

Major Henry Moore's Recollections, of the Revolutionary War in South Carolina and Georgia, until the fall of Charleston, on the 12th of May, 1780.

[CONTINUED.]

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 it is but justice. He was my patron and my friend, and I delight to speak of him. Bred to arms in his native country, England, he had been particularly serviceable in diffusing military knowledge, among the less informed of the American officers. I owe all my military knowledge and engineering to him. His memory is sacred with me—a friend, a soldier, a patriot.

Lieut. Colonel Barnard Elliot of the same regiment. Of him I can scarcely say too much. He was the gentleman, the soldier and the scholar. I was particularly favored with his friendly attention, advice and instructions, 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.

Colonel Barnard Beckman was an excellent artillery officer, in every branch of science connected with his artillery duties. He survived the war, and died in Charleston. His memory should be respected by his countrymen.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Faucheraud 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 in their hands at the siege of Charleston. He survived the war, and lived to enjoy the first honors the State could bestow on him. 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 than in every station in which he was placed to serve his country, whether the civil or military line, he did faithfully his duty, and his native State is benefitted more by his civil writings, that it is, by any others that have attempted the like. He well deserved the gratitude and esteem of his country, and his writings entitled him to say, *exegi monumentum aere perennius*.

Major Ephraim Mitchell, and his two brothers, Captains James Mitchell, and Captain William Mitchell, were brave and excellent officers, firm and unshaken in the midst of every danger and every trial. Captain William Mitchell was killed in the siege of Charleston. The other two survived the war, and lived to see that Independence acknowledged, which they had so strenuously contended for; but the hardships and sufferings they had undergone, brought them both to an untimely grave. Major Mitchell died at his plantation, near the 45 mile house. Captain James Mitchell died in Winnsboro', under the hospitable roof of Major Minor 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 1829. Neither of them have left descendants.—Major Mitchell filled the office of Surveyor General of the State, and Captain James Mitchell that of Treasurer of the State.

The other officers of the regiment who I have not named, were brave and patriotic men, and of good information, and on all occasions did faithfully their duty to their country, in the worst and gloomiest times in the revolutionary war. One of our lieutenants was made a General in the French service, Lieutenant Wm. Tate. As far as I can learn, they have all paid the debt of nature in less than half a century, and only I, am left of the whole.

Colonel 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 say but little—he is well known. He entered the service of his country in the 3d Regiment of this State, commanded by Colonel Wm. Thompson. As Lieutenant at its first raising, in it he arrived to the rank of Captain. He commanded at Fort Sitilla, with thirty two men, against Colonel Brown of the British army, with four hundred men; he bravely defended the Fort for some time, at last gained an honorable capitulation for himself and men, and arrived safely back into South Carolina with his party. With him was Captain John Hollis, who nobly refused a British commission offered him by Brown if he would join the British and quit the American service. After this, Captain 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 the Hanging Rock, where he shed his blood for his country; and he passed his youthful and best days in her service. The public services of the two brothers cannot be estimated too highly. He was also a member of Congress in this election district, and in every capacity, civil or military, he faithfully did his duty. He in conjunction with others, promoted the formation of the Mount-Zion

Captain Lieutenant Barnard Elliot, of the same regiment, nephew to Colonel Elliot, was of a weakly and consumptive habit of body. His education was liberal, and his manners polite and refined—his conduct moral and religious. He was in almost all the battles fought in this State and Georgia previous to the siege of Charleston. In it he commanded a battery for throwing shells, at which he was very expert and accurate. 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 myself were the only officers in Fort Lyttleton. Of course I knew him well, and I profited by his talents and knowledge.

The Rev. Mr. Moreau 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; he died soon after I joined the regiment. An anecdote is told of him as a fact, and currently reported and believed among us, that upon his death he prayed that he might die on a Sunday morning at the time when the people were going into hear divine service in the church in which he had preached, which accordingly happened at the precise time. A pious and enlightened mind may easily deduce something highly cheering, comforting and encouraging in the above circumstance, especially when we consider the person, his holy office, his prayer, the place, the time, and its exact accomplishment.

Society and of the town of Winnsboro'.

John Stark, Esq., while under military age, turned out in the militia of this State, a daring young soldier, who, by 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 inhumanly treated him in the Provost; and before his wound was well cured sent him and five other patriots under a guard of thirteen men for Charleston. On the way there, he formed a plan to escape—it succeeded, and the six unarmed men took thirteen well armed British regulars, 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 that did not bravely defend the cause of liberty and independence.

Colonel Jesse Haris, was an exact parallel to John Stark, Esq. They were as congenial in their friendship to each other, as they were in patriotism to their country. He turned out in the cause of liberty, whilst under the military age, and did the duties of his father and his own, and volunteered on 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 Representative in the house of assembly in this State. He served as my Deputy Sheriff, and did the whole of my out-door business. He was brave and patriotic, and the true and sincere friend. To the poor he was liberal, and to all men was just.