

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS:

AND

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,

CHIEFLY IN THE

"OLD NORTH STATE."

BY THE

REV. E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.

[1st series]



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P R E F A C E .

A FEW prefatory remarks are due both to the writer and to the reader ; but they shall be as brief as the nature of the case will admit.

Whoever has been in the habit of attending to the operations of his own mind, or of analysing the motives by which he was governed, must have observed how often, especially in the more important movements of his life, he has been determined to one course of conduct rather than another, by circumstances over which he had no control. My becoming engaged in this work was entirely casual, and not from any premeditated design. About thirteen years ago, when collecting materials for another small work, the *Life of Caldwell*, it became necessary to traverse the country a little, especially within the limits of his former operations ; and, in doing so, I was frequently thrown into the company of old men who had passed through the scenes of the Revolutionary war. On such occasions, incidents or anecdotes of that period were sometimes related ; and, if

they were at all interesting, I wrote them down with my pencil on loose scraps of paper, merely as a passing gratification of my curiosity, and threw them into a kind of home-made portfolio which I carried with me, where they lay for years, undisturbed and unheeded. Two years after, in the summer of 1843, when passing through Moore county, I was informed by an intelligent friend, whose hospitality I had been enjoying, that the late Archibald McBride, who was a lawyer of very respectable standing in his profession, and a highly esteemed citizen of that county, had collected materials during his lifetime, for a pretty full history of the war in the Scotch region, and had intended to publish the facts which he had collected for the benefit of the country, but that before he accomplished his object, and about a year previous to my visit, he had been arrested by the hand of death, and carried to his final resting place. The gentleman said he had no doubt that Mr. McBride's family would cheerfully put these papers into my hands; but it was then inconvenient for me to call on the family; and at my request he told them that if they did not intend making any use of the papers, I would be very glad to get them. Dr. Chalmers, who is a son-in-law of Mr. McBride, and had administered on the estate, very promptly gathered up all he could

find and sent them to me, accompanied by a very polite note, giving me an account of the papers, and of one or two important transactions in that region. It seems that the family, either not knowing that the papers were of any value, or too much oppressed by their affliction to think of them, had neglected them, until the larger portion were destroyed or lost ; but those which were preserved contained a number of important facts.

These papers, with the exception of two fragmentary communications, each of which occupied about a sheet of foolscap, consisted of brief *memoranda*, taken down on scraps of paper, and in the shortest possible form ; but I have been able to glean from them a number of important facts respecting the Tory army, which were then not generally known, though some of them have been since published in Governor Swain's lecture ; and a great deal relating to Colonel Fanning which has never been published, and which is not generally known. In the winter of 1851-2, being confined to my room by bad health and the inclemency of the weather, it occurred to me that I would make it an afternoon's exercise to write off some of these papers, which had been hitherto entirely neglected, and see what they were worth. At this time I had nothing in view except a little

gratification of my curiosity, but becoming interested as I advanced, I began to think of sending them, a piece at a time, to some of the weekly papers. With this intention, though not definitely formed, most of the work was written; but some of my friends, in whose judgment and candor I had much confidence, thought that they ought to be published in a more permanent form. The design with which the work was written will account for the minute detail of facts and some other peculiarities, all of which might have been a little modified if it had been originally intended for publication in its present form; but neither the state of my health nor my regular avocations would justify me now in undertaking to re-write and remodel the whole; and therefore, with such additions and partial alterations as appeared absolutely necessary, it is submitted to the public.

This volume contains only a portion of the facts collected, and the publication of the rest will depend on the wishes of the community; for, as we hold the maxim to be a good one that every man's performances should speak for themselves, we leave our readers to judge from the present whether anything more of a similar kind would be desirable; and their judgment in the case will, of course, be sufficiently indicated by the extent of their patronage.

Having once become interested in the subject, when out from home, whether on business or on an excursion of pleasure, I made it an object to enquire for facts, and was more successful than I expected. Fortunately, and much to my gratification, I obtained from squire Troy, of Randolph county, a bundle of letters, some thirty or forty in all, and containing a family correspondence between some persons in that county and their friends in the north during the war. From these letters I have been enabled to give a pretty full sketch of Colonel Balfour, and one which the reader will probably think at least equal in interest to any other portion of the volume; but without going further into detail, I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligation for assistance to Dr. Chalmers and the family of Mr. McBride; the Rev. Samuel Paisley, of Moore county, the Rev. Archibald Smith, of Robeson county; to Governor Swain and Dr. Mitchell, of the University; to John B. Troy, of Randolph county; to George C. Mendenhall, Esq., of Jamestown; to Mr. McCree, of Wilmington, for some account of General Ashe, and to Dr. Wood and Samuel A. Wiley, of Cedar Falls, for several incidents and anecdotes in that region.

Nearly the whole of the present work was written

before the publication of Wheeler's History, or the Lectures of Dr. Hawks, and of Governors Swain and Graham. They have anticipated some things that I had written, and I have inserted a few facts taken from them. When the Lectures were announced, my first impression was that they would supercede what I had to say ; but, like all lectures of the kind, they are found to be so general in their statements of facts, that they interfere very little, if at all, with my plan ; and it was thought, that if the present volume was, in itself, worthy of attention, the way for its publication had been thus prepared rather than obstructed. At first I thought of nothing more than collecting such transactions and events as had not been deemed of sufficient importance for general history ; but it seemed necessary to notice briefly the important events of that period, for the purpose of giving something like order and connection to the minor incidents. There has been no attempt on the part of the writer to romance, nor even to embellish facts ; for they are romantic enough in themselves ; and they are presented in the simple narrative style. My object has been to state the truth, fairly and fearlessly ; but in some instances I may have been mistaken ; for hardly any thing of a historical kind, relating to North Carolina, can, at present, be written

with entire accuracy ; and, although I have taken all the pains I could, especially with traditionary accounts, I claim no merit for any thing more than a well meant effort.

In forming my purpose to publish in the present form, two or three considerations had a predominant influence. It will be more permanent, and may have a wider circulation than any of the weekly papers. It seemed desirable that we should know the full cost of our liberties ; and especially that the horrors attending a *civil* war, should be held up as a warning to guard against whatever might have any tendency to produce a similar state of things again. It has also been remarked to me, by a number, that any thing relating to the revolutionary war, is interesting to all classes, and that additional information, however small in amount, or inelegant the language in which it is presented, will be an acceptable offering to the community. Finally, I hoped to make a small contribution to the general stock of materials for a history of the State ; and this was deemed an important matter ; for although Williamson's, Martin's, and Wheeler's are important in their place, we have had nothing yet that deserves the name of a history ; but it is hoped that the day is not far distant, when some one, who is competent to the task, and has

leisure that he can devote to it, will do himself the honor, and the State the service, of writing a history which can be regarded as a standard and permanent work.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

PART I.

THE TORY ARMY—ORIGIN OF THE TERMS WHIG AND TORY.

THE origin of the terms WHIG and TORY is not very well known at the present day; and neither history nor the dictionaries give much assistance on the subject. With their application in this country, for some time before, and during the war of the Revolution, as well as ever since, all are familiar; but they were used in Great Britain, to designate the political parties of opposite principles, the friends of popular rights and the advocates of royal prerogative, before Europeans in any great numbers had landed on the American shore, or had formed settlements of any extent and permanence on the continent.

It seems that they came into general use in England, during the dynasty of the Stuarts; and probably under the reign of the first or second Charles. Johnson, in his "Traditions and Reminiscences of the American Revolution in the South," says, that "The Conventiclers of Scotland, were the first Whigs; and in England, the sturdy advocates for old English rights, civil and religious, received the same appellation from their opponents. Instead of

rejecting, they adopted the designation, as the exemplary conduct of the Covenanters had rendered it honorable. In return, however, they gave to their opponents, the royalists, an epithet of degradation and reproach; the lowest class of the people in Ireland were then called Tories, and were sometimes called Popish banditti. It was probably intended at the time to embrace the advocates of King James, both as religionists and loyalists."

The term was undoubtedly of Scotch origin, and is said to have been first introduced in 1648, immediately after the failure of Hamilton's expedition for the relief of Charles the First. They were first called WHIGGAMORES, which, it is said, meant drivers, and were afterwards called simply WHIGS. This term which meant, "go on," was applied by the peasants to their horses or cattle, and was probably first given by their enemies to these sturdy defenders of their rights, by way of reproach.

Without any reference whatever, to political parties of the present day, we would like very much, merely as a matter of literary and patriotic curiosity, to know with entire certainty, the original import of the term whig, a term which was some two hundred and fifty years ago, used to designate the advocates of human rights, and has been ever since associated with all the great developments of republican principles; but this is not necessary to my present purpose. Webster says in his Dictionary, that "the word *tory* is of Irish origin; and, in that language, meant a *robber*." If so, it was with great propriety ap-

plied, first in England, and then in this country, to those who were upholding the King, in the exercise of a power which was trampling on those fundamental and inalienable rights which are essential to the highest improvement and welfare of mankind, and is therefore, not likely to become obsolete, while there are any who will cringe before a despot, or uphold a monarch on his throne.

CAUSES OF TORYISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Tory army of North Carolina, though regarded until recently with indifference, but now, viewed as an important item in the history of the State, was an army, or organized body of men, which was formed near the beginning of 1776, for the purpose of aiding the King of England in putting down the rebellion, as it was termed, and keeping the American colonies in subjection to his authority. It was composed chiefly of Regulators and Scotch Highlanders, These two classes, though different in their origin, in their education, and in their habits, were induced by the same cause to take up arms in favor of the King and against their country; and though greatly misled, the mass of them appear to have been conscientious, upright men; but an honest mistake if carried out, is sometimes as injurious in its results, as a deliberate intention. Error is always disastrous, in proportion to its importance, whatever may be the motives or designs of those who are actively engaged in its propagation; but for the sake

of historical verity, and to do justice to those misguided men, so far as the facts in the case can be ascertained, it will be necessary to go back a few years, and give a bird's-eye view of the transactions and events, in which these two classes of men were respectively engaged.

All the histories of North Carolina, from first to last, tell us that this Province, throughout its entire history previous to the Declaration of Independence, suffered more from the extortions and malpractices of the government officers, than any of the others; and that the spirit of freedom, which was always rife in the country, was often rising up and compelling these violaters of justice and humanity, for a time at least, to respect the laws and the chartered rights of the people. It seems that all who filled the executive chair or held the reins of government in North Carolina, from Sir William Berkley down to Josiah Martin, with some two or three exceptions, had to confront the rising spirit of freedom which was abroad in the land; and those who had the laws administered with the greatest fidelity, or who guarded against the enactment of unconstitutional laws, and who had the strictest regard to the civil and religious rights of all classes in the community, enjoyed most of their gratitude and confidence. So far as facts are known, they go to prove that there was not a more law-abiding people on the continent; and they never quarreled with any thing except the arbitrary, unrighteous and unlawful demands of the public functionaries.

REGULATORS—THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

During the administration of Gov. Tryon, which was about six years, the extortions practised by the government officers, of every grade below his Excellency, down to the meanest Constable, became so general and so oppressive in most of the upper counties, that the people thought they were compelled to associate together and take some efficient measures for obtaining a redress of their grievances and for regulating the disorders which had become so intolerable. From this avowed design of their association, as well as from their frequently using the expression, "bring things to a true and proper regulation," they took the name of REGULATORS; and their association, including all their movements and proceedings, whether legal or illegal, is usually called the *Regulation*.

