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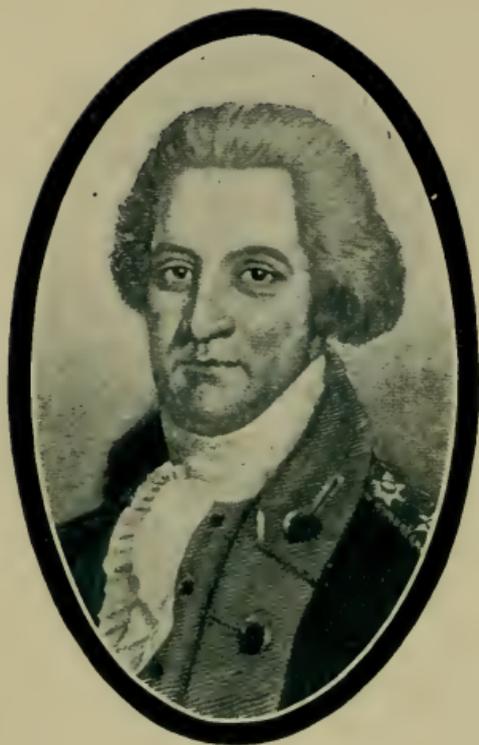


JOHN SEVIER

CITIZEN
SOLDIER
LEGISLATOR
GOVERNOR
STATESMAN

WALTER PERCY TEMPLE





JOHN SEVIER

JOHN SEVIER

CITIZEN
SOLDIER
LEGISLATOR
GOVERNOR
STATESMAN

1744-1815

Temple, Oliver Perry
"

Knoxville, Tenn.:
THE ZI-PO PRESS, PRINTERS
1910

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FOREWORD

To the people of the Appalachian
Region :

So loved by the author and of whom
he was an integral part, this sketch,
edited by his daughter, is

DEDICATED

Sketch was prepared in 1893, the
occasion, the reinterment of Sevier's
remains on the Court House Square,
Knoxville, where now stands the
monument to Tennessee's First
Governor.

Mary Boyce Temple

August 20, 1910

211255

Governor John Sevier

IT is not my purpose to trace in detail the remarkable career of John Sevier, but to confine myself rather to a consideration of his personal characteristics. After all, these are the tests of men. These reveal the inner, the true man. Actions may be adventitious or accidental. They may be as false as words sometimes are. They may hide or obscure the real man beneath an overshadowing glamour. The touch of Ithuriel's spear may be necessary to dissolve the illusion or reveal the concealed deformity. The battle of Saratoga made General Gates, in the popular estimation, the first general in the Continental armies. Congress was overwhelmed with petitions, praying for his appointment as Commander-in-Chief. But long after Gates passed into obscurity, the sterling qualities of the modest Washington made him not only first general, but likewise first citizen of the Republic.

Why was John Sevier the idol of the people while he lived, and why has he been invested, since his death, with an almost fabulous character? Why does the sound of his name on the street cause the passer-by to stop and listen? Why alike in the humblest cottage and in the lordliest mansion, does his name stir up feelings such as are awakened by no other name? He won no

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great victory like Yorktown or New Orleans. He was not a great general---for he had no chance to be---like Washington, Jackson, or Scott. He was no braver than Shelby or Tipton; in intellect he was not the superior of James Robertson; in statesmanship he was no greater than several others; in learning he was not distinguished, and in polish and courtly grace he was inferior to William Blount. Yet none of these, nor any of his associates, not even General Jackson, ever held the people of every condition by such a magic spell, by such a bond of love. None of them became, as he, a consecrated name in every home, the very *Penates* of every household.

Although the life of Sevier is well known to every intelligent reader, and though there was nothing in it so resplendent as to dazzle men; yet, in spite of these facts, a mythical impression lingers around his memory, somewhat akin to that around the name of King Arthur. We may strive to rid ourselves of this impression, but all in vain. There was, in fact, nothing mythical or even mysterious in his character. Of all the public men of his time, he was perhaps the most open and undisguised, both in words and in action. He was the highest type of manly frankness.

