherents were routed, and the horses forcibly taken from the whigs, for the purpose of mounting the British cavalry, re-taken and restored to their owners. Mrs. McClure, among others, recovered three or four of her horses that had been carried off.

After these adventures, it became unsafe for the parties engaged in them to remain at home. The camp, the scout, and even the battle-field, against an open enemy, were safer than a man's bed or fireside, against his insidious neighbors in civil war. The whigs now separated into detachments, and passed, by different routes, through Fairfield, Chester, York, Spartanburg and Lancaster, rousing the settlers to unite, under General Sumter, on the borders of North-Carolina. On their way out, they enlisted many timid whigs, and were here joined by the companies under Captains Samuel Hammond and Richard Hampton, of South-Carolina, and by Colonel E. Clark, of Georgia, and others. It was not the disposition of any to remain there inactive; they could not afford to do so. They were in great want of provisions themselves, in camp, and their farms and families were in great danger from their vindictive foes.

Colonel Turnbull was stationed at Rocky Mount, with a choice body of British regulars, to restrain the whigs, sustain the tories, and induce the wavering to join the royal standard. Information was received by Sumter that Turnbull had sent out Colonel Houk, (pronounced Hook,) with four hundred men, to pursue those who had been engaged at Mobley's. Houk, on his way, stopped at Mrs. McClure's, abused and struck her with the flat of his sword, plundered and destroyed every

thing that they could lay their hands on, and made prisoners of her son, James, and her son-in-law, Edward Martin. These two young men were caught in the act of melting down the old lady's pewter dishes, and moulding bullets with the metal. The new pewter bullets were conclusive evidence of their object, and the two young men were condemned to be hung the next day. As early as possible after the arrival of Houk's command at Mrs. McClure's, that lady had sent off her daughter, Mary, to Sumter's camp, to inform her two sons, John and Hugh, of what the British were doing, and of their numbers. All saw immediately the object of Houk's movement, and the necessity for counteracting it. One hundred and fifty volunteers set out the same evening to oppose him, under Colonel William Bratton and Captain John McClure. They had thirty miles to ride, but reached a covert, bordering on Houk's encampment, before day-break. By this time many of the volunteers had gone off, and Bratton's command was reduced to seventy-five men. They halted in this thicket for rest, but Bratton did not avail himself of this indulgence. The British camp fires were within sight of his own house, the residence of his family. He first pushed on to ascertain its safety, then turned to inspect Houk's encampment—to see where the sentinels were stationed, and the place where the horses were picketed. The British were bivouacked at old Mr. Williamson's house, after having first been at Bratton's, and postponed the destruction of his property until the next morning.

In the meantime, James McClure and Edward Martin were tied and confined in an out-house or corn-crib, awaiting their execution. Bratton determined to separate, if possible, the British troopers from their horses, and concerted with McClure, that he, with twenty men, should attack the British on the eastern end of the lane, while the remainder of the volunteers charged upon them from the west. This was on the 12th July, 1780. So well concerted and rapid were these charges, that the surprise was complete. Among the few who

were able to mount their horses were Houk and Ferguson, and they were killed before they could rally their men. The rest, in great confusion, being separated from their horses, had nothing but swords and pistols opposed to rifles. Many were killed and captured, but few of the red coats reached Rocky Mount, and they, only by secreting themselves in the woods. The horses were a valuable acquisition, but the great object gained, was the release of James McClure and Edward Martin, and the preservation of the whigs, with their property, in all the surrounding country. It also convinced the wavering and timid that even the red coats were not invincible, and that to protect their families they must fight. Accordingly, they collected under Sumter, and, in a few days after Houk's defeat, Sumter had six hundred men under his command.

About this time, information was received that another party of British troops were intimidating the inhabitants, and inducing many of them to enlist. Against these, Captains Clarke, Samuel Hammond and James Williams were despatched. They fell in with another party, well entrenched, under the command of Colonel Innis, at Musgrove's Mills, on the Enoree river. By a feint, the British were tempted to sally out and attack them. The Americans had concealed their riflemen, after hitching their horses; and their horsemen skirmished with the British, until brought under the guns of the dismounted riflemen. Their fire was very destructive to the enemy, who being thereby thrown into confusion, were charged by the American horse, totally routed, and pursued to the bank of the stream, on the other side of which the fort was built. Here they were halted, to form a line for storming the fort, and while so engaged, a messenger arrived to inform them of General Gates' and Sumter's defeat. In this engagement, Colonel Innis was wounded, Captain Fraser was killed, many of their men killed and wounded, and many prisoners taken. After receiving the disastrous news of Gates' and Sumter's defeat, the

Americans were obliged to retire with all possible despatch. They, however, brought off three captains and seventy-three privates, their prisoners, and delivered them in North-Carolina to the commissary, stationed at Hillsborough. This successful expedition having taken place at a time of general depression, served to encourage the whigs in North-Carolina, and induced many of them to join the American flag.

About this time, information was also received of the inroad, called the Bloody Scout, made among the inhabitants of Spartanburg and Union Districts. The indefatigable John McClure was sent after them, but too late to prevent the mischief; he only came in time to protect the distracted families from extended and continued ravages. At this time, among others, was killed James Knox.

The tories heard of his coming, and took to flight. McClure pursued them with his party from Spartanburg, through Union District, towards Ninety-Six. He failed to overtake the main body, but captured four of them, who could not keep up with the rest, either from the failure of their horses, or being overloaded with plunder, or from both causes united, and brought them into Sumter's camp.

McClure returned to camp. On the 28th July, 1780, Sumter having received some small supplies of ammunition, immediately commenced his movements against the British at Rocky Mount. Colonel Davie, of Mecklenburg, North-Carolina, who commanded the American cavalry, led the advance, and took a position about midway between Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock. Sumter inclined to the right, and encamped near the river, at Landsford. A detachment was sent off from Hanging Rock to aid those at Rocky Mount. Davie attacked and beat them, capturing sixty horses; but, for want of infantry, was obliged to retire before the British infantry and their junction was effected. McClure was scouting in every direction, while Sumter occupied Landsford. He was here elected colonel of the Chester men, and John Nixon, lieutenant-colonel.

Sumter attacked Rocky Mount, about sunrise, on the morning of the 30th July, 1780. McClure's riflemen were engaged throughout the whole of that day. Some of them set fire to the log-houses which sheltered the British, but a heavy rain came on and extinguished the fire. Sumter then ordered a retreat, and encamped that night on the very ground on which he was surprised by Colonel Tarleton, eighteen days afterwards, on the bank of Fishing Creek.

Although Sumter failed in this attack on Rocky Mount, he was much encouraged by the bravery of all, and especially by the good conduct of his officers. He, therefore, resolved, although very short of ammunition, to make an immediate attack on Hanging Rock. In this action, Colonel McClure led one of the three divisions. He, as usual, was among the foremost in the fight. The battle was very severely contested. The Americans having but little ammunition, would make sure of a man at each shot; and, at each discharge of a division, they would rush upon their prostrate foes, replenish their empty cartouch boxes, and renew the firing. By these successive attacks, the seventy-first regiment of British regulars was nearly annihilated. McClure led his division into Bryant's camp, fired two rounds, then clubbed his guns, and took the camp. The British and Tories who survived this engagement, fled to another British camp, about half a mile distant. Colonel McClure was shot through the thigh, early in the action, but stuffing the wound with wadding, he rushed ahead of his command, and his clear voice was still heard, urging on his men to the continued charge. Just as the Tories fled, he fell, pierced by several wounds. Those near him ran up to his relief, but he ordered them back to the fight, and his voice continued to be heard, urging and encouraging them in the pursuit. His division sustained the greatest share of the loss. The victory was complete, and the American troops, exulting in their success, supplied themselves with all that they had long been in want of—clothes, blankets, arms and ammunition.

It must be acknowledged, also, that some partook too freely of what they found in their enemies' canteens. This was on 6th August.

Colonel McClure was conveyed from the field, by easy journeys, to Charlotte, North-Carolina. His excellent mother joined his escort at Waxhaw Church, nursing him and administering to his comfort. In Charlotte, he appeared to be recovering, and was able to move about the room. On the 15th August, Gates was defeated near Camden, and on the following days his flying and dispirited men continued coming into Charlotte, spreading alarming reports of the British army advancing in pursuit of them.

In these exciting scenes, Colonel McClure became anxious to meet the enemy, and again resist them. But his wounds, although healing externally, were deep and dangerous. On the 18th of August, while walking across the room, he became suddenly ill; his wounds had probably burst open within him, and he died shortly after of an internal hemorrhage. In the midst of alarm at the advance of the British army, Mrs. McClure and a few friends coolly determined to stay by the body of Colonel McClure, obtain a coffin for him, and have him buried decently.

By the sudden death of Colonel McClure, on the 18th of August, he was saved from at least one affliction. On the very day of his death, possibly at the very moment, all of his late command, his brothers in arms, his neighbors and friends, under General Sumter, were surprised on Fishing Creek, cut to pieces and scattered.

In the death of Colonel John McClure, the country lost a hero, and his fellow-soldiers an officer, who was all energy and vigilance in his warfare. Revolutionary men spoke of him as "the bravest of the brave." General Davie said of him, that "of the many brave men, with whom it was his fortune to become acquainted in the army, he was one of the bravest; and when he fell, we looked upon it as a loss not to be easily calculated."

Extracts from two letters of Joseph F. White, of York District, South-Carolina, dated September 10, 1848.

“*Dear Sir*:—In answer to your inquiries about the encampment of Lord Cornwallis on Spratt’s plantation, the descendants of the Spratt’s have only a few traditional facts and incidents of that period retained among them. My mother was a daughter of the original Thomas Spratt, who was a violent whig of those times, and I distinctly recollect some of her stories of Cornwallis’ encampment.

It appears that Cornwallis, accompanied by Colonel Tarleton, was on his way from Charlotte to the south-western side of the Catawba river, probably to the assistance of Colonel Ferguson, then in some extremity between Catawba and Broad river, and who, shortly after, met his fate at King’s Mountains. But it was so ordered, that neither Cornwallis nor Tarleton could cross the river at that time. I well remember hearing my mother speak of Colonel Tarleton pressing an old Irishman of that neighborhood to pilot his troops across the Nation Ford, and asking him to direct them. The river was then in a flood, and swimming from side to side, the old pilot said, that he believed “they plotted in ony where.” According to his directions, they did, in considerable numbers, go in at all points along the bank. Immediately the horses and riders were in swimming water, and, on getting out, Colonel Tarleton cursed him for a fool, and struck him with the flat of his sword.

It was said by our parents, that on the second or third day of the encampment, a considerable stir took place within their lines, in consequence of the report of a gun up the Charlotte road. The drums and bugles sounded an alarm; a guard was detailed, immediately, to go and report the cause of that gun’s being fired. When the guard arrived at the outer lines of the camp ground, they found the sentinel dead, who had been posted between the Charlotte road and the cane-break. A black oak tree, now standing, appears to have been one extremity of the distance assigned to him to walk; and, on arriving at this end of his line, the natural supposition is, that he leaned against the tree, and at this instant, Alexander, one of the terrible Mecklenburg whigs, fired the fatal shot from the cane-break. The mark of the ball on the tree is about the height of an ordinary man’s breast, and there never existed a doubt but that he shot him through the heart. Alexander was one of those who composed the hornet’s nest club of that county, during the stay of Cornwallis at Charlotte. Many others of the Sugar Creek rebels were in company with Alexander on this occasion, but he alone ventured up within firing or killing distance. Long before Tarleton and his dragoons got to the scene of action, Alexander and his party were in the close brush-wood of Steel Creek, on their way back to the whig settlements of Upper Sugar Creek. The associates of Alexander were the Taylors, Walkers, Barnets, Polks and others, who shot Cornwallis’ sentries, beat up his quarters, and cut off his foraging parties

in such a way, that the British were likely to suffer for want of such supplies as the country could afford. The last man of this terrible party, Barnet, died in 1829, within two miles of Cook's Mills, on Big Sugar Creek."

"January 27, 1850.

Of the escape in the swamp, I well remember to have heard several of the persons of those times speak. A relation of the Spratts, named Elliott, was living on the plantation at the time the British army arrived from Charlotte. He broke and ran for the cane-thicket, some half or three-quarters of a mile below where the sentinel was killed. As soon as the alarm was given, the terrible dragoons pursued him. His course to the swamp was a perpendicular to it, and that of the dragoons a parallel to cut him off from it. They thus came very near to each other before Elliott reached the thicket. He did, however, escape from the British, and made for himself a safe lodgment, as he supposed, in the densest part of the thicket. While he was listening to the terrible denunciations of Tarleton's dragoons, what to do, and what they would do, if they could only see a bush or a cane move, this refugee felt perfectly safe, and defied the efforts and threats of Tarleton and his troops, so long as he could remain motionless in the swamp; for it was almost impervious, and a place that no British officer or soldier would have entered for the whole colony of South-Carolina. But as the terror of the dragoons began to subside with Elliott, still more alarming apprehensions were excited, on his espying a most venomous moccasin of the largest size, which was moving along in the water and mud, and passing so near to him that in all probability it must strike him.

It must be left to any one's imagination to conceive of a man situated as he then was. He could not make the least defence against the terrible serpent, for fear of exposing himself to the pistols of the British troops. All that he could do in this dreadful predicament, was to wave his hand in a gentle manner towards the snake, by which it stopped its course, and threw itself into a coil, preparatory for battle. As soon as the danger of being seen by the British had passed, Mr. Elliot moved out of the way of his serpentine majesty.

The day on which Lord Cornwallis struck his camp at Spratt's, he caused to be hung one of his own men, who had been taken as a deserter. He was executed some short distance above the spring near the Charlotte Rail Road. The man was left hanging, and no person was left on the premises to cut him down and bury him, but a small negro boy. A private soldier died whilst they were camped on the plantation. The brutal officers ordered his grave to be made in the yard and buried him there. My mother told me that she recollected hearing the lamentations of the soldier's wife, that she had no means of getting her husband out of purgatory, until she could meet with a Catholic priest.

General Sumter was surprised near the mouth of Fishing creek, near where Beckhamville is now situated. Major Robert Crawford,

of the Waxhaw settlement, was present with Sumter at the time of his defeat. I had two uncles who were at that disastrous defeat, but escaped with their lives. Colonel Tarleton, who commanded the British troops on that occasion, as my aunt informed me, said in a company at Waxhaws, that he was satisfied that the game-cock of South-Carolina was dead, as he had from a tory received his plume. The general, in swimming the river, in order to escape, lost his feather but saved his life. An old gentleman named Farris, of this district, who died twelve or fifteen years since, gave me the following account of his fortunes on that fatal evening, and the five or six subsequent days. He was a trooper, and shortly after the order was given, 'pitch camp,' he, with some others, had gone to an enclosed field, to put their horses to graze for the night, and just as he had taken off the bridle and saddle, he heard a shout in the camp. He ran immediately to the gate or bars, where he had leaned his musket, and by the time he could grasp it, two British dragoons came charging up to the place where he stood, crying out 'surrender, you damned rebel.' He fired his gun at them, and before the smoke cleared away, they or one of them had given him a blow with a broad sword, that laid him senseless on the ground. Returning to his senses, he was tied to some three or four other prisoners, and marched to Camden. On the third night after arriving at Camden, he and two others made their escape, and although wounded and bleeding, joined their comrades near Charlotte, N. C., in about one week after their escape. Some short time after this, Farris had occasion to pass the scene of his mishap and saw a grave near the spot where he fired at the dragoon. This was the only evidence he had of his having killed one of the enemy, while he received a severe sabre cut on his head from the other: the scar of this cut he carried to his grave.

About two miles and three-quarters from the Nation Ford, over the Catawba river, is the outline of an old fort, which, tradition says, was built by order of the king's government, in order to protect the Catawba Indians from the hostility of the northern or western Indians, who were incited by the French on the Ohio, to murder and lay waste all who were at peace with the English. If so, it must have been put up in the reign of George I, or II. It must have been built when this was an entire wilderness, as there is no memory of it among the whites or Indians, that I could ever hear of. I recollect to have heard my grandfather say, that Alexander, who shot the sentry at Spratt's, had his rifle raised on the person of Lord Cornwallis, as he was letting his horse drink near a mill, now the property of Commodore Wilkes, four miles out of Charlotte. That in another second of time, his lordship would have been no more, but a companion of Alexander dissuaded him from it. Walker, who was as violent a man as Alexander, shot a British sentinel in the mill house just mentioned. The sentry was standing near to and leaning his head against a window; the distance pointed out to me some years since, from where Walker was sitting, when he fired, must have been from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. His ball took effect in the sentry's

head, and I was told that the stain of the blood and brains was visible on the window shutter until about 1820 or 1825, at which time the house underwent repairs, and the bloody memento was removed..”

COLONEL WILLIAM HARDEN.

This gentleman was a native of Barnwell District. He was first appointed captain of the Beaufort Artillery, by the council of safety, about the middle of March, 1776, and immediately placed in command of Fort Lyttleton, opposite to the town of Beaufort, with a company of eighty-five men. Here he remained about fourteen months, according to information derived from Tarleton Brown, an old and respectable inhabitant of Barnwell District. Mr. Brown said that he enlisted under Harden, in April, 1776, and was probably, at that time, the only survivor in South-Carolina of all who had served under him. Mr. Brown also died about the year 1846.

Harden then became a colonel of militia, in Beaufort and Barnwell Districts, and continued active in the desultory warfare of that day, under the command of General Stephen Bull, a brother of the late royal governor, William Bull. This service was chiefly required along the southern frontier of South-Carolina, and occasionally on the Georgia side of the river.

It was chiefly against the royalists or tories of that day, that his attention was directed, and, happily for the South, he was very successful. In 1779, he was informed that the royalists and Indians had assembled, under Colonel Thomas Browne, of Augusta, in Georgia, and had made an inroad into South-Carolina, destroying the inhabitants, with their houses, cattle and provisions.

Colonels Harden and McCoy hastily collected their friends, and attacked Browne, at Wiggins' Hill, a little below Briar Creek, in Barnwell District, where he had made a stand. Our historians say that, on this occasion, the whigs were defeated; but Tarleton Brown, a

native and resident of that district, both before and after the revolution, informs us that the tories were completely routed on this occasion; that Browne escaped through the woods to Augusta; and that he, (Tarleton Brown) was one of the men under Harden and McCoy; that these gentlemen then left the neighborhood, and joined Marion; "after which Colonel Thomas Browne returned with additional forces, retook the 'hill,' at which he remained until he hung five of our brave fellows." This explains the error in history.

The fall of Charleston took place in May, 1780, and the whole State was, for a few weeks, overrun by the British and royalists. Marion kept together a few followers in arms, and Harden joined them, when united with the whigs in Williamsburg District. With Marion, he continued an active partizan, until April, 1781, when, having been joined by many of his former troopers, and some from Georgia, he proposed to Marion a separation, that he might co-operate on the southern side of the State. Accordingly, with seventy-six followers, who had been driven from their homes in that portion of the State, among whom were Tarleton Brown, and his brother, Bartlet, with a respectable proportion of Georgians, he resumed his command in Barnwell and Beaufort Districts. Colonel Baker, of Georgia, commanded a portion of this band of patriots; Cooper, also of Georgia, was his major, and Tarleton Brown, one of his captains; the whole number scarcely amounting to one company.

Crossing the Edisto, at Giveham's ferry, on their way to Patterson's bridge, over the Saltkahatchie, they were told of a body of tories, at Red Hill, under Captain Barton, who were infesting the neighborhood. Major Cooper, with a detachment, was sent after them. He returned, with the loss of but one man, having killed and captured the greater part of the enemy. Colonel Harden proceeded towards Pocatigo, and was overtaken, on a causeway, by a body of British cavalry, under Colonel Fenwick. A smart skirmish

ensued, in which the enemy lost one man, and had eight wounded, as was ascertained three or four days after; the Americans lost none, but had a few wounded. Proceeding towards the British fort at Pocatigo, called Fort Balfour, Captain Tarleton Brown was sent forward with thirteen men, to try and draw out the enemy from the fort. The British had left their sick and wounded at a farm-house, about a quarter of a mile from the fort, and, as Brown approached it, he saw several persons running from it towards the fort. He immediately pursued and captured them, among whom were Colonels Fenwick, Lechmere and Kelsal, who had been out to see their wounded men. Colonel Harden came up soon after, without the smallest expectation of taking the fort, but finding that the commanding officers were all his prisoners, he determined to try what could be done. Major Andrew DeVeaux was left in command of the fort. He was brother-in-law of Colonel Lechmere, and was a brave man, but did not know the strength, or rather the weakness, of the Americans. Colonel Harden made as great a display as possible among the bushes, which were just thick enough to conceal his want of cannon, and to magnify the supposed number of his men. He sent a flag to Major DeVeaux, demanding an immediate surrender of the fortress, taking care, at the same time, that his prisoners should be seen and known. After a little parleying and discussion, the British agreed to surrender the fort with all it contained, and themselves as prisoners on parole. They marched out, well armed, tied their horses to the abbatis, and grounded their arms. Being then ordered to march a little in front, Colonel Harden rode with his men between them and the fort, taking possession of the arms and horses, before his weakness was discovered; he then paroled the prisoners. Captain Brown informs us that they amounted to one hundred and ten men, while the whigs were in all but eighty; that the fort was well located and fortified with cannon, and all the requisites for defence and necessaries for a siege; and that

it could not have been taken by one thousand men in the destitute situation of Colonel Harden's troops.

This was a very important acquisition to the Americans. Here they found a number of their most respectable neighbors in confinement; many others, also, as true patriots as these, had been compelled to join the British in arms. These were all armed and mounted, and united under Colonel Harden. An abundance of choice arms and ammunition was obtained, with provisions for the half-starved men and horses, and comfortable clothing for both men and officers. The chief advantage was, however, on the public mind; the whigs were encouraged in their resistance, and the tories restrained in their depredations. The whigs left the fort, loaded with the booty, and then burned it to the ground. Colonel Harden's command was immediately filled up with new recruits, but they were not like the hardy, well drilled, devoted men that he had brought with him from Marion's camp. There was great difficulty in preserving discipline among them, with sufficient good humor to promote the good of the service. Two anecdotes told to me by one of Harden's men, may show some of these irregularities. One of these new men had been all his life addicted to hunting, and was still in the habit of leaving the camp, and even his place in the line of march, for a *still hunt*, wherever he saw a good drive, or a probable shelter for deer. He had been repeatedly warned that the tories would catch or kill him, but without effect, and his friends determined to try another plan. Two of them seeing him enter a hammock, rode round it to head and scare him. They first whistled in concert to draw his attention, then called to each other, in different tones of voice, to alarm him as to their number, "here he is," "catch him," "don't let him escape," "kill him," &c., crack went a gun. The young fellow dashed at full speed, through the thicket, and never drew up until he reached his company. Being then asked what was the matter, he told his comrades that he had been attacked by a great number of tories, who had tried

to take him and then to shoot him, but that he had beat them off and escaped. His gasconade afforded his friends a good humored laugh, and he was satisfied to quit hunting, if they would cease their jests.

The other occurred in a march, when the troops were passing through a lane, in front of a good farmhouse, where, among other comforts, the owner had bees. One of the men in the rear-guard took up a bee-hive by the top, put it on his shoulder, clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped ahead, passing along the whole line of horsemen. The bees immediately flew out for vengeance, but not on him who carried the hive; he went too fast for that; but, as he hurried along the ranks, the bees attacked the nearest objects, as they flew from the hive. The horses, of course, immediately began to kick, and rear and fling—throwing their riders—and the riders cursing “like troopers,” quarrelling with each other, and boxing like bullies; few knowing the cause of the commotion, but all being in the greatest confusion imaginable. Some came off with swollen lips, from the sting of the bees; others with their eyes shut up; and a few with their noses enlarged, resembling their powder horns; while some got broken shins and other bruises, from their neighbors, or their horses. The mischievous wight escaped unhurt, with his hive, and at noon they all made friends, while partaking of his honey.

After a series of pursuits, flights and skirmishes, the tories left the middle country, and took refuge in the forts at Augusta.

THE SIEGE OF AUGUSTA.

This was brought about by a concurrence of causes, not originally pointed at this object. After the battle of Guildford, General Greene determined to return into South-Carolina, and detached Majors Samuel Hammond, of South-Carolina, and James Jackson, of Georgia, from his army in North-Carolina, with orders to

penetrate through to the Savannah river, and open a communication with the friends of independence on both sides, that they might support him in his progress southward. On their arrival in Ninety-Six District, they immediately sent for General Andrew Williamson and General Pickens, the highest in command, and most influential men in that part of the country. They both attended at the call, and were informed of General Greene's views, and invited to unite with him, or them, in aid of the American cause. They both stated that they were prisoners on parole, on the terms of capitulation in Charleston; admitted that those terms had been violated by the British, in ordering out the men thus paroled, to bear arms against their own relatives and friends, without exchange or violation on their part; but that no such order had been issued to them, and they, therefore, were not warranted in breaking their paroles. The British commander was immediately informed of those Americans in Ninety-Six District, and issued the very order which determined the parties. General Williamson submitted to the call, and came down to Charleston to the British authorities. General Pickens, on the contrary, broke his parole, joined his countrymen in arms, and took command of them. Colonel Clarke, of Georgia, was sent across the river, with all of his countrymen who could be assembled; and, although he had no cannon, he collected a fine body of riflemen.

After the capture of Fort Balfour, Colonel Harden advanced up the Savannah, with the intention of protecting the whigs who had suffered cruelly in that part of the State. Colonel Clarke's command fell in with a flotilla of boats, conveying supplies from Savannah to the garrisons of the three forts defending Augusta. Clarke attacked them so vigorously, and kept up so galling a fire, that they all took refuge under the guns of the lower fort, called, by the Americans, Fort Galphin, but, by the British, called Fort Dreadnought. Clarke then despatched a messenger to Harden, to hasten with his field-pieces taken in Fort Bal-

four, and unite in taking both the fort and flotilla. Even when united, they made but little progress against regulars protected by their breast-works and heavy cannon.

Pickens was also informed of the proceedings under Clarke and Harden, and moved towards the two forts in Augusta, lest they should send down a force to raise the siege of Fort Galphin, and all three were thus invested without preconcert, or plan, by the militia officers.

Sumter was at the same time besieging the British at Granby, on the Congaree. Lee joined him with his legion, and aided essentially in the capitulation, which could not, on account of the virulence between whig and tory, have been otherwise effected. This being completed, Lee hurried across, by forced marches, to aid in the siege of Augusta. On his arrival, he sent down Captain Rudolph to aid with his regulars, and conduct the siege of Fort Galphin. Terms were proposed for its surrender, and the capitulation was signed by Captain Rudolph.*

This fort was on Silver Bluff, now owned by Ex-Governor Hammond, but at that time by George Galphin, Assistant Superintendent of Indian Affairs; a devoted friend to the American cause. By his influence among the Indians, he prevented much bloodshed, and frequently assisted the Americans in their wants, general and individual, with his fortune, which was considerable; and on all occasions, evinced his attachment to the principles for which they were contending.

On the surrender of Fort Galphin, the whole American force collected on the Georgia side of the river. Colonel Grierson commanded in the British fort west of Augusta,—seeing a detachment paraded to storm his breast-work, and having exhausted all his resources,

* This surrender was of immense importance to this southern division of the army. A large amount of arms and military stores was surrendered in the fort; the boats were loaded with blankets, clothing, small arms, ammunition, salt and hospital stores—all of inestimable value to the Americans. But for this seasonable supply, it is even doubtful if the siege of Fort Cornwallis could have been successfully prosecuted.

attempted a junction with Colonel Browne, in his strong hold, called Fort Cornwallis, on the eastern side of the town.

Major Samuel Hammond was ordered, with two of his companies, to lead in the assault, as the forlorn hope against Fort Grierson. Every second man was furnished with an axe; they advanced at a given signal, over the bridge, across the ravine, pressed on between it and the river, and rushing up to the gate of the fort, cut away the stockade and palisade. The assailants were astonished to find that they were not resisted; they pressed forward and mounted the parapet, but now found that the enemy had fled. Like greyhounds straining on the leash, the storming party, scarcely restrained by discipline, pursued upon the trail of their retreating foes. They were overtaken passing under cover of the river bank, attacked, routed and many captured. Grierson himself escaped to Fort Cornwallis, but was taken when it surrendered, and while a prisoner, was shot at and killed by some one, at that time unknown.*

Browne, who commanded in Fort Cornwallis, was a brave man; having been severe and even cruel in his treatment of American prisoners, he made up his mind, that his best chance for safety was in the fort, and in defending it to the utmost. Pickens constructed a battery so as to enfilade the British fort, and Captain William Martin, of the artillery, who commanded it raked the enemy's platform with his cannon balls. Browne had collected a number of negroes, at least two hundred, as laborers and artificers, in his fort. With these he soon constructed traverses across his platform, to protect his cannoniers from Captain Martin's guns, and kept up so galling a fire, both from cannon and rifles, that Captain Martin, among others, was killed in the fort; a rifle ball had entered his forehead. Pickens did not relax in his advances to support his battery, and counteract the protection enjoyed by the

*This fort stood, as I am told, a little to the west of the bridge, on the lot where the Episcopal Church is now built.

enemy, screened by their breast-works and traverses. With great labor he constructed a Maham's tower, built of pine logs, so internotched as to be firmly connected, and so high that his marksmen commanded every part of Browne's platform, and rendered his cannon useless. Browne made a desperate sally on the besiegers at this point, intending to burn their impending tower. He was met at his trenches by a party of the besiegers, who, with great bravery, attacked him at the point of the bayonet, and drove him back through his sally port, with great loss, and without having destroyed the tower. The two parties fought with great fury; the British were defeated, but not vanquished. Browne still had other resources. Bags of sand were piled on the ramparts, and his infantry kept up an unceasing fire, while the cannoniers, thus protected, were enabled to batter the tower and redoubt. But his barriers of sand bags were demolished as fast, or faster than they could be supplied. The British were driven from the platform; but it was only to occupy a new position of greater security. Browne made his negro artificers dig holes back of the platform and under it, like casemates, fill bags with the earth thus excavated, and arrange them on the platform, so as to afford him and his men a double barrier against the besiegers. While thus protected, they killed many of the Americans.

To screen themselves from these sharp-shooters, the besiegers covered the front of their tower with rolls of cowhides, so as to form port-holes, through which they returned Browne's galling fire with interest. His men, nothing daunted, being protected by the bags of sand, which small arms could not demolish, and which the cannon balls could not reach, because obstructed by the traverses, watched the openings in these rolls or hides, and when the sky-light was obscured, they would fire instantly, knowing that something was obstructing the light, and that a rifle ball, fired at that object, might probably kill one of their enemies. To counteract this vigilance of the British, several of the Americans would unite to draw the fire of the enemy:

that one should raise an old hat on a stick or ramrod, above the screen or breast-work, that the enemy might fire at it, when the American platoon instantly fired where they saw the flash of the gun.

To reach the British, thus protected by their sand bags, traverses and breast-works, General Pickens constructed an additional tower, which commanded the whole of the British fort. In this extremity, Browne and Grierson resorted to the inhuman expedient of bringing out on the platform a number of aged persons, the parents, relatives and friends of the besiegers, and thus interposing as a screen for his own men—a living screen. Among them was old Mr. Alexander, too far advanced in age to bear arms, or otherwise unite in hostilities. Hostilities were immediately suspended by the besiegers, and the sturdy rifleman upraised his leveled gun.

General Pickens immediately sent in a flag, to negotiate for those and all other prisoners on terms of exchange, or on any other terms. Browne refused the offer, saying, "Many reasons, to which you cannot be strangers, forbid my complying with this requisition. Such attention as I can, consistent with *good policy and my duty*, shall be shown them."

When this reply was made known in the American camp, the men became outrageous, and anxious to destroy such inhuman monsters. To effect this, they disregarded their own safety; their only care was that no shot should miss its mark. More execution was now done on both sides than ever. Thus was the siege protracted more than three weeks, with great bravery on both sides, but with greater malignancy.

When Colonel Lee arrived with his well dressed and well mounted legion from Granby, Browne was soon informed that numbers were now seen in continental uniforms among the besiegers. He prevailed on a lady, who was neither old nor ugly, to become a spy, to ascertain the fact, and the name of the commander of those troops. Lieutenant Manning, a favorite officer of Colonel Lee—one as brave as he was gallant, and as

fond of a fight as he was of a frolic, told of this adventure with much humor. He happened to be off duty, taking a walk, when he met with this lady. He accosted her very politely, and they walked on together, becoming more and more sociable, after every compliment that he paid her. She inquired if he belonged to the regulars, and he assured her that all of Lee's legion were regular gentlemen; particularly their commander, Colonel Lee, who was a Virginia gentleman, and offered to introduce her to him. This was just what the lady wanted; Manning conducted her to Lee's quarters and took his leave. They were soon so well pleased with each other, that a negotiation was commenced, which terminated in the capitulation of—not the lady, gentle reader, I did not say that—but of Colonel Browne and his whole command. Also, in the honorable, though difficult preservation of his life and those of his troops, Colonel Grierson excepted.

General Pickens, who commanded the Americans, was equally humane and honorable with Colonel Lee; he would have done his best to protect the prisoners, but had not the regular troops in whose discipline he could confide. Browne thought so, and would not trust the militia,—and he was right, for after the surrender, Grierson was killed by one of them, and Major Williams was wounded in the shoulder at the same time but not killed. Pickens offered a reward for the discovery of the man who killed him, but none would give the information. McCall, in his history of those transactions, says that it was suspected at the time, in camp, that Grierson's life was taken in revenge for the ill-treatment received by old Mr. Alexander, from his hands. Tarlton Brown, a respectable inhabitant of Barnwell district, published in 1843, the first direct information on the subject, that I have met with. He confirms McCall's intimation, by the following words: "Captain Alexander shooting Grierson for his villanous conduct in the country." One part of this villanous conduct was, his exposing his aged prisoners, among whom was the father of Captain James Alexander, and

others too old to bear arms, to the fire of their relatives and friends, for the purpose of screening his men from the besiegers. Various attempts to kill Browne, also, were made, after his surrender, but the vigilance of the officers and the discipline of the legion protected him. Tarlton Brown, a captain under Colonel Harden, declares that he went, with others, in a boat down the river, to try and kill Browne, while on his way to Savannah. He thought it patriotic and meritorious to kill such a man, although his safety was guaranteed by capitulation. He certainly did wrong, but sore indeed were the injuries he had suffered. Repeated attempts had been made to capture and murder him; his aged father and his youngest brother, a child, had been murdered in their own homestead. While he was in Marion's camp, his aged mother and the rest of the family had saved their lives by secreting themselves in the woods, while the tories under McGirth and Colonel Browne, were ravaging and burning their comfortable farm, and other settlements in that neighborhood. His father's family became destitute and dependent on the kindness of neighbors in consequence of these outrages on humanity.

“ Can'st thou
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
Which weigh upon the heart ?”

After the surrender of Augusta, the American forces followed the retiring British troops towards the sea coast. Many skirmishes ensued, and some reverses were experienced. Colonel Harden's command was active in the south, co-operating with Marion and Sumter in the north-eastern part of the State. In one of Harden's expeditions, his advance under Colonel Hayne approached within eight miles of the city, on the Dorchester road, and captured General Andrew Williamson, in a situation not creditable to him as a man of family.

In this disastrous expedition of Colonel Isaac Hayne, he was mounted on a very fine horse of his own training, called King Herod; but the horse had been foun-

dered, and during his master's inactivity, he had become too fat and heavy for a trooper. In the early part of that day, while in pursuit of Williamson, the horse had been heated and fatigued. Colonel Hayne had left his command to continue their retreat along the main road, and turned into the plantation of Mrs. Ford, about four miles beyond Parker's ferry, with a few followers, among whom was the late Charles Glover. In a very little while, a company of British cavalry was seen galloping up the avenue, and Colonel Hayne endeavored to escape, by crossing the rice-fields back of the plantation. Captain Campbell, (called crazy Campbell,) who commanded that company, saw and pursued him. Mr. Glover and most of the party escaped. Colonel Hayne soon found that his horse was much fatigued, or too heavy for his purpose, and when he came to a fence, the horse balked. Colonel Hayne did not spur him to leap over it, but alighted to pull it down, and thus facilitated the crossing of his pursuers. Captain Campbell afterwards said, that when he saw this, he considered his success sure, and he evidently gained on Colonel Hayne. Shortly after, in leaping a ditch, the side of it caved, Colonel Hayne's horse fell, and he was captured.

Campbell was, however, indignant at the execution of his gallant prisoner, and declared that if he could have suspected such might be his fate, he would rather have killed him, in the pursuit, with his own hand, than he might have died the death of a soldier.

Among the disasters of that day, was the death of a young man of great respectability, named McLochlin, who was literally chopped to pieces by the British dragoons, under Major Thomas Fraser, who commanded, in this expedition, the whole cavalry. Fraser was a native of South-Carolina—a brother of Major Charles Fraser, the head of the military police established in Charleston, and therefore designated "the town Major." Major Thomas Fraser married and remained in this State after the revolution, without resigning his British commission. He continued to receive half-pay as long as he lived, and at his death his widow received a pen-

sion from the British government. Fraser commanded the whole of the British cavalry, in this expedition against Colonel Hayne; and was, of course, not favorably considered among Carolinians. After the revolution he engaged in the lumber business, and established saw mills on the Edisto river, but did not appear to prosper. After this he became a factor or commission merchant, in Charleston. The death of McLochlin was occasionally spoken of with censure attached to Fraser for the transaction. Daniel Cahil, who subsequently lived near Dorchester, was his clerk at this time, and hearing these censures, took the part of his employer, and on one occasion blows ensued. Fraser spoke to Cahil on the subject next day, and begged that he would not take any notice of such remarks. He said that, in military expeditions, things were done which the commander had not ordered and could not prevent; that McLochlin, when pursued, had succeeded in leaping a fence, and was considered safe; that he had previously fired one pistol, and now fired the other at Major Fraser, and would have killed him, but that the ball was intercepted by his saddle-bow, into which it lodged; that being now disarmed, his men pursued him over the fence and killed him, under their excitement at his attempt to take the life of their commander.

Major Fraser also commanded the detachment which attacked General Marion's infantry, in the absence of his cavalry, at Fair Lawn, and was defeated by the sharpshooters, sheltered among the lower branches of the cedars which formed the avenue. His horses could not be forced through the thick branches, and their riders were openly exposed to the deliberate fire of the infantry. Fraser, of course, retreated; but in his retreat accidentally fell in with the baggage of Marion's brigade, and these, the spoils of war, enabled him to boast of victory.

About this time, Governor Rutledge, overlooking the services of Colonel Harden, appointed Colonel John Barnwell general in that division of the State. If both had been promoted, at the same time, all would have been pleased; but Colonel Harden retired from his com-

mand, and resigned his commission. He did not, however, cease his active career of usefulness. He was always patrolling and scouting in every direction, through that part of the country, preventing the depredations which would otherwise have been committed.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

The first Maryland regiment, commanded by Colonel Gunby, was very highly considered by Gen. Greene—ever ready to encounter danger at the word of command, and ever ready to lead in battle, under the most discouraging circumstances. It had conquered at the battle of Cowpens, and acquired the highest distinction at the battle of Guildford; yet, at the battle of Hobkirk, near Camden, they had been thrown into confusion and retreated disgracefully. Captain John Smith, commanding a light infantry company in that regiment, was not with them at this time; he was particularly distinguished at the battle of Guildford, as well as that of Hobkirk. At the head of his company he charged the enemy's line at Guildford; encountered Captain Stewart, of the guards, in the open field, and slew him. He also slew, as the British asserted, on that occasion, two or three of Stewart's men. He had been detached from the Maryland line, by General Greene, at Hobkirk, for the protection of the artillery, and not only avoided their disgrace, on that occasion, but acquired additional honors. His company then consisted of forty-five men; they were all Irishmen, and all under thirty years of age.* They continued to defend the retreating artillery, and finally preserved it until Washington came up with his cavalry, at the critical moment when Smith's men having been reduced to fifteen, the enemy overpowered them, and all were either killed or taken prisoners. Smith was wounded and captured

* See Johnson's life of Greene, vol. 2, page 82.

among the survivors. On being carried into Camden, Lord Rawdon ordered him into close confinement, under a misrepresentation of his conduct at Guildford, where he was said to have killed two or three men after they had surrendered. The charge having been disproved by the united testimony of Greene, Washington and Howard, he was sent down to Charleston on parole, and on foot. Some persons connected with the British army, in disguise, calling themselves whigs, seized him a few miles below Camden, stripped him, tied him up and whipped him with switches on his bare back.

On his arrival in Charleston, his character for bravery being known, he became intimate with a number of British officers of kindred spirits—equally honorable and equally brave. Dining one day with some of them, an officer was introduced, whom he immediately recognized as one of those who had treated him so ignominiously. Smith took occasion to say, that their whole deportment to him had been so honorable, that it was a pity any dishonorable fellow should intrude among them. The officers called upon him to explain, as they suffered no such intrusion into their society. He accordingly pointed out the man, and declared the treatment received from him and his associates, while a prisoner on parole. "Then kick him, Smith," was the general reply; and Smith had the gratification of kicking the rascal out of the company. Many years after these events I knew Captain Smith well; he was styled "the hero of Hobkirk," and commissioned by President John Adams in the armament against France.

Mr. Thomas Ferguson was a gentleman, elevated by his own merits, from a lowly situation in life. He was born on a piece of land seven or eight miles north of Charleston, between the Dorchester and Goose Creek roads; and when an infant, was removed by his parents on a pillow, to Parker's ferry, of which they had become the managers. His father kept the ferry many years,

probably under a lease.* While a boy, he engaged in all the active pursuits of a country life, and grew up in all the exposures and labor of carting, ploughing, cattle-hunting, &c.; he conciliated the favor and confidence of the neighbors, and readily obtained employment when of an age to undertake it. Mr. John Parker, afterwards a member of Congress, was then a boy, and heir to the ferry; he became personally attached to young Ferguson, and named one of his sons "Ferguson," after his friend. His first outfit in life was very limited; he had but two negroes, and labored in common with them, even in sawing out lumber by hand—sometimes on the top of the saw-pit, sometimes below. Increasing yearly in the estimation of his neighbors, he first became an overseer, and finally rose to be the manager of five or six plantations.

Mr. Ferguson soon became independent, popular and influential. He married happily and advantageously; his first wife being an Elliott. At the commencement of the American revolution, he took an active part in all the movements opposed to the royal abuses of power, and to the advocates and adherents of those abuses. In 1765, he made a decided stand against the stamp act. As a member of the Commons House of Assembly, he engaged in all the clashings of that body with the governor and privy council. In 1774, he joined the Provincial Congress in promotion of the Continental Union, by uniting in the associations against commercial intercourse with Great Britain, by sending delegates to the National Congress, and by adopting a new constitution for the State. Under this constitution, he was not only elected one of the governor's council, but one of the legislative council, which corresponds with our Senate. They also organized the courts of justice, established a court of Admiralty, authorised reprisals, issued paper money, and commissioned the officers for three regiments.

Mr. Ferguson continued conspicuous in the adminis-

* In the advertisements of that period, it was sometimes called Ferguson's, but more commonly Parker's ferry.

tration of State affairs, to the close of his active and valuable life. When Provost besieged Charleston, he voted against the measure proposed by the governor and council, for holding this place neutral during the war; he thought it dishonorable in our alliance with the other States of the Union. When Charleston fell, he was at his post, sharing in the dangers and privations of his fellow-citizens. When the terms of capitulation were violated by the British, he was one of the first arrested, put on board of a prison-ship, and exiled to St. Augustine.

At the close of the revolution, he resumed the long neglected management of his estate, but found himself in debt. With characteristic energy, he not only applied himself diligently to his planting interests, but established mills on the Edisto river, building a dam across it to acquire new and more uniform power. He also made arrangements for building small vessels at Slan's Island, in which to send part of his sawed lumber to the West Indies, and there to sell both vessel and cargo. When his project was on the eve of completion, he died; and the mills, instead of being very profitable, only served to involve his estate in greater difficulties.

The extensive planting interests of Mr. Ferguson, obliged him to live much in the country. His family being exposed to the exhalations prevailing in the low country, suffered from sickness and death. His first wife died childless. After a while, he married the widow North, of the Perry family, and had two children, James and Anne—the latter of whom became Mrs. Charles Elliott, and subsequently, Mrs. Richard Berresford. His third wife was Miss Martha O'Reilly, by whom he had four sons, who grew up and married. The portraits of this lady and of her husband are preserved, and a handsomer couple is rarely seen. He next married a daughter of General Gadsden, the widow of Andrew Rutledge.* His fifth wife was Miss

* An extraordinary intimacy and attachment existed between General Gadsden and Mr. Ferguson, and continued to the end of their lives.

Wragg, who survived him, with two sons, Colonel James and Dr. Samuel Ferguson—the latter of whom died young; the former is still living and has a family.

Extracts of a letter from Governor George Bryan, of Pennsylvania, to his lady, at Newark, Delaware. The original is in the collection of Mr. I. K. Tefft, of Savannah.

Mr. Tefft says of the writer—"He was Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; member of the Congress of 1765; Vice-President of the Supreme Executive Council, after the Declaration of Independence; and in 1788, advanced to the head of the government of Pennsylvania. He died in 1791."

[COPY.]

"PHILADELPHIA, 4th July, 1777.

My partner and friend:

It is now near eight in the evening. This has been a day of feasting and the anniversary of independence, which has, as such, been much noticed. I am just returned from dining with Congress at the City Tavern.

* * * * *

We have ordered out constables and watchmen, and expect two hundred soldiers to patrole, and that all illuminations and bonfires are to be put out at eleven this night. Perhaps some disorders may happen, but we were willing to give the idea of rejoicing its swing. The spirits of the whigs must be kept up.

One thousand Carolinians paraded under arms in Second-street, and were reviewed by Congress and Generals Gates and Arnold. Two companies of artillery and a company of Georgian foot performed a "*feu de joie*." The Maryland light horse attended, and were reviewed. The gallies and ships came up and paid their compliments.

I am, my dearest madam,
your most devoted lover and partner and friend,
(Signed) GEORGE BRYAN."

KINDNESS OF THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

On the arrival of the Carolina exiles in Philadelphia, they found many other inhabitants of the three South-

ern States, who had taken refuge in the Middle States from the dangers and troubles which harrassed them in their homes. The first who arrived were termed refugees, with some propriety—the last, the exiles, were confounded with them, because they all came from the South, and were all in distress—some in want. The kind-hearted Philadelphians, though apparently formal and cold in their deportment, generously afforded every possible aid to the wants of these new residents. Contributions were raised and distributed, habitations sought for to accommodate them, some entire houses offered free of expense; while others were received by the Philadelphians under their own roofs, into the bosom of their own families. Although the feelings of these exiles were sometimes hurt, by hearing the word “refugees,” it was used as a term of compassion and good will, not of slight or reproach. The Pennsylvanians even relaxed their laws relative to slaves, to favor the Southerners in the employment and sale of their servants, in case of need. To the Carolinians Philadelphia was, in truth, as in name, a place of brotherly love; and many grateful interchanges of friendship continued, not only during the life of the parties receiving and conferring such acts of kindness, but between their descendants to a late day. The children went together to the same schools, were play-mates, and continued their friendly intercourse, in some instances, until within a few years.

On our arrival in Philadelphia, my father, with his wife and five children, were welcomed into the family of Daniel Latham, a distiller in South Front-street, and stayed with them until Mr. Joseph Dean offered them the use of his cottage on the Schuylkill, between Fairmount and the floating bridge, (now the elegant stone bridge) then kept by Joseph Ogden. Many acts of kindness and of hospitality were received from both these families. I was but five years old at that time, but still remember my early impressions. My brothers, being older, would roam about among the farms, and, as Southerners, were kindly treated, and always re-

turned home with as many apples as they could eat, and frequently as many as they could carry.

