

Memoirs of Major Henry Moore

Major Henry Moore's Recollections Of The Revolutionary War In South Carolina And Georgia Until The Fall Of Charleston In 1780 On May 12. (Includes some blank spaces, where original text was illegible).

Toward the close of a long and eventful life, it's not to be wondered at if my mind should return to past scenes, and delight in retaining the vicissitudes of pain and pleasure that have marked and rechequered its progress. This is natural. I have had my share of both. Upheld by an Almighty Providence, I have passed unhurt through scenes of blood and suffering, and now in my old age enjoy peace and plenty, for which I tender my grateful thanks to an Almighty Protector and Benefactor. Exclusive of that satisfaction which every honest mind must feel in the conscious discharge of his duty toward his fellow man, I have a motive for retracing and committing to writing the scenes of my past life. It is for the information and I trust for the benefit of my children, for altho' my name will not adorn the pages of history or be sounded among men by the trumpet of fame, I think I have moved correctly in the sphere which Providence had designed for me and have done my duty in every station and relation of life to which I have been called, as a citizen, as a soldier, as a husband, as a father, and as a friend.

There is nothing in my course that my children need blush at. Some parts I desire that they imitate, and I hope most sincerely that they may excel in everything that is great and good and that they may be an ornament to their family and country, It is therefore for the sake of my children that I now endeavor to recollect and write down the principal events of my life and in tasking my recollection for that purpose I may incidentally attempt to rescue from oblivion the memory of some few of my brave companions in arms and sufferings, men who have offered themselves up as sacrifices on the altar of liberty, they whose names have perished with them on the field of battle. I will speak of them and others, worthy in my opinion, to be remembered, who survived the contest, but have now passed away.

I was born in Ireland in the county of Londonderry and the parish of Booevagh, on March 25th, 1755. Some pains were taken with my education, and I trust that I profited by it. I am sensible of the advantages it afforded me in my passage through life, and my grateful thanks are due to my parents who bestowed it on me. By that means my mind was expanded and at an early age I became capable of discerning the baleful effects of that system of oppression, which then bound and crushed the inhabitants of my native land,

For this evil I saw no remedy but to fly from it; a new world opened itself to my view; many of my oppressed countrymen had sought it, and I determined to follow their example.

I bid adieu to Ireland forever and after a prosperous voyage across the Atlantic, crossed the bar at Charleston on the 27th of Nov. 1774, and about Christmas following traveled up the country into the neighborhood of the place where I now live, a youthful stranger in a strange land and having to make my way in the new world as well as I could. I called into action the advantage education afforded me, and undertook teaching school where I now live, and lastly at The Flat Rock Branch Spring near where the town of Winnsboro now stands.

From these circumstances originated the first college established in the state of South Carolina. Several gentlemen whose children were committed to my care, with a number of others, taking into consideration the great public good that would result from the establishment of a well organized seminary of learning, in a part of the country favored with health and fertility of soil, met together with the design of forming a society and founding the new college of Mt. Zion, viz. Col. John Winn, Richard Winn, Robert Ellison, John Ellison, James Hart, William Strother, William Kirkland, Thomas Woodward, myself and several others attended the meeting, a society was formed and incorporated by Act of Legislature by the name of "Mt Zion Society" Feby. 13, 1777, the same act chartering a college, by the name of Mt. Zion College. But before these benefactors of mankind had time to make the arrangements necessary to carry their benevolent intentions into effect, the war commenced in South Carolina and for the present rendered all their literary plans abortive, but as soon as peace was established these good men, or such of them that survived the war, resumed with ardor with their plan of instruction, and in the year 1785, The Mt. Zion College went into full

operation under the Presidency of the Rev. Thomas Harris McCaule answering in every respect the most sanguine expectations of its first founders.

In a short time eighty young men enrolled themselves as students in The Mt. Zion College; many of the number came from North Carolina. The Seminary flourished from the year 1785 to the year 1792, and then an unfortunate schism between the upper country and the lower produced a decline as rapid as was the rise of the college. Mr. McCaule resigned the president's chair; a successor was appointed, but in spite of all the efforts of the friends of the institution, it languished and declined and finally dwindled into an elementary school, suspended altogether at intervals. Latterly more active and energetic measures have been adopted, the generous spirit of its founders appeared to be revived in their successor, and the people of Fairfield District may now look forward with the hope of a permanent institution being established in the center of their district.

The members of the society in Charleston gave up to the country members the management of the institution, with all of its funds. Mr. David Reed Evans was immediately and unanimously elected President, but his bad health caused him to resign his place, and Mr. Stafford succeeded him. The prospect of its future increase and prosperity at this time are flattering.

My first employment in America was the instruction of youth. I am aware that the proud and ignorant will condemn such an employment. I also know that the good and enlightened have ever esteemed the instruction of the youth and rank them among the benefactor of man, in fact they are so and I cannot feel degraded by having communicated knowledge to those who wanted it.

In the year 1775, the opposition to the encroachment of the British Government began to manifest itself in S.C. Committees were formed and every means taken to open the eyes of the people to their interests, and to prepare them for the events that followed; among those means was the giving of commissions to all men of talents, wealth, and influence, in either the military or civil lines. It was true policy and when it was not strictly attended to, the neglected generally turned Tories and joined the enemy.

The Rev. Mr. Tennant and the Hon. William Henry Drayton were sent from Charleston to the interior country for the express purpose of informing the people of their duty to their country and of their true interests. I heard Mr. Tennant preach at Jackson's Creek old meeting house; his discourse was well adapted to convince the people of the absolute necessity they were under of defending themselves against the unwarrantable assumptions of the British Government; it was well calculated to reconcile the unaffected and to strengthen and confirm the principles of liberty in the hearts of those who, before, felt indignant at every species of unjust assumption of power.

The writers in defense of liberty and independence were numerous in the different states. Pennsylvania supplied Benj. Franklin and John Dickenson; Virginia, Thomas Jefferson; New England, Warren and Hancock, but the most powerful writer was the celebrated Thomas Paine of London, who resided sometimes in America, and in his work entitled "Common Sense", raised the public feeling to a degree unequalled by any previous appeal. The above writers are only mentioned as a part of that great Phalanx, who by talents and influence, promoted and defended the cause of liberty and Independence.

The cause of the Revolutionary War may be traced to the period immediately after the peace of 1763. In that war the Colonies assisted the Mother Country with a large number of Privateers and more than twenty thousand land forces, with all their commerce at her command. This amazing power and wealth could not escape the profound policy of Britain to turn it to her advantage, and especially at this time when The Colonies were not represented in the British Parliament and while their different governments were weak and disunited and their population not great, she thought it the most fit time to raise a revenue from them by taxation without representation, when her own power was so great that her flag waived triumphant over land and sea; with these advantages on her side, she commenced a system of taxation by imposing duties on commerce in 1764, and The Stamp Act in 1765. On the part of the colonies these Acts were met by non-importation acts, which greatly lessened this year's importation from Britain. The duties on paper and glass were repealed in 1767, these partial repeals of duties strengthened and increased the confidence and energies of the colonies, and their acts of non-importation became general in 1769. The Boston massacre took place in 1770; this outrage spread such a flame through the colonies that the British Government repealed all the taxes, excepting the duty on tea; this led to the associations through the colonies, not to drink, and who violated these associations were held

and considered as Tories and traitors of their country. On this association the word Tory was generally applied to the King's friends.

