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A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJ. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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CHAPTER III.

WARNING.

"An American gentleman has been here several times," Savory said when I reached my rooms. "Would have it he'd got an appointment with you. Told him I didn't know when you'd be home."

"Well, show him up when he calls. I'll see him."

Presently he brought up a card with the name "Erastus K. Snuyzer" on it in gold letters, and the man himself quickly followed. He was dressed in the same irreproachable fashion as when I had seen him in the morning—good new clothes, well cut, a glossy hat, a gardenia and the shiniest of shoes with big bows.

"Well, now?" I asked as I offered him a chair.

"It's this way," he replied. "My people have calculated that you might like to secure their services."

"One moment, pray. Who and what are your people?"

"Saraband & Sons. You have surely heard of them—the great firm of private detectives. I was with Allan Pinkerton myself for years, and he reckoned I was one of his smartest pupils."

"What on earth should I do with a private detective?" I cried, with a great laugh.

"I may venture to remind you that you have just succeeded to a vast fortune. The heirship of the McFaught property must be worth several millions to you, and—and—so Sarabands desired me to call."

"Is it part of a rich man's duty or business to keep a private detective?" I was still laughing, but I found no response on the portentously solemn face of my visitor.

"That's as may be, Captain Wood. Some do and some don't. Those who didn't have come to wish they had; so might you."

"And what would happen if I were so foolish as to refuse the obliging offer of 'your people?'" I asked smilingly.

"I beg of you to be serious, Mr. Wood. Take us or leave us, but employ some one. Do not, for heaven's sake, attempt to run alone."

He spoke with such evident earnestness and good faith that I began to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Do you imply that I need protection, that I am in any danger—any personal danger—that unless I am taken care of I shall fall a victim to some—what shall I say—some plot?"

"All that and more. I cannot at this stage be more explicit in my warnings. It would be giving away our business. But there are ample grounds for what I say. I indicated something of the sort of thing when I spoke to you this morning. There are those who grudge you your newly acquired fortune, who deny your right to it or even the testator's right to it. They are ready to employ any means—secret, insidious, even violent means—to wrest it from you. Let me tell you, sir, that even now, at this moment, you may be, I believe you are, in imminent peril—you and your life."

"But this is a matter for the police!" I cried hotly, springing to my feet.

"Your police cannot help you in this. It is too private and particular, and they are of little good till after the event. What you want is prevention, anticipation. You must meet guile with guile, plot with counterplot, always supposing there is time."

"Where is the hurry?"

"We have reason to know that everything was planned some time since."

"Why, the news is not a day old yet!"

"It has long been expected that the McFaught millions would come to England, but the name of the real heir was only disclosed a week ago. Everything was ready, and the campaign was to commence directly it was known who should be attacked."

I looked at this heavy featured, slow speaking Yankee, wondering whether he was in earnest or only thought me a fool. I knew, of course, that I had now become fair game for the blackmailers, and I was inclined to imagine that Mr. Snuyzer's solicitude was only a transparent attempt to extort money.

"And what would it cost me to secure the good offices of Messrs. Saraband & Sons?" I asked, seeking enlightenment as to his probable demands.

"Our charges, sir, are no more than out of pocket expenses and a small retaining fee, say five and twenty dollars a week. After that a pro rata premium, according to the risks."

"Risks? I do not quite understand."

"The perils, sir, from which you are saved, whether by premonition, guardianship or actual rescue. We have a graduated scale. I shall be happy to leave the 'skedool' with you. Here are some of the items: Divorce proceedings, either side; sequestration, false charges, wounding, loss of limb, death"—

"Murder, in short?" I still spoke in a flippant tone. "What is the rate of insurance against that?"

His face did not relax, and he answered gravely:

"From £10,000 up to any sum, according to the nearness of the risk."

"Well, I will think over your obliging offer. Possibly, if I find I cannot take care of myself, I may come to you. For the present I shall trust to Scotland Yard and my own endeavors."

"You are wrong, sir, entirely wrong, believe that," said my visitor darkly as he rose to take his leave. "You are in considerable danger, sir, and it will increase hourly. And you have given points against you. The chief aim of these big 'bunko steerers' is, of course, to pouch your dollars, but it is known

"But this is a matter for the police!" I cried hotly.

that you are concerned with the differences between our two great countries. It is supposed that you hold important military information, state secrets that might be got out of you, squeezed out of you, if they put you in a tight place. You may decline our offer. That is your own affair. But, sir, let me conjure you to carry a six shooter on all occasions. Go nowhere—well, to no strange or unusual places—alone."

