

to press on, that but three hours a day of sleep were allowed them. General Greene was a prey to the most intense anxiety. He hardly ever left his saddle, and for weeks together he did not take off his clothes. His whole energies were bent on reaching the river Dan, while Cornwallis was equally determined that the American army should be destroyed before crossing that stream. Colonel Washington's heavy cavalry and Lee's light horse formed the rear guard of the Americans, and kept Cornwallis in check. For over two hundred and fifty miles both armies marched, the British columns continually gaining on the American, but whenever they pressed forward to make an attack on the main body, the brave rear-guard faced round and opposed them. Day after day passed thus, but at last the officers of the guard were gladdened by the sight of a horseman who was sent back from the main army to give them the joyful tidings, "The army is over the river!" Shouts of joy rent the air, and then the rear-guard pressed on its way. Washington's troops crossed first, then Lee's legion, Lee himself being the last man to leave the shore. The men crossed in boats, while their horses were pushed into the water after them. Scarcely had the last boat pushed off from the shore when the British van came in sight. Not a boat was left, and Cornwallis saw with rage that a deep and broad river rolled again between himself and his foe. So ended this remarkable retreat, in which Greene displayed such wonderful resolution, energy, and skill.

For some time the American commander remained in camp with his troops, while reinforcements came in until he had at his disposal about five thousand five

hundred men. He knew that this was as large an army as he could hope to raise, and decided that he would offer battle, believing that even if he did not win a victory, he could so cripple his adversary that he would be compelled to quit the field for a considerable time. With this view he halted his army at Guilford, which he had examined and selected as a battle-field.

On the morning of March 15, 1781, when the drums beat the reveille, Greene drew up his men in three lines: the Virginia and North Carolina militia in the centre, Washington's mounted dragoons on the right, Lee's cavalry and some infantry on the left. It was a bright clear day; the British columns were seen advancing early in the forenoon in the distance, but it was one o'clock before they came within firing range. The American troops advanced and opened on the approaching force. Cornwallis ordered up his artillery, and commenced a furious cannonade. He then formed his troops in one long single line, resolving by one terrible onset to sweep the field. They approached within a few rods of the Americans, fired a simultaneous volley and then charged with fixed bayonets. The militia proved unequal to the shock; they broke ranks and fled in all directions, though Lee spurred in among them, and threatened to ride them down with his horsemen if they did not rally. The British, elated at the flight of the militia, pressed forward, but the American regular troops formed their ranks and opposed further advance. After pouring a destructive fire into the British lines, they made a bayonet charge, and finally Washington with his cavalry swept over the broken lines, striking them down with their heavy sabres.

Lord Rawdon to evacuate. This occurred in June, and his force being now much exhausted, he permitted them to go into camp on the hills of Santee. Here they remained until August 22, when he broke camp and marched southward after the enemy. The British army halted at Eutaw Springs, and Greene, though with much anxiety, decided to give battle there.

This was one of most severe conflicts of the revolutionary war. It lasted all day with varying fortunes. When night closed in, the British force had lost one-half its numbers, in dead, wounded, and prisoners. The American loss was heavy also, especially in Washington's squadron, which had borne the brunt of the battle. A truce was asked to bury the dead, and Greene's heart was wrung when the bodies of over fifty of his officers were committed to the ground. The hospitals were filled with sick and wounded men, and Greene, obliged to remain inactive by the presence of so many disabled soldiers, spent his time in visiting the wounded, and caring for the sick and dying.

Two months passed in this manner, and then he prepared once more to meet Cornwallis, against whom General Washington had in the meantime been fighting nobly. But on the 9th November, 1781, news of Cornwallis's surrender reached Greene; and he then turned his whole attention to the important object of capturing Charleston. He made a rapid march southward, through the winter, and the privations they endured so discouraged some of his troops that they planned a mutiny. They held communication with the enemy, and arranged to deliver up Greene. The plot was discovered the day before that appointed to carry it out,

and the leader was executed in presence of the whole army.

Spring and summer passed on, and Greene still held possession of the approaches to Charleston. His army was in miserable condition from disease, and deaths from fever were so numerous that the unburied bodies produced a pestilential atmosphere. The approach of winter checked the mortality, but it was with exultation that the soldiers learned that the British were about to evacuate the city. So great was their eagerness to enter the town, that it was difficult to restrain them from pressing on the ranks of the retiring troops. Greene entered with the governor, preceded and followed by his cavalry and a long procession of citizens. It was an hour of triumph that paid for months of toil and anxiety. The whole city turned out to hail the victor, and the streets rang with huzzas.

