



# Southern Campaigns of the American Revolution

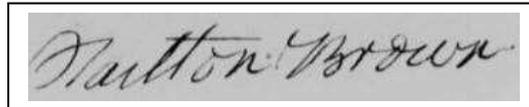
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The Journal of the Southern Campaigns of the American Revolution

Vol. 17, No. 1.0

November 23, 2020

## Memoirs of Tarlton Brown<sup>1</sup>



### A Captain in the Revolutionary Army

Written by himself

Annotated by Charles B. Baxley

My father, William Brown, was a planter in Albemarle County, Virginia, where I was born on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1757. Flattering inducements being held forth to settlers in the rich region of South Carolina contiguous to the Savannah River; and my uncle, Bartlett Brown, having already moved, and settled himself two miles above Matthew's Bluff, on the Savannah River;<sup>2</sup> my father bought some negroes, and left them with his brother to make a crop; and in 1769, a year afterwards, my father and family, consisting of eleven persons, emigrated to this country and settled on Brier's Creek, opposite to Burton's Ferry.<sup>3</sup> We found the country in the vicinity very thinly inhabited. Our own shelter for several weeks to protect us from the weather was a bark tent, which served for our use until we could erect a rude dwelling of logs.

<sup>1</sup> The Revolutionary War pension affidavit of Tarlton Brown (1757-1845), Oct. 1832 and his SC Audited Accounts are found in file S21665 fn45SC transcribed by Will Graves. <http://revwarapps.org/s21665.pdf> Brown's first name is spelled variously, but it appears spelled as "Tarlton" in his signature on his first pension affidavit which is adopted for this article and is seen above. This memoir was first published in a newspaper, the *Charleston Rambler* in 1843. It was privately republished in New York by Charles Ira Bushnell in 1862. The titles were added by this annotator. The language of this memoir was either written by or heavily edited by Brown's grandson-in-law, Charles Colcock Hay, as it is in the style of the early to mid-19<sup>th</sup> c. and from the pen of a formally educated person. [http://genealogytrails.com/scar/barnwell/tarlton\\_brown.htm](http://genealogytrails.com/scar/barnwell/tarlton_brown.htm) has a letter saying Brown dictated it to Hay – more likely Brown told Hay stories that Hay took notes on. This would account for the narrative being out of order, with Brown reciting incidents as they occurred to him. Hay was born in 1814, and a reasonable guess would be that Brown related his account to him a little before or sometime after Hay married his granddaughter. I could not find Hay's date of marriage, but their first child was born in 1842. So I would guess the dictation and writing occurred within a few years before the publication date of 1843. This would have been when Brown was about 86, and was only a couple of years before his death on 14 September 1845. This date is also supported by "Silver Bluff, now the property of Governor Hammond, of South Carolina.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew's Bluff on the Savannah River is in modern Allendale County and is 3/4<sup>th</sup> mile downstream from what is now known as Cohen's Bluff. It is about 9 straight line miles downstream from the US Hwy 301 Burton's Ferry Bridge.

<sup>3</sup> There is a Briar Creek emptying into the Savannah River in both South Carolina and in Georgia. This was the Briar Creek in Allendale County, South Carolina. Burton's Ferry was where modern US Hwy 301 crosses the Savannah River.

Having cleared a piece of land, we planted, and found the soil to be exceedingly fertile in the river swamp, producing abundant crops. The country was literally infested with wild beast, which were very annoying to the inhabitants – killing the stock and destroying the crops – and were so bold, daring, and ravenous, that they would come into our yards, and before our doors take our sheep and poultry.<sup>4</sup> Indeed it was dangerous to venture out at night beyond the precincts of our yard unarmed. We used every device to exterminate them, and ultimately effected our objects by setting traps and poisoned bait.

The forest abounded with all kinds of game, particularly deer and turkeys - the former were almost as gentle as cattle. I have seen fifty together, in a day's ride in the woods. The latter were innumerable, and so very fat that I have often run them down on horseback. The range for cattle was excellent; it was a very common thing to see two hundred in a gang in the large ponds. In any month of the year beeves [beef] in the finest order for butchering might be obtained from the forest. It was customary then to have large pens or enclosures for cattle under the particular charge or direction of some person or persons. I was informed by one of those who kept a pen at King Creek, that there had been marked that spring seven hundred calves.<sup>5</sup> Our produce for market was beef, pork, staves, and shingles.<sup>6</sup> There was but little corn planted in that section then; and, indeed, there was scarcely any inducement to plant more.

In 1775 the war broke out in South Carolina, and troops were required for the service - a draft was accordingly ordered in our section, and being one among the drawn number, we forthwith took up the line of march for Pocotaligo [sic Pocotaligo],

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<sup>4</sup> Brown does not spell out the beasts which so annoyed the early settlers in this part of the South Carolina backcountry, but they were likely apex predators: bears, big cats, and wolves.

<sup>5</sup> Branded.

<sup>6</sup> So called "cash crops" which found ready markets. First choice water resistant barrel staves and shingles were often cut from Atlantic white cedar (swamp or post cedar).

then under command of General [Stephen] Bull, where we were stationed about seven weeks.<sup>7</sup> Nothing of importance requiring our attendance at that place, our company was discharged, and we returned to our homes, where we had scarcely arrived, when another draft was ordered, for the first siege of Savannah, Georgia.<sup>8</sup> On this occasion I escaped being drawn, but was employed by William Bryant to act in his place.<sup>9</sup>

We embarked in an open boat, on the Savannah River, Captain Moore commanding our company.<sup>10</sup> After three days' passage down the river we arrived at Savannah [Ga.], in good health and in fine spirits, all eager to engage in the contest, and to assert our rights as freemen through the muscles of our muskets and at the points of our swords. We passed some heavy and mortal shots at the enemy, which were returned with equal fierceness and more deadly effect. During the heat of the battle, the iron hail pouring in torrents upon our devoted heads, a ball struck me in the breast, but being well-nigh spent, it providentially did no other damage than raise a blood blister. We stayed at Savannah about seven weeks, and then returned to South Carolina, under the command of General Bull.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Pocotaligo is the community at the head of navigation of the Pocotaligo River, and where the main Savannah to Charleston road passed, now US Hwy 17. It was originally a Yamasee Indian village. This Pocotaligo is not to be confused with the swamp of the same name passing through modern Clarendon County, SC. SC militia Col. Stephen Bull of Port Royal Island commanded the SC Lowcountry Militia. Stephen Bull was appointed a SC militia general in March 1778.

<sup>8</sup> Brown probably means the Royal Navy's approaches to Savannah beginning on March 1, 1776. The fight for 20 loaded rice boats moored on Hutchinson Island across the Savannah River from the City of Savannah, started the next day, called the Battle of the Rice Boats.

<sup>9</sup> Purchasing a substitute to serve the draftee in his stead was a common practice in the 18<sup>th</sup> c.

<sup>10</sup> SC militia Capt. James Moore of the Granville District Regt.

<sup>11</sup> This was likely the Battle of the Rice Boats, fought at Hutchinson Island on March 2-3, 1776, and resulting in firm Whig control over Georgia. Stephen Bull was a SC militia colonel in 1776.

## Fort Littleton – Beaufort, SC

Having now become greatly attached to the army, in April, 1776, I enlisted in the regular service at Fort Littleton, Beaufort District, commanded by that brave and sagacious officer, Captain William Harden.<sup>12</sup> There were about eighty-five men stationed at Fort Littleton, and I am the only one now remaining of that number. The greater part of the rest, through the fortunes of war, left their bones bleaching upon the battle plains: the few who survived the ravages of war, have long since fallen beneath the cold and relentless hand of death.

In July, 1777, I left Captain Harden, but immediately joined Colonel James Thompson's detachment on Pipe Creek.<sup>13</sup> While stationed there, I accompanied Captain John Mumford, and a few choice fellows, upon an expedition to Georgia, to take a guard commanded by Captain Mott, a Tory, near Hutson's [Hudson's] Ferry.<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> In this context, in "Regular service" means in the South Carolina state troops as opposed to militia. They will not become Continental troops until Sept. 20, 1776. Fort Lyttelton guarded the Beaufort River approach seaward to the village of Beaufort. Located on modern Spanish Point Drive, Beaufort, SC, it was a massive tabby fort, completed in 1764 to protect the town from seaward enemies. It replaced an earlier Beaufort River tabby fort named Ft. Frederick. William Harden was a South Carolina militia officer later rose to the rank of colonel and became the SC Lowcountry area commander under Gen. Francis Marion in 1781. The fort was later commanded by a controversial artillery officer, Maj. John Francis DeTreville, 4<sup>th</sup> SC Continental Artillery Regiment.

<sup>13</sup> Lt. Col. James Thompson of the Round O area served in the Colleton Regiment SC militia 1777-1779. Bobby Gilmer Moss, *Roster of SC Patriots in the American Revolution*, (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., 1983) 927. This Pipe Creek flows parallel to the east bank of the Savannah River in South Carolina near Matthews Bluff. This incident more likely occurred in 1779.

<sup>14</sup> Hudson's Ferry over the Savannah River was located in southern Effingham County, Ga. and Hampton County, SC. The ferry house was located at the river off of modern Coursey Landing Road, but its exact location has not been determined by this annotator. This action was probably not until the winter of 1779 after the British recaptured Savannah, Georgia and organized some local Loyalists into militias. There was fighting between the British and Americans along the Savannah River in Georgia from

We thought to surprise them; but, through some unaccountable means, they had discovered our intentions sometime before we reached the house where they were barricaded, and smugly encasing themselves, were prepared for our attack, and kept us at bay by firing at us through their portholes. The enemy, from their favorable position, could single out our men with deadly aim.

