

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

His principal rendezvous was among the interminable swamps of Snow's island, near the junction of Lynch's creek with the Great Pedee river. The limits of this article forbid even a glance at scenes of his earlier exploits, over which we would gladly linger; exploits planned with wonderful skill and foresight, adroitly drawing the enemy into traps and always resulting in victory. His men had the most unbounded confidence in his wisdom and prowess.

On June 3d, 1780, Lord Cornwallis had command of about four thousand British troops in South Carolina. The Continental army had an encampment in Virginia, under Baron de Kalb, and, later, under the command of General Gates, flushed with his noted victory at Saratoga.

Marion was ordered to join his forces to General Gates, as it was deemed unsafe for him, with so small a body of men, to remain in South Carolina so near to Cornwallis.

Of course Marion's brigade made but a sorry appearance before the well-dressed soldiers of Virginia, in fact their aspect was so burlesque that it was with difficulty that the officers could restrain the laughter of the soldiers; General Gates was glad to detach Marion from his command, and with an augmented force sent him to South Carolina, knowing his familiarity with the country, to watch the motions of the enemy and furnish information for the guidance of the commander.

It is a curious fact, that, in a very few days, these same well-dressed officers and soldiers were destined to suffer a most inglorious defeat, and that some two hundred of them were to be rescued from "durance vile" at

the hands of the foe, by that same "motley crowd" of Marion's, whom they were ashamed to have in their brigade in Virginia. But such was the fortune of war.

General Gates was a weak and vain man, and an incapable commander. So inflated was he by his recent victory, that he fancied the struggle was well nigh over, and that he had only to meet the British, to obtain a decisive triumph. But he was destined to exchange his northern laurels for southern willows. Near Camden, an engagement with Cornwallis resulted in a most signal defeat to the Americans, more than one thousand men were taken prisoners, and Gates' entire force was scattered. A historian of that period, who was in Marion's brigade, says: "Who will believe that at the time when the British had completely overrun South Carolina—their headquarters at Charleston—a victorious army at Camden, strong garrisons at Georgetown and Jacksonboro', and more than all, when the spirit of the poor southern Whigs was so completely cowed, that they fairly knocked under to the military yoke of the British—I ask again, who would believe that in this desperate state of things, one little swarthy French-phizzed Carolinian, with thirty of his ragged countrymen, would have dared to issue from the swamps, and turn his horse's head against this all-conquering foe? Marion was the man! Dashing up the war-path, between the British at Charleston and Camden, he exclaimed, 'Now, my brave boys! now look sharp, here are British wagon-tracks! we won't be long idle!'" And idle they were not then, nor for months succeeding.

His conduct toward the army of Cornwallis may

best be compared to a hornet—he would suddenly appear from some leafy covert, sting sharply and deeply, and vanish.

A few days after the victory of Cornwallis at Camden General Marion learned that a strong British guard, with a band of prisoners, was approaching the Santee. He sent a force to guard the only road leading through the swamp to the river. Just before the day dawned, he, without warning, appeared in the British camp. The surprise and victory were complete. Not one of Marion's men were lost, while twenty-four of the enemy were either killed or captured, and two hundred prisoners were rescued. To the disgrace of humanity, be it recorded, that only three of those released prisoners were willing to join Marion's command.

The British feared, as well as hated, Marion, and special orders were given by Tarleton and Wemyss, two most active officers, to "get hold of that Mr. Marion" if possible. So sly were his motions that he obtained the name of the "Swamp Fox," and so sure were the blows which he struck that he was called "The Invincible." On November, 1780, he established a permanent camp among the dark recesses of the waving tree-moss on Snow's island, directing his unexpected blows on Cornwallis's troops.

Through deep morass, across miry streams, his men passed, in the shades of many a night, to make, in the gloaming of the morning, a deadly attack, and, as noiselessly as they approached, retire, leaving no possibility of pursuit. Wemyss said of him, "that the devil himself couldn't catch that Swamp Fox."

Marion's nephew, a fine, manly fellow, was atrociously

murdered by the Tories, about this time, and from that period even Marion's humane nature vowed vengeance. "No quarter for Tories" was the battle-cry of his men, and scenes were enacted in South Carolina which were fearful in the extreme. Marion's camp was reached by causeways over the morass, known only to the initiated, and he exercised autocratic power over a large district. His movements were as secret as they were fleet and efficient; he never intrusted his designs to his best officers, until the time arrived to strike the blow.