While here, the French cavalry, under the Duke de Lauzun, were encamped within a quarter of a mile of our residence, preparatory to the capture of Cornwallis, and I remember to have seen, at a distance, the whole division of the American and French army, on their march over that floating bridge, with their baggage wagons and heavy artillery. I was told that it settled a little, but that the water did not rise above the soldiers' shoes. I remember, also, seeing at a distance the illumination of the city of Philadelphia, on receiving the glad tidings of Lord Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. Congress was then in session, late at night, and their messenger, on receiving the despatches with the news, ran to deliver them in the highest excitement and joy. He had scarcely entered the hall, when he fell dead with apoplexy.* The news of this surrender was immediately made known at the guard-house; and the relief taking place shortly after, the watchmen next going out, were full of it. Being all Dutchmen, they went through every part of the city, crying, "Bast twelfe o'glock, and Cornwallis es dagen." Mr. Thomas Legare, who was, at the time, in Philadelphia, hearing this unusual cry, called out of the window to the watchman, asking, "do you say Cornwallis is taken?" "Yaw," was the only answer given, and that was enough.

Mr. Legare's sufferings, after the fall of Charleston, were, in some respects, peculiar. He was confined, with his son, James, on board of the prison-ship, until exchanged, under the negotiation of Major Hearn, when they were to be sent to some *port* on the Chesapeake or Delaware. The ship, on board of which these gentlemen, with Messrs. Job Palmer, John B. Holmes and John Edwards, were sent, landed them, *not at a port*, but at the mouth of James river, on a desolate sand bank, (probably on Crany Island, on

* See Dr. Benjamin Rush's Medical Lectures.

which an American fort has since been built,) separated from the main land by a wide channel. The prisoners remonstrated, but the captain declared that such had been his private instructions, and there the ship left them, without a drop of water or a mouthful of food. The party having nothing before them but the horrors of starvation, most of them sat down in despair. But Mr. Legare went searching about, and discovered the end of a boat projecting out of the sand on the beach. With the assistance of his son, James, and Mr. Palmer, he dug out the boat, and found it to be sound, except a hole in the bottom, made by a ball fired through her. They caulked the hole with a part of their clothing, and in this boat they all escaped to the main land.

As soon after as they could procure horses, Mr. Legare and his companions set out, by land, to return home. They reached Goose Creek, sixteen or eighteen miles from Charleston, before they received any tidings of what had been passing in their absence. There they met Mrs. William Elliott in the road. She exclaimed, "Mr. Legare, where are you going? do you not know that all your families have been sent to Philadelphia?" She then told the particulars of their expulsion, and they with heavy hearts turned back towards Philadelphia; Mr. James Legare, however, remained and joined General Greene's army. In this journey their money was exhausted, and but for the generous hospitality of some gentlemen of Virginia, they could scarcely have effected a meeting with their families.

When the winter set in, my father moved his family into the city, having hired a house in Loxley's Court, nearly opposite to the present splendid Commercial Hall and Post Office in South Third-street. He had hired out his two blacksmiths, and wished to obtain employment for himself in the same line; but he was especially anxious to put my three brothers to school; these were his motives for moving. Having failed to obtain employment, he, however, secured the friendship of Mr. Peter Browne, in Kensington, which con-

tinued until death with the utmost cordiality and mutual attachment. Mr. Browne was a Quaker by education, but a patriot at heart. When his rights were invaded, he did not hesitate to defend them, as if personally assaulted he would have repulsed the assailant. When General Washington was retreating through New-Jersey, with but a handful of men, before an overwhelming number of the British forces, General Cadwallader called on the citizens of Philadelphia to rally for the support of Washington; and they did turn out nobly. The militia of Philadelphia, on that occasion, probably preserved the Union. They enabled Washington to re-cross into Jersey, to fight the battles of Trenton and of Princeton, to advance up to Morristown, and there to spend the winter with his army. Mr. Browne was first lieutenant of the "Kensington Volunteers," and continued with the army all that winter. On his return, he found that he had been expelled, with many other *good* friends, from the congregation of Friends. I never asked whether they retained as many *good* friends as they then expelled from their congregation.

At that time, my father had his aged mother living in the State of New-York. Her houses, in the street now called Exchange-street, having been destroyed by fire, she removed into the country, to live with her daughter—a widow—Mrs. Susan Cox. Her daughter had lost her husband, Joseph D. Cox, at the time of Burgoyne's surrender. He was on his way to join General Gates' army, and removing his family to a place of retirement during his absence, something jolted the wagon which he was driving, he lost his balance, fell under the wheel, and was killed instantly. John Johnson, elder brother of my father, was a captain in the New-York line, a very brave, meritorious officer, who distinguished himself on different occasions, particularly when the Americans charged and repulsed the British at White Plains. Not long after this, there were some promotions, when Captain Johnson considered himself slighted and ranked below those whom

he should have commanded. He immediately threw up his commission. Old Governor Clinton remembered the circumstances, and spoke of them to my brother, William Johnson, when in Washington. The military board did not wish to lose him, but could not cancel their proceedings; they appointed him commissary, the most profitable office in the army. He accepted this office, and entered upon its duties with his accustomed zeal, but he would not take advantage of the many opportunities which occurred to him, as to others, of making money at the public expense. At the end of the year, he found that he had lost money in the office by which others had made fortunes. He resigned this, also, being too honest and conscientious to perform its duties as others had done; his next duty was to his family. Hearing that my father was in Philadelphia, he came to see him, and they agreed that the whole family, including their aged mother, should join him in the spring, and travel together towards South-Carolina.

TRADITION OF THE JANSENS.

The following tradition of my father's family may be considered romantic—it is substantially true, but I know of no records to establish the facts. At the time of the "commonwealth" in England, there were two brothers, named Johnson, living in London, ship-carpenters by trade, and having a broad-axe—the emblem of their trade—for their seal. After the restoration, which took place in 1660, they became dissatisfied, and removed to Holland, probably about the year 1662 or '63, with their families. There they were always called Yansen or Jansen, and of course answered to that name—the only way in which their name was pronounced in Holland, and finally adopted it, and signed their name Jansen. After remaining some time in Holland, they joined one of the expeditions going out to their colony, New Amsterdam;

here they settled, and became landholders. The brother, from whom we are descended, owned a considerable body of land, on what was then called "Flatten Barrack Hill," or that part of the city of New-York where Broadway now runs, and Trinity Church stands. To a modern New-Yorker, the name will be strange, as well as its origin. It was so called from barrack, a hill, and flighten of flights; because then remarkable for flights or flocks of wild pigeons, which frequented it when first settled. Let any one who doubts the propriety of calling it a hill, place himself in Broadstreet, at the intersection of Exchange-street, and look westward towards Trinity Church; he will still perceive a considerable elevation. It was probably much greater at that time, and, to the Hollanders, unaccustomed to hills of any kind, this must have been considered a very remarkable one. In or about 1674, or soon after the treaty between England and Holland, by which that colony was given up to England, my ancestor, finding himself once more a British subject, and knowing nothing of the law which requires a legal sanction for every change of a man's name, concluded to lay aside his Dutch name, and resume his father's name—Johnson. The titles or grant, for his land in Broadway, were made to him in his Dutch name—Jansen—and ceased to be good titles, after he had resumed the name of Johnson, without an act of the Legislature to sanction it. The lands were, therefore, escheated, a new grant was taken out by Trinity Church, and they now afford a large portion of its princely income.

A small portion of the land granted to my ancestor, remained in possession of his family. It was on the declivity of that hill, in Exchange-street, about midway between Broadstreet and Broadway, on the north side of Exchange-street. There my father was born, and his mother—a widow—continued to live until after the British had captured the city, and her houses were burnt in the great fire. Her maiden name was Haywood. She was a sister of the two brothers of

that name who first established themselves and families in North-Carolina, on, as I think, Tar river. Their parents were born in England. The brothers were well-settled farmers in New-York, but, in a severe winter, they were much injured by the snow which overwhelmed them, and they resolved to remove into a milder climate. After the burning of her houses, my grandmother leased the vacant lots, and left the city. I remember her personally, and recollect when, after her death, the lots were all sold by my uncle, John Johnson, her administrator, about the year 1790, and the proceeds divided between her three children. I saw on record, in New-York, a joint conveyance, dated, I think, in 1796, for a part of this land.

These lots, no doubt, had been saved from the general loss, by the residence and possession of my ancestor, and by his family, in succession, down to my father, his brother and sister. In 1795, at the conclusion of the medical lectures in Philadelphia, I went to New-York to visit my father's relatives in that city—the Slidells, the Nitches, and his friends, Peter Bogart and Colonel Willet. Old Mr. John Slidell, with whom I stayed, showed me these lots, and told me many things relating to them and the family. The recollection of them is more strongly impressed on my mind from my having copied, while still at college, my father's correspondence relative to these lands.

The brother of my ancestor did not resume his English name, and left a family who are now numerous and highly respectable, living in the highlands of that State. Governor Clinton, when vice-president, spoke of this tradition to my brother, William Johnson, in Washington. He knew of it, and knew the family of Jansens, and said that he was related to them. Judge Talmadge, when in Charleston, was often with my father, speaking with him of this legend, and of his relations, the Jansens, and said that he was married to one of them. Mr. Van Ness told the Honorable Henry Middleton of the tradition, and asked him if he

knew our family. One of my nephews applied to the proper officer of that congregation, for a sight of the old records of Trinity Church, and saw it recorded that they had taken a grant for the lands in question, and probably did so to secure a title, believing that the older grant to Jansen was vitiated by his having changed his name. That officer told my nephew of the claim by Bogardus, under an older grant, but said that the true descendants of that Jansen (the grantee) lived in South-Carolina. They who tell this legend in a short way, are apt to represent our ancestor as ashamed of his good Dutch name; and, by assuming the English name to suit his new governor, lost the substance for the shadow. But he was an Englishman by birth, and Johnson was his real name. Knowing nothing about law he acted unadvisedly, and always insisted that to him, at least, the word "escheat" meant to "cheat."

CHAPTER XII.

Journey from Philadelphia towards Charleston—Mr. John Deas—Rev. Edward Ellington—Impoverished state of South-Carolina—Greatness and Power of Great Britain—Marauding in South-Carolina—The Bells of St. Michael's Church—Dr. Mathew Irvine—Colonel Henry Lee, and Subaltern, James Cooper—Kosciusko—Revolutionary Song.

WILLIAM JOHNSON having been joined in Philadelphia by the families of his brother, John Johnson, and his sister, Mrs. Susan Cox, concluded that they would commence their journey, as soon as possible, towards South-Carolina. They were joined by three other families, under an impression that they could aid each other in case of difficulty, but the party thus became too large for the residents near the road to accommodate or supply. Mr. Thomas Cochran, grandfather of Clarence Cochran—Mr. Thomas Legare, grandfather of the Legares' in Charleston—and Mr. Thomas Harris, were the others. Of these six families, the only survivors are Mrs. Ann Duffus, daughter of my uncle, John Johnson, and Mrs. Kinsey Burden, of John's Island, daughter of Thomas Legare, and myself; we were then children together. Mrs. Burden has also her "Traditions and Reminiscences," which her daughter, Mrs. Fludd, has collected in a very interesting manuscript. In this journey they took the upper road, through Little York, towards Lancaster, to be as far as possible from that of the armies, but were frequently obliged to separate for the convenience of obtaining food for themselves and horses.

When they reached Charlotte, in North-Carolina, they learned that the British still retained possession of Charleston; and our three families concluded to remain there until better news should be received

from home. Here a log-house was hired, and the horses put out to rest in good pastures. My father could not bear to be idle, while so near to his home. He took a horse, mounted his old St. Augustine servant, Stephen, on another, and went down the country to offer his services to General Greene, whose army was then encamped near Ashley ferry. He saw General C. C. Pinckney, who told him that the British were confined to the precincts of Charleston; that there would be no more fighting, and, therefore, no occasion for him to remain any more in the army. He further advised him to return, and bring his family with him, as he thought it probable that Charleston would be evacuated by the time he could effect this removal. But General Pinckney was mistaken. My father set out on his return, as advised, but with the intention of seeing some friends then encamped with Marion, at Watboo, or rather at the plantation of Dr. P. Faysoux, lately owned by the estate of Dr. P. G. Prioleau. Stopping for a moment at the door of an elderly lady, Mrs. Cordes, another person rode up, at a very rapid pace, calling aloud to her that General Marion was surprised and his army cut to pieces. The lady was much distressed, for almost all her male relatives, able to bear arms, were then, and had always been, with Marion's brigade. On the affrighted courier turning to ride off, my father asked the lady what course she advised him to pursue. She promptly answered, "follow that fellow, he knows how to take care of himself." My father did so; but not knowing how soon he might be intercepted or overtaken, he took out his pistols, and saw that they were in good order for service; resolving rather to sell his life, than again to linger the life of a prisoner as he had done. He rode forward on the track of his guide, but was not disturbed by falling in with any of the enemy. At night, he rode up to the house of a friend, Mr. William Doughty, who had heard of the rumored surprise, and all assembled there were in great trouble. After a while, a young

man rode up to the house, and said that he and others had been sent round the neighborhood by General Marion to apprise them that he had repulsed the enemy and retained his position, advising them not to be alarmed, but stay quietly at home. He then whispered something to Mr. Doughty, which was a request from the general for any ammunition he could spare, as the British had, in their retreat, fallen in with his ammunition wagon and carried it off, leaving him destitute, and obliging him, literally, to "go a begging" for the means of defence. A few charges of powder and lead were given to him; they were received with thanks, and with such scant supplies he hastened back to Marion's camp.*

In his way back to Charlotte, my father passed through that part of Darlington and Sumter Districts, which had been ravaged by Colonel Wemys, under the orders of Lord Cornwallis, and suffered severely in consequence. After riding until late at night, without refreshment, or a place to rest himself and his jaded horses, he stopped under a tree, tied the horses each to a bush, that they might eat the leaves, while he and his servant, Stephen, laid down on the ground, without dinner or supper, and slept soundly under the anodyne influence of fatigue. At the dawn of day he awoke, and heard indistinctly the crowing of a cock. They mounted their horses, and followed the welcome sound in that dreary waste. They soon found the log-cabin, from which issued the cock's friendly invitation, and obtained the much-needed food for man and

* The British were commanded by Major Thomas Fraser, on this occasion, and, in their retreat, as usual, drove off all the cattle they could lay their hands on. Thomas Darrington, of St. Thomas' Parish, told my father that they took his whole flock of cattle; and while he was fretting about the loss, a thought occurred to him that they might return, as his bull was among them, and this bull was famous for breaking through every fence, of which he could reach the top rail with his horns. Mr. Darrington stuttered, and went on to say, that as he raised his head, he saw his "bu-bu-bull strolling home, followed by all his herd of cattle."

beast. He was told that this rough habitation had been constructed after the general conflagration, and at a distance from the high-road, that it might be the safer from future discovery, and that it was the only house within many miles.

In his way downward with his family, my father tried to avoid these waste places, by following the road through Lancaster and Kershaw Districts, by the Hanging Rock and Flat Rock, through Camden. Even in this route, I well remember the ruined settlements and deserted habitations that we met with, as well as the imperfect shelter which they afforded us from the chilling blasts and frosts at the commencement of the winter. The first thing required on these occasions was water, and the boys of the party always were sent out in search of it. Our little troop would traverse round and round the settlement or its ruins, gradually enlarging the circle, until we discovered a foot-path, which would lead us almost always to the desired branch or spring.

In Camden, we met with the first of our former friends, Mr. Richard Yeadon, grandfather of the present Richard Yeadon, who was there at work at his watch-making business. Near Manchester we met with many friends, and stayed a week with the family of Mr. Thomas Jones, then residing on his indigo plantation in that neighborhood. Following that road, we stayed a night at the Eutaw House—little more than a year after the battle—and heard many exciting stories of it, of the dead, and even of their ghosts.

Proceeding downwards, we reached the rice plantation of Mr. John Deas, called Thorough-good, about twenty-two miles from Charleston, on the Monk's Corner road, and were there kindly entertained several days, while my father went down on Goose Creek Neck, about twelve miles, to inquire after his farm and negroes on Red Bank. It was the lowest settlement in that neighborhood, and was called the White House, about thirteen miles, by water, from Charleston. Mr. Deas was, at that time, with the younger part of his

family, spending their holidays in the country. The intimacy thus formed has continued to this day among the survivors.

The gentlemanly deportment and cordiality of Mr. Deas was singularly agreeable—with him was no formality, parade or constraint—his courtesy and urbanity was never surpassed, if equalled, in any one that I ever met with. Mrs. Deas was with her daughter and elder sons, in Charleston, taking care of the property there. A gentleman, who frequently travelled on the Goose Creek road, fell once into conversation with Mr. Deas, and, on hearing his name, observed that there must be a large family of that name, as he scarcely ever passed along that road without meeting with one of them. Mr. Deas said yes, he had nine sons, and each son had a sister. The gentleman, with astonishment, supposed that there were eighteen children; but my readers will perceive that his only daughter (Mrs. Brown) was a cherished sister to each of his sons.

While Mr. Deas was residing at Thorough-good, a rapping was heard at the door, and Mr. Deas called out, "come in." A British officer came in, and said that he had come to beg that they would accommodate a sick friend of his. They were both welcomed, and passed on the next day, leaving their names as Colonel Watson and Colonel Doyle, with many thanks for Mr. Deas' kindness. About a year after, when the British forces were obliged to retire from the country to the precincts of Charleston, two officers rode up to the house in the day-time, politely inquiring after the welfare of the family. They were not recognized, so much had Doyle improved by recovery from his sickness, and Watson so much jaded and pulled down by a series of hard duty and dangers. Nothing was said about the object of their call, and an hour or two passed off in social conversation. The gentlemen then told the family that their divisions were passing downwards, and, as a retreating army is always more or less michievous, they had turned in to prevent any of their

stragglers from plundering or molesting a family that had received them with so much kindness and hospitality a year before.

At Mr. Deas' table and cheerful fireside, I first met with the Rev. Edward Ellington, rector of that parish, St. James Goose Creek. He succeeded Mr. Frink, as missionary from "the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts," at his station in Augusta, Georgia, about the year 1765, and held divine service on the South-Carolina side of the river, on week days, in addition to his appointed duties. In 1770, he succeeded the Rev. John Evans as rector of St. Bartholomew's Parish, and removed, in 1772, to St. Helena's Parish, Beaufort District. Here he had an unfortunate difference with the vestry, and, six months after his induction, the doors of the church were closed against him. This circumstance does not appear to have been noticed by the Bishop of London, whose jurisdiction extended over South-Carolina, nor did it injure Mr. Ellington in the good opinion of other congregations. In January, 1775, he was elected the rector of St. James Goose Creek, which, at that time, was probably the best clerical appointment in South-Carolina; here he continued to officiate until 1793, when he removed to Savannah, and died there. Mr. Ellington was pious, talented, eloquent, and zealous in his parochial duties. His easy, polite and sociable deportment rendered him a welcome guest in every family circle—he was one of the most engaging in every social assemblage of that then genteel, hospitable and populous neighborhood. He was particularly suited to the manners and customs of the Carolinians, commanding their respect, esteem and confidence, as a man and as a minister. His pleasantries appeared to be the overflowings of a well stored mind, with universal benevolence and a conscience void of offence towards God and man. He would occasionally say that he believed he did more good, professionally, during his domestic visits than by his preaching. His preaching,

too, was of the very highest order ; he was one of the best pulpit orators that I ever heard. In the strife and warfare of the revolution, he could not but feel a lively interest, but he took no part in it ; he bowed with humility to “the powers that be,” and endeavored to promote peace on earth and good will towards men.

Major Garden’s Anecdotes, 1st series, page 411, may serve to illustrate his line of duty, and the tone of public feeling in his parish. Shortly after the fall of Charleston, and the extension of the British arms over the other part of the State, Mr. Ellington, in conformity with the English prayer-book, read in the litany, “That it may please thee to bless and preserve his most gracious Majesty, our Sovereign Lord, King George.” A dead silence ensued, and instead of the usual response from the congregation—“We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord”—a murmuring voice exclaimed, “Good Lord deliver us.”*

One of Mr. Ellington’s own anecdotes was to the following effect : While living in the parsonage, near Goose Creek bridge, the crossing was suspended by pulling down and re-building it. He saw that many travellers, not knowing the loss of the bridge, expressed much disappointment and inconvenience at having to go over a

* It was not always easy, during the vicissitudes of the revolution, for an officiating clergyman to adapt his discourse, or conform in his prayers, to the wishes of his hearers. The Rev. Charles Frederick Moreau was rector of St. Helena’s Church, but removed to Charleston in 1776. There he became assistant minister of St. Philip’s Church, and in that exciting period of revolutionary movements, was reading the prayers from an English edition of the prayer-book. Being a little confused at his first appearance before that congregation, when he came to the prayer for the royal family, he was going on with the words before him, but recollecting himself, he stammered out the words “king-Cong-king-Congress,” and then proceeded with the American version of that prayer.

Another anecdote was told of him, that may as well be here inserted. He once ascended the pulpit, and announced his text in the 16th chapter of John, 16th verse—“A little while ye shall see me ; again a little while and ye shall not see me,” when, at that unlucky moment, his foot slipped from the bench on which he was elevated, and he suddenly disappeared from the sight of his audience.

bad road, round the head of Goose Creek swamp; he procured a flat, and employed his own people in ferrying them across. For this he charged what was generally admitted to be a reasonable compensation. One wagoner, however, made great complaints, after having crossed the creek; asked by what authority he charged for it. The parson admitted that there was no act of the Legislature for it, neither was he under any obligation to keep a boat and hands to accommodate him and other travellers; he might have gone round, if he preferred it. The wagoner still murmured that the crossing took very little time, and was not worth the money, but paid it and went to town. A few days after this the wagoner returned, and called for the boat to come and take him over. Mr. Ellington instructed his people, and accordingly they took in the wagon and team, but, instead of crossing directly over, they took them up and down the creek, until the wagoner became tired of it, and prayed that they would put him on shore. The parson now asked him, coolly, if he had got enough for his money, and being answered, "Oh, yes! yes!" Mr. Ellington assured him mildly that the whole business was to give satisfaction, and the crossing over was voluntary, if they crossed at all.

Under the head of Captain Campbell, I stated that Mr. Ellington had been compelled to marry that couple.

My father reached his settlement, on Cooper river, called the White House, without difficulty. Here he was happy to find that his negroes had faithfully kept together under their driver, had made a good crop of provisions, and had secured it from depredations by concealment in the woods. But, as to the stock of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry, it was all carried off, except a colt which the plunderers considered not worth taking. The wagon was immediately sent down to the plantation, with orders to unload it and arrange its contents in the house as they had been in the house at Charleston. My mother soon followed, and we were once more at home. It was a humble

dwelling, but afforded peace, rest and competence to the exiled wanderers. It was a joyful home to us—far beyond our expectations in many of the dark and gloomy periods of our absence. It was a re-union with our family, and our affectionate faithful servants, after an absence of eighteen months, and of my father's absence two and a half years. Still the British held the city, but my father from the south-western part of his land could see them burning their stores and blowing up their forts, preparatory to their removal. He could see the city from this part of the plantation, called "Vanderdysen's," the landing to which was the lowest on Goose Creek. It was literally a prospect of returning peace and prosperity.

In a few days the joyful tidings were received, that the British had left the city on the 14th December, 1782, and sailed shortly after. My father now borrowed a boat, and with some of his own boatmen proceeded to Charleston. As he stepped on shore he found an English shilling in the sand, and hoped that it might be an omen of future good. Accordingly, he proceeded to his own house, on East Bay, opposite to Guignard-street, No. 140, and found it in the care of his own servants, and in a habitable condition, but the fences had all been torn down and burnt. He found his shop also at his command, with his tools and two of his best men ready to go to work with him. They had all been maintaining themselves comfortably during the absence of my mother, but had no wages laid up for her acceptance. As she was well pleased to see them again, and be at home, no questions were asked about their arrears. My father returned to the plantation with a few necessaries, new shoes, &c., for the family; but with the prize shilling he purchased a few raisins, the first luxury that he had been able to afford for many months. The next day was Christmas, and with the raisins my mother treated us to a plum-pudding for our Christmas dinner. Never have we enjoyed a happier Christmas, either before or since, during a long series of years, and never was a family

more thankful to the Almighty for his blessing and protection.

Our readers have all enjoyed their happy returns of Christmas, but few can appreciate our feelings on this occasion. They were not merely heightened by contrast with our late long and fatiguing journey, by sufferings and privations; they were excited by our recent return from exile, after expulsion from home by a ruthless enemy, while victorious, but now vanquished and driven out of the country. It was at the moment of our first assurance of this joyful change from war to peace—of peace in the arms of victory—of our having once more a home, in the enjoyment of health, peace and competence, at that season of joy and congratulation in every part of our beloved country. It was a joyful re-union with bosom friends and affectionate faithful domestics in our own home, at our own fireside.

The family was soon after removed to the city, and this was the more agreeable as it had just then become necessary. The money was all exhausted; my father had barely enough left in his pocket, to pay for a few coals and a small supply of iron, to resume his business. In consequence of this want, my mother was debarred of her tea for a week or two; but we considered ourselves greatly favored in being able to reach home before the money gave out. Many of our countrymen had suffered great privations, and were unable to move homeward for want of means. During the five years which preceded the fall of Charleston, my father had carried on an extensive and profitable business; he not only purchased houses and lands, but stocks and indents of South-Carolina and of the Union. When my mother was ordered away from her home, she had but little money to defray expenses, but concluded to take with her several negroes, who might be hired out, or sold, according to her wants. She also took with her the indents or certificates of stock, which were of little or no value in Charleston, but might be saleable, and command money in Philadelphia. It was provident—it turned out well. Two of

the negroes afforded regular wages in Philadelphia, and the stock brought fair prices, in consequence of the improved prospects of America, the establishment of a bank, and the alliances with France, Spain and Holland. With these supplies of money my father bought a wagon and team, likewise a stage wagon and two horses for those of his family who could not otherwise keep up with the wagon. This he himself drove, and it conveyed his aged mother, my mother, my sister and myself. Our wants were comparatively light, and yet I remember perfectly to have seen my mother wade into a stream of running water, to assist in washing out the family clothes. Although we passed over the upper road, and over the natural bridge in Virginia, believing it to afford a better supply of provisions than the lower routes, which had been drained for the supplies of the army, yet we frequently experienced difficulties and privations, as to the most ordinary food for ourselves and horses.

IMPOVERISHED STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

The whole country was impoverished, and to an extent scarcely credible in the present scenes of peace and comparative plenty. I remember that while we were resting at the house of a respectable farmer, his little son became sociable with us, children of his own age. In the course of his prattle, he said, "Ah! boy, I've got a new shirt, and it's made out of daddy's old one, and daddy's got a new shirt, made out of mammy's old shift, and mammy's got a new shift, made out of the old sheet." In accordance with this instance of "making a shift," I remember perfectly that the *first* pocket handkerchief ever given to me, was made from the skirt of an old calico frock, worn by my sister, the late Mrs. McCrady. I say the first handkerchief, and but one; I had no change of handkerchiefs. It is probable that this supply of one was afforded by my

mother cutting up her old gown to make my sister two new frocks.

“These little things are great to little men.”

The following may afford some idea, however imperfect, of the destitute situation of the Southern army.

Letter from General Greene to Colonel Marberry.

CAMP CHARLOTTE, December 16, 1780.

SIR:—The osnaburgs and sheeting now at this post will be sent you immediately, to be made up into shirts and *overalls* for the soldiers.* You will engage the women of the country to make them, and, if you cannot do better, they must be paid in salt. You know the distresses of the soldiery, and I flatter myself you will make every exertion to have them made up immediately. The hospital is ordered from this to Salisbury, the preparations for which will call for your attention.

I am, sir, &c.,

—
General Greene to Robert Rowand.

CAMP CHERAWS, December 26, 1780.

SIR:—I am told that you are appointed clothier-general for the State of North-Carolina. The state of the army is such with respect to clothing and shoes, that I wish to see and consult with you upon some plan for procuring a supply, particularly of the latter articles. For this purpose, I beg that you will come to camp, as soon as you can with any degree of convenience.

The beeves that are killed for the use of the army, afford a great number of hides, which I wish to have exchanged either for tanned leather or good shoes. Please to make inquiry concerning the conditions on which exchanges could be made.

I am, &c.

Extracts from Johnson's *Life of Greene*, vol. ii., page 316.

“Our troops were never without provisions so much during all last campaign, as they have been since Mr. Hort has undertaken the business, and the provisions not more than twenty or thirty miles off. The army went on suffering and complaining, at intervals fed, and at times almost in a state of mutiny, and kept to duty only by alternate soothing and severity. Rum and tobacco, two articles of indispensable necessity to American soldiery, could seldom be commanded; and a very large proportion of the army were in a state of disgusting nakedness.

* Even these thin coverings were deemed highly necessary for the soldiers in mid-winter.

A tattered remnant of some garment, clumsily stuck together with the thorns of the locust tree, formed the sole covering of hundreds. Great part of my troops are in a deplorable situation for want of clothing. Not a rag of clothing has come from the North, except a small quantity of linen for the officers. We have three hundred men without arms, and more than one thousand men are so naked, for want of clothing, that they can only be put on duty in case of desperate necessity."

In this state of destitution, General Greene opened a communication with the merchants in Charleston, through the agency of Colonels Lee and Laurens, and supplies were received in exchange for provisions, at different parts of the State. The most of these were obtained at the different landings on Ashley river, as high as Bacon's bridge; but the salt, rum, blankets and hospital stores were sent to Georgetown, and forwarded through the agency of our late Judge Waties, by bills drawn on Robert Morris, the financier. These arrangements were made in March, 1782.

In August following, when General Greene's army approached nearer to Charleston, and its inhabitants saw that the British could not long retain it, a memorial, from the merchants in that city, was sent to the then Governor John Mathews, premising that they had the permission of General Leslie to do so. In consequence of which Governor Mathews granted them protection, in person and property, for six months from the evacuation, with a right to sell or barter their goods and collect their debts freely during that time; but not to sue for such debts, except by the consent of the Legislature; that they should be exempt, during that time, from military and other public duties, but that their property could not be protected from capture at sea, during the war, either outward or inward bound; neither could they obtain any redress for purchasing or hiring the property sequestered by Cornwallis, or his agent, Colonel Cruden. I have the correspondence before me.

Mrs. Broun informs me that these wants of clothing were common among the Carolinians opposed to the British. The goods could not be obtained, if wanted,

and the purchase money was still more scarce. Among other instances, she remembers to have seen Mr. Arthur Middleton—a member of Congress—one of the richest and most fashionable of the Carolinians, wearing common negro cloth.

General Greene's lady was well known to be not only an elegant, accomplished woman, but remarkably quick and acute in her observations. When she visited the camp, about the last of March, 1782, the sentinel at the general's tent saluted her, as in duty bound, with presented arms. This soldier had an unfortunate rent in his pantaloons, and, in order to conceal it from the lady, he adopted the expedient of flirting his cartouch box directly in front of him, at the same time that he presented arms. But either the rent in the pantaloons, or the soldier's address in endeavoring to conceal it, or both circumstances, had been observed by Mrs. Greene. No notice was taken of the occurrence at the time, but on the morning after, a decent pair of pantaloons was presented to the sentinel.

There was always in republican America some degree of exclusiveness or aristocracy, particularly among the families of the delegates at the meetings of Congress. A fastidious lady of Philadelphia, as I was told, was making observations on the dress and address of other ladies in a ball-room, when Mrs. Greene appeared before the group who were thus amusing themselves. A gentleman asked the Philadelphia lady if she did not admire Mrs. Greene. "Oh, yes," said she, "but I think I hear the clink of the iron on the anvil, at every step she takes." It will be recollected that General Greene was a blacksmith.

Another anecdote of the kind was told, relative to two of the finest women in South-Carolina. Mrs. Judge Bee and Mrs. Ralph Izard, Senr., accompanied their husbands, when members of Congress in Philadelphia. Some observations were made on different groups at an assembly, and among others the polished

manners of these two Carolinians were highly commended. "Oh, yes," said a lady (Mrs. Bache), "but they are all a proud set, from B. to Z."

GREATNESS AND POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is said in political economy that perseverance, even in errors, is always the most politic course. I do not admit this maxim in its unlimited extent. In regulating commerce and internal trade, in affording protection to manufactures, more especially of all the materials for warfare, I admit its general correctness, but deny it as to the external relations of a country. An act of injustice to any other nation, or portion of the government, is never forgotten or forgiven. The weaker party may be vanquished and made to submit, but the injury is ever rankling in their breasts; they are ever discontented, and seeking for redress, or taking advantage of circumstances to extort it by resistance.

The first error committed by the British ministry, was the imposition of taxes on the American colonies, in opposition to their charters—to their rights as British subjects, and to Magna Charta. Persisting in this act of injustice, alienated the affections of their most loyal subjects, drove them to resistance—to a declaration of their independence, and to alliance with the most powerful and implacable enemies of the British crown. Violating the terms of submission, solemnly ratified between the Catholic Irish, in the treaty of Limerick, after the flight of James II., the delegates of King William and the British Parliament alienated that people to this day. Refusing them the same privileges in their religious opinions, at the time of the union, which had been granted to the Scotch in their union with England, and to the French when conquered in Canada, can never be forgiven. The sooner this is conceded by an act of Parliament, extending to all religious societies protection in their several tenets, modes of worship, and the exclusive support of their

own churches, the sooner will internal harmony be established in the United Kingdoms, and their standing army reduced.

Great Britain never had been, previously, as great and glorious as she was during the American revolution. With unlimited supplies of money, with immense armies and navies at her command, she united them all against her infant colonies, to enforce her unconstitutional exactions. The Americans resisted with more bravery and effect than her most sanguine friends had anticipated. They besieged the British in Boston, and drove them out of it. A victory was gained over one of her fleets and armies, in its attack on Charleston, South-Carolina, and a whole army was captured at Saratoga, in New-York. They declared themselves independent, and bravely maintained that independence. France, in 1778, first became their ally, in consequence of this determined spirit, and Britain gallantly declared war against her as soon as it was known. In 1779, Spain also became one of the allies, and Britain immediately attacked her as she had France. In 1780, Holland joined in support of American independence, and British fleets were let loose on her wide-spread commerce and rich colonies. Next, the northern powers, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and the Hans Towns, united in an armed neutrality, and sent out their fleets to protect their merchantmen, in the rights of neutral commerce. Against this also Britain boldly struck. Their convoyed fleets were attacked at sea, some captured, all dispersed, and the coalition broken up by Great Britain. In addition to these, they next heard of hostilities against their East India possessions, commenced and carried on with great vigor and execution, by Hyder Ali, one of the native chiefs of India. Strong reinforcements were sent thither also, which, under the administration of Warren Hastings, and the command of Sir Eyre Coot and Lord Clive, beat their Indian enemies, and brought Hyder Ali to terms of peace.

But there was no peace at home; apprehending in-

vasion, by the Americans and their allies, arms had been distributed among the inhabitants of Ireland, that they might defend their own shores from foreign foes. The Irish were ready enough to take arms against these and all other enemies. When the alarm had subsided, the arms were called for, but the Irish refused to surrender them. Fifty or sixty thousand Irish volunteers, well armed and disciplined, extorted from the British government the rights of commerce and manufactures, from which they had been until then excluded.

While this adjustment was pending, a fearful riot broke out in London, under Lord George Gordon,* in which numerous public buildings were burned, Newgate destroyed, the prisoners turned loose on the community, and the Bank of England endangered. This, also, was suppressed, but with great difficulty, and after much devastation and alarm. The commotion was excited by an apprehension, that the ministry were about to concede too much to the Catholics of Ireland, and thus endanger the church establishment in England. The great out-cry of the mob was against popery and the papists, but many joined in that out-cry who would as readily have joined in any other. Many only wanted the excitement inseparable from such commotions; others enjoyed it for the chances of plunder, which were numerous and tempting.† The late Mr. David Alexander was then an apprentice or clerk to a merchant of London. Passing over the fields back of London, he was accosted by a man apparently half drunk with liquor, and half mad with the exciting scenes of the mob. He stopped Mr. Alex-

* He was son of the Duke of Gordon, in Scotland, and at the time a member of the House of Commons. He was apprehended and tried for high treason, but they could not prove any such intention. He was, however, committed to the Tower of London, and in his long confinement was thought to be insane. He assumed the costume of a Jew, and was said to have adopted their creed.

† Many housekeepers in London, fearful of the rioters, stuck papers on their doors, with the words "No Popery."

ander, demanding to know if "he was a pope." "Oh no!" said Mr. Alexander, civilly, "I am not a pope;" then bowed to the ignorant, infatuated man, and passed on.

Hitherto, the ministry had been ably supported by the aristocracy and wealthy portions of the British nation. Many of these were certainly influenced by incorrect opinions of parliamentary supremacy, while others selfishly wished to have a portion of their heavy taxes paid by the Americans. But now their commercial relations were closed with all the allies, while their hostile fleets intercepted the British convoys, in their voyages to and from their colonies and neutral nations. All the exigencies of State had hitherto been met with the utmost energy and spirit by the government and people. Now the manufacturers became embarrassed under the obstructions of commerce, and the whole nation suffered. The opposition in Parliament became more clamorous, and were encouraged and applauded by the publications issued daily from the British press.* Another British army was next captured; then the Southern provinces, on the conquest of which the ministry prided themselves, were re-conquered from them, and this without the aid of France, Spain or Holland. The city of London, the commercial emporium, then formally united in "an address, remonstrance and petition," adopted at a public meeting of the citizens, and this was as formally presented by the Lord Mayor in person, to the primate of the kingdom, forcibly exposing their embarrassments, losses and sufferings. The ministry could no longer pursue their plans or retain their places, when the public mind, as expressed by their high commercial delegates, was now distinctly opposed to a continuance of the war.

* During a tedious and boisterous meeting of Parliament, Lord North was seen resting his head on his desk. One of the opposition was speaking at the time, and paused in his philippic to remark, that "not regarding the extreme distress of the nation, the prime minister was sleeping at his post." Without rising, Lord North said loud enough to be heard,—“I am not asleep, but wish to God I was!”

The protracted siege of Gibraltar, by the Spanish army, and the combined navies, prevented the immediate commencement of negotiations for peace. The brave defence and preservation of this important station, and the decided brilliant naval victory gained by Rodney over Count DeGras, in the West Indies, gave the British ministry an opening for honorable terms, in a treaty of peace. The allied powers were also satisfied that Great Britain was no ordinary enemy, and although unaided by other nations, and even divided from a large portion of her own domains, was still a match for them, concluded, that the sooner they made peace, the better for all parties.

Negotiations for a general peace were opened at Paris, in November, 1782, and conducted with great liberality by all parties. Benjamin Franklin, John Jay and Henry Laurens, being delegates from the United States stipulated as a preliminary, that their independence must be acknowledged by Great Britain, and it was distinctly acknowledged. By this treaty of peace Great Britain lost much in the west, besides the original object of the war—the taxing of her colonies; but gained in her East India possessions, influence and power.

She has continued, ever since, to extend her Asiatic domains with giant strides. Her power now pervades all India; and her influence is impressed on the Chinese empire to the eastern extremity of that great nation; also to the southern extremity of the Asiatic islands. Great Britain is now not only the greatest nation on earth, but the greatest that ever existed, either in ancient or modern times.

One of the London papers published the following epigram:

Gage nothing did and went to pot,
 Howe lost one town, another got,
 Guy* nothing lost and nothing won,
 Dunmore was homeward forced to run.
 Clinton was beat, and got a garter,
 And bouncing Burgoyne caught a Tartar;

*Carleton.

Thus all we've got for millions spent,
Is to be laughed at and repent.

Read, also, a Dutchman's comments on these great doings:

'Twas all a voolish ding
For the parliament and king,
To quarrel 'bout a dish of tea
And lose a gountry—
'Twas all a voolish ding!

If France and Spain had not joined America,
Both by the land and sea,
Mine Got! George King would make dem know,
For vat dey spill'd his tea!—
'Twas all a voolish ding.

MARAUDING IN SOUTH-CAROLINA.

Among the many instances of marauding in South-Carolina, about the close of the revolution, I remember to have heard of the following. Mr. George Flagg was well mounted and on a visit to Mr. Robert Quash's plantation, in St. Thomas' Parish, bordering on Christ Church Parish, when two strangers were announced, riding up to the house. One of them had a gun, both had swords and pistols; they said that they were subaltern officers, sent in search of deserters. The children took alarm at the appearance of armed men, and hid under a bed, as I was told, by Mr. Samuel Barnet, the son of a neighbor, then on a visit to the children of Mr. Quash. The family plate was concealed. Mr. Quash was absent at the time. The two men insisted on searching the house, and when Mr. Flagg presented himself as a prisoner on parole, they asked for his horse; and finding that it was a very good one, they decided that he had broken his parole, and must be taken back to Charleston. They took his good horse to themselves, and mounting him on one of their infe-

rior ponies, they followed the road to Charleston. From the deportment and conversation of these men, Mr. Flagg apprehended that he had fallen into bad hands, and that they would kill him in the woods, for the plunder which they expected to find; he therefore watched for an opportunity of making his escape. When they stopped to water their horses, he was close behind them; he then seized the gun, jerked it from the owner, and spurred his pony to get beyond the range of their pistol balls. Finding that he was pursued, he concluded that they did not fear his gun; that they knew best whether it was unloaded, or otherwise not dangerous, and therefore, being worth nothing to him, he threw it as far as possible from him, into the swampy underwood, at the side of the road, hoping that they would quit him to recover the gun. He succeeded in his plan,—they both turned in to search for their gun, and he turned out of the road as soon as possible. Mr. Flagg escaped in safety to Charleston, but never saw anything more of the good horse or bad men.

In the latter part of the year 1782, when the British army was confined to the precincts of Charleston, such marauding parties infested the plantations, in the space between the hostile armies, plundering the adherents of both alike, and changing their coats according to the party plundered. One of these, consisting also of two men, went to the residence of Mr. John Parker, about fourteen miles from Charleston. He was at home, and shut up his house, refusing to admit them; to their threats of breaking in, he returned threats of instant death to any one who might attempt it. After other words of this kind, they proceeded to break open Mr. Parker's storehouse, on which he fired at them and killed one. The other made off as fast as possible, taking with him the horse and equipments of his comrade, who did not stand in any further need of them. Mr. Parker sent a note to the commandant of Charleston, informing him of what he had done, and received an answer, saying, that he was glad of it, as he could not restrain them when out of the city; he also sent

and buried the body. Mr. William M. Parker, his son, told me, that while this man was dying, he took the gold buttons out of his sleeves, closed his hand tightly on them, and died with them clutched firmly in that way. He exemplified Pope's "ruling passion strong in death"—he lost his life in attempting to take the property of another person, and died literally "close fisted" with his own. Gold sleeve buttons, his own! they, too, had been probably stolen from some neighboring planter.

Another party, consisting of some five or six persons, went to the residence of Captain Richard B. Baker—the old Archdale house on Ashley river, about thirteen miles from Charleston. Miss Amarintha Elliott, a relative of the family, was staying there with the Miss Bakers, and had taken up with her, for safe keeping, all her family plate. Mr. Thomas Ogier, a neighbor, was there also on a visit to the young ladies. When the strangers were reported, all the valuable things were removed to what they called "the well"—a hiding-place under one of the closets, concealed by a trap-door. Captain Baker being a prisoner on parole, was not permitted to wear his sword, and this was also stowed away by his sisters, among things most prized. The men, pretending that they were a sergeant's guard, sent out on patrol duty, insisted on searching the house. They pretended not to be satisfied with the representation of Captain Baker and Mr. Ogier, that they were prisoners on parole, and insisted on taking them down to head-quarters for examination. They inquired for Captain Baker's sword, and insisted on seeing it. He accordingly went for it, not knowing that it had been put up, and his sister conducted him to the hiding-place, that he might take it out. One of the men had followed him unobserved, and just as Captain Baker lifted the trap-door, this fellow looked in and saw the treasure. This was precisely what they wanted: they cared no longer for their two prisoners, and did not wish to be encumbered with such articles as prisoners. They loaded themselves with the plunder, and hurried

off with Miss Elliott's plate, as well as that of the Bakers'. They were too conscientious to make any distinction in such matters, between the Bakers and the Elliotts.

Another party of marauders went by water, to the old brick mansion of the Smiths, on Cooper river; near the mouth of Goose Creek, now owned by their descendants, the family of Mr. Charles T. Brown. I think it was Mr. George Smith who then owned and occupied this house. The house was shut up on the approach of these marauders, and they were ordered off by Mr. Smith; but as they would not go, and showed a disposition for mischief, they were fired on by Mr. Smith, and one of them killed. The others carried off the body, and went away to take care of their boat.

I was told by Mr. John DuPont, of another party, of four persons, who went in a boat to plunder a plantation, in Beaufort District. There happened to be two gentlemen of the neighborhood visiting there at the time, both having their guns, but there was no good house for defence. One of them determined to resist the marauders as long as possible; the other refused to unite with him, for more reasons than one, but offered the use of his gun. This having been accepted, was leaned by the first gentleman against a peach tree, behind which he took his station, the only shelter that he could obtain. One of the marauders was left to take charge of the boat, while the other three advanced, each with a gun, along the path leading up from the landing to the house. The gentleman observed that the windings of the path frequently brought the three men within the range of his buck-shot, and coolly watched his opportunity. At last he fired, and two of the enemy fell; the other took to his heels and ran back, but appeared to be wounded. The gentleman dropped his empty gun, took up from the tree the other loaded gun, and pursued the retreating foe. Finding that he was hurt and easily overtaken, the gentleman offered him "quarters," disarmed him, and continued running down to the landing with a gun in each hand. In the meantime, his friend, who had been bashful, run up to the two

who had fallen, secured their arms, and took charge of the wounded prisoner. When the first whig arrived at the landing, the man who had charge of the boat was paddling her off from the shore, but being threatened with instant death by a man armed with two guns, one of which was presented at him, he obeyed orders, gave up his boat, and surrendered himself a prisoner.

Thus, by the bravery of one man, the property on the plantation was saved from plunder, four men were vanquished, two of them made prisoners, and the boat, with her equipments and arms, secured to the captors.

From the time of the State's being overrun with the British forces, all legal proceedings were suspended, and martial law was enforced at the point of the bayonet. The civil government of the State was in some measure re-established by the Jacksonboro' Legislature, but the courts of justice had been so long closed (*inter arma silent leges*) that crime stalked abroad in open day, and mocked at the attempts to restrain it. Highway robbery was a common occurrence, and horse stealing so frequent that the legislature made it a crime, punishable with death, in order to protect the poor farmer, who, at the very season for ploughing his crops, might be reduced to the want of food by his only horse having been stolen from him. The rich planters, who had match horses, race horses and hunters, passed the law from a fellow-feeling for the interests of the poor. Even in the streets of Charleston, patrolled by the guard, it was unsafe to walk after dark, and many robberies and assassinations were committed.

“Who could guard the guard?”*

This insecurity continued many years after the peace, the result, in a great measure, of the armies being dis-

* A gentleman told me that he had got into a frolic about that time, and his party were in the act of tearing off the bannisters from a flight of steps, to supply themselves with sticks, when they were seized by the guard. Looking over his shoulder, he recognized his serjeant, who had served under him in the late war; he addressed him by name, slipped a dollar into his hand, and walked off without the smallest obstacle.

banded both in Europe and America, by which a lawless soldiery, accustomed to blood and plunder, were turned loose on the community. I remember that Commodore Gillon called one evening on my father, to aid him, saying that he had been followed by two men of suspicious appearance, from corner to corner, as if watching for an opportunity of attacking him.

My father took a heavy stick, "convoyed the Commodore into port," and returned without annoyance. Tarlton Brown gives us an instance in which he pursued a party that had stolen Judge Heyward's carriage horses, captured the thieves and recovered the horses. Some instances occurred, in which summary justice was executed, without the formality of a trial by jury or court. Some lamentable cases were reported, of this having been done by some of the foremost men in the State, incited by the difficulty of guarding the prisoners through a wilderness to a jail—the insecurity of that jail, and the frequency of escape both before and after conviction. Among them, I heard, were the Macphersons of Barnwell, and Colonel Cleveland of Greenville. This latter gentleman, at the termination of hostilities, retired with his family to this frontier settlement in Greenville, and being accompanied by a number of his hardy camp associates, established among them a patriarchal government, until the courts of justice could be extended over that part of the State. Colonel Cleveland was, of course, at the head of the government, and executed the duties of his office with much judgment and discretion. On one occasion, when he was absent from home, some of his neighbors brought a horse-thief to his residence for adjudication. They waited awhile, for his return, but as the day advanced, they began to apprehend that their prisoner might escape, or they have much more trouble with him. Mrs. Cleveland was at home, occupied in her domestic vocations, and at the time smoking her pipe. The men asked her for instructions, what they should do with their prisoner? She inquired, in turn, the particulars of his offence, and of the evidence

against him, and, on being assured that it was a clear, unquestionable case of horse-stealing, she again asked what the Colonel would order to be done? They as promptly answered, "that he should be hanged." "Well, then," said the old lady, "you must hang him;" and he was accordingly hung at her gate.

THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

Before the evacuation of Charleston, by the British, Major Traille, of the royal artillery, took down the bells of St. Michael's church, claiming them as a military perquisite, belonging to the commanding officer of the artillery. The vestry applied to Lieutenant General Leslie, to have them restored, as they had been bought by subscription, and as private property they were secured by the articles of capitulation. Either no answer was returned, or it was not satisfactory; for a similar application was made to Sir Guy Carleton, at New York, on the 28th April, 1783. This gentleman had anticipated the wishes of the vestry. As soon as he heard of the circumstances, three months before their application, he issued an order on January 28th, 1783, for the immediate surrender of the bells, together with every other public or private property of the inhabitants, that may have been brought away. The bells, however, had been shipped from Charleston to England, and before the order could be served, had been sold publicly, and purchased by Mr. Rybenew, a merchant, formerly of Charleston. The vestry also applied for them to the minister of war in Great Britain, but Mr. Rybenew had already shipped them to Charleston, for sale, as a commercial adventure. When landed on the wharf, the overjoyed citizens took possession, and hurried them up to the church, and then into the steeple, without thinking that they might be violating a pri-

vate right. Mr. Rybenew became bankrupt shortly after this, his estate fell into other hands, and the bells have never been paid for, from that day to this.

Doctor Matthew Irvine was born in Ireland, the younger brother of General William Irvine, of the Pennsylvania line. He came out to Philadelphia, when a boy, in a vessel commanded by the father of our late fellow-citizen, James George, the ship carpenter. James was on board, one of the crew, son of the captain, older and better grown than Mat, and, like other game chickens, disposed to crow over his supposed inferior in strength and years. Mat resisted these pretensions with becoming spirit, and a battle ensued. We never heard that either was victorious, but were told, that after this, James was much more civil in his deportment, and Mat had no occasion for a second contest. They parted in Philadelphia, and did not meet again until long after the revolution, when they shook hands as old acquaintances, and continued good friends.

Dr. Irvine studied medicine in Philadelphia, under his brother, and attended the medical lectures, delivered by Rush, Shippen and others, and profited by the various opportunities for acquiring professional knowledge. Living with his brother, he acquired all his enthusiasm in the political relations of this country with England. At the commencement of hostilities, Dr. William Irvine took a commission, becoming General Irvine, and Matthew left his studies to join General Washington in the siege of Boston. Here he joined the expedition under Arnold, through the wilderness to Quebec, and in this he first became acquainted with Aaron Burr. By exposure, incidental to this winter campaign, in which the troops were destitute of every necessary, Dr. M. Irvine was taken sick, at a farm house, and confined with acute rheumatism all the rest of the winter, and could not rejoin the army. He never perfectly recovered from this illness—he was always rheumatic.

On his return to Philadelphia, he met with Colonel

Lee, and being pleased with each other, they continued together until the close of the revolution. Irvine became the surgeon of Lee's legion, in the southern campaign, and in their march southward, often experienced "short commons" and other privations. The legion once halted at a spacious establishment in Virginia, where nobody appeared to welcome them: the owner was disaffected—a royalist. Hungry soldiers are never ceremonious; Irvine went into the house, entered a parlor with a warm fire, and every thing indicating ease and luxury. A middle-aged gentleman sat alone near the chimney, but did not speak. Irvine bowed to him, but received only a slight nod in return. Irvine took a chair at the other side of the fire-place, and tried to be sociable, but without effect. To all his questions he received the same answer invariably,—“ask my steward.” Irvine sat in imitation of the other, with his feet against the chimney-jam, and a brother officer soon entered and spoke to him. “Ah, doctor, I see you are in good quarters there.” “Yes,” said the doctor, “come and take a seat.” The silent gentleman looked astonished, not only at the doctor's intrusion, but at his impudence in inviting company also. After a little while, the silent gentleman took another look, and said, “I suppose, sir, that you are a doctor;” but Irvine bowed coldly, and made no answer. The Virginian then began a long detail of his ailments, indigestion, flying pains, sleepless nights, &c., incidental to a life of indolence and luxury, asking the doctor what he should do for them. Dr. Irvine looked at him, and pointed over his shoulder, said, “ask my assistant,” and to several other questions gave no other answer,—“ask my assistant.” At last, the Virginian burst into a laugh at the doctor's retaliation, and with the cordiality of a gentleman, entered into sociable conversation. The doctor advised his host to join Lee's legion, in their southern campaign, as the surest means of curing his indigestion.

In the field of battle, Irvine would become so excited that he could not remain quiet in his hospital. At Eutaw, he volunteered as aid to General Greene, and

at Quimby, he pushed forward where he should not have been, and while at the side of the adjutant, Major Lovell, received a ball in his arm, above the elbow.

When Charleston was re-taken from the British, Dr. Irvine settled in Georgetown, married, and enjoyed the highest consideration as a gentleman, a physician and a surgeon. After ten years he removed to Charleston, where his reputation and talents became more generally known and appreciated. Attending once in the family of a young couple, their first born was a seven months' child, but a fine, healthy, able-bodied fellow. This unusual concurrence of circumstances being brought to the doctor's notice, he said that it would so happen sometimes with the first child, but never afterwards. The young couple had other children, but none of the premature children were ever full grown.

Much dissatisfaction against Colonel Lee, was felt and expressed by most of the South-Carolina officers, many years after the revolution. This arose from circumstances, not intended to give displeasure, but from errors of education, and habitual indifference to please those considered by Colonel Lee his inferiors. Lee was accustomed to live among and to act like the higher orders of Virginia gentlemen. In his day, it was the usage of such gentlemen, to maintain a dignified manner towards their overseers and others so employed, receiving them standing, generally in their piazzas, and always "cap in hand." Lee meant no offence by holding the same deportment to the militia in South-Carolina, and even to their officers, but it gave offence to those who were the proprietors of the country, sustaining the warfare by their individual prowess and property,—not only supporting themselves and their own horses, without pay or rations from any one, but now obliged also to maintain the well fed, well dressed—well mounted mercenaries, who looked down upon them as inferiors. There was, no doubt, a degree of jealousy in these feelings, but they are incidental to human nature.

I was told of one instance, when the detachment had halted for refreshments, and Colonel Lee was reposing under a tree, seeing one of the party, in homespun, passing near, he hailed him—"here, come here, my man, and bring me a bucket of cool water." This was an officer with an epaulet on his shoulder, who cursed Lee to his face, and told him to wait on himself as others did. Lee got over it by saying, O! it was a mistake, and did not know him: but this was in fact admitting that he would have done the same to any other militia man.* Indeed, he took no pains to please, and early prejudices having been excited, were aggravated by subsequent events. It was a common remark among the Carolinians, that Lee would rather a dozen militia men should be killed, than one of his government horses. In the attack on Shubrick's house, in the first and second part of the battle at Quimby, the Carolina troops appeared to be confirmed in this opinion. It was said also, that Lee had got up a name, by his dashing successes in aiding to capture the forts Motte, Watson, Granby and Cornwallis, (at Augusta,) and now determined to repose on his laurels. Even the surrender of these forts, which were among the most important events of the campaign, occasioned more ill-will than any other previous occurrences. Some of the best men in the State expressed their displeasure at his agency on these occasions, and among them was Colonel Thomas Taylor, of Columbia. He said that through Lee's influence, the British obtained terms at Granby, which should not have been granted, as they were on the eve of surrendering. That the covered wagons, which they were permitted to drive off unsearched, were believed to contain negroes and the other property pillaged from him and his neighbors. Even the wagons and horses were identified by some of his friends, as their property, but they were not suffered to reclaim the plunder. This was a

* Colonel Jarvis H. Stevens, one of the party, was my informant.

great hardship, and even the most patriotic will complain under such circumstances.

But, on the other hand, Lee stands justified by the peculiar circumstances of the country. The enemy would have held out against the militia alone, and not have surrendered until reduced to the last extremity. Lord Rawdon was hastening to raise the siege at Fort Granby, and had already advanced to the opposite bank of the Congaree, for that purpose; this was known to the besiegers, but not to the garrison. He came one day too late; if the British garrison could have known it, they certainly would not have capitulated. Besides, as to the unsearched wagons, it is the usage in modern warfare to sanction such stipulations, rather than incur the necessity for publicly executing all deserters among the prisoners, captured on such occasions. It is the only plan by which this usage in war can be obviated: a usage, which, however necessary, is equally repugnant to the feelings of both parties, and General Washington not only sanctioned it but practiced it. That the surrender of these posts should be expedited was highly necessary, not only to reduce the enemy, but to draw off the besieging army to more active duties in the field. None was more sensible of this than Marion, and he never suffered the interest of the country to be hazarded or retarded by points of etiquette. Pickens acted with equal liberality and decision at Augusta. They both were higher in command than Lee—Marion at Forts Watson and Motte, and Pickens at Augusta. Sumter, also, at Granby, being convinced of the expediency, acceded to the hard necessity for being more liberal to his enemies, than just to his companions in arms. But for the aid of Lee, with his disciplined regulars, it was doubtful if any of these posts would have been surrendered to the South-Carolina militia, or until reduced by starvation.

In Lee's legion, there was a smart, likely young fellow, a subaltern—a great favorite with the whole corps. Indeed the whole corps, officers and men, were consid-

ered among the most select in form, comeliness, character and discipline—in bravery and in gallantry,—among the many very respectable divisions of the American continental army. We remember the gay, courteous, gentlemanly manners of the following officers, long after the revolution. Such were Lee, Lovell, Garden, Manning, and Irvine. Among so many that were remarkable for their personal manly beauty, our subaltern had the vanity of an aspiring young soldier; but had not at all times the tact or discretion of his superior officers. He had witnessed the smiles and favors enjoyed by these officers, in return for their polite attentions, and concluded, as man was man, and love capricious, he also might be blessed with the favor of the fair.

The legion was once stationed at the plantation of a widow lady of great respectability,—“fair, fat, and forty,”—who entertained them with equal hospitality and courtesy. Seeing our young subaltern with cheerful looks, sociable and jocose, even with his superior officers, she also spoke sociably and kindly to him. ——— was flattered by this courtesy of the lady; put on his best attire, and went more and more in the way of being noticed by her. She continued her polite attentions to all, and the vanity of ——— induced him to appropriate a large portion of these to himself. At length he began to dream of a fine plantation, well stocked and well cultivated—a fine house well furnished, and a presiding angel at the head of the table, welcoming his friends to *their* plentiful board. He was infatuated, and made declarations to the lady, by which she was neither flattered nor pleased. She told Colonel Lee of his subaltern’s presumption. Lee promptly saw all that was due to the lady’s feelings and delicacy, in punishing the offender. The lady must be screened from the jests and comments of the army, while discipline was enforced. Lee resolved to substitute patriarchal for military discipline. He sent for ———, took him into his chamber, explained to him the impropriety of his act, the result solely of his own self-conceit, and

the injury that the public service might suffer from it ; then took his riding whip, gave him a smart whipping, and dismissed him. The crest-fallen soldier retired, smarting, but dared not complain to his comrades ; instead of receiving their sympathy and condolence, he knew that he would be only laughed at. He silently retired to his duties, cured of his *internal affections* by *external applications*.

Major Garden tells us of his meeting with a former comrade of the legion—Corporal Cooper—in one of his visits to the navy yard in Philadelphia. I also became acquainted with him in Charleston, but he was then the owner and master of a vessel trading between that city and Philadelphia. I found him very communicative, full of such anecdotes and narratives as I always was pleased with. Captain James B. Cooper was one of the very respectable family of Quakers, at and near Cooper's ferry, now Camden, in New-Jersey, opposite to Philadelphia. When he joined the southern army he was young ; his relatives and friends tried to prevent it, yet never deserted him ; but, from sectarian tenets, he was excluded from their religious society. On his return, he was as great a favorite as ever, and many a good patriot among them, although dressed in drab, felt a glow of honest pride at his recitals of adventures in "the tented fields." Cooper could not be idle—he had no trade—"his occupation gone;" possibly he had no inclination for plodding labor, but delighted in adventures. He heard of the *new thing*—the first projected voyage from the United States to China—and concluded to join it.* The vessel equipped for the China voyage was no other than the well-known

* In 1783, a voyage to China was commenced, but not completed. A Chebecko sloop, of forty tons, built at Hingham, was sent from Boston, loaded with ginseng, to be exchanged for tea in China. When she reached the Cape of Good Hope, some English Indiamen there offered the skipper two pounds of tea for one of ginseng. The offer was accepted, and the short voyage proved to be a very profitable one. They soon returned from the Cape to Boston.

frigate, Alliance, probably the fastest sailing ship in the world at that time. She sailed early in 1784, under the complimentary name of "the Empress of China," and arrived in Canton in August. This arrival created quite a sensation, and, after reciprocating in salutes with the flags of all the different nations in port, the officers vied with each other in their polite and friendly attentions to the Americans. The French sent two boats to assist them in coming to an anchor; the Danes a boat to assist, and the English to welcome them in that country. The Americans soon sold their ginseng* to great advantage, and returned with teas, silks and nankeens to their owners. These owners gave out that the voyage was unprofitable, but others in the United States suspected that it was to prevent competition, and the trade went on steadily increasing. Silver money, for a time, was almost the only article exported from the United States to China. At different times, when cotton was cheap, it was advantageously shipped, and now the cotton manufactures of the United States afford the most profitable shipment that can be made to China.

When Captain Cooper traded in his own vessel to Charleston, about the year 1808, he was frequently with me, and always a welcome guest. Among other adventures during the revolution, he said that, while serving with Marion, the soldiers of the legion shared in all their wants, privations and hardships; that they were generally without tents or other shelter, and always badly provided with food. On one occasion, they had halted for refreshment, and had begun to boil their grist in their camp kettles, when an alarm was given, before it was cooked. They were ordered

* Ginseng—a yellow, fleshy aromatic root, growing in the hilly country of the United States—the panax quinquefolium of botanists. It is still gathered in the Southern States for this trade, and passes through the Southern sea-ports, without being reported as one of our productions. It is probably shipped coastwise under a fictitious name, as the value of it is estimated at sixty-three thousand dollars per annum; a great object to the China merchants.

to mount, and obliged to leave the food untasted, or satisfy their craving appetites by *looking hard at it*. He could not be put off in that way; he poured some of the half-boiled hominy into his horseman's cap, put it under his arm, and rode forward, eating it, as it cooled, with his fingers. For want of tents, he always looked out, in cold and wet weather, for a rice tierce or other empty barrel; then placing it on its side with its head to the wind, and spreading his blanket in it, he went in head foremost, and was very comfortable. Whenever likely to be stationary for a day or two, he would fill his blanket with dry pine leaves and tops, for a bed, in preference to straw, moss or any other substance. The pine leaves were not only more wholesome than others, but prevented the collection of vermin among gentlemen, to which all encampments are subject.*

When Greene was encamped near the high hills of Santee, Cooper was taken very sick with fever, and, after several days, in one of the paroxysms, he rolled about the floor of the hospital, to find a cool place at night, and soothe the heat and pain which distressed him. At last, he found something that felt cool; he applied his hands to it, and was refreshed; then his throbbing temples to it, and the pain was soothed; he then put both arms round it, turned the other temple to it, and fell asleep. When daylight came, his friends called to see him, and he was better. When they opened the shutters, they all began to laugh, but he could not imagine at what. One observed, "Cooper is surely well again, for he is beginning to play the

* Dr. Matthew Irvine, Lee's favorite surgeon, told me that the officers were so familiar with these companions, that they called them nags; some of which were race nags, and would afford their *owners* sport by running races, and betting on them; that they selected their racers like skilful jockeys—one for his limbs, another for his training or trim, and a third for his winnings; rejecting the fat, well-fed fellows. That these nags were called up to the starting post, by drumming on a tin cup, and, if they bolted, they would lose the race, &c., according to the rules of the turf.

devil by the dawn of day." Another said, "Cooper is playing the devil, but in perfect character and costume." And another said, "if he has turned devil, turn him out, or he will bedevil all the doctors." Cooper was accustomed to the jests of his fellow-soldiers, but could not imagine the cause of these remarks, and demanded what they meant by this merriment at his expense. They, still laughing, showed him his hands and face covered with pot black; and, with a little examination, discovered that, while rolling about in the dark, he had got hold of a large iron pot, filled with cold water, which he had been clasping in his arms all night, not knowing and not caring what it was that afforded him so much comfort, cooling his burning palms and soothing his throbbing temples. Cooper was a generous, kind-hearted man, with all his levities; and the anecdote of him, published in the second series of Garden's Anecdotes, page 225, illustrates his zeal, as a partizan, ennobled by his merciful, generous feelings as a man. Even in the whirlwind of excitement in battle scenes, in the struggles for life and death, in the contest for liberty against despotism, his uplifted arm was stayed by the sorrows of a lady in deep distress, and his torch, blazing for the destruction of the British camp, was extinguished in a moment. In June, 1848, Captain James B. Cooper was still living, enjoying good health, and holding some situation in the navy yard at Philadelphia.

Extract of a letter from James Cooper, of Lee's legion, to Major Garden:

"I had been separated, with Captain Armstrong and about fifteen dragoons, from the rest of our regiment, and had entered the British camp. In the interim, passing along the line of tents, and seeing two horses, with officer's portmanteaus fastened on them, he sent me back with orders to bring them off, but thinking, as I suppose, that it had too much the appearance of plundering, he sent a dragoon to me to forbid their removal. Being now left to myself, and no enemy nearer than the brick house where the battle was still raging, I deliberately rode along, inspecting their camp, when the thought struck me to set it on fire, believing that when the British saw it in a blaze it would hasten their surrender, which I considered as inevitable. The wind was favorable to my purpose. To complete what I thought of so much

importance, I dismounted from my horse, seized a brand of fire, and entered a tent. The first object that met my eyes was a very sick soldier, pale and emaciated, lying on his straw, while at his head sat an interesting looking female, the picture of despair. We exchanged looks, but spoke not. The tears chasing each other down her cheeks, were forcibly eloquent, and gave strong indication of the tumultuous feelings that agitated her heart. The appeal was sufficient. I threw the firebrand from me, and rode off."

When Cooper was trading between Philadelphia and Charleston, he consigned his brig to a merchant in the latter place, who had been captain of a vessel, the late Edward Kennedy. The merchant soon discovered that Cooper had come well supplied with Philadelphia market beef, the first taste of which only whetted his appetite for more, and his calls were too frequent to be agreeable to the economical owner of his own craft. After a hot summer's day, as Cooper was spending the evening seated on his quarter-deck, he saw his consignee coming down to his brig, followed by a servant with a basket. The object of this visit could not be mistaken; and, just as the merchant stepped on to the plank to come on board, Cooper called out, in his hearing, "Steward, lock up that beef cask, and bring me the key." His order was instantly obeyed, and the consignee could not obtain the beef, without asking it as a favor; being unwilling to do this, he came on board sullen and silent. Cooper took no notice of this behavior, but asked him to take a seat, and then, as if alluding to his looks, observed, "it is a cool evening." The merchant's "coolness" soon passed off, at hearing some of Cooper's good stories, and in the chit-chat of a quarter-deck.

DEATH OF JAMES COOPER.—Mr. Cooper died at eight o'clock, last evening, at the residence of his son, C. C. Cooper, Esq., in this city, after a short illness, in the ninety-seventh year of his age, having been born on the 6th of March, 1753, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. He was a brother of the late Judge William Cooper, of Cooperstown, and uncle to James Fennimore Cooper. Till within a few days, Mr. Cooper retained, in a remarkable degree, the powers and facul-

ties of an athletic frame and strong intellect. He emphatically belonged to the iron race of the revolution, to an age gone by, and was the friend and intimate acquaintance of Washington. At the commencement of the revolution, he served in the navy of Pennsylvania, and, subsequently, in the militia of that his native State, and participated in the hard-fought battles of Monmouth and Germantown.—*Oswego Times*, May 3.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was born in 1756, of an ancient and noble family in Lithuania, which was once governed by its own hereditary dukes, independent of Poland. He was not rich, but was educated, among the highest, at the military school of Warsaw. Being then patronised by Prince Czartoriski, he was sent to France for the completion of his military education; and, on his return, was made captain in the Polish army. Shortly after this, a reciprocal attachment was formed between him and the daughter of Sosnowski, marshal of Lithuania. Being discountenanced by her parents, they eloped together, and after some time were overtaken by her enraged father. A personal conflict ensued, in which Kosciusko was reduced to the painful dilemma, of either killing the father, or surrendering his bride. He yielded to her prayers and entreaties, and was separated from her forever. This was a crisis in the life of Kosciusko; he never was happy after it. His late companions in the army decided against him, and he was compelled to resign his commission. The lady subsequently married the Prince Lubomerski, but Kosciusko never married.

Miss Porter's beautiful romance, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," was probably based on this romantic incident of the elopement, and its supposed or real consequences. She has not only extended and embellished her fascinating fiction, but has assigned the origin of her hero to a secret marriage between an English gentleman with a lady of the noble family, Sobieski, very properly concealing the name of the princess. Kosciusko

then went to Paris, and obtained a recommendation from Dr. Franklin to General Washington, and entered the American army. Foreigners were then crowding into the ranks, and all could not obtain commissions. Kosciusko's unassuming deportment pleased General Washington, and being asked what he could do, replied, modestly, "try me." He was appointed engineer, with the rank of colonel, in General Gates' army, and fortified his camp in the capture of Burgoyne. He was next sent to West Point, and the fortifications which he there constructed are still admired. The following advertisement will show the footing on which Kosciusko stood with General Washington:

"WEST POINT, *June 9th*, 1779.

Lost yesterday, reconnoitering with his Excellency, General Washington, a spur, with treble chains on the side, and a single one under foot, all silver, except the tongue of the buckle and the rowel. Who-soever has found, or shall find it, and will bring it to Colonel Kosciusko, or at head-quarters, shall have ten dollars reward."

He next served under General Greene, in the South, and his personal bravery in action secured to him the high commendations of his commanding officers, and the confidence of the whole army. He was then appointed quarter-master general of the Southern army, and served in that rank until the surrender of Charleston, directing all the military works, offensive and defensive, in that brilliant campaign.* He received the thanks of Congress, and, with La Fayette, was

* Dr. Peter Fayssoux, who was surgeon-general in South-Carolina, told me that he had been displeased with Kosciusko, for having intruded himself into the hospital of General Greene's army, while at the high hills of Santee, when tea, coffee and sugar could scarcely be procured for the sick, even at extravagant prices. In conversation with Dr. William Reed, one of the surgeons of that hospital, on this circumstance, he admitted the fact that Kosciusko was in his mess in the hospital, but said that it was a mutual accommodation. Kosciusko gave up all his rations to the hospital, never touching a drop of ardent spirits, &c., but contenting himself with the slops and soups of that establishment, which fare was no luxury, and that he (Dr. Reed) had invited him, as a companion, to do so.

elected a member of the Cincinnati Society—the only two foreigners who were so complimented. After this, Kosciusko returned to head-quarters, and was appointed aid-de-camp to General Washington, with which rank and the approbation of the commander-in-chief, he returned to Poland.

In 1789, he was made major-general, under Poniatowski, and sided with him in their hard-fought battles to support the constitution of 1791. Again, in 1794, he headed the insurrection against Russia and Prussia. After many brilliant successes, he proclaimed the constitution, and organised the government at Warsaw, with the rank of generalissimo and power of dictator. Here he commanded with the dignity and moderation of Washington, but he was soon hemmed in by the overwhelming forces of the allies. The beautiful suburbs of Praga were destroyed, and Warsaw taken by Suwarroff.

“Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.”

He was in disguise, fighting in the foremost ranks of his army—acting, at the same time, the part of an able commander and of a brave soldier—when he fell wounded. A favorite soldier incautiously announced his name, and endangered his life. Covered with wounds, he was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and, by the orders of Catharine, confined until her death. Paul released and honored him. Paul offered his own sword to the disabled hero, but it was respectfully declined by Kosciusko, saying that “a sword was no longer of use to him, as he had no longer a country to defend.” Paul permitted him to live in France, from whence he came out to the United States, where Congress complimented him with a grant of land.

Napoleon, on his return from Elba, had published the appointment of Kosciusko, by him, to the command of a Polish army; but this the Polish patriot denied, and said that “it never had been offered to him, that Napoleon knew him too well.”

When the allied armies overran France, Kosciusko was settled on a farm in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. The advanced guard of the Russian army was a Polish regiment, which, when foraging in a village near that place, committed many wanton outrages on the property of the inhabitants. The officers of this regiment stood by, seeing, but not restraining, the licentiousness of their soldiers. While thus employed, they were astonished to hear the word of command given in their own language, by a person in the dress of the upper class of French peasants, bidding them to desist. The officers and men gathering round him, he explained to them the useless ravages committed, and the violations of modern civilized warfare, thus authorised by the presence of those whose duty it was to restrain it. The stranger then went on to say, "when I had command in the army, of which your regiment is a part, I punished very severely such acts as you seem to sanction; and it is not on the soldiers but on you that the punishment would have fallen." Astonished at being thus lectured, in their own language, in a tone of authority, by a French peasant, they demanded of him who he was, and were answered, "I am Kosciusko." The officers and men bowed to the dust with heartfelt reverence, and retired at his command. The Emperor Alexander having heard of the circumstance, and the place of Kosciusko's residence, sent a Russian guard of honor to protect him, and the country around, from depredations and exactions.

He returned to France, and died in Switzerland, on the 16th October, 1817, but his remains were honored by the Emperor Alexander. By his order they were removed to Cracow, deposited in the tomb of the Polish kings, and public funeral honors paid to him in Warsaw. Whilst passing through Italy, he was recognized by the expatriated Poles, who were serving in the Italian army, and from them received one of the greatest compliments of his life. The sword of John Sobieski, the champion of Christendom, had been found in Loretto, in a museum; this they presented to

Kosciusko, as the most worthy person, in their estimation, to be its protector, and to wear the sword of Sobieski.

The cadets of West Point have erected a monument to his memory, within the area of the works constructed by Kosciusko. The name inscribed, being spelled with a z—Kosciuzko.

REVOLUTIONARY SONG, WRITTEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF
MONMOUTH.

In history we read of Charles, the royal Swede,
 And many more brave warriors, that have great conquests made ;
 For Washington renowned, the trump of fame doth sound,
 We all agree, in bravery, his match can scarce be found.
 In the midst of horrid war, where the troops of warlike nations
 Come glittering from afar ;
 'Midst the rattling of their drums, and the thundering of their guns,
 He scorns to yield, but braves the field,
 And from no danger turns.
 In the midst of smoke and fire, he cries, My braves do not retire,
 But fight while your veins the blood contains,
 And free our great empire.
 Then may the great Jehove, the god of peace and love,
 Reward our gallant hero, and all his deeds approve.
 And when he is deceased, let all of this great race
 Still hold it good to shed their blood,
 And crown our days in peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

Massacres at Turner's House, Hays' Station, Gowan's Fort and Mills' Station—Battles of Cedar Spring and Mud Lick—Colonels B. Roebuck, Henry White and John Thomas, Mrs. Colonel J. Thomas, Junr.,—General William Butler—Death of Loveless and of Bloody Bates—Judge Burke—Anecdotes—Joseph McJunkin—Colonel Francis H. Harris—the Hamptons—Captain John Doharty—Captain Thomas Young—A Dutch Sermon—Myer Franks—Jordan Mountjoy.

SOME of the hardest fought battles, and many of the most thrilling incidents of the revolution, occurred in the thinly settled upper districts of South-Carolina. York, Spartanburg, Edgefield, Chester and Fairfield, are among the most distinguished for their self-devotion in the trying scenes which succeeded to the fall of Charleston. The sufferings and heroic achievements of those hardy, enterprising, gallant backwoodsmen, have never been recorded in history, probably from their not having been officially reported to the heads of departments. The names of their gallant leaders are unknown, except in the traditions of their descendants. It has been our object to search for and publish these traditions, thrilling incidents and personal notices, wherever they could be obtained. But some of them are too horrid for publication, and confirm General Greene's statement, that "the inhabitants hunt each other down like wild beasts." The capture of Gowan's fort, on Pacolet river, not far from Rutherford, in North-Carolina, the massacre at Hay's Station, and that at Turner's house, were of this character.

Bates, on this occasion, divided his forces, that he might act with more certainty and despatch. While he conducted the proceedings at Fort Gowan, the other party proceeded against another small fort, called "Mills' Station," in North-Carolina, and in their way destroyed several families of the scattered settlers

on the frontiers, particularly that of Mr. Stillmon. Not apprehending an attack, the garrison at Mills' Station were dispersed in the neighborhood, and the fort was captured, without resistance, by the Indians and their more savage white allies. Although there was no resistance, the fate of its inhabitants was the same as in other places—an indiscriminate massacre.

The massacre at Hays' Station, in Laurens District, has been described by different writers. William Cunningham, the tory commander of the assailants, was almost the only executioner in the inhuman deeds. For this and other similar acts, he was called Bloody Bill Cunningham. We seek not his frailties to disclose, nor to excuse the violent men, on either side, in this savage drama.

After repeated assaults by the tories and British, gallantly and successfully repulsed, Gowan's fort was at last surrendered to an overwhelming force of Indians and tories, under "Bloody Bates." It was surrendered, under a stipulation that the lives of the prisoners should be protected from the savages. But this stipulation for mercy was immediately violated, and only one escaped with life of all the inmates of that asylum for the neighboring whig families. This was Mrs. Thomson, wife of Abner Thomson, Esq., who, having been scalped and supposed to be dead, recovered from her wounds, and lived in Greenville about fifty years after the awful scene. These inhumanities were too frequently followed by as savage retaliation, and vindictive, lawless acts.

MASSACRE AT TURNER'S HOUSE.

Captain James Butler, father of the late General William Butler, had been a very active and useful patriot in the early part of the war. Becoming infirm with age, he resigned his commission as captain in a company of militia of Colonel LeRoy Hammond's regiment. The vacancy had been filled by the appoint-

ment of Sterling Turner, also a brave, intelligent, patriotic officer. Most of the effective men belonging to this company, district or beat, commanded by Captain S. Turner, were from home in service. Hearing that there was a number of royalists in the vicinity of Cloud's Creek, Captain Turner, with twenty-three men, all, or nearly all, men of family, made an excursion into that neighborhood, under the orders of General Pickens, and was directed to traverse the country between that and the waters of Edisto, and to communicate, from time to time, such movements of the enemy as he might discover, or deem important to the good of the country and safety of the inhabitants.

Old Captain Butler volunteered his services with Captain Turner. They were assailed by two hundred and fifty royalists, more or less, commanded by William Cunningham, retired to a log-house, and, after a sturdy defence, the royalists set fire to its shed, and the whigs capitulated. They were promised good treatment, and to be sent to the first regular British post, and delivered over to the commanding officer, to be treated in all respects as prisoners of war. They were to march out with clubbed arms, and to ground them in front of the house. Captains Butler and Turner came out first. As soon as they passed the door of the house, Cunningham drew his sword, and said, "these fellows had better be paroled, and I will show you what kind of parole they are to have—do you follow my example." With this, he made a blow at Butler, but missed him, and Butler, with his clubbed rifle, struck one of them to the ground, and, by a blow from another, he fell dead on the man he knocked down. In a few moments, every man was thus murdered, except one, who was saved, with difficulty, by the intercession of a relative attached to Cunningham's command. Thus fell the brave and venerable Butler, and his worthy commanding officer, Captain Turner; and thus were twenty-three families deprived of their husbands and fathers. The author of this note (Colo-

nel S. Hammond) was at the spot the next day, and found the female relatives burying the dead.

FROM THE MAGNOLIA, OF AUGUST, 1842.

The battle of Cedar Springs, in Spartanburg District, although of the utmost importance to that portion of the State, has never been noticed in history, and the following particulars are narrated by a son of Colonel White, who distinguished himself in the battle of Cowpens and other hard fought actions.

Colonel Clarke, of Georgia, was on his march into North-Carolina, with a broken regiment of his brave countrymen, to join the northern army then expected in the South. The news of his march reached the ears of Colonel Ferguson, who immediately despatched Major Dunlap, of the British army, with a detachment of troops, consisting principally of tories, for the purpose of intercepting Colonel Clarke and his regiment of militia. Clarke, not expecting an attack, had encamped for the night, two or three miles from Cedar Springs, when he was alarmed by the firing of a gun by one of Dunlap's soldiers, who said that his gun went off accidentally, and he was not suspected of treachery. Colonel Clarke immediately decamped, and marched to the Cedar Springs, and remained undisturbed until morning. Dunlap took possession of Clarke's encampment, and waited till day. Josiah Culverson, of Spartanburg, a very active, daring whig, rode into Dunlap's encampment, believing it to be Clarke's, but discovering his mistake, succeeded in making his escape, and spurred forward to give Clarke notice of the enemy. Clarke was ready for action when Dunlap commenced it.* The British and tories were repulsed with considerable loss; the Americans

* It is also said that Mrs. Thomas, the heroic mother of Colonel J. Thomas, Jr., gave Clarke the first notice which induced him to quit his camp. She had ridden sixty miles on horseback for that purpose.

sustained but little injury. Culverson was attacked by a British dragoon, but despatched him with his rifle. In burying the dead, this dragoon was observed to have some peaches in his pocket, and it is well known that a peach tree grew from his grave, and bore fruit many years.

Josiah Culverson was a native of Spartanburg District, and was actively engaged during the whole of the revolution. He was a young man of fine character, and much admired by his companions in arms. If any daring or hazardous enterprise was set on foot, Culverson was always among the first to volunteer his services, and the last to abandon it. We have already seen him acting with great coolness and determination, in defending Mrs. Thomas' house—in extricating himself from Dunlap's camp—in informing Colonel Clarke of Dunlap's position, and then affording him important aid in the battle of Cedar Springs. In one of Plundering Brown's inroads against the whigs of Spartanburg, he stopped at Culverson's house, in his absence, conducted himself in a rude manner to Culverson's young wife, and left it with many threats and much bravado. Fortunately, Culverson returned home that night, accompanied by a friend, named Charles Holloway. They were soon told of Brown's threats and intended return. Culverson's high spirit could not brook such treatment of his wife, and the next morning early, he and Holloway followed the track of Brown, and his companion, Butler. After being followed for ten or twelve miles, they were overtaken, and Brown killed by Culverson. Holloway fired also, but missed Butler, and he escaped on foot. Culverson continued to live in Spartanburg many years after the peace. He then removed to the western country, where he still lived a few years ago, and may be alive at this day.—*By Hon. B. F. Perry.*

See another statement of this battle.

The battle of Mud Lick was fought in the summer of 1781, by the remnant of a regiment of militia,

under the command of Colonel Benjamin Roebuck, and a garrison of British soldiers and Tories, stationed at "Williams' Fort," in Newberry District. The Whigs did not exceed one hundred and fifty men, whilst the enemy was greatly superior in numbers and discipline, besides having the protection of a strong fortress. In order to deprive them of this last advantage, those of the Whigs who were mounted riflemen, were ordered to show themselves in front of the fort, and then retreat to an advantageous position, selected by the commanding officers. The enemy no sooner saw the militia retreating, than they commenced a hot pursuit, confident of an easy victory. The first onset was furious, but it was checked by Colonel White and his riflemen. As soon as the green-coat cavalry made their appearance, Colonel White levelled his rifle at one of the officers in front, and killed him. The fire of the other riflemen was also very destructive, and brought the cavalry to a halt until the infantry came up, when the engagement became general, and continued about an hour, with alternate advantages. At length, the British and Tories were totally routed, with great loss. The Whigs did not lose many, but among the killed was Captain Robert Thomas, an officer very much beloved and lamented. Colonel White was badly wounded, but recovered. This victory broke up the enemy's stronghold in that section of the country, and relieved the people from those marauding bands which infested every part of the State where there was a British station.

The names of Colonel Benjamin Roebuck and of Colonel Henry White are not mentioned, so far as we recollect, in our revolutionary history; and yet there were not in the service of the country two more active or enterprising officers. Colonel Roebuck was a native of Spartanburg District, brave to a fault, and disinterested as he was brave, wholly devoted to the good of his country. He had the command of a colonel in the battle of Cowpens, and was the first who received the attack of the British in that memorable action. He

was also engaged in many other battles, and we wish to embalm the memory of all such pure and devoted patriots. He was taken prisoner, and committed to close confinement in Ninety-Six District, was repeatedly wounded, suffered much from his wounds, and finally died about the close of the war. He never married—his only command was over the brave militia of Spartanburg and York Districts—all his neighbors, friends and fellow patriots.

Colonel White was the intimate friend and companion in arms, of Colonel Roebuck. He, too, was a most active, gallant and useful officer, throughout the whole of our revolution. He served at the siege of Ninety-six, and was in the battles of Cowpens, under Morgan, and of Eutaw, under Greene. After the last battle, he returned home, and was very active in clearing Spartanburgh and its adjoining districts, of the predatory bands which were infesting them. He lived to a good old age, and enjoyed the blessings of independence, for which he had bravely fought and bled.

Colonel John Thomas, Sen., is well known in Spartanburg, as the commander of a regiment at the commencement of the revolution, and did considerable service by his actions, as well as by his example and influence. He afterwards resigned, and his son, John Thomas, Jun., was appointed to succeed him. Under this active, enterprising young officer, the regiment served in the battle of Cowpens, and was much attached to him. His mother was remarkable for her Spartan boldness and determined spirit. Arms and ammunition for the regiment, having been deposited at her house, she and a lad named Josiah Culverson, bravely defended it against a party of tories, who were plundering and murdering the neighbors. She and Culverson kept up so lively a fire, from the upper part of the house, that four or five of the enemy were wounded, and the rest retreated from the *fortress* after much firing, not suspecting the weakness of the *garrison*, and apprehending a sally on them in their rear.

Young Culverson afterwards married Mrs. Thomas' daughter.

Major General William Butler, was well known for his patriotism and bravery, in the upper part of South-Carolina, although his name does not appear in any History of the American Revolution. He entered the service of his country when a very young man, and continued actively and ardently engaged during the whole struggle for independence. There was no one who espoused the side of liberty and his country, with more zeal and devotion. Endowed by nature, with an ardent and impetuous temperament, high and honorable feelings, and a bold and fearless spirit, it was impossible for him to remain inactive, or look with indifference on the scenes, through which the country was passing. In the darkest period of her distress and subjection, as well as in the sunshine of her victories and success, he was ever found, manfully maintaining her rights, and fearlessly fighting her enemies. He had, for several years, the command of a troop of cavalry, under General Pickens, and whilst in this service, had frequent skirmishes with the enemy; and many incidents are related of him, which well deserve a page in the history of his country.

On one occasion, he fell in with the famous "Bill Cunningham, Captain of the bloody scout," a name which always struck terror to the hearts of the honest people of the upper country. The murderous deeds and shocking cruelties of "Bill Cunningham," are well known in the history of South-Carolina. He commanded a mounted company of Tories, which traversed the whole upper country, and went from house to house, murdering the heads of all the families who fell in their way. Captain Butler, with his troop of cavalry, was sent in search of Cunningham. They met; and after a slight skirmish, the Tories fled, as was their practice, when opposed by regular troops. Cunningham was mounted on a blooded horse, which he had stolen, in the lower country, remarkable for its fleetness. Captain

Butler was also riding a fine charger. He recognized Cunningham, and singled him out in the chase. They became separated from their respective troops, and the chase through the woods was a very close one. While at full speed, and but a few paces ahead of Butler, Cunningham fired his last pistol over his shoulder, without looking round, but missed his object. Butler had also discharged both his pistols, and his only reliance now, was on the fleetness of his horse and the goodness of his sword. In passing through the woods, Cunningham's sword was torn from his side, and fell into the possession of his pursuer. It was a beautiful and costly weapon, which was ever afterwards worn by General Butler, in all his military excursions, not only during the revolution, but in the latter part of his life, whilst a Major General of the militia. On his death, he gave the sword to his son, the Honorable William Butler, a member of Congress, from the Districts of Pendleton and Greenville, in whose possession it still remains. Cunningham also lost his pocket-book in the chase, which fell into the hands of Captain Butler, and is still in the possession of a member of his family. After going some distance through the woods, they struck a road; and Cunningham, knowing the speed of his horse on a fair turf, tauntingly said to Butler, "I now leave you," and was, in a few minutes, out of danger and beyond pursuit.

General Butler lived and died in Edgefield District. He was successively a member of the Legislature, a member of the State convention, which adopted the federal constitution, and for many years, a member of Congress, from the districts of Edgefield and Barnwell. He left, at his death, some seven or eight sons, who have filled the highest offices within the gift of South-Carolina—the executive chair, a seat on the bench in Congress, the National Senate, &c.

After the close of the revolution, and whilst the circuit court of law was sitting in Cambridge, for the district of "Ninety-Six," there was a fellow by the name of Loveless, brought before the court on a charge

of horse stealing. He had been a noted tory and plunderer, during the revolution, and was one of a murderous band, which had killed General Butler's father and uncle. On this trial, it was discovered, that the testimony was insufficient to establish his guilt, and the jury were compelled, as a matter of course, to bring in a verdict of "not guilty." But no sooner was the verdict pronounced, than the crowd determined that Loveless had higher offences to atone for, than that of taking his neighbor's horse; and that although he had escaped punishment in one case, he should not be so fortunate in the other. The blood of the Butlers and other whigs, who had been murdered by this lawless ruffian, cried out for revenge, and their descendants determined it should be had in a summary way. With a file of men, General Butler went into the court-house, and in the presence of the judge and jury, seized the prisoner before he could be released from the bar, carried him out into the court-yard, and there hanged him on a tree which grew in front of the court house. The spectators—an immense crowd, did not attempt to interfere. The presiding judge was the Hon. Edanus Burke, a man of high talents and great legal attainments. He had come to America, from Ireland, his birth-place, at the commencement of the revolution, as an advocate for liberty; was elected one of the circuit judges in South-Carolina, in 1778, and served as such until the State was overrun by the British. The duties of his office being then suspended, he took a commission in the army, and when the courts were re-established, he laid aside the military for the civil office. He was unacquainted with the manners and customs of the people, in the upper country, and although a brave man in the field, was not a little startled and shocked, at seeing, on this occasion, the prisoner carried out of court, in defiance of the law, and immediately executed, as if in contempt of the judge and jury, who had just acquitted him.

A parallel case to this, occurred in Greenville, about the same time. "The Bloody Bates" was committed

to jail on the charge of horse-stealing, and was identified as the leader of the Indians, and "more savage men," who had ravaged that neighborhood, and captured Gowan's fort, destroying all the inhabitants, in violation of his pledge on their capitulation. All the family of —— Motley, were killed on that occasion, except one young man, who made his escape, badly wounded. He was at work, in the field, when he heard that Bates was committed to jail, and considered it a solemn duty, to avenge with his own hand, the murder of his father, mother, brothers and sisters, by this perfidious monster. He procured a pair of pistols, went to the jail, and presenting one pistol to the jailer, threatened him with instant death, if he did not give him admittance to Bates. On being admitted, he shot Bates through the heart, and then returned to the cultivation of his farm, where he lived ten years after that event. He subsequently removed to the West, and died, the father of a numerous and respectable family. Judge Burke had probably just heard of Bates' death, in Greenville, and on witnessing this act, in Cambridge, in violation of his authority, and of all civil jurisprudence, he felt indignant. The wife of Loveless, in the greatest distress, rushed into court, and with tears, entreated that the judge would save her husband. The judge replied:—"Before God, my good woman, I dare not, or they will hang me too." Instead of attempting to save the prisoner, he dismissed the court; and instead of continuing his circuit, he hastened back to Charleston, pronouncing the people all Yahoos! Yahoos! The judge had come to America for liberty, but he thought this was taking too much liberty with him; and he could not tell what would be the next step—they might be more *personal* in their attentions to him.

The violent passions excited in the breasts of those honest, but uneducated people, resulted from the inhuman treatment that they had received from their enemies, and the total suspension of all legal proceedings during the revolution; the case is now widely different.

Judge Burke was a very liberal, enlightened and

humane man ; a delightful companion, full of humor and original wit, blended with much good sense ; but from a heedless or hasty mode of expressing himself, he was often the subject of merriment among his friends, as he was the source of it. He frequently committed national mistakes—bulls. On one occasion, having to pass sentence of death on a man, who had been legally convicted, he concluded as usual with the words, “that you be hanged by the neck, until you are dead;” to this he unfortunately added, “I am sorry for it, my friend, it is what we must all come to”—and the solemnity of the scene was interrupted by a burst of laughter, at which the judge was the only one surprised. On another occasion, he charged the jury to acquit a prisoner of the charge of horse stealing, because it appeared from the testimony, that he was intoxicated with *corn whiskey* when he stole the horse. “I know,” said his honor, to the jury, “that this vile stuff you call *corn whiskey*, gives a man a propensity to *stale*. I once got drunk myself, on corn whiskey, and came very near taking, without *lave*, a fine horse.*” Calling one day, to see Dr. Elisha Poinsett, he was asked to take a glass of porter, and at the side-board took up the cork-screw, and commenced drawing the cork; but giving it a jerk, the screw came out without the cork. He immediately observed, “it must be northern porter, being badly corked;” but the doctor pointed out to him, that he had forgotten to remove the wire. I remember him when a member of the State convention, for the adoption of the federal constitution. As a democrat, the judge disapproved of many parts of that constitution, and opposed it with much sound reasoning, honest warmth and some humor. Speaking against the power in the executive, to withhold information on State affairs, from the public, he was particularly warm. He urged that all foreign and domestic relations, were the

* The judge probably took this method of saving the man’s life, as he thought the law too severe, and that the life of a man should not be set against the value of a two penny horse.

affairs of the people, and should not be concealed from them by the President and cabinet, who were but the agents of the people, for the management of these public concerns. That the power to conceal, afforded the means of suppressing measures, that the cabinet was ashamed to make known, and would result in self-interest, self-aggrandisement, intrigue and corruption. "I am opposed, Mr. President, to all concealment from the people, in their public concerns; it will always be resorted to by those who wish to screen themselves from public censure. Concealment! before God, it reminds me of a certain domestic animal, who, having been at dirty work, resorts to concealment, by covering it over;" while speaking, he extended his hand, and moving his fingers in such a way, that left no doubt of his allusion.

So satisfied were all, of his talents, candor and integrity, that on the adoption of the federal constitution, he was the first senator elected, to the first Congress. The federalists told him, that he was sent to see that none of the abuses and corruptions, which he anticipated, should be practiced on the people; he had no opponent. While attending Congress, he became the second of Aaron Burr, in a duel with Mr. Church. Of course, Burke had to load the pistols, and was instructed to grease the patch. When the parties were ready, and at their stations, Burr locked round for the judge, and saw him with a stone in one hand and a pistol in the other, trying to drive down the ram-rod with the ball, to the charge of powder. Shortly afterwards, he presented the pistol to Burr, saying, "I forgot to grease the leather, but don't keep him waiting, just take a crack as it is, and I'll grease the next." Burr bowed, took his pistol, although he knew its situation; and at the word "fire," discharged it ineffectually, as the ball dropped midway between him and his opponent.

The judge once had a dispute with a mechanic, employed to do some work for him, but being dissatisfied with the work and the workmen, the judge, like a full

blooded Irishman, gave the other a "bating," and broke his head. On being asked about it, he said, that it was all settled, as he had applied a plaster to the wound, and healed it up very soon. Being again asked to explain, he said, that he had given the man a ten pound bank note, and was only afraid, that the fellow, being so well paid, would come back to him with his impudence, and provoke him to break his head again, for the same money.