During the engagement, I screened myself behind a tree, with the twofold object of protecting myself from danger and taking deliberate aim at the enemy. Whilst in the act of shooting, a ball from the fort struck the tree just above my head, and dashed the bark into my face. I was rather cautious how I projected my head again beyond the necessary limits, as our Captain was most severely wounded in the knee, and John Booth mortally, of which he soon died, we gathered our wounded in blankets, and returned to South Carolina, to Colonel Thompson's camps.

## Surrender of Charlestown – May 12, 1780

When Charleston fell into the hands of the British, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral [Mariot] Arbuthnot, Captain [John] Mumford, in attempting to make his way to the American Army, was attacked at Morris' Ford, Salkahatchie, by old Ben John and his gang of Tories.<sup>15</sup> In this encounter the poor fellow lost his life, and a truer patriot and braver soldier never fell. He now sleeps at the foot of a large pine, on the left hand side of the main road to Barnwell Court House, a few rods south of the bridge, just

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January 1779 until Gen. Nathanael Greene returned to South Carolina in April 1781. Lt. Col. Henry "Light-Horse Harry" Lee's troops captured Ft. Dreadnaught (Galphin) at Silver Bluff, SC and Andrew Pickens and Elijah Clarke captured Augusta. The British finally withdrew from Savannah in the summer of 1782.

<sup>15</sup> Nothing is known of either Capt. John Mumford or Loyalist Ben John. It is thought a large John family settled near the Salkehatchie River; their 18<sup>th</sup> c. settlement, now disappeared, was called Johns Town.

at turn of the road from which you can see the bridge.<sup>16</sup>

A short time after these misfortunes, being stung to the quick at our recent defeat and irretrievable loss, and thirsting for justice, a company of fifty horse, led by Colonel Thompson and Major Bourguoin, sallied forth on a second expedition to take the formidable Captain Mott and his allies.<sup>17</sup> In this instance, fortune favored us. I took part of the company, and went between the house and swamp. Our approach was so quiet and unexpected by the Tories that, making a charge upon them, they, without the least effort to defend themselves, surrendered. Taking our prisoners, we returned in triumph to our headquarters, and from thence they were sent to Charleston under a strong guard.<sup>18</sup>

After this capture of Captain Mott and his band of Tories, I continued with Captain Thompson but a short time. Leaving him, in conjunction with Joshua Inman and John Green, I raised a company of horse, which we called the “Rangers”, with the view of scouting those sections of the country adjacent to the Savannah River, both in Georgia and South Carolina, as occasion required. Our station was at Cracker’s Neck, S.C.<sup>19</sup> Whilst there, our rude boys would go out in the back swamp and frolic with the inhabitants, and from the great quantity of pinders<sup>20</sup> they saw among them, said

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<sup>16</sup> This site is about a mile south of modern Barnwell, SC, and is marked on the Old Allendale Road (S-6-70) about 100 yards north of its bridge over the Salkehatchie River.

<sup>17</sup> Thought to be James Lewis Bourquin. Moss, *SC Patriots*, 87. Your annotator has no idea who “the formidable Captain Mott and his allies” were. Perhaps this is the same Capt. Mott who commanded the Loyalist garrison at Hudson’s Ferry, in Georgia.

<sup>18</sup> This paragraph seems a little chronologically misplaced as no prisoners captured by Americans would be sent to Charlestown after it fell to the British in May 1780 and the previous paragraph talks about the surrender of Charlestown. In Brown’s pension application it is clear that it occurred in the latter half of 1777 which is equally unlikely.

<sup>19</sup> Cracker Neck or Cracker’s Neck on the Savannah River is northwest of Jackson, SC.

<sup>20</sup> The use of the archaic word pinder in this context is puzzling. A pinder was someone who rounds up stray

they would give it the name of Pinder Town, by which name it has gone ever since, as it is now well known by the name of “Pinder Town.”<sup>21</sup> During our stay at Cracker’s Neck, we took two trips to Sunbury [Sunbury], Midway Settlement, Georgia, under the command of General [Andrew] Pickens and [John] Twiggs.<sup>22</sup> We had a fight with the British and Tories on Ogeechee Causeway; but not much damage was sustained on either side.<sup>23</sup>

In one of our trips to Midway, a young man by the name of Richardson went ahead of us for the purpose of advising the enemy of our approach, but there lived a Mr. Cooper upon the road, directly in our route, who had a pretty daughter named Jane; and it was well known that young Richardson was in love with Miss Jane, and we suspected that he would call in to see her; so I selected a few men, and by a shorter route between the house and the swamp, intercepted him. He was, as we conjectured, at Cooper’s and as soon as he heard the approach of our men, he ran out – we fired upon him and left him dead. Cooper ran into the old field, but we sent a few shots after him, one of which entered his heel and stopped him (I think the distance was nearly two hundred yards) - we brought him to the house, and left him with his family.<sup>24</sup>

In our two trips to Georgia, we made a road in it, which since has become a public road, and is now called the “Rebel Road.” Georgia, at this time, was completely in the hands of the British and Tories. They often crossed the river, and killed

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animals or sometimes a nickname for a peanut. This could be who we would call a cowboy today. Free range grazing of branded cattle and other animals was common in 18<sup>th</sup> c. South Carolina.

<sup>21</sup> Wagener, SC in Aiken County claims it was originally called Pinder Town.

<sup>22</sup> These communities near the Georgia coast still have the same names. Both Andrew Pickens and John Twiggs would be commissioned as general officers of their state’s militia but not until later.

<sup>23</sup> April 4, 1780. Gordon Burns Smith, *Morningstars of Liberty*, (Milledgeville, Ga.: Boyd Publishing, 2006), 1:183

<sup>24</sup> These American raids deep into British held territory must have been sometimes in 1779 or early 1780.

and plundered the Whigs without mercy. On one occasion I visited my father and the family, with the view of remaining with them all night. On arriving at home, I was pleased to find my brother-in-law, John Joice, and a friend from Augusta there, on a visit for a short time, for the times were now dangerous, the Tories having threatened my life and the life of one of my brothers. I felt that in case that we were attacked, they might render us essential service. And it so came to pass that on this very night they came to put into execution their threat. It was about midnight when they arrived. I was sleeping in the hall, and was awakened by the barking of the dogs. In a few minutes I was brought to my feet by a loud rap at the door. I asked, "Who's there"? Several voices together replied "Friends", and said that they were from Sister's Ferry, General [Benjamin] Lincoln's Army — that their term of enlistment had expired, and that they were now on their way home, — were greatly fatigued from traveling, and would like to remain with us during the night.<sup>25</sup> I expressed to them my regret at our inability to accommodate them, as our house was filled with company. After a few minutes secret deliberation, they asked for a torch of fire, and said they would go to Brier's Creek and encamp. I felt disposed to accommodate them as far as practicable, yet I had some misgivings with regard to the truth of the statement they had made; but recollecting that the militia were about to be discharged at that point, my doubts were in a great measure removed. I, therefore, opened the door and handed them a light, but, as if directed by a supernatural agency, I instantly closed it again, and looking through the crack above the door, I could distinctly see what passed among my friends without, by the light of their torch, and to my astonishment I found them to be Tories. Here judge of the narrow escape I made. With what ease they could have put an end to my existence, entered our abode and massacred all within, ere

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<sup>25</sup> Sister's Ferry or Two Sisters Ferry over the Savannah River was located northeast of Clio, Ga. A detachment of Gen. Lincoln's army was posted in the area of Two Sisters Ferry in March to April 1779. Two Sisters Ferry was established in colonial era and later reestablished after 1820 as Sisters Ferry, two miles downstream.

we could have been aroused to a sense of our danger. Coming to the door a second time, they asked for water. I had now discovered the true object of their mission, and was upon my guard. Having made the door doubly fast, I told them in a repulsive tone they might get it out of the well in the yard. This exasperated them exceedingly, and with loud voices they denounced me, father, and all the family, threatening to visit vengeance upon the whole household, and with fiendish fury and united strength endeavored to burst the door from its hinges; but finding that they could not, the endeavor to shoot me through the crack (it being a log house, as before mentioned), and they had a tolerable fair chance to do so, as the door of the room in which my father and family lay was open, and the light shining through it from the room into the hall where I was. They fired four or five times, but missed me and killed my little brother, who was aroused by the noise. By this time we had gathered our arms, and they made off some little distance from the house, still firing, but to no effect. We were well supplied with powder and ball, and if they had been men and stood their ground like soldiers (and not have skulked off into the dark as all cowards and villains do when there is an opportunity offered to fight on equal grounds), we would soon have given them what they richly deserved. I have good reason to be thankful to Almighty God for his kind care and protection of me through so many dangers. I can plainly discern a divine interposition in my deliverance from the hands of those prowling murderers and plunderers.

A few months subsequent to this period, I withdrew from the "Rangers" at Cracker's Neck, and connected myself with a company of militia keeping guard at Burton's Ferry.<sup>26</sup> We exchanged shots almost every day with the British and Tories, who were on the opposite side (Georgia). A man moved over and joined our party, who said he had buried three jugs of rum at Hershman's

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<sup>26</sup> Burton's Ferry over the Savannah River was where US Hwy 301 crosses now.

