



CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN,

OCTOBER, 1855,

AND THE  
ADDRESS

OF THE  
HON. JOHN S. PRESTON.

TOGETHER WITH  
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETINGS AND ACCOMPANYING  
DOCUMENTS.

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YORKVILLE, S. C.  
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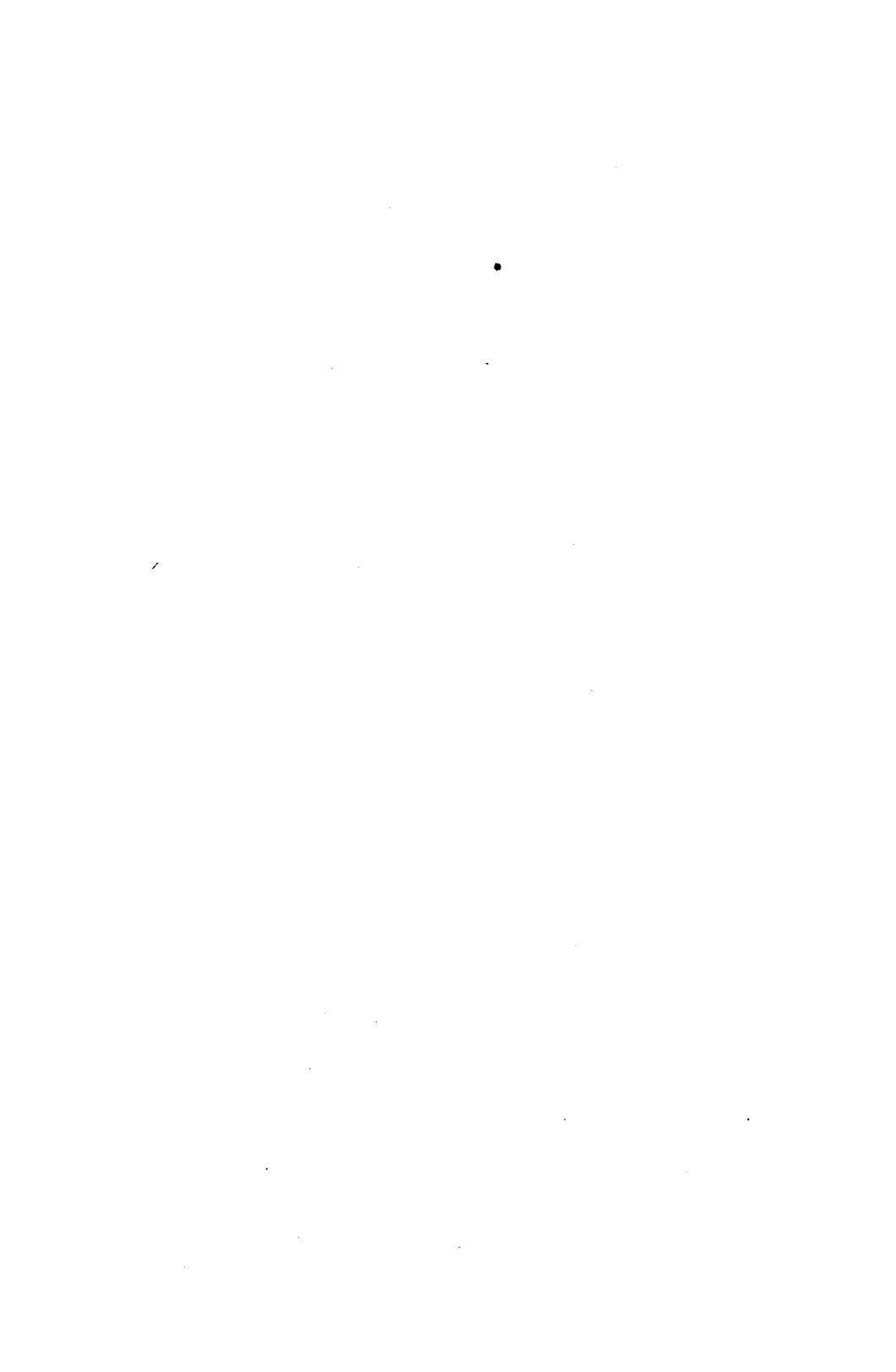
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# King's Mountain Celebration.

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## PRELIMINARY MEETINGS.

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From the Yorkville Enquirer, June 7, 1855.

IN another column of to-day's issue will be found the proceedings of the meeting held on the 4th instant, in relation to the King's Mountain Celebration. From unforeseen circumstances, the day was rather unfavorable to a large concourse of persons. During the last two or three weeks the rains have been almost incessant, and farmers were of course eager to embrace the first opportunity of bestowing necessary attention to their farms. Yet it was gratifying to the friends of the project to see such a goodly number in attendance. All portions of the district were well represented; and we doubt not the action of the meeting was a faithful reflex of the opinion of the entire district. It was truly encouraging, too, to witness the harmony that prevailed in the meeting. All present seemed to take a deep interest in the move, and the feeling as far as manifested was very decidedly in favor of the celebration, and that, too, on as grand a scale as possible. Quite a broad platform has been erected; but, from the character of the celebration in contemplation, it was important to provide sufficient room for all whom we earnestly desire to participate. It must be borne in mind that it should be a jubilee not of the district or state alone, but of the several states whose historic connection with the battle entitles them to full and equal participation with ourselves. The glory of the achievement is as much their heritage as ours.

The battle-ground is in our district, and the other districts of the state, properly enough, expected that we should take the initiative. But the whole plan and scope of the meeting was to make it a state affair, and committees were appointed in reference to that fact. Our citizens must not suppose that they will have to bear the whole burden of the day. The state would not be willing to accord to them such pre-eminent distinction, even if they were ambitious or presumptuous enough, as our neighbors would suppose, to aim at it. We have sufficient guarantees from numerous districts in the state to warrant us in the conclusion that they will gladly come to our assistance. We believe, too, our sister states—Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky—will cheerfully respond to the call that has been made upon them, and take up the line of march on a pilgrimage to the Mecca of their liberties. A general committee has been appointed on the part of the state, to solicit the co-operation of these states in the proposed celebration. We have an abiding hope that this committee, composed as it is of the most talented and influential men in the state, will exert themselves in promoting the object for which they were appointed. With our worthy chief magistrate as marshal, and the Hon. John S. Preston one of the orators of the day, by proper exertion on the part of the state committee the celebration will be alike creditable to themselves and the state they represent, and worthy the great event to be commemorated.

From recent demonstrations, we know the press will co-operate with us in this great undertaking. A number of the editors of this state, as well as North Carolina, have placed us under renewed obligations to them, for their zealous advocacy of the measure. If they continue to sustain it, with might and main, as we know they will, we have no fear of the result.

The re-union of the states on the ever-memorable spot, whose history covers with such peerless lustre their heroes and patriots, will open a well-spring of gladness deep and exhaustless. We meet as children of the same family, as joint possessors of the same heritage of fame. It should be a source of gratulation, that here all party bickering and dissension may cease, and no political commotion mar the interest and pleasure of the scene. Sordid and corrupt ambition would stand rebuked and abashed in the presence of the divinity of the place. We must yield to the more ennobling feelings of our nature while contemplating the

purest models of patriotism. The moral sublimity of the achievement is, beyond doubt, the most attractive feature in this splendid panorama of events. Occurring, as it did, so opportunely for the success of the cause then pending, it is invested with the semblance of divine ordination, and its claim is vindicated to be considered one of the most distinguished events in the annals of our revolutionary history. Defeat and disaster had weakened and dispirited the American forces—gloomy forebodings were entertained of disgraceful termination of the struggle after so many well-fought conflicts. But the victory of King's Mountain changed completely the tide of battle. These gloomy apprehensions were dissipated, desponding patriotism was cheered, victory after victory attended our arms, until at last the grand result of the battle of King's Mountain reached its culmination in the surrender at Yorktown.

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#### PUBLIC MEETING.

In obedience to the call for a public meeting, a goodly number of the citizens of York district assembled in the court house, on Monday, the 4th instant, to take into consideration the project of a celebration of the next anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain. Hon. I. D. Witherspoon was called to the chair, and Samuel W. Melton appointed secretary. In a few pertinent and well-timed remarks the chairman stated the object of the meeting—that the citizens had been called together with the view of taking whatever preliminary action might be requisite to enlist the co-operation of the districts in this state, and the sympathy of the people of those states most intimately identified with the occasion, in order to the consummation of a celebration worthy of the day, and in keeping with the results attendant upon it—and in a truthful and forcible manner urged the adoption of measures best calculated to effect the purposes in contemplation. On motion of Colonel W. B. Wilson, a committee was appointed to report resolutions for the action of the meeting, and after a consultation, submitted the following:

*Resolved,* That it is expedient and proper to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, on Thursday, the fourth day of October next.

*Resolved*, That each district in this state be earnestly solicited to co-operate with us in effecting this end, and that they be requested to appoint committees whose duty it shall be to receive and forward whatever contributions may be placed in their hands; and that the districts of Chester, Union, Spartanburg, and Lancaster, in this state, and the adjoining counties in North Carolina, be also requested to appoint committees, to act in concert with the committee of arrangements to be constituted by this meeting.

*Resolved*, That our fellow-citizens of the states of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Kentucky, and especially the descendants of those who took part in the battle, are cordially invited to be present; and that a committee on the part of the state, consisting of fifteen, be appointed to solicit the co-operation of the people of these states in the proposed celebration.

*Resolved*, That the president of the United States and his cabinet, Lieutenant-General Scott, and the governors of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky be specially invited to attend.

*Resolved*, That the Hon. John S. Preston, of this state, and Hon. George E. Badger, of North Carolina, be appointed orators of the day.

*Resolved*, That his Excellency Governor Adams be requested to act as marshal of the day, and Adjutant-General Dunovant as assistant marshal; and that Rev. Dr. Thornwell be invited to officiate as clergyman on the occasion.

*Resolved*, That a committee of arrangements be appointed, consisting of sixty members, ten of whom shall constitute a quorum; that a committee on finance, consisting of eight, shall be charged with the duty of collecting funds, and receiving contributions from abroad, to defray the expenses of the celebration; that a committee of nine be appointed, whose duty it shall be to act in concert with and under the direction of the marshal of the day, in making the proper military arrangements, and in extending all necessary assistance in reference thereto; that a committee on toasts be appointed, consisting of five; and that a committee of invitation and correspondence be directed to invite distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the Union, and to conduct all correspondence pertinent to the celebration, said committee to consist of three.

*Resolved*, That a special committee be appointed to inform his Excellency Governor Adams of his appointment as marshal of

the day, and to solicit in behalf of the celebration the aid of his official and personal influence.

*Resolved*, That the committee of invitation and correspondence inform the orators elect of their appointment, and confer with them in relation thereto; and in case either should be prevented from accepting, that they have power to appoint a substitute.

The resolutions were considered separately, and unanimously adopted, after which the chairman announced the following committees:

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

John S. Moore, Chairman,  
 Samuel Rainey, sr.,  
 W. A. Latta,  
 Dr. D. H. Thomasson,  
 Col. R. G. McCaw,  
 Thomas S. Pagan,  
 Dr. A. I. Barron,  
 Capt. Wm. McGill,  
 Wm. Moore, sr.,  
 Madison Hambright,  
 Joseph Whisenant,  
 John Whisenant,  
 Robert Whitesides,  
 Rev. S. L. Watson,  
 Joel Barnett,  
 Abram Hardin,  
 Maj. Gazaway Wilson,  
 Alexander Fewell, jr.,  
 Capt. John Massey,  
 Capt. S. Anderson,  
 John Roddy,  
 Dr. R. H. Hope,  
 L. H. Massey,  
 John S. Bratton,  
 Wm. E. White,  
 A. B. Springs,  
 J. J. Watson,  
 Dr. Samuel Wright,  
 Capt. Elijah Feemster,  
 Maj. Myles Smith,

John G. Enloe,  
 B. T. Wheeler,  
 W. I. Clawson,  
 J. H. Walker,  
 S. L. Love,  
 H. F. Adickes,  
 W. E. Rose,  
 A. S. Wallace,  
 W. C. Black,  
 Michael Hambright,  
 Wm. McGill, jr.,  
 J. N. McElwee, sr.,  
 G. W. Mason,  
 Col. Arthur McKenzie,  
 J. Durham Currence,  
 Rev. A. Whyte,  
 Allen Robertson,  
 W. P. Thomasson,  
 Capt. D. D. Moore,  
 Dr. C. P. Sandifer,  
 Chesley Gwinn,  
 S. G. Brown,  
 Simpson Hemphill,  
 A. G. Lawrence,  
 Wm. F. Oates,  
 Capt. Hugh Borders,  
 Theodore Fulton,  
 James Moore,  
 J. Leander Adams,  
 Col. J. W. Rawlinson.

## COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

Col. William Wright,		James Jeffreys,
Rev. J. M. Anderson,		T. J. Bell,
G. W. Williams,		J. C. Chambers,
Edward Moore,		Wilson Rice.

## MILITARY COMMITTEE.

Gen. John A. Alston,		Col. J. F. Walker,
Col. W. H. McCorkle,		Capt. M. Bird,
Col. L. P. Sadler,		Capt. A. Coward,
Col. J. B. Jackson,		Capt. M. Jenkins.
Col. Thomas Sturgis,		

## COMMITTEE ON TOASTS.

Edward Moore,		Col. R. G. McCaw,
Col. W. C. Beatty,		J. C. Chambers.
W. A. Latta,		

## COMMITTEE ON INVITATION AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Col. W. B. Wilson,		Samuel W. Melton.
John L. Miller,		

## STATE COMMITTEE.

Ex-Gov. Manning,		Hon. W. W. Boyce,
Hon. A. P. Butler,		“ Wm. Aiken,
“ J. J. Evans,		“ J. L. Orr,
“ R. W. Barnwell,		“ James Chesnut, jr.,
“ F. W. Pickens,		“ N. R. Eaves,
“ R. F. W. Alston,		Col. John D. Williams,
“ James Simons,		Capt. James U. Adams.
“ T. J. Withers,		

## SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

Samuel W. Melton,		Dr. Wm. Moore,
W. B. Wilson,		John L. Miller.

On motion of Mr. Miller, it was unanimously resolved that the name of the chairman of the meeting, Col. I. D. Witherspoon, be added to the state committee.

Mr. Moore submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

*Resolved,* That the papers of this state, and the states of North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, favorable to the

object, be requested to copy so much of the proceedings of this meeting as may be deemed necessary, and otherwise extend their influence towards the accomplishment of the proposed celebration.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned.

I. D. WITHERSPOON, Chairman.

SAMUEL W. MELTON, Secretary.

## MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

YORKVILLE, July 2.

The committee of arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, on the 4th day of October next, met at this place, to-day, with John S. Moore, in the chair. On motion, W. I. Clawson, esq., was appointed secretary.

On motion of Col. R. G. McCaw, the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the committee on finance, are hereby requested to report to this committee, at its next meeting, to be held at this place, on the first Monday in August next, the amount of funds raised by the committee, and what sum, in their opinion, can be raised for celebrating the battle of King's Mountain.

Mr. Clawson moved that the chairman of this committee, appoint additional committees, in the several beat companies in the district, to co-operate with the financial committee in raising funds for the celebration; and that said committees, through their chairmen, be requested to report to Col. Wm. Wright, the chairman of the financial committee at their next meeting, to be held at this place, on the first Monday in August next, the amount of funds raised by them; which was adopted: whereupon the following persons were appointed, to wit:

### EASTERN REGIMENT.

NORTH BATTALION.—*Beat No. 1.*—John Stewart, chairman; Dr. C. L. Clawson, F. H. Harris, Monroe Powell, J. M. Morrow.

*No. 2.*—S. L. Adams, chairman; James B. Jackson, Dr. J. B. Hunter, Peter McCallum, Z. D. Smith, Dr. J. A. Barnett.

*No. 3.*—Peter Ganson, chairman; Thomas M. Neely, Archibald Barron, Wylie Reeves, Stanhope Harris.

*No. 4.*—Dr. J. C. Hicklin, chairman; Samuel Johnson, J. L. Wright, R. W. Wilson, Wm. B. Allison.

SOUTH BATTALION.—*Beat No. 1.*—William Hanna, chairman; Newton A. Steele, Wm. Litle, Robert E. Miller, Stephen M. Johnson.

*No. 2.*—David C. Crawford, chairman; John McConnell, Dr. R. L. Love, Amzi Steele, A. P. Thomasson.

*No. 3.*—Col. T. W. Sturgis, chairman; Henry Broach, Dr. James Johnson, R. W. Workman, J. F. Workman.

*No. 4.*—W. P. McFadden, chairman; E. N. Crawford, J. N. McElwee, jr., Daniel Williams, John R. Patton.

#### WESTERN REGIMENT.

NORTH BATTALION.—*Beat No. 1.*—J. B. Lowry, chairman; Elliott Quinn, Franklin Walker, Robert Allison, John O. Crawford.

*No. 2.*—Jacob Deal, Robert Caveny, Dan'l James, Ira Hardin, Rufus Whisenant.

*No. 3.*—Jackson McGill, Thomas P. Black, Wm. Camp, Johnson Goforth, Wm. Moore, jr.

*No. 4.*—Calvin Whisenant, James Henry, John White, Andrew Henry, Thomas Whitesides.

SOUTH BATTALION.—*Beat No. 1.*—T. D. Byers, Myles Wallace, Wm. Caldwell, John Whitesides, Jas. McClure.

*No. 2.*—P. B. Darwin, Thomas G. Wylie, John Smith, Dr. J. G. Smarr, Edward Leech.

*No. 3.*—Dennis Crosby, Samuel Blair, John G. Davidson, Thomas Mickle, Andrew J. Roberts.

*No. 4.*—Davis Burriss, Reuben McConnell, Joseph P. Moore, John W. Moore, John Ross.

The following communications were received and read:

“INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS,

Yorkville, June 7.

*Gentlemen,*—At a regular meeting of Trinity Lodge, No. 22, held this evening, by resolution, the following brethren were appointed, in behalf of the Order, a committee of arrangements, for celebrating the approaching anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, viz.: Edward Moore, chairman; W. J. Bowen, Alfred Craven, T. J. Eccles, W. H. Neely.

RICHARD HARE, N. G.

A. STILLWELL, Secretary.

PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, No. 78, A. F. M.  
Yorkville, June 27, A. L., 5855.

*Gentlemen*,—As an Order, and as individuals, feeling a lively interest in the contemplated celebration of the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, on the 4th day of October next, and being willing to contribute towards the labor and expenses of the same, the following persons have been appointed, by a resolution, as a committee on the part of the lodge, to co-operate with your committee in making arrangements for the occasion, to wit: Richard, Hare chairman, L. M. Grist, James H. Barry, Joseph A. McLean, James L. Clark, J. B. Manning, J. H. Faulkner, Wm. K. Hacket, T. S. Jefferys, Samuel Rainey, jr.

Should the services of the committee be received, you will please notify the Worshipful Master of the same. By order of the lodge.

ALFRED CRAVEN, W. M.

L. M. GRIST, Secretary.

A. S. Wallace, esq., offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

*Resolved*, That the proffered assistance on the part of the Order of Odd Fellows, and the Lodge of Ancient Free Masons, in the contemplated celebration be received, and that the thanks of the committee should be and are hereby tendered to the respective Orders for the same.

*Resolved*, That the secretary of this meeting notify the lodges of this resolution.

On motion of Col. R. G. McCaw, it was

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Yorkville papers.

JOHN S. MOORE, Chairman.

W. I. CLAWSON, Secretary.

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## MEETING IN SPARTANBURG.

From the Spartanburg Express, July 5.

Pursuant to former notice a large number of the citizens of Spartanburg district assembled in the court house, on Monday the 2d instant, for the purpose of responding to the call made by

York, upon the adjoining districts to co-operate in the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, on the 4th day of October next.

Dr. J. Winnsmith was called to the chair, and T. Stobo Farrow, appointed secretary. The chairman, in a short address explained the objects of the meeting, and urged the adoption of suitable measures for co-operating in the proposed celebration.

T. Stobo Farrow then addressed the meeting on the advantages of celebrating the anniversaries of important battles, etc., and the peculiar interest the citizens of Spartanburg should feel in cherishing the recollections of the battle of King's Mountain, and closed by offering the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the citizens of Spartanburg cordially approve of the steps being taken to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, on Thursday the 4th day of October next.

*Resolved*, That the invitation extended to Spartanburg by a public meeting of the citizens of York, to attend and participate in its celebration, be respectfully accepted and hereby acknowledged.

*Resolved*, That a committee of ten be appointed whose duty it shall be to receive and forward any contributions made towards assisting to defray the expenses of the celebration.

*Resolved*, That a committee of ten be appointed to co-operate with the committee of arrangements appointed by the meeting at Yorkville.

On the reading of the first resolution the Rev. W. Martin rose, endorsed the resolution, and spoke in a happy manner of the importance of that battle, and the duty incumbent upon all the friends of freedom to unite in the celebration of its anniversary.

The resolutions were duly considered and unanimously adopted.

The chairman being authorized, appointed the committee in conformity to the two last resolutions.

Committee to receive contributions: Major G. W. H. Legg, Major J. Earle Bomar, J. W. Carlisle, J. C. Zimmerman, Col. S. N. Evins, A. Simpson, Captain James Scruggs, A. T. Cavis, M. McArthur, J. R. Poole.