Judge Burke's integrity and talents were unquestionable; he was a concise, close and forcible reasoner; his actions were too often guided by the impulse of the moment. He held a commission in the American army, and on some occasion, entering into a discussion about suicide, he was induced to put his observations on paper, in a more connected form than they had been stated in conversation. I was told the circumstance, by a brother officer, who went on to say, that it occurred while in camp, where the officers, when not engaged in active duty, too frequently yielded to ennui, or resorted to gaming or the bottle to escape from it. To one gentleman, only, was this manuscript shown, and he put an end to his existence on the same day. This melancholy event, appeared to be so intimately connected with Burke's arguments in favor of suicide, that he immediately destroyed the only copy, saying, that however specious in argument, he was now satisfied, the opinions he had advanced, were opposed to our duty both to God and man.

When the revolutionary army was disbanded, and its officers dispersed throughout the thirteen States, many entertained fond recollections of their brothers in arms, of their common dangers and common triumphs; and the order of Cincinnati was established to cement the union of the continental officers exclusively. That order was to be perpetuated, by the admission of their oldest sons, as junior members of that society, expanding its branches over every State in the Union, and all uniting under one head, one military chief; General Washington was their President-general. All

the branches of this society had the same seal, badge or crest in common; this was a silver eagle, with the American flag as its breast-plate or shield. Being a patriotic society, composed of the highest and bravest officers, and most honorable men in the United States, nothing at first was apprehended, and every hope encouraged, that the members would be emulous of the character and example of the Roman Cincinnatus, whose name they had adopted, and of the greater American patriot at their head. But who could say, what political, or party commotions might arise in America, in its domestic or foreign relations? what might be the feelings and aspirations of Washington's successors in office, and the military ardor of the rising generation?

A little reflection showed, that the establishment was too exclusive for a republican government. Not admitting any but continental officers, and their oldest sons, it of course excluded the hundreds of equally brave, meritorious, and honorable militia officers throughout the union; Sumter, Marion, Pickens, Barnwell, Taylor and the like, were not admitted. It was equally exclusive as to the children of these gentlemen, and their parental feelings revolted at the implied, or contingent inferiority of their children, to those of any other persons, however named or constituted. The original constitution of this society, was assailed by various writers of talent, as an aristocratic association, not only in its original members, but in the provisions made for its perpetuity of distinction. They represented that this establishment was calculated and intended, to create a privileged order of knights, noblemen or other political aspirants, repugnant to the principles of our republic, and likely to endanger it. That we never would admit any pretensions to superiority in rights, titles or privileges, other than those recognized in the federal constitution, and would defend our equal rights, against the assumed distinctions of all other persons.

The chief of these writers, were the celebrated Mira-

beau, of France, Judge Brackenridge, of Pennsylvania, and Judge Burke, of South-Carolina. The strength of Brackenridge was in his satire and ridicule; among other hits, he represented their eagle and breast-plate, as a goose on a gridiron. He said or published something, about the year 1796, about General A. Wayne, which gave him great offence. Mad Anthony, sent Brackenridge a challenge, which was declined. Some discussion ensued between the seconds, when Brackenridge sent word, that he felt no inclination to kill General Wayne, or to be killed by him. Nor did he covet the reputation of being a great shot; but if Gen. Wayne did wish to establish such a name, he should have a fair chance for it. That he would chalk on a barn door the figure and size of his person, and General Wayne might shoot at that very deliberately; if he hit the figure, Brackenridge would candidly acknowledge that Wayne would have hit him, if he had stood there.

The seconds gave up the business, but Wayne would not do so; he vowed that he would whip Brackenridge, and not meeting with him in the streets, he went to his house for that purpose. Brackenridge hearing the thundering raps at his door, looked out at the window, and seeing who was there, spoke to him—"how do you do, General Wayne, how are you this morning?" Wayne looked up, and shaking his stick, said, "come down here, sir, and I will give you this as long as I can feel you." "Thank you, general, said Brackenridge, I would not come down if you would give me twice as much."

Judge Burke's publication against the original plan of the Cincinnati, was decidedly the most pungent, forcible and efficient of them all. It was under the signature of "Cassius," with the motto

"Sound the trumpet in Zion,"

and by it chiefly, they were induced to alter their constitution, to repeal the hereditary taint, and admit members as companions and friends. Lafayette and Kosciusko were now received as members.

Among the mistakes made by Judge Burke, from absence of mind or other predispositions, one occurred in the presence of the whole bar, and probably of the jury. The judges were in the habit of leaving their robes of office at a neighboring dry-goods store, kept by Miss VanRhyn, a respectable middle-aged lady, a native of Holland. Judge Burke went as usual, to prepare for the opening of the court, and took, what he thought, was his own robe, but it probably was from a clothes pin, adjoining to that on which his was suspended. He went with it under his arm, up to his bench, and found some difficulty in adjusting his supposed robe of office. Taking a second look, he exclaimed, "Before God! I have got into Miss VanRhyn's petticoat," and exhibited his arms extended through the two pocket holes.*

Judge Burke never married, but kept bachelor's hall. He was fond of society, and for his pleasantries, his anecdotes and his worth, was an invited guest at most of the dinner and supper parties of his acquaintances. Of course, he generally attended them, and when not otherwise engaged, had parties of gentlemen at his own house. On one of these occasions, he had invited his guests, and never thought any more about it, until his friends assembled to partake of his dinner. He made a good humored apology for his neglect, but insisted that they should remain and partake of bachelor's fare. Having given his orders, he returned and entertained his company with so great a flow of pleasantries, that they were not sensible of the intervening time, until dinner was announced. They all retired

* Once, when spending an evening at the house of a friend, he was engaged in conversation with the husband, while his lady sat pretty near, on the other side of the judge. It was at that time the fashion for ladies to wear long trains to their gowns. The judge observing something on the carpet near his feet, concluded that it was his own handkerchief, took it up and thrust it into his pocket. The lady had occasion to move her seat shortly after, and exhibited an unexpected and embarrassing attachment between herself and the judge.

late from one of the most pleasant dinner parties that ever they had been at.

These convivial parties, becoming more and more frequent, were soon accompanied by longer and deeper potations. These, also, after a while, became habitual, and the consequence of such habits undermined the health of both body and mind. Dr. Irvine told me that dropsy ensued, for which the judge was tapped; and while the water was flowing from him into a bucket, the judge coolly observed, "I wonder where all that water can come from, as I am sure that I never drank as much since I arrived at years of *discretion*." On being assured by one of his friends, that he would be better after this, the judge calmly shook his head, and replied, nothing in my house is ever better after being *tapped*."

By his will, he bequeathed the residue of his estate to the Hibernian Society, in trust for the emigrants from Ireland, who, in their opinion might need pecuniary assistance; the interest only to be thus expended. This fund was originally about \$10,000, and had increased to about \$16,000, although the interest had been liberally bestowed on the needy Irish. About half of this amount was unfortunately funded in stock of the United States Bank, which at the time of purchase was worthy of all confidence; its failure has reduced the original amount a little, but not a dollar has on that account, been lost to those for whom it was intended. When the members of that society were erecting their splendid hall, their other funds were all expended on the building, but the whole of the trust fund was held sacred and untouched, and is still affording much relief to the Irish emigrants.

When Judge Burke was known to be approaching his end, his friend O'Brian Smith wrote to him, saying, that as he was always fond of retirement in the country, if he agreed to it, his body should be brought up to his place, in St. Andrew's Parish, and buried under one of his fine live oak trees. The judge wrote in answer, that he accepted his invitation and offer to ac-

company him to his house. Accordingly, when death ensued, the funeral service was read in St. Michael's Church, in February, 1802, by the Rev. Edward Jenkins, and the body conveyed up to Dungannon, the then residence of O'Brian Smith, Esq., and thence taken up to the neighboring Episcopal Church, near Jacksonborough, where he and the body of O'Brian Smith were buried side by side.

[*Extract from a daily paper.*]

Died, on Tuesday, the 30th day of March, 1802, in the 59th year of his age, EDANUS BURKE, one of the Chancellors of the State.

FROM THE MAGNOLIA, JANUARY, 1843.

Joseph McJunkin, of Union District, was born near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of June, 1755. His father, Samuel McJunkin, soon after his birth, removed to South-Carolina, and settled on Tinker's creek, in Union. Joseph was in his 21st year, at the commencement of hostilities, in his adopted State, and being greatly excited, he had a dream which made a strong and favorable impression on his mind. Of this occurrence, the old gentleman remarked, "I am no believer in dreams, generally, yet this seems to me, came fully to pass, in the American revolution;" and, no doubt, his mind being possessed with the idea, that God had thus sealed instructions to him, was better prepared to encounter the privations and trials of that period. Young McJunkin attended the committee sent by the State authorities, to the upper districts, for the purpose of explaining the propriety and necessity of opposing the unconstitutional proceedings of the royal government. He went with the Rev. William Tenant, Rev. Oliver Hart, and W.m Henry Drayton, Esq., through Laurens, Union and Spartanburgh, and returned en-

lightened and convinced, like most of their hearers, by the forcible arguments and appeals, made to their patriotism. Still, there was a strong party of royalists, headed by Colonel Fletchall, the Cunninghams, and others, opposed to revolutionary measures. McJunkin volunteered under Colonel John Thompson, of Fair Forest, to serve in the Snow Camp expedition, commanded by General Richardson, against the tory insurgents, in which their commander, Colonel Fletchall, was taken prisoner,* and the whole party captured or dispersed.

In June, 1776, directly after the attack on Sullivan's Island, the Cherokees commenced the work of death, with their allies, the tories. In July, General Andrew Williamson marched against them. McJunkin joined in it, under Captain Joseph Jolly, in Colonel Thomas' regiment. They met the first Indians, as low down in Greenville, as Paris' mountain, and pursued them to their town, on Semica and Tugaloe rivers. Many skirmishes ensued, and the Indians, being pressed hard in their retreat, began to kill their prisoners, beginning with the old and infirm.

The subsequent occurrences in this expedition, are sufficiently known in history, and the termination sufficiently honorable in itself, was much more so from various circumstances. It was the first Indian war successfully carried on, without the aid of Great Britain. This was successful in a greater degree than any other had been, although Great Britain now aided her Indian allies against her late colony—and this the first of that infant State's warfare in the field, followed immediately after her victory over the British army and navy, at Sullivan's Island. McJunkin was among the foremost in all detached expeditions of this Indian war.

* Some accounts state that he was found secreted in a cave; McJunkin says that "he was found, with two of his Captains, secreted in a hollow sycamore tree, on his own plantation." Readers must decide between the living witness and the historian: he may have occupied both at different times.

In May, 1777, McJunkin received a Captain's commission, in Colonel Thomas' regiment, and took command of Fort Jamieson, on South Pacolet. Here he remained three months, in all the difficult duties of scouting against the enemy's parties, counteracting their movements, cutting off their supplies and detachments, and giving notice of danger to his superior officers, when any was discovered. He next served at Woods, or Thompson's station; and then in Charleston, from which he was fortunately recalled, in February, 1780, just before the siege.

After the fall of Charleston, it was necessary for the whigs to secure the means of future resistance. The powder and ball, which had been supplied to Colonel Brandon's regiment, in which McJunkin was captain, were secreted by him and the other officers, in hollow logs and trees, in unsuspected thickets of the woods, and served a good turn at Blackstocks, Rocky Mount and other hard fought actions. After concealing the ammunition, the whigs of Union met those of Spartanburgh and the neighboring districts, at a meeting-house, on Bullock's creek, of which the Rev. Dr. Alexander, was pastor. It was a time to make the most sanguine despond—they had no leader, no support from government, and no army in the field, to which they might retreat or advance, for mutual support. Colonel J. Thomas, Jun., addressed his brothers in arms and in misfortunes, counselled and advised with them, concluding with the exclamation of Patrick Henry—"give me liberty, or give me death!" McJunkin followed in support of Colonel Thomas' opinion, and concluded by calling for all who determined to continue their resistance to Great Britain, to throw up their hats and clap their hands. In an instant, every hat was thrown up, and the air resounded with the unanimous clapping of hands. In their circumstances, no sublimer spectacle can be conceived, than this their resolve in the cause of liberty. The few, the naked, the unarmed, the weak, were opposed to the many, the clothed, the armed, the strong, the victorious and well disciplined.

A rendezvous was appointed on the east side of Catawba river, in North-Carolina, where they embodied under Colonel Sumter, who determined to lose no chance of attacking the enemy. They first encountered every kind of want, in their movements towards South-Carolina, partly begging their food and forage. In the Catawba nation, they named their encampment *Poor Hill*, from the scarcity of food. The half-famished soldiers put their scanty portions of Barley meal into a crock, and covered it with hot ashes and coals until sufficiently baked; it was then thought delicious, although unaided by salt, butter, lard, bacon, beef or other nourishment; judge, then, of their appetites, sharpened by fatigue and hunger. From this post, Sumter² detached Colonel Bratton, for the defeat of Houk. This supplied his men with many necessaries; the battles of Rocky Mount and of Hanging Rock, soon followed; and at each they obtained arms, ammunition, clothing, horses, and recruits. Bullets were particularly needed; and the good women, with characteristic patriotism, gave up their pewter spoons, plates, basins, and pint-mugs, to be made into bullets.* Colonel Williams of Laurens, now joined Sumter, and under him, McJunkin was detached against Colonel Jones, in command of three hundred men, at Musgrove's mill, where Williams attacked and defeated him with an inferior force. After this, Williams followed Ferguson in his advance towards King's Mountain. McJunkin was also engaged in the battle of Cedar Springs, where Major Dunlap was defeated, also under Colonel Washington, defeating the tories at Hammond's store.† Also

* The paternal residence of McJunkin, was assailed by a party of tories, under Colonel Moore, of North-Carolina. They stripped the house of every thing movable; but Jane McJ., sister of the Major, seized a bed-quilt in the hands of Bill Haynesworth, and after a hard contest, Haynesworth fell, but still held on. The sturdy damsel then put her foot (a solid understanding,) on the breast of the tory, and bore off the quilt. The British party applauded as well as the Americans.

† Returning from this expedition, they heard that Tarleton was

in the battle of Cowpens, as a volunteer sharp-shooter, and engaged in many personal conflicts. He was wounded, made prisoner, sentenced to be hung, and on the point of being hung, when the executioners were alarmed at the approach of a party of whigs; he was then sent a prisoner to Ninety Six, and after a second trial, for his life, was suffered to depart on parole.*

On being exchanged, although crippled in his sword arm, he scouted for the army, and did all for them that he was able, until the peace of 1783. He married a daughter of the heroic Mrs. Thomas, and has a large family, but is poor. His pension from government is his only support, now in his 89th year. He was many years a Justice of the Peace, and always respected as a pious, exemplary citizen.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis H. Harris was a native of Georgia, his father, Francis Harris, being among the first settlers of that Province; and, in partnership with James Habersham, they were the joint proprietors of the first store opened in it. He was in England, for the advantages of education, when the revolution broke out, but could no longer pursue his studies; his ardent feelings of patriotism induced him to quit his books, and take up arms in behalf of his native country. In 1776, the first continental regiment was raised in Georgia, and in it Harris was en-

advancing to attack Morgan, by crossing the river above him, and hastened to give the information, which induced Morgan to move his position higher up the country, one day's march. This is confirmed by the notes of James Simons, who commanded the company on that occasion.

* He was tried for having killed a tory, in action, and had no witnesses to appear for him. All the witnesses agreed that the man was killed by a sword, and McJunkin, showing the shattered state of his right arm, contended that it was impossible for him to use his sword in that condition. His plea was admitted, but he now acknowledges the truth of the charge, saying, that his sword was hitched to the wrist of his right hand, and when that fell powerless, he took the sword into his left hand, and gave the fellow, unexpectedly, a back-handed clip.

rolled a captain when but twenty-one years of age. Among his associates, were General Elbert, Colonel Joseph Habersham—afterwards postmaster-general—Colonel Stirk, Major Berrien—father of the judge—George McIntosh, and many others who acquired distinction. In a very short time, Harris was promoted to the command of a regiment, and marched at the head of it to the relief of Charleston, when besieged by General Provost; and to effect his object, had marched forty miles a day, for four days successively. He was, unfortunately, at Briar Creek, when General Ashe, of North-Carolina, was surprised and totally routed. Colonel Harris and Colonel Elbert, with sixty or seventy of the Georgia continentals, made a gallant stand, and fought until they were nearly cut to pieces.

After the fall of Savannah, Colonel Harris retired to South-Carolina, and was there engaged in all the active warfare of the South. He fought bravely at Camden, Eutaw and other places, and died in 1782, of a wound received two or three years before in a duel. He was buried at the High Hills of Santee, but his relatives have not been able to discover his grave. He kept a journal or memorandum book, headed, "Dutiful to church and State of Georgia." Among his expenses recorded, it is curious to observe the following, paid, in depreciated continental money, for one dozen knives and forks, £6, about \$26; for a pair of pumps, £17 10s.—\$75; for a pair of gloves, £27 10s.—\$118; bacon, at \$6 per pound; corn, \$20 per bushel; for one shirt, \$150. Garden tells us that General Huger had but one, and put himself to bed that this might be washed.

Anthony Hampton, the father of General Wade Hampton, was among the first emigrants from Virginia to the upper part of South-Carolina. He settled with his family on Tiger river, in Spartanburg. At the commencement of the revolution, it was of the utmost importance to the frontier inhabitants, that the

Cherokee Indians should be conciliated and kept in peace. To effect this object, Edward, Henry and Richard Hampton—sons of Anthony—were sent by their neighbors to invite the nation to a “talk,” at any convenient town that they might propose. But the British emissaries had been before them, and had already induced the Cherokees to make an inroad into the upper part of the State. This took place in July, 1776, and, after destroying several families, they attacked the family of Mr. Hampton, killed him, his wife, his son Preston, his infant grandson Harrison, burnt his house, and carried off a boy, named John Bynum. Mrs. Harrison—his daughter—and her husband were absent at a neighbor’s, but returned in the midst of the conflagration, and were also in great danger. Edward, Henry and Wade—his other sons—were also absent, and thus preserved to avenge the deed. His son-in-law, James Harrison, also joined zealously and bravely with his neighbors, after providing for the safety of his family, and was in most of the hard-fought battles.

Captain Henry Hampton behaved nobly under General Williamson, in his second battle against the Cherokee Indians. He ordered his company to fire in platoons, and then fall on the ground to re-load, while the rest advanced in their smoke. He thus led them to the charge, advancing in the smoke, then firing and re-loading on their backs. When he came near enough, he charged bayonet, and the enemy fled. He himself captured an Indian, wearing the coat of his brother Preston, who had no doubt been murdered by this man, when they destroyed his father’s family.

Edward Hampton was also engaged in this battle, and after it, when the Indians were closely pursued, they began first to kill their prisoners, and then their own aged and wounded friends. Following close on the Indian trail, Edward Hampton came to the body of a white woman, recently murdered by them, and left shockingly exposed. He alighted, in the hurry of the moment, covered the body with his own shirt—the

only one he had—drew it under a bush, and resumed the pursuit. He was afterwards killed by the tories, in the year 1781, when, in their bloody scout, they assumed the distinguishing badge of the whigs, and went from house to house, destroying and burning every thing habitable, and killing whole families.

General Wade Hampton distinguished himself on many occasions by the bravery and energy of his character, and his acuteness in partizan warfare. Colonel Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, told us that Wade Hampton was once taken prisoner, and they were sending him down to the prison-ship, under an officer and file of men, but did not confine his hands or feet. When the party stopped for refreshment, he was made to stand in one corner of a room; the arms were leaned in the opposite corner, diagonally; and the guard sat down between them, in the middle of the room. Hampton shuffled a little from his corner, sometimes to the right, and then to the left; at last he made a spring, seized the arms, and made his guard his prisoners. He then paroled them, armed and mounted himself, and rode off.

CAPTAIN JAMES DOHARTY.

The southern part of South-Carolina had also many records of vindictive murders, committed in the name of patriotism, and, at the time, supposed by their deluded perpetrators to be justifiable.

Captain James Doharty took command of Fort Lyttleton, near Beaufort, with fifty men, in March, 1779, and held the rank of captain in the partisan army of South-Carolina. When Colonel Harden retired to the interior and joined Marion, Doharty succeeded to the command of his division, and kept up the discipline and active scouting which Harden had instituted and instructed his men to pursue. Doharty was a bold and energetic officer, and, in the continued warfare which was carried on between the whigs and

tories, proved a trusty leader to his friends, and an object for vengeance with his enemies.

In one of his excursions, he attacked a British galley, anchored in Savannah river. His well-directed fire killed several, and cleared the decks, but he had no boats, or any means of cutting the cable, and warping her on shore. On the retreat of his party, the British fired their cannon with grape shot into the woods, but without injury. When the men had retired far enough, they were halted and seated on a tree to rest. A random shot from the galley now struck a sapling close to them, cut it off and struck one of the men on his body, but being spent, it fell harmless at his feet.

Richard Pendarvis, who lived about twelve miles off from Doharty's, was a thorough tory, and the most bitter and deadly hatred arose between them, who had hitherto lived as neighbors and friends. Threats and messages of defiance had passed between them, and at last came to issue. Doharty lived on Bear Island, in the rear of Pinckney's, and it was always accessible on horseback. While here, Doharty received information from a widow lady, that Pendarvis, with a party of tories, would attack him that night. His three nephews, John and William Leacroft, and the late Colonel Talbird being with him, they, in consultation, determined to lay in ambush, and await the coming of their enemies. But they delayed the movement too long. When leaving the house for that purpose, as Doharty stepped into the yard, he was hailed and asked, "are you Captain Doharty?" Instead of answering promptly, he turned to his nephews, and told them, "fly, we are too late." He then answered, that he was Doharty, and was immediately shot down, but not killed; he held his gun in his hand, and asked his enemies to come and shake hands with him before he died, hoping to retaliate on some of them; but they knew better. There being a fire in the yard, they saw where he lay, fired a second volley and killed him. They then entered the house, seized William

Leacroft, a lad, about fourteen years of age, and tied a cord round his neck, to make him tell where the other two nephews might be found. After repeatedly suspending him, until half dead, and being always answered, that if he knew he would not tell, they admired his firmness, and desisted. The body of Captain Doharty was buried by his friends at "Whale Branch," on Port Royal Island, and Pendarvis prepared to move away to St. Augustine; but, almost at the moment of embarkation, he and his associate, Patterson, were both killed by John Leacroft, the nephew of Doharty. After the peace, Leacroft retired to his plantation, on Hilton Head, and lived many years, but left no family.

Captain Thomas Young, still living in 1847, was as brave a soldier as ever drew the sword in the holy cause of freedom. We will present his annals in his own words:

"I was born in Laurens District, South-Carolina, on the 17th June, 1764. My father, Thomas Young, soon after removed to Union District, where I have lived to this day. In the spring of 1780, I think in April, Colonel Brandon was encamped with a party of seventy or eighty whigs, about five miles from Union Court House, where Christopher Young now lives. Their object was to collect forces for the approaching campaign, and to keep a check upon the tories. They had taken prisoner, one Adam Steedham, as vile a tory as ever lived. By some means, Steedham escaped during the night, and notified the tories of Brandon's position. The whigs were attacked by a large body of the enemy before day, and completely routed. On that occasion, my brother, John Young, was murdered. I shall never forget my feelings, when told of his death. I do not believe I had ever used an oath before that day, but then I tore open my bosom, and swore that I would never rest until I had avenged his death. Subsequently, many tories felt the weight of my arm, and around Steedham's neck I fastened the rope, as a re-

ward for his cruelties. On the next day, I left home in my shirt sleeves, and joined Brandon's party. Chr. Brandon and I joined at the same time, and the first engagement we were in was at Stallions', in York District.

We had been told of a party of tories, then stationed at Stallions'; a detachment of about fifty whigs, under Colonel Brandon, moved to attack them. Before we arrived at the house in which they were fortified, we were divided into two parties; Captain Love, with a party of sixteen, of whom I was one, marched to attack the front, while Colonel Brandon, with the remainder, made a circuit to intercept those who should attempt to escape, and also to attack the rear. Mrs. Stallions was a sister of Captain Love, and, on the approach of her brother, she ran out and begged him not to fire upon the house. She ran back to the house, and sprang upon the door step, which was pretty high. At this moment, the house was attacked, in the rear, by Colonel Brandon's party, and Mrs. Stallions was killed by a ball shot at random through the opposite door. At the same moment with Brandon's attack, our party raised a shout and rushed forward. We fired several rounds, which were briskly returned. It was not long, however, before the tories ran up a flag, first upon the end of a gun; but, as that did not look exactly peaceful, a ball was put through the fellow's arm, and, in a few minutes, the flag was raised on a ramrod, when we ceased firing. While we were fighting, a man was seen running through an open field, near us. I raised my gun to shoot him, when some of our party exclaimed, "don't shoot, he is one of our own men." I drew down my gun, and in a moment he halted, wheeled round, and fired at us. Old Squire Kennedy, who was an excellent marksman, raised his rifle and brought him down. We had but one wounded, William Kennedy, who was shot by my side, through the wrist and thigh. The loss of the tories was two killed, four wounded, and twenty-eight prisoners, whom we sent to Charlotte, North-Carolina.

After the fight, Love and Stallions met and shed bitter tears. Stallions was dismissed, on parole, to bury his wife and arrange his affairs.

The next engagement I was in, was at King's Mountain, South-Carolina, on the 7th October, 1780, (the particulars of which are sufficiently detailed in history.)* When our division came up to the northern base of the mountain, we dismounted, and Colonel Roebuck drew us a little to the left, and commenced the attack. Ben Hollingsworth and myself took right up the side of the mountain, and fought, from tree to tree, our way to the summit. I recollect I stood behind one tree and fired, until the bark was nearly all knocked off, and my eyes pretty well filled with it. One fellow shaved me pretty close, for his bullet took a piece out of my gun-stock. Before I was aware of it, I found myself apparently between my own regiment and the enemy, as I judged, from seeing the paper which the whigs wore in their hats, and the pine knots the tories wore in theirs, these being the badges of distinction. On the top of the mountain, in the thickest of the fight, I saw Colonel Williams fall, and a braver and a better man never died upon a battle-field. I ran to his assistance, for I loved him as a father; he had ever been so kind to me, and almost always carried a cake in his pocket for me and his little son, Joseph. They carried him into a tent, and sprinkled some water into his face. He revived, and his first words were, "For God's sake, boys, don't give up the hill!" He died the next day, and was buried not far from the field of his glory. Daniel and Joseph Williams, his sons, were both massacred by the tories at Hays' Station, where Daniel first threw his father's pistols into the burning house, rather than they should go into the hands of the tories.

The next engagement I was in was at Hammond's store, on Bush river, somewhere near Ninety-Six. Colonel Washington commanded us, with about seventy

* He was then but sixteen years old.

dragoons. When we came in sight, we perceived that the tories had formed in line on the brow of the hill opposite to us. We had a long hill to descend, and another to rise. Washington and his dragoons drew their swords, gave a shout, and charged down the hill like madmen. The tories fled in every direction, without firing a gun. We then returned to Morgan's encampment, at Grindall's Shoal, on the Pacolet. Having received intelligence that Colonel Tarleton designed to cross at Easterwood Shoal above him, General Morgan broke up his encampment early in the morning of the 16th, and retreated up the main road.* We arrived at the field of the Cowpens about sunset, and were then told that there we should meet the enemy. Morgan knew well the power of Tarleton's legion. Two companies of mounted volunteers were there called for; one was raised by Major Jolly, of Union District, and the other, I think, by Major McCall. I attached myself to Major Jolly's company, and we were informed that we had authority to press any horse, not belonging to a dragoon or an officer, into our service, for the next day.

It was upon this occasion I was more perfectly convinced of General Morgan's qualifications to command militia, than I had ever before been. He went among the volunteers, helped them to fix their swords, joked with them about their sweethearts, told them to keep in good spirits, and the day would be ours. And long after I laid down, he was going about among the soldiers, encouraging them, and telling them that the old wagoner (Morgan) would crack his whip over Ben (Tarleton) in the morning, as sure as they lived. "Just hold up your heads, boys, give them three fires, and you will be free. And then, when you return to your homes, how the old folks will bless you, and the girls

* This is very important information as to the cause of Morgan's retrograde movement; it proves his judgment, and removes the implied censure by Lee, that he was wavering or undecided. It is fully confirmed by Major McJunkin, with minutiae that could only be related by an eye-witness.—(See *Magnolia*, of January, 1843, p. 38.)

will kiss you for your gallant conduct.*" About sunrise the British advanced at a sort of trot, with a loud halloo; it was the most beautiful line I ever saw. When they shouted, I heard Morgan say, "They give us the British halloo, boys—give them the Indian whoop;" and he galloped along the lines, cheering the men, and telling them not to fire until they could see the whites of their eyes. The militia fired first, they being in advance. At first, it was pop, pop, pop, and then a whole volley; but when the regulars fired, it seemed like one sheet of flame from right to left! Oh! it was beautiful! I heard old Colonel Fair say that John Savage fired the first gun in this battle:

After the second forming of the militia, the fight

* Analogous to this admirable encouragement from General Morgan, is the following Dutch sermon, delivered before a company of volunteers, during our revolution, upon their going forth to battle:

Mine frients:

Ven virst you comed here from Sharmany, you were boor and dirty, as you had a right to be, and as your fathers were before you; you were porn so. It was no disgrace to be so in Sharmany, for there the landlorts had a right to take all that you could earn. But in dis country you are the landlorts; and when the English king gave you land, he bromised that nopody should take away your monies but your own selves. Now he wants to cheat you, and to take away your bro-perty, like your landlorts aforetime in Sharmany. And he has sent over his red-goat soldiers to shoot you, and to take away your houses and parns, and your wives and your sweethearts. If you submit to it, they will kick you and despise you, and so will the bretty gals; they will laugh at you, and say goot, you deserve it all, pecause you would not faight for your own. Put a man is a man, if he is no pigger as my tumb. You have on your new uniform coats, and some of tem fits you like a shirt fits a pole; put never mind dem, or their big guns; your guns can kill as well as deirs, and better, as you faight for your-selves, and they for their landlorts, that they do not care about. Ven Tavid vent out to faight mit Goliah, he took only a sling and a stone; put it vas not a gin sling or a mint sling, or you would all want to take one also. It was a sling, like a good hickory stick, vat can kill a man, if like Tavid you faight bravely. So, if you faight bravely, the Lord will strengthen your arms, as he did Tavid's, and you will take good aim like Tavid, and your pullets, by his help, can kill the British as Tavid did Goliah. And den all the pretty gals will come and sing for you, and let you kiss dem, and all dat, as dey did for Tavid, ven he kilt Goliah.

became general and unintermitting. In the hottest of it, I saw Colonel Brandon coming at full speed to the rear, and waving his sword to Colonel Washington. In a moment, the order to charge was given. We made a most furious charge, and, cutting through the British cavalry, we wheeled and charged them in the rear. In this charge, I exchanged my tackey for the finest horse I ever rode; it was the quickest swap I ever made in my life. At this moment, the bugle sounded; we made a half circuit at full speed, and came upon the rear of the British line, shouting and charging like madmen. At the same moment, Colonel Howard gave the order, "charge bayonet," and the day was ours—the British line broke—many of them laid down their arms and surrendered, while the rest took to the wagon road, and did their prettiest sort of running away.

After this, Major Jolly and seven or eight of us resolved on an excursion to capture some of the baggage. We went about twelve miles, and captured two British soldiers, two negroes, and two horses laden with portmanteaus. One of the portmanteaus belonged to a paymaster in the British service, and contained gold. I rode along some miles with my prisoners and baggage towards our camp, when I met a party which I soon discovered to be British. I attempted to fly, but, my horse being stiff by the severe exercise I had given him, they overtook me. My pistol was empty, so I drew my sword and made battle; I never fought so hard in my life. In a few minutes, one finger on my left hand was split; then I received a cut on my sword arm. In the next instant a cut from a sabre across my forehead (the scar of which I shall carry to my grave); the skin slipped down over my eyes, and the blood blinded me. Then came a thrust in the right shoulder blade, then a cut upon the left shoulder, and a last cut, which you may feel for yourself on the back of my head, and I fell upon my horse's neck. They took me down, bound up my wounds, and replaced me on my horse, a prisoner of war. When my

captors joined their party in the main road, one of the Tories, who knew me, swore he would kill me, and cocked his gun. In a moment, about twenty British soldiers drew their swords, cursed him for a coward, wishing to kill a boy, without arms and a prisoner, and ran him off.

Colonel Tarleton sent for me, and I rode several miles by his side. He was a fine-looking man, with rather a proud bearing, but very gentlemanly in his manners. He asked me a great many questions, and I told him one lie which I have often thought of since. In reply to his query, whether Morgan was reinforced before the battle, I told him, "he was not, but that he expected a reinforcement every minute." He asked me how many dragoons Washington had? I told him, "he had seventy, and two volunteer companies of mounted militia; but, you know, they won't fight!" He quickly replied, "but they did to-day though!" We got to Hamilton's ford, on Broad river, about dark; the river was said to be swimming, and just then they were told that Washington was close behind. During the confusion which ensued, a young Virginian, named Deshaser—also a prisoner—and myself, managed to make our escape; but I had a violent fever eight or ten days after it. Thanks to the kind nursing and attention of old Mrs. Brandon, I recovered. The little pacing tackey, on which the British had mounted me, would not do for a trooper. One day, after my recovery, I met old Mrs. Willard riding a fine sorrel horse, and told her that we must swap. The exchange was made, not much to the old woman's satisfaction, for she did not like the whigs; and I don't believe the Willards have forgiven me for that horse-swap to this day.

Soon after this, I joined a detachment of whigs, under Colonel Brandon, and scouted through the country until we reached the siege of Fort Motte. There I remained several days, when we joined a detachment, under Colonel Hampton, to take Orangeburg. The State troops out-marched us, for we had a piece of

artillery to manage; we arrived the morning after them. As soon as the field-piece was brought to bear upon the house, a breach was made through the gable end—then another lower down—then about the centre, and they surrendered. I then joined a party of dragoons, under Captain Boykin, and went down to Bacon's bridge to capture some British horses. We took three very fine ones, and then two others. I then went to the siege of Ninety-Six. Old Squire Kennedy, an excellent marksman, thought that we could pick off a man now and then, as they went to the spring. We both shot a man, and then made off, for fear it should be our turn next. After this siege, I returned to my old neighborhood, and was engaged in various expeditions of danger, without profit or honor. In one skirmish, I witnessed an amusing scene between Colonel Hughes and a tory. Hughes had dismounted, to get a chance of shooting at some fellow through the bushes, when a tory sprang upon his horse, and dashed away. Hughes discovered it in time, fired, and put a ball through the hind tree of the saddle and the fellow's thigh. The tory fell, and Hughes got his horse. In this excursion, we got a great deal of plunder which had been concealed by the tories

Once after this, I was taken by a party of "Outliers," (a name given to the Greys,) the most notorious and abandoned plunderers and murderers of that gloomy period. On account of the kindness I had once shown to one of them, while a prisoner in my charge, I was set at liberty without being hurt.

One Captain Reed was at a neighbor's house, in York District, on a visit. The landlady saw two men approaching the house, whom she knew to be tories, and told Captain Reed that he had better escape, as they would kill him. He replied, no, they had been his neighbors; he had known Love and Sadler all his life, and had nothing to fear from them. He walked out into the yard, offered them his hand, but they immediately killed him. His mother, a very old

woman, came to where we were encamped, in North-Carolina, leaning upon the arms of two officers. She drew from her bosom the bloody pocket-book of her son. Colonel Brandon stepped out, and asked if there were any here willing to volunteer to avenge her wrongs. Twenty-five volunteered, of which I was one. The two murderers were killed, and nobody else hurt."

After the peace, Major Thomas Young married, and settled in Union District, upon the spot where he now lives, and where he has brought up a large family. He is beloved by his neighbors for his kindness, and respected by all for the scars he received in the cause of liberty.

[*Extract from Orion, vol. iii., page 218.*]

MYER FRANKS.

After killing Edward Hampton, the tories thought it prudent to leave a neighborhood in which they had committed so many murders. The next day Captain John Barry raised a company of militia, and started in pursuit of the "Bloody Scout," but did not overtake them. Whilst on the pursuit, in Laurens District, they came to the house of an old tory, by the name of Franks, who had a very bountiful supply of bacon on hand. The whigs feeling quite hungry, and not having tasted food for twenty-four hours, thought there was no harm in quartering themselves, for a short time, in the smoke-house of an enemy. Consequently, they not only made free use, for the time being, of the old tory's bacon, but provided themselves with rations for several days. David Anderson acted as commissary on this occasion, and took the responsibility of judging how much would be a proper supply for the company. It is said that he proved quite a liberal caterer, and that Franks' smoke-house required neither lock nor key after the whigs left it. This was in 1781. In 1783, peace was concluded, and the inde-

pendence of the country acknowledged. Some years afterwards, the people in the upper country, who had been long without law, found the Circuit Court re-established in Ninety-Six District. One of the first cases brought in this court was docketed by Myer Franks *vs.* David Anderson—trespass. Many years had passed by, and many things forgotten in the revolution, but not the taking of Myer Franks' bacon. It dwelt in the memory of the old tory, like the elopement of his daughter and her jewels in the memory of Shylock. The emptiness of his smoke-house seemed ever afterwards to haunt his imagination, and it is likely, too, that he suffered a good deal in the flesh the ensuing summer, for meat was an article which could not always be procured in those days. There were no Kentucky drovers then.

Be this as it may, Myer Franks brought suit for his bacon, as soon as the luxury of the law was allowed him, by the establishment of the court at Ninety-Six. He thought it rather troublesome to bring suits against all who had helped to eat his bacon; or may have been advised by his counsel to begin with the agent in the business. He, therefore, singled out Anderson, the commissary, as the object of his legal vengeance. The case was called, and a host of witnesses were in attendance, to prove the fact on the part of the plaintiff, and the use to which the bacon had been appropriated by the defendant. After getting through the testimony, his honor, the presiding judge, ordered the case to be stricken from the docket, and left Mr. Franks to brood over his not having "saved his bacon," and to lament that the royalists had not conquered the rebels.—*B. F. Perry.*

JORDAN MOUNTJOY.

The parents of J. Mountjoy were tories of the deepest dye, and their house was a place of common rendezvous for the "Bloody Scout," while in Spartanburg

District. Jordan associated with none but such people, and seldom saw any of the whigs, but had some secret partiality for them. It is possible that his compassion and sympathy may have been excited by his hearing of their sufferings and slaughter. He was but fourteen years of age, and was not excluded from the consultations of the tories, and at one of these he became acquainted with a deep-laid scheme of the Bloody Scout to surprise and capture a company of liberty men, under the command of Captain Thomas Farrow, of Laurens District. As soon as Jordan heard the arrangements, he mounted his horse and hastened to inform the whigs of their danger. Captain Farrow took advantage of this timely warning, and surprised the tories by an attack on the same night.

Jordan's agency in this matter was discovered by his parents and their tory friends. Their threats and enmity drove him over to the American side, and he soon became one of the most active, enterprising and daring partisans of whom the whigs could boast. He was always selected to reconnoitre and spy out the movements of the tories. In one of these expeditions, near his father's house, he met a company of tories under a noted leader, named Gray. With the speed of an arrow, he dashed by the tory captain, fired his pistol in his face, and made his escape. In the latter part of the revolution, young Mountjoy belonged to an American garrison, on the frontiers of Georgia. While there, he volunteered to go with a small detachment in pursuit of some Indians, who had been stealing horses in the neighborhood. They were under the command of a lieutenant, who did not take the necessary precautions when in pursuit of Indians. The detachment was surprised, and all killed except Mountjoy and one other. Mountjoy did not leave the ground until he had fired his rifle and both pistols. He then escaped unhurt, but had several balls to pass through his coat and pantaloons.

On another occasion, while in the same garrison, the Indians became so troublesome, that it was dangerous

to venture out from it. An old lady, who was there, had a horse which she could get no one to ride to water for her; after fruitless applications to several, she asked Mountjoy if he would be so obliging as to risk his life in riding her horse to water. Without hesitation, the young man complied with the old lady's request, took his pistols, mounted her horse, and rode to the creek. Whilst the horse was drinking, he discovered an Indian slipping from the bushes, between him and the fort, and seizing his bridle reins before he could wheel, with the quickness of thought Mountjoy drew a pistol, and lodged its contents in the bosom of his assailant. Such boldness, presence of mind, and self-possession, under circumstances well calculated to try the nerve of any man, acquired for him a high character among his associates in arms. Many other incidents, similar to the above, might be related of this youthful hero of the revolution. He was still living a few years since, in Spartanburg, but had become infirm from his exposure and sufferings in the revolution, so unsuited to his early time of life.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Hite Family—General Andrew Jackson—Joseph Kershaw—Major Pearce Butler—Mrs. Cruger in the siege of Cambridge—General Samuel Elbert—Colonel Leroy Hammond—Colonel James Williams—Captain James Ryan.

AMONG the earliest settlers of Greenville District, was Mr. Hite, a gentleman of great respectability, and one of the first families in Virginia. He removed to South-Carolina several years before the revolution, and settled with his family on Enoree river. The whole country was, at that time, in possession of the Cherokee Indians. Several purchases of lands had been made from them, and grants obtained for the same from the crown of Great Britain. A grant of this character had been obtained by Paris, for ten miles square, within its boundaries, embracing the beautiful site on which the village of Greenville now stands. Paris was an Englishman and a man of fortune, who took up his abode among the Indians, and acquired great influence among them. He brought with him his family, which consisted, with others, of two interesting and lovely daughters. Mr. Hite wished to cultivate a friendly intercourse with the Indians, and in this he succeeded until the breaking out of the revolution. When that happened, the Cherokees were induced by the presents and agents of England to take sides with the king against the country. To this course they were naturally inclined, from their love of war, and their jealousy of the continued encroachments of the whites. The feelings and principles of Mr. Hite led him to espouse the cause of his country, and learning that the Indians were about to take up arms, he thought that they might be induced to remain neutral. In

order to try what influence he could have with them, his son was despatched to their towns with presents and messages. This son was a young man of education, and had for several years been reading law, with a view to admission at the Charleston bar. He was personally intimate with many of the Indians and their chiefs, and was engaged to be married to one of Paris' daughters, who had been educated in the mother country. This son, Jacob O'Bannon Hite, set out, alone, for the Cherokee towns, not apprehending the least danger, and confident in his influence to keep them quiet and peaceable in the coming struggle between Great Britain and her colonies. He had not proceeded far, when he unexpectedly met a war party, of several hundred Indians, marching against the white settlements. The die had been cast; the chiefs had determined in council to take up the tomahawk, and it is well known that in this case, nothing can alter or change their determination. Young Hite was immediately killed, scalped and mangled. The place was on the waters of Estotoe, in Pickens District, at a narrow pass between two mountains. The spot is gloomy, and fit for such a melancholy tragedy.

The Indians proceeded on their march, to the residence of Paris, now the village of Greenville. They also told of the death of Hite, and were provoked at the distress of Paris' daughter, to whom he was engaged. This young lady, finding that the Indians would next proceed against Mr. Hite's family, on the Enoree, with a spirit worthy of a heroine, resolved to save, if possible, the family of her unfortunate and plighted lover. She secretly left her father's house, and travelled on foot, several miles, through a wilderness, to effect her object. She accomplished her journey in time to give the necessary warning, but she was not heeded, until it was too late. Most of them were killed; Mrs. Hite was carried off to their nation, and afterwards, we believe, murdered in their retreat. The few survivors returned to Virginia.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

In passing through Anderson District, some years since, I heard of Mrs. Stephenson, a venerable matron, who had been the youthful acquaintance of General Andrew Jackson, during the American revolution. I was induced by curiosity, as well as respect for the character of this estimable old lady, to visit one who had been the companion of our illustrious ex-President, in the days of his boyhood and obscurity. I found Mrs. Stephenson all that she had been represented—an intelligent, kind-hearted, and fine looking old matron, full of conversation and anecdotes of “the old war.” She was born in the neighborhood of the Waxhaws, in Lancaster District, South-Carolina, and there grew up with the future “hero of New-Orleans.” The mother of Andrew Jackson and her three sons were well known to Mrs. Stephenson. Andrew was the youngest, and about her own age. They were sent to the same school, and their parents lived very near each other. The father of General Jackson died before Mrs. Stephenson’s recollection, and shortly after his settlement in South-Carolina; he and his wife were both from Ireland. At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle in South-Carolina, Andrew was going to a grammar-school, kept in the meeting-house of the Waxhaw neighborhood. As the contest grew warm, the school was discontinued, and the meeting-house burnt down. In the meantime, one of Andrew’s brothers died, and the other entered the service of his country. During the war, this other brother died with the small pox. The Waxhaw neighborhood, at one period of the revolution, became the seat of war, and was laid almost entirely desolate and left without inhabitants. It was during this distressing period that Andrew himself, then a youth of fourteen or fifteen years old, joined the American army. The particulars of his services were unknown to Mrs. Stephenson. She understood, however, that he was taken prisoner by

the British, and heard that he had received a blow from an officer, with his sword, for not performing some menial office, during his imprisonment. There were two cousins of Andrew Jackson in the army with him. One of them was killed, and the other taken prisoner. Whilst a prisoner of war in Charleston, his aunt, Mrs. Jackson, lost her life, in attempting to visit him. She fell a victim to the climate and to sorrow, and her nephew soon followed. This left Andrew Jackson without a relative on this side of the Atlantic—a boy, and almost a stranger in a new country. The little property which his family possessed, had been plundered and destroyed. When the country was restored to peace, he found himself destitute of home, relations, friends and money. Under these circumstances, he made the house of a Mr. White his home. White was the uncle of Mrs. Stephenson, and a saddler by trade. Andrew remained with him twelve or eighteen months, and during that time assisted him in working at his trade. What progress the future President of the United States made, in this humble, but respectable occupation, is not known. But the fact of his being thus engaged for that length of time, is well known to Mrs. Stephenson. Becoming tired of the business of making saddles, and finding an opportunity of doing better, he left Mr. White, and went to North-Carolina, where he afterwards commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar.

The little circumstance narrated below, which is said to have occurred after the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, strikingly characterizes General Jackson. It reflects credit, not only on himself but on the country:

“In the year 1824, our informant met, at the table of Sir George Airy, many distinguished Englishmen, then in Paris. The conversation turned upon the then pending Presidential election, and fears were expressed, that, should General Jackson be elected, the amicable relations between the two countries might be endangered, in consequence of his high-handed exercise of power, as evinced during his command at New-Orleans.

The necessity on the part of our informant, of replying to these observations, was superseded by the prompt and generous outbreak of one of the guests, Colonel Thornton, of the 8th, an officer well known for his gallant character, and whose regiment suffered severely in the attack of the 8th of January. He testified in the handsomest terms to the conduct of General Jackson, as an amicable and faithful commander on that occasion, and declared that, had he not used the power confided to him in the high-handed way alluded to, New-Orleans would infallibly have been captured. As to the charge of implacable hostility, Colonel T. declared, that in all the intercourse by flag and otherwise, between the hostile commanders, General Jackson had been peculiarly courteous and humane, and proceeded to state, that, on the day after the battle, the British were permitted to bury their dead, lying beyond a certain line, a hundred yards in advance of General Jackson's entrenchments—all within that line being buried by the Americans themselves. As soon as the melancholy duty was performed, the British general was surprised at receiving a flag, with the sword, epaulettes and watches of the officers who had fallen, and a note from General Jackson, couched in the most courteous language, saying that one pair of epaulettes was missing, but diligent search was making, and when found, they should be sent in. These articles, always considered fair objects of plunder, were rescued by General Jackson, and thus handed over, with a request that they might be transmitted to the relatives of the gallant officers to whom they belonged."

This anecdote, and the frank and soldier-like style in which it was given, turned the whole current of feeling in favor of the general, and drew forth an expression of applause from all parts of the table. "For myself," said our informant, "I felt a flush on my cheek, and a thrill of pride through my bosom, and in my heart I thanked the old general for proving, by this chivalrous act, that the defenders of our country were above the sordid feelings of mercenary warfare."