Lake, and designated the spot.<sup>27</sup> One of our number (Benjamin Green) said he knew the place, having once lived in the vicinity of the lake; so being in the right humor for an exploit, we soon devised, and put into execution a plan for visiting the premises.<sup>28</sup> Benjamin Green, Henry Best, John Colding and myself took a small canoe and proceeded down King Creek to Savannah River; while we were moving up the stream of the river, with every prospect of success in our enterprise, a gang of Tories numbering thirty-five suddenly appeared upon the bank, where they had been lying in ambush, awaiting our approach.<sup>29</sup> They hailed us, swearing that if we did not come to and surrender, they would kill every one of us. But we had too much knowledge of these rascals and their duplicity to be decoyed in that manner, and to trust ourselves to their clemency. We well knew that if we submitted, death would be the inevitable consequence, and, therefore, preferred risking our chances in the little canoe, as there was a possibility of evading their shot. Immediately turning our boat's head, with our united strength we urged her forward toward the opposite shore. At this instant they commenced a heavy firing at us. Best was soon wounded, and instantly leaped into the water, and clung to the side of the canoe. Colding also received several wounds, which disabled him from further assistance, so he laid down in the canoe, and Green by his side. All hopes of success seemed now centered in myself; with the rapidity of thought, I seized the best paddle, seated myself in the stern of the canoe, and moved her forward with astonishing celerity, reaching in a few minutes the land. Whilst

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<sup>27</sup> Hershman Lake is a substantial oxbow lake just west of the Savannah River in Georgia about .5 mile downstream from Burton's Ferry, the modern US Hwy 301 crossing.

<sup>28</sup> Calculating the date range for this folly would have to be sometime when the Savannah River was the front between the British and Americans in the Burton's Ferry area. The British withdrew from this Georgia side of Hudson's Ferry area after the March 1779 Battle of Briar Creek and the Americans held the South Carolina side until summer of 1780. It would remain in Tory control until Ft. Dreadnaught and Augusta fell to the Americans in the summer of 1781.

<sup>29</sup> King Creek is in the swamps just across the river from Hershman Lake, on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River.

paddling, I felt an acute sensation across the back of my neck and shoulders. On reaching the shore, I examined myself, and found that they had put three balls through my clothes, two of which had slightly scarified my flesh. Returning to the ferry, we severally recovered from our wounds, but never felt again a disposition to repeat our expedition. Poor Best and Colding had scarcely entered upon duty again before they were both killed by some of these very Tories.

On one occasion I was under the necessity of going home on some important business. Soon after my arrival, a company of horse passed directly in front of our residence. My first impression concerning them was that they were a reinforcement of our guard at the ferry. So soon as I had finished my business, I returned with all possible speed, overjoyed at the prospect of an accession to our members. On reaching the fort, to my astonishment, I found it completely evacuated. My reinforcement turned out to be a gang of Tories from Jackson's Branch, on the Salkahatchie, commanded by that famous old Tory, Ned Williams.<sup>30</sup> When they rode up to the ferry, the guard took them to be friends, and gave them a cordial reception, congratulating themselves upon so large an addition to their force. They then unconsciously and ignorantly delivered themselves up to the enemy, and were taken across the river and placed in the hands of a large body of British and Tories, stationed at Harbard's [Herbert's] store, about two miles from the ferry.<sup>31</sup> The intelligence of this capture

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<sup>30</sup> Jackson's Branch is a few miles east of Allendale, SC. The annotator has no information on this "old Tory Ned Williams."

<sup>31</sup> Herbert's Store was about two miles west of Burton's Ferry on the River Road from Savannah to Augusta. Americans under militia Cols. LeRoy Hammond, John Twiggs, and John McIntosh raided the small British garrison there on February 18, 1779 and captured 200 horses from British Lt. Col. Archibald Campbell's army retreating from Augusta. Patrick O'Kelley, *Nothing but Blood and Slaughter, 1771-1779* (Lillington, NC: Blue House Tavern Press, 2004) 1:251, citing British Lt. Col. Archibald Campbell's, *Journal of an Expedition Against the Rebels of Georgia in North America Under the Orders of Archibald Campbell, Esquire, Lieut. Colol. of His Majesty's 71st Regimt., 1778*, 66 (However this cite is not relevant.)

reached Colonel LeRoy Hammond of Augusta,<sup>32</sup> who, without delay, marched down at the head of an effective force, and slew nearly the whole of the enemy, releasing and returning the Whig captives to Augusta, from whence my father, who was one among the number taken, came safely home.

The country now seemed to be almost in complete subjugation to the British. Yet had they not been aided and abetted by those unprincipled and bloodthirsty tools, those “fiends incarnate, who it were a base slander to term men,” I say, had the Tories but shown themselves the genuine sons of America – the uncompromising, unswerving, champions of liberty, bound together by every social and national tie – the enemy would never have gained a solid foothold upon our shores, and tyranny and oppression would sooner have been swept from our lands. But how sadly the reverse! They who had grown up “side by side, and hand in hand, together”, father, son, and brother, were arrayed in mortal and ferocious strife against each other. The friends of liberty were beset on every hand, and from every quarter, until drawn from their homes and families, with stout hearts and strong arms, they struck “For their altars and their fires, God, and their native land”.

Eternal vigilance and action were indispensable, by which, and with firm reliance on the God of battles, they fought, bled, and conquered.

It was seldom, indeed, that I sought the peaceful shades of my home, as a respite from the laborious duties and toils of the service. The enchantments of the family circle exercised an almost uncontrollable influence over the hearts and minds of men, and yet sweet as are the voices of those we love, and strongly as do cling our heartstrings around the objects of our affections, appealing to our sympathies in loud and soul-stirring language, still louder and more imperative is the call of our country to duty, and the soldier rushed precipitately from the charms and delights

of the family circle to the call of his country, his heart burning with patriotic zeal for glory.

Such was the state of things at this crisis, and such was the fire which burned in the breast of every Whig of the Revolution. It was no time for supineness and lamentation – every energy of the soul had to be exercised, for it was the struggle of weakness against strength, of the undisciplined against the disciplined, and of the raw and untutored militia of an infant country with the well trained regulars of an old, experienced, and skillful nation.

With these truths impressed upon my mind, I allowed myself little or no leisure time, and was either engaged in the performance of duty in the camp, or scouting, as circumstances required. A short time after the capture of our guard at the ferry, I accompanied Colonel McCoy, who took command of a small force on a trip to the Ogeechee River, in Georgia, with a view of attacking a little band of Tories quartered in that vicinity.<sup>33</sup> These we overtook in the woods, before arriving at the rendezvous; a running fight ensued, but from the denseness of the forest we were thwarted in our design, and the Tories made good their escape, for, if my memory serves me correctly, not one of them was killed. Thus frustrated and baffled, we returned to Carolina. On our arrival, we learnt that Captain James Roberts, who had been scouting with a company on the Edisto River, had (whilst encamping for the night, by some treachery of the Tories) been delivered into the hands of Colonels [Bailey] Chaney and [Hezekiah] Williams, who cruelly butchered many of his men, Captain Roberts and the rest escaping only with their lives.<sup>34</sup> For this

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<sup>32</sup> SC militia Col. LeRoy Hammond of Snow Hill.

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<sup>33</sup> “Col. James McCoy” is mentioned in Tarlton Brown’s Revolutionary War service pension application S21665. <http://revwarapps.org/s21665.pdf>. He could be Capt. James McKay. Brown mentioned that he made at least three sorties into Georgia, one to Ogeechee Ferry and the other two to Midway.

<sup>34</sup> SC Loyalist militia Lt. Col. Bailey Cheney and Col. Hezekiah Williams were from the Ninety Six District and accompanied the infamous “Bloody Scout” raid of Maj. William “Bloody Bill” Cunningham in November and December of 1781. The British did not organize the SC

outrage we determined to have satisfaction. So thirty-six men, myself among the number, immediately volunteered under Captain Joseph Vince, a fine officer and a brave soldier, to pursue these scoundrels, and to avenge the blood of our brave comrades. We overtook some of their number in what is called the “Fork of Edisto River”, upon whom we visited summary and immediate justice, killing five or six.<sup>35</sup> From thence we proceeded to Captain Salley’s “Cowpens,” a few miles distant.<sup>36</sup> Whilst there our commander rode, unaccompanied, to a mill located near the house of the Pens. Here he was fired upon by several Tories lying in ambush hard by and seriously wounded by musket shot – in consequence of which he was disabled from doing duty for some time. This unfortunate circumstance interrupting our further march, we were compelled to retrace our steps and return to headquarters, Savannah River.

At this time my father’s family lived at the Big House, now belonging to Colonel [Frederick Jay] Hay, of the Boiling Springs, and a man by the name of Adam Wood lived a near neighbor to them, with whom I formed an acquaintance and entered into an agreement with, that in the event either of our families were attacked, we should

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Loyalist militias and commission these officers until the summer of 1780. This story, while probably true, is chronologically misplaced in this narrative.

<sup>35</sup> The Edisto River forks into a North and South fork in modern Orangeburg County, SC, just west of Branchville.