Committee to co-operate with the committee of arrangements: T. Stobo Farrow, Col. R. C. Poole, Rev. W. Martin, Gen. J. W. Miller, Dr. R. E. Cleveland, Gen. B. B. Foster, B. F. Kilgore, Hon. Gabriel Cannon, Rev. J. G. Landrum, Rev. Dr. Thomas Curtis.

On motion, the chairman of the meeting, Dr. J. Winnsmith,

was added to the committee to co-operate with the committee of arrangements.

J. W. Carlisle, esq., submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

*Resolved*, That the papers of this district be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

On motion the meeting then adjourned.

J. WINNSMITH, Chairman.

T. STOBO FARROW, Secretary.

### MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE.

YORKVILLE, August 6.

The committee of arrangements for celebrating the battle of King's Mountain, pursuant to appointment, met to-day in the court house, John S. Moore, esq., in the chair, and W. I. Clawson, esq., acting as secretary.

A report was submitted by the financial committee of the several sums raised by them to defray the expenses of the celebration.

On motion of Col. R. G. McCaw, the following resolution was offered and adopted:

*Resolved*, That the different financial committees appointed for the purpose of raising funds for the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, are earnestly requested to use every laudable effort, in their power, to increase the amount of money already raised by them, and that they report to the committee of arrangements, on the first Monday in September next, at this place, at which time, a programme of arrangements will be submitted.

W. P. Thomasson, esq., submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the financial committees, in the other districts in this state, and the adjoining counties in North Carolina, be requested to report to the chairman of the committee of arrangements, on or before the first Monday in September next, the amount of funds raised by them respectively.

J. B. Jackson, esq., moved that the committee of invitation report any correspondence had with the orators elect, whereupon Jno. L. Miller, esq., on the part of the committee, read the fol-

lowing letters from the Hon. John S. Preston, of this state, and Hon. George E. Badger, of North Carolina:

“ COLUMBIA, June 22.

*Messrs. Wm. B. Wilson, John L. Miller,  
and S. W. Mellon, Committee :*

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your kind and flattering note, informing me that the people of York district have appointed me one of the orators at the proposed celebration of the battle of King's Mountain. I accept the appointment, but with a most humble appreciation of my ability to fulfil its duties satisfactorily. To the generous citizens of York, who have thus honored me, and to you individually, gentlemen, who have in such kind terms communicated their wishes, I beg to offer my sincere thanks, and pray you to believe me, gratefully and truly,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN S. PRESTON.

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“ RALEIGH, June 23.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received your letter informing me that a meeting of citizens of York district, had chosen the Hon. John S. Preston and myself as orators for a celebration this fall, of the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain.

I am profoundly sensible of the honor which this choice confers upon me, especially when I find myself associated with so distinguished a person as Mr. Preston; but, gentlemen, I am compelled to decline the distinction you offer me. After eight years spent in public life, to the great neglect of my private affairs, I must devote the few years which I hope are left me, to repair the consequences of my past neglect. I cannot absent myself from home at the time of your celebration, without abandoning my business and leaving a paramount duty unperformed. Besides, I may add, that I have always made it a rule to decline invitations to address public meetings of whatever kind, out of my own state, and have invariably and on many occasions acted on this rule.

If I could in any case make an exception, it would be on the most interesting occasion of your intended celebration, but that enquiry is precluded, because, as I have already stated, my business arrangements would prevent me, however disposed, from accepting your invitation.

With high respect and cordial regard, I have the honor to be,  
gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant,

GEORGE E. BADGER.

To Messrs. W. B. Wilson, Jno. L. Miller, S. W. Melton, Com-  
mittee.

On motion of W. P. Thomasson, esq., the proceedings of the  
meeting were ordered to be published in the Yorkville papers.

On motion, the committee adjourned to meet again on the first  
Monday in September next.

JOHN S. MOORE, Chairman.

W. I. CLAWSON, Secretary.

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### MEETING IN MECKLENBURG, N. C.

From the Charlotte Whig, August 1.

Our neighbors of York district, S. C., having proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, and have invited the people of North Carolina to participate in the proceedings on the occasion. Some few days since a letter was received from a committee of the people of Yorkville, by some gentlemen of this place, requesting the people of Mecklenburg to select an orator to represent the people of the state on the occasion. The people of this country who were consulted on the subject, felt of course much delicacy in assuming to select an orator for their fellow citizens at large, all of whom were as deeply interested as themselves, and would naturally feel some concern in the proceedings. It was, however, difficult to effect communications with the various counties of the west—especially the mountain counties—whose brave officers and soldiery achieved on the memorable battle so much glory for themselves and so much success to their country. It was besides important that the state should be represented, and her historical claim to a large share in one of the most remarkable battles of the revolution be fully recognized. Under these circumstances, and with the best motives, the people of Mecklenburg did not hesitate to perform the duty assigned to them, and have unanimously chosen a son of North Carolina, whose reputation as one of the first orators of the age, is as wide as our common country, and whose thorough acquaintance with the history of the state, fit him in the highest

degree for the duty of representing her on that occasion. Dr. Hawks, it is understood, is now writing the history of North Carolina, and with this revolutionary event is perhaps as well informed as any other living man. His appointment will be hailed with gratification by the people of the entire state, and we will not permit ourselves to doubt but that he will be present, should his health and other circumstances at all permit. The celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, with such orators as Hawks and Preston, will be one of the most interesting events which has occurred in the South for many years. We hope the people of western North Carolina, from whose mountains and rivers, a citizen soldiery, under whose well-tried officers, rushed to the rescue of their invaded country, will gather on the spot consecrated to patriotism and to glory, in such numbers as will show their appreciation of the virtue and services of their fathers.

Below we append the resolutions of the people of Mecklenburg. We hope that each of the western counties of North Carolina will be present with a delegation, and that steps will be immediately taken to secure such a representation as may be worthy of the state.

Whereas the citizens of York district, South Carolina, have requested the people of North Carolina to participate in the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, and have requested the people of Mecklenburg county to select an orator to represent the state of North Carolina.

*Resolved*, That we, the people of Mecklenburg, feel it a patriotic duty to participate with our fellow citizens of South Carolina in an appropriate commemoration of this battle, so creditable to the valor and patriotism of the people of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

*Resolved*, That the people of Mecklenburg county do request the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D., of the city of New York, to deliver an oration for and in behalf of the people of North Carolina upon that occasion.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three persons, of whom the chairman shall be one, be appointed to confer with the Rev. F. L. Hawks and request him to perform the duty assigned him.

*Resolved*, That the committee appointed on this occasion, be requested to select another orator should the one selected on this occasion for any cause fail to perform the duty.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of the meeting be published in the papers of this town, and the Yorkville and other newspapers of this and other states.

G. W. CALDWELL, Chairman.

W. K. REM, Secretary.

### MEETING IN SHELBY, NORTH CAROLINA.

[A meeting of the citizens of Cleaveland county, North Carolina, was held on the first Monday in August, and resolutions adopted in response to the Yorkville meeting. The committee were unable to procure a copy of the proceedings in time for publication.]

### MEETING IN LAURENS.

From the Laurensville Herald, August 10.

In accordance with a suggestion made through the columns of the Herald, a few weeks ago, a meeting of the citizens of our district was held in the court house on Monday last, and organized by calling Dr. J. W. Simpson to the chair. The chairman stated, in a brief manner, the object of the meeting, where upon

Colonel J. H. Irby introduced the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we heartily concur in the proposition of the citizens of York, to celebrate the battle of King's Mountain, on its approaching anniversary.

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to obtain subscriptions and forward them to the committee of arrangements appointed by the citizens of York.

*Resolved*, That the above committee be appointed to attend the celebration as representatives of Laurens district.

On motion the following gentlemen were appointed by the chair, as delegates :

Col. J. H. Irby, Col. J. D. Williams, John Garlington, esq., H. C. Young, J. G. Williams, Gen. A. C. Jonez, Capt. Geo. Anderson,

Dr. M. M. Hunter, Dr. S. F. Styles, J. Wistar Simpson, B. W. Ball, Maj. G. W. Connor, John Smith, W. D. Watts, Maj. J. A. Egleberger, Martin Shaw, Dr. F. Weir, Maj. A. P. Martin, Capt. A. Dial, L. L. Young, Capt. J. Culbertson, Col. J. P. Kern, R. M. Stokes, W. B. Henderson, W. D. Simpson, S. Fleming, E. Hix, C. P. Sullivan, Rev. D. Willis, Willis Wallace.

On motion, the proceedings were ordered to be published in the Laurensville Herald. J. W. SIMPSON, Chairman.

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### MEETING IN UNION.

From the Yorkville Enquirer, August 23.

The work still goes bravely on. Our neighbors in Union district have also responded to the call of our meeting, and appointed a committee to co-operate with other districts in the celebration. The committee consists of the following gentlemen:

Dr. J. H. Dogan, Col. T. M. Dawkins, Abram McJunkin, B. H. Rice, Col. F. Scaife, Maj. J. S. Sims, James G. Fernandes, M. Patrick, Col. Jas. Jeffries, Giles Sharp, Wm. G. Hughes, Dr. George Douglass, Thomas Bowker, James M. Faucett, Christopher Brandon, Gen. J. F. Gist, T. B. Jeter, Col. R. Macbeth, W. H. Gregory, Thomas Sartor, J. E. Meng, Thos. Giles, Dr. O. Walker, Rev. Thomas Ray, Ellis Palmer, W. C. Dunn, Col. Saml. Beaty, Robert Harris, Albert Means, George Young.

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### MEETING IN CHESTER.

From the Chester Standard, August 30.

It has been to us, individually, a matter of regret that our people have been so laggard in attention to the proposed celebration of the battle of King's Mountain. Filled, as Chester district was with whigs, and now with their descendants, it was to be expected that an earnest activity would have been aroused among them at the bare mention of the celebration.

By reference to another column it will be seen that a meeting of the citizens of the town was held on Monday last, and that ef-

forts are to be made to contribute to the expenses of the occasion. York district has, we understand, subscribed near \$2000, whilst liberal amounts are promised from Spartanburg, Union and Laurens. We know not what is doing in North Carolina; nor have we heard of any action in Lancaster, Fairfield or Richland. Surely this burden should not rest so heavily upon York—it is due to them, and to ourselves, that we act earnestly in the matter. We trust the gentlemen appointed to solicit subscriptions will act promptly and report at an early day. The committee at Yorkville, should know, as early as possible, what they are to expect, that they may make their arrangements accordingly.

The occasion will be one of more than ordinary interest, and may well engage the attention of every person who feels a pride in the deeds of our ancestry. An invitation has been extended to the president of the United States, and expectations are entertained that he will be present. Other distinguished gentlemen have signified their intention to participate.

An unwarranted apprehension is entertained that means of conveyance cannot be furnished from Yorkville. The Committee charged with this matter will not fail in their efforts to accommodate all who cast themselves upon them. It is suggested, however, that as many as can do so, should go in their own conveyance. This may very well be done by Chester and Fairfield, and even by Richland. In 1840 an overwhelming multitude were assembled at the same point, and we then heard no complaint about their want of conveyances from Yorkville. Cannot the like be done again?

Our friend, Garner White, informs us that he now has the rifle used by his father, Wm. White, at the battle of King's Mountain, and at Sumter's defeat, and that he expects either to carry or send it up to the celebration. This relic is warranted to be *genuine*. How many such guns will be there?

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CHESTER, S. C., August 27.

A meeting of the citizens of Chester district was convened this day in the court house, to adopt measures to aid in the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, when James Hemphill was called to the chair, and J. L. Harris was appointed secretary.

Capt. John A. Bradley, having explained the object of the meet-

ing, Samuel McAliley, esq., offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we approve of the proposed celebration of the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, and that we cordially unite with our fellow-citizens of York in carrying the same into execution.

*Resolved*, That a committee of twenty be appointed to obtain subscriptions to be transmitted to the financial committee in Yorkville.

The following gentlemen were appointed the committee to obtain subscriptions:

James Pagan, chairman; A. Q. Dunovant, Jas. Graham, John McKee, jr., Wm. H. Gill, D. G. Stinson, esq., T. Henry Moffatt, D. R. Stevenson, W. E. Kelsey, Dr. John Douglass, Capt. James McDill, Major John Sanders, John Simpson, Col. James McDaniel, J. W. Wilkes, Nicholas Colvin, esq., J. A. Lewis, E. R. Mills, Amos W. Osborne, Richard H. Fudge, esq.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Chester Standard.

## MEETING IN RICHLAND.

From the South Carolinian, September 4.

In pursuance of a call through the papers, a meeting of the citizens of Richland was held in the City Hall, yesterday. The Hon. E. J. Arthur was called to the chair, and Dr. A. J. Green requested to act as secretary.

The chairman having explained the purpose of the meeting, Dr. R. W. Gibbes then offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were seconded {by Col. John Bauskett, who addressed the meeting on the subject of the glorious occasion of the meeting:

No action in our revolutionary history should be held more sacred, in the memory of Carolinians than that at King's Mountain. It occurred at a period when the British considered themselves in possession of the state because they held Charleston, and had defeated Gen. Gates at Camden. No event of the war was better timed, or had more influence on the whig cause than the glorious victory obtained by Campbell and Shelby and Sevier. It

was to the interior, what Fort Moultrie was on the sea coast, and both should be equally embalmed in the affections of our people. Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the people of Richland district will cordially unite with the citizens of York in paying respect to the anniversary of that gallant fight for liberty.

*Resolved*, That a committee of seven be appointed to make collections to aid in carrying out this purpose.

The preamble and resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

The chairman appointed the following committee:

Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Col. J. Bauskett, Col. C. R. Bryce, Capt. J. U. Adams, Dr. A. J. Green, Dr. John Wallace, W. Hampton, jr.

On motion of J. P. Thomas, esq., the secretary was requested to publish the proceedings in the papers of Columbia.

The meeting then adjourned.

E. J. ARTHUR, Chairman.

A. J. GREEN, Secretary.

### KING'S MOUNTAIN CELEBRATION.

The major-generals and brigadier generals of the several divisions with their respective staffs; the volunteer, uniform and cavalry companies of the state; the surviving soldiers of the Seminole and Mexican wars; the members of the senate and house of representatives; the clergy; the masonic, odd fellow and temperance lodges; and the members of the press, are invited to attend the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, on Thursday, the 4th day of October next.

WM. B. WILSON,	}	Committee of Invitation.
JNO. L. MILLER,		
SAMPL W. MELTON,		

### MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE.

YORKVILLE, September 3.

The committee of arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, met this day at the court house pursuant to adjournment, John S. Moore, esq., in the chair, and W. I. Clawson, esq., acting as secretary.

The proceedings of the last meeting were read by the secretary.

The chairman then called on the financial committees to make reports of any additional subscriptions for defraying the expenses of the celebration, which was accordingly done.

W. I. Clawson, esq., offered the following resolution which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the chairman of this committee appoint an executive committee, to consist of five persons, whose duty it shall be to make out a programme of arrangements and expenditure, in accordance with the amount now subscribed, and which may be subscribed hereafter; make contracts for having provisions and other supplies furnished, and make all necessary arrangements for carrying out the celebration.

Whereupon the following persons were appointed, to wit:

W. I. Clawson, esq., H. F. Adickes, A. S. Wallace, Col. R. G. McCaw, and Dr. A. I. Barron.

W. I. Clawson, esq., then moved that John S. Moore, esq., be added as the chairman of the committee, which was agreed to.

T. J. Eccles, esq., offered the following resolution which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the committee invite subscriptions, in provisions, where such may be found convenient, and that the same will be thankfully received, and that if any shall be subscribed, the same shall be delivered to the chairman of this committee, at least two weeks before the time of the celebration.

W. I. Clawson, esq., also offered the following resolution, which was agreed to :

*Resolved*, That the committee of arrangements call on all the citizens of this district and the adjoining districts in this state, also, on the citizens of the adjoining counties in North Carolina, to contribute to the celebration by way of *pic nic*, in addition to the subscriptions already obtained, and that the same be delivered at the battle ground, at least one day previous to the celebration.

Thomas J. Eccles, esq., moved that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of Yorkville.

JOHN S. MOORE, Chairman.

W. I. CLAWSON, Secretary.

## MEETING IN FAIRFIELD.

From the Winnsboro' Register, Sept. 11

A meeting was held in this place on Thursday last, to take into consideration the subject of raising subscriptions to the King's Mountain celebration. The Hon. J. H. Means was called to the chair, and F. Gaillard requested to act as secretary. The Hon. W. W. Boyce then briefly explained the object of the meeting. The celebration of this important battle would, he supposed, meet with a response from every one. He begged leave to submit the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That the citizens of Fairfield district have heard with pleasure of the preparations being made by the people of York district to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, and that a committee of eleven members be appointed to raise subscriptions to aid in the celebration.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the following gentlemen appointed: W. W. Boyce, W. R. Robertson, Gen. J. Buchanan, Gen. H. K. Aiken, Jacob Feaster, jr., John Adger, J. M. Robertson, Dr. George McCants, Dr. J. Jenkins, and J. W. Rabb.

We are pleased to learn that the committee took immediate action, and have already met with encouraging success.

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 MEETING IN MECKLENBURG, N. C.

From the Western Democrat.

A meeting was held in this town on Wednesday last, to select an orator to represent North Carolina at the celebration to come off at King's Mountain, on the 4th of October next.

On motion, Hon. G. W. Caldwell was called to the chair, and R. P. Waring requested to act as secretary.

The chairman explained the object of the meeting in a few patriotic remarks, whereupon J. H. Wilson, esq., of Charlotte, and John F. Hoke, esq., of Lincolnton, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions for the action of the meeting.

The committee reported the following, which were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, we have heard with regret that the Rev. Dr. Francis

L. Hawks has declined to deliver the address at the King's Mountain celebration, and whereas, it is due to the memory of the brave sons of North Carolina who freely shed their blood in defence of their country's liberty, that the state should be represented upon that occasion by a gentleman of historic attainments and oratorical powers, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we invite James W. Osborne, esq., to deliver the address, believing in him we have one that will reflect lustre upon the past and do honor to the present.

Messrs. Caldwell, Pritchard, Wilson, and Williamson were appointed a committee to inform Mr. Osborne of his selection, and request him to accept the same.

The meeting then adjourned.

G. W. CALDWELL, President.

R. P. WARING, Secretary.

## REPORTS OF THE COMMITTEES.

From the Yorkville Enquirer, Sept. 13.

In another column will be found an address by the executive committee, in relation to the celebration, to which we ask the attention of our readers.

The report of the military committee is also published. Several gentlemen of this committee have visited the ground, and made the necessary inquiries, in order to the publication of a programme of exercises, which will receive the attention of the military companies intending to be present. It is hoped, and earnestly desired, that the Independent Battalion, of Columbia, the several uniform companies of Winnsboro', the Calhoun Guards, of Chester, the Johnson Riflemen, of Union, and the Cavalry companies of Chester, Union, Spartanburg, and York, will lend us their aid on the occasion. We have reason to hope that several companies from Charleston will also be present; but of this there is yet doubt. By application, wagons will be procured to convey their camp equipments from the depot to the mountains.

It will be seen that, in accordance with the action at our first meeting, the position as marshal of the day has been assigned to his Excellency Governor Adams. The committee to whom it

was referred to correspond with Gov. Adams have received from him no reply of any kind; it is presumed from this silence, however, that his excellency will honor the occasion with his presence.

The beauty and gallantry of the district and surrounding country will doubtless be pleased to learn that measures are in progress for their entertainment in Yorkville, on Friday evening succeeding the day of the celebration. The notice of invitation is published in this issue. Every effort will be employed by the managers to furnish a splendid ball, and in their exertions they will have the assistance of a skilful, and, in his way, inimitable caterer, Mr. Rose, of the Palmetto hotel. We hope that on this occasion, also, our neighboring districts and counties will be fully represented.

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#### REPORT OF THE MILITARY COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the military committee on the King's Mountain celebration, held in Yorkville, September 8th, the following report was adopted:

The military companies, provided with all necessary camp equipments, will report for duty to the committee at the mountain, at or before four o'clock, on the 3d of October, at which time camping positions will be assigned them.

The encampment of the military will be subject to all the rules and regulations of a regular military encampment. The line of sentinels will be extended so as to afford protection to such articles as the committee of arrangements may place under their charge.

On the 4th of October, the day of the celebration, the companies will assemble for exercise and review. His Excellency Gov. Adams will act as reviewing officer. R. G. M. Dunovant, adjt. and inspector general, will take command in the field exercises.

#### PROGRAMME OF FIELD EXERCISES.

1. Review.
2. Break to the left to march to the right.
3. Column close in mass.
4. Countermarch.

5. Change direction by the left flank.
6. By head of column take wheeling distance.
7. Formation into line of battle, composed of two movements, column arriving behind the line of battle.
8. Firing.
9. To the rear by the right flank pass the defile.
10. Change direction to the left.
11. Left into line wheel.
12. Double column at half distance.
13. Deploy column.
14. By left of companies to the rear into column.
15. Change direction to the left.
16. Form division.
17. Form square-firing.
18. Reduce square.
19. Deploy column.
20. Break to the right and march to the left.
21. Change direction to the left.
22. Left into line wheel.

#### IN THE AFTERNOON—DRESS PARADE.

Immediately after the military evolutions have been performed, the procession will be formed under the command of Gov. Adams. (An order of procession will be prepared, in which the positions of the different bodies will be assigned.) The military companies and the organized associations intending to be present, will please give notice of the fact to the committee, by the 25th of September.

