



Lieut. Col. Henry Lee by Charles Wilson Peale (1741-1827)

Lee's Legion Remembered:

Profiles of the 2d Partisan Corps as taken from Alexander Garden's *Copy* (1822 & 1828 eds.)

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Lee's Legion, or more formally the 2d Partisan Corps, and led by Lieut. Col. Henry Lee (1756-1818), is one of the best known and familiar units in the Continental army's history, or from the Revolutionary War period generally. Yet most of what we know about the Legion and its members usually originates with Lee's own *Memoirs* (in its various versions or editions.) Although we are most fortunate to be able to avail ourselves of Lee's work, nonetheless, historians and students after reading it cannot help coming away from the experience feeling that there is still much that is left vague and incomplete; and as much or more they would like to know of both the corps and its members in order to achieve a more full bodied and well rounded out picture.

General Washington's original reason for forming Legions or Partisan Corps,¹ that is, special elite units which incorporated both cavalry and infantry formations, was for carrying out reconnaissance and raids against the enemy.² At the same time, they were seen as encouraging initiative and acts of boldness which in turn bolstered the Continental army's morale; while fostering an offensive spirit in a conflict where pitched major engagements were normally avoided and where, due to both logistical constraints and lack of training, it was generally ill advised for large bodes of American forces to be on the attack.

¹ Lee's Legion, technically speaking and for most of the time it was engaged, was a Partisan Corps rather than a Legion as originally intended; a Legion having 60 men per troop (of either cavalry or infantry); while a Partisan Corps had only 50. It was thus easier for Partisan Corps to supply itself, travel greater distances, and operate more freely than a formal Legion. See Robert K. Wright's *Journal of the Partisan Corps*, pp 160-161.

² Roman Legions, you may recall, while largely comprised of infantry did have a cavalry contingent; this in addition to being highly professional, organized, and versatile corps compared to ordinary Roman Auxiliaries.

Henry Lee's Light Dragoons was initially formed at Williamsburg, Virginia on June 8, 1776 as the 5th Troop of Light Horse of the Virginia State Troops. Later in early summer of that same year it was entered into the Continental Army; and by late November was assigned to the Main Army and incorporated into the 1st Continental Light Dragoons, under Col. Theodoric Bland.³ Lee's troop received the special notice and approbation of Washington in late January 1778 when they thwarted a surprise attack by numerically superior British forces at the Spread Eagle Tavern, in Philadelphia.⁴

On 7 April 1778, the contingent was separated from the 1st Continental Light Dragoons; and Lee was promoted to Major and authorized by Congress, at General Washington's request, to augment his unit from one to two troops with a mind to forming a Legion or independent corps.⁵ In May, this was further increased to three troops and a

³ For this and subsequent information on the Legion's organizational history see Fred Anderson Berg's *pv p pv C o Wp u*, pp. 60-61, and Robert K. Wright's *j pv p pv C o*, pp. 161-162, 348-349.

⁴ Cecil B. Hartley: "As Captain Lee was particularly active, a plan was formed, late in January [1778], to surprise and capture him in his quarters. An extensive circuit was made by a large body of cavalry, who seized four of his patrols without communicating an alarm. About break of day the British horse appeared; upon which Captain Lee placed his troopers that were in the house, at the doors and windows, who behaved so gallantly as to repulse the assailants without losing a horse or man. Only Lieutenant [William] Lindsay and one private were wounded. The whole number in the house did not exceed ten. [Hartley's note -'Major [John] Jameson was accidentally present, and engaged in this skirmish.'] That of the assailants was said to amount to two hundred. They lost a sergeant and three men, with several horses, killed; and an officer and three men wounded.

"The following is Captain Lee's report of this affair to General Washington: 'I am to inform your Excellency of an action, which happened this morning, between a party of the enemy's dragoons and my troop of horse. They were near two hundred in number, and by a very circuitous route endeavored to surprise me in quarters. About daybreak they appeared. We were immediately alarmed, and manned the doors and windows. The contest was very warm; the British dragoons trusting to their vast superiority in number, attempted to force their way into the house. In this they were baffled by the bravery of my men. After having left two killed and four wounded, they desisted and sheered off. We are trying to intercept them. Colonel Stevens has pushed a party of infantry to reach their rear. So well directed was the opposition, that we drove them from the stables and saved every horse. We have got the arms, some cloaks, &c. of their wounded. The only damage I at present know of, is a slight wound received by Lieutenant Lindsay. I am apprehensive about the patrols. The enterprise was certainly daring, though the issue of it very ignominious. I had not a soldier for each window.'-- January 20th.

"Again: 'We have at length ascertained the real loss of this day. Four privates, belonging to the patrol at the square, were taken. I am told they made a brave resistance. The quartermaster-sergeant, who imprudently ran from our quarters prior to the commencement of the skirmish, was also taken. The loss sustained stands thus: one sergeant and four privates taken; one lieutenant and two privates wounded. By what I can learn from the people of Derby, the enemy's loss is as follows: three privates dead; one commissioned officer, one sergeant, and three privates wounded.'

"The following letter of General Washington to Captain Lee attests his sense of the merit of his young protégé: 'My Dear Lee, Although I have given you my thanks in the general orders of this day, for the late instance of your gallant behavior, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to repeat them again in this manner. I needed no fresh proofs of your merit, to bear you in remembrance. I waited only for the proper time and season to show it; those, I hope, are not far off. I shall also think of and will reward the merit of Lindsay, when an opening presents, as far as I can consistently; and I shall not forget the corporal, whom you have recommended to my notice. Offer my sincere thanks to the whole of your gallant party, and assure them, that no one felt pleasure more sensibly, or rejoiced more sincerely for your and their escape, than your affectionate, &c.'" -- Hartley, *h h O c p p*, pp. 32-34; see as well Marshall, *h h Y cuj p v p*, Vol. III, p. 377.

⁵ Washington's letter to the President of Congress soliciting Lee's promotion to Major: "Captain Lee of the light dragoons, and the officers under his command, having uniformly distinguished themselves by a conduct of exemplary zeal, prudence, and bravery, I took occasion, on a late signal instance of it, to express the high sense I entertained of their merit, and to assure him, that it should not fail of being properly noticed. I was induced to give this assurance from a conviction, that it is the wish of Congress to give every encouragement to merit, and that they would cheerfully embrace so favorable an opportunity of manifesting this disposition. I had it in contemplation at the time, in case no other method more eligible could be adopted, to make him an offer of a place in my family. I have consulted the committee of Congress upon the subject, and we were mutually of opinion, that giving Captain Lee the command of two troops of horse on the proposed establishment, with the rank of major, to act as an independent partisan corps, would be a mode of rewarding him very advantageous to the service. Captain Lee's genius particularly adapts him to a command of this nature; and it will be the most agreeable to him of any station in which he could be placed.

"I beg leave to recommend this measure to Congress, and shall be obliged by their decision as speedily as may be convenient. The campaign is fast approaching, and there will probably be very little time to raise and

quartermaster added; though one of these acted as a dismounted formation. The including of foot soldiers with the cavalry was seen as measure necessary to insure the flexibility and survivability of the unit. Then in July, Captain Allan McLane's Delaware infantry company was assigned as a fourth troop; so that by the end of August the corps had 200 men; with soldiers from not only Virginia and Delaware, but Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut as well. It achieved particular notoriety, including an acknowledgment of thanks by Congress, for its participation in a daring and mostly successful night raid on the British outpost of Paulus Hook, New Jersey in August 1779.⁶

On 14 February 1780, Lee was granted authorization to form a formal Legionary Corps; and many of the best soldiers from other units either volunteered or were specially invited to join its ranks. When the issue of the utility of Legionary and Partisan corps to the army was raised by Congress, Washington in a letter of 11 October 1780 addressed to the President and in response to them stated: "In general I dislike independent corps, I think a partisan corps with an army useful in many respects. Its name and destination stimulate to enterprise; and the two officers I have mentioned have the best claims to public attention. Colonel [Charles] Armand is an officer of great merit, which, added to his being a foreigner, to his rank in life, and to the sacrifices of property he has made, renders it a point of delicacy as well as justice to continue to him the means of serving honorably. Major Lee has rendered such distinguished services, possesses so many talents for commanding a corps of this nature, and deserves so much credit for the perfection in which he has kept his corps, as well as for the handsome exploits he has performed, that it would be a loss to the service, and a discouragement to merit, to reduce him, and I do not see how he can be introduced into one of the regiments in a manner satisfactory to himself, and which will enable him to be equally useful, without giving too much disgust to the whole line of cavalry."

By 1 November 1780⁷ Lee's force was increased in size to three mounted and three dismounted; and at about which same time it was detached from the Main Army and sent to reinforce the Southern Army badly mauled at the battle of Camden, 16 August 1780. On 1 January 1781, the Legion was re-designated the 2d Partisan Corps, and when it joined General Greene by early January numbered some 100 cavalry and 180 foot which were organized as into three troops of horse under Captains Joseph Eggleston, Ferdinand O'Neal, and James Armstrong, and 3 companies of infantry led by Captains Patrick Carnes, Michael Rudolph and George Handy. Among its marks of distinction, the "Legion" was one of the best clothed and equipped units in the Continental Army; this due in no small part to Lee's dogged and persistent determination to make it so. At least his mounted legionnaires wore green jackets because on several occasions they were mistaken for men of both Simcoe's Queen's Rangers⁸ and Tarleton's British Legion (and or else members of those two units were mistook for Lee's men); while Lee himself, in his *Memoirs*, speaks of his cavalry wearing "green coatees and leather breeches." Yet this is about as much information as we have to go on and apparently applies only to the cavalry;⁹ otherwise supply records intimate

prepare the corps for it. It is a part of the plan to give Mr. Lindsay the command of the second troop, and to make Mr. Peyton captain-lieutenant of the first." Cecil B. Hartley's *J h h O c p c p . pp* 85-86.

⁶ Although Capt. Allan McLane (1746-1829) played decisive roles in both Stony Point, N.Y., and Paulus Hook (with the former being the inspiration for the latter undertaking), he was unjustly neglected when the honors for both these victories were handed out, and this no doubt contributed to his falling out with Lee (whom he did not subsequently get along well with), and his leaving the corps to be re-assigned to a separate duty in Jan. 1781. For a sharp and incisive account of McLane's quite amazing and remarkable career and adventures, see *C o c p w i O c i c p*, Oct. 1956, vol. 7, Issue 6; available at : http://www.americanheritage.com/articles/magazine/ah/1956/6/1956_6_74.shtml

⁷ Lee himself was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on 6 November 1780.

⁸ Lee, *O o u*, pp. 301n-302n.

⁹ However, there is a most intriguing cavalry figure -- dark green coated with white collar and facings; wearing a smaller version of the British Legion style helmet, and with tan vest and breeches -- in Alonzo Chappel's painting "Washington's Farewell to His Officers, 1783" (c. 1857) that may very well be the uniform in question. While it is true Chappel did do a painting (now lost but that survives as an engraving) specifically of the Legion cavalry at Guilford Court House, it is uncertain whether it was done before or after

that at least some of the unit were attired in blue coats with red trim and white linen. For headgear, leather caps were most frequently used by Continental cavalymen; however some are known to have worn visored black or brown leather helmets; with felt hats making an occasional appearance.¹⁰

While in the south serving under Greene the Legion occasionally took in recruits from local Carolinians; some of whom became notable in its service. Also, in May of 1781, some 25 North Carolina Continentals under Maj. Pinkertham Eaton were added to the ranks of the Legion Infantry; in part, apparently, to offer them temporary training; as well as to strengthen the Legion's numbers.

By early 1782, Lee removed himself from command and returned north. Then in June, Greene divided the Legion by combining its cavalry with detachments from the 3rd and 4th Continental Light Dragoons, under Col. George Baylor;¹¹ and then by assigning the infantry of the Legion to Lieut. Col. John Laurens' Light Infantry battalion. The reaction on the part of the Legion was one of dismay and indignation, and all resigned in protest. Greene, however, was able to somewhat appease and console them; those who would not stay were granted furlough to return north.¹² The unit finally and formally disbanded at Winchester, Virginia on 15 November 1783.

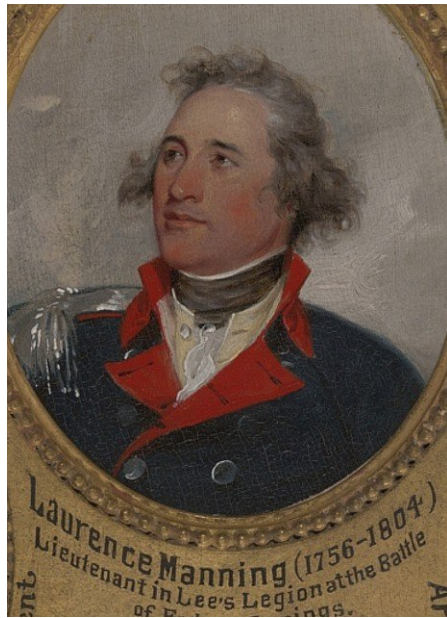
"Washington's Farewell." In the "Legion at Guilford," the troopers wear a metal helmet very similar to the one worn by Thomas Young Seymour of the Connecticut Light Dragoons in the portrait by John Trumbull (1756-1843), but with shell covered in black rather than brass or gold; surmounted by a metal crest on which hanging horse hair is attached; with, as well, as metal visor broader than Seymour's. The green jackets are cut at the waists, and have relatively high collars and long cuffs, and which latter, as depicted in some colorings of the engraving, are buff-yellow. It is not impossible that both the dragoons shown in "Washington's Farewell" and or "Guilford" are accurate representations of how the unit appeared at different times. It was trying to keep any regiment in the Continental army properly outfitted in the field. And with Lee's Legion being one of the optimally clothed compared to other American units, they doubtless still had to make shift attiring themselves as best they could and as changing circumstances allowed; so that the result was still, at least in many instances in the course of several campaigns, something of an amalgam. The Legion infantry itself has been spoken of as being at one time in purple trousers and purple jackets when in the north (Don Troiani's *u h v j C o c p T v p*, by Troiani and Kochan, pp. 156-160), and then there are records of scarlet and blue cloth being issued to them while in the south (*Wph o u h v j p p p x C o* by Phillip Katcher, pp. 39-40) -- as well as the painting of Laurence Manning of the infantry; where he wears a conventional blue army coat with red collars and facing, and silver epaulette.

