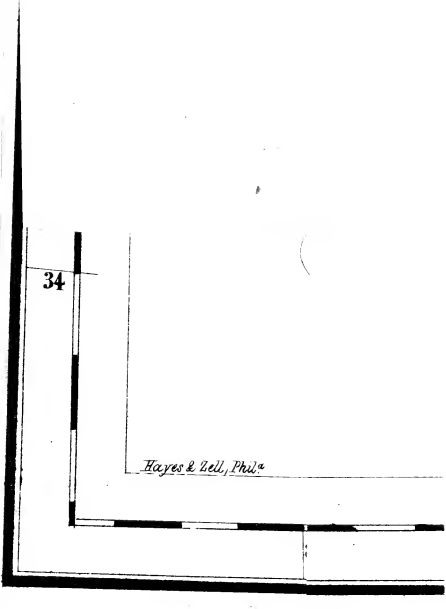
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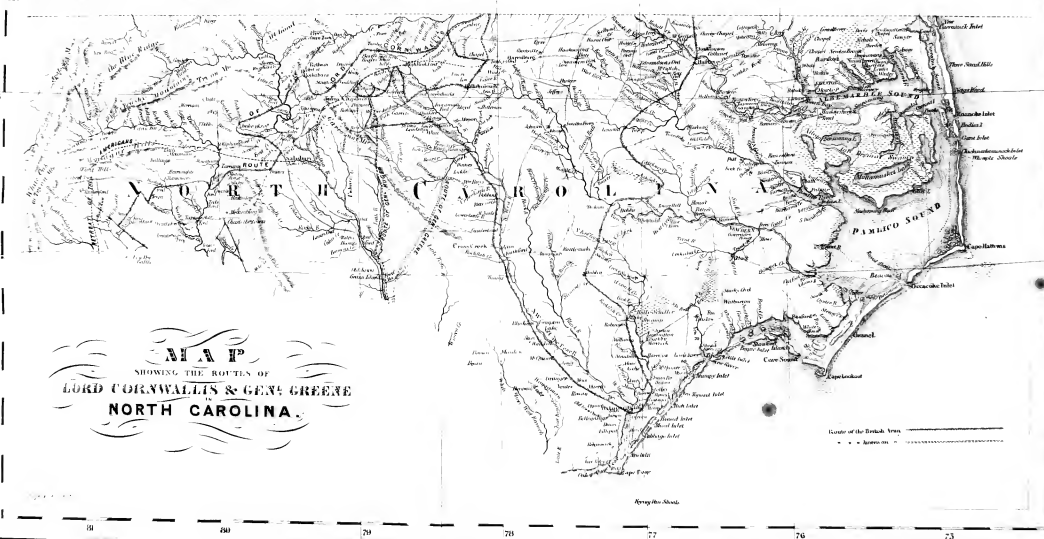
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Route of the British Army
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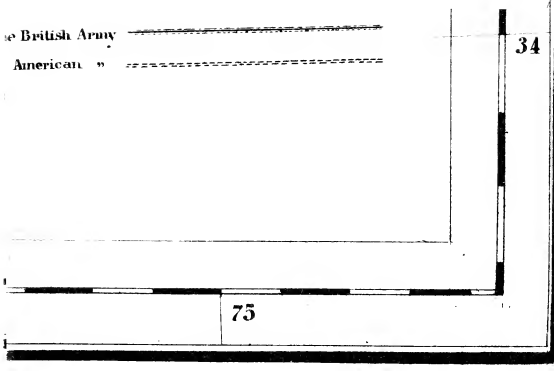
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INTERESTING

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# Revolutionary Incidents:

AND

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,

CHIEFLY IN THE

## "Old North State."

BY THE

REV. E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.

SECOND SERIES.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL, 193 MARKET STREET.
1856.

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Philadelphia, King & Baird, Printers.

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# PREFACE.

It was stated in the preface to the first volume of this work, that materials were on hand for another of a similar kind, but that their publication would depend on the wishes of the community, of which the extent of their patronage would be a sufficient indication. Being local in its character, a general circulation, beyond the limits of North Carolina, was not expected; but it has been well received in other States, and the good people here have shown a liberality which is not only grateful to my feelings, but indicates an increasing interest in our revolutionary history. That edition has been nearly all sold, and intelligent men, in different parts of the country, have, by letters and in other ways, expressed a desire to get the whole.

The present volume, it is hoped, will be found no less interesting than the first, and it is now submitted to the public with a little more confidence. After the first part, the pieces were all, with two or three

exceptions, written several years ago, and were designed as communications to some of the weekly papers, but only one was published. What is now the first part, as originally written, contained merely an account of the Guilford battle, and the little incidents or anecdotes connected with it; but, on reflection, it seemed desirable to give the best account I could, of the British army, and its operations while in this State, in the winter and spring of 1781; and, at the suggestion of a friend, I concluded to publish, in an Appendix, the Order-Book of Lord Cornwallis, which, by some means or other, was left probably at Fayetteville or Wilmington, and is now preserved at the University. This shows his lordship's character better than anything else, and will no doubt be regarded, by every intelligent reader, as a valuable addition to the work.

Then, a plate of the battle, and a map of the State, with the progress of the British army traced on it by a distinct line, was deemed indispensable. The map is taken chiefly from that of Tarleton, who though not reliable in everything, is believed to be the best authority we have in a matter of that kind. The plate shows the relative position of the two armies, and of the different corps in each, at successive stages of the conflict. I had a sketch of the ground taken by a professed artist, expressly for this

work, and although these things add to the cost, the intrinsic value of the work is increased more than the price.

For years I have believed that history has not done justice to the North Carolina militia on that occasion; and if I have succeeded in showing that, according to their numbers, and with a fair allowance for unfavorable circumstances, they did full out as well as any other militia in the field, if not a little better, every citizen of the Old North State will hereafter visit that scene of desperate conflict, and of glorious results, with a little more satisfaction than heretofore.

The account of the massacre at the Eight Mile House, and that of Timothy Bludworth, Colonel Dodd, and one or two others, I have taken from the Wilmington papers, but without closely or uniformly copying the language.

In addition to the gentlemen mentioned in the first volume, to whom I am, more or less, indebted for materials, I take pleasure here in acknowledging my obligations to Gen. Grey, of Uwharie, J. F. Graves, Esq., of Mount Airy, James Mebane, Esq., now an octogenarian, of Caswell county, and G. J. McCrie, of Wilmington, for some additional facts.

THE

# BRITISH ARMY IN NORTH CAROLINA

## IN 1781.

It is well known that the British never subdued North Carolina, and never could remain long in it at a time. With their veteran and disciplined troops, under the command of able and experienced officers, well supplied with artillery and all the implements of warfare, they could pass through the country, plundering and distressing the inhabitants along the route; but they were all the time annoyed, and soon found it necessary to retreat. They made three attempts to invade the State, but only the last was at all successful, and in regard to the main object, even that was an entire failure.

With the events which preceded and led to this invasion, we presume most of our readers are familiar. In the summer of 1779, the town of Savannah was taken, and nearly the whole of Georgia again submitted to British rule. On the 12th of May, 1780, Gen. Lincoln, who was engaged in the defence of Charleston, surrendered to the British forces under Sir Henry Clinton, and the whole State was then

virtually in the power of the enemy. Soon after, Sir Henry sailed to the North and left Lord Cornwallis, with about four thousand troops, to complete the conquest of the State and re-establish the British government. Without delay, he marched into the upper country, and leaving garrisons at all the important points, he took post at Cambden himself, with the main body of his army. Only seventeen days after the fall of Charleston, a regiment destined for the defence of that town, and on its way thither, was met, forty miles below Charlotte, at Waxhaw Creek, and cut to pieces by Colonel Tarleton. On the 20th of June, the battle of Ramsour's Mill was fought between the Whigs and Tories, in which the patriots gained an important victory, though their enemies had the advantage of the ground and outnumbered them three or four to one. July 12th, a detachment of British and Tories were attacked at Williamson's plantation and completely routed. On the 1st of August, a brave but unsuccessful attack was made on a British detachment at Rocky Mount; and on the 6th, was fought the battle at Hanging Rock, where the British were roughly handled, and a complete victory might have been gained, had not the men been so eager in pursuit of the routed enemy that they could not be kept in order, and were ultimately obliged to retreat. On the 16th, Gates was defeated near Cambden, and his army cut up and dispersed. On the 18th, Sumpter was defeated on Fishing Creek, by Tarleton, and a large body of light troops. September 26th, the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, entered Charlotte,

where they met with a warm reception, and were greatly harassed by the Whigs of that region while they remained in the place. October 7th, the decisive battle of King's Mountain was fought, which closed the campaign for that year, and compelled Cornwallis to retreat, with all possible expedition, into South Carolina, or lose the conquests which he had already made.

From the fall of Charleston, it was, no doubt, the design of Cornwallis, and probably of Sir Henry too, that the conquests then commenced should be extended, not only over South Carolina, but as far North as possible. This object appears to have been kept steadily in view, and all his measures were taken accordingly. If it was not foreseen, it soon became manifest that, unless North Carolina could be subjugated, his possession of South Carolina would be insecure; and the royalists from this State made him believe that the conquest would be an easy one. If, therefore, he was forced, by the battle at King's Mountain, and other circumstances, to leave Charlotte before he had done anything more than distress the inhabitants and increase their hostility, he was neither idle nor discouraged, but was endeavoring to get the British authority fully established in the conquered territory, and waiting for expected reinforcements from the North, under General Leslie, without which he could not garrison all the posts which were necessary to be occupied, and have an army with him sufficient for aggressive operations. On hearing of the victory gained by the Americans at King's Mountain, he left Charlotte

abruptly in the night, and was pursued by Colonel Davie to the Catawba river, between which and Charlotte he left near forty of his baggage-wagons; but he made good his retreat to Winnsboro', where he was in the midst of friends, and could make his arrangements to better advantage.

The battle of the Cowpens was fought on Wednesday, January 17th, 1781, and is regarded, by the British historians, as one of the most important in that series of events which resulted in the independence of this country. On receiving information, near the last of December, that General Morgan, with about five hundred regulars and a few militia, had crossed the Catawba, and was advancing towards the British post at Ninety-Six, Lord Cornwallis dispatched Colonel Tarleton with a thousand men, the flower of his army—most of them cavalry and light troops—furnished with two pieces of artillery and well equipped in every respect, with orders to capture General Morgan or drive him out of the country; but they met with a sad and most humiliating defeat. This affair mortified the pride of the British more than anything that occurred during the war, and they always speak of it as a "shameful defeat;" for, according to Stedman, one of their own historians, they had a decided advantage in numbers, in the ground, and in every respect. Tarleton does not admit that he had a superiority in *numbers*, but Stedman, who is a much more candid and reliable author, admits it without any hesitation, and is by no means sparing in his censures of Tarleton—not for de-

ficiency in courage, but for his reckless impetuosity and unofficer-like conduct.

"During the whole period of the war," Stedman says, "no other action reflected so much dishonor on the British arms. The British were superior in numbers: Morgan had only five hundred and forty continentals, the rest militia; Tarleton's force composed the light troops of Lord Cornwallis' army. Every disaster that befel Lord Cornwallis, after Tarleton's most shameful defeat at the Cowpens, may most justly be attributed to the imprudence and un-soldierly conduct of that officer in the action. Nothing could be more unexpected by Lord Cornwallis than the news of Tarleton's discomfiture. If he judged from the events of former actions, when the numbers were not so equally balanced, and the disproportion much more in favor of the Americans, he had reason to look for a victory instead of a defeat. The disappointment was galling, and the loss of credit cast a shade over the commencement of the expedition." But, "deeply as his lordship was affected with the weight of this misfortune, and greatly as he saw his difficulties increased by it, he nevertheless resolved to prosecute the original plan of the expedition into North Carolina, as the only means of maintaining the British interest in the Southern Colonies."

When the battle of the Cowpens was fought, which was on Wednesday, January 17th, 1781, Cornwallis was encamped on Turkey Creek, about twenty-five miles below, in South Carolina, where he was waiting, partly to learn the results of Tarle-

ton's movements, but chiefly for a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men, from Charleston, who were now approaching under the command of General Leslie, who had his head-quarters, on the night of the 17th, at Sandy Run, a tributary of Broad river, and about twelve miles below Turkey Creek, where, we believe, Lord Cornwallis had his camp on the 17th and 18th. Usually, the orders for the day were issued the night before, to prevent any confusion or delay in the morning; and on the night of the 17th, as we find in the Order Book, Leslie issued the following order for the next day:

"The troops to march to-morrow morning at day-break. One company of the 1st Battalion Guards in front of the guns. The regiment De Bose to cover the baggage. The North Carolina Regiment in the rear of the baggage, and the 2nd Battalion Guards in the rear of the whole."

These orders were executed on the 18th, when they reached Lord Cornwallis' encampment, and then, as it appears, General Leslie issued his last order. (*See Appendix, Orders for January* 18, 1781.)

His lordship had his arrangements all now made, and moved forward under the stimulus of Tarleton's late defeat. His direct or first object was, if possible, to overtake General Morgan and cut him off, or, at all events, rescue the prisoners; but an ulterior and more important object was, to get between General Greene and Virginia. This design was formed some time before, and was deemed essential, as Stedman tells us, "to the maintenance of the British authority in the South." The British army

now proceeded to the north-west, between Broad river and the Catawba. This route, leading to the back-country, was chosen, that the army might the more easily be enabled to pass the great rivers in its way at the fords near their source. It also afforded a prospect of cutting off Morgan's retreat, if he should elude Tarleton, or at least of preventing his junction with the army under General Greene. Nor was the British General without hopes that, by following this course, he might get between Greene's army and Virginia, and force him to an action before he was joined by his expected reinforcements."

Early on the morning of the 19th, the whole army took up the line of march for the Old North State, as appears from the order issued by Lord Cornwallis the night before. (*See Appendix, Orders for January* 18, 1781.

Sanders' plantation appears to have been their last encampment in South Carolina; and in consequence of the above general orders, issued on the night of the 20th, the army, on the 21st, which was Sunday, crossed the line and entered North Carolina; but the place of their encampment is not mentioned. (*See Appendix, Orders for January* 19–23, 1781.)

The former site of Tryon Court House was only a few miles, in a western direction, from the present town of Lincolnton; but the name of Governor Tryon, in honor of whom, the name was, at first, given to a large territory including several of our present counties, having now become odious to the people of North Carolina, the Legislature, in 1779,

two years before the time of which we are writing, divided Tryon county, to the western part of which they gave the name of Rutherford, in honor of Gen. Rutherford; and to the eastern part, lying on the Catawba river, the name of Lincoln, in honor of Gen. Lincoln, who was then engaged in the defence of South Carolina. The court house or county town was called Lincolnton; and to that his lordship refers in the next order, as the village where there was plenty of good leather and other articles which they very much needed. (*See Appendix, Orders for January* 26, 27, 28, 1781.)

Why they remained three or four days at Ramsour's when in such hot pursuit of Gen. Morgan, we cannot tell, unless it was necessary to rest and refresh his men after a hard march of more than a week; but while there Cornwallis destroyed his heavy baggage and made preparations for a more rapid pursuit, of which Stedman, who was commissary for the army, gives the following account.

"Previously to the arrival of the British troops on the banks of the Catawba, Lord Cornwallis considering that the loss of his light troops could only be remedied by the activity of the whole army, resolved to destroy all the superfluous baggage. By first reducing the size and quality of his own, he set an example which was cheerfully followed by all the officers under his command, although by so doing they sustained considerable loss. No wagons were reserved except those loaded with hospital stores, salt and amunition, and four empty ones for the accommodation of the sick or wounded. And such

was the ardor of both officers and men, and their willingness to submit to any hardship for the promotion of the service; that this arrangement, which deprived them of all future prospect of spirituous liquors, was acquiesced in without a murmur."

In a note at the bottom of the page he tells us that, "the remainder of the wagons," that is, all except those which were loaded with hospital stores, salt and amunition, and four empty ones reserved for the sick or wounded, "were destroyed at Ramsour's mill."

The last order must have been issued early on the morning of the 28th; for on that day, they advanced to the Catawba or near it, as appears from the order book, and remained there about three days. (*See Appendix, Orders for January* 28, 29, 1781.)

On arriving at the river his lordship was sadly disappointed to find that the object of his pursuit was on the other side, and that for the present his own progress was arrested by an unseen agency which the power of man could not resist: so says Stedman, "From Broad river, Morgan directed his course to the Catawba, and moved with so much celerity that he reached it before the British army. Yet so closely had he been pursued, that the advance of the British troops arrived at the banks of that river in the evening of the 29th of January, only two hours after the last of Morgan's corps had crossed. A heavy rain that fell in the night, swelled the river so much as to render it impassable the next morning; and, as it continued so for two days, Morgan had time to make an arrangement for disencumbering

himself of the prisoners and sending them off under an escort of militia by a different route from that which he proposed to take "

In the University Magazine, has been recently published an account of the military operations in North Carolina during the period of which we are writing, by Gen. Graham, which is a most important addition to our revolutionary history, in which he tells us that Gen. Morgan sent his prisoners under an escort of his militia across the Catawba at the island ford, but that he himself with the regulars crossed at Sherill's ford. Morgan intended to send his prisoners, under a guard of militia, over the mountains, in which case they must have been overtaken and recaptured by the British light troops.

In the mean time, Gen. Greene, having heard of the victory at the Cowpens, and of Cornwallis march in pursuit of the victor, wished to have an interview with Morgan as soon as practicable. For this purpose, leaving his army, encamped on the eastern side of the Pedee, under the command of Gen. Huger and Col. Williams, he set out with an escort of dragoons and, after travelling with great expedition, arrived at Morgan's camp on the last day of January. Lossing, after noticing the rise in the river, which prevented the British from crossing, says, "The arrival of Greene at this juncture was equally providential; for Morgan had resolved upon a line of retreat which must have proved fatal. Greene interposed counter orders, and the whole army was saved." Being thus relieved from the care of his prisoners, Morgan could now employ the

five hundred regulars under his command in guarding the fords of the Catawba; and Gen. Greene made every possible effort to rally the militia of that region for the defence of the country, and among other measures, wrote to Col. Lock, of Rowan, a most earnest and patriotic letter. As Locke was soon after killed at Torrence's tavern, his papers fell into the hands of the enemy, and, for the gratification of such of our readers as may not see that work, we copy it from Tarlton's history.

GENERAL GREENE TO COLONEL LOCKE.

"*Beattie's Ford, January* 31, 1781.

"SIR:—The enemy are laying on the opposite side of the river, and, from every appearance, seem determined to penetrate the country. Gen. Davidson informs me he has called again and again for the people to turn out and defend their country. The inattention to his call and the backwardness of the people is unaccountable. Providence has blessed the American arms with signal success in the defeat of Tarlton, and the surprise of Georgetown, by Col. Lee with his legion. If, after these advantages, you neglect to take the field, and suffer the enemy to overrun the country, you will deserve the miseries ever inseparable from slavery. Let me conjure you, my countryman, to fly to arms, and to repair to head-quarters without loss of time, and bring with you ten days' provisions. You have everything that is dear and valuable at stake. If you will not face the approaching danger, your

country is inevitably lost. On the contrary, if you repair to arms, and confine yourselves to the duties of the field, Lord Cornwallis must be certainly ruined. The Continental army is marching with all possible despatch from the Pedee to this place; but, without your aid, their arrival will be of no consequence.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"NATH. GREENE."

"Col. Locke."

With all the efforts made it was found impracticable, on the spur of the occasion, to raise militia enough in the counties of Rowan and Mecklenburg, brave and patriotic as they were, to resist the progress of the British army. There were so many fords, some four or five within as many miles of each other, to guard all of which would have required a considerable army; the country was extensive and thinly settled, it being near forty miles between the rivers from east to west, and near a hundred from north to south; the men of that region had been much in the public service during the previous year, beginning with the defence of Charleston, and having been engaged in nearly all the battles and skirmishes afterwards, in both North and South Carolina, by which conflicts, and by exposure in a sickly climate, they had lost many of their men and several of their most valuable officers. With all these facts before us, we cannot think it strange that men enough could not be brought together, in so short a time, to withstand the progress of a veteran army, and the country must submit to the

ravages of a victorious enemy. Cornwallis, finding that there was no longer any obstruction in his way, either from high waters, or an armed force, that could not be overcome, determined to cross the river on the 1st of February, and on the 31st of January gave his orders accordingly.—(*See Appendix, Orders for January* 31, 1781.)

Although the order for the time of marching seems to have been changed two or three times, and although the last order in the book was half after two o'clock, they marched at one, and after encountering some difficulties, from the darkness of the night and the badness of the roads, they arrived at the river about the dawn of day; but we will, in the first place, give the reader Stedman's account of this affair: "That he might perplex the enemy, and draw off their attention from the real object, Lieutenant Colonel Webster, with one division of the army, was detached to a public ford, called Beattie's, with orders to cannonade, and make a feint, as if he intended to force a passage; whilst Lord Cornwallis, with the other division, marched to a private ford near McCowan's, where the passage was to be in reality attempted. The division under Lord Cornwallis marched from its encampment at one in the morning of the 1st of February, and reached the ford about dawn. The numerous fires seen on the opposite shore quickly convinced the British commander that this ford, although a private one, had not escaped the vigilance of the enemy. General Davidson, with three hundred militia, had been sent to guard it only the evening before. Nevertheless,

Lord Cornwallis determined to proceed, and the passage was gallantly and successfully effected by the brigade of guards under General O'Hara. Plunging into the rapid stream, in many places reaching above the middle, and near five hundred yards wide, they marched on with the utmost steadiness and composure; and although exposed to the fire of the enemy, reserved their own, according to their orders, until they reached the opposite bank. The passage of the river was made in the following order. The light-infantry of the guards, led by Colonel Hall, first entered the water. They were followed by the grenadiers, and the grenadiers by the battalions, the men marching by platoons to support one another against the rapidity of the stream. When the light-infantry had nearly reached the middle of the river, they were challenged by one of the enemy's sentinels. The sentinel having challenged thrice, and received no answer, immediately gave the alarm by discharging his musket; and the enemy's pickets were turned out. No sooner did the guide, who attended the light-infantry to show them the ford, hear the report of the sentinel's musket, than he turned round and left them. This, which at first seemed to portend much mischief, in the end proved a fortunate incident. Colonel Hall, being forsaken by his guide, and not knowing the true direction of the ford, led the column directly across the river, to the nearest part of the opposite bank. This direction, as it afterwards appeared, carried the British troops considerably above the place where the ford terminated on the other side,

and where the enemy's pickets were posted; so that when they delivered their fire the light-infantry were already so far advanced as to be out of the line of its direction, and it took place angularly upon the rear of the grenadiers, so as to produce no great effect. When General Davidson perceived the direction of the British column, he led his men to that part of the bank which faced it. But by the time of his arrival the light-infantry had overcome all their difficulties. They were getting out of the water and forming, and so soon as they had formed, quickly routed and dispersed Gen. Davidson's militia, killing or wounding about forty of them. Gen. Davidson was the last of the enemy who remained upon the bank, and in mounting his horse to make his escape, received a mortal wound."

On this, as on every other occasion, the great superiority of veteran and disciplined troops was manifest. Though wading through water waist deep, which was sweeping by them with a heavy current; though deserted by their guide in the most difficult part of the ford, and facing an array of rifles on the opposite bank, they pressed on and reserved their fire, according to orders, until they got where they could form and act efficiently. Before reaching the river, "Owing to the intricacy of the roads and the darkness of the morning," Tarlton says, "one of the three pounders was overset, and for some time caused a separation of the 23d regiment, the cavalry and the artillery men from the main body," the other gun was by some means detained, so that they could make no use of their artillery in crossing. "Corn-

wallis' horse was shot in the water," Stedman says, "but did not drop until he reached the bank. Gen. Leslie's horses were carried by the rapidity of the stream some distance down the river, until his groom got upon a rock and held them. O'Hara's horse rolled over with him in the water, which caused the brigadier to get thoroughly wet, but he received no other injury."

In regard to the number of killed and wounded on both sides, accounts vary. The British historians say that they killed and wounded about forty of the Americans; but this is contradicted on what we consider good authority. Gen. Graham, who was present on the occasion and took a very active part, in the latter years of his life, wrote an account of the military operations in North Carolina, during that period, which has been recently published in the University Magazine, and forms a most valuable addition to our revolutionary history. He says, "we had only four killed, including Gen. Davidson, and none wounded or taken." Tarlton and Stedman admit that they had four killed including Col. Hall, and thirty-six wounded. Gen. Graham says, "The enemy's loss as stated in the official account published in the Charleston Gazette, two months after, was Col. Hall of the guards, and another officer and twenty-nine privates, thirty-one in all, killed and thirty-five wounded. They left sixteen who were so badly wounded they could not be taken along, at Mr. Lucas', (the nearest farm,) and a surgeon under protection of a flag was left with them. Two wounded officers were carried on biers and

such of the other wounded as could not walk were hauled in wagons. Some of their dead were found down the river some distance, lodged in fish traps and in brush about the banks, on rocks, &c. An elegant beaver hat, made agreeably to the fashion of those times, marked inside, '*The property of Josiah Martin, Governor*,' was found ten miles below. It never was explained by what means his Excellency lost his hat. He was not hurt himself." As the British, when deserted by their guide before it was fully light, left the ford and took a direction which brought them to the bank two or three hundred yards further up the stream, the main body of Gen. Davidson's men could not be properly formed and ready for action until they were attacked, when a volley of musketry and a charge with the bayonet threw them into disorder and they fled in confusion. Captain, afterwards Gen. Graham's little company of some fifty men was the only one on the ground properly formed, and though sorely galled by the enemy, it covered the retreat, or, at least, gave some protection to their retreating countrymen. Whether all was done that might have been done under the circumstances to prevent the enemy from crossing, or whether there was any lack of vigilance and any neglect of preparation for defence that was practicable, we need not inquire. There was certainly no lack of patriotism and, under all the circumstances, perhaps no deficiency of courage. Gen. Davidson with the main body, was about half a mile from the ford, and when the firing was heard he hastened to the place, accompanied by Col. William Polk, and the Rev.

Thomas McCaule, who was one of the most eloquent and patriotic men of that day. Gen. Davidson was killed, not by the British, but by Frederick Hager, a German Tory, who had piloted the British across the river, as was generally believed; and he was killed in Dr. McCorcle's great coat, which, owing to some casualty, he had borrowed the day before.

As soon as the militia was dispersed, Cornwallis sent off Tarlton at the head of the dragoons and the 23d regiment, to attack the rear of the Americans, at Beattie's ford, if they were making any resistance to Webster; but an advanced party soon brought in two or three prisoners who informed Tarleton that the guards at the different fords had left, and were making a precipitate retreat. His orders were, first to disperse the militia at Beattie's, if necessary, and then to patrol the country for the purpose of getting information. On learning that the men had all fled he turned his course eastward; but the infantry were so impeded by the rain and bad roads that he left them posted five or six miles from Beattie's and pursued with the dragoons. When the men who retreated from Beattie's, and some from Cowan's, with many others and some South Carolina refugees, arrived at Torrence's tavern, being wet, cold and hungry, they halted and began to drink spirits very freely, carrying it out in pailfuls. A number of Whig families, who were flying with their most valuable effects in their wagons, had also collected there and all was confusion. The wagons and movers were in the lane, and the men were all in disorder when the alarm was given, "*Tarleton is*

*coming*." In this emergency the men attempted to put themselves in an attitude of defence; but before they were properly formed in line, Tarleton charged them with his dragoons and they fled in every direction. Ten were killed, several of whom were old men unarmed, and a few were wounded. Tarleton, as he does with everything in which he was concerned, reported this as a very important affair. He says, "he found them prepared to receive him, but he resolved to hazard one charge; and when he gave the order to advance, he told them to *remember the Cowpens*. Animated by this reproach, they made a furious onset, broke through the centre with irresistible velocity, killed near fifty on the spot, wounded many in the pursuit and dispersed about five hundred;" but Stedman, a much more reliable authority, says, "A British officer who rode over the ground not long after the action, relates that he did not see ten dead bodies of the provincials in the whole." In this skirmish, Tarleton admits that seven of his men were killed and wounded, and that twenty horses fell by the first fire of the Americans. After pursuing a short distance the dragoons returned and made great destruction of the property in the wagons of the movers, ripping up beds and strewing the feathers until the lane was covered with them, and everything else they could destroy was used in the same manner.

The Whigs were now so dispirited and scattered that they made no further attempt to resist the progress of the British. The men under Morgan retreated with as much haste as possible towards

the Yadkin, and Cornwallis prepared for an eager pursuit. Having dried themselves and cooked their breakfasts, buried their dead and made arrangements for their wounded, the main body under Cornwallis moved up towards the road leading from Beattie's ford, and Webster having crossed there in the course of the day, joined them in the evening. Tarleton also returned with his corps and it again formed a unit at the cross roads, where they encamped. They burned Torrence's house and the houses of some other prominent Whigs in that region; but these were outrages perpetrated by a licentious soldiery, and for the manner in which they were regarded by his lordship, the reader is referred to the order book. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 1, 2, 3, 1781.)

Morgan kept his distance, and again made a most fortunate escape. He reached the trading ford on the Yadkin in the night, between the second and third of February, and with the assistance of all the boats that could be collected, completed the passage of his corps with their baggage by the following evening, except only a few wagons left under an escort of riflemen. The riflemen, after a slight resistance, fled under cover of the night, and their wagons were of course taken.

The American cavalry had passed by the ford of the river, but a heavy rain that fell during the day rendered the river impassable by the next morning; the same rain, by swelling the creeks and increasing the badness of the roads, had also retarded *General O'Hara* on his march, and thus Morgan's detach-

ment from fortunate incidents, had another hair-breadth escape."

On the 3d of February, the day on which Morgan crossed the river, Cornwallis reached Salisbury, where Tarleton says, "some emissaries informed him that Gen. Morgan was at the Trading Ford, but had not passed the river: Brigadier-General O'Hara was directed to march to that place, with the guards, the regiment of Bose, and the cavalry. Owing to rain, darkness, and bad roads, the troops did not arrive at the Yadkin till near midnight. After a skirmish, it was discovered that Morgan's corps had crossed in the evening, leaving a detachment of riflemen to protect some wagons and stores belonging to country people, who were flying with their effects, to avoid the British army. Gen. O'Hara, having made a fruitless effort to get possession of the flats and large boats upon the river, took post with the infantry on the ground which commanded the ford and the ferry, and sent back the cavalry to Salisbury. A heavy rain swelled the Yadkin the succeeding day and night, and General Morgan remained on the eastern bank, facing the British."

The old hero of the Cowpens must have felt a peculiar pleasure, when standing on the eastern bank of the Yadkin, then swollen into a mighty river, he could look in defiance at his disappointed enemies on the other side, and feel secure while an impassable flood of waters was rolling between them. The riflemen crossed at another place and rejoined their comrades. It has been said, that a

few cannon shot were fired at a log cabin on the eastern side, in which the General was writing, but they neither stopped his pen nor disturbed his equanimity. The boats were all secured on the eastern side, and the impatient earl was compelled to wait for the falling of the river.

Gen. Greene's army, or fragment of an army, had encamped about a mile from the court-house, to the east or north-east, and he lodged in the house of Mrs. Steel, where he was kindly entertained; and while there, with a generosity which will cause her name to be remembered with honor for generations to come, she presented him with a purse of gold, which was a considerable relief in his necessitous circumstances; but the effect on his spirits was worth ten times as much as the commercial value of the coin. The British army encamped, if I am not mistaken, from the 3d to the 6th of February, within two or three hundred yards of the court-house, but more to the north; during which time, Lossing says, "the officers were hospitably entertained by Dr. Anthony Newman, notwithstanding he was a Whig. There, in the presence of Tarleton and others, Dr. Newman's two little sons were engaged in playing the game of the battle of the Cowpens with grains of corn, a red grain representing the British officers, and a white one, the Americans. Washington and Tarleton were particularly represented, and as one pursued the other, as in a real battle, the little fellows shouted, hurrah for Washington, Tarleton runs! Hurrah for Washington! Tarleton looked on for awhile, but becoming

irritated, he exclaimed, "See the cursed little rebels."

During their stay in Salisbury, nothing occurred worthy of notice, except the depredations committed on the property of the citizens by the soldiers, and by the negroes who, having fled from their masters to the British army, at different points along the route, were accompanying it on the march, and many of them with arms in their hands, as we learn from the Order Book. The orders appear to have been issued at the river by Gen. O'Hara, and in Salisbury by Lord Cornwallis."—(*See Appendix, Orders for February* 4, 5, 6, 1781.)

In the order, which was issued on the night of the 6th for the morning of the 7th, even the place of encampment is not mentioned, and everything betokens the utmost haste and vigilance. On the 7th, the day after leaving Salisbury, they crossed the Yadkin at the Shallow Ford, and probably took up their encampment near the river; but from this time until they reached the Roanoke, the place of his lordship's head-quarters is not more than once or twice mentioned in the Order Book.—(*See Appendix, Orders for February* 7, 8, 1781.)

From the disposition of the inhabitants for some distance on the east side of the river, and from their industrious habits, the British expected a friendly reception and an ample supply of their wants; nor were they much disappointed; but they were not altogether unmolested; for Captain Graham, with his little troop, killed and captured seven of their men not far from the river.

They were now in the midst of the Moravian territory, where they neither feared an enemy, nor "lacked any good thing;" but for the manner in which they fared among this humane and inoffensive people, we refer to Tarleton, who says, "The mild and hospitable disposition of the inhabitants, being assisted by the well cultivated and fruitful plantations in their possession, afforded abundant and seasonable supplies to the king's troops during their passage through this district;" but he does not tell us how these supplies were obtained; whether by purchase and the consent of the owners, or by force of arms and to the great distress of these industrious and excellent people.

During the war of Independence, the Moravians felt themselves peculiarly situated, and endeavored to act with the caution which their circumstances seemed to require. They were as much of a unit as a community scattered over the whole world could be—A UNITAS FRATRUM; and most of their real estate is held in common. They had societies in England and in most parts of Europe. Only a small part of the fraternity were in this country, and if they took part, and we failed to gain our independence, they feared that their possessions would be forfeited. As a community, therefore, they thought it most prudent to wait the issue, and take no active part with either. Moreover, as a community, they were then, *bona fide*, opposed to all war and bloodshed; but their views on this subject are now so much modified, that while they are still, like most other Christians, opposed to

any other wars than such as are properly defensive, they would turn out for the defence of the country, should it be necessary, with as much promptness and resolution as any other class of citizens.

But notwithstanding their purpose, as a community, to take no active part, and to which they seem to have adhered with much consistency, as individuals they had their preferences, and their feelings on the subject of American independence, were not entertained altogether in silence. In some of the towns, they were rather in favor of the British; and in Salem, owing to the influence of Marshall, their head man, they were generally so; but in Bethany, now called Hoozertown, or with the German orthography, *Hausertown*, they were almost to a man, in favor of independence. They had suffered much from the depredations of the Tories in the surrounding country, which only increased their American feeling, but their sentiments were no doubt known to Cornwallis, which caused them to be treated with more rudeness by officers and men.

Leaving Lindsey's on the morning of the 9th, the British directed their course to Hoozertown, where they arrived about noon, and remained till next morning. The officers took possession of the houses, and in their revelry, treated the inoffensive inhabitants with a great deal of roughness.

As there was a considerable quantity of spirits in the village, and several distilleries in the immediate vicinity, while there was no American force within

reach that could give them any uneasiness, nearly the whole of them, officers and soldiers alike, got so royally drunk, that five hundred sober and resolute men could have taken the whole without any difficulty. The encampment was a little out of the village, but while the principal officers were there enjoying themselves, the soldiers and subalterns took the liberty to come in for spirits, and they all got happy together, except, perhaps, his lordship, who kept sober enough to observe what was going on. This incident, which was related to me, only a few years ago, by some of the good people in Salem, is still fresh in the traditions of that community, and it seems to be confirmed by the next general order. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 9, 1781.)

The following anecdote, which was related to me, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, by a citizen of Salem, is not only amusing, but illustrative of the treatment which the people of the country received from the British soldiery. Heavy exactions were made on all the Moravian towns, but the citizens of Hoozertown fared worse than the others—partly because they were known to be in favor of independence, and partly because the officers, as well as the soldiers, were "in their cups," and therefore more reckless in their conduct.

It was determined to make all the men in the village drink the health of King George; and his lordship, if he had anything more in view than amusement, probably thought, that if he did not get them in this way fairly committed, he would at least

mortify their feelings, and thus punish them a little for their rebellious spirit. So, having got the leading ones together, he, or one of his officers, holding a bottle in his hand, told them that they must all drink the health of King George; and he began with old Hoozer, who was a leading character among them. Having no good will to the king, and not wishing to act hypocritically, when the bottle was presented, he refused; but the officer told him that if he did not he would run his sword through him. This was placing the honest old Dutchman in a predicament which he did not expect, and for which he was not prepared. As the only alternative was death or compliance, he reached out his hand very reluctantly for the bottle, and, as he drew it slowly towards his mouth, said, "Vell den, here is to de helt of King Chorge." Then putting the bottle to his mouth, and letting it gurgle a little, but taking care not to swallow any of its contents, he handed it back; but as he did so, he turned his head over the other shoulder, and said to his friends, though in a voice which was heard by them alone, "And tam him, he is nutting de better for dat." Encouraged by his example, the rest all drank the health of King George in the same way, and all felt, no doubt, when it was done, that he was "nothing the better for that." His lordship, unconscious, we suppose, of the trick that had been played upon him, or upon his master at home, gave orders at night for leaving next morning. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 9, 1781.)

The next day he passed through Salem, where

he, with the principal officers, remained only two or three hours, and where his demands were less oppressive; but the citizens were much annoyed by the soldiery while passing through the town. In 1854, I applied to Mr. Schweinitz, Clerk of the Society in Salem, for any facts contained in their records relative to the march of the British army through their settlements; and, with much promptness and courtesy, he sent me the following communication, for which he has my sincere acknowledgments:

"SALEM, N. C., *June 8th*, 1854.

"REV. E. W. CARUTHERS,

*Dear Sir*:—I have examined the old papers in the archives, and extracted the following facts, which, although of no great importance, may prove of use to you:

"No allusion to the story of the cook of the Brethren's house* is to be found in any of the narratives.

*A number of years ago, a citizen of Salem told me, that the principal cook of the Brethren's house was such an inveterate Whig, that neither threats nor persuasion could prevail on him to prepare anything for Cornwallis and his staff to eat. Marshall, the head man of the town, used his influence, but in vain. The officers tried coaxing him, but he told them to go home, and stay there, and not be coming here to kill our people, destroy our property, and make us slaves to King George. They then threatened, in an angry tone, to cut him down with their swords; but not one bite would the dogged old Dutchman get for them. In 1854, I asked Mr. Schweinitz about this incident, and to that he alludes in the above letter.

"1781, February 5, 6 and 7. Militia-men, in small parties and in whole companies, passed through Salem.

"February 8th. News was brought to Salem that Lord Cornwallis, with his army, had crossed the Yadkin at the Shallow Ford.

"February 9th. Lord Cornwallis arrived at Bethany (Hausertown), with the whole British army, about noon, and encamped.

"The houses were filled with British officers and their servants. Three hundred pounds of bread, one hundred gallons of whiskey, and all the flour to be found, were taken by the enemy. Sixty head of cattle, not to number sheep and poultry, were likewise seized upon. Twenty horses were demanded, but could not be found in the village. Violent threats of many of the officers greatly alarmed the inhabitants, and universal consternation pervaded the village.

"February 10th. About 7 A. M., the enemy commenced to leave Bethany. The Colonel of artillery took seventeen horses, instead of the twenty demanded. The British passed through Bethabara (Old Town), and about 10, A. M., their dragoons entered Salem, followed by the main body of the army, which continued to pass through the town till 4, P. M. Lord Cornwallis and staff remained about one hour in the town. After the main body of the troops had left Salem, stragglers committed many acts of theft and robbery in various parts of the town. The Brethren's house lost nine oxen; and from Bethabara, eighteen of their largest oxen had

to be delivered to the British. The wagon belonging to the Brethren's house had to convey two loads of flour from the mill to the British camp at Frederick Miller's, about four miles from Salem. The camp extended from Miller's to Love's, about two and a half miles. The inhabitants of the Broad-bay settlement were greatly molested by straggling parties of the enemy, and were forced to surrender nearly all their cattle and fodder to their foraging parties. Fred. Marshall was in Salem at this time, having returned from Europe in 1780.

"In haste,

"Yours truly,

"E. A. SCHWEINITZ."

From the Trading Ford, Gen. Greene, having only a few men with him, and not much encumbered with baggage, took the road which was then commonly travelled from that place to Martinville, where he had directed Gen. Huger to meet him with the main body of the army. The course was the most direct, but the road was a very bad one. It was never much used after the war, but traces of it may still be seen. Crossing the road which now leads from Lexington to Salisbury, about four miles from the former place, in what is still called the Forohawk Old Field, though now in cultivation, it went by a place called Possumtown, and crossed the road now leading from Greensboro' to Salem, about a mile west of New Garden Meeting-House. Any one who has ever travelled through that part of the country, especially in the winter season, and was

wide awake at the time, knows that it must then have been almost impassable, and that, with a heavy train of baggage, prudence would have dictated another route.

The winter was not one of unusual cold. The one previous had been of unheard of severity, and so intense was the cold, that wagons and teams crossed the Yadkin on the ice, a thing unknown in this country before or since, until this present time, when they are crossing again, (January, 1856;) but the winter in which the British passed through the State was comparatively a mild one. There were frequent and heavy rains, and it generally cleared off with a "north-wester," which froze the top of the ground for two or three days, and thus, all the time, the roads were in a desperate condition. When the ground was frozen, they were exceedingly rough, and when they were thawed, the mud was so deep that they were almost impassable, either for infantry, or for artillery and baggage.

When he came to Abbott's Creek Meeting-House, he halted two or three days to rest his troops, or, perhaps to wait for further developments. He made his head-quarters at the house of Col. Spurgen, who was in good circumstances, and lived about a mile from the church. He was a Tory Colonel, one of those commissioned by Gov. Martin, about the beginning of 1776, and had taken quite an active part in favor of the royal cause. Of course, he was not at home to receive his guest, and "treat him to the best he had;" but his wife, Mary Spurgen, was as true a Whig as her husband was a Tory, and,

like Mrs. Steel, in Salisbury, she showed him all the kindness, and gave him all the encouragement in her power. On arriving there, the first thing he did, was to select his ground for a battle, should it become necessary. It was a very eligible position, elevated, covered with a dense growth of large hickories, most of which are yet standing, and ample enough for all the evolutions that might be necessary, while he would have the buildings to protect him in case of emergency. As this locality was near the house, he told Mrs. Spurgen, that, if Cornwallis should overtake him, and compel him to fight, she must go into the cellar with her children, and remain there until the conflict was over; but fortunately for her and for all concerned, the foe was still prevented from advancing by a higher power. Not having heard a word, however, of Cornwallis, or of his movements, since he left the Trading Ford, he felt very anxious to know whether he would cross there, as soon as the river became fordable, and pursue him, or remain on that side for the purpose of bringing the country into subjection, or cross higher up, with the view of getting between him and Virginia.

In such circumstances, a man of his patriotism and indomitable energy of character, could not rest. There was too much at stake, and he was of too noble a spirit to remain long inactive or in a state of suspense, while danger of the most alarming kind was so near. Having no other means of information, and knowing Mrs. Spurgen's patriotic spirit, he asked her if she knew of any one in whom

he could put confidence, as he wished to send such a one back to the river, for the purpose of procuring some information respecting the movements of Cornwallis. She told him yes, he could put confidence in her son John. Feeling encouraged by this answer, and, at the same time, like a prudent man, fully awake to the perils that beset him, he repeated the question, and with a great deal of earnestness:

"Are you sure, Madam, that I can put confidence in John?"

"Yes, sir," was her prompt and womanly reply. "Yes, sir, you can put confidence in John, if he will consent to go, and I think he will."

That was enough; and John was called. General Greene then told him what he wanted,—that he wished him to take his own horse and go back to the Trading Ford to see if he could find out anything about the movements of the British, and if he saw nothing of them there, to go up the river for a number of miles. He promptly consented, and set off at once. He rode a fine horse, and with proper vigilance, had not much to dread. On going to the river, he could neither see nor hear anything of them; but, in obedience to orders, he went up a number of miles without any better success. He then returned and told Gen. Greene how far he had gone, but without obtaining the least information. Greene told him he must go again, for he must have the information, and he must have it soon; and, if he saw nothing of them, to continue up the river to the Shallow Ford. Young Spurgen set out again,

and on reaching the Shallow Ford, some thirty miles, more or less, from home, he found they were crossing. Then returning as fast as his horse could carry him, he reported that they were crossing at that ford. Instantly, Gen. Greene ordered his horse, and was off for Martinville, where he arrived on the evening of the 7th, and found Gen. Huger there, who had just arrived with the main body of the army. By this time, the designs of Cornwallis were manifest and Greene's situation admitted of no delay; but perhaps we ought to observe how much service the wife and the son of a Tory Colonel, though a mere lad at the time, rendered at this critical juncture of affairs.

The army was encamped on the hills around Martinville, but chiefly on the west side, where the battle was afterwards fought. Greene remained here between two and three days, resting his troops after their long and severe march from the Pedee, and in procuring the necessary supplies of provisions. When walking out on the west side of the village in company with Gen. Hamilton, and one or two other citizens, he remarked, that there was the ground on which he wished to give Cornwallis battle, provided he could be sufficiently re-enforced; and he seems never to have lost sight of that as the destined scene of conflict. Did he make this selection because it was in a plentiful country and in a strong Whig neighborhood, or because it offered more conveniences for retreat, if that should be necessary? Was it from some indefinable impression on his own mind, or did his military genius

perceive in it some local advantages which escape the notice of ordinary men? At all events, the selection is generally believed to have been a good one; and from his subsequent movements, it seems to have been his constant aim, as he gained strength, to draw his enemy to that point, but as Cornwallis was not more than twenty-five miles, if so much, behind him, and in hot pursuit, retreat was the order of the day; and from this time until he got into Virginia, where he could feel safe, all his powers, physical and mental, were taxed to the very utmost.

This retreat was one of the most memorable on record, and we contemplate all the movements with a peculiar interest. Gen. Greene had only two thousand men, of whom five or six hundred were militia. Cornwallis had between twenty-five hundred and three thousand veteran troops who, compared with those of the Americans, were well fed, clothed and equipped. Morgan's corps had just marched from the Cowpens, one hundred and fifty miles; and the main body under Gen. Huger, had marched from the Pedee, a hundred miles, over a desperate road, sometimes wading through mud, and sometimes crippling over frozen ground with feet so bare that their footsteps, it is said, were often marked with their blood. Such patient endurance and such patriotic firmness, in circumstances so trying, are without a parallel in history.

In Martinville a council of war was held in which it was determined not to risk a battle with their inferiority of numbers, but to get over the Dan, if

possible, where they would be safe for the present, and where they expected a reinforcement. Gen. Greene then formed a select corps, consisting of Lee's legion, the regular battalion of infantry under Col. Howard, the cavalry under Col. Washington, and a small corps of Virginia rifleman under Major Campbell, in all about seven hundred, the flower of the southern army. It was designed to manœuvre in front of the British, and retard their progess as much as possible. The command of it was offered to Gen. Morgan; but he was so worn down with fatigue, and so afflicted with rheumatism that he declined the honor, and it was given to Col. Otho H. Williams, of Maryland. Such a corps, under officers so vigilant and enterprising, could make a very effective resistance. On it depended the safety of the whole army, and nobly did they meet their responsibilities. Every man seems to have exerted himself to the utmost; and Williams, if he had done nothing more, would have immortalized his name by this retreat.

On the morning of the 10th, Williams took command of his corps; and the whole army took up the line of march for Erving's Ferry on the Dan, over seventy miles distant. Tarleton says that, "Gen. Greene removed the stores and heavy baggage into Virginia, under an escort of militia, and hastened with the remainder of his troops to the Dan." While Cornwallis "proceeded towards the head of Haw river, wishing to intercept the Americans and bring them to action south of the Roanoke." He seems to have felt convinced that, if he failed in this enter-

prise he might ultimately be compelled to leave the State, and perhaps have to give up the whole South; but if he succeeded, the British authority would be re-established; for if the southern army, then under Gen. Greene, could be defeated and dispersed, like that of Gates at Cambden, the confidence of the public would be so much impaired and the sources of the country so much exhausted that another could not be raised sufficient to make any effective resistance. For some distance the two armies moved on lines nearly parallel; but any one acquainted with that region and with the roads through it, will see that this could not have continued more than two days, march, if so much. Gen. Greene, we believe, took the Flat rock road, and the British army, the Danville road. On the night of the 10th, Cornwallis had his head-quarters at Fred. Miller's, four and a half miles from Salem, while the encampment, Mr. Schweinitz says, extended to Love's, two and a half miles further, which would make the front about seven miles from Salem; and his orders, from this onward show an impatience of delay. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 10, 1781.)

On the night of the 11th they encamped, according to tradition, near the place where Sanders' Mill now stands, and the next night they were at Bruce's, which was a short day's march; but they were detained for some time in the morning by repairing the bridge over the creek, which the Whigs had broken down; and again, in the afternoon, by burying their dead who had been killed in the skirmish with Col. Lee, about one o'clock.

During this day, the 12th, a skirmish took place near Bruce's Cross Roads, between the corps of Lee and Tarleton. Bruce then lived about half a mile south from the Cross Roads which still bear his name, and was a farmer in good circumstances. Lee had stopped there about noon for breakfast, and when the much needed repast was about ready, Isaac Wright, a countryman, came in, much excited, and told them that he had seen a number of the British dragoons not more than two or three miles up the road. Without waiting to break their fast, though in great need of it, Lee sent off a small detachment under Capt. Armstrong, one of his most resolute and efficient officers, to ascertain the truth of the report, and made Wright go along; but as he objected, because he was on a little, slow-gaited pony, he was allowed to exchange with the bugler, who rode a very fine horse, and who went with the party, from an apprehension that, by some trick or accident, he might lose his horse. Having gone about the distance at which Wright stated that he had seen them, Armstrong refused to go any further, accused the informant of making a false report, and threatened him with the consequences; but he assured them, that although he might be a little mistaken in the distance, as he was frightened at the time, he had not deceived them, and if they would go a little further, he would convince them of the fact. The bugler and two others agreed to the proposal; but they had not gone over a quarter of a mile until the report was verified. A squad of dragoons had halted at the side of the road, apparently to rest,

and, owing to a hollow or a turn in the road, they were not seen by the scout until they were close upon them, when the retreat and the pursuit instantly commenced. The other two had nothing to fear, but the bugler on his pony was soon overtaken and literally cut to pieces, amidst curses and imprecations, while begging for quarters. This inhuman butchery was committed in a clump of large oaks, yet standing, or were a few years ago, not over two hundred yards from the house in which the Rev. Henry Tatum now lives; but before they had quite finished their victim, Capt. Armstrong came up with the detachment under his command, and a severe skirmish ensued; seven of the enemy were killed, while the Americans lost none except the bugler, who was a mere boy, about eighteen. He was taken back and buried on Bruce's plantation. While Armstrong was thus disposing of his enemies, Tarleton with his whole corps, having heard the firing, was seen approaching at full speed, and they were obliged to retreat with precipitation. Probably anticipating the result, Lee, with his cavalry, had taken post at a favorable place near the road, where he was concealed and ready to act as circumstances might require. When Armstrong came dashing by with a large number of Tarleton's corps, under Capt. Miller, in hot pursuit, he rushed into the road and made such a fierce attack upon them, that he completely broke their ranks and killed a number of them. Capt. Miller, whom Lee held responsible for the murder of his bugler, was taken prisoner, and would have been

hung on the spot, but just at that moment the whole British van came in sight, and Lee sent him off to Gen. Greene as a prisoner of war. In this skirmish, Lossing says, eighteen were killed—meaning, I presume, eighteen in all; but the Americans lost none except the bugler. Cornwallis came along an hour after, and buried his dead.

When the party returned, Bruce sent off his wife and children under the care of his trusty old servant, Jack, to his father's, on Hogan's creek, and he himself went along with Col. Lee. The British army, or a portion of it, probably the van-guard under Gen. O'Hara, encamped on the premises that night, and left them next morning a scene of desolation. They took all the provisions, grain, and forage they could find, burned the fences with all the out-buildings and were about to apply the torch to the dwelling-house when John and Richard Robinson, two Quakers, who lived in the neighborhood and were great friends to Mr. Bruce, came over just at the moment and persuaded them not to do it. The Quakers, then, went whenever they pleased and without fear, into the camp of either enemy; and on this occasion they were the means of exerting a kindly influence on a ruthless soldiery, and of preventing the wanton destruction of property which might injure or distress the inoffensive, but could be of no benefit to them.

When Mrs. Bruce got to the house of her father-in-law, on Hogan's creek, about seven miles, where she arrived late in the evening, her good old servant, Jack, told her he would go back and see

what they were doing with his master's property. She tried to dissuade him, and told him that they would catch him and hang him, or carry him away; but he said, "Oh no, no—no catcha he, no catcha he;" and he went back as fast as he could. His complexion corresponded so well with the darkness of the night, that he was enabled to crawl, unseen, all round their camp, and to approach within a few steps of their fires, where he could hear and see all he wanted. Having done so he returned and made a true report of what was doing, but it was not very grateful to her feelings.

In identifying the place where the bugler was killed and where Lee had the skirmish with the British dragoons, I have followed what appears to have been the uniform tradition of the neighborhood, and have fixed the date accordingly. The Rev. Henry Tatum, now a man of very advanced age, married a daughter of Mr. Bruce, and has lived nearly all his life where he now lives, on the very ground which was the scene of conflict. A few years ago, both he and his old lady had a distinct recollection of all these things as they had often heard them from her father and other old people in that region. Their opportunities of knowing had been good, and their character for truth was above suspicion.

In the course of the day on which the bugler was killed, Lee had another encounter or sudden surprise, of which Lossing gives the following account: "Lee's troops had been deprived of their morning meal, which was half cooked when the countryman

gave the alarm. By taking a road shorter and more secluded than the one passed by Williams, he hoped to gain time to dine at a well-stocked farm. He did not apprehend a surprise, for the road was only a by-way. He stationed a few videttes, however, to watch, and well he did. Just as the horses were about to partake of their provender, and the soldiers of corn-bread and bacon, the videttes fired an alarm and came dashing towards the main body. Battle or flight was the alternative. Before them was a swollen stream, spanned by a single bridge; to gain and hold this was an object of vital importance to Lee. His infantry were ordered to run and take possession of it, while the cavalry prepared to cover a retreat. The van of the British were surprised at this meeting, not being aware of the proximity of their foe, and while halting to receive orders, Lee's troops had an opportunity to pass the bridge.

Where this bridge was, and over what stream, I have not been able to ascertain. There was then, and for several years after, a private bridge over Haw river, a few miles below the Danville road, and probably this was the one; or it might have been on the Troublesome creek, but that was rather too far distant. The British quickly pursued, but the Americans, having the strongest and fleetest horses, outstripped their pursuers and were soon in the great road leading to Erving's Ferry.

Tarleton says that, "on the road many skirmishes took place between the British and the American light troops;" and it is said by others that they seldom shot at each other except across a turn in

the road or when crossing a stream of water, though they were often in sight and sometimes within rifle shot. Occasionally, however, when the British were pressing too closely on them, they found it necessary to skirmish a little; and in such cases, as Williams, was on the retreat, he could generally select his own ground. On one occasion of this kind, according to favorable tradition, having drawn up the whole of his men in a position, he made show of fight, and appeared very determined on making a stout resistance. The British, thinking they had not force enough to encounter him, sent back for two pieces of artillery and a reinforcement of men. In the corps of Williams was a singular genius, by the name of Tom Archer, from the north-west corner of Guilford county, who, with some others, had probably joined them at Martinville, for the occasion. He was not remarkable for strength of intellect, but had some other qualities which admirably fitted him for the ever varying scenes of that arduous and perilous march. Rather above the medium height and well proportioned, bony, muscular and vigorous, he was always in his place and always ready for service. Though constantly on fatigue and exposed every hour to the most imminent dangers, he never complained or became discouraged. Frank and open hearted, with a good share of ready wit, and a good flow of spirits, he was the life of his comrades, and contributed not a little to their patient endurance of the toils and perils of the march. Inflexible in his purpose, when he thought he was right, and enthusiastic in the cause of freedom, rough in his manners, blunt

in his language and never caring whether he "murdered the king's English," and made "Irish bulls," all the time or not, he was ever ready to be on the "forlorn hope," or take his turn at any kind of service. If to the above characteristics we add a great catfish mouth, a big stentorian voice, and a bushy head of hair that would hardly thank you for a hat, you have Tom Archer before you as large as life; and probably the reader will think with the writer that, in some situations at least, such a man would be a very desirable friend; but, at all times, a most undesirable enemy; or in other words, that he would, if not wronged or provoked in any way, be as clever a fellow as could be found in his sphere of life, ready to divide his last ration with a comrade or risk his life for a friend, but would "fight his weight in wild cats" before he would suffer any man or any set of men to trample on his rights. Hunting had been his delight from the time he was old enough to "draw a bead;" and, with his fine rifle, which he always carried and always kept in good order, he hardly ever missed his aim at any distance within two hundred yards.

When the artillery was brought up to its position in the road, Archer stepped out into the middle of the road, directly in front of the guns, and hailed them at the top of his big, strong voice, "Hallo, there—Mister, I wish you would take that ugly thing out of the road, or it may cause some trouble yet before all is over;" and then turning his head over his shoulder, said, to an officer standing by, "Captain,

may I shoot that cussed rascal? for he has no business there, no how."

"No," said the captain, "not yet—wait till they are ready to apply the match; for we want to detain them as long as we can."

The enemy, of course, if they heard him at all, paid no attention, as they would take him for a drunken fool or some crack-brained mortal; but while the preparations were making—Williams bringing up and marshalling his men, and the British doing the same—Archer stepped to the side of the road and stood there leaning against a tree, resting his gun with the butt on the ground, and in perfect silence, as if in a "brown study," or anticipating the pleasure of the feat which he expected to perform, and keeping his eye steadily fixed on that "ugly thing," in the road. He had full confidence both in the gun and in himself; and having now a good opportunity as he thought, he was anxious to make another trial. Fear, was a word which had no place in his vocabulary, and he was probably never more composed in his life, but waited for leave to shoot, with as much impatience as he ever waited for a fine buck to come along when pursued by the hounds. The time was short—a very few minutes; and when he thought they were nearly ready to apply the match, he stepped out into the middle of the road and hailed them again. "Hallo, there—Mister, I say you had better take that thing out of the road, or I'll be hanged if I don't shoot some of you." Then turning to the officer, said as before, "Captain, may I shoot that

cussed rascal now; for tellin' don't do him one bit o' good?"

"Yes," said the captain, "and as quick as you can, for we have no time to lose."

Having got permission, he clapped his rifle up against the side of the tree and taking sure aim with the quickness of an experienced hunter, and at the distance of about two hundred yards, when the gun cracked, a "red coat" fell. Then vaulting into the saddle, they all dashed off at full speed; and being favored by a hollow or a turn in the road, they had just time to get beyond the reach of the grape shot before the "big gun," was fired. By this manœuvring on the part of Williams the enemy were probably detained an hour or two, which was no small advantage to the retreating army.

The above anecdote I had, some years ago, from what I consider good authority, and the character of Archer is well known in this community. There are many yet living who, when they were young, were well acquainted with him and they all, when asked, gave me the same account. One old gentleman replied to my inquiry with a laugh, that he had just sense enough to be "fool hardy;" but then he went on to give me his character more seriously, which agreed perfectly with that given by many others. He had considerable military spirit and got some office, that of captain, or one of lower grade; but it was found that, with a courage that feared nothing, he lacked discretion.

For the last two or three days, we find some difficulty in determining their route, and their daily

stages. Tradition is very much at fault, and the Order Book gives no satisfaction, except in regard to dates. The orders are exceedingly brief, and specify only the hour when they should move in the morning, and the relative position of the different corps while on their march. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 12, 13, 14, 1781.)

Historians differ in regard to the day of the month on which the American army crossed the Dan. The British historians, Tarleton and Stedman, say that the whole army crossed on the 14th; the latter of whom gives the following account:—"The American troops, both the main and the light army, with the baggage, instead of meeting with any difficulty, were passed over with ease, at Boyd's and Erving's Ferries, in the course of a single day—the fourteenth of February. The light army, which was the last in crossing, was so closely pursued, that scarcely had its rear landed, when the British advance appeared on the opposite bank, and in the last twenty-four hours it is said to have marched forty miles." Ramsay says simply, that the army crossed on the fourteenth; but most other historians of this country say, that the main body crossed on the thirteenth and the light troops the next evening. As the Order Book was kept from day to day, we suppose that the dates in it are correct, and must settle the question. With the aid of tradition, and the Order Book before us, we think their progress may now be traced with tolerable accuracy; and for this purpose, let us take a bird's-eye view of it for the last five days.

On the night of the 10th, their encampment was at Miller's, four or five miles from Salem. On the 11th, it was about where Sanders' mill now stands, and on the 12th, it was at Bruce's. On the 13th, at the Speedwell Iron Works, and on the 14th, at Locust Hill. From Martinville, General Greene, it seems, went north a few miles, and took the Flat Rock road, which would take him into the road by the High Rock, about Lenox's Castle. I am told that he camped one night on Lick Fork Creek, where he expected to be overtaken, and in the morning drew up his army for battle, on the high ground near the creek; but the enemy did not appear. Cornwallis, with the view of keeping between Greene and Virginia, as far as he could, took the road by what is now known as Lawson's Store and Bethany Church, near which there was some skirmishing between the British advance and the American light troops under Williams.

For the sake of comfort, we suppose, his lordship went across, about a mile, to Mrs. Dumitt's (since Brown's Store, and now Locust Hill), on the High Rock road, while the army were encamped on the high ground, about a mile, or perhaps a little more, to the north-east, and near the junction of the two roads. From this place, I am told, it is about twenty-five miles to Erving's ferry, and at dark, on the evening of the 15th, the British van arrived at Boyd's, a few miles above. About noon of that day, or a little after, a courier arrived, with a letter from General Greene to Colonel Williams, informing him that he had passed the Dan on the preceding day—

the 14th, as we suppose—at three in the afternoon. The race had been long and the pursuit close; the last night was dark, cold and drizzly. As the British were close in their rear, and pressed on until in the night, Lee and Williams were obliged to do the same. About eight o'clock at night, they were alarmed by the appearance of camp fires a mile ahead; for, as they were ignorant of Greene's whereabouts, they supposed that it was his camp, and that he must be overtaken by the British; but they found, on approaching, that they were the fires of Greene's camp two nights before, and had been kept burning by the people of the neighborhood. With their fears and anxieties thus relieved, they continued their march until they were assured that the enemy had halted for the night, when they halted too, kindled their fires, and slept for three or four hours. Before the day dawned, their pursuers were again in motion; and, notwithstanding their weariness, and the desperate condition of the roads, both armies pressed on—as that was the last day, and everything was at stake—allowing only one hour, in the fore-part of the day, for a scanty meal. But when a courier arrived at noon, "his horse all reeking with sweat," and bringing the glad tidings that the army had got safely over the Dan, a shout of joy went up from that noble band of patriots, which was heard, it is said, by O'Hara, and was regarded by Cornwallis as ominous; but still he pressed forward. At three o'clock, Williams filed off towards Boyd's ferry, fourteen miles distant, and left Lee to manœuvre in front of the enemy. Williams reached

the ferry before sunset, and at dark had his men all landed on the other side. When about the place now known as the Red House, Lee sent his infantry on in advance, and moving off with his cavalry in the twilight, he pushed for the river, and finding, on his arrival, that the infantry had just crossed in boats, they turned their horses into the stream, and the men, in batteaux, were soon all landed in safety on the Virginia side. At Colonel Carrington's they found ample refreshment, and before midnight, they were wrapped in

"Balmy sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer!"

To expedite his march on the last day as much as possible, according to his last order, Cornwallis disencumbered himself of everything he could, by leaving behind him, on the morning of the fifteenth, most of his baggage, and all the women, children, and men who were unfit for such a march; but, notwithstanding, he met with a sad disappointment.

We consider it then, a settled matter, that the main body under Gen. Greene, crossed the Dan on the 14th, and the light corps under Col. Williams, on the 15th; for, according to the Order Book of Cornwallis, it was certainly on the evening of the 15th, that the British van arrived at Boyd's Ferry, and when they came in sight, the last of the light corps under Williams had just landed on the north side; nor is it less certain that Gen. Greene had crossed at Erving's Ferry the day before. As it was such a memorable event, the precise date is a matter of some interest, though not of very great

importance; and in this case, we regard the British authority as the best we have; for, as it was more than thirty years after when Col. Lee wrote his Memoirs, a mistake of one day in the date is not at all improbable.

It has been said, that both armies averaged thirty miles a-day, which, if not an utter impossibility, is, under all the circumstances, perfectly incredible. The facts are sufficiently romantic in themselves, without any exaggeration; and the object of the historian should be simple verity. On the evening of the 10th, Cornwallis was about ninety-five miles from Erving's Ferry, and therefore, although by disencumbering himself of almost everything on the last day, and by starting at 4 o'clock, two hours before dawn, he made twenty-five miles a-day, for he marched ninety-five miles in five days, which was an average of just nineteen miles a-day. Gen. Greene, who, when at Martinville, was about a good day's march ahead of his lordship, kept his distance, and very little, if any more. We do not know precisely when he got to the river, nor how long the army was in crossing, but with the main body, we suppose he averaged about twenty miles a-day, and when everything is considered, that almost surpasses belief. I have travelled the road, from the Catawba river nearly to Erving's Ferry, repeatedly, and in the dead of winter, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a common buggy, and I know that, on a large portion of the road, and with such frequent and heavy rains as they had, the infantry would have to wade through mud shoe-

mouth or ankle deep, while the baggage-wagons and artillery-carriages would be cutting in half-way to the hubs, and sometimes sticking fast in the mud, when they would have to be pryed up, and even then could sometimes get through only by doubling-teams. From the Cowpens to Erving's Ferry, on the circuitous or zigzag route which they travelled, could be very little, if any, less than two hundred and fifty miles; and, "from start to pole," both armies endured privations and hardships, which even a lively imagination could not picture before us. The Americans were the greatest sufferers: their shoes were worn out, and the clothes they had on were much tattered; they had only one blanket to four men, and after leaving Martinville, the tents were never used. The light troops had one blanket to three men, which was very little better; and the troops were allowed only one meal in the day. In addition to all this, remember that, without shoes, as they were, their feet were often cut by the frozen ground, so that their footsteps were often marked with their blood; and we cannot but admire their patient endurance. Yet there was no spirit of mutiny, and not a sentinel deserted his post. There was no shrinking from their toils and perils, and no faultering in their purpose to be free or die. After crossing the river, Gen. Greene sent a despatch to Jefferson, the Governor of Virginia, in which he says, "On the Dan river, almost fatigued to death, having had a retreat to conduct for upwards of two hundred miles, manœuvring constantly in the face of the enemy, to give time for the militia to turn

out and get off our stores;" and in his note to Col. Williams, informing him that he had crossed the Dan, he declared that he had not slept more than four hours since he left Guilford. The British, if they were not better fed than the Americans, had much better clothing and equipments of every kind. Their hardships and sufferings, however, were immense; but officers and men alike, bore them all with astonishing fortitude and patience, in the hope of overtaking Gen. Greene, and thus putting an end to the war at once.

