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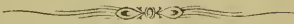
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BATTLE

AT

KING'S MOUNTAIN OCTOBER 7, 1780.



ON

PROPOSED CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OCTOBER 7, 1880.

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11-11
W. H. S. S.

PRINTED AT THE
OFFICE OF THE ENQUIRER,
YORKVILLE, S. C.

ORGANIZATION

OF THE

King's Mountain Centennial Association.

At a meeting of the citizens of King's Mountain and vicinity, on Saturday, May 24th, 1879, to take initiatory steps towards the celebration of the centennial of the battle of King's Mountain, Dr. J. W. Tracy was called to the chair; I. W. Garrett and W. A. Mauney were appointed secretaries. The chairman having explained the object of the meeting, Capt. W. T. R. Bell moved the appointment of a committee of five to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Capt. W. T. R. Bell, Dr. B. F. Dixon, P. S. Baker, W. A. Mauney and Dr. T. J. Walker were appointed. The committee presented the following resolutions, which were adopted :

Resolved, That this meeting is heartily in favor of celebrating the centennial of the battle of King's Mountain.

Resolved 2nd, That we will coöperate in all measures tending to secure that object.

Resolved 3rd, That as an initiative step it is recommended that a public meeting be held in the town of King's Mountain, to which our fellow citizens of the surrounding counties, both in North and South Carolina, be invited; that at said meeting it is recommended that a joint committee, composed equally of North and South Carolinians, be appointed to take in hand all correspondence and preliminary arrangements, and who shall constitute a standing committee for the purpose mentioned.

Resolved 4th, That Friday, the 25th day of July, 1879, is hereby appointed for said meeting, and we hereby call upon the counties of Cleveland, Gaston, Rutherford, Lincoln, Henderson, Polk and Mecklenburg, especially, in North Carolina, and York, Spartanburg, Lancaster and Union in South Carolina, to hold meetings, and send delegates to said meeting on the 25th of July.

Resolved 5th, That the secretaries of this meeting be instructed to request Senators Z. B. Vance and M. C. Butler to be present and address the meeting; also that similar invitations be extended to other prominent gentlemen in North and South Carolina.

Resolved 6th, That we cordially extend an invitation to all

citizens of whatever county or State, who are friendly to the object in view, to meet with us and participate in the proceedings of that meeting.

Resolved 7th. That the papers in Shelby, Lincolnton, Charlotte, Rock Hill, Yorkville, Spartanburg, Columbia and Raleigh, be requested to copy these resolutions.

W. T. R. BELL,
Dr. B. F. DIXON,
W. A. MAUNEY,
P. S. BAKER,
Dr. T. J. WALKER,
Committee.

P. S. Baker, W. A. Manney, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Walker, F. S. McGinnis, R. S. Sugg, Capt. Bell and I. W. Garrett, were appointed a local committee of arrangements for the meeting on July 25th.

The meeting adjourned.

I. W. GARRETT,
W. A. MAUNEY,
Secretaries.

In response to this invitation, delegates from North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, assembled at King's Mountain, N. C., on the 25th of July, 1879, and organized the King's Mountain Centennial Association by the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions, viz.:

Whereas, It has been the custom of the nations of the earth from time immemorial to commemorate, by their celebrations, the cardinal and illustrious events of their history; and

Whereas, we would celebrate the ever memorable period when, under a common flag and with a common hope and a common destiny, our forefathers gained one of the glorious victories that gave us liberty; therefore,

Resolved. That on the 7th of October, 1880, there be a centennial celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, held on the battle-ground.

Resolved. That we, the delegates from the States of Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina assembled, do hereby cordially invite all the sister States of the Union to unite and co-operate with us in this national celebration.

Resolved. That for the effectual celebration of said event, the following committees be appointed:

First. The King's Mountain Centennial Executive Committee, three of whom shall be designated by this meeting, as president, secretary and treasurer. Five of said committee shall constitute a quorum. Said committee shall meet at as early a day as practicable and give specific instructions to the committees hereinafter named.

Second. A committee on invitations and correspondence.

Third. A committee on ways and means.

Fourth. A committee on arrangements, consisting of the following sub-divisions :

(a.) A committee to collect the historic relics of King's Mountain battle-ground, and to secure in pamphlet form a sketch of the battle and of the prominent actors therein.

(b.) A committee to purchase a suitable monument.

(c.) A committee on preparation of the grounds.

(d.) A committee on application for troops to illustrate the plan of the battle.

(e.) A committee on police.

(f.) A committee on transportation.

These committees, as constituted by election at this meeting and by appointments at subsequent meetings, stand composed at present, as follows :

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Col. Asbury Coward, *President*, Yorkville, S. C. ; Capt. W. T. R. Bell, *Secretary*, King's Mountain, N. C. ; Capt. J. M. Ivy, *Treasurer*, Rock Hill, S. C. ; Governor A. H. Colquitt, Georgia ; Governor T. J. Jarvis, North Carolina ; Governor W. D. Simpson, South Carolina ; Governor A. S. Marks, Tennessee ; W. Waddy Thomson, Col. C. Petty, J. C. Chambers, Simpson Bobo, Gen. Johnstone Jones, C. R. Jones, Col. E. P. Howell, R. Y. McAden.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Hon. W. H. Wallace, *Chairman*, Union C. H., S. C. ; Col. B. McDowell, Dr. J. W. Tracy, I. W. Garrett, Dr. J. S. Lawton.

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS.

Hon. I. D. Witherspoon, *Chairman*, Yorkville, S. C.

FOR SOUTH CAROLINA—J. S. Bratton, E. G. Byers, J. S. R. Thomson, Col. Joseph Walker, Col. I. G. McKissick, Hon. T. B. Jeter, Hon. W. A. Walker, Giles J. Patterson, Maj. Thos. W. Woodward, George H. McMaster, Hon. J. D. Wylie, Gen. J. B. Erwin, Gen. John S. Preston, Rev. William Martin, Hon. W. A. Courtenay, Gen. Rudolph Seigling, Rev. Ellison Capers, W. C. Mauldin, Col. George D. Johnstone, Col. Y. J. Pope, Hon. R. P. Todd, Col. B. W. Ball, Hon. Samuel McGowan, Hon. J. H. Maxwell, Col. James Cothran, T. P. Mitchell, A. F. Ruff, Dr. S. W. Bookhart, Allen Bettis.

FOR NORTH CAROLINA—Col. Wm. Johnston, J. R. Falls, P. S. Baker, H. J. Allison, Joseph Cobb, Col. W. G. Morris, H. B. Huffstetler, Wm. Harroldson, G. W. Chalk, Jasper Stowe, A. W. Davenport, J. F. Leeper, F. W. Leeper, G. K. Tate, Col. T. W. Taylor, Dr. George S. Young, Dr. Jno. D. McLean, E. Childs,

R. T. Sandifer, L. C. Lemmons, Wm. McDowell, Noah Walker, Wm. H. Greene, P. B. Harmon, W. J. T. Miller, W. B. Stroude, J. B. Lattimore, H. F. Schenek, J. Z. Falls, Jr., W. H. Hall, Gen. Thos. F. Drayton, Hon. David Jenkins.

FOR GEORGIA--(To be supplied.)

FOR TENNESSEE--(To be supplied.)

FOR VIRGINIA--(To be supplied.)

COMMITTEE ON HISTORICAL RECORDS AND RELICS.

Rev. Robert Lathan, *Chairman*, Yorkville, S. C.; Col. — Moore, Dr. J. G. M. Ramsay, Hon. A. H. Stephens, Hon. B. F. Perry, Edward Cantwell, D. G. Stinson, A. Hardin, D. Seahorn, Prof. J. H. Carlisle, Rev. C. H. Wiley, John Sevier.

COMMITTEE ON MONUMENT.

A. E. Hutelison, *Chairman*, Rock Hill, S. C.; Dr. A. P. Campbell, Capt. F. G. Lathan, R. P. Waring, Dr. J. M. Miller.

COMMITTEE ON PREPARATION OF GROUNDS.

Dr. J. R. Logan, *Chairman*, Shelby, N. C.; Dr. A. F. Hambright, A. V. Falls, J. A. Deal, J. W. M. Harry, Freno Dilling, W. L. Goforth, Emanuel Patterson.

COMMITTEE ON TROOPS.

Col. J. P. Thomas, *Chairman*, Charlotte, N. C.; Hon. J. B. Gordon, Hon. Wade Hampton, Hon. M. W. Ransom, Hon. Z. B. Vance, Gen. E. W. Moise, Maj. C. Q. Petty, Col. Jas. H. Rion.

COMMITTEE ON POLICE.

Frank McGinnas, *Chairman*, North Carolina; R. H. Garrett, J. M. Hambright, Ira Hardin, R. E. Porter.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

Maj. W. J. Houston, *Chairman*, Atlanta, Ga.; W. A. Mauney, W. O. Wier, W. Holmes Hardin, Maj. A. B. Andrews, V. Q. Johnson, J. R. Ogden, Col. Henry Fink, A. Pope, E. H. Smith, J. R. McMurdo, D. Cardwell, B. W. Wrenn, D. C. Allen, James Mason.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NORTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
RALEIGH, January 29, 1880. }

Capt. W. T. R. BELL, King's Mountain, N. C.

MY DEAR SIR : Since writing you on the 19th instant, I have had a correspondence with Governor Marks, of Tennessee; copies of which I herein enclose.

I beg to suggest that at the first meeting of the Citizens' committee, which now has in charge the King's Mountain celebration, you lay before the committee this correspondence, and suggest to them the propriety of taking such steps as in their wisdom may seem best, looking to a participation of Tennessee and Virginia in the proposed celebration, and a co-operation with the committee suggested by Governor Marks.

I would further suggest that the Governors of South and North Carolina be requested to invite the Governor and people of Virginia to participate in the preliminary arrangements, and in the final grand celebration.

With renewed assurances of my readiness to co-operate in this patriotic work, I am, very truly yours,

THOS. J. JARVIS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 4th, 1880.

SIR : In compliance with the directions of the General Assembly of Tennessee, I have the honor to transmit to your Excellency, a copy of a joint resolution of that body suggesting a centennial celebration of "King's Mountain." As "King's Mountain" was the key to Yorktown, and Yorktown the key to American Independence, the General Assembly of Tennessee deemed it appropriate to suggest to her sister States, whose troops participated with hers in that interesting event, the propriety of its centennial celebration. You will observe that the proposed celebration is dependent upon the concurrence and co-operation of your Excellency. If approved by your Excellency, it is important that your approval be signified as soon as it may be done with convenience, in order that the preliminary steps for the

celebration may be taken without delay. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

ALBERT S. MARKS,
Governor of Tennessee.

To His Excellency, T. J. JARVIS, Governor of North Carolina.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION—No. 3.

Whereas the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain will occur on the 7th day of October next, in which the gallant soldiers from Tennessee (then a portion of North Carolina), Virginia, North and South Carolina participated, winning victory; and whereas, it is proper that we should commemorate their gallant deeds, and show to the world that we appreciate and cherish the great blessings of civil and religious liberty for which our forefathers so nobly struggled, therefore,

Be it Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that the Governor is hereby requested to communicate with the Governors of North and South Carolina and Virginia, for the purpose of inaugurating a movement to celebrate, on the grounds, the anniversary aforesaid.