He remained in command in Charleston for some months, and then went northward. At Princeton he met Washington, his much loved friend, and they spent some days together. He went on to Rhode Island, receiving an enthusiastic welcome along his route. The hardships he had endured had undermined his health, and he decided to move to the South, and try plantation life. For this purpose he established his family on an estate called Mulberry Grove, near Savannah. Here he enjoyed several months of comparative health and home happiness. Unfortunately, in the month of June, he was sunstruck while visiting a rice plantation. He lingered a few days, but the stroke had been fatal, and he passed away after somewhat severe suffering, June 18, 1786. His body was taken to Savannah, and borne

to the grave amidst the regrets of a whole people. An immense concourse of people followed his remains to their last resting-place, among whom were hundreds of his former soldiers, who came from all portions of the Union to do honor to their beloved commander.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANCIS MARION.

Education—Bound for West Indies—Back on the Farm—Fighting the Indians—Impressions by War—In Congress—"In the Field for Liberty"—The Broken Ankle—In the Saddle—"A Moment and Away"—Joining his Forces to General Gates's—In South Carolina—Rescuing Gates—Stinging the Enemy—"Get Hold of Mr. Marion"—Making Night Attacks—Entertaining the British Officer—Want of Ammunition—"Marion's Bullets"—Capturing Fort Watson—At Eutaw Springs—Difficult Foraging—Adieu to his Soldiers—In the Senate—Married at Fifty—Death.

OF fame in that period of the Revolution which transformed the English colonies of America into independent States, was Francis Marion, descended from the Huguenots.

He was born in 1732, near Georgetown, South Carolina, the youngest of six children. Very delicate and sickly from his birth, and against the predictions of old women of both sexes, the flickering flame of his life burned on through infancy and childhood, and not until he had attained the age of fourteen did he show any relish for the ordinary sports of boyhood. From that time, however, he became very fond of active occupations and pursuits, and exhibited that restlessness, love for change and adventure which were marked characteristics in his future career. But he never attained the ordinary stature of manhood. His early education was necessarily deficient. At that day free

Cornwallis, seeing that the day was going against him, hastened to his artillery which was stationed on a hill beside the field where British and Americans were now so inextricably mingled that a fire directed on one force must decimate the other. He ordered the artillery to open on the whole mass of men. "You will destroy your own troops," said one of his officers. "It must be done," replied Cornwallis, "to save ourselves from destruction." The artillery kept up its fire till the field was covered with the dead and wounded, friends and foes in an indiscriminate mass. This desperate measure saved the battle to the British, but one-fourth of Cornwallis's army had fallen. Among the heaps of slain there were two of the scarlet uniforms to one of the continental. Fox said, in the House of Commons, that another such victory would ruin the British army. As it was, Cornwallis was so crippled that he could not hold the ground he had won, but was obliged to retreat, while the American commander, after falling back a few miles and giving his troops some days of repose, determined to hazard another battle. In this, however, he was checked by the refusal of a majority of his troops to continue in the service. Their term of enlistment had expired, they were exhausted, ill-fed, ill-clad, and desired to return to their homes. Greene's indomitable spirit almost quailed under this blow, but he felt that he could not blame his men. As their time of service had expired, he called them out and thanking them for their brave co-operation, he dismissed them to their homes.

His army was now reduced to one-third of its original number, but with this small force he resolved to carry the war into South Carolina, and take the

enemy's posts up to Charleston. The army accordingly took up the line of march, and in twelve days reached Camden. Within a few miles of that town, at a strongly fortified position on Hobkirk's Hill, the British troops, under Lord Rawdon, were drawn up in order of battle. Greene was in his tent when fire from the videttes announced the approach of the enemy. In a moment he was in the saddle, and surveying the advance of the British troops. Seeing the narrowness of their front, he discerned a rare opportunity for a flank movement, and resolved to overthrow them by one resolute onset. He gave the order, "Let Campbell and Ford turn the flanks, the cavalry take them in the rear, and the centre charge them with trailed bayonets." Swinging down round the enemy, the whole army rushed forward, and closed round the British column. Thrown into confusion by the sudden fire, and driven back by the bayonets, the enemy began to give way on all sides. Greene had himself plunged into the thickest of the fight, but saw with dismay that a regiment on which he had placed great hopes, that of Gunby, was giving way. He tried to rally them, and seeing them about to leave their guns upon the field, he leaped from his horse, and seized the drag-ropes himself. This shamed the men, and they returned to their places. But it was too late to retrieve the lost ground. The enemy were moving in a broad, unbroken line up the hill. Washington's troops rode in and checked their further advance, and protected Greene while he drew off his forces.

This defeat, or rather drawn battle, was in some measure compensated soon afterwards by the taking of the fort known as Ninety-six, which Greene compelled