GEN. JOHN A. ALSTON, Chairman.

Capt. M. JENKINS, Secretary.

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# KING'S MOUNTAIN CELEBRATION.

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From the Yorkville Enquirer.

THE fourth of October—the day set apart by our people for the in-gathering of worshippers, and for their noble act of worship, at “the grand old mountain”—has come and gone; and with it has passed off a demonstration, taken for all in all, the most imposing ever enacted in South Carolina. A debt has been paid. The brave dead who have for long years tenanted the abodes of silence and neglect, and their now sleeping comrades, whose resting-places are here and there unmarked, have been exhumed from forgotten graves; and, with more than all the honors that glorious war can give, and with all the glory that can be ascribed by a free and grateful people, have been given back again to an honored earth marked by an everlasting monument. The story of patient suffering, unwavering fortitude, undaunted heroism, and immortal victory, has been told in words prompted by the heart of a Campbell, and flowing grandly as if from the tongue of Patrick Henry; and caught up by an innumerable throng, in blood kindred to Williams and Chronicle and Hamright, to Cleveland, Shelby, Sevier and McDowell, has been echoed and re-echoed, until the old mountain has been made to reverberate and ring again and again with the loud-bursting, pealing notes! Right nobly, truthfully, and well has the debt been paid! Henceforward, let “King’s Mountain” take a place among “the decisive battles of the world;” let the grand achievement stand out upon the page of history, one of the glorious land-marks that point the pathway to the goal of human progress, where the genius of liberty will be crowned triumphant forever!

To give our readers an adequate and faithful account of the celebration is a task to which we feel ourself unequal; but the duty devolves upon us, and we shall endeavor to meet it—taking occasion, at the outset, to extend to those who have all-along given us the aid of their sympathy and co-operation, the most hearty congratulation upon a consummation so entirely in keeping with the best hope, and so entirely auspicious of future good. When our first feeble effort was made, we had many misgivings; as the day approached, these misgivings were but little abated; but when we were permitted to welcome there an unnumbered multitude, gathered from far and near—all speaking out in word and action a sentiment in unison with the occasion and the object to be attained—our doubts gave way to a glad realization, and, with heart in hand, we mingled in the round of rejoicing, the “feast of reason and flow of soul,” which made up a festival long to be regarded, and to be ever held worthy of a place with the cherished memories of King’s Mountain. But, to our narrative.

Early on Tuesday morning, the roll of the drum and the inspiring strains of martial music gave us warning of the beginning, and aroused the feeling fit to be indulged and sustained throughout the days of festivity. Under the command of Capt. Jenkins and Lieut. Coward, the cadets of the Preparatory Military School, upon whom devolved the duty of military escort, were marched to the depôt, and at nine o’clock received the “Calhoun Guards,” Capt. Mills, a fit representative of the chivalry and spirit of old Chester. The “Guards” were escorted into the town, and for the time took up their quarters at Walker’s Hotel. At two o’clock the extra-train from Columbia brought to us several of the well-trained and spirited companies of which our capital city is justly proud—the “Richland Volunteer Rifle Company,” Capt. Radcliffe; the “Columbia Artillery,” Capt. Hampton; and a delegation from the “Carolina Blues,” Capt. Barkuloo. After having been received, and provided with refreshments at Rose’s Hotel, these companies, with the “Guards” and the cadets, took up the line of march for the mountain. The regular train, which had been delayed by an accident below Chester, arrived late in the afternoon, and with it the companies from Charleston—the “Palmetto Guard,” Capt. Lucas, a fine-looking, well-trained corps; and detachments of the “Washington Light Infantry,” Capt. Hatch, the “Charleston Riflemen,” Capt. Johnson, and the

"German Riflemen," Lieut. Baum. Taking up immediately the line of march, these companies followed in the wake of their predecessors. We were much pleased to welcome, also, a full detachment of the "Edgefield Artillery, Lieut. Adams, a gallant contribution from Judge Butler and old Edgefield, which was all the more welcome because the kindness was unexpected. Comfortable quarters were provided for them at Walker's.

Wednesday morning, we took our place in the caravan wending its way to the mountain, and early in the afternoon found ourself in the midst of the strange and stirring scenes of a busy forest-camp. During the last hour's ride we had recited to our *compagnons du voyage* the concluding chapters of "Horse-shoe Robinson," in which are described, in the attractive garb of romance, the thrilling incidents of the battle, the death of Lindsay, the glad meeting of Butler and his Mildred, the genuine heroism of brave old "Horse-shoe," and the *denouement* to all the characters, whose hours upon the stage, told half in truth half in fancy, make this unpretending volume an heir-loom in almost every family, familiar as the tone of a household word. This pleasant exercise gave to us a frame of mind well suited to the scenes upon which we were to enter; and, with soul and body, spirit and nerve wrought up to the pitch of enthusiasm which seemed to direct and rule over all, we threw ourselves into the busy whirl, and began to drink in the wealth of genuine pleasure which such a scene and such an occasion could but give.

Soon after our arrival upon the ground, we were permitted to extend a glad welcome to two veteran pilgrims who had just ended their journey across the mountains, and come to kneel at our shrine and join with us in our worship—the distinguished historian, Mr. Bancroft, and his not less distinguished compeer, Hon. Wm. C. Preston. Both seemed to have gathered by the way a fresh fund of health and spirits, in full preparation for the novel scenes before them. At Mr. Bancroft's request, we presented our friend A. S. Wallace, esq., one of the worthy representatives of our district, who, from frequent intercourse with the actors in the drama, had acquired a thorough and accurate knowledge of every point of the battle-ground, and who kindly consented to place in contribution to the pleasure of our guest his ample fund of revolutionary lore. Following his lead, Mr. Bancroft, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Wightman and Rev. Mr.

Martin, of Spartanburg, employed the hour in roaming over the mountain. An hour of value it was to *us*—now gathering up the treasures of legendary story as our guide poured them forth, and then regarding with an ill-disguised admiration the fine, sparkling, speaking eye of the listener as he took in, almost at a glance, all the points and features of the battle-ground, and gave a willing ear to the rehearsal of the rude but truthful story as it came, second-handed, from the heroes in the strife. A beautiful, cheering scene was that—the great historian upon the height of King's Mountain—a scene worthy of a better pen than ours! Standing on the spot where the surrender took place, near the rock which pillowed the head of the dying Ferguson, and hard-by the spreading branches of the venerable tree from which the baker's dozen of traitor tories were hung, he read from the dispatches of the commanding officer an official account of the battle; and placing Campbell and Shelby on the north, Sevier on the west, and Williams and Cleaveland on the east side of the mountain, eloquently and enthusiastically fought the battle over! The hope then was full. The great historian had done homage to the sacred spot and its sacred memory, and history would do right.

While upon the mountain we met with Lieut. Wilkie, of the "Washington Light Infantry," and on our return, proceeding to the encampment of the detachment, we caught a glimpse of the war-worn banner presented to the company by the widow of Col. Washington. This flag was borne by the men under the command of the brave and daring Washington, and bears upon its folds the marks of the strife through which it was borne at Cowpens and Eutaw Springs. A noble old relic it is—worth all the affection with which this gallant company regard it, and amply repaying, in its rare value alone, the guardian care provided for its keeping. The detachment were on their way, and, after the celebration, designed to proceed to the battle-field of Cowpens, in Spartanburg district, with a view to reconnoitre and make preparations for a grand demonstration on the ground next spring. Success to the praiseworthy enterprise!

Returning to the camp, we were surprised and, more than ever, delighted with the soul-stirring scene presented to view. Scattered here and there, on the surrounding hills and in the intervening glens, as far as the eye could reach, and even far

beyond the range of a single glance, were pitched at least one thousand tents, of every shape, size, and fashion, all reflecting goldenly the last rays of a bright autumnal sunset; and passing to and fro, mingling gladly together, exchanging the greetings, extending the congratulations, and indulging the pleasures of friendly meeting, were innumerable throngs of all ages, sexes, and conditions—the gray-haired old man, who even now remembers, as if it were on yesterday, the firing of the guns on the day of the battle which, seventy-five years gone, he has come to celebrate; the venerable matron bringing the widow's mite to the common altar; full-grown, vigorous manhood, with the proud blood of the revolution beating at the heart and pulsating more and more quickly through every vein; the rude country lad, the city "swell," the bouncing lass, the dashing belle, the gallant soldier, decked out in all the trappings of war, the erect, independent backwoodsman, and, last of all, many a careless, devil-may-take-me specimen of "our peculiar institution"—all congregated as if by one common thought, bent upon a time of rejoicing, and entering eagerly upon the work! Oh, it was a splendid, glorious picture! in comparison with that which, seventy-five years ago, broke upon the stillness of that mountain, enough to fill the patriot heart full to overflowing, and make every nerve to thrill with the intensest emotions of thankfulness and joy!

When night came down, the thousand camp fires turned it into day, and sent upward and around a bright lurid glare, lighting up still the splendid panorama, and giving to the scene an effect yet more sublime, more touching, more soul-stirring. The hum of ten thousand voices, the tramp of men and horses, the shouts of gladness, peals of laughter, and the shrill whoop of the mountaineer, known alone to the mountains; the roll of the drum, the incessant firing of the vexed, ill-treated sentry, and, to drown them all, the inspiring strains of martial music, which, discoursed alternately by the several bands in camp, reverberated again and again through hill and dale—all woke up to life the realm where silence and solitude had been wont to reign, and invested the scene with a new and thrilling interest which none who witnessed it can ever forget. If the multitude had seen and heard no more—if, with the early morning, they had gone to their homes, the scenes of that glorious night would have repaid them all!

At a late hour we betook ourselves to rest, and despite all the noise and bustle which, throughout the camp, ruled the night, slept balmily as if on "downy pillows," until *reveill * and the morning salute awoke us to an active participation in the events of the celebration-day.

Thursday, the sun rose gloriously, and went his round from morning to twilight without a cloud to dim, even for a moment, his unusual splendor. Never did a lovelier, more calmly beautiful day smile upon earth—a breathless, cloudless, golden autumn day! It was just such a day as dawned upon the little band of patriots slumbering upon the banks of Broad river; just such a sun as rose upon the field of Austerlitz. Nature seemed in sympathy with us, and gave thus kindly auspices of success.

With the morning came pouring in on every side another countless throng, and at nine o'clock a multitude had congregated together, numbering, according to different estimates, from eight to fifteen thousand persons. One of the guests, who had been accustomed to such multitudes and knew how to count them, estimated the number around the stand at the opening of the ceremonies at eight thousand; and then scarce half the crowd was told. According to this estimate, perhaps the most reliable, there were at least *fifteen thousand* persons present!

At ten o'clock, the several military companies in attendance, habited in their gay and beautiful uniforms, were formed into line in front of the encampment, and under the command of Maj. Meighan, of the Columbia "Independent Battalion," assisted by Capt. Johnson, acting as adjutant, and Capt. Barkuloo, were reviewed by Col. W. H. McCorkle, the commander of the upper regiment. The battalion then passed in review over the plot of table-land east of the mountain, and executed with the utmost precision, and with an admirable skill and promptness, the series of movements in vogue at "general muster," keeping time to the excellent music discoursed by the band of the Richland Rifle Company. Such a splendid exhibition of "the pomp, and pride, and circumstance of glorious war" has never been seen in the backwoods since the days of old seventy-six; and for the untutored gaze, our own and the many thousand eyes looking no sentiment but that of intense admiration, it formed not the least attractive and interesting feature in the day's ceremonies.

The review was ended at 11 o'clock, and, after a short interval,

a procession was formed on the parade-ground, under the superintendence of Major Meighan, and Colonel McCorkle, acting as marshals, in the following order : those only who were known to be present, having positions assigned:

- The various Volunteer Companies.
- The members of the Masonic, Odd Fellows and Temperance Lodges.
- The members of the Press.
- The reverend Clergy.
- The members of the Congress of the United States.
- The Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Members of the State Legislature.
- The several committees connected with the Celebration.
- The descendents of the Heroes of King's Mountain.
- The invited Guests.
- The President of the Day.
- The Orator and Chaplain.

Among those who joined in the procession were Hon. George Bancroft, Col. James L. Orr, Hon. W. W. Boyce, Hon. James Rogers, Hon. James Simons, speaker of the house of representatives, Col. Wade Hampton, jr., Col. B. H. Rice, Col. John D. Williams and James G. Williams, esq., the grand-sons of the hero who fell at the battle. A full attendance of the masonic fraternity in regalia, added a goodly measure to the effect of the demonstration. The procession marched to a point on the acclivity, east of the mountain, in full view of the battle-ground, where a stand had been erected and seats provided for the accommodation of the multitude. The assembly was called to order by Colonel I. D. Witherspoon, our senator, to whom, in the absence of his excellency, the governor, was assigned the office of president of the day. After an appropriate introduction, he announced the chaplain, Rev. J. L. W. Adams, pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place.

Here permit a moment's digression, while we dwell upon the part enacted in the battle by the patriots whose homes were in the vicinity of King's Mountain. Of all the romantic incidents which make up that day of romance, that which tells the story of the heroism of our home-fathers, is not the least to be regarded. Many of them living within a half-day's ride were participants in the conflict; yet they belonged to no company—they were called

to the field by no roll of drum, no stirring appeal, or inspiring example—they were encouraged by the brave lead of no captain. The news of the coming battle had, the day before, spread like wild-fire through the country; and at early morn, the sturdy farmers used only to the delightful plans of peace, saddled his horse and shouldered his rifle as if going to the accustomed Sabbath meeting. Riding briskly to the mountain, dismounting and tying his horse to a limb, he took his position, independent of all command, where danger was fiercest, and the most work to be done, and bravely bore the hero's part in the struggle. When the victory was won, as calmly and silently as he had come, he mounted his plow-steed, and wended his way back to his home; and next morning, having but a day, went the more briskly to his work in the harvest field! The steady, sure aim of these farmer-warriors brought many a Briton to the dust; and their singular bravery, their firm, untaught heroism, may well give to the chronicle of the war one of the most glowing pages in its brightest chapter. Such a part in this memorable conflict was borne by the grand-father of him who had been called upon to take the place of the distinguished divine to whom had been assigned the office of chaplain; and such the exceeding appropriateness which gave to him the grateful duty of invoking, with truthful piety, and an earnest fervor, the Divine blessing upon the assembled multitude.

After the religious ceremonies were concluded, the president introduced the Hon. John S. Preston, the orator of the day. His presence before the auditory was greeted by enthusiastic and continued bursts of applause, which told plainly of the pitch which the anxious and confident expectation of all had reached, and of the great effort to which they were eagerly ready to lend an ear. They were not disappointed. For two hours the speaker held his auditory entranced, and during the time scarce a whisper was heard, save when the rapture inspired, by his fervid, glowing eloquence, would force out, ever and anon, the enthusiastic expression of pleasure and delight. Each picture, as it was presented, in matchless, thrilling tones, was recognised from its very truthfulness, and greeted with peal after peal of outbursting applause. Although we had often listened to the words of genuine eloquence, and had heard the distinguished orator in his happiest efforts, our anticipations were more than realized; always equal to the theme, never descending to the common-

place or wavering in its proud career, it was a triumphant flight, upward and onward, from the first to the last. We must not attempt to give our readers an adequate conception of this master piece of oratory. In a few weeks it will be published in pamphlet form, when the reader will be permitted to enjoy at least a measure of the pleasure which the delivery could but afford to the hearer.

At the conclusion of Mr. Preston's address, and after the prolonged cheering which it called forth had subsided, the president of the day, proposed the following sentiment:

Hon. George Bancroft : The patriot, the statesman, the truthful and impartial annalist ; his presence here, to-day, inseparably links his fame with the cherished memories of King's Mountain. We bid him welcome.

The sentiment was cordially and warmly received, and as Mr. Bancroft rose to respond, he was greeted in genuine southern style. In clear and ringing accents, and with an intense pleasure beaming from every feature, the learned historian acknowledged the delight which a participation in the celebration afforded him, paid a glowing compliment to the revolutionary heroism of South Carolina, dwelt upon the battle and its consequences, and closed a chaste and exceedingly appropriate address, by an earnest appeal in behalf of the old battle-ground. It was such an address as might have been expected of the man—ornate and eloquent, yet touching in its simplicity; modest, yet bold and truthful—every sentiment beautifully adapted to the occasion, coming from the heart of a patriot and clothed in the chaste language of the accomplished scholar. The concluding words are worthy of a place:

“Let the battle-ground before us be left no longer as private property; let it be made the inheritance of the people, that is, of all who are heirs to the benefits that were gained on the day which we commemorate. Let a monument rise upon its peak as a memorial of the heroism of your fathers; as an evidence of the piety of their sons. The deeds that were there performed bid us ever to renew our love of country. Let the passion for freedom flow forth perennially, like the fountains that gush in crystal purity from your hill-sides; let the UNION stand like your own mountains, which the geologists tells us are the oldest and firmest in the world!”

At the close of the address, Edward Moore, esq., appeared upon the stand, announced the following toasts, each of which was received with hearty applause :

1. The Battle of King's Mountain : The turning point of the revolution—it proved to be the Thermopylæ of American liberty.

2. The Heroes of King's Mountain : With Spartan intrepidity, Roman hardihood and a patriotic valor peculiarly American, they grappled with the enemy here, and conquered. A monument should perpetuate the memory of their heroic deeds.

3. Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina : Firmly united in the days of 1780, may they ever be found, side by side, battling in defence of their constitutional rights and liberties against a common foe.

4. York : That portion of South Carolina which scorned British protection in 1780. May she never shrink from that principle of magnanimous independence.

5. Colonels Campbell, Sevier, Cleaveland, Lacey, Shelby and Hambricht : History will yet claim their achievement at King's Mountain as the subject of its brightest page.

6. Colonel James Williams, Carolina's noblest offering on the shrine of revolutionary patriotism : Let his memory be eternally engraved upon the hearts of his countrymen.

7. The memory of George Washington : Changes and revolutions can never cast a shade upon it in America.

8. Baron De Kalb : A nation cherishes the memory of the philanthropic stranger ; the willing martyr in the cause of human liberty.

9. Marion, Sumter, Hayne, Pickens and Moultrie : May their chivalry and love of country be ever imitated by the sons of the palmetto state.

10. John C. Calhoun : His name, his character, and his services, are his truest and highest eulogy.

11. The President of the United States : The faithful executor and defender of the constitution ; he deserves the gratitude and support of the south.

12. The orator of the day : The gifted descendant of the gallant Campbell ; his eloquence to-day warms our hearts with patriotic fire, as did the thundering tones of his ancestor inspire his followers seventy-five years ago on this spot.

13. Woman : The last, best and dearest gift of God to man.

The reading of the regular toasts concluded, the rifle of William White was presented to view by Samuel W. Melton, with the following words :

"I hold in my hand, fellow citizens, one of the rifles which, with the true aim and steady nerve of the hardy backwoodsman, dealt death and destruction to the foe upon the height of King's Mountain. It was borne by William White, a native of Chester district, who served in the day of battle in Captain Lacey's company, attached to Colonel Williams' command. In the care of Captain Mills, of the 'Calhoun Guards,' Chester district, sends this most welcome contribution to the festivities of the occasion. Three cheers for the old rifle!"

Following this, the sword of Colonel Campbell was handed to

him by Colonel Preston, which he immediately presented as follows:

“Here, too, fellow citizens, is another noble relic—the trusty blade which, at the bidding of the brave William Campbell, leaped from the scabbard first on yonder height. Let us give to it a hearty, cheering welcome back to the old battle ground; and let us hope that, if ever the sword must be unsheathed in defence of American honor, or southern right, it may be returned as pure and unsullied as this, the legacy of the immortal Campbell to his honored posterity.”

After the presentation of these valued relics of the battle, he proposed the following sentiment:

Honorable William Campbell Preston : Rekindled in the grand-son, has been transmitted to us the spirit which gleamed in the sword of the grand-sire. While we have assembled to honor the patriotic deeds of the one upon the battle-field, let us not forget the statesmanship and eloquence which have thrown a halo of imperishable glory around the other. In the fullness of age, as in the pride and strength of manhood, South Carolina delights to do him reverence.

When the loud applause with which this sentiment was received had subsided, the once proud and majestic form of “the inspired declaimer,” now bent with age and tremblingly leaning upon the crutch for support, approached to the front of the stand. For a moment, the fire of genius, almost gone out, which had once commanded “the applause of list’ning senates,” seemed to enkindle and burn as brightly as ever. He said:

“If anything could now relume the embers of a life which, at times in my youth and manhood, has perhaps burned brightly, it would be the sentiment which has just been uttered. It touches the objects which are dearest to me. It points to a life which has been animated by what I thought and hoped to be elevated objects of ambition, and to an ancestry whose memory has been most fondly cherished. Here, in these scenes of primeval grandeur, and upon a spot with which it has been the fortunes of that ancestry to be associated, it comes upon me with especial force; but if I could ever speak, I can speak no longer, and if excuse be needed, I would appeal to this,” (raising up his crutch) “and to this,” (laying his hand upon locks as white as snow;) “yet, still my heart,” (laying his hand upon his breast)—but the utterance failed, and “the old man eloquent” bowed his head and wept, while the tear, trickling from every eye in that vast assembly, told the story of earnest sympathy, and paid a tribute to the power of true eloquence—the eloquence of feeling and of action

and of silence. When he had resumed his seat, John L. Miller, esq., proposed the following sentiment:

The Washington Light Infantry: The worthy representatives of a glorious name. The flag of Colonel Washington, that waved in triumph at Eutaw and at Cowpens, has been committed as a sacred trust to their keeping, and we can have no fear that in the discharge of this high duty, they will fail to feel the summons of those great deeds, and should the crisis come, to emulate their example.