Resolved, That should said celebration meet with the approval of the Governors of the aforesaid States, the Governor of Tennessee shall appoint a committee of ten—three from each grand division of the State, and one for the State at large—who shall meet similar committees at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the 22nd of June, 1880, for the purpose of making arrangements necessary for the celebration of the centennial of "King's Mountain."

Resolved, That the Historical Society of Tennessee, and the Historical Societies of the other States, if such there be, be and are hereby invited to co-operate in said celebration.

Adopted December 24, 1879.

J. R. NEAL, Speaker of the Senate.

H. P. FAWLKES, Speaker Ho. Reps.

Approved December 24, 1879.

ALBERT S. MARKS, Governor.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, N. C., January 26, 1880.

To His Excellency, ALBERT S. MARKS, Governor of Tennessee.

DEAR SIR: Your communication of the 21st, enclosing a copy of certain resolutions, recently adopted by the General Assembly of Tennessee, and approved by yourself, in relation to the celebration of the coming centennial anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, has been received.

It gives me great pleasure, I beg leave to assure your excellency, to see the interest manifested by yourself and the General Assembly of Tennessee in the proposed celebration. One

hundred years ago the Territory, whose people now so justly take pride in the name of Tennesseans, was fully as much a part of North Carolina as that which still bears the name. We were all North Carolinians then, and it is gratifying to know that though no longer one in name, and no longer one in territory, we are still one in affection, and one in admiration for the great achievements of our common ancestors, and in our determination, on suitable occasions, to make that admiration known to the world.

The success that befell the American arms on King's Mountain, a success achieved by Southern troops under Southern leaders, upon Southern soil, was the turning point in the war of the revolution. But for King's Mountain, there would have been no Guilford Court House, and without Guilford Court House, there could have been no Yorktown. It was the morning of the day that was to bring forth assured success, success that meant the vindication and establishment of the right of self-government, after a long night of despotism, despair and defeat. And that our forefathers bore so conspicuous a part in an achievement, so conspicuous for the brilliant genius of its conception and the grand daring of its execution, no less than for its magnificent and momentous consequences, we may well be proud, whether we call ourselves Tennesseans or North Carolinians.

It gives me pleasure, therefore, to inform you that measures have already been taken by the people of North and South Carolina also, looking to a proper observance of the centennial anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain on the very field upon which the battle was fought. On the 21st of next month a magnificent flag of mammoth size will be raised on the highest point of the battle field, there to remain, when and where various preliminary arrangements for the celebration will also be perfected.

In all our arrangements, however, the presence and participation of our brethren of Tennessee and of Virginia have been affectionately contemplated and anxiously anticipated.

I beg leave, therefore, to answer your excellency that I take great pleasure in signifying to you my approval of the proposed celebration, and that I will at once proceed to designate suitable gentlemen to meet in Charlotte on the 22nd of June next, then and there to confer with gentlemen of the committee appointed by yourself, and with the gentlemen of similar committees from South Carolina and Virginia. And, further, that from time to time, as an opportunity may offer, I will do everything in my power that may tend to make the centennial commensurate with the magnificent achievement it is intended to commemorate.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS J. JARVIS,
Governor of North Carolina.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 29, 1880.

To His Excellency ALBERT S. MARKS, Governor of Tennessee.

SIR: Your letter enclosing the resolution of the General Assembly of Tennessee, in which a centennial celebration of the

battle of King's Mountain, in this State, is suggested, and the concurrence and co-operation of the Executive of South Carolina is requested, has been received. I concur with you that "King's Mountain was the key to Yorktown and Yorktown the key to American Independence;" and, in the sentiment of one of the resolutions, I think it is proper that we should commemorate the gallant deeds of those who were conspicuous on those noble fields of the past, and thus "show to the world that we appreciate and cherish the great blessings of civil and religious liberty for which our forefathers so nobly struggled;" and I will with great pleasure co-operate in a movement which your General Assembly has inaugurated to this end.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
 W. D. SIMPSON, Governor.

RICHMOND, VA., February 10, 1880.

To His Excellency Gov. ALBERT S. MARKS. *

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 21st of January last, inclosing a resolution of the General Assembly of Tennessee, in relation to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of King's Mountain, came safely.

I have delayed answering it, hoping that I could, before this, get a resolution from the General Assembly of Virginia, now in session; but the committee before whom I laid the papers, by reason of the great press of business, have not as yet acted. I, therefore, will respond now and send you whatever action may be taken by the Legislature in the future.

I need hardly say that the celebration proposed meets with my cordial sympathy and approval, and I hope will be a great success. With high regard, yours very truly,

FRED. W. M. HOLIDAY,
 Governor of Virginia.

LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENTS.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S APPROPRIATION.

AN ACT TO MAKE APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE PER DIEM AND MILEAGE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, AND THE SALARIES OF THE SUBORDINATE OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES THEREOF, FOR THE EXTRA SESSION COMMENCING FEBRUARY 10TH, 1880, AND OTHER OFFICERS AND MATTERS THEREIN NAMED.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That

* * * * *

SEC. 7. The sum of one thousand dollars be appropriated in aid of the centennial celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, October 7th, 1880, to be paid the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the association in charge of said celebration upon the warrant of the Comptroller-General.

Approved February 20, 1880.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

JOINT RESOLUTION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Whereas efforts are being made to have a national celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain on the 7th day of October, 1880;

And whereas, it is deemed a proper occasion for the American people to commemorate their appreciation of the privileges of civil and religious liberty resulting from this memorable struggle; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Senate of South Carolina, the House of Representatives concurring, that the senators and members of the House of Representatives from South Carolina in Congress be, and they are hereby, requested to exert their influence to procure from Congress, at its present session, an appropriation in

aid of the proposed centennial celebration of the battle of King's Mountain.

Resolved further, that the Secretary of State, do furnish the senators and members of the House of Representatives from South Carolina in Congress, with certified copies of this concurrent resolution as early as practicable.

NORTH CAROLINA'S APPROPRIATION.

RESOLUTION RELATING TO THE CENTENNIAL OF THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

WHEREAS, The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain will occur on the 7th day of October next, in which the gallant men of Tennessee (then a portion of North Carolina,) Virginia, North and South Carolina, participated, winning victory; and

WHEREAS, It is proper that we, the children, should suitably commemorate and show to the world that we appreciate the gallant deeds of our forefathers, and cherish the great blessings of civil and religious liberty for which they so nobly struggled and so heroically won, by erecting a suitable monument to mark the spot where, in the arms of victory, many of our patriot forefathers sacrificed their lives in defence of our Commonwealth; therefore,

Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That the Governor of this State be and he is hereby authorized to expend out of any moneys in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, a sum not exceeding fifteen hundred dollars, to aid in the erection of a suitable monument on the battle ground of King's Mountain, and defray other expenses in commemorating that event.

Ratified the 27th day of March, 1880.

RESOLUTION BY THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

JOINT RESOLUTION BY THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

The General Assembly of Tennessee having on the twenty-fourth day of December, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, passed certain resolutions having for their object the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, which will occur on the seventh day of October next, and the Governor of Tennessee having transmitted to the Governor of this Commonwealth a copy of said resolutions, and requested his co-operation with the Governors of Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina in inaugurating a movement for such celebration, and the same subject having been brought informally to the attention of this house; therefore,

1. Be it *Resolved* by the House of Delegates, the Senate

concurring, that the General Assembly of Virginia sympathizes with the sentiment which prompted the movement referred to for commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, in which Virginians, with their compatriots from Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina, gained a victory which was the turning point in the conflict for freedom on this continent, and the sure prelude to the final act of surrender at Yorktown ; and that the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to give such co-operation in said movement as may be proper ; provided that no charge on this Commonwealth shall be incurred without previous authority of law therefor.

Approved February 19, 1880.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.*

"O heaven," they said, "our bleeding country save
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
What though destruction sweep these lovely plains!
Rise fellow men! Our country yet remains:
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live; for her to die."

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURE OF HOPE.

THE year seventeen hundred and eighty was the darkest period in the Revolutionary struggle. From the mountains to the seaboard, a gloom rested upon the whole country. For five years the colonies, against fearful odds, had been battling for freedom. The country was overrun, its treasury was empty, and its soldiers were hungry and naked. From the hills of Massachusetts to the savannas of Georgia, a darkness that could be both seen and felt, enveloped the land. This was especially the case in South Carolina and Georgia. From the repulse of Sir Peter Parker, on the 28th of June, 1776, until the autumn of 1779, South Carolina, although in open and determined rebellion against the mother country, enjoyed comparative peace. Supplies of arms and munitions of war, together with food and clothing for the army, were landed by different nations of Europe at Charleston. From this point, these army stores, together with rice and other products of the fields of South Carolina, were transported, by wagon trains, as far north as New Jersey. During this period, South Carolina grew and flourished, notwithstanding the existence of war.

In the autumn of 1778, the scene began to change. Col. Campbell was sent from New York, by Sir Henry Clinton, to reduce Savannah, the capital of Georgia. On the 29th of December, Gen. Howe was forced to capitulate. Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, and South Carolina now became a border State, exposed to the active military operations of the enemy. A bloody struggle was made, near a year afterward, for the recovery of

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Robert Lathan and L. M. Grist, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C. 17

Savannah, but it proved unsuccessful. It soon became evident that the British were determined to capture Charleston. Prevost, in May, 1779, had attempted to take the city by siege, but his plans were frustrated by the adroitness of Gov. Rutledge and the military prowess of General Moultrie.

On the 26th of December, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton, with the larger part of his army, sailed from New York for the South. In January of the following year, he landed on the coast of Georgia. He had but one object in view, and that was to crush the rebellion in all the Southern colonies. His purpose was to begin at the southern extremity and go northward, leaving the country in his rear in complete and absolute, if not willing, submission to the British government. The first thing to be done to effect his purpose, was the reduction of Charleston. On the 10th of February, he set out from Savannah to accomplish the cherished purpose of his heart. He was successful. Whether all was done that could have been done to save the city, or not, we shall not here inquire. Perhaps it would have been wise, under the existing circumstances, not to have attempted its defense. The attempt, however, was made. Sir Henry Clinton commenced and carried on the siege with as much respect to the rules of military science, as if he had been conducting the siege of an old walled town. Reduced almost to starvation, and poorly provided for every way to stand a siege, the defenders of the city, after a close siege of nearly eight weeks, capitulated on the 12th of May, 1780. The terms of the surrender were hard, and the conduct of the British commander afterward, was calculated to cast a gloom over the patriots. The civil government of Britain was established in the city, and plans were laid for establishing it over the whole State. Everything was done that could be done, to encourage the tories and loyalists and dishearten the patriots.

Early in June, Clinton and the fleet sailed for New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis to complete the establishing of civil government in the State. He commenced his march northward. Parties were sent out in all directions to disperse the patriots and gather up the tories and loyalists with which to swell his ranks. This was not enough. He determined to force those who, from the results of the war, were resting quietly at home, to take up arms against their friends and against the cause which they loved. Lord Cornwallis soon found that the country still remained, and there were many who had sworn for it to live and for it to die. In South Carolina, there was not then a regularly organized American army. There were small parties of men, in

almost every section of the State, who disputed every inch of ground with Cornwallis. Still he pushed on. Tories and loyalists flocked to his standard, and many who, heretofore, had been regarded as good Whigs, sought British protection. The country was full of tories and British. Property was destroyed, old men and children were abused and cursed, and women insulted. Many, in despondency, gave up the cause as hopeless. Calamity after calamity fell upon the afflicted country. On the 16th of August, General Gates, the hero of Saratoga, was defeated and his army routed near Camden. Two days after, the brave Sumter was surprised at Fishing Creek, by Tarleton, and his command scattered.