Most of the above revolutionary incidents and sketches of biography, are extracted from the first and second volumes of the *Magnolia*, but regret that we were obliged to abridge the narratives and thereby impair the style and effect. But for this, we could not have done better than to adopt the words of the writers, Judge O'Neill, Major Perry of Greenville, Major Sumner of Newberry and Mr. Geo. P. Elliott of Beaufort.

JOSEPH, WILLIAM AND ELY KERSHAW.

About the year 1755, when there was not the most distant idea of the American revolution, three brothers, Joseph, William and Ely Kershaw, came out from Great Britain to South-Carolina, bringing with them considerable funds or property.* In April, 1756, Joseph Kershaw was keeping a grocery store in Charleston, as appears by his advertisement in the *South-Carolina Gazette*. In or about the year 1758, he removed to what was then called Pine Tree, a village on the east side of the Wateree river, at the head of navigation. Here he continued many years, carrying on a very extensive country trade, as much for the accommodation of the surrounding settlers as for his own profit. John Chesnut was at first his apprentice, then his clerk, and finally, his partner, in this extensive country store.

A colony of Quakers, from Ireland, among whom were Robert Millhouse and Samuel Wiley, two very sensible and respectable men, had settled on Pine Tree creek, near Wateree river, in Craven county, and called their village "Pine Tree." There, also, they built stores, mills, a meeting-house, and formed a very thriving settlement. When Joseph Kershaw settled in this vil-

* They were the sons of Joseph Kershaw, and were born in Yorkshire, England, at Sowerby.

lage, he married Miss Mathis, one of the Quaker settlers, purchased a good deal of the adjoining land, and became one of the most influential proprietors. He prevailed on the other settlers to unite in laying out their town in streets and lots, and in changing its homely name to Camden, after the favorite English statesman of that day.* Camden continued to prosper, and the number of stores, mills and dwellings, increased in proportion with the number of its inhabitants and facilities of trade. Nothing interrupted this progressive improvement until after the fall of Charleston, in 1780, when the British troops overrun the State.

William Kershaw died previous to the revolution, and but little is now known of his merits and services. Joseph having acquired great influence in that division of the State, by his talents, integrity, and public spirit, took an early and an active part in the affairs of the revolution.

In January, 1775, he was a member of the first Provincial Congress, the same which adopted a constitution for the State; the first constitution which had been adopted in the Union. They recommended to the inhabitants to train themselves to arms, appointed an executive committee to conduct the affairs of the State, and adjourned until the December following. These proceedings, it will be recollected, took place while the royal governor and his privy council were still in South-Carolina, and nominally, the rulers of the Province, under his Majesty George III. To contravene his authority was high treason. At the next meeting of this assembly the revolutionary government was completely established, and Joseph Kershaw elected a member of the legislative committee, which corresponds with our Senate. His brother, Ely, was then, also, elected a captain in the third regiment of rangers, under Colonel William Thompson.

When at the instigation of the British governor, Lord William Campbell, the royalists in the upper country

* Camden was laid out in 1760, and chartered in 1769.

were embodying themselves under Fletchall, Kirkland, Browne, Robertson and the Cunninghams, Joseph Kershaw was requested, by the executive committee, to use his influence in restraining and conciliating them. He accordingly joined with Drayton and Tennent, in their measures of peace; but when the convention, signed by the other leaders, was broken by the Cunninghams and their followers, collected in arms, Kershaw united in the propriety of opposing force by force, and joined General Richardson in overrunning and crushing the royalists.

In the harassing, desultory warfare which ensued, during the next five years, in the three Southern States, these brothers were always among the foremost in danger and duty.* The incidents in their civil and military career, are not known; their letters and other memorials of their services were, by the request of a friend, the talented Henry G. Nixon, Esq., entrusted to him; his house was broken open and pillaged, when the documents were carried off, with other matters, and never recovered. In Moultrie's Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 271, is detailed a disgraceful act of insubordination, by one of Colonel Kershaw's militia men. At the colonel's request that he should be court-martialed, Gen. Lincoln proceeded to have him tried by the rules and regulations of the *continental army*. Seven members of the court refused to take the oath that they would try the offender by those rules, as the militia had not enlisted under those rules and articles—had not received the bounty or pay of continentals, but were drafted under the militia laws of South-Carolina. General Lincoln was displeased, dismissed the militia, and refused to furnish them any more provisions.

It is, however, certain, that both Joseph and Ely Kershaw were engaged under General Lincoln, in the

* Colonel Kershaw kept an orderly book, in which he entered all the orders received and extended by him. He also kept a book with the accounts of each officer, serving in his regiment. They may still be seen in the hands of his grand-son, Colonel Joseph Brevard Kershaw, in Camden.

defence of Charleston, during its long continued siege and sufferings. That in violation of the articles of capitulation, on its surrender, they were imprisoned by the British, solely because they were brave, influential men, devoted to their country; and as such, were sent off to Bermuda. In their voyage to that port, Ely died with typhus dysentery, which prevailed in all the prison ships, to a greater or less degree.*

During the two years subsequent to the fall of Charleston, Camden became the centre of almost all the military transactions of that eventful era—the battle-field for contending hostile armies, fifteen or sixteen actions having been fought in its environs. Immediately after the surrender of Charleston, Camden was occupied by the British, and was the scene of many thrilling incidents. Here the first martyrs were executed in what the British called the second rebellion. Imprisonment and chains were the lot of many hundred Americans, in Camden. When the British could no longer retain it as a military position, they set fire to the court-houses and jail, to their barracks, and to their store-houses, containing an immense amount of arms, provisions, baggage, and military stores of every description. In the progress of the flames, many private buildings were involved in the general destruction. The fortifications were left entire, by the British, hoping that they might return and occupy them, but these the Americans destroyed, and Camden was left in ruins.

At the close of the revolution, Colonel Kershaw returned to his dilapidated home, with a fortune reduced by the waste of war. Still, the happy result of the revolution left him much to exult in, and the cares, the wants and the education of his children, afforded interest and pleasure to his manly exertions. His house was left by the British, and is still in good repair, but has passed out of the family.

While still in exile, his active patriotism and com-

* Joseph Kershaw was detained a prisoner fifteen months, in Bermuda, and then exchanged.

mercial enterprise, induced him to concert measures for supplying the Southern States with military stores and clothing, of which he knew them to be woefully in want. The purchases were made by his agents, and were shipped at his risk, he having mortgaged his lands for security. They would have been a source of great profit to himself, and of incalculable benefit to the country, had they arrived in safety. He intended them as supplies, offered to Congress for the general defence, but he had no opportunity of making a previous bargain or engagement with the agents of the government. The vessel in which they were shipped, was captured by the British, and his excellent intentions frustrated. He petitioned Congress for relief from the consequent heavy loss, but as they had never encouraged him in the undertaking, or assumed the liability for his costs and charges, the petition was rejected, and he left embarrassed, by the heavy and unfortunate speculation. Mrs. Kershaw, his wife, having been left in South-Carolina with part of her family, was subjected to great annoyance during the absence of her husband. Lord Cornwallis first occupied her house, then Lord Rawdon, and their successors, in command of his Majesty's forces on that station. During this occupation, Mrs. Kershaw, with her children, were excluded and forced to reside in a small, inconvenient house, exposed to the contagion of the small pox, insulted by the British, and occasionally in a destitute condition. She obtained permission to reside a few miles south of Camden, and while here, some of her faithful servants kept a portion of the stock of cattle, hogs, &c., concealed in the Wateree swamp, where they managed to cultivate a few provisions for her and their own subsistence. One of these negroes, the driver, called Guinea Cato, was very faithful. On one occasion, the Tories, under one McDaniel, took Cato prisoner, pinioned him and carried him off. When encamped at night, they built a fire, at the foot of a large swamp oak, and slept around it. Cato was placed between two of them, and a sentinel stationed on each side of the three.

When Cato found all quiet, and the sentinels asleep, he cautiously loosed his bonds and crept into the thick woods adjoining. When in a place of safety, his native love of fun returned upon him, and he determined to give the tory camp a little stampede. With this view, he selected a large pine knot, and from a favorable position, threw it among the top branches of the tree. It was in the fall of a fine mast year, and the large acorns showered down upon the unconscious sleepers. They, probably dreaming of Marion and the whigs, started from their slumbers in the greatest confusion, heightened by the signal guns of the sentinels, the cries of the timid and the alarm of the whole party. Cato enjoyed the success of his trick, often grinned, while *en route* to his home, and told the story with great relish, for many years after the event.

While at this house, Mrs. Kershaw was frequently subjected to the intrusion and annoyance of British officers. They would send down a sergeant with a file of men, escorting a cart of liquors, provisions, &c, directing preparations to be made for a dance, which it pleased them to hold there that night. They in no way respected the homestead of a retired family, and the ladies of rebel families were made to feel their position as subjects. They suspected that Colonel Wade Hampton was harbored by Mrs. Kershaw, and searched her house at midnight to take him. Miss Hetty Cummings, who was of a royalist family, was staying there at the time, and presuming on the known loyalty of her family, she refused to rise or permit her room to be searched. She indignantly denied the imputation that a gentleman was in her chamber, and threatened them with punishment, if they insulted her by entering it. Notwithstanding her spirited behaviour, they entered the room, and not content with searching it, plunged their bayonets into the bed. On another occasion, Hampton had hardly left the house, when a troop of Tarleton's cavalry galloped into the yard, in quest of him.

After Camden was evacuated by the British, Mrs.

Kershaw returned to the mansion house, and in a few days after, Mrs. General Greene was her guest for a short time. Mrs. Greene was represented to have been a very handsome woman, and as elegant in her manners as in her person. She was dressed in a rich military jacket and skirt, for her riding dress. She travelled on horseback, with a numerous retinue—her decorations were richly plaited, and she lived in much style.

Two of Colonel Kershaw's sons, James and John, the two oldest, had been sent to England for their education, previous to the commencement of hostilities, and did not return until after the peace. Col. K. left eight children at his death, and their descendants are numerous. Among them are Charles and Benjamin Perkins, and family, Mrs. Alexander Johnson and family, all of Camden; Mrs. Henrietta Powers, of Virginia; Samuel Wilds DuBose and family, of Darlington; Mrs. Mary R. Young, of Jackson county, Florida; and Colonel Joseph Brevard Kershaw, of Camden, who acquired honorable distinction in the Mexican war, as first lieutenant of the Kershaw volunteers, in the Palmetto Regiment.

MAJOR PEARCE BUTLER.

This gentleman was a native of Ireland, a descendant from the Duke of Ormond, the celebrated Jacobite, and therefore, from education and principle, opposed to the present dynasty of Great Britain. He was one of the most elegant men in person and deportment that ever I saw, and joined cordially with the Americans in their opposition to the unconstitutional measures of the British administration. He married Miss Middleton, of Beaufort, a lady of one of the first families of South-Carolina, possessing a fine fortune; and identified himself, with native ardor, in all the interests and feelings

of the South. On some occasions, when speaking reproachfully of the depredations committed by the British troops, he was more pointed in his remarks against the 71st regiment, calling them a band of jail birds, &c.* This speech was reported to that regiment, and both men and officers vowed vengeance against him, but were never able to effect their purpose. It was, however, known among his friends, and every precaution taken for his safety. When spending the night in company with his lady, at the plantation of Mr. John Deas, in St. Thomas' Parish, he had taken off his boots, and was preparing to retire, when an alarm was given that the enemy were at hand. Mr. Deas took hold of his arm, and urged him to go immediately through a back gate and escape. Major Butler called for his boots, but Mr. Deas would not suffer him to wait for them, and hurried him out in slippers. In their way down to the landing, Major Butler lost one of his slippers, but Mr. Deas would not suffer him to pause even for that, and when they reached the creek, (French Quarter Creek,) he was literally bare-footed. Mr. Deas paddled over to Mr. Huger's side, and in the adjoining woods they were safe till morning.

They had scarcely left the house, when the British dragoons, whose approach had been discovered, rudely rushed in, demanding Major Butler. They had heard of his being at Mr. Deas', (through the treachery of two of Major Butler's servants,) and had been sent to take him. Being told that Major Butler was not there, they insisted on searching the premises. Not being able to find or hear of him, they were asked by Mrs. Butler "what they would have done, if they had found him?" The officer promptly answered, "we would have put him to death, even in your arms, madam."

Major Butler had a son and daughter, by his marriage, but the son died at a most interesting period of

* It was said and believed, that when Savannah was taken by the British troops, the culprits and convicts were released from the jails, on condition that they should enlist, and that this regiment, in particular, had been filled by such enlistments.

life—shortly after he had reached the age of manhood. His daughter married Dr. Mease, of Philadelphia, and had a family. Major Butler's large property was in the State of Georgia, at the mouth of the Altamaha. The heir of his name and fortune being lost, he made some especial provision in his will, for the family name of Butler to be assumed by one or more of his grandsons, the children of Mrs. Mease. His wish has been complied with, and his grandsons enjoy his estate in the family name of Butler.

When the British army was intrenched at Cambridge, in Ninty-Six District, under the command of Colonel Cruger, his family was staying about three miles west of Cambridge, at the house of Colonel S. S. Mayson, who had taken protection. Mayson had a family, and among them several daughters. The British officers at Cambridge, finding so many attractions at the residence of their commanding officer, and so much *ennui* during their inactive residence in camp, frequently obtained leave of absence to call and spend the evening at Mayson's, ostensibly to pay due respect to the lady of their commander. Other young company would occasionally assemble there, and much social harmony was promoted in the neighborhood. Even some of the rebels would occasionally visit at Mayson's, and if they there met with British officers, it was on neutral ground, and civilities were interchanged.

Suddenly, a cannonade is heard at Cambridge, and the ladies were soon apprized that General Greene had attacked the British forces, and was besieging their star battery. Much confusion ensued; all were busy in collecting their movables, and Mrs. Cruger sewing up her guineas in girdles or belts, for the purpose of securing them about her person. A lady now living, the venerable relict of General William Butler, being a visitor in the family of Mayson's, says, that she helped Mrs. Cruger to sew up the guineas on this occasion. She does not say that any others, except Mrs. Cruger, had occasion so to provide for the safety of their money:

“nought is never in danger.” The work was scarcely finished, when the ladies were alarmed by the announcement, that a number of armed men, in American uniform, had marched into the enclosure. The men being halted, the officer advanced, and asked to speak with any one of the family. He then stated that General Greene had sent him to request that Mrs. Cruger would not be alarmed at the hostilities in Cambridge, and that he was ordered with his twelve men to remain as a guard, protecting Mrs. Cruger and the family from any annoyance whatever.

This delicate consideration for the family of an enemy, was unexpected, in those days of political strife and personal hostility. It was well received by Cruger and his officers, and no doubt many asperities were prevented in the subsequent warfare in South-Carolina. When General Greene was about to relinquish the siege of Cambridge, the guard was withdrawn, and at parting, Mrs. Cruger gave the officer two guineas—of course, they parted good friends.

Mrs. Butler says, that on this occasion, she first saw her future husband, William Butler. A smart looking young officer rode up to the house alone, having a rose cockade in his hat: he politely inquired if any persons had been there, who might be stragglers from the American army? On being told that there had been two, he asked if they had taken anything away, and in what direction they had gone? Mrs. B. answered, that they had not taken anything from the house, but that they had gone off in a direction, which led her to believe that they intended to steal their horses. At this, William Butler gave some signal by which he was soon joined by his detachment; he saved the horses, captured the men, and took them safely into the American camp.

About this time, also, a young American was brought into their house, badly wounded, having been shot, and fallen from his horse. While all were anxious about his life, the only words he uttered, were—“Don’t let them carry off my horse.”

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT.

For the particulars in the subjoined notice of General Elbert, I am wholly indebted to the friendly researches of Mr. I. K. Tefft, of Savannah.

The parents of Samuel Elbert were both natives of England, and his father, a Baptist minister in Prince William's Parish, South-Carolina, in which settlement their son Samuel was born, in the year 1740. At an early age he became an orphan, and went to Savannah to seek employment and earn his subsistence. Here he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and continued to be so engaged until the commencement of the American revolution; here also he married Miss Elizabeth Rae, daughter of a planter in the vicinity.

The first evidence that we find of Elbert's partaking in the all-absorbing incidents of the revolution, is his signature to a document, pledging his allegiance to the King of Great Britain, dated the 4th June, 1774, thus—"Samuel Elbert, captain of the grenadier company."* A council of safety was appointed on the 22d June, 1775, of which he was elected a member.

The General Assembly of Georgia passed a resolution to raise a battalion of continental troops, and, on the 4th February, 1776, the following field officers were appointed: Lachlan McIntosh, colonel; Samuel Elbert, lieutenant-colonel; and Joseph Habersham, major. On the 16th of September, 1776, Elbert was promoted to the rank of colonel, and in May, 1777, he commanded in an expedition, intended by President

* It may be said that this was nothing more than a qualification or preliminary to the holding of that commission. But the coincidence is remarkable; both he and Joseph Habersham signed the pledge, and are commissioned in the same company, on the same day, directly after the news is received of despotic measures enforced against Boston, under the well-known Boston port bill. The address of the citizens of Boston to the other Provinces, was dated the 13th of May, 1774, and town meetings were held in Charleston as soon as received, probably also in Savannah. A convention of South-Carolina met, in consequence, on the 6th of July, and a convention of Georgia on the 27th July, 1774.

Gwinnett for the reduction of East Florida ; but they failed in their object, and, after some skirmishing, the troops were withdrawn. In the next year, 1778, the British retaliated, and an invasion of Georgia was projected by General Provost, aided by the Indians and royalists from Florida. The Carolinians were called upon for their aid, and it was promptly and liberally afforded.* The combined movements of the Georgians and Carolinians, on this occasion, certainly saved the State from the intended invasion, but they did no other good. Their army was badly provided for and badly conducted. General Robert Howe, of North-Carolina, was the commander of this gallant but unfortunate army. The climate and country overwhelmed them with disease and death, more destructive than battle, prostrated their brave companions in arms, and the survivors retired to Savannah, greatly reduced in numbers, discontented at the conduct of the expedition, and depressed in spirits. Here they were attacked, on the 29th December, 1778, by an expedition sent direct from New-York, under Colonel Archibald Campbell, out-generaled, defeated, and driven, at the point of the bayonet, through the streets of Savannah. The Georgia troops, under Colonel Elbert, made a brave but ineffectual stand against the victorious British regulars, and retreated fighting them.

The next battle in which Colonel Elbert was engaged, was at Briar Creek, where General Ashe, of North-Carolina, commanded the Americans. This was a complete surprise and total defeat. The British amused General Ashe by a feint, while they crossed

* On the 19th of April, 1778, Colonel Elbert having heard that some British vessels were at anchor in Frederica, obtained three galleys, and manned them with some of his own landsmen. With these he went in pursuit of the enemy. They proved to be the brigantine Hinchinbrook and sloop Rebecca, privateers, which had been infesting the Southern coast, and had gone in there with their prize—a brig—for recreation, refitting and plunder. Colonel Elbert boarded them, and, after a smart resistance, succeeding in capturing them all.

the creek above him, and had actually gained the rear of his army before the alarm was given. Then there was but little else than alarm and flight.* Colonel Elbert rallied a few of his command, and fought until he was struck down. He was then on the point of being despatched by a soldier, with up-lifted bayonet, when he made the masonic sign of distress. An officer saw it, and instantly responded; he stayed the sturdy arm of the soldier, and Elbert's life was saved by the benevolent principle of brotherly love, even among enemies, even in the heat and hurry of battle.

While a prisoner, on parole, in the British camp, Elbert was treated with great respect and kindness. Offers of promotion, honors and rewards were made to him, and courtesy, persuasion and blandishments used to seduce him from the American cause. It is a tradition in his family, that when these were declined, an insidious attempt was made, by means of two Indians, to murder him, his personal appearance having been described as the object for their aim. Elbert, in his mercantile transactions with the Indians, was a favorite among them. He fortunately discovered these two in time, gave a signal which he had formerly been accustomed to among them, their guns were immediately lowered, and they came forward to shake hands with him.† This attempt cannot be charged to any of the British army, who continued to treat him kindly. There was a gang of lawless marauders, calling themselves royalists, infesting the State, against which Colonel Elbert had been particularly active. At that time, also, there was excessive virulence prevailing between the whigs and tories, inciting them to acts more savage than those of the savages. Even the atrocities of civil

* In Moultrie's Memoirs, vol. i., page 338, &c., there is a much more favorable account of General Ashe's difficulties and doings on this occasion; a court of inquiry having been called at his request.

† This signal had probably been agreed upon and used, when, with his company, by order of Governor Wright, he guarded the Indian chiefs back to the Creek nation.

war can neither justify nor excuse such deeds as were then committed.

When the three Southern States were overrun by the British troops after the fall of Charleston, Colonel Elbert, having been exchanged, went northwardly, and offered his services to General Washington. They were gladly accepted by this excellent judge of human character, and, at the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia, Colonel Elbert was honored with the command of the grand deposite of arms and military stores, a post of great trust and honor. Here, by strict adherence to his orders, he merited and received the approbation of the commander-in-chief. Here, also, he contracted other friendships; here he became intimate with La Fayette, and corresponded with him several years; one of his sons was called LaFayette in consequence.

Colonel Elbert was gradually advanced in rank by the legislature of Georgia, and finally made major-general, the highest military command. In civil offices he was also favored; he was elected sheriff, an office then considered the most profitable in the State. In 1785, he was elected governor, by a vote almost unanimous, at a time when the affairs of that State required to be conducted with great energy, judgment and decision. The State has also gratefully perpetuated his good name, by calling one of her best counties "Elbert," in honor of him.

On the 2d of November, 1788, General Elbert died in Savannah, after a lingering illness, at the early age of forty-five years, leaving a widow and six children. His funeral was honored by the attendance of the Cincinnati Society, the masonic lodges, and all the military of that city. Minute guns were fired by the artillery, and a funeral sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Lindsay. His remains were interred in the family cemetery, on the mount at Rae's Hall, about five miles above Savannah. His honor, patriotism and valor are commemorated as examples to future generations.

Mr. Telft has favored me also with copies of six let-

ters by General Elbert, written exclusively on the various public concerns of the State. They are—1st, to Dr. Noble Wimberly Jones; 2d, to Brigadier-General James Jackson; 3d, to Colonel Maxwell; 4th, to Baron de Steuben; 5th, to Andrew McLean; 6th, to Major-General L. McIntosh.

MEMOIR OF COLONEL LEROY HAMMOND.

This communication was kindly made by the Hon. A. P. Butler, he having derived the information from Captain Joshua Hammond, nephew of LeRoy Hammond. Captain Hammond is now ninety years old, enjoying uncommon vigor of mind and body. He served under his uncle, the colonel, in the revolution, and is well prepared for giving the prominent incidents of his life.

LeRoy Hammond was born in Richmond county, Virginia, on the Rapahanoc river; his father was John Hammond, and his mother, before her marriage, was a Miss Dobins. LeRoy married a Miss Tyler, and left Virginia, with his wife and one child, about the year 1765. He commenced business, as a merchant, in Augusta, and, after continuing there two or three years, removed over to South-Carolina, to a place called Richmond, keeping a public ferry on the Savannah river, and continuing his mercantile business. From this place he removed to his well-known residence, Snow Hill, in Edgefield District, and commenced the tobacco trade. By his judicious advice and energetic influence, he contributed as much, and possibly more, than any other individual, to promote and improve the culture of tobacco in South-Carolina. In the first year, he received at his warehouse only twenty hogsheads, and in the second year received more than one thousand. It was at Cameltown, a short distance below his residence, that he continued to do his principal business, which became extensive and very profitable. His

industrious habits and intelligence gave him a strong position and great influence in society.

Before the commencement of the revolution, LeRoy Hammond was, under the royal government, a justice of the peace and captain of a company; he was also a good practical surveyor, of excellent judgment, and commanded more than common attention in that district. His opposition to the acts of the British Parliament was first made known, by his excluding the use of tea from his family, which had been their favorite beverage. The visit of Drayton and Tennent into the upper counties produced a deep sensation, and served to separate parties. Whilst Tennent came to Ninety-Six, Drayton remained in the Dutch Fork. Browne's movements becoming more openly hostile and threatening, Drayton came to Colonel LeRoy Hammond, and appealed to him for support, as his opinions had become publicly and extensively known. It became necessary now for him to avow his political principles, and the line of conduct which he intended to pursue; and he did not hesitate, but at once unfurled the banner of his influence, and went with Drayton to Ninety-Six, to promote the signing of the pledge, by the loyalists and vacillating whigs. His aid was important, and served to give character to subsequent movements.

The neighbors began to reproach each other for the parts they had taken, and the tories soon manifested their dissatisfaction by assuming a hostile attitude, under their leaders, the Cunninghams. They collected in a formidable force at Ninety-Six, and Colonel Andrew Williamson was placed in command of about six hundred whigs to oppose them; LeRoy Hammond being one of his officers, they proceeded to that place. After a contest of some days, in which both parties seemed to be tired, something like a treaty, for twenty days, was signed by the leaders, and the men disbanded.

Not long after this, Colonels Richardson and Thomson came up with a large force in pursuit of the tories, in what was called the Snow Campaign. They were

overtaken on Reedy river, on Big Cane Creek. The Tories surrendered, and some prisoners were sent to Charleston. In Williamson's expedition against the Cherokees, in July, 1776, LeRoy Hammond acted a very efficient and distinguished part. When the Indians ambuscaded the army in its advance—when Williamson's horse was killed under him, and his friend, Salvadore, killed and scalped at his side, and every thing in the greatest confusion, LeRoy Hammond, at the head of about twenty of his own company, charged bayonet on the Indians concealed in the thicket, and when they broke from their covert, poured in upon them a deadly fire, from which they never rallied. Williamson's division was saved from defeat and destruction by the gallantry of LeRoy Hammond. A day or two after this battle, it was determined to cross the Seneca river, and invade the Indian nation. One of the officers having been ordered to lead in advance, evaded or declined the duty and hazard; LeRoy Hammond immediately volunteered, and executed the duty with such gallantry and success, that he was considered the hero of that expedition. The bashful officer was arrested, Hammond promoted, and the Indian nation ravaged.

In 1778, when Williamson was ordered with his command, to advance along the frontiers of Georgia, in what was called the Florida expedition, Colonel Hammond did not join him, having been prevented by sickness or accident, but many of his family and friends partook in the dangers and privations of that unfortunate affair.

In June, 1778, Colonel Hammond acted with J. L. Gervais and G. Galphin, as commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council of South-Carolina, in soothing and conciliating the Indian nations.

In December, 1778, he was sent as commissioner, in conjunction with George Galphin and Daniel McMurphy, by the Continental Congress, to the Upper and Lower Creeks; met them at Ogechee on the 15th, exchanged friendly addresses, and made peaceful ar-

rangements with the young Tallassee king, and other head men of those nations, as preserved by Colonel Henry Laurens, President of that Congress.

In 1779, when General Lincoln assumed the command of the Southern forces, Colonel Hammond aided with his regiment, and fought in the battle of Stono. In 1780, he united with Clarke and other whigs, and rendered valuable service against the Tories and Indians in Georgia. In 1781, when the British had possession of Augusta, the service in which the whigs engaged was of the nature of a siege, but with a view to prevent the co-operation of the Indians, and cut off their supplies. It was a service that required the greatest vigilance, activity and daring; and the unfortunate prisoners and wounded men were put to death with savage barbarity, by Browne and his confederate Indians.

Subsequently, when the siege was renewed and pressed with great energy by Pickens, Clarke, Harden, and the two Hammonds—LeRoy of the infantry, and Samuel of the cavalry—the horrors of war were exemplified. Many were killed on both sides, and among those of the Americans was Captain William Martin, of the artillery, the oldest of seven brave and patriotic brothers, who served with heroic devotion. After the capture of Fort Granby, on the Congaree, Colonel Lee joined the besiegers with his legion, and Browne soon after surrendered Fort Cornwallis to them, relying on the regulars for that protection which had not been afforded to Grierson, when he was taken prisoner by the militia.

After the surrender of Augusta, Pickens, LeRoy and Samuel Hammond, proceeded to the siege of Ninety-Six, under General Greene. Here the two Hammonds were detached, on what was supposed to be important service. In providing for his retreat from Cambridge, General Greene ordered this flank movement. The two Hammonds were instructed to advance on the west of Cambridge, and then northwardly, through the Tory settlements, to the foot of the mountain, and

then eastwardly to the Congarees.* It was evidently intended to restrain the tories from annoying General Greene, during his retreat before Lord Rawdon, and it had the effect. They encamped at Taylor's plantation, near Columbia.

They afterwards fell in with the rear of the British, under Colonel Cruger, retreating from Cambridge to Orangeburg, and captured some of his baggage with several prisoners. LeRoy Hammond had scarcely reached his home, when he was again called out to aid General Greene in the battle of Eutaw. Before he reached the camp of General Greene, he was met, in the neighborhood of Granby, by a messenger from Governor Rutledge, in Camden, requiring his immediate presence there. While thus employed in the neighborhood of Camden, the battle of Eutaw was fought, where Colonel Samuel Hammond had the good fortune to distinguish himself.

From this period, LeRoy Hammond was actively engaged in scouting, and in some sanguinary encounters with the tories, but did not meet any more with British troops.

After the peace, he resumed his mercantile pursuits, and was in co-partnership with Colonel John Lewis Gervais, of Charleston. He served many years in the Legislature, both in the Senate and in the House, and always enjoyed the confidence of his constituents, with the highest respect of his fellow members; few men deserved them better.

In the midst of troubles and turbulence, his deportment was exemplary, and rebuked the lawless violence and criminal proceedings of the many. His intercourse with society induced others to observe a decent regard for its forms, and to pay due respect to the laws and officiating magistrates. He was well known and highly respected in every part of the State, not only by his past services, but by the cordial welcome

* Others say that General Pickens commanded both the Hammonds in this detachment.

of his hospitable board to all travellers. He was, by education and practice, an Episcopalian, but felt the utmost respect for the religious opinions of all others. Colonel LeRoy Hammond died in Edgefield, leaving but one descendant; and he, LeRoy Hammond, also left but one son, Andrew Hammond, a young man of activity and promise.

[*From the South-Carolina Temperance Advocate.*]

MEMOIR OF COLONEL JAMES WILLIAMS.

“Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single has maintained
 Against revolted multitudes, the cause
 Of truth, in word, mightier than they in arms;
 And for the testimony of truth, hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence; for this was all thy care,
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
 Judged thee perverse; the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
 Than scorned thou didst depart, and to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse.”

[*Milton's Paradise Lost.*]

Colonel Williams was a native, it is believed, of North-Carolina; probably of Granville county, from which place he migrated to South-Carolina, in 1773. He settled on Little River, Laurens District. His original settlement, (Mount Pleasant,) is in the possession of Drayton Nance, Esq., of Newberry, who married one of his grand-daughters. He engaged in the mercantile business, as well as that of farming. The former he followed, until the war of independence compelled him to abandon it.

He early took part in the opposition to the measures of the British government.* With Major John Caldwell, John Colcock, Rowland Rugely, Jonathan Downs,

* 1st Moul. Mem. 17.

John Satterwhite, John Williams, John McNeese, Chas. King and George Ross, he was elected from the district between Broad and Saluda rivers, a member of the Provincial Congress, which assembled in Charleston, 11th January, 1775, and which, by the first article of the constitution of 1776, was declared to be the General Assembly.* He was appointed one of the committee, for the execution of the American Association, for the district between Broad and Saluda rivers.† In this section of the country, many persons, from the beginning, did not concur in the measures of resistance to the mother country. Two of the gentlemen named on the committee, Colonel Thomas Fletchall and General Robert Cunningham, were afterwards distinguished as leaders of the party called tories. In the years 1775, '76 and '77, the parties became more distinctly marked; but with the exception of the capture of the powder, the affair of Ninety-Six and the Snow Camps, the interior of the State had seen very little of the war. The declaration of independence, and the treaty of amity with the French, gave great discontent to many, who, in the beginning, had taken a deep interest in the opposition. In consequence of this, *it is said*, Major John Caldwell, who was a captain in the regiment of rangers, resigned his commission, retired to his farm, and united with those who were for conciliation with the mother country. At the election of 1778, under the constitution of that year, Colonel Williams was a candidate for the Senate, from the Little River District.‡ He was defeated by Robert Cunningham, and the entire delegation of four members to the House of Representatives, was elected from the moderate party, or those who were in favor of conciliation. They were, John Caldwell, Jacob Bowman, Jonathan Downs, and Henry O'Neill. All efforts at reconciliation were, however, soon abandoned, and the parties of whig and tory assumed irreconcilable grounds. The senator, Robert

* 1st Stat. at Large, 130.

† 1st Moul. Mem. 45.

‡ 1st Stat. at Large, 139.

Cunningham, and two of the representatives, Jacob Bowman and Henry O'Neill, were decided tories; the other two representatives, John Caldwell and Jonathan Downs, were equally decided whigs.

In the course of this election, or on some other occasion, when the people were called together, Williams was about addressing the people; before he began, he noticed that Robert Cunningham was standing at his elbow. He said to him, "you stand too near me." Cunningham coolly replied, without changing his position, "I stand very well where I am." A blow from Williams followed the reply: a fight ensued, in which Mrs. Williams, with a true woman's devotedness, took part with her husband, by seizing Cunningham by *his cue*. She was gently disengaged by a gentleman present, and the rencontre terminated in Cunningham's favor.

Colonel Williams was appointed by the governor and council, or elected by the people, colonel of the militia, and commanded on various occasions. From General Williamson's order, of the 19th of April, 1778, it appears that Colonel Williams was then in command, and was called on to prepare men and means to carry aid to the Georgians, and also to protect this State. He went into actual service, as a colonel of the militia, in February or April, 1779.* A letter written to his wife, 3d June, 1779, and another to his son, on the 12th of the same month, show that he had then been in service for some time. In his letter of the 3d to his wife, he speaks of "the probability of an action the other day." This refers to the attempt to bring on a general action near Stono, 1st June, 1779.† He commanded a detachment of militia, (probably a regiment,) in the battle of Stono, 20th June, 1779. It is believed he bore a part in the unfortunate siege of Savannah, for he was still in service on the 3d of September, 1779, as appears by a letter of that date to his wife.

After the fall of Charleston, (12th May, 1780,) it is

* 1st Moul. Mem. 309, 371.

† 1st Moul. Mem. 468.

supposed Colonel Williams took refuge in North-Carolina. On the 5th of July, 1780, he wrote to his wife, from Sumter's camp, "Catawba Old Nation." In that letter, he tells her, he left his brother's in North-Carolina, on the 27th of June, with his family, (who were, perhaps, his sons Daniel and Joseph, for they, it appears, accompanied him, and are spoken of in this same letter.) In this interesting letter, written obviously to encourage the friends of liberty in the neighborhood of his wife, as well as herself, he states the total of the American army, then approaching Camden, under General DeKalb, at seven thousand seven hundred men. He thus states the forces: "Major General DeKalb, Generals Wayne and Smallwood, with the Maryland, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania troops, to the amount of three thousand regulars—two thousand five hundred of Virginia militia, marched from Hillsborough, being in order to join General Caswell with about two thousand North-Carolina militia, and about two hundred regular light horse—on the whole, seven thousand seven hundred, that is now in motion, and will be at Camden in the course of six or seven days."

Here the sanguine patriot and hero was disappointed; for on the 25th of July, General Gates found the army encamped on Deep River.* If Colonel Williams be correct, the general gathering of the militia preceded the arrival of General Gates; whereas, most of the historians ascribe it to his great name and fame.

In this letter Colonel Williams next proceeds to say, that "there is five thousand five hundred Virginia militia marching, that will be here shortly, (and two thousand North-Carolina militia, under General Rutherford, that is to march to Ninety-Six,) with some South-Carolina militia, commanded by Colonel Sumter, to the amount of five hundred, now in camp, at this place, and in expectation of crossing the river to day, with five hundred Mecklenburg militia. Over and above all this, there is four thousand North-Carolina

* 1st Otis' Botta, 206.

militia more to march, as soon as harvest is over. On the whole, I expect to have day-about, shortly, with the tories, when they must give an account of their late conduct. I can assure you, my dear, there is a French fleet and army on our coast. On the whole, I think the state of things is very flattering, at present."

He then narrates some of the events of the revolution, which had just taken place. "I expect (says he) you have heard of Moore's defeat in the fork of the Yadkin, by a detached party from General Rutherford, under Captain Falls, not exceeding three hundred and fifty, that defeated one thousand three hundred tories, and took their baggage, with about five hundred horses, and saddles and guns, and counted eighty-five on the field, *that they got dead*.* Since that, General Caswell has given the English a defeat at the Cheroys, (Cheraw,) and cut off the 71st regiment entirely."

As to this last item of intelligence, there must be some mistake; for although it appears that at this time the 71st regiment was stationed at Cheraw, where they were joined by eight hundred loyalists, under the command of Colonel Bryan,† yet we have, in none of our histories, any account of such a decisive action as that mentioned by Colonel Williams; and at the battle of Cowpens, in January, 1781, the first battalion of the 71st regiment surrendered.‡

In this letter, Colonel Williams further says: "I can assure you and my friends, that the English have never been able to make a stand in North-Carolina yet; and they have slipped their time *now*, for they are retreating to Charleston with all rapidity." This is high and well-deserved praise; for North-Carolina, although afterwards traversed by Cornwallis, yet never was so far subjugated or reduced to the same straits and sufferings as her sister, South-Carolina.

For some reason, Colonel Williams did not participate with Sumter in the affair of Houk's defeat, nor in

* 2d Magnolia, (1843) p. 34. † 12th Ramsay's Univ. Hist, 344.

‡ 12th Ramsay's Univ. Hist. 418.

the battle of Hanging Rock. It is probable, his anxiety for his family, and the state of affairs in Ninety-Six, turned his attention to that quarter, and that he was engaged in visiting his own fireside, and gathering recruits. In the *Magnolia* of 1840, 2d vol, p. 35, Major McJunkin states, that after the battle of Hanging Rock, on the march towards Charlotte, Colonel Williams joined Sumter. It is probable that his force was not sufficiently strong to cope with Colonel Innis, and hence that he sought his associate, Colonel Sumter, and obtained from him the aid which enabled him to turn back. He crossed Broad River at Smith's Ford, on the evening of the 16th of August, and pressed his march with the accustomed celerity of mounted militia men of that time. On the 17th, they heard the disheartening intelligence of Gates' defeat, at Gum Swamp, near Camden, and Sumter's at Fishing Creek. Still Colonel Williams and his brave associates were not disposed to falter. Colonel Innis and his troops lay between many of them and their homes. At the dawn of day, on the 18th of August, 1780, they were in the vicinage of Innis' camp. Of this affair, General Moultrie, in his *Memoirs*, 2d vol, 220, thus speaks: "On the 18th of February, 1780, he (Colonel Williams) attacked a large party of British and tories, at Musgrove's Mills, on Enoree river, under the command of Colonel Innis, of the South-Carolina royalists, whom he defeated, and wounded Colonel Innis." This action, thus summarily disposed of by Moultrie, is despatched by Ramsay, in his *History of South-Carolina*, (1st Ram. S. C. 351,) in almost the same words, adding, however, that "the whole of his (Colonel Innis) party was obliged to retire."

This action deserves a fuller account. Williams had about one hundred and fifty, Innis three hundred men. Musgrove's Mills, called in Mills' atlas, Gordon's Mill, is in the north-east corner of Laurens District, on Enoree river. The British forces occupied that position, south of the river, and in full command of a rocky, bad ford. Williams' command was on the north side of the river.

His main body he drew up on a creek, which runs into Enoree, just below the Spartanburg District line. This position was a mile or two from Musgrove's Mill. It was both protected and concealed by a wood. His little army was drawn up in a semi-circle, and constituted a very pretty ambuscade. His arrangement was perfectly simple, and in partizan style. With a few picked men, he was to approach the river, show himself to the enemy, fire upon them, induce them to cross and pursue, while he held them in check, firing as he fell back to the centre of his ambuscade, and thus bring them entirely within his power. The scheme was fully and beautifully executed. Colonel Innis eagerly pursued Williams' flying sharpshooters, and as he advanced, the extremities of Williams' semi-circle closed behind him. He was thus surrounded, wounded, and most of his militia command were taken prisoners. Innis, with his regular troops, escaped. Colonel Clary, who commanded a detachment of loyalist militia, in the action, often related his own escape. His horse, he said, was seized, at the same moment, by the opposite cheeks of his bridle bit, by two of Williams' soldiers. He took advantage of the confusion of the *mêlée*, with great presence of mind. He said to his captors, "Damn you, don't you know your own officers?" He was instantly released, and fled at full speed.

After the battle at Musgrove's Mill, part of Williams' command took post at the Cedar Spring, Spartanburg District; with the residue and his prisoners, he fell back (after visiting his family) to Hillsborough, N. C. On the 8th of September, 1780, General Nash issued an order from Hillsborough, to him, authorising him to raise an hundred horsemen, and with them to proceed to such parts as he might judge proper. With the troops raised under this order, he returned to South-Carolina, and was joined by many South-Carolinians. For the old song, called the Battle of King's Mountain, says,

"Old Williams from Hillsborough came,
To him the South-Carolinians flocked again."

With this force, he kept his eye constantly fixed on Colonel Ferguson's movements; for this partizan officer, recruiting and drilling the loyalists, had approached to the foot of the mountain; the hardy mountaineers of North-Carolina and Virginia were in arms, to prevent his crossing. Williams penetrated between him and the British posts in South-Carolina, and was continually hovering around his camp. The mountaineers were collected under Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby and Sevier. According to my recollection of the contents of a letter from Colonel Williams, to them, published some years ago, he stated that he had traced Ferguson to King's Mountain, and to prevent his escape to the country below, and junction with Cornwallis, he invited them to unite with him in pursuing and attacking him. They acceded to his request, and, according to my recollection, appointed the Island Ford, on Broad River, as the place of rendezvous; thence they marched to the Cowpens. But in the old song, called the battle of King's Mountain, I see it is stated that the meeting of Williams, with the other independent colonels, was at the Cowpens. There they organized for the pursuit and battle, by leaving all their inefficient men, and pursuing with nine hundred and ten men, and their fleetest horses. They passed near the Limestone Springs, and crossed Broad River at the Cherokee Ford, and at the dawn of day, on the 7th of October, 1780, they were near Ferguson's camp, on King's Mountain. The tradition is, that Colonel Williams had, *at that time*, a brigadier general's commission from Governor Rutledge. This would have given him the command, as the officer highest in rank. If the fact were so, he nobly concealed it, and took his station as commandant of his own men, among the independent colonels, who fought in that action. His command constituted one of the attacking columns, by which Ferguson was successively assailed. When last seen, before he received his death wound, he was ascending the mountain; his charger had been shot through the mouth, and at every step was covering his rider with blood and foam.—

When Colonel Williams was shot, he had turned to his command, and was cheering them onward; the ball fired from the mountain heights, above him, took effect just between his shoulders, and ranged downward, through his body. He fell within a few feet of Colonel Ferguson. Both met their fate at the same moment. Colonel Williams was borne from the battle-field, lived throughout the succeeding night, and died the next morning. He lies a mile or two from the field of his own and his companions' glory, without a stone to mark the spot where rests the body of "Old King's Mountain Jim," as he is familiarly spoken of, to this day.

In the *Orion*, of October, 1843, p. 87, in the memoir of Major Thomas Young, is found an account of the circumstances attending Colonel Williams' death. In the main, they correspond with the traditionary account from which the preceding is compiled. Some additional circumstances may be gleaned from it, and therefore it is here given. Major Young says: "On the top of the mountain, in the thickest of the fight, I saw Colonel Williams fall; and a braver or a better man never died upon the field of battle. I had seen him but once before, that day—it was in the beginning of the action, as he charged by me, at full speed, around the mountain; towards the summit, a ball struck his horse just below the jaw, when he commenced stamping as if he were in a nest of yellow jackets. Colonel Williams threw the reins over the animal's neck, sprang to the ground and dashed onward." "They carried him," says the major, "into a tent, sprinkled some water in his face—he revived, and his first words were: "For God's sake, boys, don't give up the hill."

A letter from his sons, Daniel and Joseph, (who were present and in the action,) written to their mother, from Colonel Walker's, in North-Carolina, dated 13th October, 1780, simply states that their father was wounded in the battle of King's Mountain, on the 7th instant, and died on the 8th, and was buried with the honors of war on the 9th.

An aged gentleman, who well knew Colonel Williams, but who was, himself, too young to take any part in the revolution, has furnished many of the particular facts contained in this memoir. He reported parts of the old song, called the Battle of King's Mountain, which, as a revolutionary relic, imperfect though it may be, is yet worthy of preservation.

“Old Williams from Hillsborough came,
To him the South-Carolinians flocked amain.

* * * * *

We marched to the King's Mount, Campbell was there,
Shelby, Cleveland and Colonel Sevier:
Men of renown, sir, like lions so bold,
Like lions undaunted, ne'er to be controlled.
We set out on our march that very same night,
Sometimes we were wrong, sometimes we were right;
Our hearts being run in true liberty's mould,
We valued not hunger, wet, weary nor cold.
On the top of King's Mountain, the old rogue we found,
And like brave heroes, his camp did surround;
Like lightning the flashes, like thunder the noise,
Our rifles struck the poor tories with sudden surprise.
Old Williams, and twenty-five more,
When the battle was o'er, lay rolled in their gore;
With sorrow their bodies we interred in clay,
Hoping, to heaven, their souls took their way.
This being ended, we shouted amain,
Our voice was heard seven miles on the plain;
Liberty shall stand—the tories shall fall,
Here is an end to my song, so God bless you all!”

Those who have seen the late Colonel James Williams, a son of him who fell at King's Mountain, will have a better notion of the personal appearance of the revolutionary chief, than words can give. But to those who never saw the son, we must endeavor to convey some notion of the father. He was about five feet nine inches high, corpulent—of very dark complexion; his hair and eyes were black—his nose was uncommonly large, turned up and round at the end—his nostrils, when distended by passion or excitement, were so large, as to give rise to the coarse jest, uttered by one of his militia men, as an excuse for his tardiness at a muster,

"the boys (he said) had been hunting, and had treed a 'possum in the colonel's nose, and hence he was not in attendance."

He left, at his death, five sons and three daughters: Daniel, Joseph, John, James, Washington, Elizabeth, Mary and Sarah. Of the sons, James and Washington only lived to be the fathers of families. The daughters married Major John Griffin, James Atwood Williams, and James Tinsley.

Colonel Williams is represented to have been a rough, rash man, but, at the same time, of remarkably good disposition. He was free in his intercourse with all. An example or two may give some notion of him in these respects.

At one time, with an old and favorite negro, he was engaged, after night, in clearing up his store-house; he was holding a torch; in one corner was a large pile of unbroken flax—as the negro was removing some stands, a large rat sprung by the colonel, and as it plunged into the flax, he applied his torch to it, exclaiming, "I'll swinge you." In an instant the house was in a blaze, and in spite of all efforts, was burned up. The colonel patiently submitted to the rebuke of the negro, who cursed him "for all the d——d fools" he could think of.

At the battle of Musgrove's Mills, he took, as prisoner, a very diminutive man, of the name of Saul Hinson, who had been under the colonel's command, at the battle of Stono. Riding along the ranks after the battle, and examining the prisoners, he discovered Hinson, and very pleasantly said to him, "Ah, my little Sauly, have we caught you?" "Yes," replied the little man, "and no d——d great catch either!" Saul's repartee only caused a laugh, and neither that nor his false position, subjected him to anything beyond the restraint of a prisoner.

All who knew him, concurred in ascribing to him great personal bravery, and from a review of his conduct at Musgrove's Mills, and in the event preceding the defeat of Ferguson, he is entitled to have it said,

that he exhibited great partizan skill. Of him, General Moultrie says, in his memoir, he was a brave and active officer, and warm in the American cause. He raised a large body of men, and frequently attacked the British parties.* Ramsay says, in his History of South-Carolina, "Colonel Williams, of the district of Ninety-Six, in particular, was indefatigable in collecting and animating the friends of Congress in that settlement. With these, he frequently harassed the conquerors." When he fell, at King's Mountain, the same accomplished historian, speaking of the result of the battle, says: "The Americans lost comparatively few, but in that number was that distinguished officer, Col. Williams."†

His letters to his wife and son, showed that he had a deep and sincere piety. In his letter to his wife, of the 30th September, 1779, he gives utterance to this feeling. He says: "Let us, with humble confidence, rely on *Him*, that is able to protect and defend us in all dangers, and through every difficulty; but, my dear, let us with one heart call on God for his mercy, and that his goodness may be continued to us, that we, under his blessing, may have hopings of enjoying each other once more."