"I trust it is not quite so bad as all that, Mr. Snuyzer. Still, I am grateful, and I shall certainly remember you if, if"—

"You survive? Yes, sir, but do not leave it too late. You have been marked down, captain, and they will strike at you, somehow, soon; today, tomorrow, at any time. They contend that the McFaught millions were acquired by spoliation and sharp practice."

"Is there any truth in that?" I broke in hurriedly.

"Bully McFaught was a smart man, and struck some close things, but he was no more entitled to state prison than those he fought with on Wall street. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and your enemies will talk tall about surrendering ill gotten gains, because it is a good show card. I do not think you need lie awake wondering whether you should make restitution to the widow and the fatherless—anyway, not till it's forced upon you, as it may be."

"And you can save me from that?"

"Or worse. We think you will be well advised to consider our offer. If we can be of any service to you, remember our telephone number is 287,-856, and I shall reply personally or by proxy at any time, day or night. You have also my address, 39 Norfolk street, Strand. I reside there, on the premises. I shall be proud to receive your instructions, and—if it is not too late—to come to your assistance on the shortest notice. Good day, captain. Think well of what I say."

How was I to take all this? Seriously? I had read in every schoolbook of the snares and pitfalls of great wealth, but had never dreamed—who could?—of dangers so strange and terrible as those that now menaced me, if I were to give credence to this extraordinary tale.

Some one hailed me as I passed down Piccadilly, and, turning, I recognized a man I knew, Lawford by name, a big, burly, fat voiced man, with jet black beard so unmistakably dyed that it increased his years and gave an unwholesome tinge to his pallid complexion. He had greasy, fawning manners—an assumption of bonhomie that you instinctively distrust. I never cared for him much, but he always pretended to be devilish fond of me.

I had met this Lawford on the other side of the Atlantic, in the South American city where I had spent some time in a recent mission. He gave it out that he was prospecting for gold in those parts, but many believed that he was a spy and secret agent of the American government. Then we came home together in the same steamer, and I was much thrown with him on board. He was on his way to England to make his and every one's fortune, mine included. I confess the fellow amused me, his schemes were so tremendous; he had such a profound belief in himself and in the simplicity of the British public.

"Yes, sir, I shall spoil them; stick them up and carry off a pile of plunder. You'll do well to cut in with me, captain. You'd strike it rich; yes, sir. I can dispose of 75,000 acres of real estate which is just honeycombed with gold. The greater part belongs to me, Rufus Lawford, but I won't part till your darned capitalists have unbuttoned. But they will that when they've seen my prospectuses and heard my witching tongue."

Lawford had not found the innocents of the city so easy to beguile. He passed through many phases of good and evil fortune in the months that followed his arrival. I saw him from time to time, now gorgeous, now looking like a sweep. Sometimes he was on the eve of pulling off some gigantic operation; at others he was in the depths of despair and borrowed a soverign "on account" of the great fortune he meant some day to force on me. He evidently did not prosper in his schemes of promotion. But he still hung upon the frontiers of finance, in the neutral, debatable ground where every man's hand is against his fellows and frank brigandage is more or less the rule.

I was surprised to find him in the west end, and told him so, as he overtook me with the "fifth" Globe in his hand.

"Hello! Hello! I'm taking a holiday. Those galoots eastward won't bite, and I thought I'd give myself an airing in the park. Never expected to see you," which was a deliberate lie, for I had reason to know later that he had come out for that very purpose. "See your name in the papers. Presume it's you? They've got the whole story. Fine fortune, young sir; fine. Wish you joy."

I thanked him, not overcordially perhaps; for the man bored me, and I guessed that his was only an early attack upon my new found millions.

"Now, Captain Wood, I am delighted to have met you, for I may be able to give you a little advice. You will be assailed on all sides. You capitalists are the natural game of the promoters. Give them a wide berth. There's a mass of villainy about. Don't trust them—not a man of them. If you're in any difficulty, if you've got a few thousands to play with at any time, you come straight to me. I shall be delighted to serve you—for yourself, mind, and for the sake of old times, for I knew Bully McFaught well."

"Ah, indeed! Tell me about him. You knew him." I was eager to hear more of the man from whom my strangely unexpected fortune had come.