The Americans were actuated by noble sentiments, and noble sentiments make noble men. Amidst all their privations and hardships, they kept good heart, and being animated by the love of liberty, they never despaired of final success. At a time when we would suppose they were so dispirited and worn down that nothing hardly could raise a smile, they only cracked their jokes and "laughed away care." They were withal, a merry set of fellows; and, as amusing things were of frequent occurrence, we love to give an anecdote occasionally, illustrative of military life in such circumstances, and of the manner in which they kept up their spirits.

When Gen. Greene was taking his troops across the Dan, he had a common soldier from Guilford County, by the name of John M'Bride, who had charge of the boats, or some portion of them. M'Bride, now about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, was a blacksmith, and, after getting clear of his apprenticeship, had spent a year or two

in Fayetteville, where he had probably learned to manage such water craft on the Cape Fear, and for this reason, we presume, he had the honor of boat-captain given him on the present occasion. He was a small man, of slender proportions, below the medium height, and of a character which might have admitted the playful *soubriquet* of "Big Business." The last one who entered the last boat, was a large man, a little over six feet high, and of a very strong muscular frame. As he stepped in, he told M'Bride to go forward to the other end, and guide the boat to the landing, intending, as it appears from the sequel, to manage that end himself. The order was given, not in an austere or supercilious manner, but with the grave and firm tone of one who had been accustomed to command, and who felt that he had a right to be obeyed. M'Bride felt a little piqued that his prerogative should be thus unceremoniously encroached upon by a perfect stranger, and rather pertly replied, "Go and do it yourself; for, if I may judge from your appearance, you are much abler than I am." The big man said nothing, but very deliberately taking him with his left hand by the nape of the neck, and with his right by the seat of his breeches, hoisted him up above the heads of the men in the boat—*os sublime dedit*—and carried him along to the front end, where he set him down, and said, "Now, do you sit there and guide this boat to the landing."

Then he returned to the stern, and carried out his original purpose. McBride, though he looked and felt as if he "couldn't help it," was obliged to be

quiet. He kept trying to swallow the resentment which was all the time rising in his throat; but could think of no way by which he might show his spunk, without subjecting himself to the danger, if not the absolute certainty of being thrown into the river, or handled more roughly in some other way. He did try, as he said afterwards, to run the boat below the landing, but the big man at the other end was so much stronger, that he brought it up to the right place in spite of him. After they all got out on the high ground, and were preparing for the encampment, he saw the big man, who had treated him so cavalierly in the boat, standing by himself, with his arms folded, and apparently absorbed with his own thoughts. Thinking that he could not let the affair pass altogether unnoticed, and judging this to be the most favorable opportunity he would have, he stepped up to him, with as much of a manly air as he could assume, and said, "I should like to know, sir, who you are, that you take such liberties with people you never saw before!" And the big man very meekly and condescendingly replied, "I am General Morgan, sir." Poor McBride felt "as if he could have crept through an augur-hole;" and after making an awkward and half-uttered apology, went away to assist his messmates in fixing their tent.

Sad must have been the feelings of Cornwallis, when he arrived at the Dan and found that, after all his toils and sanguine expectations, he was a little too late. For once his lordship had been fairly outgeneralled; and this is virtually admitted by their own historians. Tarleton says, "Every measure of

the Americans, during their march from the Catawba to Virginia, was judiciously designed and vigorously executed." Stedman says, "And that the latter, (the Americans) escaped without suffering any material injury, seems more owing to a train of fortunate incidents, *judiciously improved* by their commander, than to any want of enterprise or activity in the army that pursued." Cornwallis seems to have turned back in moody silence; for, in his subsequent orders, there is not the slightest allusion to his late disappointment. On the night of the 15th, he had his head-quarters at Wiley's, where he probably remained until the morning of the 17th, and took possession of Thomas's mill to do his grinding.

Wiley's house, in which Cornwallis had his head-quarters, and which is yet standing, is about four miles south from Erving's Ferry, and is now owned and occupied by Samuel Tate. Thomas's mill was at the mouth of Country Line creek, where, a few years ago, the Milton Factory stood. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 15, 1781.)

O'Hara's brigade, we suppose, was now at or near Boyd's Ferry, a few miles above Erving's. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 16, 1781.)

His lordship slowly retired towards Hillsboro', and made his next stage at Dobbin's, now the Red House, where, having given the troops another halting day, they were guilty of the most shameful excesses. Some were quartered in the church of the Red House, or Middle Hico, as it was then called, and treated it with the utmost disrespect. Great outrages were committed in the neighborhood; nor

did they spare the house of their venerated pastor, the Rev. Hugh McAdam, who was known to have been a thorough Whig—a "fomentor of sedition," as they would term it—and who had died on the 20th of January, about three weeks before; but searched it throughout, plundered it of everything they wanted, and burned his library with his most valuable papers. Such is the tradition of the country, and it is confirmed by the Order Book. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 17, 1781.)

The orders given at Dobbin's, as well as at some other places, show that Cornwallis disapproved of the marauding and depredations of the soldiers, and that he made considerable efforts to prevent their excesses; but Lord Cornwallis was not Oliver Cromwell, and he lacked the most important requisite for that purpose. Soldiers, with arms in their hands, and far from the kindly influence of their domestic relations, cannot be kept from plundering, and other lawless acts, except by the restraints of religion, or their sense of obligation to a higher power; but, so far as we have seen, the British commander exerted no influence of that kind. If his lordship had driven General Greene out of the State, he had not driven away all the patriots; and his orders betray a conviction that he was still in the midst of enemies. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 18, 1781.)

In this invasion of North Carolina, Cornwallis, as we have seen, had two objects in view: to get between General Greene and Virginia, so as to cut him off from his main resources, and compel him to fight before he received his reinforcements; and

then to protect and encourage the loyalists. In the first he was wholly disappointed, and in the latter to a great extent. He had been led to believe that the rising in his favor would be very general, and with that expectation, evidently, he approached Hillsboro', then the seat of government. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 19, 1781.)

His lordship, as appears from some of the orders given, had very little respect for his "colored friends;" but as they performed a great deal of drudgery for the officers and army, he appears to have had no objections to receive as many as came.

On the 20th the army entered Hillsboro', and in a day or two erected the king's standard. Stedman says, "Lord Cornwallis having thus driven General Greene out of the province of North Carolina, returned by easy marches from the banks of the Dan to Hillsboro', where he erected the king's standard, and invited by proclamation all loyal subjects to repair to it, and take an active part in assisting him to restore order and constitutional government." By a morning order of the 21st, it was required that the troops should be in readiness to march at twelve o'clock to attend the ceremony of erecting the king's standard at one o'clock; but by a subsequent order it was directed that the standard should be raised at ten o'clock, and by an order dated at twelve, it was deferred until the next day, the 22d, when the ceremony was duly performed.—(*See Appendix, Orders for February* 20, 21, 22, 1781.)

On February 22, 1781, the Standard of King George was erected in Hillsboro'. What forms

were used we cannot tell; but part of the ceremony consisted in reading a proclamation, of which the the following is a copy:—

"*By the Right Honorable Charles Earl Cornwallis, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces, &c.*

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas it has pleased the Divine Providence to prosper the operations of his Majesty's arms, in driving the rebel army out of this province; and whereas it is his Majesty's most gracious wish to rescue his faithful and loyal subjects from the cruel tyranny under which they have groaned for many years, I have thought proper to issue this proclamation, to invite all such faithful and loyal subjects to repair, without loss of time, with their arms and ten days' provisions, to the royal standard now erected at Hillsboro', where they will meet with the most friendly reception: and I do hereby assure them, that I am ready to concur with them in effectual measures for suppressing the remains of rebellion in this province, and for the re-establishment of good order and constitutional government.

"Given under my hand, at head-quarters, at Hillsboro' this twentieth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one, and in the twenty-first year of his Majesty's reign.

"CORNWALLIS.

"By his Lordship's command.

"H. BRODRICK, *Aid-de-Camp.*

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Cornwallis did "drive the rebel army out of this province;" but it would not *stay* out; for, according to Stedman, at the very hour when he was performing the idle ceremony of erecting the king's standard in Hillsboro', Gen. Greene was landing his army again on this side of the Dan; and had already sent forward his light troops under Williams, Lee, and Washington, who were now beating up his lordship's quarters, as appears from one of the general orders given above. The 22d was rather an ill-omened day for erecting the standard of King George; for it was Washington's birth-day, and the day on which Gen. Greene recrossed the Dan; at all events, it had very little effect.

The Whigs had been so dispirited and scattered by their defeat at the Catawba and Torrence's, that their enemies probably thought they would not dare to face the "Red coats again;" but the rebellious sons of Rowan and Mecklenberg were made of "sterner stuff" than was supposed; and before his lordship's tracks in the mud were effaced by the falling rains, the militia of that region were rallying for further operations. Besides the privations and hardships which they endured in common with the patriots generally, they had lately fought several important battles, and rendered other valuable services; but, like the State to which they belonged, they were intent on the substance, and cared nothing for the shadow. When South Carolina was overrun by the enemy, after the fall of Charleston, most of the inhabitants, to save their property, submitted and took British protection; but there were

some stubborn, unbending patriots, who, determined never to yield, fled into North Carolina and Virginia. Among them were a few valuable officers; but, as appears from the Narrative of Gen. Graham, recently published in the University Magazine, they had very few men, not more than a dozen to each one, from their own State.

Of these officers, Sumpter, and perhaps two or three others, were appointed to command the North Carolina troops, as a matter of courtesy, and not because these troops had not officers of their own who were as good as the others; for such men as Davis, Davidson, Graham, Ervin, Huggins, &c., were fully equal, for both skill and bravery, to any others in the land. North Carolina troops then fought the important battles of Rocky Mount, Hanging Rock and some others; but because the commanding officer was from South Carolina, having been appointed from courtesy or respect, and not from necessity, the credit has been unjustly given to that State. When the British crossed the Catawba, Gen. Rutherford who had been taken prisoner at Gates' defeat, was still in captivity; and the militia of those counties, having rallied to the number of six or seven hundred, in completing their organization, appointed Gen. Andrew Pickens, of South Carolina, though he had not more than thirty or forty men with him from his own State, to take the place of Gen. Davidson, who had been killed at the river. On the 10th of February he was invested with the command, and on the 11th commenced his march towards Hillsboro', following the route of the British by

the Shallow Ford, ten or twelve miles beyond Salem. Captain, afterwards Gen. Graham, with his little company, did not wait for any organization, but continued to hang on the rear of the British and harassed them considerably by cutting off stragglers. Pickens with his command, including Graham's company, which had now joined him, arrived at Stony Creek, twelve or fifteen miles from Hillsboro', before the British army had entered it, and before any of the light troops from Gen. Greene's army were known to be even approaching.

Soon after entering Hillsboro', Cornwallis sent a piquet of twenty-five men under a proper officer to take possession of Hart's mill, on the Eno, for the purpose of grinding their grain. Gen. Pickens being informed of this fact, on his arrival at Stony creek, detached Cap. Graham, with twenty of his own mounted company and about the same number of Cap. Simmons' riflemen, who marched in the night, and at day-break the next morning, killed and captured the whole party, then returned to the place of their encampment with their prisoners all safe and without having lost a man, though Tarleton was in hot pursuit.

Gen. Greene, well aware of the effect which the British army in Hillsboro', and the proclamation of Cornwallis would have on the inhabitants, and especially on the loyalists, of the surrounding country, sent over his light troops under Williams, Lee, and Washington, to harass the enemy's foraging parties; and, after resting four or five days, having received a small reinforcement under Gen. Stephens

and perhaps some militia from North Carolina, recrossed the Dan himself, and moved towards the head-quarters of the British. Lossing says that Lee crossed the Dan on the 18th and was followed by Pickens and Oldham, implying that Pickens was with the main army on the other side of the river; but he came directly from the west, and according to the statements of Gen. Graham who was one of his corps, he was on the field of operations before Lee. On the morning of the 18th, according to the Order Book, the British army was at Dobbin's, now the Red House, within a few miles of the ferry, and while they were so near, Lee would hardly have ventured over, but there are other discrepancies as to dates, between all the American accounts and those of the British.

On the authority of Lee's Memoirs and other histories, Lossing says further, that Lee sent out his scouts, and early on the morning of the 19th, (a long distance to travel in less than a day,) he was informed by them that Tarleton was out reconnoitering and offering protection to the loyalists; that Lee and Pickens pushed on to gain the great road leading from Hillsboro' to the Haw; and that on arriving there they ascertained that he had passed the day before, which would be the 18th, when, according to the Order Book, the British army was still at the Red House. Gen. Graham says that Lee and Pickens did not meet until after the capture of the mill guard; but as Cornwallis did not reach Hillsboro' until the 20th, the guard could not have been captured before the morning

of the 21st, and was probably done on the morning of the 22d. Tarleton says in his history, that he was not detached over Haw river until the 23d; and we can hardly suppose that the Tories had approached so near as to need his protection at an earlier day. We are not finding fault with the statements of Lossing or any other, but are merely showing the difference in dates between the American and British accounts.

The certainty of Gen. Greene's return, as soon as reinforced, and the actual presence of his light-armed parties, under active and enterprising officers, had a good influence on the disaffected portion of the community. Tarleton says, that "Soon after the king's standard was erected at Hillsboro', many hundred inhabitants of the surrounding districts rode into the British camp, to talk over the proclamation, inquire the news of the day, and take a view of the king's troops." The generality of these visitants seemed desirous of peace, but averse to every exertion that might tend to procure it. They acknowledged the continentals were chased out of the province, but they declared they soon expected them to return, and the dread of violence and persecution prevented their taking a decided part in a cause which yet appeared dangerous. Some of the most zealous professors of attachment, who were denominated Tories, from their having publicly avowed their sentiments, "promised to raise corps and regiments for the king's service, but their followers and dependents protesting against military restraint and ubordination, numbers were never found to com-

plete their establishments." However, Cornwallis still entertained hopes of receiving reinforcements from that quarter; and it was known to him that they were embodying under Col. Pyle, in the south side of Orange, with the intention of joining his standard at Hillsboro'. They had communicated their intentions to his lordship, and he had given them assurance that a British force should be sent for their protection while assembling, requesting them at the same time, to come into Hillsboro', or to join Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton's corps as soon as practicable. Accordingly, "Tarleton was detached, on the 23d, with two hundred cavalry, one hundred and fifty men of Col. Webster's brigade, and one hundred Yagers, with two field-pieces," to give them the promised protection; and on the 24th, he says he crossed the Haw, where he "dispersed a party of American militia, who had united to counteract the intentions of the loyalists." Col. Lee, who, Gen. Graham says, had joined Pickens, for the first time, the night after the capture of the picket at Hart's Mill, soon got information that Tarleton had been sent out towards the Haw, at the head of a strong corps, for the protection of the Tories; and, on gaining the great road leading westward from Hillsboro' he learned that they had already passed.

After crossing the river next morning, he met with Ephraim Cook, an easy, good-natured sort of a Tory, from whom he learned what was Tarleton's strength and where he had his camp. Cook also informed him that the embodiment of Tories under Col. Pyle was approaching and was not far distant.

He resolved to make his first attack on Tarleton; but, on approaching the place of his encampment, he found he had left it and gone two or three miles further west to the plantation of Col. O'Neill, who, if not a Tory at heart, as was generally believed, was more concerned for his own interest than for that of his country. Two of Tarleton's officers, however, who had been left at the camp, were captured by Lee and taken with him. He made the country people believe that his legion, which very much resembled that of Tarleton's, was a reinforcement from Cornwallis; and the two captured officers were compelled by a threat of instant death if they refused to favor the deception. Tarleton, having got word, it seems, that Lee was approaching at the head of a strong detachment, consisting of his own legion, with perhaps some other companies, and five or six hundred western men under Gen. Pickens, though not aware of his crossing the river, had sent two expresses to Col. Pyle, urging him to come with all haste to his encampment and not wait for any more to come in; but the credulous Tories, not apprehensive of any danger, were advancing very leisurely, taking time to call on their friends by the way and drink the health of King George with every one they met. They had known so much of the courage and enterprise of the Whigs during the war, that they might have been on their guard; but, "inspired with whiskey and the novelty of their situation," Tarleton says, "they feared nobody, suspected no danger, and were too much under the influence of imaginary hopes and the vain prospects

of royal favor to perceive or think of danger until it was too late."

When the Americans commenced their march, Lee, at the head of his legion, led the way, and sent forward a scout, who were to keep within a few hundred yards. They soon met two young men from the Tories, who were well mounted, and taking it for granted that they were British, a part of the reinforcement, they expressed their gratification at meeting with them. When asked by the officer, they told him they had been sent forward by Col. Pyle, who was only a little way behind with a large body of loyalists, to find the way to Tarleton's camp and inform him of their approach. The officer sent them back to Col. Lee, accompanied by a dragoon; and, when they came up, supposing him to be Tarleton, of course, they accosted him with great deference, and informed him that Col. Pyle was just at hand. Lee, aiming to take them prisoners, and give them their choice to go home and stay there or join the American army, requested Gen. Pickens to place his riflemen on the left flank and keep them concealed in the woods, while he would endeavor to get in such a position that he could have them fairly in his power before they would be undeceived.

He also sent off one of the young Tories, accompanied by the same dragoon, to give Colonel Pyle his compliments, and request him to have his men drawn up in a proper position, where there would be room enough for him to pass with his weary troops; but the other young Tory he retained to ride

with him, and keep up the delusion. Lee, at the head of his corps, first approached the loyalists, who, fortunately for his purpose, were drawn up on the right hand side of the road, which made it unnecessary for those behind to countermarch and confront them. There were about four hundred, all mounted and armed with rifles. Colonel Lee rode along the line, complimenting them very courteously for their loyalty and their fine appearance; and as he approached Colonel Pyle, the whole mass shouted, "GOD SAVE THE KING!" Lee's taking Colonel Pyle by the hand, and summoning them to surrender, was to be the signal for the cavalry to draw their swords; but as he was approaching Pyle for that purpose, some of the loyalists on the left discovered Pickens' militia, and perceiving that they had been betrayed, commenced firing on the rear guard, under the command of Captain Eggleston, who at once turned upon them as a matter of necessity, and was instantly followed by the whole column. Such is, in substance, the account of this matter, as found in most of our histories; but General Graham, who was present, says, in his letter to Judge Murphy, dated December 20th, 1827, that the Americans commenced the firing, and gives the following account:

"The fact was, that I, riding in front of the militia dragoons, near to Captain Eggleston, who brought up Lee's rear at the distance of forty or fifty yards, pointed out to him the strip of red cloth on the hats of Pyle's men, as the mark of Tories. Eggleston appeared to doubt this, until he came nearly oppo-

site to the end of their line; when, riding up to the man on their left, who appeared as an officer, he inquired, "Who do you belong to?" The answer was promptly given, "To King George;" upon which Eggleston struck him on the head with his sword. Our dragoons well knew the red cloth on the hat to be the badge of Tories, but being under the immediate command of Lee, they had waited for orders. But seeing the example set by his officer, without waiting for further commands, they rushed upon them like a torrent. Lee's men, next to the rear, discovering this, reined in their horses to the right upon the Tory line, and, in less than one minute, the engagement was general."

A terrible slaughter then followed, indiscriminate and unsparing, for the swords flashed so quick, and with such force, that the Tories could not bring their rifles to bear. They cried for mercy; but no mercy was shown, until it could be done with safety to the victors.

Out of four hundred, about ninety were killed on the spot, and many more wounded. The Americans had none killed, and received no injury except the loss of one horse. Colonel Pyle was badly wounded and fled to the shelter of a small pond, which was environed and deeply shaded with oaks, black-jacks and a variety of undergrowth. In this pond, tradition says, he lay entirely covered by the water, except his nose, until after dark, when he crawled out, found his way home, and recovered. This pond has ever since been called "Pyle's Pond," and the slaughter of his men still has the designation of

"Pyle's Hacking Match." This was on the 25th of February, and was a most important event in our Revolutionary history. Stedman, who is generally candid and reliable when he has correct information, abuses Lee, in no measured terms, for his treatment of the Tories under Pyle; calls it a "massacre," and says, that "between two and three hundred of them were inhumanly butchered while in the act of begging for mercy;" but he probably got his information from the defeated and frightened loyalists, and was mistaken. Lee was brave, but not cruel; and if his stratagem had succeeded, we presume, not a life would have been taken; but when the strife had commenced, it was kill or be killed, and they could not desist until they had so far disabled their enemies that they could make no further resistance. Besides, it was the work of a moment, and the havoc was all made before the cry for mercy could be fairly heard. The loyalists seem to have been under a strange infatuation; for some of the wounded got to Tarleton's camp, and, still under the belief that their assailants were the British, complained to him of the cruelty of his dragoons. Although he was so near, almost within hearing of the pistols, he says, this was the first intimation he had of the attack on his friends, and the first certain information he had that Colonel Lee was so near him. It was well for him that he got the information, and that he was recalled in time, for he made a narrow escape next morning. As the Tories were so cut up and frightened that it would be useless to pursue them, Lee and Pickens went in pursuit of Tarleton, who was at O'Neill's,

where Mr. Turrentine now lives, on the Greensboro' road. When within a mile of O'Neill's, they encamped for the night, and were there joined by three hundred hardy mountaineers from Virginia, under Colonel Preston, who were on their way to General Greene's head-quarters. Tarleton says, "Patrols were sent out to learn the course the American dragoons had taken after this event, and assistance was despatched to the wounded loyalists. After dark, information was procured of the distance and position of the mountaineers, and when the British troops were under arms, at midnight, to proceed towards their encampment, an express arrived from Earl Cornwallis, with an order for Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton's return to Hillsboro'." Tarleton was perhaps fiery and impetuous enough to attack Colonel Lee; but if he had attacked him, with the reinforcements just received under Preston, it would have been another "Cowpen affair;" and it was well for him that he received the order to return just when he did. Cornwallis had been apprised that General Greene was approaching, and that Colonel Lee was in the neighborhood, at the head of a strong detachment, which was receiving almost daily accessions.

When Pyle and the main body left Holt's house, on their way to the scene of discomfiture, Thomas Creighton and John Honeycut stayed behind awhile, probably drinking and enjoying themselves, until some Whigs came along, and, as usual in such cases, asked them to whom they belonged. They replied, "To Colonel Pyle;" and Honeycut was killed on

the spot, but Creighton escaped with a wound in the hip, which did not prove mortal. Drury Honeycut was at the "Hacking Match," and was desperately mangled. Some one gave him a number of severe cuts with his sword on the head, neck, face and arms, and then left him for dead. Another coming along, and seeing that he was not dead, gave him a back-handed stroke with his sword across the nose, which cut both cheeks to the bone, and then shot him with his pistol; but the wound was not mortal. He aimed to shoot him in the head, but the pistol being hard on the trigger, the ball struck his arm near the shoulder and broke it. After all, he recovered, and lived many years, but was a pitiable object to behold.

The news of Pyle's defeat must have been carried to Hillsboro' that evening, and in the night Cornwallis dispatched a trusty messenger to Tarleton with orders for his return. The messenger was a Tory, a young man who was well acquainted with every by-path through the intervening country, and arrived at Tarleton's camp about day-break. Many years after he related the following incident, illustrative of Tarlton's character, which was first published in the Petersburg Intelligencer, and then in the Greensboro' Patriot. "As soon," says the old Tory, "as I came in view of the British lines, I hastened to deliver myself up to the nearest patrol, informing him that I was the bearer of important dispatches from Lord Cornwallis to Col. Tarleton. The guard was immediately called out, the commander of which, taking me in charge, carried me

at once to Tarleton's marque. A servant informed him of my arrival, and returned immediately with the answer that his master would see me after a while, and that in the meantime I was to await his pleasure where I then was. The servant was a grave and sedate looking Englishman, between 30 and 60 years of age, and informed me that he had known Col. Tarleton from his earliest youth, having lived for many years in the family of his father, a worthy clergyman, at whose particular request he had followed the Colonel to this country, with the view, that if overtaken by disease and suffering in his head-long career, he might have some one near him who had known him ere the pranksome mischief of the boy had hardened into the sterner vices of the man 'He was always a wild blade, friend,' said old man, 'and many a heart-ache has he given us all; but he'll mend in time, I hope.' Just then my attention was attracted by the violent plungings of a horse, which two stout grooms, one on each side, were endeavouring to lead towards the spot where we were standing. He was a large and powerful brute, beautifully formed, and black as a crow, with an eye that actually seemed to blaze with rage, at the restraint put upon him. His progress was one continued bound, at times swinging the grooms clear from the earth, as lightly as though they were but tassels hung on his huge Spanish bit, so that with difficulty they escaped being trampled under foot. I asked the meaning of the scene, and was informed that the horse was one that Tarleton had heard of as being a magnificent animal, but one

altogether unmanageable; and so delighted was he with the description, that he sent all the way down into Moore county, where his owner resided, and purchased him at the extravagant price of one hundred guineas; and that, moreover, he was about to ride him that morning. 'Ride him,' said I, 'why one had as well try to back a streak of lightning!—the mad brute will certainly be the death of him.' 'Never fear for him,' said my companion, 'never fear for him. His time has not come yet.' By this time the horse had been brought up to where we were; the curtain of the marque was pushed aside, and my attention was drawn from the savage stud, to rivet itself upon his dauntless rider. And a picture of a man he was! Rather below the middle height, and with a face almost femininely beautiful, Tarleton possessed a form that was a perfect model of manly strength and vigor. Without a particle of superfluous flesh, his rounded limbs and full broad chest seemed moulded from iron, yet at the same time displaying all the elasticity which usually accompanies elegance of proportion. His dress (strange as it may appear) was a jacket and breeches of white linen, fitted to his form with the utmost exactness. Boots of russet leather were halfway up the leg, the broad tops of which were turned down, the heels garnished with spurs of an immense size and length of rowel. On his head was a low crowned hat, curiously formed from the snow white feathers of the swan, and in his hand he carried a heavy scourge, with shot well twisted into its knotted lash. After looking around for a moment

or two, as though to command the attention of all, he advanced to the side of the horse, and, disdaining the use of the stirrup, with one bound threw himself into the saddle, at the same time calling on the grooms to let him go. For an instant the animal seemed paralyzed; then, with a perfect yell of rage, bounded into the air like a stricken deer.

"The struggle for the mastery had commenced —bound succeeded bound with the rapidity of thought; every device which its animal instinct could teach was resorted to by the maddened brute to shake off its unwelcome burden—but in vain. Its ruthless rider proved irresistible, and, clinging like fate itself, plied the scourge and rowel like a fiend. The punishment was too severe to be long withstood, and at length, after a succession of frantic efforts, the tortured animal, with a scream of agony, leaped forth upon the plain, and flew across it with the speed of an arrow. The ground upon which Tarleton had pitched his camp was an almost perfectly level plain, something more than half a mile in circumference. Around this, after getting him under way, he continued to urge his furious steed, amid the raptures and shouts of the admiring soldiery, plying the whip and spur at every leap, until wearied and worn down with its prodigious efforts, the tired creature discontinued all exertion, save that to which it was urged by its merciless rider.

"At length, exhausted from the conflict, Tarleton drew up before his tent, and threw himself from the saddle. The horse was completely subdued, and at

the word of command followed him around like a dog. The victory was complete. His eye of fire was dim and lustreless, drops of agony fell from his drooping front, while from his laboring and mangled sides the mingled blood and foam poured in a thick and clotted stream. Tarleton himself was pale as death, and as soon as he was satisfied of his success, retired and threw himself on his couch. In a short time I was called into his presence, and delivered my despatches. Immediately orders were issued to make preparation for a return to Hillsboro', as soon as all the scouts had come in; and the next morning early found us again beyond the Haw river—and in good time too, for as the last files were emerging from the stream the advance of Lee's legion appeared on the opposite bank, and, with a shout of disappointed rage, poured a volley into the ranks of the retreating columns.

"I have witnessed many stirring scenes," said the old man, "both during the revolution and since, but I never saw one half so exciting as the strife between that savage man and savage horse."

The apprehensions of Cornwallis for the safety of his favorite officer were immediately excited, and everything in his order, a copy of which is subjoined, betrays his anxiety.

"COPY.—*From Earl Cornwallis to Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, dated Hillsboro', Feb. 24th*, 1781. *Three o'clock, P. M. Triplicate.*

"DEAR TARLETON —I have received intelligence

from two persons, that Greene passed the Dan on the 22d, and was advancing to Dobbyn's. They mention so many particulars, that I cannot help giving some credit, I therefore wish you to join me as soon as possible.

"Yours, sincerely,

"CORNWALLIS.

"I take my ground this evening on the south side of the Eno."

From respect for authority, if not from fear of his enemies, Tarleton promptly obeyed the order; and at 10 o'clock the next morning, when the Americans had made their arrangements for attack, they learned that he was on his way to Hillsboro'. They followed him as far as the ford on the river; but on being informed that he had passed, they discontinued the pursuit, and he was suffered to proceed without molestation. "Fortune, the capricious goddess," says Lee, in his Memoirs, "gave us Pyle and saved Tarleton." Finding that they could not overtake Tarleton, until he got within supporting distance of Cornwallis, Lee and Pickens turned up the river, on the east side, and, after going a few miles, separated for the purpose of procuring the necessary supplies. In the evening of the next day, Pickens encamped within half a mile of a Mr. Dickey's, and, having learned, in the course of the day, that the British were pursuing him, he placed a strong rear-

guard at the ford of a branch near Dickey's house. A patrol was sent out beyond the guard, under Captain Franklin, since Governor of the State, who, at a fork in the road, a hundred yards from the house, took the right hand road and missed the enemy; but Major Micajah Lewis, of Surry county, with a few others went to Dickey's house, and in the twilight, discovered a body of British troops coming round by the road on the other side of the fence. They mounted their horses and rode out to meet them. When hailed, they halted and answered, "a friend." On being asked where they came from, they answered, "from General Greene to join General Pickens," and enquired of Major Lewis, if Captain Franklin had not told him they were coming for that purpose. He answered in the negative; but as he knew Franklin, and was aware that he had gone in that direction only a few minutes before, he was thrown off his guard. He ordered the leading officer to meet him half way and give the proper explanations, at the same time, moving forward himself; but seeing none of them advance, he was about to halt and turn his horse, when he was ordered to "stand, or they would blow his brains out." As his horse turned, they discharged at him a full platoon of twenty or thirty guns which broke his thigh and wounded him badly in several other places. His horse was also shot in several places; but he rode by the guard and into the camp, a full half mile, where he was taken from his horse and carried in a blanket by four men, to the nearest farm house where he died next day, much lamented as a brave and patriotic

man. He belonged to the North Carolina line, and was then serving as a volunteer, but without any command. He was buried on Dickey's plantation, where his grave may still be seen. The British drove in the guard at the branch, and Pickens not knowing what amount of force was coming against him, retreated three or four miles and halted, leaving a strong guard half a mile in the rear. Their camp-fires were kindled and the men, or such of them as had any provisions, were preparing to eat, when the guard was again driven in, and they retreated once more, though in a different direction and about the same distance; but cold and damp as the night was, they kindled no more fires, General Graham says, until the morning, when they learned that the British were returning to headquarters. Cornwallis remained in Hillsboro' only half as long as he had promised the Tories; but he could accomplish nothing by remaining longer; and a variety of circumstances compelled him to leave. In the meantime, as the Order Book shows, he neither relaxed his vigilance, nor neglected to provide for the comfort of his troops. (*See Appendix, Orders for February* 23, (*24,) 26, 25, 1781.)

* There is some confusion of dates in the last two or three orders, for which I cannot account unless the transcriber mistook the 24th for the 26th, and I have accordingly put the 24th in parenthesis, for he removed over the Eno on the afternoon of the 24th, and the last order under date of the 26th, as it here stands relates to that removal; but he left Hillsboro' early on the morning of the 26th, and must be a mistake in date in either the original or in the copy.

With full reliance on the valor and discipline of his troops, Cornwallis was anxious to meet his enemies in the open field; but cooped up as he was in town, he was harassed without being able to strike a blow. Gen. Greene had re-crossed the Dan, and advanced within ten or twelve miles of Hillsboro' where he was waiting for more re-inforcements. His light troops under the most daring and enterprising officers, such as Williams, Lee, Howard, Washington and Preston, were scouring the country and cutting off his supplies. They had already cut up a large body of his friends in the neighborhood. They were increasing every day in the boldness of their adventures, as well as in numbers, and were frustrating the main design of his advance into that region.

Being thus confined within narrow limits and not daring to forage far from camp, nor to forage at all without a very strong guard, they were under a necessity of changing their location. Stedman says, "There being few cattle to be had in its neighborhood, and those principally draught-oxen, Lord Cornwallis had promised that they should not be slaughtered but in case of absolute necessity;" but that necessity did exist, and compelled the author (Stedman himself) to direct that several of the draught-oxen should be killed. This measure, although the effect of necessity, caused much murmuring among the loyalists, whose property these cattle were. During the time the royal army held Hillsboro' the author's cattle drivers were obliged to go a considerable distance from the army for cattle,

and even then brought in but a scanty supply. Lord Cornwallis could not have remained as long as he did at Hillsboro' had it not been for a quantity of salt beef, pork, and some hogs, found in the town. Such was the situation of the British army, that the author, with a file of men, was obliged to go from house to house throughout the town, to take provisions from the inhabitants, many of whom were greatly distressed by this measure, which could be justified only by extreme necessity." His lordship, therefore, "thought it expedient to retire from Hillsboro', and take a position between the Haw and Deep river, so as effectually to cover the country in his rear;" and accordingly, on the evening of the 25th, he issued his orders for that purpose.—(*See Appendix, Orders for February* 25, 26, 27, 28, *and March* 1, 1781.)

On the morning of this day they crossed the Big Alamance, and encamped within a mile of the place where Holt's factory now stands, where they remained several days. The soldiers and camp-followers together often plundered so much clothing and other property, from the people of the country, as we infer from the Order Book, that it became burdensome, and the officers had much of it burned.—(*See Appendix, Orders for March* 1, 2, 3, 4, 1781, *and October* 5, 1780.)

As Cornwallis moved westward from Hillsboro', the Americans advanced in the same direction. On the 27th, the day on which his lordship crossed the Haw, the American light troops, under Williams, having been joined by Lee, Pickens, and some

others, crossed below the mouth of the Buffalo creek, and next morning the army under Greene, having received some accessions of militia, crossed a few miles above. He encamped between the Reedy Fork and Troublesome creek; but from prudential considerations, as he was not ready for an engagement, he changed his position every night, and placed Colonel Williams, with the light corps under his command, between him and the enemy, only some fifteen or twenty miles distant. This arrangement threw the light troops of the British under Tarleton, and those of the Americans, under Williams, in close proximity, and, as the officers on both sides were too enterprising to be idle, several skirmishes took place. Lossing says, that Williams, having approached within a mile of Tarleton, on the 2d of March, the latter attacked him, when a short but severe skirmish ensued, in which the enemy lost about thirty in killed and wounded, while the Americans lost none. Tarleton, who always loved to speak favorably of himself, says that a number of the American riflemen were killed, but that their loss, in killed and wounded, was only twenty men and one officer wounded; but the account given by General Graham, in his narrative or declaration, and his letter to Judge Murphy, published in the University Magazine for November and December, 1854, is probably more reliable, as he was an eye witness and a prominent actor in the scene. It is as follows:

"Both armies having got to the south of Haw river, near Alamance creek, on the second of March a detachment of about six hundred, all militia

except Lee's legion, advanced in three columns, under his command. This deponent and company in front of the left, with orders to support the left flank. After passing through a farm, near Clapp's mill, and entering a coppice of woods, encountered a large party of the enemy drawn up in position. A smart firing commenced, and after three or four rounds our line gave way; the ground was so hampered with thick underbrush, and the Tories pressing us on the left flank, the retreat was effected with difficulty. Retreated about one mile to the ford on Big Alamance, where Colonel Otho Williams, the regulars under his command, and Washington's cavalry, were drawn up to support us. The enemy did not pursue more than five hundred yards. In the affair, two were killed, three wounded, and two taken prisoners, of this deponent's company—seven in all." Then follows an account of some other operations in the course of the next day and night, which, not being noticed any where else, are worthy our attention:

"The day after the battle at Clapp's mill, Colonel Lee ordered this deponent to take twenty-five men and go to where the battle was, and see if the enemy were there; if gone, take their trail, credit no report of the inhabitants, but proceed till we actually saw the British troops. At the battle ground, found the British had gone, after burying their own dead and leaving ours. Took the trail; in the evening came in view of their sentries on the Salisbury road, within one-half a mile of their head-quarters, and directly despatched a sergeant and six of the party

to inform Lee; the rest of our party moved, after dark, through the woods, with the view of taking two sentries we had seen in the evening. In this we failed; but after they had fired at us, we went briskly up the main road. In half a mile, met a patrol of their cavalry, about equal to our number; after hailing briskly, discharged a volley in their faces; they retreated and took to the woods. We took their officer prisoner, the rest escaped. We turned out of the road into an obscure path; in half a mile, halted to take some refreshment. On the great road opposite to us, a quarter of a mile distant, heard a scattering fire, and considerable noise, which lasted for some time. Two days after, we learned from a deserter, that, on report of the sentries in the evening, the patrol was sent up the road after us, and were returning when we met and dispersed them. When they came into camp from different directions, upwards of one hundred cavalry were sent up the road after us, and at eleven o'clock at night, met a company of Tories coming to join them. Not doubting that it was the party which had defeated their picket, they instantly charged them, and considerable slaughter was made before it was discovered they were friends. These small affairs did more to suppress Toryism to the South than anything that had before occurred. A few days before, at Pyle's defeat, they had been cut up by Lee's men, and ours, when they thought it was their friend, Tarleton; in the present case, they were cut up by the British, when they thought it was the Americans."

The retrograde movement of Cornwallis from Hillsboro', just as Greene's army was approaching, though a matter of necessity, had an unfavorable effect on the Tories; for, as he said in his letter to Lord George Germain, under date of March 17th, he found himself "amongst timid friends, and adjoining to inveterate rebels," so that he could neither get assistance nor information respecting the movements of his enemy. Stedman says, "If the loyalists were before cautious and slow, they now became timid to an excess, and dreaded taking any active measure whatsoever in behalf of the king's government; more especially when they reflected on the disaster that had happened to Colonel Pyle, whose detachment was cut to pieces within little more than a mile of Tarleton's encampment." While encamped on the Alamance, so far as we can learn, he received not more than two small accessions of Tories, under Colonels Field and Bryan; perhaps only the one under Colonel Field, for, as Bryan had joined them the fall before, at Cheraw, he might have continued with them, or rejoined them near the Yadkin—but that is a matter of very little consequence. We know that he was with them on the Alamance only from the Order Book, and he may have joined them there. Some ten days before, Colonel Field, with a corps of loyalists and a few Whig prisoners, was on his way to Pyle's camp; but before he reached it, he heard of the "Hacking Match" at Holt's, when he dismissed his prisoners on parole and returned home, or remained among his friends in that region, waiting for further devel-

opments. It was not Colonel Pyle's intention to join the British so soon, but he was hurried on by Cornwallis and Tarleton to his own ruin. Hence Field was too late; and, on other accounts, it was probably a fortunate occurrence, for, being a man of more firmness and military experience than Pyle, he might have given a different turn to the whole affair. We presume he reached Cornwallis' camp on the fourth; for we find duties assigned him there for the fifth, which would hardly have been done on the day of his arrival.

The British army, while on the Alamance, though they thought they were among friends, were greatly annoyed, and could not have remained long without being cut off in detail. Stragglers were captured, and small foraging parties were attacked and routed, some of them killed, and the rest compelled to return empty handed. When a party was sent any distance from the camp, to forage, half the army had to go along for their protection. Tarleton tells us, that on the morning of the third, he was sent out at the head of a strong corps, consisting of two hundred cavalry, the light company of the Guards, eighty Yagers, one hundred and fifty of Webster's Brigade, two six-pounders, and the regiment of Bose—in all not less than ten or twelve hundred. They went only six miles, and had to remain over night, during which time their patrols were frequently driven in; but after a night of alarm and anxiety, next morning, the forage being completed, they returned to camp.

The proximity of Greene, his increasing strength,

and the boldness of his light-armed corps, at length induced his lordship to go in pursuit with his entire force. Having learned on the fifth, Stedman says, "that their light troops were carelessly posted, he crossed the Alamance before sunrise, and, under cover of a thick fog, marched towards the Reedy Fork. But Williams was not to be caught in that way; for, about eight o'clock in the morning, his patrols discovered that the British were advancing on the road to Wetzell's mill, an important pass on the Reedy Fork. Every possible exertion was made to overtake the retreating Americans; and General Graham says, "Colonel Webster, with the elite of the British army, for twelve miles pressed us so closely, as to compel Colonel Otho Williams, the commander, to fight at this place." Tarleton's corps led the column, and were supported by Webster. They first encountered a covering party of one hundred and fifty Virginia militia, who boldly returned the fire, but were then obliged to retire over the creek, and join the main body. In this party were a number of Whigs, volunteers from Guilford county, among whom were Robert Shaw, William McAdoo, and William Ryan. Shaw was severely wounded, but was saved from falling into the hands of the enemy by McAdoo, who drew him up across the pommel of his saddle, almost under the guns of the British, and carried him away. The British infantry followed, and met with a warm reception by Lee's infantry and Campbell's riflemen. Webster was quickly reinforced by the light company of the Guards and the Yagers, and these were

supported by artillery, placed on the high ground near the creek. Williams, perceiving that the militia, who were not used to artillery, were becoming alarmed, ordered a retreat, and followed himself with Howard's battalion, flanked by Kirkwood's Delaware infantry and the infantry of Lee's legion, covered by Washington's cavalry. In this conflict, it is said, the Americans lost about fifty in killed and wounded. Tarleton, who never exaggerates his own loss, nor underrates that of his enemy, says the Americans lost over a hundred in killed and wounded, but that the killed and wounded of the British amounted to about thirty. Gordon says, Sergeant-Major Perry and Quarter-master-Sergeant Lumsford, of Lee's dragoons, performed a very bold manœuvre. They were separately detached, with four dragoons, to make observations. They saw sixteen or eighteen British horsemen ride into a farm-house yard in an irregular manner, and some of them dismount. The two young men joined their forces, charged the horsemen, and, in sight of Tarleton's legion, cut every man down. They then retired without a scar.

The escape of Colonel Webster, on this occasion, has been the subject of much admiration; and, if the statements in history are reliable, it can be accounted for only by ascribing it to a higher power. In the woods near the mill, where some riflemen were stationed, was an old log school-house. In this building, twenty-five of the most expert marksmen, who were at King's Mount, were stationed by Lee, with orders not to engage in the general con-

flict, but to pick off officers at a distance. When Webster entered the stream, and was slowly fording its rocky bed, the marksmen all discharged their rifles at him in consecutive order, each certain of hitting him, yet not a ball touched him or his horse. Thirty-two discharges were made without effect!

On the approach of Cornwallis, General Greene, not feeling strong enough yet for a general engagement, retreated across the Haw, and avoided his enemy. By changing his position every day, they never knew where to find him, and could only strike at his light-armed parties, which was accomplishing very little. Both Tarleton and Stedman reflect on his lordship in very plain terms, for not pursuing Greene from the Reedy Fork, because they thought that, by so doing, he might have intercepted his supplies, or cut off his reinforcements, which were approaching from the east; and certainly, if either of these things had been done, it might have entirely changed the final results. But he had already given Greene one long, hard and fruitless chase, which had only worried his troops, without any advantage, and no wonder he was unwilling to try it again. He could depend on the valor and discipline of his troops; but in stratagem and manœuvering, Greene was fully his match; so that he acted wisely, we suppose, in saving his men for the general conflict, which he knew must come, and in which he could have better hopes of success. Instead of pursuing the Americans beyond the Reedy Fork, he turned back, and quartered his army mostly on the Whig portions of Old Guilford, going from one settlement

to another, as necessity required, until the battle which forced him to leave the country. On the night after the skirmish at Wetzell's mill, he had his head-quarters at Alton's; but that was too small an affair to be noticed in his general orders. (*See Appendix, Orders for March 6 and 7, 1781.*)

From the skirmish at Wetzell's mill, until the battle at the Court House, Cornwallis remained in this county, quartering his army on the inhabitants, and remaining about two days in a place. Thus we find them successively at Alton's, Duffield's, Gorrell's, McQuisten's, and Deep river; but we have no particulars except what we get from the traditions of the country.

On the 7th or 8th, their light troops were quartered on the plantation of William Rankin, a man in good circumstances, a sound Whig, and a member in the Buffalo church. As Cornwallis, when passing through the north side of this county in pursuit of Greene, had offered a reward for Dr. Caldwell, he felt that neither himself nor anything he had was safe at home, and, thinking Rankin's house, which was in a retired situation and remote from any public road, a place of more security than his own, he had sent there, privately, some of his most valuable books and papers; but the dragoons coming on these books, while searching and plundering the house, and finding his name in them, took the whole, books and papers together, and threw them into the fire.

No British officer during the war, except, perhaps, Colonel Fanning, was guilty of more heartless

cruelty, or showed a greater destitution of those humane and honorable feelings, which have been the boast of Protestant nations, than Colonel Tarleton. While the army was quartered at Rankin's, and in the neighborhood, he was scouring the country one morning, at the head of his dragoons, for the purpose of getting information of General Greene's movements, and of giving protection to the forage-wagons, when he met old John McClintock on the High Rock road, and near the place where Milton Cunningham now lives. McClintock, then an old grey-headed man, was the maternal grandfather of the present Judge Dick—to whom I am indebted for the incident—and lived on the south side of the Reedy Fork, only a mile or two from the place where he met Tarleton. Having learned that the British were on the North Buffalo, five or six miles below, he had gone over the creek to inform his son in-law, Samuel Thompson—oldest son of Robert Thompson, who was killed by Gov. Tryon on the morning of the Regulation battle—that he might escape, and was now returning home. After asking McClintock a number of questions, such as, where he lived, &c., Tarleton asked him if he had ever seen Lee's troop of cavalry; to which he replied in the negative. "Well," said Tarleton, pointing back to his dragoons, "there they are. This is Colonel Lee's troop." He next asked him where he was going? To which he replied, in perfect simplicity, and without a thought of being duped, that he had been over the creek to inform his son-in-law, Samuel Thompson, of the enemy's approach, and was now

returning. Tarleton then told him to turn about and go along with him; and, supposing that he was with Colonel Lee, he promptly obeyed. As they started off together, side by side, Tarleton said to him, "I presume, sir, you are too old to fight or be on the muster-list, but if the British were to come along, what would you do?" "Blood!" said the old man, the fire of patriotism kindling in him, and using his common word of affirmation, "Blood! I would shoot at them as long as I could stand to shoot." "You infernal old rebel!" said Tarleton; "I have a mind to blow out your brains," at the same time drawing and presenting his pistol. "We are the British, and I am Colonel Tarleton." Then, turning his pistol in his hand, he rubbed the butt end of it on his nose, and told him to kiss that, for a d—d old rascal. Such a wanton insult, offered to a man of his age and respectability, can excite no other feelings than those of indignation. But this was not all, nor the worst; for, holding his pistol still in the same position, he struck the old man on the head with the butt of it, and knocked him off his horse. Having done so, he told him he might go now, but he must leave his horse, which was a very valuable one; and then leaving him to die or get home in the best way he could, he went on his way. As the troop rode by, he saw his son-in-law, Thompson, among them; for they had either come by his house or met with him on the road, and taken him prisoner.

They were obliged to change their locality every day or two, in order to procure sustenance for man

and horse; but the Order Book contains nothing except the detail of sentinels, picquets and foraging parties. (*See Appendix, Orders for March* 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 1781.)

While his lordship was thus leisurely passing through the country, desolating every plantation on which he camped, and every neighborhood through which he passed, he was not altogether unmolested; for the traditions of the country are confirmed by the statements of Tarleton, who, when speaking of their course after the skirmish at Wetzell's mill, says, "They accordingly moved in a south-west direction for a few days, while Gen. Greene collected, without molestation, his militia, his eighteen months' men, and his continentals; when he advanced towards a good position over the Reedy Fork with an army of seven thousand men, and pushed forward his light troops to attack the rear of the British as they crossed a branch of Deep river. The legion dragoons repulsed the enemy's detachment with some loss, and the royal army encamped on the 13th at the Quaker's meeting-house." About fifteen years ago, James Edwards, a member of the Quaker Society, who lived some three or four miles from New Garden, and who was, at the time of the skirmish, about twenty-one years of age, gave me, in substance, the following account:—

In the afternoon of Tuesday, the day on which the British left McCuisten's and Dr. Caldwell's, he said they heard distinctly at his father's, a mile or two distant, the firing of pistols and a desperate

screaming of the women and children attached to the army. Next morning, Wednesday, he passed by the place, in company with his father and one or two of the neighbors, on their way to meeting at New Garden, and they counted twenty-six horses lying dead on the ground, nine of which were within a space of twenty steps, and the rest were scattered about in every direction. Four or five of them were iron-greys, and the others were mostly of a bay-color; but they had all been fine horses. Their attention was presently attracted by their dogs to a large, hollow log, which was near a spring and about two hundred yards distant. As the wolves were then numerous and were following in the course of the army, like jackal's, they supposed that one had got into the log, where the dogs were baying it; but, on going up, they found a dead man in the log. He had crawled in and died there; but whether he was British or American, they did not know. They filled up the open end of the log with stones and brush, which was all the funeral honors he ever received, and there his mouldering dust probably remains to this day. Edwards said he understood that two of the British were killed on the ground; but how many were wounded on either side, he never learned. One of Col. Lee's men was so badly wounded that he died within a few days at a house in the neighborhood, and Edwards said that he nursed him, or attended on him regularly until the night before he died. This affair happened a little above what is still called Edward's Cross Roads; and, as he had, at my re-

quest, accompanied me from his own house, he took me to the spring near which they found the dead man in the hollow log, but both man and log had disappeared.

Gen. Greene now had his camp in an advantageous position near Speedwell Iron Works, and only twelve or fifteen miles from the Court-house. One end of the encampment was about half a mile north-east from the "Works," and extended a mile along the road towards Danville, where the traces of his entrenchments are still seen. He had been endeavoring all along to draw his enemy towards Martinville, the ground selected as the scene of conflict, more than a month before, when on his retreat to the Dan; and this fact is noticed by Stedman, who, when speaking of his movement just before the skirmish at Wetzell's Mill, says, "The American light troops and militia were posted upon the branches of the Reedy Fork, whilst Gen. Greene, with the main army, inclined towards Guilford Court-house." The pending contest was viewed by the whole community, Whigs and Tories, with increasing interest as the time approached; for much was at stake, and a wrong move by either of the commanders was likely to involve himself and his cause in ruin. British valor and discipline were regarded by the Tories as invincible, and had a kind of talismanic influence. They could hardly believe that after Gates' defeat, the retreat of Gen. Greene, and the uniform success of the British arms hitherto, the Americans would again risk a general engagement, and were therefore hoping for a speedy

termination of the contest. The Whigs were encouraged by the increased numbers of Gen. Greene and the protection of a Higher Power. On both sides there was full confidence in the commanders; for their courage and ability had been fully tried, and they were well matched; but as the one had always been victorious, and the other never had known what it was to gain a victory, if he should gain one now it would be because "*The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.*"

Having received his expected reinforcements, consisting of a brigade of militia from Virginia, under Gen. Lawson, two from North Carolina, under Generals Butler and Eaton, and four hundred regulars, raised for eighteen months, Gen. Greene lost no time in giving his enemy battle. His whole force now amounted to four thousand two hundred and forty-three foot, and one hundred and sixty-one cavalry, only one thousand four hundred and ninety of which were regular troops, and some of them were new levies. The different corps and brigades were as follows:—Huger's brigade of Virginia continentals, seven hundred and seventy-eight; Williams' Maryland brigade and a company of Delawares, six hundred and thirty; infantry of Lee's legion, eighty-two; total of continental regulars, one thousand four hundred and ninety. Two brigades of North Carolina militia, one thousand and sixty; two brigades of Virginia militia, one thousand six hundred and ninety-three—total, two thousand seven hundred and fifty-three. Washington's light dragoons, eighty; Lee's legion, seventy-

five; and forty horse under the Marquis of Bretagne, a French nobleman, were added next day. Thinking himself now strong enough to meet his enemy, Gen. Greene called in his light troops under Williams, formed the whole into one army, and on the 14th, moved down to Martinville, where he encamped for the night, and convenient to the destined scene of action. Cornwallis being informed of this movement on the part of General Greene, immediately prepared for the conflict, by calling in the pickets and mill-guard, and by detaching Col. Hamilton with most of his baggage to Bell's Mill, escorted by his own regiment of North Carolinians, one hundred infantry and twenty cavalry. Orders were given at night for an early move in the morning, and they started some time before day.—(*See Appendix, Orders for March* 14, 1781.)

How many of the British were engaged in the battle is uncertain. There may have been a good many Tories, and in this way the discrepancies between the British and American authorities might be reconciled; for his lordship, from prudential considerations, makes no mention of that class, except the passing notice in his Order Book, which he did not expect would ever be seen in this country. They had some from the Scotch region; for I have been told that Colonels Ray and McDougal were there; but how many men they had was never known. It is probable that Colonels Field and Bryan were there with their respective corps; for it is said that Col. Field continued with them until

they surrendered at Yorktown. How many men they had we cannot tell; but, when mentioned in the Order Book, they had each of them men enough to have a special, separate and important service assigned them. Hardly any of the American historians estimate his force at less than from two thousand to twenty-four hundred, and, counting the Tories, it may have been considerably more.

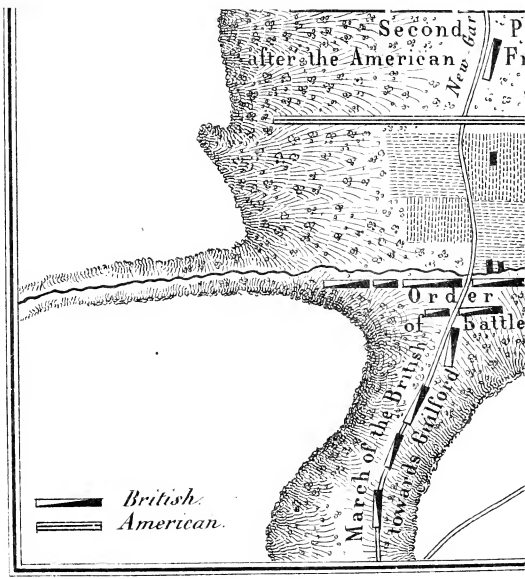
A battle was now certain; but as the precise time when the British would approach could not be known, Col. Lee was sent out, probably the evening before, with his legion and a detachment of riflemen, under Col. Campbell, to reconnoitre and communicate intelligence. Above New Garden meeting house he met the British van, consisting of cavalry, some light infantry and Yagers, under Col. Tarleton. Lee, sending an express back to Gen. Greene, turned, and retreated slowly with the view of drawing them as far from the main army and as much towards Martinsville as possible. Tarleton—the fiery Tarleton—and his cavalry, pressed upon Capt. Armstrong, who was in the rear, in the hope of throwing them into confusion, but in vain. After a second charge, when their pistols were empty, Lee turned, and with the troops of Rudolph and Eggleston, in close column, rushed upon them with irresistible impetuosity. Tarleton, knowing the superiority of the American horses, and fearing the consequences of such an onset, sounded a retreat; and only the front of the British cavalry dared to meet the shock; but to many of them it was a fatal one. The men were dismounted, some were killed, many wounded, and

others were made prisoners, while the horses were all thrown prostrate on the ground. Tarleton, unwilling to meet such another onset, returned towards the main army, but Lee, when pressing on with the hope of cutting off his retreat, came upon the British van-guard in the grove of lofty oaks by New Garden meeting-house, who instantly gave him a broadside, and with considerable effect. He ordered a retreat; but his infantry came running up and gave them a well directed fire, which being followed up by Campbell's riflemen, who had taken post on the left, the action became general, and the conflict severe. In a few minutes, Lee perceived that the main body of the British was approaching, and ordered a general retreat, falling in the rear himself with his cavalry to cover the infantry and riflemen. During this time, the express sent by Lee, arrived at head-quarters, and Gen. Greene prepared for battle, but the arrangements had been so distinctly made known, and so well understood beforehand, "that nothing more was necessary than to give the order for every division to take its place." "So much care had been bestowed upon this subject that, during the whole of this hard fought day, there was no one instance of doubt or difficulty felt by any officer, as to the part or duty assigned him."

Taking our stand at the court-house, the road to New Garden runs a little south of west, and the ground appears quite broken. On descending the hill from the court-house, you cross a branch running north, and then you ascend a short but steep hill. About forty steps further you cross a spring

drain, or kind of ravine running north-east and uniting with the branch at a short distance below. Then you ascend a long hill or slope with an old field on each side of the road, to a wood, which, at this point, was about a quarter of a mile wide, and extended more than a mile north and south. Beyond this wood there were cultivated fields on both sides of the road; and the fences running north and south, on the side of the road next to the court-house, were nearly on a line. Behind these fences the militia of North Carolina were drawn up. Eaton's brigade on the north side, and Butler's on the south side of the road, while the artillery, consisting of four six pounders, under the command of Lieutenants Singleton and Finley, took its position in the road nearly between the two brigades.

Parallel with it, and at the distance of two or three hundred yards in the woods, was placed the line of Virginia militia, Lawson's brigade on the north side, and that of Stephens' on the south side of the road. By the advice of Gen. Morgan, a number of riflemen were stationed a few rods behind them, with orders to shoot down every man who attempted to run; and this measure probably had some good effect. Lawson's men were all raw militia, but a number of those under Stephens had seen service before, and the rest were mostly volunteers. This made the difference in their firmness and efficiency during the action. The firmness with which men will face an army of veteran troops in battle depends on circumstances. Volunteers will do better than those who are forced into the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Order
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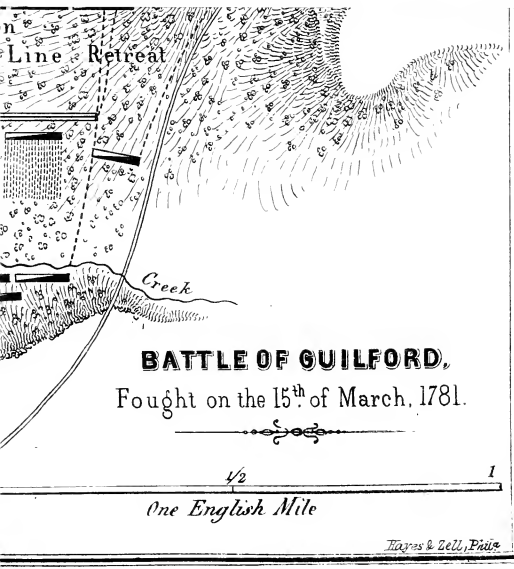
Battle
March of the British
towards Guilford
British
American



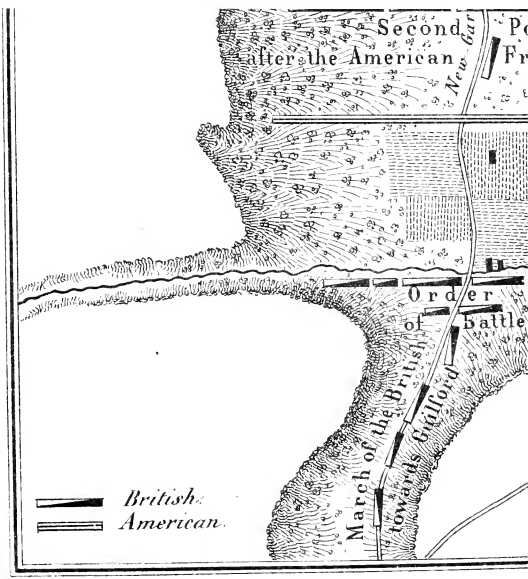

# BATTLE OF GUILFORD,

Fought on the 15th of March, 1781.

1/2 1

*One English Mile*

*Hayes & Zell, Phila.*


Second
after the American
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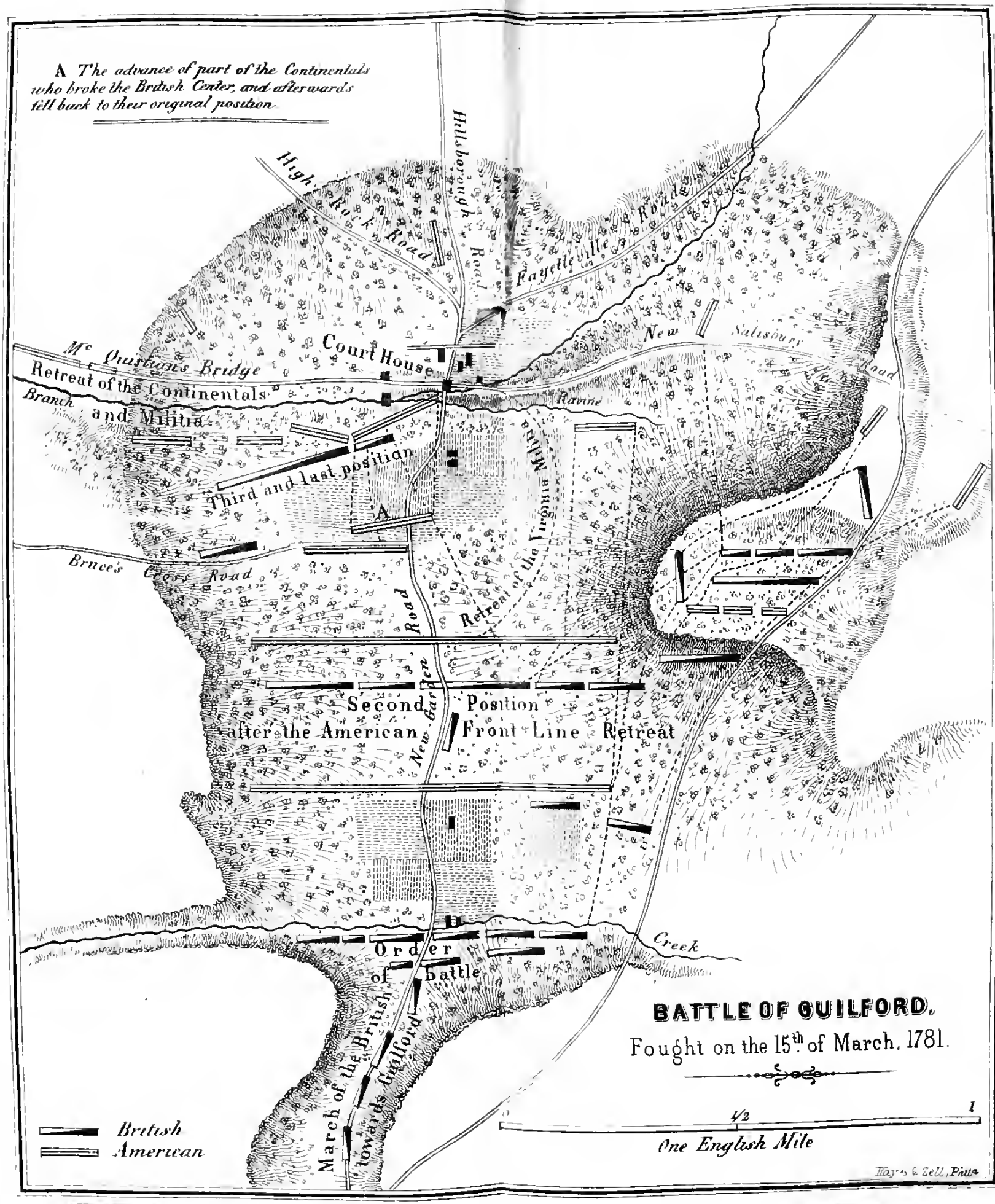
battle
March of the British
towards Guilford
British
American


A The advance of part of the Continentals who broke the British Center, and afterwards fell back to their original position
High Rock Road
Hillsborough Road
Fayetteville Road
New Salisbury Road
Mc Cuistians Bridge
Court House
Retreat of the Continentals
Branch and Militia
Ravine
Third and last position
A
Bruce's Cross Road
Road
Retreat of the Virginia Militia
Second Position
after the American Front Line Retreat
New Garden
Creek
Order of battle
March of the British towards Guilford
BATTLE OF GUILFORD,
Fought on the 15th of March, 1781.
British
American
1/2
1
One English Mile
Harris & Bell, Phila.

service; and men of intelligence and virtue, who value their characters and feel that they have much at stake, will fight better than others, but cannot stand long before disciplined and veteran troops.

In the rear of both these lines, at the distance of three or four hundred yards, on the high ground north of the road and not far from the court-house, the continentals were posted, not in a straight line, but forming an obtuse angle, and thus presenting a double front. The Virginia brigade of continentals under Gen. Huger, consisted of two regiments, one commanded by Col. Green, and the other by Lieut. Col. Hawes, and composed the right. The Maryland brigade, under the command of Col. Williams, also consisted of two regiments, one led by Col. Gunby, the other by Lieut.-Col. Ford, and composed the left. Col. Green with his regiment lay near the court-house and was not brought into the action, but was held as a reserve for any emergency that might occur. Col. Washington with his cavalry, Cap. Kirkwood with his old "Delaware Blues," and Col. Lynch with a battalion of Virginia militia were posted on the right for the support of that flank. Col. Lee with his legion and a corps of riflemen under Col. Campbell was posted on the southern extremity for the support of the left flank.