A call for a response was made upon Thomas Y. Simons, jr., a member of the company, but at the moment he was absent from the stand, and we were thus deprived of the pleasure of hearing one of the most promising and clever among the young men of Charleston. Mr. Taylor, a guest from North Carolina, volunteered an appropriate sentiment to the two orators and the two battle-fields—Bancroft and Bunker Hill, Preston and King's Mountain—which was received with the same demonstrations of applause accorded to every sentiment proposed.

The president then announced the barbecue in readiness, and after an entertainment of over three hours the auditory quietly dispersed, the larger number betaking themselves to the valley at the foot of the mountain, where the tables had been spread and provided with the overflowing abundance usual on such occasions. Though the attack was made with a determination characteristic of other days, thanks to the efforts of the indefatigable chairman of the committee, the greatest profusion reigned, and all were satisfied to the heart's content.

After the dinner was over, it was the expectation and desire of the committees to assemble the multitude at the stand, and pay respect to other distinguished guests who had favored the occasion with their presence. In order to reach their homes by Saturday evening, however, the military companies were compelled to take up immediately the line of march, and their example was followed by the larger portion of the assembly, whose feelings of sympathy, touched by the melancholy accident which had well-nigh proved fatal to one of the members of the artillery company, disturbed to no small degree the pleasurable enjoyment of the festivities, and forbid a further participation.

At the close of Mr. Preston's address, when the accustomed salute was fired, one of the guns of the artillery company was prematurely discharged while Mr. Sidney Clifton, a member of the company, was in the act of loading, and so severely shattered his right arm as to render immediate amputation necessary. His

face was shockingly burned, and fears were entertained that his eye-sight would be entirely lost. The operation was performed by Dr. Powell, the surgeon of the Richland Rifle Company, assisted by Dr. J. R. Bratton, of Yorkville, and Dr. Metts, of Laurens. Every possible means was taken to alleviate his suffering, and, on Friday, through the kind assistance of Mr. Jasper Stowe, who provided, without charge, a comfortable conveyance, when no other assistance could be obtained, he was removed to Yorkville, and thence to his home in Columbia.

Quietly, as they came, and without any demonstration that would not become a decent and orderly people, the multitude dispersed and went away to their homes, amply and more than compensated, we are assured, for whatever of toil and expense might have attended their camp life. By nightfall but few remained to disturb the silence that again asserted its reign over the mountain. Thus passed off the celebration—a day fraught with the most pleasing memories, which may well insure to us, ever hereafter, a feeling of gratification and proud satisfaction. But for the one sad incident all would have been well, and our record would indeed have been happy.

Friday morning we returned to Yorkville. During the day the military companies arrived in town on their return, and took up their quarters with us until Saturday morning. In the afternoon they made a handsome display, and what with their gay appearance, fine soldierly bearing, and the fine music which heralded their coming, gave a ten-fold animation to the quiet monotony of our town life. At three o'clock, we were pleased to meet with many of our "brothers of the quill," from abroad, at the editorial banquet, spread by that excellent caterer, Mr. Rose, of the "Palmetto hotel." It would not become us to say more than to express our thanks to those who gave us their presence on this occasion, and to render to the host our obligations for the tempting display of fine dishes, which made it a feast of which we were proud. At night the King's Mountain ball, at the "Palmetto," passed off handsomely; the ladies in attendance, however, were few, and the entertainment was not prolonged to a late hour. Saturday morning our guests bade us adieu, carrying with them the earnest thanks of our people, and our heartfelt wish that their own may have been equal to the enjoyment which their presence in our midst has afforded us.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

YORKVILLE, October 8th, 1855.

*Honorable John S. Preston—*

SIR: At the instance of the several committees appointed with reference to the King's Mountain Celebration, and in accordance with the general wish of our people, we respectfully request, for publication, a copy of the oration delivered by you on that occasion.

Believing that the all-important bearing of the event we have just commemorated, upon the fortunes of the revolution, has not yet been adequately appreciated, and conceiving it to be a duty as well as a privilege, under present auspices, to make public, in relation to it, a full and entirely reliable contribution to history, we have also to request access to the papers which you have consulted in making up the lucid statement of the battle and its consequences, contained in your oration.

Very respectfully,

W. B. WILSON,	}	Committee
JNO. L. MILLER,		of
SAM'L W. MELTON,		Correspondence.

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 COLUMBIA, October 10, 1855.
*Messrs. Wilson, Miller and Melton, Committee—*

GENTLEMEN: Most gratefully appreciating the honor you have conferred upon me, I promptly comply with your request to furnish for publication, a copy of my address at King's Mountain. By a minute and careful sifting of historical and documentary statements, I have endeavored to make my narrative strictly conformable to truth. Some minor incidents and the tone of colouring, not affecting the historical value of the battle, may be derived from tradition, or from documents I am not at liberty to publish; but in the address I have studied to use nothing which is not true.

In compliance with your request I send, also, copies of the documents upon which I have mainly relied to authenticate my account of the battle. If, in accordance, with your views, you are at liberty to publish all or any portion of them.

I am, gentlemen, with the highest regard,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN S. PRESTON.

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

## CELEBRATION

OF THE

### BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN,

OCTOBER, 1855.

BY

JOHN S. PRESTON.

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YORKVILLE, S. C.

PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMITTEES BY MILLER & MELTON,  
Proprietors of the Yorkville Enquirer.

1855.



## ADDRESS.

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THIS forest is very lovely in the dying glow of autumn; this mountain is beautiful in its lonely grandeur; this little brook runs gently, as it murmurs its ceaseless requiem by that solitary grave-stone. Why are they disturbed by this vast multitude of men—the representation of mighty, living power? Why come up here youth and manhood—age and woman—the hope—the struggle—the triumph—the joy of life?

### MY COUNTRYMEN:

Not success, nor triumph, nor power—not the decrepitude of age, nor the vigor of youth—not all the necessities of actual life can make us forget the places where liberty was born. We come up to these places to worship, for they are sacred. There be those of us here to-day who are standing on earth soaked with the blood of martyr-kinsmen. Through that gorge, along that ridge, rising that steep acclivity, our patriot sires trailed in their own sacred blood, as they encircled the ferocious beast who had been preying on their homes and children. High up on the rugged summit, behind those craggy rocks, the fierce Ferguson lay-crouched, licking his red chops, and glaring on the mountain hunters as they closed around him. From that valley,

the calm, determined Cleaveland marched—out of the deep hollow—the bold and strong and daring Shelby sprung; in front, along where you are standing, came the red-haired Campbell—the claymore of the Argyle gleaming in his hand, and his blue eye glittering with a lurid flame. They meet, as the terrible foe comes crashing down like a herd of hungry lions; they meet with an earth-shock—a tremor—a pause—the rattle—the war—a groan—a shriek—a wild, triumphant shout, and the spirit of liberty, hovering for a moment, over this wild mountain scene, unfolded her purple wings and bore the glad tidings to the father of his country, and to the hearts of her fainting soldiery in other regions of her chosen land. “It is the dawn of hope and better fortune,” exclaims the sage Jefferson, “it turns the tide of affairs in the South,” says another patriot. “It checks the conqueror who is ravaging the Carolinas.” “It reconquers South Carolina.” “It turns the lion from his rapine and chases him from the plain.” “Great and glorious,” cries the brave but unfortunate Gates.

Who and whence are the men who wrought this great work, and thus consecrated this spot, even down to this hour? Whose heroic patriotism thus checked the conqueror in mid career, and gave back life to the expiring cause of American liberty? Lord Rawdon, writing to the commander-in-chief of the British forces, says, of this battle, “the men, who fought it, came from beyond mountains, whose very names are unknown.

September is a delicious season in the green vallies beyond those “unknown mountains,” and it was on a bright and sunny day in the latter part of that month,

that men were seen gathering in one of those vallies of the beautiful Wautauga, as if for some purpose of deep interest to themselves. It is, indeed, a lovely spot, and well suited for the grave deliberations then held there. The torrent comes bounding from the mountains as if tearing its way through them, and, suddenly, spreads out, into a broad, shallow, rippling stream, its pattering music running with sweet accord beneath the distant roar from above. On one bank is a gentle slope, shaded by beech and maple, and carpeted with waving grass. On the other side, are bold and rocky precipices, with openings scarce wide enough for perilous bridle-paths. Down these paths, about noon, might be seen descending, at intervals, the hardy denizens of that wild region, most of them on horseback, but many afoot, and all dressed in the fringed hunting shirt and buckskin leggings, and bearing on their shoulders the long, small-bore rifle of that day. The tread and splash of their horses, as they struck the pebbly bottom of the strong current, blended richly with the natural music of the scene. Already many were collected, and lying idly, in groups, beneath the spreading trees on the northern slope. Before the long shadows of the mountains reached them, at least a thousand men were there; for, this far away, quiet vale, was the rendezvous of as noble soldiery as ever illustrated the annals of human history. Yet, there were no tents there, no wagons, no sentries, no flaunting banner, none of the gorgeous paraphernalia of glorious war. The top-root of the beech was the pillow, the velvet sward the couch, the waving boughs the canopy for these sons of the mountain nymph. Their liberties had been achieved, and they rested in security, their barrier-mountains kept off the invader,

and their own prowess had driven the Indian from about them. But a shriek had come up from the Carolinas, and, echoing around these peaceful vallies, startled these men from their homes and harvest fields.

The ready minions of that stern power which had driven the colonies to revolt, were crushing out the last hope in Carolina—lighting the torch and sharpening the knife in the hand of treason—making patriicide, carnage and fire, loyalty and virtue ; and this was the call these men were met to answer. Moving earnestly from group to group, were seen four or five men, dressed like all, in that picturesque and graceful hunting shirt, but distinguished by their side arms, and each, by something remarkable in person or bearing, betokening a wider experience than these wild scenes afforded. As night closed in, these men with many others, sat together talking over the events of that struggle for freedom, which had been going on for years, and in which, each one of those I have designated, had borne an active and not inglorious part. One of them, evidently the master mind of the group, apparently, to give texture and purpose to the conversation and discussion, was detailing the causes which, for years, almost for centuries, seemed to lead to this great struggle. He spoke of all that history told of the oppression of their ancestors by the profligate and tyrannical Stuarts, and how the blood of one—not a martyr as he is vainly and wickedly called—but the victim of his own sins, and a just sacrifice to popular right—failed to be a lesson and a warning to others. He spoke of the brave and gentle Huguenots, driven into the sea by a pompous and bigoted monarch—in bitter satire, or by contemptible adulation, called “ the

grand." He repeated what their sires and grandsires had told them, of Scotland's sad failure, and poor Erin's misery, and how *all* came for *freedom*, to this new world that had risen beyond the far Atlantic. These men, far removed from actual intercourse with the people they were going to serve, and ignorant of the condition of the provinces, became anxious and excited by this conversation, and warmly urged the speaker to continue his narration.

"Well," said he, "it is not the paltry tax, these cruel and short-sighted men impose upon us—it is not their mean assumptions of power, or their utter abandonment of national protection, which drives us to be free. The principle is in the human heart—it showed itself at Runnimeade five hundred years ago, and will not be satisfied until this new found world comes under the dominion of civil and religious liberty. This continent belongs to liberty. The people of America are not rude and uncivilised men, emerging slowly and painfully from slavery and superstition. They came to a new world to regain that which had been taken from them in the old, or to create that which the tyrannies of the old world prohibited from life. They came here, a hundred years ago, with the religion of Luther and Knox, and the spirit of Sidney and Hampden; political and religious truth was the inspiration which sent them here. Their first house was a christian church, the next a hall of justice. There is no darkness in our origin. The first sun that rose on our ancestors on this continent, shone on civilized and christian men. For generations they had been fighting for liberty, and failed to get it; when they touched this new land, they deemed the holy heritage within their grasp; the day spring from on high, rose before them, and, under its

soul-strengthening power, they subdued the rugged front of nature. Driven from Britain by her tyrannies, we have still turned fondly to the homes of our fathers, and given freely our blood and treasure to our mother country. There are those of us here to-night, who bear the scars of her wars, side by side with that great and good chief who is now leading us on to freedom. In all justice we would have served her with fond affection, and faithful reverence. Why then have we rebelled? Why have we marred the face of this fair, new land with a cruel and bloody civil war? Here, within sight of this spot, we have seen our wives and children slaughtered by the merciless savage, hired by our king. For five years his blood-thirsty hirelings have been slaying, without mercy, from Canada to Georgia, and now, within one hundred miles of us, among our kinsmen and brothers, we see Englishmen, aye, and Americans, more barbarious than the wild savage, deluging the land with blood. Why have we encountered all this? Why have we sought all this? It is because the command of God is that we must be free! Already have our deeds marked us in the history of mankind. Triumph now, or fail now, our names and our deeds are registered in the most sacred volume of that history. Its pages record nothing in moral grandeur, surpassing the scenes we have witnessed, those in which we are acting. I see among us those who heard the more than mortal words pronounced in the Virginia assembly: there is one, at least here, who witnessed that assemblage of men at Philadelphia, whose deed, in all time, will stand the crowning glory among the acts of men. We are not acting a drama as a spectacle to furnish poetry to future ages; that which we are doing is not for a lesson or a warning. It

is a beginning, a mighty reality. On the high altars of truth, liberty and religion, we are offering our sacrifice. For the great good of humanity we are pouring forth our libation of blood. Its incense has already gone up to the great God along with the souls of our slaughtered brothers, and we are almost free!"

"But," continued the speaker, "the tyrant still holds in closest bondage, one of the fairest portions of the land. The city of Charleston is held by British soldiers, and all Carolina, where our kinsmen and brothers dwell, is still under their sway. Cornwallis and Rawdon, with bloody steps, are marching through its very heart, and Tarleton and Ferguson are ranging over its confines, like demons of vengeance, choking the very sense of pity with their fell deeds. Above the far Unaka there, we can almost see the blaze of burning houses, and coming down that valley, on the night wind, we can almost hear the wail of the ravished maiden, and the groan of the murdered father, and see here, with what pitiless fury, the relentless butcher pursues these helpless people. Steeped in misery, groaning with despair, he calls on them, to forget nature, country and God? He bids the son to slay the father—the mother to betray her child—he calls on all to forget the land of their birth and the God of their salvation. Here is the proclamation of Cornwallis, as he sends forth Ferguson and Tarleton, like bloodhounds slipped from their leash. Even the gallant Sumpter dare not meet them, and the great-souled Marion burrows for safety in impenetrable swamps. It is for us to meet these butchers; it is for us to save Carolina—it is for us to redeem from vassalage our kinsmen and brothers, that we have summoned the free mountaineers of Virginia and North Carolina to

meet us here; and here they are. Their wives and mothers have filled their wallets; their sisters and daughters have moulded their bullets; their well wiped rifles glitter in the moon-beams; every man has prayed before he slept, and they are ready for the fight." And stillness and silence crept over the scene, as these men, with high resolve, sought their necessary rest.

The morning sun shone on this little army, winding along the mountain ways, each man's soul roused to the loftiest purpose of human charity, for which he meant to give his life. Oh it was a noble and a gallant band of high-souled patriots, which left the banks of the Watauga that September morning, seventy five years ago. I have, in my boyhood, talked with many of them; old men then, men who had met all the offices of life, high and low, but the impress of that purpose which led to this battle, was stamped upon every one of them. It gave to them an elevation of character which marked their persons and manner through life, and they lived and died with the lofty bearing which came of that purpose, formed that night on the banks of the Watauga, and redeemed the next week on the heights of King's Mountain.

The condition of the Carolinas at that moment was sad indeed. Blank despair had settled on the patriot cause. It was, for these provinces, the "black year" of the war, and the gloom was spreading over the whole country. Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah were in the hands of the British, and the best men, many of the leaders of the three southern states were prisoners or in exile. The reinforcements from Virginia had just been butchered by Tarleton, and, as

if to close the wretched drama, within forty days, Gates had suffered that terrible defeat at Camden, which, indeed, "turned his northern laurels to southern willows," and made Cornwallis complete master of South Carolina. This power he was using with a cruelty, unparalled in modern civilized conquest; binding down the conquered people like malefactors, regarding each rebel as a condemned criminal, and checking every murmur, answering every suspicion with the sword and the fire-brand. If a suspected whig fled from his house to escape the insult, the scourge or the rope, the myrmidons of Ferguson and Tarleton burned it down and ravished his wife and daughters; if a son refused to betray his parent, he was hung like a dog; if a wife refused to tell the hiding place of her husband, her belly was ripped open by the butcher knife of the tory, and, to add double horror and infamy to the deep damnation of such deeds, Americans were forced to be the instruments for perpetrating them. That which Tarleton, (beast, murderer, hypocrite, ravisher as he was,) was ashamed to do, he had done by Americans—neighbors, kinsmen of his victims. I draw no fancy picture. The truth is wilder far than the fabulist's imagination can feign. On the morning this battle was fought, an impenetrable cloud of woe and despair hung over the people of South Carolina. Gates had fled to Hillsborough—Sumpter's men had scattered and hid—and, it may be said, with historical accuracy, there was not a whig soldier in the field. On the other hand, Cornwallis had a numerous, well-disciplined and veteran army, flushed with conquest and repeated victories, posted across the state from Charlotte to Augusta, with infinite skill and judgment, and with powerful,

well-directed, and most cruel energies, he was holding the state in utter subjection. To maintain this condition of things, and carry out fully his intention of instituting a civil as well as a military government for ulterior purposes, he relied mainly on these divisions of Tarleton and Ferguson. Ferguson had a picked regiment of regulars, and had added to it another made up of the very best loyalists he could, by threat or bribery, induce to join him. He had distinguished himself on the northern line, and his government and Cornwallis had the utmost confidence in his ability and peculiar fitness for the purpose in hand. His orders were to subdue the people; age, sex, condition, right, mercy, were not regarded in these orders. They were "subdue the people." With this dread mission, Ferguson had penetrated to the mountains, marking his course with terror and destruction. It is a sad, sad tale of horror, this march of that sullen and blood-thirsty officer; and it was the wail, like that which followed Herod's slaughtermen—that followed him and went up into those far mountains, and roused those brave, good men, who left the valley of the Watauga on that bright autumn morning.

With forced marches this little army dashed swiftly over the mountains, and at the base struck the trail of the wolf, and marked his course by the blood-spots he left in his path. He heard their tramp as they came clattering down the mountain sides, and skulked away to hide or entrench himself here. At Gilbert-town, near Rutherford court house, whence Ferguson had fled, they stopped a night, and selected about one thousand of their swiftest and strongest men, with good horses, to lead in the chase; and without waiting for daylight, off they sprung with the speed of the wind. The

game was afoot, and to the mountain hunter the chase grew warm. There was no need of leaders or captains then, for each man knew his work and meant to do it. They were to catch Ferguson, or, if Cornwallis came in their way, they were to catch him. Swiftly, but with stern determination, they kept the track, turning aside for nothing, save now and then to shoot a tory, as a bear hunter shoots a snake, merely to kill the vermin, or to keep his rifle from rusting; or, if they found a rascal skulking around their march, they stretched him up with a grape vine, practising for subsequent necessities.

The night after leaving Gilbert-town, on a short halt, in council, the officers selected a chief to act until they could receive orders from Gates. Their little army was composed, then, of men nearly in equal numbers from Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. Each band was led, rather than commanded, by its own officer—Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, Cleaveland, and Williams and McDowell were the colonels, and had all seen hard service, either in the Indian wars or in this struggle. After full deliberation, they unanimously elected Campbell, of Virginia, to command in the approaching fray. He was a man in the vigor of life—not quite forty years of age—of pure Scotch descent, thoroughly educated in the classics and all the science of the day, and had been a soldier from his earliest manhood. He had married the sister of the famous Patrick Henry, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Jefferson, and had joined in all the early movements of resistance. Having a large family connection in Western Virginia, and an extensive property, and that region being still subject to imminent perils from the Indians of Tennessee and Kentucky, he declined

commissions tendered him in the continental army and the Virginia lines, and accepted the honorable, laborious, and dangerous post of county lieutenant. In this he succeeded Evan Shelby, the father of his associate in this expedition. He immediately gave the care of his family and property to a kinsman, and devoted himself to the cause of freedom. His manner was grave and dignified, his person strong and graceful, his courage of the most daring and reckless character, his patriotism of the sternest mould—enthusiastic and uncompromising—with a fierce and relentless hatred of those who refused to join the patriot cause, and withal a skilful, judicious, and practiced officer. He brought to the expedition four hundred and fifty men—many of them his kinsmen, friends and neighbors—of wealth and position equal to his own; and most of them of that true Scotch-Irish breed whose fathers had fought for kirk and covenant, and among whose descendants are the Clays, Calhouns, Scotts and Taylors of our day. It was, then, the merit of the officer and the material of his troop, that induced his gallant and patriotic associates to confer on Campbell the chief command. The pioneers of our liberties were far above the filth and dirt of those who seek the bauble of personal glory at the risk of their country's good; and Shelby and Sevier, and Cleaveland and the venerable McDowell, and the chivalric Williams, knew not the base sentiment—they could not stoop to recognise its existence. They could not desecrate the holy spirit of patriotism, on its battle-fields, by petty and contemptible personal jealousies; and may their pure spirits, even from their abode in heaven, look down and curse, with the scorn and contempt of mankind, the mean malice of that traitor-heart that would turn

us from our worship here. Yes, my countrymen, our origin runs not back into the dim and misty past which makes demi-gods of men; but those days of which I speak, which that grey-haired man may have seen, were days of the highest heroism known in the history of man. These men whose names I have spoken to you—whose names we bear—were heroes of loftier mould, grander proportions, mind and soul, than ever Homer sung, or than those who fought at Thermopylæ or Cunnæ, or those who made a monarch swear at Runnymede; they were God's heroes, fighting and dying for him and his people. Such, indeed, were the men who sat in council that night, each holding his own horse, and squatting on the bare, cold ground. Glory! glory! glory to the buckskin warriors from Lexington to Yorktown, who worked out God's problem for humanity.