About this time there was a set of men in South Carolina who were called by the same name and for a similar reason; but the circumstances were different. When the Scotch Irish were emigrating in such numbers from Pennsylvania into Virginia and North Carolina, many of them, going round by water, entered Carolina by the Port of Charleston and immediately penetrated into the upper parts of the State where they found better lands and a more healthy climate. Being moral, industrious and frugal, there was nothing more necessary to their temporal prosperity and happiness than the protection of law

and government; but this was wanting, and their situation became both trying and perilous. Counties had not been regularly laid off nor courts of justice established beyond Charleston and its immediate vicinity until within six or seven years before the Declaration of Independence. After the war with France, which was terminated by the peace of Paris, in 1763, multitudes of soldiers were disbanded and left to follow their own inclinations. Many of them, as Johnson tells us in his traditions of the Revolution, came into South Carolina and went back into the remote parts of the State, where they would be free from the restraints of government. These lawless intruders, who were too indolent to work, and had all the reckless habits of a corrupted soldiery, by associating with the Indians, French and Spaniards bordering on the frontiers, frequently made incursions into the settlements of the peaceable, industrious citizens, and caused great distress by seizing their negroes, cattle and horses, burning their houses, barns and provisions, and then making their escape to the savage hordes, who were waiting to receive them. When any of these depredators were captured, as they had to be taken a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles to the courts of law, many of them made their escape; and the captors, having to guard their prisoners to such a distance for trial and afterwards to attend as witnesses, found their hardships too intolerable to be borne, and it could not be expected that they would submit to such a state of things much longer.

In addition to all this, either from some deficiency in the evidence necessary to their conviction, or from the want of sufficient integrity and firmness in the officers of government, these disturbers of the peace often escaped the punishment which they deserved, and then returned to their old haunts with a spirit of revenge, and with feelings of imbittered hostility towards their prosecutors. Finding no relief from the constituted authorities, the most respectable inhabitants associated together in their own defence, and adopted such regulations as their circumstances seemed to require. They called themselves REGULATORS, and often took summary justice on their enemies, who, finding themselves subjected to punishment without the formality of legal process, appealed to the Governor for protection, and he sent Col. Schovel, as commissioner to adjust their difficulties; but instead of acting impartially and redressing the grievances on both sides, he armed the depredators, afterwards called the SCHOFILITES, and paraded them for battle. "When on the eve of bloodshed, some more considerate persons interposed, and they both sent delegates to the Governor, claiming relief. The Governor and Council saw the source of the difficulties; and, in 1769, seven new courts, with suitable jails and court houses, were established in different parts of the back country. By these established courts, the honest Regulators gained all that they wanted, and many dishonest Schofilites got what they had long merited—suitable punishment for their offences." These Schofilites were Tories during the

war, but the Regulators, though they had been treated more kindly by the civil authorities than those in North Carolina were, with the patriots in the struggle for freedom and independence.

In North Carolina, counties were laid off and courts of law established as fast perhaps as the increasing settlements seemed to require ; but the laws were not faithfully observed and administered by those in office. On and near the sea coast the people had been longer settled ; they were convenient to market ; and, with the advantages of foreign commerce, they had increased in wealth and general intelligence, much beyond the new settlers in the back country. The influence of the wealthy and intelligent at the seat of government and in the contiguous counties was probably sufficient to prevent any extortions or oppressive exactions on the part of the civil officers ; but as you receded from the Governor's residence, in almost any direction, these minions of power became more bold and reckless, until in the counties farthest to the west, the government was hardly known, except as a burden.

The conduct of the government officers during Tryon's administration, especially of the clerks, sheriffs, &c., would be almost incredible to people of the present day ; and I shall not go into any detail of their malpractices in office ; for that would be out of place in the present work ; but one or two facts as specimens of the whole, may not be improper. Col. Edmund Fanning, clerk of the court in Hillsboro', was allowed, by law, one dollar for recording

a deed; but he made the people over the country pay a half johannes, which was eight dollars; and he was in the habit of extorting unlawful fees wherever and whenever it could be done. John Frohawk, clerk of the court in Salisbury, was no better; and there were very few who held the same office in any of the upper counties, against whom similar charges might not be made. Instead of a dollar, which was probably the legal fee for a marriage license, they made the people pay five or six dollars; and hardly ever less than a guinea. This was intolerable; and in some parts of the country, the people, being able to get no redress by law, bid them defiance, and married in Quaker style, by simply promising, in the presence of witnesses, to take each other for husband and wife. The sheriffs, deputy sheriffs and constables were equally rapacious; and, although they had to be content with what the law allowed, from men of intelligence, wealth and influence, they invariably demanded two or three times the legal tax from those who either did not know what was lawful, or who could not meet the enormous costs of a suit in court; for they could get no redress, but would be extorted upon and oppressed worse than ever if they carried it to court; nor did they seem to have any respect to the age, or sex, or circumstances of the people, except to stand in awe of those who were intelligent, wealthy and influential. For proof of this, one fact may suffice and serve as a specimen of many others.

In the county of Orange, and not far from the

present site of Chapel Hill, when the sheriff was going over the country distraining and selling the property of every man who did not instantly pay the amount of tax demanded, accompanied too, by his deputies, and perhaps some others, well armed and attending him as a life guard, he came to the house of a poor man who was not at home ; but, as if determined not to be wholly disappointed in his object, and not finding any thing else, or not enough of any thing else, to satisfy his demands, he took off his wife's dress, which she had on at the time, and which she had made with her own hands, sold it under the hammer for her husband's tax ; and then, giving her a box or a slap with his hand, told her to go and make another. This was related to me, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, by an old gentleman of respectability in that region ; and he gave it merely as illustrative of the course pursued by the "tax gatherers" in that quarter. When the writer first came into this part of the country, he was told by old men of great respectability, who were then living, and who well remembered "the former times," that the people were imposed upon and oppressed to a degree that was really intolerable, and yet they could get no redress by peaceable or legal methods.

At that time, what is now Guilford County, was about equally divided between Rowan and Orange. The dividing line ran from north to south, about four miles east from the present site of Greensboro' ; and this subjected a large portion of the inhabitants to great hardship in attending to their civil and military duties as citizens. Those who lived in the north-west

of Orange had to travel fifty or sixty miles when they attended court, or had any business in Hillsboro'; and those who lived in the north and north-east of Rowan, had to travel seventy-five or eighty miles to attend court in Salisbury. This was felt to be a great inconvenience, but was not complained of as a grievance; and when Guilford, with two or three other counties, were formed of portions taken from Orange and Rowan, by the legislature, which met December 5th, 1770, in accordance with the wishes of Tryon, it was done to divide and weaken the Regulators, not to gratify or accommodate the people.

At length they concluded, in Orange, that they would try the courts of law to see whether anything like justice could be obtained there, or whether the "ermine had lost its purity." For this purpose they made common cause, and, by a contribution from all concerned, raised an amount sufficient to defray the costs of suit, which they expected would be enormous. Six indictments for extortion, or taking illegal fees were proved on Fanning beyond dispute, in one court, and when Tryon was present, or in the town; but he was fined only sixpence or a penny, and was thus encouraged to go on in the same course. The judges, instead of making him an example, seemed to connive at his conduct, and the people were left without any hope of relief. When these cases were pending in the Hillsboro' court, the people in Rowan, as I have always been told, were waiting to see the result; and if those in Orange had succeeded, they would immediately have taken the same course with Frohawk in

Salisbury court. The same would have been done in other courts; for in most of the back counties, the state of things was very little if any better; but on learning the result of the trial in Hillsboro', they concluded that it would be useless; and no further effort was made.

As a body, it does not appear that they ever refused to pay the legal fees and taxes, but only such as were unlawful and consequently unjust. They had tried the courts of law where they met with little more than a mockery of justice and could hardly get a patient hearing. They had repeatedly made their complaints to the Governor, and petitioned him for a redress of their grievances; but received only deceptive promises, which were not intended to be fulfilled, or haughty denunciations and tyrannical threats, which neither Scotch, Irish, nor Anglo Saxons would bear. The only thing that now remained for them to do, as they thought, was to protect their property and their families, in the best way they could, from the rapacity of the government officers; and they agreed that they would pay no more *illegal* fees or taxes. The officers distrained their property and sold it under the hammer, commonly taking four or five, and often ten times as much as the law required, regardless alike of justice and humanity.

By such treatment, angry and revengeful feelings were excited on the part of the people; and the officers, resolved not to be out done, were sometimes insulted, and even prevented from selling or retaining the property. Some outrages were committed,

which, under the existing circumstances, may be palliated, but cannot be justified. These counties were declared to be in a state of rebellion, and an armed force was raised to compel their submission. The Governor had some regular troops, with a few pieces of artillery at his command; and the militia of the contiguous counties, were summoned to attend him on a military expedition up the country for this purpose. When this became known in the region which was to be the scene of operations, the leaders sent out word in every direction, calling upon all who felt the oppressions of government, and desired to have their wrongs redressed, to rendezvous at, or near to the place, which was afterwards the scene of conflict. A battle was fought, and the result is now well known. The Regulators were defeated, and were made the victims of arbitrary power. A number of those who were supposed to be ringleaders, or prominent and influential men in the country, were taken prisoners, some were taken on the ground, and some in the neighborhood shortly after; and several of them were executed in the course of a few days at Hillsborough. Immediately after the battle, the Governor marched his victorious army over the country, plundering the inhabitants of their property, and compelling them to take an oath of allegiance to King George—an oath which he had coined himself, and which bound them to take up arms for the King when required. The precise number killed and wounded on either side is not known with entire certainty, nor is it now of much importance. The

bearing which this whole Regulation movement had on the struggle for Independence, will be seen afterwards ; but, a word or two in passing, respecting the character of these men, for intelligence and probity, may not be out of place.

The Regulators have been represented, not only at the time, but for many years afterwards, as an ignorant and drunken set, an unprincipled and lawless rabble, whose main object was to vent their spite at an individual, or to break down all government, and produce a state of anarchy ; but there were so many men in most of the upper counties, engaged in that affair, who were then, as their descendants are now, among the most sensible, upright and respectable people in the country, that such a charge was manifestly and grossly unjust. Most of them had enjoyed the advantages of a Christian training, and at that time had the ministrations of able and devoted men. The parishioners of such men as Patillo, McAden, Caldwell, Balch, Craighead, McWhorter, McCaule, and others, who were little, if at all, inferior to ministers of the present day, were probably something more than semi-barbarians, and were not likely to be an unprincipled and lawless rabble ; but many from the congregations of these men were not only united with the mass of the Regulators in their addresses, petitions, and all their legal methods of obtaining a redress of their grievances, but were actually engaged in the battle.

Nearly all in these upper counties, except such as were in office, or were bound to the government party

by relationship, or by gratitude for past favors, were actively engaged in the cause, or sympathised with those, who were so engaged; but many, from prudential considerations, refrained from taking any active part. That the Regulators were not a drunken set, might be safely inferred from the fact, that they excluded spirits from their places of meeting; and also, from the fact that many of them, had a fair standing as members, in churches of different denominations. If any dependence is to be put in their uniform professions, public and private, their manifestos, petitions and addresses, they were not an unprincipled and lawless rabble, aiming to subvert all government, and to disturb the peace and good order of society; but if they had been grossly ignorant, or intemperate, or destitute of moral principle, a man of so much shrewdness, so much experience in military operations, and so much loyalty to his sovereign, as Josiah Martin, would not have conferred on them or many of them, the offices of trust and responsibility which he did.

Soon after Tryon returned to Newberne from his famous expedition against the Regulators, he was transferred to New York, perhaps as a reward for the extraordinary abilities which he had displayed, and the signal services which he had rendered in the late campaign. Josiah Martin was appointed his successor, and in a few weeks, August 11th, 1771, entered upon the duties of his office. As his object was to pacify and conciliate, his first act was to denounce the extortions and corrupt practices of the

officers who had been the cause of the late disturbances. At the same time he condemned the extravagance and profligacy of his predecessor; and, at the ensuing legislature, had an act passed, which was done with great unanimity, granting pardon for all past offences, and drawing the veil of oblivion over all the distinctions and animosities to which the late disturbances had given rise. In the spring he set out on a tour through the disaffected counties, and spent a good part of the summer in efforts to ingratiate himself with the people. He took pains to find out and become acquainted with prominent or leading characters among the Regulators, and gain them over to his interest. Courteous in his manners and condescending to all classes, he was quite successful in conciliating that class of the community. In Guilford county there were four brothers by the name of Fields, men of intelligence, property and influence, whom he visited at their own houses, and he succeeded so well in winning their confidence and good will that they remained faithful to King George during the war. They were attached, as I have been told, to the Episcopal church, while it was established by law; but now they had no instructions from the pulpit to direct them in the path of duty, and were left, like too many others over the country, to the guidance of their own consciences. So far as I have learned, or can judge from the localities of their residence, nearly all who, during the war, were entrusted with office by the British authorities or took up arms in support of the King, lived beyond

the reach of Presbyterian churches, and had, in fact, no regular instruction from ministers of any regular denomination of christians.