With the American army thus drawn up in battle array before us, imagining, if we can, the intense anxiety which then reigned in thousands of hearts, on the battle field and all over the country—anxiety for the results in regard to the freedom and independence for which they were periling life and

everything dear, anxiety for the life of husbands, fathers, sons and brothers—let us go forward to the North Carolina line, so advantageously posted behind the fence, and look at the ground beyond.

From that point the road passes down a long slope of three or four hundred yards to a small creek, and beyond that you see a long ascent skirted on both sides with quite a dense growth of timber, and extending far on both sides, Down that long descent the British advanced, in solid column, with a firm step and with full confidence in their own prowess. As soon as they came in sight, Captain Singleton, of the American artillery, commenced an ineffectual cannonade; and Captain McLeod, who commanded the British artillery, rushed forward, planted his guns on the eminence and returned the fire. For twenty minutes or more, a brisk cannonade was kept up on both sides, but without much damage to either. One or two of Butler's men, and nearly the whole of Singleton's artillery horses were killed, while the British received little or no injury; but under cover of the smoke raised by their own cannon, which concealed them from the view of the Americans, the different brigades and corps of the British army filed off to the right and left, with perfect regularity and in exact accordance with previous orders, showing the effect of strict discipline and of long experience in the service. The famous 71st regiment of Scotch Highlanders, commanded by Col. Frazer, took position next to the road; the Hessian regiment of Bose, on their right; and the whole under the command of Major-

General Leslie. The first battalion of guards, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Norton, were at some distance in the rear, kept as a reserve, and intended to support the right flank, as circumstances might require. Colonel Tarleton, with his dragoons, who had done so much hard fighting with Col. Lee, in the morning, was "held as a reserve, with orders to move under cover of the woods on the road side, waiting on the artilery," but ready to act in support of the right flank, should it become necessary. The 23d and 33d regiments under the command of Col. Webster, filed off to the left or north side of the road; and the second battalion of guards, with the grenadiers of the same corps, under the command of Gen. O'Hara, were in the rear for the support of that wing. The Yagers and light infantry of the guards were kept with the artilery in the woods until the line was ready to advance and then they attached themselves to the 33d regiment. When they began to advance through the open fields at the distance of half a mile, they made a very gorgeous and imposing appearance. It was about noon and the sun was shining in its meridian splendor. The air was a little keen, but not piercing. Their scarlet uniforms, burnished armor, and gay banners floating in the breeze contrasted strongly with the sombre and deathlike appearance of nature, as they advanced with firm and measured step to the work of human slaughter. The 23d and 33d regiments, under Col. Webster, supported on their left by the second battalion of guards, with the grenadiers, Yagers, and light infantry belonging

to the brigade of guards, were confronted with Gen. Eaton's brigade, which was supported on the right by Col. Washington with his cavalry, Kirkwood with his Delawares and a corps of riflemen under Col. Lynch. On the south side, the 71st regiment of Highlanders, under Frazer, were opposed to Butler's brigade, and the Hessians under Bose, with the reserve, met Lee's legion and Campbell's riflemen.

It is not a matter of much surprise that raw militia, just drafted for the occasion, and under militia officers not one of whom had ever seen an engagement, could not stand before such a military array as was now coming against them. They soon gave way and fled; but not so basely as has been commonly represented, nor until they had "made their mark." According to British historians and the traditions of the country, I believe that much the larger part of the line fired once; but it was at such a distance and perhaps with so much trepidation that it was probably not in general very effective. Some of them acted nobly, stood firm, and did much execution, and of this there is ample proof. Some fourteen years ago I became acquainted with a respectable old man who was one of Lee's cavalry on that day, and he told me that as the Hessians were approaching the fence they received a very destructive fire, which they returned, and then rushed up, intending to cross the fence, and drive them at the point of the bayonet; but the Americans clubbed their guns and beat them back. They retreated then about forty yards, when they reloaded

and fired again, intending, as before, to rush up, force their way over the fence, and get where they could use the bayonet to advantage, but by this time the riflemen were ready for them, and gave them another galling fire, which made them recoil, and threw them into some confusion. On seeing this Gen. Leslie ordered up some assistance, when they were obliged to give way a little; but the contest was continued there to the close. We shall have more to say about this matter in another place; and therefore leaving them for the present thus engaged, we return to the road where the Highlanders were engaged.

The Colonel who ought to have commanded one of the regiments in Butler's brigade, was, that morning, appointed to some other service, and the command of the regiment given to Arthur Forbis, a militia captain, who, with about half his company, had volunteered a few days before, for the occasion, and who, though he had never seen a battle, was as brave a man as walked the ground on that day. He and his company, with a number of other riflemen, volunteers from Guilford and other counties, who, being of kindred spirit and previously acquainted, associated with him, gave one deliberate fire, which is known to have been a very destructive one, and many of them gave two fires, nor would he yield till the enemy were within a few steps. Some of his men were killed, others were wounded and his own life was made a sacrifice to the cause of freedom.

Of Eaton's brigade, very little is said in history;

but, only one of the brigade being reported as killed and two or three wounded, the presumption is that they were not much exposed to danger. Probably many of them gave one fire, and then disappeared. When the front line gave way, the British rushed forward with a loud shout of triumph to encounter the Virginians, and expected similar success, but there they met with a warmer reception, for they received such a galling fire from the flanking parties under Lee and Washington that they were obliged to halt and make other arrangements. The 33d regiment of Webster's brigade was wheeled half round to the left, in order to face the American reserve under Washington, and the Hessian regiment of Bose was wheeled round to the right in the same way, to face Lee and Campbell, which caused such a separation between the two wings that both their covering parties, consisting of the two battalions of guards, the Yagers and light infantry of the guards had to be brought forward to fill up the vacancy. Thus the whole British army was brought into line and appear to have all been engaged at the same time. The brigade of Stephens being mostly volunteers, and many of their officers and men having been in battle before, maintained their ground with considerable firmness and, for some time, the conflict was fierce and bloody. Lawson's brigade being raw militia, and mostly drafted for the occasion, first yielded, wheeling round behind Stephens' brigade, and then retreated with precipitancy and confusion. The brigade of Stephens quickly following, they both retreated with all the speed they

could, and by making a circuit through the fields and woods entered the village on the south side, where they became spectators of the remaining acts in the scene. Col. Webster having followed the Virginia militia to the Salisbury road and driven them from the field, was now at liberty to turn his attention to any part of the continental line he chose and, unfortunately for himself, he advanced upon the first regiment of Marylanders, which happened to be the most convenient. This was the regiment which, under Col. Howard, had so much distinguished itself at the battle of the Cowpens and was now commanded by Col. Gunby, an officer, who was in every respect worthy to have the command of such a corps. With perfect composure they waited till the enemy approached within convenient distance, when they poured upon them such a destructive fire that it produced a general recoil and made it necessary for Col. Webster to retreat over the ravine, then boldly and promptly descending into the plain, they followed up the advantage which they had gained with so much skill and energy that they produced a complete route.

Had either of the cavalry corps been convenient at the moment the battle might have been decided, for the 33d regiment and the two light companies which attended it must have surrendered; and as they numbered not less than four hundred in all, Cornwallis would have been obliged to order a retreat. This was the critical moment and the turning point. The British historians, Tarleton and Stedman, charge Gen. Greene with an oversight in not

improving this advantage which, they admit, would have been decisive of the contest, and Johnson says that, "this was the most trying moment of Gen. Greene's military life." He could have ordered up another corps to improve the advantage gained, and such a movement if executed with courage and promptness must have decided the fate of the day, and saved a great deal of bloodshed; but there was too much risk to be run. It would have taken him from the advantageous position which he occupied and probably engaged him with the mass of the British army in the plain. The whole line were new recruits except about five hundred, Gunby's regiment and Kirkwood's Delawares; under these circumstances, he recalled Gunby with his regiment to their former position; and, in doing so, he showed his wisdom, as was soon proved by the conduct of the 2d Maryland regiment. Instead of blaming, we admire the patriotism and good sense of the man who, for the good of his country, could resist such a temptation, and such a prospect of gaining a victory with lasting honor to himself.

In this encounter with Gunby's regiment, Col. Webster was severely wounded, but he drew off his men over the ravine to the edge of the woods, where he awaited the advance of other regiments. During this time, Captain McLeod had brought up the royal artillery, and had taken a fine position on the high ground at the edge of the woods. The second battalion of guards, under the command of Lieut-Col. Stuart, in a few minutes swept across the open ground, and attacked the 2d regiment of

Marylanders under Col. Ford, who, being new recruits, soon gave way and disappointed the hopes of the whole army, but especially of their heroic commander, Col. Williams. By order of General Leslie, the 71st and 23d regiments were now brought forward, leaving the regiment of Bose, as the Virginians were all gone, to maintain the contest with Campbell's riflemen; and Gen. O'Hara, with the 2d battalion and grenadiers of the guards, was advancing at the same time and towards the same point. On perceiving that the forces of the enemy were converging to the American left, Col. Washington, followed by his cavalry, galloped off towards that point and passed ahead of the 23d and 71st regiments. When the 2d Maryland regiment gave way, the guards under Col. Stuart, passed on with a shout of triumph and took the American six pounders, but Washington with his cavalry, made such a furious attack upon them from the rear, that he broke through the line, producing as he went, great slaughter on every side, and re-took the six pounders. In this he was nobly seconded by the 1st regiment of Marylanders, which was now commanded by Lieut.-Col. Howard, Col. Gunby having been unhorsed in the severe conflict with the 33d regiment under Col. Webster, but owing to the direction in which the enemy approached, a small thicket of bushes had hitherto concealed it from their notice. With heroic courage and great promptness, it now rushed upon them from the left, when one of the most fierce and bloody conflicts ensued that was anywhere known during the war. It was

hand to hand, and the slaughter was terrible. About fourteen years ago, Nathaniel Slade, an old and respectable citizen of Caswell, who was one of Butler's men on that day, and who, after the retreat, had stopped with many others, at the court-house, to witness the meeting of the British with the continentals in the Old Field, told me that this conflict between the brigade of guards and the first regiment of Marylanders, was most terrific; for they fired at the same instant, and they had approached so near that the blazes from the muzzles of their guns seemed to meet. These two corps were the boasts of their respective armies, and on many a bloody field, both officers and men had acquired a reputation for bravery, which they were determined to maintain. Probably pride and a spirit of revenge had as much to do in producing this bloody strife, as feelings of patriotism or a simple desire of victory; and for illustration, we quote a fact from Johnson. "Colonel Stuart, of the guards, and Captain Smith, of the Marylanders, were both men conspicuous for nerve and sinew. They had also met before on some occasion, and had vowed that their next meeting should end in blood. Regardless of the bayonets that were clashing around them, they rushed at each other with a fury that admitted of but one result. The quick pass of Stuart's small sword was skilfully put by with the left hand, whilst the heavy sabre of his antagonist cleft the Briton to the spine. In one moment the American was prostrate on the lifeless body of his enemy, but only stunned, and in the next, he was pressed

beneath the weight of the soldier who had brought him to the ground. A ball discharged at Smith's head as his sword descended on that of Stuart, had grazed it and brought him to the ground, at the instant that the bayonet of a favorite soldier, who always sought the side of his captain in the hour of danger, pierced the heart of one who appears to have been equally watchful over the safety of the British colonel.

For some time victory had been perching alternately on the banners of the two armies, first on one side and then on the other; but now she seemed to be hovering midway between them, and while it was manifest that a few minutes more would end the conflict, it was altogether doubtful in whose favor it would be decided. This corps, the 2d battalion of guards, including the grenadiers, numbered three hundred and fifty; and, being the flower of the British army, if it could be vanquished, a shout of triumph would immediately ascend from the American ranks. Of course, every eye was directed to that spot, and both the commanders, anxious for the result, and regardless of everything else, were equally drawn towards it, and with a full conviction of its bearing upon the final issue.

Col. Washington, seeing Lord Cornwallis completely within his reach, waved his sword to some of his officers to follow him and moved off to seize the prize; but the string of his cap broke and it fell from his head. While dismounting to recover it, his lordship, without being at all aware of his danger, or thinking of his personal safety, went

away to put in execution one of those dreadful expedients which commanders sometimes adopt, in extreme cases, rather than lose a victory. As the guards were beginning to yield and it was becoming manifest that their discomfiture was inevitable without some desperate measure, he went to the high ground near the woods, where the artillery was posted; and, to arrest the progress of the Americans, directed M'Leod to pour vollies of grape shot through the ranks of his own men. O'Hara, then bleeding copiously from his wounds, remonstrated, but in vain. The expedient succeeded; but, by this measure, coming on the back of what had been done by the swords and muskets, this battalion was half destroyed. During this time, the 71st and 23d had come into the field and Cornwallis was again forming his line. The guards were all up, and the 33d, which had been drawn off by Col. Webster, was returning from its covert in the woods to resume its place on the left.

When the first battalion of guards, which had been ordered up, was approaching the road in which Gen. Greene was anxiously observing the movements, he was concealed from their view by a row of bushes which lined the margin of the road; but Major Morris, one of his aids, perceived the danger and gave him notice, when, with that presence of mind which is ever characteristic of a hero and an experienced soldier, he managed so as not to attract their attention, by moving off at a walk and thus escaped a volley of musketry which would probably have terminated his military career.

The issue was now at hand and was beginning to be anticipated on both sides. Some cannonading was still kept up and there was an occasional volley of musketry in different parts of the field; but the result of the whole evidently depended on the American left. The British army was all again in line, except the regiment of Bose which was still warmly engaged with Lee and Campbell, far away to the south and near a mile from the scene of conflict with the Continentals. The militia were all gone; the 2d Maryland regiment was gone, and there was remaining only Kirkwood with his Delawares and Lynch with the infantry of Washington's covering party to aid the 1st regiment of Marylanders, who had already done and suffered so much. When the 1st battalion of guards, under Norton, which had formed the covering party on the British right, was recalled and brought into the old field, Col. Lee sent off his cavalry towards the American left and soon after sent his legion to the same place. Bose was then left to contend with Campbell's riflemen aided by a few volunteers from Stephens' brigade and from Guilford county. From the first, or after the two or three first fires, the conflict with the Hessians was kept up by alternately advancing and retreating.

On my first visit to the battle-ground, I was accompanied by Robert Rankin, of the Buffalo congregation, who went from home that morning as a volunteer, and fell in with Campbell's riflemen. After showing a tree from behind which he fired two or three times, and reciting several incidents,

he told me that when they were ready to fire, the Hessians retreated, and they pursued, until they delivered their fire, when they had to retreat in turn. The Hessians then fired, raised the shout, and charged with the bayonet, driving the Americans before them until they could reload. This alternate advancing and retreating continued, the Americans driven a little further every time by the use of the bayonet, until they were at least a mile from the Court House, and nearly due south. After Lee sent off his cavalry, and his legion, the volunteers, mostly dropped off about the same time, and Campbell's riflemen kept up a firing, which had no great effect, but served to keep the enemy employed. Cornwallis finding that the Hessians were still engaged in the woods to the south, sent Tarleton with his dragoons to extricate them, and bring them up, which he did, and with some loss to the riflemen, as they were then wholly unsupported. When the regiment of Bose appeared in the open ground, advancing to their place in the lines, accompanied by Tarleton's dragoons, General Greene ordered a retreat. He was about to be overpowered by numbers, and he had previously resolved not to risk the destruction of his army. Webster was advancing through the field with the 33d regiment, in good order, and aiming to turn the American right. As there was nothing more to be gained by continuing the conflict, he ordered Col. Greene with his regiment of Virginia Continentals, which, having been posted on the extreme right, had not been engaged, to advance and cover the retreat.

"The 23d and 71st regiments, with part of the cavalry," Stedman says, "were at first sent in pursuit, but afterwards received orders to return. It is probable that, as the British Commander became more acquainted with all the circumstances of the action, and the number of the killed and wounded, he found it necessary to countermand his orders, and desist from the pursuit."

After going about three miles, General Greene halted for an hour or two to refresh his troops, and then proceeded to his camp beyond the Iron Works, where they arrived before day, all in good spirits, and ready to meet the enemy again. In his dispatch, written a day or two after the battle, he says that the distance was "ten miles;" but we who live in this region, and so often travel the road, know that it is not less than fifteen miles. All the officers on both sides, who afterwards became historians, Lee Tarleton and Stedman, speak of this as one of the hardest fought battles in which they had been engaged. Tarleton says it was "one of the most hazardous, as well as severe battles that occurred during the war." The British authorities magnify the number under Gen. Greene, beyond all bounds; but they seem to have depended on rumor. As Stedman, when he had correct information, was a candid and reliable author, we shall here give, for the satisfaction of the reader, his account in full.

In this battle the British troops obtained a victory most honorable and glorious to themselves, but in its consequences of no real advantage to the cause

in which they were engaged. They attacked and defeated an army of more than three times their own number, not taken by surprise, but formed in regular order of battle, and ready to engage, an army too, that is allowed on all hands to have been strongly and judiciously posted, on ground chosen with care, and most excellently adapted to the nature of the troops that occupied it. The resistance of the enemy was in proportion to the advantages they possessed; nor did they yield but with extreme reluctance. Even the militia, encouraged by their position, fought with bravery, and greatly weakened the British line before it reached the continentals. The Virginia militia, who composed the second American line, did not quit their ground, it is said, until their commander, seeing them no longer able to withstand the attack of regular troops, and ready to be overpowered, gave orders for a retreat. A victory achieved under such disadvantages of numbers and ground, was of the most honorable kind, and placed the bravery and discipline of the troops beyond all praise; but the expense at which it was obtained rendered it of no utility. Before the provincials finally retreated, more than one-third of all the British troops engaged had fallen. The whole loss, according to the official returns, amounted to five hundred and thirty-two.

The destruction of life was great on both sides; but owing to the use of the rifle and the protected situation of the militia, it was greater on the part of the enemy. They admitted, as we have seen, a loss in killed and wounded, of five hundred and thirty-

two; but General Greene thought he had good authority for saying that they lost six hundred and thirty-three. The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded could never be ascertained with entire certainty, but it was between two and three hundred. In proportion to their numbers, the two battalions of guards did the most hard fighting, and were the greatest sufferers. The first battalion, which, it will be recollected, was the covering party to the British right, and at the outset, were opposed to the American covering party under Lee and Campbell, "had suffered greatly." Stedman says, "in ascending a woody height to attack the second line of the Americans, strongly posted upon the top of it, who, availing themselves of the advantages of their situation, retired, as soon as they had discharged their pieces, behind the brow of the hill, which protected them from the shot of the guards, and returned, as soon as they had loaded, and were again in readiness to fire." Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the attack was made, the guards reached the summit of the eminence, and put the American line to flight; but no sooner was it done than another line of the Americans presented itself to view, extending far beyond the right of the guards, and inclining towards their flank, so as almost to encompass them. The ranks of the guards had been thinned in ascending the height, and a number of their officers had fallen."

When this battalion was brought into action with the Continentals, "the fire being repeated and continued, and from the great extent of their line,

being poured in, not only on the front but on the flanks of the battalion, completed its confusion and disorder," as above related, "and notwithstanding every exertion made by the remaining officers, it was at last entirely broke." Johnson says that Tarleton was sent off to extricate the Hessian regiment, and bring it up; Tarleton and Stedman say, that the regiment of Bose came up just when the 1st battalion was in its broken state, and, at the request of Col. Norton, aided in forming it again into line, but the difference could not be more than a very few minutes.

The British loss in officers was very heavy. One colonel and four commissioned officers were killed on the field. Col. Webster and Captains Maynard, Schultz, Goodriche, and a number of others, died of their wounds soon after. Gen. O'Hara received two wounds, and was so severely injured that it was for some time, doubtful whether he would recover; and Gen. Howard, who had volunteered on the occasion, was also wounded, but not dangerously. Tarleton got a slight wound from the riflemen in the woods, near the close of the engagement, and twenty other commissioned officers were in the number of the wounded. The disparity in the loss of officers, is ascribed chiefly, though not exclusively, to the fact that the Americans sheltered themselves behind trees, and a large number of them used the rifle, which enabled them to take aim, and to shoot with a good deal of precision at a greater distance.

In regard to the whole number of British engaged, Stedman says, in a foot note, (p. 344,) that,

"according to a return made by the adjutant of the day," the British troops engaged in the action, amounted to one thousand four hundred and forty-five; but he acknowledged a loss of five hundred and thirty-two, which would leave only nine hundred and thirteen, yet when at Wilmington, he says (p. 354,) they had one thousand four hundred and thirty-five, and a considerable number were known to have died in the meantime. In fact, they were dying all along the road, and sometimes, two, three and four in a night. From Stedman's own showing, then, it would seem that they must have had two thousand, and might have had twenty-five hundred. Besides, they had a number of loyalists, some of whom had been much in the British service. I have always understood that Colonels McDougal and Ray were there, probably with a number of followers; but such men as Ray and McDougal, so brave and loyal, would not be there and take no part. Colonels Field and Bryant, one or both, were probably there with a number of men; but only the regular army is reported; and, for prudential reasons, there was no public notice of the loyalists.

With respect to the courage and energy displayed on both sides, we have already given the testimony of Tarleton and Stedman. The American officers speak of it in terms equally strong, and, according to a tradition which I consider perfectly reliable, Cornwallis said, at Bell's Mill, two days after, that "he had never seen such fighting since God made him, and that another such victory would be his ruin."

The commanders, about equal in ability and well

aware of their responsibility, showed an utter disregard of their own safety, and an intense anxiety for the result. Rushing into the midst of danger, they were every where, each one most eagerly watching the movements made by the other and ready to make a counter one. They both ran great risk of being captured, and it is a mystery how they escaped unhurt by the flying balls. Cornwallis had two horses killed under him, one of which, an iron-grey, of noble appearance and fine muscular power, was shot down, as I was informed, at the north end of the fence along the road now generally travelled from Greensborough to Bruce's cross-roads, but on the west side of the road. This will show his lordship's whereabouts at one period of the conflict, and may contribute a little to gratify the curiosity of the growing numbers who visit the ground. It has been said, though I cannot vouch for its truth, that, near the close of the battle, a man from the south side of Guilford, had Cornwallis fairly within the range of his rifle, and snapped at him twice; but, before he could get his gun to make fire, the fortunate Earl had passed beyond his reach. Gen. Greene was equally exposed and equally fortunate. In a letter written to his wife the day after the battle, he says:—"The action was long, bloody and severe, many fell, but none of your particular friends. Col. Williams, who is Adjutant-General, was very active and greatly exposed. I had not the honor of being wounded, but was very near being taken, having rode in the heat of the action full tilt, directly into the midst of the enemy; but by Col. Morris' calling to me, and

advertising me of my situation, I had just time to retire." His aids looked with amazement at his intrepidity; and he must have been under the shield of Divine protection.

Some reflections have been cast on Gen. Greene for his arrangement of the militia, and especially for placing the raw undisciplined militia of North Carolina in front to receive the first onset of veteran troops — British troops, such as were accustomed to conquer in every part of the globe, and had never sustained a defeat. It seems to be admitted that Cornwallis, on that day, commanded the best troops in the world, nearly every corps having been long renowned for their unyielding firmness and cool intrepidity. The 71st, or Frazer's Highlanders, and the Welsh Fusileers, had greatly distinguished themselves twelve or fifteen years before in the French war, both at Louisburg and in Canada. They were the first to scale the Heights of Abraham, under the eye of the intrepid Wolfe, and made the charge which defeated the French, and gained for the English a victory of immense importance. At the battle of Trenton, the 71st did so much execution as to attract the notice of Washington; and "on one occasion when Lieut.-Col. Maitland of the 71st, was in company with General Washington, he remarked jocosely, that to enable him to distinguish and do justice to the valor of this corps, the men should, in future, wear a red feather in their bonnets, and they did so to the end of the war." In the battle of Cambden these Highlanders and the

Welsh Fusileers made that desperate charge which broke the centre of General Gate's army, and resulted in his defeat. They had signalized themselves at Savannah, and had pursued Gen. Greene for some two hundred miles across the State for the purpose of bringing him to a pitched battle.

"In this regiment alone—the 71st—five of the officers lived to attain the rank of Lieut.-General, one that of General, two that of Colonel, three that of Lieut.-Colonel, and some that of Major." The brigade, or two battalions of guards, were hardly less famous, and certainly had no less ambition to maintain their well earned character for firmness and intrepidity. In short every corps in the army had a world-wide reputation for valor and discipline; and such was the army which was seen at the distance of half a mile or more advancing, in brilliant uniform, with burnished armor, and with firm deliberate step to encounter the front line.

Did Gen. Greene treat the North Carolina militia with any injustice or unfairness when he placed them where they must meet the first onset of this formidable host? or might it be regarded as a compliment? We have neither military talents nor knowledge of military science enough to decide, and must leave it to others; but what would have been the probable result if the arrangement had been reversed, or if the continentals had been placed in front and the militia in the rear? Is it probable that the fourteen hundred and ninety regulars, only five or six hundred of whom had ever been in service before, would have been able

to resist the entire British army, while it was undiminished and unwearied? And if not, when they gave way would the militia have stood their ground any better? It is doubtful; and while Gen. Green's main dependence was in the Continentals, he wished to have the enemy as much wearied and crippled as possible before he encountered them with the most reliable part of his force

The North Carolina militia might think themselves honored in having the post of danger assigned them; and there were other reasons for putting them in that position. It was supposed that as they were on their own territory, defending their property, their wives and children, their homes and their altars, if they would fight any where or at any time they would do it there and then. Their position was in some respects favorable; for they were behind a rail fence, which, though rotten, was some advantage. The British historians, Tarleton and Stedman, both of whom were military men and present on the occasion, compliment Gen. Greene, not only for his selection of the ground, but for the arrangement of his forces. In fact they found fault with nothing he did, except one thing, which they termed an oversight in the heat of the engagement with the regulars, and which we have already noticed; nor do I recollect that the least censure has ever been passed upon him by any historian or military man of note in this country. From these concessions, the reader will perceive that I have no disposition to palliate the faults of my countrymen or to cover up a reproach which I cannot wipe

away. Do them justice and we are satisfied; but, fortunately, in this case, there is no need either to ask any favor or to cast any reflection on Gen. Greene in order to find an apology for their conduct on that occasion If the reader will now forget what he has read, or the impression made on his mind by what he has read in Johnson's Life of Greene and in other writers who copied from him, we will take the position and take it confidently, that the North Carolina militia did as much, in proportion to their numbers and making a fair allowance for all the circumstances, as any other militia on the ground. I verily believe they did more, but let that pass for the present. To maintain the position which we have taken, we appeal to well known or well authenticated facts and to official documents, and we ask the reader's patient and candid attention.

When at the house of Mr. Rife, in Virginia, who, the reader will recollect, was one of Lee's cavalry on that day and a man of respectable standing in society. I remarked that, according to history, the North Carolina militia did nothing on that occasion, and he replied, with some sternness, "Whoever says the North Carolina militia did nothing on that day, says what is false; for I know better." When he told me about the North Carolinians, at one point, clubbing their guns and beating back the Hessians from the fence, I suggested that they must have been Campbell's Riflemen; but he promptly said, "No, they were not!" for he knew the North Carolina militia well enough, and he sat on his horse where he had them full in view, or, to use his own

words, where he saw them with his own eyes. According to the British accounts, the front line did not generally give way until the bayonets were presented, and they were not expected to stand the bayonet. Stedman says: "At the distance of one hundred and forty yards they received the enemy's *first* fire, but continued to advance unmoved. When arrived at a nearer and more convenient distance they delivered their own fire and rapidly charged with the bayonets."

Tarleton, who seldom gives anybody, except the British, much credit for bravery, says, "the order and coolness of that part of Webster's brigade which advanced across the open ground, exposed to the enemy's fire cannot be sufficiently extolled. The extremities were not less galled, but were more protected by the woods in which they moved. The *militia* allowed the front line to approach within one hundred and fifty yards before they gave their fire, the front line continued to move on, the Americans sent back their cannon, and part of them *repeated* their fire. The king's troops threw in their fire and charged rapidly with their bayonets, the shock was not waited for by the militia, who retreated behind their second line." There is no intimation here that "many of them" threw away their arms, without discharging them, and run for life, but that *the line*, generally at least, gave one fire and many of them fired a second time, which was according to orders. That their first fire, especially by the riflemen, was a deliberate and effective one, has been admitted by British officers and historians,

Capt. Dugald Stuart, who commanded a company in the 71st regiment, on that day, when writing to a relative in this country, under date of October 25th, 1825, uses the following language: "In the advance we received a *very deadly fire*, from the Irish line of the American army, composed of their marksmen lying on the ground behind a rail fence. ONE HALF OF THE HIGHLANDERS DROPPED ON THAT SPOT, there ought to be a pretty large tumulus where our men were buried." Brown in his history of the Highland Clans, when speaking of the 71st regiment at Guilford, says.* "The Americans covered by the fence in their front *reserved their fire till the British were within thirty or forty paces, at which distance they opened a most destructive fire, which annihilated nearly one third of Webster's brigade.*" William Montgomery, of this county, who was one of Capt. Forbis' little company, and one of the four who stood by him to the last, when describing the scene, in after life, usually illustrated it by saying that, after they delivered their first fire, which was a deliberate one, with their rifles, the part of the British line, at which they aimed, looked like the scattering stalks in a wheatfield when the harvestman has passed over it with his cradle. There is a

* This quotation, with a few facts on a former page, is taken from an article in the Fayettville Observer, under date of November 29th, 1855. The article was written by a gentleman of the Bar in Fayettville, who, I believe, is a native Scotchman, and thoroughly acquainted with the Scottish history, but has been for years a naturalized American, and has now a Carolina feeling, as strong and patriotic as any native of the state.

tradition which says that there were two men, from the south side of Guilford or the upper side of Randolph, who got permission two or three days before the battle, to visit their families on condition that they would rejoin the army at Martinville on the morning of the 15th, but for some reason they did not arrive until near the close. They passed over the ground where the British were when fired on by the front line, and they said, it appeared to them, that, at one place, they could have walked fifty yards on dead and wounded men, without ever touching the ground.

In the Greensboro' Patriot, June 21st, 1842, is a communication, the statements in which the writer says may be relied on, as they are from an eye witness of very respectable character, and from which we give the following extract.

"They next," after the encounter with Lee about New Garden Meeting House, "came in collision with the line of North Carolina militia, the left of which fought bravely and withstood them for a time, until a detachment of the enemy's cavalry debouched on their flank, cutting them to pieces and rendered the contest extremely bloody. Capt. Forbis of Guilford, fought most bravely, and was the principal sufferer—he was killed and nearly all his brave company, fighting infantry and horse far superior in numbers and discipline, though not in bravery."

When collecting materials for the life of Caldwell, fifteen years ago, I conversed with several old men, one of whom I recollect was a Quaker, who told me

that they were on the ground next day—being then about twenty or twenty-one years of age—and saw the British burying their dead. They said that they buried a *great many* in the field where Mr. Hoskins now lives and not far from his house, perhaps a little to the west, where they dug two large pits and laid in the men one on the top of another. These traditional accounts correspond extremely well with the statements made by British officers and historians, and we might now leave it to the judgment of the candid reader; but, as we have stated all the circumstances, so far as we knew them, which were favorable, we should not do them justice if we were to pass over those which were unfavorable.

The two brigades of Virginia militia amounted to one thousand six hundred and ninety-three, six hundred and thirty-three more than the North Carolina militia, and numbers usually give confidence. Lawson's brigade, according to history, were, most of them, raw militia, and had been drafted not long before. The brigade of Stephens were all volunteers and most of them were men of character. Many of the men and some of the officers had been in battle before. Stephens had served in the north as brigadier-general, under Washington, where he had been in several battles and was a veteran officer. A number of men, too, were selected and placed at some distance in the rear, with orders to shoot down every one who attempted to run. They did well, and we give them full credit for their bravery.

The North Carolina brigades amounted only to one thousand and sixty, all of whom were raw

militia, and, except a little handful of volunteers, had been shortly before drafted for the occasion. Not an officer nor a man among them, so far as I have learned, had ever seen a battle or been brought under any discipline. Though the fact does not appear in history, it is well known that, in the morning when the preparatory arrangements were making, the colonel commanding one of the regiments in Butler's brigade was appointed to some other service and the command of his regiment was given to Arthur Forbis, a militia captain. He and his little company all belonged to the Alamance congregation, in which he was a ruling elder of the church, and was highly esteemed as a man and a christian. Some years ago, his daughter, who well recollected the time and had often heard her mother and neighbors talking about it for long years after, told me that, two or three days before the battle, her father called his company together and after making known his intentions, gave them their their choice either to stay or go with him. About half made excuses. The other half, about twenty-five, volunteered to go. He was as brave a man as walked the ground; but he had not been tried. No one in the regiment, except his own company knew whether he had more firmness or a better judgment than any other militia captain; and it was not to be expected that the whole regiment would have the same confidence in him that they would have had in the proper officer, or that they would pay the same deference to his authority; for we all know that when the regular officer is killed or removed

in battle, it has a discouraging influence even upon veteran soldiers.

Ramsay, in his History of the Revolution, says, "It," meaning the North Carolina line, "gave way while the adversaries were at the distance of one hundred and forty yards, and he lays the blame of it on the misconduct of a Colonel, who, on the advance of the enemy, called out to an officer at some distance, 'that he would be surrounded,' which, according to him, caused a panic among the men, and they all fled. There was, perhaps, some truth in this statement, for the British were making every exertion to surround or out-flank them. The announcement of the fact which might have been the cause of their retreat, was calculated to excite a panic, and the imprudence of the Colonel, which was owing to his inexperience, consisted in his *manner* of making it known; but that the line as a whole, or generally, gave way when the enemy were at the distance of hundred and forty yards, is at variance with the British authorities, as we have shown, and with all the testimony I have had from men who were in Butler's brigade on that day. It is certain that the company of Captain Forbis, with many others, fired twice, and that he and some of his men did not give way until the British were within a few steps. He and two of his neighbors were then wounded, Thomas Wiley and William Paisley, father of the Rev. Samuel Paisley, who is yet living. Nathaniel Slade of Caswell, told me that he fired once, and commenced loading to fire again, when he broke his ramrod. He then bor-

rowed one from the man on his right hand, and was ramming down his bullet, but had not got ready to fire, when the men all broke and fled. On looking forward, the British were within a few rods. Had it not been for the accident of breaking his ramrod, which was a loss of some minutes, he would have fired twice; and he said many of the men on both sides of him did give two fires; but we call attention to the fact that, according to his testimony, the line did not generally give way until the enemy were within a few rods. Captain Forbis said before he died, that if all the men under his command, meaning the *regiment*, I suppose, had shown as much firmness as William Montgomery, John Law, John Allison, and William Paisley, he would have kept that part of the British line back in spite of everything.

But the relative proportion of the killed and wounded ought not to be overlooked, and as the basis of a comparative estimate, we take the official return of the adjutant-general, Colonel Williams. The return, as a whole, was very imperfect; for it was impossible to ascertain in that length of time, the second day after the battle, when the return was made, the precise number of killed and wounded, especially in the ranks of the militia. Besides, he made out his statement from the reports of the general and field officers, who returned to the Iron Works; but all the field officers had not then returned to that place. Moreover, there was one regiment, a whole regiment of North Carolina militia, of which these officers had made no report,

and it would be strange, if not one man in it was killed or wounded.

The return, as a whole, was, therefore, imperfect, and, owing to their peculiar circumstances, was especially deficient in regard to the North Carolina militia, but we shall have more to say about that before we are done, and for the present take the return of Williams as the basis of comparison. Of the whole Virginia militia, one thousand six hundred and ninety-three, only twelve were reported as killed; and if you divide one thousand six hundred and ninety-three by twelve, it will give you one in one hundred and forty-one and a half. Of the whole North Carolina militia, one thousand and sixty, six were reported as killed; and if you divide one thousand and sixty by six, it will give one in one hundred and seventy-six and two-thirds. This is not such a great disparity, yet it is unfavorable, and we must look for other facts; but there was one whole regiment of North Carolina militia, of which the Field officers had then made no report! and what of that? Did they never make a report? or, if they did not, does it follow that there was nothing good to report of them? Had they disappeared like ghosts at the dawn of day? Or were they like the man's flea, when they went to look for them, they "warn't there?" Johnson and those who have copied after him seem to have taken this for granted; but was that the fact? It does not follow; and Williams gives no such intimation. He merely says that the field officers had then made no report of it; and if that was the regiment which was left to the

command of Captain Forbis, of which there can be very little doubt, the mystery is explained and the question settled. I do not assert that the regiment of which no report had then been received was the one commanded by Forbis, but state facts and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Certainly the most natural inference is, that it was not reported because it had no field officer to make a report, and that was probably the case with no other regiment on the ground.

That the command of the regiment in question was, on that morning, given to Captain Forbis, by Gen. Green's order or sanction is well known, and does not admit of a doubt; but there were more of our militia killed and wounded than the field officers reported or could have known at the time. We will take a few cases which have accidentally come to my knowledge, and let the reader judge.

There was a man killed by the name of Pinkerton, who, I think, was a volunteer, and from what was then Orange county. He was under Forbis' immediate command, and was killed by the last cannon-ball, supposed to be a six pounder, thrown from the British artillery while occupying its first position on the high ground to the west. Butler's brigade commenced at the road in which the American artillery was planted, and extended south, along the fence, and beyond it as far as necessary. Pinkerton was in a corner of the fence, only a few steps from the road, with his gun pointing through a crack, and waiting until the British, who were then a little below Hoskins' house, would come within rifle shot.

The ball struck him in the head, and as he was probably resting on one knee to keep himself more steady, which made his posture coincide with the parabolic curve of the descending ball, it tore out the spine the whole length of the body, leaving the mere fragments of what, only a moment before had been a man, and one who, in common phrase, "had a soul." The fragments lay there among the leaves and bushes for two days, and his death was probably not known to any field officer on the ground.

On the afternoon of the second day after the British had all left, a great many came in from the surrounding country; some to gratify their curiosity in looking over the ground, and others in search of friends, whose fate was yet unknown. Two women who were going about looking for friends, first discovered the mangled body of Pinkerton, and called the attention of the men, who came and buried his *remains*. That he was overlooked for two days is not strange, when Capt. Forbis, who was only wounded, was overlooked for the same length of time.

Mr. Slade told me that when he was retreating through the woods, he passed a man who was so desperately wounded that he thought he could not possibly live to the close of the battle. At the same instant a certain Major came along on horseback, and the wounded man begged that he would just let him ride his horse till he got beyond the reach of the guns; but the Major, who was making very good use of his locomotive powers, never turned his head in that direction. I have asked two or

three physicians with whom I happened to get in conversation on this subject, about the case, and they said that the wound was not necessarily mortal, but that, as some considerable arteries were cut, he must very soon bleed to death without surgical aid, which was then and there out of the question. As he never heard of the man again, Slade had no doubt that he had crawled off into the woods, where he lay down and bled to death without any one knowing what had become of him, and yet, if reported at all, it could be only as wounded or missing.

There was a young man killed by the name of Toliafero, who was from Surry county, and came down as a volunteer with Jesse Franklin, late Governor of the State. In what part of the army they were engaged, I have not learned, but from circumstances I infer that they were on the left, either with Butler's brigade, or with Campbell's riflemen. They rode down, but tied their horses in the woods at some distance from the scene of conflict. At the close, when Tarleton was sent with his dragoons to extricate the Hessians, as Lee had left with his cavalry, he soon scattered them, killing some, and wounding others. When all were flying for safety, these two young men ran towards their horses, and were pursued by some dragoons. Franklin by cutting his bridle, barely made his escape; but Toliafero, who undertook to untie his bridle, was cut down by the sword of a dragoon when in the act of mounting. Franklin, afterwards, when the British had left the neighbor-

hood, returned to the place, buried his friend, and carried back his armor to his family. In that merciless onslaught of the dragoons, several must have been killed, and more wounded, as Tarleton intimates in his history; but scattered, as they were, through the woods in every direction, Virginians and North Carolinians together, they could not possibly be all found and reported at the Iron Works by the second day after the battle.

If the reader chooses to add Pinkerton, Toliafero and the other man, or only two of them, to the number reported as killed, and then divide as before, he will be a little surprised to find what a difference it willmake in the relative proportion. It was impossible that Williams or any body else could then know what execution was done by the front line, or how much it suffered in the action; for we know that several were wounded and probably some killed after the field officers had all left. They retreated, every one of them, with the mass, some of them leading the way, and left portions of their men still engaged with the enemy. Captain Forbis was wounded and two of his neighbors, Thomas Wiley and William Paisley, after the field officers had all left and were beyond the reach of danger. Forbis was mortally wounded and lay there till the afternoon of the second day, forty-eight hours, when he was found by some of his neighbors and taken home. There may have been others, but these have incidentally come to my knowledge from having lived a good part of my life among their descend-

ants, many of whom have been, ever since, most valuable members of the Alamance church.

The men under the immediate command of Forbis were probably the most firm and efficient part of the line, and, if we are right in supposing that the regiment of which Williams had received no report was the one which was left under his command, it will give a different aspect to the whole affair. It will explain the difficulties in the official return of Williams; it will confirm the statements of the British historians and of Capt. Stuart, all of whom were actors in the scene, and it will accord with the testimony of substantial and reliable men of this region, who were in the battle.

We give here another fact or another testimony respecting the efficiency of the first line, which deserves at least some consideration. On the morning of the battle the British left a portion of their baggage and a number of prisoners, under a small guard, at or near New Garden meeting house. Among the prisoners were Christian Hoffman and William Cumming, who died a few years ago in Greensboro'. Mr. Cumming told me, a few years before his death, that when the front line delivered their first fire it made such an impression on the British that an express came from Cornwallis ordering the guard to retreat with the baggage to a specified place, and that they had actually commenced the retreat when another express came with an order to remain for the Americans were giving way. John Clapp, who is one of our most estimable and now one of our oldest citizens, told me,

some ten or twelve years ago, that, in the early part of his life, he was well acquainted with Christian Hoffman and had often heard him make precisely the same statement.

In making out the estimate it should be borne in mind that the Virginia militia were far from home, "strangers in a strange land," and that all their wounded who could get off the ground would be obliged to stay with the main body; but with the North Carolina militia it was just the reverse, especially with Butler's brigade; for the battle-field being within the limits of his military district, all the wounded who could get away, either by their own strength or by the help of friends, would push for home, which, it is well known, they did.

Of Lawson's entire brigade, probably about eight hundred, only one man was killed, and he belonged to the rank and file. If any part of the North Carolina militia suffered less than that we would like to know it; and yet, it is only between that brigade, which, according to history, were raw militia, recently drafted, and the two brigades of North Carolina, all of whom, except a handful of volunteers, had been drafted only a few days before, that a comparison of this kind can have any fairness. With these facts before them, it is strange, "'tis passing strange," that men who profess to be impartial historians, should bestow almost unmeasured praise on the one, and only censure and opprobrium on the other; but some allowance ought to be made, perhaps, for they were guided by the reports of the field officers. I am not *making* a comparison

between the North Carolina and Virginia militia; for it has been already made in all the histories of the country, and I am only showing its unfairness.

In a regular army only those are put in office whose courage and capacity have been well tried; but in the militia it is very different. There men are chosen for their popularity, or their social position; and, of course, some will be found in the hour of trial to be good metal, and others will prove to be utterly worthless. Such has always been the case with raw militia taken at random, and drafted on the spur of the occasion. When men of principle, character and property, turn out in defence of their rights or their country, they will stand their ground, and often as well as veteran troops; but in *drafted* militia, there will always be many who have neither property, principle nor character to lose, which should be borne in mind and duly considered in the present case. In all the militia, from Virginia and North Carolina, I believe that there were some good officers, and some who were worse than none. Ah, but "most of them *threw away their guns*, without discharging them!" Did they? No doubt *some* of them did that very thing; and who will say that none of the Virginia militia were liable to the same charge?* According to the testimony of

* On the approach of the enemy at Gates' defeat, as Ramsey tells us, the Virginia militia, who composed the left wing, *threw down their arms*, and fled with great precipitation. A *part* of the North Carolina militia followed the unworthy example; but the remainder, under Gen. Gregory, showed the firmness of veterans, and kept the field while they had a cart-

reliable men who were in the battle, as I had it years ago, Lawson's brigade yielded as soon on the approach of the British and fled in about as much confusion as any others. The worthless portion of militia may have thrown away their arms as soon as the enemy came within striking distance, and some others, especially such as felt unable to keep up with the rest on the retreat, may have dropped theirs by the way, from necessity, as Gen. Greene left his artillery because he could not get away and take it with him; but that most of them, or even a large portion of them thus threw away their arms is out of the question. Col. McLeod, who made the official return of the British army, reported that they "got one thousand three hundred stands of arms which had been distributed to the militia, and destroyed on the field." Destroyed? how? when? by whom? If these guns all belonged to the militia, and were destroyed by the British after the battle, many of them must have belonged to other militia than those of North Carolina; for one thousand three hundred was two hundred and forty more than all the militia from this State, and we know that a large portion of them kept their guns. At that time, when game was plenty, every man who was of any account, would have a rifle if he had to go in debt for it; and his rifle was about the last thing he would think of throwing away.

ridge to fire. After the battle *eighty-two* wounded men of the North Carolina militia were carried into Cambden, and only two of the Virginia militia. The North Carolina continentals were the firmest troops in the field, and the whole of her militia would probably have stood their ground had it not been for the example of their neighbors.

The greater part of Butler's brigade, I imagine, had rifles—Simms, in his life of Greene, when speaking of the front line in the Guilford battle, says, they were nearly all armed with rifles—and they must have been desperately frightened or hard pressed by the enemy before they would throw them away. The men from Alamance all took theirs home and used them many a long day afterwards. Besides, nearly half of the whole line returned to the Iron Works and were eager next day for an opportunity to retrieve their character; but they would be ashamed to appear at head-quarters if they had thrown away their guns. When I came into this county, the battle was still a common topic of conversation among the old men; but I never heard any of them, whether he had been in the battle or not, mention the first man who was even reported to have thrown away his gun.

Of Eaton's brigade I have learned nothing definite or satisfactory; but from the brief statements of Tarleton and Stedman, I would infer that the whole line, generally, at least delivered one fire and a portion of it fired a second time. This is in accordance with the general traditions of the neighborhood, when I came into it, and is probably not far from the truth.

When they came to their rendezvous at the Iron Works, next day, a great many, both officers and men, were reported as missing. Of the Virginia militia, one field officer, a major, was missing, but none from the North Carolina militia; and this fact I regard as confirmatory of my assumption that the

regiment of which Williams received no report, was the one placed under the command of Forbis. That the command was given him is of course not mentioned in history; for general history cannot take notice of such minute arrangements; but it is a well known fact and, in consequence of it, the honorary title of colonel has been ever since given him by his countrymen. The colonel who was on that morning, appointed to a special service, was so appointed only for the day and returned with the army to head-quarters that night or next morning; but not having been in the battle, he could make no report; and Forbes being only a captain, had no right to report, or if it had been required of him, he was so desperately wounded that it was out of his power.

In the official return of Williams* it was stated

* *Williams' return of Militia killed, wounded, and missing in the action at Guilford court-house, in North Carolina, the 15th of March*, 1781.—Copied from Tarleton.

First brigade Virginia militia, commanded by Brigadier General Stephens. Killed, two captains, nine rank and file. Wounded, one captain, four subalterns, thirty rank and file. Missing, one major, one captain, three subalterns, three sergeants, one hundred and thirty-three rank and file.

Second brigade, Virginia militia, commanded by Brigadier-General Lawson. Killed, one rank and file. Wounded, one major, two subalterns, thirteen rank and file. Missing, one subaltern, three sergeants, eighty-three rank and file.

Rifle regiment, commanded by Colonels Campbell and Lynch. Killed, two captains, one rank and file. Wounded, one captain, one subaltern, one serjeant, thirteen rank and file. Missing, one captain, seven subalterns, eight serjeants, seventy-eight rank and file.

that five hundred and sixty-one were missing, eleven officers all below the rank of field officers, and five hundred and fifty-two rank and file. This was a little more than half of the whole; but some deductions must be made. The Virginia militia being far from home, were under a necessity of keeping together, but those from this state, being, a large portion of them at least, within reach of home, were

Total, eight captains, eighteen subalterns, fifteen serjeants, three hundred and sixty-one rank and file.

Brigadier-General Stephens, wounded through the thigh. Many of those missing are expected to return, or to be found at their homes.

O. H. WILLIAMS,
Deputy Adjutant-General.

Return of the North Carolina militia, killed, wounded and missing in the action at Guilford court-house, in North Carolina the 15th of March, 1781.

Two brigades, commanded by Brigadier-Generals Butler and Eaton. Killed, six rank and file. Wounded, one captain, one subaltern, three rank and file. Missing, two captains, nine subalterns, five hundred and fifty-two rank and file.

Total, three captains, ten subalterns, five hundred and sixty-one rank and file.

The North Carolina cavalry, commanded by the Marquis of Bretegny, lost one man killed, and one wounded.

I have received no return of one of the North Carolina regiments. Those missing are supposed to have gone home. According to the reports of the general and field officers, very few were killed and taken, most of them having thrown away their arms and abandoned the field early in the action.

O. H. WILLIAMS,
Deputy Adjutant-General.

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under a strong temptation to return thither, and many of them would, no doubt, appear at head-quarters after the official return was made out. Then there were more killed and wounded than were known to him or any other officer in camp; and finally the volunteers did not intend and felt themselves under no obligations to return. Forbis and his men volunteered for the occasion and intended to stay no longer than the battle. As they went to head-quarters and put themselves under the command of Gen. Greene, they would be included in the whole number with which he went into the battle; but they ought not to be reported among the missing. So with most of the others, and this should be remembered.

From all I have learned, I am satisfied that, not only the unsoldierly conduct chargeable on a portion of the militia, but the statement in that official return of Col. Williams, which has been the cause of so much vituperation, was owing to two or three officers who needed some apology for their conduct. It was a hard matter to make the world believe that independence was first declared in North Carolina, more than a year before it was declared by the Continental Congress; and many may be slow to believe all I have stated respecting the conduct of our militia in this battle, because Johnson, on the authority of a very imperfect report, has said that they threw away their arms and fled; but justice, though it may be slow paced will get here sometime. I have not been trying to make out a case, but to

do justice, and whether I have succeeded or not the reader must judge.

There were a number of little incidents connected with the battle, some of which may, perhaps, be interesting, at least to the juvenile portion of my readers.

A very respectable old gentleman, by the name of Peter Rife, with whom I became acquainted, a number of years ago, at the Springs in Virginia, told me that, when Col. Lee was informed of the British guard at Mendenhall's mill, he resolved to take it by surprise, if he could; and, for this purpose, he sent some of his men the evening before to reconnoitre. On a fine eminence, about a mile from the mill, there were two large hickory trees, which are yet standing; and two, of his men, by ascending those trees and keeping the body of the tree between them and the mill, got a fine view of the premises, of the position occupied by the picket, and the way of access. On the morning of the 15th Lee was there with his cavalry by day-break; but the men were all gone. He questioned Mrs. Mendenhall very closely; but all she could tell him was, that about eleven or twelve o'clock in the night she heard a bugle, apparently at a great distance, but coming very rapidly, still waxing louder and louder as it approached; and in five minutes after it arrived, they were all gone. Until now it was uncertain when the battle would take place, but this satisfied Lee that the British would be on their way to Martinville at an early hour and he returned to New Garden.

On arriving at the meeting-house, they turned or continued up the road, but had not gone over a mile until they met the British dragoons in a lane. It was well understood that Col. Lee would always have the best horse the country afforded, and on this occasion, his horse, a fine chesnut-sorrel, high-spirited, like his master, and of superior qualities for that business, was so good that he lost him. The sun was about an hour high, and shining with unclouded splendor. They were going west, with their backs to the sun, while the British were meeting them and facing the east. When the slanting rays fell upon the British armor, which was all burnished very bright, such a flash of light was thrown back on the American horses, as they approached, that it frightened them and caused a momentary disorder. Lee's horse threw his rider and got away from him, but one of his men instantly alighted, and putting the Colonel on his horse, undertook to shift for himself in the best way he could, which he did by falling in with the legion or Campbell's riflemen. The horse ran to a stable about a mile from the place, and unceremoniously took possession. Next morning, which was the morning after the battle, a man in the neighborhood, who had no standing in society, and no settled principles, but would do anything to catch a penny, or ingratiate himself with those in power, having learned where the horse was, went to the stable and got him, took him to the British camp at Martinville, and sold him to Tarleton for a guinea or two, just enough to pay him for his trouble. The first

part of this account I had from Mr. Rife. The other, about selling the horse, from an old Quaker, many years ago.

The statements of Mr. Rife, respecting the operations in the morning, agreed very well with the accounts which we have in history. He said they had three skirmishes, or, as he termed it, three "bouts" with them before they got to the court-house, and that Lee lost seventeen of his men in these encounters. When they arrived at the scene of action, cool as the morning was, their horses were all in a foam of sweat, and were nearly broke down; but Col. Lee rode along the front line from one end to the other, exhorting them to stand firm, and not be afraid of the British; for he swore that he had whipped them three times that morning, and could do it again. From the part which Col. Lee performed, some one made a song, which was, for some time, sung over the country, beginning,

> On the fifteenth of March, in the year eighty-one,
> When the brave Col. Lee brought the whole battle on.

In his Life of Greene, Johnson reflects on Col. Lee for not duly obeying orders, and for some movements which he supposes were not conducive to the main object, intimating that he failed in his duty by prematurely drawing off his legion and cavalry from the protection of Campbell's riflemen, and thus leaving them exposed to the British dragoons; then by taking his position so far to the left of the Continentals that he could be of no service; nor did Gen. Greene know where he was;

and by taking a different route to the Iron Works, so that he could give no assistance in covering the retreat, and left the commander in doubt with respect to his fate. As I am not writing a regular history, I shall not enter into an investigation of this matter, but leave the reader to judge for himself.

Johnson may have been at least partially correct in regard to the facts, but if they had all been true, he has not dealt altogether fairly by Colonel Lee; for he had done so much hard fighting in the morning, and had undergone so much fatigue, that very little more ought to have been expected of him. Mr. Rife said that, directly after the firing with the small arms commenced, an Aid came from General Greene with an order, that for reasons which need not be here given, Colonel Lee should take command of the left wing, and Lee promptly replied, "Tell General Greene that I cannot and will not; for both my men and my horses are run down." Rife said he was sitting on his horse, where he distinctly heard both the order and the reply. He had rode that morning, some twenty-five or thirty miles, before the action at the court-house commenced, and was often on a hard strain, over extremely bad roads. He had been engaged in three conflicts, and had lost a number of his men. Tarleton and his dragoons were not required to do anything during the engagement, except at the close, to extricate Leslie from the riflemen in the woods, which was a small matter; but Colonel Lee, whose fatigue had been much greater, certainly had better reasons for exemption. Rife further

stated, that some time after the above order, he could not tell how long, another messenger came with a different order, which he could not hear; but Lee was preparing to comply with it, when the retreat commenced. It seems, then, that General Greene was not altogether ignorant of Lee's whereabouts until they arrived at the place of rendezvous; but, in accounts of battles, such little mistakes and discrepancies are common.

For two or three days before the battle, Thomas Donnell, who lived on the north side of Reedy Fork, and about a mile above what is now Foulke's mill, had been riding over the country with Col. Washington, as a guide; and about nine o'clock on the morning of the battle, they came into the New Garden road, a short distance above the place where the front line was drawn up. Donnell then told the Colonel, that as he had now got beyond his range, and could be of no further service, he might as well let him go; but Washington told him that he had a better idea of the ground than he had, and he could not consent; his object being to ride over the ground before the action commenced. At that moment they saw a man coming out from a house two or three hundred yards above, and advancing very rapidly towards them. Donnell then observed, that as the man lived there, he knew all about the ground, and he had better press him into the service. The man had just commenced his flight from the coming storm, and when he came within a few rods of them, he took a left hand country road running north; but Washington

hailed him and made him stop. On his coming up, Washington told him that he wished to become acquainted with the ground round about there, and must detain him for a guide. The fugitive refused, and said impatiently, he could not stay; but Washington was positive, and he had to submit. Pretending to make a virtue of necessity, he said he would not object if he had a better horse, but was unwilling, as the enemy were approaching, to remain on the one he was riding, which was indeed a poor concern.

Washington then told Donnell he must exchange horses with him, but he demurred most strenuously, and said he could not let his horse go, which was really a first-rate animal. The Colonel, however, told him it was a case of necessity, and he must submit. The exchange was then made, very reluctantly on one side, and very gladly on the other; but no sooner was the trifling scamp on the back of Donnell's horse, than he laid whip, dashed off at full speed, and they saw no more of him. Donnell said he hardly ever saw a man more excited than Washington was for a few minutes, but it was of no avail, and he recovered his equanimity. The man never returned, or, if he did, it was only for a short time, and it was not generally known. Thus, by a little sharp-witted rascality, Washington had to do without a guide, and Donnell lost his favorite horse.

As Donnell was wending his way home on his newly-acquired Rosenante, about half a mile below Martinville, on the High Rock road, he met three

of his neighbors, John Larkin, John Allison and David Cummins, who were footing it along with their rifles, and on their way to the "shooting-match." Larkin was a native Hibernian, and had been brought over to this country by Donnell's father, who paid his passage, and Larkin was to repay him in work, which he did very honorably, and then worked until he earned enough to buy a farm, on which he was now living quite comfortably, with a wife and two or three children. When thus met, he was carrying his gun on his left shoulder and holding in his right hand a spit with a piece of meat sticking on the end of it. Using the freedom to which he was entitled, Donnell said to him, "Why, John, you had better throw away that meat, you will have something else to do presently." "No, fa'th," said Johnny, "I may have need of it yet;" and then, turning on his heel and tossing up his head, they all marched off together with a brisk and cheerful step towards the scene of action. On entering the old field beyond the court-house, though ignorant of the arrangements, and not knowing one officer from another, he went to Capt. Kirkwood, the American Diomede, and asked him if he might fall in with his company. "To be sure, sir," was the curt, but cordial reply. He asked again, if he might take a tree, as there was a small one standing just before him, and received the same answer, "To be sure, sir." Kirkwood said afterwards, that he expected to see him run as soon as the British came in sight, but was very agreeably disappointed. The orders were, not to fire until

the enemy came within sixty steps; and Larkin stood there very patiently, holding the spit in his right hand, and with the other resting his gun on the ground until he thought they were about that distance from him, when he asked the captain if he might fire now, and received an affirmative answer. Then sticking the butt end of his spit in the ground beside him, with the meat still on it, and laying his rifle up against the tree, he took steady aim and laid out his man. Kirkwood said he stood within a few feet of him watching him closely all the time, and when the gun cracked he saw a red coat fall and roll down the hill. He stood his ground as well as any of them until the retreat, when he marched with them through Martinville, and until he came to his road, when he returned home.

In Butler's Brigade was a young man by the name of Bill Sartain, who had seen very little of the world and knew nothing of war. He had very little idea of a battle; but was rather pleased than otherwise with the prospect of having it to say afterwards that he had been in one. So, he rigged himself out as well as he could, all in homespun, and among other articles, he got a new hat, of which he was very proud. In the action he stood his ground with commendable firmness, and gave one fire. He then commenced preparation for another; but before he got ready, a musket-ball from the enemy grazed his forehead which stunned him so that he fell to the ground where he lay for a moment or two senseless, and his new hat lay beside him altogether unconscious of what had befallen its master. On recover-

ing from his transient insensibility, the British were so close that there was no chance for him to escape, the brigade were all gone, and he lay there flat on the ground, pretending to be dead, in which he acted his part so well that the enemy did not think worth while even to give him a push with the bayonet, but in their eagerness to go at the Virginia line, rushed over him, trampling over him and his hat without any ceremony or remorse of conscience. When they engaged with the Virginians, he got up and, by making a considerable circuit, got back to the court-house, where many from all the militia brigades had assembled, and were remaining as spectators of the conflict about to take place with the regulars in the old field. On meeting with his comrades, and giving them an account of his misfortunes—how he had been knocked down by a musket-ball, and how the rascally Britishers had rushed over him without any regard to his feelings; but he said, with perfect sincerity and deep concern, *he wouldn't mind it so much if they hadn't tramp't on his new hat.*

William Paisley, father of the Rev. Samuel Paisley, who is yet living, was one of Captain Forbis' neighbors, and one of his firmest men. He was one of the last to leave the ground; and, when about to retreat, on looking under the smoke, the British were so near that there seemed to be no chance of escape; and dropping on the ground, he lay with his face in the leaves as if he were dead. Supposing that he was dead, they rushed by without noticing him, and engaged with the Virginians. As soon as they had done so he got up, and on looking round,

he saw a British soldier who was a very large man, and so much afraid of the rifles that he was keeping a tree between him and danger, peeping first by one side and then by the other. He said he thought he would give the cowardly dog one pop at all events, and, levelling his rifle, he laid him on the ground at the root of the tree.

But the British, notwithstanding their boasted valor could play possum as well as any of our militia, when it became necessary. Johnson tells us that, "in the route of the British guards, the Americans made a number of prisoners, and might have taken more, if they had been able to distinguish those who were really dead from those who pretended to be so." There was a Captain Lovett, of the guards, from whose fob a Maryland soldier found leisure on the field of battle to take a handsome watch. Washington purchased the watch from the soldier; and Lovett not being returned as killed or wounded, the conclusion was obvious. It afforded mirth to the American army, but is said to have compelled him to retire from the service. Even a brave man may sometimes find "discretion the better part of valor;" and it ought not to be deemed an unpardonable offence if, in some instances, he would rather "live to fight another day."

On the south side of the battle ground, there lived a man by the name of Thomas White, a very clever and respectable Quaker, whose premises were traversed by the right wing of the British army. His house, like most others then in the country, was a small log house, with a potato hole under the floor and

directly in front of the fire-place, the access to which was by raising two or three planks which extended only across the two first sleepers and were left unfastened for the purpose. When he found that his house would come within sweep of the contending armies, he got into the potato hole and his wife let down the planks again. Next morning one of the neighbors came over to learn how he had fared the day before, and not seeing him, asked his wife Betsy, where Thomas was. "Well," said she, "he is not far off," and raised two of the short plank, when, lo and behold, "broad brim" started up through the floor as large as life, safe and sound, to the great joy of his friend and all about. As he was a Quaker and conscientiously opposed to war, we do not blame him for thus screening himself from danger, but we cannot help thinking what a fine opportunity he had, during that day and night in the potato hole, secure, amid all the roar of cannon, the clash of arms and the fierce conflict of human passions, to meditate profoundly on the horrors of war, and the depravity of human nature.

Stedman relates a case of presentiment in a British officer, which was only one out of many that occurred during the war and which we give in his own words. "We shall here relate an anecdote respecting the late Capt. Maynard of the guards. He was naturally of a cheerful disposition and great hilarity, and in several actions, during the course of the war, had shown great gallantry; but a certain presentiment of his fate on the day of the action at Guilford possessed his mind, which presentiment

was too fatally realized. While the troops were marching on to form the line of battle, he became gloomy, and gave way to despondency. Not less than two or three times did he tell Colonel Norton, who commanded the battalion, that he felt himself very uncomfortable, and did not like the business at all. Colonel, now the Honorable Major-General Norton, endeavored to laugh him out of his melancholy ideas, but in vain, for, even after the canonade began, he reiterated the forebodings of what he conceived was to happen. Early in the action he received a wound in the leg, unable to proceed, he requested Mr. Wilson, the adjutant of the Guards, to lend him his horse, that he might ride on with the battalion, and when in the act of mounting, another shot went through his lungs, and incapacitated him from proceeding. After being conveyed in a litter to Wilmington, and there lingering a few days, he died of his wounds, greatly regretted."

The following incident I had from Mr Rife, who was an eye witness to what he related, and, like many others of a similar kind, it may serve to illustrate the sufferings endured on such occasions, and also the sudden alternations of kindness and revenge, on the part of individuals when excited by objects of compassion, or by acts of apparent hostility. There were two Irishmen, one of whom belonged to the British and the other to the American army. Of course Mr. Rife did not know their names; but, for the sake of convenience, we shall call the one belonging to the British O'Bryan, and the other Jimmison. O'Bryan had been badly wounded; and,

from the intensity of his pain, without thinking or caring where he went, he had strayed off so far from corps to which he belonged and towards the Court House, that he was near the road by which the Americans retreated. Being within a few steps and recognizing in Jimmison a countryman, he called to him, and begged for mercy's sake to give him a drink of water. He held in his hand a long round staff, resembling that on which the Ensign carries his flag, and had on the top of it a sharp iron, like that which we commonly see on the top of a flag staff. Jimmison happening to have some water in his canteen, stepped up very kindly and gave him a drink. When he turned to go away, and before he had got any distance, O'Bryan, so frenzied with pain and thirst, as Rife supposed, that he did not know what he was doing, threw his staff, with all his remaining strength, at his benefactor, and the iron point struck him, but inflicted only a slight wound. Jimmison then turned back and drove his bayonet into O'Bryan's heart, which at once put an end to his life and his misery. Having done so, he turned towards Martinsville and overtook his company just as they were entering the village.

During the engagement, General Stephens had been wounded in the thigh by a musket ball, but did not entirely leave the field, or at least, when the retreat commenced, he was able to go along. He and General Greene rode together; and when passing through the village, as if forgetful of the appalling scenes which they were leaving, and although the blood was spouting from Stephens' thigh at

every lope the horse made, the two Generals were talking and laughing as pleasantly as if they had just finished a game of Fives. This appeared strange to the women and children who saw them from their windows as they passed, from one of whom, then a little girl in her tenth year, I received the account, when a very old woman; but it showed the courage and self-command of a hero. What it was that so much interested them, is not known. They might have been pleased, to think what a thrashing they had given the British, or General Greene might have been relating the narrow escape which he had just made, or some other incidents which have neither been recorded nor remembered; but such are the men to have the command of armies, and to direct the storm of battle. This feeling of cheerfulness was, however, but momentary. The excitement of the contest soon subsided, or was driven away by the realities of his situation, which now began to press upon his mind, and with so much force, that nothing could have sustained him, but the consciousness that he was engaged in the cause of freedom and humanity.

The day had been clear and cool; but towards evening the clouds gathered, and a cold driving rain commenced, which continued through the night. His feelings had never been so severely tried; and, of all the anxious and sleepless nights he had hitherto passed, this was by far the most painful. Many of his brave fellows lay cold in death on that battle-field which he was leaving, and many more lay there suffering intensely from cold, hunger, and the

wounds they had received, exposed to "the peltings of the pitiless storm," uncared for, and without the least mitigation of their agonies. Then he was retreating before a victorious enemy, with the remains of his army famished with hunger, marching over deep roads, and through the drenching rains of that cold stormy night, fifteen or sixteen miles, to a place of safety!