During the winter of 1780-81 a young British officer was sent from Georgetown to negotiate for exchange of prisoners. He was met near Georgetown, blindfolded, and conducted to the camp. A strange sight met the astonished eyes of the Briton when his bandage was removed. Like the stately columns of some baronial castle or ancient cathedral stood the towering cypresses draped in clustering moss, while on the ground beneath them were the men whose very name was a terror and a by-word. But the chief was the greatest wonder of all. He expected to see a man of giant stature and commanding presence; instead thereof a person of under size, ungainly and awkward, and of little dignity met his eye. But the short conversation and following negotiation convinced the Briton that he was treating with no ordinary person. Accepting the general's invitation to dinner, he was utterly confounded, it being served with a sweet-potato, on a new pine chip, and water only to wash it down. "Surely, General," he exclaimed, "this cannot be your ordinary fare?" "It certainly is," was the reply, "and I esteem myself fortunate in having enough to entertain a guest."

History states that the young soldier resigned his commission on his return to Georgetown, declaring that men who would endure such hardships for liberty ought not to be subdued. No, nor *could* they; ultimate victory for them was certain.

Early in 1781 Marion had very little ammunition, and many rifles were useless. He at once set blacksmiths at work in forging from the broad saws of the mills rude broad-swords for a new cavalry corps, and in February they were in the field with their novel weapons. Marion even used for rifle balls an article formed by nature, which took in that region the name of "Marion's Bullets."

In the spring of 1781 the British General Watson was sent with a selected force of troops to attempt the destruction of Marion's brigade, but he soon found that the "Swamp Fox" was more cunning than he. While he supposed him to be fleeing before him, he was actually hurrying down the Santee to fall upon his rear, and in one of his swift and eccentric marches Marion suddenly appeared in battle array before him. The first day's engagement resulted in disaster to Marion, but the next morning he checked pursuit by burning a wooden bridge over the Black river.

A few weeks later, Marion, with an audacity entirely his own, for he had not a single cannon, decided to assault Fort Watson, near the Santee, and demanded of Lieutenant McKay, in command, an unconditional surrender. This was promptly refused. During the darkness of night, Marion's men felled trees, which were carried on the shoulders to short rifle-range from the fort, and piled up in a square tower, so high as to

quite overlook the garrison. On the top of this a parapet of saplings and branches was raised for the defence of the riflemen, there mounted. So quietly was this work accomplished, during the darkness, made deeper by a heavily clouded sky, that it was an entire surprise to the unsuspecting garrison to be awakened by a deadly shower of rifle balls from the near tower. So sure were the marksmen that every volley told its tale of death. Resistance was in vain, and the fort and garrison were at once surrendered.

The royalists were utterly appalled by the eccentric and wonderful achievements of General Marion.

The increasing heats of summer caused him to abandon the swamps, and low country, and intrench himself upon the more healthful heights of the Santee. From this point he swept by eccentric and rapid marches to within five miles of Charleston. They bivouacked one night within a mile of the British works, intending to assault in the morning, but during the night the enemy became so frightened that they decamped. Hotly pursued, they were overtaken after a rapid chase of eighteen miles. The main body had crossed a stream and partially destroyed the bridge; Marion dashed over the half loosened planks, followed by his men, driving the foe for shelter to a strong farm-house, where a bloody battle raged for three hours. This was the most disastrous encounter in which Marion was ever engaged; almost the entire loss fell upon his brigade, no less than fifty being disabled or wounded.

At Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September, a sanguinary engagement took place. Marion pursued the

fleeing royalists the following day. For the next hundred days he was the inexorable jailer of the British troops, whose limit of parole was confined to the peninsula within Charleston Neck.

Leaving his brigade with a brother officer, Marion took his seat, to which he had been chosen, in the Legislature at Jacksonburgh. He left the field with great reluctance, but he had no alternative. During the succeeding winter the sum of military operations in that region consisted of the efforts of the hostile troops to obtain supplies, and the efforts by the Americans to oppose them. In these operations "Marion's men" bore a conspicuous part. They seemed to be everywhere that they were needed—to strike an effective blow—off and away was their history, and he actually succeeded in keeping the country between the Cooper and the Santee, and around Charleston, in a state of security. In the summer of 1782, when the storm of the Revolution had passed and the sun of peace was breaking through the dark clouds, Marion parted with his brigade. Among the stately cedars near the banks of the Wateree, he took each man by the hand, bade him farewell, and mounting his horse, accompanied by one or two friends, started for the quiet plantation on the banks of the Santee. He was poor, and more than fifty years of age, yet cheerfully he applied himself to the task of wresting a living from his native soil.