<sup>36</sup> Jack Parker’s *Guide* describes the wounding of Capt. Vince around 6 Aug. 1780 near Salley’s Cowpens about 2 mi. N. of Orangeburg. Robert Creswell (Craswell) S21150 refers to the wounding of Capt. Vince. Capt. Salley is probably John Salley of the Orangeburg Militia District ([https://www.carolana.com/SC/Revolution/patriot\\_military\\_sc\\_captains.htm](https://www.carolana.com/SC/Revolution/patriot_military_sc_captains.htm)) The exact location of this “Salley’s Cowpens” is not known but some believe Salley to owned a cowpen one mile west of Salley, SC in Aiken County, near where Dean Swamp Creek crosses under SC Hwy 394 (Salley Road). Salley, SC is about 33 air-miles from the “Forks of the Edisto” and the annotator is unsure if this is what Brown remembered as “a few miles distant.” This action is different from the one at Dean Swamp, a tributary of Four Holes Swamp, on May 24, 1782. There is a large, granite, modern monument to this fight at the intersection of SC 394 and Voyager Road (the old road) just west of Salley, SC nearby.

render each other every assistance in our power.<sup>37</sup> But a short time elapsed from the period of said agreement before a band of Tories, passing through that section at night, stopped at Wood’s house, killed him, and commenced a general work of destruction, laying waste everything which chanced to be in their way. I distinctly heard the uproar and the firing of arms, and from the direction I knew Wood was attacked. Having retired for the night, I immediately arose, and in company with three others set out for the seat of action. When within a few yards of the house, observing their large and overwhelming numbers, I deemed it prudent to secrete ourselves by the roadside until they had passed. We lay concealed but a few minutes, when, having completed their work of death and desolation, the whole party rode by, two deep. As they passed I counted them, and they numbered one hundred and fifty, headed by those notorious scoundrels, robbers, and murderers, who defeated the gallant Roberts on the Edisto, as before stated, Chaney and Williams. They now made their way for the “Big House”, but apparently pressed for time, and finding no one at home (my father’s family having taken the precaution, during my absence, to remove therefrom), they proceeded on their course towards Captain Vince’s station, on Savannah River.<sup>38</sup> Believing that they intended an attack upon the fort, I suggested to John Cave, one of my companions, that we had better set out forthwith, and, if possible, beat them, and apprise Captain Vince of his danger. So mounting our fastest horses, we sallied forth with all possible speed, and after considerable difficulty, threading our

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<sup>37</sup> Col. Ann Hawkes Hay, a Revolutionary War militia officer from Orange County, NY, in his later years settled in the Boiling Springs community of Barnwell District. Lewis Scott’s son, Frederick Jay Hay, was a colonel in the War of 1812 and was probably the owner of the “Big House” when this memoir was written. Charles J. Colcock, *A History of the Progenitors and Some South Carolina Descendants of Colonel Ann Hawkes Hay* (New York: The Genealogical Association, 1908) This Boiling Springs is a community approximately 10 miles southwest of the town of Barnwell, in modern Barnwell County, SC.

<sup>38</sup> This action took place at Vince’s Fort on Steele Creek, Allendale County, SC on Oct. 28, 1781. John C. Parker, Jr.’s., *Parker’s Guide to the Revolutionary War in South Carolina*, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. (Columbia, SC: Harrelson Press, 2019), 21.

way through the swamps, we arrived at the fort just before the break of day. I requested the sentinel to inform the Captain that I had important intelligence to communicate to him, and desire as quick an interview as possible. The Captain returned an answer that he was sick and confined to his bed. I replied that I could take no excuse, sick or well, he must come out directly. This authoritative command brought him forth immediately. I then related to him what had transpired at the Big House, of the enemy's numbers, and of his approach towards that garrison, advising him, at the same time, to evacuate the fort as soon as possible, unless he felt assured of his safety, and of his being able successfully to contend against so formidable a body, tendering, at the same time, our assistance. He stated to us that his force consisted but of twenty-five men, expressed great doubts of his ability to defend himself against such a numerous enemy, and thought it policy to adopt my suggestion to leave the fort, which was agreed on, and in a few minutes the fort was left to the mercy of the enemy, who in the course of one hour afterwards made a charge upon it with his full force, confidently expecting a prize; but instead of a prize they had the sore mortification to find that their deep laid scheme and hellish design on this occasion was completely baffled.

From this point they turned towards their headquarters, on Edisto. In crossing the Lower Three Runs, they stopped at the house of a Mr. Collins, a very quiet and inoffensive man, and far advanced in years, say about eighty-five.<sup>39</sup> Whatever may have been the sentiments of this old gentleman, he maintained a strictly neutral position, shouldering arms on neither side; yet those fiends of darkness dispatched him, and his head as white as snow by the frost of many winters, for an eternal world. How could these monsters in human shape dream of prospering, when murdering the aged and inoffensive in this horrid and brutal manner – and why all this bloodshed? Because the honest Whigs of the

Revolution, knowing full well the rights of man, and daring to maintain them, refused to be galled by the servile chains of a foreign despot, and to bow submissively to his barbarous imposition. It was this which inspired them with invincible fortitude and zeal, and enabled them to throw off the yoke, and to declare themselves “free, sovereign, and independent”.

### **Fall of Charlestown – May 12, 1780**

I continued scouting both in Georgia and Carolina with very little intermission until the British, under Sir Henry Clinton, took Charleston, with General [Benjamin] Lincoln's Army of 4,000 men, in 1780 – the intelligence of which threw the whole State into consternation and alarm. Our stronghold, with the major part of the army, and those poor deluded wretches, the Tories, by this success of their allies at Charleston, seemed urged on with renewed impetuosity in their cruel and diabolical purpose. And dark indeed were the prospects of the friends of liberty about this juncture; despair was depicted in every countenance; our sun became obscured, and seemed ready to go down to rise no more, and the bird of liberty appeared as if taking its parting gaze of the fertile and flowery region over which it had hovered to plant the tree of liberty – beneath whose bowers the dispersed and oppressed of all nations might find an asylum.

What now to do I knew not. It appeared like madness to remain longer, surrounded by an overwhelming foe, liable at any moment to be butchered without mercy; and to flee the country was almost equally trying - many were pursuing the latter expedient, leaving for other sections where danger was less threatening and where hostilities had scarcely opened. And my brother, Bartlett Brown, and myself thought it advisable for us to pursue the same course, so we returned to Virginia, our native State.<sup>40</sup> In consequence of the scarcity of clothing during the war, we were poorly clad, and in bad condition to set out on a journey of five hundred miles, and that too, with

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<sup>39</sup> Lower Three Runs Creek arises on the Savannah River Plant and empties into the Savannah River near Martin, SC.

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<sup>40</sup> SC Audited Account of Bartlett Brown, Jr. SC871 AA29

but the paltry sum of three dollars in our pockets to defray our expenses. On reaching the “Ridge”, about seventy miles from home, our little party had augmented to the number of sixty or seventy, all fleeing the country with the same object in view as ourselves.<sup>41</sup> Journeying onward we arrived at Fishing Creek, where we encamped a day or two, not wishing to progress too rapidly for fear of overtaking a detachment of British Calvary under Colonel [Banastre] Tarleton, who we learned had been sent by [Gen. Charles,] Lord Cornwallis to attack Colonel [Abraham] Buford, and had surprised and defeated him at the Waxhaws, and were on their line of march through Charlotte, North Carolina, which lay directly in our route.<sup>42</sup> Whilst encamped at Fishing Creek, a fellow by the name of Mobley, a Tory, came into our camp as a spy.

This fellow was so inquisitive, and so particular in examining everybody and everything about the premise, that our suspicions were very much excited in regard to his true character. We, however, suffered him to depart unmolested. And afterwards we learned that he returned to the encampment at the head of a large gang of Tories, with view to capture us, but we anticipated his design and escaped from his clutches, being at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles when he made his charge upon the tents. Continuing onward we arrived in sight of Charlotte, when we again encamped, remaining several days. Here many of our party separated from us for different routes, reducing our number to about thirty.

### Visit to Charlotte, NC

The citizens of Charlotte dispatched a messenger to us, praying that in the event that the British, who were marching towards that quarter, attacked the town we would render them assistance. This we promised to do, provided they would furnish

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<sup>41</sup> “The Ridge” is the sandy highlands near Ridge Springs and Monetta, SC.

<sup>42</sup> There are several Fishing Creeks in South Carolina but this one was probably the one in modern Chester and York Counties. The Battle of the Waxhaws or Buford’s Massacre occurred on May 29, 1780.

us with ammunition, our supply being almost exhausted. On the return of their messenger they sent us a keg of powder and lead in proportion. But at the expiration of three days, waiting for the anticipated attack, the citizens of Charlotte informed us that the enemy had gone back.<sup>43</sup> We then “struck our tents” and resumed our march, taking with us the ammunition sent to us by the citizens of Charlotte, which served us in the place of money, as we could barter it for bacon and corn at the mills we passed on. Throughout the rest of our journey nothing of importance transpired.

We reached our place of destination in Virginia, our mother country, all safe and sound. Shortly after our arrival there, intelligence was received that depredations and outrages to an alarming extent had been perpetrated in South Carolina, particularly in our own district. The substance of which was that [Daniel] McGeart [McGirth]<sup>44</sup> and his company of Tories crossed the Savannah River from Georgia, at Summerlin’s Ferry (now called Stone’s Ferry), taking the course of the river, and killing every man he met who had not sworn allegiance to the King.<sup>45</sup> This notorious scoundrel passed in this trip through the neighborhood where my father lived, and brutally murdered seventeen of the inhabitants, among whom were my father, Henry Best, and Moore, leaving John Cave for dead, who afterwards recovered. They burnt my father’s house level with the ground, and destroyed everything he possessed — my mother and sisters escaping by fleeing to the woods, in which they concealed

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<sup>43</sup> This event probably happened on June 3-4, 1780 when Col. Francis, Lord Rawdon approached the North Carolina state line from his Camden, SC base, but turned and returned to Camden.