Whoever will let his imagination dwell on this scene for one moment must value his liberties more than ever, and feel a higher veneration for the men by whose toils and sacrifices they were achieved; but let Gen. Greene speak for himself. On the day after the battle he wrote to his wife a letter, in which he says: "Our fatigue has been excessive. I have not had my clothes off for upwards of six weeks. Poor Major Burnet is sick, and in a situation worse than you would think tolerable for one of your negroes. Morris, too, is not well; indeed, my whole family are almost worn out. The force coming to the southward, and the situation of Gen. Arnold in Virginia, opens to us more flattering prospects. But how uncertain are human affairs! I should be extremely happy if the war had an honorable close, and I were on a little farm with my little family about me. God grant the day may not be far distant when peace with all her train of blessings shall diffuse universal joy through America."

The battle field during that evening and night presented a most awful scene of suffering and wretchedness. Such another was not witnessed

during the war; and if Cornwallis had the common feelings of humanity, they must have been as intensely excited as those of Gen. Greene; for he saw there before him what Gen. Greene could only imagine. As a matter of course the wounded of the British army were attended to first; but as they had neither shelter nor provisions, very little could be done for any of them during the night. They were scattered over a great extent of surface, a mile long, and half a mile wide. Many of them were in the woods, and the night was dark and stormy, so that only a partial relief could be afforded. It has always been said that Cornwallis had the wounded of the American army treated with as much humanity as possible, after his own had been cared for, and it may have been so; but his lordship did not go to hunt up the wounded himself, and those to whom it was intrusted, hungry and weary as they were, however humane, may have left many, like Capt. Forbis, entirely neglected.

Stedman, who was commissary to the army of Cornwallis, and who was therefore well acquainted with its condition, gives the following account: "The wounded of both armies were collected by the British as expeditiously as possible after the action. It was, however, a service that required both time and care, as from the nature of the action they lay dispersed over a great extent of ground. Every assistance was furnished to them that in the present circumstances of the army could be afforded; but, unfortunately, the army was desti-

tute of tents, nor was there a sufficient number of houses near the field of battle to receive the wounded. The British army had marched several miles on the morning of the day on which they came to action. They had no provisions of any species whatever on that day, nor until between three and four in the afternoon of the succeeding day, and then but a scanty allowance, not exceeding one quarter of a pound of flour, and the same quantity of very lean beef. The night of the day on which the action happened was remarkable for its darkness accompanied with rain, which fell in torrents. Near fifty of the wounded, it is said, sinking under their aggravated miseries, expired before the morning. The cries of the wounded and dying who remained on the field of action during the night exceeded all description. Such a complicated scene of horror and distress, it is hoped, for the sake of humanity, rarely occurs, even in a military life."

If Stedman, who published his history twelve years, after and was with Cornwallis in all his campaigns, in which he witnessed many a horrid scene of blood and carnage—if he still retained such a vivid impression of the one at Martinville, it must have been distressing beyond any thing we can conceive. Cornwallis spent the two following days in burying the dead, refreshing his troops, procuring subsistence, and remodelling his army; for it had been so cut up and reduced that some re-organization was necessary. In his despatch to Lord George Germain, dated the 17th, the second

day after the battle, he says that they could get no forage under nine miles, and that the soldiers had then been two days without bread. Stedman says that on the 16th they got a quarter of a pound of flour to a man; but this was so little that the discrepancy is of no consequence. Although Cornwallis, in his general orders after the battle, complimented the army on the bravery they had displayed, and the victory they had gained, we can see that it was in a very crippled condition, and that he did not find any real advantage from his nominal triumph.—(*See Appendix, Orders for March* 16, 17, 1781.)

Badly as his lordship was worsted by the battle he did all he could to save appearances and maintain his influence with the loyalists. He proclaimed the victory far and near, and Governor Martin being along with his printing press, as we learn from some incidental notices, on the 18th he issued the following proclamation:

"*By the Right honorable Charles Earl Cornwallis, Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's forces, &c.*

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, by the blessing of Almighty God, His Majesty's arms have been crowned with signal success, by the complete victory obtained over the rebel forces on the 15th instant, I have thought proper to issue this proclamation to call upon all loyal subjects to stand forth and take an active part in restoring good order and government. And whereas, it has been represented to me, that many

persons in this province, who have taken a share in this unnatural rebellion, but having experienced the oppression and injustice of the rebel government, and having seen the errors into which they have been deluded by falsehoods and misrepresentations, are sincerely desirous of returning to their duty and allegiance, I do hereby notify and promise to all such persons, (murderers excepted) that if they will surrender themselves, with their arms and amunition, at head-quarters, or to the officer commanding in the district contiguous to their respective places of residence, on or before the 20th day of April next, they shall be permitted to return to their homes, upon giving a military parole, and shall be protected in their persons and properties from all sorts of violence from the British troops, and will be restored as soon as possible to all the privileges of legal and constitutional government.

"Given under my hand at head-quarters, this 18th day of March, A. D. 1781, and in the twenty-first year of his Majesty's reign.

"CORNWALLIS."

The proclamation was in vain; for very few of the loyalists resorted to the British standard after the battle. Most of them had discernment enough to see that, although Cornwallis kept the ground and claimed the victory, he had been roughly handled and that his army was greatly reduced in number, that he was obliged to leave a large number of his wounded soldiers on the charity and kindness of the good people in the neighborhood and that he was actually leaving the country which,

he pretended to have conquered—all which would have made them cautious even if they had not been previously so cut to pieces themselves.

Stedman says, "when the extent of the British loss was fully ascertained, it became too apparent that Lord Cornwallis was not in a condition either to give immediate pursuit, or to follow the blow the day after the action." And in a note on the next page he says, "Lord Cornwallis was greatly disappointed in his expectation of being joined by the loyalists. Some of them indeed came within the lines, but they remained only a few days." In another place he tells us that only about two hundred of them joined them during their progress through the State, and that his lordship was greatly disappointed.

On the morning of the 17th, he sent off as many of his wounded as he could to Bell's Mill, under the escort of Col. Hamilton's corps; but he sent only such as were expected to recover of their wounds, and be serviceable again in the army. About seventy, according to Stedman, of such as were thought to be mortally wounded, or were too bad to be removed, and, in the opinion of the surgeons, could not recover, or not in time to answer their purpose, were left at New Garden under the protection of a flag, some of whom died and some eventually recovered.

About fourteen years ago, James Edwards, a Quaker, who was then a very old man, having been about twenty-one at the time of the battle, told me that Captain Ripke was taken to the house of his

father, David Edwards, where he was nursed and attended for two or three weeks. Edwards being a Quaker might have been mistaken as to his rank, but he was an officer, and belonged to Tarleton's corps. The ball—of a pistol, we suppose—had entered the lower part of the chest, but did not penetrate any vital part. Whenever he turned suddenly from one side to the other it would drop down and make a noise. He would frequently call the old man, and throw himself over to let him hear it, then get mad and curse it, "dem the thing, dem the thing;" but he measurably recovered, though the ball was not extracted, returned to England, and wrote to his benefactor thanking him for his kindness.

They left the battle-ground before noon of the 17th, and lay that night in the neighborhood of New Garden, They left without doing any injury to the village, except burning the house of Mr. Campbell, who lived at the north-west corner of the court-house, and who was probably an active Whig On the morning of the 18th, he directed his course to the sea board, and made all the haste he could. Tarleton says, "Earl Cornwallis, therefore, commenced his march on the 18th for Deep river, on his way to Cross creek;" and Cornwallis in his letter to Lord George Germain, dated Wilmington, April 18th, 1781, says, "I marched from Guilford on the morning of the 18th of March, and the next day arrived at Bell's Mill, where I gave the troops two days' rest, and procured a small supply of provisions." His lordship's proclamation was a mere

puff, and had little or no effect on the Tories. In the Order Book, which extends no further than Bell's Mill, I find no notice of them, except the appointment or recognition of a militia colonel, and some specification of his powers. (*See Appendix, Orders for March* 18, 19, 20, 1781.)

From the above orders it appears that, while they were at Bell's mill, James Hunter, Esq., was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of Militia, and it is implied that some persons, loyalists, we suppose, who in their view had been misled, and induced to take part with the rebels, here surrendered; but they must have been very few. In his letter to Lord George Germain, dated April 18th, 1781, Cornwallis gives his reasons for this invasion of North Carolina. and its results thus far in regard to the loyalists from which we copy the following extract, and feel confident that it will be gratifying to the reader.

"The principal reasons for undertaking the winter's campaign were, the difficulty of a defensive war in South Carolina, and the hope that our friends in North Carolina, who were said to be very numerous, would make good their promises of assembling and taking an active part with us, in endeavoring to re-establish his majesty's government. Our experience has shown, that *their numbers were not so great as had been represented*, and that their friendship was only passive, for we have received little assistance from them since our arrival in the province; and, although I gave the strongest and most public assurances, that after refitting and depositing our sick and wounded, I should return to

the upper country, *not above two hundred* have been prevailed upon to follow us, either as provincials or militia."

Had it not been for the Continentals, and such a man as Gen. Greene at their head, the British might have overrun this State and brought it into temporary subjection, as they did South Carolina, and would have done any other State in the Union without a regular army; but, as it was, they did not undertake a more toilsome, harassing, or fruitless campaign, north or south, during the war; and every son of the Old North State will be pleased to learn that there were not half, probably not a tenth part as many real Tories in it as has been represented.

On arriving at Bell's mill, Cornwallis took possession of the house, and kindly promised Mrs. Bell that she and her property should be protected, and no general or extensive depredations were committed. Some trespasses were perhaps unavoidable, such as taking grain, provisions, and some other things, which were comparatively unimportant; but these, together with what passed on taking possession of the house relative to the result of the late battle, and some minor incidents, will be detailed in another place where they will be rather more appropriate.

Gen. Greene remained in his camp three or four days, beyond the Iron Works, expecting to be attacked; but his apprehensions were groundless, for Cornwallis was much more uneasy lest Greene should pursue and overtake him. As soon as it became certain that he would not be attacked but that the

enemy were retreating, he went in pursuit. The tables were now turned. He, who only a few weeks before was flying before his enemy, has become the pursuer. Cornwallis had about forty miles the start of him, but he seemed to vacillate in his purpose and Gen. Greene took a route that was a little nearer. Johnson says that Cornwallis "pressed forward across Deep river in a direction towards Salisbury," as if intending, or making Greene believe it was his intention to push into South Carolina, but it is doubtful whether he had either in his mind; for Tarleton says, "Some supplies of flour and meal being collected in the neighborhood of Bell's Mill, the royal forces again crossed Deep river, that they might move through a country well supplied with forage," *on the road to Ramsey's mill.* Crippled and encumbered as he was with sick and wounded he had no time to lose in stratagems, and of this Gen. Greene was well aware.

Before they left Bell's, on the morning of the 21st, Lee and Washington were hovering near and cutting off stragglers. Occasionally they hung a murdering Tory, had one or two of their own men killed, and sometimes attacked a flanking party or the rear of the enemy. Stedman says, "Occasional skirmishes happened between the light troops;" and Tarleton makes a much stronger statement as we shall see presently. Either Cornwallis was in doubt himself, or he aimed to keep Gen. Greene in doubt whether he would cross Deep river or make a push across the Haw where he would be safe; for instead of going the most direct route to Ramsey's, he bore to

the left and went by Dixon's mill on Cane creek, where they encamped. His lordship took possession of the dwelling, a stone house near the mill, and Mrs. Dixon left the place. The army encamped on the high ground this side, part of them being on the ground where Thomas Dixon's house now stands, and where the evidences of their having been there still remain. Several of their men died that night and were laid in the burying ground attached to the Quaker meeting house. Besides sheep and some other animals, they killed eighty beeves, which had been collected from the surrounding country, and dug a well, by the mill dam, twenty-five feet deep. On the strength of a tradition that, their horses being too poor and weak to perform much service, they had dropped into the well two of the cannon taken from Gen. Greene, the well was opened a few years ago, but nothing was found except a few old chains and some other things of no value. For their wounded officers they made a kind of palanquin or travelling bed, by fastening a bed quilt, or piece of canvass, of proper length and breadth, to two poles, and then fastening the poles to two horses with the bed between them. As the poles were slender and yielding, it made a very easy bed, but still, with that constant though gentle motion, must have been very irritating.

It would be a source of some amusement if we knew all that passed in the Tory ranks and councils, after the Guilford battle, and all the little incidents that occurred during the retreat of the British, but with few exceptions, they have long since been

forgotten, and many, we suppose, were kept to themselves.

According to a tradition, which I am told is reliable, while the British were at, or not far from Bell's mill, Colonel Washington went over on Back creek, for the purpose, mainly, of suppressing or overawing the Tories. When near the place now known as the Widow Moss's, he met some thirty or more Quakers, from Uwharie, Caraway, Back creek, and other neighborhoods in that portion of Randolph county. The position which he or they occupied being an elevated one, he descried them at a considerable distance, and not feeling certain, perhaps, of their character or intentions, he ordered his men to retire a little from the road, where they would be concealed by a thicket of bushes or undergrowth; but their broad-brimmed hats and drab-colored clothes soon satisfied him that they were Quakers, and he quietly awaited their approach. On coming up, they saluted him in their usual style, "Well, how does thee do to-day, friend?" and then went on to ask a number of questions relative to the business in hand. "Is thee an officer?" "Does thee belong to the army?" "Where is friend Cornwallis?" To each of which in succession, he kindly and civilly replied—that he was an officer, and that he belonged to the army; that the army was at or near Bell's mill, and that Cornwallis would soon be along. These answers were rather equivocal; but, having no idea that an American officer would now dare to show his face so near to the head-quarters of Cornwallis, they took it for granted that he was an

officer in the British army, and disclosed their intentions without reserve or hesitation. They told him that as Greene had been defeated and driven from the country, or obliged to retreat into Rockingham, the British arms were now completely triumphant, and that they were going to pay their respects to friend Cornwallis, and tell him that they were a peace-loving, sober, quiet people, having no enmity to him or the British government. Washington then informed them who he was, and assured them that General Greene had not left the State, nor had, in fact, been defeated, but would soon be along in pursuit of Lord Cornwallis. With his usual urbanity, he told them further, that they were not acting in accordance with their religious faith or avowed principles, and that they had better stay at home and attend to their own business. He now ordered his men to surround them; and having done so, some of them pointed out to him a man among the Quakers, who was a noted Tory, and who was known to have been guilty, not long before, of robbery and murder. He did not, of course, belong to the Quaker society; but, whether by accident or design, is not known, he had fallen in with them, and was going along to pay his respects to Lord Cornwallis, and acknowledge his submission to British authority. Being satisfied of the facts, Washington ordered two of his men to take him and hang him to the limb of a large persimmon tree which was near, and on which Hartwell Hunter, my informant, says, had not long before been hung by the Tories. This was at Beckerdite's

store, near the Widow Wood's, where the tree is yet standing.

When the Tory was swung off so unceremoniously, there were two of the Quakers sitting on their horses, not far from the tree, and one said to the other, "Well, don't that beat the devil?" Washington then marched the Quakers, half dead with fear, to a barn which stood at a short distance, where he made six of those who were most finely dressed, and six of his own men whose regimentals had become the most shabby looking, go into the barn and exchange clothes from top to toe. When they came out so completely metamorphosed, and all, of both parties, making such a ludicrous appearance, he ordered them to make a similar exchange of horses, the Quakers giving their fine fat horses in exchange for the lean, war-worn horses of the others. At first, the Quakers objected most strenuously to this whole proceeding, one alleging that his horse was borrowed; another, that his hat, or some part of his dress did not belong to him; and every one offering the most plausible reason he could; but it was all in vain. The Quakers had to go off with their poor horses and their old tattered cavalry dress; and the cavalry men kept their fat horses, their drab suits and their broad brims. Before dismissing them, Washington gave them another friendly talk, and advised them to go home and stay there, attend to their own concerns in future, and live up to their professions of peace and good will to all men. The old Friend, my informant says, who gave him the above account, or rather

confirmed it, for it had long been a tradition in the country, said he had often heard his father telling how he looked and felt when he returned to his family, riding on a broken down cavalry horse instead of the fine animal which he had taken from home, and wearing an old greasy looking horseman's cap and tattered regimentals, instead of his broad brimmed beaver and his fine drab suit of broad cloth. Before dismissing them, he laid his commands on them to keep quiet and not make it known that they had seen Col. Washington in those parts, or it might not be as well for them.

I have been told that Jeremiah Yorke, and a man by the name of Morgan, both of whom lived on or near Deep River, were at this time, with Washington, and gave him the information about the Tory. How they came to be with him I have not learned; but when the Quakers left, York, Morgan and several others were perhaps on their return home, or on a scout, when they fell in with some British, probably stragglers or a small foraging party, and had a little skirmish, in which Yorke was badly wounded, and one or two of the British were killed; but of this affair I have no particulars, nor any very definite information, and give it only as I heard it in the country. If all such things had been recorded at an early period, it would have been much more satisfactory, and the Old North State would now appear to much better advantage.

If Cornwallis crossed Deep river, he could do it by either of two routes, by Ramsey's Mill, which is the lowest mill on the river, and is now owned by

Austin Jones, or by Rigden's ford, about forty miles above; and, for two days, Gen. Greene was kept in suspense. If he aimed for either of these points, the British commander would push for the other. This was good policy, if not his only possible chance to escape; for, if he had moved, at once, towards either place, Gen. Greene would have overtaken him and brought him to action, but in those two days he had a rude bridge constructed over the river at Ramsey's, and got safely over. As soon as Greene knew that they were in motion for Ramsey's, he commenced a hot pursuit; and so eager were the men to succeed, that they seemed to forget the calls of nature, and many of them fainted from exhaustion; but they were a little too late; for the enemy had just got over and partially cut down the bridge, when they arrived. When such a man as Tarleton, makes any kind of concession, or acknowledges apprehension on the part of the British, we may be sure there was good ground for it; and he gives the following graphic account of their progress from Bell's to Ramsey's mill, and of the condition of the army as unfit for action.

"The day before the king's troops arrived at Ramsey's the Americans *insulted* the Jagers *in their encampment.* The royalists remained a few days at Ramsey's, for the benefit of the wounded, and to complete a bridge over Deep river, when the light troops of the Americans again disturbed the pickets, and the army was ordered under arms. Before the end of the month, the British crossed the river, and the same day General Greene reached

Ramsey's with an intention to attack them. The halt of the king's troops at that place nearly occasioned an action, which would not probably have been advantageous to the royal forces, on account of the badness of the position, and the disheartened circumstances of their being encumbered with so many wounded officers and men since the action at Guilford."

During the short time that they lay at Ramsey's they were considerably annoyed by some Whigs in the neighborhood. Cato Riddle and his three or four brothers, with a few of their neighbors, all of whom had good rifles and were good marksmen, ensconced themselves behind some rocks on the other side, and when the British rode their horses into the river to let them drink, these daring fellows fired on them and killed several. Cornwallis, tradition says, had to send his dragoons up the river to a ford where they could cross and go down on the other side, when they drove them away, but not without some difficulty.

After making such an effort to overtake the enemy, Gen. Greene and the whole army were greatly disappointed to find that they were a little too late. He had sent forward the light troops to attack the British and keep them employed until he came up; but by the vigilance of his scouts, Cornwallis had been notified of their approach just in time to get over the river. So close was the pursuit, however, that some of his wounded which died the night before had to be left unburied, and he could not get the bridge entirely broken down.

Gen. Greene was the more mortified at this disappointment because it was occasioned by the thoughtlessness and imprudence of his own men. When he commenced the pursuit from the Iron Works, for the sake of expedition, he left his heavy baggage behind, and on arriving at the Buffalo creek, such were his prospects of overtaking the enemy that he ordered an inspection of arms and amunition; but was surprised to find that his irregular troops had bartered away their powder and lead for something to eat or drink. It was necessary then, before proceeding any further, to send back an express for a supply of these articles, which occasioned the loss of a day and that day would have enabled him, with all ease, to overtake his retreating foe; but the All-wise Being, whose kingdom rules over all, had an ulterior object in view and it was all for the best. He could not continue the pursuit, and for several reasons. If he had undertaken to repair the bridge for the army to cross, or had gone up to Rigdon's ford, the enemy would have gained not less than two days and would then have been beyond his reach. The time of the militia, both the volunteers and the drafted, had now expired and they demanded their discharge. The time of the year had come for putting in their crops and making provision for their families, and no arguments or entreaties could prevail on them to remain. This was a matter of deep regret to the commander, but there was no alternative. He was obliged to grant their request, and then his number was again reduced below that of the enemy. The country below the river afforded

very little sustenance for man or beast and that little was consumed by the retreating army. As the Tories were the most numerous they concealed every thing of the kind; and Gen. Greene could get no certain intelligence about the progress of Cornwallis, or the condition of his army. In addition to all this, his scouting and foraging parties were waylaid and shot down by men who were concealed in the swamps and other inaccessible places. For all these reasons, he determined to carry out a plan which seems to have been, for some time, revolving in his mind, and which depended on the movements of the enemy. It was to march into South Carolina; but to follow him there would be foreign from my design in the present work.

The region of country along Deep river and below it was now in a most deplorable condition; for it was rendered almost a scene of desolation by the exterminating warfare carried on between the Whigs and Tories; and the sufferings even of the British army were enough to excite commiseration. From the time the British entered the State the Whigs had been persecuted, plundered and driven from their houses. Many of them had been waylaid and shot down, either in their own houses or along the road. The retreat of Cornwallis and the advance of the American army inspired them with fresh courage and was the signal for their return.

Under such circumstances, a spirit of revenge was manifested, which was natural perhaps, but much to be regretted; and Gen. Greene in his letters, repeatedly says, "If this carnage between Whig

and Tory is continued, this country must be depopulated." For a year or two the men of both parties, either lay concealed in the woods and swamps, or were embodied for mutual protection. This state of things furnished the loyalists with strong inducements and many opportunities to annoy the American army if it had attempted to pass through the country, and might have been a serious obstacle to its progress. The Whigs in that region were few in number; but they were active and resolute, nor did they suffer the enemy to pass altogether unmolested or unharmed. In a country like ours, where the people are intelligent, united and determined to be free, they cannot be subdued. A foreign army may pass through the country and conquer in every pitched battle, but they will be waylaid and cut off in detail. Cato Riddle and his sharp-shooters, on the first day, tumbled several of the Red Coats off their horses and sent them drifting down the stream. At night they went home, and returned the next morning, when they occupied the same position and not altogether in vain; but their success was now small for the enemy had learned to keep away. The stratagem to capture them by sending a troop of horsemen up the river to cross at a ford and go down on the other side, was conducted with so much secrecy and dispatch that it had well nigh succeeded. In the afternoon, when on their way home, walking along very leisurely, and not dreaming of any danger, the dragoons came upon them in a lane so suddenly that they had barely time to get over the fence and take shelter in a large

plum orchard, the trees of which stood so thick on the ground that it was impossible for horsemen to ride through it. In this thicket they took their stand, and altogether, determined, if need be, to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and the British unable to approach them on horseback, remained for some time on the outside, apparently much perplexed and not knowing what to do. Not a rifle or a pistol was fired, though they were only a few steps apart. Thus they stood eyeing each other like two court-yard bullies who wanted to fight but were doubtful about the result; the British feeling assured that if they provoked such daring men by firing on them, some of themselves would certainly be made the victims of their deadly rifles; and the rifle party thinking that if, under existing circumstances, they exasperated their adversaries by killing any of them, the rest would become desperate by rushing upon them when their guns were empty, and the consequence might be fatal. At length they slowly, silently, and, as if by mutual consent, receded from their position and went away. It is said, however, that some of the dragoons overtook a portion of this party before they got home, but only to their own loss. An officer who came upon William Brantly, was about to kill him, and had his sword drawn for the purpose, when Cato Riddle, seeing his friend's danger and being only a few steps before, sprung from his horse and shot the officer dead. The pursuit was then given up and the enemy returned to their encampment.

The British had a number of prisoners who had

been taken at different points on the route; but, finding them an insupportable burden in their destitute and suffering condition, before crossing the river, Cornwallis let them go, or, rather, gave them such an opportunity to escape, that they deemed it equivalent to an express permission.

When they were approaching Upper Little river, the dragoons under Tarleton having been sent forward, as usual, to scour the country, captured Captain Peoples, Captain Daniel Buie, Duncan Buie, old Jacob Gaster, John Small, and a man by the name of Strodder. In "crowning" Duncan Buie, they gave him a severe cut on the top of the head, and a worse one, on the cheek bone, leaving him for dead, but he recovered. Peoples made his escape through the cracks of the "bull pen," or enclosure in which they were kept. Daniel Buie died on board the prison ship at Wilmington. Gaster, Small, and Strodder, were taken to Wilmington, and after a time, exchanged. At Monro's, on Lower Little river, the bridge had been broken down by the Whigs, to retard their progress; but they soon got over, and took old Daniel Monro prisoner, and his son Malcolm, who was attached to Capt. M'Cranie's company, but happened now to be at home. They were taken to Wilmington, and there paroled. At Cross creek, they met with a kind reception from their friends, but the resources of the country were small. Tarleton and Stedman tell us that the settlers upon Cross creek, notwithstanding all that they had suffered from the British government, "still retained a warm attachment to their mother

country," and showed "great zeal for the interest of the royal army; that they brought in all the spirits and provisions they could collect within a convenient distance;" and that "the sick and wounded were plentifully supplied with useful and comfortable refreshments." On this or some other account, no great depredations were committed on the property of the citizens. "They spoiled the machinery in the mills," which probably belonged to Whigs, "took out the irons, and stopped them from grinding;" but no person was put to death, and no efforts were made to find out and punish rebels. Their thoughts were more occupied in providing for their own safety, than in punishing treason and maintaining the laws, and their stay was necessarily short.

Stores of provisions for the American army had been collected at Cross creek, but when General Greene found that Cornwallis would go down on that side of the river, he dispatched couriers to General Lillington, who was stationed in that region with a body of militia, to remove these stores, and annoy them as much as possible. The removal of the stores to a place where they were safe, or could easily be protected, left the British army no resource, except the immediate neighborhood, and that, especially after it had been so much ravaged, could hardly afford one ration for fifteen hundred or two thousand men. They were obliged to leave; but they could not descend the river in boats; for Lillington had destroyed or removed them all for a number of miles; and there were many Whigs,

daring spirits and good riflemen, who would have made a descent on the river, if the boats had been at command, rather a hazardous business. Cornwallis says in his dispatch to Lord George Germain, dated Wilmington, April 18, 1781:

"From all my information I intended to have halted at Cross creek, as a proper place to refresh and refit the troops; and I was much disappointed, on my arrival there to find it totally impossible. Provisions were scarce, not four days forage within twenty miles, and to us the navigation of Cape Fear river to Wilmington impraticable; for the distance by water is upwards of one hundred miles, the breadth seldom above one hundred yards, the banks high, and the inhabitants on each side generally hostile."

Immediately after telling us that they were so liberally furnished with provisions, spirits, &c., by the inhabitants of Cross creek and its vicinity, Stedman says on the same page, "Upon the arrival of the British commander at Cross creek, he found himself disappointed in all his expectations. Provisions were scarce, four days forage not to be procured within twenty miles; and the communication expected to be opened between Cross creek and Wilmington, by means of the river, was found to be impracticable, the river itself being narrow, its banks high, and the inhabitants on both sides for a considerable distance *inveterately hostile*. Nothing therefore now remained to be done but to proceed with the army to Wilmington, in the vicinity of which it arrived on the 17th of April." No attempt was made to impede their

progress or to harass them on their march, but they had some proof of a hostile disposition on the part of the inhabitants. At Mrs. Cain's some miles above Wilmington, where Capt. Peoples made his escape, when a British officer rode down to the edge of the river, an American shot at him from the opposite bank, and broke his thigh.

On their way to Wilmington, and while there, besides many of the rank and file, they buried several of their valuable officers, who died of their wounds, and others had to be left on account of impaired health. Col. Webster died on the way, and was buried a little below Elizabethtown. Wilson Webster, Lieut.-Colonel in the British army, was a Scotchman, and the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Webster, of Edinbugh. Intelligent, brave, courteous in his address, gentlemanly in his bearing, and of high professional attainments, no officer in the army was more beloved by the soldiers, and Cornwallis turned away sad and sorrowing from his grave. Americans of all parties respect the place where his ashes repose; but to the reproach of his ungrateful country, not even a rude stone marks the place of his interment. A few years ago some gentlemen in the neighborhood, undertook to find the place, and ascertain in what condition were his remains. For this purpose they took with them an old negro, who, it was supposed, might serve as a guide; and on reaching the grove, after looking round a few moments, he pointed out the precise spot. One of the gentlemen stuck the point of his cane in the ground, and, discovering that it readily

gave way, ordered a servant to take a spade and cautiously remove the earth. He did so, and it was discovered to be a grave. They continued the operation, and soon came on what appeared to be the body of a soldier. It seemed to be perfect, and the ornament on the cap was entire. All gazed in mute silence on the spectacle, and were surprised to see how little change had been made in half a century; but the illusion was soon at an end; for the corpse at first so life-like in appearance, on being exposed to the atmosphere, soon crumbled into dust. They filled up the grave again, and retired with a feeling of regret that they had disturbed the ashes of the dead.

In Wilmington, according to Tarleton and Stedman, Cornwallis learned to his sorrow that Gen. Greene had turned his course from Ramsey's Mill to South Carolina, and was pushing forward to attack the British post at Cambden. This intelligence rendered his lordship's situation more embarrassing than ever, "and left him only a choice of difficulties none of which were unaccompanied with hazard, nor easy to be surmounted;" for if Greene succeeded in capturing or driving away their garrisons, which he must do unless they could be reinforced, all his past toils and conquests would be in vain and the whole southern country be lost to the British government. His adversary had got such a start of him that he could not possibly reach Cambden in time to give Lord Rawden any assistance, and then he might get so hemmed up between the rivers, by the Americans, that he would be forced to surrender.

A march through the country to Cambden, if not impracticable, was so difficult and perilous that a commander of his sagacity and in his crippled condition would not attempt it; and to transport his army by water to Charleston was deemed too disgraceful. But, apart from the disgrace, the delay which it must occasion would render the measure useless; and he seemed to be surrounded with difficulties almost insurmountable. Yet something *must* be done; for to remain there would be useless, and as the sickly season was coming on, the remnant of his army would be still further reduced by disease. As Gen. Greene had gone south, and there was no force in this State to impede his progress, the way was open into eastern Virginia where Gen. Phillips commanded a respectable force, and, wisely or unwisely he determined to march northward. Such were the reasons assigned; but probably this course was adopted more as a prudential measure for his own safety than anything else. Stedman says, that he was not without hope that by menacing so large and powerful a State as Virginia, he might draw Gen. Greene from the south; but he had already learned, by experience, too much of Gen. Greene's sagacity and firmness to think that he could be thus duped or turned from his purpose. More likely it was only a pretext to satisfy some of his officers who were for pushing into South Carolina to relieve Lord Rawden, and that he could find safety and maintain his credit in no other way. Tarleton, rather harshly perhaps, censures his lordship for this measure, and Stedman as sharply reproves Tarleton for his in-

gratitude and insolence. With their censures and reproofs we have nothing to do; but Cornwallis could hardly have taken a course which would more effectually subserve the American cause and insure his own ruin.

It appears that Gov. Martin was with the British army in all its southern campaigns and present at all the battles fought. He is mentioned particularly as having been at the battles of Cambden and Martinville in which he took a deep interest and seemed to become young again. From an expression in Cornwallis' despatch from Wilmington to Lord George Germain, we would infer that he embarked at that port for England; but it is not certain. Some say he went with the army into Virginia and sailed from Norfolk. Others say he went north; but I have seen nothing that could be regarded as deciding the question.

Cornwallis reached Wilmington on the 17th of April, and while he had his head-quarters in town, the army was encamped in the immediate vicinity. He left on the 25th, I believe, and about the middle of May entered Virginia. They met with no serious opposition on their march across the eastern end of the State, but were, all the time, under apprehensions of an attack, and were harassed occasionally by individuals who would lie in ambush about the swamps and shoot down stragglers, or by small parties of Whigs who would attack their foraging parties and diminish their number. Tarleton, with about a thousand men, quartered himself for a day and a night on the plantation of Col. Slocum,

he himself, with his principal officers, occupying the house while the army was encamped in the orchard, some two or three hundred yards distant. Mrs. Elliot, in her book entitled THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION, gives an entertaining account of what passed between Col. Tarleton and the courageous and ready-witted Mrs. Slocum, when he took possession of the house; and also of a daring feat of her husband, Col. Slocum, and a few of his neighbors. Soon after arriving at the place, Tarleton sent out a Tory captain with his company of Tories to scour the country for two or three miles round, and, while thus engaged, Col. Slocum with his little Whig band came upon them. A terrible onslaught followed, and half the Tories were killed or wounded. The Captain was wounded and fled with four or five of his men towards head-quarters; and the Colonel, with about the same number of his Whigs, went in hot pursuit. So great was their eagerness to kill the Captain or take him prisoner that they were in the midst of a thousand British, most of them mounted, before they thought of any danger, or were even aware that the enemy were on the plantation, but by great presence of mind and an act of most daring courage, they dashed through and made their escape. Col. Slocum, with a few intrepid and patriotic men like himself, hung on the rear of the British army, cutting off stragglers and sometimes attacking their foraging parties all the way into Virginia, when they made their way to Yorktown and were present at the surrender.

Soon after leaving North Carolina, Cornwallis

formed a junction with Gen. Phillips at Petersburg, or with his army after his death, and took command of the whole. Thence, after meeting with some opposition from Lafayette and others, he reached Yorktown and there, after enduring a siege of a few weeks, he surrendered his whole army, on the 19th of October, 1781, to the French and American forces under the command of General Washington.

# PART II.

## THE HON. JESSE FRANKLIN,

LATE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WHILE the public have been manifesting, for a few years past, such a strong and growing desire to know all about the revolutionary history, and after so many efforts have been made to ascertain the facts, and to perpetuate the memory of our patriotic ancestors, or such of them as became, in any way, prominent during that eventful period, it is a matter of some surprise to me that even the *name* of Gov. Franklin has hardly been noticed; and I determined to make some inquiry into his character and revolutionary services. For this purpose, having no other acquaintance in Surry county where he resided, I requested Robert S. Gilmer, Esq. formerly of Guilford, but now a citizen of Mount Airy, to procure for me such revolutionary incidents of that region as were supposed to be reliable, and especially to get, if possible, a sketch, or the facts for a sketch, of Gov. Franklin. Not having time for such matters himself, he laid my request before

J. F. Graves, Esq., who is a young lawyer residing at Mount Airy, and a grandson of Gov. Franklin. With much promptness and courtesy, he sent me, in a short time, the following communication, which, though short, and manifestly written without any disposition to exaggerate or color the facts, we have no doubt, will be read with a lively interest, and for which he has my warmest acknowledgments. His object was, not to write a sketch for publication, but merely to furnish the facts, and let me make my own use of them; but, as I did not think that by rewriting and remodelling, I could improve the style, and as he gave me, in a subsequent letter, permission to use the communication in whatever way I thought proper, I have given it entire, and in his own language.

"DEAR SIR,—Robt. S. Gilmer having requested me to furnish you with such information as I may be able to gather in relation to occurrences during the revolutionary war, and the persons engaged on either side in this portion of country, I submit to you the following pages. Many of the facts rest on tradition only; for no one in this region, seems ever to have taken any pains to preserve any historical account of the transactions of those troublesome times.

"The principal Whig families in the western and north-western part of Surry county, were the Franklins, Cunninghams, McCraws, Toliaferos, Thompsons, Underwoods and Williams. Much the greater part of the population was, at that time, of the Tory party; but, the distinction having been kept

up after the close of the war many of the Tory, families moved from the county so that few of the old stock remained. The Franklins were among the most conspicuous among the Whig families of that day. I have no means of tracing their remote ancestry except from the traditions among them; and from those it appears that they were of English origin. It is not known at what time precisely they came to this country; but they came over to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony.

"Bernard and Mary Franklin, the parents of Jesse, were residing in Orange County, Virginia, at the commencement of the revolutionary war. Jesse, who was the third of seven sons, was born on the 24th of March, 1760. I have no incidents to relate of his boyish days; for, if he manifested any precociousness of genius, his sturdy father did not observe it or find means to foster it. He was sent to school when young, until he acquired the rudiments of an English education; but before he was twelve years old he was forced to quit, and circumstances never permitted him to resume his studies afterwards. I think he never studied any other language than the English, though I find a Latin motto in several of his old books which are in my possession. Not very long after the Declaration of Independence, I think from the best information I can gather, in 1777, he, being about seventeen years of age, first entered the army as a volunteer and served some time, but I have never been able to ascertain how long. After his term of service expired, he returned to his father's where he re-

mained a short time. His father had, just previous to the breaking out of the war, made his arrangements to remove to the north-western part of North Carolina, which was then almost entirely unsettled.

"The two elder brothers, Jeremiah and Bernard, determined to remain in Virginia. Jesse, being still under his father's control was sent out to make a selection of lands, and to prepare a house and provisions for the family, which was to follow on in the succeeding fall. Going beyond the settlements, and passing through the 'Hollows,' he selected a small though beautiful valley on the head waters of Mitchell's river in Surry county, as the future home of his father. This little valley is surrounded on three sides by mountains; Mitchell's river, a crystal stream, at that ime abounding in trout, running through it. The coves of the mountains were covered with pea vines, which afforded the best pasturage for horses and cattle, and chestnuts and acorns supplied the hogs instead of grain. Game of all kinds abounded. Deer and turkey were very plenty, and bears and wolves were neither few nor shy. Some time in the fall of the year, Bernard Franklin, with the rest of his family consisting of four sons and two daughters, the oldest of the children with him not being more than fifteen years of age, arrived at the log cabins prepared for their reception.

"At that time the British forces having overrun South Carolina, and being on their way into North Carolina, the Tories, united in predatory bands, were ravaging the country and plundering the

Whig families of every valuable thing upon which they could lay their hands.

"So troublesome and dangerous had they become that the prominent Whigs were driven to the necessity of building a fort on a hill near the town of Wilkesboro', in which they secured themselves when not actively engaged. Jesse Franklin joined Col. Benjamin Cleveland, his maternal uncle in his efforts to drive the Tories out of the county, or to restrain them from their predatory habits. Of Col. Cleveland's character as a partizan leader, the country is full of traditions, and his severity to the Tories who fell into his hands, is proverbial. Perhaps a few incidents that occurred to Bernard Franklin and his family, about this time, may somewhat illustrate the manner in which the Tory warfare was carried on. Choosing a time when they knew Jesse Franklin was from home, for they feared him, a band of Tories surrounded the house of his father and, while some kept watch on the outside, six or seven of them went in to search for plunder. The cautious Mrs. Franklin had previously put all her best bed clothes and table linen into a large box and buried it in the garden, and had potato hills made over it and planted, in order more effectually to conceal the place where it was hidden. Those articles were then secure; but how to save the money and other valuables now became the question. There was an old maiden lady livingin the family, called Aunt Betty Wells, who possessed more than ordinary sagacity and self control. While the Tories were preparing to enter the house, she

went to the desk and took the gold and silver out of the drawer, where it was usually kept, and put it into a long stocking which she had just finished, and sat down on the chair, placing the stocking of specie on her lap under her apron. When the band entered, they found her very composedly knitting away as if nothing unusual was taking place. They soon commenced rummaging in the drawers of the desk, and in the chests, in search of the money which was concealed beneath old Aunt Betty's apron. During their stay in the house, she kept up a conversation with them continually, fearing they would suspect her and force her to give up her treasure. They finally left, however, without molesting her. The hidden box in the garden and the money was nearly all of their property that was now left. I have often seen a French crown in the possession of Mrs. Mary Graves, daughter of Jesse Franklin, now living at Mount Airy, which was saved in old Aunt Betty Wells' stocking. Not long after that occurrence the same party with some others, came to Bernard Franklin's again in search of his negroes who had escaped them on their previous visit. An unarmed man surrounded by a large party of ruffianly robbers, has sometimes to submit to very rude treatment. On this occasion Mr. Franklin happened to have a new hat to which one of the Tories took a fancy and, wishing to gratify his vanity, he snatched the new hat from his head and suddenly clapped his own old slouch on his head in its stead. Mr. Franklin's indignation was irrepressible and, dashing the old hat on the ground, he stamped it exclaiming,

'I wish it was the heart of every Tory in the land.' The negroes which were carried off, all escaped from the Tories and returned in a few weeks to their kind master.

"About this time, in the fall of 1780, Colonels Cleveland, Shelby and Sevier, having heard of Col. Ferguson's position at King's Mountain, determined to attack him there. Jesse Franklin who had been with Colonel Cleveland in many of his little skirmishes with the Tory bands that so infested the up country, was acting as Adjutant to his battalion at that time. The British forces, as you recollect, occupied the top of the mountain. The attack was made on three sides simultaneously by the American troops, each one of the Colonels commanding a division. After firing a few rounds the smoke obscured the British troops, and the Americans unable to see, faltered. At that critical moment, Jesse Franklin rode up in advance of the line and perceiving the situation of the foe, confused by the smoke and shooting above the heads of the assailants, he encouraged the troops to make another effort, assuring them the victory would be theirs if the advantage they possessed was improved. Following him, they advanced until within good range of the enemy's line and then fired. In that moment Col. Ferguson fell and confusion ensued. Captain Ryarson, being the next highest officer assumed the command, but all his efforts to restore order were unavailing. Surrounded and exposed to a fire which they could not return, they soon surrendered. Captain Ryarson delivered up his sword to Jesse

Franklin, saying to him, 'You deserve it, sir.' This is Franklin's own account of it corroborated by many others. The writer has it from General S. Graves who received it from John Boyd, an old soldier and eye-witness to the delivery of the sword. The sword was, for a long time, preserved as a relic; but a party of gentlemen, on one occasion, in testing the temper of the metal, broke it into fragments. The pieces were made into knee and shoe buckles, and were preserved by the different members of the family. The hilt is still preserved and is at present in the care of Mr. Ambrose Johnson, of Wilkes county.

"After the battle of King's Mountain, Jesse Franklin seems not to have done much until the succeeding spring. Then hearing that Gen. Greene, on his retreat before Cornwallis, had come into the northern counties, he set off to join the army as a volunteer. It must have been about this time that he was sent on an express to the Whig fort at Wilkesboro'; but his family do not seem to remember from what point he started. The country was infested with foraging parties and Tory bands, and it required all his vigilance and daring to get through in safety. The incidents of his trip are scarcely worth relating; but as it may a little more fully illustrate the state of affairs in the country, I will give you such as I remember. Having ridden all night long, he reached Salem early in the morning, his horse exhausted, and himself weary and hungry.

"Everybody knows that, with few exceptions, the inhabitants of Salem were all royalists. Charles

Baggy was the only exception that I have ever heard of. Going to him on his arrival, he asked him for a fresh horse and something to eat. "I dare not furnish you with anything, for the people around me are Tories. There is meat in the cupboard and a horse in the stable. Exchange is no robbery." Permission having been thus impliedly given, he helped himself to a hearty breakfast and went to the stable, took out a fine horse, leaving his own instead of it, and hastened on to Wilkesboro'. On his arrival at the fort, he ascertained that the Whig families on Mitchell's river, in his father's neighborhood, were entirely destitute of salt. He was to return to the army, and as it was very little out of his way, he determined to go by his father's and carry a little salt to distribute among his friends to serve them until supplies could be obtained in some other way. He set out from Wilkesboro' on a young horse not yet bridle-wise; and, in order to avoid the Tories, who were constantly on the lookout for him, he made his way along the mountains entirely out of all the settlements. He met with no mishaps until late in the evening, as he was getting near home, when he was suddenly surprised by a party of Tories who had been lurking round his father's premises seeking to ensnare him for a long time. Surrounded by rifles, he was compelled to yield himself into their hands. They soon dismounted him and tied his hands behind his back. In this condition, they replaced him on his horse, and having stacked their guns beside a large white-oak tree, they led his horse under the pendant

boughs of a dogwood, and taking the bridle off his horse, tied it round his neck and drew the reins tightly over the limbs above his head. In this situation they commanded him to take the oath of allegiance. Although nearly strangled, he refused to obey them. Almost maddened by his refusal, they loosed the horse, thinking it would run off and leave him suspended by the neck. The horse, however, stood perfectly still, until one of them seized a brush to strike it, and just at that critical moment, the bridle broke and he dropped into the saddle, as the horse bounded away at full speed. The woods was clear of brush or undergrowth, and the horse so fleet, that before they could get their rifles ready he was beyond their aim, but he heard the bullets whistle over his head as he flew. His escape seems almost Providential, and so he always regarded it. He spent that night at his father's house, in the hayloft, and the next day he set off with a young man, named Toliafero, for General Greene's army. They arrived at the army, and joined the volunteers a very short time before the battle of Guilford Court-House. I have not been able to ascertain under whom he acted at the battle; but under whomsoever he served, he was one among the last to leave the field. He and Toliafero had taken their horses with them to the army, but on the day of battle, they served with the infantry and tied their horses a little off from the field. When the retreat commenced, they were hotly pursued by a squadron of British horsemen. They got to where their horses were tied, and Toliafero attempted to untie his, but

just as he was mounting he was struck down with a sword. Franklin cut his reins and vaulted into his saddle just as a horseman struck so near him that he felt the wind of the sword as it passed his cheek. He escaped, and Toliafero's horse came along with him. He afterwards went back and buried his friend, and brought his gun and cartridge-box to his family. I have been told that the gun and accoutrements are still preserved. These are about all the facts I can gather in relation to Jesse Franklin's services in the war, except some few unimportant acts in his partizan warfare against the Tories."

From the narrative of Gen. Graham, lately published in the University Magazine, it appears that he was with the North Carolina militia under Gen. Pickens, before the British left Hillsboro', and he probably continued with him until the battle; or, he might have been sent on his mission to the Fort at Wilksboro', after the corps to which he belonged had joined the main army under Gen. Greene. He is casually mentioned as having been sent out one evening with a little scouting party and is called *Captain* Franklin; but whether he held the rank of Captain by regular appointment, and had a company of men, or was, like Major Lewis, merely serving as a volunteer and without any command, does not appear. As he is mentioned only once, and after Col. Preston had joined Pickens, near Haw river, it is probable that he had attached himself to Preston's corps; but this is only a conjecture.

"As to his civil services, you can easily ascertain

them by reference to the public records, I have not the proper references to ascertain dates correctly, or I would try to give you a full account of his services in the civil department. He was elected to the legislature from this county while he was quite young. As illustrative of his independence and republican simplicity, it is related that, during the first session of his services in that capacity, at Hillsboro', he was under the necessity of having some new shirts made; and the seamstress, whom he had employed, having made them with ruffles and frills, according to the fashion of the day, when he came to put them on, he thought the ruffles did not become the representative of so plain a people as his constituents, and so he cut them all off with his knife before wearing them.

"Such was his uniform and well known integrity, the soundness of his judgment on all the questions which then so deeply agitated the public mind, the purity of his life and his high toned patriotism, that he was not permitted to enjoy, without interruption, the comforts of his rural home and the society of those whom he loved most dearly. Fond of retirement and happy in his domestic relations, he neither sought nor desired promotion; but with his kindness of heart and his patriotic devotion, he could not refuse when his country called for his services. In 1794 he was elected a member of the House of Commons and again in 1797. In 1795 he was elected a member of Congress and served two years. In 1799 he was elected Senator in Congress and served until 1805. In 1805 and 1806 he was

Senator from Surry, and was again elected to the Senate of the United States, where he served, Wheeler says, until 1813, but his grandson, J. F. Graves, Esq., of Mount Airy, says he served until 1819. In 1820 he was elected Governor and filled the Executive chair in 1821; but his failing health induced him to decline a re-election. While in Congress, he was on a great many important committees and this shows the estimate made of his competency and trustworthiness in the legislative assemblies of the nation. He was on the committee appointed in the case of John Smith, a Senator from Ohio, who was implicated with Aaron Burr; and also, on a committee on the ordinance of 1787. He was a warm advocate for the war of 1812; and opposed the re-chartering of the United States Bank. At the expiration of his second term he declined a re-election and hoped to spend the remainder of his days in retirement; but he was, soon after, appointed a commissioner with Gen. Jackson and Gen. Meriweather, to treat with the Southern Indians, who made a treaty with the Chickasaws on the Bluffs, where the city of Memphis now stands. After that duty was performed, he filled the Executive chair, as stated above, in 1821, and died in 1824, in the 64th year of his age. He is said to have been a grave, dignified-looking man, and rather above the medium size. He is, also, said to have been a good speaker; but his greatest reputation seems to have been for sound judgment, good, hard common sense.

"His opinions were sought after by the prominent men of that day on all the important questions of

national interest; and his grandson, J. F. Graves, Esq., informs me that he has read many of the letters written by distinguished men of that day, asking for his opinion; but many of these, with his answers, owing to separations in the family, and removal of its members, have either been lost, or taken beyond our reach. I have now before me copies of four letters addressed to him. One by Gen. Steele, dated Salisbury, February 20th, 1796; one from Richard Dobbs Spaight, dated Newberne, March 5th, 1802; one from Abraham Baldwin, dated Washington, March 3d, 1803; and one from David Stone, dated Washington, July 4th, 1813; all of which are interesting; but as I have not his answers, it is not necessary to publish them. His message to the legislature, when Governor, is now before me, and is dated Raleigh, Nov. 20th, 1821. The condition of the country, and the sentiments of the community at large, in regard to legislative measures for the improvement and welfare of the State, neither required nor admitted any thing of special interest to us; but it bears throughout the impress of that sound practical common sense which characterized his whole life. He recognizes the vast importance of the Union, and urges upon all the necessity of cherishing that enlightened spirit of compromise in which it was formed. He adverted to the pressure in the monetary affairs of the country, but ascribed it principally to over-trading, and recommended no other measures for relief than general economy, and less of that excessive speculation, which he regarded as the

main cause of the distress. The Supreme Court he regarded as of great importance, but doubted whether the mode prescribed by the law for appointing a "missive Judge," was strictly constitutional; and with one or two minor alterations in the judiciary system, he suggested the propriety of authorising the superior Courts of law, when sitting as Courts of Equity, to send up to the Supreme Court certain causes at their discretion, as well as upon the affidavits of the parties litigant. He recommended that the Superior Courts should be separated from the Courts of Equity, for which he gave some very plausible common sense reasons, but suggested no material alterations in the County Courts, which he considered as well adapted to the wants of a free country. In regard to the criminal code, he proposed that the punishment of *cropping* should be commuted for something else, as a barbarous punishment, and as placing the subject of it beyond the hope of reform, which should always be the object where life was spared. He recommended in strong terms the organization of the militia, as the only safe reliance for the defence of the country; and notwithstanding the deep discouragements which rested upon the public mind, occasioned by previous failures, and misapplication of funds, he recommended a prudent, steady and progressive system of internal improvements."

Such a man's deeds are his best monument, and should not be forgotten. Throughout the whole of his long and consistent life, he appears to have

been one of the most judicious, upright and patriotic men of his day, and a country should always give honor to whom honor is due.

## Legislative Enactments against the Tories.

The civil war may be considered as having fairly commenced with the battle on Mooris creek; and it continued with more or less violence until independence was obtained. Some eighteen months or more previous to the Declaration, the people of North Carolina, as is well known, in common with those of the other Colonies, had resolved to resist the oppressions of the mother country, though they were not yet prepared to declare themselves independent; and they adopted such measures for carrying their resolutions into effect as their circumstances seemed to require. The constituted authorities, conventions and congresses, the members of which had been appointed by a vote of the people, and clothed with ample power for all the purposes of their appointment, passed strong resolutions at almost every meeting against those who should, in any way, or by any means, favor the cause of Great Britain; but nothing more was done, because nothing more was then necessary. The movements of the Tory army, however, and the battle on Morris creek taught them that their domestic enemies were more numerous than they had supposed, and that some stronger measures than arguments and "Resolves" must be adopted. It was now mani-

fest that nothing but the most determined and energetic course could be of any avail, and they were sufficiently encouraged by the results of the battle to take such a course; nor does it appear that any reluctance or hesitancy in meeting their responsibilities, and the exigencies of the country, was manifested by any of these bodies. Accordingly, the Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax, April 4th, 1776, a few weeks after the battle at Moore's creek, passed, on the 13th of May, the following Resolution, which, for the satisfaction of our readers, or many of them, we copy from the journal.

"*Resolved*, That any person, inhabitant of this colony, who shall hereafter take arms against America within the said colony, or shall give intelligence, or aid to the enemies thereof, and shall be convicted of the facts by vote of Congress, or by any judicial power, hereafter to be appointed, shall forfeit all his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, to the people of said colony, to be disposed of by the Congress, or other general representation thereof; and moreover be considered (when taken) as a prisoner of war, unless the sentence shall be mitigated, or pardoned by the Congress, or other general representation."

This resolution sufficiently shows the spirit of the men who composed that body; but very few, if any, confiscations, we imagine, actually took place, until the State Constitution was adopted, and the machinery of civil government was put into more vigorous and complete operation. Like the prime movers in the reformation from Popery, the patriots

of the day were carried much further by circumstances than they had first intended, and were as much indebted to Providence, as to their own wisdom and valor, for the success which crowned their efforts, and the constitutional freedom which they established.

It was soon found that the great principles of liberty and of individual rights must be embodied in a written constitution which would unite and bind together the entire community and in which these fundamental principles should be clearly defined. Such a constitution was adopted by the convention which met in Halifax, November 12th, 1776, and among the objects which first claimed their attention was the disaffected portion of the community, or those who, from whatever motives were opposed to the independence of the country; for if anything was done to suppress them by force of arms, or to punish them for the resistance already made, reason and humanity, as well as a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind," required that it should be done in conformity with established laws, and by the authority of those who were duly invested with executive powers. This congress had much of its time occupied in disposing of the prisoners taken at Moore's creek, and in adopting some further regulations for the suppression of the loyalists; but more authoritative enactments belonged to future meetings of the constitutional assembly.

The above extract contains the substance of all the legislation on this subject, but the reader will find in the Appendix, an Act of the first legislature;

that met under the constitution; and it is given at the request of some highly respected friends in the Scotch region. To the educated and literary men of the country these things may be familiar; but they are not so to the community at large. In some parts of the country, there appears to be, even to this day, considerable misapprehension in regard to the treatment of the Tories, and it is, therefore, desirable that all the facts should be distinctly known.

## Tories in Disguise.

The British government had violated the chartered rights on which the colonies were formed; they had, in some instances, even taken away or revoked our charters; thus throwing us out of their protection, and had then sent their armies to enforce these arbitrary measures. The people had formed a government for themselves as they had a right to do under these circumstances, and had resolved to stand up in their own defence. If a minority thought proper, or felt in conscience bound to oppose this government, they could do so, but they must take the consequences. If the people of this land, after the treatment they had received and the extremity to which they had been reduced by the mother country, had a right to establish a free and independent government for themselves, they certainly had a right to adopt whatever measures were necessary to maintain it. According to all the precedents set by civilized nations, they had a right to define treason against the State, and to make that

treason, when in the first degree, punishable by death. They had a right to confiscate the property of traitors and to banish all dangerous or suspected persons from the country. The British, when they got possession of South Carolina and whenever they had the country under their control, hung or executed some, banished others and confiscated their property. Without such a power no civil government can be maintained; and whatever hardships may attend it, the power must be exerted to the full extent when it becomes necessary.

They had some professed friends but enemies at heart, who were more dangerous than any others, and required their utmost vigilance. To guard against impositions of this kind as much as possible, all who were put in trust of any kind were, at first, required to take an oath that they would be true to the country; and the Provincial Congress drew up a test which had to be signed by all the members of that body, and every one who held any office either civil or military. Some refused to subscribe the test, or sign the association, and were thus made to stand forth in their true character. Of this number, Thomas McNight, a member of the congress from Currituck county was one; and there were others in different departments. Sometimes when detected, they confessed their fault and promised fidelity for the future. John Coulson, the same probably who afterwards, in the fall of 1780, headed an embodiment of Tories on the Pedee, for the purpose of joining the British at Cheraw, lived in Anson county, and was a man of great influence in that region.

When it became known that he was taking an active part against the independence of his country, he was brought to the bar of the house and required to make confession, or be sent to prison. The Congress met at Hillsboro', August 20, 1775; and on the following day appointed a committee to enquire into and report on his case. Next morning the committee reported the following, which we copy from Jones' Defence, as the confession and promise which he should be required to subscribe:—

"I, John Coulson, do from the fullest conviction solemnly and sincerely declare, that I have been pursuing measures destructive of the liberties of America in general, and highly injurious to the peace of this colony; and, truly conscious of the heniousness of my guilt, do now publicly confess the same, and do solemnly and sincerely promise, that I will for the future support and defend, to the utmost of my power, the constitutional rights and liberties of America; and, in order to make atonement for my past guilt, that I will make use of every effort in my power to reclaim those persons whom I have seduced from their duty, and also induce all other persons over whom I have influence to aid, support, and defend the just rights of America. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this the 22d day of August, 1775."

"JOHN COULSON."

There were many others of a similar kind; but this may serve as a specimen of the whole. At this period, when very few were prepared for a final separation from Great Britain, and when the two

parties had not yet become embittered at each other, some such cases were to be expected, and required both firmness and prudence on the part of the civil authorities.

We are on our guard against an avowed enemy, and can even respect him if he is honorable in his bearing; but "a spy in the camp" is always an odious as well as a dangerous character; and whenever such have been detected, no matter in what cause or under what circumstances, they have been dealt with by a summary process, and without much commiseration. Farquard Campbell and Thomas Rutherford, of Cumberland, were both gentlemen of wealth, intelligence and high standing in their own county, who managed to keep their place in the counsels of the State until the adoption of the Constitution, and yet were all the time holding correspondence with the enemy. Whether this was done of their own accord, or by the suggestion of Governor Martin, is not known; but they had adroitness enough to play a false game for two years without detection, or without doing anything by which the fact could be proved. Governor Swaim says, "They were members of the first provincial convention, which met at Newberne, on the 25th of August, 1774, and appointed William Hooper, Joseph Hews and Richard Caswell delegates to the first Continental Congress. They were members of the second Provincial Convention which met at the same place. On the 3d of April, 1775, they both signed the article of American Association, and united in the vote denouncing the

equivocal conduct of Thomas McNight, a member from Currietuck, in withholding his signature, and in holding him up "as the proper object of contempt to this continent." They were members of the first Provincial Congress in August, 1775, at Hillsboro', and of the second, which met at Halifax, 4th April, 1776. On the 12th of that month, they voted for the Resolution instructing our delegates in the Continental Congress, to declare independence. Before the meeting of the third Provincial Congress, they were both in confinement at Halifax, as prisoners of war." Campbell, who was evidently the shrewder and more prominent one of the two, appears to have been a man who could keep his countenance under all circumstances, and had a great tact for joking or bantering off any charge that was brought against him. When the Congress met in Hillsboro', April 4, 1776, the House was surprised by receiving a letter from Mr. Biggleston, the Governor's Secretary, asking the favor of the Congress to give a safe conduct to his Excellency's coach and horses to the house of Farquard Campbell, in Cumberland. On receiving this letter, the President laid it before the Congress, and Farquard rose in his seat, and said, "he was amazed that Mr. Biggleston should have made such a proposal without his privity or consent, and implored the House not to make such a disposition of the coach and horses."

In the course of the ensuing summer, he was taken by Colonel Folsome, at his own house, and carried a prisoner to Halifax, where he lay for a

long time in confinement. When taken prisoner, and while on the way to Halifax, he showed the most perfect *nonchalance*, or unconcern about the consequences; but was as free and jocose as any of them. Mounted on a fine-spirited horse, he would frequently gallop on some distance before, and then, turning round, banter them for a race, or call upon them to "Come on, come on! Why so lazy and dilatory!" These things seem to give us a little insight into his character, and to disclose the secret of that long and successful game which he played in the councils of the State. It is very difficult for any man, especially in such a time, to tell a wilful lie, and make others believe that he is telling the truth; or to act a false part and make discerning men believe that he is sincere; but some have a much better tact for such an ambidextrous game than others. What were Campbell's motives for pursuing such a course, would perhaps be difficult to ascertain, nor is it of much importance; but it appears from the records, that, in course of the next year, he was made to feel the force of the Confiscation Act.

The Act of Assembly, already referred to, was little more than a modification and extension of the resolution which had been passed by the Provincial Congress, but it was felt perhaps to be more authoritative, and was more generally enforced. The Congress had imprisoned many and had declared the estates of some confiscated, but only of the most active and prominent among the Tories. As the civil war had been now raging for more than a

year, many had been put to death, and as many had been plundered of their property and brought to the whipping-post; but not by their orders. The Provincial Congress and all the leading Whigs, showed as much regard to justice and humanity as could be shown in the existing circumstances; but they had not sufficient authority or power to control the entire community. Many cruelties were practised by unprincipled or enraged, and irresponsible companies and individuals, which all wise and good men regretted. Such things were unavoidable in a disordered state of society, and especially when the passions of men were so intensely excited.

That the Provincial Congress, representing the sentiments and feelings of the community at large, were humane and generous towards that class of the population who had taken up arms against the country and were now in their power, appears from their uniform professions and from the measures which they adopted, They issued a MANIFESTO, in which they express most seriously, their pity for the deluded men who had taken part with our enemies, and their desire that these men might soon be convinced of their error, and return to the path of duty. They regret, unfeignedly, the necessity they were under of keeping any of them in confinement, and of sending some of them where they would not be so dangerous to the country. They manifested a compassionate regard for the welfare of their families, especially such of them as were left in indigent circumstances; and after recommending them to the humanity and kindness

of all who had it in their power to give relief, they conclude in the following language, which is alike creditable to their good sense and their feelings of generosity. "May the humanity and compassion which mark the cause we are engaged in, influence them to such a conduct as may call forth our utmost tenderness to their friends whom we have in our power. Much depends upon the future demeanor of the friends of the Insurgents who are left among us, as to the treatment our prisoners may experience. Let them consider these as hostages for their own good behaviour; and by their own merits make kind offices to their friends a tribute of duty as well as humanity from us, who have them in our power."

## Treatment of Tories.

The prisoners who were taken to Halifax were treated with lenity and kindness. Some of them appear to have been sent home in a short time without any hard restrictions or conditions. Some were bound in a penal bond for their good behaviour and then permitted to return home. Others were placed, for a time, under the care of certain Whig friends in different parts of the country, generally at a distance from the place of their residence; and immediately after the Congress met, the most important of them were put on their parole of honor. Gen. McDonald, Alan McDonald, and some others, were permitted to enjoy their liberty within certain limits, and on condition that they would not say nor do

anything to favor the enemy, for which the Congress merely took their word and honor. When their property was confiscated, provision was made for their families and the way was left open for their return to the path of duty. When the State troops went into the Scotch region, after the battle of Moore's Creek, they conducted themselves, in the main, with moderation and propriety; and, in proof of this, we shall give only a single instance. After the battle, Colonel Caswell marched through the country, or some part of it, with his regiment and, on Sabbath morning, came to Barbacue church. The Rev. John McLeod was either the pastor of the church or was supplying the pulpit for that day. During the prayer before sermon the people heard the lumbering of the wagons at a distance, as they descended the hill on the north side of the creek; and from the emotions of the speaker, it was supposed he heard them too. McLeod was a Tory, and as he, like every body else, seemed to understand at once what the noise meant, this will account for his emotion. By the close of the sermon the army had arrived, and the Rev. John McLeod, Hector McLean and some others were arrested and sent off as prisoners to Halifax. Gilbert Clarke, one of the elders and one of Foote's "little ministers of Barbacue," was a Whig and commanded a company of militia in that district. He immediately collected his company and followed Caswell; but for what purpose or how long he continued with him is not known to the writer. The Rev. John McLeod soon returned from Halifax and sailed for Scotland; but

as he was never heard of again, it was supposed that the vessel and all on board perished on the "high seas." He had been only a short time in this country, and that accounts for his Toryism. The few preachers they had, being all Tories, left the country except the Rev. James Campbell, who was such a strong Whig that he would not even baptize the children of Tories. On this expedition Colonel Caswell kept his men from insulting the persons or plundering the property of Tories, and in that region the name of Caswell is respected to this day.

If all the Whig party, or all who went into that region with arms in their hands, had followed the example of Caswell and obeyed the orders of the Congress, a great amount of unnecessary suffering and crime would have been prevented; but individuals and irresponsible companies, who acted without any special authority, seemed to think that, because the Highlanders had risen in arms against the country, and had been vanquished, they were at liberty to insult them, plunder them and trample upon them as they pleased. In this way a great many cruelties and outrages on decency were practised which were too disgusting to appear on the pages of history, and we pass them over with the names of the actors, leaving them to the imagination of the reader, but assuring him that when he has given his imagination full play he will hardly go beyond the reality. The Congress and all the better part of the Whig community deplored these things; but as they were beyond their control, in such a lawless and disordered state of society, they were

not to be blamed or held responsible for them. The Tories were not slow to retaliate, and in one sense, they did right, for it is a universal law of nature to protect itself. The worm on which you tread will writhe under your foot; the serpent will coil round and strike its fangs into the instrument by which it is crushed; and no man of true courage and generosity, will blame another for defending his life and property from violence. The Tories had not the organization of the Whigs, nor did they have that order and confidence of success which arise from the love and the prospect of liberty; but they were not much behind them in stratagem nor in acts of daring.

The deplorable state of things which existed in that region for some months after the battle on Moore's Creek, had not undergone much change for the better when enactments of higher authority and of wider range came to be enforced, and increased the troubles. The Council of Safety for this State, and that for Virginia, had held a joint meeting, in which it was agreed that all suspected persons should be disarmed; and the act of assembly, with its oath of abjuration, and all its requisitions, must be enforced. If they intended to stand by their Declaration of Independence, and maintain the free government which they had instituted, all dangerous persons must be banished from the country, or put in such a condition that they could make no effectual resistance. Whatever irregularities and atrocities were committed by individuals or small parties, regardless of law and authority, should be put down

to the account of the anarchy which prevailed in this revolutionary state of things; but such measures must be adopted and carried out as were necessary for the defence of the country and the success of the cause.