Such was the general condition of things in South Carolina and Georgia. Many brave men had hidden themselves beyond the mountains, that, like Alfred of old, they might emerge from these mountain fastnesses and rout the invading foe. These voluntary exiles received a welcome from the patriots of Watanga and Nollichucky. There they met Isaac Shelby and John Sevier. Amongst those refugees was Colonel Clarke, of Georgia, with about one hundred of his overpowered, but not subdued men. These refugees told the tales of suffering which they had seen in the States of Georgia and South Carolina. Their stories aroused the patriotism and stirred the spirits of the hardy pioneers of the forest.

After the defeat of Gates at Camden, Cornwallis, as had been done by his predecessor, Clinton, proceeded at once to establish civil government in the upper section of the State. Tarleton and Ferguson were ordered to scour the State. The object was to beat up the tories and loyalists and disperse the Whigs. Ferguson, with about one thousand loyalists and one hundred and ten regulars, had been in the Ninety-Six District for some time, and portions of his command had been, on several occasions, badly cut up by the Whigs. Patrick Ferguson was a Major in the British army, and Brigadier General of the Royal Militia of South Carolina. The second officer in his command was Captain DePeyster, a loyalist. The Whig colonels, McDowell, Sevier, Shelby, Williams and Clarke, were known to frequent this section of the State. The fact that small detachments of tories had been attacked and routed by the bold partisans, greatly incensed the British officer. Meetings of the tories and loyalists were held throughout the Ninety-Six District. Those who claimed to be tories or loyalists, were threatened with severe punishment if they did not take up arms and assist his majesty's troops in putting down the rebellion. Ferguson now found that the rebellion,

which Clinton and his successor, Cornwallis, thought was crushed out, was stalking over the land like a giant. Whigs, tories and loyalists, found that each party was in earnest, and a desperate effort must be made, or all would be lost.

On the 18th of August—the day on which Sumter was surprised by Tarleton at Fishing Creek—Col. McDowell was encamped at Smith's Ford on Broad River. He had learned that a party of tories, near five hundred in number, were encamped at Musgrove's Mill, on the south side of Enoree River. Colonels Williams, Shelby and Clarke, were detached for the purpose of surprising them. It was a dangerous undertaking, for Ferguson was encamped, with his whole force, midway between McDowell and the tories. At sun set, the party moved, and by taking a right hand road, passed Ferguson's camp in safety. The tories were commanded by Col. Innis and Major Frazer. Shelby, Williams and Clarke, arrived at the tory camp just at day-light. The attack was made, and although the tories had been reinforced by six hundred regulars under Innis, a complete victory was gained. Flushed with victory, the conquerors determined to make an attack upon Ninety-Six. Just at this moment a courier arrived, bringing the sad news that General Gates had been defeated on the 16th at Camden. They were urged by McDowell to make no delay, lest they should be captured by Ferguson. They had more than two hundred prisoners. The men were tired, and so were their horses. The prisoners were divided out amongst the men, giving every three men two prisoners. After they were completely out of the reach of Ferguson, Shelby went home, leaving Clarke and Williams in charge of the prisoners. Col. Clarke having accompanied Col. Williams for a short distance after the departure of Shelby, took his command and returned home, leaving Col. Williams in charge of the prisoners, by whom they were taken to Hillsborough, North Carolina. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, who, at this time, was in Hillsborough, seeing Williams in charge of so many prisoners and supposing that he had been the principal actor in the affair, immediately gave him a Brigadier General's commission as a reward for his supposed brave and heroic exploit.

McDowell, so soon as he heard that Gates was defeated, broke up his camp at Smith's Ford and marched for the mountains. His command was scattered. Some of his men went home, whilst others accompanied their commander beyond the mountains. Ferguson was left in full possession of the field. The Whigs were plundered of their property and driven from their homes. Many

of them were forced to hide out in unfrequented spots, whilst not a few were caught and cruelly murdered. The brave and enterprising British officer pushed his way as far as Gilbert Town, near the present site of Rutherfordton, in North Carolina. South Carolina was now under the paw of the British lion. Some crouched and begged for quarter; but there were a few noble spirits—enough to save the country—who had sworn for their country to live, and for her to die. Ferguson was not ignorant of this fact. He knew the history of those men who were beyond the mountains. He knew that their ancestors, for more than two hundred years, had been fighting for freedom, and he saw that the wilds of America had strengthened the love of liberty in their children. He knew that they were Scotch-Irish and Huguenots by descent. He knew that they could be crushed into the earth, that they could be torn limb from limb, that they could be buried beneath the earth, but he feared their very dust.

He had his spies in the mountain country, and from them he had learned what was going on in the valleys of Nollichucky and Watauga. These spies often brought him the startling news that their fellows were caught and hanged, while others were tarred and suffered to return as a taunt to their champion leader. Ferguson raged. He cursed the rebels for their daring, and he cursed the tories and loyalists for their want of courage.

While Colonel Ferguson lay at Gilbert Town, he paroled Samuel Phillips, a patriot, whom he held as a prisoner, and sent him with a threatening message to the back mountain men. The purport of this message was, that if these patriots in Watauga and Nollichucky did not lay down their arms and submit to the King of England, he would come over the mountain and hang the last one of them. This was not a mere boast. He contemplated doing what he said. Ferguson was no idle boaster. No sooner had Samuel Phillips delivered his message, than the horrors of past generations loomed up before the eyes of the patriots of Watauga and Nollichucky. The blood of John Sevier and Isaac Shelby was stirred. Sevier was eloquent under the impulse of a holy resentment, and the brow of Shelby was knit with indignation, and his whole countenance indicated stern defiance. These noble men at once concluded that they would thwart Ferguson in his bloody purpose, and if there was any hanging to be done, they would do it.

The plan for raising a sufficient number of men to accomplish their purpose was soon devised. To Sevier was assigned the duty of communicating with McDowell and the other officers who

were then in voluntary exile beyond the mountains. Shelby assumed, as his part of the work, the writing of a letter to Col. William Campbell, of Washington county, Virginia. The letter was written. The threat of Ferguson was stated, and the plan for his destruction revealed. In this letter Campbell was earnestly requested to coöperate. This letter was placed in the hands of Moses Shelby, a brother of Isaac, and duly delivered. Colonel Campbell declined to render his assistance, stating that his intentions were to assist in preventing Cornwallis from reaching Virginia. This message was returned by Moses Shelby. Colonel Shelby immediately wrote another letter to Col. Campbell, in which he urged him, more strongly, to lend his assistance. Although Campbell was as firm and unyielding as a mountain, still he was not blind to reason or deaf to the calls of duty. He sent Shelby word that he would come and bring his whole command. This was more than was expected. The place of general rendezvous was Sycamore Shoal, on the Watauga; the time, the twenty-fifth of September.

At the appointed time, the entire inhabitants of the back mountain region assembled at Sycamore Shoal, and Campbell, with his Virginians, was there. Everybody was in earnest. There were no gay uniforms; no costly plumes; no long trains of baggage wagons; no ambulances; no surgeon; no chaplain. Officers and men were clad in suits made by their wives, mothers and sisters, and each man intended for the expedition was armed with a faithful Deckhard rifle.*

All assembled; but all dare not leave the settlement. The Cherokee Indians were on the borders, watching an opportunity to descend with the torch and tomahawk upon the neighborhood. On the morning of the 26th of September, preparations were made for the advance. To victory or to death, was the feeling of every breast. They were rough men externally, but they had brave and tender hearts. Charles McDowell moved amongst the multitude with all the grace and ease of nobility. John Sevier was full of impulse and an energy which never tired. Isaac Shelby had little to say. His knit brow meant speedy action. William Campbell showed, by his stern dignity, that he was born to be free. The officers proposed, before they set out, that the company be called together and the divine blessing be asked. A prayer,

* In its day, the Deckhard rifle was as famous as is the Enfield rifle of the present time. It was made in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and bore the name of its maker. The barrel was three feet and six inches long, and carried a ball which weighed about one fourth of an ounce. The gun usually weighed about seven pounds, was trained with great care, and in the hand of a frontiersman, was a deadly weapon.

solemn and appropriate, being offered up, the party designed for the expedition mounted their horses, and the rest returned to their homes. With anxious hearts did these wait until the result was heard.

The troops left Sycamore Shoal on the twenty-sixth. They were all mounted and unencumbered by baggage of any kind whatever. They expected to support themselves, on the way, by their rifles, or by forcing the Tories to feed them and their horses. The force consisted of one thousand and forty men, as follows: From Burke and Rutherford counties, North Carolina, Col. McDowell, 160 men. From Washington county, North Carolina, (now Tennessee) Col. John Sevier, 240 men. From Sullivan county, North Carolina, (now Tennessee) Col. Isaac Shelby, 240 men. From Washington county, Virginia, Col. William Campbell, 400 men.

The Sycamore Shoal is near the head of the Watunga. From this point, they pursued nearly an eastern direction, across the Yellow Mountain; afterward their course was nearly south. The first night they spent at Matthew Tolbot's mill. The second day, two of their men deserted and went ahead to the enemy. On the 30th of September they reached the foot of the mountain on the east side. Here they were joined by three hundred and fifty men from Wilkes and Surry counties, under the command of Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and Major Joseph Winston. Cleveland and Winston were keeping themselves concealed that they might join in with any party going against the enemy. The first of October—the second day after the junction with Cleveland—was so wet that it was thought advisable not to move. Ferguson was thought to be at Gilbert Town, and as the guns in those days were all flint and steel locks, it was indiscreet to approach an enemy with wet guns.

Up to this time there was no commanding officer. Shelby perceived that there was a great defect in their organization, and, during the rain, called a council of the officers. They were now in Col. Charles McDowell's region, and advancing against an enemy with which he had lately been contending. He was, moreover, the senior officer, and it was natural that he would be expected to take the command of the whole. No one doubted Charles McDowell's patriotism or bravery; but it was thought that he was not the man to command a partisan corps on an enterprise like that in which they were at that time engaged. Shelby proposed William Campbell as commander-in-chief for the present, and that a messenger be sent to headquarters, wherever that might be, for a commanding officer, who should take charge

of the whole corps. This proposition was readily assented to by all, and Col. Chas. McDowell volunteered to go to headquarters after a general officer, and his brother, Joseph McDowell, took command of his men until he would return.

Here, for a time, let us leave these patriotic mountain men, until we can bring up the other forces who were prominent actors in the battle of King's Mountain. After Sumter's defeat at Fishing Creek, on the 18th of August, he and Col. Edward Lacy, with a small portion of Sumter's command, passed over into Mecklenburg, North Carolina. They camped on Clem's Branch. Lacy was sent by Sumter into York and Chester counties, to gather up the Irish of that region, who were known to be true Whigs, and also to collect all that he could of Sumter's army that was scattered at Fishing Creek.

