

murmuring, and day after day, night after night, presented the same bold, threatening front to the enemy. By their action they deluded Cornwallis into believing the whole American army to be in front, and he rejoiced to think that when it reached the river it must perish, having no time to cross.

The retreating army presented at this time a most heartrending spectacle. With but little clothing, many without shoes, and but one blanket to every four men, they struggled through the mire or left their blood on the frozen ground, and at night, when a little rest was afforded them, three men would lie on the damp ground with one blanket over them, while the fourth did duty as sentinel. Many perished from exposure. Over hills, across streams, through forests, in the wintry storm and piercing wind, having to dry their clothing by the heat of their own bodies, they toiled onward.

Their brave commander, grieved at their great distress, and faring no better than his men, did all he could to encourage them, by his cheering words and bright example, to hasten on towards the promised rest. From the time he had crossed the Catawba he had not taken off his clothes, and none were earlier in the saddle or later out of it than he. With dangers gathering thick around him, the heroic warrior was undismayed, and resolved on victory. He knew full well that if the rearguard fell, ruin was certain. But this would not be. Every stratagem was defeated, every surprise disconcerted, and every plan to destroy it successfully thwarted by the untiring, resolute leaders. Often the men wished to return the fire of the enemy's vanguard, but the strict orders never to fire but when directed were obeyed. The race was for life, and nobly, grandly was it won.

At last the army arrived within forty miles of the welcome stream that was to afford them protection and rest. All night long they marched onward through the gloom, hope giving new life and energy. Another day would gain for them the wished-for prize. On that cold, dreary night the rearguard, as they were forced to slowly retreat before the advancing foe, suddenly discovered, at about ten o'clock, camp fires blazing in the distance, and hope sank within their breasts. There, then, was the army for which they had suffered so much and struggled so hard, overtaken at last, and sure to fall. A halt was ordered; a brief consultation was held by the leaders, who resolved, to a man, to throw their whole force in one desperate charge upon the enemy, and thus gain a few hours' time for those they were striving to save. But these noble men were saved the trial; for, although the fires were kindled by their comrades, the latter were miles in advance, weak and weary, but with gladdening hearts at their increased prospects of escape.

Lord Cornwallis, when he reached the camp fires, believed himself almost upon the Americans, and halting but a few moments, pushed on, marching all night. When daylight came, the van was close upon the gallant rearguard, and Cornwallis determined to strike the final blow. Preparatory to this, that rearguard must fall, and then

Greene, with his army, or all the arduous labors of the past three weeks would be vain. Here he had resolved to destroy that army and regain Virginia and the Carolinas; if it was within human power he would do it. His veterans closed more steadily upon the guard as they pressed forward with greater energy. But Colonel Williams, with Lee's legion and Washington's horsemen, fearless and skilful, strove desperately, though with but little success, to stay the rapidly advancing army, which drove everything before it. Those were hours of painful suspense and weary labor, neither friend nor foe knowing the precise situation of Greene and the main army.

At noon a single horseman was seen rapidly approaching along the road so lately passed by Greene. Reining his horse beside the commander of the heroic band, he exclaimed, "The army is over the river!" A loud huzza rent the air, and many wept the joyful news. Colonel Williams directed Lee's legion to remain and cover the retreat, while the main portion of the guard hastened forward. Approaching the river, there, alone, worn and haggard, gazing anxiously along the road by which they were expected, they beheld the indomitable Greene. He had seen his army safely over the river, but had remained behind himself to learn the fate of his noble guard, and to give them any necessary aid. As they neared their brave chieftain, cheer after cheer went up, and were re-echoed from the opposite shore.

Night had now come on, and the troops were quickly crowded into the boats and despatched to the other side. The task was but just completed when Lee's legion came thundering toward the ferry, the British van being not far in the rear. The former dismounted and sprang into the boats waiting; the horses were pushed into the water after them, Lee himself being the last to embark. He would not move till his brave legion were all safe. Just as the boat which bore him touched the opposite shore, the British reached the bank he had left, and a joyful shout went up from the American camp. The pursuers rapidly formed along the river, but they were too late. Not a boat remained, and a deep, broad river forbade any further advance. Great was the chagrin of Lord Cornwallis at the result. Without avail had been the destruction of all his baggage, and a terrible march of nearly three hundred miles had been made only to be retraced.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the joyous feelings which reigned in the patriot camp that night. The gallant rearguard were hailed by the army as their deliverers. The lacerated feet, stiffened limbs, and scanty clothing were forgotten, and the wintry blast almost unheeded, in the time of general rejoicing. Merrily the troops chatted together, recounting the dangers passed, the hardships borne, the perils escaped; and talked of the near future, when they themselves would pursue those from whom kind Providence had delivered them. Greene, as he looked gratefully down upon the broad, deep current rolling by, felt as if a burden had been lifted off him. He contem-

plated with pleasure and satisfaction the successful issue, then turned to his tent to lay his plans for meeting the enemy.

Here ended this retreat, as glorious as it was arduous. For the skill with which it was planned, the energy and determination with which it was executed, the distance traveled in spite of the almost insurmountable obstacles met, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats recorded in ancient or modern warfare. For two hundred and fifty miles, over a country affording no natural advantages where a stand could be made, crossing three large rivers, traversing forests, through rain and mud, over ice and frozen ground, Greene had conducted the retreat for twenty days and baffled every effort of his powerful adversary to force him to a decisive conflict, and had really gained a victory which covered him with glory and stamped him as a great commander.

GREENE.

IN THE SOUTH.

Elder Allen and myself arrived here on the night of the 18th and stopped at the Central hotel. This morning we went to see the mayor to get some public place to preach in. We met him and the city council also; all were together. We asked them for some public place to preach in and they granted our request by telling us we could have the city hall. We then went to the hall and arranged the seats to suit the occasion. Notices were subsequently put up in conspicuous places, to the effect that there would be preaching in the city hall at 7:30 p. m.

During this time it had been rumored that we were Mormons and at 4:30 p. m. two officers called on us and demanded our credentials, which we presented. They informed us, however, that the mayor said we could not have the city hall for our service.

We went and saw the mayor and council again; they said some of the leading citizens objected to us having the city hall because of the reports that were abroad about us. We bore our testimony to them that we were servants of God, and that it was in their power to let the people of this city hear the Gospel. If they would not let us preach they would be held responsible for those who would have accepted, had they the chance. They were willing to risk that, and prohibited us from preaching in the streets.

After a while people learned that we were "Mormons" and as we were going down Main street, the remark was made "give it to them," whereupon ice and crusted snow came from all quarters, one piece hitting me, tearing my hat to pieces. My companion received several blows. We had no time to spare. Our lives were in danger. No less than one hundred chunks of ice were thrown at us. We returned at a speedy pace until we found a police, who escorted us down the street, but he was not able to keep the mob quiet, for as soon as his head was turned they would throw the ice. The street was in an uproar for upward of one half hour.

The officer escorted us to our room and promised us protection. We feel