If this were so, it may be regarded as illustrative of the fact, now admitted by all the intelligent and sober thinking, that we are indebted for our liberties to the Bible and its institutions. The mass of the Regulators appear to have been honest and conscientious. It was a common saying among them, or that portion of them whom we are now considering, that "they must not violate their oath, for that would be giving themselves to the devil at once;" and if they erred, as they certainly did, it was for want of better information. I infer this from the fact that so many of them, who had more ample means of instruction, were not Tories, but decided Whigs in the Revolution. In the Presbyterian congregations of Guilford county, there were many who not only had attended their meetings and joined in the peaceful measures adopted by the Regulators for obtaining relief from their oppressions, but were engaged in the battle, yet not one of them took sides with the loyalists during the war, but were all active and efficient Whigs. So it was in other Presbyterian congregations; and, I presume, the same might, perhaps, be said of many who were attached to churches of other denominations, where they were properly enlightened in the great principles of moral obligation. It is stated in Dr. Hawkes' Lecture, and I think also in Foote's Sketches, that there were some among the signers of the Mecklenburg Declara-

tion who, having been Regulators, and taken the oath of allegiance, could not conscientiously sign that Declaration until their scruples were removed, yet no one at the present day would charge them with ignorance, intemperance or recklessness. That there were many calling themselves Regulators who committed some disorders which could not be justified, even in their circumstances, and who were really no better than rowdies, is more than probable; and so there were hundreds associated with the Whigs, during the struggle for Independence, who were quite as ignorant, vicious and unprincipled as any of the Regulators; but they could not be identified in character with the great body of patriots who so bravely and successfully maintained the conflict, nor could they bring any just or lasting reproach on the noble cause, in support of which, as sensible and good men, they had staked every thing most dear to them.

It might still be thought by some, that the Regulators must have been an ignorant and lawless set, who, like the poor and thriftless generally, were dissatisfied with their condition, and were complaining of evils, for which they were themselves chiefly responsible; or that their wrongs, if any, were only of a personal kind, and that they were not contending for great *principles*, when such men as Colonels Ashe, Caswell and others, who were so active and efficient in the war of the Revolution, took sides with the governor in compelling their submission. Without spending time in discussing matters of this kind, which would be deemed unnecessary at the present

day, we would simply say that the conduct of those patriotic men, in aiding the governor to put down the Regulators, admits of an ample vindication on other grounds ; and to be satisfied of this, we have only to look at the facts in the case. Their intelligence, wealth and personal influence, raised them above the herd of clerks and tax gatherers. Besides they lived more contiguous to the palace, where such malpractices were hardly known, and were on terms of intimacy with the Governor, who would soon have ruined himself, if he had suffered his friends and acquaintances, to be thus imposed on by these needy dependents. Of course, they could not be expected to know the impositions practised upon the people further back ; and therefore they were justifiable in lending their co-operation in putting down what was deemed to be an unjustifiable resistance of the constituted authorities. But the people who were thus oppressed, believed they were contending for principle, as much as the people of Boston, when three years after, they threw the tea overboard ; or the SONS OF LIBERTY, when they compelled the stamp agent, a few years before, to take an oath that he would not force the stamps upon them ; or the Continental Congress, when they renounced all allegiance to Great Britain. Independence had not then been whispered, or hardly thought of by any one ; but the mass of them knew very well, that the end of government was the security and welfare of the people ; and they considered that their rights as British subjects, and a fundamental principle of

their chartered privileges was violated, when their property was taken from them without their consent, whether by an act of Parliament, or by the officers of the government, *ad libitum*. They asked for nothing more than to be taxed and governed, according to law; but their petitions could not reach the throne; their complaints were unheeded; they could obtain no redress from any source; and they felt that they were goaded on to a kind of desperation.

The result of the battle with the Governor was adverse to the Regulators, but was, on the whole, fortunate for the country, and should be regarded as Providential. If the Governor had been twenty-four hours later in arriving at their place of rendezvous, any attempt to subdue them by force would have been useless, or, in all probability, he would never have seen his palace again. Capt. Merrill, with three hundred men, from the region of the Yadkin, probably Rowan, or what is now Davidson county, was on his way to the place of meeting, and was within an easy day's march, when he heard of the battle and its results. His men dispersed, but he was taken and executed at Hillsboro'. On the evening before the battle, Capt. Raleigh Southerland, with about a hundred and fifty men under his command, from Surry and the north side of Rowan, passed by the house of David Edwards, who lived some three or four miles nearly south of New Garden meeting house, on his way to join the rest. As it was then late in the evening, he went only four or five miles and took up camp. In the course of the

night his horse got away, and in the morning he returned to Edwards' in search of him. While there he heard the cannon, and wept like a child, because he was not there to unite with his countrymen, "who," to use his own language, "were shedding their blood in defence of their rights." Such a man, we doubt not, would have fought; and his men were sharpshooters, experienced hunters, hardy and fearless mountaineers, who, under a resolute leader, would have done their part. Others were probably on their way, and if only these two corps, under Merrill and Southerland, had arrived at the scene of action in time, the fate of the day would have been different; but as the people of the other provinces were not prepared to make common cause with them, the people of North Carolina would have been made to feel the crushing power of the mother country, and the east would then and in that case, have been arrayed against the west, in that most unnatural of all wars, a civil war. Verily there is a God who rules over the affairs of men and appoints to the nations their bounds, and the times of their rise and fall.

In the former contests which the people had with their governor, they were generally overcome or did not fully accomplish their object, except, perhaps, in the case of the *stamps*; but they always gained a little more wisdom and a little more strength by every successive defeat. This resistance of the Regulators to the encroachments of power, though apparently an utter failure at the time, is believed to have had a

salutary effect on the cause of independence. Their fate very much resembled the fate which generally attends those who commence revolutions in government. The combination and the movement can hardly ever be general and simultaneous at first. Those who are most oppressed, or who are peculiarly sensitive and feel their wrongs most keenly, or who, by their intelligence and intrepidity, are best qualified to be leaders, commonly make the first resistance; and that resistance, from the want of sufficient numbers, preparation and experience, is very apt to be a failure. Thus the first who resist often become the victims of arbitrary power; but from their defeat others see what was wanting; and from what they have achieved others see what may be done again. From the courage which they have displayed in the face of danger and of death, others have their confidence in the goodness of the cause, or in their own capabilities, increased and are emboldened to act. By their sufferings, the sympathies of those who have shared in the same perils or oppressive measures are excited; and by the death of those who have fallen, others, especially their friends or fellow-sufferers, are fired with a spirit of revenge. So it was with the Regulators and with all who acted with them, or who felt that their common rights and interests were at stake. They failed, and some of them were sacrificed on the altar of liberty; but the cause was a righteous one, and from this event, assumed an increased importance. The spirit of freedom, instead of being quenched, was nourished by their blood. They fell,

but the cause advanced. Disaster and defeat may for a time, retard, but cannot arrest the progress of truth and freedom. With every increase of knowledge, in regard to the value of their rights, people always feel an increased assurance of their final triumph.

To any one of a philosophical or reflecting cast of mind, it is interesting to observe, not only the slow progress of the people at that day in the knowledge of their rights, and their determination to maintain them, but the causes and means by which they were often influenced to take one side or the other of the great question at issue. The mass of the Whigs took their stand from an intelligent appreciation of their rights; and most of the Regulators who became loyalists, were led by a sacred but not a very enlightened regard to the oath which they had taken to the king. Some, whose perceptions were not very clear, or whose nerves were not very strong, were *non liquets* and remained neutral, and some were decided by a mere casual or incidental occurrence. Ten or twelve years ago, Jesse Julian, who had lived all his life near the dividing line between Randolph and Guilford counties, and who died only a year or two after the date above mentioned, an old man and full of days, highly respected in that region as a citizen, a neighbor and a member of the church, gave me, in his own house, the following account of himself and his father's family.

He was too young to be in the battle between the Regulators and the government troops, being then

only about thirteen or fourteen years of age ; but his father and two of his older brothers were in the engagement, and his oldest brother was pretty severely wounded. His father and these two brothers were then compelled to take the oath of allegiance to King George, and when independence was declared they refused to join the Americans, but took no active part against them. Jesse was for some time much perplexed in his mind, as he told me, to know what course he ought to take ; for, although his heart was with his countrymen, who were struggling for liberty, he was still quite young, and found it very difficult to resist the influence of his friends and neighbors who, having been all engaged in the conflict with the governor, and having been compelled to take the oath of allegiance, were now in conscience and honor bound, as they thought, to be for the King.

While in this state of mind, he was suddenly drafted and sent off with the expedition to Georgia, under General Ashe. There he was captured with some four or five hundred others, and sent into the British camp. As they entered the encampment, a Tory who happened to be in it, began to cry out most vociferously for King George. "Hurra for King George ! I'm for King George, and I always was for King George !" "Yes," said a British Captain, who was standing by, "yes, I'm for King George, too, but it is only because I live in England. If I lived in America I would be for America ;" and then uttered the hardest sort of an imprecation on any man who would go against his country. The Tory, mortified

and confounded, sneaked away; and this had its due effect upon Julian. He said it satisfied him that the Tories got no thanks anywhere for their toryism, but were as much despised by the British as by their own countrymen; and from that time he was a decided and confirmed Whig.

When the Black Boys of Mecklenburg, who were Regulators in fact, for they were co-operating with them in the most effectual manner,—destroyed General Waddell's powder, there were two brothers* concerned in the affair, but on opposite sides; one of whom, though he sympathised with the Regulators, had taken no active part in their measures, and was now driving one of the ammunition waggons; the other was a "Black Boy," and is said to have been the one who made the train for blowing up the kegs of powder. Yet both of these brothers were thorough-going Whigs during the war. Little incidents almost without number might be given, showing the state of popular feeling, and how many were determined, one way or the other, by the amount of their intelligence, their constitutional temperament, their connexions in society, and other causes, but it is unnecessary. "The

* These two brothers were James Caruthers and Robert Caruthers. Amidst the hurry and bustle of their preparation for the explosion, Jim recognized his brother Bob, notwithstanding the lampblack on his face; and in a low voice which was not heard by anybody else, said to him: "You'll rue this, Bob." "Hold your tongue, Jim," said Bob, and went on with his work. Robert, the one who was a Black Boy, was a partizan officer during the war, and is said to have been a man of great courage and enterprise.

Black Boys," it is believed, were all Whigs during the war, unless the two who proved treacherous to their comrades, violated their oath of secrecy by turning informers, and thus brought on themselves a foul and lasting reproach, might be an exception.

In his interesting and valuable Lecture on the British invasion of North Carolina in 1776, Governor Swain has stated "that the Regulators had a decided preference for Prince Edward to the reigning monarch;" and it would not be at all strange if it were so; because it was perfectly natural for them, in their circumstances, to conclude that their condition could not be made worse, but might be made better by a change of dynasty, or at least of the reigning sovereign.

