

REVOLUTIONARY RECOLLECTIONS

Athens, Nov. 4, 1829.

Mr. Shaw.—The following narrative was furnished at my request by an old revolutionary soldier who resides near this village, and contains a faithful history of the small portion of that eventful struggle, with which he stood personally connected. Besides the documents, herewith transmitted, under the proper hands and signatures of Generals Morgan and Huger, (and on that account are relics of great curiosity) which support some of the facts related by this old warrior, you may depend upon the truth of his statements from his own character, for it is sustained by the most unblemished reputation. He has continued at his present residence nearly forty years, and in all that time, has enjoyed membership in the Presbyterian church, and was long an Elder of that respectable order. Raised amidst the conflicts of a revolution, he confesses he is no scholar, and under the diffidence which such an admission in a feeling bosom always inspires, it was his unaffected desire that I should not publish his sketch, unless it were clothed in a style suitable to the taste of a refined and reading community. Believing, however, that it would greatly gratify an old soldier to see the story of his deeds of war submitted in his own language, and procuring much upon the charity of a generous and enlightened public, I have ventured to ask its publication, in the wish with which it passed from the pen of its unlettered author.

If I am asked why I have made this communication, I answer, that the rising generation scarcely know any thing of the sufferings of their forefathers in the war of the Revolution, and the unspeakable wretchedness which crowded the scenes of that tragic convulsion. Those facts, which belong to a well ordered and chastened history of that event, are in their nature obliged to be subjected to conciseness and generality, and the million of miseries which sprung from passion, in all its varied forms, from poverty, in all its sickening aspects, from death, in all its multiplied horrors, are to be found only in the legendary story of the veteran's fire-side, or floating down the stream of time, on the pleasing but uncertain tale of tradition. It is in relations like the one before us, we perceive all the under currents of the "Rebellion," and while, in its political tendency, it was sweeping along its wide deep torrent every thing before it, and stretching to consequences pregnant with nothing less than the civil and religious redemption of a world, there were whirls and eddies sporting from its sides involving the most unsparring waste of life, and the most unmix'd ruin of human happiness. These narrations should be collected, and treasured up as the testimony of witnesses, who speak to us of trials that must forever act upon our sympathies; and when in the season of national festivity, and in the pride of a rational exultation, we commemorate the day of our political regeneration, they will serve as mementos to bring up strongly to the recollection, that anguish of secret suffering, and agony of private torture, so long endured for us, and now as necessary to kindle and continue the flame of our undying gratitude.

The old gentleman closes his story with perhaps too severe a reproach; but when it is known that many, very many, of these aged heroes are now in want, and from age and infirmity unable to support themselves, it is not too much to say, if not "neglected and despised," their claims are too unfeelingly forgotten and deferred.

A. S. CLAYTON.

May 12, 1780, Charleston surrendered. Furgason, a British officer, marched up through South Carolina, on his way to King's Mountain, and halted in our settlement, and proclaimed for all who would come in and take protection to come, and he would support them and their property, and numbers did go. The Tories did not suffer it so to be; they destroyed a good deal of their property, &c. Those who were able did not take protection, but went over the mountains, and in October they returned with the men who lived over the mountains to give Furgason battle. One Capt. Thompson came into our settlement, and raised of us what he could to go and join the mountain men, but could not get them until the battle was over, which was fought on the 7th of October 1780, at King's Mountain.

We scouted about in companies and lay out, fearing to stay at home for fear of Tories, until we heard of Cunningham; and Col. Farr and Maj. M'Junkin, went to meet him. On our return at night we met two Tories by the names of Holmes and Shields, who were going to meet Cunningham; we halted them, and asked them who they were for; they replied Cunningham. We asked their names, and on hearing them, Major M'Junkin fired upon them and shot Holmes through, and the wadding set his clothes on fire but he still kept on horseback and continued to run. M'Junkin rode after him, but was fired upon by him, and wounded in the right arm, but took his left hand to the sword and killed him. Capt. Jolly cut Shields down with the sword, and pierced him through several times, and left him for dead; but he recovered and became a good Whig. In this time there were many scattering Tories killed by the Whigs—and Whigs killed by the Tories throughout our country. Then Gen. Morgan came.

Gen. Morgan and Col. Washington arrived in S. Carolina, at Grindall Shoals, on Packolet River, in the fall of 1780, and in a short time we heard of about 300 Tories being collected together at the distance of about 30 or 40 miles, at a place known by the name of Hammond's store. Col. Washington raised about 100 men, light-horse and a few mounted militia, and we marched on to Hammond's store, got there about on hour by sun in the morning, took one prisoner near the place, and he conducted us in and we raised the whoop. The Tories broke and run. We pursued them four or five miles, killed some, wounded some, and took a good many prisoners, with their guns and baggage wagons—not a man was lost on our side. One horse run against a tree and killed himself, which was all the loss we met with.