"I knew old McFaught—knew him well and did business with him, but not so much as I could have liked—worse luck! If I could have got upon his shoulders, I should have waltzed into unbounded wealth. But you had to be with him, not against him. He made some men, but he ruined more—stock, lock and barrel. It don't matter to you anyhow whether he piled up the dollars on dead men's bones or robbed the saints. Guess you can freeze on to what he gathered."

I laughed a little uneasily; but, after all, who was this Lawford, and why should I care for what he said? It was probably untrue.

"Will you be going over to God's country any time soon, Captain Wood? Wish you'd take me with you. You'll want a sheep dog, and I guess I'm pretty fly."

"You're very good. I shall remember, but I doubt my going just at present. Now, I think I'll turn in here." We were passing the portals of my club, the Nelson and Wellington, commonly called the N. and W.

"This your shanty? Pretty smart place, I take it. Can they fling a Manhattan cocktail any?"

But the hint was lost on me. I had had enough of Mr. Lawford and wished to be well rid of him.

"Well, good day," he said. "If you change your mind about crossing the pond, be sure you send for me. But I suppose London's good enough for you. It's a pleasant place, I reckon, with the spondulics to spend, and I guess you can have the best it holds now, if it's worth the buying. See you next time."

Could I? There was one thing I hungered for keenly, and was by no means certain of securing. Lawford's chance words brought it home to me with much emphasis. My chief object at this time was to try how far one fortune would favor me with another.

How would Frida Fairholme be affected by the news of my great good luck? I had been asking myself this momentous question ever since I had seen Mr. Quinlan. At one time I hoped for the best, next moment I was as greatly cast down. Now I leaned against the railings in the row, in my best hat and frock coat, with a brand new flower in my buttonhole, hoping she might see me and that I might get the chance of a word.

But she never came, and at last I left the park, disappointed and disconsolate, and returned to my rooms to dress for dinner. Here some one pushed past me just as I was letting myself in with my key; a man meanly dressed, one of the poor waifs, as I thought, who so often infest street corners, ready for any job.

The incident made no particular impression on me at the time, but it was brought home to me as one link in a chain of singular events that were near at hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRUE SOLDIER.

We all remember what the German emperor said to his soldiers embarking for China—"Spare none! Take no prisoners," &c., &c. By way of contrast to that abhorrent utterance, we give a brief extract from the farewell address to a battalion of Zouaves by the colonel of the regiment, Perier de Lacombe:

"You are going in a few days to the other end of the world—to that mysterious land so little known that the expression 'Partant pour la Chine' is everywhere accepted as a phrase describing an extraordinary enterprise. * * * Do not underrate your enemies. They fight with valor and they fear not death. Imitate them. If death approaches, face it with calmness and it will fly. * * * Under your commanding officer, in whom I have entire confidence, and with your officers, you should mount victoriously all the difficulties that confront you. Fall, if need be; but for the honor of the regiment and the flag, never retreat. * * Remember that heaven promises eternal happiness to him who dies for his country on the field of battle; and you, young men, who leave behind you father, mother, anxious friends, reassure them—tell them that the Zouave dies hard. * * * And then consider the pleasure and satisfaction that will attend your return to your homes. The young will admire and respect you. The old will make you tell the story of your campaign. The women will adore you! And now, au revoir, my friends. For all of you I wish good luck, health and glory!"

Here speaks a soldier and a Christian, a brave and simple gentleman. All honor to the warrior who serves his country without hatred or cruelty toward his country's enemies! All praise to the chieftain who admonishes his soldiers that valor does not borrow strength from barbarism!—Washington Post.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Decisive Battle of American Revolution.

HOW AND WHERE LIBERTY WAS WON.

Carefully Prepared Story as Originally Told by Rev. Robert Lathan, Historian, Reproduced For the Benefit of the Generation Now Growing Up.

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

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.

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

In the autumn of 1778, the scene began to change. Col. Campbell was sent from New York, by Sir Henry Clinton, to reduce Savannah, the capital of Georgia. On the 29th of December, General Howe was forced to capitulate. Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, and South Carolina now became a border state, exposed to the active military operations of the enemy. A bloody struggle was made, near a year afterward, for the recovery of Savannah, but it proved unsuccessful. It soon became evident that the British were determined to capture Charleston. Prevost, in May, 1779, had attempted to take the city by siege, but his plans were frustrated by the adroitness of Governor Rutledge and the military prowess of General Moultrie.