In the year 1771-1772 several outrages were committed against The King's Governors in the different colonies. In December 1773, the tea ships arrived in Boston harbor; they were boarded by Bostonians dressed and armed like Indians, who on the 16th of the same month threw it overboard and quietly retired on shore without doing any other injury. In consequence of this act, the port of Boston was shut up by the British, the charter of Massachusetts now modelled by the British Government, and additional forces were sent to Gen. Gage, as governor of the province and commander-in-chief. Matters grew daily worse, Genl. Gage fortified Boston Neck and began to seize the military stores throughout the country; for this purpose he in 1775 sent from Boston a large detachment of his army to carry off or destroy more military stores at Lexington and Concord. Here they were met and repulsed by the brave and high-spirited Yankees. This began the war of The Revolution, and the first blood was spilled April 19, 1775, for the cause of liberty and independence and, The Temple of Janus was opened in The Colonies and the preachers kindly lent their aid; the trumpet of war sounded from Nova-Scotia to Florida.

In the winter of 1775-1776, the King's friends in South Carolina embodied themselves in his favor in the upper part of the state and erected there The King's Standard. They were called The Whigs, Scoffolites from their leader, but they were soon defeated and scattered by our militia. Regulars under the command of Genl. Clinton and Commodore Parks arrived off Charleston harbor-and on-----1776 attacked the Fort on Sullivan's Island commanded by Col. Moultrie.

They met with a signal and decisive defeat, and the state was not invaded again until 1779-80. Clinton's army and the -----with the Indians were to have acted simultaneously; the one on the sea coast and the other on the back settlements, but an Almighty arm rendered their scheme abortive.

A Congress was elected from all the colonies and assembled at Philadelphia on Sept. 4, 1774. This Congress met again on May 10th, 1775, and on the resignation of Peyton Randolph, chose John Hancock of Massachusetts and commissioned George Washington of Virginia, General and Commander-in-chief of the Americans Armies on June 15th, 1775.

The resolves of this Congress will ever stand on the historic page (in the opinion of the ablest politicians) a splendid monument of wisdom, firmness, dignity, and spirit of The American Character.

On the 4th of July 1776, they issued The Declaration of Independence. It operated greatly to the advantage of the United States; it gained us allies abroad, and more energies at home; it turned rebellion into revolution, and rebels into free citizens and put them upon an equal footing with the most powerful nations on earth.

They could then frame a constitution for themselves, and make their own laws, and regulate by them all their national concerns without being subjected to a tyrant's negative or approval. It seems as if Providence had given it word by word to Mr. Jefferson, and he to Congress for their approval, and they to General Washington to obtain and defend, which thru' the Almighty's aid and protection was obtained, and acknowledged by Great Britain in a definitive treaty of peace with her on Sept, 3, 1783. In the year 1777, the sons of freedom in South Carolina prepared for actual hostilities, and letters were compelled to give place to arms. I have done my duty in the first of these departments, and I feel anxious to do the same in the latter.

After reading The Declaration of Independence and the pamphlet called "Common Sense" with some other writings, in favor of liberty and independence, I was so fully convinced of the American cause that I was from that moment resolved to tender what personal service I could do in aid of it. I informed Col. John Winn of my intentions and of my desire to join The American Army; he approved of same, and kindly favored me with a recommendation to Col. Owen Roberts of the Continental Artillery Regiment of South Carolina. By that gentleman I was politely received and commissioned as Adjutant in his Regiment on Oct. 20, 1777. He kindly furnished me with such books as were calculated to instruct and prepare me for the particular service that I had engaged in, particularly all those branches of science connected with the duties of an artillery officer now became the subject of my study and attention. Ambitious to qualify myself for my new station I studied diligently, devoting all my leisure hours to improvement in military tactic. In this pursuit I was assisted by the other officers of the Regiment. From the progress that I had made in learning

military affairs, and my diligence and attention to all duties of my office, I obtained promotion and was commissioned as First Lieut. on Oct. 25, 1778, and on May the 9th 1779, Capt. Lieut. in the room of Capt. Lieut. Gelbank, killed in the siege of Charleston. I have luckily preserved all my commissions both civil and military.

In the year 1778, our regiment was ordered from Fort Johnston on James Island to Fort Lyleton (Lyttleton) on Port Royal Island near the town of Beaufort; in this year an invasion of Florida was undertaken by the troops of Carolina and Georgia lines to take St. Augustine, a regular fortified town with a castle forty feet high, with a deep and wide ditch and mounted with numerous and heavy artillery.

This expedition was commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert Howe with about two thousand men and eight or ten field pieces, no battering cannon or mortars. This expedition to Florida resembled some of those made formerly by S. C., and ended very much like them, for the army advanced without opposition until it arrived at Fort Fonyer, which the British destroyed themselves and saved our army that trouble. This invasion was of advantage to our enemies; it showed the strength of our southern army and the military capacity of its commander; it made a military road also, which they fortified by their invasion of Georgia. Death and desertion lessened Howe's army, which was felt very severely afterwards in the following campaign. This invasion to Florida was undertaken in the heat of summer, a very improper season, but the enemy invaded Georgia in December following with more prudence and success, and there joined two thousand men from New York commanded by Col. Campbell, who had landed near Savannah, which our general attempted to defend with his reduced troops. The Americans were defeated and obliged to retreat into South Carolina with the loss of one hundred killed, and four hundred and fifty made prisoners and seven pieces of cannon.

The town, with all of its stores, shipping provisions, etc., fell into the enemy's hands, with little or no loss on their part; thus by imprudent enterprises and bad conduct of our South Carolina and Georgia men, we were cut up by piece meal. Soon after this, Gen. Howe was superceded in the command of the southern army by Gen. Lincoln. Gen. Howe was not much esteemed by the Army. Gadsden and he fought a duel. Gadsden received Howe's fire and then fired at right angles from Howe and thus ended the duel.