To illustrate: We know that ninety-seven years ago Sevier sat in Knoxville as a member

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of the Legislative council for this Territory, appointed by Washington; we know also that soon after this, for twice six years (two years intervening on account of a constitutional inhibition), he was daily seen on the streets as the chief executive of this young State. We know that he lived around the corner, within sound of my voice; that he daily mingled with his fellow citizens most freely, most unostentatiously, with that winning grace and open-heartedness which captivated all who saw him. We also know that on the lot across the street, just opposite to his monument, then the public square, he denounced General Jackson in the bitterest terms, accusing him of having stolen and run away with another man's wife, and that the latter in turn denounced him.

Notwithstanding these facts, a feeling akin to the mythical, quite different from that connected with the names or deeds of any of his contemporaries, lingers around the memory of John Sevier. At the sound of his name something starts the imagination into activity. We long to know more of this man. We would call back the past, and eagerly interrogate it as to the looks, the dress, the manners, the words, the life of this by-gone hero. We would know more of him, as of a distinguished ancestor of whom we never grow tired of hearing. We are kindled into enthusiasm by

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the memory of him. And enthusiasm, in its highest development, closely touches on the realms of imagination. Imagination, in turn, easily passes the borders of the real, and lingers on the outer confines of the fabulous.

Sevier's name is an electrical one. It flashes through the heart as does no other name of his time. It kindles emotions like those produced by the names of Tell, Bruce, or Wolfe. Compare the impression left on their countrymen by the three greatest men of the revolutionary epoch, Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson, with that left by Sevier on those who came within the spell of his influence.

We all bow to the magesty and splendor of the name of Washington. By common consent he is accounted the first citizen of the world. Edward Everett says: "He was the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." Charles James Fox, states that a character of such virtues "was hard to be found in history." Lord Erskine, declares that he was the only human being for whom he ever felt an "aweful reverence."

And yet this wonderful man, who commanded the homage of all the world, was the object of but little sincere attachment. He extorted reverence and awe, but not love. In manner he was cold, haughty, reserved, and

formal. As Commander of the army he was stern and unapproachable. As President of the new republic, he introduced etiquette and ceremonies almost regal, such as no executive since his day has dared imitate. He had his coat of arms emblazoned on his carriage, and when traveling or riding out he went in the style of a royal prince, with liveried servants, in a coach and six. He was the grandest, as well as the wealthiest gentleman of his time.

Nothing but the pure and lofty integrity of Washington, his evenly poised intellect, his splendid services, his almost unparalleled sense of justice, and his unapproachable dignity, could have given him his world-wide renown. He was first in peace and first in war, not because of his personal traits, but because he had been first in war. With our modern ideas, and leveling tendencies, it is at least doubtful whether the peerless Washington of eighty-nine, could to-day be elected President of the Government which he more than any other man established. Yet he was, all in all, the most symmetrical, the most perfectly rounded character of his age, perhaps of any age. His name and fame are the most priceless jewels of the republic.

Jefferson, next after Washington, has commanded the largest share of the homage and admiration of his countrymen. He was a

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scholar, a thinker, a philosopher, an accomplished writer, and a far-seeing statesman. Had he done no more, two things would immortalize him---the writing of the Declaration of Independence and the purchase of Louisiana. But he did much more. Either from a genuine love of popular rights, or from a spirit imbibed in France during the great drama of the Revolution, where he saw a whole nation rise to redress the monstrous wrongs of centuries, he became a great party leader, the founder of a political party, the influence of which is all-powerful to this day. There was much that was noble and admirable in him, and his name will be hailed with gratitude by his countrymen as long as history is read. In spite of defects, Thomas Jefferson was a great, and as the world judges, a good man. His life was full of noble deeds. And from his tomb on the heights of Monticello there goes out to-day a mightier influence, for good or for evil, than from that of any man of the Revolutionary epoch. But by his great talents and splendid services he extorted the admiration only, and not the enthusiastic love of his countrymen. It was admiration of greatness, not love for the man.

