

**MEMOIR OF GEN. DAVID BLACKSHEAR,
INCLUDING LETTERS FROM GOVERNORS
IRWIN, JACKSON, MITCHEL, EARLY, AND
RABUN, AND ALSO LETTERS FROM MEMBERS
OF CONGRESS, DR. MOSES WADDEL, AND
OTHERS. PP. 355-483; A MUSTER ROLL OF
CROOPS UNDER HIS COMMAND. PP. 133-157**

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STEPHEN F. MILLER

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MITCHELL, EARLY, AND RABUN,

AND FROM

MAJOR-GENERAL MCINTOSH, BRIGADIER-GENERAL FLOYD,
AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE ARMY IN THE WAR OF 1818-14 ON THE
FRONTIER AND SEA-COAST OF GEORGIA;

AND ALSO

LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, DR. MOSES
WADDEL, AND OTHERS:

TOGETHER WITH

A Muster Roll of Troops under his Command.

BY STEPHEN F. MILLER.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS memoir of Gen. BLACKSHEAR was included in "*The Bench and Bar of Georgia*," of which it formed the Appendix to the first volume, at the close of the memoir of Governor EARLY. This connection was deemed necessary to bring in the official correspondence between them, throwing light on the military campaigns and measures adopted for the defence of the State more than forty years ago. Other communications have been added, which, it is believed, will interest readers generally.

Gen. BLACKSHEAR wielded great influence in his day, and was distinguished for practical wisdom both in public and private life. Besides the interest growing out of the memoir itself, an opportunity is given to the officers and soldiers of his command who may be living, and to the families of such as are dead, to see the names of those who served in the war of 1812-15 on the frontier and sea-coast of Georgia. The military rolls attached in this separate form do not appear in any other publication. The paging of the memoir is that of the volume from which it has been taken, while the paging of the rolls shows the quantity of matter in this binding. It was not considered necessary to disturb the original order, as the index herewith is adapted to it, and will guide the attention of the reader.

The object of publishing this memoir with the Army Rolls attached is to render the information it contains accessible to those who might not be willing to purchase the larger work on the Bench and Bar. It is a laudable desire to know the service our countrymen were called to perform against the enemy, that we may award credit where it is justly due, and profit by their experience as occasion may require. The troops under the command of Gen. BLACKSHEAR were employed at various points on the frontier, mostly at the stations following: Fort Adams, Chauncey, Daniel, Defiance, Early, Floyd, Harrison, High-Shoals, Jackson, Laurens, Madison, McIntosh, Mitchell, Navahope, Newnan, Perry, Pinckney, Seven Stands, Smith, Telfair, Twigg, and Washington. The march of the army to the seaboard is fully shown in the despatches.

To render the force still more effective, a number of men not otherwise with the army, such as were acquainted with the country and the habits of the Indians, were employed to act as spies and to report their discoveries within a sphere designated. This special service required active and

hardy men who could approach the camp of the Indians unobserved or otherwise ascertain their plans. The names of these spies, about fifty in all, appear in the rolls in connection with the several forts to which they were assigned.

As a record of honor which cannot be referred to without grateful sensibility, a list of the killed and wounded in the severely-contested battle with the Indians at Cau-lib-see, in 1814, is also given, as certified by the hospital-surgeon. The following companies suffered in the action:—Captain Adam's, Barton's, Broadnax's, Browning's, Butler's, Butts's, Cleaveland's, J. Cunningham's, J. T. Cunningham's, Ford's, Hamilton's, Hay's, Heath's, King's, Lees, Little's, Mariwether's, Myrick's, Owen's, Park's, Sandridge's, Smith's, Thomas's, Ware's, Weathersby's, and Yawn's.

The other papers attached to the memoir are arranged in chronological order, from No. 1 to No. 140 inclusive. A synopsis of those which relate to the war may be seen, beginning at page 365. An abstract of the other papers will be found at page 391. The whole collection is worthy of perusal, as illustrative of the times and characters to which they apply.

Though not strictly within the scope of his present duties, the author respectfully suggests to families and persons having the custody of old documents and writings, the *obligation* on their part to preserve them from waste, as they are of value to the cause of truth and for the objects of history. The letters from Hon. James Jones, a representative in Congress, to Gen. Blackshear, in 1800, respecting the Western Territory, then belonging to Georgia, and the difficulties which delayed the Compact of 1802, furnish a striking example. Other letters might be specified of the same interesting class.

In reviewing the correspondence appended to this memoir, the author deems it a mere act of justice to observe that the letters of Gen. Blackshear to the commander-in-chief, to the major-general, and other officers in the army, were mostly written amid the noise and hurry of the camp, without the conveniences suitable for such a labor. Notwithstanding this fact, they are marked by great method in details, vigor of thought, and harmony of expression, which reflect honor on his memory. A cultivator of the soil, always exerting himself to improve the various branches of agricultural production by his orchards, his varieties of sugarcane, and his large vineyards, after the most enlightened experiments, aside from the regular business of his farm, Gen. Blackshear was justly placed by all who knew him among the most useful men of his period. This publication, it is hoped, will be valued for the particulars of an example so worthy, if for no other sufficient reason. S. F. M.

COLLETHORPE, GEO., January, 1858.

APPENDIX.

MEMOIR OF GEN. DAVID BLACKSHEAR.