Also the Legion, like other British and American legions, was inspired and styled itself in precedent on Simcoe's Queen's Rangers, who were very careful and strict about their uniforms, yet loved a little flourish and extra adornment for color; for example, in the crescent moon worn on their headgear, and, on one occasion, when they put on white and black feathers in mourning for André (Simcoe, p. 152; Simcoe also, incidentally, commends Lee's Legion for its discipline, p. 136.) Since lack of regular equipment prevented strict uniformity of the Legion's clothing, a concomitant harmony of élan, spirit, and swagger (such as, say, Garden implies) not only permitted but encouraged divers clothing and gear to be used in a creative and colorful manner; providing at least they had good to better aesthetic taste; which it is probably safe to conclude the majority of legion officers and men had. That Lee prided himself on the unit's look and appearance, including their gentlemanly deportment (as, for instance, in the quasi-for its time knightly treatment of Brown and the King's Rangers at and after the fall of Augusta) added to Garden's dashing picture of the legion, would seem to strongly support such a surmise.

¹⁰ See Lee, *O o u h v j Y c p v j v j p r c w p v h v j W p v w v u* (1869 ed.) p. 302n., Phillip Katcher's *Wph o u h v j p p p x C o*, pp. 36, 39-40.

¹¹ With respect to the 3d and 4th Continental Light Dragoons see Berg, p. 30-31.

¹² Lee, *O o u* pp. 550-553.



Portrait of Lieutenant Laurence Manning, of the Legion Infantry;
by John Trumbull (1756-1843), Yale University Art Gallery.

Part I.

But for Alexander Garden (1757-1829), son of noted Scotch-American physician, botanist -- and Loyalist -- of the same name (1730-1792), our knowledge and idea of the officers and men under Lee's command would be a great deal more shadowy and sketchy than it is. Born in Charleston, S.C., Garden for most of the war was in Scotland pursuing studies at the University of Glasgow. Nonetheless, in July 1780 he returned to British held Charleston, and sometime, but apparently not earlier than after the battle of Eutaw Springs in 8 September 1781, he somehow managed to join up with and enlist in Greene's army; being first made a Cornet in Lee's Legion; rising to Lieutenant by February 1782; and for a period (presumably due to his cultured and well educated background) acted as aide-de-camp to General Greene. After the war, his father's estate, that would otherwise have been confiscated, was awarded to him by the state of South Carolina. He later published two separate volumes of Revolutionary War Anecdotes, viz.:

* *Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America: With Sketches of Character of Persons the Most Distinguished, in the Southern States, for Civil and Military Services* A.E. Miller, Charleston, 1822.

* *Anecdotes of the American Revolution: Illustrative of the Talents and Virtues of the Heroes of the Revolution, Who Acted the Most Conspicuous Parts Therein.*
-- Second Series. A.E. Miller, Charleston, 1828.

These "anecdotes," although largely second or third hand in origin, were often enough taken from original participants themselves whom he knew personally; not least of which, for our purposes, his old comrades and fellow officers in Lee's Legion.

Although sometimes unabashedly patriotic even to the point at times of being suspect in their accuracy, and despite how other portions of his text merely re-relate David Ramsay, William Moultrie, or other early Revolutionary War historian (including Garden's former commander, Henry Lee), Garden's accounts often contain much rare, candid, and unusual information not found elsewhere and to that extent are much more credible than we might, initially and on the surface, otherwise expect of them.

Captain Joseph Eggleston¹³

Cavalry.

This meritorious Officer was endowed with superior powers of mind, but decidedly better qualified to gain celebrity in the cabinet, than in the field. He had the most perfect knowledge of duty, and was ever prompt in its performance; but the spirit of enterprise particularly requisite in a Partisan, was foreign to his nature. There occurred, however, one rencontre [sic] with the enemy, in which he acquired distinction, both for [p. 123] talent and intrepidity. On the retreat of the British army from Ninety-Six, Lee, knowing that the rich settlement South of Fridig's [also "Friday's"] ferry, could alone afford the forage which they would require, determined to avail himself of the probable chance of striking a blow, which should paralyze every future movement, Eggleston was detached for the purpose, to the expected scene of action, and choosing an advantageous position, anxiously awaited their approach. A party of sixty British dragoons, and some foraging wagons speedily appeared, evidently intending to reach the very farm he occupied. The legionary cavalry rushed forward with irresistible impetuosity, the enemy were at once put to rout, the wagons taken, and forty-five dragoons brought off prisoners, without the loss of a single man.¹⁴

It is painful to state, though the imputations of blame rest not on him, that the opportunity of totally destroying the British cavalry at Eutaw was lost, by his having, from his ardour to perform his duty, obeyed an unauthorized order to engage. Foiled, and compelled to retire, when summoned to advance by Lee, he was too far distant to support Armstrong, who was ready to engage, but unequal with a single troop to meet the superior force of [John] Coffin.¹⁵ On the day following the battle, however, he rendered very essential service, charging the retiring enemy, and taking from them several wagons containing stores and baggage. On this occasion, his horse was killed under him – he himself escaping without injury, though five balls pierced his clothes and equipments.

At the conclusion of the war, turning his attention to literary pursuits, he was returned a Member of Congress, in which respectable body he obtained applause and distinction. [p. 124]

Of warm and impatient temper, while yet in the flower of his age, tormented by the irritation of a disordered leg, and insisting on amputation, mortification ensued, which caused his immediate and untimely dissolution.

¹³ Eggleston (1754-1811), a William and Mary graduate and originally part of Lee's first troop of Virginia State Cavalry, served with distinction in the Legion throughout the war and was afterward, among other numerous public offices he held, a U.S. Representative from the state of Virginia from 1798 to 1801. His gravesite is located in the Old Grubhill Church Cemetery, near Amelia Court House in Amelia County, Virginia.

¹⁴ 3 July 1781, Lee, *O o u* p. 381.

¹⁵ Regarding both Eutaw Springs, 8 September 1781, and the lost opportunity to defeat Coffin and turn the British left flank, see Lee, *O o u* pp. 463-475, Gibbes' *o p w* Vol. 3 p. 151, and *cr u h cvj c p* p , Vol. IX (Dennis Conrad, editor) pp. 335n-336n.

Captain James Armstrong¹⁶

Cavalry.

There was no Officer in the service of the United States, whose feats of daring, had made a more salutary impression on the minds of the enemy, than those of Armstrong of the Legion. The British did justice to his merits; they admired his valor; they gratefully acknowledged his humanity; and when he, by an accident, became their prisoner, behaved towards him with marked and flattering attention. Had they displayed the same generous conduct towards others, which they exercised towards him, the asperities of the war would have been softened, and nothing heard of those acts of intemperate violence, which debased their characters as men.

The details of his achievements are to be met with in every history of the war; it would be superfluous again to repeat them. But, one instance of his attention to a brave and unfortunate Soldier, has not, in my judgment been sufficiently dwelt upon. Lieutenant Colonel Lee was certainly a man of strong prejudices; but, where admiration was excited towards a gallant enemy, his generosity was unbounded. Fascinated by the consummate skill and bravery of Colonel Browne [loyalist, Thomas Brown], in the defense of his post at Augusta, his resolution was immediately fixed, to save him from the fury of an exasperated population, and the better to effect it, [p. 125] put him under the safeguard of Armstrong, to conduct him to Savannah. The precaution was the more necessary, as the inveteracy of party, in the neighbourhood of Augusta, had given birth to a war of extermination, and he saw that without such interposition a gallant Soldier, who had committed himself to his enemy, on their plighted faith, would otherwise have been sacrificed. Colonel [James] Grierson of the British militia, had already fallen by an unknown hand; and to have risked a repetition of the crime, would have subjected the victorious commanders to merited censure and reproach.¹⁷

I have often heard the gallant Armstrong declare, that he never had, in his own opinion, encountered equal peril with that which he experienced on this trying occasion. At every turn preparation was made for death – in every individual who approached, was seen the eager wish to destroy. Resentment was excited to the highest pitch, and called aloud to be appeased by blood. Yet, by dint of good management, by the gentleness of persuasion – by forcibly portraying the duty of humanity to a captured and unresisting foe, and occasionally well applied threats, he saved the contemplated victim, and delivered him in safety to his friends in Savannah.

¹⁶ Armstrong (1753-1800), according to one credible genealogist's report was born in Londonderry, Ireland. Some time shortly after the Revolutionary War broke out, we find him serving as an officer in the Pennsylvania line; where he was made lieutenant in the 3d Pennsylvania Regiment in April 1777. On 16 July 1778, at Peekskill, N.Y., he was "notwithstanding his good character as an officer and soldier," court-martialed and reprimanded by General Washington, (see *C j u h p p u c p c*, 2d series, Vol. 11, p. 294.) Then in September 1778, his, with other officers of the 3d Regiment, was one of forty-one signatures affixed to a petition submitted to Washington protesting recently adopted promotion procedures. By January 1779, we find him a Lieutenant in Lee's corps; and some time, not clear, in 1780 was made a Captain heading one of Lee's troops of cavalry; (Heitman gives 1 January 1779 as the date of his being granted a captaincy, but this is apparently in error); and was commended for his part in the raid on Paulus Hook, 19 August 1779. Armstrong was later taken captive near Dorchester, S.C. in December 1781 (see Lee, *O o u* p. 538), and was held a prisoner to the war's termination. Afterwards, he settled in Richmond County, Georgia; and in 1786 commanded a company of Dragoons guarding the border with Florida. One unofficial source states he received an electoral vote for President in 1789. Armstrong died at the Georgia plantation of fellow officer Ferdinand O'Neal, in McIntosh County, on 28 June 1800 (*i c c w*, 31 June 1800.) For more see *p p u c p c O c i c p h w c p i c r j*, Vol. XXIX, by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1905, pp. 483-484; and Caldwell Woodruff's, "Capt. Ferdinand O'Neal of Lee's Legion," *j Y c o c p O c c v*, 2nd Ser., Vol. 23, No. 3 (July, 1943), pp. 328-330, and the well done, though more informal, "A Biography of Ferdinand O'Neal," by Dorothy Tribble; that can be found at The O'Neal Genealogy Association website at <http://www.onealwebsite.com>

¹⁷ 6 June 1781, Lee, *O o u*, pp. 367-370.

A remarkable scene is said, by Dr. [David] Ramsay, to have occurred on this occasion, which well deserves to be recorded, as exemplifying the firmness of a female, labouring under the deepest affliction of grief. Passing through the settlement where the most wanton waste had recently been made by the British, both of lives and property, a Mrs. M'Koy [McKay, mother of Rannall McKay, the young man spoken of], having obtained permission to speak with Colonel Browne [loyalist, Thomas Brown], addressed him in words to the following effect: -- "Colonel Browne, in the late day of your prosperity, I visited your camp, and on my knees supplicated for the life of my son -- but you were deaf to my entreaties! You [p. 126] hanged him, though a beardless youth, before my face. These eyes have seen him scalped by the savages under your immediate command, and for no better reason than that his name was M'Koy. As you are prisoner to the leaders of my country, for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge: but, when you resume your sword, I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it, for the murder of my son."¹⁸

While Armstrong remained a prisoner, he was treated, as I have stated, with distinguished politeness. To Colonel Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford,¹⁹ I have heard him express great obligation; and still more to Commodore Sweeny, whose attentions were such as none but a generous enemy could have known to bestow. I have only to add, that ever high in the esteem and affection of his associates, admired and respected in every society, he lived beloved, and died lamented.

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Captain [Ferdinand] O'Neal²⁰

Cavalry.

O'Neal was one of the Officers of the Legion, who rose to rank and consideration by the force of extraordinary merit. He entered the army a private trooper in Bland's regiment, and was one of a gallant band, who, when Captain Henry Lee was surprised at the Spread-Eagle Tavern, near Philadelphia, resolutely defended the position against the whole of the British cavalry, and ultimately compelled them to retire. Lee, on this occasion, addressing his companions, and strenuously urging them rather to die than surrender, added - "Henceforth, I consider the fortune of every individual present, as inseparably [p. 128] connected with my own! If we fall, we will fall like brothers! If successful in repelling the enemy, (and it needs but a trifling exertion of your energies to effect it) my fortune and my interest shall be uniformly employed to increase your comforts, and secure your promotion." Nor did he ever swerve from his promise. Appointed, shortly after, with the rank of Major, to the command of a corps of horse, O'Neal and [William] Winston, another of his faithful adherents, received commissions, and to the last hour of the way, by uniform steadiness of conduct, and exemplary intrepidity, gained increase of reputation. It was said, on this occasion, that Tarleton, making his first essay as a military man, but for the accidental snapping of O'Neal's carbine, would have fallen a victim to a bold effort, which he made to enter by a window at which he was posted, the muzzle of the piece being, at the time, within

¹⁸ For Brown's own version and explanation of what took place with respect to the murder of Grierson and the hanging of McKay, see White's *W c v pu h i c*, pp. 614-620.

¹⁹ Benjamin Thompson (1753-1814) was a Massachusetts loyalist, scientist, and a member of the Royal Society. On 24 February 1782 he was commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the "King's American Dragoons" (formed in New York); and is said to have served in South Carolina with that unit later the same year.

²⁰ O'Neal, a Virginian reportedly of French origin or ancestry, was initially a Cornet in Lee's Light Dragoons in April 1777. By 5 September 1779 he was Lieutenant in the Legion; and in October 1780 Captain in which rank he served to the conflict's completion. He subsequently settled in Camden County, Georgia; following that Liberty County; and following that had a plantation in McIntosh County (which had been formed from Liberty County.) The date of his death is unknown, but it has been deduced by historian Caldwell Woodruff that it would have been sometime before 1820. For more, see Woodruff's "Capt. Ferdinand O'Neal of Lee's Legion," *J Y co cp Oc cv*, 2nd Ser., Vol. 23, No. 3 (July, 1943), pp. 328-330; and "A Biography of Ferdinand O'Neal," by Dorothy Tribble at <http://www.onealwebsite.com>

a foot of his head. Tarleton behaved with great calmness; for looking up, he said with a smile, "You have missed it, my lad, for this time;" and wheeling his horse, joined his companions, who, deceived by false alarm, were retiring with precipitation.

Captain Michael Rudolph [Rudolph]²¹

Infantry.

There was not, in the Southern Army, an Officer of the same grade, whose activity and daring spirit produced such essential advantages to the service as Michael Rudolph; yet, in the pages of history he is scarcely named. I never knew a man, so strictly enforcing [sic] the observance of discipline, who, at the same time, maintained so perfect an ascendancy over the [p. 129] affections of his men. He was their idol; and such was their confidence in his talents and intrepidity, that no enterprise, however, hazardous, could be proposed, where he was to be the leader, but every individual in the regiment became anxious to obtain a preference of service.

His stature was diminutive; but from the energy of his mind, and personal activity, his powers were gigantic.