After Lacy's return to Sumter's encampment, on Clem's Branch, Col. James Williams, who, as we have seen, was made a Brigadier-General by Governor Rutledge shortly after the battle of Musgrove's Mill, arrived in camp, and having shown his commission, claimed the authority to take command of all the South Carolina troops in that section. On the 8th of September, Williams had been ordered, or rather "requested," by Abner Nash, Governor of North Carolina, "to go into Caswell county and such other counties as he might think proper, and raise a body of volunteer horsemen, not to exceed one hundred." With these and a few other troops, Williams came to Sumter's camp, on Clem's Branch. The South Carolina soldiers of Sumter's command positively refused to submit to Williams as a general. They preferred Sumter. The main objection that the soldiers had against Williams was, that having at one time been the commissary of Sumter's command, he had acted in some way or other so as to gain the ill will and even the hatred of many of the men. What the facts in the case were, it is impossible, at this late date, to learn with sufficient accuracy to warrant us in saying who was to blame, Williams or the men. No doubt, both were, to some extent, in the fault. Be this as it may, a difficulty sprung up between Sumter and Williams, and but for the presence of the enemy, it might have ended in something serious.

Whilst the difficulty was pending, it was learned that Rawdon and Tarleton, with a large force, were making preparations for attacking them. It was concluded by both parties, that they would cross the Catawba River at Bigger's Ferry (now Wright's.) Having crossed the river, a council of officers was called to settle the difficulty. Col. William Hill, who was wounded at the battle of

Hanging Rock, was made chairman of this council. Whilst the council was discussing the matter, Rawdon and Tarleton appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and commenced firing at them across the river. It was evident that the enemy would not allow them time to look into the matter, and their existence depended upon perfect harmony among themselves. It was agreed to refer the whole matter, with all the facts in the case, to Governor Rutledge, then at Hillsborough, North Carolina. In the meantime, however, Sumter was to retire from the army until the decision of Rutledge was heard. Williams would remain in command of his North Carolina troops, and Colonels Hill and Lacy would take command of the South Carolina troops.

Colonels Winn, Middleton, Thomas and Hampton, were sent as commissioners to Governor Rutledge; and Lacy and Hill, in the hope of forming a junction with General William Davidson, led the army up the Catawba, and crossed at Tuckaseege Ford. Governor Nash, of North Carolina, had instructed Colonel Williams (then General) to proceed in any direction and operate against the enemy. His instructions were very general, leaving the whole matter to the discretion of Williams himself. While the army, consisting of about four hundred and fifty men, then under the command of Hill, Lacy and Williams, were on the east side of Catawba River, in the neighborhood of Tuckaseege Ford, Williams' scouts brought the information that a body of back-mountain men were already on the east side of the mountain, on their way to fight Ferguson. They immediately crossed the Catawba, at Beattie's Ford, with the intention of going in pursuit of Ferguson. Here they were joined by Majors Graham and Hambricht, with about seventy-five men, and not long afterwards by Colonels Hammond and Roebuck, and Majors Chronicle and Hawthorne, with about sixty men.

Williams had his scouts out watching Ferguson. He was the more prompt in doing this, from the fact that his home was on Little River, in what is now Laurens county. This territory was embraced in Ferguson's field of operations. A consultation was held by Williams, Hill, Lacy, Roebuck, Graham, Hammond, Hambricht, Brannon, Hawthorne and Chronicle, as to what should be done. It was at once determined that a messenger should be sent to communicate with the back-mountain men, to inform them with regard to Ferguson's movements and his place of encampment, and to make arrangements for the coöperation of the two forces. Colonel Edward Lacy, whose home was a few miles northwest of the present town of Chester, and who owned

a large amount of the lands on which the town of Chester is built, was chosen as the messenger. It was a good choice. Lacy was recklessly brave, and although a rough man, still, a man of good address. He was a sterling Whig. It turned out that the two camps were, at that time, sixty miles apart; but Lacy never stopped a moment until, late at night, he reached the camp of Campbell. This was on the night of the 4th of October. Lacy was seized by the patrolling party, and, without ceremony, blindfolded. He asked to be taken, without delay, to the commander's quarters. He was at first regarded by all as a spy, and had he not been a true Whig, and shown it by every word and action, he would have paid the penalty in a few minutes.

That day, Campbell and his mountain men had reached Gilbert Town, and finding Ferguson had decamped, and learning that he was gone to Ninety-Six, which had lately been repaired and reinforced, a council of war had been held but a short time before Lacy arrived, and it was concluded to abandon the chase. Lacy then informed them that Ferguson was in the neighborhood of Cherokee Ford—that he was not aiming to reach Ninety-Six; but his point of destination was Charlotte, North Carolina. They were urged to annul the previous resolution of the night, and meet the troops under Williams, Hill and other leaders, at a place called the Cowpens, on the 6th. This was done, and after Lacy had fed his horse, eaten a supper of what the partisan camp could afford, and enjoyed a few hours' sleep on the ground, he was up and away to join his command, which was now on its way to the Cowpens.

Let us leave the two armies and trace the movements of Colonel Ferguson. On the 4th of October—the day that Campbell and his men arrived at Gilbert Town—Ferguson had broken up his camp. The two deserters from Campbell's command had informed him of what was going on. He knew the men he had to deal with. He had met some of them before. Wisely, he concluded that his safety depended on getting out of their way. It would not be true to say that Col. Ferguson was frightened, for no braver man ever lived or fought or died on a battle-field; but he most assuredly felt that he was in a critical situation. Cornwallis had already perceived the danger with which Ferguson was surrounded, and had ordered him to join him at Charlotte. Ferguson now saw that it would require all his skill to reach that point. On breaking up his camp at Gilbert Town, he sent two Tories—Abe Collins and Peter Quinn—to Cornwallis at Charlotte, to inform that officer of his critical situation and to request aid.

The messengers were hindered on the way by the presence of the Whigs in the neighborhood, and did not reach Charlotte until the 7th; consequently, the aid was not received. Ferguson, on leaving Gilbert Town, made the impression that he was going to Ninety-Six, and when Campbell and his party arrived at Gilbert Town, they were told that Ferguson was distant fifty or sixty miles. This was a feint. On the fourth of October, Ferguson camped at the Cowpens, about twenty miles from Gilbert Town. On the 5th, he crossed Broad River at Tate's Ferry, near where the Air-Line Railroad now crosses Broad River, and spent the night about a mile above the ferry. On the 6th, he pushed on up the ridge road between King's Creek and Buffalo Creek, until he came to the fork near Whitaker Station, on the Air-Line Railroad. There he took the right prong, leading across King's Creek, through a pass in the mountain, and on in the direction of Yorkville. Here, a short distance after crossing King's Creek, on the right of the road, about two hundred and fifty yards from the pass in the mountain, on an eminence which he claimed, in honor of his majesty, to have called King's Mountain,* and which still retains the name, he encamped, determined to remain until his reinforcements from Cornwallis would arrive.

From Gilbert Town to King's Mountain, he evidently was retreating. He felt that he had a terrible foe to deal with. He begged, he entreated the tories and loyalists to turn out and render him assistance. Finding that gentle measures accomplished nothing, he threatened to hang them if they did not shoulder their muskets and march against the rebels. His threats were as unavailing as his entreaties. On arriving at King's Mountain, he granted some of the royalists and tories permission to go into the surrounding country for the purpose of beating up recruits.

The inhabitants of the region surrounding King's Mountain, were, with a few exceptions, tories. These recruiting officers of Ferguson went to plundering their Whig neighbors. Instead of hunting up recruits for the King's army, they went to robbing the gardens and killing the hogs of the Whigs in the community. Here, strongly posted on King's Mountain, let us, for a short time, leave Col. Ferguson.

Before sunrise on the morning of the 6th of October, the forces under Colonel Campbell were ordered to march. The immediate point of destination was the Cowpens. The whole

* Notwithstanding this declaration of Colonel Ferguson, it is probable that King's Mountain was so called from a man by the name of King, who lived in the neighborhood. From the same individual, it is probable that King's Creek derived its name.

of the night previous had been spent in selecting from his entire force, which now numbered about three thousand, the best men, the best horses and the best guns. The number selected was nine hundred and ten. These were ordered to advance rapidly in pursuit of the foe, whilst the remainder were to follow leisurely. Before sundown, they reached the Cowpens. There they found Col. Hambright and Major Chronicle, with sixty North Carolinians from Tryon county, and Col. James Williams with near two thousand South Carolinians. From these, nine hundred and thirty-three were selected to join the nine hundred and ten under Col. Campbell, in pursuit of Col. Ferguson.* Many of the officers were without commands, occupying simply the position of men in ranks. It was raining and dark, but all were enthusiastic. They had set out to find Ferguson, and find him they would. An hour was given the troops to rest, during which time two beeves were killed; but the time was so short that some of the men did not get a mouthful prepared. There were several bands of Tories in the neighborhood, whom they could have easily captured, but they were in search of Ferguson, and they let the Tories alone, although it was known that these Tories were to join Ferguson the next day. By eight o'clock every man was in the saddle and on the trail of Ferguson. It rained all night, and was dark. The guide got lost for a time. The men, in order to keep their guns dry, wrapped them up with their over-coats and blankets when they had them, and with their hunting shirts when these were wanting. On the morning of the 7th, just before sunrise, they reached Broad River, about a mile and a half below Cherokee Ford, expecting to find Ferguson on the east bank. They crossed the river and marched up its bank, and soon came to Ferguson's camp of the night of the 5th. Here a halt was made, and those who had anything to eat, eat it, and those who had nothing did without. The delay was only for a moment. Although hungry,

* It is not very easy to determine, with any degree of certainty, the exact number of Americans actually engaged at the battle of King's Mountain. The Western army, that is, that portion of the forces, commanded by Campbell, Shelby, Sevier and Cleveland, numbered, on the 5th of October, about three thousand. Of this number, nine hundred and ten, both Campbell and Shelby say, were selected to pursue Ferguson. The South Carolinians, which according to Col. Hill amounted to near two thousand, were made up of individuals who had joined the army in its march from Bigger's Ferry, in York county, to the Cowpens in Spartanburg county. Before King's Mountain was reached, a very large number of the men had fallen behind. Some of the companies had lost their way, and it is almost certain that not more than one thousand men were in the fight. In fact, one account puts the number at about seven hundred. This, we think, too small. It is a fact that the men were coming in during the whole of the fight. Countrymen having learned what was going on, mounted their horses, bare-backed, and some of them took their horses from the plow, and without taking time to lay off the harness, mounted and rushed to the scene of action, having no arms but their squirrel guns. The number of men selected for the enterprise was much greater than the number engaged in the battle, and many were in it, who had not been selected. They had come of their own accord and fought in true partisan style.

wet and tired, they pushed on with as much zeal as if the search had just commenced. Ferguson's trail was fresh, and they knew that they would soon see who would do the hanging! For a distance of twelve miles, they saw no one but their own party, and learned nothing of Ferguson's whereabouts. When they had gone about twelve miles, after crossing Broad River, the advance party met some persons coming from Ferguson's camp. At the same time, a boy about fourteen years old, by the name of John Fonderin, was found in an old field. The boy said his brother was in Ferguson's camp. The story of the men and boy agreed, and from them it was learned that Ferguson's camp was only three miles distant. The location was accurately described by these men and young Fonderin, and the intentions of Ferguson learned. A dispatch, which he had sent to Cornwallis for aid, was afterward intercepted. From this his force was learned, and also what he thought about being able to defend himself. In that dispatch he boastingly, or rather profanely, we should say, declared that such was the nature of the place he had chosen for a camp, "that all the rebels out of hell could not drive him from it." This dispatch, with the exception of the statement of the number of Ferguson's force, was read aloud to the men. The officers held a consultation on horse-back, and concluded upon the mode of attack.