We returned back to Morgan, and lay there in peace until January, 1781—then reports reached us that Tarleton was coming. Gen. Morgan marched on for the Cowpens, a distance of about 20 miles, near North Carolina, and there prepared for battle between the heads of two branches across the road, in very

pretty level country, covered with sedge grass and a fine growth of young timber. Tarleton came on in the settlement of Grindall Shoals. An old gentleman by the name of Beckham rode up to old Mr. Hodge's to inform the old man that the British were coming, and called for his pipe to be lit; and he looked and said yonder they come now, and broke and run, and they after him; but he never lost his pipe, but smoked on as he went and got clear. They burnt and pilfered and destroyed every thing of Mr. Hodge's, and took the old man and carried him and put him in Camden jail. From there they went to Major Bullock's, burnt his houses and destroyed his property, &c. From there they went to one Easterwood's, burnt his houses and destroyed his property, and took him prisoner. He said it was the fate of war; they replied, O yes, and we intend to have the old Wagoner and Col. Washington to-morrow to accompany you.

They then pushed on for the Cowpens, where Morgan and Washington were waiting for them. They drove on all night. Colonel Roebuck rode all night backwards and forwards, giving Morgan intelligence of Tarleton's movements, and at day break, which was the 17th January, they came in sight. But Morgan was up with his men at their places, ready to receive them. They marched up within three or four hundred yards and halted, and laid their luggage down ready for the engagement, and then marched on firing. The field-piece kept the road and was fired too; neither did any damage, but shot over our heads. When they got within thirty steps we fired upon them; they halted, we fell back upon the regulars and kept firing. On the right wing Tarleton and Washington met and made some passes at each other. Tarleton received a small cut on the side of the neck from Washington's sword. Tarleton's dragoons broke in on the left wing, which was commanded by McCall and Branham, and then began to cut and hew, but killed none. Washington from the right discovered them, and broke in upon them, and cut, slayed and drove them back again. Our regulars were still engaged with them, when the British retreated about a half mile and rallied. Tarleton's horse got killed. Dr. Kane gave him his horse, and he took him and cleared himself.

Tarleton run with his men and Col. Washington pursued after him, burnt their baggage-wagons as he went, and run him eighteen miles to one Adam Gaudylock's, and there Mrs. Gaudylock informed us that the British had been gone a great while, but in reality we were close upon them. The reason of her telling us that they had been gone so long was, they had taken her husband with them to pilot them to where Cornwallis was encamped, and she was afraid that her husband would be killed for a Tory if pursued on further (though he was not a Tory.)

We then returned back to the Cowpens again. Morgan had collected about 12 or 13 hundred persons. In this engagement the British lost by my count 70 or 80 killed and a great many wounded, of which a number died afterwards; our loss was seven regulars killed and three wounded; one of the latter was Washington's waiting man, who died shortly after. Of the militia none were killed, but a great many wounded. I received a slight wound from the British dragoons.

Gen. Morgan then marched on with the prisoners to Catawba River in North Carolina. I was left with many others at the Cowpens to take care of the wounded. On the 22d, I was sent with letters from the Surgeons attending the wounded to Gen. Morgan. I did not know where to find him, but I took his trail and followed on till I found him on the Catawba at the Island Ford and delivered the letters to him. The letters were received with great joy, and we spent that night in rejoicing. Cornwallis was pursuing on after Morgan, and Morgan sent on to Cornwallis to stop or he would kill the prisoners; and Wallis stopped and lay at a place known by the name of Rumour's Mill. On the 26th I was sent back to the Cowpens with letters to the surgeons attending the wounded and some salt, and a flag; and on my return I was taken prisoner twice, but by producing my flag I was set at liberty. Morgan moved on from his station to Guilford and Wallis after him, and on the 15th of March they had a severe engagement.

In the Spring of the same year the state of South Carolina raised an army of men called State troops, who enlisted for ten months. There wages was a horse, saddle and bridle, a negro and suit of clothes. I enlisted under Captain Barnett, who marched us down to the Congaree to Friday's Ferry, and then joined the army commanded by Gen. Sumpter and Col. Hampton. Capt. Barnett was directed to go to Camden to get a field-piece from Gen. Greene; I went with him. We went with much difficulty, got a field-piece and returned to Gen. Sumpter, and then marched down to Thompson's Fort (known by that name, but the house and possessions belonged to the widow Mott.) near Russell's Ferry on the Congaree. The Tories were in possession of the Fort. We marched down and surrounded it, and threw up batteries of dirt and marched up near to it, placed our field-piece and flung fire in the roof of the house—they surrendered. We hung some on the gate post, made the balance prisoners and burnt the house. From thence we marched down to Orangeburgh, where Tories were posted, surrounded it, the field-piece placed at the head of the race paths, which lead to the Court-house, and I set on my horse right behind it. We sighted the field-piece and fired. It struck into the roof of the house and into a Dutchman's back, who was up stairs where the Tories were; they run down then and went into the cellar. We loaded our field-piece again, and fired; it struck into the wall against the loft and buried itself, but did no damage to them; fired again and struck at the head of the stairs, knocked the stairs down and the front door also. We hoisted a flag, they stacked their guns and marched out, all excepting the

Dutchman who had the cannon ball in his belly. In the mean time Col. Washington took Friday's Fort with a lightwood log on a carriage which was taken for a cannon.