In enumerating the causes which retarded or gave final success to such an event as the American Revolution, every thing in the existing circumstances or previous training and habits of the people, should be taken into account. The better informed, or more enterprising of the Scotch, engaged in mercantile pursuits and spread themselves, in larger or smaller numbers, according to circumstances, over the whole country; and Governor Swain first suggested to me the fact, or the strong probability, that they exerted a successful influence in turning many over to the wrong side. That there were stores kept by Scotchmen in nearly every county, both in the towns and country locations, there is no doubt; for many of them continued long after the war; but to what extent they exerted an influence unfavorable to the

cause of patriotism, it is impossible to say. There were many noble Whigs even in the midst of the Scotch settlements, and some of those scattered over the country were, no doubt, as patriotic and as true to their country as any others. Those who lived in strong Whig regions would be obliged to go for independence or leave the country; but others who were in locations where they could keep their places and their opinions too, might retain their predilections, if they had any, for the pretender, and exert an unfavorable influence on the people in the vicinity of their residence. A man in mercantile business, and especially at such a time, acquires a general knowledge of men and things, and a shrewdness of character which he otherwise would not have, and which must place him above the mass around him. Not only poor at first, but being far from market, and having land to clear for cultivation, common farmers, with great industry and economy, could hardly make the two ends of the year meet, and the best of farmers could do very little more. Many of them would get in the merchant's debt, and be at his mercy. Others would feel under obligations to him for favors conferred or indulgence given; and the rest would be made to feel that "knowledge is power." Such a man, under these circumstances, could do a great deal for or against his country, especially if he had been made a Justice of the Peace, and then carried on a distillery.

The number of Regulators, even the more substantial and influential part of them, cannot be now ascer-

tained with anything like an approximation to the truth; but that it was much greater, and included a wider extent of country than has been commonly supposed, may be inferred from the fact that Col. Bryan could, on the spur of the occasion, collect about eight hundred men in the Forks of the Yadkin, and march them off to the British at Anson Court-house. Governor Martin, having by enquiry and personal acquaintance, ascertained who among them were most competent and trustworthy, gave them military commissions in the service of his Majesty, and endeavored, by every available means, to secure their fidelity and their active co-operation. The character and standing of these men, or most of them, are probably better known to my readers than to myself. Those who lived in the region in which I have been most acquainted, seem to have been regarded, previous to the Declaration of Independence at least, as honorable in all the relations of life, and were much esteemed as men and as citizens. According to tradition and to all the testimony given on their trial towards the close of the war, Col. Bryan and Col. Hampton of Rowan county, were men of unimpeachable character, and had nothing laid to their charge, except that of bearing arms against their country. Col. William Spurgien who lived in what is now Davidson county, had the confidence of the neighborhood for his integrity, and was regarded as being in every respect, an estimable man. The same may be said of the Fields' who lived in the south side of Guilford county, and their descendants are now as true-

hearted Americans as any others. Of the four brothers, by the name of Fields, who were Regulators and became active loyalists, John, the youngest, had a crippled hand, and took no part in military operations ; Robert was disposed to be reckless and cruel ; Jeremiah was much respected by both parties ; and William, who received the commission of Colonel, stood fair as a man of humane and honorable feelings. If I mistake not, he became a consistent member of the Methodist church, and had the entire confidence of his neighborhood. Probably as much might be said for most of the others ; but neither my limits nor my knowledge of their character will admit of further detail. I have been thus particular, partly because I like to have justice done even to an enemy ; but chiefly on account of the additional proof which it furnishes, that the Regulation embraced a wider scope of country, had engaged in it more men of intelligence and respectable standing, and was really a more serious affair in its character and results than was represented at the time by the government party and subsequently by the early historians who had probably no other means or facilities for ascertaining the truth than Gov. Tryon himself.

THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS.

THE first settlements of the Scotch in North Carolina, like those of the Germans, Scotch, Irish and

most other classes of our population, are very much like the things before the Flood. How many composed the first emigration, from what motives, or for what reasons they were induced to leave their "Fatherland," when they came, and their precise location, are all matters which have now passed beyond our reach; but it is stated in Foote's Sketches, that there were some Scotch families on the Cape Fear as early as 1729, when the province passed from the hands of the proprietors to those of the King; and from that time families or small parties, were frequently coming over, as considerations of duty, interest or affection prompted, to join the pioneers who had gone before them until 1745, when many of the Highland Chieftains with their clans, rebelled against the reigning sovereign George II., in favor of the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, and were defeated with great slaughter at the memorable battle of Culloden. From that time the emigrations were large and frequent, increasing in numbers and importance almost every year, until the Declaration of Independence. Many of those who fell into the hands of the victors at the battle of Culloden, or were captured soon afterwards, were pardoned on condition that they would emigrate to America; and others were so oppressed by the exactions of government and so deprived of the great privilege for which they had already endured almost incredible hardships, the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, that they felt compelled to leave all the endearments of their native land for that freedom which was to be

enjoyed in the new world; but before they were permitted to leave the shores of old England, they had all to take a solemn oath that they would be good and faithful subjects of King George. This continued until the war, or rather until our Independence was acknowledged; and there was a corresponding difference in the course which the emigrants took in the war of the Revolution; for, so far as I have been able to learn, those who came over previous to the year 1746, not being bound by the same oath, they or their descendants, were in favor of Independence; but those who came over after that date, having taken the oath, were, with some honorable exceptions, loyalists, and rallied round the standard of the reigning sovereign.

That there are a great many atheistical, unprincipled and worthless people, everywhere and at all times, is too notorious to be doubted; but the Scotch people, taken as a whole, have generally been regarded as feeling more solemnly bound by their oath, than any others, and I have been told by native Scotchmen, who were pretty well acquainted with Scottish history, that in the high court of Edinboro', notwithstanding all the vigilance and careful enquiry into the matter on the part of the court, only four cases of perjury had been known in a hundred years. . Perhaps this should be considered as proof of the excellence and wide spread influence of their educational system, in which the bible was always made the most important book; and also of the pains which had been taken by parents and teachers of every class or grade, to

cherish in the minds of the young, a scrupulous regard to truth, especially when the omniscient One was invoked as a witness. Governor Martin, as well as Governor Tryon, and the British Ministry, knew perfectly well what a stronghold they had got by this means on the Regulators and Highlanders of North Carolina; and as appears from the most ample testimony, they were neither remiss nor unwary in improving their advantage.

The Scotch settlement extended from the Ocean, far up the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers, and from these rivers to the Pedee. This space included eight or ten of our present counties, and these were settled almost exclusively by Highlanders. In addition to their sacred regard for the obligation of an oath, they had been for many generations, accustomed to a kingly government, and they seemed to think that no other was admissable. They seem to have always had the elements of republicanism, especially in matters of religion; for at all times and under all circumstances, they held the right of worshipping God according to their understanding of His Word, as one of vital importance. From the beginning, or from the time when they first received Christianity, which was at a very early period, they chose their own pastors and teachers, and, according to an old Church History in my possession, they never had a bishop until the year 839, when one was forced upon them by the Pope, and had his residence fixed at St. Andrews. From that time, until the Reformation, the freedom which they had enjoyed in the worship

of God, was at an end, but they were restive, dissatisfied, and never submitted their understanding and conscience to priestly domination.

In all periods of their authentic history, it seems they must have a king; but as they believed that a royal government was the only one sanctioned in the bible, but he must be a man after their own heart, and he must be bound by oaths and covenants, like the Jewish kings of old, to serve the God of the bible; while he maintained the true religion and ruled in moderation, he was their rightful sovereign, and there never was, or could be, a more loyal and devoted people. He was "the Lord's annointed," and to rebel against him, was the same thing as to rebel against the Lord himself. They were also a "clannish" people, and paid the utmost deference to their "lairds" or petty chieftains, and in fact, to all who were their superiors, or who had authority over them, whether in a civil, social, or religious capacity. Such continued to be the fact, to a great extent, long after they came to America; and of this, the following incident may be taken as an illustration. Soon after my entrance on public life, when returning from Fayetteville, in company with the Rev. Murdoch — McMillan, a very respectable minister of the gospel in the Presbyterian church, and a most excellent man, we called about 10 o'clock, A. M., at the gate of a little cabin which stood near the road, to get a drink of water. While we were waiting for it, quite a venerable, fine looking old man, came out to the gate, and standing there bareheaded in the sun, conversed

very freely and with much good sense, until we bid him good-bye and pursued our journey. As we rode away, Mr. McMillan stated that after the old gentleman came to this country, some twenty years before, whenever he went to his house or met him in the road, he would pull off his hat and stand with it under his arm, as humbly and submissively as any African servant in the land, until their interview was ended and each took his own course. Mr. McMillan said he did his best to break him of the habit, but it was years before he could succeed. Even then, it seems, the old man had left his hat in the house, to avoid a reproof from his pastor; and yet, his long cherished feelings of reverence for his superiors was so strong, that he must come into his presence bare-headed. This old man, though with a head perfectly white, and bending under the weight of four-score years, was a fair specimen of the native Highlanders, I mean, of the mass, and of all perhaps, who had no title, and no claim to superiority of rank. They retained much of the same character in America, while the country remained subject to Great Britain, and this fact should be borne in mind.

People of such a character and with such habits and feelings, as might be supposed, felt little or no interest in the disputes between the mother country and her colonies about charters and the right of taxation. When the people of Boston threw the tea overboard and they got the news, they talked about it with as much indifference, probably, as they would have talked about the mountains in the moon or the

bears of the Arctic regions. The tax on tea gave them no uneasiness, for they never used it, and knew nothing about it. Their comforts would not have been increased if there had been no tax on the tea, nor would they be diminished if it were taxed a hundred *per cent.*, and as for the principle involved, that was a matter between the government and those who must have the luxury of drinking tea. The battle of Lexington excited some interest, and was discussed with freedom by all classes, but with great moderation. After the battle of Bunker's Hill, the subject began to be viewed in a more serious light; but still it was the prevailing opinion that the dispute would be settled in the Northern States, and that our fate would depend upon theirs. The country was so thinly settled and apparently so destitute of all the means and requisites of warfare, that very few thought of engaging in the contest, and some predicted that a gun would never be fired south of the Roanoke river.

There were some, however, on the Cape Fear, intelligent, public spirited and patriotic men, who were determined to resist the encroachments of the crown, and who were very active in impressing upon the people of their respective neighborhoods the duty and importance of maintaining their rights. Among these the most energetic and efficient were Colonels Moore, Ashe, Lillington, Rowan and Robeson; and they succeeded in infusing their own spirit into many others; but there was no asperity or bitterness of feeling, and the different political parties lived

together on the most friendly terms. For some time after the contest became bloody in the North, and after Congress had an army at Boston, there was no disturbance here, and no serious apprehensions were felt by the mass of the people. Even in November and December, 1775, the two parties, in Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, mustered on opposite sides of the village, then returned into town and lived in great harmony ; but this state of things could not continue. The controversy was rapidly approaching a crisis ; and the principles involved were so important in themselves and had such an intense bearing on all their temporal and immortal interests, on their sense of moral obligation, on their present comfort and on the welfare of unborn generations, that every one who had the least reflection could hardly avoid taking his stand on one side or the other. Governor Martin, from the time he took refuge on board the British ship Cruiser, had been exerting all his influence, in every direction, to increase the number of his adherents ; and plying their consciences, their sense of honor, and their regard to present interest, with every motive which his ingenuity and the means in his power could furnish, for the purpose of securing their cordial and active services. From Governor Swain's lecture, before noticed, it appears that all the British invasions of North Carolina were of Gov. Martin's devising, and that they were prosecuted under his supervision, or at least in accordance with his wishes. It also appears that a well concerted scheme had been laid and was in process of accom-

plishment, for crushing the rebellion at once and restoring his Honor to the secure and peaceful occupation of his palace. The loyalists, including Regulators and Highlanders, were to be embodied, armed and marshalled for battle. An insurrection was to be excited among the slaves, by the offer of freedom, and they were to be employed as the robbers and cut-throats of their masters; the savages of the west were to be engaged in co-operation with the rest; and the whole sustained by a British force, on land and water, adequate to the occasion. Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, who, it seems, was concerned in this savage conspiracy against humanity and the rights of mankind, had offered freedom to the slaves, and gave them every encouragement to join his standard. Col. Stewart, who was a Scotchman by birth, was Indian agent for the British government, and was exerting all the vast influence which he had acquired over those savage tribes to prepare them for an attack on our frontier settlements. The time, as we infer from known facts and circumstances, had been agreed on, and the preparations were fast maturing for a combined attack. Sir Henry Clinton sailed from the Chesapeake, with four or five ships and four companies of troops, with the intention of being in the Cape Fear at or before the appointed time. Sir Peter Parker sailed from Ireland with ten or twelve ships and several regiments of soldiers, allowing himself ample time to share in the honors of victory.