A few of those who had very little scruple of conscience about anything, and who would comply with any requisitions to keep their necks out of the halter, or save their little property, submitted, and took the oath; but, with these exceptions, they utterly refused, because it was in direct opposition to the oath which they had taken to the king. Some fled to the North, and some to the South, where they joined the British army; but the greater part of them fled from their homes, and lay concealed in the swamps, leaving the Whigs to take whatever fines or taxes they wanted out of their property, and some of them were not very scrupulous as to quantity. We give the following as a very moderate sample of the manner in which the sheriffs or county officers—the collectors of tax—proceeded when collecting the taxes, even from men of character and property. Kenneth Black, who was a man in good circumstances, and of much respectability in his neighborhood, lived on the place now owned by Laughlin McKinnon, on the Morgantown Road, in Moore county, and a short distance from McKinnon's present dwelling. In the fall of 1778, Malcom Monro and Neill McCranie came to collect the taxes for the county; but Black, like a true loyalist, refused to pay, and said that the taxes belonged to the king. After a little

altercation, with some harsh words, Monro and McCranie left the house, and returning in the evening before sunset, with Captain Bailey's company of horsemen, took a negro man, a stud horse, and a good deal of other property, amounting in all to seven or eight hundred dollars. Black was not now at home, but was returning, when his daughter Margaret met him, and informed him of what was doing. He then kept out of the way, and shewed no disposition to make resistance. The negro, it is said, was afterwards recovered, and perhaps the horse, but not the other property. If such was the course of procedure with men of Black's character and standing, we may suppose it was worse with men of less property and influence in the community. During this period the Scotch complained bitterly of such military officers as Alston, Seals, Crump, Coxe, Hadly, Fletcher, Jennings, Pemberton, and others, for carrying away their bacon, grain and stock of every description, professedly for the American army, but without making compensation, or even giving a certificate, and thus leaving their families in a destitute and suffering condition. We presume that these officers thought they were taking the most effectual way to accomplish their object, which was to drive this dangerous portion of the population out of the country, or reduce them to such a state of submission that they would cause no further trouble.

## MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.*

From the time the Act of Assembly took effect, which was in the summer of 1777, until the summer of 1779, about two years, there was comparative peace and security. There were occasionally individual acts of cruelty, depredations or house burning, and some acts of oppression by petty officers, both civil and military; but these were small matters in comparison with what had preceded and what followed. In the spring or summer of this year, Hector McNeil and Archibald McDougal returned from the British army, where they had been for two or three years; and, as the British were now meditating another desperate effort for the subjugation of South and North Carolina, they had, no doubt, been thus sent back a little in advance to exert an influence on their countrymen and prepare them for the coming struggle. They were quite enthusiastic and gave the most glowing accounts of the British army and its officers. They said the British had money at command to any amount; that they would be certain to conquer the country; and that the Scotch would be handsomely rewarded if found on the King's side. Then why

* These little conflicts and atrocities among the Scotch were communicated to me, chiefly by Dr. Smith, and some others in that region.

should they any longer submit to such injustice and tyranny, insult and oppression? Thus excited, they began again gradually to rise and embody; and from that time until the close of the war, the country presented a terrible scene of bloodshed, devastation and wretchedness.

As the Tories began to rise and form into small parties, the Whigs began to rally for their suppression, and various little conflicts ensued, which were attended with success, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, but gradually increased in frequency and magnitude until the last. Captain Fletcher, from Fayetteville, with about twenty-five men, met a much larger body of Tories, who are *said* to have been commanded by Colonel Fanning, at Legat's now Davis' Bridge, on Rockfish. Fletcher gave them one fire and retreated. "Big" Daniel Shaw, a Whig, was wounded in the shoulder. Daniel Campbell, a Tory, was mortally wounded and died on the third day. He had been a Lieutenant in the British army; and having been taken prisoner and exchanged, had joined this second rising of the loyalists now in its incipient stage. This is all that I have been able to learn, says Doctor Smith, as to the results of the skirmish on Rockfish, unless it gave rise to the unfortunate rencounter or "meeting," between Fletcher and Colonel Armstrong which took place soon after.

The real cause of the difference between them is not well known to the writer, nor is it a matter of much consequence at the present day. Some say, that Fletcher having thus retreated, Armstrong

accused him of cowardice, and Fletcher sent him a challenge; but others say that Fletcher was Commissary, and that the men complained to Colonel Armstrong of the provisions furnished; that Col. Armstrong mentioned these complaints to Fletcher, who took offence, and sent him the challenge; that Armstrong remonstrated with him, and told him that he himself had nothing against him; that in thus making known to him the complaints of the men, he was only acting in his official capacity, as he was in duty bound to do, and that he intended no personal offence; but Fletcher would not be reconciled. Armstrong went home greatly distressed, but endeavored to keep it concealed. His wife, Janet, however, who was a daughter of Farquard Campbell, perceived that something was troubling him very much, and kept insisting on him to let her know what it was, until he ultimately told her. She hooted at him, and said, "Fight him—yes, fight him, and kill him, too." Having made every explanation and acknowledgment, as he thought, which he could make without losing his influence as an officer, and incurring the reproach of the community, he finally accepted the challenge. At the first shot he reserved his fire, and then renewed his proposals for reconciliation; but Fletcher refused. When ready for the second fire, Armstrong said, "Now, Fletcher, I will kill you;" and so he did. At the next fire, Fletcher fell; and Armstrong was greatly distressed that he had thus been driven to the necessity, contrary to his conscience and all his

better feelings, of taking the life of a brother officer, and perhaps, until then, an intimate friend.

I have related this affair for two reasons: it is a sad instance, among many others, of that false sense of honor which military men, and even many others, are so apt to cherish. If the account which I received and have given above, be the correct one, Fletcher seems to have been, like many others, too sensitive in regard to his honor. We pass no censure on him, or any one in particular; but it is against the *practice* that we inveigh, and adduce the instances which occur, as illustrations. The case also illustrates the spirit of chivalry or "heroic defence of life and honor" which then peculiarly characterised the higher order of the Scotch. Farquard Campbell is said to have belonged to the stock of the nobility in Scotland; and his daughter seems to have possessed the spirit of her rank to such a degree, that she could never think of having it said that her husband had refused a challenge.

"As the difficulties increased, many Whigs removed their families to places of more security, and left them for a time. Captain Travis, who had married a daughter of old Thomas Hadley, took his family into Wake county, and Andrew Beard, a noted murderer, as the Scotch call him, drove the wagon. When Travis and Beard were returning with their wagons for another load, Col. Duncan Ray, who had gone over the river with about twenty men in search of Beard, met them at Sproul's ferry, and Duncan Ferguson, one of Ray's men, shot down Beard on the spot. As soon as he could reload, he

was about to shoot Travis also; but he sprang up and seizing Col. Ray behind and around the body, held him between himself and Ferguson, all the time begging Ray for his life. The Colonel yielded; but took him and Sproal, with all his family, prisoners. Sproal's women, children and negroes returned home next morning; but he and Travis were sent as prisoners to Wilmington. They were exchanged, in time; and Travis afterwards acted as commissary; but was accused of altering tickets. On this or some other charge, he was apprehended and put under guard in Fayetteville; but, pretending to be drunk and asleep, the guard neglected him, when he escaped through a window and fled to Nova Scotia."

"Near three hundred men, under Colonel Peter Robison, of Bladen county, in passing through the country had halted at Stuart's, now McPherson's mill creek, to take breakfast, when Colonel McNeill, with all his force, came upon them so suddenly, that they had no time to rally, and were scattered forthwith. How many, if any of the Whigs were killed, I have not learned; but John Turner and Daniel Campbell, two of McNeill's men were killed on the ground; and Dougald McFarland, another of the Tories, was, soon after, found dead near the place. Matthew Watson, a Tory, took young Archibald McKizic by surprise and held him a prisoner; and one story is that, being an acquaintance, and knowing that Turner, a mulatto, would kill him on sight, he gave him a chance to escape; but another, and probably the true account is, that Watson brought him up into the crowd, and, that

McKizic, still sitting on his horse, and no disposal having been yet made of him, on seeing an opportunity, stuck the spurs into his horse and dashed down the hill at full speed, the balls whizzing about his head all the time, crossed the creek, and when he had ascended to the top of the opposite hill, he stopped a moment, turned round and, waving his hat over his head, gave the whoop of defiance, and then cantered off at his leisure."

The following communication from Mr. William McMillen, for which he has my grateful acknowledgments, will be read with interest, and therefore we give it entire. The facts detailed belonged to different periods of the war; but as they are isolated or unconnected with any prominent transaction, we cannot do better than to publish them all together. He gives the names of those from whom he received the facts, which was the proper method; and I should have been glad to have responsible names for all the facts contained under this head, but could not have it so in every case. He intended to furnish mere *memoranda;* but he has related everything with so much perspicuity that I shall copy his language, with some merely verbal corrections. In a letter to a gentlemen in that region, who has furnished me with so many facts, and through whose agency these were procured, he says, "The enclosed notes have been hastily written, and I have not time to revise or copy them. Should you find them of any value in forming materials for the purpose you mentioned, they are at your service. I

am sorry that I could not have furnished them sooner; but I have been so much engaged since I saw you that I have not found it convenient to attend to the matter, until I am kept within doors to-day by the effects of a cold. Should they contribute, in any degree, to promote a greater regard and appreciation for the blessings resulting from law and order, and for the morals and intelligence of the community in our day, when contrasted with that awful period, I shall be amply compensated for the loss of the few hours devoted to them.

ARCHBALD MCLEAN, *Informant.*—"During the war I climbed that tree," pointing to a large Poplar, "to watch the Hadleys, having run off on their approach to my father's house; you will observe that the branches at the top spread out, which was occasioned by my breaking off the top at that time, as I saw them taking away all our horses, three in number. Those Hadleys, with a few others, if they could only hear of a Scotchman having anything valuable, from a good negro down to a cooking pot, that, according to their moral code, constituted a right to it. This state of things continuing for a length of time, some of those who were lying out in the islands of the swamp, below Flea Hill, formed the plan of taking them by surprise at night, and of stopping their depredations. They were unsuccessful, as the objects of their pursuit were probably out on a plundering expedition; but the aged father was found, shot down, and their vengeance further wreaked by running a sword through his

body for fear that life was not extinct. The father was regarded as the recipient of stolen property, and furthermore, that he was, to some extent, responsible for the conduct of his sons, who in this matter at least, reflected his will. As 'murder will out,' the young Hadleys having ultimately learned that some individuals of their neighborhood were implicated in the death of their father, on a certain occasion, some time after the close of the war, they procured some friends and came to my father's house at night, where a small party were collected at a cotton picking. They rushed suddenly into the house, and attempted to shoot down, in the crowd, two men whom they suspected. The first one, whom one of the Hadleys attempted to shoot, was near enough to seize the muzzle of the gun, and as it was being fired, to change the direction of the charge, which seriously lacerated the hand of one of his brothers, and also passed through the skirt of my hunting shirt, but fortunately without injuring my body. One or two other shots were fired at the other suspected person; but as the last one was discharged, he, being a short distance from the house, luckily stumbled on a sitting hen and fell; otherwise, it is supposed, that his life would have been seriously endangered.

"The assailants immediately dispersed to attend to the wounded man; and, as soon as practicable, a party of us procured our horses and guns, and made all possible speed for the causeway near Flea Hill, where we expected they would cross the swamp on their return home. There we arranged ourselves in

ambuscade; but we afterwards learned that they crossed at a point much further south and thus escaped."

"Would you really have shot any of the party," enquired I, "if they had approached?"

"I never have been more anxions to shoot an old buck, in good season, than I was on that occasion, to do so; but I afterwards had the pleasure of seeing one of the Hadleys cropped on a conviction of stealing. Having formed such a habit of it during the war, he could not desist after the establishment of law and order until arrested by the strong arm of the law.

"A few years ago, some large beach-trees in the islands of the swamp, exhibited names and dates which, it is said, were inscribed by those lying out during that awful period."

COLIN MCRAE, Esq., *Informant and still living:*—"My father lived on Deep river—my mother's maiden name was Burke. When the governor of that name was taken prisoner at Hillsboro', by Fanning and his company, they stopped at our house at night on their way to Wilmington. The Governor was put into an additional apartment at the end of the house, and there closely guarded. Our bag of meal was seized and cooked immediately; and having been previously robbed, my mother had no bed clothes except one cotton sheet which was carefully wrapped round my infant brother John, by his mother's side. One of the company seized hold of the corner of this sheet and continued to jerk and shake it until the infant rolled out on the naked

floor. By way of retaliation, my mother made some attempt before day to let her namesake, the Governor, escape; but without success."

"Where was your father then?"

"My father! why he was concealed in some swamp, and had made the best crop that year that he ever made while at that place, by cultivating it altogether at night, when his life would not be endangered, as during the day."

My Mother, *Informant.*—"My father had been lying out for a long time, I was large enough to go and bring him victuals or leave it where he could find it. Early of a morning I was engaged in baking bread on a board before the fire, when a large party of men on horseback came up, seized what bread was done, and even that which was partially so, cleared out our smokehouse, emptied out all our corn from the crib on their saddle blankets for their horses, and what they did not eat was rendered unfit for use, as it was spilled on the ground and soiled. We had a few cows at home, two of which they killed. Thus we were left without a particle of food. My mother went in the afternoon three miles to an off place, where the principal part of our stock was, got some milk and made it into curd which the family ate. This occurred immediately after the battle of Guilford Court House. The cow pen referred to is about four miles south of Long Street Church. My father says he recollects that a party came at night to his father's house, on Buckhorn Swamp, in Robison county,

who stripped the house of every vestige of bed clothes, and destroyed even some large joints of reed which he and an older brother had brought home through childish curiosity. My grand father was ordered to surrender his money. He denied having any, when a blow was aimed at him, he still lying in his bed; but it was warded off by an acquaintance, a man by the name of Bone, who was one of the party. He was then seized and carried to Wilmington. After having been confined there a few days, and after having seen two prisoners shot, late of an evening, liberty was granted to himself and another to enjoy the air, with one or two persons to guard them. After enjoying the privilege a short time, he suddenly ran around the corner of a building and continued to run without being overtaken until he got out of view of the place. What became of the other he did not know; but he made all possible haste towards home, where he arrived before daylight next morning, a distance of eighty miles. He received a piece of bread at the door of his own dwelling without waiting to enter, made for a place of concealment and never appeared publicly again until after the restoration of peace and order. Nearly all his cattle were driven off, and he was deprived of a saddle horse. Having heard of him afterwards, he got a friend to purchase him; but he was immediately taken again and never recovered.

"I recollect hearing the guns distinctly during the skirmish at Stuart's Creek on the north side of Big Rock Fish, Cambden road. On the evening of that

day, I and an older brother were near Buckhorn Swamp, when we discovered a man bareheaded, on horseback, who immediately started at full speed from us into the swamp on a causeway composed of a few poles placed lengthwise for the convenience of the cows. The swamp, at that point, was two or three hundred yards broad, and we could hear his horse blundering as he was making his way across. That was the only horse known to cross the place. On going to Stuart's mill afterwards, it was very disagreeable, as several horses had been killed during the engagement."

ELIJA WILKINS, *gave the following account of that battle.*—"On the day previous, our party, of whom Peter Robeson had the command, discovered the Tories on the west side of the Raft and swamp. We hailed them, and mutual challenges were exchanged to cross the swamp, which was declined by both parties. That evening we arrived at Stuart's, where we remained for the night, having Ralph Barlow and another Tory prisoners. We killed two of Stuart's cattle for meat; and while some were preparing portions of it for travelling with, Barlow and the other prisoner were taken on the west side of the creek to be shot. Barlow requested time to offer his last prayer, which was granted with the proviso that it should be a short one. This ceremony being ended, the order had been given to 'fire,' when I simultaneously discovered at the top of the hill, two or three 'red caps,' and I shouted, 'Tories.' One man had actually snapped his piece

at the prisoners, when they sprang forward, and made their escape in the confusion that ensued. Barlow, in his prodigious leap, broke the cords that bound his hands. He then escaped, by swimming through the mill pond, and died a few years ago at an advanced age, and regarded as a very worthy and highly respectable citizen. The Tories were commanded by a McNeill, and had nearly surrounded us except on the mill pond side. By concert we reserved our fire until they charged on us, when a few of us fired, and then tried to make our escape. Some undertook to cross the creek below the mill; but, the banks being very steep, they were thrown from their horses. It was rather a running fight from there to a ford on Rock Fish, near the junction of the two streams. On crossing Rock Fish our scattered party was pursued by some of the Tories. Two or three of us concealed ourselves in the bushes near to each other, and immediately a mulatto approached us who held some office. When within a few paces of us, he fired at some one who was at a distance, on which one of our party rose and presented his gun. He cried for quarters; but as he uttered the words, I saw a streak of fire pass beyond his body, as the charge passed through him, and he fell dead."

There was at this time, in that part of the country, a class of Whig officers, such as White, Hadley, Armstrong, Porterfield, and some others, who have been incidentally mentioned already, or some of them; but of whom it may not be amiss to take a

little farther notice. They had belonged to the North Carolina brigade, of continentals, but having been discharged from the service for reasons which will be explained presently, they had returned to their homes in that region. This brigade, which went north under the command of General Nash, appears to have been a very respectable one for numbers, and to have had its full compliment of officers; but owing to the usual causes, such as desertion, disease, and battle, especially the battle of Germantown, it soon became very much reduced; and as it could not be recruited immediately, it had to be remodelled. Hugh M'Donnell, whose manuscript journal is now before me, and who was present, an eye-witness of what he relates, tells us that on the morning of the battle at Germantown, which was fought October 4, 1777, one of the generals got so drunk that he failed entirely to perform the part assigned him by Washington, and this failure, besides the loss of the battle, caused General Nash to be killed, and his brigade to suffer more severely perhaps, than any other in the army. After the battle, he says, two of the officers, one from Virginia and one from this State, were sent home in disgrace, and each with a wooden sword; the one for cowardice, and the other for getting drunk; but most of the officers in the North Carolina brigade, were brave men, and were discharged, as a prudential measure, for the want of men to command. The remodelling of the brigade took place in May, 1778, and the number of regiments was reduced nearly one-half. Of these officers, he mentions only one

who took umbrage and resigned his commission; but he, I think, was from S. Carolina, and had no connexion with the brigade from this state. Hugh M'Donnell, having returned temporarily to N. Carolina, on a visit to his friends, just when the country was in its greatest troubles, thus speaks of the supernumerary officers who had returned, and were serving their country at home.

"These officers, after their return from the north, proved to be very useful in N. Carolina. They found the country in great confusion—the terms Whig and Tory running high among them, and, in many parts, robbing, plundering, stealing—mobs and murdering frequently taking place. They used their influence with all possible diligence, to bring the inhabitants to a better understanding, and in quelling or capturing the British and Tory companies who were in gangs through the State. In this way they proved more useful to their own State than they could have been to the country at large had they been retained in the army."

Old Thomas Hadley, who lived, if I mistake not, on the east side of the Cape Fear and not very far above the Fox Islands, had under his command, at least during the latter part of the war, a militia troop of light horse or mounted men, but I have not heard of his rendering any very efficient services. His son, Joshua Hadley, was first employed as Captain of a militia company to go in search of the "out layers," or those Scotch who fled to the swamps for concealment rather than submit to the requisitions of the Whig government; but when

the continental brigade was formed, under the command of Gen. Nash, he joined it with his company and went to the north, where he was in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. After the regiment to which he belonged was merged in another and he was discharged as a supernumerary, he returned to North Carolina and seemed to retain, not only his patriotism and devotion to the good of his country, but the habits of order and decorum which he had formed in the Continental army under Washington. Hugh McDonald, when at home in 1781, again speaks of Hadley and the other supernumerary officers of that brigade, who had returned, as exerting a very good influence, both in fighting the hostile bands of British and Tories combined, who were so troublesome, and in suppressing, or at least restraining to a considerable extent, even on the part of the Whigs, the practice of plundering, house burning and assassination which had become so prevalent. According to tradition, Captain Hadley, with his little militia company, was at the battle on Cane creek and was, in general, prompt to render any service he could when occasion required. John Hadley, though not an officer, or not one of any rank, is spoken of as having been an active Whig, and, on the whole, an honorable man. Simon Hadley had no regular command but headed a band of reckless men whom the Scotch represented as no better than robbers and cut-throats. Colonel Armstrong appears to have been a man of courage, firmness and honorable principles. Of the Porterfields I know very little,

except that I have always heard them spoken of as men of undoubted courage, and as having been at the battle of Cambden in 1780, and of Eutaw in the fall of 1781, where one of them was killed. When a man fills any public office, especially in such a time as the Revolutionary war, his name and character, and principles, become identified with the history of the country.

### Thomas Hadley.

Early in the fall of 1781, Thomas Hadley was killed, and in rather a singular way by the Tories, to whom he had made himself obnoxious, the Scotch say, by his severities. He lived on the Cape Fear, opposite to the mouth of Carver's creek, and in what was then termed a "high roofed house," by which, I suppose, was meant a house with a steep roof and attic windows. About a dozen of Tories, being apprized that he was at home, having just returned from a tour of some kind, probably against their party, went there one night with a determination to take his life. The night was intensely dark; but that may have been favorable to their design. If fortune does sometimes favor the brave, it is not always so; for history abounds with facts to the contrary; and when the brave do fall, apparently by chance, or by the hand of some miserable assassin, grave and important lessons are taught which we should not be slow to learn nor reluctant to practice.

When the Tories surrounded his house, he barricaded his doors in the best way he could, ran up stairs and, putting his head out at a window, called

for Frank Cooley and Andrew Beard to bring up their men; but this stratagem had been practiced so often by both parties that it was now disregarded by the assailants. Cooley and Beard were not on the premises, with men to bring up; or if they had been there, the Tories knew that they could elude them in the dark. In his circumstances it could hardly be expected to succeed, and, in this case, it proved his ruin. The Tories instead of being at all disconcerted, only felt assured that they had nothing to fear, and were more determined on entering the house, but while they were making preparations for this purpose, as Hadley kept his head out of the window, giving directions to Cooley and Beard how to proceed, a little Scotchman, by the name of McAlpin, took it into his head that he would shoot at the voice. Raising his gun to the right position, and taking aim by the *ear* and not with the eye, when the gun fired, the ball struck Hadley about the lower jaw, and, passing diagonally through his head, lodged in some of the timbers above. A tuft of hair, carried by the ball, stuck in the edge of the hole where it entered the timbers, and remained there for many years.

Hadley had four sons, of whom all escaped, under cover of the night, except one called Benjamin, or, familiarly Ben, who was probably the youngest. The Tories took him and carried him to *Gray's pocosin*, five or six miles off, where they stripped him, tied him to a tree on an island in the pocosin, which, from this circumstance, is still called Hadley's island, and there they let the swarms of flies, mos-

quitoes and insects of every kind prey upon him till they were satisfied.

After Hadley's death, Andrew Beard moved up to Sproal's ferry, at the mouth of lower Little river, but soon met a similar fate. When getting corn out of his crib one day, to feed his horse, he saw a company of Tories coming towards the house; and, while they were approaching, he came out of the crib, calling on his men to come up, and holding a large corncob in each hand. Whether this was done with the intention of deceiving his enemies or not, was never known; but it was an unfortunate circumstance; for the Tories supposing them to be pistols, fired on him, and several balls having entered his body, he fell dead on the spot.

## Samuel Divinnie & Co.

Amid all the changes which have been in most of the other States by the ingress of foreigners, and by the spirit of enterprise on the part of the American population, so little change of this kind has been made in North Carolina, and so peculiar were the circumstances of the country during the war of the revolution, that almost every family, at the present day, feels an interest on the one side or the other, in the incidents of that period; and for this reason, if not for its intrinsic importance, everything is worth recording.

Among those who were misled for the want of better information, and were thrown on the wrong side by honest but unwarranted scruples of con-

science, were Samuel Divinnie, and three brothers by the name of Field, William, Jeremiah, and Robert, with a few others who were under their influence. They had been engaged in the Regulation battle, and, having taken the oath of allegiance after their discomfiture, they were Tories or Royalists during the war. After the battle of Moore's creek, they were thought to be dangerous to the peace of the country, and being apprehended, were carried to Fredericktown, in Maryland, where they were kept as prisoners in a house called the "Tory House;" but Divinnie and Robert Field were young men, uncommonly vigorous, active and resolute, and in a short time, made their escape. They had conducted, apparently, in such a frank and honorable way, that they had gained the confidence of all who were concerned in their custody, and the number of the guard was reduced to two or three men. As the house was deemed pretty secure, only one man, as keeper, usually paid any attention to them, and so much was he deluded, that he usually let them out through the day to walk in the porch and through the enclosure round the house. There is something in a frank, open-hearted and manly deportment, that is so congenial with the sympathies or better feelings of our nature, and which is, therefore, so hard to resist, that perhaps we ought not to blame the keeper in this case; and so far as I could learn, he brought on himself no suspicion of betraying his trust, even through negligence, or of any design to favor their escape.

However, when he brought them out into the

porch one morning as usual, two of them, Divinnie and Robert Field, seized a couple of muskets which happened to be standing close by, run him into the house at the point of the bayonet, locked him up there, and then, putting the key into their pocket, made their escape. The keeper and two or three others who were in the house as guards, all now locked up together as prisoners in place of those who had left, put their heads out of the window next to the town and cried, "Tories, Tories," at the very top of their voices, but no body seemed to pay any attention. Whether this cry had been raised so often, either in jest or earnest, that the people had learned to disregard it, like those of whom we read in the fable, who had been so often deceived by the cry of "wolf, wolf," raised in sport, that they did not heed it, or whether they were indifferent about the custody of these Tory prisoners, is not known, but these "jail birds," or these substitutes for those who were lately such, utterly impatient of the restraint, the "durance vile," under which they had been thus laid, now changed their note, and with all their might vociferated, "fire! fire! fire!" This soon alarmed the whole town; and the men came running down to see what was the matter. As soon as the cause of the alarm was known, the doors were pried open and the new occupants came out of their own free will, without waiting for a "writ of ejectment." Pursuit of the fugitives was instantly commenced; but in vain; for Field and Divinnie expecting to be pursued, had jumped into a field about a mile distant and kept

themselves concealed in a thicket of bushes, where they saw their pursuers passing about in every direction, and some within a few rods of them. Here they remained until dark and then commenced their journey homeward. By travelling all night and keeping themselves concealed through the day, avoiding the public roads as much as possible and being guided in their course by the stars or by the bark on the trees, they finally reached their homes in safety; but, so far as I have learned, I think they did not afterwards take a very active part for King George, nor give the country much more trouble during the war, either by joining the British army, or by uniting with any of the malignant parties of real or pretended royalists.

## Daniel Hicks.

If darkness is one source of the sublime, it is also a cause of terror; and there are few men who can meet danger unappalled, or encounter an enemy with entire self-possession, alone, and in a starless night. Whether this is owing to the general prevalence of the notion that, as the night is the time in which ghosts and other beings from the world of spirits visit these terrene abodes, some of them might have to be encountered, which would be too hard a contest for mortal strength; or to the fact that as the senses and the reason can at such a time be of little avail, the imagination is of course excited, by the very law of self-preservation, into undue activity, we shall not undertake to determine; but

many a man who, in broad daylight, could march up to the cannon's mouth with a firm step, or move about cool and collected while a thousand deathful balls were flying round him, will quail in the night before dangers, real or imaginary, which, if he could see them as they really are, would only serve to call forth all his powers, intellectual and physical, into their most vigorous and well-directed efforts.

The man who, when assailed by a band of ruffians, at the dead hour of a moonless and starless night, entirely alone in his little cabin with his wife and children, the helpless beings who are dearest to his heart, but who are dependent on his single arm for protection, can calmly and steadily act on the defensive, and repel the assailants when he can neither ascertain their number, nor their weapons, and modes of attack, is certainly a brave man; nor can we readily conceive a better test of true manly courage. It must be remembered, however, that the assailants are as liable as the assailed to the undefined terrors of darkness; and those who, availing themselves of this supposed advantage, make the attack, become the victims of that mysterious dread which they hoped to inspire. During the last two years of the war, and in the region of which we are writing, such instances were often occurring; and of the many which still live in the traditions of the country, the following may be taken as a specimen.

Daniel Hicks was a Whig and lived on the southwest corner of Richmond county. A number of Tories, having learned that he was at home and alone

with his family, came there one night with the determination to take his life. When they surrounded the house and made their demands upon him the painful fact could not be doubted that he must submit to be tamely put to death, in cold blood, or sell his life as dearly as possible, and, in either case, his wife and children would be in the power of the *wicked, whose tender mercies are cruel;* but, like a man of true heroism and putting his trust in an arm of Omnipotence, in whose righteous cause he was engaged, he resolved to make the best defence in his power. Having locked the doors and made the best arrangements he could, at the moment, he kept himself concealed and told his wife not to open the door unless it became necessary in order to prevent them from breaking it down. Accordingly, when they demanded admittance, she mildly refused, telling them that she could not admit them at that hour of the night, and requested them not to trouble her any further; but when they got axes and were about to break it open she requested them not to break it and she would open it for them. During this time Hicks had remained silent and kept himself where he could not be seen. His wife had been the only spokesman and they did not know that there was any body else in the house, except from the intelligence which they had received before they came. Having opened the door, when the foremost man entered and as soon as he had fairly got inside, Hicks shot him dead on the spot, and the rest became panic struck and gave back. This was a shock which they did not expect, and such an act,

so deliberately and promptly done, made the impression on them that there must be more men in the house. The darkness aided their imagination, and, as the one who had been killed was their leader and the most courageous one among them, they would not venture to march over his dead body into the midst of that mysterious silence, but all fled with precipitation and never attempted again to assail his house.

## Frederick Smith.

In the revolutionary war, especially towards the latter part of it, the small parties sometimes assumed each other's costume, or badges of distinction, for the purpose of practicing a *ruse de guerre*, a stratagem of war, with greater success; and, when first tried, perhaps, it answered their purpose; but in other cases it proved injurious either to themselves or to others who became implicated without any fault on their part, of which the following may be taken as an illustration.

From this cause, Frederick Smith, who lived in the north-east corner of Randolph county, on the waters of Stauken's, now called Stinking Quarter, got involved in a difficulty, which, if it should be a little amusing to the reader, was certainly not so to him. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, but was no fighting character, and not very shrewd or energetic. Having no fondness for "the confused noise of the warrior," nor for the sight of "garments rolled in blood," he had taken no part in the con-

test, and was content that others should fight the battles of freedom and independence, if he could be permitted to remain in peace by his own fireside, and enjoy his homely fare with his "better half," and the little Smiths that were growing up "like olive plants," around his table; but if a "*go-between* is never an honorable character," his situation is often a very unsafe one, and in such times when people generally felt that all their dearest interests were at stake, and when their strongest passions were so highly excited, it was impossible, for one here and another there, to remain neutral, or to avoid the suspicions of both parties, and thus, in spite of all his good intentions and supposed inoffensiveness, to become the unfortunate victim of one party or the other.

The opposite parties in that region had so often assumed each other's distinctive badges that a man, especially one who had taken no part in the military operations of the day, when he met a company, unless he knew some of them personally or had some way of distinguishing them other than their cockades or party uniform, would be utterly at a loss; and such, unfortunately, was the case with Fred Smith. One of these parties came upon him unexpectedly one day in the neighborhood, and, not knowing him, asked him the usual question in such cases, "Who are you for?" and having to guess, he happened to guess wrong, naming the party opposite to the one into whose hands he had fallen. Without further proof or examination the order was given, "Hang him up," and it was in-

stantly obeyed. As they did not design to kill him outright, but merely to teach him a salutary lesson, after letting him hang as long as they thought they could with safety they cut him down and let him go.

Not long after, the other party met with him, in a different direction, and, as a matter of course, put to him the usual test question, "Who are you for?" Whether he had ever learned the "rule of contraries" we know not, but, as he had already suffered so much for saying that he belonged to such a party, he concluded that it could not be worse with him and named the other, that is, the one which had hung him before. As he had to guess again without anything to guide him, he unfortunately guessed wrong, and the order was given, "Hang him up," which was forthwith obeyed. With quite as much humanity as the others, after he had hung as long as they thought he would bear to hang without "giving up the ghost," they cut him down and let him go, with an earnest but friendly admonition that if they ever found him again on the wrong side it would be the last of him.

In process of time, some other company met with him, and not knowing him, asked him the same question, "Who are you for?" but having suffered so much already from both the contending parties, and not wishing to run the risk of suffering the same again for a mere mistake of name, he concluded to try another, and said he was for the devil. Whether this was a mere guess or certain truth we have not learned; but they thought if that was the case the sooner he was put out of the way the bet-

ter. So, making the limb of a tree answer for a gallows and a grape vine for a halter, they swung him off and immediately left him, thinking that they had started him on his journey to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" but one of them, more humane or more considerate than the rest, made an excuse to stay behind, and, as they were soon out of sight by descending the hill or by following a turn in the road, he cut him down before he was quite dead.

## General Harrington.

William Henry Harrington was made a Brigadier General at an early period during the war, and was most of his time, in the military service of the country, until independence was achieved, and peace established. His possessions, which were very extensive, lay on the Pedee river, in the south-west quarter of Richmond county, and there his wife and children, like the wives and children of most others who were engaged in the same cause, were left under the protection of a kind Providence. In the fall of 1780, Major McArther sent a detachment of British troops up from Cheraw to plunder his premises, and to destroy what they could not bring away. They tied the overseer's hands, and drove him before them as if he had been a criminal. They took all the negroes, or all they could get, horses and cattle, grain, provisions and every thing they could take with them. With such a quantity of plunder, they set off for head-quarters, in fine

spirits; but the Whigs of that region, among whom the news had been circulated, with great rapidity, embodied, pursued and overtook them below Cheraw on their way to Charleston; and, by coming on them suddenly, encumbered as they were with so much booty, they easily overpowered them, recovered the property, and captured the whole convoy.

When General Harrington was informed of what had happened, he wrote to his wife, or sent her word, to remove with her children, servants, and whatever else she wished or could conveniently take with her, to her friends in Maryland, and to remain there until there could be more peace and security in this country. She set off accordingly, with no other guard than her servants, but was met at Mountain creek, in the the south-west of Moore county, by a body of Tories, under the command of John Leggett, who seized upon everything; the servants, two or three wagons, carriages, or vehicles of some kind, and everything they could take, leaving her to return home on foot, or to shift for herself in the best way she could. With the property of which they had so barbarously robbed the helpless and inoffensive, they proceeded towards the mountains, to what particular point was never known, but probably to some place where they supposed their booty could be in safe keeping. The negroes, however, in a short time made their escape, and found their way home again; but, as the horses and carriages could not do that, nothing else was recovered during the war.

After independence was gained and peace estab-

lished, General Harrington sued Leggett, who lived a very few miles south or south-west from Fayetteville, and recovered the full amount of damages. To meet these damages, his land was put up at public sale, and General Harrington either bid it off himself, or had it bid off for him; but Leggett's wife and daughters manifested so much distress at being thus turned out of house and home, and left friendless and penniless, to bear the taunts and reproaches to which they would be everywhere subject, on account of their attachment to the Tory interest, that General Harrington, with a great deal of generosity and kind feeling, just gave them back the land as a free gift.

For these anecdotes, and one or two others, I am indebted to Col. Harrington, a son of the General, who, in a serene and cheerful old age, is living on his paternal estate in the south-east quarter of Richmond county, where, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*, he spends his time in his library, or among his friends, and where he gives a courteous reception and a cordial welcome to all who come. It is very desirable that the Colonel, or some one else in that region who is competent to the task, should make the public better acquainted with the character and services of Gen. Harrington and several others who were associated with him during the hardest toils and conflicts of the war; and, as that whole region lying between the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers, abounds so much in revolutionary incidents of an important and entertaining kind, it is hardly less desirable that there should be some one

there who had in his cranium an "antiquarian bump," so well developed that he would take a pleasure in gathering up these incidents, and giving them to the public either in a moderate sized volume, or in some of the current periodicals.

## Nathaniel Kerr.

In all situations and everywhere, but especially in such a state of things as then existed in our country, a state of foreign and domestic war, the serious and the jocose, the perilous and the ludicrous, are often so blended that our gravity is disturbed in spite of ourselves, and we are obliged to smile at the very efforts by which a man overcomes or escapes from the grasp of his deadliest foe.

Nathaniel Kerr was a Whig and lived, at that time, in Randolph county, on the south side of Deep river, and not far from the present site of the Normal College. This was a Whig neighborhood, but as it bordered on the Tory region, the Whigs were obliged, during the latter part of the war, to keep embodied most of the time, in self-defence; and when thus embodied, they could not be idle. These embodiments were sometimes larger and sometimes smaller, as circumstances required. When Fanning, with his marauders, was known to be any where near, they were obliged to rally all the force they could, but at other times they kept together in smaller parties. As their object was to protect their families and their property, they did not go far from home, but ranged over the country, sometimes

in one direction and sometimes in another, always ready to act on the aggressive or defensive according to circumstances.

One of these parties consisting of ten or a dozen, while out one night in pursuit of some Tories, came upon them sometime after dark and in a small log house. When they entered the house, as they did, *pell mell*, there was such a jam that they could make no use of their guns, and happening to be just equal in numbers, they grappled, man with man. It became then a trial of muscular strength, and he who had the most vigor, or was the most alert in using what he had, was apt to be the victor. Kerr, though of slender proportions, was very much of a man and not easily handled; but in this case he got yoked with one who was much superior to him in size and muscular power. In their struggle they fell across a bed which stood close by; and then came the trial of both strength and agility. The Tory was uppermost, grasping him by the throat, and Kerr began to think it was a gone case with him; but happening to recollect at the moment, that he had on a pair of old fashioned spurs, with very long rowels, it occurred to him that they might answer a good purpose in the present emergency. He had found them effective for a horse and it was now to be proved whether they would be equally efficient on a Tory. So drawing up his feet with the quickness of thought, he made his heels play alternately, like drum sticks, along the fellows thighs and upon "the seat of honor," with such power that he would sometimes make the blood spin, and the operation

was absolutely murderous. To be thus lacerated and torn piece meal was more than flesh and blood could bear; and the poor Tory, letting go his grip, sprang to his feet on the floor, groaning and muttering vengeance; but he had no sooner alighted on his feet, than his antagonist was on the floor and confronting him. Then assaulting him with the fierceness of a tiger, he soon overpowered him and made him submit. They were all eventually conquered; but whether any were put to death, I did not learn.

Sometime after the war Mr. Kerr removed to Guilford, and settled about ten miles east from the present town of Greensboro', where he raised a large and respectable family; and was one of our most upright and estimable citizens. He lived to a very advanced age, and died as he had lived, without enemies, and with many friends, highly esteemed while living and sincerely lamented in his death by all who knew him.

## Ambrose Blackburne.

In February, 1781, Isaac Horton and Abraham Horton, who lived in the northwest quarter of Stokes County, Captain Stanly, Petree, an Englishman, and a free negro by the name of Arnold, with a number of others, fifteen in all, went to the house of Blackburne, who lived five miles northeast from Germantown, for the purpose of plunder. After calling him out, four of them went in and robbed the house of everything they wanted, including the whole of his wearing apparel, except his shirt; but

when they were about leaving, a dog belonging to the Tories, and one belonging to Blackburne, commenced fighting; Blackburne cheered on the Whig dog, and the Tories cheered on the Tory dog, but Blackburne's dog was too hard for the Tory dog. When the Tories parted the dogs, Blackburne damned them, and told them that that was the way he intended to serve them, which excited their wrath and they swore they would kill him, but they were prevented by their Captain, Stanly. As soon as the Tories left, Blackburne went to the residence of Col. Joseph Winston, who lived on the Town Fork, some four miles distant; and after calling out the Colonel, he invited him in, but Blackburne told him he could not go in unless he would throw him out a pair of breeches, for the Tories had robbed him of everything, even of his wearing clothes. The Colonel then furnished him with a pair of buckskins, and immediately sent off runners to call out fifteen of the men under his command, among whom were Capt. Joseph Cloud, John Martin, Capt. Joshua Coxe,—the names of the others not recollected—and as soon as the men could be got together, which was in a very short time, perhaps only a few hours, they went in pursuit. Their course lay across the Saurato wn Mountains, at or near the Quaker Gap. In the evening of the same day, the Whigs met a boy carrying a bread-tray, and returning on the trail of the Tories, who, when asked by the Colonel, where he had been with the tray, replied, that he had gone to a neighbor's house to return some meal.

The Colonel charged him with telling a falsehood, and with having carried meat or provisions to the Tories, adding that, if he did not tell them where they were, he would hang him on the spot. The boy denied knowing anything about them, and the Colonel said he would make him tell. Being satisfied that the boy was acting a false part, he ordered some of his men, all of whom were mounted, to dismount and hang him if he did not give them the desired information. On the boy's still denying that he knew or refusing to tell, they put a rope round his neck and hoisted him up to the limb of a tree until they thought he would surely be willing to tell them the truth, and then let him down. He still refused, however; and they hung him up the second time, but with the same success. The Colonel, feeling confident that he could inform him where the Tories were, if he would, then told him that unless he gave them the information which they wanted, without further delay, they would hang him up and leave him. This was probably said with such a positive and earnest tone that the boy, who had, no doubt been hitherto acting according to instructions, began to think that it was not an idle threat, or a mere device to extort a secret from him, agreed, rather than submit to such a death, to tell them all he knew. He said that he had just seen them; that they were not more than a mile off; and, that they were then encamped on the top of the Chesnut mountain, near the Virginia line.

The Whigs pushed on and attacked them, when a running fight commenced. The Tories scattered

in every direction, and were hotly pursued by the Whigs until they were all killed, except one, by the name of Horton, and Stanly, their Captain. Jack Martin pursued Horton, who, as Martin approached, turned suddenly and fired on him; but Martin, being well mounted on a good horse, just as the gun fired, drew up his horse and threw himself on the ground. Horton's ball struck the horse in the head a little below the eyes; and Martin then fired on Horton, as he ran, and shot him in the back. The wound proved mortal and he died on the third day. Captain Stanly was spared at the intercession of Blackburne, and was kept as a prisoner of war until exchanged.

This band of Tories had their retreat on the north side of the Sauratown mountains, in a natural cave which is now known as the Tory House, and is a considerable curiosity. Here they must have had their residence for a length of time, as appeared from the immense quantity of beef and other bones which had accumulated at the mouth of the cave. From this subterranean abode they issued, when necessity required, or whenever they thought they could do so with safety, and killed the horses, cattle and other stock belonging to the Whigs of that section. On one occasion they killed five head of horses belonging to Matthew More, a prominent Whig in that region, by knocking them in the head with their tomahawks; and this was a fair specimen of their cruelties.

The character of Col. Joseph Winston and John Martin, may be found in Wheeler's History of North

Carolina, and other publications, and to these the reader is referred.

There was in that region a family by the name of Horton, consisting of the father and seven sons, all of whom were Tories, except Daniel, one of the sons. The old man was once tried for his life, by the Whigs, and sentenced to be shot. He had been blind-folded and was on his knees, ready for execution, but at the solicitation of Matthew More, Esq., the Court Martial reconsidered his case, on account of the services of his son Daniel, and he was set at liberty. In addition to Col. Joseph Winston and John Martin, the most prominent Whigs in the north and north-west of Stokes county, during the war of the Revolution, were Capt. Joshua Coxe and Capt. John Cloud; the Tilly family, the Coxe family, the Gains family, the Leatherages were also substantial Whigs, and all lived north of the Sauratown mountains. Edwin Hickman, who is still alive, having attained the extraordinary age of one hundred years. Thomas Shipp, father of the Rev. Bartlett Shipp, and other names might, perhaps, be added; but these were the most prominent, active and resolute.

## Robert Rowan,

Who first held the rank of captain, and afterwards that of colonel, was a native of Ireland. He came to this country a few years before the revolutionary war, and settled on the Cape Fear River. He was very decided in favor of independence, and was

ready and forward to serve his country in every way he could. Not a year after the Mecklinburgh Declaration of Independence, he drew up a paper called "An Association," dated June 20th, 1775, and used all his influence to procure signers. This paper has been published several times, and I am told, that the original is still preserved in Robison County with a very respectable list of signatures. It is also said, that he published an address to the citizens of Cumberland County, but of this I have no certain or definite information.

As captain of a company, he was, I am told, the first officer in that part of the country, who took up arms in the cause of freedom. He was with Caswell and Lillington at the battle of Moore's Creek, and was the one, if my information be correct, who suggested the plan of removing the plank from the bridge, and of greasing the sleepers with soft soap, in consequence of which, many of the Tories slipped off into the water and were drowned.

Being a very active and enterprising officer, he provoked the Tories so that they made every possible effort to get him in their power; and unfortunately, on one occasion, he was taken, with Theophilus Evans and Thomas Sewel. All three of them were condemned to be hung, and in the meantime, they were put into a log-cabin with a strong guard round it. The guard being weary, fell into a sound sleep and they contrived to get the ropes loose with which they were tied, when they all made their escape by climbing up the chimney. As soon as they reached the ground, each one aimed for the American camp

with all the speed he could, and they separately arrived there in perfect safety.

On missing them, the Tories pursued, and went first to his house, every apartment, every nook and corner of which they searched in vain. They then told his wife that she must tell them where he was, or they would kill her; but she told them that her husband did not hide in the cuddies, and dared them to hurt her; for, she said, if they did, they would see him before that time next day. This womanly firmness and independence probably overawed them, for after plundering the house and destroying everything they could not carry off, they went away without any attempt to execute their threat. His countrymen afterwards showed their appreciation of his patriotic services in different ways, and for three years, 1778, 1779, 1785, he represented Cumberland County in the State Legislature.

## Mrs. Elizabeth Forbis.

We are taught by the highest authority that we should give honor to whom honor is due, and among all the other faults of the good Old North State, the neglect of this injunction is not the least.

We sometimes complain that we have been depreciated and neglected by the general government or by the nation, but the reason is that we have depreciated and neglected ourselves. Very few of those who toiled and suffered in the cause of independence, whether in the field, in the council

chamber, or in the halls of legislation, have been duly honored, and the female portion of the Whig community, many of whom were, in their sphere, as patriotic, suffered as many privations and hardships, and made as resolute a resistance to oppression as the men, have been entirely neglected. It would take a volume to record their virtues and their noble deeds; and all that the writer of the present work designs is merely to notice a few and show what may be done, or what abundant materials there are in the country, that others, who are more competent, may be excited to undertake the task and do the work to better purpose.

Among the many who deserved to be remembered for their sufferings and their patriotic devotion to their country, for their fortitude in danger and their determined resistance to oppression, was Mrs. Elizabeth Forbis, wife of Colonel Arthur Forbis who was as brave a man as the country afforded and was mortally wounded in the Guilford battle. Her maiden name was Wiley, and she was a sister of Thomas Wiley, a brave and resolute Whig, who was under the command of Col. Forbis, and was wounded at the same time. We shall not undertake to detail her trials and sufferings, which were severe and protracted, but merely relate one incident as illustrative of her character.

Two or three days after the Guilford battle, two British horses came to the house of Thomas Morgan, who lived about a mile and a half, in a west direction, from Colonel Forbis', and he took them up, judging that, as the British and Tories had taken

so many horses as well as other things of value from the Whigs, the Whigs had a perfect right to any thing of theirs they could get. He knew that they were British horses from the fact that they had short tails, and that they were smaller than the horses of our army. It is said that the British horses all had what were called "bobbed tails," and that they were thus distinguished from the horses belonging to the American cavalry which had long tails.

In the battle the British, of course, lost a good many horses by having them shot under them, or by their breaking away when the rider was dismounted; and when a man on horseback was killed the horse made his escape, and these horses went at random over the country. Mrs. Forbis was now in very destitute and trying circumstances—her horses, except perhaps a colt that was unfit for work, her provisions, grain, cattle and almost every thing on the plantation had been taken from her by the Tories; her husband was now dead or dying of his wounds, and her oldest son, a lad about thirteen or fourteen years of age, just large enough to drive a plough with a gentle horse, was her only dependence for making a crop.

As Mr. Morgan was aware of her situation he took one of the horses down to her next morning, and told her if she would accept of it the horse should be hers, for he considered that we had a perfect right to take any thing of theirs we could get, and he had no idea that the owner, if alive, would ever know where he was, or think of looking for him in that direction. In fact, very few if any

of their horses could get away on the day of battle unless the rider was killed. She told him that she would accept his offer very thankfully; for the time of year had come for putting in a crop, and she had no horse fit for the plough. So the horse was left, and she immediately put him to work.

Next day, her little son had the horse in the plough drawing furrows for corn, and she was dropping corn after the plough and covering it with her hoe, when two young looking men came up to them on foot and demanded the horse—one of them saying the horse was his and he must have him; but she told him she had as good a right to the horse as he had, and she should not give him up. She had no idea that the men belonged to the British army; for, at that time, it could not be less than thirty or forty miles south of her on its way to Wilmington. Probably they were Tories who had been employed by the British to procure as many horses as they needed and were directed to take them wherever they could find them. When wandering over the country in search of horses they had accidentally come to Forbis' and knowing the horse to be a British horse, from his bobbed tail, they laid claim to him, but she refused to give him up. After the demand and refusal had been repeated two or three times, he ordered the boy to take the horse out of the gears; for he meant to have him; but she forbid him to do any such thing. The boy stood for some time, looking first at one and then at the other as if he hardly knew what he ought to do; for though he respected his mother,

he feared the men; but his regard for his mother proved to be the strongest feeling. The man seeing this, stepped up to the horse for the purpose of loosing the traces himself; but she moved up right in front of him, with her hoe raised over her head; and, with a firm countenance and an earnest manner, told him if he touched the horse she would split his head with the hoe. Whether overawed by her dignified and earnest manner, or touched with compassion for her afflicted and destitute condition, we know not, but they left her with the horse and she was no more troubled.

She lived to see the independence of the country established, and to share for many years in the general prosperity and happiness. When the writer first became acquainted with her she was very old, but a more cheerful and warm-hearted christian was not to be found; and she will be held in long remembrance on earth, though she has been for many years enjoying in heaven a much richer inheritance than earth can afford.

## Mrs. Mary Morgan.

An old lady of great respectability remarked to the writer not long since, when speaking of the revolutionary times, that the women in this part of the country would then have shouldered their muskets and fought, if it had not been for the impropriety. The remark has been made by others; and we believe it to be true; for they seem to have been, from principle, as patriotic as the men; and they suffered

so much from both British and Tories, that it could not be thought strange if they felt like shouldering their muskets and marching out to meet their ruthless oppressors in mortal combat.

To have their feather-beds dragged into the yard, ripped open, and the feathers scattered to the four winds of heaven; their blankets and other furniture taken for the benefit of those who, instead of robbing, ought to protect them; their stock of every kind—horses, cattle, hogs, &c., driven off before their eyes—and the very bread and meat prepared for their next meal devoured in their presence by a set of voracious harpies in human shape—and all this repeated as often as they could, by industry and economy, replace a comfort or acquire a scanty subsistance for themselves and their children—was too much for even the patience and forbearance of woman to endure. Who can wonder that, in such circumstances, they should sometimes feel like fighting? Who could think it strange if, under such wrongs and oppressions, so merciless and so oft repeated, they had actually taken up arms and fought like heroes? This they did not do, however; but occasionally, when an opportunity was presented, they were ready to retaliate, or to make such reprisals as they could, which, if not very valuable, showed their spirit, and were gratifying to their feelings.

Among others who performed similar feats, was Mrs. Mary Morgan, or, as she was generally called in the neighborhood, Molly Morgan, the wife of Thomas Morgan, and sister of the brave and

lamented Col. Forbis. They lived on the place now owned and occupied by Robison Sloan, and about two miles in a westward direction from her brother's plantation.

While the British army lay encamped on the plantation of Ralph Gorrell, Esq., who lived on the south side of the south Buffalo creek, and the same side on which Thomas Morgan lived, a party, under the command of the proper officer, whether Tarleton or one of subordinate grade is not now recollected, went down the creek one day on a plundering expedition. The plantation of Col. Paisley was the principal scene of their depredations; but others that lay on their route or contiguous to his, were not neglected.

On their return, they gave Mr. Morgan a call; but he being a Whig, was from home. That, however, was a matter of little consequence, as their main object was to get something that would "keep soul and body together;" and the only difference was, that if he had been there, he would have been one item in the inventory of plundered articles, or of slaughtered animals. This was a gratification which they certainly did not have, and probably did not expect; but they took such as they could get, though neither such nor so much as they wanted.

The house and plantation had been plundered so often already, that there was very little to be got; but even the scanty leavings of their friends and allies, the Tories, or the poor little earnings of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, since the Tories had been there,

were better than nothing. The house was ransacked from the cellar to the garret, though the mother and helpless children might afterwards starve, or perish with cold. The kitchen and smoke-house, corn-crib and barn, were the subjects of a similar visitation. Nothing was spared that could be of service to man or beast; but while they were thus engaged, without a thought about their horses, Mrs. Morgan, who possessed in no small degree the spirit of her brother, Col. Forbis, taking the valise from the saddle of the commanding officer, dropped it in an inside corner of the fence, among some high weeds, and a few panels below the horse to which it belonged.

When they got ready to leave, the sun was nearly down, and they had five or six miles to go. In the hurry of the moment, the officer, mounting his horse, and placing himself at the head of the troop, rode off at half speed, and without ever thinking of his valise. This was the only thing she could do without being detected on the spot, which would have subjected her to some ill treatment, while it promised no advantage; and in this she succeeded well. On opening the valise, it was found to be full of fine linen shirts, collars, cravats, and other articles, which, on the whole, were worth considerably more than all they had taken from her.

## Mrs. Rachel Denney.

Everybody has heard much about Irish wit; and no people in the world are more justly celebrated

than the Irish for this trait of character. Thousands have writhed under it, and thousands more have laughed at it, most heartily, without being able to acquire the faculty or to imitate its productions. The following reply of an old lady to a British officer, during the war of the revolution, may perhaps amuse the reader; and this is the only purpose for which it is here given.

While the British army lay encamped on the plantation of William Rankin, who lived low down on the North Buffalo, foraging parties, as usual, were sent out every day and in all directions, taking as much as they wanted wherever they could find it, and often destroying what they could not carry away. A party of this description, under the command of the proper officer, went one day to the house of Walter Denney, an old Scotch-Irish-Presbyterian, highly esteemed in the neighborhood for the consistency of his Christian character, and withal, a genuine Whig, just as orthodox in his political as in his religious creed. Of course, when the British army was so near, he was from home, and the officer in command could not have the pleasure either of taking him prisoner or of insulting him as a rebel. While the soldiers, under his direction, were robbing the house, smoke-house and kitchen, corn-crib and barn, he chose to sit there and amuse himself with the old lady, while she was compelled to look on, as patiently as she could, and see her bread and meat, the blankets she had made with her own hands, and all the most valuable

articles on the premises, seized by a ruthless band of mercenary soldiers.

He commenced by asking her where her husband was, to which she replied, that she did not know. Well, if she did know, would she tell? was the next question, to which she flatly, but kindly answered, NO; and no gentleman of honorable feelings would ever ask or expect such a thing. When he asked her again, if she was not afraid that he would be caught and hung as a rebel? she said, as he was engaged in a good cause, he was in good hands, and she hoped he would be protected. He then cursed her very profanely, telling her that he believed the women in that part of the country were as damned rebels as the men, and that one-half of them, at least, ought to be shot or hung, to all which she made no reply.

After a little pause, on looking round and seeing the Bible and hymn-book on the table, he remarked to her, that he supposed the old man prayed every day in his family. Yes, she said, when he was at home, they generally had family worship. Well, does he ever pray for King George? was the next question which was asked with rather a sneering, haughty air; and to this she made no direct reply. He then said, he *must* pray for King George, and she must tell him so. Without saying yea or nay, very positively, she intimated, with some indifference of manner, that perhaps a good man might pray for the salvation of his soul, but not for the success of his arms; for he had sinned so long and so much, that there was very little encouragement

to pray even for his *salvation*, and to pray for the success of his arms when they were employed to oppress the unoffending and to enforce obedience to unrighteous authority, would be praying in direct opposition to the instructions of the Bible, which would be as offensive to God as it would be useless to man. He then told her that he must pray for the king or be treated as a rebel. Ah, indeed, said the old woman, he has been denounced as a rebel long ago, and no thanks to you nor King George either, that he still lives to defend his country. "Well," said he, "do you tell him that he must pray for King George to-night, or whenever he prays in his family, for I intend to come or send men to ascertain, and if he does not, I will have him taken and hung up to the limb of that oak tree in the yard. "*Aye, fa'th,*" said the old lady, with an air of perfect *nonchalance*, and in her peculiar Irish manner, "*Aye fa'th, an' monny a prayer has been wasted upon King George.*"

The young hero, on looking at the sun, said to the men, it was high time they were returning to camp; and so, gathering up what plunder they had, without waiting for any more, though Mr. Denney had an abundance of everything, they moved off in very quick time, the lieutenant not feeling any better satisfied with himself than he wished.

## Mrs. Sarah Logan.

In every pursuit and in all the departments of human interest there are different ways of attaining

the same end. What one nation will seek to accomplish only by open force another will effect by policy or negotiation. Sometimes one is necessary and sometimes the other. Often it is necessary that both should be combined, and then the most advantageous results are obtained of which the nation is capable; but we always feel the highest admiration when the same end is accomplished by mind alone, or when reparation of injuries and security against injustice or oppression are attained, not by the low arts of falsehood and intrigue, but by a wise and politic negotiation. We could easily take their lands from the Indians by the power of the sword, but it has always been deemed less expensive and more honorable to obtain them by purchase.

What we find in nations we find in individuals, for nations are composed of individuals. When one man will stand firm and undismayed another will cower and be completely unmanned. There are all possible degrees of intellectual capacity, from perfect idiocy up to the most gigantic powers, so there are of moral courage and physical energy; and what one man would think of doing only by muscular power or by a stern, overbearing, resolute manner, another will accomplish equally well by his superior intelligence and address. So we find among women a similar diversity of mental and moral power, of intelligence and firmness, of foresight, promptitude and energy; but in all cases, even those in which the most intrepid courage, the clearest discernment, the most entire self-possession, the utmost promptitude and energetic resolution

are displayed, all the traits of female character are conspicuous.

During the troublous times of the Revolutionary war the Whig portion of the female community shared with their fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, in the privations, perils and sufferings incident to the times. In some cases nothing less than the most inflexible courage, and the most prompt and energetic action, even to the use of physical force, could be of any avail; but in others, superior intelligence and shrewdness with a womanly dignity of manner and a proper use of the tongue gained a signal and honorable triumph, of which the lady whose name stands at the head of this article, Mrs. Sarah Logan, may be given as an example. Her character cannot be better described in a few words than by saying, in the common language of the country, that she was "a real smart woman," that is to say she was a woman of superior mind, of great energy, of sound principles, and endowed with all the nobler qualities of the heart. She never was at a loss for something to say, and what she had to say was always *appropos*. She could use her tongue or her hands with equal facility, and always used both to a very good purpose. In wit or repartee, among her acquaintance, she feared no one, and her good sense and kindness of disposition were at all times so predominant as to secure the good will of everybody. No matter in what circumstances she was placed she never seemed to be at a loss for expedients, and in going through the daily routine of

her duties everything was well done and done with more than ordinary despatch.

Although a native of this state, she lived, after her marriage, in one of the upper districts of South Carolina and not far from the dividing line. Her character, which was uniformly the same in all situations, was severely tried during the war and her mental resources were often taxed to the very utmost; but inflexibly Whig as she was in her principles, and ardently patriotic in her feelings, her good sense, her ready wit, and her energy of character, carried her through every trial, and enabled her to meet every peril with entire success. Of this, the following incident, the only one we shall relate, though many others of a similar kind occurred, may be taken as an illustration.

On a cold frosty morning in November, some four or five Tories, knowing that her husband, who was a Whig, was from home, came there for the purpose of plunder. She knew them well by name and by character. She had seen them too, often enough; but, as they were not at all of her class, she never had any intercourse with them. As soon as they appeared in the lane she understood their business at once; and, knowing perfectly well from their character, that her only chance to secure herself against their depredations would be by stratagem, she immediately began to revolve in her mind some scheme by which she could disappoint them of their object without exciting their angry or vindictive passions; nor did her fertility of invention or her presence of mind forsake her on the present occasion.

When they rode up, they hitched their horses to the fence, which was within a few feet of the house, and went in without any ceremony. She met them at the door; and, without betraying the least emotion of fear or resentment, received them very courteously and with apparent sincerity set chairs for them and asked them to be seated, inquiring very kindly about the health of their families, and of the neighborhood. Then remarking that as they had come some distance in such a frosty morning they must be cold, she asked them if they would not sit nearer to the fire; at the same time calling for more wood, she had a rousing fire made; and in short treated them with full as much courtesy and kindness as if they had been her particular friends.

Perhaps most of my readers know that, when those who lived far back in the country, married and settled upon a small patrimony, they generally went at first into a small log house, with only one room below, which served for both parlor and bedroom, and one above as a lodging room for visitors. They expected that in such a house they could be comfortable and contented for a few years, and they hoped that by the blessing of Providence on their industry and economy, they would be able, after a while, to get a better one. Every body knows too that in a house of this description on a farm considerable mud and dust will be every hour of the day deposited on the floor, in spite of all the care that can be taken; and that if it were swept clean on going to bed, the bringing in of wood and water in the morning would renew the deposit. Mrs. Logan,

having been only a few years married, was still living in such a house, and this must be borne in mind.

Seemingly desirous of standing as fair as possible in the estimation of her new friends, she made a good many apologies for the condition in which they had found her house, and stated that although it was her practice to have it swept and put in order early in the morning, she had been prevented from doing so that morning, by a sick child, but that as she had just commenced as they rode up, if they would be kind enough to excuse her a little she would finish in two or three minutes, and then they would be more comfortable. So saying, she plied the broom with so much force and rapidity that it raised a tremendous dust, and she was very sorry to give them so much annoyance; but proceeding with her work, she drew off the bed covering and tossed up the bed to enliven the feathers; then taking a sheet or bed-spread and skimming out on the door step, gave it two or three great flurries as if to shake off any dust that might have settled on it, making it rattle every time and spread out to its full length and breadth in the air. This frightened the horses at the fence so that every one of them broke his bridle and ran as if a fire brand had been tied to his tail, each one taking a different direction and running for dear life.

Of course the men took after their horses; for they were worth more than all the plunder they expected to get, and they could not take away any thing of much value without them; and as they

went out she was "very sorry"—"what a pity,"—but if they ever got their horses it was not in time to return that day and she never saw anything more of them. A similar treatment of the Tories from the first and universally, so far as practicable, would have greatly diminished their number and made the others more manageable; for it is always better to overcome men with kindness than to subdue them by violence.

### Mrs. Elizabeth McGraw.

The following incident, for which I am indebted to J. F. Graves, Esq., of Mount Airy, was thought to be well worth preserving as an additional illustration of the disordered state of things then existing in the country, of the privations and perils to which the families of Whigs, especially in those regions where they were comparatively few in number, were continually liable from the ruthless spirit of the Tories, and of the ingenuity often displayed by wives and mothers to save their little property from spoiliation, and their friends from capture and protracted suffering, if not from instant death. Mrs. McCraw's maiden name was Waller, a daughter of George Waller, of Henry county, Va. Her husband, Jacob McCraw, was a decided and active Whig. She lived until her death, which occurred about 1836, in the neighborhood of Mount Airy, and, therefore, although the account rests on tradition, there is little doubt that it is entirely reliable.

"I need not tell you," says Mr. Graves, "that the Tories were very troublesome during the 'Old War,' (as our old people termed it,) in this section of the State. Their predatory bands did not fail, at some time or other, to ransack and plunder every Whig habitation in the whole country; and, of course, old Jacob McCraw's did not escape. On a very cold night, the old man being from home, and no white person on the premises, save the old woman, the Tory party which prowled through the neighborhood determined to pay her a visit. So soon as she became aware of their approach, she made all the negroes who were able to go, run off and hide themselves, while she rolled the little ones up in some tow, which had just been *hackled* from the flax that day, dressed and put them in the closet. She was scarcely over putting up her tow, when the Tories came in. They ransacked almost every nook and corner in search of the valuables, but they failed to find the little negroes stowed away in the closet, After having searched for and found, as they supposed, every other valuable, they went to the old lady's cupboard, and took down her shining rows of pewter plates, and cutting holes through the rims, they ran a hickory withe through them and carried them off. Many years afterwards, the old woman happening to be at a neighbor's house, actually ate her dinner out of her own pewter plates with the holes through the rims."

## Miss Ann Fergus.

Most of my readers have, no doubt, some knowledge, from general history, of the horrors attending a battle, and of the ravages made by an invading army when marching through the country, or even when stationary in the occupation of some important post; but many of them are perhaps not aware that in such cases, especially when quartered in a town, though in the midst of dangers, and meet death staring them in the face on every side, are or try to be a very "jolly set of fellows;" that they pride themselves on their gallantry and polite attention to the ladies. I once saw it stated in some history, that at the great battle of Waterloo, many of the British officers of high rank were in the town, and attending a ball, some of them on the floor, and floating in the mazes of the dance, when they heard the roar of cannon as the first announcement of the approaching conflict, and at that moment a summons came from the commander-in-chief to repair to their respective commands. Instantly, making the ladies a polite bow, and bidding them good evening, mounted their horses, and dashed off to the field of carnage.

While Major Craig was in occupation of Wilmington, he and his officers, among other modes of diversion, were fond of attending as many balls and social parties as they could; and on these occasions things frequently occurred which were quite amusing, some of which still live in the traditions of the country. The following anecdote, for which

I am indebted to Mr. G. J. M'Cree, of Wilmington, and which is therefore perfectly reliable, though merely of the ludicrous kind, was deemed rather too good to be lost.

Miss Ann Fergus was a young lady of superior intellect, of good education, and polished manners. She was of a Scotch family, which was wealthy, and of high standing in the social circle. Tall and graceful in her person, she was considerably above the medium height; for she stood full five feet ten inches, in her stocking feet, and as that was the age of high heels, when thus elevated, as she would be at a party, her height might be fairly estimated at six feet. She had at this time, a brother, and possibly a sweetheart in the American army. At a party one evening, a number of British officers were present, and among them was one who was a very small man, but by no means deficient in self-esteem, which showed itself in his deportment; for he "pestered the ladies not a little, with his gallantries, impertinence, and presumption." In the course of the evening, he stepped up to Miss Fergus, and asked her for a kiss. Very gravely, and perhaps with some little *hauteur*, she told him "Yes, he might have one, if he could take it without getting upon a stool. Instantly the little fellow tiptoed and stretched his neck, but as he did so, she too, raised herself to her full height, and he 'couldn't come it.' The effect was so extremely ludicrous, that the attention of the whole company was attracted, and the ridicule was absolutely overwhelming. Completely abashed and chapfallen, he fled in

confusion, and never afterwards approached an American lady."