The third of the three great men of the Revolutionary era, was Alexander Hamilton. In splendor and grasp of intellect, he surpassed

all the great men of his day, and all who have since arisen, unless Mr. Webster, forms an exception. Washington's administration owes nearly all its lustre to his marvelous genius. The celebrated Prince De Talleyrand, who knew the great men of his time, both in Europe and the United States, pronounced, that the greatest men of his time were Fox, Napoleon, and Hamilton, and added that Hamilton was unquestionably the greatest of these. A recent historian, Prof. McMaster, says that Hamilton is ranked "as by far the most brilliant and versatile among the founders of the republic."

At the age of seventeen Hamilton was renowned throughout the colonies as a political writer. At twenty-three he had achieved a fame of which the greatest man might feel proud at sixty. At thirty-two he held by far the most important post, at that time, in Washington's cabinet, that of Secretary of the Treasury. Every well read citizen knows with what ability and success he grappled with the problems of finance and public credit. Who does not remember the magnificent figure of him given by Webster? "He smote the rock of national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet."

If Washington's skill saved his country in war, the genius of Hamilton rescued it from

bankruptcy and ruin in time of peace. While in private life he was gentle and lovable, and at all times brave, noble, and true, with all his splendid and shining qualities, who ever feels a thrill of emotion at the sound of Hamilton's name? He was too intent on his great schemes for the aggrandizement of his country, too outspoken in the advocacy of unpopular theories, to become the idol of the people. His great influence was due to the masterful supremacy of his genius. Not until his tragic death at the hands of Aaron Burr, was there shown any genuine love for him. Then there was an outburst of sympathy and indignation at "the deep damnation of his taking off" never witnessed in this country before, and but once since.

Hamilton, like Jefferson, was the founder of a political party. The principles of the two parties were directly antagonistic; one tending to permanence, strength, national unity, and national sovereignty, the other to weakness in the national head, (and to disintegration). These diverse theories are still at war with each other, and no man can tell which will ultimately triumph.

Of the three men I have been considering, not one of them left a permanent impression on the hearts and affections of the people. They held sway over the mind, not the heart. We

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gaze on the august form of Washington with awe and reverence as he stands

“In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stern, grave and unapproachable, but
We feel no thrill of enthusiastic emotion.”

We turn to Mr. Jefferson, with the profoundest admiration, as we look on his benevolent, serene, intellectual face, the brow marked with deep thought, and the calm eyes gazing into futurity. We admire, but do not love.

We turn to Hamilton, and are filled with wonder as we behold the marks of genius on his brow, and flashing from his eyes. But this is all. We admire him as we would a masterpiece of statuary.

Now, look on John Sevier as he steps on the scene, tall and graceful, with free, military bearing. Natural dignity is softened by ease of manner. Handsome and benevolent, in aspect, cheerful and gracious, those deep blue, loving eyes fascinate with an irresistible charm. The heart swells and throbs with a new emotion. We recognize a friend, a relative, the leader of our clan. We want to shout, to throw up our hats. In our wild enthusiasm we would cry out, “Nolichucky Jack, Nolichucky Jack!”

Such were the impressions produced on the minds of men by these four notable characters.

Perhaps the death of Sevier in the wilderness of a neighboring State, far from home and kindred and friends, and the long neglect of his remains by his countrymen, has served somewhat to deepen the universal love entertained for his memory. But this will not explain the almost idolatrous affection entertained for him by the people of the Revolutionary epoch, even more universal then than now. Nor does the distinguished part he bore in the battle of King's Mountain, brilliant as that was, account for this feeling. The splendor of that battle is far more correctly appreciated to-day than by the generation then living. This is not because we over-estimate its signal brilliancy, but because, for many years, under the blaze of the crowning triumph of Yorktown, its splendor was obscured. Indeed it is only recently that the importance and greatness of the victory at King's Mountain have attracted public attention and general admiration.

What, then, was the special cause of the remarkable love entertained for Sevier, by his own, as well as by succeeding generations, a love which seems to grow deeper as time recedes. I venture to reply; it was due to his *broad and universal humanity*. The heart of John Sevier was full of boundless goodwill. He was kind and gentle and winning. Yet there was not the slightest trace of demagogism in his actions or words. He was the people's

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best friend, and always and everywhere the champion of right and justice. Frankness, sincerity, and open manliness marked his conduct. The highest praise I can bestow is to say; he was true, he was good. In sympathy and love he was in touch with the whole human race.