The people of his district had again chosen him to the Senate, and during the sessions he was distinguished for his clemency and generosity toward those whose estates had been confiscated by act of assembly.

Then came up for consideration an act intended to shield from prosecution those military leaders who, in the discharge of their duties, had seized or destroyed private property. He arose in his place, and requested that his name should be omitted from the bill. It is needless to say that no one ever knocked at his door for restitution. Even the Tories loved and honored him for his forbearance and many virtues. Fort Johnson, the scene of his first military career, was repaired, and he was appointed its commandant at a liberal salary. But the legislatures of later years made war upon it and the salary was reduced to an insignificant figure, which was very mortifying to General Marion to accept, but necessity compelled him. Just at this time a Huguenot lady of wealth, quite suitable in years, intimated to a mutual friend that she might be induced to bestow her hand and fortune upon the hero of the swamps.

Nothing loth, General Marion laid his laurels at the feet of Miss Mary Videau, and in due time she became his wife. They made each other very happy in this new relation; mutual respect soon ripened into mutual affection, and life's evening was to the brilliant soldier calm and peaceful.

His roof sheltered many a wanderer, and from it no soldier was ever turned away. He continued to represent his district in the Senate, and in 1790 he was a member of the convention for forming a State constitution. Four years later he resigned his military commission and retired from public life. In the winter of 1795 Francis Marion was gathered to his fathers; his last words being, "Thank God! I can lay my hand on my heart, and say that since I came to man's

estate, I have never intentionally done wrong to any one."

Upon his tombstone are these words, "History will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution."

schools were unknown in South Carolina, and the son of a small farmer was denied those privileges of academic culture at the North which the more wealthy planters could give to their children.

At sixteen he embarked on a vessel bound to the West Indies, burning with a desire to help capture some richly laden Spanish vessel, how or where he knew not; his restless, romantic aspirations rendered it sure that his hopes would be realized. Alas! never a glimpse of the sea-prize had he! A whale by one blow laid open the planks of the little craft which bore him over the sea, and as she slowly sank the crew esteemed themselves fortunate in taking refuge in the boats with little food and no clothing except what they happened to have on. For six days they subsisted on a dog, and when, after many perils, they reached the shore, Marion decided that he had lived on the sea long enough, and would henceforth be a planter.

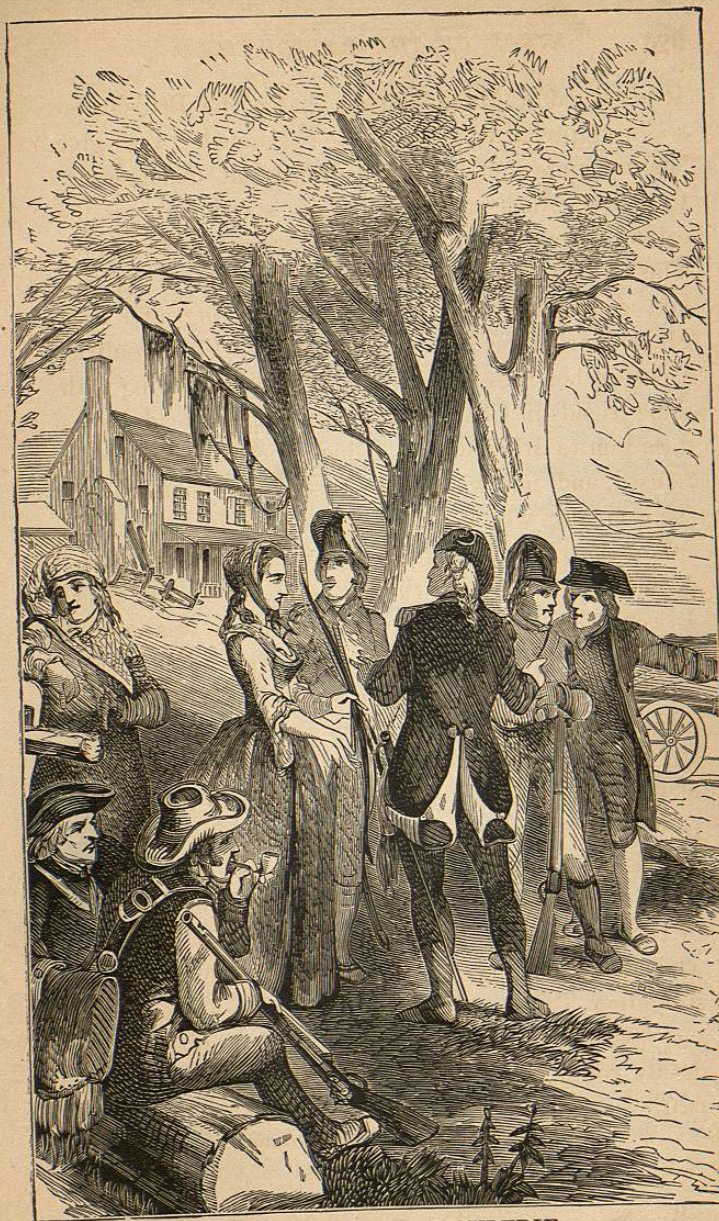
For ten years he tilled his native soil, distinguished by nothing save devotion to his mother, who was now a widow.