In his letter of the 5th of July, 1780, speaking of his anxiety touching his wife and children, and his uncertainty as to their situation, he says: "But I trust in God that his guardian care has been around you for your protection. I have earnestly requested the favor of heaven on you, which I hope has been the case."

In a rather apochryphal account of a visit to Colonel Williams, during the revolution, by a missionary, Rev. S. B. Balch, one fact is stated, about which I have no doubt, and that is, that the colonel and his family accompanied him to the place of worship on Sunday, and that "the colonel led the music with as much ease as he would have commanded his regiment in the day of battle."

* 2d Moul. Mem. 220.

† 1 Ram. S. C. 354.

Colonel 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." In the bloodiest trials and darkest hours of the revolution, his faith upheld him, and enabled him to say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?"

Colonel Samuel Hammond writes to a friend from—

Belleveale, New Herculanum, Missouri, Sept. 5th, 1823.

Sir:—I feel much mortified at the manner in which Colonel James Williams and his family, of your State, have been neglected by all the writers, as well as those who ought to have written, on the subject of the celebrated and fortunate battle of King's Mountain. That patriotic officer died in personal contact with the British commanding officer; both fell at the same moment, and their bones are bleaching together on the brow of that hill. Two of his sons were some time after murdered, after a surrender to a superior force of British militia, under command of Colonel Cunningham, near Saluda.* They were all brave and unbending patriots, and not a word is yet recorded of them.

In the various reports of Colonel Williams' death, all agree that he and Colonel Ferguson fell within a few feet of each other, and in the last of the battle; Williams was probably the last man that fell in that battle. I remember to have heard, in Charlotte, N. C., when a child, and not long after the battle, that Colonel Williams, seeing Ferguson fall, advanced to afford him personal relief and assistance, but that Ferguson, mistaking the intentions of Williams, killed him, in the last effort of life.

Captain James Ryan, of Edgefield, was a native of Virginia, and removed from that State at an early age, to his residence in South-Carolina, where he died. He was one of the first settlers of Edgefield District, a pioneer in the wilderness, and was soon called into active service. In the Cherokee war, of 1768, he was appointed lieutenant in one of the companies, and distinguished himself on that occasion by his gallantry and good conduct. He always volunteered in the

* The oldest of them, having inherited his father's pistols, threw them into the flames of the burning house, rather than the enemy should possess them, at his death.

most hazardous enterprises, and was frequently engaged in personal combat with the Indians. He was under Colonel A. Williamson, in his expedition against the Cherokees, when the declaration of independence was made in Charleston, in August, 1776. He assumed the standard of honorable resistance, according to that declaration, and no temptations could seduce him or danger divert him in any reverses of the conflict.

Having been commissioned captain by the revolutionary government, he served under Colonel LeRoy Hammond, and was engaged in many small but bloody skirmishes, not recorded by historians. In the year 1780, when South-Carolina was considered a conquered Province, Captain Ryan, like many other patriots, was induced to ask for his parole. But when the British authorities, by this act, pronounced him to be a British subject, and called upon him to bear arms against his neighbors and fellow-patriots, he refused, and was accordingly arrested and thrown into prison in Cambridge. From this, he was sent in irons, in company with Captain James Butler, James Caldwell, Daniel Duff and several others, down to the Provost prison in Charleston, and confined in the same cells with culprits and malefactors, the vilest characters of the British army. As the number of American prisoners and British culprits was nearly equal, the weather hot, and the cells crowded, the two parties began to quarrel and then to fight. Captain Ryan often said that the whigs were giving their opponents a sound beating, when relief was sent to them from without. Captain Ryan was then, with his companions, put on board a prison-ship, and suffered incredible hardships. Many died of typhus or jail fever, some were exchanged, and others effected their escape. Captain Ryan escaped, among others, from the prison-ship, but could not evade the vigilance of the sentinels on the lines of Charleston. An angry controversy occurred one day, between him and some insolent British soldiers, in the street. A lady, unseen, had been listening to it, and when the soldiers passed on, called Captain Ryan to

the door of her house. Being a true whig herself, she was desirous of promoting his escape, and advised that he should go to a sentinel on the lines, and pretend that he was a rebel deserter, who had been badly treated, and wished to enlist, under a British officer, into his majesty's service. Ryan immediately went in this assumed character, and, after a little careless conversation with the sentinel on this subject, left him, as if in search of such an officer. He made three visits of this kind to the same sentinel, and then told him that he knew a British officer, of reputation, at Monk's Corner, with whom he would enlist; the sentinel suspecting nothing, wished him good luck, and let him pass out. Ryan, of course, did not go to Monk's Corner, or return to Charleston, but, in his way home, went to his old friend and school-mate, Colonel Thomas Taylor, to whom he was very much attached to the end of his life. When he reached the Congaree river, at Granby, he had increased his party, by meeting with three others, brothers in misfortune. There was neither flat nor canoe, in which they could pass the river, and two of the party could not swim a stroke. In this difficulty, they constructed a rude raft, and Ryan, with the one who could swim, pushed it across the river with the other two on it.

Colonel Taylor had just returned from a scout, received Ryan with characteristic kindness, and assisted him on his way homeward, loaning him a horse for the purpose. Near the Edisto, Captain Ryan met, unexpectedly, three men, who stopped him. He had no doubt of their being tories, and, on being asked who he was, assumed the name of a well-known tory in his own neighborhood, named Rambo. Holly, one of the three, suspected him, and, on searching his person, discovered his commission. Holly immediately presented his gun, and would have killed Ryan, but, with the self-possession of a brave man, Captain Ryan asked him to wait a moment, and then appealed to his feelings as a Christian and a man, against such doings. Holly felt the justice of this appeal, and relented, but

took Ryan to one of the tory camps, where, as he said, he knew that Captain Ryan would be put to death. The captain of the party, an old man, wished to screen Captain Ryan, but Holly and his associates insisted on his death; and, when prevented from executing their wishes, followed Captain Ryan out of sight of the camp, stripped him of his coat, hat and boots, took his horse, and dismissed him barefooted.

Captain Ryan, however, got home, soon collected some of his company, and returned to the British camp, to look for his horse and clothes. The tories were absent, but an old woman, the wife of the old captain, was there, in great distress, who begged Captain Ryan not to injure her, but to give her some food. Captain Ryan accordingly killed a beef, and had it cut up and salted for her subsistence. Shortly after he left the old woman, he fell in with the tory party, and, among others, captured Holly. The too common course of procedure, at that time, in such cases, was summary execution, and Holly was despatched.

About this time, while part of Lord Rawdon's army was retreating from Cambridge, through the fork of Edisto, Captain Ryan, with his small company of about fifty ragged militia, resolved on the bold attempt to attack their rear-guard, and capture their baggage. He ordered all, except three or four men, to advance on the attack, while these three or four were, by sounding their bugles and beating a drum or two, to indicate that a much larger force was advancing to the battle. This *ruse de guerre* succeeded perfectly. After a severe skirmish, the wagons were captured, with abundant supplies of arms, ammunition and clothing, which to these men were the necessaries of life. Every man of the company was also enabled to take something of a prize home to his family, and before a supposed competent force from the British army could reach the scene of action, the baggage wagons were set on fire, and the whigs dispersed. Some of them, it must be confessed, being very thirsty, had accidentally drank *a very little* of the rum, while others, from a

laudable desire "to spoil the Egyptians," had overloaded their horses with other good things, and were overtaken in the pursuit. The company was ordered immediately to scatter, return to their homes, and again to meet at a given time and place. Captain Ryan's command, which went from home almost destitute, returned to their families well armed, well mounted, well clothed and much elated. They were much more punctual than usual at the next rendezvous, in hopes of equally good luck.

In the latter part of the year 1782, while advancing with his usual impetuosity, and perhaps too much temerity, upon a party of tories that were encamped near Orangeburg, he received a musket ball in his shoulder, which he carried to his grave. Not at all disconcerted or discouraged, although unable to proceed, he ordered, with great presence of mind, his first lieutenant, William Butler, to lead on the attack and continue the pursuit. His wound being dangerous and becoming painful, he requested to be carried home, where he remained until near the close of the war.

While in this situation and unable to take the field, he continued to issue orders and to plan operations against the tories.

At the close of the war in South-Carolina, Captain Ryan retired to his plantation on Horse Creek, where, by his industry, good management and economy, he accumulated a large and valuable estate, which he distributed, by will, among his collateral relations, as he never had any children of his own.

Captain Ryan seemed to have little or no ambition for office. In fact, being a man of inflexible independence of spirit, he was incapable of entering into the intrigues and parties which are too frequently the only passports to public appointments. He was a warm and constant friend, and an open, undisguised, fearless enemy, when conscientiously opposed to any persons or to any measures. It may be truly said of him, that he never refused to face his enemy, and never turned his back upon a friend.

CHAPTER XV.

Captain Peter Bacot's rescue—Captain John Starke—Robert Stark—
Captain Richard Johnson, of Edgefield—Colonel Samuel Hammond,
of Edgefield—Colonel Thomas Taylor.

It is well known that cruel treatment and many unmerciful executions, took place in Camden, under the order of Lord Rawdon. When he wished to dispose otherwise of his prisoners, he would send them down, in squads and detachments, to the filthy and sickly prison-ships and jails, in Charleston, where the hospital, jail, or typhus fever, soon saved him the trouble of hanging them. On one occasion, thirty prisoners were sent towards Charleston, under a detachment of fifty men, commanded by Captain Faust,—he and his men all being tories, from the lower part of Fairfield, and the upper edge of Richland Districts. Of the prisoners, many were horse-thieves and plunderers, who, by not giving the British officers the first chance of buying their plunder for a trifle, forfeited their patronage and protection. Several were whigs, uncompromising and unwavering in their opposition to the British aggressions. Of these, only three are the principal men in our legend. Captain P. Bacot, from Pedee, John Starke, from Congaree, and a Yankee—an old continental soldier, whose name is forgotten by my informant—united to effect their liberation. Starke was but nineteen years of age, and wounded in his thigh. He had a sister married to a tory, keeping a public house on the road, below Granby; and a halt being made there for refreshment, Starke found means to supply Captain Faust, his officers and men, very bountifully with liquor, which did not set well on their stomachs, but mounting upwards in fumes, operated on their brains.

Captain Faust, in particular, looking back to the order of his men, thought them all to be reeling, and called out to them, "steady, boys, steady." Just as he began to think seriously of his situation, martial music, with the measured tramp of the regulars, was heard near their front. The American prisoners, who had been flattering themselves with fair prospects of escape, now became uneasy; for, if the drunken state of the guard should be discovered, a sober set would be detached to secure the prisoners, and no chance left for escape. Captain Bacot saw the difficulty, and *kindly* offered Captain Faust to take his place for the time, and exchange names and duties with him. The offer was accepted, and the hat, coat and sword of Captain Faust, scarcely transferred to Captain Bacot, when Colonel Cruger marched up with a large military force, escorting supplies and reinforcements to the upper stations or British posts.

Captain Bacot drew up the men on the side of the road, gave the order, "present arms," then saluted the officers as they advanced, and reported himself to Colonel Cruger, as Captain Faust, of his majesty's loyalists, having the honor to command the escort with rebel prisoners to Charleston. Colonel Cruger expressed himself well pleased with the answer and deportment of the sham captain, complimented him on his capacity for the command, and urged him to hurry on, lest the night should overtake him in the woods, and many, if not all, of his prisoners give him the slip.

Night did overtake them in the woods, as the tories could not keep pace from *actual* intoxication, and the prisoners from *pretended* fatigue. They took up their quarters for the night, in a deserted log-house, near the side of the road, the prisoners being placed in the only adjoining room, the door of which opened into the hall, and the window into the yard. The hall and fire-place were occupied by the drunken tories and the sober American officers, over whom they were guards. The old soldier—the Yankee sergeant—had been playing his part very judiciously with a bottle of rum, obtained

for him by John Starke, for its soothing effects on their thirsty guard. He plied those with it who were only half drunk, and put to sleep those who were boisterous, and capable of being troublesome. The three conspirators named, were the only parties concerned; the other prisoners were not associated with them, and knew nothing of their object. When all appeared to be asleep, except the sentinels, the Yankee sergeant asked the sentinel in the hall for water to drink, but, instead of taking the gourd from his hand, he struck it upwards into his face and eyes, with a plentiful supply of water for the powder in his fire-lock. He was instantly secured and gagged; the other guns were secured by the insurgents, and the other prisoners, leaping out of the window, were making their escape, when one of the outside sentinels fired at them, but it only made them run off the faster. This alarm gun roused the drunken squad in the hall, who found themselves disarmed and prisoners. Before the sentinel who had fired could re-load his piece, the old sergeant was before him, with his musket cocked and primed, demanding his peaceable surrender; this was more convenient than being killed, and it was accordingly done. The other sentinel, hearing the commotion in the hall, tried to enter it, but was excluded by Starke, and also taken prisoner.

The rescue was thus completed by three resolute men, without bloodshed, and the tories sent home quietly, on parole. Faust was tried by a court martial and sentenced to be shot, but found means to escape from Granby, and made his peace with his neighbors under the act of amnesty. Starke concealed himself in the woods, and was fed by his sister until his wound was healed, and then joined Sumter.

Captain Peter Bacot, of Cheraw, was commissioned in the regular service of South-Carolina, and thus became a continental officer.

CAPTAIN JOHN STARKE.

This gentleman was a native, we believe, of Kershaw or Fairfield District—no relation of the Starks of Columbia—not even spelling their names alike. In one of his various skirmishes and battles, he got his thigh broke, was made a prisoner, and sent off in a wagon to Camden jail. In his way to that place, the wagon was driven by a tory, named ——— Jones, who not only drove rapidly over a very rough road, without the smallest consideration for the pain inflicted by every jolt of the wagon on the broken limb of Captain Starke, but jeered and laughed at his sufferings.

Starke recovered from his wounds, notwithstanding the ill-treatment experienced. He was exchanged, and again became an active partisan in the desultory warfare which never ceased until the British were expelled from the Southern States. He was called Captain Jack Starke, and was usually very active in Sumter's various expeditions. Peace was proclaimed, and all his enmities slumbered. In 1824, LaFayette visited the Southern States, when all Americans united in paying their respects and doing him honor. Among other compliments of this kind, a corps of old soldiers was associated, and Captain Jack Starke elected to command them. When LaFayette arrived in Columbia, these veterans were his guards, and escorted him to Camden. On their way to the latter place, they were joined by one who announced himself as an old whig, and as such was received into the ranks. As soon as Starke saw him, he recognised Jones, the tory, who had so jeered and jolted him on the road to Camden. Under any other circumstances, Starke would have forgiven Jones for this, after an interval of forty-two or forty-three years. But when he found Jones intruding himself among men who had fought for independence, pretending that he also had done so, all his feelings of the revolution were roused; he cursed Jones for his impu-

dence, in pretending to have been a whig, and threatened to cut his ears off, if he did not immediately quit the ranks.

ROBERT STARK, Esq.

This gentleman was, we believe, a native of Virginia, a very brave, active and decided whig. His first appearance in arms was at the battle of Blackstocks, under General Sumter, but in Colonel Thomas Taylor's division. He was then but a boy, probably about fifteen years of age, and was said to have run away from his mother, for the purpose of joining in such exciting scenes, literally without clothing, without arms or other equipments. Colonel Taylor reported that he then fought with great gallantry, and, after the battle, pointing to one of the British soldiers who had been killed, he asked permission of his commanding officer to strip the dead soldier of his clothes, and appropriate them to himself. The request was promptly granted, the weather being extremely cold. The dead man was as promptly undressed, and all but the red coat, fitted to the person of young Robert Stark. He afterwards became well known throughout the State as an eminent lawyer, one of our best citizens, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. He resided many years in Columbia, and left a much respected family.

In the same battle, another lad, of little more than Stark's age, first brought himself into notice. He was in the thickest of the fight, and was repeatedly seen to seize the guns and accoutrements of the dead British soldiers, and thereby equip himself for a continued fire on the enemy. This he kept up as coolly and as actively, as if he had been engaged in a game of baseball. This boy was afterwards General James Jackson, of Georgia, one of the most distinguished among the many distinguished citizens of that State. In this battle, the Georgians were commanded by Colonel — Clark, father of Governor — Clark, the com-

petitor with William H. Crawford for the political honors and influence of that State.

Judge Butler has favored me with the following memoir of his neighbor:

Captain Richard Johnson, an intrepid soldier of the revolution, had more than common distinction as a citizen and member of the legislature. His individuality of character arose from strong will and open purpose. These, with sterling courage, gave him the power of impression. His father moved from Virginia, and settled near Camelton, on Savannah river, in South-Carolina. I am not able to say whether Richard was born in Virginia or South-Carolina. At the age of sixteen, he was known as a lad of strong traits of character. He could not have been more than eighteen years old, at the declaration of independence. He was its open advocate at the first, and throughout the struggle was firm and consistent in his conduct, and active in his exertions.

Richard Johnson was one of the captains in Colonel Samuel Hammond's cavalry, and obtained and held his rank by the best of acts, the cordial consent and unwavering support of his men. He had, in a high degree, the quality to inspire confidence. He did not always agree, if tradition be true, with his commander, but was never without the support of his command, generally having the right with him. At the battle of Eutaw, his conduct attracted especially the notice of his comrades. In retreating before the enemy, he stopped, as he passed a cannon, and spiked it with a nail, which he carried in his pocket. This circumstance has not been generally noticed, as there were many others like it; but, in speaking of it, Mr. Robert Stark used to say it was an act of remarkable self-possession and useful gallantry. The retreat, for the the time, became the more safe, and another charge was more readily performed.

The captain was a man for the occasion; and it was on the *occasion* that he showed his true character.

These are the persons, however, who make the surest impressions.

It is supposed, that when Bill Cunningham made his bloody incursion into the up-country, in 1781, his aim was to surprise and capture Hammond, then stationed at Anderson's Mills, on the Saluda. From Cloud's Creek to Anderson, his march was marked by both celerity and destruction. Burning houses, and blood-stained homesteads, indicated the course that he had come, but gave no advertisement of where he was going. He missed his prey at the mills, as Hammond's command was not there when he passed.

Cunningham, on his return to the lower country, had with him about one hundred and fifty men, and while feeding on the right bank of the Little Saluda, Hammond came upon the opposite bank, with about seventy men. The forces being so unequal, Hammond determined not to cross then, but to follow on and harass the retreating party, until reinforcements could arrive. While the two parties were within reach of each other, on the opposite sides of the river, Captain Johnson called for volunteers, saying, that if thirty would follow him, he would make the attack. That number did volunteer, and among them was Colonel Z. S. Brooks, now alive, in his eighty-third year. As Johnson was about to advance, Hammond interfered and issued an order forbidding the movement. To make the order effectual, he placed himself in the way, and gave peremptory orders to halt. There may have been good ground for the prudent and proper order of the commander, but the men were not satisfied with it at the time, and Captain Johnson always condemned it. The day after, General Pickens came up, and commanded the pursuit of Cunningham, continuing it as far as Orangeburg, but without success. Johnson received high praise for the part that he had taken, and from that time became a popular favorite. He was elected, in 1806, a member of the legislature, and continued a member of that body until a short time before his death, in 1816.

When he entered the legislature, he had many of the prejudices which then pervaded the up-country. He opposed the establishment of the South-Carolina College, as a measure that had originated in the aristocratic designs of aspiring men in the lower country, but lived long enough to see and make an open avowal of his error. He used to say, that the low-country gentlemen, seeing farther than he did, had the policy to educate those who were to govern them; and in this, they, for a time, preserved their influence. They had given power to others, but with it a disposition to respect themselves. Captain Johnson was a republican of the old school, and was an efficient and useful member of the legislature. He had a grave manner, made but few remarks, but they were always to the point, and attracted attention from all parts of the house. At one time, it was said that he had as much influence as any member of the legislature; not so much from his intelligence, as from his local position and political tone. Though laconic in speech, he was bold and unequivocal in conduct. He seemed to have had a strong aversion to long speeches, and generally thought a member good for little else who would speak his hour, especially when he was not listened to. He was rather a sharp-shooter at extravagant pretensions and bombastic rhetoric. The severity of his manner was a good deal relieved by a lurking humor that oozed out in his remarks. Intrepidity, directness and energy, were the striking traits of his character. He died at his residence in Edgefield, in 1817, much respected for his private worth, leaving a handsome fortune, but no children of his marriage to inherit it.

I am indebted to Dr. A. S. Hammond, for the following memoir of his father, derived chiefly from his own manuscripts.

SAMUEL HAMMOND'S LIFE.

Samuel Hammond was born on the 21st September, 1757, in Richmond county, Farnham's Parish, Virginia. His career of public service was commenced in 1774, when but seventeen years of age. He then volunteered in an expedition ordered out by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, against the Western Indians, and was engaged in the desperate battle, at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa River, under the command of General Andrew Lewis, on the 10th October, 1774.

On the breaking out of the revolution, he arranged himself on the side of liberty, and was commissioned captain of a company of minute-men, or volunteers, at the head of which he fought in the battle of Long or Great Bridge, near Norfolk, under Colonel Woodford, in December, 1775. He also served with the Virginia troops in Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, under Colonel Mathews, General Maxwell, and others.

In 1778, he volunteered as aid to General Hand, and went to Pittsburg. In January, 1779, he removed with his father's family from Virginia, to Edgefield District, in South-Carolina, and immediately joined the army of the patriots, under General B. Lincoln, according to orders received through General M'Intosh, who superseded General Hand in Western Pennsylvania. When he reported himself to General Lincoln, the Virginia troops, among whom he was to have served, were about to return, having served out their term of eighteen months; but he remained with General Lincoln, and served under Col. LeRoy Hammond, in Georgia. Having been the aid of General Hand, and in command of a volunteer company in Virginia, he entered the Southern army with the rank of captain, and on the 2d of February received orders from General Andrew Williamson to enroll a company of mounted volunteers, to be attached to Colonel L. Hammond's regiment. He did so, and on the 2d or 3d of March, 1779, was commissioned by Governor

Rutledge, captain of that company, and continued in service until the surrender of Charleston was known in May, 1780.

During Provost's invasion, Captain Hammond was attached to the command of Colonels Henderson and Malmudy, and with them was engaged in the battle of Stono, and in several previous skirmishes. In the siege of Savannah, they were placed under the command of General Huger, and united with him in the gallant attack upon the left of the British lines. He then continued under the command of General Williamson, until the fall of Charleston, when Williamson took protection, with most of his followers.

S. Hammond, being gratuitously permitted to take a part in the councils, his rank and age not justifying his claim to such participation, protested against the decision of the majority, withdrew from them, raised a few choice spirits to the number of seventy-six, and determined to seek assistance from the north, or die with arms in their hands. Colonel Hammond does not blame Williamson for the course which he adopted, on this occasion, and persons in all that neighborhood still living, do not blame him, or join in the common outcry of treason. They admit that he might have been more energetic, instead of remaining three weeks encamped at Cubbard Creek, but he was probably honest, at least up to this time. More than half that number first collected, withdrew from Hammond's party, and hid out in the secret places, but were afterwards made prisoners of war, sent to the prisons, and many of them died there. Thirty-three, including S. Hammond, made their retreat good to North-Carolina. By concealing themselves all day in swamps and canebrakes, and travelling all night, they passed Saluda and Bush rivers, and were kindly supplied by T. Harvey and Charles Moore, but could hear of no body of whigs that they could join. Passing on to the foot of the mountains, they came to the house of Calvin Jones, another good whig. He was absent, but Mrs.

Jones was found in great trouble, she having been ill-treated and her house plundered that day by a party of tories, on their way to join the British army. They had taken her children's clothes, and her side-saddle, which they could not use, and wantonly destroyed everything valuable which they could not carry off. Mrs. Jones said they were seventy or eighty in number, but Hammond's little band, thirty-five in all, determined to follow and chastise them, if possible. When Mrs. Jones was informed of their resolution, she sent for her son, a boy twelve or fourteen years old, to be their guide and aid in the pursuit. He joined cordially in the expedition, and following the tory trail, they were overtaken the next morning when at their breakfast. A charge was made upon them, and Hammond's men were in the midst of their camp before they knew of their approach. All their arms were taken, and most of them destroyed; four of the enemy were killed and eleven made prisoners, which were released on parole. All of Mrs. Jones' movables were returned to her. She supplied the whigs with every refreshment in her power, and they went on with increased spirits, having a number of captured horses, and a fine supply of ammunition, &c.

After a day or two, while broiling their bacon and eating parched corn, as a substitute for bread, they were alarmed by the sound of horses in a brisk march, and soon saw a party advancing on the other side of the creek where they were encamped. They had come within the reach of Hammond's guns before they were discovered, and on being hailed, answered, "Friends of America!" "So are we," was the reply, "but let us know you. Men, stand to your arms." They gave the same order, and we paused with guns pointed at each other's breast. Captain Edward Hampton advanced with a flag, was well known and cordially welcomed by all of Hammond's men. He and his party, actuated by the same zeal and attachment, had adopted the same resolution, pursued the same course with them, and

were now united. Pursuing their course, they soon came on the trail of a party supposed to be as numerous as their own, and their enemies. They determined to attack them, and quickened their march. After an hour's pursuit, they discovered a horse on the trail and a man lying down with the bridle in his hand; he was sound asleep. They surrounded and hailed him; he leaped up and boldly replied, "Friend to America, if I die for it!" His name was Harris, and he informed us that he belonged to Colonel E. Clarke's command, who was not far ahead; that he had been overcome with fatigue, and want of sleep, and had dropped from the line to take a nap, and would rejoin him soon. They joined Clarke the same evening, and found that they now exceeded two hundred men, but being out of provisions, determined to continue their route to the frontier, and return when fed and rested.

On their arrival in North-Carolina, they were informed of several parties of whigs, who, like themselves, had crossed into that State. One of them was commanded by Colonel Sumter, one by Colonel James Williams, and one by Colonel T. Brandon; and that General McDowal, of North-Carolina, had assembled a considerable number of militia, not far distant from their resting place. Expresses were sent to each of those officers, with information of the numbers and intentions of Hammond's party, and they were joined here by Captains M'Call and Liddle, of Colonel Pickens' regiment, who had under them a small detachment. Having sent back a small detachment to obtain intelligence of the enemy, it was agreed that all should return into South-Carolina, under the command of Colonel Clarke, to annoy the enemy as much as possible, to give opportunity to their friends to join them, and receive more steady and effectual support from the North. Without detailing other circumstances, it is sufficient to say, that from that time to the evacuation of Charleston, in December, 1782, Samuel Hammond was constantly in service, and in command above the rank of

captain. He was with Colonels Williams, Clarke and Shelby, in the battle of Musgrove's Mills, on the Enoree River, the 18th or 20th of August, 1780; the British were defeated, the commanding officer, Colonel Innis, wounded, Major Fraser killed, and a number of prisoners taken. On the battle-ground, information of General Gates' misfortune, and of Sumter's defeat, was received; a hasty retreat with the prisoners was made necessary, and they were marched night and day, to Charlotte, in North-Carolina, where Major Anderson, of the Maryland line, was encamped with a few continental troops, who made their retreat from the battle of Camden to that place. Here the prisoners were placed in the charge of S. Hammond's company, taken to Hillsboro', and delivered to General Gates' order. At Hillsboro', S. Hammond received from Governor Rutledge, the brevet commission of major, with orders to take command of all the refugees, as they were then called, belonging to Colonel LeRoy Hammond's regiment of militia, and others who were or might come into service. S. Hammond also applied to the Board of War, of North-Carolina, for an order on the commissaries and quarter-masters on the western frontier, for a supply of provisions and stores, to such of the South-Carolina and Georgia militia as might assemble for service; and obtained from Mr. Penn, he believes, president of the board, the requisite order. Upon the return of Major S. Hammond to the neighborhood of Salisbury, he formed a company, and advertised in various public places, that he had made suitable provisions for recruits. That notice drew together a number of Georgians and South-Carolina men, who were the greater part of Colonel James Williams' command, at the battle of King's Mountain, in which several of them were killed and severely wounded. Immediately after that battle, S. Hammond was joined by a number of the citizens of Ninety-Six, and of the regiment to which he had been appointed major. They had joined Colonel Clarke while he was at Au-

gusta, and came away with him, and with that addition to his command, he marched as expeditiously as practicable, joined General Davidson, and acted a short time under the command of Colonel Davy, upon the retreat of Lord Cornwallis from Charlotte towards Catawba.

Soon after this, Major S. Hammond joined General Sumter, and was with him in the battle of Blackstocks, about the 20th November, 1780. General Sumter was wounded in that affair, which for some time deprived the country of his services. During that time, S. Hammond joined Colonels Clarke, Twiggs and Fiew, of Georgia, and with them visited the neighborhood of Ninety-Six, where an engagement took place between a detachment of Georgians and Carolinians, commanded by Colonel Clarke, and a party of British and Tories, near Long Canes, in which Clarke lost a number of good men, and being overpowered by superior force, was compelled to retreat. Major S. Hammond, at this time, was out on command, with a small detachment, and was left without notice of the battle or retreat. He, however, made good his retreat, and passed on to Saluda and Bush River. Here he fell in with and joined Colonels William Washington and McCall, and was in several skirmishes with them, and going thence with them the day following, joined General Morgan.

In the battle of Cowpens, on the 17th of January, 1781, Samuel Hammond commanded as major, the left of the front line, and on the same day was detached, by order of General Morgan, with a small proportion of his own men, selected for the purpose, to reconnoitre the British army, then lying north of Broad River, some distance below the Cowpens, which service he performed, and continued to watch the movements of the enemy, communicating daily to Generals Pickens and Morgan what information he obtained, and believed to be useful, until Cornwallis arrived at Ramsour's Mills, and he had obtained information of the burning of their heavy baggage, &c. He then joined

General Greene on the north side of Catawba river, remained with him upon his retreat for several days, when he was attached to General Pickens' command, and passed with him to the rear of the British army; with the best mounted men of the general's command, Major S. Hammond was ordered to watch their movements upon their march. This service he performed, and continued to see them every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, until returning from the pursuit of General Greene, the British army took up camp near the town of Hillsboro'. He saw their guards stationed at different points, then returned and rejoined General Pickens, and the night following was detached, in conjunction with Colonel McCall, and surprised and took a piquet guard, at Harley's, in full view of the British army. The prisoners taken, were safely conducted to General Greene's army, and Major S. Hammond was ordered to escort them to Virginia; from which service he returned to General Greene, a few days before the battle of Guilford, and a few days after that affair was ordered to join General Pickens, who had been previously ordered with his command south of the Catawba river. It may be here worthy of remark, that Captain Samuel Hammond, when he refused to capitulate with General Williamson's army, and left South-Carolina, with a few volunteers, in 1780, did not command them under the commission of Governor Rutledge, which might have been questioned in another State; but by the advice of Colonels Williams, Clarke and Shelby, an election for officers was held by these volunteers. S. Hammond having been unanimously elected captain of a volunteer company, his right to command them was unquestionable, and the men were regularly enrolled and re-enlisted from time to time, until he was promoted to the rank of major. From the fall of Charleston, until the enrolment of his regiment in September, 1781, neither Samuel Hammond, nor any of his citizen soldiers, called for or subscribed to a pay-roll. They furnished themselves as well as they could, with their own clothing, (often very

scant,) with their own arms, horses and provisions, the last of which were frequently very scarce.*

Soon after he rejoined General Pickens, he was ordered to march with about one hundred men, to the district of Ninety-Six, to invite the citizens of that place to join their friends in arms, and aid in expelling their enemies. Major James Jackson, of Georgia, joined S. Hammond, being charged to pass into Georgia for similar purposes. Passing through Ninety-Six District, they arrived on the Savannah river, near Pace's Ferry, (the day and date not now remembered,) they were joined by Captain Thomas Kee, of Colonel LeRoy Hammond's regiment, with a number of men, not now remembered. Next day, detached Captain Kee to attack a party of tories, assembled under Captain Clarke, at his residence, on Horne's Creek. Clarke was killed, and the company all made prisoners; and they then marched to Colonel L. Hammond's mill, on Savannah river, attacked a British fort there, broke up the mill, and took all the provisions belonging to the enemy.—Joined by between two and three hundred men, from LeRoy Hammond's regiment, and, in a few days, that number was so far increased, as to justify Major S. Hammond in detaching a part with Major Jackson, to cross to Georgia, and acting in concert, they, in a few days after, commenced the siege of Fort Cornwallis and Grierson, in Augusta. The Georgia militia, to a considerable number, had been drawn near Augusta, by Colonels Baker, Starke and Williamson, but on Jackson's arrival it was unanimously agreed, by officers and men, that he should take command until the arrival of Colonel E. Clarke, whose wounds yet detained him from service. Maj. S. Hammond remained with these detachments, all under General Pickens, aiding in the reduction of the forts under Colonel Thomas Browne, at Augusta; after which, Hammond became a lieutenant-colonel. When Colonel Lee arrived with the regulars of his

* Colonel Hammond, on more than one occasion, used his own property for the purchase of horses, to mount the recruits in his regiment, and sold his negroes to raise the money for their equipment.

legion, at Augusta, Browne capitulated, and Hammond, with the other troops under Pickens, marched and joined General Greene, in the siege of Ninety-Six. On the advance of Lord Rawdon, the siege was raised, and Hammond ordered to retreat under General Pickens, westward of that place, and then turning, northeasterly, to rejoin General Greene, on the Congaree, below Broad river.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. Hammond continued actively employed as a partizan, until the battle of Eutaw, on the 8th September, 1781. The part acted by him in that hard fought battle, is recorded in history. On the 17th of the same month, he was appointed to the command of a regiment of cavalry, by Governor Rutledge, and instructed to raise and equip it immediately, like that of Maham's, for three years, or the war. A number of Hammond's State troops, who had long served under him as volunteers, now enrolled themselves in his regiment. With these and a portion of Colonel LeRoy Hammond's militia, he remained in service under General Greene, until preliminaries of peace were signed and announced. Being then encamped with General Greene's army, at Bacon's Bridge, near Charleston, he received orders to discontinue recruiting for his new regiment; and in a little time after this, the greater part of them were discharged. Previous to this, however, two companies of his regiment, one under Captain Richard Johnson, the other under Captain George Hammond, were detached under General Pickens, against the Cherokee Indians. These, also, were discharged on their return from this very successful expedition, most of them having been but ten months in service.

Colonel Hammond has left among his papers various notes, in his own hand-writing, which illustrate and describe the battles and expeditions in which he was engaged, more perfectly than any that I have met with. I append copies of several of his narratives.

[*Colonel Samuel Hammond's Notes.*]

BATTLE OF CEDAR SPRINGS, IN SPARTANBURG DISTRICT.

In July, 1780, Colonel E. Clarke having passed through South-Carolina, northwardly, detached Samuel Alexander with a few men towards Ninety-Six, to obtain intelligence of the strength and movements of the British forces, with intent to visit and inspect their lines, if they should be any where found assailable, with such a force as Clarke commanded. Alexander returned, having discovered and reconnoitred a body of tory militia, said to be commanded by Colonel Ferguson. Their numbers not being ascertained, were variously reported from two to five hundred; that they were recruiting for the horse service, and were compelling many of the citizens to join them, who had been paroled and promised a peaceable residence in their own homes. Upon this information, Colonel Clarke proposed to march immediately into that neighborhood, scout round the camp, and afford an opportunity to the whigs of joining with their friends, which many would do, if pushed by the British from the peaceable occupation of their homes. This proposition was approved by all the officers present, and was immediately acted upon. About sunset, after mustering and preparing arms, Clarke, with the Georgia volunteers, joined by McCall, Liddle and Samuel Hammond, mustering in all one hundred and sixty-eight men, marched chiefly through the woods and bye-paths on this expedition. The next day he obtained further intelligence of a scouting party of the tories, some distance in advance of Ferguson's station, and determined to give them a brush. He pushed on, failed to surprise them as expected, but pursued them within half a mile of their camp. Passing round the camp, two or three miles in their rear, found all in motion, and retired along the road which leads from Bobo's Mills towards Berwick's Iron Works; here he recruited eighteen men. He stopped at Captain Dil-

lard's, who was with us as a volunteer, got some milk and potatoes—none dismounted. Here it was concluded to take a bye-path, cross over to a road leading from Ninety Six by Green or Cedar Springs, to Woods' settlement, near the iron works, which was done accordingly. We marched sixteen or eighteen miles to Green Springs. No horses were unsaddled; every man rested with his bridle in his hand, and videts out under orders, that if they should see or hear any horses coming towards the camp, not to hail them, but run in and give notice, without noise. About half an hour before day, a woman came in full gallop to one of the videts, who conducted her to Colonel Clarke. She told him to be in readiness, either to fight or fly, as the enemy would be upon him, and they were strong. Every man was in an instant up and prepared, and the enemy entered our camp in full charge. They were met firmly, hand to hand; it was so dark, that it was hard to distinguish our friends from our enemies. The battle was warm for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the enemy gave way, and were pursued nearly a mile. We returned to the battle-ground, took off all the wounded, and retreated by the iron works towards North-Carolina.

In this affair, the British lost twenty-eight of Dunlap's dragoons, who were left dead on the field, besides six or seven tory volunteers, who were with him, and several who fell in the road, upon their retreat. Clarke had four killed and twenty-three wounded, most of them with the broad sword. Major Smith, of Georgia, a brave, intelligent and active officer of Clarke's regiment, was killed in the pursuit by a rifle ball. Colonel Clarke received a severe wound on the head. Colonel Robertson—a volunteer—Captain Clark, and several other officers, were wounded in the same way. Captain Dunlap commenced the attack; he had sixty well equipped dragoons and one hundred and fifty volunteer mounted riflemen. About two miles below the battle-ground, Dunlap, in his retreat, was met by Ferguson; their joint forces, nearly all tories, amounted to between four and six hundred. They advanced to

Berwick's Iron Works; one or two of our wounded were left there, and fell into their hands. They were well treated by Colonel Ferguson, and were left there by him. Clarke and his little band returned to North-Carolina for rest and refreshment; the whole of this enterprise having been performed without one regular meal, and without regular feed for their horses.

Mrs. Dillard, who had given our party milk and potatoes the day before this battle, stated that Ferguson and Dunlap, with their party of Tories, came there on the next evening. They inquired after Clarke's party, their numbers, &c., &c., and she gave them as little information as possible. They ordered her to prepare supper for the officers with despatch; and while she was so employed, she heard one of the Tory officers tell Ferguson that he had just been informed that the rebels, under Clarke, were to encamp that night at the Green or Cedar Springs. It was immediately resolved to attack them that night, and Mrs. Dillard's husband being with Clarke, she resolved to give them notice of it. As soon as she could set out the supper, she slipped off to the stable, bridled a young horse, and, without a saddle, galloped off to apprise Clarke of his danger, under an impression that the enemy were too numerous to justify a battle with them. She arrived just in time, for Dunlap had been sent forward by Ferguson, with orders to attack and detain us, until he should come up with the remainder. Dunlap had advanced rapidly, and charged soon after we had paraded and were ready for his reception. The lady returned home in safety, and deserves well of her country.

The credit of giving this seasonable notice to the Americans, has also been claimed for Mrs. Thomas, the heroic mother of Colonel J. Thomas, Junr., and no doubt with reason; they both did it. With such patriotic matrons, and with a peasantry who refused to take protection, or acknowledge submission to the British forces, well may this district be designated Spartanburg!

COLONEL SAMUEL HAMMOND'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MUSGROVE'S MILLS, ON THE ENOREE, 19TH AUGUST, 1780.

Before this affair a few days, Colonels Williams and Bratton, of South-Carolina, Colonel Clarke, of Georgia, Colonel Isaac Shelby, of the Virginia or Holston settlement, McCall, Hammond and Liddle of the Ninety-Six brigade, formed a junction in the State of North-Carolina, near General McDowal's rendezvous, _____ county. General McDowal was consulted on the propriety of making an excursion into South-Carolina, to look at the enemy, and to commence operations against their out-posts, if they should be found assailable with our force. The general countenanced the proposal, and stated that he would co-operate with us, if he saw any opportunity for doing good by the joint force. Two active and enterprising men were sent in, to look at and obtain intelligence as to the position of the outposts of the enemy nearest to us. Having received information from those men that there was a party at Musgrove's Mills, on Enoree river, that was altogether tories, and not over two hundred in number, it was determined to march with all possible despatch to attack them. Information was given to General McDowal, and our little band was put in motion. We marched twenty or twenty-five miles, on the 16th; halted and fed and refreshed for an hour, and after dark set out upon our march again. In the course of the night, Colonel Bratton turned off the line of march, intending to pass through his own neighborhood, and to fall in with us again before day. This was injudicious in every point of view, for it afforded more than a double chance to the enemy of gaining intelligence of our approach, and a probability of our not falling in with them, or of their aiding us in the affair; and this proved to be the case, for they did not rejoin us until the affair was over. General McDowal advanced a few miles, but declined joining in the enterprise. Our march was silently and skilfully conducted, and we arrived near the post about daylight. It was agreed by Colonels Williams, Shelby

and Clarke, that the command should be conjoint; the plan of operations was agreed upon; and, as the precise situation of the enemy's camp had not been clearly discovered, it was determined to halt half a mile from the place, and send in two men to be relied upon, to reconnoitre the post and obtain the information wanted. They performed the duty—saw the situation of the enemy—found them on the opposite side of the river from our position, and, unfortunately, on their return, fell in with and were fired upon by a patrol of the enemy. Thus disappointed in the hope of surprising them, it was resolved to send in sixteen well mounted, expert riflemen, to fire at the enemy, and draw them on to attack us upon the hill. This was done; our horses were picketed three hundred yards in the rear beyond the hill, and we were formed a little upon the descent, towards the enemy, Each colonel took his station to command his own men. The sixteen sent out, were, in retreating, to fall on the left flank of the enemy, and from their horses keep up a fire upon them. As they advanced, this command was united to Captain Shadrick Inman, of Georgia—a like number placed on the right flank, with the same orders. There were sixteen men left, also, as a main guard, on our horses; this reduced our whole effective force, including officers, to about —— men. These were placed in one line, in scattered or open order, and were ordered not to fire until the enemy were within fifty yards, and also to be governed by a single shot from Colonel Shelby; to be steady and take good aim. Being thus prepared, the enemy were drawn out. They came, flushed with the hope of an easy victory, in full trot. A reinforcement had joined them the day before, of which we had no information; Colonel Innis and Major Fraser, with one hundred and fifty regulars—York volunteers—had joined the Tories.

They advanced in three columns—the regulars, commanded by Major Fraser, in the centre—the militia on the right and left. Advancing, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, they displayed and gave us a

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fire, which was not returned but from our flanking parties. They then advanced with trailed arms; their columns displayed, and were allowed to come within forty yards, when the signal was given, and their ranks thinned. They fell back, and before a second fire they formed and again advanced. On the second fire, they fell back in confusion. The fire then became brisk, and was kept up on our side. The Tories saw the regulars fall back in disorder, and they also gave ground in confusion, and in fact without any thing like pressure on our part.

Our troops, encouraged by this disorder, rushed on with more boldness than prudence. The mounted riflemen on both flanks charged into the ranks of the retreating foe, and they fled and re-crossed the river in great disorder. On our part, we were so scattered and out of order, that it was determined to halt, form, and send for our horses to cross the river. This caused a necessary pause, during which we received information, by express, that General Gates had been defeated and his army dispersed; that Colonel Sumter, after much success, had been overtaken by the enemy, and also defeated and his army dispersed; and to crown all, that Colonel Ferguson was advancing towards us, and within a few miles, with a considerable force. Thus circumstanced, we were compelled to give over further pursuit, and seek our own safety by a hasty retreat.

The result of this little affair was a clear speck in the horizon, which would have been otherwise very much overcast. We had one captain—S. Inman—a brave man and good officer, with four men killed and eleven men wounded. The British lost Major Fraser, and eighty-five men killed; Captain Innis and several other officers wounded, the number not known. One captain of regulars, two captains of Tories, and seventy-three privates—mostly York volunteers—were taken prisoners. Our retreat was hasty, and continued, without halting, day or night, to feed or rest, for two days and nights. We entered North-Carolina, and passed

down towards Charlotte with our prisoners. Colonel Shelby left us near Greenville, and we encamped near Charlotte, with a few continental troops who had escaped from Gates' defeat. We made a stand here, to collect more men from the defeat, and form for a further expedition. Here the prisoners were committed to Major S. Hammond, while Colonels Williams and Clarke returned to the western frontier of South-Carolina. The prisoners were conducted to Hillsboro' and delivered up there. This little affair, trifling as it may seem, did much good in the general depression of that period. Our numbers continued to increase from that time, and all seemed to have more confidence in themselves.

THE BATTLE OF BLACKSTOCKS, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1780.

BY COLONEL SAMUEL HAMMOND.

To have a clear understanding of this transaction, and of its influence on the success of our revolution, we must recollect that there were three distinct commands of the militia, in the northern portion of South-Carolina. The lower under Colonel Marion, the middle under Colonel Sumter, and the upper or western, commanded sometimes by Colonel James Williams, and, after his death, by Pickens, sometimes by Colonel Clarke and Colonel Twiggs, of Georgia. This division of our forces, being all militia, was caused by the local residences, families and attachment of the citizens to their own interests. Under Sumter were collected, not only the patriots of the middle and north-eastern parts of the State, but most of the South-Carolinians who had retired to North-Carolina when the British overran their State. Under Clarke and Twiggs, of Georgia, the patriotic Georgians united with the command nearest to their own homes, and gave very efficient aid to Williams, Pickens, Hammond and others.

In this state of things, after a bold excursion had

been made by the western volunteers towards Ninety-Six, under the command of Colonel Twiggs, it was determined in council to carry all our little force from the west, and join Sumter, in whose patriotism and fitness for command full confidence was placed by all parties. Under this determination, Colonels Twiggs, Clarke and Candler, of Georgia, Colonels Thomas and Bratton, and Majors McCall and Hammond, of South-Carolina, joined Colonel Sumter ten or fifteen days before the battle of Blackstocks, in hope to give more substantial effect to the operations of the little militia band, against the common enemy; with an understanding that wherever the best opportunity pointed itself for serving the cause, without regard to locality, that should govern the commanding colonel.

With this additional force, Colonel Sumter passed on, "quick march," down the country, between Broad river and the tributary streams of Saluda. Intelligence to be depended on was obtained, that a large quantity of provisions was deposited for the British army, at Summers' Mills, under a small guard, and also that a party of British militia or tories were stationed at a Captain Faust's, upon the waters of ———. To obtain information of the movements of our enemy, and, if possible, to get possession of and bring away or destroy the provisions stored at Summers', Colonel Thomas Taylor, of South-Carolina, and Colonel Candler, of Georgia, were despatched down the country with this object in view, and with discretional orders to suit the circumstances of the times and things. At the same time, Lieutenant-Colonel Williamson, of Clarke's regiment, of Georgia, and Major S. Hammond, were detached towards Captain Faust's to attack, and, if possible, to break up that station. While these two detachments were out on the duty assigned to them, Colonel Sumter received intelligence that Tarleton had returned from below, and was making a forced march to gain the rear of the Americans. Retreat became necessary, but this retreat was not

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hurried, that Williamson and Taylor might have time to rejoin the main body under Sumter.