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me
’Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

Two incidents in the King’s Mountain expedition, show Sevier’s deep humanity. On the first night of the march, James Crawford and a lad by his persuasion, deserted, and carried the news of the approach of the patriots to Ferguson. In the battle which followed Crawford was taken prisoner. Soon afterwards a court martial was convened to try certain prisoners, and Crawford was brought out for trial. Sevier promptly stepped forward and claimed him as one of his men. He was accordingly turned over to Sevier, who pardoned him, though he was guilty of the highest offense known to the laws of war. He was taken back into Sevier’s command, and proved ever afterwards one of his most faithful soldiers.

In studying the character of Sevier, without any reference to this incident, it occurred to

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me that there was, in some respects, a striking resemblance between Sevier and the immortal Lincoln. And it is a singular coincidence that this wonderful man, Lincoln, so full of humanity, had an unalterable repugnance to the execution of deserters, and seldom, if ever, allowed the death penalty to be inflicted on them, when the matter was presented to him.

The other incident also occurred on the night of the court martial, which had been hastily convened, to try certain prisoners taken in the late battle, for alleged outrages committed on the patriots. The proceedings were summary, the trials hasty, the evidence doubtless hearsay or mere rumor. Some of these men were no doubt guilty, some perhaps not. The court condemned, for immediate execution, by hanging, from thirty to forty of these prisoners, authorities differing as to the number.

The trials over, the executions began. The victims were swung, three at a time, from a projecting oak limb. Officers of high rank were superintending and hurrying up the executions. It was late at night, in the midst of the vast forest, lighted by blazing camp fires. Nine had already been hung, and their bodies were dangling from the oak limb, writhing in the throes and convulsions of death. The next three were already tied, and, with halters around their necks, stood trembling awaiting

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their turn. In the background can be dimly seen the twenty or thirty other miserable wretches, huddled together, waiting for their horrible end. Off in the shadow two officers of commanding presence, are nervously watching the sickening scene, by the red glare of torches, which cast a somber light through the gloomy old woods. For a moment they are seen in earnest consultation. Convulsively they clasp the hilt of their sword. They approach with determined countenance--the one tall, and elastic in step, the other stern and giant-like. Addressing the officers in charge of the the executions, in an authoritative tone, they say: "We are sick of this business. We have agreed upon it, and it must be stopped." These were John Sevier and Isaac Shelby. It was Sevier who uttered the immortal words, "We are sick of this business, and it must be stopped." At the command of these noble men, the work of death was stopped. No one dared oppose the will of the lion-hearted, yet tender heroes.*

Draper, in his "King's Mountain," says, that after the nine were executed, "Shelby interposed

NOTE--This, in a very mild form, is the account of this affair given by Shelby to his son-in-law, Col. Charles S. Todd, late of Kentucky, who related it to me in 1851, and was immediately reduced by me to writing. Col. Todd was a man of the highest integrity and intelligence, having filled many important positions of public trust, among others had served for four years as Minister to Russia, by appointment of William Henry Harrison.

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and proposed to stop it." On the other hand, Roosevelt, in his recent admirable and exhaustive work, "The Winning of the West," says; "Sevier and Shelby interposed and stopped the taking of life." Draper states that the other prisoners "were pardoned by the commanding officer." It matters not who pardoned them. The executions were arrested by the indignant protest of Sevier and Shelby, and it was they who created the disposition to pardon.

The siege of Tipton's house affords another illustration of the humanity of Sevier. The recovery of his property, the sole object of Sevier, would have been an easy matter had he acted with his usual promptness at first. But he delayed, hesitated, because undecided, until large reinforcements arrived for Tipton. Sevier was silent, negligent, dispirited. His second in command, Maj. Elholm, advised an immediate assault. He replied, "not a gun shall be fired." When urged a second time by Elholm to make an assault, he silenced him by saying he did not come there "to kill his countrymen." The men he was urged to fire on were his friends, his old soldiers. Little wonder he hesitated. For the first time in his life he became as a woman. Here again we see the great heart of humanity beating in the breast of Sevier.