## Mrs. Margaret Caruthers.

On every occurrence of disappointment or adversity we are reminded that no one knows what he can do until he is tried; and this is certainly true; but it is equally true that in the ordinary course of things, especially in a country like ours, so peaceful and so prosperous, no one is tried to the full extent of his powers.

His fortitude may be tried by the endurance of bodily pain or mental anguish, his patience may be tried by the provocations of the malicious, or the changes of fortune, his uprightness and fidelity, his generosity and all the qualities of the heart may be tried by the social and business intercourse of life; but all the mental resources and moral energies are fully tested only by great and sudden emergencies when important interests are at stake, or when life itself is menaced. There is nothing which more excites our admiration than to see any one manifesting a firmness, discretion and promptness, so as to be triumphant in circumstances of great peril or of great provocation suddenly occurring, and beyond his control; and especially in those whose delicacy, reserve and comparative weakness lead them to shrink from the turmoils and scenes of conflict which require the sterner attributes of our nature. In such cases it is the triumph not of physical force, stimulated and directed by ambition or by a spirit

of revenge; but of moral power, of conscious rectitude, and of simple devotion to great and sacred principles. Even when physical strength is obliged to be in some measure employed it is in a way which shows the absence of malice, revenge or even of heroic pride, but the dignity of the woman, and the nobler qualities of the heart are always the most prominent. The names of many such women adorn the pages of history, and every act displaying extraordinary firmness, promptitude and magnimity on occasions of imminent peril, or of wanton cruelty and injustice deserve to be recorded.

Of the lady whose name stands at the head of this article, Mrs. Margaret Caruthers, but little is known. Her maiden name was Gillespie, and she was a native of Lancaster county, in Pennsylvania. She and her husband James Caruthers, were among the first settlers in the middle region of North Carolina. She had four sons and several daughters; and they all became respectable citizens and consistent members of the church. During the revolutionary war, three of her sons were more or less in the service of their country; and her oldest son, Robert, was a partizan officer, with the title of Captain, whether given to him by the regular authorities, or gratuitously by his friends and the men who served under him, is not known to the writer; but he was a very active, enterprising officer, and was almost constantly out on duty. The youngest son was kept at home to take care of his parents and attend to the farm; and he was killed by some Tories in disguise of Indians. Of this they had only circumstantial proof; but that

was very strong. He had gone over in the morning to a neighbor's house, about two miles distant, on an errand, and expected to return in a short time. There was a small creek on the plantation and almost in sight of the house. When on his return, some men, painted and dressed like Indians, having concealed themselves in the lower grounds, shot him as he was crossing the creek. They had either got some intimation of his having gone to this neighbor's, or were merely lying in ambush until he would come out to work in the field. The report of the gun was heard at the house, and their suspicions were immediately excited. The mother and a daughter or two who were still living with her went in search, and found him lying on the bank of the creek, dead, scalped and the bloody knife with which it was done lying on the ground by his head. The knife had the name of one of the neighbors cut on the handle; and it was supposed that, in the agitation of the moment, arising from the fear of detection, and the remorse of a guilty conscience, he had forgotten the knife. He was not a very near neighbor, but lived some three or four miles distant. They never had any neighborhood intercourse; but ever after, if he met any of the family, his countenance betrayed a consciousness of guilt, and he shunned them if possible.

This was hard for a mother to bear in her circumstances, for in addition to all the other privations and hardships of those troublous times, from the summer of 1780, when the British overrun South Carolina, until near the close of the war, her other

sons were in camp, her husband, though not so old as to be infirm, was passed the age for military duty, and must either be with some armed body of Whigs or keep himself in some place of concealment; her youngest son, the support and solace of her old age, now so basely and inhumanly murdered, and she left without a protector, and exposed to the ravages of the Tories, who were as regardless of justice and humanity as they were of patriotism and honor, all this seemed like filling her cup of affliction to the brim, but she bore it all with great fortitude and equanimity.

At this distance of time, not much is known of her history, except that she was highly respected among her acquaintances; that she was a woman of great firmness and energy of character, and that she had as much of "the spirit of '76," perhaps, as any other woman in the country. In whatever situation she was placed, however embarrassing and even appalling were the circumstances, she was never so surprised or intimidated as to lose her self-possession, but saw at once what was to be done, and she was as resolute and prompt in executing her plan. Of this, the following incident may be taken as an illustration, and in sudden and trying emergencies, one act often furnished as good a test of native character as a whole life.

Not long after the unprovoked and cold-blooded murder of her youngest son, two Tories who lived in the neighborhood, and knew that she was left without a protector, came to her house one morning for the purpose of plunder. She had in the stable,

a young black mare, large, handsomely-formed, and highly valued for her qualities. Of course she was the first object to be secured, and bringing her out of the stable, they hitched her to the limb of a shade tree at the west end of the house. The next move was to gather and pack up what they could find in or about the house, such as meat, flour, blankets and other articles, and then they went into the corn-crib to fill their bags with corn.

The crib was then constructed very much as it is on most plantations at the present day. It was an oblong structure made of small logs, about a rod long, five or six feet wide, and seven or eight feet high from the floor, more or less, according to the quantity which the owner wished it to contain. In the front was an opening about sixteen or eighteen inches squares, just so large that a mill bag when filled with corn could be drawn through end foremost. When going in or out, the owner was obliged to proceed somewhat longitudinally, head foremost; and when going out, especially, he thrust out one leg first, then his head, and with his body laid beside the projecting limb, forced himself through with the other leg resting on the floor, and, at the same time, as it was raised a foot or two above the ground, held by the side with the left hand, lest when the centre of gravity passed the sill, he might go faster and further than he wanted. Whilst these robbers, having thus entered, were busy in filling their bags, she was busy in making arrangements to disappoint them.

In the first place she took the black mare round

to the backside of the house, and locked her up in the cellar, the house being all the time between her and the crib. She had a stick of hickory wood in the chimney corner, which had been blocked out for an axe-handle, and put there to season. It was about double as large and heavy as when dressed for use; and in those times when clearing was a regular winter business, every farmer always kept one, and sometimes two or three, of these pieces of timber in the corner that they might be seasoned and ready when needed. She took this cudgel, and keeping it concealed under her long apron, went to the corner of the crib, where she stood perfectly still and quiet till they were coming out, when she applied it with sufficient energy, and to very good purpose. By first taking the one on the ground, before he had fairly recovered his upright position, and then the other while doubled up in the door in such a position that he could neither regress nor egress with any dispatch, she belabored them so effectually that she prevented any retaliation, and made them glad to get away alive. It was not her design to kill them, but to get clear of them; and in this she succeeded so completely, that they crawled off the best way they could, without their plunder, and troubled her no more.

## Miss Margaret McBride.

Among the Scotch-Irish, who first settled in Guilford, was Hantz McBride, a man of good character, steady habits and respectable standing in his neigh-

borhood. He lived and died on the place where he first settled, which was seven or eight miles, south by east, from the present town of Greensboro', and midway between the Alamance and Buffalo creeks, where the two streams are about three miles apart.

Being a member of Dr. Caldwell's congregation, he was, of course, a Whig in the Revolutionary war and, from first to last, did what he could to support the cause of Independence. He was too old to be on the muster list, but, as he was known to have taken an active part, when the British army or any embodiment of the Tories was about, he found it necessary to keep out of the way. His family was large and mostly daughters, but, whether sons or daughters, they were all Whigs and some of them were so enthusiastic in the cause that they deserve to be remembered. His son Isaiah, the oldest of the family and, if I mistake not, his only son, served two or three campaigns and was regarded as a man of courage and firmness.

In the summer of 1781, when the Tories were so troublesome, his daughter Margaret, or Maggie, as she was familiarly called in the family and neighborhood, was about thirteen or fourteen and pretty well grown for one of that age. Though without the advantages of education or intelligent society, she was a girl of strong native sense and, having never been in the school of old William Penn, she was not much disposed to be grave or taciturn. There was nothing about her that was at all inconsistent with the modesty and delicacy of her sex; but she would have some opinion of her own on

almost every subject and would generally take the liberty of saying just what she thought. When men or older people were present she was silent, as became her, and paid a respectful attention, but when with her co-evals, and especially those of her own sex, they were not apt to complain of having a "Quaker meeting." In short, she was one of those girls who love everybody and fear nobody, who are so sprightly and fascinating, so frank and open hearted, so generous and confiding, that no one can be their enemy, and every one who makes their acquaintance becomes a friend. Of course, she was just the girl to be enthusiastic in the cause of freedom, and there was not a warmer advocate of Independence in the whole country. She would never drink a drop of tea while the world stood—not she, if it implied an admission that the English, or any other nation, had a right to tax us at their pleasure, and she would live on bread and water all the time, if necessary, that the men who were fighting for their country might be fed and clothed until the "red coats," the slaves of arbitrary power, were all driven from our shores. When among her associates or youthful acquaintances she could reason with no little cogency and declaim with a force and propriety that would have done credit to an older head. For the Whigs she had the highest regard, and gloried in the name, but a Tory was her abhorrence.

To the north and north-west of M'Bride's, was a small tract of country lying between the two Buffalo creeks, four or five miles in width, and ten or twelve in length. It included the present site o

Greensboro', and extended on both sides of the Hillsboro' road, to the Buffalo bridge. Then, and for years after, the whole region was a wilderness, and not unlike a western prairie. Nobody lived on it, and there were no roads through it, except such as served for occasional intercourse between the two settlements, north and south. The only growth of timber was the pine, and trees of this description were then neither very large nor thick on the ground; but from the fact that the pine was the principal growth, it was called the "Pine Woods," or "Pine Barrens." If any persons made it their home, they were probably thieves or renegades, and must have shared their covert with the wild beasts, or sheltered themselves in wigwams, covered with leaves and pine bark, like the Indians. No man of any respectability ever thought of building or settling himself there with a family, because the soil was deemed too thin for cultivation, and it was valued only as a place of range, or pasturage for cattle. So rich were its resources in this respect, that for a number of years, stock of every kind could live on it, and keep in good order through the winter, without any care or attention from the owners. In the summer, it was covered with a dense coat of grass and pea vines, waist high; and the farmers, north and south, never thought of having any meadow at home, but came over at the proper season, into the Barrens, and made as much hay as they wanted for the winter.

For some distance along the sides there were occasional rivulets, which, being fed by springs from

the higher ground, were permanent; but most of it was a poor sandy ridge, and destitute of water. It was, however, occasionally intersected with Black-Jack glades, which were certainly not very inviting; but then there were some spots that were like *oases* in the desert; hollows, or depressions of small depth, through which a stream of water ran, for three or four months in the winter, and although they were dry in the summer, there was a moisture, which produced a different growth. In places, for several rods in diameter, they were densely covered with such growth as the maple, elm, and sweet gum. The margins were lined with alders, wild briers, and other shrubbery. The trees were richly festooned with grape-vines, mostly the Fox and Muscadine, which were very luxuriant, and with their broad, thick leaves, completely shut out the rays of the sun, so that, altogether, it formed a perfect jungle, and a man, or any other object in the inside, could not be seen by an outsider at any distance. These places were delightful retreats from the sultry heat of a summer's day; so cool and refreshing; no human habitation within miles; no public highway to bring the traveller or the man of business along, with his noise and bustle; nothing to break the silence or disturb the repose. They were the very places for the love-sick, the weary, or the contemplative: but a man would be strongly solicited to take a nap, if he could be free from all apprehensions of danger. The rich clusters of grapes hanging over his head, the humming of the bees in the flowers, the carolling of the birds in

the trees, the pensive sounds of the pine tops as the fitful breezes passed over them, which, if not so variable, were quite as soothing and somniferous as the tones of the Æolian harp, all invited to repose.

Here many a pack of wolves, before they were all killed or driven from the country, held their midnight revels, their festive orgies and their deliberative assemblies. Here, in these sequestered retreats, it is said, the "Black-Jack Lodges" of Freemasons, frequently held their meetings during the war; and here the mowers, from Buffalo and Alamance, in the Dog-days, when oppressed with the heat and weary of toil, retired to rest awhile and drink their grog and whet their scythes, and crack their jokes.

About the beginning of Autumn, in 1781, a small body of Tories from the south side of Guilford, or the north of Randolph, came up and pitched their camp in one of these sequestered glades. Although, they must be supported from the surrounding country, it does not appear that they had any design of making war on the Whig settlements, for that would have been madness; but to keep themselves concealed and to carry on their operations in secret. The two congregations above mentioned, which then included all who lived north and south of these "Barrens," for miles in every direction, had been, from the beginning, decided Whigs; but there were a few on the outskirts and along the margin of this uninhabited region, as there were in every community, who, though nominally Whigs, were so slack twisted that they could neither be "pig all the time, nor pup all the time." In other

words, they could be very easily changed by flattering their vanity or by presenting a moderate bribe, and the Tories in the "Barrens," having previously had acquaintance with some of these families, were exerting a very bad influence by visiting them in the night, exciting in them prejudices against their Whig neighbors, and offering them inducements to come over on the King's side; but this proceeding could not be long concealed; for those whom they were trying to influence had neither good sense nor prudence enough to keep their own secrets. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, began to be busy over the Whig settlements, every one having something to say, wherever they met, about the Tories in the "Barrens," and the influence they were exerting on such and such families.

Something must be done, and, in a little time a troop of horsemen were ready to go in pursuit; but no one knew just where to look for them. To venture into that wilderness, at night and without a guide, seemed to be very uncertain business, and no definite information, as to their whereabouts, had yet been obtained; but there was a kind of vague rumor that they were in the south-east part of the "barrens," and it was supposed that McBride's family would be more likely than any other to give them the desired information. Accordingly they took up the line of march for his house and arrived there some time after dark. McBride himself was of course, from home; but his wife and daughter Maggy, with the younger children, were there. Riding up to the gate, the captain called, and Mrs.

McBride going to the door, asked what they wanted. To this no direct answer was given; but he remarked, if he was not mistaken they were Whigs, good and true, and that he might consider himself as talking to friends. Certainly, she said, and, if he was a Whig he had nothing to fear on that score. He then asked her if there was any person in the house or on the premises who was disposed to favor the Tories? and she replied that if there was she was not aware of it. Again, he asked if she knew whether there was a Tory camp any where in the "Piney Woods?" and she told him that she had understood so. How far to the place, was the next inquiry, and the answer was, about two miles. He then asked if she could give him such directions that he could find the road, adding that he wanted to get there as soon as possible and see if he could not teach them better than to come and make their quarters in a Whig region. She told him she could try; but, as it was only a path or bye-way, intersected by other paths, and had several forks branching off in different directions, it would be difficult to find especially in the night. However, she went on to give him the best direction she could; and as she proceeded he was often interrupting her to ask for explanations or repetitions so as to get every thing well fixed in his mind.

During this time, little Maggy was standing at her mother's elbow, a little back and off to one side, just far enough to have a full view of the men at the gate; and, in her anxiety for the success of the enterprise, with hardly a thought of what she was

doing, occasionally added a word, by way of caution, or for the purpose of preventing mistakes; but what she had to say was directed to her mother. Whenever she thought her mother was not exactly correct or not sufficiently explicit, she would say, "Mother, you know that at the fork, on the top of the hill beyond our branch, there is another left hand path going up into the Butter road, and Squire Gorrell's, they might take that. Then, at the next fork, would it not be better for them to keep the left hand until they pass a black-jack glade, and then take the right? It's a better road and will be more easily found." At length, the Captain, observing how much interest she took in the matter, said to her, with a great deal of courtesy, and in his kindest manner, "Well, now, my little Miss, couldn't you go along to *show* us the way?" Such a proposal rather startled her at first; and, after a pause, during which her active mind, with electric quickness, was busied with the reasons why she should not consent, just as all ladies instinctively weigh every objection before they ever think of any thing in favor of a proposal, she said it would not be proper for a young girl like her to go off in the night with a company of men who were perfect strangers to her. Then, if they should find the Tories and get to fighting—what could she do? How would she get home? and what would be the consequence, or what would be said over the country, if it should become known, that she had conducted a company of Whigs to the Tory camp in the night? These considerations would have determined her to stay at home; but the

Captain seeing that she was half inclined to go, and was kept back only by her modesty or sense of propriety, renewed his request and pressed the matter, by telling her how much it would be for the credit as well as for the peace of the neighborhood to have them driven out; how anxious he was to find their camp that night, as he had come all the way for the purpose; and by assuring her that she should neither suffer any harm nor be subjected to any reproach for such a step. She finally consented and said, she *reckoned* she could go; but they must promise her first that they would not fire on the Tories until she got out of sight; for if they should ever find out that she had conducted a troop of Whigs to their camp, they would be certain to kill her. The Captain, knowing very well that, if he could surprise them in their camp before they were aware of his approach, they would not be likely to trouble her or any body else in that region, told her, Very well, he would see to that, and she need be under no apprehensions of injury from them.

The arrangement made was for her to ride behind him on his horse until they came in sight of the place, when she was to take the back track herself; for it would be out of the question for him to take care of her in the melee of battle and in the darkness of the night; but her resolution was adequate to anything, when so much was at stake, and when she saw that her services were of so much importance. Without further delay, therefore, she put on her bonnet, stepped up on the low fence before the door and jumping on behind the Captain, they all dashed

off at half speed. She had not seen the encampment, nor had she been nearer to it than her father's house. She would have gone as readily towards a den of wolves; but, some how or other she had learned where it was and knew the place perfectly well, for she had been there many a time when hunting the cows in the summer evenings with the younger children, and had always admired it as a place so cool, retired and silent that one might dream of love as much as he pleased or give full play to the imagination on any subject without interruption.

When they had got so near that the sound of the horses' feet might be heard at the encampment they reined up and went with as much silence as possible. As they drew near, Maggy was straining her neck and looking over the Captain's shoulder to get a glimpse of the once pleasant but now hated spot. Presently she exclaimed, "Yonder they are," and jumped to the ground. Then, taking the back track with the lightness of a gazelle, she never relaxed her efforts until she found herself again at home, all safe and well pleased with what she had done. But as soon as she alighted from the horse, the men all dashed forward at full speed and surrounding the camp to the utter surprise and confusion of their enemies, gave them a full broadside as the first salutation.

Poor Maggy had not run many rods until she heard the report of some twenty or thirty pistols and the clashing of swords, mingled with the shouts of the assailants and the cries of the assailed, but

this only served to accelerate her speed. It was like giving her wings and a favoring breeze in the direction of home. On entering the house, with an exulting heart and panting for breath, her first utterance was, "Well, mother, those miserable Tories have got a lesson to-night which they will not soon forget, and I hope they will no longer be a pest and a reproach to the country," "Why, my daughter, you didn't stay to see what was done?" "Why, mother, as soon as we came in sight, I jumped down and started back as hard as I could, but I had come a very little distance—it didn't seem to be a minute—'till I heard ever so many guns, and then such slashing and hallooing,—you never heard the like. I just know the ugly things are used up, and we shall now be clear of them. Well, I do feel sorry for them after all—really sorry. Just think how they will be cut up and run off like as many sheep-killing dogs; but then they had no business to be Tories. If they are so mean and pusillanimous that they want to be slaves or foot-pads to King George, let them not stay here and try to make us as degraded as themselves, but go to his own country and serve him there. We have no use for them here and I am so glad they are gone." And Maggy was right in her conjecture; for in a very few minutes, they were used up, sure enough, being either killed or put to flight; and the "Pine Barrens" of Guilford were no more infested with such vermin.

In a few years after the close of the war, Miss Maggy consented to change her name, as in duty

bound to do; and having become a wife, and promised obedience to her husband, she was borne away from the home of her youth with the tide of westward emigration. What good or bad fortune fell to her lot in the far West, we have not learned, but have no doubt that she spent many a pleasant hour in thinking of the night when she conducted a troop of Whigs to the Tory camp in the "Pine Barrens" of Old Guilford, and we hope that she had at least a competent share in the prosperity and happiness which have been everywhere and so increasingly enjoyed as the result of that freedom and independence which were so much the object of her youthful aspirations.

The face of these "Barrens," has been very much changed since the days of "*Auld lang syne*," and, so far as appearance is concerned, greatly for the worse. The hunting and hay-making, the copses and jungles, the fragrance of flowers and the music of birds have all passed away like the airy fabric of a vision; over a great part of the territory a different growth of timber has sprung up, more dense, and more useful, perhaps, but not so lofty or so imposing in its appearance; every where you may see evidence of desolation, or rather of transition—old pine logs decaying and stript of their bark, lying cross and pile in every direction, and staring you in the face with as much deformity and grimace as if they were relicts of Noah's flood; and in many places, where once the tall waving grass and brilliant flowers, blooming in all the wild fragrance of nature, seemed to form one grand *parterre*,

you now see only briers and brambles and old sedge grass; but amidst it all, there are already symptoms of a brighter day. Here and there you find comfortable dwellings and contented families, more inviting than pine groves or vine-clad bowers. The voice of the bridegroom and the bride is heard, more joyous than the carols of birds or the excitements of the chase; and under the hand of industry, with a spirit of enterprise, and guided by science, golden harvests may soon wave over all the present desolations, and the whole become as "a well watered garden." Through the very midst of this territory, where, only two or three generations ago, the wild Indian roamed in quest of game, or made the frightful war-whoop ring over hill and dale, the great Central Railroad has taken its course; and already that terrible monster, the iron horse, is daily rushing along in all his fury, bearing, as on the wings of the wind, the impatient lover to his destined goal, and the plodding merchant to the place of his gains, and ten thousand others, of both sexes and of all ages, with their respective aims and ends to be accomplished.

## Mrs. Martha Bell.

If mind is essentially active, as all admit, its achievements must be in proportion to its vigor; and all its developments will be modified by the circumstances in which it is placed. Superiority of intellect, whether in man or woman, generally becomes manifest by the control which it has over

other minds, and by the result of its action, whether of a selfish or a beneficient kind. Intellectual powers of a high order, when under the influence of selfish or malignant passions, are productive only of evil; but when controlled in their operation by integrity, patriotism, generosity and all the nobler qualities of the heart, their possessor becomes a benefactor to his race, and secures the gratitude and veneration of prosperity.

There is perhaps as great a diversity of intellectual and moral qualities among women as among men; and extraordinary endowments of both, united in the same individual, are probably about as frequent on the one side as on the other. The circumstances may not be always as favorable for their development; but wherever superior intelligence and moral worth exist they ought to be acknowledged, and wherever important services have been rendered to the cause of truth and humanity, they ought to be remembered.

It is believed that there were as many females in the Old North State as in any other, who, for their sacrifices, their sufferings, and their patriotic services, deserve an honorable notice in history, as in any one of the "Old Thirteen;" and among the number was the lady whose name we have placed at the head of this article. The information we have respecting her is not only limited and defective, but is becoming every year more slender and unreliable. Those who knew her during the active part of her life, have all, with one or two exceptions, already gone to that "bourne from whence no tra-

veller returns;" but most of the facts contained in the following sketch were obtained by the writer a number of years ago, from old people in her neighborhood, some of whom had known her most of her life, and others had become acquainted with her only a few years after the revolutionary war. They may, therefore, be regarded as, in the main, true and reliable.

She was born and raised in the south side of Orange, or probably of what is now Alamance county; but the precise spot is not known with any degree of certainty. Her maiden name was McFarlane, and, from this alone, it might be inferred that she was of Scotch or of Scotch-Irish descent. Some eight or ten years before the Revolutionary war, though the precise date is not recollected, she married Col. John McGee, a young widower with two children, and in affluent circumstances. He lived on the waters of Sandy Creek, in the north side of Randolph county, where he owned large quantities of valuable land, mill, &c. He also kept a country store and was a man of more business than any other in that part of the country. About the beginning of the war, or soon after, he died and she was left a widow with five children, three sons and two daughters. Two of her sons became preachers, one a Presbyterian, the other a Methodist; and all her children became members of the church, some in one and some in another of the different denominations then in the country. Her second son, William McGee, became a Presbyterian, and

was one of those who composed the Cumberland Presbytery at its organization.

After the death of her husband, being the richest widow any where in that region, she was much sought after, especially by the young widowers and middle-aged bachelors; and it was then said that she was "a little haughty," but this probably originated with those who could not succeed in gaining her affections.

On the 6th of May, 1779, she married William Bell, a widower, who owned a mill on Deep river, where he lived, about a mile above the ford at which the road, now leading from Greensboro' to Ashboro', crosses the river, and there was her residence for the remainder of her life. She was not, at any time remarkable for personal beauty nor for the opposite, but was what, in common parlance, is called "a good-looking woman." There was nothing about her that could be regarded as masculine and nothing in her deportment, ordinarily, that was at all inconsistent with the modesty and delicacy of her sex; but she was a woman of strong mind, ardent in her temperament and remarkably firm and resolute in whatever she undertook, which just fitted her for the trying scenes through which she was called to pass.

Strong in her attachments, and equally so in her dislikes, there could be no better friend, and no more undesirable enemy; but there was no woman in the country who sustained a better character, or who was more respected by all the better part of the community. High-minded, conscious of her

integrity, and inflexible in her adherence to what she believed to be right, she seemed to fear nothing on earth except her Maker, and to desire nothing so much as the universal prevalence of peace and freedom, truth and righteousness. Although she was not at this time a professor of religion, no allurements could make her swerve from the path of duty, and no menaces could terrify her into a compliance with what was wrong. No matter how great at any time were the perplexities or the perils of her situation, her presence of mind never forsook her, and she was never at a loss for expedients. Her firmness and her energy were adequate to every emergency; and on every occasion of suffering or of danger, though death seemed to stare her in the face, she always came off triumphant.

"The following extract of a letter from General Gray of Randolph county, gives a good view of Mrs. Bell's character, and will be read with interest. He is one of the oldest men in the country, and has a distinct recollection of many things which occurred during the Revolutionary War, but notwithstanding his advanced age, his mental faculties are very little, if at all, impaired. For intelligence, probity and consistency of christian character, no man stands higher in the community; and as he writes, in this case, from personal acquaintance, his statements are perfectly reliable. The letter, which is dated Feb. 24th, 1854, was written at my request, and as it contains two or three other facts of interest, we shall recur to it again; but for the present, we give only the part which is confirm-

atory of the statements above made. After observing that he writes in compliance with my request, he says:

"I removed to Randolph Court House in the Spring of 1792, in the immediate vicinity of which Mrs. Bell, and the most of the Whigs of that county who had taken part in the war, resided; and from them I received all the information I am able to give you. Those who lived in the south and eastern parts of the county were mostly Tories, under the control of Colonel Fanning, or remained neutral from fear of him. Mr. Bell and his lady were both true friends to the cause of their country, and treated those who were engaged in its defence with the greatest kindness, friendship and hospitality; but the name of a Tory they despised; and if they ever prayed for them, I think it must have been such a prayer as David made in the 109th Psalm.

"Mrs. Bell was much esteemed by those who knew her. She had a tender feeling for the sick and afflicted, administered to their wants, and, by her medical skill and attention, relieved many without fee or reward. She was a woman of strong mind, good understanding and invincible spirit. Alarms that would throw other females into fits only stimulated her to greater exertion both of body and mind; and often without a moment's reflection, she would point out what ought to be done, which seldom failed to answer the purpose and give the necessary relief."

In proof that the above statements respecting her

character are not exaggerated or overwrought, we shall give a few incidents of her life, but without attempting a strict adherence to chronological order; for at this distance of time, the precise dates and order of events could not be ascertained with entire certainty.

After the death of her first husband, she carried on the whole of his business, farming, merchandising, etc., just as he had been doing. His farming operations were quite extensive for a new settler, and, in the store, he was obliged to barter a great deal, by exchanging goods for deer skins, furs, flaxseed, beeswax and such articles as would bear carriage. When he wanted a supply of goods he took his produce to Petersburg in wagons; and thus, with a little money in addition, he laid in his supply. When the time came, loading his own wagon, and as many others as were necessary, he went along with them, on horseback, keeping with the wagons through the day, and lodging in some house at night. Having incidentally learned from him, during his life time, the names of all his lodging places on the road, when the time came to recruit her stock of goods, she set off on her first trading expedition and found no difficulty either on her way thither or in making her purchases; but after leaving Petersburg on her return, it commenced snowing early in the day; and she concluded to leave the wagons and get out of the snow as soon as possible.

For a number of miles, a whole day's journey, the road lay through a very barren country, in which there was not a house of any description, and the

only growth of timber was that of the pine. The storm increased and the snow fell so rapidly that, in a little time the ground was completely covered and the road could not be distinguished. The sun could not be seen, she had traveled the route only once, and the snow was whirling about in every direction, driving in her face and blinding her until she could have no idea of the course and became completely lost; but, having learned, by some means or other, that the largest and heaviest limbs of the pine tree are always on the south side, she took that for her guide; and without going much out of her way, she arrived at her destined place of lodging, in good time and without having experienced any other inconvenience than that of a cold and disagreeable ride.

From the very commencement of the contest with England, she espoused the cause of independence with her whole soul; and she was so decided in her opinions, and so ardent in her zeal, that she could hardly bear the sight, or even the name of a Tory. In some respects she was equal, if not more than equal, to Flora M'Donald, for she certainly had as much native intellect, with as much firmness and intrepidity; she was as sincere and devoted in her attachments; and in the same circumstances, or with the same advantages of education and refined society, in her youth, she would have been equally conspicuous and renowned.

As she had more of that kind of information which always belongs to mental power of a superior order, and was regarded as being better qualified

than any other, to be useful, she found it necessary to become a sort of "professional character," and had a very extensive practice in her line of business. For several years, however, her services were all gratuitous, and no one could insult her more highly than by offering her pay; but towards the close of the war, when she became more reduced in her circumstances by the thefts, robberies, and depredations of the British and Tories, though she was never dependent, she began to make a regular charge, which was then continued while she lived, not only for this reason, but because her services became too much in demand to be gratuitous.

At that period, and in such a state of things as then existed, it was hazardous for a woman to go, alone and unprotected, any distance from home; for the country was broken, and not very thickly settled, the roads were bad, and perfect anarchy and confusion reigned over the land, with all the animosity, virulence, and recklessness of life, and everything else that usually attend a state of civil war. Probably there was no other woman who would have ventured as she did; but she was not to be deterred from the discharge of her duty by any difficulties or perils that might beset her path. No matter at what hour of the night the call was made, nor to what distance she was required to go, mounted on a noble horse, as she always was, and well armed with dirk and pistols, she promptly obeyed the summons.

During the troublous times of the revolution, and for a few years after, it is said that she was oc-

casionally insulted and by such desperate characters, that her self-possession and her dauntless courage, alone saved her from degradation, if not from death; but she always maintained her consistency of character, and always came off triumphant. We are not going into a minute detail of the incidents in her eventful life; but aim to give those which were most prominent, or which will best serve to illustrate her character.

Towards the close of the war, or soon after, when going one day along an unfrequented road, on a call of professional duty, she was met by a man whose name was Stephen Lewis, generally called Steve Lewis, a man who had belonged to Fanning's Corps, and was a perfect desperado, a man whom everybody dreaded, and who was outlawed by public sentiment, if not by civil authority. According to the uniform tradition of the neighborhood, when he saw her coming, he dismounted and hitched his horse, set his gun against a tree and stepped into the middle of the road. As she came up, he took her horse by the bridle and told her she must get down, but she drew her pistol, and presenting it to his breast, told him if he moved another step she would kill him on the spot. It is not in woman's nature to kill any one, but especially a man, to whom she instinctively looks for support and protection. She must be divested of all the kind and generous feelings of her nature before he can do it, unless it is from dire necessity, or in defence of her life or honor, and not one in a thousand, perhaps, could have the resolution to do it even then,

else Mrs. Bell would have killed Steve Lewis on that occasion, and would have received a public vote of thanks for so doing, but she was content with taking him prisoner; and it is said, that she actually drove him home before her, holding the pistol in her hand all the way, and ready to fire on him at any time, if necessary. As there was no man there, however, at the time, to take him in charge, he was permitted to escape, but ultimately came to an end quite as dishonorable as if she had shot him down in the road or before her own door. This account I had, a number of years ago, from different persons, whose opportunities of knowing had been good; and although the circumstances were differently related, and may have been a little exaggerated, the main facts are believed to have been true. There were several brothers by the name of Lewis, most of them were of the same character, but Steve was the most reckless and daring. Of a muscular frame and a vigorous constitution, destitute of religious culture or moral principle, and enured for years to scenes of blood and cruelty, he was a disgrace to humanity, and a terror to the neighborhood; but if he escaped death in one way he soon met it in another, for he was shot in his own house, and by his own brother, to whom he had already done some injury, and whose life he had threatened.

We have heard of one or two instances, during those disordered times, in which men of no principles and no regard to decency or propriety, did things which were highly provoking, and solely for the purpose of trying her metal. Somewhere in that

region, there lived a man by the name of William Yorke, who was such a desperate character that, bad as the times were, he was generally known by the name of *devil Bill.* He came to her house one evening and asked for lodgings. Although she knew him "by sight," and better by character, she consented, after some hesitation, to take him in. Then, as every where else, at that period, the houses were generally small log houses, with one room below and one above—the one below being used for a common sleeping as well as a common sitting room, and the one above serving as a sleeping apartment for the children or young members of the family. On retiring to bed, either out of devilment, or, thinking that, from his well-known character, she would not dare even to reprove him, he got into bed with his boots on; and she ordered him out, remarking at the same time that, if he conducted with propriety, he could stay, but that he could not remain in her house and act in any such way. On his refusing to obey the order, she presented her pistol and was about to lodge the contents of it in his body; but when he saw that she was in earnest, he concluded, for once, that "discretion was the better part of valor," and was soon beyond the reach of pistol shot.

After the Guilford battle, when the British army was on its way to Wilmington, it encamped, for about two days, at and near her house. Her house stood on the north side of the river, and the van of the army arrived there, it is said, about the middle of the afternoon, the main body remaining at John

Clarke's, who lived on the adjoining plantation above. Lord Cornwallis, according to his custom, took possession of her house; but he had been well informed in regard to her character, and treated her with much respect. During this time, as might be expected, a number of little incidents occurred, which are perhaps worth recording; and we cannot do otherwise than feel some curiosity to know how his lordship would treat a lady of her standing, of whose house he had taken possession, without leave or license, and whose courage and firmness were at least equal to his own; but only a few items, of a reliable kind, have been preserved. Here we will take General Gray's account of the manner in which Cornwallis introduced himself; and for this purpose, we give from the letter already quoted, the following extract, which accords substantially with the statements of others in that neighborhood.

"A few days after the battle of Guilford Court House, Cornwallis and his army arrived at Bell's mill, when his lordship called upon the old lady, and enquired of her where her husband was, to which she replied, 'In Greene's camp.'

"'Is he an officer or a soldier in the army?'

"'He is not; but thought it better to go to his friends, than to stay and fall into the hands of his enemies.'

"'Madam, I must make your house my head-quarters, and have the use of your mill for a few days, to grind for my army while I remain here.'

"'Sir, you possess the power, and, of course, will do as you please without my consent; but, after

using our mill, do you intend to burn it before you leave?'

"'Madam, why do you ask that question?'

"'Sir, answer my question first, and then I will answer yours in a short time.'

"His lordship then assured her that the mill should not be burnt or injured; but that he must use it to prepare provisions for his army, and further added, "that by making her house his head-quarters, he would be a protection to herself, her house, and every thing that was in or about it; for,' said he, 'no soldier of mine will dare to plunder, or commit depredations near my quarters.'

"To which she replied: 'Now, sir, you have done me a favor by giving me a satisfactory answer to my question, and I will answer yours. Had your lordship said that you intended to burn our mill, I had intended to save you the trouble by burning it myself before you derived much benefit from it; but as you assure me that the mill shall not be burned, and that you will be a protection to me, and to the property about the house, I will make no further objections to your using our mill, and making my house your head-quarters while you stay, which, I think you said, would be only for a few days.'"

These preliminaries being settled and strictly adhered to, by both parties, occasioned his lordship and Mrs. Bell to part on better terms than they met.

Lord Cornwallis could not be more zealous in the service of King George and his monarchical government, than Mrs. Bell was in the cause of freedom

and Independence; nor could he remain there for two days, with his army, without occasioning a number of sad or amusing incidents. A few years ago, two or three aged men, who still recollected the scenes of the revolution, and who, from having lived all the time in her neighborhood, had been well acquainted with Mrs. Bell from the time she took that name until her death, related to me several additional facts, all of which were about as illustrative of her character as the above, and some of which were, on other accounts, even more interesting and important to the patriot or the historian.

Soon after entering the house, he told Mrs. Bell that he had annihilated Greene's army and he could never do him any more harm, but this was mere bravado, as he virtually admitted in the course of a few minutes. It was about the vernal equinox, and the day being cold and blustering, the back or north door, which opened on the road leading from Martinville to Fayetteville, was kept shut on account of the wind. His lordship soon opened the back door and stood in it for some minutes, looking up the road, and then returned to his seat leaving it open. She went and shut it, but, after a few minutes, he opened it again and did as before. He was evidently in trouble and restless, for he could not remain, for five minutes at a time, in the same position; for he was sometimes sitting, sometimes walking across the floor, and appeared to be in a deep study. After shutting the door again he told her that he wanted that door to stand open, and, when she asked him for the reason, he said he didn't

know but General Greene might be coming down the road. "Why, sir," said she, "I thought you told me a little while ago that you had annihilated his army, and that he could do you no more harm." On this, his lordship heaved a sigh and replied: "Well, madam, to tell you the truth, I never saw such fighting since God made me, and another such victory would annihilate me." If a few hundred Whigs, at that juncture, had promptly and resolutely offered their services to General Greene, as would be done now in a similar case, so that he could have attacked the enemy again with sufficient numbers, there can be no doubt that the whole army would have surrendered with very little resistance, and an almost bloodless victory would have been gained; for it is well known, or has been all along believed, that their amunition was becoming scarce, that their money chest was getting low, and they were encumbered with a great many wounded officers and men.

It was very annoying to Mrs. Bell to have such haughty and profane men in her house and such a rude soldiery round about it; but the presence of Lord Cornwallis protected her from any gross insult, and, in fact, none of them seemed disposed to treat her with as much rudeness even as they had treated Mrs. Caldwell and some others only a week before; for they were much mortified by the results of the last conflict and were more occupied with thoughts about their own safety than any thing else. They took her grain, cattle, provisions, and whatever else they wanted, so far as I have learned,

without compensation, and without any care for the distress it might occasion her family.

Cornwallis treated her with courtesy and, no doubt, tried to prevent any unnecessary depredations on her property; but he could not be everywhere, and soldiers are not apt to inform on each other. She could sometimes hear the soldiers and subaltern officers at a distance cursing her for a rebel and uttering their denunciations; but all this she could bear in view of the certain and glorious triumph which she anticipated. Confident of ultimate success, she could neither be bribed nor frightened into an abandonment of her principles; and if her life had been at stake, she would have maintained her dignity and her firmness to the last.

As one of the men was riding, at a rapid gait by the door in which she was standing, for the purpose of watering his horse in the river, he uttered some profane or insulting language; and she said she did wish the horse would throw him and break his neck. In two or three minutes she had her wish, for as he was recklessly dashing down the hill to the river, the horse stumbled and fell, which threw the rider over his neck, head foremost on some rocks, and he was killed on the spot.

Having been duly apprised of their coming, and being well aware of their rapacity and recklessness, she had taken what measures she could to secure such articles as she deemed of most value and could not remove to any great distance, particularly her cash and her bacon. The latter of which articles she had taken over the river and hid among some

rocks where it was supposed no body would ever think of looking, or could find it without a guide. The money she hid under a large rock about the house. This was all in specie—mostly in guineas and half Jos, and this being of more value than any thing else that they would be likely to get, was the object of her greatest solicitude. This she had hid under a large rock which formed the bottom step to the door. The rock was so large that she could just pry up one side of it; and, having made a small hole in the ground in which she deposited her treasure, she let the rock down again in its former position. Then she did not expect that the army or any portion of it would be so near to the house; but to her great surprise they were all the time passing over it. It had been for some time a common expedient with the people over the country, especially with the Whigs, to hide their treasure under rocks or to bury it in the ground, and, as she was well aware the British had not only learned this fact from the Tories, but how to search for it. By some means or other, accident or design, the rock would probably be removed; and then all her cash, the earnings of a laborious practice for years, would not only be lost to her, but would go to feed and clothe her mortal enemies.

By a woman of her spirit, this could not be borne with patience; and she was resolved that it should not be lost without an effort to place it out of danger. For this purpose, she went deliberately into the camp, under the pretext of making some request, or of lodging a complaint for misdemean-

ors on the part of the soldiers; and, having transacted that matter, whatever it was, she walked about in a careless manner, as if to gratify an idle curiosity, in looking at the tents, until they all became engaged in some other way, and their attention was turned to something else. Then, going up to the place, she raised a side of the rock, took out her money, and returned into the house, without attracting their notice, or exciting the least suspicion.

At this time, and for several years previous, they had a man employed to attend their mill, by the name of Stephen Harlin, who was a good miller, but proved to be a miserable scamp of a Tory. Besides letting the British have grain or meal out of the mill, he told them where the bacon hams were hid, and thus they got the whole of them. He also told them that there was a quantity of very good cider in the cellar, and they determined to have that at all events. Accordingly, they went to her, and told her that they wanted the cider; but she told them promptly and positively, that it was for her own use, and that they could not have it. They swore they would have it, any how; and started towards the cellar door, with the intention of bursting it open; but she got between them and the door, and, standing with her back against it, she told them, with a firm tone, and with a calm, dignified countenance, that they could not get in there without treating her as no gentleman and no soldier of true courage would ever treat a woman. Thus she overawed them or shamed them out of

their purpose, and saved her cider; but she had no more use for Harlin. An old friend, who, living always in that neighborhood, within a few miles of the mill, had some recollection of those times, and who gave me the above facts a few years ago, told me, that as he was a good miller, she let him remain until she could get another who had the confidence of the public; but that she never spoke to him afterwards. General Gray, however, whose recollection is probably better, says, that "as soon as the army was gone, Mrs. Bell dismissed her miller, Stephen Harlin, because he threw up his hat and hurra'd for King George when they arrived." His shouting "Hurra for King George," was abundantly sufficient to insure his dismission from her employ; but we have no doubt that he was also guilty of the other acts of meanness above mentioned; and we presume that she dismissed him at once, without hesitation, or an anxious thought for the future.

In the evening of the day on which the British left her premises, she made a visit to their camp, for the purpose, it is said, of reconnoitering, but under some other pretext. What was her precise object, or what induced her to engage in the enterprise, no definite or reliable information can now be obtained; but the tradition has been so uniform and so well sustained, that there can be no doubt of the fact. Probably she was induced to make this visit to the camp of the enemy at the suggestion of Colonel Lee, or at least for his satisfaction. He and Colonel Washington were now hanging on the rear of the British, harassing their foraging parties and cutting

off stragglers. As General Greene was making preparation to pursue his retreating foe, it was important that he should obtain speedy and certain information respecting their condition and movements, and whatever these enterprising officers learned was soon communicated. The army, crippled as it was, pressed with the difficulty of getting provisions, and encumbered with a large number of wounded officers and soldiers, moved very slowly. Although he had left all the soldiers and subaltern officers, who were too badly wounded to be removed, at New Garden, trusting to the humanity of General Greene and the Quakers, he still had a great many with him, who could not bear long or rapid journeys, and who, notwithstanding all the care that could be taken of them, were dying all along the road. After leaving Bell's premises they went only a few miles to the plantation of Mr. Walker, who lived on Sandy creek, and there took up camp for the night.

That Colonel Lee was at Bell's on the same day that the British left, and that he was well acquainted with Mrs. Bell's character, there is no doubt; her familiarity with every road and every bye-path, with every plantation and hill and dale, in addition to her patriotism and intrepidity, just fitted her for such an enterprise; and she would be in no danger, for Cornwallis, having been so lately sheltered under her roof, could not do otherwise than treat her with courtesy and respect. Some say she put on the military uniform or regimentals of her husband, who was or had been a militia-captain, but

this was probably an addition "by a later hand." At all events, as she never went from home at this period, without being well armed with dirk and pistols, we may rely on the tradition that she wore her customary armor on the present occasion. Thus equipped and mounted on a first-rate horse, she set off alone and fulfilled her mission with entire success. The object, was to ascertain, as far as possible, the condition of the British army, and especially whether they were receiving any considerable accessions of Tories. Under the pretext of making complaint against the soldiers for depredations committed on her property, which had not become known to her until after they were gone, she went into the camp and hunted up his lordship or requested to be taken to his tent, to whom she made her complaint, but in doing this she had her eye upon everything, and managed so as to get the information she wanted, when she returned home in safety and much pleased with what she had done.

While Col. Lee was in this neighborhood he captured two young men, William Julien and William Troglen, who where both Tories. One of whom is said not to have been very smart, and the children had, shortly before, stuck a red patch on his hat as a badge that he was for the British; but they were, both of them, known and avowed loyalists. When taken, and told that they must die, they entreated that they might be taken to Mrs. Bell; and, as it was not far to her house, they were gratified. When there they begged her most ear-

nestly to intercede for their life, saying "you know us, Mrs. Bell;" but the only reply she made was, "I know you not;" and all she said to Col. Lee, was, that he must not put them to death in her house. As they were taking them off to some distance from the house for execution, Troglen broke away and by a desperate effort, or by good luck, or both, made his escape, though several pistols were fired at him; but Julien was shot. Her refusal to intercede for these unfortunate young men was not owing to any want of human feeling, as I was told, but to some previous conduct on their part which had impressed her with the belief that they ought not to live. She is said to have been a woman of as much tenderness of feeling as any other; but her sensibilities were in an unusual degree, in subordination to her principles, and under the control of a sound and vigorous intellect.

When a party, either of Col. Lee's men, or of some other corps, were out foraging in the neighborhood of Bell's, on the plantation of Joe Clarke, a man, by the name of Robbins, concealed himself in a thicket of bushes and shot Cap. Cruikshanks who had command of the company. Cruikshanks was, with the the whole corps, a great favorite, and the men were so enraged that they instantly fell upon Robbins, and cut and hacked him about the head until they felt certain that he was dead; but he must have had an unusually hard head, or like the cat, "nine lives;" for he recovered and lived many years. This was in the evening, and next day he crawled on his hands and knees to Bell's

house which was distant about a mile. There are two different accounts of the manner in which she treated him; but they are not contradictory. The old Friend in the neighborhood, who has been already mentioned, told me that she had compassion on him and dressed his wounds, gave him refreshment and took care of him until he was able to take care of himself, which was at a time when her husband could not sleep a night in his own house without the risk of being assassinated by Robbins and other Tories; but others say that she would not do anything for him, nor even admit him into her house or so much as notice him. Such was probably her treatment of him at first; but on considering his miserable condition, she may have relented and treated him with more kindness.

In the midst of these transactions or in near connection with them, though the precise date is not recollected, she engaged in another enterprise, more difficult and adventurous, perhaps, than that of reconnoitering the British camp. She rode one night, the whole night, in company with a Whig as a spy, or rather for the purpose of getting information respecting an embodiment of Tories, which was said to be forming on the other side of the river, and some fourteen miles from her house, in a west or south-west direction. The undertaking was both toilsome and perilous; for the distance was considerable and the roads were bad; the country was broken, and abounded with robbers and cut-throats. "She went," my correspondent says, "in the character of a midwife;" and when they met

any one or came to a house, she was "spokesman," and did all the talking. She first enquired the road to such a place, and always managed to have it understood, directly or indirectly, on what business she was going. Her next enquiries were directed more to the object she had in view, such as, Were there any royalists embodying in that direction? Where was their place of meeting? How far was it? What was their number? What were they going to do? Would they molest her? In most cases she got a satisfactory answer; and to the last, generally received the reply, "O no, not when you are on that business." Being acquainted with the roads, she changed her course according to the information she got, still pretending to be in great haste, and fearing she would be too late. Thus she went as far as she intended, got all the information she desired or expected, and returned home early in the morning, having rode in the course of the night, about thirty miles. Soon after the writer came into the country, he was told that in consequence of the information thus obtained, Col. Lee went the next night, took them by surprise, and broke up the whole concern. A few years ago, some old Quakers—friends before referred to—who had lived all their lives in that neighborhood, and still recollected those times, told me that although they had forgotten the dates and the minute circumstances, they well recollected the fact of her going to reconnoitre the British camp, and also the one which has just been related. Both of them are still current traditions in the neighborhood; and there

can be no doubt that they are substantially true. They are in keeping with the rest of her history, and are honorable to her character.

In the course of the ensuing summer, the Tories, who, in that region at least, cared more for plunder than for King George or any body else, were very troublesome and often attacked her house, sparing nothing that they could destroy or carry away and attempting, more than once, to murder some of the family. They burned the barn one night, with every thing in it; and when her sons, who were not yet grown, mere boys, in fact, attempted to preserve the property from destruction, they wounded one of them, and threatened to shoot them every one, which, it is supposed, would have been the result if they had persisted. This class of the population, or a large portion of them, appear to have been perfectly reckless, caring neither for the rights of justice, nor the claims of humanity; and they seem to have had a particular spite at Mr. Bell and his family on account of their influence, and of the very decided part which they had taken in the cause of freedom.

When Mrs. Bell's aged father was there on a visit, and was spending a short time with his daughter and grand-children, a number of them came one night, and, among other outrages, were about to take his life. As it was known in the neighborhood that he was there, it was supposed that to murder him was their main design in coming, and one or two, approaching him with drawn swords, were about to imbrue their hands in his blood. For

some reason, not now recollected, she did not have her pistols by her, or thought it more expedient to adopt another plan. There was no time to devise measures nor even to walk across the room in search of weapons, and with her characteristic presence of mind and promptness of action, she did not attempt it; but, seizing a broad-axe which, very fortunately happened to be at hand, and raising that over her head, tightly grasped with both hands, she said to them, in the most positive manner, and with a sternness which was irresistible, "If one of you touches him I'll split you down with this axe. Touch him if you dare!" and she would certainly have done it, regardless of consequences, if the attempt had been made; but being overawed, or feeling convinced by her whole demeanor, the dauntless expresssion of her countenance, her attitude of defiance, and the earnest tones of her voice, that she would do what she said, they stood for a moment, abashed, confounded, and then left the house. Thus, by her fearlessness and decision of character, her uncommon energy and promptness of action, she saved the life of a venerable and beloved parent, and showed that she was no less affectionate as a daughter, than she was ardent and patriotic as a citizen. If "woman's courage does not always begin where man's courage fails," it becomes most conspicuous and efficient in those circumstances in which man is unnerved, and at his wit's end.

During the summer of 1781, Mr. Bell went to the North, but whether on public or private business, is not known to the writer. In the fall he returned

and ventured to remain, for a short time, with his family. The Tories were soon aware of his return, and went there one night with the intention of taking his life. The doors were fastened so that they could not readily enter; but this gave them no concern whatever, for they were rather gratified than otherwise with a plea for setting the house on fire. In that case, if he attempted to run they intended to shoot him, at all events, and perhaps some of his stepsons. As they were passing round the house, Mr. Bell put his head out of a window, intending, if he saw any of them bringing fire, or in the act of applying it to the house, to shoot them with his pistol, but one of them who happened to be close by the window at the time, struck him on the head with his sword and inflicted a severe wound, but did not kill him as he aimed to do. Mrs. Bell then called to her sons, lads yet only in their teens, who were up stairs in bed, to get the old musket and be ready to fire out of the windows. Then going to the window next to the kitchen and calling their servant boy, Peter, loud enough for the men on the outside of the house to hear, and intending that they should hear, she said to him, "Run as hard as you can to Jo. Clarke's and tell him and the light-horse to come as quickly as possible, for the Tories are here." Clarke was one of her nearest neighbors, and a resolute man. He lived on the adjoining plantation, about a mile up the river, and generally at this period, had a troop of mounted men, who, though not always with him, nor on duty, were at his command. At this time

she knew no more than they did, whether Clarke's men were there or not, but from the confident and earnest manner in which she spoke to the servant, they supposed it must be so, and fearing that the old musket might tell upon some of them from the upper window, or that Jo. Clarke with his "light-horse" might take them by surprise, or perhaps, apprehensive of both, though they had the fire ready to apply, they dropped everything and made their escape.

Finding it as unsafe as ever to remain in his own house, especially at night, when their depredations and deeds of atrocity were usually committed, Mr. Bell did not venture to lodge in his own house again for months, and she mostly kept a few young men, on whom she could depend, to act as a guard at night. This probably saved her life, or at least her house and property from destruction. When Colonel Fanning called there on his return from that bloody excursion up Deep river, described in the first volume, she was determined to stand by her property to the last; but in relation to this matter, we will give another extract from General Gray's letter.

"Mr. Bell had taken so active a part against the Tories, that he knew if he fell into their hands they would take his life; and, for this reason, he seldom lodged in his own house, while the old lady determined, at all risks, to stick by 'the stuff,' and endeavor to prevent her property from being plundered. She stayed at home; but usually got eight or ten young men, on whose bravery she could de-

pend, to stay in the house at night; for it was generally in the night that the Tories committed their depredations. In the night after Fanning had killed Colonels Balfour, Bryant and others, and burned several houses and barns, when he and his troop rode into the yard at Bell's, the old lady took the command, and, with the voice of a Stentor, ordered her men to throw open all the windows, take good aim and not draw a trigger until they were sure, each one, of his man. This was heard by Fanning and his company who wheeled off, no doubt, believing that the house was full of armed men; but Mrs. Bell's little troop was so well pleased to get rid of them that they did not even give them a salute at starting."

Her trip to Wilmington, in company with Mrs. Dugan, when she went to see her son, Col. Thomas Dugan, who had long been confined on board an English prison ship, and was then condemned to be hung, has been related in the first volume, and other facts of interest and variety might be stated; but we have aimed to give only such incidents as were most prominent and most authentic. The above are, in fact, only samples of the many hardships, perilous adventures and trying scenes through which she was called to pass during that eventful period of our history; and, if we mistake not, our readers will think with us, that her many deeds of noble daring and the firmness, energy and prudence with which she acquitted herself on every occasion, when either courage, promptness of action or the sacrifice of personal interest was required, furnish the most grati-

fying proof of her magnanimity and her exalted patriotism.

For several years after the cessation of hostilities, or after the British army had left the State, and left it to return no more, the country continued in nearly as much anarchy, turmoil and violence, as it had ever been. Strife and rapine still prevailed; and acts of revenge and murder were frequent. The angry and perturbed passions, when excited to the highest pitch, as they were then, by numberless acts of provocation—the animosity and strife, the ambition and revenge, the contempt of danger and love of adventure, the recklessness with regard to moral obligation and the habits of theft, robbery and bloodshed, which have been engendered and fostered into rank maturity, by a foreign and domestic war of seven or eight years' continuance, cannot be quelled at the bidding of a few, nor made to pass away in a moment, as evil spirits are said to be driven away by the magic wand of the conjuror. In such times, the claims of moral and religious obligation very slowly and gradually regain their ascendency over the human mind. A practical regard for the supremacy of law, and the acknowledgment of mutual rights and duties, as founded on the great principles of justice and humanity, return, like a calm in the boisterous ocean, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees.

Of Mrs. Bell's history after the war, we know very little, except that she continued to serve the public as she had been doing, until she became too old and infirm to leave home. Her life was, of

course, more retired, quiet and monotonous, but was spent more pleasantly, if not more usefully. While the country continued in so much agitation and disorder that it was unsafe for a woman to travel alone, she still carried her arms as she had done during the war; and, although she passed through some trying and perilous scenes, she maintained her character for firmness and resolution to the last. Her most prominent traits were a quick discernment of what was necessary or proper to be done in given circumstances, a decision of purpose, and an energy of action that could not be surpassed, a calm and dignified firmness on all occasions, and a patriotic devotion to the cause of freedom and independence bordering on enthusiasm. During the war, and for some years after peace was concluded, when riding over the country, if she saw a man whose face was strange, or who looked at all suspicious, she would hail him, and make him give an account of himself, demanding his name and his business. If this should appear to the reader inconsistent with the modesty and delicacy of her sex, he must recollect that "circumstances alters cases." At all times there may be occasions, and they were of almost daily occurrence at that period, when those qualities, so becoming ordinarily, must be subordinate to the higher principles of self-preservation and the public good. In such a state of anarchy, disorder and violence, as then prevailed, there was no proper respect paid to the female sex, except by the more intelligent and refined, who were then comparatively a small

portion of the community; and the woman whose energy, prudence and dignified firmness were adequate to any emergency, and enabled her on all occasions to defend her principles and her honor, even when her natural protectors were arrayed against her, and when, otherwise, her life might be the forfeit, was sure to command a respect which would not be shown to more lovely or attractive qualities, and she passed through her trials with far more satisfaction, as well as more credit, to herself and her friends.

While her modesty and delicacy, if not affected, are usually regarded as her highest ornament, all the world admires a woman whose intellectual powers and moral courage and patriotic devotion to the welfare of her country raise her, in such times, above the weakness of her sex, and enable her to face danger in its most appalling forms, and to defend herself and her principles regardless of consequences. Who does not admire the character and the conduct of Deborah, who, when her country was groaning under the oppression of a foreign yoke, led on the armies of Israel to battle and to victory, and at a time when there was not a man in the nation who had the courage to come forward and take the command? The world abounds with similar examples and they form many of the brightest pages in the history of every nation. Few women, during the Revolution, displayed, in a higher degree or on more frequent occasions, those qualities which excite the admiration of the good and virtuous, or of the honorable and high-minded, than Martha Bell; and

her name is freely "given in charge to the historic muse," without any apprehension that it will be proclaimed with a feeble or a jarring voice.

After law and order were fairly established, and after morality and religion had gained a sufficient influence over the public mind to restrain men from acts of atrocity and violence, her arms were gladly laid aside. She had never worn them from a martial spirit, for she loved peace as much as any one in the land; nor did she do it for ostentation or parade, for she was as free from every thing of that kind as any other mortal; but it was, with her, a matter of imperious necessity. She must do it or submit to be insulted with impunity and perhaps be in continual jeopardy of her life. Situated as she was, she must shrink from the avowal of her principles and from the discharge of her duty, or she must go prepared to defend herself from the insults of the profane and the violence of the lawless. She must consent, contrary to the strong, undying impulses of her nature, to sink her influence entirely and become a mere cypher, at a time too when all the courage, and patriotism, and love of freedom in the land were in pressing requisition, or she must shew to the world that, like all true hearted patriots, in every age and clime, she valued liberty enough to risk even her life in its defence; and that, if she did fall a sacrifice in the contest, it should be a voluntary sacrifice in the defence of her rights and in the discharge of her duties. If all the women of the Whig community, at that day, had been of her character, even if they did not

equal her in physical strength and intellectual vigor, they would have had an influence which neither British nor Tories could have resisted and the contest would have been neither so arduous nor so protracted; but then the task of the historian, by grouping all together, might have been an easy one, or it might have been made one of endless eulogy. When Mr. Bell died is not known to the writer, but she was a widow, the second time, for many years before her death.

Although she had enjoyed, to some extent, the benefits of a religious education, she was not, at this time, a professor of religion; but early in the present century, or in what is usually termed "the great revival" in the South, she professed her faith in Christ, and connected herself with the church. From that time until her death, which was about twenty years, she continued to adorn the profession which she had made, and all the native qualities of her mind and heart were still in their full vigor, but were now directed in a different channel. All that firmness, independence, and inflexible adherence to principle, all that energy and perseverance in the discharge of duty which had been so signally displayed through the trying and perilous times of the revolutionary struggle, were still manifest even down to old age; but they were now exercised in the promotion of a much nobler cause, and in the enjoyment of a higher liberty than that which was obtained by patient endurance of complicated sufferings, and by deeds of martial prowess through long years of toil, and sacrifice, and bloodshed.

"He is free, and he alone, whom the *truth* makes free." That freedom she obtained and enjoyed as much, perhaps, as most other Christians; but there was another great battle yet to be fought; and it was fought, nobly fought, triumphantly fought, and a glorious victory won: for she died in great peace, September 9, 1820, about eighty-five years of age; and of her it may be truly said, "*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*"

Few women in the common walks of life, and in this or any other Protestant country, have passed through so many, and such severe trials, or have displayed such a rare combination of intellectual and moral qualities. Traits of character so noble and so diversified, are not as common as they ought to be, in either sex; and when they do occur, especially in such times, they claim not only our admiration, but our grateful remembrance. What she would have been in the higher walks of life, and with the advantages of a finished education, we cannot tell, nor need we inquire; and we have no disposition to search for faults, or discuss the propriety of any one transaction of her life. We leave that for those who can neither admire magnanimity, nor appreciate deeds of heroic courage in a noble cause, nor relish high-toned feelings of patriotic devotion; but whatever may have been her imperfections, and whatever she might have done under other circumstances, or with better advantages of mental culture, she acted, on the whole, a noble part; and no one who was acquainted with her history, or who knew her personally, especially

in the latter part of her life, could ever doubt that she has gone "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are forever at rest."

## Col. John Paisley.

Late in the fall of 1780, when the proximity of the British army and their triumphant success hitherto had given fresh life and courage to their friends in this country, a small Tory encampment was formed near the dividing line between Guilford and Randolph counties, but on which side of the line is not recollected. The number was so inconsiderable and they had been there so short a time that they had not attracted the attention of the Whigs, or not to any extent; but they were neither remiss in their vigilance nor slow in their efforts. With the highly excited expectations of immediate success and of an ample reward at the hand of their "gracious Sovereign," they were ready to risk every thing, for the time being, and to brave danger wherever or in whatever form it might occur. As Col. John Paisley, who lived about eight miles, in an easterly direction, from the present town of Greensboro', was a Whig and a partizan officer of considerable prominence, it became an object of primary importance with the Tories to capture him and carry him to the British. A party was accordingly dispatched from the camp one night for the purpose, and arrived at his house just before sunrise. The Colonel had been out on an expedition against

the Tories below deep river, and had returned on the evening before.

Having been apprised of his return and taking it for granted that he would be at home and alone, they considered it a favorable opportunity and thought that by seizing him so early they could carry him off before any alarm could be given in the neighborhood. With these views they left the encampment in time, as they supposed, to reach his house by daylight, and thus far they came up to their expectations. The Colonel was an early riser, and, like most farmers over the country, had his breakfast, in the winter season, by candle light; but having had much fatigue and lost a great deal of sleep on his tour, he had kept his bed a little longer that morning than usual. He had just got up in his *deshabille* and was making a fire when he saw them ride up to the gate. As a matter course, he understood their business at once, and found himself in rather a "bad box." While they were highly gratified at finding everything, so far, just as they wished, he was as much perplexed for a moment to know what he ought to do. To think of resistance would be folly, when there were about a dozen of them, and he was alone, with his wife and three or four little children. To think of escaping on foot when they were mounted would be quite as useless; and he must either make up his mind to be taken prisoner or devise some stratagem by which he could get the advantage of them; but there was no time for deliberation, whatever he said or did must be said or done on the spur of the occasion, with all

the promptitude and self-possession of a consummate general on the field of battle. Being a pretty good judge of human nature, he hit upon the only expedient that could have been of any avail, and it succeeded to admiration.

When they entered the house, which they did, not only without any ceremony, but with as bold and consequential an air as if they had been the "lords proprietors," he met them at the door without the least indication of alarm or embarrassment, and received them with a great deal of courtesy. As it was a very sharp frosty morning in November, he remarked to them with as much apparent frankness and urbanity as he would have done to his best neighbors, that he presumed they found it a little cool riding in such a morning, and pressed them to sit up near the fire, at the same time piling on more wood and making the biggest sort of a fire.

After a little off hand easy chat about the weather and other common topics, in which he took care to lead the way, he set out the bottle and sugar-bowl on the side-board and said to them, with all the familiarity and plainess of "Southern hospitality," "Come, gentlemen, here is some very fine peach brandy; but I don't want you to take my word for it. This is a cold morning and it will help to warm you. Come, try it." Being somewhat fatigued with their ride, and shivering with cold, this was a temptation which they could not resist; and marching up, one and all, with right good will, they helped themselves quite liberally. Then returning

to the fire, and complimenting the brandy as very fine indeed, the conversation went on as before, the Colonel still taking the lead and making himself very agreeable.

In a short time the invitation was repeated, "Come, gentlemen, another dram can't hurt you this cold morning. Come, try another." This was said with so much apparent cordiality as to make them free in accepting, and they all consented, "nothing loath." Having given another proof of their friendly disposition towards "good old peach," they returned to the fire, but with still more hearty commendations of the brandy, and of its pleasant effects after riding in the cold. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, when agreeable topics of conversation began to be a little scarce, and there being on the part of one, at least, a strong disposition to avoid every thing disagreeable, a third invitation was given, and in the same kind and obliging manner, "Come, gentlemen, let us knock the bead off this other bottle, and then we will go to breakfast. I see it is near about ready." No persuasion was necessary; for they were more than ever in the spirit, though the flesh might be getting a little weak. Having taken another glass they returned again to their seats; and the Colonel took care to keep "a rousing fire" all the time; but by making such a free use of the "old peach" after having been so benumbed by the cold, and then sitting by such a warm fire, they began to feel very happy indeed. In fact they could hardly believe that they were any longer in this wicked world where there is so

much fighting and wretchedness, but in some kind of a paradise or elysium where all past feuds are amicably settled, and where all past sufferings and sorrows are forgotten. Some were disposed to doze, and some to be loquacious, but while the conversation was becoming more free and animated, at least with those on whom the brandy had an exhilarating effect, breakfast was announced, and they all set down to a table well furnished with the substantials of life, such as fried ham and boiled eggs, hot cakes, butter and coffee, with sundry other things; and they all laid in a bountiful supply; each one recollecting that he had to eat for the past, present and future. The quantum of substantial nourishment which they had taken soon began to renew the energy of the vital powers, and to restore the system to its accustomed tone and vigor; but as reflection was very gradually resuming its place while the exhilarating effects of the brandy were slowly subsiding, when they returned to the fire, a silence of some minutes ensued, and an air of sadness rested upon their countenances, indicative of an anxious and perturbed state of mind, or at least of a consciousness that they had been outwitted and brought into a very awkward predicament.