EFFORTS OF GOV. MARTIN AND OTHERS TO ENGAGE AS
MANY AS POSSIBLE IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

But we must go back two or three months, and notice the influence exerted and the measures employed for enlisting Highlanders in the service of the king. From what has been said, we might suppose that, which ever side their leaders took in the pending controversy, the mass of the people would go with them; and considering their religious principles, their long cherished habits, and their extreme ignorance in regard to the true merits of the case, they could hardly do otherwise. These chieftains or leaders were all, unfortunately, on the wrong side, for they not only felt bound by the oath of allegiance which they had taken, but, as they still possessed landed estates in Scotland, they had an *interest* in maintaining the established government.

Everywhere, and at all times, those who leave their native land and become emigrants to a far distant clime, are influenced by different motives,—some are impelled by necessity; some merely follow a dissatisfied or roving disposition; others are led by cupidity or a desire of gain—and so it was with the Scotch. Some, though not forced away by absolute poverty or by “broken down fortunes,” came to America because they were not able to live there in a style equal to their rank. Of this class were the celebrated

Flora McDonald and her husband, Alan McDonald, of Kingsboro', commonly called Kingsboro' McDonald, and a number of others. Some, leaving their landed estates in Scotland, with tenants on them, had come over to this country, as to an El Dorado, expecting to make a great fortune in a little time, and then be able to do as they pleased; but, like a great many others who migrate to new countries for the same purpose, they soon found that they were mistaken. Their lands were to clear, and they were unacquainted with the mode of culture adapted to the soil. Their hired servants, the only ones they had, if not paid punctually, would leave as soon as their time was out, and in fact, would leave when they took the notion, pay or no pay. They were far from market; and, although they had no produce to spare, they found great difficulty in obtaining the luxuries to which they had been accustomed in their own land. Not having been long in the country, and finding that they were diminishing instead of increasing their estates, they became greatly dissatisfied, and laid the whole blame on the opposition which the people were making to the British government. Of course, they were more zealous than ever in support of that government, and exerted themselves to the utmost.

After the disastrous battle of Culloden, many who were men of rank and property, or of respectable character and standing in society, were induced to enter the British army; and, having served with reputation until the peace of 1763, were now on half pay. According to Mr. McBride's papers, several of the

officers came into that region in the summer and fall of 1775, some, on visits to their relations; some to see the country; and some, having purchased land, had become settlers. All these classes, who were regarded by the people as their superiors and their guides, were warm in support of the reigning sovereign, and exerted their whole influence in maintaining his authority. Probably, Gov. Martin made a visit to that region and these men often visited him, on board the ship *Cruiser*: so that an almost continual intercourse was kept up through the summer and fall; and thus measures were concerted for future operation. From every visit they returned with fresh zeal, and with additional incentives. Among the foremost was Col. Cotton, who was county surveyor in Anson, and lived in that part of the county now called Montgomery, a man of more intelligence than any other in that region, and very influential among both the Scotch and Regulators, visited Governor Martin in the latter part of the summer, and as he returned, made it his business to call at every Scotch settlement of importance, where he did every thing he could to influence the people to arm for the king whenever he might call for their services. Being a man, not only of property and intelligence, but of fine address and popular manners, he had every advantage; and being ably seconded by others, particularly by Capt. Walter Cunningham, who was also well known and much esteemed, his success was perhaps equal to his wishes.

A noble effort was made to counteract this unhappy

influence, which would probably have been successful if it had been continued and properly sustained ; but that could not be done. Soon after Col. Cotton returned from his visit to Gov. Martin, Col. McIntosh, from the neighborhood of the Long Bluff, now Society Hill, in South Carolina, a native of Scotland, but now a most decided advocate for American Independence, came on a visit to his countrymen in North Carolina, and used every argument in his power for the purpose of inducing them to remain neutral in the commencing contest, as the most safe and the most consistent course for them to take.

As the agents of Governor Martin, Col. Cotton, and many others, with his proclamation in their hands, and making it the basis of their arguments, had appealed to their professions of loyalty, and to their love for their native country, which they still called their home.

In their appeals to the people, these men laid much stress on the fact, that every attempt hitherto made to resist the king had proved abortive, and predicted from this fact, that the present attempt, like all the others, would be an utter failure, and that all who now resisted the power of the king, would be dealt with, as their ancestors had been after the battle of Culloden, reminding them, at the same time, of the oath of allegiance which all their leaders and most of them, had taken before they left their native land, of the great things which the king had done for Scotland, and for them, and of their corresponding obligations to loyalty and obedience, yet intimating that

the king was jealous of them, or had not entire confidence in them, and that now was the time to redeem their character, and prove themselves true to their sovereign, loyal to their country, and faithful to the oaths which they had taken.

McIntosh met these arguments and appeals, with others, more just and equally forcible. He told them that, as he well knew, they had no attachment to the reigning family of Hanover, and no inducement to risk anything in maintaining their authority; that they had already suffered severely, on several occasions, by the arbitrary and unjust measures of the present government, and that if they continued under this government, they could expect no better treatment in time to come. Knowing, however, that their minds were not yet prepared for a full and open renunciation of their allegiance to the British Crown, and that it was not best to press this matter to an issue at once, he told them that, as they had so lately taken the oath of allegiance to King George, nothing more could be reasonably required of them than to remain quiet, and join neither party; and that although he had his residence in South Carolina, he would do all in his power, and had no doubt that he would succeed in his efforts, to procure their safety and peace so long as they remained quietly at home, and did nothing to aid the British.

To this proposal, so fair and so reasonable, made too, on the back of arguments and appeals so forcible, all, except the few military characters among them, and perhaps, a few hot-headed young men, would

have gladly assented ; but as these military characters, and other men of property and influence among them, who were so zealous in support of the royal government, and who were so frequently visiting Governor Martin, at his floating residence, it so happened that directly after the departure of Colonel McIntosh, several of them returned, well primed and ready for action, among whom were Allan McDonald, Donald McDonald, and Donald McLeod. Their ostensible reason for coming into North Carolina, at that time, was to visit their friends ; but there is reason to believe, notwithstanding their oath to the contrary, that their visit was not solely nor chiefly, for “auld acquaintance sake.” A correspondent of Mr. McBride’s, only a part of whose communications has probably come into my hands, as his name is not annexed, when speaking of Donald McDonald, afterwards brigadier-general, and Donald McLeod, afterwards first colonel in the Tory army, says that “they belonged to the British army ;” and from the incidental manner in which he makes the statement, he seems to have supposed that everybody, or at least, that Mr. McBride, was aware of the fact. The writer does not appear to have had the advantages of a liberal or classical education, but to have been a man of good natural sense, and to have been pretty well “posted up” on this whole business. On his authority, I had made such a statement in my manuscript, and then, from this fact, as well as from some other circumstances, drew the conclusion that these men must have been sent out here by the British authori-

ties, for the express purpose of exerting an influence on their countrymen. The same writer says, and on his authority I had stated, that McDonald and McLeod, had both been in the battle of Bunker's Hill, where McLeod was wounded; and that on their arrival, or very soon after, they began to rouse up their friends for the contest. The above opinion respecting the design of McDonald and McLeod, in coming to North Carolina, was made sometime before the lectures of Dr. Hawk, Governor Swain, and Governor Graham, or any one of them had been delivered; and I am glad to find that the facts and testimonies adduced in Governor Swain's lecture, tend strongly to confirm the statement.

As a matter of course, Governor Martin kept the British ministry well acquainted with the state of things in the Province which he had been sent to govern, and it seems that the measures which he proposed were not only approved, but that he received prompt and ample assurance of whatever assistance might be necessary for the re-establishment of his authority. In a letter dated WHITE HALL, May 3d, 1775, which was in answer to two from Martin, one dated January 26th, and the other March 10th, Lord Dartmouth advises him to send out suitable agents for the purpose of organizing associations in all the counties which were favorable to his majesty's government, "to hold out to gentlemen in those counties the prospect of commissions suitable to their rank and station," and then lets him know that, upon his application, General Gage, who had command of the

British forces at Boston, would be directed "to send some able and discreet officer to lead the people forth against any rebellious attempts to disturb the public peace." We suppose that such an application was made, and that Donald McDonald, with Donald McLeod as an assistant, had been sent out in the character and for the purpose above specified.

They passed through Newberne on their way to the scene of their future operations, and being entire strangers there, at a time when the utmost vigilance and precaution were necessary, they were immediately suspected and brought before the civil authority. In the Gentleman's Magazine, for June, 1776, which is here quoted from Governor Swain's Lecture, we are told that two Scotch officers, Messrs. McDonald and McLeod, passed through Newberne. They were suspected of some sinister design and questioned by the provincials concerning their business. They pretended they were officers who were wounded at Bunker's Hill, and had left the army with a design to settle among their friends." The following extract, from a Virginia paper, was obtained by Mr. Charles Philips, when in the North last fall, and kindly handed to me by Governor Swain:

"WILLIAMSBURGH, VA., March 23d, 1776.

"General McDonald and Brigadier General McLeod, (the former of whom was killed and the latter taken prisoner,) set out at the head of this banditti with the avowed intention of carrying Governor Martin to the interior of the Province. These

two officers passed through Newberne, a few months ago, where they took a solemn oath before the committee of that town that their business in that province was only to see their friends and relatives."

From the conduct of these men on their arrival in the Scotch settlements, and from all the developments which were soon after made, as well as from the testimonies cited above, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that they were sent out here by the British authorities to direct the contemplated movements in favor of the King; and that, in taking such an oath, they must have made "a mental reservation," or kept back the most important part of the truth which they were expected to tell. At what precise time they came into that region is not known, but it was in the fall of 1775, not more than a month or two, as we infer, before their commissions were given, and almost immediately on their arrival, it seems, they engaged in the duties of their mission. On the 10th day of January, 1776, the same day on which Gov. Martin issued his proclamation denouncing the rebellion in the severest terms, and calling upon all the friends of government to rally in its support, he issued a commission to Allan McDonald, Donald McDonald, Alexander McLeod, Donald McLeod, Alexander McLean, Allan Stewart, William Campbell, Alexander McDonald and Neill McArthur, Esqs., of the counties of Cumberland and Anson; John Pyle, Esq., of the county of Chatham; William Fields, James Hunter, Robert Fields, Jeremiah Fields and Saymore Yorke, Esqrs., of the county of Guilford;

Michael Holt and James Monroe, Esqrs., of the county of Orange; Paul Barringer, of the county of Mecklenburg; William Spurgian, William Bryan, Samuel Bryan and Mathias Sappinfield, Esqrs., of the county of Rowan; Gideon Wright and James Glynn, Esqrs., of the county of Surrey; and Philemon Hawkins, Senior, and Philemon Hawkins, Junior, Esqrs., of the county of Bute, authorising them to erect the King's standard, and to raise, levy, muster, and array in arms all his majesty's loyal and faithful subjects within their respective counties." Some of these were Scotch, and some of them had been Regulators. Governor Swain, in a foot note to his Lecture, from which we have copied the above list, tells us that in regard to three of the men named in the commission, viz: Paul Barringer, Philemon Hawkins, Senior, and Philemon Hawkins, Junior, Governor Martin must have been mistaken in their character, or gave them the appointment for the purpose of bringing them into suspicion and injuring their influence in the country, for, it is shown in Wheeler's History, that they were all three substantial Whigs during the war, and all suffered much in the cause of freedom and independence.