The British derived great advantage from the possession of Savannah, both as a seaport and a rendezvous for the Tories and Indian from the backcountry. Gen. Prevost from St. Augustine, with all the troops that could be spared from it, having arrived at Savannah was thereby enabled to follow and harass our retiring army into South Carolina, and in the month of Feb. 1779, sent a naval and land force to take possession of Beaufort and Port Royal Island, esteeming it a commanding and advantageous station from whence they could at pleasure send out detachments to seize or destroy the provisions, and plunder the plantations on the mainland and adjacent islands. This force it is said consisted of two battalions of veteran infantry with a Howitzer anal commanded by two majors viz; Gadsden and Frazer; this force was engaged by General Moultrie with a detachment of Charleston militia with two field pieces commanded by Capt. Edward Rutledge and Thomas Heywood (sic) two signers of the Declaration of Independence, who bravely redeemed their pledge they had given to their country on the floor of Congress viz; to hazard their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in its defence. I have never learned that any of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had a similar chance of redeeming their pledges. Their presence in the battle was a sure augury of victory, and also the ultimate success of the cause of freedom. To these was joined a small detachment of our artillery regiment with one field piece, to which I was attached (the rest of the regiment under Gen. Lincoln) commanded by Capt. De Treyville, Capt. Wm. Mitchell, and Lieu. James Field stopped the vent. I fired it, Capt. Lieu. Donner acted also the part of private. We voluntary agreed to go into action as private men rather than not fight the enemy; we had only nine privates. The force on each side was nearly equal in numbers, but the British were all regular and well disciplined, ours all militia excepting what worked one field piece, and none of them had ever been in actual service before, and I for the first time faced the enemy in battle. The Americans were drawn up and formed with a field piece on the right of the road leading from Beaufort to the ferry, the Charleston artillery to our left, on the road, the infantry to the right and left on open woodland about three miles from the town of Beaufort. The enemy formed on lower ground in a drain covered with low growth of woods. In this situation the enemy was more covered from view than the Americans who were fully exposed. The action lasted about an hour when the enemy's howitzer got disabled and left us in undisputed victory; we were highly pleased to see the British backs. Maj. Barnwell, afterwards

General, with a small party of cavalry, acted with good effect on the enemy's flank and rear and took several prisoners in their retreat; we buried their dead and provided for their wounded; this office was performed with all the humanity that characterizes the Americans. I went with our officers to visit all the wounded British officers, and I felt for them as fair men suffering by the fortunes of war, and sought by every attention in my power to alleviate their distress, often reflecting that in a short while it might be my lot to suffer as they were and stand in need of the same human attention which was paid them. This was the only battle gained by the Americans in this campaign in South Carolina or Georgia.

A few days after this battle we returned to the mainland and camped a short time at Sheldon Bluffs. It was with real regret that we evacuated Port Royal Island, whose inhabitants had endeared themselves to us by their politeness and by their many friendly attentions shown to the officers of our Regiment during their stay on the Island. They were often invited to their private and public entertainments and also their barbecues or social dinings in the woods, held at stated and regular times, each gentleman of the place providing in turn a feast with a profusion of the best provisions and liquors that the place afforded. It was really an earthly paradise to us, and would to God we could have prevented the enemy from ever possessing themselves of Port Royal Island. I never saw at those entertainments any quarrel or disorderly behavior, all was social friendliness and politeness.

While we encamped at Sheldon, Gen. Lincoln, with the main Army occupied Pury'sburg and Black Swamps on the Savannah River. Gen. Lincoln had detached Gen. Ashe with 1,500 men into Georgia to awe and hinder the Tories from joining the enemy at Savannah. Gen. Ashe posted himself at Briar Creek and was, on Mar. 3, 1770, surprised in his camp and defeated by Col. Prevost with his whole detachment killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters, with all his artillery and stores. This was a disastrous affair to our army and deranged Gen. Lincoln's plan of campaign. To remedy in some measure its consequences, Gen. Lincoln crossed the Savannah River into Georgia to prevent the enemy from extending themselves farther into the country, and to hinder the Tories and Indians from uniting with the British Army. Gen. Rutledge had marched to Orangeburg with the Militia, and was encamped there as an Army of Observation, and to secure Charleston, or Gen. Lincoln, if it were necessary. This was an excellent plan, worthy of a Rutledge, and was what saved Charleston from being taken soon afterwards by Gen. Prevost. Pursuant to this plan, I was ordered to Charleston to take charge of a detachment of thirty men. and two field pieces, with four ammunition wagons, to join Gen. Lincoln at Augusta. The enemy being informed of Lincoln's movement to Augusta, crossed the Savannah River, in his rear, and obliged Gen. Moultrie to retire from his position at Black Swamp, and form a junction with Gen. Rutledge to save Charleston. The enemy pressed on by forced march direct for Charleston, expecting to find it totally undefended, which certainly it would have been but for the vigilance and activity of Gov. Rutledge and Gen. Moultrie, and also for an imprudent halt that Prevost made on his march of ten days, which lost him Charleston. I had marched with my detachment towards my destined place, Augusta, and had arrived at Orangeburg on my way, when I found the Governor had retreated and was hastily retracing his steps to Charleston. On my arrival at Orangeburg I received orders to join the Gov. as soon as possible. I promptly obeyed orders and on May 11th, 1779, I joined him at the Quarter House. All this time Gen. Moultrie retired before the enemy, throwing difficulties in his way and opposing him at every pass to retard his march, especially Chulifenny and Coosawhatchie, where they had a skirmish. If we had had a regiment of cavalry, it would have enabled Gen. Moultrie and the Governor, with their different commands having now arrived at Charleston, to have better prepared to defend the city.

On the night of the 11th of May, the enemy crossed the Ashley River, and the next day Gen. Prevost, with about nine hundred men, appeared before the lines and demanded a surrender of the City. Upon this a council was held, the majority of which voted for the neutrality of the State during the War, and sent Cols. Smyth and McIntosh to confer with Prevost on the subject. They received for an answer that he did not come in a legislative capacity, but if Col. Smyth pleased he would show the proposal to the General. Upon meeting them a second time he told them that he had nothing to do with the Governor, but that his business was with Moultrie. His Spartan answer was, "We will fight it out." I, for my part, could never for a moment have supposed that such particular and independent spirits as composed that Council and filling such high, honorable and responsible positions as they held, could dishonor themselves and sacrifice the dearest interest of their country and its

independence, by entering into a Treaty of Neutrality with the enemy, and that before the consequences of a battle or attack upon the town were known. Their plan was certainly to prolong the conferences as long as they could, and amuse the enemy by new proposals, to give Lincoln time to come up, and themselves time to prepare for defense.

Gen. Gadsden and Thomas Ferguson, two of the Council, disagreed in opinion with the others, and proposed to defend the town to the last extremity. Upon the arrival of Gen. Pulaski with his legion, he sallied out of the lines and attacked the enemy. Some were killed on both sides, Pulaski lost his brave old Colonel Cowrtch, who fell bravely in the conflict refusing to take quarter at the last moment, according to the report of the British deserters, who said that they were present when he was killed. On the night of the 12th, a false alarm occasioned a firing of cannon and musketry along the whole extent of the lines, from river to river. This continued blaze of artillery and small arms appeared to my view amidst the darkness of the night from the horn works, where I was stationed, as if the horizon was on fire; with repeated peals of thunder it was awfully sublime. It had its effect on the enemy, who judging from the extent and the steadiness of our fire, that our lines were far better manned and stronger than they had apprehended, and the garrison more numerous. Under these impressions they retreated during the night, and by the morning of the 13th they were on the West side of the Ashley River; no other consequences that I know of except the death of the brave and patriotic Maj. Huger, who in returning with a reconnoitering party, was unfortunately killed near our own lines by our own guns.

Why is not a monument raised to the memory of those two officers; are none but generals to be honored?