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

Early in June, Clinton and the fleet sailed for New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis to complete the establishing of civil government in the state. He commenced his march northward. Parties were sent out in all directions to disperse the patriots and gather up the tories and loyalists with which to swell his ranks. This was not enough. He determined to force those who, from the results of the war, were resting quietly at home, to take up arms against their friends and against the cause which they loved. Lord Cornwallis soon found that the country still remained, and there were many who had sworn for it to live and for it to die. In South Carolina, there was not then a regularly organized American army. There were small parties of men, in almost every section of the state, who disputed every inch of ground with Cornwallis. Still he pushed on. Tories and loyalists flocked to his standard, and many who, heretofore, had been regarded as Whigs, sought British protection. The country was full of tories and British. Property was destroyed. Old men and children were abused and cursed, and women insulted. Many, in despondency, gave up the cause as hopeless. Calamity after calamity fell upon the afflicted country. On the 16th of August, General Gates, the hero of Saratoga, was defeated and his army routed near Camden. Two days after, the brave Sumter was surprised at Fishing Creek, by Tarleton, and his command scattered.

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

After the defeat of Gates at Camden, Cornwallis, as had been done by his predecessor, Clinton, proceeded at once to establish civil government in the upper section of the state. The object was to beat up the tories and loyalists and disperse the Whigs. Ferguson, with about one thousand loyalists and one hundred and ten regulars, had been in the Ninety-Six District, for sometime, and portions of his command had been, on several occasions, badly cut up by the Whigs. Patrick Ferguson was a major in the British army, and brigadier general of the Royal Militia, of South Carolina. The second officer in his command was Captain DePeyster, a loyalist. The Whig colonels, McDowell, Sevier, Shelby, Williams and Clarke, were known to frequent this section of the state. The fact that small detachments of tories had been attacked and routed by the bold partisans, greatly incensed the British officer. Meetings of the tories and loyalists were held throughout the Ninety-Six District. Those who claimed to be tories or loyalists, were threatened with severe punishment if they did not take up arms and assist his majesty's troops in putting down the rebellion. Ferguson now found that the rebellion, which Clinton and his successor, Cornwallis, thought was crushed out, was stalking over the land like a giant. Whigs, tories and loyalists, found that each party was in earnest, and a desperate effort must be made, or all would be lost.

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

McDowell, as soon as he heard that Gates was defeated, broke up his camp at Smith's Ford and marched for the mountains. His command was scattered. Some of his men went home, whilst others accompanied their commander beyond the mountains. Ferguson was left in full command of the field. The Whigs were plundered of their property and driven from their homes. Many of them were forced to hide out in unfrequented spots, whilst not a few were caught and cruelly murdered. The brave and enterprising British officer pushed his way as far as Gilbert Town, near the present site of Rutherfordton, in North Carolina. South Carolina was now under the paw of the British lion. Some crouched and begged for quarter; but there were a few noble spirits—enough to save the country—who had sworn for their country to live, and for her to die. Ferguson was not ignorant of this fact. He knew the history of those men who were beyond the mountains. He knew that their ancestors, for more than two hundred years, had been fighting for freedom, and he saw that the wilds of America had strengthened the love of liberty in their children. He knew that they were Scotch-Irish and Huguenots by descent. He knew that they could be crushed into the earth, that they could be torn limb from limb, that they could be buried beneath the earth, but he feared their very dust.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

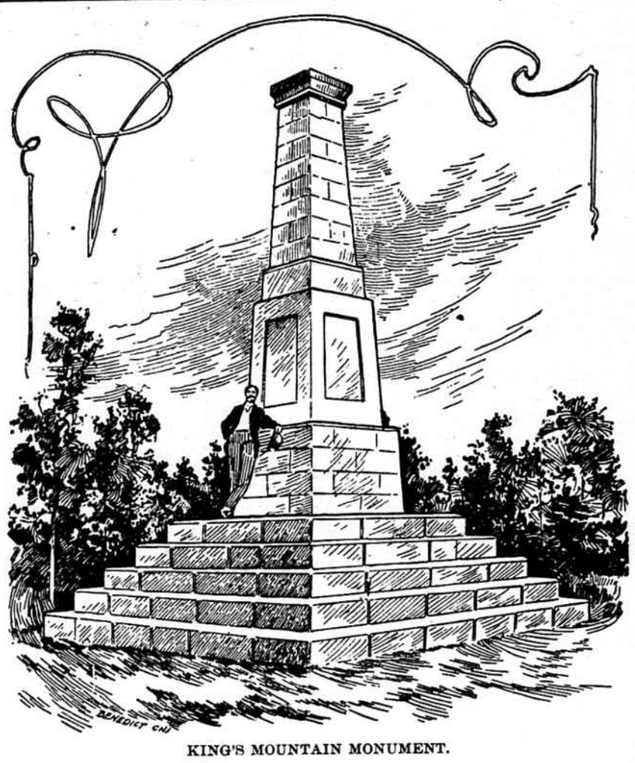
Up to this time there was no commanding officer. Shelby perceived that there was a great defect in their organization, and, during the rain, called a council of the officers. They were now in Colonel Charles McDowell's region, and advancing against an enemy with which he had lately been contending. He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