If Governor Martin, by placing Allan McDonald's name first in the commission, intended that he should be commanding officer, he afterwards changed his mind, and we can readily conceive some plausible reasons why he should do both. High-minded, chivalrous in his bearings, and ardent in his devotions to the cause of loyalty, with some claims to civil or

social rank, and some experience in military life, Allan McDonald would seem, at first blush, to have been the very man to marshal his majesty's loyal subjects and lead them on to battle, but the governor may have ascertained some trait of character belonging to him which would unfit him for a trust so important and responsible, or, as we think more probable, if Donald McDonald was sent out here by General Gage, as we suppose, and in obedience to orders from England, he would hardly submit to be made subordinate to another; and thus his Excellency may have found himself under a necessity of changing his original design. "McDonald and McLeod were veteran soldiers, and had fought with reputation in the battle of Culloden," more than thirty years before; and the former had risen to the rank of Colonel of Marines before the peace of 1763. Supposing them to have been twenty years of age, when they fought at Culloden, they were now turned of fifty; and Allan McDonald must have been near the same age, or perhaps a little older. Donald McDonald entered the British army when very young, but he had attained the rank of lieutenant in the 42d Regiment at the battle of Culloden. In one of McBride's papers we have the following statement: "General McDonald and Colonel McLeod came from Boston to North Carolina. They were both officers in the British army. McLeod was Captain in one of the Old Regiments, and was wounded at the battle of Bunker's Hill. They both had a number of relations in these parts." During a service of thirty or thirty-

five years, the British authorities must have had ample opportunity of testing their fidelity and of ascertaining their competency for any place of trust which they might choose to assign them; nor did they, on this occasion, act in a way to disappoint the expectations of those whom they served. As McDonald had risen to the rank of Colonel of Marines at the peace of 1763, while McLeod was only a Captain when they came into this state, the former must have commended himself to his superiors by greater ability and efficiency in the service of his country than the latter; and while McDonald was appointed Brigadier General, McLeod was raised to the rank of Colonel, by his Excellency Governor Martin, probably on the recommendation of General Gage, or of those who were still higher in authority.

There were, at this time, several others in the Scotch region, McBride says, who had been officers in the British army, and were now on half pay, among whom was Hector McNeill, who was an Ensign, at the peace of 1763. He was now appointed Colonel, and was afterwards killed in the battle on Cane creek. It would be a matter of some interest to know how many of the Scotch officers in the Tory army had been officers in the British service; and, being now on half pay, were called into service, *pro re nata*, and promoted to higher rank, either as a reward for past services, or as a stimulus to future efforts; but this is a curiosity which is not likely to be gratified.

When Governor Martin issued the commission, it

is highly probable that some of those named in it were there at the time on a visit; or, if not, there were, no doubt, runners enough at hand who were ready, for the sake of the honor of being footpads to his excellency, or for a trifling compensation, to carry them away at once, and wherever desired. At all events, it is certain that they were all received, in a very short time, by those for whom they were intended; for they seem to have had their men, not only collected, but organized, and their camps formed very early in February. "On the 10th of February, John Reynolds, of the County of Rowan, made oath," as Governor Swain states in his Lecture, "that he had heard these papers," viz., the proclamation and the commissions, "read in the *camp* of William Fields; and that he heard from the officers and men declared, free plunder wherever they went."

RENDEZVOUS AND ORGANIZATION OF THE TORY ARMY.

About the middle of February, though the precise day is not known, they began to assemble at a place known by the name of Cross Hill, not more than a mile and a half from the present town of Carthage, and on which Mrs. Glasscock lived, either then or some time since. While Cross creek, now Fayetteville, was to be the place of general meeting, Cross Hill seems to have been agreed upon as the place of rendezvous for the Scotch and Regulators of Moore and the counties lying west and north-west. At least, the Regulators, so far as I have learned, had no other

place of rendezvous; nor does it appear that any of them met there except those from Rowan and from the region of the Yadkin river.

My impression is that the number of Regulators who actually joined the Tory army and were present at the battle, has been overrated; but it is impossible, perhaps, to make even an approximation to a precise estimate. Col. William Fields, who had probably as many men under his command as any one of them, did not join the army at all. He was on his way, and expected to join them at Cross creek; but, as they marched a few days sooner than the time appointed, before he arrived there he heard of the defeat at Moore's creek, and returned towards home. Such is the account which the writer received from his friends and neighbors, some fifteen or twenty years ago; and it is considered as altogether reliable.

There were four brothers, by the name of Field, who were loyalists, but John, the youngest, had a crippled hand which disqualified him for military service, and he stayed at home, but he used his influence in favor of the king. The other three took a very active part, and were very enterprising and efficient during the war. In one of McBride's papers, which appears to have been a communication, or part of one, the writer says that, as he had understood, a small party of Regulators, from up the country, joined them at Cross Hill; but he did not know how many there were, nor who were their officers. Two other companies, or small bodies of men, one under Col. Pyle, from Chatham, and another under Eli Branson,

from the north side of Randolph, joined them at Cross creek. All the Regulators were to have been, and probably were, under the command of Colonel Donald McLeod, who was killed in the battle; and as he went over the bridge, it seems, without any of his own men, it is probable that none of the Regulators lost their lives on that occasion.

It appears that General McDonald met with them at Cross Hill, where, as a matter of course, the king's standard was erected and Governor Martin's proclamation was read, along with the military commissions which had been given. He was received as their General, or Commander-in-chief; and an organization was made in due form, so far as was practicable at the time; but so much of a martial spirit was prevalent in the country that there were more claims or applications for office than could be met. The Scotch were formerly, in their own land, a warlike people, and had been much engaged, either as a whole people, with foreign enemies, or, as clans, in conflicts with each other. No land, of the same territorial limits, and the same amount of population, abounds more in historical, traditionary and legendary accounts of hard fought battles, personal rencounters, and perilous adventures, which have been so well described by Ossian and other native bards. The sound of the pibroch would, at any time, rouse up the martial spirit in the breasts of all ages and of all classes, from the youth of sixteen, to the old man of sixty, and summon them round the standard of their chieftain, ready to risk their lives in his service, and

eager to signalize themselves by their heroic achievements on the field of battle.

Most of those, in this country, who, at the time of which we are writing, had attained the age of fifty, had imbibed the martial spirit with their mothers' milk, and had brought it with them from their native land, where it had been cherished from childhood by all their associations and by all their habits of life. Here the young were entertained by the old with many a martial song of the "Olden time," and by many a thrilling account of personal adventures, full of peril and of difficulty, in which they had once been engaged, or of the memorable day at Culloden, when they fought for Scotland's "rightful sovereign;" and thus the admiration of heroic deeds and the desire for heroic achievements was perpetuated from father to son. The fathers were roused by the very first signals of war, and drawn at once from the endearments of home to the "tented field," as the old war-horse on the common is made to forget his pasture and go through the martial exercises with all the fire of his youth, by hearing the notes of the bugle. The sons, thus animated and prepared for the contest, were eager to rival or to imitate the chivalrous exploits of their fathers; and thus, in addition to those who had been officers in the British service, or who now held commissions from his Excellency, there was many an aspirant for office among those who had been born in America, and who were probably quite as ambitious to gather laurels on the field of Mars, as to show their fidelity to the house of Hanover. In this state of

things, every one who was a militia officer of any grade, or who thought he had any talents for command, or who looked more at the pay, and the honor, and the regimentals of an officer than anything else, was solicitous to get as many men as possible who would agree to serve under him, without much regard to their convenience or their fitness, and who would entitle him to a commission, by their number, if by nothing more. In order to accomplish their own ends, some, probably, got to be officers of low grade, who could not relish powder and lead as well as they had supposed, and drew some into the army who ought to have been left at home, even if the cause had been good. As evidence of this, we give here Hugh McDonalds's account of his own case, which may be regarded, we presume, as a specimen of several others; and, although he was then a mere child, being only in his fourteenth year, we prefer to give it, as nearly as possible, in his own language.

After describing the conduct of McDonald and McLeod, in persuading the Scotch "to step forward and draw their broad swords, as their forefathers had often done, in defence of their king, who would give them double wages and double honors," he says, "These people readily left their peaceful homes and enlisted under the above-named gentlemen, Colonel Donald McLeod and Major Donald McDonald, who shortly after got the title of General. These gentlemen, notwithstanding their influence among the ignorant Scotch, were instigated by selfish and speculating motives; and not only they, but their subaltern

officers also. I well recollect, though only entering on my fourteenth year, that John Martin, who called himself a Captain in this contemplated regiment, came to the house of my father, who then lived near the place now known by the name of Carthage, in Moore county; and, after causing him to enlist, told him that he must take me along with him. My father said that I would be of no service in the army as a soldier, and as his wife was a sickly woman, and the children all weakly, he would be useful at home to the family. 'Never mind your family,' was his reply, '*he will count one to procure me a commission,* and he will draw you a soldier's pay.' My father told him that would be unjust. 'If you do not take him with you, I will see you hanged when we see the king,' was his reply to that; and my father was afraid of his threats, knowing that when offended he was not too strict in points of honor. Five days after this they embodied and marched to Cross creek, where they were joined by many others, to the number of three or four thousand. There were many baggage and magazine wagons, one of which they tried to make me drive, but I was not able to go through with it." In his estimate of the number, he may have been mistaken; for a boy of his age could not be expected to have a very correct knowledge of such matters, and not having been accustomed to see such large collections of people, a few hundred, armed and parading in every direction, would look like a great multitude; or there may have been three thousand assembled at Cross creek, only fifteen or sixteen

hundred of whom, were properly armed and regarded as constituting the army, while the rest, or many of them intended to march along with them to Wilmington, and not anticipating any serious opposition on the route, for the purpose of tendering their services to his excellency and obtaining a supply of arms, which would enable them to give full proof of their loyalty, and aid him in carrying out his plan for subduing the rebels and regaining the possession of his palace.

Two of Mr. McBride's correspondents, after stating that about five hundred men met at Cross Hill, give the names of the officers who met there with them and were acknowledged as officers in the army. In these lists there is a perfect agreement, except perhaps that one of them has a captain more than the other, and assigns a different place of residence to one or two of them. This is a matter of no great importance; but some of our readers may be gratified to see the names. Donald McDonald was General, or Commander-in-chief; Donald McLeod and Alexander McLeod, Glendeln, were Colonels; Alan McDonald, Samuel McDonald, James Muse, and Alexander McLeod, of Cumberland County, and brother of Col. Donald McLeod, were Majors.

Captains, from Anson, chiefly from the part of it which is now, or was a few years ago, Montgomery County, viz., Alexander McLeod, John McDonald, Alexander McRae, Murdock McCaskill, Samuel Williams and James McDonald. Walter Cunningham followed after, but did not overtake them

before the battle. Captains from Moore County, John McLeod, Alexander Morrison, Angus McDonald, and John McKenzie; but the writer adds, that several of these had no command, and that Alexander McDonald, Alexander McKay, Morris Houlin, Aaron Vardy and John Leggett, all of whom were from Cumberland, except Leggett, who was from Bladen, joined them at Cross creek. It seems that when leaving Cross Hill, they numbered about five hundred; but in these accounts, in McBride's papers, no mention is made of Regulators, either officers or men, except incidentally, that a small party of Regulators had joined them at that place. From this to the general rendezvous, they proceeded in military style, with baggage wagons, magazine wagons, and the usual camp equipage.