Fully to detail his services, is beyond my ability, but that he merited the grateful applause of his country, must be allowed, when it is recollected, that he led the forlorn hope, when the post at New York, was surprised and carried by Lee; and that the same perilous command was assigned him at the storming of the Stockade Fort at Ninety-Six; that he bore a pre-eminently distinguished part in conducting the sieges of the several Forts reduced in the interior country, and particularly directed against Fort Cornwallis at Augusta; that at Guilford [Court House] his conduct was highly applauded, and that he was conspicuous from his exemplary ardour, leading the charge with the bayonet, which broke the British line at Eutaw; that shortly previous to the evacuation of Charleston, he, with sixteen men, took and burnt the Galley protecting the left of the British line at the Quarter House, bringing off twenty-six prisoners; and that, finally, he dismounted and made a prisoner of one of the boldest black dragoons employed by the enemy.

Such were the Revolutionary services of the Captain, under whose auspices I entered the army, and whose virtues were no less estimable than his public utility.

At a later period in the war, with the Western Indians, he served with distinguished reputation; but [p. 130] anxious to provide for an increasing family, he left the service to engage in trade, and sailing on a voyage of speculation to the West Indies, was heard of no more.

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²¹ Michael Rudolph (often given, incorrectly, as "Rudolph" though evidently the pronunciation is very similar if not identical) and brother of Major John Rudolph (also of the Legion), hailed from Cecil County, Maryland and was known as the "The Lion of the Legion." He was Sergeant Major of Lee's Light Dragoons in April 1778; and by July 1779 was made Lieutenant. For leading the forlorn hope in the capture of Paulus Hook in August 1779, he was brevetted Captain as the result of a resolve of Congress. By 1 November 1779, he was a full Captain in the Legion; serving in the unit to the war's end. Sometime in 1795, Rudolph sailed from Baltimore in a merchant ship carrying tobacco, and was subsequently (and seemingly) lost at sea. For more, see "Michael Rudolph, 'Lion of the Legion,'" by Marilou Alston Rudolph, *icwc cv*, 45 (September 1961), pp. 201-222, and "The Legend of Michael Rudolph," by Marilou Alston Rudolph, *icwc cv*, 45 (December 1961), pp. 309-328.

Captain [George] Handy²²

Infantry.

Animated by principles as pure and patriotic, Captain Handy gained distinction by his zealous performance of every duty, and the invincible coolness with which he encountered danger. His activity contributed very essentially, to the reduction of several Forts held by the enemy in the interior country, particularly that at Augusta, where his vigorous charge on the British, who had, by a bold sally, actually possessed themselves of the trenches of the besiegers, caused their expulsion, and precipitate retreat into their posts, from where they never ventured again.²³ On the retreat of [Francis] Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, while Lee was endeavoring to gain his front, Handy, deviating a few paces from his command, was seized and carried to a distance by a party of *banditti*, who robbed him of his watch, money, and every article of his clothing, leaving him in a state of perfect nudity, to find his way back to his party. The appellation which I have used is not too harsh; the ceremony of a parole was, indeed, insisted on and given; but on application, at an after period, to the British commander for the exchange of Handy, he candidly acknowledged, that he was not known as a prisoner, and that his captors must have been a set of lawless marauders, of whom the British had no knowledge. Captain Handy, again restored to the service, by patent endurance of all the miseries and privations of the last campaign, had great influence [p. 131] in tranquilizing the minds of men, driven almost to desperation by famine and disease. The departure of the enemy, at length, closed the scene of the calamity.

Handy led the van of the troops taking possession of Charleston, and having the command of the main guard, by his arrangement of patrols, and the correct conduct of his men, preserved a tranquility that could scarcely have been expected, from Soldiers so long deprived of every comfort, who had now a town, rich in spoil, and many of their most implacable enemies, altogether within their power. To his credit I can assert that no irregularity was committed – not a murmur heard.

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Lieutenant Peter Johnston²⁴

Infantry.

Imbibing, at a very early period of the Revolutionary war, an enthusiastic attachment to the cause of Liberty, and sensible, that the opinions of his father, whose political creed sanctioned the pretensions of Britain, would militate against his ardent ambition to serve, Peter Johnston, at the age of sixteen, eloped from his College, and avoiding successfully the pursuit of his tutors, joined the Legion as a volunteer. His eagerness to acquire military knowledge, and unceasing efforts to obtain distinction, very speedily attracted attention, and obtained for him, the commission to which he aspired, while

²² Handy was an Ensign in the 5th Maryland regiment in April. 1777, and on 10 May 1777 was promoted to Lieutenant. Though on 26 August 1778 he resigned his commission; by July 1779, we find him a Lieutenant of the infantry in Lee's Legion; ably led a detachment at Paulus Hook, August 1779. Later, on 20 November 1780, Handy was promoted to Captain. Receiving particular praise by Lee himself for his role in the Second siege of Augusta, April 1781, he remained with the corps till the war's close; and returned to Maryland sometime after.

²³ 24 May 1781, Lee, *O o u* p. 362.

²⁴ Johnston (1763-1841), from Osborne's Landing, Virginia, was originally intended by his family for the church; but, at the age of 16, without informing his father, ran off and enlisted in the Legion. Evidently, and as later proven, he was an able and intelligent lad for he quickly arose in the ranks. At Fort Watson, in mid April 1781, he led the assault on the works there, and was later commended before the unit for his bravery. Following war's end, Johnston settled down and studied law; subsequently becoming the eminent Judge and jurist Garden speaks of him as. As well of note, he was the father of Joseph Eggleston Johnston, famed Confederate Civil War general.

the whole tenor of his conduct evinced, that it could not have been more judiciously bestowed. He was brave, enterprising, and where duty called, exemplary in its performance. I will give no further proof of it, than his intrepid conduct at the siege of the post at Wright's Bluff [Fort Watson or Scott's Lake], where [p. 132.] the removal of the abbatis, under the immediate fire of the British riflemen, connected with the appalling erection of the Mayham [Maham] Tower, struck the enemy with so great a panic, as to cause an instantaneous surrender.²⁵

To the end of the war, he still acquired an increase of reputation, and so completely gained the favour of the parent he had offended, as to be received, on his return to the domestic circle of his family, not only with affection, but pride. Pursuing the study of the Law, he rapidly obtained professional reputation; and now promoted to a seat on the bench of Judges, is equally admired for the wisdom and justice of his decrees.

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John Middleton²⁶

Cornet in the Legion

Of Middleton, I would speak with justice, equal to his merit. It would, indeed, be a sacred duty were I competent to perform it. He was ever "the man nearest my heart." Brought up together from infancy, and united in our progress through life, by ties of the most disinterested friendship, he was to me as a brother; and I can with truth assert, that he never obtained an honor, nor progressed a step in public favor, which did not occasion, in my bosom, a sensation of delight, as perfect as if the merit had been my own. Every attention that could induce a man of less exalted feeling, of patriotism less pure, to remain in England at the commencement of hostilities, were held out to him. Wealth, connexion [sic], preferment courted his acceptance. A living in the established Church, of considerable amount, was his by inheritance; [p. 133.] but superior to every selfish consideration, and regarding the violated rights of his country, as injuries to his own honor, he nobly resolved, by the devotion of his life to her service, to become her defender, and ward off the exterminating blow, which the resentments of a merciless administration had denounced against her. Quitting Europe, and arriving safely on the American shores, he joined the Southern Army, and offering himself as a volunteer for promotion, speedily exhibited so many instances of gallantry, and so great an ardour for enterprise, as to be rewarded with a Cornetcy in the Legion. No youthful candidate for fame could ever, with greater success, have acquired the admiration of his superiors, the love of the troops serving under him, the perfect esteem and friendship of his brother Officers. His career was short. He but lived to witness the expulsion of the enemy from our Capital, when seized by a mortal disease, he fell its victim. The regrets of every class of the community, affording the highest proof of his estimable character, his talents, and his virtues.

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Clement Carrington,²⁷

of the Legion Infantry.

Perhaps a more striking instance of the irregular action of fear upon the human mind, was never exhibited than at the battle of Eutaw [Springs.] Early in the action, Mr.

²⁵ 23 April 1781. Lee, *O o u*, pp. 331-332.

²⁶ According to Heitman, Middleton (from South Carolina) was a Lieutenant in the Legion from 1780-1782. He died in Charleston, 14 November 1784.

²⁷ Carrington was from Virginia, and, says Heitman, was Cornet in Lee's Light Dragoons in 1780, serving to the close of the war.

Clement Carrington, then a volunteer in the Legion, received a wound which incapacitated him from advancing with his corps, successfully charging the British with the bayonet. He was leaning on his spontoon, anxiously regarding the intrepid exertions of [p. 134] his companions, when a militiaman, flying from the field, appeared immediately in his front, rushing directly on him with the blind impetuosity of terror. Carrington, finding that he must be overturned, unless he could arrest his flight, crossed his spontoon over his breast, the more effectually to check his progress, and upbraiding his cowardice in an authoritative tone, commanded him to halt. The terrors of the fugitive were too highly excited to suffer control, he snatched the weapon opposed to him from the hands of Carrington, and passing the blade of it through his body, with redoubled speed ran on. To the satisfaction of his friends, the gallant volunteer recovered – was speedily commissioned in the Legion, and at the conclusion of the war, applying to the study of the law, has since become a distinguished practitioner at the bar of Virginia.

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Dr. Matthew Irvine.²⁸

It would be difficult to speak with encomiums equal to his merit, of this excellent Officer. This is no flattery; a cursory review of his services, will afford ample proof, that he stands in need of no such aid. He commenced his career, in the cause of liberty, at the very dawning of hostilities, being one of that distinguished band, who, pausing through the wilderness, and surmounting difficulties, such as had never before been encountered by man, appeared suddenly before the lines of Quebec.

In the Middle States, he served with great distinction, being present at every action of consequence in the field, and participating in many Partisan enterprises, highly creditable to American arms. But, [p. 135] it was in the Southern war that he acquired the highest distinction, not only performing the duties of his profession with consummate skill, and exemplary tenderness and humanity, but frequently serving as an able negotiator with the enemy, and constantly employed as the confidential agent betwixt the General and the Officers, on whose judgment he chiefly relied, in all consultations where important measures were contemplated, and secrecy regarded as essential to success. His great fault, if fault it can be called, was the too great exposure of his person. Possessing an intrepidity that could not be controlled, he was frequently to be found in the hottest of the fight; and it is well known, that he was wounded at Quinby [Bridge, South Carolina],²⁹ at the head of Armstrong's troops, when his proper station was in the rear of the army. His military services ended, the celebrity he had acquired, as a skilful Surgeon and Physician attended him in private life; and it is no exaggeration to say, that he continues the practice of his profession, with infinite advantage to the public, and constant increase of his own reputation.

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²⁸ From Pennsylvania, Irvine was originally a Surgeon's Mate in Thompson's Rifle Battalion from July to December 1775; then from 20 July 1778 to the close of the war he acted as Surgeon in the Legion. He died 31 August 1827. For more on Irvine, see Joseph Johnson's *the History of the American Revolution*, pp. 403-405.

²⁹ 17 July 1781, Lee, *the American Revolution*, p. 390.

Dr. [Alexander] Skinner.³⁰

I had, during the last campaign in the South, continued opportunity of witnessing the eccentricities of this extraordinary character; but while I admired his facetious and entertaining conversation, his exquisite humour, and occasional exhibition of sportive or pointed irony, I could not but consider him as a very dangerous companion. Colonel Lee has stated, that he had a dire objection to the field of battle, yet in private society always ready for a quarrel; it might be truly asserted, [p. 136] that it required infinite circumspection not to come to pints with him, since he really appeared to consider tilting as a pleasing pastime, and he was (as an Irish soldier once said of him) “an honest fellow, just as ready to fight as eat.” In his regiment, and among his intimates, he was regarded as a privileged man, and allowed to throw the shafts of his wit impunity. This was a fortunate circumstance, as he would at any time rather have risked the loss of his friend, than the opportunity of applying satirical observation in point. When first he appeared in the lower country, he wore a long beard and huge fur cap, the latter through necessity, the first from some superstitious notion, the meaning of which it was impossible to penetrate. An officer, who really esteemed him, asking him “why he suffered his beard to grow to such an unusual length,” he tartly replied, “It is a secret, Sir, betwixt my God and myself, that human impertinence shall never penetrate.” On a night alarm, at Ninety-Six, as Colonel Lee was hastening forward to ascertain the cause, he met Skinner in full retreat, and stopping him, said, ‘what is the matter Doctor, whither so fast – not frightened I hope?’ “No, Colonel, no,” replied Skinner, “not absolutely frightened, but, I candidly confess, most damnably alarmed.” His strong resemblance to the character of Falstaff, which Colonel Lee has also noticed, was very remarkable. “He was witty himself, and the cause of wit in others.” Like the fat knight, too, in calculation of chances, not over scrupulous in distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*;³¹ and, I should decidedly say, in his narrations of broils and battles, too much under the influence of Shrewsbury clock. I have seldom met with a man more fond of good and dainty cheer, or a more devoted idolater of good wine; but when they were not to be met with, the plainest food, and most simple liquor, were enjoyed with the highest relish. [p. 137]

A lady of the lower country, addressing herself to a young officer who had been much accustomed to enjoy every species of luxury, asked, ‘how he had supported the privations experienced during the last campaign in the interior?’ he replied “that hunger made a simple rasher on the coals, as delicious as the most sumptuous fare, and that where wine could not be obtained he relished whiskey.” “I am grieved, my young friend,” said Skinner, with great gravity, “mortified, beyond expression, to hear such a declaration from your lips, since it has long been my opinion, that the man who would drink so mean a liquor as whiskey would steal.”

In person, Skinner was not unlike the representation generally given of Sancho; in his government, exhibiting extravagant pretensions to state and self consequence. Nor was he insensible to the influences of the tender passion. He not only could love, but he believed himself possessed of every requisite to inspire passion, particularly priding himself upon a roguish leer with the eye, that he deemed irresistible. When disencumbered of his beard, he was presented at Sandy Hill (the point of attraction to all the military) to Mrs. Charles Elliott, the amiable and benevolent hostess of the mansion. The facetious Captain Carns [Carnes], who was his friend on the occasion, indulging his natural propensity to quiz, pointed her out

³⁰ Skinner was initially Surgeon in the 1st Virginia Regiment, 26 October 1776; but by 1780, was a Surgeon in the Legion where he remained till the war's close. For a sketch of him by Lee himself see *O o u* p. 382n. It seems more than reasonable to assume Skinner was in some measure the model and inspiration of the “Captain Porgy” character in William Gilmore Simms’ historical novel *j c vucp* (1835), and also *G vey* (1856); a character, incidentally, roundly deplored and lamented by reviewer Edgar Allen Poe and pointed out as one of *j c vucp*'s signal weaknesses; (keeping in mind, of course, that Poe's criticism is directed at the author's fictional personage being ill fitted to the work; rather than a real life person.) See *vj p*

³¹ Latin -- *o p* and *u*

to Skinner, as an object highly worth the attention of a man of enterprise. The bait was attractive, and he bit at it with the eagerness of a hungry gudgeon. On his first appearance of his cap, Mrs. Elliott had perceived it, and retiring, for an instant, returned with an elegant military hat, which she placed on his head, and gracefully bowing, run off. Skinner was mute with astonishment – he looked at the hat, and at the lady [p. 138] and then at the hat again, and turning to his friend, seemed, in the language of Falstaff, to say –

“Her eye did seem to scorch me like a burning glass.”