I have been speaking of John Sevier as a man, as a man in his relations to his fellow

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men, illustrating in his own life the simple but grand truth of Tennyson, that the highest nobility is goodness. This was Sevier's strength. He was humane, he was true, he was never false. He lived among an austere people, the Scotch-Irish, a race of the severest morality, and these demanded of him the most exalted integrity. And nobly did he meet these exacting demands. So universal was his reputation for justice and goodness, that even the Indians, whom he had so often chastised, trusted and loved him. Old Tassel, writing to Governor Martin for some one to interpose against the encroachment of the whites, said; "Send Col. Sevier, he is a good man."

Sevier had as competitors strong, ambitious men, such as always flock to a new State. Had he been an ordinary man, he would have been supplanted by some of these. His public career began in 1770, and was terminated by death, 1815. He had as rivals such men as Robertson, Tipton, Blount, Cocke, Anderson, and greatest of all, Andrew Jackson. Yet during all this time he was absolutely supreme in influence. He held his place, as unquestioned leader, in the presence and in spite of the bitter hostility of Jackson. One of his contemporaries said, "We all expect him to remain Governor for life."

The greatness of men should be judged by

their opportunities, as well as by their achievements. Great opportunities make great men. Sevier had none of these. But he was equal to the most exacting emergencies of his life. What he might have been with Washington's opportunities, no one can tell. True, there has been but one Washington, but one *pater patriae*; but how much Sevier, under similar circumstances, might have been like Washington, must remain forever undetermined. In justice, in the capacity for war and for administration--the three strong points in Washington's character--Sevier had unquestionably, high ability.

Phelan says, "Of all whose fame was attained in the State, the most illustrious, the most conspicuous, the one whose name was and deserves still to be, the most resplendent, is John Sevier."

As to Sevier, the soldier, history is at last recording its verdict in the most complimentary terms. Of his Indian fighting, I will not speak (in detail). He was in thirty-five fights, and was always victorious. His tactics were simple. He moved with such celerity as to be always the herald of his own coming. Then he dashed on the Indians, overwhelming and dismaying them by the impetuosity of the charge. It was the rush of the tempest. All was over in a few minutes. Some of his ex-

peditions into the Indian country rival the tales of romance. Roosevelt states that Sevier was the first and the greatest of all the Indian fighters of the West.

The far-reaching importance of this Indian fighting has not been, and is not now, half appreciated. Few men ever think that when Sevier and Robertson, Boone and Logan were repelling Indian attacks, or invading the Indian country, they were doing anything more than protecting the white settlements. Whereas, in fact, they were unconsciously fighting the battles of the Revolution. The same great power which put in motion the armies of Clinton and Cornwallis, for the subjugation of the colonies along the Atlantic, and encircled them with a line of fire, also set in motion the fierce savage nations from Canada to Florida, bent on the destruction of all the infant settlements west of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge. Official records show that it was as much the policy of the British ministry to destroy these settlements, and exterminate the settlers, or drive them east of the Alleghanies, as it was to destroy the army of Washington. Both were parts of the same cruel war, the same scheme of subjugation. British agents, shrewd and heartless, with a plentiful supply of gold and presents, arms and ammunition, were kept at work among all the tribes east of

the Mississippi, stirring them up to their work of blood. Henry Hamilton, Lieutenant Governor of Canada, with headquarters at Detroit, was at the head of this diabolical movement. There was an organized plan of operations. Nor did the infamy stop here. Besides alluring the savages with presents, their cupidity and ferocity were still further stimulated by the purchase from them of the scalps they had taken. The instructions given by the home government were to destroy the settlers, or drive them east of the Alleghanies.

In pursuance of this comprehensive plan, the Indians north of the Ohio made unceasing war on the settlers around Pittsburg and on those in Kentucky. Those south of the Ohio harassed and threatened the settlements on the Cumberland, and attempted over and over again to destroy the Holston, the Watauga, and the Nolichucky people. So, also, the frontiers of the southern colonies were harassed by these fierce allies of England. Again and again these demons, silently and murderously, crept, with noiseless tread, through the dense forests, to fall on the settlements with fire and tomahawk and scalping knife, sparing neither age nor sex. And as often, the leaders of the settlements--even Shelby, Christian, Robertson, Boone, Kenton, Logan and Todd, and notably Sevier and Clarke--led expeditions into the homes of the

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savages and inflicted on them merited chastisement.