<sup>44</sup> Daniel McGeart (McGirtt, McGirth) was an infamous Loyalist militia officer from the Camden District who fled to East Florida where he was commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the Florida Rangers Loyalist provincial unit. It was known for savagery and plundering and was considered as outlaws and bandits by the American authorities. Thomas J. Kirkland and Robert M. Kennedy, *Historic Camden, Colonial and Revolutionary* (Columbia, SC: The State Printing Co., 1905) 1:297-305 and Smith, *Morningstars*, 1:59, 63-64.

<sup>45</sup> Summerlin’s Ferry, Stony Bluff, across the Savannah River was near the Burke/Screven County Georgia line.

themselves until the vile wretches departed. But the work of death did not stop here. This atrocious deed of the sanguinary McGeart and his band was shortly succeeded by another equally cruel, nay, doubly cruel. The British Colonel [Thomas] Brown marched down from Augusta with an overwhelming force of Tories and Indians, and taking their stand at “Wiggins’ Hill,” commenced a slaughter of the inhabitants.<sup>46</sup> The news of which reached the ears of those brave and dauntless officers, Colonels McCoy<sup>47</sup> and Harden, who soon hastened to the defense of the terrified Whigs. And coming upon the enemy, charged upon them and killed and routed them to a man, Colonel Brown escaping to the woods. Colonels McCoy and Harden, having accomplished all that was required of them, retired from the field of action, after which Brown returned with the residue of his force and retook the “Hill,” at which he remained until he hung five of our brave fellows – Briton Williams, Charles Blunt, and Abraham Smith, the names of the other two not recollected – then he decamped for Augusta. My brother and myself were now in Virginia, among our relations and friends, and would have been as happy as we desired, had it not been for the intelligence from South Carolina, particularly of the section we had left. Hearing that the British, Tories and Indians had murdered our father and sixteen more of his neighbors, burning to ashes his house and all within it, our mother and sisters escaping to the woods, with little or nothing to support upon, and no male friend to help them, my blood boiled within my veins, and my soul thirsted for vengeance.

### **Gates and DeKalb Arrive in NC – July 1780**

We now learnt that General Washington had sent an army to the South, under the command of

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<sup>46</sup> This action was fought on January 23-24, 1781 so it is out of chronological order in Brown’s memoir. The exact location of Wiggins’ Hill is unknown but thought to be somewhere near the Savannah River – Burton’s Ferry area in modern Allendale County, SC, near Tarlton Brown’s home. Edward J. Cashin, *The Kings Ranger*, (New York: Fordham Univ. Press, 1999) 125-127

<sup>47</sup> “Col. McCoy” is thought by some scholars to refer to James McKay, a SC militia captain.

General [Horatio] Gates and Baron [Johannes] DeKalb, and we determined forthwith to set out for the seat of strife we had left.<sup>48</sup> In our journey we passed Anson Court House, NC, which we found to be a hot bed of Tories. Colonel Wade and his company were stationed there, and the Tories were flocking in and rallying under him from all quarters.<sup>49</sup> On the day of our arrival there, a large gang came in, headed by a fellow who doubtless thought he was doing great things for the King and his servile subjects. My mind could not revolve upon their delusion, and the little value they set upon the rich gems of liberty and independence, with which the Whigs were so enamored, and for which they so hard struggled. It has often been a matter of astonishment to me how we escaped the swarm of Tories at Anson Court House. But so it is, we did, and being eager to accomplish our journey and lose no time, we traveled through long chilling rains, it being in the fall season, exposing ourselves to imminent danger, for the fever raged with great mortality at that time in that region of the country.<sup>50</sup> While at Anson Court House a fellow endeavored to

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<sup>48</sup> Gens. DeKalb (and later Gates) arrived in camp at Cox Mill, on the Deep River, NC about July 10, 1780.

<sup>49</sup> The State of North Carolina kept a functional Whig government and local militia system through the whole war. Much of their charge was to keep down their local Tories. While there are some notable exceptions, such as Col. Moore’s embodiment of Tories at Ramsour’s Mill in 1780, Col. David Fanning’s raids in 1781, and Col. John Pyle’s regiment in 1781, most NC Tory activity was successfully suppressed. Anson Court House was located near the Pee Dee River about 10 miles upstream of the North and South Carolina state line. Torys from the Upper Yadkin River valley rallied there under Col. Samuel Bryan about July 4, 1780 to join the British Army in Cheraw. Gates and DeKalb, marched south and crossed the Pee Dee River at Mast’s Ferry, about 15 miles north of Anson Courthouse on August 1, 1780. Gates left a strong guard, supplies, and unfit troops to recover at Mast’s Ferry. It is unlikely that Anson Courthouse would have been a Tory rallying point so close to the Southern Continental Army’s route of march by August 1. Col. Thomas Wade was the local American militia commander in Anson County, NC, so this makes no sense as Tories would not flock to Thomas Wade. This paragraph, about 1780, then jumps in time to 1781 for the next paragraph.

<sup>50</sup> For Brown to join Marion’s militia in the fall it must have been in the fall of 1780 to check Watson it would have to be after about December 20, 1780.

prevail upon us to stay all night with him, but from his suspicious appearance we declined his invitation, and declared our intention to pursue our route, notwithstanding the storm that was raging. On that night, as well as on several preceding ones, we took shelter under large trees in the swamp, our clothes being as wet as water could make them, and our bodies almost chilled through. In the morning it cleared off, and we pursued our journey.

### **Marion's Bridges Campaign – March 8-20, 1781**

Overtaking General [Francis] Marion at "Kingtree," Black River, SC, we immediately united with his troops. Marion's route lay then between the Santee and Little Pee Dee Rivers; and being desirous to intercept and defeat Colonel Watts [British Lt. Col. John Watson], who was then marching at the head of four hundred men, between Camden and Georgetown, every arrangement and preparation was made to carry into execution his design.<sup>51</sup> All things being now ready, Colonel Watts [Watson] appeared in sight at the head of his large force, and as they marched down the road with great show and magnificence (hoping no doubt, to terrify and conquer the

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<sup>51</sup> "Colonel Watts" is thought to be Lt. Col. John Watson Tadwell-Watson, a professional British officer who came south to command the Provincial Light Infantry, a brigade composed of light infantry companies from several regiments and attached provincials and Loyalist militia. Watson did not arrive in South Carolina until Dec. 1780. This action was during the intense anti-partisan campaign of Lord Rawdon in the winter and spring of 1781. This has been called Marion's "Bridges Campaign" or "Watson's Chase" March 8-20, 1781, after the stands Marion took on the bridges and causeways in front of Watson's route. The campaign started at Wyboo Swamp causeway on March 5, 1781, then to Mount Hope Swamp Bridge, Lower Bridge over the Black River near Kingtree, at Witherspoon's and Blakeley's Plantations, and ending at a fight crossing the Sampit River. Watson was baiting Marion's troops to stay in the Santee, Black, and Sampit River areas, as his colleague, Lt. Col. Welbore Ellis Doyle, successfully raided Marion's "secret" base at Snow's Island on the Pee Dee River. "Wise, George R., "Last, Best Chance to Corner the Swamp Fox: The British Counter-Insurgency Campaign Against Marion's Brigade, March 1781" (Masters Thesis, American Military University, 2019), 145-150.

country), they spied us; at which time the British horse sallied forth to surround us; General Marion, with his characteristic shrewdness and sagacity, discovered their maneuvers, anticipated their object, and retreated to the woods, some four or five hundred yards, and prepared for them. In a few moments they came dashing up, expecting to find us all in confusion and disorder, but to their astonishment, we were ready for the attack, and perceiving this, they called a halt, at which time General Marion and Colonel [Peter] Horry ordered a charge. Colonel Horry stammered badly, and on this occasion he leaned forward, spurred his horse, waved his sword, and ran fifty or sixty yards, endeavoring to utter the word Charge, and finding he could not, bawled out, "Damn it, boys, you, you know what I mean, go on"!<sup>52</sup>

We were then doing what we could, pressing with all rapidity to the strife, and before the British could get back to the main body, we slew a goodly number of them. Being eager to do all the damage we could, we pursued the fellows very close to the line of the main body, and as soon as they got in, Colonel Watts [Watson] began to thunder his cannon at us, and to tear down the limbs and branches of the trees, which fell about us like hail, but did no other damage than to wound one of our men, Natt Huston, and one horse slightly. General Marion now finding his force, which consisted only of two hundred men (though sterling to a man, brave, fearless, and patriotic), was too small to give Colonel Watts [Watson] open battle, guarded the bridges and swamps in his route, and annoyed and killed his men as they passed.

For prudence sake, General Marion never encamped over two nights in one place, unless at a safe distance from the enemy. He generally commenced the line of march about sunset, continuing through the greater part of the night. By this policy he was enabled effectually to defeat the plans of the British and to strengthen his

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<sup>52</sup> This particular opposed creek/swamp crossing likely describes the skirmish at Wyboo Creek on March 6, 1781.

languishing cause. For while the one army was encamping and resting in calm and listless security, not dreaming of danger, the other, taking advantage of opportunity, and advancing through the sable curtains of the night unobserved, often effectually vanquished and routed their foes. It was from the craftiness and ingenuity of General Marion, the celerity with which he moved from post to post, that his enemies gave to him the significant appellation of the "Swamp Fox."<sup>53</sup> Upon him depended almost solely the success of the provincial Army of South Carolina, and the sequel has proven how well he performed the trust reposed in him. His genuine love of country and liberty, and his unwearied vigilance and invincible fortitude, coupled with the eminent success which attended him through his brilliant career, has endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen, and the memory of his deeds of valor shall never slumber so long as there is a Carolinian to speak his panegyric.