It was agreed that since Campbell had come the greatest distance, and had brought the largest number of men, that he should be the commander in chief. It was now past twelve o'clock. The rain had ceased, the clouds had passed away, and the sun was shining brightly. The pursuers of Ferguson had followed his trail from eight o'clock on the previous night, and now they were within four miles of his camp. The order was given "to tie up over-coats and blankets, throw priming out of pans, pick touch holes, prime anew, examine bullets, and see that everything is in readiness for battle." They were now within sight of the object for which some of them had been in search for nearly two weeks. They were fully aware of the kind of foe they had to encounter—a brave man and a cool officer. They had to face British regulars, who would rush upon them with bayonets; and Tories who knew it was victory or death. On they went, determined still to be free or die. They ascended an eminence on the western side of the mountain, and Ferguson's camp was in full view. They dismounted and tied their horses and prepared for the conflict. The mode of attack determined upon was to surround the mountain and pour in a deadly fire upon the enemy from all sides at the same time.

King's Mountain, upon which Col. Ferguson was encamped, is a spur of the Blue Ridge. It is a narrow, oval shaped knoll, having the direction of the Blue Ridge, and terminates abruptly at its northern extremity. It is covered with a kind of slate stone. The ridge, which is about one hundred and twenty feet above the ravines by which it is surrounded, and about a mile long, is not more than thirty yards wide, and the sides, especially on the north, are precipitous. It is situated in York county, South Carolina, about a mile and a half from the North Carolina line. Many of the men in Col. Williams' command were Whigs from the surrounding country. They had left their hiding places when, in the language of an old Revolutionary war song, "Old Williams came from Hillsborough, they flocked to him again." These men understood the nature of the ground accurately. They had hunted deer on the same place frequently. In view of this fact, the guides for the other troops were chosen from Williams' men.

When the exact location of Ferguson's camp was learned, the army of pursuers marched in four columns. Col. Campbell's regiment, with part of Cleveland's regiment, commanded by Major Winston, formed the right centre; Col. Shelby's regiment, the left centre. Col. Sevier's regiment composed the right wing; and the troops under Col. Williams and the remainder of Col. Cleveland's regiment, commanded by himself, formed the left wing.

On arriving in full view of the enemy, and having tied their horses and leaving a small guard to watch them, the troops commanded by Shelby, Sevier, McDowell, Campbell and Winston, were ordered to file to the right and pass round the enemy's camp on the mountain. Those under Cleveland, Chronicle, Hambright and Williams, were to file to the left and pass round. Both parties were to continue their march, without firing, until they met. Then the enemy's camp would be completely surrounded. The order was then to face toward the enemy, raise the Indian war-whoop, and rush forward upon the foe.

It was near three o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th of October, 1780. The destiny of American liberty was in the hands of a few undisciplined militia. It never was in better hands than when it was entrusted to those brave men who fought and bled and died and won the victory over Col. Ferguson on King's Mountain. The order is given to march. On they go, with the steadiness of veterans. Every order is executed with as much promptness as if they had been trained regulars.

The British commenced to fire upon Shelby's men as the right wing passed round the mountain. McDowell returned the fire, and the action became general. The keen crack of the deadly Deckhard rifle, and the Indian war-whoop, heard all round the enemy's camp, announced that every man was in his place. Ferguson ordered his regulars to charge upon the right wing of the Whigs. This drove McDowell, Shelby and Campbell back : but at this very moment Chronicle, Hambright, Cleveland and Williams had ascended the opposite extremity of the mountain and driven the British and Tories behind their wagons. Ferguson was here himself. His men were falling on all sides. He immediately sent for DePeyster, who had led the charge against McDowell, Shelby and Campbell. As DePeyster passed back along the ridge, the South Carolinians, under Williams, poured in a deadly fire upon him. His ranks were soon thinned and the regulars thrown into confusion. They, however, immediately rallied and made a dreadful push against Chronicle and Cleveland, driving them down the mountain. Here Chronicle was killed. The charge of the British upon the left of the Whigs was mistaken by the right under Shelby, McDowell and Campbell, for a retreat, and the shout was raised, "Huzza, boys, they are retreating. Come on." On, on, the left wing of the Whigs, in solid phalanx, rushed upon the enemy. Ferguson was now forced to meet the right wing. The left wing, as the right wing before had done, mistook the charge of the British for a retreat, faced about and rushed upon, as they thought, the retreating foe. Thus each charge of the enemy was mistaken by the Whigs on the opposite side for a retreat. Ferguson galloped back and forth along his lines, encouraging his men with entreaties and with curses. In spite of all his skill and the desperate courage of his men, his ground was taken from him and he was forced to occupy a small portion of the ridge near the northern extremity. He ordered his cavalry to mount ; but this move proved unavailing. The men were shot down as soon as they mounted. He prepared for a last and desperate charge. The Tories were ordered to sharpen the handles of their butcher knives and fasten them in the muzzles of their guns, and, with the British regulars, charge upon the rebels. This also was of no avail. The Whigs were all around them, and confusion was in the British camp. DePeyster hoisted a white flag. Ferguson pulled it down. DePeyster raised it at the other extremity of the British camp. Ferguson saw it and darted, at the full gallop, and, with his sword, cut it down, swearing that he would never surrender to militia. He had been wounded in the hand, but in

this wounded hand he bore a silver whistle, whose shrill sound inspired courage in the already vanquished. A ball from some unknown rifle threw the hero from his charger, and DePeyster again hoisted a white flag.

The tories and British ceased firing, but the Whigs, either not understanding the import of a white flag, or knowing that it had been hoisted twice before and was pulled down, continued to fire. The officers ordered their men to cease firing; but the blood of the Whigs was warm and fire they would. Col. Shelby then ordered the British to lay down their arms, and the men would understand this as a sign that they surrendered. This was done, and the British were ordered to leave their guns, most of which were loaded, and march to another place. The Whigs then marched up and took possession of the enemy's camp.

The victory was complete. Neither man nor horse escaped. The whole force of the British amounted to eleven hundred and twenty-five men, of which number eleven hundred and five fell into the hands of the Whigs. Twenty were out on a plundering expedition. Of the eleven hundred and five taken by the Whigs, five hundred and five were either dead or so badly wounded as not to be able to be moved. The Whig loss was twenty-eight killed and sixty wounded. Everything pertaining to the camp of Ferguson fell into the hands of the Whigs. Besides his provisions and camp equipage, the Whigs got a number of splendid horses and fifteen hundred stand of arms and a supply of powder and bullets. When the patriots saw what they had achieved, they raised a shout which was heard for "seven miles on the plain."

The Whigs slept on the battle-field the night after the fight. The next morning the dead were hurriedly buried, the wounded Whigs cared for, the enemy's wagons burned, and the patriots departed. Lacy and Hill marched down into York county and encamped on Bullock's Creek. Campbell and the North Carolinians took the prisoners and hastened to get beyond the mountains. As they had more prisoners than men, and as it was important to save the captured guns, the flints were all removed and the prisoners made to carry them.

At Bickerstaff's old field, a court martial was held in order to decide what should be done with the tories. Thirty were condemned to be hanged; but all except nine of the most notorious were pardoned.

No victory ever was more complete than that of King's Mountain, and none was more timely for the interest of America. The British, tories and loyalists, in every section of the country,

were panic stricken, and the Whigs encouraged. Cornwallis took fright and left Charlotte, abandoning his contemplated march into Virginia.

As a revolutionary relic worthy of preservation, we append the following rather rough piece of poetry, which was called "The Battle of King's Mountain." We suppose the author's name is unknown to any one. The third and fourth lines, and possibly more, are wanting. Rough as it is, it is still worthy of being preserved.

Old Williams from Hillsborough came;
To him the South Carolinians flocked again.

* * * * *

We marched to the Cowpens; Campbell was there,
Shelby, Cleveland and Colonel Sevier;
Men of renown, sir, like lions so bold,
Like lions undaunted ne'er to be controlled,
We set out on our march that very same night;
Sometimes we were wrong, sometimes we were right;
Our hearts being run in true liberty's mould,
We vained not hunger, wet weary nor cold.
On the top of King's Mountain, the old rogue we found,
And like brave heroes his camp did surround;
Like lightning the flashes, like thunder the noise,
Our rifles struck the poor Tories with sudden surprise.
Old Williams and twenty five more,
When the battle was over, lay rolled in their gore,
With sorrow their bodies were interred in the clay,
Hoping to heaven their souls took their way.
This being ended, we shouted again,
Our voices were heard seven miles on the plain;
Liberty shall stand—the Tories shall fall;
Here is the end of my song, so God bless you all.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

CELEBRATED BY THE KING'S MOUNTAIN CENTEN-
NIAL ASSOCIATION, ON THE 21ST OF FEBRUARY,
AT KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C.

[EXTRACT FROM THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.]

At 9 o'clock the crowd, which had been increasing all the morning, by arrivals on the railroad, and by private conveyances, from all directions of the surrounding country, numbered, as was generally estimated, from three to five thousand.

According to the programme, the flag presentation was to take place at a point two and a half miles from the town, near the King's Mountain gold mine, and in full view of the pinnacle of the mountain. The booming of cannon which had been posted on the mountain, was the signal for the vast throng to commence moving in that direction, all manner of vehicles being brought into requisition, while the larger number who could not procure this mode of transportation, made their way on foot, preceded by the Gastonia brass band, the Hornets' Nest Rifles, Capt. H. Watts, of Charlotte; the Jenkins Rifles, Capt. Robert H. Glenn, of Yorkville; and the corps of cadets of King's Mountain High School.

A salute of thirty-eight guns was fired by gun detachment of Light Battery F, United States Artillery, and after music by the band, an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. E. E. Boyce, when Col. A. Coward, introduced the orator of the day, Col. Thomas Hardeman, of Georgia. In the discharge of this pleasing duty, said Col. Coward, it was to him a matter of pride that he met on this occasion, almost under the shadow of the historic mountain, so many of his countrymen who had assembled on this occasion to do honor to the Father of his Country and to

inaugurate the ceremonies attending a proper celebration of the important engagement near that spot, which turned the tide of affairs in the struggle of our fore-fathers for freedom; and he felt that the hearts of all in his presence throbbed with equal pride.

He then introduced Col. Thos. Hardeman, the silver-tongued orator of Georgia, who, as the representative of the descendants of the heroic Clarke, would address those who represented the sons of Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby, Sevier, McDowell and Williams.

Colonel Hardeman then stepped forward and delivered the following eloquent

O R A T I O N .

We stand to-day upon soil hallowed by Revolutionary memories, while the history of the struggles and triumphs of our patriot fathers who near here struck a decisive blow for American Independence, stirs our blood and fires our bosoms. The same mountain rises before us; the same valleys gladden us with their beauty and their freshness; the same heavens circle us with their curtains of blue; the same sun lights the empyrean; but all else—how changed! The forest has fallen under the stroke of the pioneer; the “aged munificence of nature” has succumbed to the power of “youthful civilization;” the wild beasts have abandoned their invaded homes for more undisturbed retreats; and the harvest-fields, the smiling village, the school house, the college and the church of Zion evidence the progress of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge and the triumph of the Cross. The brave men—actors in that bloody drama—they, too, have passed away. One after one, like forest leaves, they fell; but the memory of their deeds, the results of their conflicts, the effects of their successful struggles, will flow on like the rivers, in a ceaseless current, as long as gravity controls the waters and heaven-born inspiration sways the soul.