The expression of his countenance was, to Carns, a sufficient indication of the agitation of his bosom. The hint was not lost. “Well,” he feelingly exclaimed, “if ever a broad and palpable invitation was given, this certainly, may be considered as such! Why, Skinner, what charm, what philter do you use to produce such havoc?” “Fie, fie,” said the enraptured Doctor, adjusting his dress, and rising upon tip-toe, “Tempt me not, my friend, and make myself ridiculous. Mine is not a figure to attract the attention of a fair lady – it cannot, cannot happen!” “I will not,” rejoined Carns, “compliment you, Skinner, on your personal attractions. You are a man of sense, a man of discernment, too wise to be flattered; but I certainly have seen men less elegantly formed than you are; and altogether with that *je ne sais quoi*, so fascinating, that you pre-eminently possess; besides, you have a fine, open, healthy, countenance, a prepossessing smile, and a prodigiously brilliant and piercing eye.” “Ah, ha,” cried Skinner, “have you discovered *that*? You are man of penetration! A man of taste! Yes, Carns, I *have* an eye, and if it has its usual trick, its tender expression, (you understand what I would say) I may, perhaps be happy.” Carns, for a time, gave indulgence to the effusions of his vanity, but would not suffer him to make himself completely ridiculous. Love was very speedily forgotten; and a kind of invitation to feel himself at home, in the most hospitable mansion in the State, made Skinner the proudest and happiest of men.

Falstaff maintained, that it was proper for every man “to labour in his vocation.” Skinner asserted, “that every man had his sphere of action, beyond the limits of which he ought never to emerge.” “Mine,” [p. 139] said he, ‘amidst the tumults of war, the conflicts of battle, is *in the rear*. – *There*, I am always to be found. I am firm at my post. What did Matthew Irvine get by quitting his?^{*} -- a wound – a villainous wound! Shall I follow his example, step out of my sphere, and set myself up as a mark to be shot at? O no! I am a stickler for the strict performance of duty, but feel no ambition to shine beyond it.

Being asked, which of the Ladies of South Carolina possessed, in his estimation, the greatest attraction? He readily replied, “The widow Izard beyond all comparison. I never pass her magnificent sideboard, but the late seems ready to tumble into my pocket.”

Arriving near re bank of the river, on the night of the contemplated attack upon John’s Island, he was asked, whether he intended to pass the ford? “By no means,” replied Skinner. “I am not fond of romantic enterprise, and will not seek for the perilous achievements where the elements more than the enemy are to be dreaded. The river too is deep, and my spirits are not buoyant; I should sink to a certainty and meet a watery grave. Death by water drinking! I shudder at the thought of it! I will remain and take care of the baggage; and as many of you as can boast a change, may be sure to meet, at your return, the comforts of clean linen, and the most cordial welcome I can give you.”

[Footnote in original text] ^{*}After the gallant charge by Captain Armstrong at Quinby Bridge, both himself and his Lieutenant George Carrington,³² having passed the gap made in it by the enemy, Dr. Matthew Irvine put himself at the head of the dragoons who had failed in the

³² Lee mentions that during the Race to the Dan that “Lieutenant Carrington, who commanded the dragoons near the enemy’s van, reported from time to time, in conformity to custom, by which it appeared that Cornwallis was moving as usual...” LMS pp. 239-240.

attempt to cross, and made an entire company of the 19th Regiment prisoners, but in the conflict was wounded. [p. 140]

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Lieutenant [Laurence] Manning,³³

*And Occurrences leading to the Defeat of Colonel [John] Pyle.*³⁴

That important consequences have resulted from accidental occurrences, and that achievements have been attributed to foresight and judgment, which originated in some fortuitous incident, cannot be doubted. The following Anecdote may possibly be disbelieved by some, yet I must record it as doing honour to a fellow-soldier, to whom I was bound by strictest ties of friendship. No man who knew Manning would question his veracity, and from his lips I received it. Nor is it credible, that *he* would wander into the regions of romance to exalt his reputation, when by the uniformity of his conduct, he was daily adding, to the laurels universally acknowledged to be his due. I have besides, in my possession, a letter from my highly valued friend, Judge Johnston of Abingdon, Virginia, at the period of its occurrence, an Officer in the Legion, corroborating the principal fact, though slightly differing in the detail. With regard to the worth and abilities of Manning, his coolness and intrepidity, our sentiments are the same. His delineation of his talents and character I regard as perfect. "I never," says the Judge, "knew any man who was more remarkable for that quality, which is called presence of mind. The more sudden the emergency, the greater the danger in which he was unexpectedly placed, the more perfect was his self-possession, as related to the faculties both of body and mind. In corporal vigour and activity, he was exceeded by few; and there was an ardour about him, which characterized every thing that he said or did. If he had enjoyed the advantages of literary culture, he would have been [p. 141] as much the object of our admiration every where else, as he was in scenes of danger and military adventure."

Most of the settlers in North Carolina, in the neighbourhood of Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, were emigrants from Scotland, who had brought with them strong prejudices in favour of monarchy. Few among them had imbibed the spirit of Liberty, fostered with enthusiasm by almost the entire population in their adopted country; but, to the credit of such as professed attachment, it must be remembered, that having once declared in favour of the cause of America, none more courageously, zealously, and faithfully supported it. No other foreign nation contributed so many distinguished Officers in the line of our armies as Scotland. The intrepid [Hugh] *Mercer* sealed his devotion to our cause with his blood, and died in battle. *Lord Sterling* [William Alexander], Generals *M'Dougald* [Alexander McDougall], *Sinclair* [Arthur St. Clair], *Stephens* [apparently Adam Stephen or possibly Edward Stevens], *M'Intosh* [Lachlan McIntosh], and [William Richardson] *Davie*, were among the most gallant and strenuous champions of Independence. Knowing these facts, it cannot be imagined, that I could ever cherish or utter a sentiment injurious to a country, whose sons are brave, and daughters virtuous; where beauty is adorned with its most fascinating perfections, and manhood exhibits a vigour and activity that cannot be surpassed; where industry has produced an almost incredible influx of wealth, and the energies of mind an increase of literary acquirement, that places human knowledge on an eminence that it had never before attained; -- a country where, as a student in a College of celebrity, I, for four

³³ Manning (1756-1804), originally from Pennsylvania (and whose first name is also seen spelled as "Lawrence"), began his army career in the 2d Canadian (also "Hazen's") Regiment, and was a Sergeant with that unit by early December 1776; and on 1 March 1777 was made Sergeant Major. He was wounded and captured at Staten Island, 22 August 1777; but by 19 September 1778 was back with his the regiment as an Ensign; and later, in July 1779, made Lieutenant. March 1780 found him being moved to the Legion Infantry whom he served with till war's finish. Interestingly, Manning's son, Richard Irvine Manning; his grandson, John Laurence Manning; and great-grandson Richard Irvine Manning III, all became South Carolina Governors.

³⁴ 25 February, 1781, Lee, *O o u* pp. 254-260.

successive years, listened with delight to the eloquence of the amiable and enlightened Miller, teaching, how far more congenial to the best feelings of the heart, and productive of [p. 142] happiness to man, in the purity of genuine Republicanism, than any system of government that the world has ever known. Where I studied the theory of morals, and witnessed the perfection of their practice, under the immediate protection and tuition of the first of Philosophers, and most virtuous of men, the immortal Dr. Thomas Reid. Where Jardine, the teacher of Eloquence, honored me with his friendship; and the liberal kindness of other Professors, of the inhabitants of the city, generally gave birth to sentiments of gratitude and affection, that can never be effaced. Truly, then, I can assert, that prejudices are unknown in the following narrative:

The intrigues and efforts of Lord Cornwallis, to excite insurrection, backed by a very formidable force, had produced among the Highland emigrants a spirit of revolt, which it required all the energies of General Greene to counteract, before it could be matured. – The zeal and activity of Lieutenant Colonel Lee, whose usefulness exceeded calculation, united to his acuteness and happy talent of obtaining intelligence of every movement, and of the most secret intentions of the enemy, pointed him out as the fittest man for this important service. He was accordingly selected, with orders to impede the intercourse of Lord Cornwallis with the disaffected; to repress every symptom of revolt, and promptly to cut off every party that should take up arms for Britain. Constantly on the alert, and equally solicitous to give security to his own command, while he harassed the enemy. A secure position was, on one occasion, taken near a forked road, one division of which led directly to Lord Cornwallis' camp, about six miles distant. The ground was chosen in the dusk of evening; and to prevent surprise, patrols of cavalry were kept out on each fork during the night. An order for a movement before day had been communicated to every individual, and was executed with so [p. 143] little noise and confusion, that Lieutenant Manning, waking at early dawn, found himself, excepting one Soldier, left alone. Stephen Greene, attendant of Captain Carns, lay near him, resting on the portmanteau of his superior, and buried in profound sleep. Being awakened, he was ordered to mount and follow, while Manning, hastening towards the fork, hoped to fall upon the track, and speedily rejoin his regiment. Much rain had fallen during the night, so that, finding both roads equally cut up, Manning chose at hard, and took the wrong one. He had not proceeded far, before he saw at the door of a log-house, a rifleman leaning on his gun, and apparently placed as a sentinel [sic]. Galloping up to him, he inquired if a regiment of horse and a body of infantry had passed that way? "Oh ho." Cried the man, (whistling loudly, which brought out a dozen others completely armed, and carrying each a red rag in his hat,) "you, I suppose, are one of Greene's men." The badge which they bore, marked their principles. Without the slightest indication of alarm, or even hesitation, Manning pointed to the portmanteau carried by Green [sic], and exclaimed – "Hush, my good fellow – no clamour [sic] for God's sake – I have *there* what will ruin Greene -- point out the road to Lord Cornwallis' army, for all depends upon early intelligence of its contents." "You are an honest fellow, (was the general cry) and have left the rebels just in time, for the whole settlement are in arms to join Colonel Pyle to-morrow, (naming the place of rendezvous) where Colonel Tarleton will meet and conduct us to camp." "Come," said the man, to whom he had first spoken, "take a drink – Here's confusion to Greene, and success to the King and his friends. This is the right road, and you will soon reach the army; or rather let me conduct you to it myself." "Not for the world, my dear fellow," replied Manning; "your direction is plain and I can [p. 144] follow it. I will never consent, that a faithful subject of his Majesty should be subjected to the danger of captivity or death on my account. If we should fall in with a party of rebels, and we cannot say that they are not in the neighborhood now, we should both lose our lives. I should be hanged for desertion, and you for aiding me to reach the British army." This speech produced the effect he desired. The libation concluded, Manning rode off amid the cheers of the company, and when out of sight, crossed to the other road, and urging his horse to full speed, in a short time overtook and communicated the interesting intelligence to his commander. Lee was then meditating an attack upon Tarleton, who had crossed the Haw River to support the Insurgents; but, perceiving the vast importance of crushing the revolt in the bud, he informed General Greene

of his plan by a confidential messenger, and hastened to the point of rendezvous, where Pyle, with upwards of four hundred men, had already arrived. It is unnecessary to detail the sanguinary scene which followed. Pyle, completely deceived, and to the last believing the Legionary Dragoons the soldiers of Tarleton, was overpowered, and with a considerable portion of his force, became victims of credulity.

It has been remarked that “severity at first is often humanity in the end.” Its policy, on this occasion, will scarcely be denied. As Lee permitted no pursuit, many escaped, and spreading universal alarm, so completely crushed the spirit of revolt, that opposition to government was put at once and effectually to rest. But had the Insurgents been cut off to a man, would not the act have been justified on the score of retaliation? The provocation would have sanctioned it. To Colonel [Abraham] Buford, but a little before, Tarleton had refused capitulation. Deaf to the voice of clemency, and intent on slaughter, a charge was made on an unprepared and unresisting foe. His heart was steeled [p. 145] against the claims of mercy, and Lee has forcibly said, “it needed but the Indian war-dance, and roasting fire, to have placed the tragedy which followed, first in the records of torture and death.”

Many other proofs could be adduced of Manning’s presence of mind, and cool intrepidity in action. It is grateful to me to mention one of these. At the battle of Eutaw, after the British line had been broken, and the *Old Buffs*,³⁵ a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats that they were to perform, were running from the field, Manning, in the enthusiasm of that valour for which he was so eminently distinguished, sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind until he found himself near a large brick house, into which the [New] York Volunteers, commanded by [John Harris] Cruger, were retiring. The British were on all sides of him, and not an American Soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but springing at an Officer who was near him, seized him by the collar, and exclaiming in a harsh tone of voice – “damn you, sir, you are my prisoner,” wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him by force from the house, and keeping his body as a shield of defence from the heavy fire sustained from the windows, carried him off without receiving any injury. Manning has often related, that at the moment when he expected that his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he, with great *solemnity* commenced an enumeration of his titles – “I am Sir, Henry Barry,³⁶ Deputy Adjutant General of the British Army, Captain in the 52d Regiment, Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston [Nisbit Balfour.]” “Enough, enough, sir,” said the victor, “you are just the man I was looking for; fear nothing for your life, you shall screen *me* from danger, and I will take special care of you.” [p. 146]

He had retired in this manner some distance from the brick house, when he saw Capatin Robert Joiett [Jouett] of the Virginia line, engaged in single combat with a British Officer. They had selected each other for battle a little before, the American armed with a broad sword, the Briton with a musket and bayonet. As they came together, a thrust was made at Joiett, which he happily parried, and both dropping their artificial weapons, being too much in contact to use them with effect, resorted to those with which they had been furnished by nature. They were both men of great bulk and vigour, and while struggling, each anxious to bring his adversary to the ground, a grenadier who saw the contest ran to the assistance of his Officer, made a lunge with his bayonet, missed Joiett’s body, but drove it beyond the curve of his coat. In attempting to withdraw the entangled weapon, he threw both

³⁵ The 3d Regiment of Foot. In fairness to the unit, a not insignificant number of its privates were relatively new recruits; and given *vjev* acquitted themselves at Eutaw Springs well enough and despite (and even conceding) what Garden speaks of otherwise. Referring to the British at Eutaw generally, Greene comments (in a missive to Pres. Thomas McKean, of 11 Sep. 1781) “...and I could hardly tell which to admire most the gallantry of their Officers or the bravery of the Troops. They kept up a heavy and well directed fire, and the Enemy returned it with equal spirit [as the North Carolina Continentals did], for they really fought worthy of a better cause, and great execution was done on both sides.” See as well, Lee, *O o u* p. 467n.