With their chosen leader in front, and each chief at the head of his troop, firm in their saddles and fixed in purpose, dark and stormy as it was, away they galloped in the hot pursuit. There was a pelting rain falling, which rendered every precaution necessary to keep their weapons dry, and they rode with their rifles under their arms. About daylight they crossed Broad river at a ford about twelve miles from this place. Here they halted for an ill-provided meal, the rain still falling in torrents. About twelve o'clock the rain ceased; the sky cleared, and they found themselves within three miles of Ferguson's camp on this mountain. Here they halted again, under an order passed rapidly along the line—an order, perhaps, the most laconic and appropriate ever uttered under like circumstances. It was in these words: "Tie up overcoats, pick touch-holes, prime fresh and be ready to fight."

Here they were joined by a few of the neighboring people, some of them having loosed their horses from the plough in the seeding fields, and in their haste riding bare-back, with dangling trace chains. These people were familiar with the ground and arrangement of the British camp, and on their information, and using them as guides, the officers determined to divide their columns and attempt to surround the mountain. While arranging this, an express from Ferguson to Cornwallis was arrested. His dispatch was read aloud at the head of the line. He said: "I hold a position on '*the King's Mountain,*' and all the rebels out of hell cannot drive me from it."

There was no shout or disorder when this was heard, but a quiet, grim smile ran along the line as they struck into a "double gallop." In twenty minutes they were in sight of the camp. They drew up along the bank of that little brook, dismounted, and tied their horses to the saplings and swinging limbs, leaving them in charge of a small and discontented guard—discontented at being left out of the fray; and, indeed, before the battle was half over there was not one remaining, and the horses were scampering wildly among the combatants. By the division of the columns, Sevier's troop formed the right, Cleaveland's and Williams' together the left, Campbell the right of the centre, and Shelby the left centre. Sevier, of course, was to pursue the hollow up the margin of the brook, Cleaveland passed along as the road now does, and turned up the ridge east of us, along where the volunteer tents are, and Shelby came along just where we are standing, Campbell taking the face of the mountain opposite to where the grave-stone is. The order of attack was hurriedly made, but with a military skill

and judgment which could not be excelled. There was not a mistake or error, or even miscalculation of marching time, from the onset to the end. Each column moved steadily along the indicated line, these lines tending to a common centre, which was the British encampment on the crest of the ridge. The British began the fight with a severe but scattering fire at the centre columns as they passed along around the base of the mountain. This fire was sustained for six or eight minutes, and in it Major Cronicle was killed and several were wounded; but most of the balls ranged far above the heads of the Americans. By this time Sevier passed out of the hollow at the head of the brook, in full view of the enemy, and the firing commenced in earnest on both sides, and with such fatal effect from the mountain rifles as to force Ferguson to a direct charge of bayonets in the very beginning of the action. This charge was headed by a company of English regulars, and was worthy the fame of that service won on a thousand battle-fields. It was boldly and gallantly done, and forced Sevier to retire nearly to the bottom of the hill; but at that moment Williams and Cleaveland appeared on the left, and poured in an awful fire on the right flank of the enemy. The charging columns were recalled, and wheeling rapidly, made a terrible dash at Cleaveland and Williams, and with the same result—driving them back and pursuing them down the ridge. Before they could effect a route, Campbell and Shelby came up in front, and Sevier had rallied, and from left and front they poured upon the British a telling fire, which compelled them to wheel again. This they did in double quick time, but in perfect order; and having received reinforcements from within the lines, another

—the third—charge was made, and this with the whole British force, directly at the centre columns. Here, again, the bayonet, in British hands, told its irresistible power, and Campbell and Shelby gave way before it. But Cleaveland had rallied, and Sevier was still moving forward, and their double fire on each flank was terrific indeed. It stopped the charge instantly, and the centre column hearing this tremendous fire, and seeing the sudden pause of the enemy, and their retreat up the hill, rallied, wheeled, and rushed upon them with shouts and huzzas, supposing they were defeated. By a rapid and skilful movement, Ferguson threw his men into three columns, one facing each of the columns of the advancing patriots, and then made a fourth general charge on the entire American line. It was too late. The blood of the mountaineers was up. They sprang forward from behind rocks and trees into the open ground, met and repulsed the charge, and actually drove the British within their lines. This enabled the three patriot columns to meet, and almost, literally, to surround the enemy. Then, indeed, came the rage of that fierce battle. A circle of fire hemmed the wolf in his stronghold. The English soldier proved his breeding in this hour of danger; and the rascal tory then saw that escape from the rifle might be but running into the rope. The regulars with their bayonets, and the tories with butcher-knives fastened to the muzzles of their guns, charge on this closing flame with the fierce energy of despair. In vain. The mountain hunter, calmly but rapidly loading, and deliberately aiming, as he rested his gun against a protecting tree, sent a death messenger in every bullet. At every discharge they moved forward, until there was one narrowing circle of flashing

flame crackling around their victims. The British cavalry was ordered to mount. It was the very thing for the American rifle, as it raised the mark clear above the bushes, and as each man threw his leg over the horse, he fell dead on the other side. Ferguson, with a gallantry which seemed to rise with his desperate condition, rode from rank to rank and post to post, cheering, driving, and encouraging his men, until he found his army pressed, actually huddled together, on the ridge, and falling as fast as the Americans could load and shoot. He determined on one more desperate charge, and taking his position at the head of his cavalry, in a voice that rose loud above the din of the battle, he summoned his men to "crush the damned rebels into the earth." The summons was heard by the Americans, and one round of their rifles was stopped, and instead of their roar there was heard only the click of the cock. It was the serpent's low warning of coming death. The pause was but for a moment, when Ferguson and DuPoistre, horse and foot, burst like an avalanche down the mountain side. By the time they came within sixty paces every rifle was loaded, and under deadly aim. Ferguson fell at the first discharge, with seven mortal wounds. The patriots rushed forward to meet the shock, as Du Poistres' regulars, with bayonets set and sabres in rest, came crashing down upon them—not Agincourt or Cressy, with all their chivalry, ever felt a shock more fearful than that; but had the heavens then rained British bayonets, it could not have stopped those patriots. The destinies of America—perhaps of mankind—depended on their muscle. Like martyrs they went to the death—like lions they rushed to the carnage. Officer and soldier—half naked, with blood-

shot eyes and parched tongues—pounced upon the charging enemy, until their hot breath and fierce glare was seen and felt by the craven tory and his bull-dog master; and as they crouched, gathering for the last spring, a wild, terror-stricken shriek rose above the roar—a yell for mercy. A white flag was run up, and God's champions shouted victory! liberty!

That shout echoed from this mountain to the sea, and far along the shore to where the majestic Washington was almost weeping over the accumulated horrors of the south. His great heart leapt up with prophetic joy as this beam of hope came, borne on the triumphant voices of his trusted men of "West Augusta." For those who sent that shout were the very men to whom Washington said he would entrust the liberties of America when all else had failed. He knew the mountain was the birth-place, but never the grave of liberty.

One hour sufficed for this crowning scene in the drama of the revolutionary struggle in the south, acted by rude men from beyond "unknown mountains."

Not one of the British force escaped. Two hundred and forty were killed, and two hundred wounded—showing a strange proportion, and telling the fatal story of that long small bore rifle. Over seven hundred were taken prisoners, with all their arms, ammunition, camp equipments, etc. It was a total defeat and capture of one-fourth of Cornwallis' army.

After a battle so hardly, indeed so furiously fought, it was a singular circumstance, that of the arms laid down by the prisoners, nearly every gun was found to be loaded, showing the horror and sudden terror of the defeated, when they came in direct conflict with those strong, wild men of the mountains. They must

have looked like demi-devils, half naked as they were, after that long, wet, dirty ride, that fierce fight, bloody and terrible on that hot October day. Of the patriots, twenty-eight were killed, and sixty wounded, another proportion, showing the wide aim of the regular, compared with the fearful accuracy of the volunteer. There is another feature, common to all our revolutionary battles and those of our citizen soldiery in Mexico, which told sadly in this battle of King's Mountain. It is the large proportion of officers killed and wounded. Of the Virginia regiment, thirteen were killed, twelve of them officers.

With the American volunteers the officer is technically and literally the leader; he goes before to show the men the way, and how to fight. In this battle, the officers not only went before, but every one, commander, colonels, captains, all carried and used the rifle in addition to the sword. It thus becomes known that the gallant Williams seeing Ferguson cheering his men with his voice and famous silver whistle, drew up his rifle to shoot him, but perceiving Ferguson was armed only with sword and pistols, he threw away his gun, exclaiming, "I will have a single hand tustle with him or die." He dashed at the Briton, but before he reached him, received two balls, and was borne from the field by his two sons, lads of fourteen and sixteen. Williams survived until the next day, and learned that the victory was complete. He raised his eyes to heaven and said "I thank God for my country's deliverance," and placing a hand on the head of each of his children he said, "God bless you my brave boys; tell your mother and our friends, I die content." Within a few months those two noble youths were inhumanly butchered by the tories at Hay's Station. The pure

and brave Captain Edmonston fell in front of his company, near his colonel. The stern Campbell was seen to brush away a tear as that brave, good friend, was borne back. Edmonston lay under a tree, with one hand clutching his side to keep in life until the battle was over. He heard the shout of victory, as his commander and friend grasped his other hand. He could not speak then; he kissed Campbell's hand, smiled, loosed the hold which stanch'd in life, and the christian and patriot went to his reward. Four Edmonstons fell in this fight, and with them, Craigs and Beatties, Bowens, Willoughbys, Blackburns, Crawfords, Campbells and Cummings.

Oh Caledonia! Caledonia! had the descendants of thy Wallace and Bruce, left to thee, been to thee, as those driven to this new land, were to its struggles, how different might be thy place, now, in the chronicles of glory. It is the blood of the children of Scotland's exiled sons which hallowed this spot; it was their strength, but above all, their abiding trust in the God of their fathers, which "turned the tide of success that terminated the revolutionary war with the seal of independence." It was, indeed, a glorious, and well-foughten field, and well did all these brave patriots keep together in their chivalry. There was Sevier, who proved that Jarnae and St. Bartholomew had not drawn all the blood which flowed in the veins of the Huguenot—and Shelby, who ever showed his bold Cambrian breeding, and lived to meet his just reward in the highest honors of a nation he aided to liberate; and Cleaveland, so brave and yet so gentle; and all the others, whose deeds are recorded in the chronicles of our liberties, and rewarded in the glory of God.

My countrymen, I look around me here on this scene,

and need I, dare I ask, is there one here, is there one living soul, who hears the mighty tones of liberty resounding over the earth, who will refuse to kneel down and worship the Great Spirit which moved these men to come down and fight this battle. Oh, no, our free, glad hearts, crown them with eternal glory, and shout the loud pæon—hail, hail, hail sacred fathers of human liberty!

I might detain you until the shadow of that mountain comes over us, with many a story and legend of this great event, for I have listened to them by the firesides of the actors in it. But, we have other offerings to make here, and my humble narrative must hasten to an end.

The immediate result of this entire destruction of one fourth of the army of occupation, (for such and no less was that of Cornwallis,) has been mentioned in grateful, but very general terms by our historians.

Fellow citizens of South Carolina, I am a South Carolinian in heart, soul, spirit, and hope. This land I have chosen, is more precious to me a thousand fold, than that dear, dear land, that grand old republic, which is my birth mother. You, therefore, my countrymen, will know that it is with more than common pain I utter, what I believe to be a sad truth, when I say that neither the writers nor the people of South Carolina have rightfully appreciated this battle. We have truly and properly and with right enthusiasm, gloried in Fort Moultrie, for never did the ocean waves mingle their eternal voice, with a nobler scene than that, and in Cowpens, too boldly and too bloodily fought, even for the blood-dyed Tarleton, and in Eutaw, yes, in Eutaw, worthy of any boast, worthy to have its tattered banners hung in the holiest places.

Here is one of them. Its bloody folds were borne through that terrible day by the hand of a Washington, and for three score years, and on later fields, have been guarded by spirits as noble as his. It has liberty's blessing, and woman's blessing. Here it is. Its shreds, its patches, its blotches are holy. But touch it and virtue will come out of it. Let every one here come up and gaze on this, and glory in Eutaw! These battles were as gallantly, perhaps as well and skillfully fought as this. From the 28th of June, 1775, to the day John Laurens fell, South Carolina was one battle ground, and every foot of her soil is consecrated by the toil, the constancy, the courage, the patriotism, the gallantry of her sons. It does seem to me, however, even leaving out the great results, to some of which I shall venture to recall your memory—that the circumstances I have so feebly sketched, tend to give this battle of King's Mountain a tone of romance, scarcely pertaining to any other of the war, full as the whole struggle was of incident, romantic beyond the ordinary acts of men. The sudden and spontaneous gatherings, without order or requisition from any established authority, in a wild and remote region, where rude "nature dwelt in awful solitude"—the strange, wild men concentrated into civilization and the highest human purposes by the need of their fellow men, the lofty bearing and knightly character of their leaders, Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, Cleaveland, Williams and McDowell, patriots, soldiers and gentlemen, the dashing march through the mountains, the hot pursuit, the military genius of the battle, the capture and annihilation of an invading army, the modest report to Gates, the quiet return and dispersion, and then the tremendous results to the expiring cause of freedom, do

strike me as constituting a chapter, which should not be excluded from that story which tells of our heroic days.

The immediate and direct result was this. Cornwallis had entirely, and as he believed, permanently subdued South Carolina; he or his partisans defeating and dispersing the patriots wherever they met them. He had established strong military posts across the state from Savannah to North Carolina, at Augusta, Ninety Six, Granby, Winnsboro', Camden and Charlotte. Thus instituting a military rule of the most disheartening character to the whigs, close, binding, bloody and disgraceful. The exterior cordon was complete on the Georgia side, and this detachment of Ferguson and his own move to Charlotte was to complete it on the North Carolina boundary—that state being in no condition to resist. Tarleton, in the mean time, was ranging over the state, checking every intimation of a rising with the sabre and his horses' hoofs. The British army at the south had thus completely fulfilled its mission, and was preparing to move northward on Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and thus effect a junction with the northern division at New York. The subdued Carolinas were to form the "point d'appui" of this grand and well planned scheme of re-conquest, and Ferguson's division was to clear the way for the movement. At this time both Boston and New York were held by the British, and Washington was struggling with super-human efforts to keep together his starving and despairing armies, and, at the same time, to sustain the almost exhausted hopes of the congress. Supported himself by his abiding trust in the cause and in Almighty God, this more than mortal man almost yielded when Gates fled from Camden and

left the whole south in the hands of the enemy. The news of this event, the death of De Kalb, the defeat of Sumpter, and the dispersion of his men and those of Marion, went like a withering blast from the fated south. Patriots, everywhere, with paralised hearts, threw themselves on the earth, and gave their cause into the hands of God, and a cruel shout of triumph rang from the Savannah to the St. Lawrence. Thus then it stood; so dark, so dreary, so hopeless. Thus it was, when, suddenly, like a wild hurricane, one swoop from the far mountains, at one blow lopped off the right hand of Cornwallis, drove him out of North Carolina, stopped his triumphant march, and sent him again to his fortified fastnesses.

It was the very first victory of that year, and on its announcement, the subject, but still unconquered whigs, in their deep hiding places, heard it with timid and uncertain hope. Marion caught the sound and peered forth cautiously from his swamps to listen to its tones. Sumpter, on his hill-roost, heard the echo as it came down upon the morning dawn, and his clarion call re-echoed it along the hills and vallies of the Santee. "Up, up," he cried, "brothers of the holy cause and strike again for God and liberty;" and, as if the fiery cross had flashed like a meteor round, from hut and homestead, from forest and field, from mountain and plain, they rose and rallied to that call, and Cowpens, and Guilford, and Eutaw followed, and the march of triumph was changed to a broken and terrified retreat; and the schemes of Leslie and Rawdon, and Clinton and Cornwallis, were frustrated by a thousand mountaineers in fringed hunting shirts, without carriage or cannon, bugle or banner, but with great souls and good rifles.

It is the province of the historian to recite the closing acts of that mighty epic, "turning the accomplishment of years," into an hour's reading—and fortunate are we in having with us to-day, one whose words tell what he would have been in the days of which we speak. One, who, to Grecian polish and Roman strength, adds the fresh glow of American patriotism and whose soul is in full sympathy with his loftiest theme.\* We have met to rehearse a single glorious scene, and to make one just effort to place where they ought to be, the names of Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, Williams, and McDowell, beside those of Morgan, Putnam, Warren, Sumpter, Marion and Moultrie. They were equals in courage, conduct and effect—their cause was the same—let their glory be alike.

Applause, gratitude and honor followed this band of heroes as they went back behind their mountains, to gather their corn and pile their winter fuel, and raise new barriers against the Indian, whose war hoops had been heard when they were away.

But they could not be quiet while that wave they had turned was still uncertain in its motion. Before the winter snows had melted from the mountains, we hear of Shelby with Marion and his men, and Sevier, driving the savage from that territory—now an empire—of which he is the father; and Campbell and Cleaveland, with the rifles that won King's Mountain, *the first and the last on the great field of Guilford*. It was they, who, under Lee, so maddened Tarleton and made Cornwallis swear if ever he caught their leader, he would hang him to the first tree. The partisan sent to the peer a like compliment, and was near redeeming

\* Mr. Bancroft, the historian, was present.

his courtesy at the moment, for had all the troops fought at Guilford, as did the King's Mountain men that day, Cornwallis would never have reached Yorktown. I hold in my hand a plain, but glowing description of the battle of Guilford, by a contemporary, perhaps an eye witness of that great event. In it is truthfully told the eminent service of the King's Mountain men under their old commander. General Greene, in a special letter, tenders his warmest thanks to Campbell, his officers and men, and Lee, with whom they acted, tells them their conduct is particularly noted by the commanding general. Indeed, it was only when Lee rode up to them, and peremptorily ordered them to quit the field, that they ceased their firing. They could not be made to understand that they were defeated. By an unanimous vote of the Virginia assembly, their leader was appointed a brigadier-general, for "eminently heroic and patriotic service in the glorious affairs of King's Mountain and Guilford court house." He was ordered to join La Fayette below Richmond. His activity, intelligence, and skill, together with his enthusiastic patriotism, and high personal bearing, soon gained him the confidence and warm personal friendship of that chivalric Frenchman. It was in the midst of the summer heats, and a deep flesh wound received from one of Tarleton's troopers at Guilford was still open. Weakened by this, and much service, the crest of the strong mountain eagle drooped beneath the hot suns of the sea shore. Not many days before Yorktown, nursed by a detachment of that soldiery who there witnessed the baptism of liberty, this one of her noblest martyrs, went calmly to his great reward. I know I will be permitted to read here the funeral or-

der of La Fayette in honor of him whom Shelby, Sevier, Cleaveland, Williams and McDowell, chose to command them on this glorious and hallowed field.

(Order.)

HEAD QUARTERS, August 25, 1781.

The general has no doubt that the army will unite with him in regretting General Campbell's death ; an officer whose services must have endeared him to every citizen, and, in particular, to every American soldier.

The glory which General Campbell has acquired in the affairs of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House, will do his memory everlasting honor, and insure him a high rank among the defenders of liberty in the American cause. The general wishes it had been possible for himself and the officers of the army, to have paid those honors to which his rank, but, particularly, *his merit*, so highly entitle him. But his great distance from the army, and our present situation, render it impossible. The lieutenant of the county will assemble a corps of militia and pay military honors to the deceased general.

General Stevens is requested to name a deputation of four field officers who will immediately repair to Rocky Mills, and, in the name of the army, pay General Campbell their last respects.

LA FAYETTE.

Thus they have all passed away ! Their lives belong to the eternity of the past. Our liberty is their monument, as durable as the mountain on which they won it. The world may smile at the great swelling words with which we praise these men—the humble partisans of a rebellion. But why should we not praise them ? They gave to us all we have. Has the world more or better gifts ? Did Romulus or Charlemagne, or Alfred give more to their descendants ? Does the mortal thunder now reddening the waters, and shaking the centres of eastern seas, give an inheritance equal to ours ? Then let us boast and be not ashamed.

Fellow-citizens, the purpose of history is to record the truth, that, by its light those who read may be guided safely. This record is the title deed of our ancestry, to our praise and gratitude, and ours to their glory and the institutions they have builded for us. If then we claim the glory of the past, and enjoy its results, can our duty be less than this, to see that all which is good in the past has its share in our conduct, works in us, guides us, and makes us emulous of it in all right ways. If we claim the parentage of the past, we cannot reject its instruction, or fail in obedience to its behests, without bastardising ourselves, and thus, by our own wrong, lose that, which should be our legitimate inheritance.