When a secret hint was given to the Continental officers in town, by a minority in the above Council to surrender Charleston to the British on terms of neutrality during the War, the shock was indescribable, and received by them with contempt. I recollect the time well and the attendant circumstances; had they attempted to carry it into effect, the consequences, perhaps, would have been fatal to the majority. It was agitated in the corps of the Continentals, and in the ancient battalion of Artillery to revenge themselves on those who had disgraced them, then unite and either cut their way through the enemy, or retreat across the Cooper River and march up the country and join Gen. Lincoln.

Our Army was by this time fast approaching, and the enemy fearful of being hemmed in between Lincoln's Army and Moultrie's in town, tho't it prudent to abandon the Mainland, retire to the Islands and fortify themselves at Stono Ferry, where they could be supplied with fresh provisions and supported by the shipping.

Upon the arrival of Gen. Lincoln, preparations were made to attack them in their lines at Stono Ferry on June 20th, 1779. After the enemy had five weeks time to fortify themselves, instead of attacking them at once, while unfortified, the attack was to be simultaneous at two points; by Lincoln on the front of their lines, and by Moultrie from Charleston, on their rear. I was attached to Gen. Moultrie's Division. Gen. Lincoln commenced the attack at the time and place agreed upon, but, not being supported by Moultrie's Division, was repulsed with loss; but the enemy suffered severely too, for during the battle two complete companies of British Regulars sallied out of their works with the intention of flanking and charging our troop. They were met and charged in a very gallant manner by our Infantry, under command of Col. Henderson and Maj. Pinckney, with such success that very few of them returned to their works. Here fell gallant Col. Owen Roberts of the Continental Regt. of Artillery of S. C. His name and justly acquired fame are recorded on the pages of history. Posterity will know and honor his memory. When he received his mortal wound his son, Capt. Richard Brooke Roberts, came to him to soothe him and receive his blessing. Raising his head, he said, "Farewell, my son, go and do your duty; do not mind me." On the part of Gen. Moultrie every exertion and necessary preparation was made that lay in his power; the troops were all ready on the wharfs to embark and lay on their arms all night, but from some cause, I could not learn what, the quartermaster failed in procuring the necessary number of boats to transport the troops to their destined point in the attack. If they had been procured it would have availed us nothing for the enemy had stationed vessels in Wappoo Cut and our unarmed vessels and boats could not have forced their way through them. I believe this was the cause of our repulse, and the cause of death to many a brave man. If Moultrie's Division could have reached the point of attack in time, I feel sure from the spirit that actuated our men, we should have beaten the men and gained a complete victory. In this battle, Capt. James Mitchell of our Regiment, was wounded in the leg, the effect of which he

never got over. Some time after the battle of Stono, the enemy retreated from island to island into Georgia, there to defend Savannah from the attack threatened by Gen. Lincoln and De Estaing.

I was now thought by my superior officers to be competent to command a company, tho' only a lieut., so I was appointed to important and dangerous commands. This country, lately possessed by British and Tories, required great vigilance, activity and fidelity to conduct it in safety. This was the second time that I was ordered to join Gen. Lincoln in Augusta, with thirty men and two field pieces, etc. I surmounted every difficulty and danger and arrived safely at my destined point. Before my arrival, Gen. Lincoln marched with his army to meet Comte De Estaing and his army to besiege Savannah. Upon my arrival at Augusta, I received orders to proceed on to Savannah with my command, without even a day's rest, making a march of about 260 miles. I immediately obeyed orders and followed the route of a retreating enemy, Lincoln's army in pursuit, of course an exhausted country, the roads had been rendered almost impassable, all the bridges were burned down by the retreating enemy, and but slightly repaired by our army. They were also obstructed by felled trees, infested by deserters of both armies and brigands of out-lying negroes and Tories.

Overcoming every difficulty, I reached Savannah in safety and joined my Regiment, which had united with the French to besiege that city. Upon my arrival, I found some difference of opinion had existed between the commander of the French and the American armies relating to the mode of military operation to be pursued. It was said that the French insisted on that of a regular siege, the Americans on that of immediate assault before the enemy could have time to strengthen their lines and receive further re-inforcements. The opinion of the French officers prevailed, and the usual protracted formalities incident to regular approaches in sieges commenced. It was on September 12, 1779, that the French army appeared before Savannah. On the 16th, De Estaing summoned the garrison to surrender on the 17th; Colonel Maitland of the British with his detachment of four hundred passed De Estaing's army and entered Savannah on the 18th; the Americans joined the French on the 23rd, broke ground, and the 4th of October opened fire from thirty seven battering cannon and nine mortars from the land side, and sixteen battering cannons from the water side. The interval between the 12th of September and the 4th of October, the enemy was diligently employed in strengthening their lines, and the re-inforcement under Maitland gave life and energy to their efforts, and promised to render the siege more difficult and protracted than was at first apprehended. Now De Estaing began to see his error too late. Since the hurricanes were approaching, he decided to fall in with the Americans' opinion and storm their works. Accordingly, on the 9th of October 1779, attacks were made by the two armies under their respective commands; the real one at a place called the Spring Hill Battery, and two false ones at different places of their works, by the Militia. The French column was repulsed at the ditch; the head of the American column crossed the ditch, planted their colors on the parapet and were then repulsed. Here Capt. Lieut. Donner of our regiment was killed by a grapeshot, as he stood by his field-piece, adjoining mine. He was a young gentleman of superior talent, brave to excess, and an honor to his family and country. For the cause of Independence and liberty he lost his life. He fought along side of me at the battle of Beaufort, and was killed along side of me at the battle of Savannah; yet his name, like many others, has perished with him. Here also Capt. Desassure of the 2nd Regiment received his mortal wound. History has not honored their names with the slightest record. It remains yet for some able and impartial historian to do justice to many others equally deserving. The loss of both armies in this unfortunate siege was estimated at about one thousand men; the Americans lost two hundred and fifty. Here fell covered with glory; the historic Sergeant Jasper; Count Pulaski received a mortal wound and De Estaing, a slight one. We, as well as the French, lost a large number of valuable officers, whose names ought to be highly respected by their countrymen for their valor and patriotism. After the storm was over, I went with the party sent to bury the dead. Curiosity led me to see the field of battle. I found it strewn with brave men who had shed their blood and fell a sacrifice for their country's freedom, glory and independence. I felt the truth of the Latin expression, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." I helped to bury some of our men and paid the last ceremonies to the remains of Captain Donner.

During the siege, the enemy sated with extreme caution, vigilant and alert within their lines, never attempted a sortie, nor ventured to show themselves without their works. On the 18th, the French embarked on board their shipping, the American Army covered their retreat for twelve hours, and then repossessed the Savannah River, during which time the enemy kept up the same line of

conduct which they had adopted at the siege. They did not follow, nor in any wise attempt to impede or harass our retreat. This closed the disastrous campaign of 1779, by Ashe's defeat at Stono and the siege of Savannah. The battle of Beaufort was the only victory that graced the American arms in S. C., during this campaign.