On the way they were met by a deputation of two men from the Provincial Congress, who had been sent, McBride says, to confer with them and to assure them, on behalf of the new government, that if they would disperse and return to their homes, they should be permitted to live in peace and not be called on under any circumstances, to bear arms; but this effort at conciliation was a failure. Though imperfectly organised, they had officers whom they acknowledged, and to whose authority they were subject. These officers would only hear the messengers themselves and took good care to keep their followers ignorant of the proposals which were made. What would have been the result had their import been understood by the men generally, it is impossible to tell; but the

fact shows to whom the blame of what followed chiefly belonged.

At Cross creek they remained several days and were joined by a great many more. It is impossible at the present day to ascertain with any degree of certainty what number of men composed this ill-fated army; for the statements of different authors, even those who might be supposed to have had the most authentic information are so variant, and we do not know which of them is most reliable. One of Mr. McBride's correspondents says, in a general way, that there were fifteen or sixteen hundred, and another says that there were not over fifteen hundred, and that one-third of these had no guns; but in this he must have been mistaken, as fifteen hundred good rifles and three hundred and fifty guns, muskets, I presume, with shot-bags, were taken by the Whigs after the defeat. If these rifles and muskets, or other guns, all belonged to the army, there must have been eighteen hundred and fifty men; and this agrees very nearly with another account. Stedman, a British author, who was commissary to the army of Lord Cornwallis, and accompanied him in all his campaigns, puts down the number at eighteen hundred. Having arrived in this state a few weeks after the battle, he must have had the most reliable testimony; and then having written and published his history in England a few years after the close of the war, he must have had access to all the official communications which had been made to the British government. Edmund Burke,—the talented

and eloquent Burke,—the friend of truth and of American rights, who, from the position which he occupied in the British Parliament, and from the deep interest which he took in the war, must have had every advantage for ascertaining the facts in the case which a man could have on that side of the Atlantic, states the number to have been from fifteen hundred to three thousand, and says that this latter number was admitted by the Commanding General after the defeat. Our boy, Hugh McDonald, says there were three or four thousand; but he must have stated what were his boyish impressions at the time, or he may have included in his estimate all the men who were present, though half of them were not equipped nor regarded as properly belonging to the army; and the supposition that such was the fact is the only one which bids fair to reconcile the discordant statements of the best informed writers in relation to this matter.

While at Cross creek, every possible effort was made by the experienced officers and others who were zealous in his Majesty's service, to inspire them with a military spirit and excite them to make achievements, if occasion offered, which would recommend the whole community to the royal favor, and give them the vantage ground in time to come. Among others, it seems the far-famed Flora McDonald, who, from her historic fame and her personal accomplishments, was a host in herself, was there and did all she could to infuse into the men a portion of her own loyal and heroic spirit. She had been exerting her

influence all along to get them enlisted in the cause, and she was not one to become weary of any enterprise in which she had once fairly embarked. Her husband, Allan McDonald, of Kingsboro', who was much respected by his countrymen for his intelligence and his high-toned feelings of probity and honor, held the rank of Major; her only son, John McDonald, was a Captain; and Alexander McLeod who, I have been told, was her son-in-law, was a Colonel. A woman who could make such sacrifices and do it with so much cheerfulness, must have had a heroic spirit and a loyal heart. By thus cheerfully and heroically giving up all her dearest friends, she enforced the eloquence of her tongue by the influence of such a powerful example; and in every way showed as much fidelity and zeal, as much of a devoted and self-sacrificing spirit for the interests of King George, as she had done for the unfortunate Pretender more than thirty years before in her own country.

But a difficulty occurred here which had well nigh frustrated all their efforts at once, and may have had some influence in producing the catastrophe which occurred a few days after. Stedman, a British author, already noticed, attributes the defeat at Moore's Creek, in part to "great division in the councils of the loyalists," and that something of this kind existed, we learn from other sources, though it is impossible now to ascertain the precise nature and extent of the discrepancies which prevailed. From McBride's *memoranda*, it appears that there were

conflicting claims and variant opinions almost from the commencement of the enterprise to the final discomfiture; for while they remained at Cross creek they found it no easy matter to organize and arrange the companies, regiments and precedence of rank so as to give general satisfaction and secure a cordial and harmonious co-operation.

All who had been militia officers expected to hold the same rank in the army; but on this principle there were of course, more officers than could possibly have their compliment of men. The officers and others who had lately come into the country, were called "new comers," and sometimes, "new Scotch;" and were now viewed with jealousy by the others. At least, I infer this much from the brief hints given in McBride's papers; and it was by no means unnatural. Those who had been born in the country or who had been long in it, and especially those who were aspirants for office, were not willing that the "new comers" should be promoted over their heads; and although they were going to risk their lives for monarchy, they would contend for what they conceived to be their rights. General McDonald, notwithstanding his devotion to the interests of his master and his long experience in military service, must have found use for all the wisdom he possessed and all the patience he could command, in tracing back their family standing and enquiring into their respective qualifications; but after all, entire satisfaction could not be given; for some were so highly offended at what they considered the injustice done them, or

in despair of seeing discipline and efficiency in the army, that they left them and soon after joined the Whigs.

It is doubtful, perhaps, whether all the authority with which General McDonald was clothed, and all the admonitions of the more considerate among them, with the renowned Flora in their van, could have allayed their ambitious aspirations and produced any thing like a due subordination, if they had not been enforced by the proximity of danger. Colonel, afterwards General Moore, with his regiment of regulars, some militia from Bladen, and five pieces of artillery, had taken post and was fortifying himself only seven miles to the south, where the main road to Wilmington crossed the Rockfish, and the only place where it could be crossed by an army without making a great circuit. Colonel Martin, with a large body of men, was approaching from the north, and Colonels Ashe, Caswell, Lillington and others, with considerable reinforcements, were advancing from the east. A sense of danger, which was so imminent and increasing every hour, coming in aid of authority and of prudent counsels on the part of a few, probably brought the more factious to subordination, or at least to a temporary acquiescence, and made the more timid willing to forego for the present, their anticipated honors and rewards. Thus the army was at length and with much difficulty organized and ready to take up the line of march for the place of their destination.

For the following paper, which we presume will be interesting to the reader, I am indebted to Governor

Swain. It purports to be an extract from the order book of General McDonald, and probably contains the names of the principal officers in the army when organized, and ready for marching orders. McBride, or his correspondent, lets us know that in the imperfect organization at Cross-hill, many of the captains had no men to command, and they were probably left out in the more permanent arrangement which was afterwards made. We give the extract entire, and just as it is in the manuscript, without any kind of alteration.

“Extract from Brig. McDonald’s Orderly Book.

Captains under	Hugh McDonald.
Captains under	Alexander McClain, appointed
Col. Cotton,	Major of Brigade.
Parsons,	Majors, McDonald, of Kingsboro,
Steed,	McCloud, of Glendeln,
Gardner,	McCloud, of St. Kilda.
Jackson,	Donald McCloud, to command
Gross,	the Regulators.
Pope,	Mr. Carter and Leggit’s Company
Williams,	to join the Cumb’d Militia.
Muse,	Doct. Murdock McCloud,
Seal,	appointed Surgeon to the Army.
Sappingfield,	Alex. Stewart, Quarter-master Gen’l.
Grinor,	Lt. Duncan McNeil, Adjutant Gen’l.
Lowry,	Lt. Kenneth McDonald, Aide-camp.
Alred,	Alex. Morris, Assistant Quarter-master Gen’l.
Regulators,	John McKay, Captain of Pioneers.
Branson,	Alex. McClain, Commissary Gen’l.
Pyle,	
Yorke,	

“All the guards particularly instructed to let no

suspected person pass without being first brought to the commanding officer.

“ Captain Muse to command the Calvary and do what shall be most conducive to the service.

“ Cotton to give similar orders to the corps under his command. Every Captain to set down the Orders in a book. — repeated 3 times. Adj’t Fraser to receive and deliver Orders and show Orderly Book to officers. Pot for every fifty men be provided. Mr. Campbell provide Guard-room in Cross creek. Liberty pole, alarm post night or day.

“ 4 Divisions, viz : Cumberland Militia, Anson Highlanders, Regulators, and Cotton’s—Cotton command his own Corps.”

The above order was given, we presume, when they had got the army fully organized, and were on the eve of taking up the line of march for Wilmington. It is probable that they hastened their departure from Cross creek, because bodies of Whigs, under able and spirited leaders, were approaching them on every side, and their situation was daily and hourly becoming more perilous. According to General Moore’s letter to Cornelius Harnett, President of the Provincial Council, dated Wilmington, March 2d, 1776, five days after the battle, we learn that the army commenced their march, February 20th, on the south side of the river, and intended, McBride says, to continue on that side ; but after going about three miles, they halted and remained there through the day. . On the 19th and 20th, the following correspondence took place between General McDonald and General Moore,

which we copy from the Appendix to Gov. Swain's Lecture, for the satisfaction of such of our readers as may not have access to the Lecture; and we have no doubt they will be read with interest. They manifest ability on both sides, and are written in an officer-like manner, with firmness, but with courtesy. McDonald was true to his master, and Moore was true to the cause of freedom and independence.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERAL McDONALD, THE SCOTCH COMMANDER, AND GENERAL MOORE, THE AMERICAN COMMANDER.

GENERAL McDONALD TO GENERAL MOORE.

Head Quarters, Feb. 19th, 1776.

SIR.—I herewith send the bearer, *Donald Morrison*, by advice of the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency, *Josiah Martin*, and in behalf of the army now under my command, to propose terms to you as friends and countrymen. I must suppose you unacquainted with the Governor's Proclamation, commanding all his Majesty's loyal subjects to repair to the King's royal standard, else I should have imagined you would, ere this, have joined the King's army, now engaged in his Majesty's service. I have therefore thought it proper to intimate to you, that, in case you do not, by twelve o'clock to-morrow, join the Royal standard, I must consider you as enemies, and take the necessary steps for the support of legal authority.

I beg leave to remind you of his Majesty's speech

to his Parliament, wherein he offers to receive the misled with tenderness and mercy, from motives of humanity. I again beg of you to accept the proffered clemency. I make no doubt but you will shew the gentleman sent on this message every possible civility; and you may depend, in return, that all your officers and men which may fall into our hands, shall be treated with an equal degree of respect.

I have the honor to be, in behalf of the army, sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

DONALD McDONALD.

To the Commanding Officer at Rockfish.

P. S. His Excellency's Proclamation is herewith inclosed.

GENERAL MOORE'S ANSWER.

Camp at Rockfish, Feb. 19th, 1776.

SIR:—Yours of this day I have received; in answer to which, I must inform you, that the terms which you are pleased to say, in behalf of the army under your command, are offered to us as friends and countrymen, are such as neither my duty nor inclination will permit me to accept, and which I must presume you too much of an officer to expect of me. You were very right when you supposed me unacquainted with the Governor's Proclamation; but as the terms therein proposed are such as I hold incompatible with the freedom of *Americans*, it can be no rule of conduct for me. However, should I not hear further from you before twelve o'clock to-morrow, by which time I shall have an opportunity of consulting my

officers here, and perhaps, Colonel *Martin*, who is in the neighborhood of *Cross Creek*, you may expect a more particular answer; mean time, you may be assured that the feelings of humanity will induce me to shew that civility to such of you as may fall into our hands, as I am desirous should be observed towards those of ours who may be unfortunate enough to fall into yours.

I am, sir, your most obedient, and very humble servant.

JAMES MOORE.

BRIGADIER GENERAL MOORE TO BRIGADIER GENERAL
McDONALD.

Camp at Rockfish, Feb. 20th, 1776.