To inaugurate the ceremony of celebrating their achievements, and paying some tribute to their memory, is the object of this assemblage to-day. Sacred spot! Interesting duty! Hallowed association! Around a cradling-place of Independence, on an anniversary of the great apostle of Freedom—the immortal Washington—have the devotees of Liberty assembled to suggest some suitable testimonial worthy of the heroes of 1780, who, near this spot, gave to valor a new song, to heroism fresh laurels, to patriotism a richer offering, to liberty an inalienable birthright.

It is an interesting occasion. The Present has come with grateful offerings to the Past, who like tearful Niobe, pleads for her children. Come, now, ye patriots of Watanga and Nollchucky, from Burke and Cleveland and Rutherford; come, ye noble descendants of Sumter and Marion and Rutledge; come, ye gallant Tennesseans from Washington and Sullivan; come my fellow-citizens from the Gate City of the South; come from beside the jewel-sprayed Toccoa, or from the banks of Tallulah the terrible; come maidens fair, beauty blooming on your cheeks and joy filling your hearts: come ye matrons grave, your souls fired with a patriotism as pure as the breath of early morn; come one, come all, to these consecrated grounds, and while eye speaks to eye and heart responds to heart, resolve here to erect an altar suitable for the memorial offering that will be made on the centennial anniversary of King's Mountain battle.

Standing upon this blood bought soil, in the presence of these sons of Freedom, with Freedom's banner waving over me, I am awed by the "genius of the place," and my heart is stirred to its lowest depths, as I commune with the spirits of Williams and McDowell, of Shelby and Campbell, of Sevier and Cleveland, of Chronicle and Winston, and their brave compatriots, enthused with the consciousness of their presence, and sheltered with the shadow of their wings. History has recorded their chivalric daring: orators have eulogized their memories: poets have embalmed their names in song: but that mountain height will monument their deeds when eloquence is mute in death, and the harp hangs tuneless and unstrung on the willows of time. Patriots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty, down the corridors of a century comes the story of your heroism—your conflicts and your victory—and for centuries more the muse of history will fling across the burning strings of her harp the stirring drama of your deeds, which will sound on and on in unbroken harmony as long as freedom has an altar or patriotism a votary.

It is not that you were shaken by the storms of revolution; it is not that you bared your bosoms to the ravages of war and death; it is not that you snatched liberty as a brand from the furnace of tyranny, that have given your deeds to history and your name to fame. It was your devotion to principle that gold could not corrupt, nor power weaken; it was your unflinching fidelity to the cause of freedom and representative government. It was your resolution, amid disheartening disasters, to maintain the institutions you had founded, of civil and religious liberty, and transmit them as legacies to posterity that has immortalized

your deeds and engraven your names upon the tablet of a Nation's heart. Appreciating your hardships, grateful for your sacrifices, enjoying the liberties you bequeathed us, we have assembled on this consecrated spot, so intimately associated with your memories, to evidence our veneration for your deeds and our devotion to those civil and religious privileges your heroism secured for us. And in the performance of this duty, there should be but one sentiment in this assembly—a sentiment of fraternal union; but one feeling—that of Americanism; for there is not an American heart in this presence, that is true to its patriotic instincts, that does not throb with delight in contemplating the character of those who achieved our independence and laid the foundations of a Government which should command “the overflowings” of patriotic gratitude and the fealty of patriotic devotion.

Great results flow from great achievements; but no event in the world's history, since the day of the Reformation, has had a more direct and controlling influence in the advancement of civilization, in the development of science, in the enlargement of commerce, and in the encouragement of a passion for civil liberty and religious tolerance, than the successful termination of the American Revolution and the formation of a Government that relieved its citizens from the oppression of thrones and from the tyranny of religious despotism—a government based upon the consent of the governed, and founded upon the principles of an elevated civilization and a pure Christianity.

In accomplishing these results, in securing these inestimable rights, history has accorded a prominent part to the heroes of King's Mountain. They were not numbered by legions, as were the armies of Napoleon and Wellington; nor was this a field of Austerlitz or Waterloo, but an humble spot in the wild wood of America, where a few hundred undisciplined troops struck for home and country; and never did the Old Guard of Napoleon or the reserves of Wellington strike with more heroism, with more daring, and with more successful results.

At that time the country's history was gloomy and discouraging. Her armies had been vanquished; her States overrun; her resources exhausted, and the band of patriots that here and there supported her sinking fortunes were almost powerless, for want of resources and munitions of war, to carry on their struggle for independence. But inured to dangers and baptized with the spirit of Liberty, they clung to that country's destiny with a tenacity that reverses could not shake, that promises could not weaken, or dangers pervert. The dust of a hundred

years has not obscured their bright record; the chilling frosts of a century have not blighted the green glory of their deeds; nor has the tide of forgetfulness obliterated their footprints from the "sands of time." The sun of their existence has set; but his power is still felt in the warmth of example, calling from the wintry bed of self-satisfied indifference the vegetation of a pure devotion. The fountain from which flowed the waters of their being is dried up, but the course of the stream it supplied is still fringed with the flowers of an exemplary patriotism, and fragrant with the perfume of an unpurchasable loyalty. The light of their lives has gone down in darkness and in blood; but its "relief radiance" is as soft and as cheering as the last glance of the day king as he retires to rest in his bed of stars.

Their entire history is one of romantic interest. For five years the States had been struggling for independence; for five years their altars had been desecrated and their temples destroyed; for five years the heavens of their nationality had been darkened by tempest and cloud, and at no previous time in their history had Hope sung a more cheerless song, or Anticipation painted a gloomier picture. Campbell had invested and captured Savannah; Augusta and Sunbury had fallen into the hands of the enemy; Portsmouth and Gosport, with all their vessels, had been captured; Charleston, after an unsuccessful defence, had been surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton; Gates had been defeated at Camden, where fell the brave German, Baron DeKalb, in making his last charge for the cause he had espoused; Sumter had been surprised and his forces scattered and captured by Tarleton at Fishing Creek; British gold and promise of British protection had filled the country with tories and deserters; Ferguson was mustering into service the loyalists of North Carolina; Cornwallis had advanced to Charlotte on his march of subjugation. Clarke, of Georgia, having failed to recapture Augusta, was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. Ferguson sought to intercept him. The mountaineers of Virginia and North Carolina thwarted his designs, and he sought a junction with Cornwallis. Camping at Gilbert Town, he issued his proclamation to the people of Watauga and Nollichucky, threatening them with the halter if they did not espouse the royal cause. Vain were his boastings; harmless his threats. Liberty had peopled those mountains with men who defied power and ridiculed menace. Patriot refugees from Georgia and the Carolinas were there. The descendants of men were there, who, like Æneas and his father Anchises, with their families, had fled from the dangers of their country that they

might worship their God in a happier land. And as on their voyage the star of Venus, the mother of Æneas, stood over them, shining by day and by night, till they came to the shores of the Land of the West, so did the star of Religious Liberty shine over the heads of the Scotch-Irish and Huguenot emigrants until they landed in this western world, where Fate had appointed them to dwell, and where their descendants had resolved to perpetuate that liberty, or die in its defence. These were the men that laughed at a tyrant's threat and scorned a tyrant's rope. Shelby and Sevier were stirred with patriotic indignation.

“And these mountain chiefs their bugles blew,
And field and forest dingle, cliff and dell,
And solitary heath the signal knew,
And fast the faithful clan around them drew.”

No thought of danger—no fear of the hangman's tree—assuaged the storm that stirred their souls. In their rage they formed the fiery cross, and bearing it aloft, it was seen in the valleys of Watauga and in the forest of Nollichucky. Among the mountains of Burke and Rutherford, McDowell

“Sprang forth and seized the fatal sign ;”

Campbell and his Virginians saw the cross of fire,

“And pressing forward like the wind,
Left home and altars far behind,”

and wherever the fiery symbol flew

“The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;
With changed cheer the mower blithe,
Left in the half-cut swath his scythe,
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid ;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Freedom rushed to arms.”

And as they came, the signal cry was heard

“The muster-place is Lanric Mead :
Speed forth the signal, comrades, speed !”

Sycamore Shoal was the muster place, and the 25th of September the time for the gathering. And at the appointed day the clansmen were there, ready for the battle charge. Selecting from those that had mustered the best material, they began their search for him who had threatened them with a traitor's doom. After a few days they found him at King's Mountain. It is not necessary to my purpose to recite the details of that engagement. Suffice it to say their victory was complete. Ferguson and three hundred of his men were slain and wounded. The remaining eight hundred, with all their arms and munitions of war, fell into

the hands of the victors. Here fell Chronicle and the brave Williams, and twenty-six of their patriot followers. Peace to their noble ashes! Gathered to their fathers, they live in the history of the country they died to save. It was a day of triumph to the struggling States, and one of terror to the loyalists. Cornwallis here lost one-fourth of his army, and with communications threatened by Marion and Sumter and Pickens, he fell back to Camden and abandoned his projected conquest of North Carolina. It checked the invasion of Virginia by Gen. Leslie, who depended upon Cornwallis' co-operation, and thus two States were rescued from British subjugation. The day of disaster had now closed. Cornwallis, depleted in forces, was unable afterward to strike a decisive blow. Defeated at Cowpens, profiting nothing by his victory at Guilford Court House, he retreated to Wilmington; thence to Virginia, where at Yorktown he surrendered to our own Washington.*

The storm of revolution that had swept in such fury over the Young Republic had now spent its force. Fainter and fainter grew its mutterings; more distant and less frequent were the flashes of its wrath; for the sunshine of peace was dispelling the exhausted clouds, and the bow of promise was arching, with its splendor, the gloomy grandeur of the retiring storm.

Happy realization of patriotic hope and prophetic promise! Revolution had brought disaster and bankruptcy and death, yet it had brought liberty and independence. As the star that rose over Judea's plain guided the wise men of the East until it stood over lowly Bethlehem, where lay the promised Saviour, "born to set his people free," so the star of Revolution that rose over Lexington went before our patriot fathers at Bunker Hill and Trenton, at Camden and Saratoga, at Monmouth and King's Mountain, until it stood still over Yorktown, where lay the infant Goddess of Liberty, cradled in revolution and baptized in blood, the herald of "peace on earth and good will toward men."

Peace was now achieved, and a feeling of joy and enthusiasm pervaded the country. Seven years from the laying of its foundations, was Solomon in "building a house unto the Lord," which gave to the Hebrew worship a magnificence that bound Israel more closely to her national rites; and for seven years our fathers were building the temple of freedom, the splendor of whose service has challenged the admiration of the world.

A century has finished its cycle since its completion, and

*For these facts I am indebted to Frost's and Derry's History of the United States, and Rev. Robert Lathan's sketch of the battle of King's Mountain.

though tempests have swept over it and the earthquake of revolution has shaken its foundation, the ark of the covenant is still "in the oracle of the house," and the cherubim of peace covers it with her outstretched wings.

In that temple, Liberty erected her altars and promulgated a new ritual of political ethics for the government of mankind. The first high priest that officiated around those altars was Washington, who, uniting the heroism of the soldier to the wisdom of the statesman, rolled the tide of invasion backward to its trans-atlantic source and gave an offering of freedom to those who had shared a soldier's danger, and the blessing of independence to a nation that had been saved by his soldier daring. Upon these altars shone the light of a new civilization—a civilization which was the fostering mother of new principles of government, and which marked an important period in the annals of the human race; a period characterized by the establishment of the principles of popular government on the basis of representation; a period of a written constitution with its grants and limitations; a period of religious tolerance, educational advantages and civil liberty.