We then enlisted a goodly number of them from under guard, who afterwards proved to be good Whigs. We lay still at Orangeburgh for some time. Captain Tait was sent down with a scout to surprise Dorchester, but made no progress.—We crossed over Edisto River at Bacon's bridge, and come up the south side of it. We took three Tories prisoners, and hearing of Lord Rawden close behind us marching up to Ninety-Six to protect it, we pushed for Orangeburgh. Before we got there we shot and buried our prisoners, and pushed for North Carolina, where Gen. Sumpter was gone. I was taken sick then and left in a private hospital, and had a severe spell, and was not expected to survive by any of my acquaintances, in which time Sumpter had a general engagement at Futaw Springs, and returned back to the Congaree at a place near Friday's ferry, known by the name of Brown's old field. I got able to ride and joined the army at Brown's old field.

We then marched for Orangeburgh. On our way at Rumph's mill, a few Tories fired on our quarter master and wounded him. We prepared for battle, but met with no opposition. We stopped there, and had a scouting party out. Cunningham, a Tory, attacked them, and cut and hewed them smartly, and wounded several. We then went on to Orangeburgh and lay there. There was a party of the Catawba Indians sent there to drive the swamps for the Tories, but they did us little or no good.—Gen. Sumpter gave out proclamation that all Tories who would come in should be pardoned. One Rumph a Tory Captain, sent in that if he could be permitted with his company, and head them, he would come and join us. Accordingly he did so. When he came he was not suffered to camp with us, but had to camp off to himself. I believe he was of more use to us than one half of our army, in catching, killing and destroying of Tories, as he was acquainted with the swamps. I went with him and his company once after forage, and we found one Tory. He took after him and run him about a quarter of mile, but was not followed by any of his men. He returned and cursed his men for not following. I thought all but hard enough to lift them off the face of the earth. He became highly esteemed with us for his great bravery.

We then marched down to the Four Holes Bridge on Edisto, and there encamped and proclaimed for Tories to come in; but they did not come until a couple of small boys rode in and informed us that there were Tories encamped with their wives and children in a swamp some distance off. A couple of Lieutenants raised a company, and we marched on through swamps and thickets, and the weather cold, until we came to the place where they were in the midst of a swamp, on a small piece of dry land. As we entered they broke and run. As they jumped into the edge of the swamp, Lieut. Jackson shot one, and we drew him back, and the Lieut. jumped off his horse to kill him, but he begged for God's sake to let him pray a while; the Lieut. then said pray and he did—and left him. His wife came up and took him between her knees, and the blood run freely from his wound, until his wife was bloody from her waist down; and she prayed that all the rest of the Tories might be killed as well as her husband. We returned back, and the Tories came in and gave up, and were very benevolent to us.

We then went back to Congaree and we were paroled to go home, and in the spring of the same year, 1782, a militia company of us was raised to go down the country towards Charleston. A few of us were left at Gen. Huger's in August, as his life guard. The place of his residence was a few miles above Russell's ferry, on the Congaree, and his army lay within a mile and half of him. He had abattis placed all around his house. Report was out that he had a large quantity of gold, (which he had,) and horses, and he kept 18 men for his life guard. A hundred Tories came up against him in the night. I was standing centry when I received a wound in my right shoulder by a musket ball. Our men fired on them and they run off, the abattis kept them from getting in the house, and no more of our men were wounded. I was discharged from service on the 29th of October 1782, by Gen. Huger, after I got well of my wound. The old General kept me in his house, and there was great care taken of me by him and his family, and a Doctor ordered to attend on me. My old Brother soldiers look at this, and think that we now have become all but cast off, and can hardly have the liberties of the laws of the land that we have purchased, and suffered for. And now let us reverence and remember each other while we live, and strive to meet in a better world than this; the rich and the haughty despise us.

[COPY.]

William Hodge is ordered to proceed, with a flag, to the Cowpens, with letters for the Surgeons attending the wounded, and some Salt.

DAN'L MORGAN, Brig'r. Gen'l.

[COPY.]

The bearer Wm. Hodges, having served his time faithfully in the South Carolina Line—he is hereby discharged from the service. Signed this 29th October 1782.

IS. HUGER, Br. Gen'l.

NOTICE.

To the Heirs of Asahel Greer.

YOU are hereby notified in obedience to a writ issued from the Superior Court of Clark county, we shall proceed to assign the dower of Mary Ann Greer, widow of said Asahel, in and to two Hundred and Seventy-seven Acres of Land and appertinances on Barber's Creek in said county, on the 16th day of January next, and on the Land aforesaid.

JAMES MERIVETHER, PARMENAS HAYNES, EDWARD CONNER.