The assaults of hostile Indians dwelling among the mountains of South Carolina in 1760 called the youthful Marion to the field. The native soldiers were soon joined by the British regular troops under Colonel Montgomery, who commanded two thousand men. The Cherokees greatly outnumbered them; besides they were very expert in ambush, an art quite unknown to the English. After various skirmishes a severe battle was fought near the large Indian village of Etchoee, when the Indians were defeated and dispersed, and Montgomery left the country. In 1761 hostilities were again renewed, resulting as before:

and here young Marion distinguished himself for daring and skill. His mind was so much affected, after the battles were over, by reason of the great destruction of life, want of needful supplies, and ghastly ruin everywhere spread, where peaceful villages had been seen, that for fourteen subsequent years nothing could tempt him from his farm. But the qualities of his mind made it impossible for him to remain in obscurity. His strong common sense, his uprightness and firmness of purpose, constituted him a leader in social affairs, and when the oppressions of a foreign government caused the people to rebel and organize popular sovereignty by forming a Provincial Congress of Republicans in 1775, Francis Marion was chosen to represent the parish of St. John Berkley. In all affairs there pending, Marion was a busy worker. His voice was never heard in debate, but he was a strong power whose force was felt. Among the latest acts of the first Provincial Congress was the appointment of Marion to a captaincy in the second regiment of infantry. He, with a Huguenot friend, Peter Horry, immediately entered upon the business of recruiting; besides their gay uniforms, on their helmet-shaped leathern caps they wore a silver crescent, bearing the words "Liberty or death." Early in 1776 Marion received a major's commission. The British fleet appeared off Charleston on June 4th of that year, and on the same day General Charles Lee arrived from the North to take command of the Southern patriots. The fort, built of palmetto logs, on Sullivan's island, commanding the entrance into Charleston harbor, was the point first attacked, and, after three hours of terrible fighting, the victory for the Americans was complete.

It is related of Major Marion, that as the British vessels were preparing to retire, he exclaimed, "Let's give 'em one more shot," at the same instant touching fire to a fuse, which caused a ball to speed through the cabin of a vessel, killing two officers sitting at a table. The fort was named "Moultrie," in honor of its gallant commander and defender. Not long after this, Major Marion was placed in command of Fort Moultrie, a post of honor as well as danger. While dining with some friends in Charleston, an attempt was made to induce him to drink wine. Being strictly temperate, he refused, and not wishing to disturb the harmony of the company, who had locked the door to compel his submission, he raised the window and leaped to the ground, forgetting that they were on the second floor. In consequence, his ankle was broken; he was carried to his quarters on a litter, and remained a helpless cripple for many weeks. While yet so lame that he required the help of two men to give him a seat in the saddle, his shrill whistle resounded among the swamps of the Pedee, and his name was a terror to the Tories. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, the most distinguished of all Southern civil patriots, gave to him the commission of brigadier-general, and he hastened to the Black river region, to organize that BRIGADE, which became at once a terror to the British troops and straggling Tories. At morning, midnight, or noon, there would be heard a sudden tramp of horses, a deadly volley, and horses and marksmen would disappear.

"A moment in the British camp,
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day."



CAPTURING FORT MOULTRIE.