So, at the close of the Revolution, not a settlement west of the mountains had been destroyed, not an inch of territory had been lost. Under the leadership of Sevier, the Watauga, the Holston, and the Nolichucky settlers had slowly crept down those streams, extending the settlements further and further west. Robertson had firmly planted his feet on the Cumberland and in the heart of Middle Tennessee. Boone, Logan and others had successfully defended Kentucky, though more than once narrowly escaping destruction. And General George Rogers Clarke, by a series of exploits almost unparalleled in daring, had conquered and firmly held Indiana and Illinois.

Now came peace. Where should be the western boundary line? Spain had been our ally in the late war. She owned vast possessions west of the Mississippi. Forecasting the growth and expansion of this young republic, and foreseeing danger to her western possessions, she naturally sought to restrict our territory by making the Alleghanies our boundary. France, also our faithful ally, insisted that the line should be so fixed as to include the country around the head waters of the Tennessee, covering East Tennessee and that between the Ohio and the Cumberland. Thus would be

restored to England a large part of Tennessee, and the territory now forming the States of Alabama and Mississippi, together with the great region afterwards known as the north-west territory. Strange to say, the Continental Congress, in a chivalric spirit of gratitude and courtesy, had instructed our commissioners, in fixing the boundary, to regard the wishes of France. Franklin wished to obey these instructions. But Jay was immovable in demanding the Mississippi as the western boundary, Adams sided with Jay, and England yielding, the eastern bank of that river for most of its length became our western boundary.

It thus appears that while the Continental armies barely held the Atlantic States against the British fleet and armies, a few hundred hunters and pioneers of Tennessee, Western Pennsylvania and Southwest Virginia, mostly unaided by Continental Congress, and acting at their own expense, and on their own volition, won and held what has proved to be the very heart of our great empire, against the combined power of all the savage nations between Canada and Florida, backed by British agents, stimulated by British gold, and aided sometimes by British troops. Putting entirely out of view the services rendered to the cause of Independence by Sevier and his associates, at King's Mountain, and in other battles in the South, it

It is manifest that their Indian battles on the frontier were as important to the lasting power and greatness of our country as were the battles of Washington and Greene. The frontier leaders occupied, won, and held the territory now covered by the great States of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia. These men planted their feet on this great territory and firmly held it. In war, as in peace, the doctrine of *uti possidetes* goes far in fixing titles.

Chiefest among the men who won and held this magnificent empire were John Sevier and George Rogers Clarke. Most appropriately has Sevier been called the "Commonwealth Builder." Most truly, in the inscriptions on his monument, he is designated as "one of the founders of the Republic."

It only remains for me, in briefest terms, to speak of King's Mountain. History has done this battle and its heroes, and especially Sevier and Shelby, tardy and niggardly justice. Even Draper, in his eager desire to glorify another worthy hero, Col. William Campbell, has failed to give merited prominence and praise to these two. It is fitting in this connection, that Sevier and Shelby should be mentioned together. In speaking of this brilliant achievement they cannot be considered apart. That

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to them we are chiefly indebted for this signal victory, I do not hesitate to affirm. But for them the world would not have been startled, at a time of universal gloom, with a new joy and inspired by a new hope, through the news of this victory. But for them the world would never even have heard of King's Mountain.

➤ Hear the facts. Sevier and Shelby originated the expedition. They marked out its plan. On their own personal credit they raised the money necessary for the expedition. They put into the field every man who could be spared from their respective commands. They, by their influence and persuasion, secured the co-operation of Col. Campbell and also Col. McDowell, and in the sense in which Shelby used the words, "they embodied most of the men who crossed the mountains." From the day they sat together on the Noli-chucky projecting and planning this daring expedition, to the day of the gathering at Sycamore Shoals, these two fiery spirits, like Highland chieftans, were rallying their mountain men. It seems to me that no impartial mind can read the exhaustive history of this expedition, by Draper, without being impressed with the fact that Sevier and Shelby were its two masterspirits from the beginning to its close. And when safety demanded, they magnanimously yielded to another the nominal

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command of the enterprise which they had originated, and which they had the right to claim for themselves.