During the siege of Savannah, a most extraordinary achievement was performed by Col. White, of the Georgia Militia, Captain Ethol and four others in capturing Captain French with one hundred British Regulars and five vessels, four of which were with fort sailors, at the Ogeechee River with all their equipment, arms stores, etc. The stratagem that Col. White used was in kindling up a large number of fires, representing a great number of camps. While he and his four companions represented its patrols and ground rounds, hallooing out at intervals, "Ground rounds, stop and give the counter-sign", and frequently calling out, "All is well." From the impression that these stratagems created, one hundred soldiers, forty sailors and five vessels were surrendered to six Americans. I was well acquainted with Captain Etholm and had the above information from him. Such is the effect of panic on the human mind that it operates equally on the best-disciplined soldiers as well as on the undisciplined.

But a very short time from the fatigues and perils of war were allowed us. The British were reinforced from New York, on the 4th of Feb. 1780 by seventeen regiments of infantry and two hundred and fifty cavalry, with suitable infantry, under the command of Gen. Clinton, Cornwallis, and Gen. Prevost from Savannah. Upon the approach of this formidable host, all out-post and detachments were called into Charleston and every preparation was made to defend the city to the last extremity. On the 1st of April, 1780, the British appeared on the west side of the Ashley River at the ferry. I was stationed on the opposite side with a company of artillery and two field pieces. Col. Wallace, with his regiment of Virginians, was stationed there also. From the first moment that I had a view of them, I commenced firing on them, which seemed to stop them from crossing at that time. They perhaps amused us with a party there, while their main body crossed the River above us. Col. Wallace's Regiment and my company were ordered into town. This night the British Army crossed the Ashley River, reached Charleston, broke ground and began their first parallel at about eleven hundred yards from our works. As our garrison did not consist of more than two thousand Regulars, with the sailors of Commodore Whipple's fleet, who manned the batteries, on the East and South Bays with a few militia, they were too few to man the lines completely. Of course there were none to spare for sorties.

While the enemy was forming their front parallel, we kept up a fire with our cannon and mortars; yet his works advanced, and he formed his second parallel. Our numbers, being small in proportion to our lines, no reliefs could be afforded to the men at their posts; the closer the enemy approached our works the more arduous, dangerous and incessant became our duties. The two last weeks of the siege, we lay continuously on our arms, neither a change of clothes nor a bed to rest upon. We reclined against the parapet until aroused by explosion of shells, the roar of cannon or the groans of the wounded. The last week of the siege our provisions began to fail us. Rice, molasses, and sugar were our principal food, and we tasted some of the distresses that besieged cities are often reduced to suffer; yet amidst such great privations our hearts were firm, knowing well we owed a life to our country if it stood in need of it, our hands were ready to defend the parapet of our works, inch by inch.

I was stationed on the left of the lines, in an advanced redoubt, properly called by the soldiers, "The Slaughter Pen." Before the enemy could pass the ditch, they must possess themselves of this redoubt, because it commanded the ditch as far as the Hammocks and also the Glaces, consequently it was the object of a heavy and constant fire. I have seen fourteen men killed and wounded in it in one night. The brave and patriotic Andrew Lord, a volunteer in our regiment, Col. Parker of the Virginia line, Capt. Wm. Mitchell of our Regiment, and many other brave men whose names I do not recollect, there fell a sacrifice to procure freedom and Independence for their country.

The enemy had now completed his third parallel. The garrison made a sortie to retard their approach. In this last effort Capt. Moultrie, brother to the General, was killed. The loss of the enemy was considerable but it availed us little. The time had now come when we must meet our fate, and sink under the horrors of a storm, or surrender, prisoners of War. The battle was preferred by those in command, and when I consider the overwhelming force opposed to us, and our strength failing us for want of food and rest, I can only wonder we were able to hold out so long.

Further resistance could only have hurried us to an untimely grave, and involved in infinite ruin the inhabitants of the city, with their families, as well as the city itself, for our engineers gave it as their opinion that our lines could be carried in ten minutes time. In addition to this, and our want of provisions and ammunition, the citizens, on the 11th of May, 1780, addressed Gen. Lincoln, declaring their acquiescence in the terms of surrender, which the British sometime before had offered.

At the critical moment, if they had been outside our line, we would not have regarded them. It may be said that Charleston was doomed to fall, but I can testify that it did not fall until it had been defended to the last extremity. On the 12th of May 1780, the garrison marched out of their lines and laid down their arms, on the glacis, by virtue of a capitulation. I believe it is a fact that the British commanders were mortified when they saw the small number they had been contending against so long, and asked where was our second Division. Shortly after the surrender, a magazine, containing the loaded arms of the garrison and some powder blew up, and the whole of the British Guard was destroyed. How this accident happened is unknown. Another incident that took place some may think worthy of notice. The arm and hand of Pitt's statue that held the Charter of English liberties, placed in the square of Broad and Meeting Streets, was knocked off by a cannon ball fired by the British, from the battery on James Island, upward of a mile distant. Perhaps it was emblematic of their depriving the colonies of their liberties.

The garrison was sending prisoners on parole to Haddrell's Point, limited to six miles in circumference, and prohibited from crossing any arm of the sea, or water course, and afterwards hindered from gathering oysters from the banks, and fed with the refuse from their army's provisions. The officers were even deprived of their servants, by the enemy enticing them to run away to them and enlist. Thus they subjected the officers to every inconvenience which in the wantonness of their pride and power could be inflicted on them. Here I had my share of suffering and felt severely the want of necessary food and comfortable clothing, since I was a stranger without friends or relatives in Charleston to assist me in procuring the necessaries of life. A great number of the prisoners were sent to St. Augustine, Fla., and some on board prison ships. Those that remained were obliged to turn subject to the King. They could not befriend us without endangering themselves.

From the above causes I was obliged to depend on my own exertions and bear my hard lot as well as I could. Such food as was allowed me I cooked myself, my servants having deserted. With some difficulty I procured a few yards of coarse Russian Duck, which by persevering industry, I cut and sewed up into something resembling a hunting shirt and overall. These privations and sufferings were pressed upon us not without design; they were used as the means, in my opinion, to corrupt and force us to turn traitor to our own country. This appeared to me manifest by their offering, it was said, of a commission of the same grade in the British Army, to every American officer who would join them and abandon the cause of liberty. None of our continental officers betrayed the confidence reposed in them by their country, excepting Lieut. Wm. Love and William Oliphant. They sacrificed their honor, fidelity, patriotism, and courage; they took commission from the British and bore arms against their country, that they had pledged themselves to defend to the last.