³⁶ (1750–1822) and see regarding this same occurrence at Eutaw Lee, *O o u* p. 470.

the combatants to the ground; when getting it free, he raised it deliberately, determined not to fail again in his purpose, but to transfix Joiett. It was at this crisis that Manning approached – not near enough, however, to reach the grenadier with his arm. In order to gain time, and to arrest the stroke, he exclaimed in an angry and authoritative tone --- “You damn’d brute, will you murder the gentleman?” The Soldier, supposing himself addressed by one of his own Officers, suspended the contemplated blow, and looked around to see the person who had thus spoken to him. Before he could recover from the surprise with which he had been thrown, Manning, now sufficiently near, smote him with his sword across the eyes, and felled him to the ground; while Joiett disengaged himself from his opponent, and snatching up the musket, as he attempted to rise, laid him dead by a blow from the butt end of it. Manning was of inferior size, but strong and remarkably well formed. Joiett, literally speaking, [was] a giant. This, probably, [p. 147] led Barry, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brothers Officers, how he came to be taken, “I was overpowered by a huge Virginian.”*

The reputation of a Soldier, so highly distinguished both for valour and discernment, whose firmness enabled him, in all emergencies, to maintain a composure that neither difficulty nor danger could disturb, has caused a the honour of giving birth to Manning to be claimed both by Ireland and America. If my recollection is accurate, he certainly declared himself a native of Carlisle in Pennsylvania. Yet, when I remember the general tenor of his conversation – “the facility he possessed of involving in obscurity, the subject he meant to elucidate” – the accent on his tongue – the peculiar turn of his expression – his calling for example to his servant, walking with naked feet over ground covered by heavy frost – “Shall I never teach you discretion, Drone! – If you will go *bare foot*, why the Devil don’t you *put* on your blue stockings.” And on another occasion, returning to camp, and looking at a bottle of spirits, *half emptied*, which he had left full – “Speak quickly, Drone, you big thief, and tell me what you have done with the remainder of my liquor?” My opinion is staggered, and I am inclined to acknowledge the superior claims of Ireland.

[Footnote in original text] * Henry Barry was an eccentric character. He aimed at singularity in words as well as actions. He would send “his *bettermost* kind of compliments” to a lady; and, in a simple flower, present “the sweetest of all possible flowers.” But in nothing was his conduct regarded as so farcical, as in his claim to delicate and liberal feelings. On one occasion, it has been stated, that reading a Poem, of his own composition, on the blessings of Liberty, a gentleman present asked his frankly “How his actions could be so much at variance with this principles he professed?” “Because, Sir,” he unblushingly replied, “I am a Soldier of fortune, seeking a strong and comfortable establishment. My feelings are as delicate as yours, or any other man’s; but I never suffer myself to be humbugged by them.” The day at Eutaw was certainly not his fighting day; but he is said to have distinguished himself in India. [p. 148]

Manning, at the conclusion of the war, married into a highly respectable family, and settled in South Carolina. His attachment to a military life continuing unabated, he became a candidate for the appointment of the adjutant General of the Militia of the State, obtained it, and performed the important duties attached to t, with the applause of the public, till his death. [p. 149]

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Having briefly sketched the characters, and detailed the services of several of the *Officers* of the Legion, I am confident that I shall gratify my readers, by recording a few interesting Anecdotes relating to the *Soldiers* of that corps. In proportion as they were removed from that rank in society, in which an enlargement of ideas, and expansion of mind was to be looked for, must be *their* merit, who, under the exalted influences of military and patriotic enthusiasm, evinced a nobleness of soul, and chivalric intrepidity, increasing their own fame, and giving a higher stamp of celebrity to the American character. I fondly hope, that they will be received with cordiality by every patriotic bosom.

Sergeant Whaling.

When the importance of wresting the possession of the Stockade Fort at Ninety-Six from the enemy, was clearly ascertained, Lieutenant Colonel Lee, to whom the charge of directing all operations against it, was intrusted [sic] by General Greene, adopted (it must be acknowledged too hastily) the opinion, that it might be effected by fire.³⁷ Accordingly, Sergeant Whaling, a gallant, non-commissioned Officer, who had served with zeal and fidelity from the commencement of the war, and whose period of enlistment would have expired in a few days, with twelve privates, were sent forward in open day, and over level ground that afforded no cover to facilitate their approaches, to accomplish this hazardous enterprise. Whaling saw [p. 150] with certainty, the death on which he was about to rush, but by prospect of which he was unappalled. He dressed himself neatly – took an affectionate but cheerful leave of his friends, and with his musket slung over his shoulder, and a bundle of blazing pine torches in his hand, sprung forward for the object of his attack. His alacrity inspired the little band with courage. They followed him closely up to the building around which the Stockade was erected, before the troops within fired a shot. Their aim was deliberate and deadly. But one individual escaped with life. Whaling fell deeply lamented by every Officer and Soldier of the Legion. Instead of the rash and unavailing exposure to which he was subjected, all admitted his just claim to promotion – grieved that his valuable life was not preserved for those services he had so often shown himself so capable of rendering.

Poor Whaling! – the Soldier’s cherished hope was denied him,

“When all his toils were past,
Still to return, and die at home at last.”

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Sergeant Mitchell.

It was at Ninety-Six also, that another Soldier of distinguished merit lost his life, and unhappily under circumstances peculiarly distressing. Captain Michael Rudolph commanded the detachment of the infantry on duty on the night after the arrival of the Legion from Augusta, where the corps had been employed, during the early part of the siege of the post now threatened, in bringing Colonel Browne [loyalist, Thomas Brown], and his command, to terms of submission. Sergeant Mitchell went the rounds with Rudolph, after having two hours before planted [p. 151] the centinels at their posts. Unhappily, among them were several militiamen, who had never before seen service. One of these, without challenging, fired at the relief with which Rudolph and Mitchell were approaching his position, and shot Mitchell through the body. He fell to the ground—told his Captain that he was mortally wounded—warmly pressed his hand—asked if he had ever neglected or omitted any of the duties of a faithful Soldier and true Patriot—regretted that he had not closed his life on the field of battle, and conjuring him to bear evidence, that he died without fear, and without a groan, expired! He was a Virginian from the County of Augusta. I fondly hope that this tribute to his memory, may reach his friends. Whaling [incidentally] was a Pennsylvanian.

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Bulkley and Newman.

Among the incidents in the Southern Army, that excited the highest interest, was the singular and romantic friendship which united two of the most distinguished Soldiers of the Legionary Cavalry. Bulkley and Newman were natives of Virginia, born in the same

³⁷ 12 June 1781. Lee, *O o u*, 373-374.

neighborhood, and from early infancy united by such a congeniality of sentiment, that it almost appeared as if one soul gave animation to both. Their attachment increased with their years—it strengthened with their strength. As school fellows they were inseparable; their task was the same, and he who was first perfect in acquiring it, was unhappy till he had impressed it, with equal force, on the mind of his friend. When an appeal to arms, at the dawn of our Revolution, had called forth the youthful heroes of America to fight the battles of their country, and defend her violated [p. 152] rights, *both*, on the same day, and animated with the same enthusiastic devotion to her cause, were enrolled in the ranks of her armies. The officers of the Legion, who yet survive, can testify, that through all the perils and difficulties of the Southern War, each seemed more anxious for the safety and alleviation of the sufferings of his friend, than his own. In action they invariably fought side by side; in the more tranquil scenes of encampment, they were constantly engaged in the same pursuits; their toils and pleasures were the same. When at Quinby [Bridge], the memorable charge was made on the 19th British Regiment, by the intrepid Armstrong, Bulkley and Newman were among the few Dragoons, who, having leapt the gap in the bridge, which the enemy were industriously attempting to widen, were able to support their commander. The display of gallantry exhibited could not have been surpassed. Armstrong, seconded by George Carrington, his Lieutenant, his gallant Sergeant Power, the brave Captain M’Cauly [James McCauley], of the militia [Marion’s Brigade], and less than a dozen of his own troopers, actually cut his way through the entire regiment, when a heavy and fatally directed fire produced a most direful catastrophe. Power fell desperately wounded; and the youthful friends, Bulkley and Newman, closed their brilliant career in the path of glory forever. Mortally wounded at the same instant, they fell on the same spot, and with united hands, reciprocating kindness to the last, expired.

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Corporal [James B.] Cooper.³⁸

Making a tour to the North, in the year 1817, I was invited to visit the *Franklin*,³⁹ then lying at Chester, in company with the Commodores [Alexander] Murray and [Richard] Dale, and several other officers of distinction. On our passage to the ship, some mention being made of Carolina, a naval officer present, said, “I do not believe there exists at this day, an individual who has a more perfect knowledge of the Southern War of the Revolution than myself, particularly, all that relates to the battles fought in the Carolinas. I entered those States with the Legion commanded by *Harry Lee*, and witnessed the conclusion of our toils at the evacuation of Charleston.” “Under such circumstances, Sir,” I immediately replied, “it must be my good fortune to be in the company with an old companion, for I had the honor of holding a commission in the infantry of that regiment, and was, like yourself, attached to the command which took possession of Charleston, when given up by the British.” “I am, Sir,” rejoined the officer, “altogether at a loss even to guess at your name; nor do I recollect ever to have seen you before. Attached to the Legion, you must have known Armstrong, who commanded the Sorrel Troop, and probably have heard of *Corporal Cooper*, who belonged to it.” “Good heavens, Cooper,” I exclaimed, with delight, “is it you? I now am astonished at my own forgetfulness, for I as thoroughly recognize you as if we had parted but yesterday!” I mentioned my name in turn, and was happy to find I was not forgotten by him. I am confident that, on this occasion, the sensation of delight and good feeling to men who had served and suffered together, was strongly experienced by both. The surprise and satisfaction of the moment being at an end, Cooper, with a significant smile, said, “By the by, I believe you were one of the officers who sat on the court-martial when I was in jeopardy, and

³⁸ For more on Cooper, who incidentally hailed from New Jersey, see Joseph Johnson’s *Cooper’s History of the American Revolution*, pp. 405–414.

³⁹ The *Hesper* a 74 gun ship and the first such built and used by the United States Navy, was launched in Philadelphia in August 1815 by naval architects Humphreys and Penrose. Eminent maritime historian Howard I. Chapelle remarks “(H)er appearance was much admired,” *Warship*, p 284.

brought to trial at our encampment, near the Ashley River.” “No, Cooper,” I replied, “I was not; though I well remember, on another occasion, when we lay at M’Pherson’s, that in consequence of your ---” [p. 154] “Hush, hush, my dear Sir,” he exclaimed, “I find you have an excellent and accurate memory, the less we say on *that* subject the better.” I had known Cooper well; and it is no exaggeration to assert a more gallant Soldier never wielded the saber. The character, indeed, of consummate intrepidity, distinguished very individual or Armstrong’s troop. Disciplined by him, and animated by his example, they were invincible. But their were traits that characterized Cooper, that entitled him to still higher commendation. If activity and intelligence were requisite to obtain the desired information—if gallantry to strike a Partisan blow, Cooper was always uppermost in the thoughts of Lee. He had a soul for enterprise, and by prompt discernment, and a happy facility of calculating from appearances of events to happen, of incalculable utility to the service. When Armstrong, by the falling of his horse, was made a prisoner, and a flag sent out from the British commander to say, that his servant and baggage would be expected, as he wished to show every civility to an enemy, whose bravery could only be exceeded by his generosity to all who fell into his power, Cooper was immediately directed by Lee, to act the part of a domestic, and sent forward for the purpose. I mentioned my recollection of the circumstance to Cooper, who replied, “and well I knew my Colonel’s motives;” and so perfectly was I disposed to second his views, that while taking the refreshment which was ordered for me by General [Alexander] Leslie, in the front of his headquarters near the British lines, I was closely examining the course of a creek in his rear, by which I flattered myself, I should very speedily be able to conduct and introduce him at the Head-Quarters of our own army.” He then went on to say—“The arts used by a Captain Campbell, who tried every manner of cajoling, topic out of my conversation intelligence of our force and position, very highly [p. 155] amused me. I acted the simpleton’s part so naturally, that I could clearly perceive, that he believed me completely entangled in his toils. When suddenly changing my manner, I gave him such a burlesque and exaggerated an account of troops of dragoons and regiments of infantry, that had no existence but in my imagination, that perceiving my drift, he angrily exclaimed, “Damn you rascal, you are too cunning for me. Here, take a drink of grog and depart.” I cannot conjecture why it was done; but finding that I was not to be deceived, I think they might have done me the credit to suppose, that I was not to be intimidated; but instead of conducting me to my Captain, I was led to and shut up in the Provost [jail], when looking through the bars, I perceived Armstrong passing merrily along with several Naval officers, who seemed to vie with each other in civility to him. My situation forbid ceremony, so I called out lustily – “Hollo, Captain Armstrong! Pray have the goodness to tell me, is it *you* or *I* that am prisoner?” My speech produced an explanation. I was immediately released; and profiting by every occasion to store my mind with useful intelligence, in a few days left he Garrison, a partial exchange having freed my Captain from captivity. My fortunes have since varied very much. I have gained nautical information – have commanded a ship of my own—have, as a Naval Officer, supported the flag of my country—and now the war being over, find a snug berth in the Navy Yard. My varied life would greatly amuse could I detail it, more especially, as its constant bustle but ill accords with *my religious principles*; for though you might not suspect it, whenever my thoughts take a serious turn, I am professedly a member of the Society of Friends, a genuine homespun Quaker.” [p. 156]

Although the expedition conducted against Georgetown [South Carolina]⁴⁰ by General [Francis] Marion and Lieutenant Colonel Lee, was not, from a combination of adverse circumstances, crowned with success. [sic] Although the flight of a guide who had engaged to conduct Captain Armstrong and the dragoons of the Legion to a point, which would have effectually prevented the British Soldiers, who had escaped the Legionary Infantry, from reaching a redoubt that afforded perfect security, had given ample grounds for the suspicion of treachery and disconcerted the plans that had promised the most perfect triumph; yet advantages arose from it of considerable consequence to the American cause. Colonel [George] Campbell, the Commandant, was taken, and about seventy men either

⁴⁰ 24-25 January 1781, Lee, *O o u* pp. 223-225.

killed or taken prisoners. It convinced the British, that however great the distance by which they were removed from the enemy, (the Continental Army being, at the period of attack, on the borders of North Carolina) that they were still vulnerable, and at every moment subject to attack. It checked their marauding, predatory expeditions, gave comparative security to the oppressed inhabitants in their vicinity, and to themselves, full assurance, that to be safe, they must continue inactive, and remain within the limits of their Garrison. It is pleasing to me, to record the singular gallantry of a most meritorious Soldier, who, on this occasion, gained high renown.