When the day of the battle came, brave as the other officers were, none surpassed Sevier and Shelby in daring. I have no desire whatever to detract from the well earned fame of Campbell and his associate officers. They deserve, as they are at last receiving, the generous gratitude of their countrymen. At the same time, let not the true originators of this immortal expedition, and two of its most illustrious heroes, be deprived of the chief glory of their own work.

And now, on the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of this decisive battle, we dedicate this monument to the memory of John Sevier, the father of Tennessee and the most beloved of all her great men. That State which he, more than any other man, won and saved, suffered his remains to lie among strangers, unmarked and unhonored, for seventy-five years. And even now it declines to honor in a suitable manner the little left of him, finally brought back to rest at his old home. It leaves this work of love to his East Tennessee admirers. Shame on the spirit which feels no pride in the fame of such men as John Sevier and James Robertson, and fails to perpetuate

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in our Capitol their memory by statues or monuments.

Let Tennessee, if it will, continue to neglect our First Governor, but the people among whom he lived, and whom he so often led to victory, will all the more glory in his memory, and in the proud share they had under him in the never-to-be-forgotten battle of the 7th of October, 1780.

After all, Sevier needs no monument of marble or bronze. King's Mountain is his true, his eternal monument, more enduring than one fashioned of hardest marble. This, which we rear with our hands, only serves to fittingly point to that.

Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee

- 1769-1777. Watauga Association.
- 1777-1784, A Part of North Carolina.
- 1784-1788. The State of Franklin.
- 1788-1790. A Part of North Carolina.
- 1790-1796. Territory South of Ohio.
- 1796. State of Tennessee.

CHRONOLOGY

Events in the Life of John Sevier

1744-1815

- 1744. Born September 23, Shenandoah Valley, Va.
- 1772. Appointed Captain by Lord Dunmore.
Came to Watauga with his Father.
- 1773. Continued to serve under Dunmore.
- 1774. Battle of Point Pleasant, October 10.
- 1776. August, Watauga Association prayed to be
annexed to North Carolina.
- 1777. Represented Watauga in N. C. Legislature.
- 1779. Aggressive Indian Campaign.
- 1780. Battle of King's Mountain, October 7.
- 1784. President Jonesboro Convention, August 23.
Appointed Brigadier General of Militia of
Washington District, November.
- 1785. On record as opposed to further measures as
to a New State, January 2.
Took oath as Governor of Franklin, March 1
Concluded Indian Treaty, Autumn.
- 1786. United with Georgia against the Creeks,
September.
- 1787. "Brother member of the Cincinnati," February.
Term as Governor of Franklin expires,
March 1.

1787. Asks mediation of Georgia between North Carolina and Franklin, June 24.
1788. Captain-General of State of Franklin.
Warrant for High Treson; arrested at Jonesboro; rescued at Morganton.
Debarred from Office by Assembly of North Carolina, November 21.
1789. Elected to the Assembly of North Carolina by Greene County, August.
Former Act Repealed, Sevier allowed to take his seat in the Assembly and reinstated Brigadier General, November.
1790. Elected to Congress from Washington District, then embracing all present State of Tennessee, March.
First Representative of the Mississippi Valley.
United States accepted deed, what is now Tennessee ceased to be a part of North Carolina, April 2.
Took Seat in Congress, June 17.
Washington confirms Sevier as Brigadier-General for Washington District upon recommendation of Blount, Territorial Governor for Tennessee.
1796. County of Tennessee transfers its name to entire State.
- 1796-1801. Sevier became Governor of Tennessee, March 30.
- 1801-1803. Private Life.
- 1803-1809. Again Governor.
- 1811-1815. In Congress.
1815. Re-elected to Congress without his knowledge.
Died at Fort Decatur, Ala., Sept. 24.



Erected 1909, by the John Sevier, Bonny
Kate and Sycamore Shoals
Chapters, D. A. R.

FORT WATAUGA
1770

W 34





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