The Colonel was still disposed to entertain them as he had been doing, in hope that his Whig neighbors would get notice of his situation and rally for his rescue, or that Providence would, in some way or other interpose for his preservation, but "a change was coming over the spirit of their dream," and they were not disposed to be communicative.

As the chariot of the sun had already ascended above the horizon, and was advancing up the eastern hill with as much rapidity as ever, they began to think it might not be very safe to remain there much longer, as some secret messenger might carry the news over the neighborbood, and the Whigs, in numbers too great for them to resist, might be on them before they were aware of their danger. It was a bold move in them to venture into such a Whig settlement at any time, and was certainly imprudent to be there in the light of the sun. Every moment increased their peril; but what was to be done? To seize him now and carry him off as a prisoner seemed to them rather an ungrateful and irksome business. Destitute, as they were, of anything like refinement, and ignorant of the civilities which men of intelligence and cultivated manners observe, even in a state of warfare, in this case, which was so strongly marked and so impressive throughout, they felt committed by the common laws of hospitality to show him some friendship, and the very thought of treating him otherwise, made them feel a little mean. The perplexity was, to know whether they should take him prisoner after having been treated so kindly, or go away without mentioning the purpose for which they had come.

No matter what course they took, the consequences must be unpleasant and inevitable. In either case they would feel self-condemned, and be subjected to never-ceasing taunts and reproaches, if nothing worse; but one or the other must be done,

and without delay. After a short and uneasy silence, one of them, probably the officer in command, by keeping all his better feelings, if he had any, in abeyance, conjured up resolution enough to become spokesman for the rest, and commenced, by saying, "I suppose, sir, you understand our business: we have been sent to take you prisoner, and carry you to our camp." "Very well," said the Colonel, in his frank and independent way, not being at all disconcerted, and betraying no apprehension of consequences; "Very well, gentlemen, if you can reconcile it with your conscience and your sense of propriety to take me prisoner, after having enjoyed my hospitality, you can do so. You came here cold and hungry—I gave you a place at my table, and at my fireside. I have given you of the best I had, and have treated you as well as I could. You are trying to maintain the authority of King George—I am trying to defend my country against his oppressive measures, and to maintain those rights which the Creator has given us, and which we all ought to consider invaluable; but in this contest, we ought not to forget the uncertainties of war, nor overlook the principles of honor and humanity. Your stratagem has succeeded, and you have taken me by surprise. I am here, in your power; I am not disposed either to resist or to make my escape. Take me, if you think proper."

After a momentary pause, and considerable embarrassment, some of them said, "Well, it did look rather ungenerous, and they hated it prodigiously, but they *reckoned* they would be obliged to

do it." No one, however, seemed disposed to lay hands on him; and after a little "hemming and hawing," some muttering their thoughts in an unintelligible way, and others maintaining a dogged silence, one of them remarked that it would be too confounded mean, and, for his part, he would give himself to "Old Scratch" at once, soul and body, before he would be guilty of any such thing. So saying, he started up, and indicated by his movements a determination to be off without further delay. To this they all assented, and showed by their actions that they were ready to follow his example. Then, thanking him for his kindness, and bidding him, apparently, a cordial farewell, they went out with an air of cheerfulness, as if they had been relieved from a great burden, and mounting their horses at the gate, started off as they came. They had not, however, got out of the lane until they begun to consider, and to discuss among themselves what excuse they would make on their return to camp. They could not say that they did not find him at home, nor that he was too strongly fortified by men or other means for them to take him. To say that he had made them "foxy," and had thus found an opportunity to escape, or that he had overcome them with kindness, and they could not find it in their hearts to treat him as an enemy, would only expose them to unmeasured ridicule, and subject them to censure, if not to some heavier punishment at the hands of their superiors.

As this was a matter of grave importance, and

one which they could not leave undetermined, they called a halt and remained for a few minutes engaged in earnest confabulation, with their horses turned heads and tails, at right angles and in every possible direction. The majority it seems were in favor of taking him at all events, if it was a little mean; and having come to this conclusion, they all put spurs to their horses, and dashed back at half speed; but he knew the Tories well enough not to trust them; and before they got back, he was out of their reach. If the boobies had not got so "tight" on his brandy, from the effects of which they had not yet entirely recovered, they might have known that when they had once given him a chance to escape, they would not catch him napping again.

Disappointed finally in the purpose for which they had taken such a long and fatiguing ride and mortified by the trick which had been so successfully played upon them at the expense of their honor and their fidelity to the royal cause, without molesting his family, property or anything else, for which, after all that had passed and with something still more unpleasant, perhaps, in prospect, they felt no disposition, they set off on their return to camp and at a gate which betrayed their deep mortification. As "the spur in the heal," was losing its effect and as the vexation felt by a disappointment, under such circumstances was pressing heavily upon their spirits, no jocund laugh was heard as they moved along and no vivacity was seen in their movements. If they were sad, those whom they

were leaving behind were joyous; and every living thing on the premises seemed to feel relieved at their departure; but what tale they told and how they fared on their return to camp was never known, because no one ever cared to know or thought worth while to inquire.

## James Love.

Not long before the army under Cornwallis passed through Wilmington, on its way to the North, a massacre was perpetrated in the vicinity of the town which spread lamentation in a number of families, and which taught a sad but salutary lesson. Rouse's the scene of this tragedy, was eight miles below Wilmington and on the Newbern road. It was a public house and a place of resort for the Whigs of the surrounding country, who frequently met there in the evening to discuss public matters, take a convivial glass, and spend an hour or two in social mirth. On the evening to which we refer, some ten or twelve had collected there, and, although they were so near the town that a troop of British horse could reach them in an hour, they were enjoying themselves as usual. Major Craig, the British officer then in command at Wilmington, having been notified of this party by a miserable Tory, sent out a detachment of infantry in the night, which took them by surprise, and gave no quarters. The whole of them, with the exception of one who fortunately escaped, were put to death without mercy or forbearance; and the place was left, for the time being,

a scene of desolation. James Love, who was a companionable man, and was brave to rashness, was one of this party, and was almost the only one of whose conduct in that fearful moment, we have received any account. Though brave, he had such a flow of spirits, and was so fond of a social hour that he inconsiderately exposed himself to the danger and met an untimely fate.

When the British surrounded the house and commenced the work of destruction, Love determined, it seems, that if he must die, he would sell his life as dearly as possible. Having taken his saddle into the house and laid his sword upon it, he seized both and, holding the saddle before him as a shield, cut his way through them until he got out of the house. He then aimed for a mulberry tree which stood in the yard and fell at its root, having his body pierced by a number of bayonets. Being a man of an undaunted spirit and of great bodily strength, while his life's blood was flowing, he dealt such blows on his murderers that the ground where he fell was stained with their blood, as well as with his own. He did all that mortal man "dare do" or could do, in such circumstances, and none but the patriot and soldier would have sold his life so dear. One escaped, and another, who had concealed himself in the garret, was ferreted out and promised his life on condition that he would disclose the position and plans of the Whigs. He did so, and then was instantly put to death. He was a native of Duplin county, and his name was Wilson. Being of good character and of respectable family, his betraying the

plans of the Whigs, to save his life, may be accounted for by the fact that he was quite a youth, and had not yet attained sufficient maturity of mind.

The work must have been done with great despatch, for Col. Bludworth, with a body of men under his command, was so near that he heard the firing of the muskets at the house, and was soon on the ground, but the British had gone Then what an appalling scene was presented! There lay the body of Love alone in the yard and near the mulberry tree. The family who kept the house had fled in dismay; and the floor was covered with the bodies of the slain. Love was respectably connected and highly esteemed as a man. Though brave and patriotic he was too inconsiderate and reckless of danger. The writer of the communication in the Wilmington Chronicle, from which this is taken in substance, and of which mention has been made in another place, says that Love asked his father that evening, as they were neighbors, friends and fellow-soldiers, to go along; but his father told him that it was too near a military post for them to venture, and tried in vain to dissuade him from going. The same writer says that Love fell in the prime of life and in the service of his country; but his death seemed to say to the minions of power, you may harass and kill, but such spirits you can never conquer.

## Col. Dodd.

During the time that Wilmington was in possession of the British, under the command of Major Craig, the town and its vicinity were the theatre of proscription, murder and torture, in rapid succession and often under circumstances of atrocity utterly incompatible with the honor of a great and civilized nation. Afraid to venture far into the country, they were all the time preying upon the Whig inhabitants within a space of a few miles in diameter, and, though the mass of the royalists in that region were conscientious and honorable men, as much so at least as could be expected in such a state of things as then existed, there were many others of a different character, men of depraved principles or of no principle at all, who, for a small bribe, or from a mean cringing disposition to curry favor with those in power, were ever ready to give information and to commit any unworthy deed at the bidding of their masters. Every active and spirited Whig, within the range of their operations, was "hunted like a partridge on the mountains;" and, if caught, was instantly put to death. Fathers, husbands and brothers were murdered in cold blood, and their mothers, wives and children were left without a home, without protection and without even the means of subsistence. When Cornwallis, with the army under his command, passed through this region on his way to Yorktown, it was no better. The same deeds of cruelty were committed and the

same wanton destruction of property was made, either by his express command or by his connivance, which amounted to the same thing. It would seem that his lordship, chagrined and mortified by the treatment which he had lately received from General Greene at Guilford Court House, was now gratifying his spleen by ordering or permitting these low acts of cruelty and recklessness. In this state of things there were some hairbreadth escapes, tortures inflicted almost beyond endurance and feats of valor and activity performed which were worthy of all commendation and of perpetual remembrance.

The few incidents, belonging to that region, which are here related, were all taken, in substance, from the Wilmington papers; and the account here given of Col. Dodd is from the Wilmington Chronicle, under date of June 11th, 1845, and, as it is a simple unvarnished tale, without any attempt at romance or exaggeration, we have no doubt it is strictly correct. The writer of the communication tells us that he had the account, in the summer of 1811, from Col. Dodd himself, who was then living in Sampson county, in the full possession of all his faculties; and like a man whose only aim was historical truth, he appears to have written just what he received from the most reliable source.

He tells us that Dodd was a small man, but of the finest form and figure. Although he was at the time of the interview, turned of seventy, he walked with a firm and vigorous step, and conversed with great spirit and vivacity. Like most men of that period who lived to be old, when speaking of revo-

lutionary scenes, he was not only animated but peculiarly interesting. At the time Cornwallis was passing through Duplin county on his way to Virginia, Dodd had his residence near the court-house, where the army encamped and was halted for some time to refresh the troops. The most of the inhabitants, on the approach of the enemy, left their homes and fled to places of safety; but Dodd and a few others remained, with a determination to annoy his lordship as much as possible. His smoke house was broken open and plundered, his stock was killed, and a fine blooded colt was disfigured and ruined by cutting open each side of the jaws from the mouth up to the ears.

A detachment of cavalry or dragoons was sent out with orders to take Dodd himself—dead or alive, we presume, and, but for a kind providence and his own ingenuity they would have succeeded. While reconnoitering they espied him and a Mr. Thompson on the Cross Creek road, and instantly the pursuit was commenced at full speed. As they were both well mounted they felt little or no apprehension; but Dodd soon discovered the superior bottom of the British horse and told Thompson that they must leave the road, which lying through a swamp, had been causewayed and a ditch thrown up on each side. Dodd's horse, yielding to the spurs, leaped the ditch, but Thompson's horse refused. The pursuers now divided, a part going in pursuit of Dodd, with increased eagerness, and the rest went after Thompson. Dodd being uncommonly vigorous and active, as he approached a pond

which was covered with thick undergrowth, leaped from his saddle into it and sunk himself as much under water as possible, where he remained perfectly quiet and motionless. His pursuers rode all through it again and again, crying out all the time, "We will have the d—nd rebel. Kill him! kill him!" and several times they approached so near that he thought they would surely ride over him; but he escaped and lived to a good old age, enjoying the untold blessings of freedom and independence. Thompson was not so fortunate; for he was soon overtaken, and killed on the spot. Two more determined Whigs, says the writer of this account, was not to be found in that region of country; and the reader has no doubt been thinking on what a small thing, a mere casualty often, a little restiveness in a horse at the critical moment, or a little well timed agility on the part of the rider, a man's fate in time of war, is frequently suspended; *but the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.*

## Col. Thomas Bludworth.

All who have been at Wilmington, or any where near it, have heard something about Negro-head Point, and about the origin of the name by which it is so familiarly known. It is the point of land between the North-East and North-West rivers where they enter the Cape Fear; and is some four or five hundred yards from Market street dock. According to tradition it took the name of Negro-head Point from the fact that, in the early settle-

ment of the country, the head of a famous negro outlaw, who had committed sundry acts of theft and murder in this and adjoining counties, was erected on a stake at this point, and left there as a warning to others.

At present it is the site of a steam rice-mill, whose spacious front painted white, and whose tall chimney belching forth dense columns of smoke, curling and expanding as they rise into the air and floating off in graceful detachments, present an aspect by no means unpleasant. The area beyond, containing several hundred acres, is now the rice farm of Samuel R. Potts, Esq. This locality has also become celebrated by having been the theatre of one of the most remarkable incidents in the revolutionary war. It was at that time an uncultivated swamp or forest of tall cypress trees, intermingled with an undergrowth of loblolly, bay, rattan and bamboo briars. On the spot where the little office, which is painted white, now stands in front of the main building, once grew a tall cypress, the monarch of the swamp. This tree is said to have been seven feet in diameter, and seventy feet to the first limb. Being hollow throughout it contained within its base a chamber large enough to accommodate a small family; and the exterior or shell was perfectly sound, but to this singular mansion there was no visible entrance. It was first discovered by Col. Thomas Bludworth, a Welsh gentleman, though now a citizen of the country. When out on a fox chase one morning, the dogs pursued a fox to this point, and then suddenly disappeared. He could

distinctly hear them barking, but could not determine their whereabouts. At length it occurred to him that they must be inside of the tree; but he could find no hole in it, and no visible entrance. On retracing his steps about fifty yards he perceived that the leaves and earth had been scratched up as if by dogs' feet, and a cavern or tunnel in the earth, large enough he supposed to admit a man, and leading directly towards the tree. Entering this subterranean passage and fearlessly pursuing it, he was suddenly ushered into a spacious chamber and found the dogs exulting over their prey, having killed two foxes, a raccoon and a mink which had entered the hollow of the treee, no doubt as the usual place of their abode. It immediately occurred to him that this tree might be converted into a citadel for annoying the British who then had possession of Wilmington; and he returned home revolving this project in his mind, but kept his discovery and his designs a profound secret; for such was the perilous state of the times that their very inmost thoughts seemed to be conveyed to the British by the prowling, infamous Tories.

The family of the Bludworths came over to this country many years before the Revolution, and settled near South Washington, in New Hanover county. They are said to have been patronized by the celebrated Sir William Jones, who was himself a Welshman, and one of the most learned men in Europe. The old Colonists used to exhibit his letters to them with much pride, and expressed for him a most affectionate regard. They were poor,

but not illiterate. They were moral and industrious, with strong national feelings, regarding themselves as the pure original Britons, whom the mongrel Anglo-Saxon race had driven from their homes, and despoiled of their property. Of course they held the English in utter abhorrence; and when the war of the Revolution broke out, they joined the patriots to a man. It used to be a common saying among the Whigs that you might as well expect to find "a mare's nest," as a Welsh Tory. They furnished many a gallant spirit for the contest; and amid the general excitement and cry for vengeance after the massacre at Rouse's it was not to be expected that the Welsh would be idle spectators.

The Bludworths all had a mechanical genius, and being like Tubal Cain, very cunning in the working of metals, they manufactured sword-blades, pikes, pistols, and the very best of rifles. When Col. Bludworth discovered the hollow tree, he thought that he could make a rifle which would carry, with sufficient accuracy, a two ounce ball to the dock of Market street. Accordingly he set to work, and made a rifle of uncommon length and calibre. With this he practised shooting at a target, the distance which he supposed the tree to be from Market Dock; and having an accurate eye for mensuration, he was probably not far wrong. The experiment succeeded according to his wishes; for having drawn the figure of a man on his barn door, he never failed to lodge a ball in it every shot, but still kept his intentions a profound secret.

One fine day in July, he said to his son Tim, then a small lad, and to Jim Paget, a lath of an urchin in his employ, "Come, boys, let us see if we can't start a fox, or tree a raccoon, this morning; but as it may be a long hunt, suppose we take some prog along with us." So saying, he filled two wallets with provisions, and laying them on the shoulders of the two boys, he took old Bess, as he called his new made rifle, with an augur and a large jug in his hand to hold water. Thus equipped, they entered a canoe on the North-east River, and set their compass for Negro-head Point. On arriving at the tree, he disclosed his plans to the boys as follows: "Well, boys, yonder cypress tree is to be our home for two weeks to come, and mayhap it may be our everlasting home. There is a large hollow in it, capable of lodging us comfortably, and as it is adapted to my purpose, I want to take possession of it for a time.

"It will be necessary to erect a little scaffold, and to make an opening in the tree, fronting Market Dock, where the British are in the habit of assembling. This opening must be large enough to admit the muzzle of old Bess; and when she goes off in that direction, with the right charge of powder and lead, somebody's head may ache; but not ours: at least the hardest must fend off. Now, if you think you can stand to it without flinching, say so; if not, say so—and you can go home, and old Tom will try his luck alone." The boys gave three cheers, and said they would stand by him to the last; when they all entered the aperture, one after

another, and were soon in the hollow of the tree. Tim commenced boring a hole, to admit old Bess, standing on the shoulders of his father, and supported by Jim Paget. A scaffolding was soon erected with pieces of timber, brought in from the swamp; and additional holes were bored higher up in the tree to admit light and air. Old Bess was soon in the proper place, and ready for action. There were, however, several bay trees in front, which completely concealed the lower part of the cypress; but by cutting away a few limbs and leaves, a full view was given of the British on Market wharf. It so happened, that in the summer, from ten o'clock in the morning, until sun-down, the wind sets almost uniformly up the river, serving to bear away the smoke of the rifle in a northerly direction among the cypress trees, deadening the report at the same time, and thus concealing it from the enemy.

The morning of the 4th of July, the day of American Independence, was the time fixed on for old Bess's introduction to his Majesty's loyal subjects. "You see, boys," said the Colonel, "that group of Britishers, with their red coats, standing before Nelson's liquor store, on Market wharf? Now, I'll just dispatch a two-ounce ball, to inquire what they are doing there this morning; and politely to ask after the health of Major Craig, and that infernal Tory, Captain Gordon, of the dragoons." Crack went the rifle. "See, by blood!" said Tim, "there is a man down, and four others are lifting him into the shop." "Very good," said

the Colonel, wiping out the gun, filling his charger with powder, and carefully emptying it into the muzzle, then taking out a patch from the breech, rubbing it in the tallow box, placing it under the ball at the muzzle, and carefully ramming it down. "Fix my seat, Tim, and I'll try if I can send another into the shop to look after the first." Another report of the rifle—"There, I'll be darned to small flinders," said Jim Paget, "if another 'aint down! and see, they are bearing the red-coat into the shop." Utter consternation seemed to prevail on the wharf: men were running to and fro, some pointing one way, and some another; but no one suspecting the secret source of their annoyance. The drums began to beat to arms, and the fifes to squeal; but all in vain; they were struck down by an unknown and invisible hand. As if impelled by fate, a column of soldiers now marched down to the wharf, with colors flying, drums beating, and fifes discoursing most martial music.

"Now, Kurnel," said Jim, "suppose you let me try my hand this time."

"But Jim," said the Colonel, "do you think that you can hold the gun steady?"

"To be sure I can," said Jim. "'Tis true, my shanks and arms are none of the biggest; but I think I can do that thing."

The colonel surrendered to Jim, who took steady aim and drew trigger. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a universal fluttering in the dove cote; and the column deployed, scattering in every direction.

Jim, elated with his success, said, "Kurnel, old Bess must have been rude and offensive to them thar folks. They seem to cut her acquaintance, and are not at all fond of her society; she has been impudent to them, no doubt; for I have allers hearn that they are a mighty well bred clever folks, and don't like to have rough-shod rebel missionaries to come preachin' among 'em."

"But see, Jim," said the colonel, "they are taking to their boats, and we may have to leave here in double quick time, but wait and see."

The boats were rowed across the river to the ferry landing on the opposite side. Having called a council, and judging that the shot must have come from the swamps on that side, they divided and began to penetrate the swamp, some on the left and some on the right; but no boat came in the direction of Negro-head Point, from which they deemed it impossible that a rifle ball could reach them.

"Now, boys," said the colonel, "this will do for the first day's work. Open the provisions; and after having paid our respects to the outer, let us try if we can comfort the inner man."

On waking next morning, they discovered no one stirring on Market wharf, and a death-like stillness seemed to prevade the town. Presently, however, the drum and fife struck up the morning reveille; and the usual hum and bustle were heard in the streets; but still no one approached Market wharf, which had been the theatre for the display of Bess' prowess on the day before.

"What, ye have got shy, have ye?" said Jim

"Wait 'till grog time, which, with these Britishers, is allers about ten o'clock, for they say the sun rises an hour too late in this country, and if you don't see NELSON'S liquor shop crowded with red coats, then I'm a liar. We need be in no hurry; for the wind won't fairly set up the river before that time."

Sure enough, Jim proved no false prophet in Israel; for just as the hour arrived, several red coats were seen gliding rapidly into the shop as if fearful that they would be shot down in their transit. Towards twelve o'clock, meeting with no molestation, they became more confident, and assembled as usual in groups before the door.

"Now, Kurnel," said Jim, "suppose you introduce Bess among them agin;" and no sooner said than done. Crack went the rifle, and another prostrate Briton was carried into the shop.

The gun having been reloaded, as a dragoon rode down to the dock to water his horse, "There, Kurnel," continued Jim, "that's a mighty purty feather in that feller's cap. I think a little wetting would improve it; try and dip it in the river." Another blast of the rifle; and the dragoon and the plume lay in the water.

The man was hurriedly borne up the street, the drums beat to arms again, and boatmen were sent out to scour the swamp on the opposite side; but returned with the same result as before. Our adventurers had been amusing themselves with this pastime for a week or more when a prowling Tory informed the British that old Tom Bludworth had been for some time from home; that he had taken

with him a large rifle of his own manufacture, and that, as he must be concealed somewhere in the swamps, he was probably the author of this mischief. The sagacious Tory also thought it possible, though not very probable, that Negro-head Point was the place of his concealment, and advised them to give it a thorough search, to cut down all the under growth and some of the cypress trees, so as to afford no hiding place for the d—d rebels.

One morning early the Colonel said to his son: "Tim, are not those boats coming towards this place."

"I think they be, father; shall we retreat or wait the result?"

"Why," said Jim Paget, "if Tim will only shut up that thar hole where old Bess peeps out when she wants to pry into other people's biziness, I think we might as well stay here; for it will take good eyes to look into this here holler."

Jim's advice was taken, and the hole was ingeniously closed up. In the mean time the boats approached, and having landed twenty men at the Point, they proceeded instantly with their axes to cut away the under-growth and some of the cypress trees; but it was late in the evening before they got to the cypress where our heroes lay concealed.

"Well," said a soldier, as he struck an axe into it, "as it is now sun-down, suppose we let this huge fellow stand until morning; but it must be cut down, for it is so large that it obstructs the view into the swamp beyond."

"It will be a herculean labor," said an officer, not suspecting that it was hollow, "and it is too late to

undertake it now; but let ten axes encounter it at sun-rise to-morrow morning."

The inmates of the tree, who had thought that their last hour was approaching, now began to breathe more freely; and, not doubting that they could make their escape in the course of the night, they began to feel that they had a prospect of more days to live. The officer called off the men—all except the ten who were to be employed next morning in the charitable work of removing the tree—and returned to town. The ten men who were left retired to a large yawl floating at the point, spread over it an awning, and unceremoniously went to sleep, leaving three sentinels posted, one at the yawl, one a few hundred yards up the North-West, and another about the same distance up the North-East river, near the place of the old ferry landing. There was a small recess in the river, concealed by rushes where our adventurers had left the canoe which brought them down, and which was to serve them again in time of need. Unfortunately, as it seemed to them, this recess was only a few feet from one of the sentinels, and to reach it unobserved they thought was impossible. The first thing that occurred to them was to creep up and tomahawk him at his post; but, much to their gratification, they were relieved from this bloody alternative.

Jim had left the tree unobserved by the others, and had gone forward for the purpose of reconnoitering, but, as bad luck would have it, when he had approached within ten steps of the North East sentinel, cautiously and silently opening the

rushes as he advanced, a rotten rattan snapped short in his hand as he was endeavoring to thrust it aside and seemed to expose him to imminent danger of being shot, "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, and at the same time presenting his piece in the direction of the sound; but Jim, who had got his diploma for imitating the voices of sundry animals, wild and tame, only answered with a grunt, which was the perfect imitation of a piney-woods hog. "O, blast your long snout," said the sentinel, "I might have known it was you, for who the devil would be fool enough to be eat up by the musquitoes in the swamp at this time of night? There will be little use for you to-night," said he, addressing his gun, and resting it on a stump, and then, leaning himself against a tree, in a few minutes, he began to snore with his mouth wide open, as Jim could plainly see by the light of the moon. Hastening back to his companions, he said to them, "Come, quickly! the cussed crittur is fast asleep, with his mouth wide open; but 'tis a pity to kill him; so we'll just thrust a gag in his mouth to keep him from hollering; and if he does holler, I'll tell him this hatchet shall taste his skull, and I'll swagger but he'll keep quiet." Then cutting a round stick, and tying a string to each extremity, he went up to the guard and instantly thrust the stick between his jaws, tying the string behind his neck, and leaving him, bound hand and foot in the swamp. These gallant adventurers now returned home in safety and without molestation; but the Englishmen, on finding the sentinel next morning at his post bound

hand and foot, and on attacking the big cypress, according to orders, soon had the secret of their annoyance brought to light, and though much mortified, they were saved any further trouble in that direction. They soon after evacuated the town, as before related, and went where they had perhaps more important work to do, but not more glory in the result.

## Closing Scenes of the War.

The fall of 1781 closed the military operations of the revolutionary struggle in this State, except the murders and depredations of Col. Fanning and his party, which were continued until the next summer, and were detailed in the first volume of this work. As the closing scenes of every drama are viewed with increasing interest, we would like to give as minutely as possible, the last incidents of this long-continued and momentous conflict, but the limits assigned to this volume will not permit.

In the month of August, Gen. Rutherford, having been exchanged, returned from his captivity at St. Augustine, and resumed the command in his former district. He was soon informed of the state of things in the region of the Cape Fear and Pedee rivers, and received from the officers of the surrounding country a request for assistance. With characteristic promptness, he ordered out the next detachment liable for duty, to rendezvous on Little river, in Montgomery county, by the 15th of September, and there assembled on the plantation of a

Mr. Robinson, near the appointed time, about nine hundred and fifty of the infantry and near two hundred cavalry, seventy of whom were equipped as dragoons. They were in two troops, one under Capt. Simmons, of Rowan, the other under Capt. Graham, of Mecklinburgh. Robert Smith, of Mecklinburgh, was appointed Major, and invested with the command of the whole cavalry. While here, the enemy had their spies among them, who reported from time to time, but this only made an impression in favor of the Whigs. Near the end of the month, they commenced their march, by slow movements, on the road towards Fayetteville, and received some small accessions as they advanced. Capt. John Gillespie joined them with a troop from Guilford; Capt. Bethel was there with a troop from the same county, and Colonel Owen, with thirty-five mounted men from Bladen. Their whole force was now about fourteen hundred men, three hundred and fifty horse, and ten hundred and fifty foot. This was an army which had nothing to fear in that region, and they had only to march through the country.

The Tories had never dispersed since the capture of Gov. Burke, and about six hundred of them were now embodied on the Raft Swamp, under Ray, McDougal and McNeill, ("one-eyed Hector.") Gen. Graham says, they were informed that Col. Fanning was not with them. The tradition of the neighborhood says he was there, but was one of the first that fled. When the reinforcements were received, Major Smith was raised to the rank of colonel, and

Captain Graham to that of major. These light troops scoured the country, and being in advance of the infantry, did all the fighting. As soon as the cavalry approached, they fled in every direction, and made no organized or general resistance, for they had neither the discipline nor the firmness necessary to face such men under such officers.

The Whigs came upon them on the causeway of the Raft Swamps, each of them two or three hundred yards wide, and rode over them, cut them with their sabres, and tumbled the riders and their sand hill ponies off the causeway into the water, where probably some of them were drowned. At a certain point, they had taken their stand on the rising ground, intending to give the Whigs "Jesse," as they came out of the Swamp; but as soon as they saw them, on their big western horses, rushing through like a torrent, they were frightened out of their wits and fled in utter confusion. Sixteen of them were known to have been killed and about fifty wounded. The Whigs lost one or two horses, and had one man killed, John McAdoo, who was greatly lamented as a man of tried firmness and dauntless courage. Some of the Tories then fled to the "Neutral Ground," and some left the country; but most of them gave in their submission.

Since writing the above, I received from a friend in that region some memoranda of the affair on the Raft Swamp, such as he could gather, and all he could gather, from the most reliable traditions still current in the country. They say there were nine or ten killed, but they are not certain as to the num-

ber, and, as the men were from so many different counties, probably they never knew how many were wounded. Gen. Graham, who was a prominent actor in the scene and whose account is, therefore, the more reliable one, says there were sixteen killed and about fifty wounded. They all agree, however, that about six hundred of the Tories were embodied there and that was about the number they had in the battle on Cane Creek. In fact they had never disbanded entirely, but kept together and practised daily in the military exercises like any other army. The Governor was captured in Hillsboro', Sep. 13, and on the 15th of October they were routed on the Raft Swamp. So that, after marching with their prize all the way from Hillsboro' to Wilmington, they could not have had more than a few days to rest and refresh the men. When they arrived, with Gov. Burke, at McFall's mill, the place of general rendezvous for all the Tories east of the Yadkin, at least during the latter part of the war, he was sent off to Wilmington, guarded by a detachment under the command of Col. Ray. Fanning, having had his arm broken, only a few days before, in the battle on Cane Creek, it seems, did not go, but remained with the main body until he knew that the prisoner was safely delivered to Major Craig and then returned to his old haunts near Cross-hill. In a few days, it is said, he and Maj. Elrod came down, but without any men; and, after consulting for some time with the principal officers, left in the evening. During this transient visit of Fanning and Elrod, for consultation, the men were reviewed on or near

the spot on which Floral College now stands, and they then numbered three hundred, or the rise, though many from the adjoining counties had, no doubt, after an absence of several weeks, gone, on furlough, to visit their families and would return before the battle. The number brought by Fanning and Elrod did not, it is said, fall much short of three hundred, making, in all, about six hundred. Within a week after their visit for consultation, when Rutherford was approaching and was probably near Drowning creek, or within a day's march of McFall's mill, Fanning and Elrod returned with all the men they could raise. Gen. Graham says, "They captured an old man, just from the Tory camp, who told them there were about six hundred men commanded by four Colonels, Eliod, (Elrod) Ray, McNiell, (one eyed Hector) and McDougal, but that Fanning, not having recovered from the wound which he received on Cane Creek, was lying out. Elrod, so far as I have been able to learn, never ranked higher than Major, but, from appearances, the old man might have taken him for a Colonel. McDougal had been present but, owing to a fortunate circumstance, fortunate for him, at least, he was not there when they were attacked by the Whigs, or not in time to take any command.

If Fanning was not present when the attack was made, it could hardly be on account of his broken arm; for it was now over a month since he met with the accident and it must have been pretty well healed; but he left in good time and for other reasons. He may perhaps have made that excuse, or

it may have been a charitable supposition on the part of the men; but he always perceived, as if by instinct, just when he could venture to be brave, and when "discretion was the better part of valor." By the spies whom Gen. Graham mentions as having been present when Gen. Rutherford was collecting his force, he must have been well informed in regard to the number and character of his enemy; or, without any such information, his own sagacity and his knowledge of the country must have taught him that such a man as Rutherford would not come into that region without an adequte force, and, that the Scotch on their sand-hill ponies, even with equal numbers, would be no more before those western men on their fine western horses, than chaff before the wind. He would not have had command of more than his own men, if he had been there, as the Scotch were unwilling to be commanded by him; but, if he had been the commanding officer, he had more sense than to encounter a superior force of western men, commanded by such officers as Rutherford, Smith, Graham and others, whose character for skill and bravery was well known over the State. He knew well what would be the result; and, rather than witness the destruction, or entire discomfiture of his friends, he very prudently left when he found that the enemy was nearly within striking distance.

Before Fanning and Elrod joined them with the men they had collected, Col. McNeill, "One-eyed Hector," as he was afterwards called, had marched his army down about five miles below McFall's mill and encamped in the woods at the mouth of Brown's,

now McDougal's branch, on the south-west side of the Little Raft Swamp, and about a mile above the Lowry road, where they were joined by Fanning and Elrod. At the battle on Cane Creek, as before stated, where old Col. Hector McNeill was killed, McDougal was put in his place; but that was intended to be only a temporary appointment. When the danger was over, according to tradition, another Hector McNeill was put in the place, to conceal the death of the old Colonel, and he continued in office. Still McDougal may also have been permitted to retain his appointment in honor of his services on that occasion; but be this as it may, none of them having much to do, he left head-quarters and went on a visit to his old Whig friend, Neill Brown, Esq., who lived some four or five miles south, on the south-west side of Richland swamp, where he stayed a day or two. Next morning (the second morning of this visit, I presume,) word came to the army that Gen. Rutherford had arrived at McFall's mill; and they just supposed that, in a day or two, he might come down, or perhaps send forward a detachment to reconnoitre their camp, and perhaps "beat up their quarters," a little.

After some consultation, they concluded to cross the Little Raft Swamp, and take their stand upon the face of the hill, on the north-east side, on the Lowry road, and there "give the Whigs Jesse" as they came out of the swamp, which they would have to do on a causeway, that was little better than none. They did not expect an immediate attack, yet they sent up Daniel M'Arn, and another man as a scout,

to get information. M'Dougal had heard nothing of Rutherford's approach, but he concluded to visit the army this morning. Brown told him, merely as an act of courtesy, to leave his horse, and ride his mare, a fine young animal, which he did. "The army" crossed the swamp, not in any order, but as they found it convenient; and just while they were doing so, M'Dougal rode up. When the front got over, they met a traveller on foot, and carrying a bundle hung over his shoulder on a staff. Laying aside his bundle, he sat down to rest and talk. When "the army" had crossed, they were all consulting and talking, some sitting, and others lolling on the ground, but none of them were in order for battle, when M'Arn and the other man who had been sent out for information, were seen coming at full speed, their horses almost run down. On coming up, they announced that the Whigs were coming in full gallop, and were close at hand. While they were yet speaking, Major Graham and his dragoons came in sight, having seen M'Arn and pursued him.

The Tories had taken up the bridge, and thought that no mortal would then attempt to cross; but Graham and his men, on their big horses plunged in, and floundered through, much to the surprise of the Scotch, and then formed into line by turning to the right and left as they cleared the swamp. At this moment all was confusion among the Tories, and some fled at first sight. Others tried to get into order, and about thirty-five did so; but as soon as the Whigs were formed into line and started up

the hill at a gallop, they all fled, each one his own way, and M'Dougal among them, on his young mare, and using his cocked hat for a switch.

The poor traveller, noticed above, feeling conscious that he had done nothing worthy of death, apprehended no danger, and made no efforts to get out of the way; but when the dragoons were approaching, his fears were excited. Dropping on his knees, he began to beg for his life, but in vain. In the thoughtlesness of the moment, and impelled by their excited feelings, one man pulled out a pistol and shot him down, without breaking their gallop, however, or retarding their pursuit of the flying enemy. They kept the road in a northeasterly direction, towards the Big Raft Swamp; and this probably gave their enemies a better opportunity of attacking them *en masse*, while they crowded, jostling each other, and thus retarding their own progress over the long and narrow causeway.

In what was then an old field, but now owned and cultivated by John McMillan, William Watson was overtaken and cut down. His brother John, who was only a few paces ahead, was also cut down when in the act of turning round to beg for his life. These were both from the swamps on the Cape Fear; and a little further on they shot down Thomas Watson, of another family, but he got to Edward Campbell's that night, where he lived a week and died. They next cut down Peter McKellar, from Ashpole, who was buried at the road-side where he fell, and a small post, with the initials of his name near the top, still marks the place of his

grave. A little above the road, on the hill of the Big Raft Swamp, two or three others were cut down whose names are now forgotten. Soon after I came into this part of the country, and before I had the least thought of ever publishing anything on the subject, William Ryan, Esq., who was one of our most upright and estimable citizens, and who was on that expedition against the Tories, told me that when they came to the Big Raft Swamp, "it looked *funny*" to see the little Scotch ponies, that had been jostled off the causeway, and had sunk into the water on each side, some with their heads, and some with only their noses, above the surface, while others had, no doubt, sunk entirely, and were never seen again. While a cluster of them were thus amusing themselves, they saw the bushes on one of the tussocs shaking, and on observing it closely, they saw the face of a little oldish looking Scotchman peering through the leaves. James Shannon, of this county, beckoned him to come out, but without any thought that he would be treated with inhumanity. Some one of the men present was going to shoot him on the spot; but Ryan said he himself begged them not to do it, and told them that it would be a shame to kill such a man, and when entreating them most earnestly by looks and signs to spare his life. They would have spared his life, but while engaged in trying to hold some intelligible communication with him, some one—Major Charles Polk, I think, or *Devil Charley*, as he was generally called—rode up, and asked them if that was the way they were

obeying the General's order. The little Scotchman, reading Polk's determination in his countenance, attempted to run and make his escape to the Swamp, which was not far off; but Polk took after him, and either shot him, or cut him down with his sword. The traditions of that neighborhood say that Polk split his head open with his sword, and then returned wiping the blood off with his hand. William Morrison, father of the Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, D. D., was one of the party, and always spoke of it afterwards with a kind of horror. He said it made the flesh crawl on his bones, and he regarded it as nothing but murder. Ryan, when giving me the account, spoke of it in the same way, and said that the very thought of it made him feel awful.

A young man of some distinction was also killed, on the south side of Rock Fish. His body remained there until two women, a Mrs. Black and another dug a hole and buried him, for such was the terror inspired by the Whigs, that no man would venture to perform even that duty. A marsh near the place where he was buried took his name, and is still called *Armstrong's Marsh.* Peter Robisson lost his horse on that occasion, having been wounded and mired down in a branch; but in a few days he got out and was taken on his way home, with all his trappings and baggage safe. A Joseph Corbett was called on by a small party and told to come out into the yard to be shot, as they did not wish to bloody the floor. He did as he was ordered and placed his hands, one over the other, opposite to

his heart. The charge was directed to that point. He fell and was left for dead; but he recovered, some of the shot remaining in his hands and the rest so much weakened that his life was saved. He also died at an advanced age. I saw a man, by the name of Archibald Black, who had been shot down and afterwards received some blows on the head with a sword. He died a few years ago in Florida. The charge had lodged in his shoulder, and, as the ball was never extracted, he generally complained of some inconvenience. At the same time a brother of his was killed, and probably others who are now forgotten.

By the discomfiture of the Tories on the Raft Swamp, and by the energetic measures which were immediately adopted and carried out, they were so frightened and scattered, that they never attempted again to embody. When they found that General Rutherford was remaining in that region, and sending out his dragoons in every direction, and penetrating the swamps in search of them, with a boldness which struck them with amazement, they began to think that he was determined to put them all to the sword; and they either came in and surrendered at discretion, or fled beyond his reach. Maj. Gainey had some time before made a truce with General Marion, that there should be a cessation of hostilities within a certain district or portion of South Carolina, lying on or near the Pedee; and many of the discomfited and frightened Tories, fled to the "Truce," as the *place* was now called. Many of the robbers and desperadoes of the country also fled to

"the truce;" and thus "the truce" became a considerable advantage to the country. From this time, the Tories were virtually conquered; and very few murders and depredations were afterwards committed by the two political parties as such. Having given the traditionary accounts of the affair on the Raft swamp, we return now to the narrative of Gen. Graham, who, from his character, and his having been an actor in the scene, is the more full and reliable.

Having so effectually subdued the Tories in that region, Gen. Rutherford moved down the river, on the south side, towards Wilmington; but after going some distance he divided his forces and advanced on both sides. Leaving a strong detachment, under Col. Smith, with orders to continue on the same route, he crossed the river himself, with the main body, and went down on the north side Smith's party took a few prisoners and had a little skirmishing, but met with no serious opposition from the Tories. A brick house, opposite to Wilmington, was garrisoned by fifty British and fortified by abattis. To gratify the importunity of the men, the officers yielded, contrary to their better judgment, and an attempt was made to "storm the castle;" but without success and with very little loss. On learning that a hundred Tories were encamped on the plantation of a Mr. More, a mile or two below, a detachment of ninety men, under Major Graham, was sent to disperse them, which they did without any serious loss. Twelve of the Tories were killed and about thirty wounded. Continuing their march, they were attacked in the

night by Col. Gainey with about eighty of his followers; but were repulsed with the loss of one man killed and a few wounded. The Whigs had one man killed, Lieutenant Clarke, and several horses wounded. In the course of the following day Col. Lee arrived with the intelligence that the British army under Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, and in a day or two more, the British troops under Major Craig, evacuated Wilmington.

After Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington, at Yorktown, Oct. 19th, 1781, and Major Craig left Wilmington, about the first of November following, it was a fearful time with the Tories until peace was concluded, in the fall of 1783, and could be carried into effect. The treaty made provision for them, but it required a few years to get order established, and secure their safety. In the meantime, many of those who had been most active and prominent, fled from the country,—some went back to Scotland, and some to the West Indies; but most of them went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the British government had made provision for them. Some, however, of the most active and efficient among them, remained until law and order were established, and found concealment in the swamps or protection under the wing of Whig friends. Captain John McLean, for example,—*Sober* John, who had Gov. Burke and the other prisoners in charge, from Hillsboro' to Wilmington, because he would not get drunk, left his family on Upper Little river, and took his negroes down to the swamps on the Cape Fear,

nearly opposite to the Bluff Church, where he rented land from his Whig friend, John Smith, and under his protection, dwelt in safety until the danger was over. Alexander McKay went to the West Indies, became wealthy and died there. Capt. Daniel McNeill, Col. Duncan Ray, Col. Archd. McDougal, and a number of others, went to Nova Scotia. Captain McNeill made that his home, and with the exception of one short visit to North Carolina, lived there to quite an advanced age; but Col. Ray returned to his family in North Carolina as soon as he could do it with safety. Col. McDougal remained there some five or six years, during which time he went to London and stayed there two years, then returned to North Carolina, where he married, raised a respectable family, and lived to a good old age, enjoying the respect and confidence of all who knew him. The writer became acquainted with him a few years before his death, and can say that he has seldom met with a more hospitable, generous and warm-hearted old man anywhere. Col. McNeill, "one-eyed Hector," Col. Ray, Capt. McLean, Capt. McKay and others, also left very respectable families and connections. The same may be said in regard to many who were then only private individuals, and but little known. The Hon. Laughlin Bethune, for example, formerly a member of Congress, was the son of the Colin Bethune, who has been already mentioned as having been so maltreated when a prisoner. After the English authority was finally abolished, and before the American laws could be properly enforced, the country abounded with thieves

and robbers, who were even more reckless and dangerous than during the war, when both parties were always armed and ready for defence or revenge.

These robbers often committed murder, and generally professed to belong to one or the other of the political parties as suited their purpose. When they went to the house of a Tory they professed to be Whigs, and often pretended that they were acting under authority from General Rutherford. When they went to the house of a Whig they professed to be Tories; and when they happened to have a spite at the man, or thought themselves insulted while there, they took his life. The country abounded with swamps which were so large, so densely covered with a small growth that was peculiar to them, and so perfectly inaccessible to horsemen, that it was almost impossible to find or apprehend them. When, for the last time, they went to the house of old Kenneth Black, of Moore county, though he had been often robbed before, there was still something left, and after driving the family all into the smoke house, they searched every part of the house, even the moss in the cracks, dug up the dirt floor, and took away all the clothing and bedding, household and kitchen furniture, provisions, and everything they could carry. A band of these robbers came from the Neuse region, and, in one night, plundered the houses of Archibald McNeill, (Ban) Mrs. Ochiltree, John McDuffee, John McKellar, widow Moore, Peggy McKay, Duncan Ray and John McKay; but they were pursued by Captain John McDonald and arrested. When the robbers

found themselves in danger they fled to "the truce," unless they were taken by surprise or suddenly environed by such a number that they could not escape. When peace was made, "the truce" expired and the honest Tories all returned home. The robbers and all, who had made themselves particularly odious to the community and obnoxious to the laws, remained. The Whigs then collected a company and went in pursuit of them. Many of them were put to death. The rest were so reduced in number and so overawed that they gave very little more trouble; but, for some time after the termination of hostilities with England, there was a most deplorable state of society, especially in those parts of the country in which there had been such embittered and deadly conflicts between Whigs and Tories. War of any kind, and under any circumstances, is demoralizing in its tendency, but a civil war, above any other, is destructive of all regular habits, all sound principles and all the courtesies and kind offices which make society desirable. Thousands, who were men of intelligence or of strong minds and of moral and religious principles, passed through the whole of the Revolutionary war without any radical deterioration of character, and afterwards became useful members of the church as well as of civil society, but it was not so with the masses.

When a country is wantonly invaded by a foreign enemy, men of intelligence and moral principle, may, with a good conscience, fight for their freedom, their rights of conscience, their homes, their families and all that is most dear to them in this world.

They can fight and conquer and kill, if necessary, those of their fellow citizens who traitorously take up arms to aid a foreign enemy in subjugating and oppressing the country; for the government must be maintained and the shedding of a little blood or the loss of a few lives is a much less evil than the anarchy which must otherwise ensue, or the crushing weight of iron-handed despotism. In such cases good men ought, even at the risk of their lives, to defend the inheritance which heaven has given them. They may do it too, from a sense of duty and not from a vindictive spirit; but it is only the smaller portion who have this command of themselves. When the mass of people have got their minds up to the point of taking each other's lives, no matter for what cause, they soon come to disregard all their other rights and a thirst for revenge and plunder becomes the ruling passion. For ten or twelve years, including the two or three last years of the war, that part of the country which is now under consideration, was in a state of wretchedness which few can conceive, and which the pen of a McAuley or a Prescot could hardly describe. While every thing was so insecure that it was liable at any moment to be taken away by stealth or robery, men had no encouragement to labor, and they seemed to aim at providing no more than would just enable them to subsist. Life itself was insecure; and no man, if he dared to sleep in his own house at all, when he lay down at night, could feel any degree of confidence that the house would not be wrapped in flames over him, or that

the assassin's dagger would not make him "Sleep the sleep of death." Poverty and desolation reigned over the country. Murder, robbery, intemperance, licentiousness, gambling, and horse-racing every where abounded; and of this the records of the county and circuit courts afford ample proof. Yet some men could pass through all that state of things with a character untarnished and without any radical change or deterioration of their moral principles! Colonel Thomas Owen, father of the late Gov. Owen, was one of this class; for he would do nothing more, they say, than his duty as an officer and the necessities of his men required; and their descendants have a high regard for his memory to this day. He was firm, energetic and enterprising; but he was humane and honorable, and he has shown that a man who was then fighting for his country might do his duty as faithfully as any other and subdue his enemies, but still have their gratitude and respect.

Colonel, afterwards General Brown, was very severe; and even such of the Tories as had not been prominent in the king's service, and consequently had not become the victims of his prowess, thought hard of him at the time. I have never heard, even from Tories or any body else, that he condescended to robbery, house-burning, or any thing disreputable to him as an officer; but, that he did not spare such as were found in arms, acting on the principle that the Tories must be subdued, and the sooner it was done the better for them as well as for the country. Col. Peter Robison was also a terror to the Tories,

and he used to remark, in his playful manner, that "a Scotchman's head would split like a green gourd;" but, that these men were not actuated by a cruel or vindictive spirit, even the Tories themselves seemed afterwards to be convinced; for after peace was concluded, and the independence of the country was acknowledged by Great Britain, they found that these very men were the best friends they had. When John McPherson, for example, and a number of others went down to Elizabethtown to make their submission and take the oath of allegiance to the State, they were treated with the greatest possible civility and kindness by the Robisons. While there and when leaving, they accompanied them out of town some distance, to protect them from the insults to which they might be exposed.

At the commencement of the war, the great mass of the Tories, Highlanders and Regulators, were conscientious men; but, before the close of it, conscience had become very feeble, at least in a large majority. Their relative numbers, too, appear to have been greatly increased, partly, we presume, by accessions from the ranks of those who never had much conscience or sense of character; and partly by the falling off from the Whig ranks of the timid and the worthless. The uniform tendency of war is to produce a general deterioration of moral principle, a fondness for plunder, a thirst for revenge, and a reckless disregard of consequences. Let it be recollected now, that one design of the writer in this detail of incidents, has been to give the community at the present day, some idea of the horrors attend-

ing a civil war, and to hold up the deplorable state of things then existing as a warning against disunion and every thing which might tend to produce anarchy and bloodshed. The union of these States is the glory of the nation, and on its preservation depends the perpetuity and boundless increase of that prosperity and happiness which we have hitherto enjoyed. While that is maintained, we shall have no anarchy and no civil war; but to preserve it in its full vigor requires vigilance, enlightened patriotism and honesty of purpose.

Some may think there is no danger that such a state of things will ever again exist in this country, but we think this a mistake, and so do much wiser and better men. It is a very few years since we were within less than a "hand's breadth" of being hurried into all the untold miseries of a civil war; and had it not been for the unwonted exertions of the most talented and patriotic men in the nation, the country would ere this have been inundated with blood. If the country were now invaded by England, or any other nation, the whole of the Protestant community, at least, would be united as one man in defence of their glorious inheritance, and we have nothing to fear from foreign invasion. The danger is at home; and that there is danger from internal dissensions in a country of such immense extent, and in which there are so many local interests of such a diversified and important character, there can be no question. Nor would the contest now, in case of civil war, be less fierce and bloody, or less strongly marked by deeds of

ferocity, than in the Revolutionary struggle. Human nature is still the same in all its attributes, and the same causes would produce the same effects.

At first blush it seems hard that when we were fighting for liberty of conscience, the Highlanders and Regulators, who were so conscientious in regard to their oath, should have to suffer for conscience's sake; but it was one of those cases which admit of no remedy. We do not blame them for being conscientious; but we are sorry that they had such a conscience,—sorry, we mean, that they had not enjoyed ampler means of information, or that they had not been better acquainted with their rights, with the true import of their oaths to the king, and with the whole controversy between the mother country and her colonies. Providence is moving on the affairs of this world towards the final accomplishment of his purposes, and if men are not prepared for any important crisis when it occurs, they must suffer the consequences. The intellect may be cultivated in a high degree, while the moral powers, or the conscience, and the religious affections are entirely neglected; and then the influence is uniformly bad, if not utterly blighing and destructive; or the moral powers may be in a good degree cultivated, while the intellect is left an entire blank in everything except the mere elements of moral truth and duty, and then in times which require an acquaintance with all subjects of a practical kind, a discernment of great principles in their bearing on existing circumstances, and a promptness to act as occasion

requires, the deficiency of general knowledge and mental culture becomes the source of trouble to all who may be directly or indirectly concerned. In such a condition were the great mass of the Scotch during the war; and their case shews the necessity of having a general system of education, and of taking active measures for the universal diffusion of intelligence among all classes of the community.

It appears that the people may be entirely wrong even in the most important matters, and honestly think they are right; but their sincerity does not shield them from the consequences of their ignorance and their mistakes. It is perhaps worthyof remark however, that a man who gets wrong on principle is very apt, if he has the means of information, to get right on principle; and those who do so make the very best citizens. There is probably not a more public-spirited and law-abiding people in the country than the descendants of the Scotch Tories. In no part of the State are schools of high order more liberally endowed, or more extensively patronized. Newspapers and periodicals of every kind circulate freely. Useful books of all kinds are found in almost every house, and many of them have respectable libraries. In improvements of every kind they are going ahead, and feel as much as any others the importance of getting some literature of our own. Whoever will go among them, and become acquainted, will say that he has hardly ever been among a more intelligent, hospitable and kind hearted people; and will soon forget that he is in what was once a Tory region, or that such scenes as

we have described were ever witnessed there. The writer speaks from experience, and has no fear of being found a false witness. For example, instead of being ashamed to have it said that they are the descendants of Tories, and trying to conceal what they know, I have found them as ready and cheerful as any others in furnishing me with whatever facts they had or could readily obtain. They say, very justly, that if their fathers were in the wrong, they were honestly so, and that the more is known about them the more favorable will their character appear.

We are now all one people, and the sins or mistakes of the fathers are no longer to be visited upon the children. Except in some particular neighborhoods, there are few descendants of Tories, now in the third generation, who have not some Whig blood in their veins, and few descendants of Whigs, especially of those in the early part of life, who have not some Tory blood. Henceforth every one must stand by his own merits or fall for the want of them; for a free and enlightened government is no respecter of persons, and an intelligent, liberal-minded and free people, in the bestowment of their suffrages, will regard nothing but intellectual and moral qualifications. Free institutions seem to have a wonderfully assimulating influence on the character of mankind, and it should be the prayer of every Christian, and of every patriot, not only that the prosperity and happiness which we now enjoy may be perpetual here, in this land so highly favored of Heaven; but that they may be extended, in full measure, to every kindred, and tongue and people under heaven.

# APPENDIX.

## ORDER-BOOK OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

Head-quarters, Hillhouse's Plantation, 18th Jan., 1781.

Parole, Portland. Countersign, Wight. Thursday.

The Commissary will issue to the troops three day's meal to the 22d inst. inclusive, and one day's Rum for this day inclusive.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major-Gen. Leslie's Guard, . . . . . | 0 | 1 | 6 | Guards. |
| P. M. Guards, . . . . . | 0 | 1 | 6 | |

"The troops under the command of Major-Gen. Leslie having joined Lord Cornwallis, all orders to be received from the Deputy Adjutant-General.

General Leslie begs the commanding officers of the different regiments which formed his late command, will accept his sincerest thanks for the great attention they have paid towards the regularity of their corps. To the officers and soldiers of which, his warmest acknowledgments are due for the strictest adherence to good order and discipline."

Head-quarters. Camp. Hillhouse's Plantation.
18th Jan., 1781.

Earl Cornwallis' Orders.—8 o'clock at night.

The army will be ready to march in column at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Yagers, | N. Carolina Volunteers, | Provision Train, |
| Corps of Pioneers, | 2 Six-Pounders, | Bat. Horses. |
| 2 Three-Pounders, | Lt. Webster's Brigade, | Ammunition Wagons, |
| Brigade Guards, | General's Wagons, | Regiment's Wagons, |
| Regiment de Bose, | Field Officers, do., | Hospital do., |

A Captain, two Subalterns and one hundred men from Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade will form a rear guard.

Head-quarters. Smith's House, 19th Jan., 1781.

Parole, St. Albans. Countersign, Leipstadt. Friday.

"The troops to be under arms precisely at two o'clock. The corps to march in the same order as this day. The officers' bat horses may follow the column. Wagons of the army, without exception, will remain on the road near Gen. Leslie's quarters until day-break, when they will move under the escort of the Royal North Carolina Volunteers. Lieut.-Col. Hamilton will receive his orders from Maj.-General Leslie. The commanding officers of the different corps will examine the best communications with those on the right, that there may be no delay or improper interval when the line is ordered to march. Cattle for two days will be sent on at day-break and follow the march of the troops.

Head-quarters, Saunders' Plantation, 20th Jan. 1781.

Parole, Gravesend. Countersign, Windsor. Saturday.

Any officer who shall observe a break in the line of march, will send forward to acquaint Lord Cornwallis or the General Officer at the head of the column, and not pass the word to halt as has been sometimes practised.

General after Orders.—The troops will be in readiness to march at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| Royal North Carolina Volunteers, | Two Six Pounders, |
| 2 Three-Pounders, | Brigade of Guards, |
| Lieut Col. Webster's Brigade, | Bat horses, |
| Regiment De Bose, | Wagons as ordered before. |

The detachment of Pioneers under Lieut. Brown, will follow the North Carolina regiment, and the Pioneers of the different regiments will march with the provision train." (Enter N. Carolina.)

"Head-quarters, ——— 21st Jan. 1781.

Parole Countersign, Dover. Sunday.

After Orders.—The undermentioned troops will be in readiness to march at half past six o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lieut. Col. Tarleton's Corps, | Two Six-Pounders, |
| Two Three-Pounders, | Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, |

Brigade Guards.

The Bat horses of the above corps will follow the column. All wagons and carts are to remain behind, except those particularly ordered to go on. A detachment from the Brigade of Guards will be ordered by Brigadier-General O'Hara and one Sergeant, three Corporals and one hundred and fifty privates from Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade, to remain with the wagons.

The women of the different corps are to remain behind with the baggage guards.

Brigade Orders.—Sergeant Hunt will be left to command those men left behind when the Brigade marches away to-morrow morning.

Head-quarters, Stise's Plantation, 22d Jan., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

The troops to be in readiness to march to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock, in order as follows :

| | |
|---|---|
| Lieut. Col. Tartleton's Corps, | Two Six-Pounders, |
| Two Three-Pounders, | Brigade of Guards, |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, | The Bat Horses and Wagons will follow the column. |

Head-quarters, Tryon Court-house, 23d Jan. 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

Upon sounding the bugle horn at half past six o'clock to-morrow morning, the Bat horses of the army are to be loaded, and the troops will be ready to march precisely at 7 o'clock, in the following order :

| | |
|---|---|
| Lieut.-Col. Tartleton's Corps, | Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade, |
| Two Three-Pounders, | Provision Wagons, |
| Brigade of Guards, | Bat Horses of Brigade of Guards, |
| Two Six-Pounders, | Do. do. of Lt.-Col. Webster's Brig. |

The Pioneers of the different corps will march in front of the guns.

Head-quarters, Ramsour's Mills, 26th Jan., 1781.

Parole, Amsterdam. Countersign, Berwick.

When, upon any occasion, the troops may be ordered to march without their packs, it is not intended they should leave their camp-kettles and tomahawks behind them.

Memorandum.—Lord Cornwallis thinks it necessary to repeat in orders, regulations respecting negroes and horses, and commanding officers of brigades, as well as those of corps must be responsible for the due observance of them :

| | Horses. | Negroes, |
|---|---|---|
| Field Officers of Infantry, . . . . . | 3 | 2 each. |
| Captains, Subalterns and Staff, . . . . . | 2 | 1 |
| Serg'ts, Maj's, and Quarter-Master Serg'ts, | 1 | 1 |

No woman or negro to possess a horse.

Brigade Orders, 26th Jan., 1781.

There being a sufficient quantity of leather to complete the brigade in shoes in this village, it is recommended to, (and expected) the commanding officers of companies see their men's shoes immediately soled and repaired, and if possible, that every man, when they move from this ground, take in his blanket, one pair of spare soles, as the like opportunity may not happen for some time.

Two officers, eight non-commissioned officers, and one hundred privates from the brigade to parade immediately in the rear of the guns with all the bat horses of the brigade, and artillery horses of the army to forage for the same.

A proper guide will attend officers for the above duty, Captains Swanton and Eld.

Brigade After Orders.—At one hour after day-break, the Pickets, Quarter and Rear Guards of the brigade will be called in, that the men may clean and wash themselves thoroughly.

Head-quarters, Ramsour's Mills, 26th Jan., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

Two days flour for the officers, and two days meal for the men to the 27th inst., inclusive, will be issued immediately.

Lord Cornwallis has great pleasure in communicating to the troops the following extract of a letter from Lord George Germain, dated 9th Nov. 1780.

"It is particularly pleasing to me to obey his Majesty's command by signifying to your Lordship his Royal pleasure, that you do acquaint the officers and soldiers of the brave army under your command, that their behaviour on the glorious 16th of August is highly approved of by their Sovereign; and you will particularly express to

Lord Rawdon, Lieut.-Colonels Webster and Tarleton, his Majesty's approbation of their judicious and spirited conduct; the latter has, indeed, a double claim to praise for his great alertness in overtaking and destroying General Sumpter's detachment, and thereby rendering the victory at Cambden still more decisive. His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Capt. Ross, Major in the army by Brevet."

Head-quarters, Ramsour's Mills, 27th Jan., 1781.

A detachment of two Captains, four Subalterns and one hundred and fifty rank and file, are to parade as soon as possible in front of General Leslie's Quarters to cover the foragers of the different corps.

| Detail. | Captains. | Subalterns. | Rank and file. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Guards, | 1 | " | 50 |
| Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade, | " | 2 | 40 |
| Regiment De Bose, North Carolina Volunteers, | 1 | 2 | 50 |
| Total | 2 | 4 | 140 |

Brigade Orders, 27th January.

An exact return to be given in of such sick men as are absolutely unable to march, and a return of such men as are by lameness bad marchers; those returns to be made out by battalions immediately.

Head-quarters, Ramsour's Mills, 27th Jan. 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

The commanding officers of the different corps to be responsible that no more horses are kept than the number allowed by the regulations or orders of the 12th inst.

Those corps who are in want of pick-axes will receive an order for them by applying to Maj.-Gen. Leslie.

After Orders.—Lord Cornwallis has ordered an extra gill of rum to be issued to the troops immediately. The

troops will receive two days meal to-morrow morning, and be ready to move at nine.

Memorandum.—If any black cloth is wanting to repair or complete the men in gaiters, it may be had of Major England at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, near head-quarters.

Head-quarters, Ramsour's Mills, 28th Jan., 1781.

The army will march at 11 o'clock in the following order:

Lt.-Col. Tartleton's corps and Yagers,
Corps of Pioneers,
Two Three-Pounders,
Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade,
Two Six-Pounders,
Regiment De Bose,
North Carolina Regiment,
Two Six-Pounders,
Brigade Guards,
Ammunition and Provision Wagons,
General Officers, Bat Horses.

The bat horses of the army will follow with the same order as their respective corps. Such sick as are not able to march are to be sent to the Quarter-Master General's Guard immediately.

Head-quarters, Beeton's (Beatie's) Ford, 28th Jan., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

One officer and forty men with the bat horses to parade in the road in the front of the first Battalion Guards in order to forage. The officers of the different corps will give receipts for the forage they take.

Camp near Beeton's Ford, 28th Jan. 1781.

Lord Cornwallis has so often experienced the zeal and good will of the troops, that he has not the smallest doubt that the officers and soldiers will most cheerfully submit to the inconveniences which must naturally attend a war so remote from water-carriage and the magazines of the army. The supply of rum for a time will be abso-

lutely impossible, and that of meal very uncertain. To remedy the latter, it is recommended either to bruise the Indian corn, or to rasp it after it has been soaked. Lord Cornwallis is convinced the troops believe that he is ever most anxiously attentive to procure for them every comfort that the nature of the service will admit of.

As the object of our march is to assist and support those loyalists in North Carolina, who have ever been distinguished by their fidelity to their King and their attachment to Great Britain, it is needless to point out to the officers the necessity of preserving the strictest discipline and of preventing those oppressed people from suffering violence by the hands of those from whom they are taught to look for protection.

To prevent the total destruction of the country and the ruin of his Majesty's service, it is necessary that the regulation in regard to the number of horses should be strictly observed.

Major-Gen. Leslie will be pleased to require the most exact obedience to his orders from the officers commanding brigades and corps. The supernumerary horses that may from time to time be discovered, will be sent to head-quarters.

Head-quarters, Bowers' Plantation, 28th Jan. 1781.

After Orders.—The bat horses are to be loaded and the troops in readiness to march, precisely at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

Lt.-Col. Tarleton's corps,
Yagers,
Two Three-Pounders,
Brigade Guards,
Two Six-Pounders,
Regiment De Bose,
North Carolina Volunteers,
Two Six-Pounders,
Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade,
Cattle for the Army,
Ammunition and Provision Wagons,
Bat Horses of General Officers,
Lt's. of Regiments in the same order as their different corps.

Camp, 29th Jan., 1781.

The officers and men may by sending to the Commissary receive any proportion of salt they can conveniently carry with them. It is understood that the men are completed for twenty days.

Head-quarters, Fawney's Plantation, 29th Jan., 1781.

As the delivery of provisions will probably be very irregular, the regiments are in future to give receipts to the Commissary only for such provisions as they receive, instead of receipts for complete rations.

The meal will in future be issued by Messrs. Booth & Stedman, Commissaries of Capture; the other articles by the Commissary General's Department.

Commanding officers of corps are desired to caution their men against straggling, as two soldiers were taken yesterday very near the encampment.

Camp, 29th Jan., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

An officer and forty men with a proportion of non-commissioned officers will parade at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, at the Artillery Park, to cover the foragers of this brigade, the artillery and the provision train, who will assemble at the same hour. A Sergeant to be sent at half past six o'clock to head-quarters for a guide.

Brigade Orders.—As the army will not move to-morrow morning, it is expected that the men wash, clean and repair their necessaries, and that the ammunition is properly inspected and dried on the men's blankets in the sun, at a distance from the fire, and return per battalion given in of all damaged cartridges; the brigade to be under arms at four o'clock in the afternoon, with all their appointments.

General Orders, 30th Jan., 1781.

One officer and fifty privates with a proportion of non-commissioned officers, will parade immediately and proceed to head-quarters, where they will receive further orders.

Brigade Order.—When the brigade marches, the women, and weak and sickly men, will march in the rear of the second battalion, and in case the brigade should be ordered forward, and they cannot keep up, they will form a guard to the baggage park, or that the (baggage) may be left in their charge.

Head-quarters, Fawney's Plantation, 30th Jan., 1781.

Parole, Gibralter. Countersign, Bergen.

No sick are to be carried on the wagons upon the march, unless it is certified by a Surgeon of the hospital, that they are not able to walk or ride on horseback. Commanding officers of corps will apply to the Quarter-Master General for horses to carry such sick men as are unable to march, which horses they will return to him again as soon as they arrive at their ground or encampment.

Head-quarters, Fawney's Plantation, 31st Jan., 1781.

Orders.—The Bat horses are to be loaded and the army in readiness to march, precisely at 9 o'clock in the following order:

Lt. Tarleton's Corps,
Yagers,
Corps of Pioneers,
Two Three-Pounders,
Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade,
Two Six-Pounders,
Regiment of Bose,
North Carolina Volunteers,
Two Six-Pounders,
Brigade of Guards,
Ammunition and Provision Wagons,
Bat Horses of the General Officers,
Bat Horses of the Regiments in the same order as their respective corps.