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

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

Whilst the difficulty was pending it was learned that Rawdon and Tarleton, with a large force, were making preparations for attacking them. It was concluded by both parties, that they would cross the Catawba River at Bigger's ferry (now Wright's.) Having crossed the river a council of officers was called to settle the difficulty. Colonel William Hill, who was wounded at Hanging Rock, was made chairman of the council. Whilst the council was discussing the matter Rawdon and Tarleton appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and commenced firing at them across the river. It was evident that the enemy would not allow them time to look into the matter, and their existence depended upon perfect harmony among themselves. It was agreed to refer the whole matter, with all the facts in the case, to Governor Rutledge, then at Hillsborough, North Carolina. In the meantime, however, Sumter was to retire from the army until the decision of Rutledge was heard. Williams would remain in command of his North Carolina troops, and Colonels Hill and Lacy would take command of the South Carolina troops.

Colonels Winn, Middleton, Thomas



KING'S MOUNTAIN MONUMENT.

The monument is erected on the summit of the most elevated point of the battle ground, which, it should be borne in mind, is not the "pinnacle" of King's Mountain, which rises in majestic grandeur seven miles north-east. It is a neat structure, and considering the embarrassing circumstances under which the association labored, is highly creditable to their efforts. It was built by Mr. F. A. McNinch, of Charlotte, N. C., at a total cost of $2,860. The cornerstone was laid with Masonic ceremonies on the 23d of June, 1880, Grand Master A. T. Smythe, and the other grand officers of South Carolina officiating, assisted by the grand masters, or their representatives, of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia; Philanthropic Lodge, of Yorkville, and members of the lodges in Greenville, Spartanburg, Gaffney, King's Mountain, Rock Hill and Fort Mill.

The monument is made of native granite, quarried about seven miles from the battleground. It is 18 feet square at the base, and 28 feet in height. The base is five feet high, consisting of five tiers, each successive tier decreasing two feet as they ascend. Upon the top tier rests the first die, 4 feet square, and on this rests a second die, 6 feet high and 3½ feet square. On this die rests the shaft, 17 feet in height, 2½ feet at the base, and surmounted with a capital 3 feet square and 22 inches thick.

It was originally designed to surmount the shaft with a bronze statue of a soldier of the period dressed in coon-skin cap, and with shot pouch and powder horn at his side, in the act of loading his gun; but the increased cost of this figure rendered it impracticable to carry out the design. But with this monument, like the ladder of fame, there is still "room at the top," and a succeeding generation may, and doubtless will, complete this work so patriotically inaugurated by the King's Mountain Centennial association of 1880.

The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

North Side—

Here the tide of Battle
Turned in favor of the American Colonies.

East Side—

Here, on the 7th day of October, A. D., 1780, the British forces, commanded by Colonel Patrick Ferguson, were met and totally defeated by Campbell, Shelby, Williams, Cleveland, Sevier, and their heroic followers from Virginia, the two Carolinas and Tennessee.

South Side—

Fell on this battleground in defense of civil liberty, Colonel John Williams, Major William Chronicle, Captains John Mattocks, David Beattie, William Edmonson.

First Lieutenants: Reece Brown, Thomas McCullough, William Blackburn, Robert Edmondson.

Second Lieutenants: John Beattie, Andrew Edmondson, Humberson Lyon, James Corry, James Laird, Nathaniel Guist, Nathaniel Dryden, James Phillips.

Privates: William Rabb, John Boyd, David Duff, Henry Herrigan, William Watson, Arthur Patterson, Preston Goforth.

West Side—

In memory of
The Patriotic Americans
who participated
in the Battle of
King's Mountain,
This monument is erected
by their
Grateful descendants.

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

Continued on Fourth Page.