### **Postell Raids – January 1781**

The heavy rains which prevailed at this time and inundated the country to a considerable extent, proved very favorable to General Marion. He now set a detachment of seventy men, myself one of that number, across the Santee, to attack the enemy stationed at "Scott's Lake" and "Monk's Corner".<sup>54</sup> We crossed the river at night in a small boat, commanded by Captains James and John

Postell, dividing our forces into two companies, each consisting of thirty-five men. Captain James Postell took one company and proceeded to "Scott's Lake", but ascertaining the strength of the army, and finding the place too well fortified to warrant an attack, he abandoned the project and returned again to the river, and waited the arrival of Captain John Postell, who, in the meantime, had marched with the other company to "Monk's Corner".<sup>55</sup> It was my good fortune to accompany the latter. Just about the break of day we charged upon the enemy, and our appearance was so sudden and unexpected that they had not time even to fire a single gun. We took thirty-three prisoners, found twenty odd hogsheads of old spirits, and a large supply of provisions. The former we destroyed, but returned with the latter and our prisoners to the army on the Santee. The news of our attack on "Monk's Corner" having reached the enemy at "Scott's Lake," they forthwith marched to their assistance, but arrived too late to extend any - we had captured their comrades, bursted their hogsheads of spirits, gathered their provisions, and decamped before their arrival. Captain James Postell, being apprised of their march to assist their friends at "Monk's Corner," returned to the fort, set fire to it, and burned it level to the ground.

### **Marion's Detachment of Col. William Harden – April 1, 1781**

Shortly after this circumstance one of our most efficient officers, Colonel [William] Harden (whom I have before mentioned as having had an important engagement with Brown's men at "Wiggin's Hill"), joined the army under General Marion, as also did Major [William Clay] Snipes, who had recently made a miraculous escape from the Tories through the faithfulness of his negro

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<sup>53</sup> There is no 18<sup>th</sup> c. source for this sobriquet for Francis Marion; it is thought that the epithet, "Swamp Fox" first appeared in the early 19<sup>th</sup> c. writings of Mason Locke Weems.

<sup>54</sup> Gen. Nathanael Greene, now the department commander of the southern Continental Army, requested that SC militia Gen. Francis Marion and Lt. Col. Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee consider how to attack British Lt. Col. John Watson who was guarding the British supply lines from Charlestown north through Camden. Richard K. Showman, ed., *The Papers of General Nathanael Greene*, (Chapel Hill: UNC Press, 1994) 7:231 Scott's Lake was an oxbow lake east of the Santee River, now flooded by Lake Marion, where Fort Watson was built on top of a Mississippian period Indian mound by British Lt. Col. John Watson Tadwell-Watson. Though the fort is gone, the mound is publically accessible in the Santee National Wildlife Refuge, just northeast of I-95.

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<sup>55</sup> This action is thought to be on January 31, 1781 where Gen. Nathanael Greene directed Lt. Col. Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee and Gen. Marion to attack the British supply lines out of Charlestown. One raid commanded by Capt. John Postell first successfully attacked Wadboo Bridge, near Moncks Corner and the next day successfully interdicted a British supply train at Keithfield Plantation, just 3 miles north of the British base at Fair Lawn Plantation (Moncks Corner).

man, Cudjo. Major Snipes related the whole circumstance to me, and displayed the blisters upon his body, occasioned by the intense heat of the flames from the house set on fire by the Tories as he lay concealed in a brier patch close by, a particular account of which may be seen in [Peter] Horry's *Life of General Marion*.<sup>56</sup>

On the 1<sup>st</sup> day of April, 1781, I left General Marion on the Big Pee Dee River, in company with eighty others, forming a detachment under the command of Colonel [William] Harden and Barker [John Baker], and Major John Cooper.<sup>57</sup> The two last mentioned officers were from Midway settlement, Georgia. There were also several other brave and energetic men who rendered themselves conspicuous in the war in our detachment, Fountin Stewart, Robert Salley, the Sharpes and Goldings, from Georgia. Our route lay by the "Four Holes."<sup>58</sup> Crossing the Edisto at Givhan's Ferry,<sup>59</sup> we fell in with a man who assisted [Col. Thomas] Brown in hanging the five brave fellows at "Wiggin's Hill." We gave him his due, and left his body at the disposal of the birds and wild beasts. Pursuing our march, we came to "Red Hill," within about two miles of Patterson's Bridge, Salkehatchie.<sup>60</sup> It was now in

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<sup>56</sup> "Parson" Mason Locke Weems "improved" Col. Peter Horry's manuscript on Francis Marion and published the first Marion biography, *Life of General Francis Marion*, in 1805.

<sup>57</sup> Gen. Marion detached SC militia Col. William Harden to go to the South Carolina Lowcountry to resist British occupation in that quarter. Harden's campaign April 5-13, 1781 was very successful and ended in the capture of British Ft. Balfour at Pocotaligo on April 11, 1781. Col. John Baker was a Lt. Col. in the Georgia Continental line commanding the Georgia Light Horse. Gordon Burns Smith, *Morningstars of Liberty: Georgia's Continental Officers During The Revolutionary War 1775-1783, Vol. Two* (Milledgeville, Ga.: Boyd Publishing, 2011), 2:43.

<sup>58</sup> The Four Holes Swamp is a tributary of the Edisto River, arising in modern Calhoun County and flowing about 50 miles south before emptying into the Edisto about a mile upstream from Givhan's Ferry.

<sup>59</sup> Givhan's Ferry over the Edisto River is now a SC state park, northwest of Summerville, SC at the crossing of the Edisto River by the Augusta Hwy. (SC Hwy 61).

<sup>60</sup> Red Hill is located on US Hwy 17A about 2 miles northeast of the Combahee River. It was the site of the colonial era Salkehatchie Presbyterian Church, now only an

the night, but the moon being full strength, and not a cloud to darken her rays, it was most as bright as day. Near this place were stationed a body of Tories, commanded by Captain Baron. They were desperate fellows, killing, plundering and robbing the inhabitants without mercy or feeling. A company of men, commanded by Major [John] Cooper, were now sent to see what they could do with those murderers. In a few minutes after their departure we heard them fighting, which continued for nearly one hour, when Major Cooper returned and told us he had killed the greater part of them, with but the loss of one man, John Stewart, from Georgia.

### **Duel with Capt. Edward Fenwick – April 8, 1781**

We then proceeded on for Pocotaligo. Soon after we left Red Hill we entered upon a long, high causeway; a man came meeting us and told us Colonel [Edward] Fenwick, with the British horse, were marching on just behind.<sup>61</sup> We paid no attention to him not knowing who he was, but went ahead; however, we did not go many rods before the advance parties met and hailed each other – a charge now ordered on both sides, and we directly came together on the causeway, so a fight was inevitable, and at it we went like bull dogs. The British at length made their way through, though they found it tough work in doing so. We put one of their men to his final sleep on the causeway, and wounded eight more badly, one of whom they had to leave on the road. They wounded one of our men, Captain James Moore, in thirteen places, though very slightly, and two others who never laid up for their wounds.

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extant cemetery. Patterson Bridge crossed the Combahee River about 400 yards downstream of the modern crossing of US Hwys 17A/21 just east of Yemassee, SC.

<sup>61</sup> This causeway led to Patterson's Bridge over the Combahee or Salkehatchie River. It was about 400 yards downstream of the modern crossing of US Hwys 17A/21, just east of Yemassee, SC. Capt. Edward Fenwick led an independent troop of Loyalist cavalry. Murtie June Clark, *Loyalists in the Southern Campaign of the Revolutionary War*, (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., 1981) 1:87-89.

## Capture of Ft. Balfour – April 11, 1781

We now lay by for two or three days, and then marched for the fort at Pocatigo [Pocotaligo].<sup>62</sup> When we came in sight of it, I took thirteen of the best mounted men to survey the premise, and to lead them out if possible. When we had got within about two hundred yards of Bambifer's [Van Bibber] house, where the British had deposited their wounded, I saw a negro run in the house, and immediately I saw several men running for the fort; we struck spurs to our horses, and soon came up with them and took them prisoners. When we had gotten them to our company, we found them to be Colonels [Edward] Fenwick and [Nicholas] Leachmore [Lechmere], who had been out to see their wounded.<sup>63</sup> When we arrived at the fort, we had not the smallest hope of taking it, but now finding we had two of their most efficient officers, (Major Andrew Devo [Deveaux] the only one in the fort)<sup>64</sup>, Colonels Harden and Baker sent a flag in for them to give up the fort. When the flag was passing by Colonel Fenwick, he asked what that meant. On being told it was for them to surrender the fort, he ripped and swore, and hoped "that if they did surrender it, they might all be in hell before the morrow".

After deliberation in the fort for the space of two hours, they all marched out, well-armed, tied their horses to what was then called "Abatis,"<sup>65</sup> advanced some little distance from the fort, and formed a line. We then marched between them

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<sup>62</sup> Col. William Harden's SC militia successfully attacked and captured the British fort at the Pocotaligo River and village, called Fort Balfour, on April 11, 1781.

<sup>63</sup> "Colonel" Edward Fenwick was Capt. Edward Fenwick of the SC Loyalist cavalry. Nicolas Lechmere was a customs officer at Port Royal, SC, and a Loyalist in the Revolutionary War. In 1781 he was commander of a regiment of Loyalist militia in Granville County, SC, with the rank of colonel.