Hail, eventful era, hail! Birthday of Independence: dawning morning of Liberty! Never did storm-tossed mariner, rocked by the billow and lashed by the tempest through a stormy night, his vessel dismantled, her rudder gone, hail with more delight the morning when the king of day would silence the tempest and calm the waves, than did our war-worn fathers hail that morning when the day-star of liberty arose, dispelling the war-cloud's gloom, and suffusing its radiance over homes, people and country. Joy filled every heart; enthusiasm swelled every bosom; while from hill-top and valley, from woodland and town, rolled the songs of victory in strains as exultant as those

"That floated over the waves
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue."

Across the rolling deep shone the light of that morning star. All Europe was enthused with the glory of its rising and the effulgence of its beams. France caught the spirit of liberty, and her Marseilles of freedom filled hovel and palace hall, temple and camp, until the throne of the Bourbons crumbled, and royalty, crownless and splendorless, wept over its ruins. But the Republicanism of France was the despotism of liberty: and because of a want of moral preparation for the liberty for which she struggled, France was soon remitted to revolution and to blood. Venice, whose liberties had expired under the conquering march

of Napoleon, heard the signal notes of freedom and struck for independence. The spirit that resisted the aggression of the Ottoman, revived in the bosoms of her sons, and the patriotic fires that once burned upon Venetian altars were rekindled in the land of Dandolo and Carmagnola. But her tri-colored flag, which was unfurled in the place of St. Mark, amid the exultant shout of "Honor to America—long live our sister Republic," was soon lowered, and with her moral energies decayed, her nationality was lost in the revolutions that convulsed Europe. On this continent the republic of Chili, Buenos Ayres, Colombia and Mexico, rose, flourished and fell. Ignorant of the blessings of freedom, not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate good government, ignoring the principles of morality and religion, national sin brought about national dissolution, and of these republics, all that can be said of them is, they were, but are not.

Different, indeed, was the Republicanism of America. Based upon respected rights, moral principles, general intelligence and religious obligations, it was, and is a government of law. Liberty here is not anarchy and license, but freedom under the restraints of law: freedom of action under the limitations of law; freedom of person and property under the protection of law; a freedom based upon personal obligations and personal independence. And this personal independence, drawn from the very nature of our institutions and our system of tenure of property, is the foundation-stone of our political organization, and the surest guarantee for its perpetuity. There are two principles in our republicanism, says the gifted Webster, strictly and purely American: "Popular government restrained by a written constitution, and universal education." These are the great elements of our strength, and the agencies which have placed us in the front rank of enlightened nations. The very desire to participate in the Government and its management (coupled with the knowledge that the avenues to its positions are open to all) stimulates a spirit of enquiry—a desire for the knowledge necessary to self-government. There are no hereditary honors, no entailed distinctions here, to stifle ambition and dwarf genius. The "Mill Boy of the Slashes," and the farmer's son, from the snow rifts of New Hampshire, lived to electrify Senates by their eloquence, and filled a nation with their praise. The young tailor of Tennessee, fired by the spirit of our institutions, seized the highest honors of the nation and presided over the destinies of her people. This spirit of independence elevates and ennobles man, and gives tone to society and government; for it

raises society, as has been truly said, "from beneath governments to a participation in them."

Who can estimate the influence of our social and political system upon the spread of civilization, the success of agriculture, the enlargement of commerce, the development of science, the progress of liberty, the elevation of society and well-being of mankind? What country has given proof to the world of a higher civilization under her system of government? What name has been given to mankind that is so suggestive of moral grandeur, of nobility of character, of unblemished reputation and spotless patriotism as that of Washington? What heavens shine with more lustre than that which glows and gleams with such brilliant stars as Jefferson and Adams and Hancock and Hamilton, and numberless others, of whom it might be said—

"Men doubt because so thick they lie,
If these be stars that paint the galaxy."

It was American genius that, like the son of Japetus, scaled the heavens and robbed them of their lightning; and it was our own Morse that subordinated it to the necessities of commerce and the demands of enlightened progress. It was a New England pedagogue, who had migrated to Georgia, that gave the world the cotton gin, which has so materially aided in the development of commerce and the growth of civilization. It was Fulton who called into existence a new science—the practical establishment of steam navigation—which revolutionized trade and changed the whole face of the material industries of man. Tongue cannot number its triumphs, for it enters into every art, into every science, into every industry of civilized man—carrying with it its blessings and transmitting to posterity a name that will live as long as an engine runs a rail, or a vessel ploughs the sea. It matters not whether in the domain of science, in the realms of art, in the kingdom of philosophy, in the walks of civilization, in the world of letters, in the paths of commerce, in the forum or in the sacred desk, in the duties of peace or in the art of war, in the growth of independence or in the science of government, America has reason to be proud of her contributions to the civilization of the world and to be "satisfied with the brightness of the constellations" that shine in the firmament of her glory. A hundred years ago, she was almost an unbroken wilderness. But such has been the expansive nature of her institutions, that her Thirteen States, with their three million inhabitants, have become thirty-eight, with a population numbering forty millions. "Her territorial expansion is as illimitable as the continent."

Her progress has been an eventful one. Step by step, year by year, her march has been over mountain steeps to the vast wilderness of the west; and to-day it may be said her sons can see no limit to her horizon, for as one is surveyed, another stretches out in endless perspective, and he sees new fields of conquest and of wealth, as one—

“Who climbing some fair height at break of day
Among the Alps or lonely Appenines,
Sees ever at his feet new landscapes spread
New vales, new towering heights, and the arc
Of fresh horizons widening at every step.”

Onward and upward is her progress in all that constitutes the happiness of a people and the glory of a great nation. Her civilization, protected by her government and her laws, is entering unexplored fields, leveling their hills, elevating their valleys, arching their streams, developing their mines, and tunneling their mountains, while her hardy sons of toil, with no master but the law, and no law but the written constitution, look out upon a country diversified in climate, fruitful in soil, unified in interest, in the full enjoyment of the blessings of free institutions and civil and religious liberty. These blessings—these institutions—this country—are yours; yours to enjoy, yours to develop, yours to transmit. A common danger and a common destiny, made us one people. A common purpose “to form a more perfect Union; to provide for the common defence; to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of peace,” made us one government—not one “in the extinguishment of State sovereignties,” but in the preservation of those sovereignties, all exercising “legislative, judicial and executive powers,” under a constitution of a “limited, a constrained, a severely guarded” general government.

The very conformation of the country, our dissimilar yet dependent industries, our inland ocean—the common property of all—our inter-State commerce, our almost ideal boundaries, our Anglo Saxon civilization and extraction, our common inheritance of liberty, our blood-bought independence, all, all, conspire to make our people one in mind, one in union, and one in all that “makes a nation great or a people happy.”

But, Sirs, at the very time of our greatest prosperity, before the Nation had reached her centennial anniversary, the clouds of discontent darkened the heaven of our hopes. The spirit of the storm shrieked around and above us, until, stirred by the fanaticism of the North and the spirit of disunion in the South,

it burst into a war of desolation and death. Of its ravages, its disasters, its victories, its defeats, I will not speak to-day.

“ 'Tis thine, Apollyon of jarring wars to speak,
 But to me belongs
 The smoother but the not less onerous work
 Of garlanding with buds and flowers and fruits
 The paths of pleasurable Peace.”

The war is ended. The spirit of the storm has uprolled his black banner and retired to his bed of clouds. As the waves are troubled for hours after the storm has passed, so are the waters of prejudice yet moved; but they will soon be calmed, for the genius of our institutions has said to them, “Peace; be still.” Carnage has ceased. Strife is ended and peace blesses the land that in the providence of God has been again joined together. And, my hearers, had I the attributes of divine power, I would gather the people of this country to-day around this historic mountain as Israel was gathered around memorable Sinai, and from the cloud of misfortune that darkens its summit, while the thunders of civil strife were dying away in the distance, and the lightning of sectional animosity was flashing irregular in the heavens, the voice of the trumpet should sound long and wax louder and louder, until startled Israel should receive the fiery law—“Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder.”

Mar not the services of the temple with the discordant orchestra of jarring worshippers; but with cimbals give praise, ye sons of Asaph, for is it not written in the book of prophecy, “the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, and in this place I will give peace.” Peace now, peace forever!

In the interest of that promised peace, I beg you bury the animosities of the past—the sectional prejudices of the present. As the Thebans, after their defeat of the Lacedæmonians, destroyed the brazen monument they had erected in honor of their triumph, “that no evidence of strife should remain between Greek and Greek,” so would I destroy all evidences of the internecine struggles that deluged our fair land in blood. Not that I would forget the Past or her sacred memories! Never! Never, while memory is true to her attributes! Never, while this heart throbs with life! Never, until it is spoken over my remains, “dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes,” will I be false to the memory of our Confederate dead. True men will not censure; brave men will applaud this sentiment. For one, I honor the people of the North for their ceaseless care of the ashes

of their dead. And, my countrymen, if I could call from their battle-made graves those who wore the blue and the gray, and could muster them in one grand army here to-day; aye, if I could summon the restless living from the North and the South to witness that muster, methinks they would see in that mighty throng the genius of Liberty sandaled with forgetfulness, girded with charity and crowned with mercy, as she pointed them with one hand to the bloody past over which were rolling Lethe's dark waters, and with the other to that country of plenty which stretches out before her in grand perspective, as did promised Canaan before expectant Israel.

Yes, my hearers, this is your country and my country. That flag that you have given to the breeze to-day is your flag and mine; and though the Confederate banner

"— — is tattered,
Broken in its staff and shattered,"

yet this bosom was wrung with agony when Destiny ordered—

"Furl that banner, furl it slowly;
Furl it gently, furl it holy;
For it droops above the dead."

And with reverential regard, I exclaim with the Poet Priest—

"Touch it not, unfurl it never,
Let it droop there furled forever."

Yet, Sirs, true men North will appreciate the assertion that as fidelity to principle and to truth bound the people of the South to their flag and their cause, so fidelity to obligations assumed at Greensboro and Appomattox, will make the Southern people true to their renewed allegiance to the Union and to the duties and responsibilities as citizens of the government in which they live. For the honor of that government, for its growth and development, for its happiness and peace, now and hereafter, let our prayers ascend to-day.

Fathers in our political Israel, you have seen your country riven by the tempest and shaken by the earthquake. You see her now, basking in the sunshine of peace, calm as the evening of your days and lovely as the sunset of your existence. Young men, this is your country. It is the legacy your fathers gave you. Preserve it—perpetuate it—for it is a grand country—

"Grand in her rivers and her rills,
 Grand in her 'woods and templed hills,'
 Grand in the wealth her soil conceals,
 Grand in her grain and cotton fields,
 Grand in her mines, in commerce grand,
 In sunlit skies, in fruitful land ;
 Grand in her temples and in her schools,
 Where knowledge dwells and virtue rules,
 Grand in her strength on land, on sea,
 Grand in religious liberty ;
 Grand in her men, but grander far
 In Spartan mothers, as our women are."

Mothers! Daughters! Here are the sepulchers of your fathers, and here your kindred dwell. Among these sepulchers and around these hearthstones, set the example of patriotic devotion, and from sepulcher and altar let your prayers ascend—

"God bless our native land,
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night."