Sergeant [John] Ord.⁴¹

In every instance where this heroic Soldier was engaged in action, he not only increased his own reputation, but animated those around him by his lively courage. In camp, on a march, and in every situation, [p. 157] he performed all his duties with cheerfulness and vivacity, preserving always the most orderly conduct and keeping his arms, accoutrements, and clothing in the neatest possible conditions. He might, indeed, be considered a perfect Soldier.

At the surprise of Georgetown, being with a small party of the Legion Infantry, in possession of an inclosure [sic], surrounding a house from which they had expelled the enemy, the recovery of the position was sought by a British force, whose leader, approaching the gate of entrance, exclaimed – “Rush on, my brave fellows, they are only worthless militia, and have no bayonets.” Ord immediately placed himself in front of the gate, and as they attempted to enter, laid six of his enemies, in succession, dead at his feet, crying out at every thrust – ‘No bayonets here – none at all to be sure!’ following up his strokes with such rapidity, that the British party could make no impression, and were compelled to retire.

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[Sergeant Major] Perry Scott⁴²

There was no Soldier in the Legion Infantry, who appeared more completely to have gained the favour of Lieutenant Colonel Lee, than Perry Scott. His chief merit consisted in his consummate intrepidity, and readiness to engage in hardy enterprise. As often as a Partisan expedition was in contemplation, he was invariably selected as one of the daring spirits to insure success. I am tempted to call for the pity of his countrymen for his untimely end, from the recollection, that in all the battles of the South, from the junction of the Legion with the army of General Greene, till the final retreat of the enemy, he was [p. 158] noticed

⁴¹ Ord was from New Jersey.

⁴² British historian William Gordon, ostensibly quoting Maryland Colonel Otho Williams verbatim, gives this account of a daring escapade of Scott’s; and which took place 6 or 7 March 1781: “The loss of the Americans [at Weitzell’s Mill, North Carolina] was about 50 killed and wounded, that of the British probably much greater, as they twice sustained the unexpected fire of the former. Col. Williams retired three miles and formed to await the enemy; but as they did not advance he proceeded further, and encamped that evening about seventeen miles from the place of action. It may be thought worthy of being recorded, that Mr. Perry [presumably Perry Scott], sergeant major, and Mr. Lumsford [Swanson Lunsford], quarter master sergeant of the 3d American regiment of dragoons, two spirited young fellows, being separately detached with each four dragoons, as parties of observation on the retreat; saw 16 or 18 horsemen of the British army in new levy uniforms ride into a farm-house yard in an irregular manner; and some of them dismounted. They instantly joined their small force, seized the occasion, charged the horsemen, and in sight of the British legion which was on the contrary side of the fence, cut everyman down, and then retired without a scar.” William Gordon, *J. J. W. H. V. J. U. R. I. U. C. P. W. U. J. O. P. H. V. J. P. R. P. P. H. V. J. W. P. V. W. V. U. H. C. O. C. P. P. I. C. P. C. P. W. H. V. J. C. V. Y. C. C. P. H. V. J. V. J. V. P. P. U. H. O. V. J. I. P. V. V. J. E. V. R. .* Vol. IV, p. 52, and Lossing, *H. V. J. T. V. P.*, Vol. II, p. 400n. At Eutaw Springs, it was reported that Perry was wounded "in five places;" see *J. V. J. C. P. E. W. C. C. P. P. C. I. C. O. C. I. C. P.*, vol. XVIII, July 1917, No. 3, p. 142. Respecting Scott’s (again as “Sgt. Perry,” if the same person) reportedly interposing (not unlike a giant sent by Providence) to save William Washington’s life at both Cowpens and Eutaw Springs, see Stephen E. Haller’s *Y. C. O. Y. C. U. J. P. I. V. P. C. C. O. C. P. H. V. J. T. V. P.*, pp. 92,145.

for distinguished valour and activity. He was present at the evacuation of Charleston, and shortly after disbanded; but devoted to a military life, again enlisted with his former commander, Michael Rudolph, then at the head of a Legionary Corps, under the orders of General [Josiah] Harmar, and as Sergeant Major acquitted himself with reputation.

The Indian War terminated, Scott knowing, that many of the Officers of the Partisan Legion of Lee, and several of his old associates, had settled in Carolina and Georgia, resolved to visit them, and actually reached the Cheraws with that intention. Here, for the sake of repose, after a wearisome journey, he took up his quarters at a Public House, kept by an old Soldier, once attached to the volunteers of Ireland, the corps commanded by Lord Rawdon. An amicable intercourse, for a time, increased the attachment of these veterans to each other. Scott eulogized the bravery of the Irish, and his companion was lavish in his commendations of the Soldiers of the Legion, when unluckily drawing comparisons relative to the merits of their respective corps, a serious quarrel ensued, which they immediately determined to settle by the sword. The conflict was maintained with spirit and obstinacy, and its result long doubtful, but Scott gaining a superiority and actively maintaining it, was about to triumph, when the wife of his adversary interfering, and putting a loaded pistol into her husband's hand, he discharged it at poor Scott, who fell dead at his feet. This conflict being considered as the settlement of a point of honour no effort had been made to prevent it, but the survivor was now arrested, and being shortly after tried for murder, was condemned and executed.

[Garden's anecdotes, respecting members of the Legion, end at this juncture of the main text but continue again at page 378; and at which point we resume.]

Lieut. Ballard Smith, of Virginia,
Attached to the Legion Infantry.

Shortly after the capture of the British Galley by Rudolph, where Captain Smith acted as second in command, a Partisan enterprise was undertaken by him, which, had it succeeded, must have filled the British garrison with confusion and dismay. A tavern, called at that time Dewees', was kept at a farm house about two miles from Charleston. To this the British [p. 379] officers frequently repaired for recreation. It was often the scene of entertainments, and on one occasion of a splendid ball. Lieutenant Smith being previously apprized [sic] of this, took with him twelve men, and Sergeant Du Coin, of the Legion, a soldier of tried courage, and passed the river with a boat rowed with muffled oars, from the American, to the opposite shore. The night was dark and gloomy. The Negro who served as a guide, bewildered by it, and probably apprehensive of consequences if discovered, missed the landing place, and ran the boat into the marsh that skirted the shore. Du Coin, to make discoveries, slipped silently overboard, but, from the softness of the mud, with infinite difficulty reached the shore, immediately below the house. Curiosity led him to see what was passing within; the noise of music and revelry facilitated his approach, he leapt the fence, and passing through the garden, gained access to a window, through which he perceived a large and elegant assemblage of company enjoying the delights of dancing. Alone and unarmed, and without chance of success, he returned to the water's edge, and after ascertaining the exact situation of the landing place, regained the boat. So much time had already been lost, the ebbing tide too being unfavourable to his purpose, lieutenant Smith thought it best to retire, hoping to return, on some future occasion, with better success. The following night being favourable to enterprise, the river was passed as before, and the boat, steered by Du Coin, made the landing. Lieutenant Smith immediately surrounding the house, entered it, in full expectation of making a handsome capture of officers, but his evil genius forbade it. Instead of twenty or thirty officers, many of them of high rank, a Hessian Major, and a Lieutenant of the volunteers of Ireland, who had sacrificed too freely to Bacchus, were

the only persons found on the premises. These he parolled [sic] and returned without molestation.⁴³



Guidon believed to have been carried by the Legion about the time of Garden's service; currently in the possession of Sons of the Revolution of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Part II.

Excerpts from *Anecdotes of the American Revolution: Illustrative of the Talents and Virtues of the Heroes of the Revolution, Who Acted the Most Conspicuous Parts Therein.*

-- Second Series. A.E. Miller, Charleston, 1828. [Beginning at p. 117.]

PETER JOHNSTON, AND SOLDIERS OF THE LEGION.

Some weeks, spent in the Summer of 1826, under the hospitable roof of my early companion in arms, and justly valued friend Judge; Peter Johnston, of Abingdon, Virginia, gave considerable increase to my collection of Revolutionary Anecdotes, particularly such as related to the conduct generally, and gallant achievements of the officers and soldiers of the Legion. I shall, without hesitation, record many of them, more especially such as give evidence of the foresight, unruffled temper in the hour of peril, and intrepid conduct in action of my friend the Judge; persuaded, that they will be perused, with as much satisfaction, by my readers, as attended, when related, with delight to myself. I shall begin with a narrative of the Murder of Gillies, particularly as it happened under the eye of my friend, in the first encounter which he ever had with the enemy.

[Cornet James] GILLIES.

On the retreat of the army of General Greene into Virginia, subsequent to Morgan's victory at the Cowpens, a rencounter took place with the enemy, which strongly evinces the sanguinary disposition of Tarl[e]ton's dragoons [the British Legion], and the great superiority both in strength and courage of the Legionary Cavalry. The officers of the Legion were about seating themselves at the hospitable board of a friendly farmer, when Colonel Otho Williams, who commanded the Light Corps, rode up, attended by a countryman, mounted on a miserable tackey, and exclaimed, "to horse, gentlemen, the enemy are at hand." This honest fellow, seeing them pass his field, quitted his plough, and hastened [p. 118] to give us

⁴³ For more mention of some of the Legion, including a close call involving Garden himself when he was a member of the unit, see also pages 366-372, 380, 389-393 and 427-428 of the 1822 edition of *Cp v u*.

information of their approach. Captain Armstrong, with a small party, were immediately ordered forward to reconnoiter [sic], and the countryman directed to serve him as a guide, but he decidedly refused to do so, unless a better horse was allowed him than that which he rode. Lieut. Col. Lee, wishing no delay, said to his Bugler, Gillies, a gallant youth, yet in early life, "change horses with him, Gillies, you, I am confident, you do not fear to trust yourself on his tackey." The exchange was immediately made. Armstrong pushed forward, and Lee, with Lieut. [Stephan] Lewis, Peter Johnston, (then serving as a volunteer, and a candidate for a commission) with eighteen dragoons, with all expedition followed him. After riding a mile or more, Lee became impressed with the conviction that the countryman was in error, and determined to return to the farm house where dinner had been left, untouched, on the table. For this purpose he; turned into the woods, through which the nearest course to the spot lay, and had gone but a short distance, however, from the road, when a report of pistols was heard, discharged by Armstrong's orders, to give notice that he had met the enemy. Lee immediately drew his men up in the wood by the roadside. When Gillies was perceived, urging his tackey to the utmost of his speed, striking him at every step with his cap, and smiling with the hope of enjoying the termination of the affair, not doubting but that relief was at hand. The moment that the British Dragoons arrived at a point opposite to the Legionary Detachment, the charge was ordered, but too late to save poor Gillies, who fell covered with wounds. Exasperated, almost to madness, to see an unarmed, beardless boy thus butchered while offering no resistance, the Legionary Cavalry rushed forward, and in a few minutes fourteen of the British lay dead on the field. Their captain, and eight men, of whom several were severely wounded, made prisoners. The remainder of the party fled and escaped. Great prowess was exhibited in this unequal conflict by individuals.

The British had thirty-seven dragoons engaged -- the Americans, [p. 119] but eighteen. Serjeant [Robert] Power killed two men with his own hand, the last of whom died a martyr to his unbending, political prejudices, for, when assured that good quarters would be granted him on the surrender of his sword, he disdainfully replied, "it is far more grateful to me to die than to preserve my life, by yielding my sword to a rebel." Peter Johnston, the volunteer, must have fallen in the conflict, had not Sergeant Broom at the instant that a deadly blow was aimed at his head by a back-handed stroke of his sabre, sliced off a considerable pan of the skull of the British dragoon who aimed it, and caused the uplifted weapon to fall without effect. The cry for revenge was universal, and Captain Miller, who commanded, would have been sacrificed, had it not been ascertained that the near approach of the main army of the enemy made it necessary immediately to retreat. The prisoners were, in consequence, sent to Colonel Williams, who sent them again forward to Head-Quarters. When the strong excitement of anger having subsided -- the Captain was spared.⁴⁴

Interesting Sequel of the above Anecdote.

A strong and partial attachment to the country in which he had served, with distinguished reputation, and united with it an anxious desire to meet the early companions of his youth, several of whom still survived, induced the Judge to visit the South. He left Richmond with that intent, in the winter of 1826, and had proceeded on his journey, as far as Guilford Court-house in North-Carolina, when an accidental overturn of his gig put a check to his progress. He had broken a shaft, and was not without a sufficiency of bruises, to make a temporary suspension of his journey desirable. A happy chance pointed out a wagon-maker's work-shop, immediately at hand, and, at a little distance, the house of Mr. Tatum [Rev. Henry Tatum], a gentleman, of respectability, where he was assured he would meet with a kind and hospitable reception. It now occurred to Judge Johnston's [p. 120]

37 This clash with the British Legion, 12 February, 1781, took place at Bruce's Crossroads, near Reedy Fork, in north Guilford County, N.C. Gillies' (1767-1781) memory was commemorated in a number of local monuments, including one at Guilford Court House National Battlefield. For more, see Lee, *O o u* pp. 239-243; Caruthers, *C v j h v j h c p j c e v h v j T c c y* (1842), pp. 227n-229n; "James Gillies, Lee's Bugler Boy," by Marie Lowrey Armstrong, Archivist, Oak Ridge Military Academy, Oak Ridge, N.C., Historic Preservation Commission newsletter, 31 March, 2006, Issue 2, Vol. I.

recollection, that he could not be far removed from the spot in which he had first met the enemy, and witnessed the massacre of poor Gillies. To ascertain the fact, he related the adventure above stated to a company assembled around Mr. Tatam's fire-side, and speedily perceived by the expressive countenances of several of his auditors that the event was not unknown to them. When his narrative was concluded, a lady present feelingly exclaimed, "I have heard my father relate the circumstances of that appalling tragedy, and the death of Gillies, an hundred and a hundred times over, and without the slightest difference from the statement you have just made. He is within a short distance -- I will summon him here. He will be delighted to converse with you, and I am sure you will be glad to see him, particularly when I tell you that he was the individual who had provided the dinner for yourself and brother officers, which the near and rapid approach of the enemy compelled you to leave

and the commander under whom he had served, as to lull suspicion, and to be actually placed in the situation the best calculated to effect it -- *the Tower itself*. Lee, however, reflecting on the character of his adversary, of whom he had a very exalted opinion, and prepossessed in favour of his military talents, concluded that mischief was contemplated, and in that belief, removing the Sergeant from the Tower, committed him to the charge of the Quarter Guard. Subsequent information proved the prudence of his conduct. Colonel Brown, after the surrender of the Post, frankly declaring, that under the pretext of directing the fire of the besiegers against the Magazine of the Garrison, the Sergeant had engaged to use every art to gain admission into the Tower, and to destroy it. But, on the other hand, it has frequently happened that timely information received from deserters, of the intended movements of an enemy, has saved many a valuable life from destruction. I, with peculiar pleasure, mention one connected with the achievements of my friend, Peter Johnson, which happened at the same period, and at the same place, where, had not intelligence been [p. 123]

[Footnote in original text] * *Vide* Lee s Memoirs, p. 106.

communicated by a deserter of a contemplated attack on the trenches, Johnston and his entire command must have been cut off. The ditch of the besiegers was occupied by that officer, and twenty-four men. It was early in the night when a British soldier rushed into it, and said to Lieut. Johnston – “You know not, Sir, the danger which threatens you, a party of forty men, British soldiers and Indians, is now paraded, and ready to throw themselves on your command, and the labourers at the head of your entrenchment, and without immediate precaution, you will be cut to pieces.” Information was instantaneously communicated to Captain Rudolph, who, with the Legion Infantry, was within a few hundred yards. Lieut. Johnston, at the same time, mounting his men on the reverse of the ditch, instructed them to remain, sitting on their hams, until an order to rise should be given; when they were suddenly to gain their feet, and, with deliberate aim, fire on the approaching foe. In the interim, he posted a sentinel a little in advance, in a situation in which he could perceive the first movements of the enemy leaving their works towards him. The sentinel soon brought intelligence that he had distinctly ascertained that the enemy were moving out of their fosse, which was not more than twenty yards from the head of the American entrenchment. Lieut. Johnston quickly heard, as a further evidence, the rattling of their cartouch[e] boxes, and allowing them time to approach still nearer, gave the word to rise and fire. The effect was decisive.