<sup>64</sup> SC Loyalist militia Maj. Andrew Deveaux (IV) of Port Royal Island. For his interesting biography see Lawrence S. Rowland, Alexander Moore, and George C. Rogers, *The History of Beaufort County, Vol. I, 1514–1861*. (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1996)

<sup>65</sup> Abatis, or abbatis, describes trees felled and stacked so that the sharpened branches point outwards, to stop horse charges and to slow the approach of infantry.

and the fort and took them prisoners – they having one hundred and ten men and we eighty. If all the men in the fort had been brave and true to their cause, I don't think one thousand men could have taken them, for the fort was advantageously located and well-fortified, approachable only at three points, all of which were well guarded by a deep creek and cannons. Part of the men in the fort were as good Whigs as we had - Colonel Stafford, Colonel Davis, Captains Felts and Green, whose son was with us, also others.<sup>66</sup> We now paroled the prisoners and sent them to Charleston, then burnt the house and leveled the fort with the ground. Next day Colonel McCoy, who had been outlying, came down to us, and my brother, Bartlett and myself left Colonel Harden and came off with him. On our way we called in at old Mr. Hext's, at Coosawhatchie, the father of the late Lawrence Hext, of the Boiling Springs, Beaufort District.<sup>67</sup> After we left Mr. Hext's and had progressed some distance, a young man behind us, named Wald, whose horse was jaded and traveled slowly, met Ned Williams with a gang of Tories, who asked him who those were that turned up the lane. He told them that it was Colonel McCoy and his company, and that the fort at Pocatigo [sic Pocotaligo] was taken. They then broke for the Salkehatchie. Wald now came up and told us the circumstance, and we immediately pushed after them, and followed them into the Salkehatchie Swamp, but could not overtake them. We returned, got dinner, and encamped that night near the water pond, on the side next to Captain John Carter's Boiling Springs, in a pine thicket, a little below the springs. Next morning we went up to the "Big House" now belonging to Colonel [Frederick Jay] Hay, and there found those of my father's family that the Tories and Indians had left, who we had

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<sup>66</sup> This annotator is unsure of what these good Whigs were doing inside the fort. They were evidently not in command as command devolved to Maj. Andrew Deveaux (IV). Were they prisoners? Lt. Col. William Stafford commanded the Lower Granville County militia regiment to the end of the war. (J.D. Lewis' carolana.com)

<sup>67</sup> Modern Coosawhatchie, SC is on I-95, the site of a May 3, 1779 battle, and river crossing of the main road from Charlestown to Savannah.

not seen before for twelve months.<sup>68</sup> To describe the joy of that meeting in inexpressible; we now behold some of those, who were endeared to us by the strongest ties of nature, whom we never expected to see again this side of eternity's ocean, thinking that they had fallen victims to the awful storm of war which had been, and was then, raging. Here we could have remained with them, and gladly toiled and labored for their comfort and happiness, but such was our country's great demand for service, we could only stay a few moments with them.

### Capture of Ft. Galphin – May 21, 1781

Bidding them farewell, with no hope of meeting them again, we marched for the siege of Augusta. On our way up, we learned that Colonel [Thomas] Brown's (a Tory) boats were going up the Savannah River. We went in pursuit of them, and attacked them about opposite the place of the late Stephen Smith, of Savannah River, but they got on the Georgia side, and we could do nothing with them. From this we marched to Augusta, where we met Generals Pickens and Twiggs, and commenced the work of extermination.<sup>69</sup> The first attack that we made was on the fort at Silver Bluff, now the property of Governor Hammond, of South Carolina.<sup>70</sup> Brown's boats had now

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<sup>68</sup> Col. Frederick Jay Hay was the son of Revolutionary era Col. Ann Hawkes Hay (NY militia) and father of Charles Colcock Hay (according to ancestry.com).

<sup>69</sup> The Americans' second and successful siege of Augusta was from May 22 to June 6, 1781 and was led by SC militia Gen. Andrew Pickens, Continental Lt. Col. Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee and Ga. militia Col. Elijah Clarke. Steve Rauch, "A Perfect Circumvallation", *SCAR* Vol. 3, No. 6-7-8 (June-July-August 2006).

<http://www.southerncampaign.org/newsletter/v3n678.pdf>

<sup>70</sup> George Galphin, famed Indian trader, had his home, and fortified trading post on the Savannah River at Sliver Bluff, SC; it was known as Ft. Galphin when in American hands and Ft. Dreadnaught while in British hands. It is now an archaeological site on the Savannah River 4 miles west of Jackson, SC and is now owned by the Audubon Society. Lt. Col. Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee's Continental troops attacked and captured the fort on May 21, 1781.

[http://www.carolana.com/SC/Revolution/revolution\\_fort\\_galpin.html](http://www.carolana.com/SC/Revolution/revolution_fort_galpin.html) Gov. James Henry Hammond, referred to above was governor of South Carolina from 1842 to 1844. His

arrived, and stowed away their goods in the fort. The British not being willing to yield without a struggle, we stove a cannon ball through the brick house in the fort, and they immediately marched out and surrendered, for fear we would serve them the like trick.

### Capture of Ft. Grierson – May 24, 1781

The next fort we attacked was that commanded by the wretched Grason [Ga. Loyalist militia Col. James Grierson], at the upper end of town.<sup>71</sup> This we soon stormed and took – Captain Alexander shooting Grason [Grierson] for his villainous conduct in the country.<sup>72</sup> Some made their escape from us by fleeing to [Col. Thomas] Brown's fort, near the river.<sup>73</sup> Before we laid siege to Brown's fort, a fellow by the name of Rutherford (a villain withal) took a company and slipped out in the night down the river, opposite Beach [sic Beech] Island, and just at the break of day surprised our horse guard. It being in the bend of the river, the British and Tories got round them, and having a superior force, our men took to the river, but they killed several of our brave fellows while they

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plantation was called Redcliffe in the 19<sup>th</sup> c. and the main house is preserved as a state park near Beech Island, SC.

<sup>71</sup> This is Col. James Grierson who was a prominent merchant in Augusta who sided with the British when they returned the second time in the summer of 1780. He built a fort on his property in downtown Augusta called Grierson's Fort. This fort was successfully captured by SC militia Gen. Andrew Pickens, Ga. militia Col. Elijah Clarke, and Continental Lt. Col. Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee on May 24, 1781. Steven J. Rauch, "Devoted to the Kings Service: Loyalist James Grierson of Augusta, Georgia", *Augusta Richmond County History*, Vol. 45, No. 2 (Fall 2014).

<sup>72</sup> Evidently Col. James Grierson commanded a party who participated in the British punitive raid on Wilkes County, Georgia in September 1780 after the initial American failed attempt to recapture Augusta. The British burned as many as 50 farms, killed many suspected rebels, and took 21 mostly old men as hostages back to Augusta, some of which they hung. This may explain the motive for James Alexander to murder of Col. Grierson while in American captivity.

<sup>73</sup> This earthen fort was known as Ft. Cornwallis and was rebuilt on the site of a colonial fort by Loyalists near St. Pauls Church in downtown Augusta. It was defended by Col. Thomas Brown and under siege by Gen. Andrew Pickens, Col. Elijah Clarke, and Lt. Col. "Light Horse Harry" Lee from May 22, 1781 until it surrendered on June 6, 1781.

were swimming, some making their escape - my brother Bartlett Brown, was one among that number. We heard of their trip after our guard, and pushed to cut them off, but were too late by a few moments, for as we got within one hundred and fifty yards on the lane, we saw them enter. A few moments sooner, and we would have fixed them smugly.

### **Siege of Ft. Cornwallis – May 22 - June 6, 1781**

We now commenced the siege of Brown's fort [Ft. Cornwallis]. In taking this fort, we had great difficulty. We raised a platform fifteen or twenty feet high, and mounted a cannon upon it, and from thence fired at them in the fort.<sup>74</sup> In this way we destroyed a good many of them, but finding we were too hard for them in this way, and to screen themselves from the thunder and lightning of our platform, they dug several caves in the sides of the walls of the fort and crawled into them. We then continued the entrenchment, and as we entrenched, we rolled up cowhides and placed them on the embankment for portholes to shoot through. One morning I was standing next to young Stafford, who was about to shoot through one of our portholes, and there came a ball from the fort and killed him dead. Young Stafford was with me in General Marion's Army, and he was, indeed, a brave and patriotic fellow, and dying in freedom's cause, his memory should never fade from our recollection. Before Brown would surrender, we entrenched so near his fort that I ran a hoe-helve from the entrenchment into the fort.<sup>75</sup>

On finding we were so near upon him, he marched out and surrendered with all his force and goods. Brown had been such a desperate fellow, there existed great anxiety to kill him; but as he came under capitulation, we had not chance to do so at this time, but I determined to do so on his way down the river. I took a few brave fellows, and slipped down the river to carry into

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<sup>74</sup> Building this "Maham" tower in Augusta is well documented and forced the surrender of Ft. Cornwallis. Steve Rauch, "A Perfect Circumvallation", *SCAR*, Vol. 3, No. 6-7-8 (June-July-August 2006).