Williamson failed in his enterprise, in consequence of the hasty removal of the enemy, and rejoined Sumter on the day before the battle. Taylor and Candler were yet in the rear, with a host of the best spirits in our little army. Sumter reluctantly halted, refreshed his men and horses, in about half a mile of Blackstock's field. I say reluctantly, for although the men and horses stood in the greatest need of such refreshment, yet the certain intelligence that the enemy's superior forces were briskly following his trail, urged his going forward. The safety of Colonel Taylor and his party decided him to suspend his retreat. The horses and men having fed hastily, the line of march was resumed, and when Blackstock's house was in view, our rear videts fired at the advancing cavalry of the enemy. Colonels Taylor and Candler at that moment drove in with their wagons loaded with flour, &c., passed our rear guard, and entered the open field at Blackstock's. At the next moment, Tarleton's legion charged on our rear guard, but Taylor and his escort were safe. Sumter being charged in his retreat was awkwardly situated, but he soon formed his command with an advantageous position, on the heights near and at Blackstock's houses. In forming for battle, he was ably and actively assisted by Major James Jackson, of Georgia, acting as a volunteer aid and as brigade-major. Blackstock's houses were on the right of the British, and north-east of them. In front of the buildings, a small branch of Tiger river passed through the field, margined by small bushes, but not obstructing the view of the British movements from the hill. This water-course formed a half moon, with its concavity towards the enemy, and the ridge corresponded with this shape of the branch. Sumter had the houses filled with his troops, and there being a strong new fence on each side of the road, these afforded a tolerable cover to the most of his men. The rest were posted on the ridge, from one hundred

to one hundred and fifty yards west of the branch or ravine.

In this position the British commander found Sumter, when ready to advance upon him. The infantry were formed in front of the houses beyond the ravine, in an open field, with their left upon the road, and their right flanked by a fence and skirted by thick wood not far from the river. Thus placed, General Sumter ordered Colonel Clarke, of Georgia, to take one hundred good men, pass the enemy's right, then formed in the open field, and in cover of the woods, attack the infantry in the rear, and cut off, if practicable, the horses there piqueted; and to attack and annoy them in the rear, as soon as the action should commence. This order was promptly obeyed by Colonel Clarke and Colonel Candler, of Georgia, who, just coming in with Taylor, volunteered on that service, as did Major Hammond, with his command.

The British advanced with their horses along the road, followed by their infantry, and the action commenced. The riflemen, under cover of the hog-pens, and those behind the fence, received them with becoming firmness, and fired with extraordinary activity and spirit. Sumter's right extending along the ridge, advanced upon the flank of the British; they soon sounded a retreat, and were hurrying from the field. When this retreat was ordered, Clarke and Hammond had attacked the infantry in the rear, and taken a part of their horses; but the whole retreating British force coming up, they were compelled to retire, and only carried off a few infantry horses, and cut loose a number of others. It was now dark, and Clarke being in doubt as to Sumter's situation, retreated before the British until next morning. Sumter was severely wounded in the breast, before the British retreated, and was taken from the field. The command was then assumed by Colonel Twiggs, of Georgia, and terminated with the spirit and good order with which it was commenced—gloriously.

After taking possession of the battle-ground, col-

lecting the dead, and taking care of the wounded, the little army passed over Tiger river, and continued their course westwardly. Colonel Candler had one horse killed under him, and Major Hammond had two killed under him, but they remounted on the infantry horses taken in that affair, from the enemy. Clarke did not extricate himself from this retreat in the dark, until he came in sight of the camp-fires, kindled by Tarleton's advancing reinforcement. He then wheeled from the main road, crossed the Tiger river, and rejoined Sumter about noon the next day. Clarke had only two men wounded, but not badly—they were taken off in safety. Tarleton's retreat was precipitate, but not irregular. His cavalry was in the rear. Sumter had about five hundred and sixty men in this action, exclusive of the main and horse guard. About forty of this number ran away, and were over the Tiger river before the battle ended.

General Sumter, although badly wounded, continued with his troops, carried on an uncomfortable litter, until they passed Berwick's iron works; after which, his command was divided. A part continued with the general as an escort, until they reached North-Carolina, while the Georgians, commanded by Twiggs, Clarke, Candler and B. Fiew, turned westward, and in a few days marched towards Ninety-Six, taking their course along the foot of the mountains.

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

BY COLONEL S. HAMMOND.

ON the evening of the 16th January, 1781, General Morgan encamped near a place called the Cowpens. The author of these remarks, being then out with a detachment, did not join the camp until 8 o'clock in the evening, when he was informed by the general, that he

intended to give the enemy battle next morning, if he should press hard upon him. The ground on which the troops were placed, was a small ridge, crossing the road nearly at right angles. A similar ridge, nearly parallel with this, lay between three hundred and five hundred yards in his rear. The valley between was made by a gentle slope; it was, of course, brought within range of the eye; passing from one to the other ridge, the land was thickly covered with red oak and hickory, with little if any underbrush. The valleys extending to the right of the general's camp, terminated in a small glade or savanna.

Orders had been issued to the militia, to have twenty-four rounds of balls prepared and ready for use, before they retired to rest. A general order, forming the disposition of the troops, in case of coming to action, had also been prepared, and was read to Colonels Pickens and McCall, Major Jackson and the author of these notes, in the course of the evening. No copy was ever afforded to either of these officers, before the battle, and the author of these notes has never since seen them, but in the course of the same evening he made the following notes upon them, then fresh in his memory, and which was shown to Major Jackson and Colonel McCall, and approved by them as correct as far as they went. To show those concerned what would be their stations, the author drew out a rough sketch of the disposition set forth in the general order, and after the action, the rough sketch of the enemy's position was added. No perfect or accurate sketch of the enemy's position was ever drawn: this was only taken by the eye, not by mathematical instruments; and yet no opportunity has been afforded of correcting it. Nevertheless, this gives you a still better idea of the affair, than could be obtained without it.

The order commenced in substance thus:

As the enemy seemed resolved to force us into action, the numbers and spirit of this little band of patriot soldiers seems to justify the general in the belief that they may be met with confidence, defeated and driven

back. To prepare for which, the following order will be observed:

The front line will be composed of that part of Colonel McCall's regiment of South-Carolina State troops, who have not been equipped as dragoons, under the command of Major Hammond; the Georgia volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, and the North-Carolina volunteers, under the command of Major McDowal. Colonel Cunningham will take post on the right, Major McDowal on the left of the line, south-west of the road, upon the rising ground beyond the valley in front, three hundred to three hundred and fifty yards in rear of this cantonment or camp, with the left resting upon the road. Major Hammond will take post on the left of the road, in line with Colonel Cunningham; supported upon the left by Captain Donoly, of the Georgia refugees.

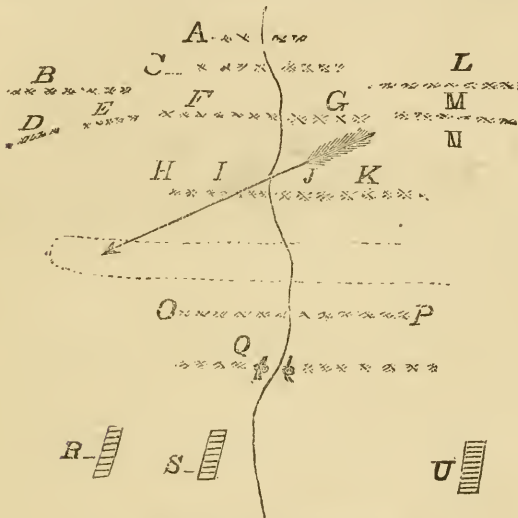
The second line will be composed of the continental regiment of Maryland troops, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard; on the left of the second line, falling back one hundred yards in its rear, a continuation of the second line, or third line, will be formed, advancing its left wing towards the enemy, so as to bring it nearly parallel with the left of the continental troops, upon the second line. The Virginia militia, commanded by Major Triplet, with the South-Carolina militia, commanded by Captain Beaty, will form to the right of the second line; the left nearly opposite to the right of the second line, one hundred yards in its rear; the right extending towards the enemy, so as to be opposite to or parallel with the second line. The main guard will hold its present position, and be commanded as at present by Colonel Washington's cavalry, with such of Colonel McCall's regiment of new raised South-Carolina State troops, as have been equipped for dragoons, will be a reserve, and form in the rear of Colonel Pickens, beyond the ridge, one or two hundred yards, and nearly opposite the main guard, north of the road.

This is not meant as a correct report of the general order, but as nearly so as the memory, influenced by

such events, could be expected to retain. The sketch annexed will give you a further illustration of the important event.

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

FIRST VIEW OF THE TWO ARMIES FORMED FOR ACTION.



References to the Plate.

- A.—American Main Guard.
- B.—Triplet's command.
- C.—The Continentals.
- L.—Pickens' command.

The commencement of the battle.

- D.—Triplet's.
- E.—Beaty's.
- F and G.—Colonel Howard's.
- M and N.—Pickens, with Anderson and Brandon.
- H, I, J, K.—Georgia and Carolina riflemen, under Cunningham, McDowal, Samuel Hammond and Donnolly.

Valley or ravine.

- O and P.—British advance, under Inman and Price.
- Q.—British line of battle with artillery.
- R.—British horse,—reserve.
- S.—McArthur, 71st regiment—reserve.
- U.—Tarleton's cavalry.

SECOND VIEW, OF THE TWO ARMIES AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE AMERICAN MILITIA.



- 1.—Colonel Howard's Maryland troops.
- 2.—Pickens; 3, Brandon; 4 and 5, Anderson and militia rallied.
- 6.—Colonel Washington's charge.
- 7.—Tarleton's charge.
- 8.—British line advancing; 9, their horse reserve.
- 12.—Major McArthur.
- 13.—Major S. Hammond's second position, } Americans.
- 10.—Major Triplet's " " }
- 11.—Captain Beaty's " " }

EXPEDITION TO LONG CANEE, AND A MISSION TO WILLIAMSON AND PICKENS.

BY SAMUEL HAMMOND.

The Georgians were soon joined by the South-Carolinians, under McCall, S. Hammond and Liddle, and proceeded to attack a party of loyalists, fortified near Colonel Hoils' old establishment, on the Saluda. They marched all night and reached the post at daylight, but the enemy had evacuated it a little before our arrival, and passed the Saluda, at Rutledge's ford, a very rough and rocky pass. Here a smart skirmish took place at long shot across the river, and several men were killed on both sides. After this, Colonel Twiggs retreated seventeen or eighteen miles, to Hoil's old place, and rested there. From this post, they made excursions into Ninety-Six District, and downward be-

tween Broad and Saluda rivers, aided by the Ninety-Six refugees under McCall, S. Hammond and Liddle. In these expeditions, little was done more than collecting recruits, under Colonels Clay, Roebuck and others. With these additions to our force, it was resolved, in council, to make a bold and rapid push through the western part of Ninety-Six District, into the Long Cane settlement, west of the British, stationed at the town, Cambridge, or Ninety-Six. Our wish also, was to draw out the well-affected of that part of the country, who had been paroled by the enemy on the surrender of General Williamson. Believing that the British had violated their faith under this capitulation, having compelled the whigs to bear arms against their late companions in arms, instead of leaving them at home until exchanged as prisoners of war, this would be a favorable opportunity for them to join us.

Colonel Benjamin Fiew, having the oldest commission, the command was given to him; and we advanced with five or six hundred men, all mounted. The march was hurried, until we reached the plantation of A. Calvin Jones, where we halted and refreshed, and took some prisoners. These were tried by a military court, under Governor Bull's law; nine of them were condemned, but none executed. Here the council of officers detached Major McCall, with his command, to see Colonel Pickens, and invite him to co-operate with us, as the British, by their breach of faith, had freed him from the obligations of his parole. Major McCall was selected for this purpose, not only for his known prudence and fitness, but for his personal friendship with Colonel Pickens. Major S. Hammond, with his command, was ordered down to Whitehall, the residence of General A. Williamson, for the same purposes and views. Captain Moses Liddle was united with him in this mission. Both detachments were ordered to bring the gentlemen sent for, to camp, whether willing or otherwise. They were both, of course, taken to camp. The object of the whigs was to gain their influence and their better experience to our cause. They both obeyed the

call promptly, but declared that they did not go voluntarily, and considered themselves in honor bound by their parole, whether the British violated their faith or not, so long as it was not violated to them.

THE SIEGE OF AUGUSTA.

The representations given by the different historians, of particulars in this memorable siege, are incorrect in many respects, and defective chiefly as to the names of the officers engaged in carrying it on from first to last.

When General Greene determined to return with his forces from Ramsour's Mills, in North-Carolina, to South-Carolina, he detached at that post, Colonel S. Hammond, with a few men, who formerly belonged to Colonel Le-Roy Hammond's regiment, and who had been detained from the command of General Pickens. General Greene then informed Colonel S. Hammond of his intentions to return into South-Carolina. Pickens had been previously sent back to the western part of North-Carolina, with the refugees of South-Carolina and Georgia, with directions to keep them embodied, ready for any emergency, with the view of recovering all the South.

Hammond accordingly joined General Pickens, and was immediately ordered with a detachment to pass into the district of Ninety-Six, to rouse the people to join them, and aid in expelling the enemy. Having been selected for this service, and received assurances of support both from Generals Greene and Pickens, S. Hammond passed through the district of Ninety-Six with one hundred citizen soldiers, and arrived safe on the borders of Savannah river. There he was associated with Major James Jackson, and joined by several distinguished officers also of Georgia, with their commands, and advanced upon Augusta. The British outposts were driven in, and the siege commenced under the command of General Pickens. It was intended that we

should storm Fort Grierson; and Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, with two companies of his regiment of State troops, were ordered to pass between the ravine and the river. Every second man was furnished with an axe, and, on the signal being given, we were to pass over the bridge across the ravine, press up to the gate of the fort in that front, and to cut away gate posts and palisades, to make way for the assailants. The signal was given, the charge commanded, but no enemy appeared; the gate was broken open, but the garrison had retired. A charge was now made on the retreating enemy; most of them fled, but many were made prisoners. Colonel Grierson then escaped, but was taken in the other fort, "Cornwallis," and shot. Colonel Gudgeon, of Grierson's command, was also taken and closely confined, that Major Eaton's death might be accounted for, it being said that he had been inhumanly killed after he had surrendered. A satisfactory explanation was made, and Gudgeon paroled.

One or two of our own valuable citizens, who had been confined as hostages by the British, were saved on this occasion, by General Pickens. Among them was the Honorable William Glascock of Augusta.

Colonel Samuel Hammond continued in arms until the restoration of peace, and then settled in Savannah. During his residence in Georgia, he was honored with several important posts. He was appointed State Commissioner, to act in conjunction with General Lincoln, Judge Silas Griffin and Mr. Swan; and again with Colonel Hawkins, and Generals Pickens and Williamson.

In 1793, he was appointed to the command of the 1st regiment of the Chatham county militia, by Governor Telfair, and immediately ordered to the frontier, where he rendered important services in building block houses, and checking the depredations of the Lower Creeks, who were very troublesome about that time.

His term of service having expired, he returned to Sa-

vannah, raised a volunteer troop of horse, and again repaired to the frontier.

He represented the county of Chatham several times in the State Legislature, and in October, 1802, was elected to represent the State of Georgia in Congress. In 1805, he was honored by President Jefferson, with the appointment of military and civil commandant of Upper Louisiana, now called Missouri, whither he repaired, and remained until 1824, occupying various responsible stations, as governor, member of Congress, receiver of public money, &c.

In 1824, he returned to South-Carolina, the theatre of his early military career, and in 1827 was elected by the Legislature of that State, Surveyor-General, and in 1831, Secretary of State. On this occasion, General Sumter, who had been his companion in arms, came forward voluntarily, commending him to the Legislature, and bearing testimony to his gallantry and usefulness during the struggle for independence. He distinctly ascribed the victory at Blackstocks to the bravery of Colonel Hammond.

In 1835, borne down by age and infirmities, he withdrew from public life, and retired to Varello farm, near Hamburg, where he continued to reside until his death. It is remarkable, that although so much of his early life was familiarized with battles and bloodshed, he preserved his natural gentleness and suavity of manners to the last: enlivening every circle where he went, with his cheerful sallies of good humor.

We have seen above, the honors conferred and the trusts reposed in Colonel Hammond, during his residence in Missouri. He was lastly appointed receiver of public money in that State, and was in office at the unfortunate period when the rage prevailed for chartering banks, almost without number or restriction, in every part of the United States. The immense number of notes issued by these banks, not only deluged the country with a depreciating currency, but involved the community in hazardous speculations, by which many were ruined. The banks which had loaned out their

capital to these speculators, could not collect their debts, and were therefore unable to redeem their notes. Colonel Hammond was authorized to receive *good bank notes* in payment for the public lands, and the Secretary of the Treasury received them without hesitation from him. But when a large amount of bank notes had accumulated in the hands of Colonel Hammond, and the banks ceased to redeem them, the Secretary of the Treasury refused to receive them as the notes of *good banks*, and the loss was thrown on Colonel Hammond. In vain did he show by his entries, that these notes were received before the banks stopped payment, and were universally believed to be *good bank notes* at the time. They were still refused by the government, and Colonel Hammond was sacrificed after a lifetime devoted to the public service. He had acquired a handsome property in the city of St. Louis, and he gave it all up to the government, in payment for this casual liability, reserving nothing for his family.

“All was lost, except honor.”

Colonel Hammond returned to South-Carolina, in 1824, and was imprisoned in 1825, in Charleston, by order of the administration, as a defaulter. He was admitted to bail, and on the sale of his property, notwithstanding the public sale and the embarrassments of the day, the amount claimed by the United States was completely satisfied, and a balance of about four thousand dollars repaid to him.

In South-Carolina, he was again cordially welcomed and befriended, by her grateful citizens, as long as he lived.

He died on the 11th September, 1842, at his farm, called Varello, a short distance from Hamburg, in the 87th year of his age. On Monday, the 12th, the military of Hamburg were joined by those of Augusta, comprising the “Clinch Riflemen,” and the “Augusta Artillery Guard,” all under the command of Major Samuel C. Wilson, together with the Masonic Lodges of Hamburg and Augusta, and the citizens of both

places, formed a procession at the corner of Covington and Market-streets, Captain Joseph G. Gladding acting as marshal. Minute-guns were fired from the site of his old fort, on Shultz's hill, by the artillery, while the procession followed the body of the deceased veteran, with the solemn sounds of the muffled drums. When they arrived at the family burial ground, above Campbelltown, the remains were lowered into the grave with masonic honors, and a volley fired over it by the escorting infantry.

COLONEL THOMAS TAYLOR.

This gentleman was, we believe, a native of Virginia, and with his brother, James, one of the first settlers on the east side of the Congaree river. They were the most influential of the settlers in that part of the State. When the Rev. Mr. Tennent and William Henry Drayton were sent by the revolutionary government, into the upper districts, to explain the cause of their resistance to the British authorities, and induce the inhabitants to unite in the association, Colonel Taylor was requested to join them and promote the object. Colonel Kershaw, of Camden, and Colonel William Thomson, of Orangeburg, likewise joined the party, as well-known men of influence in the back country. When hostilities commenced, Captain James Taylor raised a company there, and Thomas Taylor was commissioned colonel of the regiment. Among their men, were the most respectable settlers on the Congaree; we only recollect the names of the Boykins, Westons, Whitakers, Hopkins, McLemore, Partridges and Daniels. Their command was composed of their friends, with but few exceptions.

Captain James Taylor was with his company in Charleston, during the siege, and after its surrender went home on parole, under the terms of capitulation.

But when he found that the British authorities were violating those terms, imprisoning some, banishing others to foreign countries; preventing all from collecting their debts, from selling their property, or removing or traveling even into an adjoining district, except with written permission; he concluded that the British, having violated those terms, had virtually relieved him from their obligation; he broke his parole, and joined General Sumter. When the patriots of the middle and back country found that they were not included in the capitulation of Charleston, but treated like the inhabitants of a conquered country, subject to the orders of British officers, and liable to bear arms against their own friends and relatives, they concluded that the motives for resisting the royal authority were as urgent then, or more so, than at the commencement of hostilities. They likewise concluded that their prospects of success were better than at first—they being better trained to arms and hardihood, with more confidence to be placed in the Union for support, it being now cemented with blood. Colonel Taylor, after consulting with his neighbors, removed with them to Sumter's camp, in North-Carolina. Others soon followed with their friends; and the arrival of the Hamptons, McClures, Brattons, Winns, Hammonds, Clarke and Twiggs, of Georgia, with Davie, McDowal and Locke, of North-Carolina, soon enabled them to commence active measures. The attacks on Mobley's, Musgrove's and Williams', were their first essays. Returning successful from these, they united in the gallant attacks, conducted by Sumter himself, on Rocky Mount and on Hanging Rock. Then followed the active movements west of Camden, then the surprise of Sumter's camp on Fishing Creek, and the dispersion of his command.

On this occasion, both the Taylors were captured, and Colonel Taylor wounded, but not dangerously. They were marched off to Camden, guarded by a detachment of Tarleton's dragoons, but effected their escape before they arrived at that post. Colonel Taylor smeared the blood from his wound over his hands and

face, that the British, supposing him disabled, might not watch him. He managed to get next to his brother, and when an opportunity offered, on passing a thicket, he pushed Captain Taylor out of the line into the covert, and immediately jumped after him. A few pistol balls were fired at them, but both effected their escape. If his brother had been taken to Camden at that time, captured at the head of his company, after having broken his parole, the British would certainly have hanged him.

At Fishdam, where Sumter was attacked by Colonel Wemys, his division would certainly have been again surprised, but for the vigilance and preparation of Colonel Taylor. He commanded the piquet guard of twenty-eight men, made up his camp-fires in a little field, and when his men were refreshed, stationed them back of the fence, and re-kindled the fires. He then ordered all the guns to be freshly primed, and soon after heard the enemy advancing. He ordered all his men to wait for the word—each of them to single out his object, and aim at the crossing of his belt. When the British came so near to the blazing fires as to be distinctly seen, Taylor gave the word “fire;” the discharge was as one gun, and left on the field twenty-three men and two officers, dead or wounded—Colonel Wemys was among the latter. The British, not being able to see an enemy, fired at the flash of their guns, killed one man and wounded another. Only one round was fired by Taylor’s men, and the British retreated. Had Sumter then marshalled his men, and reached the field promptly, the whole British detachment might have been captured. But his men in great confusion retreated, after having surprised their surprising opponents. Colonel Wemys was found the next morning, with his thigh shattered, just as he had fallen, among the dead and dying.

In Sumter’s advance towards Blackstocks, Colonel Taylor had been detached with a number of wagons, on a scouting and foraging expedition. The British had collected considerable supplies of provisions at

Summer's Mills, and Taylor's orders were to bring them away or to burn them. Colonel Candler, of Georgia, was sent under him, and one of their orders was to inquire and report the position and movements of the enemy. Both these objects were effected by the vigilance, celerity and energy of Colonel Taylor. Much had been left to his discretion by General Sumter. Tarleton's rapid movements were discovered by Sumter, who heard that one or two regiments were advancing to support him. Tarleton, after a while, halted his advancing party, and Sumter, being anxious for the safety of Taylor's detachment, determined to halt also, and refresh his men, that Taylor might have a better chance for rejoining him. Sumter again advanced, and when in sight of Blackstocks sent off a detachment to attack Tarleton on his front and flank. The firing commenced; and at this critical moment, Taylor drove up with his train of wagons, well loaded with the British stores, and aided in defending the position.

Taylor had also discovered Tarleton's corps, about fifteen miles from Blackstocks, and sent expresses to inform Sumter of his approach. Taylor, likewise, sent two detachments of his men to watch and retard Tarleton's approach. They were ordered to occupy the brow of the hills near the road, by which Tarleton was advancing. The first was ordered to fire on the enemy, as soon as they came within gun-shot; then to retreat, and occupy another hill on Tarleton's route. The second was to do the same, and thus to continue their fire alternately, from one hill-top to another. By this means, Tarleton was retarded at every elevation in the road, and Sumter notified of his position; the two detachments co-operating, sustained each other in their alternate movements. Sumter was thus enabled to choose his positions, before Tarleton could come up, and his men coolly reserved their fire until it could be effectual on their foes. Tarleton, with his usual impetuosity, charged with his cavalry, supported by the 63d British infantry. The dragoons fell back before the fire of Sumter's rifles, but the infantry, being slower

in their movements, many of them were sabred by Sumter's cavalry, and more of them would have been lost, had not Tarleton rescued them by rallying his troop, and charging again on Sumter's cavalry.

Both of the parties claimed the victory; the British certainly retreated, leaving their dead and wounded. They attacked the Americans, but were repulsed. The Americans retained the field of battle; they lost some brave men, but succeeded in all their objects; the provisions were secured, Taylor's division saved, and the enemy repulsed with great loss. The Americans never fought better than at Blackstocks, and were much encouraged by their success. They were, however, unable to pursue the retreating foe, because of the dangerous wound that General Sumter had received. He was, in consequence, obliged to leave the army under the command of General Twiggs, of Georgia, while an escort conveyed him on a litter to North-Carolina. Many acts of individual bravery were performed in this action, and among the most distinguished, were General James Jackson, of Georgia, and Robert Stark, Esq., of Columbia, afterwards a celebrated lawyer and Speaker of the House of Representatives. This last was, at the time, a mere stripling, with scarcely decent clothing.

In addition to the services of Captain James Taylor, which are above noticed, he was with Sumter at the taking of Orangeburg and Granby, and at the attacks on Forts Watson and Shubrick, or Quimby Bridge.

After Gates' defeat and the surprise at Fishing Creek, Sumter's command being again dispersed, Captain Taylor went home. He was there captured soon after, carried to Camden, and tried for his life, on the charge that he had taken up arms after breaking his parole. The concurring testimony of several, showed that he had paraded in arms on some particular day and place named. One of his neighbors, of Dutch descent, wishing to save him, came forward, and swore that Captain Taylor was at his house on that very day, thereby proving an *alibi*. This left a doubt in the minds of the military tribunal, and Captain Taylor was saved. The Dutch-

man being afterwards asked how he could swear to such a thing, said, that in war every deception of the kind was justifiable.

At the battle of Quimby Bridge, near Shubrick's house, where Sumter's command was united to those of Lee and Marion, Colonel Taylor was engaged, and repeatedly made the following statement: That his command was *the only portion* of Sumter's division engaged on that day, and this was confirmed by several of the most respectable men and officers of that division, who had been present on the occasion. That the British could not have maintained the position held by them, at the bridge and causeway, had Lee not been so fearful of losing some of his dragoons. If Maham, at the head of Marion's mounted men, had been there when the British first engaged the Americans, instead of Lee and his legion, Colonel Coates would not have been permitted to occupy that defile. The few infantry who did cross the bridge, were hurried over it by Lee, with a promise of speedy support from his cavalry. This support was so tardy, that but for the gallant and impetuous charge of Colonel Maham and Captain McCauly, they would have been poorly sustained by Armstrong and Carrington, of Lee's legion, whose *men had failed to cross the bridge*. Colonel Lee was at or near the bridge all the time, and the testimony of every Carolinian who was present, on that occasion, has stamped his conduct as unmilitary and unfeeling towards the State troops under his command. Colonel Taylor's division marched up through an open field to the fence, which the British had placed round Shubrick's negro houses, to protect themselves from Lee's cavalry. The fire was tremendous from the British, but not effective. Colonel Taylor's ammunition soon gave out; and the British discovering this from his slackening fire, rushed from the houses, threw down the fence, and charged, with fixed bayonets, on Taylor's retreating division. At this crisis, a detachment of Marion's brigade rushed to their rescue, and by a well directed fire checked the British advance, and drove them back. Colonel Tay-

lor's men gave Marion's a loud cheer, when they were advancing, and three times three, when they saw the effect of their gallantry. Colonel Taylor wore, as most officers did, at that time, a pair of large pistols, tied to a belt, and generally stuck into the belt, called slung pistols. In retreating, on this occasion, one of the pistols got out of the belt, and struck on a nerve at the knee joint, giving him such acute pain that he fell in the high grass,—was unable to move for some time, and then very slowly. His people believed that he had been killed or badly wounded, being far in the rear of all his men, and at first not visible. He could not have escaped from the British bayonets when Marion's men discovered, knew and saved him. He was literally "between two fires."

On this occasion, Colonel Taylor lost some of his best men, and complained loudly in person, both to Colonel Lee and General Sumter, of their not sending him aid and ammunition, when they both saw that he was in so much want of support and relief.

CHAPTER XVI.

Captain Michael Watson—Observations on the War in the South—Lieutenant Slocomb, of North-Carolina—David Fanning, Edmund Fanning—Sketches of the Revolutionary War in North-Carolina—Colonel Lacy—Major Joshua Toomer—Major John Vanderhorst—English Farces.

MICHAEL WATSON'S first service in arms, was with the militia of South-Carolina, in their expedition, under Colonel Grant, of the regular army, in 1762, against the nation of Cherokee Indians. In this he acquired the confidence and respect of all who knew him. This was greatly increased by his bravery and energy, in opposing the depredations of a lawless banditti, on the back settlements of the Southern Provinces, in the years 1767 and '68.

The peace of 1763 had enabled the nations of Europe to reduce their armies and navies, and this reduction of those regiments on the western side of the Atlantic, in addition to those disbanded on the eastern coast in Europe, had turned loose a great mass of desperadoes, accustomed to blood and plunder. In Europe, they were restrained by the rigid police establishments of the different royal governments, and many of these disbanded soldiers and seamen resorted to America.

The western and north-western portions of the Southern Provinces were favorably situated for the settlement of these lawless men, who, being unwilling to work, resorted to plunder for a subsistence. Bordering on the Indian nations, they would disguise themselves occasionally as Indians, and make incursions on the settlements of those who were collecting property

by their honest industry. If pursued, the depredators could readily escape with their plunder beyond the reach of justice.

No courts were then established in South-Carolina, except in Charleston, and if any of the depredators were taken by the honest inhabitants, they must be guarded, at great expense and risk, one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, down to Charleston; and, on being committed to jail, a further obligation was incurred to attend as witnesses and prove their accusations. These became onerous duties on the industrious farmers, and led to combinations among them for summary execution on the offenders. This process, in what is now called "lynch law," was then designated "regulating," and the associates for this purpose were called "Regulators."

The old newspapers of those days contain many horrid details of robbery, burning and murder, committed by those depredators. Among them, we find in a paper of the 4th August, 1767, that a band of marauders had made an inroad among the neighbors of Michael Watson, on what is called the Ridge, in Edgefield District, and threatened the life of his father. Watson, with his brother William, their father, and two other men, pursued them about thirty miles, and found them protected by a house in which they had taken shelter. The Watson party advancing upon them thus protected, were fired on by the marauders, and old Mr. Watson, his son William, and one of their neighbors, killed on the spot. Michael Watson was also wounded, but the two survivors rushed into the house, before the thieves had time to re-load their guns; Watson killed two of the banditti with his own hand, another was wounded by his friend, (whose name is not mentioned) but the survivors escaped from the house. Some of them were soon after captured and taken to Charleston. On the 3d November, 1767, nine persons were convicted for "horse-stealing, plunder and murder." Ezekiel Tyrrel was also convicted of burning the corn-house of Michael Watson, and sen-

tenced to be hung on the 1st June, 1768. These troubles continued to increase, until the marauders were embodied under a Colonel Schovel,* paraded in arms, and ready to engage the Regulators. A parley was then proposed, and their respective claims and grievances submitted separately to the governor and council. The Regulators succeeded in their object. Seven additional courts were established in different parts of the Province, one of which was in Camden, one in Orangeburg, and one in Cambridge, Ninety-Six. Courts of justice were now held with great regularity in all these places, and the law enforced with great uniformity against all convicted by a court and jury.

At the commencement of the American revolution, Michael Watson was highly respected for his bravery and patriotism. When Sir Henry Clinton in New-York determined to attack Charleston, in June, 1776, he instructed the Indian Agent, John Stuart, to excite the Cherokee nation to make war upon the western parts of the State, previous to his attack on the east. But it was unavoidably delayed, and the inroad of the Indians was simultaneous with the attack on Sullivan's Island. General Williamson was ordered to call out his command, repel the Indians, and carry the war into their own territory. When he was ready to advance, it was found necessary for him to do so in divisions, so as to cover the country more effectually, and unite whenever he thought proper. When the division in which Michael Watson served reached Little river, and had commenced crossing, they were briskly attacked by a large body of Indians. The Carolinians were thrown into some confusion. They who had crossed were in danger of being cut off, and they who were next to go over hung back from the necessary exposure in an open boat. On this occasion, Watson's characteristic bravery was acknowledged by all. He led on the division of kindred spirits, who

* The name "Schofilites" was given to them from this, the name of their colonel.

volunteered for the purpose of aiding their companions in arms, and sharing in their danger. They succeeded perfectly. The Indians were repulsed, the division saved, and Watson had the credit of effecting it. But, when the action was over, a number of bullet holes were discovered in his clothes, through which balls had passed without inflicting a wound.

When the British arms had overrun Georgia and South-Carolina, the commanders-in-chief, Clinton and Cornwallis, claimed a right over the inhabitants as over a conquered country. Although they who had been in arms, in different parts of these States, resisting the British, had capitulated *as prisoners of war*, to remain in their own homes until exchanged; although the written capitulation was, in fact, an acknowledgment that those inhabitants had a right to treat, as independent citizens, with the commanding officers of his majesty's forces; although no violation of those terms was alleged against the inhabitants, the terms of capitulation were, in most cases, violated by the British authorities, within three months from the date thereof. Many of the inhabitants were imprisoned—many banished from their country, and many compelled to bear arms against their own countrymen, relatives and friends.

At such a violation of rights, one-half of the inhabitants revolted, and their opposition was called by the British a second rebellion. An immediate schism took place between the whigs and tories. The latter, submitting to the royal authority, and thinking it their duty to execute the orders of their commanders, became the enemies of the whigs, their neighbors, and deadly feuds ensued. A desolating civil war followed, attended with atrocities as great as any recorded in history. Some honorable exceptions are known on both sides, but generally the vindictive warfare between the whigs and tories was awful. A few whigs—ten, fifteen or twenty—would associate for mutual protection, and choose their leaders. Two or three of such companies would sometimes unite, either to drive off

aggressors or to retaliate, and thus the evils became progressive.

Michael Watson was at this time an industrious, prosperous farmer, living on the Ridge, in Edgefield District, with a young family, enjoying that property which he had acquired by the sweat of his brow; but they were not safe from lawless depredations. He united with the whigs for self-defence, and was chosen a leader. This rendered him more conspicuous—his party increased, and he became their captain; but this multiplied his enemies in a greater proportion. Being personally much respected and esteemed by the whigs, his command became extensive, alike in number of men and region of country. He thus had opportunities of exhibiting his decision and energy in action, and fertility in expedients, when surrounded with danger, as well as his courage in battle. Under these circumstances, Captain Watson drew down on himself the vengeance of the British authorities, and of their pliant tools, the tories. But he rose in proportion high in the confidence of General Pickens, and other leading officers of the American revolution.

On one occasion, a party of tories surrounded Captain Watson's house in the dead of night, while he was in bed. He heard them consulting at one end of his house about the mode of attack, and concluded that this critical moment must not be lost. Seizing his gun, he leaped out of the door in the other end of the house, and escaped to the woods, about fifty yards off. He then holloaed aloud, as if to collect a body of men on guard, "come on, boys—here they are—charge up to the house!" and fired his gun to indicate that their enemies were on their track. The tories were accordingly alarmed, and took to flight. On another occasion, the enemy surrounded his house in the open day; Captain Watson was alone with his family, but did not entertain a thought of surrendering. He leaped out of a window, and ran for the woods. The tories saw him, and kept firing at him as long as in sight, but he escaped without injury. His clothes, indeed, were rid-

dled, but he was unhurt. After this narrow escape, a tory colonel, named Kin Williams, came to his plantation with a host of three hundred men, each having a green oak leaf in his hat. Watson was absent, and thus escaped personal danger. But they burnt every house on the settlement; every cow and hog was killed or driven away; the poultry in the well-stocked barnyard all shot, and the provisions of every kind wantonly burnt or carried off.

By the aid of his good neighbors, Captain Watson procured another residence for his family, about eight miles off from his late farm, and was again trying to bring around him the usual comforts of a country home, when the family were again disturbed repeatedly. Among other instances of this kind, an attempt was made by one Hartley to carry off his only remaining horse. But Watson was then at home; he fired on Hartley, and wounded him in the arm. Finding that his shot had taken effect, Watson pursued Hartley, took him prisoner, brought him back to his residence, dressed his wound, and treated him kindly and hospitably until he recovered the use of his arm. Hartley was grateful for these attentions, received from all Watson's family—attentions so unexpected and so ill-deserved. He left the tories, became one of the whigs, and enlisted under Captain Watson. Hartley often told these circumstances many years after the revolution.

Near the close of these troubles in South-Carolina, in May, 1782, Captain Watson heard of a body of tories in Dean's Swamp, near Orangeburg, and, in conjunction with Captain William Butler—his friend and neighbor—it was determined to attack them. Watson's men were mounted militia, armed with rifles and muskets; Butler's command were cavalry, armed with pistols and cutlasses. In order to surprise the tories, the associates marched forward at sunset with great rapidity, captured a disaffected man, named Hutto or Hutton, and hurried him along with them under guard. As they approached the tory encampment, Hutton

made his escape, and gave notice to the tories of Watson's approach. They immediately paraded in ambush to surprise and oppose the whigs. When Hutton's escape was reported to the two captains, Watson declared his opinion that the expedition should be abandoned, but Butler, for various reasons, thought otherwise, and they accordingly continued to advance. When they approached the edge of the swamp, two men were observed, as if endeavoring to hide themselves. Butler, Watson, and Sergeant Vardel—a very brave man—rode rapidly forward to capture them. Watson first discovered that these men were only a decoy, and, when too late, warned the others that the whole of the tories were there concealed. They arose, on being discovered, and poured on their assailants a well-directed fire, which brought down Watson, Vardel, and several others of the foremost whigs. Although sorely galled, Butler brought off the wounded men, and now found, to his mortification, that the infantry had little or no ammunition left, and that the enemy were advancing upon him with double his numbers. In this emergency, he appointed a brave young man, named John Corley, his lieutenant, and made a desperate charge on the enemy's line, so unexpectedly as to throw them into confusion. He pressed on them so hotly, mingling in their disordered ranks, and hewing them down with his broad swords, that they had not time to rally—their superior numbers only increased their confusion and destruction. Butler continued his impetuous attack, until the tories took refuge in the swamp. As the whigs returned in triumph, the gallant Vardel made an effort to rise and wave his hand in hurra, but fell immediately and expired. They buried him—where the brave are proud to lie—on the field of victory.

Watson survived until the Americans reached Orangeburg. In that village he was buried with the honors of war, and his grave was watered with the manly tears of his fellow soldiers.

The following incidents occurred in this expedition

to Dean's Swamp. A smart young man, who had never been engaged in battle, was very anxious to become an officer in Captain Watson's company, and very desirous of distinction. He was elected, and advanced in his command very gallantly to the attack, mounted on a beautiful filly. When the enemy were discovered, he dismounted with the rest, and having hitched his horse, was advancing on foot, when the Tories rose and delivered their destructive fire. Seeing the number that fell with Captain Watson, the young officer's courage suddenly evaporated from his finger ends. He turned his back, and, forgetting his horse, became more distinguished in the flight than in the fight, and never stopped until he reached home, spreading a report that the party had been ambushed and all killed but himself. The horse was saved by those who brought off the wounded. When they reached Orangeburg, finding that the owner would not return to claim her, they sold the mare, and expended the money in rum and other refreshments. Some of Watson's company, who had also taken to flight on seeing their captain fall, took possession of a farm-house near by, occupied only by a mother and her child. There was little or nothing to eat on the premises, and they now feared pursuit more than ever, believing that the woman would report them to their enemies. One of them was chosen by lot, and sent off to Orangeburg for help. Colonel Rumph came out to them as soon as possible, but, before the arrival of his company, the poor woman and child, with their unwelcome guests, were all nearly starved out.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAR IN THE SOUTH.

It is evident, from many parts of these memoirs, that the farmers—the peasantry of the South—unaided by the States separately, or by Congress collectively, commenced the resistance against the British arms, after the fall of Charleston; that it was not only

commenced, but bravely continued and successfully prosecuted with their own slender means and resources, without payment, provisions or forage, during the half of 1780, and the whole of the years 1781 and 1782; that the first acts in those exciting scenes of a tragic drama, were performed by the peasantry, on both sides of the North-Carolina line, in the country adjoining the Catawba river; that these patriotic countrymen had to fight against a two-fold foe—the British regulars, and their insidious, vindictive auxiliaries, the royalists; that these, when united, occupied all the strong positions in South-Carolina, and were well supplied with arms, ammunition, and military equipments of every kind, while the patriots had no place of resort for safety except the swamps, and no supplies of any kind, except what was taken from their own scanty stock of plantation fare. Their own domestic fireside was the most dangerous place to which they could resort; the encampment by day, the march by night, and even the open battle-field, afforded them comparative safety. Those residents in Spartanburg, York and Chester, of South-Carolina, aided by those of Mecklenburg and Lincoln, in North-Carolina, were the first and firmest in resisting the royal authority in the South. Those of North-Carolina were the first in America to declare their independence of Great Britain, and the most resolute in defending it; their fertile fields afforded food and forage to the destitute of South-Carolina. There being few or no royalists in that part of North-Carolina, but little annoyance was experienced from these insidious foes.

This region of country was chiefly settled by families who had emigrated from the north of Ireland, and were descendants from the Puritans of Scotland, who had taken refuge there during the cruel persecutions which both the church and state carried on against them. From such circumstances, these Carolina patriots were called the Scotch-Irish, and their descendants still pride themselves in this appellation, tradition and lineage.

About the same time, the same spirit for resistance was evinced by Clarke, McCall, Jackson and Twiggs, of Georgia; by Colonels Hamptons, Samuel Hammond, Harden, Sumter, Marion, Williams and Cleveland, of South-Carolina; by Shelby, Sevier, Campbell, Davie, McDowal and Locke, of North-Carolina. They each collected a small force of relatives, friends and neighbors, at different points—beat up the quarters of the British and Tories in several detachments, and most of the Georgians and South-Carolinians united under Sumter in North-Carolina. Here the productive vallies of the Yadkin and Catawba afforded them an abundance of provisions for themselves and horses; and here the brave inhabitants were undivided in their patriotism. This neighborhood was called by Cornwallis “the hornet’s nest.”

Without the joint and several support from those patriotic corps, General Greene probably could not have succeeded in recovering the Southern States. These auxiliaries were to him of inestimable value, not only by adding to his strength when called together, but by gathering information for him from various points, of every expedition and movement of the enemy; by cutting off the supplies intended for the British, and supplying his wants with whatever could be collected from various sources. They were to General Greene his eyes for vigilance—his hands for labor, and his arms for attack and defence.

Mr. Sabine and some other writers of New-England, have reproached the South-Carolinians for not defending their State and principal city from the enemy, “*although aided by a Northern army and a Northern general.*” Let us consider this matter. General Charles Lee certainly was not aided by a Northern army. Notwithstanding his brilliant talents, “he did the State no service”—he injured the State, not intentionally, but by his English prepossessions, from childhood, as to the invincibility of their navy. Thinking that it would be only a waste of ammunition for Fort Sullivan to fire on the British fleet, he disarmed Moultrie by with-

drawing the greater part of his powder, *to save it*. If that powder had not been withdrawn, by order of General Lee, a large portion of Sir Peter Parker's fleet would have been captured or sunk in that battle. Again, as to General Lincoln, he was a brave, patriotic, good old gentleman, but very far from being a skilful, energetic, or judicious general. When he took command of the Southern army, it was well posted on the northern edge of Savannah river, and well arranged for protecting that frontier from invasion. He made three divisions of that army, and, as usual with divided forces, they were beaten in detachments.

He first sent General Ashe, of North-Carolina, across the river, with only one company of regulars, under Captain Elbert, of Georgia, to support him; the rest of his command were militia, so deficient in arms, and so badly trained to duty, that when attacked in flank by the British, they all ran off into the nearest swamp for shelter or concealment. Many of them were drowned in the river, for want of boats to transport them over to the Carolina shore. A court martial was convened at the request of General Ashe, and, after a full consideration and inquiry, he was honorably acquitted, because not properly supplied or supported by Lincoln. About the same time, Lincoln left Moultrie near the ferry, with about one thousand militia men, opposed to three thousand British regulars, on the Georgia side, and marched the main army up to Augusta; there finding that the only enemy in that neighborhood, under Colonel Boyd, had been defeated by the militia under Pickens, at Kettle Creek, he made a fourth division of his army, and sent them, under General Williamson, through a wilderness, into Liberty county, Georgia, while he marched deliberately down, on the Georgia side of the river, towards Savannah.

Provost finding that Lincoln had left the road to Charleston open for him, immediately crossed the river with two thousand regulars, flanked by some Indians and tories; pursued Moultrie, and defeated him at

Tulifinny, the only point at which he offered resistance. He might then have marched his troops into Charleston, but for the energy of Governor Rutledge and General Moultrie. Provost retired from before Charleston to Stono ferry, and there intrenched his army, while Lincoln remained inactive a whole month, leaving the British all that time to carry off the negroes and other things plundered in the south-eastern part of the State. After a month, Lincoln attacked the intrenchment at Stono, and was repulsed. The only advantages gained while Lincoln commanded in South-Carolina, were at the battles of Beaufort and that of Kettle Creek, where, fortunately, he was not present; the first of these was gained by the Charleston Artillery, a militia company, under the command of Moultrie, and the other by the back country militia, under Pickens. But Lincoln's greatest defect was in his treatment of the militia. These he disgusted by his want of judgment, and by his attempting to enforce duties, penalties and punishments, which could only be required of continental troops, who had signed the articles of war, receiving the bounty and pay for such enlistment. It was this chiefly which left him unsupported by the militia, when besieged in Charleston. All saw that he wanted judgment and energy.* Some of the militia certainly behaved very disgracefully when in camp, near Purisburg, but even the best and most devoted thought, that if at Purisburg, Lincoln attempted unwarrantable coercion over them, how much more likely would he be to enforce it in a beleaguered city. This state of the public mind as to Lincoln, personally, ought to have decided him and the governor's council to abandon Charleston, as advised by General Wash-

* Lincoln gave no orders for a proportion of infantry to be always attached to his cavalry—this was the defect when Washington beat Tarleton near Rantowle's. The want of infantry caused the defeat of General Huger at Monk's Corner, and of Colonel Anthony W. White on Santee. Can any one expect to succeed, who orders a movement of cavalry without infantry?

ington, and keep his army active in the upper country, where the people would have supported him for their own sakes, as well as the public good.

Again, when Sir Henry Clinton landed his army at Edisto, and loitered nearly two months in his gradual advances to the siege of Charleston—a distance of thirty or forty miles—where was Lincoln, and where his alleged Northern army? Why did he not go out from his amusements in Charleston, and attack the British troops at every defile in their detachments,—in their camps,—in their intrenchments? The only opposition made to their advance was by Colonel John Laurens and his light infantry, after they had crossed Ashley ferry, and were near Charleston. Would Andrew Jackson have been thus inactive? See his movements against similar British troops, and with similar militia in the South. Would Taylor and Scott have been thus undecided and wavering, having no opinion of their own, or wanting energy to enforce their decisions? See their late campaigns.

We regret that any thing should have been published from any quarter, casting offensive reflections, or making comparisons between the different portions of our common country, prejudicial to either of the divisions. But this having been done by a writer in New-England, it has been taken up by a writer in the South, and the reply is published in Simms' Southern Quarterly Review, for July, 1848, not only disproving the allegation, but proving that the New-England regulars, in the siege of Boston, abandoned General Washington when their term of enlistment expired, clamoring for a new bounty, or no continued service—a strike for more money.—See page 46, &c. The subject is continued in the October number, page 262, &c. The militia of New-England; however, obeyed promptly every call of the commander-in-chief, in whose talents all reposed implicit confidence. At this very time of Washington's greatest difficulties in the siege of Boston, powder was sent on to him by South-Carolina and Georgia to continue the siege; and another supply

sent by them to General Montgomery's army in the invasion of Canada.*

Even in Washington's last expedition against Cornwallis, his New-England troops would not march to Virginia, until they had received, in hard money, one month's pay in advance. General Greene had to struggle against great difficulties; he could neither pay nor clothe his troops; and nothing but patriotism and the bright example of their officers, kept them in camp under such privations. If he had commanded New-England regulars, it is probable that they would have served him as they did Washington, or worse. General Greene's army was composed of troops drawn from Virginia, Maryland, North-Carolina, South-Carolina and Georgia, with a small but excellent body of troops from Delaware. There certainly was no corps or company from beyond Mason and Dixon's line, until after the surrender of Cornwallis—until after Greene had fought his last battle. There were some individuals, no doubt, interspersed with the enlistments in the Southern divisions, but, until the arrival of General Wayne's division from Pennsylvania, no part of General Greene's army could be called Northern troops. These Pennsylvanians gave General Greene more trouble than all the rest of his army put together, in all the Southern war. They conspired against General Greene—they sold him to the British, and a body of British troops was advanced to support the conspirators, and to take charge of the captured general, when the discovery was made, and the chief traitor executed. We freely admit that, after the dilemma into which the South had fallen by the mismanagement of Lincoln, and the inglorious defeat of Gates, the three Southern States might have been lost to the Union, but for the skilful generalship of Greene and the support of the American Congress, at the head of which was John Hancock and John Adams, faithful to the convention that guaranteed all personal and political rights, and

* See Drayton, vol. i., 273.

rights of property, to every citizen of the United States. The federal constitution confirms this guarantee to all, in terms sufficiently explicit; and we only wish that the Northern States would now send such delegates to Congress as Hancock and Adams, or men equally impressed with the constitutional rights of the South, and the constitutional obligations of the Middle and Northern States.