We have to-day turned a leaf in this record, stamped with the imprimatur of patriot and heroic blood; and the indenture was made on the spot on which we are now standing. It is a section cut from a golden book, opened to our people after long years of direful trouble, and fierce, strong struggles. The inscription of that volume is "liberty"—its commentary is "equal law," made by all, for the good of all, and that man by man may kneel down and worship God wherever He is to be found in the hearts of His worshippers. And it is this estate of ours, thus derived, which constitutes the American epoch under which we are living; which cuts off our days from all the "old ages," and is the first, distinct, unmistakable, ineffaceable mark of the almost divine fact of human liberty, on the institutions of man. In them, in the purity and might of its power, in its tremendous purposes, it had no recognized being, no real place, no hallowed name, before that baptism of blood we have met to celebrate. It is not of the Hebrew, the Greek or the Roman; it is not

feudal, or papal, or Lutheran; it is the gift of God to America; it is American! Oh, do not blaspheme that name with the foolish, the wicked, the petty purposes of a day. The name of American denotes our breeding from heroes and sages, who were inspired of heaven to work out our great deliverance. Do not desecrate it by a vain use or mischievous application. It is wide enough for the worshippers of liberty over the whole earth—it is not wide enough for hypocrisy and vain deceit. It is holy—for before America, even Christianity had failed to persuade man to accept that boon which ensures his entrance to heaven—"the right to worship God according to his own conscience." This was the first, real divine offering of Americanism; and the next was almost like unto it—"the equality of man," "all men are born free and equal." This struck into the dust the thrones and powers of the earth. It is, then, these Americans which constitute the hitherto unrevealed facts of religious and civil liberty—the just relations of man to God and his fellow man. What is the lesson they teach us? May I not here, to-day, ask, with holy pride, what is the lesson already taught to the American citizen by this origin of his government? Is it not that he should love a country, thus blessed to him, with more than a common fervor—that he should give to this devotion all his being? Why perished the Spartan at Thermopylæ? What gilds Salamis and Plataea, and the Roman name, with an imperishable halo? Why, the love of institutions, which have perished, of a country now cursed of God. The undimmed lustre of patriotism is a living fire, when Greece and Rome are no more. If, then, patriotism be so glorious in its inspirations to the Greek and Roman, who knew no absolute truth, what

should it be to the American, whose very origin sprung from the highest truth vouchsafed to man—who holds a country not cursed of God, but is the inheritor of a land fresh from the forming hand of its Creator; a land that knows no earlier usage than his, save its abounding gifts, yielded with spontaneous love to nature's prolific power—a land unpolluted by forceful rapine, or that fierce avarice which tears the fruit from the earth before its birth-time—a land, indeed, kept, through all time, dressed in the gorgeous robes of its pristine wealth, beauty and purity, until the soldier of the cross came and claimed it for his virgin bride in the name of God and human right. But it is not alone by this origin of his country that the divine spirit of patriotism woos the worship of the Americans; it is not alone by the fountain which springs from Horeb or Sinai that his soul seeks his oracle; it is not alone the adoring hymn which rises to-day from this sacred mountain which lifts that soul to an emulous grandeur; it is not alone the magnitude and mighty significance of a seeming divine revelation which makes his patriotism his religion; it is not alone the unspeakable yearning of his heart for the sublime truths of that revelation as it shows him the great charter of human liberty; it is not alone by all these that the American is made worthy of his transcendent heritage. Let him to-day look around him, and behold those forms already developed under his great agency, and the glowing manifestations which seem to reveal the mysteries of a still grander future. With a socialism in the unwasted vigor of a gigantic youth, the American seems insubordinate to all that is old in human institutions. Outward religion, the power of old forms of rule, prerogative, privilege, fall like stub-

ble before his manly stride, as he goes on constructing the wondrous and beautiful system of civilization he seems destined to fasten on the earth. I speak of to-day, and may say that, with the blessing of God, our progress in this grand mission has not been in the rugged and tortuous lines of other nations, leaping forward to-day with bloody and convulsive effort, and back to-morrow with fearful collapse and heavy reaction—for such, indeed, has been the history of man. As yet we have gone forward with the eagle's flight—in mid-air—without let or hindrance, and with the bright, genial sun blazing warm upon us. The people of America have, as yet, encountered none of the vicissitudes which clog the march of other nations. The invader has scarcely touched their soil—intestine strife is unknown. They did not start from the low, dark places of superstition and barbarism, and crawl, and stumble, and groan, and sweat along the weary way that leads up to where the morning light shines. Their first poise was high in the scale of human civilization. Aided by all its powers, our only struggle has been with the forest and the untamed but teeming earth. These we have conquered and made them our own, and they are fair to look upon, and there seems to be a blessing in them, for peace and great power are abiding with us. Our farmer tills with merry heart; our mechanic strikes with the strong muscle of a freeman; our philosopher teaches in his own portico, or beneath nature's "majestic groves;" our poet dreams beneath his own vine, in soft Lydian measure to his love, or wild, exulting song in praise of "God and liberty;" our merchant unfurls his country's flag, and, without fear, sails wide over the farthest seas; and we worship in a temple fashioned by the word of God,

and not by the rule of human master. Great we are among the nations of the earth, and strong still in the mystical power of that spirit which makes these battle-fields sacred to us. Such is the American of to-day ; with a liberty which he knows to be a mighty fact, worked out by long ages of painful effort, and which, with an humble and abiding faith, he believes to be an immortal truth, recognized and blessed by God himself. Is there, then, within the compass of our various seas, one man who holds in his heart one thought against the liberties achieved on these battle-fields? If there be, then is he not only a bastard to the blood shed here, but he is a traitor to his God, and shall perish miserably, even as he who sent his Master to the cross.

Our wise and good ancestors were not content with giving us the name and substance of this great boon. With prophetic wisdom, they invented and established such sure and excellent forms as to guarantee our perfect enjoyment of the great riches they wrought for us. They gave us this system of laws and government, under which we have strode forward with a pace so swift, and yet so firm, as to astound those who live under the old order. They created for us new political organizations and social institutions—new, antagonistic, and subversive of all pre-existing forms. The root, the stock, the graft, the fruit is all new. We are the children of a new sea and a new earth ; and no power beneath that of the God who made us can crush us, as long as our filial piety impels us to come up and gather new strength from these sacred spots of that earth. But, my countrymen, this form, this structure, which our sires gave us—and in which we are still safe, strong and prospering—is but the temple

in which we worship the living spirit. It is, however, very sacred ; and let no heedless or daring step invade its holy precincts. But, sacred as it is—mighty for great good as it is—this union, glorious and blessed as it has been, and is—is not the holy of holies. This great confederation, this union of confederate empires, these states, their constitutions, may be shattered into a thousand fragments ; their ashes may be scattered on the winds ; all known elements, forms, and orders of our political being may become extinct and forgotten, and mould and jungle hide them from the knowledge of men ; but that spirit which won these fields, and now makes them sacred to us, is of the Eternal God, and will live and dwell for ever on this American soil.

We are the sons of heroes and sages. Let us be true to ourselves, be true to our country, be true to the God who gave it to us, be faithful to the blood shed here by our sires, and we will be the sires of freemen as long as the earth owns man for its master.

Such, at least, is the faith and hope of the christian and patriot, as he kneels on this holy place.

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## MR. BANCROFT'S ADDRESS.

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THE president of the day assigns me a few minutes to express to you my sincere delight in being a witness of this great panorama of southern life, and beauty, and patriotism; and joining with this countless multitude, assembled in the mountain forest under the shadow of the battle-ground, and animated by the spirit of the heroes whose virtues they are gathered to commemorate, I come among you not to address you, but to share silently in the scene; to receive instruction from the eloquent lips of your distinguished orator; to enkindle my own love of country by the fires of your enthusiasm.

No state may celebrate the great events of the American revolution with juster pride than South Carolina. At the very beginning of the struggle in 1765, she was the first to adhere to a general union; and to her it is due that the colonies then met in congress. When, in 1774, a tyrannical government endeavored by the slow torture of starvation to crush Boston into submission, South Carolina opened her granaries of rice and ministered abundantly to its relief. While the sons of the Scottish covenants in Mecklenburg were the first to sever the connection with Great Britain, and institute government for them-

selves, the immediate harbinger of the great reform rose within the borders of this state; the victory gained at the Palmetto Fort by Moultrie was the bright and the morning star, which went before the declaration of American independence. Wherever the camp-fires of the emigrant shall light up the forests of the west, wherever the history of our country is honestly told, wherever the struggles of brave men in the cause of humanity are respected, high honor will be rendered to the triumph at King's Mountain and at Cowpens, and to that sad victory at Eutaw Springs, where the voice of exultation is chastened by sorrow for the brave who fell.

For the north to take an interest in your celebration, is but an act of reciprocity. Everywhere in my long pilgrimage to be present with you on this occasion, I found evidence of the affection with which the south cherishes the memory of every noble action in behalf of liberty, without regard to place. Beautiful Virginia, land of mountains and lowlands, rich in its soil, abounding in healing springs, and the storehouse of all kinds of mineral wealth, builds a Lexington in the very heart of her most magnificent valley; North Carolina repeats the name in one of the loveliest regions in the world; and South Carolina designates by it a great central district of her state.

There is a still stronger reason why the north should give you its sympathy on this occasion. She sent you no aid in the hour of your greatest need. It is a blessed thing to give even a cup of cold water in a right spirit; it was not then possible to give even that. All honor must be awarded to the south, since she was left to herself alone in the hour of her utmost distress.

The romance of the American revolution has its

scenes for the most part in the south; and the battle of King's Mountain, of which we celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary to-day, was the most romantic of all.

The achievement was opportune. The American army for the south was routed and dispersed; Charleston was in the power of the enemy; the government scattered; the paper currency all but worthless; Gadsden a prisoner, doomed to the dungeons of St. Augustine; Sumter forced to retire beyond the state on the one side, and Pickens on the other; Cornwallis hoping "to extinguish the rebellion" by a system of imprisonment, confiscation and hanging; the British minister promising himself that before winter "the whole country south of the Delaware would be subjected." The genius of liberty never bows his head in despair; but there was cause for anxiety—the faultless partizan, the lion-hearted Marion, stood alone in his impenetrable fastnesses as the sentinel of Carolina.

Such was the almost hopeless distress, of which the tidings penetrated to the hardy dwellers on the Watauga, the Nollichucky, and the three forks of Holston. All the difficulties which stood in their way could not make them hesitate. They had distance to overcome in collecting their forces, but swift runners hurried up the valley; they had to cross the highest range of the Alleghanies, where there was not so much as a bridle-path; they could drive no beeves, but must depend mainly on parched corn for their sustenance; meeting from remote districts, they had to organize themselves on the instant for action with unity.

The movement commends itself still more to our admiration as a voluntary act of patriotism. It was planned by no congress—it was ordered by no executive. All that is best springs from the heart, and the

expedition to King's Mountain sprung from the heart of the common people west of the Alleghanies. They were cheered by no martial music, as your orator has truly observed; they had no gilded banners, no nodding plumes; they were southern farmers in their every-day dress, come to exercise, though in a most signal manner, their every-day courage and love of country and virtue.

The dangers which they encountered were those from which the bravest might shrink. Do you think I refer to the fact that they attacked an enemy superior in numbers and still more in the munitions of war, posted on yonder height which you see is precipitously steep, and bristling with the slaty rock which crops out all along its sides and summit? No. Those things had for them no terror. But their departure, they knew, was the signal for British emissaries to excite hordes of worthless savages to burn their homes and murder their wives and children. Every breeze from the west might seem to bring to their ears the echo of the Indian's war-whoop, the dying groans of those they loved best. This was the fear which they had to cast under foot.

Let us rejoice, then, that the success of the men engaged at King's Mountain was, as they expressed it, "complete to a wish." The firing was as heavy as could be conceived for the numbers engaged; the dislodging of the enemy from their advantageous situation was "equal to driving men from stony breastworks;" the vigor of their resistance is proved by their holding out till every third man among them was wounded or slain; and of all the British force which was to have formed the central point of British power in the back country, and which Ferguson had commended to Corn-

wallis for its courage and ability, not more than twenty, perhaps not even one of the survivors escaped captivity.

To finish the picture of this battle, the consequences of the victory must be called to mind. It struck dismay into the tories, and checked the concerted system of house-burning and domestic carnage which was filling Carolina with the deadliest horrors of civil war; it was "the turning point" of victory which cheered on Sumter, and Col. Washington and Morgan to their successes, and enabled Greene to collect an army; it was the "fatal" blow which utterly disconcerted the plans of Cornwallis, and forced him into that change of policy which had its end at Yorktown. The men of that day fought, not for Carolina, not for the south; they fought for America and for humanity, and the ultimate effects of their heroism cannot yet be measured. The states are bound together by commerce, and dove-tailed by canals, and rivers, and railroads; but the recollections of the crowded hours of the glorious actions of our fathers speaks to the heart, and makes us feel, more than all the rest, that we are one people.

Let the battle-ground before us be left no longer as private property; let it be made the inheritance of the people, that is, of all who are heirs to the benefits that were gained on the day which we commemorate. Let a monument rise upon its peak as a memorial of the heroism of our fathers—as an evidence of the piety of their sons. The deeds that were there performed bid us ever renew our love of country. Let the passion for freedom flow forth perennially, like the fountains that gush in crystal purity from your hill sides; let the union stand like your own mountains, which the geologists tell us are the oldest and firmest in the world,

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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From Honorable Edward Everett.

Boston, September 15, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—I received a short time since, your favor of the 17th of August, requesting my attendance at the approaching celebration of the anniversary of the memorable battle of King's Mountain.

I am greatly indebted to you for this invitation, and for the very obliging terms in which it is conveyed.

I should much enjoy a visit to that most interesting region, and it would afford me the greatest pleasure to unite with you in the commemoration of one of the most important battles of the revolution. I regret to say, that it will not be in my power to be present.

Although the numbers engaged on each side at King's Mountain were not great, there were many circumstances of deep interest connected with the battle. The simultaneous movement from the Carolinas and Virginia of the brave men by whom the victory was achieved; the forced march by night of nine hundred of the best horsemen, determined to arrest the progress of Ferguson; the gallant resistance made by that officer, the best partizan in the royal army, astonished as he was at "the numerous, fierce, and unexpected enemy which suddenly sprung up in the depths of the desert"—the courage with which, from the fatal eminence where he stood at bay, he plunged with the bayonet, first upon one party and then upon the other of the intrepid mountaineers as they drew closer and closer around him a circle of

fire ; his fall and the immediate capitulation of his force, superior in numbers to their assailants—these incidents make a scene of war, of which there are few equals for stirring interest in the history of the revolution.

The political consequences of this victory were of great moment. It restored the public mind from the depression caused by the recent successes of Cornwallis. It put an instant stop to his efforts to bring back the upper country to its allegiance ; and contributed its full share to the combinations which, about a twelvemonth later, led to the surrender of Cornwallis, and the virtual termination of the war.

History will reserve a bright page in the annals of the revolution, for the names of the gallant men who fought the battle of King's Mountain. You will hear the thrilling narrative from the eloquent lips of a descendant of one of them, and the expressive voices of unchanging nature will yield their response ; the rough hill-sides—the deep ravines—the sparkling streams—the venerable trees—mute but still living witnesses of the stern encounter, and faithful vouchers for its traditions.

As you listen to the burning words of the orator of the occasion, on the magnificent scene of the action, the form of his ancestor, Campbell, the chosen leader of the day, with those of the patriot Shelby, the hero of two wars, of Cleaveland, of Sevier, of McDowell, of Williams, (who fell in the arms of victory,) will seem almost in visible presence to hover around and claim the tribute of your grateful veneration. The historian of the United States, (Mr. Bancroft,) will partake in your commemoration, and catch new inspiration from the spot, for the page which he will hereafter consecrate to the great victory which was there gained.

Gentlemen, the victory of King's Mountain, at the time, rejoiced the hearts of our fathers, throughout the Union. The glad tidings were heard at the north, with feelings like those with which, in the first year of the war, the news of Bunker Hill was received at the south.

Would that its celebration, like that of the other great events in the revolutionary history, by reminding us of the toils, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of our fathers to establish an independent and united republic, might do something to restore that

fraternal feeling which the unhappy dissensions of the day have done so much to chill.

I remain, gentlemen, your friend and fellow citizen,

EDWARD EVERETT.

MESSRS. W. B. WILSON, JNO. L. MILLER, and SAM'L W. MELTON,  
Committee of Invitation.

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From Honorable John P. Kennedy.

BALTIMORE, September 23, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—Your very kind letter of the 10th, inviting me to the celebration of the victory of King's Mountain, which is to be made on the 4th of October, reached me yesterday.

If I could indulge my own desire in regard to this appointment, I should very gladly accept your invitation. But I find myself compelled, by the nature of my engagements at home, to forego that pleasure, and must beg you to accept my thanks for the friendly consideration which has brought me to your notice on this occasion. Apart from the primary interest of the celebration, I should find a strong temptation to be with you, in the conviction that I should find many friends, old and new, whom I should greatly delight to meet. But even a stronger motive would be, to manifest my earnest approval of the sentiment which has suggested this commemoration of the battle. I look upon it as entitled to special consideration as the first attempt to tender appropriate honor to a great event in the war of Independence—an event which, I think, stands prominent amongst what may be called the chief land-marks that serve to note the progress of that struggle. It distinguishes an era that happily shaped the fortunes of the revolution, by checking a series of disasters and inaugurating a new career of victory. From this turning point the cause advanced steadily to a speedy and prosperous end. The issue was greatly influenced by this event. If King's Mountain had been any thing but the decisive victory it was, the fate of the war might long have hung in a doubtful scale, and the heroism of the south have been taxed by further trials beyond its power of resistance. But the victory was a fresh fountain of strength, and the parent of new triumphs. Standing midway be-

tween Bunker Kill and Yorktown, it deserves to be elevated to the eminence they occupy in the national calendar, and to be remembered with not less marked expressions of national gratitude.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, and those you represent, upon your recognition of this sentiment, and hope that you may find such a response from the country, to your commemoration of the 4th, as shall prove that you have awakened the remembrance of the nation to an act of justice to one of the most note-worthy events of our history.

With the highest respect and regard,

I am, gentlem, very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

MESSRS. W. B. WILSON, JNO. L. MILLER, SAM'L W. MELTON, Committee of Invitation.

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From Honorable W. A. Graham.

HILLSBORO', N. C., September 28, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—I have had the honor to receive your kind invitation to be present at the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, and regret that circumstances which I cannot control, will deprive me of the pleasure of attending.

I have been gratified to learn, that for the first time since that memorable victory, the citizens of those states, by whose undisciplined valor it was won, propose to unite in dignifying it with the honors of a public celebration. Near forty years ago, in my childhood, I remember to have heard of an assemblage on the battle field, chiefly, I presume, of the people of Lincoln county, in this state, to commemorate the services and sacrifices of their own patriotic fellow-citizens, who were killed in the action in defence of their country's cause, when an oration was pronounced by the late Dr. William McLean, who had himself been a soldier in the battle; and the unpretending monument was erected to Major Chronicle and others, which still marks the spot where they fought and fell, and informs the passing traveller of the place and time of their country's triumph. This, however, was but the humble tribute of a neighborhood—perchance of a few surviving heroes to their dead comrades, of the same military organization,

But as a great American achievement, annihilating one column of the triumphant invading army of the enemy, and striking terror into the other, insomuch as to compel a precipitate retreat of his whole force for more than a hundred miles, thence keeping him at bay until the disastrous defeat of Gates could be repaired, and a new patriot army brought into the field, under the leadership of the indomitable Greene, and thus exerting an influence on all the subsequent events of the war in the South. Yours, gentlemen, is the first attempt to celebrate it on the scene of the victory.

It is an offering eminently due to the memory of those intrepid sons of liberty of the hills and mountain country of the Carolinas and Virginia, by whom that victory was gained; whose real history is invested with all the romance; whose devotion to country in the gloomiest hour of the struggle, when disaffection and alarm had overcome so many others, and subjugation seemed to be almost an inevitable consequence; whose simplicity of manners and habits of military equipment and arrangement, and indifference to danger, and impetuous but persevering bravery in rolling back the tide of invasion, can only, and hardly, find their parallels in the classic examples of the heroes of the best times of the republics of antiquity.

With my thanks for the kindness of your communication, and my best wishes that your meeting may be both profitable and agreeable,

I am, gentlemen, with high respect, your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

Messrs. W. B. WILSON, JOHN L. MILLER, SAM'L W. MELTON, Committee of Invitation.

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From Honorable George M. Dallas.

PHILADELPHIA, September 5, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—It would afford me the highest gratification to accept the invitation with which you have honored me, and mingle with my fellow-citizens of four great states in celebrating one of the most characteristic and interesting achievements of revolutionary valor. The energy and spirit which rallied the western mountaineers of Virginia and the two Carolinas, under Cleave-

land, Williams, Sevier, Branon, and other leaders, to inflict, with celerity, upon an important detachment of Lord Cornwallis' invading army, a signal defeat, entitle "the battle of King's Mountain," to the peculiar commemoration you propose. No one can be insensible, even after the lapse of seventy-five years, to the heroism with which your partizan militia sprung from their homes, united in the pursuit of their more numerous enemies, and, having beaten and dispersed them, returned tranquilly to their agricultural labors, leaving the momentous result of their exploit to be seen in the retreat of the British chief, and in their own security. "The spot where that battle was fought" is certainly linked in thought inseparably with the independence of our country and the patriotic gallantry of southern men.