THE ancestors of DAVID BLACKSHEAR were Germans. John Martin Francks,* James Blackshear, Philip Miller, and other immigrants came to America about the year 1732, and landed at New Berne, the colony-town established in North Carolina by the Baron De Graffenreid. They procured boats and ascended the river Trent some twenty miles, where they put ashore their goods and families. The country was unoccupied: the wilderness was not broken or a tree scarred by the axe when this little band of Europeans, with lusty sinews, brave hearts, and toiling hands, cast their destiny in the New World. They had no horses, no cattle, and, of course, no conveyance, nor could they obtain any, to transport their household stock which they brought with them from Germany,—bedding, clothing, provisions, and cooking-implements, and such other articles as they had provided for their forest home. They had no alternative but to pack as much upon each person as his or her strength would carry; for the families were noble specimens of *mankind*, full of health and of great physical endurance.

Thus equipped for the journey, they took up the line of march, and halted at what was afterward called New Germany, seven

* The author has had in his possession many years, among old family papers, the original passport, of which the following is a copy:—

North
Carolina, ss.

PERMIT the bearers hereof, William Franck and Theobald Christler, freemen, to pass through this Colony unmolested, in their way to Pensilvanta, they becheaving themselves as becometh.

GIVEN under my hand, this 10th Day of Sept. 1733.
Martin Franck,
Jacob Gist.

To all whom it }
may Concern. }

miles above the present village of Trenton, in then Craven, now Jones county. While on the way, laden with household goods, one of the females was assaulted by a half-grown bull, who, not liking the bundles or dinner-pots which she carried on her head, rushed at them with considerable fury. The matron, or damsel, whichever it was, seized her adversary by the horns and instantly twisted him over on his back, quietly remarking, "See that ugly calf!" There was no renewal of the attack.* The settlers at once went to work, entered land under the Colonial Government, and soon began to prosper and multiply.

Mr. Franks and his wife Civil had two daughters, named Catharine and Barbara. The former married Mr. Bush, one of the settlers, by whom she had two sons, John and William, and one daughter, Mary, who was born January 3, 1757. About this time Mr. Bush died, and his widow in a reasonable time intermarried with James Blackshear, and became the mother of eight other children, of whom DAVID BLACKSHEAR, the subject of this memoir, was the third. He was born on Chinquasin Creek, near Trent River, about seven miles above Trenton, on the 31st day of January, 1764.

Schools in those days were scarce. Occasionally a man could be engaged for three months—seldom for a longer time—in the same neighborhood. As a class, teachers were then a roving set, perhaps owing to the rough accommodations they received gratifying to their cultivated taste, (for they possessed a monopoly of learning,) or, what was probably the case, they had no confidence in the *good opinions* of their patrons after a certain *scholastic habit* had manifested itself, requiring new fields for sobriety. To a school of this description David Blackshear was sent, and had completed his quarter before the Revolutionary War broke out. Then a mere boy, about twelve years of age, he followed his two elder brothers in an expedition to Wilmington, and was present at the battle of Moore's Creek, February 27, 1776, at which Gen. Caswell commanded, to the entire defeat of the Tories. He was also with the Whigs in the skirmish at Buford's Bridge. Returning home, he again went to school three months, which was his last. He was instructed by Mr. Joseph Dews, either half or the whole of six months, his entire educational course. A noted Scotchman, named James Alexander Campbell Hunter Peter Douglass, kept school about the close of the Revolution, to whom many of the neighbors

* The author heard Gen. Blackshear relate this incident.

of the Blackshear family sent their children. The author, in his boyhood, has heard some of the old pupils laugh and tell that a whole Friday-evening class was flogged because they spelt "corn" as Mr. Douglass pronounced it,—*kor-run!*

While a scouting-party was out, consisting of James, Edward, and David Blackshear, Martin Francks, Peter Calloway, and others, fifteen or twenty in all, led by Captain Yates, in pursuit of the Tories, they stopped at Col. White's to stay all night to relieve their fatigue. James Blackshear, Martin Francks, and Mr. Calloway, being stronger than the rest, continued five or six miles farther, until they reached the house of Mrs. Blackshear. They had just entered, and were about sitting down to supper, when the dwelling was surrounded by Tories, and James Blackshear, her son, and Martin Francks, her nephew, were taken out of the house, carried to the end of the lane, tied to a stake, and there shot dead by the Tories. A negro man ran with the news to Col. White's. The colonel and his party were fourteen in number, and had but seven horses between them. They instantly mounted two on a horse, and set forth on the work of revenge. In the mean time, after killing Blackshear and Francks, the Tories concluded to capture and destroy the whole party of Whigs at Col. White's, and were near enough to the house to hear the orders given by Capt. Yates to his men as they left the gate. The Tories then divided into two companies, and lay in ambush on each side of the road to fire upon the Whigs. They did fire, killing one Whig and wounding several others, and, among them, Brock was shot through the thigh and Edward Blackshear through both hands, as he was riding on the same horse behind another man, with his hands holding his gun on the pommel of the saddle. Capt. Yates had his collar-bone broken and his horse killed under him. When the Tories opened their fire, the Whigs dashed back to get from between the double ambuscade. On coming up to the spot and finding one man dead, the Tories, supposing that the Whigs had fled, raised a shout of triumph. About this time, Capt. Yates, lying a few yards off, severely wounded as he was, raised his gun* and fired upon the group, killing one Tory captain and breaking the thigh of another, so that he was taken prisoner. They carried the wounded Tory captain to the stake and there shot him, within a few hours after the other frightful tragedy had occurred on the same spot. Soon

* The author has seen the old gun (a long one it was) in the possession of the late Col. James Shine, of North Carolina, who married Leah, a daughter of Captain Yates.