The British finding that no other impression could be made on the American officers, either by their cruelty, or otherwise, and that they were all proof against treason and corruption, excepting the above, they used every artifice to corrupt and enlist our soldiers. A fray happened at Haddrell's Point between the servants of the officers and the British boatmen. These newfangled royal Negroes, subjects of his Britannic Majesty, George III, thought themselves superior to what they called American Rebels. The American hearts of liberty could not bear to be called Rebels by such, so a fray began and his Majesties' black subjects were driven off Haddrell's Point. The American officers very naturally took the part of their servants. I saw them driven over the creek at the Point into the marsh and several pistols fired at them. Col. Balfour, the British commander of Charleston, took this in high Dudgeon, and threatened to send the American officers to the West Indies. This stretch of tyrannical power, we could not bear the thoughts of submitting to. It was a breach of our paroles, on their part, and I am sure we would have rather died in the attempt to join our army under Gen. Green than to have submitted to such tyranny. It, however, gave rise to communications between the British Generals and ours which finally ended in the exchange of some prisoners and sending the remainder to Jamestown, Virginia. It was reported amongst us, and I believe it to be a fact, that there

were frequent communications between Gen. Green and our General at the point, and that Col. Grimke was often there. The officers had formed the plan, and put it partly into execution, to force their way through every opposition and join our Army, if the British had persisted in their design of sending us to the West Indies. For the purpose of joining our Army, the officers and their servants had armed themselves with what arms they had and marched out of their barracks, toward our general headquarters, with our blankets on our backs and our arms in our hands. What a grotesque figure we made. But on the way there we received the joyful news that we were to be sent to Jamestown, Va. (a town in ruins, built by the first settlers in 1607). We returned gladly to our quarters and prepared to embark on our voyage. Thus a great good was produced from a little patriotism in our common soldiers. It was my destiny to be in every dangerous enterprise since I joined the Army. The British were convinced that we were too dangerous neighbors at Haddrell's Point, and they were glad to get quit of us on almost any terms; and this time their affairs in the South began to have a gloomy appearance.

By a cartel, agreed upon between Gen. Green and the British commanders, what remained unexchanged of the prisoners at Haddrell's Point, were sent to Jamestown, on parole, but to keep at twelve miles distance from any British Post, or Garrison. We were landed safely there among its ruins and I, with a number of others, slept among them that night, or, rather tried to sleep. I lay down for that purpose, but sleep, for a long time, closed not my eyes. The ruins and catastrophes of many cities crowded into my mind, such as the ancient cities of Babylon, Thebes, Tyre, and Palmyra; and the still later ruins of towns burned in the present by full and relentless foes, fixed melancholy ideas in my mind concerning the past, present, and future destinies of man and his labors.

The great Sir Walter Raleigh, who had procured a patent from Queen Elizabeth to colonize Virginia, then passed in review; he who had enriched his country, not with mines of silver and gold, but with the corn, wheat, and tobacco of Virginia, the sword and shield of which state was the successful and victorious champion of the Cross against the Mohammeden Crescent. Again, I thought, I might be lying on the grave of some of the brave Indians or English warriors, or perhaps, on the ashes of some family murdered by the Indians, and their homes burned on them. These thoughts put me in mind of futurity and all the transitory scenes of this life, and its vanities, when all shall vanish away, as if they had never been. Even Washington, himself, the great and good, the father and liberator of his country and benefactor of many, with all the monuments raised to his memory by his country to perpetuate his fame, shall be swallowed up in the vortices of time and oblivion, without even a relic being left to say, "Here is Washington."

A second inundation of European Goths may at some future time lay in ashes our proud and stately public buildings and populous cities, with all our improvements in the arts and sciences; nay, those dedicated to the worship of the Most High may again be profaned by ungallowed hands, and overwhelmed in final ruins.

Such were the thoughts that intercepted my repose amongst the ruins of Jamestown. I certainly think that there are times in the course of our lives, when the Soul- that ethereal spark- that breath of Divinity Itself when divested of all its earthly concerns receives heavenly communications and flies off, unfettered and unrestrained to the utmost limits of space, to the very confines of eternity, viewing in its progress the wonderful works of the Almighty Architect of the universe, and wishing to unite itself with its great original, and to acknowledge its dependence on its maker and creator.

From Jamestown, we went to Williamsburg; from there the officers scattered in every direction. Some went to visit their friends and family, agreeable to their paroles; some few, myself among them, went to Richmond, where we received some psy. From there I traveled by land, to Alexandria and Baltimore, and went by water to Philadelphia. In that city I was doomed to pass what I called an Arctic winter, in comparison with that of the Charleston winters. In the uncomfortable and ill provided barracks of that city, I suffered, but I was accustomed to suffering, and my spirits did not sink under it. While there stationed, I received six Guineas, forwarded to me by an uncle living in Providence, Rhode Island, by the hands of a member of Congress, with an invitation to visit him.

Now my sufferings were at an end. This small supply afforded me much relief, enabling me to procure some of the comforts of life, and furnished me with the mean of visiting this kind friend,

with whom I remained until peace was made (still a prisoner on parole), enjoying many of the luxuries of life with the refinements of polished society. This was an era of real happiness to me, for on Dec. 1, 1783, arrived in this country Capt. Silas Deane, from London, with the long looked for Treaty of Peace.

It was celebrated with every effusion of joy that the inhabitants of Providence could display. The Military turned out with their music and colors; the vessels in the harbor were adorned with their colors, with cannon and musketry firing; joy was painted on every face and congratulations hung on every tongue. The temple of Janus was again shut in the United States, and the Clergy solemnly rendered thanks to the Almighty Disposer of all events. But who can express the feelings of the war-worn soldiers on this occasion?

None but they, who like him, faithfully served their country during the war, through every vicissitude of change and fortune, they who bravely presented their breasts to the bayonets, they who stood firmly against the leaden storm, and they who dye the hostile steel with their precious blood these can feel, if they cannot write. They certainly merit the gratitude and thanks of their country and some reward to make their setting sun go down clear.

Perhaps to some people of the present day, the sufferings and hardships borne by the Continental Army may appear incredible, and without any foundation in truth, I refer them to the facts recorded in the Revolutionary Histories of the War, and other public documents, as well as to individual information. Their being paid in depreciated, unfounded money was unjust. One author says that "the depreciation of the Continental Money, and the manner of redeeming it, can never be considered by an honest mind, without feelings of deep regret."

It began at different periods in the different states, but in general about the middle of 1777, two years after its appearance. In that year the depreciation was three for one; and in 1778, it increased to six for one; in 1779, twenty-eight for one, in 1780, sixty for one of silver. My pay was thirty-three and one-third per month; what was it worth in those periods? In 1777 it was worth about ten dollars; in 1778 about five dollars; in 1779 about one dollar, and in 1780 about one half a dollar. This sum had to buy our clothing, pay for its making, washing and other necessaries. If it had been like the widow's meal and oil, it would have answered all our wants.

At Haddrell's Point, those officers who had plantations and wealthy connections in Charleston, fared better than those of different circumstances. Of this class I was one of those who suffered as above related.

On the above scale of depreciation were our accounts settled with the public, and interest given us, but without any funds provided for their payment at that time. Of course they depreciated rapidly, and they who had the most confidence in the faith of the United States, by keeping their indents longest suffered the most. In the year 1790, I sold mine at one dollar in silver for ten in indents. So much for my in the public faith. There justly remains due me, nine-tenths of my service unpaid, with interest from that time. Upon this plan was Gen. Lafayette justly paid up all his arrears by our government. No excuse can now be given for not paying us. Money to overflowing is in the treasury, and a surplus lies, unapplied, every year. What, then, hinders us from being paid? What stops the current of Justice?