I have endeavored, in vain, to obtain information of the many brave men of North-Carolina, who aided South-Carolina in the war of the revolution. I wrote in May, 1847, for this purpose, to one of the best informed in that State, and most likely to afford such information, but as no answer was returned, I concluded that he would himself publish what was wanted, and still hope to see his collection of such sketches. The names then called for, were Governor Burke, Generals Moore, Howe, Ashe, Nash, Caswell, Rutherford, Henderson and Woodford. Also, of Colonels Elijah Isaacs, Stephen Moore, McDowal and Locke.

COLONEL SLOCOMB, OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

[*From the Charleston Courier, Sept. 3, 1842.*]

In the year 1781, after the battle of the Cowpens, Guilford, &c., Lord Cornwallis led his troops through this part of North-Carolina; for several days his headquarters were at Springbank, on the Neuse, the plantation at present of General Nicholson Washington, while Colonel Tarleton, with his renowned legion, encamped on Slocomb's plantation, and had his headquarters in the mansion so graphically described by Mrs. Butler. Slocomb, at that time, held a subaltern's commission in the State line, under the command of Colonel William Washington. His troop consisted of Carolina "boors," raised in his own neighborhood, and as rudely armed

as such troops ever were. He, Lieutenant S., had been sent into the low-country, with some twelve or fifteen men, for recruits, and to act as scouts in the neighborhood of the renowned British general. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was in the neighborhood of Springbank, and reconnoitred Cornwallis' encampment, supposing it was his whole force. The manner of this reconnoissance was so peculiar and characteristic of the men who fought our revolutionary battles, that I cannot refrain from relating concisely, the history, although having no direct connexion with the subject of this memoir, except it occurred on the same day. The lieutenant had directed one of his boldest and most trustworthy men, by the name of McKenne, (whose descendants are among our most respected citizens, and one of them has the honor of representing his native district in our National Legislature,) to go and make a careful examination of the British encampment, and report. On reaching the vicinity of Lord Cornwallis' post, he concealed his horse in a thicket, and advanced under cover of the wood to the skirts of the plantation. Here he saw a square mile covered with the tents, the baggage and artillery of the best equipped and disciplined army which had ever visited America.

The sight was one to strike terror to any but such a heart, but he resolved never to leave the ground without doing something for his country. He had not long been in his concealment, when an officer wearing two epaulettes, rode within range of his deadly weapon. The ball sped, and the unfortunate invader bit the dust; without loss of time, he gained his horse, in whose speed he had full confidence; but on emerging from the thicket, he found himself within one hundred yards of three British troopers, apparently as well mounted as himself. A race across the sand hills ensued, and for a mile and a half, the distance between him and the headmost horseman was little varied. Here, a bullet whistled passed his ear—"good, your short gun is not so true as my long rifle," said he, but his congratulation

as short. An instant after, came a second report, and his gallant horse fell, the ball having struck and broke the bone of his off fore-leg, and before he could recover from his fall, the two headmost troopers flew by like lightning, each giving him a dreadful sabre cut across the head and shoulders. The third came up more leisurely, and passed his sword through his body, near the shoulder, and was preparing to give the final *coup de grace*, when his sword arm was severed nearly in two, and he rolled dismounted in the sand, near his fallen enemy. The second dragoon was encountered instantly by the same powerful arm, and fell with his head and helmet cleft—while the foremost, seeing his comrades' discomfiture, dismounted and surrendered himself a prisoner to Major Williams, whose name is enrolled among the heroes of our country, and who, being engaged in the same service of reconnoitring, had joined in this singular race, without the knowledge of either party. To secure his prisoner, and mount the half dead rifleman on one of the dragoon horses, was the work of but a few minutes; and, by his careful assistance, they reached Whitehall in safety, where McKenne's wounds were dressed in their rude manner, and Williams joined Slocomb and his small troop of recruits.

Such feats of the Carolina "boors," were too common to gain the attention of our historians, while our *magnanimous enemies* stigmatized such acts as assassinations.

They risked certain death, if caught, but to destroy an enemy, the risk was frequently taken.

The party under Slocomb and Williams, pursued their way slowly on the south bank of the Neuse, in the direction of Slocomb's house, little dreaming that his peaceful home, where a few months before he left his wife and infant, was then in possession of the terrible Tarleton.

The writer had the following scene, almost *verbatim*, from Mrs. Slocomb, many years since, and prefers copy-

ing from notes then made, her account of Tarleton's residence with her.

About 10 o'clock, of a beautiful spring day, a splendidly dressed officer, accompanied by two aids, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza, in front of the house, where Mrs. Slocomb, with her child and a young lady, a near relative, afterwards the wife of Major Williams, and a few house servants, were sitting.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he addressed the lady.

"Have I the pleasure of seeing the mistress of this house and plantation?"

"It belongs to my husband."

"Is he at home?"

"He is not."

"Is he a rebel?"

"No, sir, he is in the army of his country, and fighting against our invaders, therefore not a rebel." (Is it not strange, the people of that day gloried in their rebellion, but always took offence at being called rebels.)

"I fear we differ in opinion, madam. A friend to his country will be the friend of the king, our master."

"Slaves only acknowledge a master in this country."

A deep flush ran over the florid cheeks of Tarleton, for he was the speaker, and turning to one of his aids, he ordered him to pitch the tents and form the encampment, in the orchard and field on their right, (a beautiful ground, which I regret the darkness prevented Mrs. Butler from admiring, as she then would know our State is not entirely made of "interminable pine barrens.") To his other aid his orders were to detach a quarter guard and station piquets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added: "Madam, the service of his majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property, and if it would not be too great an inconvenience, I will take my quarters in your house."

The tone admitted no controversy.

Mrs. S. replied, "My family consists of only myself,

my sister and child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners."

From the piazza where he seated himself, Tarleton commanded a view of the ground on which his troops were arranging their camp. Different officers were frequently coming up, making their reports and receiving orders. Among others, a tory captain, whom Mrs. S. recognized as a man who, previous to joining the British army, lived some fifteen or twenty miles below, (his name I suppress, as the family still live in the State, and some of them are said to be respectable,) received orders to take his troop and scour the country for two or three miles round.

In an hour every thing was quiet and still, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment of some ten or eleven hundred of the choicest cavalry of the British king.

Half a century after, the good lady told the writer of this article, that she prepared for the king's officers "as good a dinner as you have now before you, and much the same materials." Now, for the information of Mrs. B. and others of the dilitanti of the present day, I will try to describe what, in North-Carolina, then was called a good dinner. The first dish was, of course, the boiled ham, flanked with the plate of greens. Opposite was the turkey, supported by the laughing baked sweet potatoes; a plate of boiled beef, another of sausages, and a third with a pair of baked fowls, formed a line across the centre of the table; half a dozen dishes of different pickles, stewed fruit, and other condiments, filled all the interstices of the board. Such was the dinner which the good old lady compared to that she set for King George's officers. I have forgotten to say that the fashion of those days introduced stimulating drinks to the dinner table, and the peach brandy, prepared under Mr. Slocomb's own personal supervision, and which others besides Mrs. Butler have mistaken for home-made wine, received the unreserved praise of the party.

Any person who has visited a Carolina plantation,

where no lady presides over the cuisine department, will readily allow the probability that the colonel, when unexpectedly visited by the lady and her travelling friends, had a bad supper. But his phiz should have told a person of intelligence and observation, that he had been used to better.

The dinner had been well discussed, and the officers were freely discussing the peach toddy. A Scotch officer, whom I take to have been Major Ferguson, speaking of it by the name of whiskey, said he had never drank as good out of Scotland. An officer, speaking with a slight brogue, insisted it was not whiskey, and no Scotch drink ever equalled it. "To my mind," said he, "it tastes as that orchard smells." "Allow me, madam," said Colonel Tarleton, "to inquire where the spirits we are drinking are procured?"

Mrs. S.—"From the orchard, where your tents stand."

"Faith," said the Irish captain, "we'll have few sober men in the morning; but, colonel, when we conquer this country, is it not to be divided out among us?"

Colonel Tarleton.—"The officers of this army will undoubtedly receive large possessions of the conquered American provinces.

Mrs. S.—"Allow me to observe and prophecy, the only land in these United States that will ever remain in possession of a British officer, will measure but six feet by two."

Tarleton.—"Excuse me, madam. For your sake, I regret to say, this beautiful plantation will be the ducal seat for some of us."

Mrs. S.—"Don't trouble yourself about me; my husband is not a man who would let a duke or a king even, have a quiet seat on his ground."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by rapid volleys of fire-arms, appearing to be in the wood, a short distance to the eastward. "It is some straggling scout," said one of the aids, "running from the piquet guard."

"There are rifles and muskets," said Tarleton, "as well as pistols, and too many to pass unnoticed. Order

boots and saddles, and you, Captain ——, take your troop in the direction of the firing."

The officer rushed out to execute his orders, while the colonel walked to the piazza, and was immediately followed by the anxious ladies, who too well guessed the cause of the interruption.

"May I be allowed, without offence, madam, to inquire if any part of Washington's army are in this neighborhood?" said Tarleton.

"I presume," replied the lady, "that it is known to you, that the Marquis and Greene are in this State," and, added she, "you would of course not be surprised at a call from Lee, or your old friend Colonel Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said shook your hand (pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre) very rudely, when last you met."

A loud order to form the troops on the right, was the only reply, and springing on his charger, he dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet, to a breach in the hedgerow, leapt the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment, already in line.

Being an inexperienced narrator, the writer has omitted a description of the localities, which is necessary to understand the scene which now ensued, and will endeavor to remedy, as far as possible, by a short description. The house fronts the east, and an avenue of a half a mile in length, and about one hundred and fifty feet in breadth, stretches to the easternmost side of the plantation, where was a highway, and, beyond that, open grounds, partly dry meadow and part sand barren. This avenue was lined on the south side by a high fence and in a thick hedgerow of forest trees, now removed and replaced by the Pride of India and other ornamental trees; on the north side, the common rail fence of seven or eight feet high, such as is seen on all plantations of good farmers in the low country, where the necessary timber is convenient. The encampment of the British troops being on that part of the plantation, lying south of the avenue, was completely screened by the fences and hedgerow, from the sight

of any person approaching from down the country. As soon as Tarleton reached the ground, he ordered the company which he had detached not to leave the open ground, being apprehensive, from what Mrs. S. had said, that the fight in the woods was only a prelude to an attack on his camp. At this moment, some of the tory troop, whom, it will be recollected, were ordered to reconnoitre the country, appeared in the open grounds described as east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia, and a running fight with every kind of weapon, in which four or five broad swords shown conspicuous, was seen. The pursuing party appeared to be in too great haste, and too busy with the tories, to see any thing else, and both parties entered the avenue together. With what horror did Mrs. Slocomb recognize in the leader of the pursuing party her husband, and Major Williams, and two of her neighbors, following the tory captain and four of his troop, half way down the avenue, where one of the tories fell, and their pursuers were interrupted in their course by one of those providential interferences, which has often saved the brave and imprudent.

When Mrs. Slocomb heard the order given for the tory captain to patrol the country round, she sent for an old negro, and gave orders for him to take a bag of corn to the mill, about four miles off, on the road which she knew her husband must travel if he returned that day, thinking in this way to warn him of the danger of approaching his home. With the indolence and curiosity natural to his race, the old fellow had remained loitering about the premises, and was now lurking under the hedgerow, admiring the red coats, dashing plumes, and shining helmets of the British troopers, he suddenly sprung before the young men's horses, crying out, "Hold on, massa. The debble here look you." A glance to the left showed to the young men their danger. They were within pistol shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. On wheeling their horses, they discovered a troop already leaping the fence into

the avenue in their rear. Quick as thought, they again wheeled their horses, and dashed down the avenue directly towards the house, where stood the quarter guard to receive them. On reaching the garden fence, a rude structure, which was formed of a kind of lath, and which we call a wattled fence, they leapt that; they next, amid a shower of balls from the guard, cleared the canal, a tremendous leap, and scouring across the open field to the northwest, were sheltered in the wood before their pursuers could clear the fences of the enclosure. If this description should excite the curiosity of any travelling reader, he may see the whole ground as he passes over the Wilmington rail-road, one and a half miles south of Dudley depot.

A platoon of the troops had commenced the pursuit, but such was the impression left on the mind of the commandant by Mrs. S.'s allusion to Washington, and the bold bearing of the young men, that the recall was sounded before they crossed the canal.

Tarleton had rode up to the front of the house, where he remained eagerly looking after the flying Americans, till they disappeared in the wood.

"Send Captain —— in to me." The tory captain appeared.

"Who are those men, and where is your troop?" said he.

"Those men are villainous rebels, and my troop was attacked in the wood, and cut to pieces or dispersed."

"What force attacked you?"

"I cannot tell, but I suppose an hundred men."

Tarleton.—"We saw but some half dozen, and five of you were running from three men and a boy."

"Yes, your honor, but we were all wounded; a ball from that boy's pistol gave me this wound, which has disabled my sword arm. The men were Slocomb and Major Williams, of Lee's light horse."

"Are any of the American regular troops with them?"

"I saw none but that officer, and I think he served in this bout as a volunteer."

“Go,” said the colonel, “have your wounds dressed, and see what has become of your men.”

The last part of this order was needless, for nearly half of his troop fell on the ground, where they met the Carolina boors, and that ground is known to this day as the dead men’s field. As Tarleton walked into the house, he said to Mrs. Slocomb,

“Your husband made us a short visit, madam. I should have been happy to make his acquaintance, and that of his friend, Major Williams.”

“I have little doubt,” said the lady, “you will meet the gentlemen, and they will thank you for the polite manner you treat their friends.”

“Necessity, madam, compels us to occupy your property; rest assured every thing in my power shall be done to render my stay as little disagreeable as possible. The British army are not robbers; we shall only take such things as are requisite to our support, and my master’s orders are to pay well for every thing we use.”

Mrs. Slocomb expressed her thankfulness for his kindness, and withdrew to her room, while the officers returned to their peach toddy and coffee, and closed the day with a merry night. Mr. Slocomb and the small party with him, passed rapidly round the plantation, and returned to the battle ground, collecting on the way a few stragglers of his troop, who directed him where he could find the balance of his men, not one of whom was killed. On approaching their bivouac, he saw a young man suspended by a bridle-rein round his neck, from the top of a sapling, bent down for the purpose, and struggling in the agonies of death; dashing up to the spot, he severed the rein with a stroke of his sword, and with much difficulty restored him to life. It was a tory prisoner whom they had captured, and the brother of the captain so often mentioned. Should this memoir be read in the lower part of North-Carolina, many can remember an old man, alive a few years since, whose protruded eyes and suffused countenance, had the appearance of a half strangled man.

He it was who, in this hour of excitement, owed his life, and afterwards his liberty, to the *kindness* of Mr. Slocomb. Mr. Slocomb succeeded, in aid of Major Williams, in raising in the neighborhood about two hundred men, with which they followed in the rear of the royal army, harassing and frequently cutting off foraging parties, until they crossed the Roanoke, when they joined the army of LaFayette, at Warrenton. In many of these partisan fights, it is much to be regretted, but little attention was paid to the rules of war in the treatment of prisoners, particularly when tories fell into the hands of the militia. A depot of prisoners was established at Halifax, and many times an order to convey a prisoner to Halifax, was synonymous to one to take him out of sight and shoot him—and the non-commissioned officer would return in half an hour, and report the prisoner safe at Halifax. Hence arose the expression, “sent to hell or Halifax.”

Colonel Slocomb assured the writer, this cruelty was never attempted in his troop, after the scene just related of the hanging of young ———. Mr. Slocomb remained with the army until the surrender at Yorktown.

On reviewing these pages, the writer feels a fear that he has laid himself liable to the suspicion of romancing, but the leading events can be verified by every intelligent old person in this section of the country, and the writer could fill your paper for a year, with recitable traditions equally romantic with that here related. Perhaps, at some future time, with leisure and inclination for writing, he may extend them. Here, however, it is intended to rest Colonel Slocomb's claims to *revolutionary* services, which were rewarded by the gratitude of his fellow-citizens in after life, in appointing him to every office of honor and trust in their gift, all which were honorably and ably filled, and their confidence never lost. A pension enlivened his latter days, which he valued more as a mark of acknowledgment, than for a pecuniary consideration. This was the man

whose services to his country were never slightly spoken of, except by a foreign adventuress.

As the name of Mrs. Slocomb has incidentally been mentioned in this memoir, the writer will take the liberty of mentioning a scene, illustrative of her character, which came under his personal observation.

In her 72d year, Mrs. Slocomb was afflicted with a cancer, which her surgeon told her must be extirpated with the knife. At the appointed time, the surgeon appeared with some assistants, to perform the operation. The old lady protested against being held, but the surgeon (not knowing the resolution of the woman he had to do with) insisted on his assistants holding her securely. The first incision with the knife was extensive, and one of the assistants exclaimed, he was sick and should faint. "You're a fool," said Mrs. S., "go away, I don't want you." Driving them off, she braced herself on the table, and never moved a muscle or uttered a groan throughout the operation. Once, while dissecting out the tumor with the handle of the scalpel, as is frequently done when the surgeon is fearful of injuring the adjacent parts, she said, "Doctor, use the blade; I don't like that tearing."

With this woman, Colonel Slocomb spent 65 years in a state of connubial happiness as great as ever fell to the lot of any man. How little probability that the "sable damsels" who waited on Mrs. Butler were "his own progeny."

The visit of Mrs. B. to the colonel, was a theme on which he used to boast; and some time after she was there, the writer and several other gentlemen accidentally meeting at the colonel's, he told us she, Fanny Kemble, as he called her, was the finest and most splendid woman in the world, and undoubtedly one of the most talented. And, gentlemen, said he, I will give you a toast, and he gave:

"Health and happiness to Fanny Kemble, the Queen of Tragedy and the accomplished lady."

And we drank heartily and devoutly, little thinking

the ink was then not dry which stigmatized our worthy host with crimes he utterly abhorred, and held us and our neighbors up to the world as

The Boors of Carolina.

DAVID FANNING.

To the Honorable D. L. Swain, of North-Carolina, I am indebted for the following sketch of this extraordinary man. He was born of obscure parents, in the county of Wake, about the year 1754, and apprenticed to a carpenter, or loom maker. He removed to Chatham, in 1778, and followed his trade, until the occupation of Wilmington, by Major Craig, presented other prospects to his imagination. Very shortly thereafter, clad in a long white hunting shirt, and mounted on a common draft horse, he was found at the head of a band of marauders, not more than eight or ten in number. His head-quarters were, to some extent, at the house of John Rains, on Brush Creek. But he had no home, seldom lodged in a house, generally passed his nights in solitary and unfrequented places; sometimes with companions, but more frequently alone. He and his colleagues were spoken of as "Out-liers."

His first marauding expedition is said to have been to Deep river; and the earliest sufferers from his rapacity and violence, were Charles Spearing, Captains Dreck and Dye. He went to Spearing's in the night, shot him as he ran from the house, took his gun, scoured the neighborhood, and returned to Rains'. His energy, rapacity and courage, were duly appreciated by Major Craig, who appointed him colonel of the loyal militia of Randolph and Chatham, clothed him in British uniform, and presented him a sword and holster of pistols. An old royalist, named Lindley, gave him a mare called the *Red Doe*, from her peculiar

color. This animal, whose blood is still traced and highly estimated at the present day, became subsequently almost as famous as her master. One of the most interesting episodes in Fanning's history, relates to the circumstances under which he lost her. An active and zealous whig named Hunter, who lived many years after, a substantial citizen of South-Carolina, was under sentence of death by Fanning and his party. The rope was about to be fastened for his execution, and a few minutes only were allowed him for saying his prayers. But Hunter, after a short mental prayer, observed this fine animal standing within a yard or two of him, while on his knees. He immediately sprang upon her back, and she flew off with him at full speed. The Tories in company leveled their guns, but "fire high" was Fanning's order, that he might save his mare. A single ball took effect, and inflicted a severe wound in Hunter's shoulder, but he kept his seat although staggered, and the Red Doe bore him in triumph and safety, with Fanning's holster of pistols for his booty. His life, the Red Doe and the pistols, were all staked in the pursuit; they trailed him by his blood, until Hunter reached Little river; there was no ford; the bank on both sides was high, but there was no alternative; Hunter plunged recklessly into the stream. The noble steed snorted as she rose above the water, arched her beautiful neck above its surface, and proudly reached the opposite bank, before the Tories came in sight: here the pursuit ended.

From the time that Lord Cornwallis raised the royal standard at Hillsboro', on the 22d of February, 1781, until the spring of the following year, Fanning was the great object of terror to the Whigs throughout the entire region between Hillsboro' and Wilmington; and between Cape Fear and Peedee rivers. His confederates, Colonels Hector McNeil and Duncan Ray, confined their operations to the intermediate region, when acting separately, and when pressed, found safe refuge in the Raft Swamp, the neighboring morasses, and occasionally in the neutral grounds, which the ne-

cessities of his position had compelled General Marion to accord to Major Gainy, when he surrendered. The upper country was the ordinary field of Fanning's operations. They frequently united for striking sudden and effective blows, at remote and important points. On these occasions, Fanning and McNeil commanded alternately day by day. The celerity and success of their movements, under such circumstances, were worthy of a better cause, and authentic history will exhibit few parallel cases. The surrender of Cornwallis, and the retreat of Major Craig from Wilmington, checked their operations, but did not terminate them. Fanning continued in the field until the spring of 1782, when he made his way to Charleston, and subsequently found an asylum in Digby, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1825. He was a colonel of militia in Nova Scotia, and had previously been a member of assembly from Queen's county, New Brunswick.*

The forays in which he was successively engaged, cannot now be enumerated with much certainty, but there is authentic information with respect to his various important enterprises, which will, in despite of us, excite our admiration for the "bold, bad man," an abler, a braver, and not a baser man than his more polished namesake.

The combined forces of Fanning, McNeil and Ray, were probably between six hundred and a thousand men. Among Fanning's earliest successes, was the

* Hector McNeil, the associate of Fanning, was a native of Argyleshire, Scotland, and came to North-Carolina on board of a British man-of-war, being then quite small, and probably acting in the capacity of a powder monkey. He left the man-of-war and joined the Americans, where he soon rose to high rank—that of a colonel. He was considered brave, but supposing himself neglected by his brother officers, he left the service, but did not desert. He then took a commission in the British service, and raised a considerable force of royalists in Bladen and Robeson counties. Ultimately, he joined Fanning, and was at Hillsboro' when Governor Burke was captured, with his aid and secretary. All were carried down to Wilmington, and thence to Charleston, S. C. Hector McNeil was shot down shortly after this, by somebody in ambush, while he was crossing the Eno, a rivulet which runs through Hillsboro'. He left a family, which still resides in Robeson county.

capture of Colonel Philip Alston and a few followers, at his house, on Deep river, in the county of Chatham. Shortly thereafter, on the 15th July, 1781, he made a descent upon Pittsborough, during the session of a general court martial, and carried off the officers as prisoners, to Wilmington. On the 14th August, he and his confederates took possession of Campbellton (now Fayetteville) and carried off Colonel Everett, Captain Winslow, and other leading men, prisoners. On the 1st September, the battle was fought at McFall's Mills, on the Raft Swamp; and on the 13th, about daylight, Fanning and McNeil entered Hillsboro', the seat of government, by different roads, seized Governor Burke, his suit and other prominent men, and proceeded with their usual celerity towards Wilmington. General Butler intercepted them with a superior force, at Lindley's Mill, on Cane Creek, the following day. A severe action ensued, in which Fanning was seriously wounded. The tories made good their retreat, nevertheless; and in a few days thereafter, Governor Burke, an able, energetic, accomplished and brave man, was delivered to Major Craig. The governor was at first put in a close prison, to await the result of General Greene's determination to retaliate for the execution of Colonel Hayne. He was subsequently sent to Charleston, and then to St. James' Island.*

The comparison above made of David Fanning "to

* A mutiny broke out in Fanning's camp; he was at the time reclining on the ground, under a tree. He heard the noise, but laid still, pretending not to have heard it. The voice of one, a lieutenant, a powerful, athletic, violent man, was heard above the rest, and well known. Fanning lay still, but was wide awake, with his drawn sword within his grasp. The lieutenant advanced rapidly, armed with a musket and bayonet. The sentinel, a rifleman, would have shot the lieutenant, but Fanning forbade it, and continued calm and self-possessed. The lieutenant raised his gun to plunge the bayonet into the body of his recumbent commander, when Fanning, sliding like a snake from his position, the bayonet was plunged into the earth close by him. As quick as lightning, the sharp blade in Fanning's hand, was passed into the side of his gigantic opponent, who sank lifeless at Fanning's feet, while he coolly remarked, "it is in this way that I punish those who disregard my authority."

his more polished namesake," was in allusion to Edmund Fanning, a native of Connecticut, who graduated at Yale College, in 1757, then migrated to North-Carolina, and settled in Hillsboro'. He became Register of the county of Orange, eight or ten years before the revolution, and by his exactions and extortions in that office, more than the acts of any *other register* or other officer, gave rise to the war of the Regulation. In 1770, the people, after fruitless efforts for relief, were driven to madness, laid violent hands on Register Fanning, burnt his house, and, it is said, cut off his ears; they scattered his ill-gotten wealth, and went to unwarrantable lengths with other officers, as all mobs are apt to do. Governor Tryon, therefore, called out the militia, attacked the Regulators, defeated them at Allemance, and executed some of the leaders.

Register Fanning now became a protege of the governor, and received a colonel's commission in the British army, although he had disgracefully retired from the line of battle at Allemance, and continued a colonel until after the revolution. He then retired, with other royalists, to Nova Scotia, and became lieutenant-governor of it and Prince Edward's Island. He was a man of good address, polished manners and acquired talents. He went to England, and was there complimented by the University of Oxford with the degree of LL.D. Their example was afterwards followed by the colleges of Yale, Dartmouth and Harvard.

[From *Graham's Magazine*.]

SKETCHES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN NORTH-CAROLINA.

BY AN M.D.

I was busily occupied one summer's morning in my garden, when I was saluted by an old-fashioned farmer, on his way to mill. He rode a stout, well-limbed, active young horse, with the manner of one early accus-

tomed to the saddle, and managed him, in his humors, with the tact and address of a man fond of a pet animal.

The old man's hat was low-crowned and slouched, but looked as if it had once been looped or cocked up—a style which some may recollect as incidental to many a revolutionary veteran.

The weather invited to a rest; we both seemed willing to enjoy shade and conversation; and by observations casually made—in which probably the old man's appearance assisted—we talked of the times of the revolution—he sitting on his horse (for, like many good talkers, he had no time to alight,) and I standing on the other side of my fence, in the garden, both of us shaded by some fine oaks which refreshed the road by which he was passing.

In this way I picked up the following narrative of

“THE SURPRISE AT M'INTIRE'S.”

The inhabitants of a large plantation, on the road leading from the town of Charlotte to Beattie's Ford, on the Catawba, were alarmed one morning in early autumn, by the report of a country lad, that a detachment of British light-horse, with a line of empty baggage wagons, were on their march, to procure forage for the English troops, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, who had his head-quarters in the county town of Mecklenburg, North-Carolina.

As the boy passed the farm-house he gave the alarm and galloped on. The women were soon seen straggling after him—some loaded with the rifles and accoutrements of the men who were at work in the fields—while others, assisted by the negroes, led forth horses from the stables, and hastily saddled them for service.

The men were promptly armed—the women and children, with such necessaries as could be snatched up, were mounted by twos and threes upon the horses, and, accompanied by the servants, directed their course through the woods to such neighbors as were most retired from the main road.

Although the boy who gave the alarm had used every exertion, and, mounted upon a jaded colt just taken from the plough, had dashed through the most direct bye-paths, the men had scarcely time to conceal themselves in a deep thicket and swamp, which bordered one extremity of the plantation, before the British videttes were in sight. They halted upon the brow of a hill, above the branch of a creek, for the approach of the main body, and then, in complete order, advanced to the plantation.

After reconnoitering the premises, finding no one present, but all appearances of the hasty flight of the inhabitants, the dragoons dismounted, the horses were tethered, and a guard detailed. Some sumpter horses were harnessed to the farm wagons, and parties began to load them with the various products of the fields; while military baggage wagons, under the charge of a rear-guard, gradually arrived, and were employed in gathering the new corn, and carrying off stacks of oats and of the freshly pulled corn-fodder.

It was the practice with our countrymen—led to precaution by their early contests with the aborigines—to form associations with their near neighbors, for mutual support in case of danger, and in their visits of friendship, or business, they always bore arms. There were twelve men now lying in close ambush on the edge of the plantation. They had all acted on scouting parties—were expert in the use of the rifle—and perfectly acquainted with all the peculiarities of the country. They were divided, at irregular distances, into couples, concealed very near to each other, that they might readily communicate and have aid in their concerted action—for it had been agreed among them to await the retreat of the British, in the hope that they might recover some portion of their plundered crops, and avenge their injuries upon the invaders, with the greatest prospect of success.

It was with much restraint, however, that they saw the fruits of their industry thus suddenly withdrawn, while the soldiers, enjoying the prospect of free living,

shouted joyously amidst their plunder. Separate parties, regularly detailed, shot down and butchered the hogs and calves—hunted and caught the poultry of different descriptions, which, upon a large plantation, form the luxury of the farmer, and are the pride and favorites of the good-wife and the little ones.

In full view of this active scene stood the commander of the British force—a portly, florid, cheerful Englishman—one hand on each side of the doorway of the farm-house, where the officers were enjoying the abundant provisions prepared for the owners of the plantation and their friends.

The soldiery, assisted by the dogs, in eager chase of the poultry, had struck down some bee-hives, formed of hollow gum logs ranged near the garden fence. The irritable insects dashed after the men, and, at once, the scene became one of uproar, confusion, and lively excitement. The officer laughed heartily at the gestures and outcries of the routed soldiers—the attention of the guard was drawn to this single point, while, at a distance, in the fields, the wagons were seen slowly approaching with their cumbrous loads.

The owner of the plantation had cautiously approached, under cover, within gun-shot of his house; the rest of the party, his neighbors, with equal care, advanced sufficiently near for the action of their rifles. The distress and anger of these men were raised to the highest pitch by the reckless merriment of their enemies, and, in the midst of the tumult, their feelings overcame all the bounds of preconcerted prudence.

“Boys!” cried one of the sturdy farmers, “I can’t stand this—I take the captain. Every one choose his man, and look to yourselves.”

These words were scarcely uttered in a suppressed tone, but with appropriate decision of action, when the sight of his rifle was thrown upon the full breast of the laughing Englishman, who suddenly fell prostrate from the door-posts.

As the smoke from the rifles rose, after their sharp and quickly repeated reports, the commander, nine

men and two horses lay dead or wounded upon the ground.

The trumpets immediately sounded a recall. But by the time the scattered dragoons had collected, mounted, and formed, a straggling fire, from a different direction, into which the concealed scouts had extended, showed the unerring aim of each American marksman, and increased the confusion of the surprise.

Perfectly acquainted with every foot of the grounds, the Americans constantly changed their position, giving in their fire as they loaded, so that it appeared to the British they were surrounded by a large force.

Every preparation for defence, attack and retreat, was made with the discipline of soldiers, but the alternate hilly and swampy grounds, and thickets, with woods on both sides of the road leading to Charlotte, did not allow efficient action to the horses of the dragoons. Some dismounted, others called out to "set on the hounds!" against a foe scarcely visible, except from their deadly effects.

The dogs, at first, seemed to take the track, and were followed by the soldiers. The foremost hound ran close upon the heels of one of the scouts, who had just discharged his rifle, and was in full retreat after his companions. But as the dog closed with open mouth, he was shot dead with a pistol drawn from the rifleman's breast. The next hound stopped at the dead dog, smelt at the body, gave a whining howl, and the whole pack retreated from the contest.

A large number of the dragoons were shot down. The leading horses in the wagons were killed before they could ascend the hill. The road was blocked up. The soldiers in charge of the wagons cut loose some of the surviving animals, and galloped after their retreating comrades.

The country people, early advised of the advance of the foraging party, mounted their horses, rifle in hand, from every direction; and, occupying well protected positions along the main road, precipitated the retreat of the British into Charlotte—the survivors swearing,

“there was not a bush on the road that did not conceal a rebel.”

In the grave yard, at Charlotte, a large marble monument is inscribed as—

“SACRED

To the memory of Major-General GEORGE GRAHAM, who died on the 29th of March, 1826, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

He lived more than half a century in the vicinity of this place, and was a zealous and active defender of his country's rights in the Revolutionary War, and one of the GALLANT TWELVE who dared to attack and actually drove four hundred British troops at McIntire's, seven miles north of Charlotte, on the 3d of October, 1780.

George Graham filled many high and responsible public trusts, the duties of which he discharged with fidelity. He was the people's friend, not their flatterer, and uniformly enjoyed the unlimited confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens.”

COLONEL LACY.

[*Extract of a letter from Mr. W. Gilmore Simms.*]

“Dr. Moore, of Union, near Glenn's Springs, tells me, on the alleged authority of General Adair, that, to Colonel Lacy, in particular, the country is indebted for the famous victory, at King's Mountain, over Colonel Ferguson. He states that Colonel Ferguson being tracked to King's Mountain, Lacy rode post-haste himself in search of the mountaineers under Campbell, Shelby, Sevier and Williams; that he reached them at midnight, and discovered that they had abandoned the further pursuit of the British—the rapidity of Ferguson's movements leaving them hopeless of overtaking him; that they had already turned back from the pursuit, when Lacy strenuously insisted upon their resuming it, and that he was one of the first to lead into the action.

Dr. Moore also states of Lacy, on the same authority. (that of General Adair) that when the American parties were pursuing the British, under Colonel Houk, Lacy, fearful that his own father, who was a tory, might convey the news of their approach to the British, despatched a select party of men, four in number, his own friends, by whom his father was seized and kept in close confinement, carefully but tenderly,

until the fight was over. This anecdote is singularly characteristic of the equal resolution and patriotism of Lacy.

Lacy seems to have been a great favorite among his people. He was a man of great personal strength and address, and had for an opponent and rival, another very remarkable champion of the times and neighborhood, in Colonel Bratton. Bratton was distinguished by like qualities of strength, courage and address. They were usually pitted against each other by their several partisans. Both were whigs, but they never met at a public gathering, without a trial of strength—a physical encounter. Lacy was said to have been quite too much for Bratton in these encounters; and Dr. Moore hints that the partisans and friends of Bratton have allowed the feeling of jealousy, which this fact occasioned, to work some injustice and neglect to the memory of Lacy. To this feeling, in respect to Lacy and Adair, he ascribes the omission of these two names from among the toasts drunk at the celebration, in 1839, of the anniversary of Houk's defeat and death."

This conjecture may be well founded, but it is more probable that the name of Lacy was casually omitted among the many patriots engaged in that battle. We believe that the children and grand-children of such patriots, uniting in that celebration, could not have known, after the lapse of nearly sixty years, that such feelings had ever existed, or if known, that they would have been regarded. We understand, from other sources, that Colonel Lacy was fond of exciting scenes, and thus became involved in various personal encounters.

We regret that no more is as yet discovered of Colonel Lacy's life or previous education. Very deep and durable impressions are made on the minds of youth by early lessons in history and examples in private life. Mr. Simms justly observes—"it is a curious fact that our people will treasure carefully the traditional reputation of remarkable men, without preserving any of the details of which that general reputation was made."

MAJOR JOSHUA TOOMER.

This gentleman was a descendant of Welsh ancestors on his father's side—his mother was a Bonneau, daughter of a French Huguenot. He and his two

brothers, Anthony and Henry, were strenuous and unwavering advocates for American rights, and suffered in common with their associates. Joshua was, at the commencement of the revolution, first lieutenant of a militia company in Christ Church Parish, of which he was a resident. The company was commanded by Captain Arnoldus Vanderhorst, and was stationed at Haddrill's Point during the battle of Sullivan's Island. Preceding that action, and subsequent thereto, until the fall of Charleston, this company was generally engaged in the harassing duties of patrolling—guarding the inlets and landings, and turning out whenever a neighbor became alarmed at the appearance of British cruisers in the offing.

When Charleston was taken by the British, Tarleton, with his legion, immediately passed through St. Thomas' Parish, and took possession of the Independent Church at Wappetaw, on the Georgetown road, as a barrack; this they afterwards burnt. Captain Vanderhorst having left the State previous to the siege, Toomer rose to the command of the company; but when the British troops overran the State, his men were scattered, and the company virtually disbanded. Captain Toomer did not, like many others, on this occasion, despair of the republic, but determined to continue in arms wherever resistance could be made to their overwhelming power. He, accordingly, with only one of his men, James Duval, crossed the Santee, joined General Marion, and served under him during the rest of the war.

Wishing to visit his family, he obtained a furlough, and, with a faithful servant, was proceeding on foot to his plantation after dark. He was startled by the sound of horses' feet then approaching him, and finding that the trampling became great, he concealed himself in a ditch. He there saw and counted Tarleton's troop of cavalry, passing by him, and soon ascertained that they had been at his plantation, and were then returning to their camp. Tarleton while there had inquired for him, and said that he would give

something clever to catch him—calling him “Old Turcum.” This appellation had been given to Captain Toomer by his men and neighbors, from a convivial song that he occasionally sang for them at the club-house and their camp fires, in which the chorus was—

“Oh! never, Old Turcum, I will not go yet;
Not yet, Old Turcum, you must not go yet.”

The very narrow escape of Captain Toomer, on this occasion, impressed him with the necessity for increased care and precaution in his subsequent visits, yet did not prevent such rare but occasional visits to his family.

The hardships, difficulties and privations they encountered in Marion's camp, (if camp it may be called,) were almost incredible to the present generation. To procure subsistence of the most ordinary sorts, was always attended with very great difficulty and danger, in wading or swimming across creeks, and bogging through swamps. These difficulties were increased by the necessity the general was under of frequently changing his place of encampment, to escape the danger of alarm or surprise. Most of the time, as Major Toomer informed his son, the men were compelled to use their saddles for pillows, and a single blanket both as a bed and covering. Not unfrequently, after the toils of the day, so sound has been his sleep on his mother-couch, as not to be awakened by the rain that fell during the night, although the only tent he had was the canopy of the heavens.

Other British parties continued to march and to ride into Captain Toomer's plantation, carrying off with them cattle, horses and provisions. Mrs. Toomer was at last reduced to the necessity of begging for her own property, and, as a favor, one cow was given to her. She still urged that one cow could not supply her family, and prevailed with the commander to order another cow to be left her, for which she was very thankful. The present Dr. Anthony V. Toomer was then a child, but has a distinct recollection of seeing the scarlet-clad soldiers in his father's enclosure.

Major John Vanderhorst, and his brother, Lieutenant James Vanderhorst, of the continental army, were the descendants of William Vanderhorst and Margaret McNabney, of Whitehall, in Christ Church Parish. Their tomb is still to be seen at that place. On one occasion, these two gentlemen, having obtained a furlough, came down with their kinsman, William Douxsaint, to their plantation in Christ Church Parish. They were quietly enjoying their supper, in company with three ladies—their relatives—when a negro girl ran into the room, exclaiming, that the British horsemen were all in the yard. They must now run for their lives—they had merely time to take up their arms and hats, rush into an adjoining back-room, and lock the door. While the British were endeavoring to open or break the door, the three gentlemen leaped out of a back window, eight or nine feet from the ground. James was the last to go out, and he let down the sash as he was sliding over the sill of the window. The sash, in falling, unfortunately caught the coat-tail of Lieutenant Vanderhorst, and held him in an awful state of *suspense*—between the window and the ground—between heaven and earth—between life and death.* He expected to be killed while so suspended, but when the British entered the room, immediately after the friends had got out of the window, they threw up the sash, without discovering the coat-tail, and thus let Vanderhorst fall near a chimney, and escape unseen. The English fired on the other two, as they ran into an adjoining field, and Douxsaint fell. The negroes in the yard seeing him fall when fired at, exclaimed that he was dead, that they saw him fall; and the ladies of the family were not only much alarmed, but much distressed at the probable fate of their relative and friend. But they were comforted soon after, by being assured that Doux-

* Unlike Absalom, Vanderhorst was hanging by his—middle—prominent—face downwards—hands and heels dangling under him, and uncertain how or how soon his *impending* danger might be terminated.

saint had only tripped over a potatoe bed, picked himself up, and escaped unhurt.

The tories were occasionally very troublesome, and to escape retaliation by being unknown, they would black their hands and faces, that they might seem to be negroes. Some of them went at night, thus disguised, to the plantation of Mr. George Barksdale, demanded his money, and, when refused, proceeded from threats to deeds. By thrusting their swords into him, and by chops and gashes over his head and arms, they endeavored to extort from him a confession where the money was concealed, but in vain; his firmness saved him and it.

On the Georgetown road, near Whitehall, a party of these tories and their British allies, were attacked by a party of Americans, under the command of Captains Sinclair and William Capers. A number of them were killed in the charge; some of the wounded escaped into the adjoining thicket, and returned to their homes; but several of the most notorious were taken at that time, and hanged on the branches of a large white oak tree, growing near the side of the road. This tree continued to be pointed out many years after the revolution, as memorable for this act of summary justice, but it is now dead.

One of the tory incursions was commanded by a Captain Perkins. At a house which they assailed, a timid man, named Peter Pedreau, had concealed himself under a bed. Perkins went searching about, and thrusting his sword into the dark places, ran the point into the most fleshy part of poor Pedreau. He instantly exclaimed, "quarters! Captain Perkins, close quarters! close quarters!"

Many false alarms excited great distress, for a time, among the mothers of families. One of these was spread by a timid old gentleman—J. W.—who went about reporting that McGirth was close at hand with a body of Indians. It was untrue, but it drove at least one family of ladies from their homes into the woods.

ENGLISH FARCES.

At the close of the American revolution, a farce was exhibited in a British theatre, in which all the ridiculous characters were Americans, and all of them caricatured to suit the taste of their audience. In it Franklin was burlesqued as a printer, well smutted with ink and lamp-black; Washington and Schuyler as illiterate, clownish farmers; Greene as a blacksmith; Sherman as a cobbler, and Morgan as a wagoner. After much merriment at their expense, some one behind the scenes called out aloud, "Old England was vanquished by cobblers and clowns." "Turn him out, turn him out," was vociferated from every part of the house, but the libeller had the address to conceal himself in the crowd, and escaped unhurt. The entertainment was not again permitted on the English stage.

After the war between England and the United States, which terminated in 1815, and after the downfall of Napoleon, when Alexander and other crowned heads were visiting England in triumph, a mimic naval engagement was exhibited on the serpentine river or lake in the park, for the amusement of their royal guests and the British nation. The contest was between a British and an American fleet. The battle was long and bravely contested, but terminated in the total defeat and capture of the Americans; just the reverse of the real battles on Lakes Erie and Champlain. The mimic victory being complete, the plaudits of the people were loudly vociferated. At the first pause in the popular outcry, some one inquired, with apparent *naivete*, if this was not the *first* naval victory obtained by the British over an American fleet? All who heard the question, or heard of it, were forcibly struck by the difference in result between this and the naval engagements in the war which had so lately terminated.

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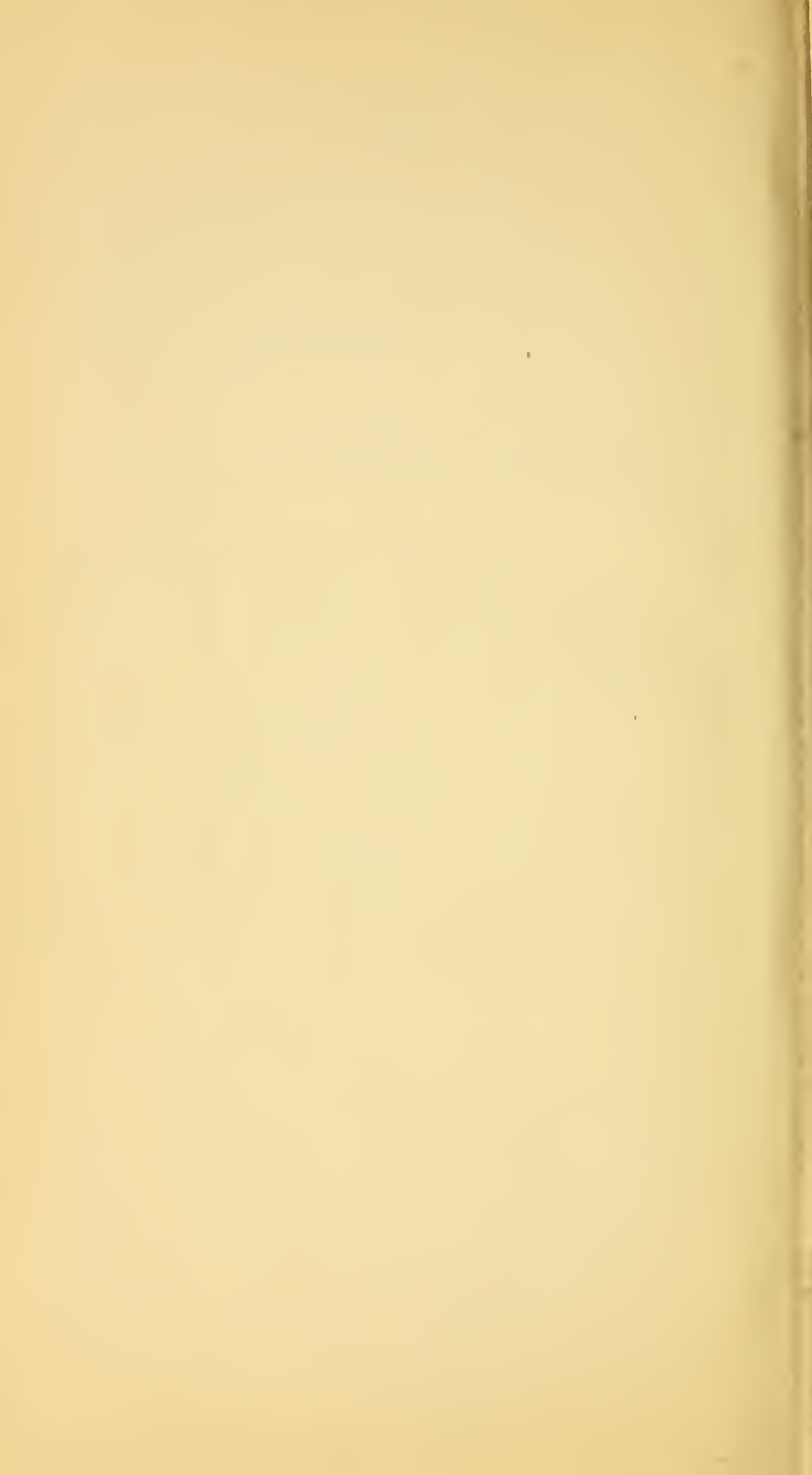
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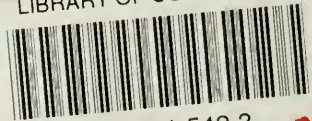


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