<http://www.southerncampaign.org/newsletter/v3n678.pdf>

<sup>75</sup> Helve, a tool's handle – hammer, axe, etc.

execution my determination, but he made his escape, through the shades of the night, in a small canoe.<sup>76</sup>

When we commenced the siege of Augusta it was the 1<sup>st</sup> of April, 1781; when we closed it was the 1<sup>st</sup> of the ensuing August.<sup>77</sup> Having labored so hard and incessantly to dig Brown out of his fort, I concluded when I had done so to take a peep into it, but it was a sore peep to me, as I took the small-pox from it. I now went home very sick, and as none of our family had ever had it, I had to take to the woods – so I retreated back of the Big House to an old field, next to the swamp, under a large oak tree. The weather being very hot I suffered intensely. While there I employed Peggy Ogleby to be my nurse. This slut was a Tory, and informed her clan where I was. They said they would come and kill the d--n rebel, but as I had an invisible and Almighty Protector, they had not the power to execute their malicious design. If I am not mistaken, the period I lay under that oak was forty days. When I recovered I joined Major Cooper, at Beech Island, and we continued scouting until the end of the war, in December 1782.<sup>78</sup> I then returned home, but the British and Tories had nearly destroyed everything we possessed. My mother lived but a short time after the close of the war, and the estate she left each child was thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, sterling.

### **Post War**

Although the war had closed, the Tories were still troublesome, plundering and occasionally killing the inhabitants. The foremost scoundrels in this

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<sup>76</sup> Brown correctly feared for his life as his colleague in arms, Col. James Grierson, had been murdered as an American prisoner on about June 7, 1781. Here is an admitted plot against Brown's life after his surrender. Rauch, "Devoted to the Kings Service: Loyalist James Grierson of Augusta, Georgia", *supra*.

<sup>77</sup> This is a mysterious date as Ft. Cornwallis capitulated on June 5, 1781 and was formally surrendered the next day.

<sup>78</sup> Beech Island on the Savannah River just downstream from modern North Augusta, SC. The Savannah River has changed courses and left Beech Island as a part of Georgia on the east side of the Savannah.

diabolical work were John Black, Zekiel Maulfers, Lark Loudon, and two others, whose names I will not mention as they have relations in the country, who could not help what they did. These fellows murdered a good man at Cherry Hill, Georgia, for which John Black and the two whose names are not mentioned, were killed and hung at Savannah; the other two, the worst of the clan, made their escape to Carolina, where they murdered and plundered until the citizens were afraid to travel the roads, day or night. Finding the Whigs were upon the lookout for them, they stole Judge Haywood's<sup>79</sup> match horses and five negroes, and horses from various persons, and started for the Western country.

I heard of their crossing the ridge and being unwilling they should escape with impunity, I got three other men, Richard Simmons, Gill Thomas, and Benjamin Brown, and put out after them. We pursued them into East Tennessee – over Waterger [Watauga River], we came upon them and took them prisoners.<sup>80</sup> It was now in the month of January, and extremely cold; the snow was on the ground two feet deep, and withal, I had the measles very badly. What to do I hardly knew. I concluded, however, to risk the consequences, and bidding farewell to these cold and frozen regions, I began to retrace my steps with my prisoners and their plunder. We crossed the Waterger [Watauga River] on the ice, and when we had gotten on the Yellow Mountains, it snowed again and froze the top, so that passage through it was very difficult.<sup>81</sup> We had to force our way by changing the foremost horse every hundred yards. Just as we got to the turn in the mountain, night overtook us, so we encamped for the night, building our fire out of the chestnut limbs on the snow. Next morning we came down

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<sup>79</sup> Signer of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Heyward, Jr. (1746-1809), served in the Charleston artillery militia battery, had his home, White Hall, burned by the British raid in February 1779, fought in the Battle of Port Royal Island, was captured in Charlestown, and imprisoned in St. Augustine. After the Revolution, Heyward served a career as a SC state court judge.

<sup>80</sup> Watauga River near Elizabethton, Tenn.

<sup>81</sup> Yellow Mountain is a portion of the modern state border in Avery County, NC and Carter County, Tenn.

to the foot of the mountains to one Samuel Bright, and got a little dry pumpkin for our breakfast, the people having little or nothing else to eat. Having so many prisoners, horses and negroes, our funds now ran out, so we had to sell what we could spare to defray expenses.

We now came to Pad Bryant's, where these runaways had left one of Judge Haywood's horses, which we got, and tarried all night. It was indeed a dark and rainy night, and the prisoners thought to take advantage of us by it, so they framed an excuse to go out. Being handcuffed and tied, I apprehended no danger, but I took one of my company along with me. They had unperceived, loosed the rope under the blankets. It was in an old field, on the slant of a hill, and when we had gotten out they started to run down the hill. My gun being loaded with buck-shot, I fired at one of them and struck one shot in his ankle, his foot being up in the crack of the gun, the shot run up into the calf of his leg, but it did not bring him to the ground. Being young and active, I now threw my guy down and pushed after him, and just as I was about to take hold of him I struck a stump, which knocked me over, but I soon recovered from my fall, and put out after him again; and, as before, just as I was about to take him a second time, I ran upon the second stump, which threw me clean over. I now gave up the chase, as by this time he had gotten too far. Next morning I had a curiosity to examine the ground I had run over after these fellows, and I found but the single two stumps in the way - they had just missed them and I run over both. We now went in pursuit of these villains, when we soon came upon one, and taking him, Simmons put an end to his existence; the other was taken the next day, and put in the 96<sup>th</sup> [sic Ninety Six] District prison.<sup>82</sup> When we had gotten home we sent for him, and he was carried to Beaufort, where there

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<sup>82</sup> Some modern scholarship has been done on violence and lawlessness in the post-Revolutionary South. This evident summary execution is mentioned. Ben Rubin, "The Rhetoric of Revenge: Atrocity and Revenge in the Revolutionary Carolinas", MA thesis, *Journal of Backcountry Studies*, Vol. 5, No. 2 <http://libjournal.uncg.edu/jbc/article/view/102>

were seven indictments against him. He was tried, condemned and hung.

On the delivery of Judge Haywood's horses to him, he gave me twenty-five guineas, not only for his horses, but also for putting a stop to the outrages of these villains. The other persons whose property we brought back gave us five guineas apiece, and the public gave us twenty-five pounds sterling.

Some time after the close of these things, I married and settled myself between the Sand Hill and Cedar branches, waters of the Lower Three Runs, Barnwell District. On each of these streams I build mills, and from the mills, between which I lived, I have my place the name of "Fork Mills". The mills are now owned by Major Wm. H. Peyton, my son-in-law. From this place I moved to Boiling Springs, where I have lived and enjoyed fine health for many years, and where I expect to die, if I die at home. I have followed the delightful business of farming ever since the close of the war, and the Lord has been pleased to grant me enough of the good things of this life to keep me free from want down to the present moment.

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This memoir was privately published in New York in book form in 1862 and found on-line posted by Google books at:

[https://www.google.com/books/edition/Memoirs\\_of\\_Tarleton\\_Brown/oj\\_mX0dS644C?hl=en&gbpv=1](https://www.google.com/books/edition/Memoirs_of_Tarleton_Brown/oj_mX0dS644C?hl=en&gbpv=1)

Its publisher, Charles I. Bushnell, noted that the memoir was originally published in the *Charleston Rambler* in 1843, three years before Tarleton Brown's death at age 92. Brown died at Boiling Springs on September 4, 1845 at age 88. And his original tombstone says he was in his 89<sup>th</sup> year.

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/7016868/tarleton-brown#view-photo=25019518>

This memoir is 61 pages and contained some annotations, mainly biographical, and some geographical. I have not reproduced Bushnell's annotations here verbatim.

Your annotator purchased a copy of the republished memoir *Memoirs of Tarleton Brown* (Barnwell, SC: Barnwell County Museum and Historical Board, 1999) with an introduction by accomplished South Carolina historian Terry W. Lipscomb about 20 years ago while searching out Revolutionary War sites in Barnwell and Allendale Counties. This volume also appends Brown's will, pension statement, and many notes compiled by Joyce S. O'Brannon. I highly commend this volume.

I always wondered how Brown's memoir would stack up against a modern analysis of events he recorded as we now know them. In doing this annotation, I have looked at Brown's chronology, the geography he mentions, and to see if other primary sources corroborate the persons, places, and events he reports. Though Brown's chronology of events is often confused, it appears that he was at many, survived the fighting, small pox and measles, and in his old age, was still able to relate them without too much self-aggrandizement. I am impressed with how many places, events, and people he recalled which can be independently corroborated from the records we now have available. He did refer to and endorse William Clay Snipes' story as it appears in Peter Horry's and Mason Locke Weems' 1805 biography of Francis Marion.

Further, I am sure that Brown's stories were embellished by his grandson and grew by Brown's retelling many times over the years. This is a wonderful continuation of the oral tradition of grandfathers telling their grandsons of their glorious and inglorious military actions in the Revolution; many of these same grandsons would become the officer corps of the Confederacy in 1861.

It is of interest the rather fluid associations with different units/groups Brown made, seemingly

freely moving from one to the other in his discretion. During the period in which South Carolina had no functioning government or militia command, from May through December 1980, that is understandable, but before and thereafter the South Carolina Revolutionary government did exercise some control over its militia. They, at minimum, appointed the mid and high-level militia officers. It would be interesting to document the source of Brown's militia officer's commission and his state troop service at Ft. Lyttleton.

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The annotator acknowledges and appreciates the expert editorial assistance of Daniel McDonald Johnson, Karen MacNutt, Rick Wise, C. Leon Harris, and Will Graves.

I solicit information of the people, places, and events I may have missed or misstated.

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**Portrait, thought to be Tarlton Brown by an unknown traveling artist c. 1834, from the USC Caroliniana Library. Barnwell County Museum. Posted on-line at:**

**<https://www.knowitall.org/photo/tarleton-brown-history-sc-slide-collection>**

Brown's tomb is found in the old Boiling Springs Baptist Meeting House graveyard, on Boiling Springs Road (S-6-39) in Barnwell County, SC.