I remained at Providence, R. I. until the next spring, when I sailed for Charleston. On my arrival there, I saw some of the King's friends receive absolution by pump-water,--full absolution for Toryism. I settled my accounts with the public, and wrote in the Surveyor's office until the winter of 1788, when I removed into the backcountry and settled in Fairfield District. I finally located myself where I now reside, owning the very spot of ground where stood the school house in which I taught in my youthful and destitute days. It appears as if Providence had destined the place for my residence and support. It has proven so, and under the continued blessings of Providence, I hope it shall remain so until my ashes rest in it.

Accustomed to the incessant activity of military life, I did not shrink from any performance of civil and military duty to which I might be called by the voice of my country. Indeed, since the Revolutionary War, both civil and military offices have been assigned me. I was elected and commissioned Captain of Artillery in the Militia of the State on July 4th, 1794; and as Major on December 16th, 1797; as Judge of the County Court of Fairfield on May 22, 1795; and as Sheriff on December 10th, 1803. But I have now done with all commissions, both civil and military, having arrived at that period of life, being in my 74th year, when retirement, contentment, and peace of mind must be essential to the comfort of my declining constitution, in the bosom of my family, in the dutiful and affectionate regards of my children and grand-children and the consciousness, I trust,

of a well-spent and useful life. I look for that contentment, that peace of mind, which neither ambition, vanity, nor the glittering pomps and follies of this world can give. Thus I close a brief and rapid sketch of my past life, and grateful to the Almighty Power who has wonderfully shielded me in the day of battle, preserved me, guided and directed me through the many scenes of a long life, upheld, supported and bountifully blessed me with all the things necessary for me. I earnestly desire to devote the remainder of my days to His service, and still to be doing good to my fellow man, when it is in my power to do it.

To my children I have yet to redeem a pledge given in the first part of my recollections, viz; to redeem from oblivion the names of some of my brave companions in arms, as much as I can.

Col. Owen Roberts, who commanded the Regiment, in which I served, I have noted was killed in the Battle of Stono, and that History has recorded his name and fame, so far as it is but justice. He was my patron and friend, and I delight to speak of him. Bred to arms in his native country, England, he was particularly serviceable in diffusing military knowledge among the less informed of the American officer. I owe all my military knowledge and engineering to him. His memory is sacred to me--a friend, a soldier and a patriot.

Lieut. Col. Bernard Elliott, of the same Regiment, of him I can say scarcely too much. He was a gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar. I was particularly favored with his friendly attention, advice, and instruction; but the regiment and his country had early to deplore their loss. He died in Charleston and was buried with all the military honors that the Army could bestow.

Col. Barnard Beekman was an excellent artillery officer in every branch of science connected with his artillery duties. He survived the War and was buried in Charleston. His memory should be respected by his countrymen.

Lieut. Col. John F. Grimke, of the same Regiment, well deserves to be remembered as a brave and intelligent officer. He was the true patriot whose whole soul was devoted to the cause of his country. In that cause he suffered as much as any other man from the malice of the enemy, when he fell into their hands at the siege of Charleston. He also experienced ungrateful persecution, but his innocence caused the shafts of his enemies to fall harmless at his feet. I respect his memory, and must say that in every station in which he was placed to save his country, whether in civil, or military line, he did faithfully his duty; and his native state is benefitted more by his writing than it is by any others that have attempted the like. He well deserved the gratitude and esteem of his country and his writings entitle him to say, "Eagi? moneemenlum ere perennis."

Maj. Ephriam Mitchell and his two brothers, Capt. James and William Mitchell, were brave and excellent officers. Firm and unshaken in the midst of every danger and every trial, Capt. William Mitchell was killed in the siege of Charleston. The other two survived the war and lived to see the Independence acknowledged, which they had so strongly contended for; but the hardships and sufferings they had undergone brought them both to an untimely grave. Maj. Mitchell died at his plantation near the 45 mile house. Capt. James Mitchell died in Winnsboro, under the hospitable roof of Maj. R. Winn, and is buried in the skirts of that town without a stone to tell where he lies, until one was set up by his friend - the author- in 1820. Neither of them has left descendants. Maj. Mitchell filled the office of Surveyor General of the State, and Capt. James Mitchell, that of Treasurer of the State.

Capt. Lieut. Bernard Elliott, of the same Regiment, nephew to Col. Elliott, was of a weakly and consumptive habit of body. His education was liberal; his manners polite and refined; his conduct, moral and religious. He was esteemed in his Regiment as a brave and accomplished officer, and one of those lieutenants that could have commanded an army with eclat. For a considerable length of time he and I were the only officers in Fort Lyttleton. Of course I knew him well and profited by his talents and knowledge.

The Reverend Moreon was the Chaplain of our Regiment. He was a pious and good man, and conducted himself in a Christian-like manner. He belonged to the Episcopal Church, and died soon after I joined the Regiment. An anecdote is told of him as a fact: upon his death-bed, he prayed that he might die on a Sunday morning at the time the people were going to hear divine service in the church in which he had preached. This happened at the precise time. A pious mind may easily deduce something highly cheering, comforting and encouraging in the above circumstances, especially when we consider the person, his holy-office, his prayer, and its exact accomplishments.

The other officers of the Regiment, whom I have not named, were brave and patriotic men of good information. On all occasions, they faithfully did their duty to their country in the gloomiest times of the war. One of our Lieuts. was made a General in the French service, William Tate.

Col. John Winn--the patriotism and services of this good man are unquestionable. His sufferings in the cause of liberty and his unshaken constancy in bearing them, even when by the sentence of a military despot, Cornwallis, death stared him in the face. He was one of the founders of the town of Winnsboro and of the Mount Zion Society.

General Richard Winn--of this brave man I need but say little, for he is well known. He entered the services of his country in the Third Regiment of this State, commanded by Col. William Thompson. He commanded at Fort Stilla, with thirty-two men, against Col. Brown of the British Army with four hundred men. He bravely defended the Fort for some time and at last gained an honorable capitulation for himself and men, and arrived safely back in S. C. with his party. With him, Capt. John Hollis, who nobly refused a British commission offered him by Brown, if he would join the British. After this, Capt. Winn resigned his commission in the regular service and took a commission in the militia, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of General. He fought the enemy at Mobley's, at Bratton's, and at Hanging Rock, when he shed his blood for his country and spent his youthful and best days in her service. The public service of the two brothers cannot be estimated too highly. He was also a Member of Congress in his election District, and in every capacity, civil, or military, he faithfully did his duty. He, in conjunction with others, promoted the formation of the Mt. Zion Society and of the town of Winnsboro.

John Stark, Esquire, while under military age, turned out in the Militia of this State--a daring young soldier who exposing himself unnecessarily, got dangerously wounded. While in the most dangerous stage of his cure, the Tories took him prisoner and inhumanly dragged him to Camden, and as cruelly treated him in the Provost. Before his wound was well healed, they sent him and five other patriots, under a guard of thirteen men, to Charleston. On the way there, he formed a plan to escape, and the six men took thirteen well-armed British regulars prisoner, paroled them as prisoners of war, and then made their escape and joined our army. This ought not to be forgotten. I never knew a Stark who did not bravely defend the cause of Liberty and Independence.

Some observations on the formation of the Army in S. C. and on the conduct of it in S.C., and Georgia, until the fall of Charleston, May 12, 1780.