To the altars of your sires and the temple of your fathers, I welcome you all to-day. Come one, come all. Come, true men of the North, and patriots of the South, and set the solemn seal to the covenant of your patriotism and your loyalty. Methinks I see you coming. Methinks I hear your harper's *Te Deum* songs mingling in sweetest harmony, as they are wafted along the lines, with the anthem'd hallelujahs of the coming worshippers. Methinks I see on the mountain heights of New England a vast multitude signaling their co-operation to the moving throng. Methinks I see the Union's Empire State, her big heart swelling with emotions of grateful joy, with outstretched hands, invoking the blessing of Heaven upon this meeting around the common altar of a common country. Methinks I see the Young West, proud of her prestige, and glorying in her strength, bringing as her sacrificial offering, the first fruits of her harvest-fields amid the swellings of the reaper's song. Methinks I see South Carolina, who severed the first cord that bound the States together, and fired the first gun of the revolution, bringing to the temple her fathers built, her sacrificial offering of former prejudices and past animosities. Methinks I see Georgia, one of the Old Thirteen, entering the portals, bearing in her hands golden vessels filled with richest incense, for the temple service. Methinks I see the Old North State, the mother of the first Declaration of Independence at Mecklenburg, entering the "holy of holies," carrying before her the ark of the covenant; while following in her steps

is her daughter, proud Tennessee, bringing for an oblation gems from the mountains of her loyalty and pearls from the ocean of her patriotism.

Solemn assemblage! Sacred duty! Hallowed ceremonies! Spirit of Washington, descend to-day and kindle the sacrificial fires amid the rejoicings of a re-united people; and while temple and court are filled with a holy incense, let a prayer ascend to our fathers' God that the sword has forever been beaten into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning hook; that State shall not lift up the sword against State, neither shall they know war any more. And that the reign of peace, union and fraternity over these States shall be as lasting as the home of the stars—as eternal as the foundations of the "everlasting hills."

FLAG PRESENTATION.

At the conclusion of the address, almost every sentence of which was applauded, and which at its close elicited an outburst of patriotic feeling from all within sound of the distinguished speaker's voice, a salvo of artillery was fired, which was followed by inspiring music by the band, when Col. W. J. Houston, general passenger and ticket agent of the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line Railway, with a magnificent United States flag in his hands, stepped forward and said:

Executive Committee of the King's Mountain Centennial Association: GENTLEMEN—It is with pleasing emotions that I appear before you to-day as a representative of the great Iron Link tracing the Piedmont belt of this beautiful Sunny South, and uniting it directly to the great commercial marts of the East.

One hundred years ago, within the radius covered by the sound of the whistles of the engines of the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line Railway as they approach King's Mountain, a memorable event took place. Col. Buford, then of military fame, met the enemy, but with sad results, such as cast a gloom over our entire colony, and caused many to falter and join the ranks of the British, thinking the cause of liberty lost.

Nearly one hundred years later we find another Buford approaching, with a firm and steady tread, the same historic grounds, and in his hand he bears a golden spike with which he is to complete this grand thoroughfare of iron. He was not defeated, but by indomitable will, and under many trying and

embarrassing obstacles, continued his steady advance until success crowned his efforts. To-day you are largely indebted to this gentleman for the great prosperity that surrounds you all.

Like nearly every enterprise of the kind built at that particular time, to succeed, help must be secured from our friends of the East, and luckily for our country, he called to his aid liberal minded capitalists, who eventually found it necessary to take charge of the road. This brought them here, and after seeing the immense resources of our country, they were not slow to determine on a policy looking to the future development of their interest. From their number one was selected who is young and vigorous, with large financial influence, and possessing an extraordinary degree of executive ability, also enlarged views of the duty of corporations to the people. In his hands this property was entrusted.

Of his ability I will not here speak, but refer you to the past three years' management of the road for his history. Feeling the importance of populating this country with enterprising and energetic people, the management is now moving as fast as circumstances will admit, to bring about this result. Nothing will be left undone by them looking to this end.

Under broad and comprehensive instructions, (and with feelings of personal pride) I am instructed to go forward and devote my time and attention to every measure inaugurated for the development of the country along our line. Believing the gathering of the people from all sections of the country, on the occasion of the centennial celebration, October 7th, 1880, at King's Mountain, one of the most important events that could be inaugurated to bring about this result, I have made it a special duty to make this a success: and to this end, I to-day offer you my full co-operation, and present, in the name of the president and board of directors, this beautiful American flag, with their best wishes, and assurances that the company stands ready to unite with the people in doing all that can be done to advance the prosperity and success of this country.

On receiving the flag from Col. Houston, Dr. B. F. Dixon, on behalf of the committee, said:

President and Board of Directors of the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line Railway: GENTLEMEN— At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the King's Mountain Centennial Association, held at Yorkville, S. C., on the 1st day of January last, a committee consisting of Capt. W. T. R. Bell, R. H. Garrett, W. A. Mauney,

Dr. A. P. Campbell and myself was appointed to receive a flag from your corporation to-day. The committee has made it my duty to perform that work.

And, gentlemen, it is with feelings of pride and pleasure that I appear before you now to fulfill the trust confided to my care. And suffer me to say that I heartily endorse all that Col. Houston has said looking to the development of our country along the line marked by the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line Railway. And I will add that we are indebted to that company, to a very great extent, for the prosperity which we now enjoy. It has made the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Flourishing towns and villages have sprung up where were barren fields and trackless forests. High schools and colleges are multiplying along its track, and the busy hum of industry and enterprise is heard in the land.

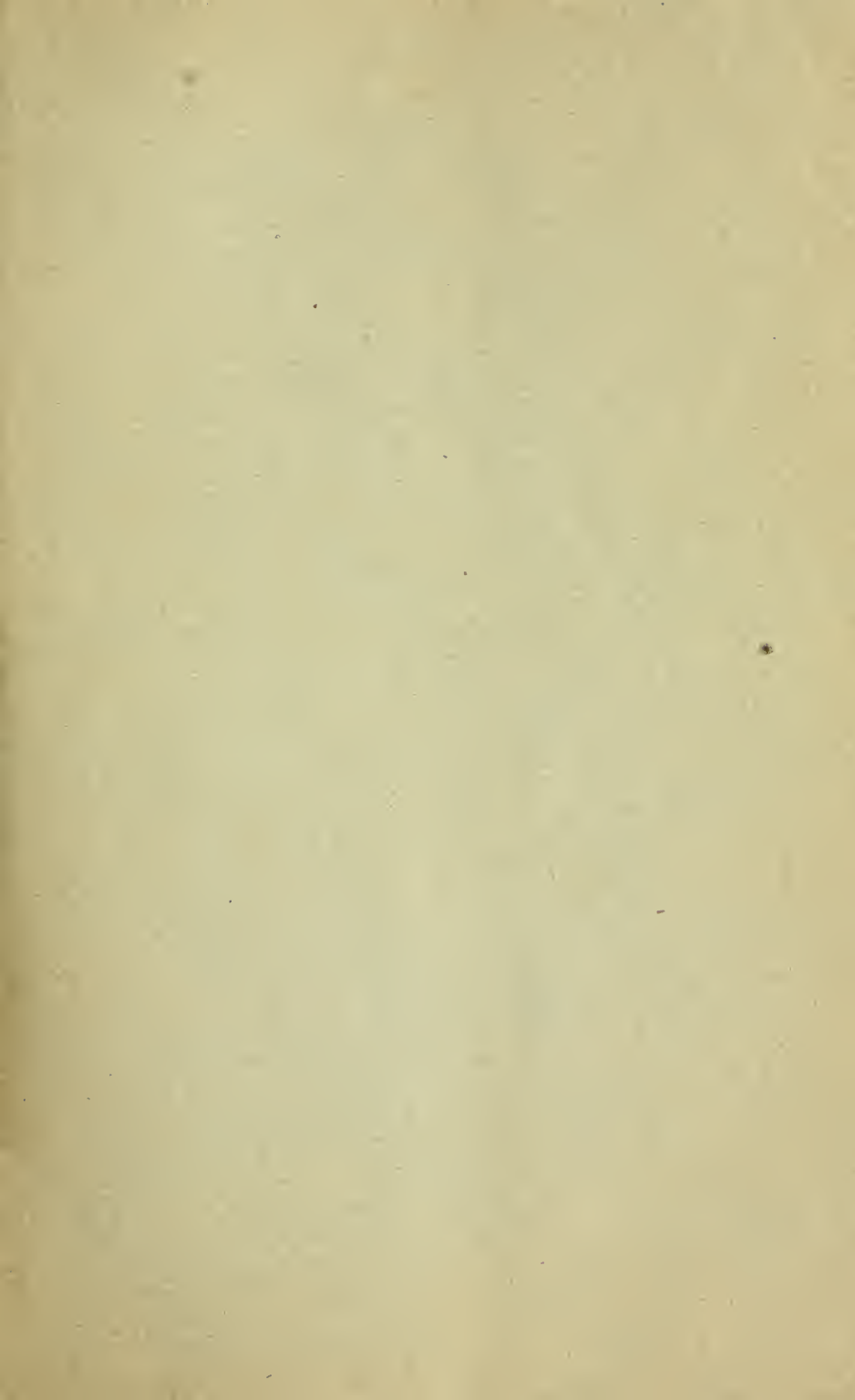
And the bright promise of the success of the centennial celebration, in October next, is largely due to the enthusiasm and untiring efforts of your company. And nothing could have added more to that promise than the presentation to-day of this beautiful flag to the King's Mountain Centennial Association, to be unfurled from the highest pinnacle of King's Mountain, where the first rays of the sun, as he comes rejoicing from his chamber in the east, may shine upon it, and his beams gladden it in his daily promenade from his Oriental palace to the Hesperian gardens—from the gates of Morn to the gates of Eve.

Then let us raise high this flag of our fathers! Let the breezes of our South-land kiss it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation, Flag of our fathers, wave on, wave forever! And may our songs of rejoicing to-day be but the prelude of the grand anthem that shall be sung on the 7th of October. May that be a simultaneous movement of forty millions of people along this continent; may it begin as the gray dawn first lights up the cliffs of Maine, and rise and roll with the sun, until his parting smile saddens and fades into the gloom of night. "Not in Jerusalem, nor upon this mountain," but wherever the flag of our country is given to the breeze, should Americans do honor to the day upon which Campbell conquered and Ferguson fell. May it be like the Grecian celebration on the banks of the Alpheus, where foes met as friends, and their bickerings were forgotten. May it be as joyous as the song and dance of Miriam and her maidens on the shore of the Red Sea, and as free as the jubilees of Israel. Thus alone

can we give a fitting testimony to the world of our joy and gladness over the victory of our fathers and of our love for the brave men by whose sacrificial blood our liberties were secured.

At the conclusion of Dr. Dixon's address, Col. Coward, as chairman of the King's Mountain Centennial Association, took the flag and addressing Maj. Graham, representative of Governor Jarvis, and Col. Johnstone, representative of Governor Simpson, in a few felicitous remarks, delivered it to them, by whom, in behalf of the Governors of the respective States, it was taken to the pinnacle of the mountain and floated from the pole there erected by the Air-Line Railway company.

Each of those gentlemen, on being delegated to this duty, responded in a happy manner, giving full assurance of the hearty sympathy manifested in the occasion, and also in the centennial celebration, by the Governors of the two States.



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