Head-quarters, 21st Jan., 1781.

The Guards will relieve the Provision Guard and General Hospital, do.

No railing to be burnt on any ground whatever but by express permission.

Head-quarters, 31st Jan. 1781.

The army will be under arms and ready to march to-morrow morning at half past two o'clock, in two columns. Major-General Leslie will lead the first column consisting of the following corps:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brigade of Guards, | Two Three-Pounders, |
| Regiment De Bose, | 23d Regiment, |
| Half the Pioneers, | Lt.-Col. Tarleton's Corps. |

Lieut.-Col. Webster will give orders respecting the other column. The wagon-horses are to be harnessed, and the Bat horses loaded, ready to move at half past five o'clock under the escort of an officer of the North Carolina regiment.

Brigade Orders.—Quarter-Master Furnival will be left in charge of the baggage, sick, convalescents and women of the brigade, and will apply at five o'clock to-morrow morning to Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, Commanding Officer of the North Carolina regiment for other instructions, and will in every respect consider himself as responsible for this charge, and for the conduct of the men under his command.

As the Surgeons and all the Mates will march with the brigade, it is expected proper medicines and dressings are left for the sick, with directions for the same.

N. B. Horses will be applied for by Quarter-Master Furnival to the Quarter-Master General in proper time for the conveniency of the sick.

"Head-quarters, Cross roads to Salisbury,

1st Feb., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

The Bat horses are to be loaded and the army under arms, ready to march, at half-past five o'clock, to-morrow morning, in the following order :

| | |
|---|---|
| Lt. Col. Tarleton's Corps, | Regiment De Bose, |
| Yagers, | North Carolinians, |
| Corps of Pioneers, | Two six-pounders, |
| Two three-pounders, | Brigade of Guards, |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, | Ammunition and Prov'n Wagons. |
| Two six-pounders, | Bat horses as usual. |

Head-quarters, Canthard's Plantation, 2d Feb., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

Orders.—Lord Cornwallis is highly displeased that several houses were set on fire during the march this day, a disgrace to the army, and that he will punish with the utmost severity any person or persons who shall be found guilty of committing so disgraceful an outrage. His Lordship requests the commanding officers of corps will endeavor to find out the persons who set fire to the houses this day.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the army ready to march at 7 o'clock in the morning. At 5 o'clock the corps will give in the balls of the damaged cartridges, and receive sufficient to complete them to forty rounds per man.

After Orders, 2d Feb., 1781.

The troops to march to-morrow morning in the following order :

| | |
|---|---|
| Cavalry, | Two Six-Pounders, |
| Yagers, | Regiment De Bose, |
| Two Three-Pounders, | Two Six-Pounders, |
| Brigade Guards, | Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade. |

The Bat horses to follow the infantry. An officer and thirty men from Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade to march in the rear of the brigade Bat horses The wheel-carriages of the army will follow the line of march with all convenient expedition, under the escort of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton's regiment and a detachment of one officer and twenty men from the three battalions of Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade, twenty men from the Brigade of Guards, and an officer and twenty men from the Regiment of Bose; this detachment to be commanded by a Captain of Col. Webster's Brigade. The respective corps are to send serviceable men on this service, but not the best marchers.

Camp at Cassington, 2d Feb., 1781.

After Orders.—Lord Cornwallis desires the Brigade of Guards will accept his warmest acknowledgments for the cool and determined bravery which they showed at the passage of the Catawba when rushing through that long and difficult ford under a galling fire without returning a shot, gives him a most pleasing prospect of what may be expected from that distinguished corps.

The spirited behaviour of Lieut.-Col. Tarleton and the officers and soldiers of the British Legion, at the attack of a large body of infantry posted behind rails and in strong houses, does them infinite honor, and it is a proof that they are determined to preserve the reputation which they have so deservedly acquired in the course of this war.

Brigade Orders, 3d Feb., 1781.

Captain Goodricke is appointed to the Light Infantry, and Ensign Stuart to the 2d Company.

Orders.—12 o'clock, 4th Feb., 1781.

The Butchers of the several corps will assemble at the six-pounders, in the road, to slaughter cattle immediately.

It is expected in future, when the Brigade of Guards is ordered to march, that they will assemble to move precisely within a quarter of an hour's notice.

The officers of this part of the army will not pitch any tent on this ground.

Camp, Trading Ford, Yadkin River, 4th Feb., 1781.

The regiments will send the Quarter Masters and Quarter Master Sergeants to receive their proportion of pork and meal at the Park above the Ferry. A foraging party, consisting of one officer and sixty men, with all the Bat horses of the command, with all the artillery and wagon horses, will parade immediately at the Artillery Park, where a guide will attend and conduct them.

| Detail. | Officers. | Sergeants. | Corporals. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Guards, | 1 | 2 | 2 | 40 |
| Reg't De Bose, | | 1 | 1 | 20 |
| Total. | 1 | 3 | 3 | 60 |

Head-quarters, Trading Ford, Yadkin River,
4th Feb., 1781.

Parole, Gosport. Countersign, Godalmin.

After orders,—8 o'clock at night.

The corps will receive a proportion of flour by sending to Mr. Brindley, Commissary, at his wagon in Salisbury road, between the Brigade of Guards and the Regiment De Bose. Also a small dividend of beer for the officers. This issue will be made immediately.

Morning orders—5th Feb., 1781.

A foraging party, consisting of two Captains, two Subalterns and two hundred privates to parade at the guns at 8 o'clock, with the artillery, wagons and Bat horses of the command. A proper guide will attend. Every batman and driver will take a ticket with his master's name in his pocket, and the officers of the different corps will give receipts for the quantity of forage they receive.

| Detail. | Captains. | Sub's | Serg'ts. | Corporals. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brigade Guards, | 2 | | 4 | 4 | 120 |
| Reg't de Bose, | " | 2 | 3 | 3 | 80 |
| Total. | 2 | 2 | 7 | 7 | 200 |

The officers commanding the party will attend General O'Hara for further orders.

Feb. 5th, 1781.

The troops will receive a proportion of flour by sending to the Commissary's wagons, near the General's tent.

The flank companies of the Guards will relieve the Ferry Guard of one Sergeant, one Corporal and eighteen men.

Head-quarters, Salisbury, 5th Feb., 1781.

It is with great concern that Lord Cornwallis acquaints the army that he has lately received the most shocking complaints of the excesses committed by the troops. He calls in the most serious manner on the officers commanding, and Corps to put a stop to this licentiousness, which must inevitably bring disgrace and ruin on his Majesty's service. He is convinced that it is in their power to prevent it, and has seen so many proofs of their zeal for the service of their country that he cannot doubt of their utmost exertions to detect and punish offenders without which the blood of the brave and deserving sol-

diers will be shed in vain, and it will not be even in the power of victory to give success.

Great complaints having been made of negroes straggling from the line of march, plundering and using violence to the inhabitants, it is Lord Cornwallis' positive orders that no negro shall be suffered to carry arms on any pretence, and all officers and other persons who employ negroes, are desired to acquaint them that the Provost Marshal has received orders to seize and punish on the spot any negro following the army who may offend against this regulation.

Orders—2 o'clock, Morning, Feb. 6, 1781.

The troops will be ready to march this morning precisely at five o'clock, in the following order—observing the strictest silence in getting off their ground and during the march.

Line of March.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Company 1 Battalion Guards, | 2 Battalion Guards, |
| Commissary's wagons, | Hessian Picquets, |
| Bat horses and women, | 2 six-pounders, |
| The two rear guards of the Brigade | Grenadiers, |
| Guards and prisoners, | Light Infantry. |
| 2d Company 1st Battalion Guards, | |

The regiments will flank the left with one officer and thirty privates each—their baggage with one corporal and six each.

The flanking parties will take care to keep sight of the line of march. The line to march in half platoons and all or any extraordinaries to be reported to Brigadier General O'Hara, in the rear of the First Company. The whole will march into the Salisbury road by the right, calling in the pickets and parties a quarter of an hour before the hour of march, and wait till further orders. The Light Infantry Company will march by double files,

so as to be able to form to the rear if occasion requires. The corps will send at a proper time a non-commissioned officer to the preceding corps to inform themselves when they move, that the whole may be formed in proper time and order, without noise.

N. B.—The head of the column to point to Salisbury. The Bat. horses to parade, without noise, at the guns.

Head-quarters, 6th Feb'y, 1781.

The army to be under arms and ready to march precisely at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| Yagers, | Hamilton's Corps, |
| Cavalry, | 2 six-pounders, |
| 2 three-pounders, | Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, |
| Brigade Guards, | Bat horses, |
| 2 six-pounders, | Wagons. |
| Regiment de Bose, | |

An officer and thirty men of Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade to march with the Bat horses. The officer will be answerable for any irregularties committed by the Bat men. A captain and one hundred men of Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade; an officer and fifty men of the Regiment of Bose, and an officer and twelve Dragoons will march in the rear of the wagons. It is expected that the Captain will exert himself to keep good order, and prevent plundering. Should any complaint be made of the wagoners and followers of the army it must necessarily be imputed to neglect on his part. All officers are most earnestly requested to seize any militia or followers of the army who go into houses and commit excesses, and report them to Head-quarters. As soon as the troops come to their ground, any officer who looks on with indifference, and does not do his utmost to prevent the shameful

marauding which has of late prevailed in the army, will be considered in a more criminal light than the persons who commit those scandalous crimes, which must bring disgrace and ruin on his Majesty's arms.

Head-quarters, 8 o'clock at night, 7th Feb., 1781

General orders.—The army will march at half-past six in the morning.

Feb. 8th, 1781.

The Regiment of Guards will relieve the Provision Guards of one Sergeant, one Corporal and eighteen men.

As soon as the wagons come up one day's rum will be issued to the troops at the same time.

Head-quarters, Lindsay's Plantation, 8th Feb., 1781.

Orders.—The army to be under arms and ready to march at half-past six to-morrow morning, in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| Yagers, | North Carolinians, |
| Cavalry, | 2 six-pounders, |
| Half the Pioneers, | Brigade of Guards, |
| 2 three-pounders, | Bat horses, |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, | Half the Pioneers, |
| 2 six-pounders, | Wagons, |
| Regiment of Bose, | An officer and twelve Dragoons will march with the rear guard. |

General Orders, 9th Feb., 1781.

Lord Cornwallis having perceived that many soldiers from different corps are coming into town, and seemingly for the purpose of getting liquor; He begs it may be told to the men that if they commit such irregularities, he shall not think it necessary to trouble the Commissaries in providing any more rum for them.

9th Feb'y, 7 o'clock, at night.

The troops to receive to-morrow morning at six o'clock an allowance of Rum, and to be in readiness to march at seven o'clock.

Head-quarters, Miller's Plantation, 10th Feb., 1781.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the troops under arms ready to march precisely at half-past six o'clock to-morrow morning.

Yagers,
Cavalry,
Half the Pioneers,
2 three-Pounders,
Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade,
2 six-Pounders,
Regiment of Bose,
N. Carolina Volunteers,
2 six Pounders,
Regiment Guards,
Bat. horses,
Half the Pioneers,
Wagons,
An Officer and 12 Dragoons will march with the Rear Guard.

The Quarter-Master Sergeant of each Corps is to march with the Bat horses. Mr. Ryder Buie is appointed Inspector of Refugees for the Province of North Carolina.

After Orders, 10th Feb., 1781.

The different Corps will send to the Commissary at five o'clock to-morrow morning to receive a proportion of meal.

Head-quarters, 10th Feb., 1781.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the troops under arms ready to march precisely at six o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

Yagers,
Cavalry,
Half the Pioneers,
2 three-Pounders,
Brigade of Guards,
2 six-Pounders,
Regiment of Bose,
N. Carolina Volunteers,
2 six-Pounders,
Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade,
Bat horses,
Half the Pioneers,
Wagons,
An Officer and 12 Dragoons will march with the Rear Guard.

Head-quarters, 12th Feb., 1781.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the troops under arms ready to march at half-past five o'clock to-morrow morning.

Head-quarters, 13th Feb., 1781.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the troops under arms ready to march at half-past five o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 three-Pounders, | Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, |
| Brigade Guards, | Bat horses. |
| 2 six-Pounders, | |

Brigade Orders, 8 o'clock at night, 14th Feb., 1781.

It having been signified to Brigadier-Gen. O'Hara, that Lord Cornwallis means to make a forward move in the morning of twenty-five miles, in a rapid manner, and totally to effect the purposes of every late exertion it is wished Commanding Officers of Battalions will signify the same to their respective Corps, in order to ascertain at four o'clock to-morrow morning what men will be able to undertake the same, and what may be left behind.

After Orders, 9 o'clock at night.

The army will march precisely at four o'clock in the morning. The Officers are expected to take with them no more baggage but their canteens, and the men will leave their packs behind them under the charge of such men or any that may not be able to march. The returns called for in Brigade Orders will be ready at four o'clock in the morning, taking care not to disturb the men in their rest.

Head-quarters, Wiley's House, 15th Feb., 1781.

The troops to be under arms and ready to march precisely at half-past five o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order :

| | |
|---|---|
| Regiment De Bose, | 2 three-Pounders, |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade. | Brigade of Guards, |
| | 2 six-Pounders, |

Orders, 16th Feb., 1781.

A Sergeant and 18 men from those who have been resting in camp, to parade immediately at the guns with the Bat horses of the Brigade to forage. A guide and further directions will be given by Major England.

Brigade Orders, 16th Feb., 1781.

The duty of the Camp to be taken this day and to-morrow by the men who stopped behind the last march and rested. To-morrow being a halting day, it is desired the men may employ it in washing and cleaning themselves.

After Orders.

States of Companies with all alterations since last return to be given in to the Adjutants immediately, that they may be able to send them when collected to the Majors of Brigades by five o'clock this evening. The Mill Guard to parade at daybreak in the morning at the Artillery Park. The foraging parties of the different Corps and departments of the army to parade at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, with an escort of a subaltern and 20 men from each Battalion. The Guards give a Quarter-Master instead of a Subaltern. Lieut. Colonel Webster's Brigade give a Captain for this party.

Guard at Thomas' Mills.

| | Capt. | Serg'ts. | Lieut's. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brigade Guards, | 1 | 1 | 2 | 40 |
| Col. Webster's, | " | 2 | 2 | 40 |
| Brigade De Bose, | " | 1 | 1 | 20 |
| Henry's Mills, | 1 | 3 | 5 | 100 |
| N. C. Volunteers, | | 1 | 1 | 20 |
| Ld. Cornwallis' Guard, | | | 1 | 13 |
| Reg't Bose, Maj. Gen. Leslie's, | | | 1 | 8 |
| Webster's Brigade, Provision Guard, | | 1 | 1 | 9 |
| Cattle Guard, | | | 1 | 6 |
| Provision Guard, | | 1 | 1 | 21 |

Head-quarters, Dobbin's house, 17th Feb., 1781.

Lord Cornwallis is very sorry to be again obliged to call the attention of the Officers of the Army to the repeated orders against plundering. He desires that the Orders given on the 28th Jan., 4th Feb., and the 16th Feb. may be read at the head of each Troop and Company on each of the three first halting days, and he assures the Officers that if their duty to their King and Country and their feelings for humanity are not sufficient to enforce their obedience to them, he must however reluctant make use of such power as the military laws have placed in his hands.

1st extract from Orders to be read, 28th Jan., "As the object of our march is to support and assist those Royalists in N. Carolina," &c., &c.

2d extract, 4th Feb., Salisbury, "It is with great concern Lord Cornwallis acquaints the Army," &c.

3d extract, 6th Feb., "Any Officer who looks on with indifference, and does not do his utmost to prevent the shameful," &c., &c.

Detail of Duties:

| | S. | S. | C. | D. | P. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | " | 1 | 1 | " | 12 Br. G. |
| Gen. Leslie's and Cattle, | " | " | 2 | – | 12 R. De B. |
| Provision Guard, | | 1 | 1 | – | 9 |
| Provost Guard, | | 1 | 2 | – | 21 |
| Total, | | 3 | 6 | – | 54 |

To be relieved when the troops come up in case of a further halt at 12 o'clock to-morrow.

After Orders.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the Troops under arms, ready to march at half-past five o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| Calvary, | Two Six-Pounders, |
| Yagers, | Brigade of Guards, |
| Pioneers, | Bat horses, |
| Two Three-Pounders, | Wagons. |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, | Rear Guards. |

Brigade Orders, 2 o'clock, 18th Feb., 1781.

The Pickets of the Brigade to consist of two Sergeants, two Corporals, and twenty-four privates from each Battalion, to be posted in the following order: Two Sergeants and twenty-four privates in the centre of the Brigade, in the Road in front of the Guns; 1 Sergeant and 12 in front of the Outward flanks of each Battalion, to communicate with the Centre Picket from the Right to the Picket of the 23d Right, Posted in the Great Hillsboro' Road, on the Left.

General Orders.

A foraging party consisting of 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal and 18 privates, to parade immediately in the Great Hillsboro' Road, on the left of the Brigade of Guards. The Bat horses, &c., will attend. The Officers will take care that the Bat men observe in the strictest manner General Orders

After General Orders.—The Army will march in the morning at half past five o'clock. The Brigade of Guards lead the column. Bat men follow Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade.

Armstrong's Plantation, 19th Feb., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

All passes to be taken from the people going out at the Posts or Pickets of the Army, and sent from thence in the morning to Head-quarters. The Brigade of Guards will relieve Lord Cornwallis' Guard of 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal and 12 privates, to-morrow as soon as the Troops come to their ground.

Brigade Orders.

A Court of Enquiry consisting of Three Field Officers, to assemble at the President's tent at half-past five o'clock this evening, to enquire into such matters as shall be laid before it. Lieut. Col. Norton, President; Lieut. Col. Stewart, Lieut. Col. Pennington, members.

Head-quarters, Armstrong's, 19th Feb., 1781.

Regulation concerning horses and negroes repeated.

| For the Calvary. | Horses. | Negroes. |
|---|---|---|
| Lieut. Colonel, | 10 | 4 |
| Captain, | 7 | 2 |
| Subaltern, | 5 | 2 |
| Sergeant, | 3 | 4 |
| Quarter-Master, | 2 | 4 |
| Infantry. | | |
| Field-Officers, (besides Bat horses,) | 3 | 2 |
| Captains, | 3 | 1 |
| Subalterns, each, | 2 | 1 |
| Quarter-Master Sergeant and Sergeant-Major, | 1 | 1 |

The Quarter-Master of each regiment may have eight negroes to assist him in receiving provisions and other

regular business. Each negro is to have a ticket with his master's name, signed by the Commanding Officer of the Corps or the head of the department to which he belongs. Officers who have more than one negro will number each ticket. The Deputy Provost has received orders to seize and detain any negro who has not a ticket agreeable to the above Order. All servants and Bat men are to have tickets for the horses they ride or had signed as before mentioned.

Brigade Memorandum.—No officer from the British Legion having appeared at the Court of Enquiry to give Evidence, the Officers who composed the same will look upon themselves as adjourned till the Troops come to their ground to-morrow.

After Orders, 8 o'clock at night.

The Army will march at half-past six o'clock to-morrow morning. The Column will be led by Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade. The Brigade of Guards gives the Rear-Guard and forms the same.

Brigade Orders.

The 2d Company, 1st Battalion, form the Rear-Guard.

Head-quarters, Hillsboro', 20th Feb., 1781.

Countersign.

The different corps will send their Quarter Masters to Sharp Grinney's for half hides, in the following proportion:

| | |
|---|---|
| Guards, . . . . | 10 hides. |
| 23d, . . . . | 4 " |
| 33d, . . . . | 4 " |
| 71st, . . . . | 4 " |
| Regiment De Bose, . . | 5 " |
| North Carolina Volunteers, . | 5 " |

The Brigade of Guards furnish the town guard to-morrow, consisting of one Captain, three Sergeants, four Corporals, one drummer and fifty privates. One Corporal and six privates of which are to be detached to the Mill Guard. The Quarter Master from the Brigade, with all his blacks, will attend at 12 o'clock every day, to bury the offal at the cattle-pen.

Brigade orders.—The Picket to consist of one Lieutenant, four Sergeants, four Corporals, one drummer, sixty privates, to march precisely at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The Adjutant in waiting will show the officer the post.

Camp near Hillsboro', 21st Feb., 1781.

Brigade Morning orders.—As the army will halt on this ground for some days, it is recommended to the commanding officers to see this opportunity is employed in thoroughly repairing the men's clothing, necessaries and appointments, as well as the completing of their shoes.

Memorandum.—An inspection of ammunition, flints, &c., to be made, and a return to be given in.

Morning general orders.—The army will forage this morning at 10 o'clock. It is to be understood when the Infantry forage on a halt, or in a first position, that they bring three days forage with them.

Brigade orders.—One officer and twenty men, with all the battalion horses of the brigade to be at the artillery park at 10 o'clock.

All officers and men of the Guards and Light Infantry Companies on duty to be relieved, and the men get themselves clean and ready to march by 12 o'clock this day, in order to attend the ceremony of hoisting the King's standard at Hillsborough, at one o'clock. Two additional officers will be posted to those companies for this day.

Captains Richardson and Stuart will join the Grenadier Company; Captain Maitland the Light Infantry. The Grenadier and Light Infantry Companies will meet at the forks of the road leading to Taylor's Ferry and Hillsborough, at half-past 12 o'clock.

Head-quarters, (Morning orders,) Hillsboro',
21st Feb., 1781.

The commanding officer of artillery will erect the Royal Standard at 10 o'clock to-day, and fire twenty-one guns.

General after orders, 12 o'clock, noon.

The orders respecting the erecting the Royal Standard at 12 o'clock this day, is countermanded till to-morrow, when the same troops will hold themselves in readiness to attend at the same hour as ordered this day.

Head-quarters, Hillsboro', 21st Feb., 1781.
Parole. Countersign.

All inhabitants of the country who are conducted by Mr. James Minnis or persons deputed by him, are to be permitted to pass the outposts.

| Detail. | Cap. | Serg. | Lt. | Cor. | D. | Priv. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | " | " | 1 | 1 | " | 12 | |
| Gen. Leslie's, | " | " | " | 1 | " | 6 | |
| Provision Guard, | " | " | " | 1 | " | 3 | |
| Kellow's Mills, | " | 1 | 1 | 1 | " | 20 | Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade. |
| Provost, | " | " | 1 | 1 | " | 9 | |
| Cattle Guard, | " | 1 | 1 | " | " | 6 | |
| Town Guard, | 1 | 1 | 4 | " | " | 40 | Brigade de Bose. |

Brigade orders.—All the collar makers of the brigade to be sent to Lieutenant McLeod, commanding the Royal Artillery, at 7 o'clock, to-morrow morning, with two smiths. The tanners will attend Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton at the same hour, for further directions.

Hillsboro', 22d Feb., 1781.

The Court of Enquiry ordered to sit some days past, will assemble at the President's tent at 5 o'clock this evening.

Head-quarters, Hillsboro', 22d Feb., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

It is with great concern that Lord Cornwallis hears every day reports of the soldiers being taken by the enemy, in consequence of their straggling out of camp in search of whiskey. He strictly enjoins all officers and non-commissioned officers commanding the out-posts and pickets of the army to do their utmost to prevent any soldier from passing them.

The commanding officers of corps are requested to pay their utmost attention to keeping their men in camp. Lord Cornwallis trusts that there is so much honor and noble spirit in the soldiers, that at a time when Great Britian has so many enemies and his country has so much occasion for his services, he will render himself unserviceable to it during the whole war, and of passing some years in a loathsome prison, subject to the bitter insults of the Rebels, for the chance of a momentary gratification of his appetite.

| Detail of duties. | Cap. | Ser. | Lt. | Cor. | D. | Priv. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kellows' Mill, | " | 1 | 1 | 1 | " | 20 | Brigade of Guards. |
| Maj. Gen. Leslie's, | " | " | " | 1 | " | 6 | |
| Provision wagons, | " | " | 1 | 1 | " | 9 | Regiment De Bose, and N. Ca. Vol. |
| Lord Cornwallis, | " | " | 1 | 1 | " | 12 | |
| Provost, | " | " | 1 | 1 | " | 9 | |
| Cattle, | " | " | " | 1 | " | 6 | |
| Town Guard, | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | " | 40 | Lt. Col Web's Br |

Brigade orders.—Ensign Stuart for the mill duty, and to be allowed an Overstance in the Roster of Pickets.

The tents to be struck, and the officers' baggage loaded

ready to move (to change their ground) at 10 o'clock, to-morrow morning, at which time the men will be under arms.

Brigade orders, 23d Feb., 1781.

A foraging party, consisting of one Captain and twenty men to parade at the guns at ten o'clock, with all the Bat horses of the brigade.

It having appeared before the Court of Enquiry of the Brigade that Edward Norman, soldier in the 3d Company, 2d Battalion, confined on suspicion of desertion, is innocent of the charge. He is therefore ordered to be released from confinement.

Head-quarters, Hillsboro', 23d Feb., 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

| Detail. | C. | S. | L. | C. | D. | Pr. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Town Guard, | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 | " | 40 | Brigade Guards. |
| Lord Cornwallis', | | | 1 | 1 | " | 12 | Lt. Col. Webster's Brigade. |
| Provision wagons, | | | 1 | 1 | " | 9 | |
| Provost Guard, | | | 1 | 1 | " | 9 | |
| | | | 3 | 3 | " | 30 | |
| Kellow's Mills, | | 1 | 1 | 1 | " | 20 | Reg't De Bose, and N. Ca. Volunteers. |
| Maj. Gen. Leslie's, | | | | 1 | " | 6 | |
| Cattle Guard, | | | | 1 | " | 6 | |
| | | 1 | 1 | 3 | " | 32 | |

Quarter Master for to-morrow. Brigade of Guards. Orderly Sergeant for General Leslie's Regiment. De Bose and North Carolina Volunteers.

Brigade orders.—Corporal Leiman, with three of the best carpenters, and all the collar and harness makers of the brigade to be at Lieutenant McLeod's tent to-morrow morning by daybreak.

N. B.—The whole of the smiths and tanners of the brigade at present employed, to be excused duty (though expected to conform to Camp hours in the evening) till further orders.

Brigade Morning order, (24,) 26th Feb., 1781.

The Pickets of the Brigade will be in future of the following strength:

| One officer, | Ser. | Cor. | Drum. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| First Battalion, | 2 | 3 | 1 | 25 |
| Second Battalion, | 2 | 3 | 1 | 25 |
| Light Infantry, | 1 | 2 | | 12 |
| Grenadiers, | 1 | 2 | | 12 |
| Total, one officer. | 6 | 10 | 2 | 74 |

This Picket will mount to-day at 12 o'clock, but in future will be relieved one hour before day-break in the morning; the old Picket will remain with the new one till 8 o'clock in the morning, when they will return to camp. The ground to be occupied by the Picket as pointed out by General O'Hara yesterday.

Head-quarters, Hillsboro', (24,) 26th Feb., 1781.

Parole, Canterbury. Countersign, Rutland.

| Detail. | Cap. | S. | L. | C. | P. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | | | 1 | 1 | 12 | Guards. |
| Provision wagon guard, | | | 1 | 1 | 9 | |
| Cattle guard, | | | | 1 | 6 | |
| | | | 2 | 3 | 27 | |
| Kellow's Mill, | | 1 | 1 | 1 | 20 | Lt. Col. Webster's Brig. |
| Provost guard, | | | 1 | 1 | 9 | |
| Maj. Gen. Leslie's, | | | | 1 | 6 | |
| | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 35 | |
| Town guard, | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 40 | Reg. De Bose, N. C. V. |

Quarter Master for to-morrow, Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade. Orderly Sergeant at Major General Leslie's Brigade of Guards.

General after orders, (24,) 26th Feb., 1781.

The battalion horses to be loaded and the troops under arms, ready to march, precisely at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

A working party, consisting of one Captain, two Subalterns, six Sergeants, six Corporals, three Drummers, one hundred privates, to assemble at the town guard, in Hillsboro', to-morrow morning, at 7 o'clock.

| | Cap. | Sub. | Serg. | Cor. | D. | Priv. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Guards, | 1 | | 2 | 2 | 1 | 35 |
| Lieutenant Col. Webster's, | | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 40 |
| Reg. De Bose and N. C. Vol., | | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 25 |
| Total. | 1 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 100 |

The men to march from their respective camps with arms. (This was for the removal over the Eno.)

Morning Orders, 25th Feb'y, 1781.

A foraging party consisting of two sergeants; two corporals and twenty-four privates, under the command of Quarter-master Furnival, will parade in the open field in front of the Brigade at nine o'clock. Officers are desired to send horses enough; to bring forage enough for two or three days.

"Head-Quarters, Wiley's Plantation, 25th Feb'y, 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

| Detail. | Capt. | Sub. | Serg. | Corpl. | Private. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | " | " | 1 | 1 | 12 | |
| Provision Wagons, | " | " | 1 | 1 | 9 | guards. |
| Major-General Leslie's, | " | " | 1 | 1 | 6 | |
| | | | 3 | 3 | 27 | |
| Town Guard, | 1 | 2 | 3 | " | 70 | Lt. Col. Webster, |
| Provost Guard, | " | " | 2 | 2 | 21 | Reg't., de Bose, |
| Cattle Guard, | " | " | " | 1 | 6 | N. Carolina Vol. |
| | | | 2 | 3 | 27 | |

Quarter-Master, to-morrow Regiment of Bose.

After Orders.—The Bat horses to be loaded, and the troops under arms ready to march at half past five o'clock to-morrow morning in the following order.

Advanced Guard consisting of the Cavalry, Light Infantry Guards and Yagers, under command of Lieutenant Col. Tarleton.

2 three-pounders,
Brigade of Guards,
2 six-pounders,
Regiment DeBose,
N. Carolina Volunteers,
Bat horses,
2 six-pounders,
Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade,
A detachment of Cavalry.

"On the 26th," Tarleton says, "the royal army marched by the left, passed through Hillsboro' and pointed their course towards the Haw."

Camp near the Haw River, 27th Feb'y, 1781.

Countersign, Portland.

The army will be under arms and ready to march precisely at ten o'clock this morning.

Brigade Orders.—It is expected that in future no Bat men or servants presume to quit the camp for the purpose (or under pretence) of foraging but by general order or on application to the commanding officer of the Brigade.

"Camp near the Haw River, 28th Feb'y, 1781.

The army will forage this morning at 8 o'clock. This morning, the whole to assemble at the guns.

The regiments will send the usual proportion of men and officers.

"Head Quarters, Freeland's, 28th Feb'y, 1781."

| Parole Vienna, | C. Sign, Prague. Detail | Sergt. | Corpl. | Private. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Regiment of Guards. } Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| } Cattle, | " | 1 | 6 |
| General Hospital, | " | 1 | 3 |
| | 1 | 3 | 21 |
| Lieu't Col. Webster, Provost Guard, | 1 | 2 | 21 |
| Regiment of Bose, Maj. Gen. Leslie's, | " | 1 | 6 |
| And N. Carolina Volunteer's Provision Wagons, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | 1 | 2 | 12 |

Quarter Master for the day. Brigade of Guards Orderly Sert. for Gen. Leslie, Lieu't Col. Webster's Brigade.

Memorandum.—A watch found by the Regiment of Bose, the owner may have it from the Adjutant of that Regiment on proving his property.

"Head Quarters, Freeland's Plantation, 28th Feb'y, 1781.

After Orders.—The Bat horses to be loaded and the Troops under arms ready to march precisely at six o'clock, to-morrow morning in the following order.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cavalry, Yagers, and Light Infantry Guards. | Advanced Guard. | Regiment De Bose, Royal N. Carolina Volunteers, Two six-pounders, Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, |
| Two three-pounders, Brigade of Guards, Two six-Pounders, | | Bat horses and wagons of the army. |

A Captain, three subalterns and one hundred and fifty men from Lieutenant-Colonel Webster's Brigade, with a detachment of cavalry, will march in the rear of the wagons.

March 1st, 1781.

Brigade Orders.—A foraging party consisting of one officer; two sergeants; two corporals; one drummer and twenty-four privates, to assemble at the guns, as soon as the Bat horses arrive.

"Camp, Smith's Plantation, 1st March, 1781.

Parole, Annapolis. Countersign, Hague.

The Regiments relieve their duties as per last detail.

Brigade Orders.—It is Brigadier-General O'Hara's orders, that the officers commanding companies, cause an immediate inspection of the articles of clothing at present in possession of the women in their companies and an exact account taken thereof by the pay Sergeants, after which their necessaries are to be examined at proper opportunities and every article found in addition thereto, burned at the head of the company; except such as have been fairly purchased on application to the commanding officers and regularly added to their former list by the Sergeants as above.

The officers are likewise ordered to make these examinations at such times and in such a manner as to prevent the women (supposed to be the source of the most infamous plundering) from evading the purport of this order.

N. B.—This inspection, to be made at four o'clock, this day.

A woman having been robbed of a watch, a black silk handkerchief, a gallon of peach brandy, and one shirt, and as by the description by a Soldier of the Guards, the camp and every man's kit—is to be immediately searched for, the same by the officers of Brigade.

"Brigade Morning Orders, 2d March, 1781."

A foraging party consisting of one Officer, two Sergeants, two Corporals and twenty-four Privates to assemble at the guns this morning at eight o'clock with the Bat horses.

Notwithstanding every order, every entreaty that Lord Cornwallis has given to the army to prevent the shameful practice of plundering and distressing the country and those orders backed by every effort that can have been made by Brigadier General O'Hara, he is shocked to find this evil still prevails, and ashamed to observe that the frequent complaints he receives from Head-quarters of the irregularity of the Guards, particularly affects the credit of this corps. He therefore, calls upon the officers, non commissioned officers, and those men who are yet possessed of the feelings of humanity and actuated by the best principles of soldiers, *the love of their Country, the good of the Service*, and the *honor* of their own corps, to assist with the same indefatigable diligence, the General himself is determined to persevere in—in order to detect and punish all men and women so offending, with the utmost severity and example.

The General is convinced the exertions of the officers alone will not so immediately bring about this reformation as requisite, but he trusts he may have the greatest dependence on the assistance of the non-commissioned officers and every good soldier, many of whom he knows are above these practices. The General has wished not to trouble the men with too many frequent Roll-calls, but he is sorry to find his intentions are frustrated by their irregularity, and is therefore, obliged to order the most frequent Roll-calls, and that all men absent therefrom shall be deemed disobedient of orders, tried and punished before the com-

pany on the spot. Women to attend all Roll-calls in the rear of the companies, (except such as are in the service of officers,) any and every one found absent to be immediately whipped and drummed out of the brigade.

The Commandants are desired to proceed to the trial of those men offending yesterday and to put the sentence of the Court Martial in execution immediately in the presence of all the officers.

N. B.—The women to attend all punishments.

Head-quarters, Smith's Plantation, 2d March, 1781

Parole, Stockholm. Countersign, Bergen.

Brig'e Guard.

| Detail, | Serg't. | Corp. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| Cattle, do. | | 1 | 6 |
| Dr. Grant's, do. | | 1 | 3 |
| Total, | 1 | 3 | 21 |

Orderly Sergeant at Gen. Leslie's. Guards to relieve at three o'clock.

After Orders.—All passes granted to persons going out of Camp, are to be taken from them at the out-posts and returned to Head-quarters.

A working party with arms, consisting of one Captain, one Subaltern and Fifty rank and file, with the pioneers of the different corps to parade at six o'clock to-morrow morning in front of the Brigade of Guards.

Detail for the Working Party.

| | Captain. | Subalt'n. | Serg't. | Rank & File. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brigade of Guards, | 1 | " | 1 | 25 |
| Colonel Webster's, | | 1 | 1 | 25 |
| | 1 | 1 | 2 | 50 |

"Brigade After Orders.—The Pickets of the brigade to be relieved one hour before daybreak to-morrow morning. The old Picket to remain with the new till sunrise.

Head-quarters, Smith's Plantation, 3d March, 1781.

Parole, Gibralter. Countersign, Lisbon.

| Detail, Brigade Guards. | Sergeants. | Corporals. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| Provision Wagons, | " | 1 | 6 |
| Hospital do. | " | 1 | 3 |
| | 1 | 3 | 21 |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Provost Guard, | 1 | 1 | 21 |
| N. C. Volunteers, Gen. Leslie's, | | 1 | 6 |

Quarter-Master, Lieut. Colonel Webster's Brigade, and Orderly Sergeant to Gen. Leslie's. The Cattle Guard to be taken off.

Brigade Order.—A Sergeant, Corporal and 12 privates to parade immediately, with 1 Subaltern, 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal and 18 privates of Lieut. Colonel Webster's Brigade, at the Wagons, as an escort.

Brigade Morning Orders, 4th March, 1781.

The Picket to be relieved as before ordered; the officers will continue with the whole of the Pickets till 8 o'clock in the morning, when they will all return to Camp, leaving a Sergeant and 18 privates on each Picket. The Officers of the Pickets for the day will visit them in the course thereof, and rejoin with the rest of them at half-past four in the afternoon; or in case of any alarm or firing, immediately march to their post, for which purpose the men will be ready accoutred, and their arms piled separate from the Battalions, as an Inlying Picket.

Head-quarters, Smith's Plantation, 4th March, 1781.

Parole, Manheim. Countersign, Torbay.

Detail for the Brigade of Guards the same as yesterday. Orderly Sergeant for Maj. General Leslie's Brigade of Guards.

Memorandum.—When the Corps send to the Cattle-pen for their meat, it is requested that a Quarter-Master or Quarter-Master Sergeant attend with them.

Quarter-Master for to-morrow North Carolians, Orderly Sergeant for Maj. Gen. Leslie, Lieut. Colonel Webster's Brigade.

Orders Repeated, dated Head-quarters, Charlotte Town, 5th Oct., 1780.

The officers and soldiers of this army have given such repeated proofs of their zeal and attachment to the interests of their King and Country, that Lord Cornwallis can have no doubt of their paying the most exact attention to them in every instance by which they can be materially affected. He desires the officers and soldiers to reflect that the great object of his Majesty's force in this Country is to protect and secure his Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects, and to encourage and assist them in arming and opposing the Tyranny and oppression of the Rebels. His Lordship therefore recommends it to them in the strongest manner to treat with kindness all those who have sought protection in the British army, and to believe that although their ignorance and want of skill in military affairs may at present render their appearance awkward in a veteran and experienced army, when they are properly armed, appointed and instructed, they will show the same ardor and courage in the cause of Great Britain as their countrymen who repaired to the Royal standard in the Northern Colonies.

Head-quarter's, Smith's House, 5th March, 1781.

Parole.

Countersign.

| Detail. | | Serg't. | Corporal. | Private. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brigade Guards. | Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| | Hospital, do. | " | 1 | 3 |
| | | 1 | 2 | 15 |
| Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade. | Major-General Leslie's, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | Provision Wagons, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | Cattle Guard, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | | " | 3 | 18 |
| Bose's Brigade and Provost Guard, | | 1 | 1 | 18 |

Quarter-Master for to-morrow, Brigade Guards and Orderly Sergeant for Major-General Leslie.

N. B. Ten days salt to be issued to the troops immediately.

General After Orders, 5th March.

The army will be in readiness to march to-morrow morning, at half past five o'clock.

Order of march :

Cavalry,
Yagers,
Light Infantry Guards. } Ad. Guard. Commanded by Lt.-Col. Tarleton.
Two Three-Pounders,
Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade,
Two Six-Pounders,
Regiment De Bose,
Two Six-Pounders,
Brigade Guards,
Bat Horses,
Wagons,
Lt.-Col. Hamilton's Corps, an Officer and 12 Dragoons.

The detachment under the command of Captain Champigney to join their respective regiments.

The militia under the command of Col. Field to flank the bat horses. That under the command of Col. Bryan to flank the wagons.

A detachment of an officer and twenty men from each of the Regiments of Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade, twenty men from the Brigade of Guards, and an officer

and twenty men from the Regiment of Bose under the command of a Captain of Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade to march with Lieut.-Col. Hamilton's Regiment, in the rear of the wagons. The men for this detachment of the worst marchers.

Head-quarters, Alton's, 6th March, 1781.

Brigade Orders.—The pickets of the brigade to consist of one officer and fifty privates, to be posted agreeable to the directions of the Commander's (General Orders.)

The bat horses to be loaded and the troops to be under arms ready to march at seven o'clock, to-morrow morning.

Brigade Orders.—As the army is ordered to be ready to march at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, the pickets will not be doubled agreeable to the standing orders of the brigade, but the whole will be accoutred a quarter of an hour before daybreak.

Brigade Orders, 7th March, 1781.

A foraging party consisting of one officer and thirty privates with the Bat horses of the brigade to parade at the guns immediately.

Head-quarters, 7th March, 1781.

Countersign, Milford.

| Detail for this day, | | Serg't. | Corp'l. | Private. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Guards. | Lord Cornwallis's Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| | Cattle, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | General Hospital, | " | 1 | 3 |
| | Total, | 1 | 3 | 21 |

Quarter-Master, Brigade and Orderly Sergeant to Gen. Leslie.

Detail for to-morrow the same as for this day.

Brigade, Morning Orders, 8th March, 1781.

The officer with half the pickets to be called into camp at eight o'clock this morning, (and return to their posts agreeable to former orders,) every other sentry will be taken off during the interval of time, taking care to have all such posted as command roads or approaches to the camp.

Head-quarters, 8th March, 1781.

The army will march at half past nine o'clock this morning.

Order of march:

Hamilton's Corps.
Bat Horses.
Wagons,
Two Six-Pounders,
Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade,
Two Six-Pounders,
Regiment of Bose,
Brigade of Guards,
Two Three-Pounders,
Legion.
Light Infantry Guards,
Yagers.

Head-quarters, Duffield's, 8th March, 1781.

Countersign.

The bat horses to be loaded and the troops under arms ready to march at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, in the following order:

Yagers,
Two Three-Pounders,
Brigade of Guards,
Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade,
Two Six-Pounders,
Regiment of Bose,
North Carolinians,
Two Six-Pounders,
Bat Horses and Wagons.

One battalion of Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade with an officer and twenty dragoons, will march in the rear of the wagons.

The light infantry of the Guards will send for their flour to the Commissaries at five o'clock in the morning; the brigade of Guards at half past five.

Brigade Orders, 9th March, 1781.

A foraging party of one officer and thirty privates, with all the Bat horses of the brigade, to parade at the guns immediately.

Head-quarters, Gorrell's Plantation, 9th March, 1781.

Countersign.

Brigade, Morning Orders, 10th March, 1781.

A foraging party of one officer and thirty privates, with all the Bat horses of the brigade to parade at the guns at eight o'clock this morning. Six days salt to be issued to the troops immediately.

Head-quarters, Gorrell's Plantation, 11th March, 1781.

Countersign.

| | | Serg't. | Corp'l. | Private. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Guards. | Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| | Cattle, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | Total, | 1 | 2 | 18 |
| Col. Webster's Regiment. | Provost Guard, | 1 | 2 | 20 |
| | Hospital, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | Total, | 1 | 3 | 26 |
| Regiment De Bose. | Provision Wagons, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | General Leslie's, | " | 1 | 6 |
| | Total, | " | 2 | 12 |

General After Orders, 10 o'clock, 10th March, 1781.

A Captain and thirty privates will parade immediately from the Brigade of Guards and march to reinforce a Subaltern and twenty privates from the Regiment of De Bose at the mill. The officer will receive a guide from Head-quarters.

Head-quarters, Gorrel's plantation, 10th March, 1781,

After Orders.—The Bat horses to be loaded and the troops under arms ready to march at half past 5 o'clock, to-morrow morning in the following order.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cavalry, | Advanced Guard, | Regiment De Bose, |
| Yagers, | under Lt.-Col. | North Carolinians. |
| Light Infan. Guards, | Tarleton. | Two Six-Pounders, |
| Two Three-Pounders. | | Brigade of Guards. |
| Lt.-Col. Webster's Brigade, | | Bat Horses and Wagons. |
| Two Six-Pounder's, | | |

A battalion of the Brigade of Guards with an officer and twelve dragoons, will march in the rear of the wagons.

The militia will flank the Bat horses and wagons as usual.

Brigade Orders.—The first battalion guards will form the rear guard

Head-quarters, Dillon's Mill, 11th March, 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

Detail as usual.

Morning Orders, half past 7 o'clock, 12 March, 1781.

A foraging party to parade at the barn opposite Head-quarters, at 8 o'clock this morning; all the Bat Horses of the army will assemble, and the covering party for the service.

| | Officers, | Serjt. | Corpl. | Private. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Proportion for the Guards, | 3 | 6 | 6 | 110 |

Head-quarters, McGuestion's, (McCuise,) 12th March, 1781.

Parole, Newfoundland. Countersign, Bedford.

| Brigade Guards. (Detail.) | Sub. | Serjt. | Corpl. | Private. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| Major.-General Leslie's, | | | 1 | 6 |
| Provision Wagons, | | | 1 | 3 |
| Total, | | 1 | 3 | 21 |
| Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade. | | | | |
| Provision Wagons, | | | 1 | 6 |
| Cattle Guard, | | | 1 | 6 |
| Mill Guard, | 1 | 1 | 2 | 30 |
| | 1 | 1 | 4 | 42 |
| Regt. of DeBose, and N. C. Regiment. | | | | |
| Provost Guard, | | 1 | 1 | 18 |

Orderley Serjeant for Major-Gen. Leslie, Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade.

All absent men to be reported as soon as possible to the Deputy Adjutant-General. The officers of pickets are desired to be very alert and particularly attentive to people that pass their party; no one must be suffered to pass but by authority from Head-quarters. Women particularly are to be attended to.

Brigade Orders.—Brigadier-Gen. O'Hara, is pleased to dispense with the women's attending punishment in future.

After Orders, 12th March, 1781.

The Bat horses to be loaded and the troops ready to march at half past 5 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Order of March.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| An Officer and 12 Dragoons, | Brigade of Guards, | |
| Two six-pounders, | Two three-pounders, | |
| Regiment of Bose, | Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brigade. | |
| Bat Horses and Wagons, | Cavalry | Under Lieutenant-Col. Tarleton. |
| North Carolina Regiment, | Light Inf'y, | |
| Two six-pounders, | Yeagers, | |

Head-quarters, 13th, March, 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

Brigade of Guards give Gen. Leslie's Guard and Orderly Sergeant.

A party consisting of one officer and fifty privates from the Brigade of Guards to parade immediately and march to Mendenhall's mills, a guide will attend from Head-Quarters.

Morning Orders, 14th March, 1781.

The party at Mendenhall's mill to be relieved at 12 o'clock this day—a Serjeant and twelve of which relief will be sent immediately as an escort to the wagons to this mill, where they will remain and be joined by the other part of the guard. The Serjeant of this escort will inform himself where the wagons are.

A foraging party consisting of an officer and the same number of men as yesterday with all the Bat horses to parade at the church at 8 o'clock this morning.

Brigade Orders.—Officers for the above duty C. Horneck, for the mill duty this day at 12 o'cloek. Ensign Stuart for Picket to-morrow morning, Cap. Swanton.

Head-quarters, 14th March, 1781.

Parole, Kingsbridge. Countersign, Amboy.

Brigade of Guards will relieve Lord Cornwallis' Guard 1 Serjeant, 1 Corporal, 12 Privates.

The Quarter Masters of the day will in future attend the delivery of provisions to the different Corps, and see that each Corps is properly and regularly served in due proportion, and report all deficiencies to Head-quarters, Quarter Master for the day, Brigade of Guards.

General after orders, 14th March, 1781.

The army to be under arms, and the Bat horses loaded

ready to march precisely at half past five o'clock to-morrow morning, in two columns, in the following order.

Left Column.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Yager's | Ordinance Guard, | Guns as usual. |
| Lt. Infantry Guards, commanded by | | Right column. |
| Cavalry. | Lieut. Col. Tarleton. | An officer and 12 Dragoons. |
| | | Lieut. Col. Hamilton's Reg't. |

Col. Webster's Brigade.
Regiment De Bose.
Brigade of Guards.

A detachment of two Captains, three Subalterns, and one hundred men from the Regiments which form the left column, to be composed of serviceable men, but not the best marchers.

Detail for the detachment.

| | Capt. | Sub. | Serg't. | Corp'l. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brigade of Guards, | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 35 |
| Lieut. Col. Webster's Brigade, | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 45 |
| Regiment De Bose, | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 20 |
| Total, | 2 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 100 |

The troops to send for meal at half past four in the morning. The baggage will move with the right column.

Brigade Orders.—The detachment to be formed as specified by General Orders, from the whole of the Brigade.

Capt. Horneck the officer for this duty.

"General Orders, 16th March, 1781.

"It is expected as the public service requires it, that all arms, accoutrements, &c., taken from the enemy or not in immediate use of the corps, (from the killed and wounded of the army,) are given in immediately, those of the enemy to Head-quarters—those spare arms of the Corps to Lieut. McLeod, commanding the Royal Artillery, who will give receipts for the same."

Head Quarters, 16th March, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis desires the officers and soldiers to accept of his warmest acknowledgments for the very extraordinary valor displayed in the action of yesterday. He will endeavor to do justice to their merit in his representation to their Sovereign of the Commander in Chief, and shall consider it as the greatest honor of his life, to have been placed at the head of so gallant an army.

He gives his particular thanks to Major-General Leslie for the spirited and judicious attack which he conducted on the left wing of the enemy—to Brig.-General O'Harra and Lieut. Col. Webster, for the eminent services which they rendered at the head of their respective Brigades—to Brig.-General Howard, and to the officers who commanded the Battalions and Corps of the Guards and British lines.

To Major Dupy (De Bury) who eminently distinguished himself at the head of the Regiment of Bose. To Capt. Ryder, who commanded the Yagers—to Lieut.-Col. Tarleton, for the spirit and ability shown by him in the conduct of the Cavalry—to Lieut. McLeod, for his able management of the Artillery. He must likewise acknowledge the assistance of his Aid de Camps, Capt. Broderick, Major Ross, and Lieut. Holding, of Capt. Shelly, Aid de Camp to Maj.-Gen. Leslie, Major Despard, Adjutant-General, and Major of Brigade England, acting as Quarter-Master-General, and to the Majors of Brigades, Collins, Bowers and Manly.

After Orders. — Seventeen wagons to set out at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, under the escort of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton's corps and an officer and twelve dragoons. Each wagon to carry as many of the wounded men as can possibly be put into it. Mr. Grant is desired

to take particular care that the men who are sent away in the wagons, to-morrow, are such as cannot possibly either ride or walk, and at the same time that their cases will admit of their being again with the army, and a proper attention to this order is of the greatest consequence. Mr. Grant is requested to be very exact in seeing it put properly into execution.

A small guard will be given by each corps to take care of their respective wounded; and an officer will attend from Lieut.-Col. Webster's brigade. Mr. Grant will order a proportion of the mate's department to attend.

Brigade Orders.—A Sergeant, Corporal and twelve men from the Brigade of Guards will form this guard.

General Morning Orders, 17th March, 1781.

The army will forage at 10 o'clock this morning.

All the Bat horses and covering parties of the different corps will assemble at the Provost's near Headquarters, a quarter before 10.

After Morning Orders, 9 o'clock.

All the women of the army except one a company, to be immediately sent after the wounded men of the army.

Brigade Orders.—As the returns given in yesterday are by no means accurate from the hurry in which they were taken, companies are desired to give returns agreeable to the annexed with all explanations on the back thereof—these returns to be given in to Mr. Wilson, who will give them to the Major of Brigade by 12 o'clock.

Head-quarters, Guilford Court House, 17th March, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis desires that the troops will believe that he is thoroughly sensible of the distress they suffer for the want of flour or meal, which is unfortunately increased by the accidental breaking of Dent's mill, last night. Their continuing here at present is necessary for the safety of their wounded companions. He knows that it is unnecessary to add anything on this subject as the spirit of this army has so often shown itself as superior to the hardships of hunger and fatigue as to the danger of battle.

Detail for this day.

| | Sergt. | Corpl. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| Gen. Leslies' do. | | 1 | 6 |
| Wagons' do. | | 1 | 6 |
| Total, | 1 | 3 | 24 |

Brigade Orders. — Temporary arrangement of the Brigade.

| Companies. | Officers. | Sergeants. | Rank and File. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Grenadiers, | Caps. Christie, Maitland, | 6 | 91 |
| Light Infantry, | Caps. Dunlop, Richardson, | 6 | 90 |
| First Company, | Lieut. Lovelace, | 3 | 99 |
| Second Company, | Cap. Warnick, | 3 | 99 |
| Lieut.-Col. Norton. | Total, | 18 | 379 |

Explanation. — The whole to be considered as one Battalion till further orders.

Head-quarters, 17 March, 1781.

The horses intended to carry the wounded men are to be sent to the Hospital in front of the regiment of Bose, at half past 7 o'clock to-morrow morning.

General Orders.—The army will move at 10 o'clock in the following order:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Yagers, | Four six-pounders | Lieut.-Col. Webster's Brig. |
| Four six-pounders. | Brigade of Guards. | Two three-pounders. |
| Regiment of Bose. | Light Infantry. | Cavalry. |

"Head-quarters 18th of March, 1781.

| Detail. | Sergeant. | Corporal. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| General Leslie's do., | | 1 | 6 |
| Total, | 1 | 2 | 18 |

A Sergeant and twelve men to parade in the field to forage.

Head-Quarter's, Ticino's Plantation, 18th March, 1781. Orders, ten o'clock at night.

The wounded men remaining at this place, the spare ammunition wagons of the Artillery, and the Bat horses of the Army, to move at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, under escort of the Regiment De Bose, with two six Pounders, and an Officer and twenty Dragoons.

The Surgeons and Mates of the different Corps are desired to attend at the barn, where the wounded men are, at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Head-quarters, 19th March, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis' Guard, 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal, 12 privates. Orderly Sergeant at Maj. General Leslie's — Guards.

The Surgeons or Mates of the different Corps are to draw their Provisions from the Commissary for the sick and wounded of their respective Corps.

Morning Orders, 20th March, 1781.

A foraging party to parade at 8 o'clock this morning near the Hospital, with all the Bat horses of the different Corps. Proportion for Guards—1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal, 18 privates.

Brigade Orders, 20th March, 1781.

The Companies will give in returns of all alterations &c., between the 23d of February and 1st of March, The Companies will give in returns to the 15th of March. Account then for all alterations since the 1st of March. The usual form is to be observed in doing this, and great correctness to be observed. The Adjutant will examine these returns and give them in, when correct, to the Major of Brigade.

General O'Hara having received complaints that the sick and wounded men have not been regularly and properly victualled of late, to prevent this neglect in future, he is pleased to attach Quarter-Master Sergeant Hunt to the Hospital, with one of the Quarter-Master Corporals for this purpose, and also to direct that Sergeant Baddington, as long as his wound obliges him to remain at the Hospital, shall regulate and inspect their kettles, appointing for this purpose those women that can be spared from other avocations in the Hospital, together with men under slight wounds to perform this duty for the rest. All further regulations will be attended to from Mr. Rush, the Surgeon.

Head-quarters, Camp near Deep River,

20th March, 1781.

Parole. Countersign.

General Morning Orders.—James Hunter, Esq., is appointed Lieut. Colonel of Militia, and to receive the Arms and Parole of all persons who surrendered on the Proclamation of the 18th instant. Lieut. Colonel Hunter's passes are to be respected at the Outposts as coming from Head-quarters.

Detail.

| | Sergeants. | Corporals. | Privates. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord Cornwallis' Guard, | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| General Leslie's " | " | 1 | 6 |
| Hospital Wagons, | " | 1 | 3 |
| Cattle, | " | 1 | 3 |
| Total, | 1 | 4 | 24 |

Brigade Orders.—Lord Cornwallis having signified to Brigadier-General O'Hara that it is his Lordship's wish that the number of Bat men, servants and orderlies may be greatly decreased, the necessity of the service requiring that every means whatever may be used to strengthen the files in each Corps, and that those men permitted to continue in such employ shall be of the worst marchers. General O'Hara is pleased to make the following regulations for the Brigade of Guards, not doubting, however inconvenient for the moment the Officers of the Brigade may feel the want of former indulgences, they will not suffer such considerations to way (weigh) against the interest they have shown for the public service. Brigadier Generals 2, Commandant 1, Company 1, General Staff Officers—1 Regimental Staff, 1 to each Surgeon, 1 between two.

The whole to march with the baggage, always completely armed and appointed as other soldiers, and able to act for the defence of the whole. All Bat men exceeding the regulation, to join at 4 o'clock this day, and be ordered to take their turn of duty.

Brig. General O'Hara requests Lieut. Colonel Norton will see this Order quickly complied with, and a return to be given in (with their names) in the service of Officers. When it is regulated the wounded Officers will have one Bat man each continued to them till they are fit for duty.

# ACT OF ASSEMBLY, 1777.

The first meeting of the General Assembly under the Constitution met at Newbern, April 8th, 1777, and in a few days passed the following "*Act for declaring what crimes and practices against the State shall be treason, and what shall be misprision of treason, and providing punishments adequate to crimes of both classes, and for preventing the dangers which may arise from persons dissaffected to the State.*

*Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That all and every person and persons (prisoners of war excepted) now inhabiting or residing within the limits of the State of *North Carolina,* or who shall voluntarily come into the same hereafter to inhabit or reside, do owe, and shall pay allegiance to the State of *North Carolina.*

*And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid,* That if any person or persons belonging to, or residing within this State, and under the protection of its laws, shall take a commission or commissions from the *King of Great Britain,* or any under his authority, or other the enemies of this State or the United States of *America,* or shall levy war against this State or the Government thereof; or knowingly and willingly shall aid or assist any enemies at open war against this State,

or the United States of *America*, by joining their enemies, or by enlisting, or procuring or pursuading others to enlist for that purpose, or by furnishing such enemies with arms, ammunition, provisions or any other article for their aid or comfort; or shall form, or be in any-wise concerned in forming any combination, plot or conspiracy, for betraying this State, or the United States of *America*, into the hands or power of any foreign enemy; or shall give or send any intelligence to the enemies of this State for that purpose; every person so offending, and being thereof legally convicted by the evidence of two sufficient witnesses, or standing mute, or peremptorily challenging more than thirty-five jurors, in any court of Oyer and Terminer, or other court that shall and may be established for the trial of such offences, shall be adjudged guilty of high treason, and shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy, and his or her estate shall be forfeited to the State. *Provided*, That the judge or judges of the court wherein such conviction may be, shall and may order and appropriate so much of the traitor's estate as to him or them may appear sufficient for the support of his or her family.

III. *And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid*, That if any person or persons within this State shall attempt to convey intelligence to the enemies of this State, or of the United States, or shall publicly and deliberately speak or write against our public defence; or shall maliciously and advisedly endeavor to excite the people to resist the government of this State, or persuade them to return to a dependence on the crown of *Great Britain;* or shall knowingly spread false and dispiriting news, or maliciously and advisedly terrify and discourage the people from enlisting into the service

of the State; or shall stir up or excite tumults, disorders, or insurrections in the State, or dispose the people to favor the enemy, or oppose and endeavor to prevent the measures carrying on in support of the freedom and independence of the said United States; every such person or persons, being thereof legally convicted by the evidence of two or more creditable witnesses, or other sufficient testimony shall be adjudged guilty of misprision of treason and shall suffer imprisonment during the war, and forfeit to the State one half of his, her, or their lands, tenements, goods and chattels.

IV. *And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid,* That all offences by this act declared misprision of treason shall be cognizable before any Justice of Peace of the County where the offence was committed, or where the offender can be found, and every Justice of the Peace within this State, on complaint to him made on the oath or affirmation of one or more credible person or persons, shall cause such offender to come before him, and enter into a recognizance with one or more sufficient security or securities, to be and appear at the next county court of the county wherein the offence was committed, and abide the judgment of the said court, and in the mean time to be of the peace and good behaviour towards all people in the State, and for want of security or securities, the said justice shall and may commit such offender either to the gaol of the county or district where the offence was committed, and appoint a guard for the safe conveying of him to such gaol, and all persons charged on oath or affirmation with any crime or crimes by this act declared to be treason against the State, shall be dealt with and proceeded against in like manner as the law directs in respect to other capital crimes.

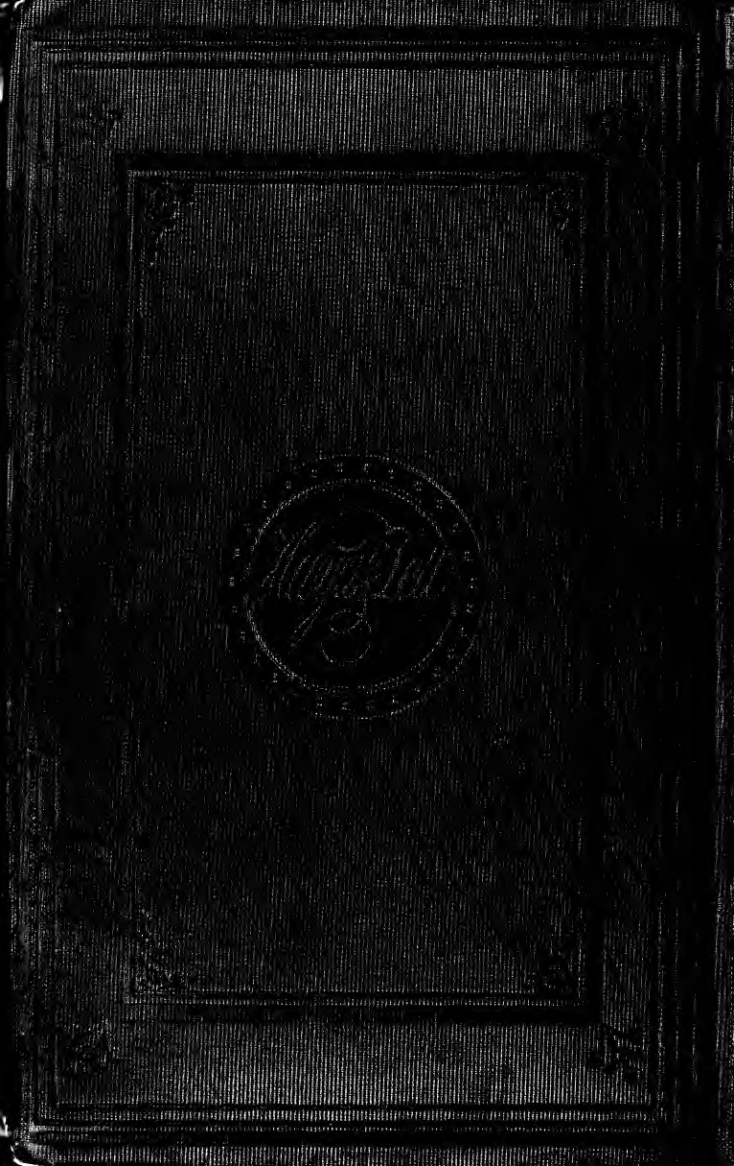
V. And whereas the safety of the State, and the present critical situation of affairs, make it necessary that all persons who owe or acknowledge allegiance or obedience to the King of *Great Britain* should be removed out of the State, *Be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid,* That all the late officers of the King of *Great Britain* and all persons (Quakers excepted) being subjects of this State, and now living therein, or who shall hereafter come to live therein, who have traded immediately to *Great Britain* or *Ireland* within ten years last past, in their own right, or acted as factors, storekeepers or agents here, or in any of the United States of *America,* for merchants residing in *Great Britain* or *Ireland,* shall take the following oath of abjuration and allegiance, or depart out of the State, *viz: I will bear faithful and true allegiance to the State of* North Carolina, *and will to the utmost of my power support, maintain, and defend the independent government thereof, against* George *the Third, King of* Great Britain, *and his successors, and the attempts of any other person, prince, power, state, or potentate, who by the secret arts, treasons, conspiracies, or by open force, shall attempt to subvert the same, and will in every respect conduct myself as a peaceful, orderly subject; and that I will disclose and make known to the Governor, four members of the Council of State, or some Justice of the Peace, all treasons, conspiracies and attempts, committed or intended against the State, which shall come to my knowledge, and that all persons being Quakers, and under the circumstances above mentioned, shall make the following affirmation, or depart out of the State. I* A. B. *do solemnly and sincerely declare and affirm, that I will bear true allegiance to the independent State of* North Carolina *and to the powers and authori-*

*ties which are or may be established for the good government thereof, and I do renounce any allegiance to the present King of Great Britain, his heirs and successors; and that I will disclose and make known to the Governer, some Members of the Council of State, or Justice of the Peace, all treasons, conspiracies, or attempts, committed or intended against the same, which shall come to my knowledge;* And the said oath or affirmation shall be taken and subscribed in open court in the county where the person or persons taking the same shall or do usually reside.

VI. *And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid,* That the county court in each and every county, and every Justice of the Peace in each respective county, shall have full power to issue citations against persons coming within the above description, as officers, merchants, traders, factors, store-keepers, agents, and to demand surety on recognizance if necessary, and to require their attendance at the next ensuing court to be held for the county; and if any person so cited (due proof being made thereof) shall fail or neglect to attend, or attending shall refuse to take the said oath or affirmation (as the case may be) then the said court shall and may have full power and authority to order such person to depart out of this State to *Europe* or the West Indies within sixty days and may take bond and security, in the name of the governor, for the benefit of the State for faithful compliance with such order, and if any person so ordered shall fail or neglect to depart within the limited time, such bond shall be forfeited to the State, without good and sufficient reason shown to and approved of by the Governor and Council, and the Justices or any of them, in the county wherein the person

so failing or neglecting to depart shall be found, shall and may cause him to be apprehended and be brought before the court of the county where the order was made; and the said court shall in such case send the person so offending as speedily as may be out of the State either to *Europe* or the *West Indies*, at the cost and charge of such offender. *Provided nevertheless*, that all and every such person and persons shall have liberty to sell and dispose of his or her estates, and after satisfying all just demands to export the amount in produce (provisions and naval stores excepted) and may also nominate and appoint an attorney or attornies to sell and dispose of his or their estates, for his or their use and benefit, but in case any real estate belonging to any such person shall remain unsold for more than three months next after the owner thereof hath departed this State, the same shall be forfeited to and for the use of the public.

VII. *And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid*, That if any person so departing or sent off from this State shall return to the same, then such person shall be adjudged guilty of treason against the State, and shall and may be proceeded against in like manner as is herein directed in cases of treason.

VIII. *And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid*, That each and every justice in each respective county may cite any person or persons to appear before the county court where such person or persons usually reside, and take the aforesaid oath or affirmation; and in case of non-attendance or refusal, the said court shall and may have full power to compel such person or persons to leave the State, under the same regulations herein mentioned in other cases."

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