The British, instead of surprising, were themselves surprised. Contrary to expectation, they found their enemy prepared for their reception, and a very considerable portion of their force being cut off, the survivors fled with precipitation, and sought safety within their fortification. [p. 124]

Interesting interview between Lieut. JOHNSTON and MANNERING, a Legionary Soldier.

In the Anecdotes of the Revolution, already published, the singular interview which took place between Cooper of the Legion and myself, is particularly detailed. I have lately heard from my friend, Peter Johnston, of one which occurred between himself and a Legionary Soldier, which has equal title to be recorded. The Lieutenant, now Judge Johnston, was riding his circuit, and stopped at a stream to water his horses, where a wagoner had halted his team for a similar purpose. There was something in the man s countenance that reminded the Judge of a former acquaintance, and he said, “permit me, my friend, to ask if your name is not Mannering.” “Yes, Sir, (replied the wagoner, it is.)” “Did you ever serve,” rejoined the Judge? “I did, Sir, in the Legion commanded by Henry Lee, I was attached to the infantry of that corps.” “Do you remember your Lieutenant, friend?” (continued the Judge) “What! little Peter Johnston; O, full well do I remember him, the soldier s friend, as fine a white haired and spirited a youth as ever served.” Then, “give me your hand, Mannering, and know that I am that very man.” “You that man,” replied the wagoner, “impossible, Peter Johnston was a very likely youth, with light hair and fair skin, and you old gentleman are

infirm and weather-beaten, and over and above, grey as a badger." A short conversation, however, set matters to rights. I will not pretend to relate what the feelings of the parties were, words would be inadequate to do justice to them. Suffice it to say, that the Judge was delighted to learn that his former companion in arms had thriven in the world, and was, at the period of their meeting returning home, having advantageously sold, at Abingdon, the crop of the preceding season. [p. 125]

Interview between Lieutenant JOHNSTON and DENNIS HAMPTON.

I shall now record another interview between my friend and a soldier of the Legion, which is not without interest. Not long after Congress had passed the act of March 18th, 1818, granting pensions to the surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary army, who were reduced to indigence, the Superior Court of Law for Lee county, Virginia, was in session, when a man, who appeared to be about sixty-two or sixty-three years of age, presented himself before the Judge, claiming the benefit of the act. Judge Peter Johnston, who was on the Bench, was instantaneously struck with his countenance, and impressed with the belief, that he had served under his command in the Legion Infantry of Lee. To ascertain the fact, he therefore put the following interrogatories. "Did you at any time serve in the Continental army during the Revolutionary war?" "I was in that service from the commencement to the close of the war." "To what corps did you belong?" "To Lee's Legion." "Were you with your regiment when it left the Northern and joined the Southern army?" "I was." "Do you remember any thing remarkable that occurred on the march at Petersburg?" "Nothing but that Colonel Lee ordered a man to be hung there for an unpardonable offence." "Do you recollect any particular circumstance that caused a great confusion at Guildford Court-House?" "I only remember that a Tory was brought in a prisoner, about the time of our arrival there, who was picketed [sic] and severely burnt in the feet and between his toes to extort intelligence, and that no torture could induce him to speak." "What is your name?" "William Hampton." "There was no man of that name attached to the Legion," said the Judge. "I have given my true name," said the soldier, "and did belong to the Legion." [p.126]

"Were you not wounded at Augusta, in Georgia, by a ball, which entered your foot at the instep, and passed out at the heel?" "I was, sir, but how came you to know that." "Let me first ask further, who commanded your platoon when you were wounded?" "Lieut. Peter Johnston." "Would you know your Lieutenant if you were now to see him?" "Certainly, sir." "Do you recollect to whom you sold a stout flea-bitten horse, on the day after possession was obtained of the British post." He stared intently in the Judge's face for a few seconds, when recollection breaking suddenly on his mind, he exclaimed, rushing forward and extending his hand with an expression of great cordiality, "I sold him to you, sir." "Answer me truly then," said the Judge, "is not your name, William Dennis?" "William Dennis Hampton is my name." "You certainly were Dennis, when with the Legion." "True, sir, but ever since my return to the neighbourhood in which I lived before the war, I have taken the name of Hampton." "How is that to be explained," said the Judge. "Very easily," replied the soldier, "my mother's name was Dennis, my father's, Hampton; they were never married, and I was known by my mother's name till her death, when I took the name of Hampton, in addition to that which I had previously borne." These multiplied interrogatories were put in order to discover the cause of the change of name, which being explained to the entire satisfaction of the Judge, it gave him particular pleasure to sign the certificate, which secured a pension to a veteran, who had ever been distinguished as an intrepid soldier, and zealous friend to his country.

JOSHUA DAVISON [Davidson], OF LEE'S LEGION. ⁴⁵

Joshua Davison, a private dragoon in the Legion, who had, on all occasions, behaved with distinguished gallantry, received [p. 127] at the battle of Guildford, so severe a sabre wound, as to be rendered unfit for immediate service. That every facility might be afforded for his recovery, Colonel Lee gave him permission to quit the army, and retire to his father's house in Prince Edward's county, Virginia; and the more easily to accomplish his journey, allowed him to take his charger along with him. The injury received, was in his right shoulder, which totally incapacitated him from using his sword-arm. Before his recovery was perfected, the invasion of Virginia was effected by Lord Cornwallis, and Tarl[e]ton, with his usual activity, was scouring the country in every direction; his particular aim being to destroy the stores said to be deposited at Prince Edward's Court-House. Davison hearing that a large body of British cavalry was near the spot which he inhabited, resolved at once to take a look at the enemy he had so often encountered; and his sword-arm being useless, loaded an old squirrel gun, and set out in search of them. It accidentally happened, that passing through a thick wood, he came upon a road, along which Tarlton had, but a moment before, led his command. Determined to take a nearer view, he at once fell into, and followed on their trail. He had, however, advanced but a small distance, when he perceived a British dragoon, who had been plundering in the rear, rapidly advancing, who drawing his sword, exclaimed, "surrender immediately, you rebel rascal, or you die." "Not so fast, my good fellow," replied Davison, "I am not prepared to yield" when raising his squirrel gun, with his left hand, he fired it off, and laid his adversary dead at his feet; seized his horse and plunder, and carried them off in triumph. Some years after, a gentleman asking him if he had been satisfied by killing a single man?" By no means.

assistance could be afforded. At this moment, Captain Eggleston, with a few dragoons, passed by the wounded man, and perceiving one of them ready to thrust his sword through his body, forbade it, as an act of unnecessary cruelty. Harvey, observing that the Tory, unmindful of the favour shewn, (having a better aim at men elevated above him,) was about to fire, called aloud, "take care Captain Eggleston, or you are a dead man." The rifle was at the instant discharged, and the ball passed so near the Captain's ear, that it appeared to him that he had actually received a blow on the side of his head. Justly exasperated at the ingratitude of the wretch he had spared, Eggleston wheeled round, and by a thrust of his sword, dispatched him. Harvey was now relieved from the awkward position in which he lay, happy to escape not only the Tory, but the Catawba Indians [allies of the Americans], who were extremely active on this occasion, running over the ground for the sake of plunder, dispatching every wounded man, whether friend or foe. It gives me pleasure to state, that Harvey, at the conclusion of the war, by active industry, acquired a very handsome fortune; that he lived highly respected, and died regretted by all who knew him. [p. 129]

SERGEANT CUSACK, OF THE LEGION.

This important service was achieved before the Legion moved to the South; but as the credit of it is due to a soldier of the regiment, I do not think that the recording of it in this place, will be deemed improper. While the British held possession of New-York, a gang of desperate marauders from that post, infested every part of the Jerseys [i.e. New Jersey.] They were headed by FENTON, a robber of celebrity, whose activity destroyed every chance of travelling [sic] with security. To attempt his destruction, Sergeant Cusack, having six men under his orders, fitted up a wagon, in which such articles were exposed to view, as would, probably, allure to plunder, his associates being snugly concealed in its body. The stratagem proved successful: Fenton, and four of his associates, who incautiously rushed forward from a place of concealment, were fired on and left lifeless on the spot, while a reward of five hundred dollars, offered by the Governor of Jersey, was paid to the contrivers of it.⁴⁷

I have still another Anecdote to relate, but of so melancholy a cast, as to be considered by some of my friends unfit for publication. That great severity was exercised towards a prisoner is true; and that it would have been unpardonable had the slightest trait of humanity been exercised by the individual, when he first burst into the apartment of the man, whose life he threatened to destroy, I am ready to grant. But the ferocity of his manner, gave just cause to apprehend that his object was to plunder, and his ultimate aim, death to the party assailed. It is difficult, at this late day, to form an idea of the savage mode in which the war was conducted, more especially between the native whigs and tories. I remember [p. 130] full well, to have heard a Lieutenant in the British 71st Regiment say, that a few days previous to the battle of Guildford [Guilford], when Lord Cornwallis in vain endeavoured to trace the movements of General Greene, and to penetrate into his intentions, a young lad was brought into camp, who, when questioned with regard to the position of the American army, steadily replied, "you will find it soon enough." TARL[E]TON, who stood by, being highly exasperated, drew his sabre, and making a chop at the youth's hand, deprived it of one of his fingers, saying, "Will you now tell me where is Greene." With steady and undaunted countenance, the reply was to the same purpose as before, "You will know time enough." Five times was the blow repeated, but with as little success. The youth had his secret, and he kept it. This cruelty was exercised by a Lieutenant Colonel of Dragoons, considered the pride of the army -- its greatest ornament. "I wish," said Lord Cornwallis, (writing to him) "you could divide yourself into three parts -- we can do nothing without you." Perhaps, the same spirit of decided attachment to the cause he supported, actuated him, and he was obstinately silent from the fear of answering questions, which might be put to him, improperly. At all events, the provocation was great, and examples of still greater barbarity were not wanting to palliate, if not to excuse the act. Immediately after the arrival of the Legion at Guildford

⁴⁷ For more on Fenton, the "Pine Robbers," and the incident described here, see *Lossing's v c H h v j T v p*, Vol. II, p. 162n.

Court-House, a countryman entered our quarters, (said my informant) having a prisoner in custody, and said to Colonel Lee, "While I was at table with my family, this fellow burst into the room, and putting the muzzle of his rifle to my breast, bid me deliver every thing that I had of value, or prepare to die. I knew that no sort of trust could be placed in this sort of gentry, and that the surrender of my property would be the signal for death. So I made a grab at his rifle, and turning it aside, it went off without doing me injury. A severe struggle followed, when getting entire possession of it, I struck him on the head with the butt, and drove the [p. 131] cock-pin pretty deep into his skull. The severity of the round made him my prisoner, and I brought him along for examination, for he seems a cunning chap, and I dare say, has plenty of intelligence, if he can be made to part with it." To all the questions put to him, not a word was returned in reply. The wounded man was obstinately silent. Dr. Irvine, Surgeon of the Legion, examining the head, found that the skull was fractured, and that the brain could be seen plainly through the hole made by the cock-pin. Thrusting his finger into it, and drawing it back again, a portion of the brain remained on the point of it. "His obstinacy must be overcome," was the universal cry. "Picket him," said Lee. The order was obeyed, but without effect. A red-hot shovel was applied to the bottom of his feet, and even introduced between his toes, but not a feature of his countenance was altered, nor did he utter a word of complaint. "The severity of his wound," said Dr. Irvine, "has produced insensibility -- all feeling is destroyed -- the man must die." "Place him," said Colonel Lee, to Cornet George Carrington, "under a corporal's guard, and be you answerable for him." The orders were obeyed. Night came on, and Carrington was quietly reposing, when a musket was discharged, and a loud shout proclaimed that the prisoner had escaped. The fact was so -- the wounded man, who had been playing a part, no sooner perceived that a chance of escape was afforded, (the sentinel placed over him, becoming careless, from a conviction that one so much injured, could not run) than he leaped up and ran off, and though fired on and closely pursued, could not be overtaken.

PETER JOHNSTON was originally intended for the Church, his father's great object was to make him an Episcopal Minister; but he, himself, giving a preference to a military profession, he clandestinely quitted the paternal mansion, and [p. 132] joined the Legion as a volunteer, and candidate for a commission. I have already said enough of him to prove, that he was a prudent, active and most intrepid soldier. His diligence in acquiring a knowledge of his profession was great his attachment to literature, very conspicuous. Whenever there was the least respite from duty, while his brother officers were seeking amusement, or indulging in dissipation, Johnston would always be found at his studies. The war concluded, he returned to his father's house, and was well received. His thoughts were immediately turned to law and politics. He acquired celebrity at the bar, and was elected to the honourable station of Speaker of the House of Representatives. He did not, however, throw aside his youthful propensities, and actually figured as a General Officer at the head of the Virginia Militia; but being now more inclined to civil life, he accepted the appointment of Judge in some of the upper districts of the State, and now honoured, esteemed and admired by all who know him, resides, in the enjoyment of great comfort, at Abingdon, in Washington county. The Judge was early married to a lady of a most estimable character, and particularly distinguished by her talents and accomplishments. He has been the father of ten children, nine sons and one daughter, all of whom now live, with the exception of the eldest son, who has been dead for several years, leaving a disconsolate widow, who needs only to be seen to be admired and loved. I have often heard her declared, the very counterpart of her mother-in-law. The sons are all active, industrious and amiable men, and the daughter, a young lady of high promise.