In the state of S. C., six regiments were raised of the Continental Establishment. The third, commanded by Col. William Thompson, was Rangers, or Cavalry, and was well calculated for that service. It was recruited principally from the backcountry of active, healthy, robust young men and excellent horsemen. It would have made excellent cavalry, and would have been of infinite service in the following campaign but for some unaccountable conduct in the War Office, it was changed into an Infantry Regiment, and our Southern Army was dismembered of one of its most powerful arms; for the artillery and cavalry were considered as its two arms.

I shall only mention a few instances in which cavalry would have been of incalculable advantage to the public service in this state and Georgia. In December 1778, at Savannah, if our General Howe had had a squadron, or two, of cavalry to have watched the landing and motions of the enemy, they could not have gained his flank, unperceived, nor have been surprised by having it turned. While they amused him in front, he would have had timely notice of their approach; he would have had time to retreat with all his artillery, baggage, stores, etc., and been able to show an imposing front to his foes. The public stores, vessels, and artillery could have either been carried off or destroyed, whereas all fell into the enemy's hand.

The next disaster that I will mention is Gen. Ashe's defeat at Briar Creek, Georgia. If he had had a few cavalry attached to his command, he could not have been surprised as he was, nor have met with a total defeat at noonday. Was the fault his, or the fault of the organization of his command? He certainly ought to have had cavalry with him, to have patrolled the country all around, to have brought him timely intelligence of the approach of the enemy; and to have kept up a communication with the main army under Lincoln; and as an escort to convoys, and to have taken up deserters from the army, and all suspicious persons as spies.

Without doubt Gen. Ashe was a brave, patriotic man, but had he all the qualifications of the vigilant and active partisan that could practice all the stratagems of war, or had he sufficient

resources of mind to meet any sudden emergency, or attack, of enterprise against the enemy? His surprise in the middle of the day in his camp may answer these questions. His situation was truly critical and dangerous, with the large deep and broad river, Savannah, between him and Gen. Lincoln, prevented him receiving supplies or reinforcements in case of defeat, which afterwards happened, and numbers of the vanquished drowned, which would have been prevented if Gen. Lincoln had caused a Tote de Poneel to be constructed on each bank of the river. Then both wings of the Army would have been connected and have given each other mutual assistance. It is astonishing that he neglected this part of his military duty on that unfortunate day. The next error that Gen. Lincoln committed was marching his army into Georgia and not leaving a sufficient number of men under Moultrie to oppose the enemy. If they crossed into S. C., which they soon actually did, and drove Gen. Moultrie before them into Charleston, which they could have taken by a coupe de main, if they had halted two days on their march, which gave Moultrie's and some other detachments time to arrive in Charleston and to put it into a posture of defence. Here cavalry was particularly wanted. They could have obstructed Gen. Prevost's march and harassed him in his advances, and thus given Lincoln time to have come up with him, and the army in Charleston time to prepare for defence.

The want of cavalry was so great while the Army was stationed opposite Stono Ferry. Our Regiment alone could have prevented the plundering parties of the enemy from distresses on the mainland, and could have constantly harrassed him in his lines with sham attacks, and could have saved the many valuable lives that were lost in the Battle of Stono,

I think it was very imprudent of General Lincoln to have risked that battle after having given the enemy six weeks in which to fortify himself. It was indeed true chivalry not to take advantage of his enemy until he had got his army strongly entrenched and flanked by his shipping, and his rear supported by his troops on John's Island; and constantly reinforced by him during the battle against our troop, drawn up in line, without their flanks being covered. He ought not to have allowed the enemy time to fortify himself, but to have attacked him on his first arrival, as Jackson did the enemy at New Orleans. If this action was brought solely to know the quality of the S.C. troops, as I know no other cause for it, they certainly gave convincing proofs of their bravery, discipline and steadiness in battle. It was a useless waste of lives that did no good. I have heard it given as an excuse for fighting that battle that it hastened their retreat from John's Island, improbable kind of reasoning, that a beaten enemy could cause a victorious army to retreat. The true and real cause of their retreat from John's Island was the unexpected visit of the Comte De Estaing's Fleet and army to our coast that caused them to concentrate their army in Savannah, or near it; this happened about three months after the battle of Stono, a hasty retreat, to be sure.

Every military man knows that a retreating army ought be harrassed by cavalry. Every exertion ought to have made to have raised a regiment of cavalry in this State; it ought always to have kept the field. It would then have been a rallying point for our army and militia. During the siege of Charleston, it ought to have been joined by the garrison at Ft. Moultrie with the brave and experienced Col. C.C. Pinckney at their head, with all the supernumerary officers in Charleston and all the horses there, both public and private, they would then have been the means of mounting a corps of cavalry. They ought not to have stopped at Monk' Corner or Lanneau's Ferry, but have crossed the Santee River and there watched in safety. Reinforcements from the north and our own patriots and Beaufort's corps would have soon joined them, and it would have been saved from defeat.

These would have soon formed another army, equal in number and discipline to the one lost in Charleston. This new army would have been joined, and aided too, by the civil authority, which would have caused the militia to turn out and join them and a few more officers, such as Sumter, Marion, etc., would have formed an army that could have kept possession of the back country and would have given time for reinforcements to arrive from the northward.

Our defeats in Carolina were owing to the enemy's superiority in cavalry and his quick movements with it. Similar quick movements gave similar success to Sumter, Marion etc., and this was all owing to a well-mounted cavalry, commanded by an intrepid, enterprising officer. Had the proper organization of our army taken place we would never had had to evacuate S. C. We would have soon been joined by such men as fought at King's Mountain and at Cowpens, and we would have had the honor and glory of defending our own state and conquering its enemies, both foreign

and domestic. We would not have had to depend on a sister state for a commanding officer when we possessed the talents and energies of a Gladden, the firmness of a Moultrie, and the bravery of a Huger and Pinckney, and other great and enterprising leaders that arose in every part of the State.

Capt. Basquen was lying by William A. Lord, when Lord was killed, but Basquen escaped unhurt.

Col. Jess Havis was an exact duplicate of John Stark, Esq.; they were as congenial in their friendship to each other as they were in their patriotism to their country. Havis turned out in the cause of liberty whilst he was under the military age, and did the duties of his father and his own. He volunteered upon every occasion that offered. After the war, he was elected Captain of Cavalry and rose to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry in the Militia. He was elected a member of the House of Assembly in this State. He served as my deputy Sheriff and did the whole of my outdoor business. He was brave and patriotic and a true and sincere friend. To the poor he was liberal and to all men was just.

(signed) HENRY MOORE

This manuscript was copied from typed copies made about 1940 by Henrietta S. Hood Dawson (Mrs. George Robert Dawson) and her daughter, Margaret Dawson Jennings. The spelling and punctuation differed slightly in places. The source of the manuscript they used is unknown. It may have been in the collection of Mary Wylie Strange, a cousin of my mother, Henrietta Hood Dawson. I do not know if the original still exists. This journal is referred to, and portions quoted, in genealogical papers concerning Henry Moore and his family.

Edward Hood Dawson