Sincerely regretting my inability to join your celebration, and with many acknowledgments for the kindness of your remembrance, I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

G. M. DALLAS.

Messrs. W. B. WILSON, JOHN L. MILLER and SAM'L W. MELTON,  
Committee of Invitation.

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From Honorable A. P. Hayne.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 25, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—I have had the honor to receive your letter, inviting me to unite with the states of Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee and South Carolina, in the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain—on the battle field where that brilliant victory was achieved by the skill and courage of Campbell, Cleaveland, Shelby, Sevier, and the noble Williams, and the brave officers and men who fought under their command. I regret it will not be in my power to be present with you; but although absent, I will be with you in spirit.

The plan of the battle of King's Mountain was wisely conceived and nobly carried out. It was in every respect adapted to the occasion, and resulted in one of the most decisive victories on record—our brave men killing, wounding and capturing the whole army of the enemy. Had the gallant Campbell not divided his forces into three distinct columns—each column act-

ing independently and separately, and each column attacking the enemy in regular succession, and at different periods of time, the cruel Ferguson must have won the day, and remained master of the field of battle ; and it would have been a bloody, bloody day for our men.

No statesman, no soldier, can over-value Hull's victory, or Jackson's, in his night attack before New Orleans ; and give me leave to say, no one can over-value Campbell's victory at King's Mountain. The result of the battle was, that the pride of an arrogant foe, who had dared to profane the soil of freedom by his hostile tread, was humbled. It produced confidence in our ranks ; throughout the whole country it established unanimity, and at once crushed disaffection. It was not a mere exertion of physical strength, as is often the case ; but in every stage of the battle, we clearly perceive the effect produced by the admirable arrangements of the commanders of our men. The *ensemble* of the general movement was maintained throughout the whole order of battle. I would again say, gentlemen, if Campbell had been defeated, the brave Morgan might have shared the same fate, and our beloved General Greene himself been made to encounter sad reverses. It was a noble victory, and God bless the brave men who so faithfully performed the duty !

I beg to offer a toast, and in so doing to pay a small tribute of respect to departed worth, to brave and gallant men who bared their bosoms to the foe in the hour of trial and danger, and in the day of battle were every where that duty or danger called. will give you, gentlemen,

The memories of Campbell, Cleaveland, Shelby, Sevier and the noble Williams—"Come, expressive silence, make their praise."

I pray you, gentlemen, excuse this hasty letter, and permit me to subscribe myself your friend and compatriot,

A. P. HAYNE.

Messrs. W. B. WILSON, JOHN L. MILLER, and SAM'L W. MELTON,  
Committee of Invitation.

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From Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey.

MECKLENBURG, near Knoxville, (Tenn.)

October 15, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—Your letter dated Yorkville, (S. C.,) August 18, but post-marked Abingdon, (Va.,) Sept. 24, reached this office only last week.

I am greatly obliged by the polite and cordial invitation which you have given me to attend the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, and unite in the celebration of that victory. Had your letter reached me earlier, it would have given me a very sincere pleasure to have met those you requested on that occasion, and participated with them in the celebration of a victory unsurpassed by any in our revolutionary struggle. As it is, I content myself with hoping that the descendants and countrymen of those whose patriotism conceived the expedition to King's Mountain, and whose valor achieved the victory, may have assembled with you on that hallowed spot, and enjoyed, with you, the enthusiasm and pride the place and its associations are so well calculated to inspire.

I appreciate, gentlemen, very deeply, the compliment you pay me, where you remark, "By your invaluable contributions to the early history of the country, you have assisted more, perhaps, than any other, in giving a just prominence to the event we propose to celebrate." In the work to which you allude, I have done the south and the south-west barely justice; while, elsewhere, "defeats have been magnified into victories." It gratifies me to know, and to have shown that the patriotism and courage of the volunteer militia of the south and south-west, gave the first check to the career of British conquests in the south, and by the defeat of Ferguson, so changed the aspect of affairs, as to result eventually in the consummation of our independence.

I beg you, gentlemen, to present my acknowledgements to the citizens of York district for the cordial welcome they have offered me, and to accept for yourselves my thanks for the polite terms in which you have communicated their intentions.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. M. RAMSEY.

To Messrs. W. B. WILSON, JOHN L. MILLER and SAM'L W. MELTON, Committee of Invitation.

From Honorable D. R. Atchison.

PLATTE CITY, Mo., September 12, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—Your letter of invitation, requesting my attendance at the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain has been received. It will be altogether inconvenient for me to be present on that occasion. I have certain duties, both private and public, to discharge at home. The battle of King's Mountain was fought by the whigs, under the lead of Campbell, McDowell, Shelby, Sevier, and Williams, against the tories under the gallant Ferguson. We have a similar foe to encounter in Kansas, on the first Monday in October next. The "border ruffians," such as fought with McDowell, Shelby, &c., on the one hand, and the Abolitionists—such men as fought with Ferguson, on the other. We, (the "border ruffians") have the whole power of the northern states to contend with, single handed and alone, without assistance, and without sympathy from any quarter; yet we are undismayed. Thus far have we been victorious; and with the help of God we will still continue to conquer.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the kind expression in the concluding paragraph of your letter—"three cheers for Atchison and Kansas!" I have read this paragraph to sundry of the "border ruffians," and their eyes sparkle; their arms are nerved. We have been acting on the defensive altogether; the contest with us is one of life and death, and it will be so with you and your institution if we fail. Atchison, Stringfellow, and the "border ruffians" of Missouri, fills a column of each abolition paper published in the north; abuse most foul, and falsehood unblushing, is poured out upon us, and yet we have no advocate in the southern press; and yet we received no assistance from the southern states. But the time will shortly come when that assistance must and will be rendered; the stake the "border ruffians" are playing for is a mighty one. If Kansas is abolitionized, Missouri ceases to be a slave state, and New Mexico becomes a free state, California remains a free state; but if we secure Kansas as a slave state, Missouri is secure; New Mexico and southern California, if not all of it, becomes a slave state; in a word, the prosperity or the ruin of the whole south depends on the Kansas struggle.

Your obedient servant,

D. R. ATCHISON.

Messrs. W. B. WILSON, JNO. L. MILLER, and SAM'L. W. MELTON,  
Committee of Invitation.

From Honorable A. P. Butler.

STONELAND, near Edgefield, Sept. 29, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—I have delayed thus long to notice your note, inviting me to be present at the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, in the hope that I might be able to accept your polite invitation. The occasion is one full of historical interest, and such an one as would have afforded me, on many accounts, a grateful satisfaction. I find that the state of my health (having received by the fall of a horse some injury in my arm) will not allow me the great pleasure which I had proposed to myself of having with you.

It has been said, that the gallant men who fought the battle of King's Mountain, had no muster roll by which they could be summoned to duty, and that there never was a public record recognizing their services. They needed no such memorial to place their names on the roll of fame. They mustered themselves into service; and in a few hours, under the influence of high daring and tributary patriotism, performed a gallant achievement, that may well be put in honorable comparison with the services of years of many who were called at reveille by the muster roll. The graves of those who fell on the battle-field, and a burnished tradition, will afford a muster-roll for the admiration of posterity.

It would be a beautiful tribute to their memory, to make the mountain on which they won the victory (one so anomalous in history,) their monument, by having their names inscribed upon it.

I hope the stone of the mountain is granite—that would be a genuine illustration of the whole affair.

Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my high respect.

A. P. BUTLER.

To Messrs. WILSON, MILLER and MELTON, Committee of King's Mountain Celebration.

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From Honorable Josiah J. Evans.

SOCIETY HILL, September 30, 1855.

Until within a few days, I had promised myself the pleasure of attending your celebration, but various causes have combined to put this out of my power. To have been present on such an occasion would have been a source of great pleasure to me. I look upon the battle of King's Mountain as the turning point of the revolutionary war at the south. By Gates' disastrous defeat, the country was considered conquered. There was no army in the field, and no hope in the future—all was prostrate. The first bright speck was the daring achievement of the mountain men in the capture of Ferguson's army. But for this event, the march of Lord Cornwallis through North Carolina into Virginia might have completed the conquest of these states, before the second southern army under Greene could have been organized and marched to their relief. The battle of King's Mountain may, therefore, be considered the great event of the war, and should be held in grateful remembrance by all the descendants of those whose independence of foreign domination was achieved by the war of the revolution. I wish it were in my power to participate in the celebration of this event, but I find it impossible.

Most sincerely yours, &c.,

JOSIAH J. EVANS.

Messrs. W. B. WILSON, JNO. L. MILLER, SAML. W. MELTON, Committee of Invitation.

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From Rev. J. H. Thornwell.

SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE, September 29, 1855.

*Gentlemen*—Partly from a spirit of procrastination, and partly from a vague hope that something might turn up to enable me to attend your approaching celebration, I have delayed to the last moment, to reply to your polite and kind invitation. I am truly sorry that I cannot go. Such commemorations of great events I cordially approve, and have always regretted that they have not been more frequent among us. It is true that they are not the necessary signs of a heroic spirit, or a great generation. Nothing is more characteristic of a declining people, and a degene-

rate age, than to relieve their sense of degradation by rearing monuments to a glorious past. The Jew delighted to build the sepulchres and adorn the tombs of the prophets, long after the spirit of the prophets had departed ; and Greek and Roman alike, soothed their bondage by a passive admiration of the deeds of their ancestors. But where there is a right public spirit, nothing is better suited to expand and strengthen it, than national recollections. Our fathers seem to speak to us from their graves. I think, therefore, that you have done wisely in your proposed celebration, and I feel it to be a severe self-denial that I can take no part in the ceremonies. In the sincere hope that the solemnities of the occasion may even transcend your expectations, I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your obliged servant,

J. H. THORNWELL.

Messrs. WILSON, MILLER and MELTON, Committee.

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# APPENDIX.

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## THE GATHERING.

Letter to Col. William Campbell, in Washington.

JULY 31st, 1780.

LAST Saturday evening I received your favor of the 20th, enclosing the governor's instructions to you to turn your arms against the tories. I would beg leave to tell you, sir, that this appointment gave me the most sincere pleasure, being fully convinced that you have a more important enemy to contend with, in them, than you had in the hostile towns of the Cherokees. More *important*, both from their numbers and their horrid and hellish combinations, as well as their situation amongst us in every quarter of the country, who only wait orders and a fair, or even a tolerable opportunity, to begin the works of murder and rapine.

This hour I have been informed, from unquestionable authority, that a general and dangerous conspiracy is meditating amongst the tories, to be put into execution next month. The lead mines is their first object, and then to overrun the country, not only here, but in Bottetourt, with blood and plunder. This news is so alarming, that Col. Hugh Crockett has called for a great part of the militia of Bottetourt; and I have wrote to Col. Walter Crockett to put himself at the head of all the militia he can raise, from the county-line down to Capt. Draper's company, and then to proceed to disarm all suspected persons, from the court-house down to where he meets the Bottetourt militia; and also to take into custody all such as have been noted for their disaffection to the American cause.

As there is not a moment to be lost, and as the stroke ought to be as general as their scheme was to have been, I would therefore beg of you to raise, at least, three full companies of militia, and with them proceed to disarm and secure all such in

the upper part of Washington and Montgomery, as low as where Col. Crockett begins, and such other places as you may judge proper; and in the meantime that you will take the command of the whole troops drawn out on this occasion, agreeable to the governor's instructions; and that you will add, diminish or alter the instructions I have given to Col. Crockett in any manner you think will most forward this essential service. Had not the Bottetourt troops been on foot before I knew, I should not have sent Colonel Walter Crockett any particular instructions; but, under these circumstances, I judged it best to put his in motion, and yours to do the business as far as the court-house. I would have you and Col. Arthur Campbell to fall on some prudent scheme to secure the body of *Colonel Griffith*. I have ordered a guard with the ammunition, as you directed. Pray let me hear from you. Let all be conducted with as much secrecy as possible.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

WM. PRESTON.

P.S.—If there should be no occasion to march now—I mean to Red river—I would beg of you to send those in person from Bottetourt and Montgomery.

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Extract from Ramsey's "Annals of Tennessee." Pages 227-8-9.

"Sevier also undertook to bring Col. McDowell and other field officers who, with their followers, were then in a state of expatriation amongst the western settlers, into the measure. In this he succeeded at once. All of them had been driven from their homes, which were now deserted, and exposed to the depredations of the disorderly and licentious loyalists who had joined the foreign enemy. Most of them had friends and kindred on whom Ferguson and his tories were even then wreaking their vengeance. These homes and these friends they longed to rescue and protect from further violence and desecration.

To Shelby was assigned the duty of securing the co-operation of the riflemen of western Virginia. These had, in many a past campaign with the pioneers of Tennessee, bivouaced and fought and triumphed together over a savage foe, and it was now deemed essential to the preservation of liberty and independence, to obtain the aid of these gallant men in resisting the invasion of the common country. Shelby accordingly hastened home, wrote a letter to William Campbell, colonel commandant of Washington county, Virginia, and sent it by his brother, Moses Shelby, to the house of Campbell, a distance of forty miles. In this letter Colonel Shelby stated what had been determined on by Sevier and himself, and urged Campbell to join them with his regiment. That gallant officer, true to the general cause but most loyal to Virginia, replied by the same messenger, that he did not approve of the measures that had been adopted, and that he should pur-

sue his original intention and march his men down by way of the Flower Gap, and get on the southern borders of Virginia, ready to meet and oppose Lord Cornwallis when he approached that state. With this answer, Shelby was much disappointed. He was unwilling that the whole military force of Sullivan and Washington counties should be taken upon the contemplated expedition, and thus leave the frontier exposed to attacks from the Cherokees from whom they were threatened with and had good reason to expect an immediate invasion. He, therefore, wrote a second letter, and sent by the same messenger immediately back to Colonel Campbell, giving additional reasons in favour of the projected campaign. To this letter Campbell replied that he would co-operate with his whole force.

Colonel Campbell commanded four hundred men from Virginia, Colonel Sevier two hundred and forty from Washington, and Colonel Shelby two hundred and forty from Sullivan county, in North Carolina. The refugee whigs mustered under Col. McDowell. All were well mounted and nearly all armed with a Deckhard rifle.

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“The camp on Wautauga, on the twenty-fifth of September, presented an animated spectacle. With the exception of the few colonists on the distant Cumberland, the entire military force of what is now Tennessee, was assembled at the Sycamore shoals. Scarce a single gunman remained, that day, at his own house. The young, ardent and energetic had generally enrolled themselves for the campaign against Ferguson. The less vigorous and more aged, were left, with the inferior guns, in the settlements for their protection against the Indians; but all had attended the rendezvous. The old men were there to counsel, encourage and stimulate the youthful soldier, and to receive, from the colonels, instructions for the defence of the stations during their absence. Others were there to bring, in rich profusion, the products of their farms, which were cheerfully furnished gratuitously and without stint, to complete the outfit of the expedition. Gold and silver they had not, but subsistence and clothing, and equipment and the fiery charger—anything the frontiersman owned, in the cabin, the field or the range, was offered, unostentatiously, upon the altar of his country. The wife and the sister were there, and, with a suppressed sigh, witnessed the departure of the husband and brother. And there, too, were the heroic mother, with a mournful but noble pride, to take a fond farewell of their gallant sons.

“The sparse settlements of this frontier, had never before seen assembled together a concourse of people so immense and so excitedly agitated by great excitement. The large mass of the assembly were volunteer riflemen, clad in the home-spun of their wives and sisters, and wearing the hunting-shirt so characteristic of the backwoods soldiery, and not a few of them the moccasins

of their own manufacture. A few of the officers were better dressed, but all in citizens' clothing. The mien of Campbell was stern, authoritative and dignified. Shelby was grave, taciturn, and determined. Sevier, vivacious, ardent, impulsive and energetic. McDowell, moving about with the ease and dignity of a colonial magistrate, inspiring veneration for his virtues and an indignant sympathy for the wrongs of himself and his co-exiles. All were completely wrapt in the absorbing subject of the revolutionary struggle, then approaching its acme, and threatening the homes and families of the mountaineers themselves. Never did mountain recess contain within it, a loftier or a more enlarged patriotism—never a cooler or more determined courage.

“In the seclusion of their homes in the west, many of the volunteers had only heard of war at a distance, and had been in undisputed possession of that independence for which their atlantic countrymen were now struggling. The near approach of Ferguson had awakened them from their security, and indignant at the violence and depredations of his followers, they were now embodied to chastise and avenge them. This they had done at the suggestion and upon the motion of their own leaders, without any requisition from the governments of America or the officers of the continental army. Indeed, at this moment, the American army in the south was almost annihilated, and the friends of the American cause, were discouraged and despondent. The British were everywhere triumphant, and the loyalists, under the pretence of promoting the service of his Britanic Majesty, were, in many sections, perpetrating the greatest outrage and cruelty upon the whigs. The attitude of these volunteer detachments was as forlorn as it was gallant. At the time of their embodiment, and for several days after they had marched against the enemy, flushed with recent victories and confident of further conquest, it was not known to them that a single armed corps of Americans was marshalled for their assistance or relief. The crisis was, indeed, dark and gloomy. But indomitable patriots were present, prepared and willing to meet it. The *personnel* of no army could have been better. There was strength, enterprise, courage and enthusiasm. The ardour and impetuosity and rashness of youth were there, to project and execute, with the wisdom of mature age, to temper and direct them ; the caution of the father and the irrepressible daring of the son.

Without delay, early on the morning of the next day, after its rendezvous at Wautauga, the little army was on the march. Before the troops left the camp, the officers requested that they should assemble for the purpose of commending the army to Divine protection and guidance. They promptly complied with the request. Prayer, solemn and appropriate, was offered by a clergyman present, and the riflemen mounted their horses and started on the distant campaign.

## THE BATTLE.

A statement of the proceedings of the western army, from the 25th day of September, 1780, to the reduction of Major Ferguson and the army under his command.

On receiving intelligence that Maj. Ferguson had advanced up as high as Gilbert town, in Rutherford county, and threatened to cross the mountains to the western waters, Colonel William Campbell, with four hundred men from Washington county, of Virginia; Colonel Isaac Shelby, with two hundred and forty men from Sullivan county, of North Carolina, and Lieutenant-colonel John Sevier, with two hundred and forty men from Washington county, of North Carolina, assembled at Watauga, on the 25th day of September, where they were joined by Colonel Charles McDowell, with one hundred and sixty men from the counties of Burke and Rutherford, who had fled before the enemy to the western waters. "We began our march on the 26th, and on the 30th we were joined by Colonel Cleaveland on the Catawba river, with three hundred and fifty men from the counties of Wilkes and Surry. No one officer having properly a right to command in chief. On the 1st October, we despatched an express to Major General Gates, informing him of our situation, and requesting him to send a general officer to take command of the whole. In the mean time, Colonel Campbell was chosen to act as commandant till such general officer should arrive. We marched to the Cowpens, on Broad river, in South Carolina, where we were joined by Colonel James Williams, with four hundred men on the evening of the 6th October, who informed us that the enemy lay encamped somewhere near the Cherokee Ford, of Broad river, about thirty miles distant from us. By a council of the principal officers, it was then thought advisable to pursue the enemy that night with nine hundred of the best horsemen, and leave the weak horse and footmen to follow as fast as possible. We began our march with about nine hundred of the best men, that evening, about eight o'clock, and, marching all night, came up with the enemy about 3 o'clock, p.m., of the 7th, who lay encamped on the top of King's Mountain, twelve miles north of the Cherokee Ford, in the confidence that they could not be forced from so advantageous a post. Previous to the attack, on our march, the following disposition was made: Colonel Shelby's regiment formed a column in the centre on the left; Colonel Campbell's regiment another on the right; part of Colonel Cleaveland's regiment, headed in front by Major Winston, and Colonel Sevier's regiment, formed a large column on the right wing; the other part of Colonel Cleaveland's regiment, headed by Colonel Cleaveland himself, and Colonel William's regiment, composed the left wing. In this order we advanced and got within a quarter of a mile of the enemy before we were discovered. Colonel Shel-

by's and Colonel Campbell's regiments began the attack and kept up a fire on the enemy while the right and left wings were advancing forward to surround them, which was done in about five minutes, and the fire became general all around. The engagement lasted an hour and five minutes, the greatest part of which time a heavy and incessant fire was kept up on both sides. Our men, in some places, where the regulars fought, were obliged to give way a small distance, two or three times, but rallied and returned with additional ardour to the attack. The troops upon the right, having gained the summit of the eminence, obliged the enemy to retreat along the top of the ridge to where Colonel Cleaveland commanded, and were there stopped by his brave men. A flag was immediately hoisted by Captain DuPoistre, then commanding officer, (Major Ferguson having been killed a little before,) for a surrender. Our fire immediately ceased, and the enemy laid down their arms, the greatest part of them charged, and surrendered themselves to us prisoners at discretion. It appears from their own provision returns that day found in their camp, that their whole force consisted of eleven hundred and twenty-five men, out of which they sustained the following loss : Of the regulars, one major, one captain, two sergeants and fifteen privates killed, thirty-five privates wounded. Left on the ground, not able to march, two captains, four lieutenants, three ensigns, one surgeon, five sergeants, three corporals, one drummer, and forty-nine privates taken prisoners. Loss of the Tories, two colonels, three captains, and two hundred and one privates killed ; one major and one hundred and twenty-seven privates wounded and left on the ground, not able to march ; one colonel, twelve captains, eleven lieutenants, two ensigns, one quarter-master, one adjutant, two commissaries, eighteen sergeants and six hundred privates, taken prisoners. Total loss of the enemy eleven hundred and five men at King's Mountain.