CAPTAIN J. [i.e. Joseph] EGGLESTON.

I must apologize to my readers, and, in a particular manner to his family, for the incorrectness of my statement relative to [p. 133] the impatience which he displayed at the period that he lost his leg by amputation.* To my friend, Judge Johnston, I feel particularly indebted for the information that has made me sensible of my error, and enabled me to

correct it. He assures me that after the decree of the attendant surgeons on the necessity of taking off the leg, that Major Eggleston submitted to the operation with the most exemplary composure and becoming fortitude, and that not the slightest sign of impatience was shewn by him from its commencement till it was completely finished.

I have erred too in another respect. I have attributed to him the capture of an entire foraging party of the British, on the retreat of their army from Ninety- Six. Now I have no right to force upon him an honour that he never claimed. The act was Armstrong's, and Eggleston, with the frankness and generous feeling of a soldier, never failed to acknowledge it. Lee, knowing that the rich settlements south of Fridig's [also "Friday's"] Ferry could alone supply the enemy with the forage which they would require, detached Eggleston, having Armstrong under his command, to the probable scene of action. An advantageous position was immediately taken, and their approach expected with anxious solicitude. A party of dragoons very speedily appeared, but from the mistiness of the day, their numbers could not be ascertained, and Eggleston immediately countermanded the order to charge, which had been given to Armstrong, till it could be satisfactorily discovered. Armstrong, however, who was one of the best and most intrepid soldiers that ever existed, either did not, or pretended not to hear the order of his commander, and dashed forward with irresistible impetuosity. Disarmed the leader of the British party, and so completely put them to route, that forty-five prisoners, together with all the foraging wagons, were taken without the loss of a single man. Congratulated on the importance of so brilliant an achievement, Eggleston, with great modesty, acknowledged that the credit of it was altogether due to his gallant companion,

[Footnote from the original text] * *Vide* First Series [of Garden's Anecdotes, 1822], p. 125.

[p. 134] "for had my orders been obeyed," he said, "our triumph, in all probability, would not have been so perfect -- a greater number of the enemy might have eluded pursuit and escaped."

CAPTAIN [William] LINDSAY. ⁴⁸

With this officer I never had the honor to form an acquaintance; he had quitted the service before I joined the Legion; but I have heard his military character very highly spoken of, and there is one instance of his intrepidity and skilful management, in imposing upon his enemy, that entitles him to particular commendation. To him it was unquestionably owing that Colonel Lee, and the detachment of the Legion which he commanded, escaped captivity, when surprised at the Spread Eagle Tavern, near Philadelphia. Lindsay, while barricading the door of the Tavern, the more effectually to keep out the enemy, received a severe wound in the hand, which incapacitated him from the further use of his arms. Having nothing to do below, made his way to an upper apartment, and pretending to see the approach of friends from a neighbouring wood, set up a loud huzza, and beckoning with great eager ness, as if to accelerate their movements, so completely deceived the British, who imagined that a strong reinforcement was at hand, that they galloped off with precipitation, leaving Colonel Lee at liberty to quit the house, and retire at his leisure.⁴⁹

⁴⁸ On 16 June 1776, Lindsay was made a Cornet in the Virginia (apparently State) cavalry, and was a 3d Lieutenant in the 1st Continental Dragoons by 15 March 1777; being wounded near Valley Forge on 21 January 1778. In April 1778, he was transferred to Lee's Legion where he became a Captain in April 1778; but resigned his commission on 1 October 1778. He died 1 September 1797.

⁴⁹ From Hartley's 1859 biography of Lee: "The vigilance of the parties on the lines, especially on the south side of the Schuylkill, intercepted a large portion of the supplies intended for the Philadelphia market; and corporal punishment was frequently inflicted on those who were detected in attempting this infraction of the laws. As Captain Lee was particularly active, a plan was formed, late in January, to surprise and capture him in his quarters. An extensive circuit was made by a large body of cavalry, who seized four of his patrols without communicating an alarm. About break of day the British horse appeared; upon which Captain Lee placed his troopers that were in the house, at the doors and windows, who behaved so gallantly as to repulse the assailants without losing a horse or man. Only Lieutenant Lindsay and one private were wounded. The

Surgeon's Mate, 1st Continental Dragoons, 31 March 1777; Lieutenant of Lee's Legion, 22 April 1778; Captain, -- 1780; served to close of war.

* Captain Hurd

* Captain Ballard Smith, Legion Infantry, Virginia
Ensign in the 1st Virginia, October 1776; 2d Lieutenant, 9 August 1777; 1st Lieutenant, 18 November, 1777; Captain-Lieutenant., 12 May, 1779,. At some point thereafter, assuming Heitman is correct with respect to the foregoing, he was transferred to the Legion and served to war's close. He died 20 March 1794.

* Lieutenant George Carrington, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
Lieutenant in the Legion 1779, at which rank he served till June 1783.

* Lieutenant George Guthrie (also Guthrey), Legion Cavalry, Pennsylvania
Cornet of cavalry, Pulaski's Legion – July 1778; Lieutenant, 4th Continental Light Dragoons – 1781.

* Lieutenant Heard, Legion Cavalry, see Lee, *Memoirs* p. 272.

* Lieutenant John Jordan

* Lieutenant Stephan [or Stephen] Lewis, Virginia
Sergeant in Lee's Legion; Aug 1778; Lieutenant and Regimental quartermaster, 20 August, 1779, served to close.

* Lieutenant William Lewis, Virginia
Lieutenant in Legion 1778; killed 14 Sept. 1779 at Genesee, N.Y.

* Lieutenant Swanson Lunsford, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
(1754-1799) From Petersburg, Virginia, died in Columbia, S.C. Cornet in the Legion – 1779; Lieutenant in 1781. For the dashing raid he participated in March 1781, see footnote marked in Garden's profile of Perry Scott above.

* Lieutenant Jonathan Snowden, Legion Cavalry, New Jersey,
Ensign 1st New Jersey, 26 April 1777; 2d Lieutenant, 14 April 1778; 1st Lieutenant, 26 October 1779; transferred to Lee's Battalion of Light Dragoons in 1780; wounded at Guilford Court House, 15 March 1781, Aide de camp to General Hand May, 1781, to close of war; Captain in the Levies in 1791; Military Storekeeper United States Army, 5 May, 1808. Died 25 December 1824.

* Lieutenant William Winston, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
Sergeant of Lee's of Light. Dragoons 7 Apr. 1778; Cornet 1 Aug. 1779; Lieutenant and Adjutant, 1781 and served to close of war. Died 1804.

* Ensign Cuthbert Harrison, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
Lieutenant Virginia Dragoons 15 June 1776; Captain 1st Continental Dragoons, 12 February, 1777, and served to ---

* Ensign James Lovell, Legion Cavalry, Massachusetts.
Ensign of Lee's Continental regiment, 25 May 1777; regimental Adjutant, 10 May 1778; transferred to Jackson's Regiment, 22 April 1779; transferred to Lee's Battalion of Light Dragoons in March, 1780, and was Adjutant of the same till war's end. Died 10 July 1850.

* Cornet William Butler Harrison, Legion Cavalry, Virginia

Cornet in the Legion – 1779. Died 28 Feb, 1835.

* Cornet William Middleton, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
Cornet in the Legion – 1779.

* Cornet Robert Power, Legion Cavalry, Pennsylvania
Cornet in the Legion – 1780; Lieutenant, 1781(?) Died 20 January 1811.

* Cornet Frank Thornton, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
Cornet in the Legion from 21 April 1778 to 1 January 1779.

* Cornet Albion Throckmorton, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
Born about 1740; Cornet in the 1st Continental Dragoons--, 1779; retired 9 November 1782.

* Sergeant-Major John Champe, Legion Cavalry, Virginia
(1756?-1798?) In October 1780, Champe was sent on a secret mission (and which required his desertion from the Legion being feigned) designed to capture Benedict Arnold. Although the scheme failed, Champe managed to escape and make his way back to the Legion, then in South Carolina, in about May 1781. However, Greene shortly thereafter sent him north, "with a good horse and money," to Gen. Washington and who discharged Champe from further service "lest he might in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the enemy's hands; when if recognized he was sure to die on a gibbet." He died in Kentucky probably about 1798 or somewhat earlier. See Lee's *Memoirs*, pp. 394-411, and Boatner, pp. 193-194.

Return of the Legion, dated, 18 Feb. 1788, Richmond.

See William T. R. Saffell's *Records of the Revolutionary War, etc.* (1894 ed.), pp. 113-115.

Mark Kenton, *Sergeant*.

Thomas Hogan, "

William Strothers, "

John Alexander, "

Charles Moorehead, "

Julias Hite, *Corporal*.

Richard Marshall, "

John Hopper, "

James White, "

Richard Johnson, "

Joseph Braun, "

Richard Hall, "

Andrew Coon, *Trumpeter*.

William Haynes, *Private*.

James Bland, "

John Barber, "

Robert Furgeson, "

John Fennell, "

John Purcell, "

James Swart, "

Joseph Tankersley, "

Benjamin Tyler, "

John Walden, "

John Brannan, "

William Groves, "

Charles Owens, "

William Halbert, "

Joseph Owens, *Private*.

Samuel Thompson, "

Thomas Almond, "

John Green, "

William Rogers, "

Andrew Brann, "

George Foster, "

William Bluns, "

William Huff, "

William Halley, "

Thomas Thornhill, "

William Lewis, "

Randolph McDaniel, "

William Loden, "

William Bransford, "

William Bigbee, "

William Dennis, "

Daniel Gray, "

John Fleace, "

Brothers Thompson, "

John Brett, "

John Wiggonton, "

Silas Johnson, "

John Gardiner, "

Samuel Avery, "

William Garner, "

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* Although Pulaski's (est. March 28, 1778) and Armand's (est. June 25, 1778) antedated Cathcart's or the British Legion (est. July 1778), all seemed to have been inspired and or took their cue from the Queen's Rangers first formed in August 1776 on Staten Island by Robert Rogers; and where horse units were combined with "rangers." Lauzun's Legion, for its part, made its appearance on March 5, 1780.

* Lee's Partisan Light Dragoons came into being April 7 1778. Then on July 13, 1779, Capt. Allen McLane's elite Delaware company was joined to it to form (at least on paper and in intention though never formally realized) a "legion." The unit was finally designated the 2nd Partisan Corps on Jan. 1, 1781; so that the origin then of the Legion cavalry was the 1st Continental Light Dragoons, while the Legion infantry was founded on McLane's company.

* Most of the Legion, circa 1780-82, were Virginians, and after that men from Maryland. But in addition to this, the unit had soldiers from Delaware, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, South Carolina, North Carolina, Massachusetts, and New Jersey.

* The Legion's farriers marked the shoes of the cavalry horses; so that the troopers, if need arise, might better track each other. See LMS p. 401.

* Was the Legion ever taken completely by surprise? Almost! While advancing on their way into S.C. in early April 1781 (following Guilford and the sojourn at Ramsey's Mill), the Legion one very dark night believed itself under imminent attack by Cornwallis' forces; only to learn next morning that what had set off the muskets of the pickets in the bleary hours was actually a pack of wolves scavenging the pine barrens. See LMS pp. 326-330.

* What was often or occasionally on the menu for the Legion while in the south? Bacon, beef, corn-ash cake, corn mush, rice, sweet potatoes, and later alligators and frogs! The horses for their part loved cane-brake and "Indian peas" (by which I believe he means peanuts.) LMS p. 523.

* Was Napoleon's "Bravest of the Brave," Marshal Michel Ney, in reality Michael Rudolph (1758-1795) of the Legion infantry? Well, there is one "legend" that asserts as much. See *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Jan. 1847, Vol. XIII, no. 1, p. 17; found at <http://books.google.com/books?id=kVIFAAAAQAAJ&printsec=titlepage#v=onepage&q&f>

The people were obliged to carry muskets while at their work, and their families were kept in a state of continual terror.

“Of these depredators, the most prominent were Fenton, Fagan, Williams, Debow, West, and Carter. Fenton was the arch-fiend of the pandemonium of the Pines. He was a blacksmith of Freehold, large and muscular. He early took to the business of the Tories, and began his career of villainy by robbery. He plundered a tailor's shop in Freehold township. Already a committee of vigilance was organized. They sent Fenton word that, if he did not return the plunder, he should be hunted and shot. Intimidated, he sent back the clothing, with the following savage note appended:

““I have returned your damned rags. In a short time I am coming to burn your barns and houses, and roast you all like a pack of kittens!”

“Fenton soon proceeded to put his threat into execution. One summer night, at the head of a gang of desperadoes, he attacked the dwelling of an aged man near Imlaytown, named Farr. Himself, wife, and daughter composed the family. They barricaded the door, and kept the scoundrels at bay for a while. Fenton finally broke in a portion of the door, and, firing through the opening, broke the leg of the old man with a musket-ball. They forced an entrance at last, murdered the wife, and then dispatched the helpless old man. The daughter, badly wounded, escaped, and the miscreants, becoming alarmed, fled without taking any plunder with them. Fenton was afterward shot by a young soldier of Lee's legion, then lying at Monmouth court-house. The robber had plundered and beaten a young man while on his way from a mill. He gave information to Lee, who detailed a sergeant and two soldiers to capture or destroy the villain. The young man, and the sergeant disguised as a countryman, took a seat in a wagon, while the two soldiers, armed, were concealed under some straw in the bottom of the vehicle, and proceeded toward the mill, expecting to meet Fenton on the road. From a low groggery among the Pines the robber came out, with a pistol, and commanded them to halt. He then inquired if they had brandy, to which an affirmative was given, and a bottle handed to him. While drinking, one of the soldiers, at a signal from the sergeant, arose, and shot the villain through the head. His body was thrown into the wagon, and conveyed in triumph to Freehold.

“Fagan and West were also shot by the exasperated people. The body of the latter was suspended in chains, with hoop-iron bands around it, upon a chestnut by the road-side, about a mile from Freehold, on the way to Colt's Neck, where it was left to be destroyed by carrion birds.

“The sufferings of the people from these marauders made such a deep impression, that the lapse of years could not efface it from the hearts of those who felt their scourge, and even the third generation of the families of Tories were objects of hate to some of the surviving sufferers. An old lady, ninety years of age, with whom I conversed at Boundbrook, became greatly excited while talking of what her family endured from the Pine Robbers and other Tories, and spoke indignantly of one or two families in Monmouth county who were descendants of Loyalists. Philip Freneau, from whose poems I have frequently quoted, was a native of this county. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1771. His poems, written chiefly during the Revolution and immediately after, were vigorous, and sometimes beautiful. He was found dead in a bog, in which he was mired, near Freehold, on the 18th of December, 1832, and was buried in that village.”



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"Lee's Legion, 2nd Partizan Corps" on Face Book:

<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=121637007849696>

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