Given under our hands at camp.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

ISAAC SHELBY.

BELJAMIN CLEAVELAND.

THE LOSS ON OUR SIDE.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
1 colonel.	1 major.
1 major.	3 captains.
1 captain.	3 lieutenants.
2 lieutenants.	53 privates.
4 ensigns.	—
19 privates.	60 total.
—	
28 total.	

Letter from Colonel Wm. Campbell to Colonel Arthur Campbell

WILKES COUNTY CAMP, ON BRIAN CREEK,  
October 20, 1780.

*Dear Sir* : Ferguson and his party are no more in circumstances to injure the citizens of America. We came up with him in Craven county, South Carolina, posted on a height, called King's Mountain, about 12 miles north of the Cherokee Ford, of Broad river, about two o'clock in the evening, of the 7th instant, we having marched the whole night before.

Colonel Shelby's regiment and mine began the attack and sustained the whole fire of the enemy for about ten minutes, while the other troops were forming around the height, upon which the enemy was posted. The firing then became general, and as heavy as you can conceive for the number of men. The advantageous situation of the enemy being the top of a steep ridge, obliged us to expose ourselves exceedingly; and the dislodging of them was equal to driving men from strong breast-works, though in the end we gained the point of the ridge, where my regiment fought, and drove them along the summit of it nearly to the other end where Colonel Cleaveland and his countrymen were. There they were driven into a huddle and the greatest confusion; the flag for a surrender was immediately hoisted, and as soon as our troops could be notified of it, the firing ceased and the survivors surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion. The victory was complete to a wish. My regiment has suffered more than any other in the action. I must proceed with the prisoners until I can some way dispose of them; probably I may go on to Richmond, in Virginia. I am, &c.,

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Col. Com.

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Extract from a speech delivered by General Smythe, of Va., in the House of Representatives of the U. S., Feb. 7, 1829.

"Colonel Isaac Shelby, in a letter to Colonel Arthur Campbell, commandant of Washington county, in Virginia, written on the 12th of October, 1780, speaks thus of the battle: "We were soon formed in such order as to attack the enemy on all quarters. The Washington and Sullivan regiments began the attack on the front and left flanks; the North Carolina regiments, under Colonels Williams, Sevier and Cleaveland, attacked the rear and other flank, the firing in about fifteen minutes became general, and was kept up with fury on both sides for near an hour. On the first onset, the Washington militia attempted rapidly to ascend the mountain but were met by the British regulars with fixed bayonets, and forced to retreat. They were soon rallied by their gallant commander and some of his active officers,

and by a constant and well directed fire of our rifles, we drove them back in our turn and reached the summit of the mountain, where the enemy being closely surrounded, surrendered prisoners at discretion. Truly the situation of the ground gave them greatly the advantage, as the mountain was high and exceedingly steep in front, and interspersed along the top with craggy cliffs of rocks, in short, it was almost equal to storming regular works."

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Extract from a communication by Colonel Isaac Shelby, to the "National Intelligencer, May 6, 1823.

On the morning after the appointment of Colonel Campbell, we proceeded towards Gilbert town, but found that Ferguson, apprised of our approach, had left there a few days before. On the next night it was determined, in the council of officers, to pursue him, unremittingly, with as many of our troops as could be well armed and well mounted, leaving the weak horses and footmen to follow on as well as they could. We accordingly started about light the next morning with nine hundred and ten men thus selected. Continuing diligently our pursuit all that day, we were joined at the Cowpens, on the 6th, by Col. John Williams, of South Carolina, and several field officers, with about four hundred men. Learning, from him, the situation and the distance of the enemy, we traveled all that night and the next day, through heavy rains, and came up with them about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of October. They were encamped on an eminence called King's Mountain, extending from east to west, which, on its summit, was about 500 or 600 yards long and 60 or 70 broad. Our men were formed for battle as stated in the report of the action, made out and signed by some of the officers. This report, however, omits to mention that the men who had belonged to Colonel McDowell's command, which had been considerably augmented on the march, formed a part of the right wing under Sevier. Colonel Campbell's regiment and my own composed the centre, his on the right and mine on the left. The right wing or column was led by Major Winston and Colonel Sevier. The left by Colonels Cleaveland and Williams, and each of these wings was about as strong as Campbell's regiment and mine united. Our plan was to surround the mountain and attack the enemy on all sides. In this order and with this view, we marched immediately to the assault. The attack was commenced by the two centre columns, which attempted to ascend at the eastern end of the mountain. The battle here became furious and bloody, and many that belonged to Sevier's column were drawn into the action at this point, to sustain their comrades. In the course of the battle, we were repeatedly repulsed by the enemy, and driven down the mountain. In this succession

of repulses and attacks, and in giving succor to the points hardest pressed, much disorder took place in our ranks, the men of my column, of Campbell's column, and a great part of Sevier's were mingled together in the confusion of the battle. Toward the latter part of the action, the enemy made a fierce and gallant charge upon us from the eastern summit of the mountain and drove us near to the foot of it. The retreat was so rapid that there was great danger of its becoming a rout.

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General Davidson to General Sumner.

ROCKY RIVER, Oct. 10, 1780.

I have the pleasure of handing to you very agreeable intelligence from the west. Ferguson, the great partisan, has miscarried; this we are assured of by Mr. Tate, brigade-major in Gen. Sumpter's late command. The particulars from that gentleman's mouth stand thus :

That Colonels Campbell, Cleaveland, Shelby, Sevier, Williams, Brandon, Lacey, &c., formed a conjunct body near Gilbert town, consisting of three thousand men ; from this body were elected sixteen hundred horse who immediately went in pursuit of Major Ferguson, who was making his way to Charlotte. Our people overtook them well posted on King's Mountain, and on the evening of the 7th instant, at 4 o'clock, began the attack, which continued forty-seven minutes. Major Ferguson and one hundred and fifty of his men fell in the action, eight hundred and ten were made prisoners, including the British, and one hundred and fifty of the prisoners are wounded ; fifteen hundred stand of arms fell into our hands. Major Ferguson had about fourteen hundred men and were all confused. Our people surrounded them and the enemy surrendered. We lost about twenty men, among whom is Major Chronicle of Lincoln county. Colonel Williams is mortally wounded. The number of our wounded cannot be ascertained. This blow must affect the British very considerably. The design of our conquering friends is not clearly known ; it is most probable they will secure their prisoners in or about the mountains, and proceed towards Charlotte. The brigade-major who gives us this, was in the action. The above is true—the blow is great. I give you joy on the occasion.—*Extract from the Virginia Gazette, Oct. 21, 1780.*

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## THE CONSEQUENCES.

Extract from a History of the American Revolution, by Mrs. Warren, 2 vols. pp. 250, 1—2.

“Major Ferguson had, for several weeks, taken post in Tryon county, not far distant from the western mountains. He had there collected a body of royalists, who, united with his regular detachments, spread terror and dismay through all the adjacent country. This aroused to action all who were capable of bearing arms, in opposition to his designs. A body of militia collected in and about the highlands of North Carolina; a party of hunters, riflemen, a number of the steady yeomanry of the country, in short, a numerous and resolute band, in defiance of danger and fatigue, determined to drive him from his strong position on a spot called King’s Mountain. Under various commanders, who had little knowledge of each other, they seemed all to unite in the design of hunting down this useful prop of British authority, in that part of the country.

“These hardy partisans effected their purpose; and though the British commander exhibited the valor of a brave and magnanimous officer, and his troops acquitted themselves with vigor and spirit, the Americans, who in great numbers surrounded them, won the day. Major Ferguson, with a hundred and fifty of his men, fell in the action, and seven hundred were made prisoners, from whom were selected a few, who, from motives of public zeal or private revenge, were immediately executed. This summary infliction was imposed by order of some of those fierce and uncivilized chieftains, who had spent most of their lives in the mountains and forests, amidst the slaughter of wild animals, which was necessary to their daily subsistence.

\* \* \* \* \*

After this victory, most of the adherents to the royal cause in the interior parts of the Carolinas, either changed sides or sunk into obscurity. Lord Cornwallis himself, in a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, about this time, complained that ‘it was in the militia of the northern frontier alone, that he could place the smallest dependence; and that they were so totally dispirited by Ferguson’s defeat, that in the whole district he could not assemble an hundred men, and even in them he could not now place the smallest confidence.’\*

\* Sir Henry Clinton observed, on this occasion, that “the fatal catastrophe of Ferguson’s defeat, had lost Lord Cornwallis the whole militia of Ninety-Six, amounting to four thousand men, and even threw South Carolina into a state of confusion and rebellion.

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Lord Rawdon to General Leslie.

CAMP, WEST OF CATAWBA RIVER,  
October 24, 1780.

Lord Cornwallis advanced to Charlotteburg. Major Ferguson, with about eight hundred militia, collected from the neighborhood of Ninety-Six, had previously marched into Tryon county, to protect our friends, who were supposed to be numerous there, and it was intended that he should cross the Catawba river, and endeavor to preserve tranquillity in the rear of the army. A numerous enemy now appears on the frontiers, drawn from Nola-chucki and other settlements beyond the mountains, whose very names had been unknown to us. A body of these, joined by the inhabitants of the ceded lands in Georgia, made a sudden and violent attack upon Augusta. The post was gallantly defended by Lieutenant Colonel Brown, till he was relieved by the activity of Lieutenant Colonel Cruger. But Major Ferguson, by endeavoring to intercept the enemy in their retreat, unfortunately gave time for fresh bodies of them to pass the mountains, and to unite into a corps far superior to that which he commanded. They came up with him, and after a sharp action, defeated him. Ferguson was killed, and all his party either slain or taken. By the enemy's having secured all the passes on the Catawba, Lord Cornwallis, (who was waiting at Charlotteburg for a convoy of stores,) received but confused accounts of the affair for some time. At length the truth reached him, and the delay, equally with the precautions which the enemy had taken to keep their victory from his knowledge, gave his lordship great reason to fear for the safety of Ninety-Six. To save that district was indispensable for the security of the rest of the province, and Lord Cornwallis saw no means of effecting it, but by passing the Catawba river, with his army, for it was so weakened by sickness, that it would not bear detachment. After much fatigue, on the march, occasioned by violent rains, we passed the river three days ago. We then received the first intelligence respecting our different posts in the province, which had reached us for near three weeks, every express from Camden having been waylaid, and some of them murdered by the inhabitants. Ninety-six is safe; the corps which defeated Ferguson having (in consequence of our movement,) crossed the Catawba and joined Smallwood on the Yadkin.

"In our present position we have received the first intimation of the expedition under your command. At present, we fear that we are too far asunder to render your co-operation very effectual. No force has presented itself to us whose opposition would have been thought serious against this army. But then we have little hopes of bringing the affair to the issue of an action. The enemy are mostly mounted militia, not to be overtaken by our infantry, nor to be safely pursued in this strong country by our cavalry. Our fear is, that instead of meeting us, they would slip by us into

this province, were we to proceed far from it, and might again stimulate the disaffected to serious insurrection. This apprehension, you will judge, sir, must greatly circumscribe our efforts; indeed, Lord Cornwallis cannot hope that he shall be able to undertake anything upon such a scale, as either to aid you, or much to benefit from you in your present situation.

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Lord Rawdon to Sir Henry Clinton,

OCTOBER 29, 1780.

\* \* \* In the meantime General Gates' army advanced. We were greatly surprised, and no less grieved, that no information whatever of its movements was conveyed to us by persons so deeply interested in the event as the North Carolina loyalists. Upon the 16th of August, that army was so entirely dispersed, that it was clear no number of them could, for a considerable time, be collected. Orders were therefore dispatched to our friends, stating that the hour, which they had so long pressed, was arrived; and exhorting them to stand forth immediately, and prevent the re-union of the scattered enemy. Instant support was in that case promised them. In the fullest confidence that this event was to take place, Lord Cornwallis ventured to press your excellency for co-operation in the Chesapeake, hoping that the assistance of the North Carolinians might eventually furnish a force for yet further efforts. Not a single man, however, attempted to improve the favorable moment, or obeyed that summons for which they had before been so impatient. It was hoped that our approach might get the better of their timidity; yet during a long period, whilst we were waiting at Charlotteburg, for our stores and convalescents, they did not even furnish us with the least information respecting the force collecting against us. In short, sir, we may have a powerful body of friends in North Carolina—and, indeed, we have cause to be convinced, that many of the inhabitants wish well to his majesty's army; but they have not given evidence enough either of their number or their activity, to justify the stake of this province, for the uncertain advantages that might attend immediate junction with them. There is reason to believe that such must have been the risk.

Whilst this army lay at Charlotteburg, Georgetown was taken from the militia by the rebels; and the whole country, to the east of the Santee, gave such proofs of general defection, that even the militia of the High Hills could not be prevailed upon to join a party of troops who were sent to protect our boats upon the river. The defeat of Major Ferguson had so dispirited this part of the country, and, indeed, the loyal subjects were so wearied by the long continuance of the campaign, that Lieutenant-Colo-

nel Cruger, (commanding at Ninety-Six,) sent information to Earl Cornwallis, that the whole district had determined to submit as soon as the rebels should enter it. From these circumstances, from the consideration that delay does not extinguish our hopes in North Carolina ; and from the long fatigue of the troops, which made it seriously requisite to give some refreshment to the army ; Earl Cornwallis has resolved to remain for the present in a position which may secure the frontiers without separating his force. In this situation, we shall be always ready for movement, whensoever opportunity shall recommend it, or circumstances require it. But the first care must be to put Camden and Ninety-six into a better state of defence and to furnish them with ample stores, and salt provisions. Earl Cornwallis foresees all the difficulties of a defensive war. Yet his lordship thinks they cannot be weighed against the dangers which must have attended our obstinate adherence to his former plan.

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Lord Cornwallis to Lieutenant-Colonel Cruger.

CAMDEN, August 18, 1780.

\* \* \* \* In short, there never was a more complete victory. I have written to Lieutenant-Colonel Turnbull, who is with Major Ferguson on Little river, to push on to Waxhaw, after General Sumpter, whose detachment is at present the only collected force of the rebels in all this country. Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton is in pursuit of Sumpter on this side. I have given orders that all the inhabitants of this province, who had *submitted*, and who have taken part in this revolt, should be punished with the greatest rigor ; that they should be imprisoned, and their whole property taken from them or destroyed. I have likewise directed that compensation should be made out of their effects to the persons who have been plundered and oppressed by them. I have ordered, in the most positive manner, that every militia man who had borne arms with us, and had afterwards joined the enemy, should be immediately hanged. I have now, sir, only to desire that you will take the most rigorous measures to extinguish the rebellion in the district in which you command, and that you will obey, in the strictest manner, the directions I have given in this letter, relative to the treatment of the country.

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Sir Henry Clinton to Secretary Germain.

NOVEMBER 12, 1780.

\* \* \* \* By my instructions to Major-General Leslie, your lordship may perceive how strenuously I urged a rapid move

towards Petersburg, which, however, he did not think expedient to do on the instant, but began to establish himself at Portsmouth. The Major-General's reasons for this I will not now enter upon, as he has thought it necessary, upon Earl Cornwallis' requisition to him by Lord Rawdon, to change entirely that operation, and your lordship will find he proposes going to Cape Fear river.

I cannot but lament the ill-fated enterprise of Major Ferguson, which has forced Lord Cornwallis to retire, but I hope the nearer co-operation of Major-General Leslie, so much desired by Earl Cornwallis, will re-establish affairs.

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Lord Cornwallis to General Leslie.

NOVEMBER 12, 1780.

\* \* \* \* Had I attempted to penetrate into the farther part of North Carolina, my small army would have been exposed to the utmost hazard ; and it would have been as impossible to have co-operated with you in the Chesapeake as with Sir H. Clinton at New York.

If you come to Cape Fear, of which, at present, I have little doubt, by the help of the galleys and small craft which will be sent from Charles town, you will easily secure a water conveyance for your stores up to Cross Creek ; I will, on hearing of your arrival in Cape Fear River, instantly march with every thing that can be safely spared from this province, which I am sorry to say is most exceedingly disaffected, to join you at Cross Creek. We will then give our friends in North Carolina a fair trial ; if they behave like men, it may be of the greatest advantage to the affairs of Britain ; if they are as dastardly and pusillanimous as our friends to the southward, we must leave them to their fate and secure what we have got.

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General Leslie to Sir Henry Clinton.

NOVEMBER 19, 1780.

\* \* \* \* The people in general seem sorry at our leaving this district, and I believe would have been happy to have remained quiet at home. It is a plentiful country all around our posts. From my first hearing of Ferguson's fate, I inwardly suspected what came to pass ; therefore, I never issued any proclamation of my own, nor did I encourage the people to take arms ; many blamed me for it, but now they think I acted right.

Mr. Lyman to Mr. Wanton.

WEST POINT, November 24, 1780.

The action at Camden, between General Gates and Cornwallis can be considered as nothing more than a promiscuous carnage, and the respite from slaughter only furnished a stimulus for more vigorous exertions. Unable to improve their advantages and buoyed up by a success which, in its operations, proved merely ideal, they have been checked in the very commencement of their rapid progress by a handful of determined freemen; their detachments destroyed, and their hopes blasted. This event, though apparently small in its beginning, has been productive of most happy consequences. The militia, convinced that there is nothing invulnerable in the garb of a Briton, that their own safety and happiness depend on their bravery and enterprise, and that they have nothing to hope from the cruelty, perfidy and insatiate avarice of their enemies, have at length determined to act with spirit and free their country from an invasion. Our last authentic accounts from that quarter mention the retreat of Cornwallis from Charlotte, forty miles towards Charlestown—our light parties hanging on his flanks and rear, and the main body, under Generals Smallwood and Gist, on their march to attack him. By a letter, which was intercepted from General Leslie, who commands the detachment which landed up Chesapeake, to Cornwallis, we learn that he had taken post near his shipping, and was waiting his lordship's orders for his future destination, that he had not received a line from him since his arrival, and, further, that from an enterprise of ours their affairs were totally deranged in that quarter. These and a variety of other events, evince that the tables are turned, and that our affairs in that department wear a most favorable aspect.

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Extract from "Tarleton's Southern Campaign."

"The destruction of Ferguson and his corps, marked the period and the extent of the first expedition into North Carolina. Added to the depression and fear it communicated to the loyalists upon the borders, and to the Southward, the effect of such an important event was sensibly felt by Earl Cornwallis at Charlotte town. The weakness of his army, the extent and poverty of North Carolina, the want of knowledge of his enemy's designs, and the total ruin of his militia, presented a gloomy prospect at the commencement of the campaign. A farther progress by the route which he had undertaken, could not possibly remove, but would, undoubtedly, increase his difficulties; he, therefore, formed a sudden determination to quit Charlotte-town, and pass the Catawba river. The army was ordered to move, and expresses were despatched to recall Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton."

Extract of a letter from Governor Jefferson to the President of Congress.

RICHMOND, October 15, 1780.

*Sir*—I do myself the pleasure of congratulating your excellency on the small dawn of good fortune which, at length, appears in the south, as you will find by the despatches I have the honor of enclosing to you, and which I, at this moment, received from General Gates.

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Despatch of General Gates.

HILLSBOROUGH, October 12, 1780.

*Sir*—This instant I received the great and glorious news contained in the enclosed letter from Brigadier-General Davison to General Sumner, who directly despatched it to me by express. We are now more than even with the enemy. The moment the supplies for the troops arrive from Taylor's ferry, I shall proceed with the whole to the Yadkin. General Smallwood and Colonel Morgan are on their way to that post; the latter with the light infantry, was yesterday advanced eighteen miles beyond Guilford court house; the former, with the cavalry, lay last night thirteen miles on this side that place. I desire your excellency will forthwith despatch copies of all the letters I now send you to the president of congress. I am, &c.,

HORATIO GATES.

Gov. JEFFERSON.

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Resolutions by Congress.

"In Congress, Monday, November 13, 1780, a letter from Governor Jefferson was read, enclosing a letter of the 1st from Maj. Gen. Gates, with a particular account of the victory obtained by the militia over the enemy at King's Mountain on the 7th of October last, whereupon,

*Resolved*, That congress entertain a high sense of the spirited and military conduct of Colonel Campbell, and the officers and privates of the militia under his command, displayed in the action of October 7, in which a complete victory was obtained over superior numbers of the enemy, advantageously posted on King's Mountain, in the state of North Carolina, and that this resolution be published by the commanding officer of the southern army, in general orders."

Extract from a letter of Mr. Jefferson, written to a friend of the family of Colonel Campbell, in 1822.

“I remember well the deep and grateful impression made on the minds of every one by that memorable victory. It was the joyful annunciation of that turn of the tide of success, which terminated the revolutionary war with the seal of independence. The descendants of Colonel Campbell may rest their heads quietly on the pillow of his renown. History has consecrated, and will forever preserve it, in the faithful annals of a grateful country.”