SIR:—Agreeable to my promise of yesterday, I have consulted the officers under my command, respecting your letter, and am happy in finding them unanimous in opinion with me. We consider ourselves engaged in a cause the most glorious and honorable in the world, the defence of the liberties of mankind, in support of which, we are determined to hazard everything dear and valuable; and in tenderness to the deluded people under your command, permit me, sir, through you, to inform them, before it is too late, of the dangerous and destructive precipice on which they stand, and to remind them of the ungrateful return they are about to make for their favorable reception in this country. If this is not sufficient to recall them to the duty which they owe to themselves and their posterity, inform them that they are engaged in a cause in which they cannot succeed, as

not only the whole force of this country, but that of our neighboring provinces, is exerting, and now actually in motion to suppress them, and which must end in their utter destruction. Desirous, however, of avoiding the effusion of human blood, I have thought proper to send you a copy of the test recommended by the Continental Congress, which, if they will yet subscribe and lay down their arms, by twelve o'clock to-morrow, we are willing to receive them as friends and countrymen. Should this offer be rejected, I shall consider them as enemies to the constitutional liberties of *America*, and treat them accordingly.

I cannot conclude without reminding you, sir, of the oath which you and some of your officers took at *New Berne*, on your arrival in this country, which I imagine you will find difficult to reconcile to your present conduct. I have no doubt that the bearer, Captain *James Walker*, will be treated with proper civility and respect in your camp.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
J. MOORE.

BRIGADIER GENERAL McDONALD TO BRIGADIER
GENERAL MOORE.

Head Quarters, February 20th, 1776.

Sir: I received your favor by Captain JAMES WALKER, and observed you declared sentiments of revolt, hostility, and rebellion to the King, and to what I understand to be the Constitution of this country. If I am mistaken, future consequences

must determine ; but while I continue in my present sentiments, I shall consider myself embarked in a cause which must, in its consequences, extricate this country from anarchy and licentiousness. I cannot conceive that the *Scots* emigrants, to whom I imagine you allude, can be under greater obligations to this country than to that of England, under whose gracious and merciful government they alone could have been enabled to visit this western region ; and I trust, sir, it is in the womb of time to say, that they are not that deluded and ungrateful people which you would represent them to be. As a soldier in his Majesty's service, I must inform you, if you are yet to learn, that it is my duty to conquer, if I cannot reclaim, all those who may be hardy enough to take up arms against the best of Masters, as of Kings.

I have the honor to be, in behalf of the army under my command, sir, your most obedient servant,

DONALD McDONALD.

To James Moore, Esq.

When McDonald left Cross creek, with his army, on the morning of the 20th, or, at least when he wrote his first letter to General Moore, on the 19th, he does not appear to have thought of anything else than forcing his way by Moore's encampment, and, by capturing or dispersing his men, to continue his march on that side of the river, down to Fort Johnson ; but he soon learned some important facts which he could hardly have known sooner ; and hence the difference in the tone of the two letters. On the

evening or afternoon of the day before the 19th, "Colonel Lillington, with one hundred and fifty of the Wilmington Minute Men, Colonel Kenon, with two hundred of the Duplin Militia, and Colonel Ashe, with about one hundred of the Volunteer Independent Rangers," arrived at Moore's camp on Rockfish, and increased his number to eleven hundred. For an army of fifteen or sixteen hundred men, who were without artillery, and none of whom, except a few officers, had ever been exposed to the fire of an enemy, or shot at anything more than the game of their forests, to think of passing a fortified camp, mounted with five pieces of artillery, manned by eleven hundred men, who were staking their lives in the cause of freedom, and protected in front by a stream that could not be crossed except on the bridge, would have been the height of folly. General McDonald was a man of too much sense, and had seen too much of war, to think of such a thing; and he prudently resolved to take another course.

ATTEMPT OF McDONALD TO REACH WILMINGTON.

At night they returned upon their tracks, and crossed the river at Campbelton. By daylight, or a little after, on the morning of the 21st, the army, with the baggage, having been landed on the north side, they destroyed or sunk the boats, to prevent the pursuit of their enemies, and resumed their march, on the nearest and most practicable route, for Wilmington. In places they had to open a way, and

found some difficulty in crossing the streams; but loyalty and a sense of danger nerved them to action, and gave them perseverance. As soon as General Moore was informed of this movement on the part of the Tories, he sent off an express to Colonel Caswell, who, as he tells us in his letter to Cornelius Harnett, was on his march to join him with about eight hundred men, and directed him to return and take possession of Corbert's Ferry over Black river, for the purpose of harassing the enemy, and impeding their progress. At the same time he ordered Colonel Martin and Colonel Thackston to take possession of Cross creek, and prevent their return in that way. Then, having ordered Colonel Lillington and Colonel Ashe to make a forced march, and if possible, reinforce Colonel Caswell, or, if that could not be done, to take possession of Moore's creek bridge, he proceeded himself, with the remainder of his army, to cross the North-West, or Cape Fear river, at Elizabethtown, with the view of meeting the enemy on their way to Corbert's Ferry, or of falling in their rear and surrounding them at the river before they could cross. On the 24th, he crossed the Cape Fear at Elizabethtown; but having learned that Colonel Caswell was almost entirely without provisions, he was compelled to wait there until the evening of the next day for a supply. Here he received an express from Colonel Caswell, informing him that the Tories had raised a flat which had been sunk, about five miles above him, and had made a bridge by which the whole army had passed over. On receiving this

intelligence, he determined to go down the river in boats to Dollerson's Landing, about sixty miles, and thence to the bridge on Moore's creek, ten miles from the Landing. On the next day, which was the day before the battle, he arrived at Dollerson's by 4 o'clock in the afternoon; but being unable to continue his march that night, for want of horses to draw the artillery, he learned in the course of the night, by an express which he had sent to the bridge for the purpose, that Colonel Lillington had, the day before, taken possession of the bridge, and that, having been reinforced by Colonel Caswell, in the afternoon, they had thrown up a small breastwork, in an advantageous position, and had destroyed part of the bridge.

Leaving Colonels Caswell and Lillington, for the present, thus entrenched on the south side of Moore's creek bridge, with two pieces of artillery, and about a thousand men under their command, while General Moore, with several pieces of artillery and about eight hundred men, was within a few miles, we must return to General McDonald and his Tory army. We shall here give Hugh McDonald's account of their progress from Cross creek, and let him speak for himself:

"We marched from there down the north-west side of Cape Fear river for Wilmington, but, on learning that the Americans were embodying before them, they crossed the river near the mouth of Rockfish, and steered their course through Duplin county, in many places cutting their way as they

went, until they got into the main stage road from Wilmington to Halifax, and then followed that road until we got near to Moore's creek, within eighteen miles of Wilmington, at which creek lay entrenched Richard Caswell, late Governor of North Carolina, with a body of American soldiers, who, after night, uncovered the bridge and greased the sleepers with soft soap and tallow."

The general, being confined to his bed by a severe illness, had to be left at a house about eight miles from the scene of action, and this calamity was at once the precursor and the cause of still heavier ones which they were soon to experience. Hitherto the great object of General McDonald, and of his ablest officers, had been, not to fight if it could be avoided, nor to risk a battle which might prove fatal to them, but to avoid such an alternative by expeditious movements, and reach the governor below Wilmington, where they expected to find Sir Henry Clinton and Lord William Campbell with a considerable land and naval force, and be able, in a short time, to make an aggressive and successful advance into the upper country. The aim of the patriots, on the contrary, was, in the first place, to keep between them and the Governor, so as to frustrate their plans; and, in the next place, to bring them, if possible, to an engagement. Now they had gained their object. By skilful manœuvring and by great adroitness in the execution of their plans, they had got an advantageous position on the road along which the army was marching, and only a few miles in their front. While

McDonald with his army was crossing the south river, on the evening of the 26th, Caswell and Lillington were throwing up their entrenchments at the bridge, and preparing for the conflict. Under these circumstances the Tories were almost compelled to fight, or at least they thought they must face their enemies in battle, or take a course which would bring on them the imputation of cowardice, and might, after all, disappoint their plans.

On the evening before the battle, and, we presume, before they left their general, a council of war was held, the main object of which was to decide the question whether they should attempt to keep the road and manfully contest "the right of way" with their adversaries, or take some other course. All the old and experienced officers, General McDonald, if present, as we suppose he was, though unable to take much part in the deliberations, Col. Donald McLeod, on whom the command now devolved by common consent, as well as by priority of rank, and others who had seen and learned something of war in the British service, were strongly opposed to the measure, and contended that the difficulty and danger of forcing their way in the face of an enemy two-thirds their own number, so strongly posted, defended by their entrenchments, mounted with two pieces of artillery, and protected in front by a stream that was impassable except on a narrow bridge, which could be raked all the time by their guns, were too great to be attempted, under any circumstances, even with regular troops, much less by militia, who knew

nothing of war and were altogether without artillery ; that the difficulty could be avoided in a much easier and safer way ; for they had learned from good authority that by making a circuitous march of only a few miles, they could easily cross the stream at another place, and then, if they should be compelled to fight, they could meet the rebels on equal ground ; but these counsels, so manifestly the dictates of wisdom, and so well supported by the known facts in the case, were opposed by others, especially by the young, the self-conceited and hot-headed, who only sneered at the idea of shunning their enemies, and gave some distant hints of cowardice. They carried their point ; and it was determined to make the attack next morning.

As the only substitute which they could make for artillery, they selected seventy or seventy-five of the stoutest and most resolute men in the army, who were considered the best swordsmen in it, and were armed with the Highland claymores, or broad swords, which were such a terror to the poor persecuted Covenanters in the days of the bloody Claverhouse and others who were hardly less savage in their disposition. These seventy-five men were formed into a company under the command of Capt. John Campbell, and were to have the post of greatest danger. They were to rush over the bridge in front of the army and storm the works, sword in hand. What other arrangements were made or orders given preparatory to the assault, we have not learned, but the fate of this company was the most important, for on it depended the issue of the battle.

In Jones' Defence of North Carolina, we are told that Colonels Caswell and Lillington got information the night before the battle, of the contemplated attack, from a man by the name of Felix Kenon, a kind of "go-between," a man who was deficient in honesty or firmness, and perhaps in both. He went into the camp and told them that an attack would be made early next morning. This put them on their guard, and the arrangements were made accordingly. Lillington's men were drawn up across the peninsula, and lay on their arms all night.

BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK.

Next morning by day-break, the sound of the bugle and the bag-pipe summoned the men to arms; and in a few minutes the whole army, under the command of Colonel McLeod, commenced their march in good order, but with great eagerness for the attack. When they came in sight, all was still as the grave on the American side, and comparatively few men were to be seen. A small entrenchment, which stood near the bridge appeared to be deserted; and taking it for granted that they would have an easy conquest, they rushed on with increased confidence, Colonel McLeod walking the sleepers in front, side by side with Capt. John Campbell and his company of swordsmen pressing on their heels. Crossing the bridge was, on every account, difficult and perilous. The sleepers being round pine logs with the bark peeled off, and very slippery, some of the foremost fell into

the stream, and being encumbered with heavy armor, probably sunk to rise no more. Others, by sticking the points of their big swords into the logs, stayed themselves up in that way and were enabled to proceed until they were shot down. The bridge was raked, too, at short intervals, by the cannon, and a shower of rifle balls was almost incessantly poured upon it from the breast-works. Colonel McLeod and Captain Campbell got over the bridge, but fell within a few steps of the entrenchment, and nearly side by side, as they had walked the sleepers. McLeod had received in his body more than twenty balls, and expired, cheering on his men with his last breath. For ten or fifteen minutes the contest was bloody, and great havoc was made in the ranks of the Tories, especially of those who attempted to cross on the bridge; but at this juncture, fortunately, perhaps, for both sides, or at least for the cause of humanity, Lieutenant Slocum, with a small detachment, found a place where he could ford the stream, and going round attacked them in the rear. Lillington and Caswell, with their men, seeing the advantage gained, immediately rushed over, Lillington leading the way, as his position was in front, the post of danger and of honor; and the Tories, finding themselves so fiercely assailed before and behind, became panic struck and instantly fled in every direction.

Many were taken prisoners on the ground; many more were taken within a few days; and some perhaps, returning to their sick General, attempted to rally in his defence; but, not having recovered

from the dispiriting effects of their recent defeat, and being impetuously assailed by the patriots, now flushed with victory, they were soon captured or put to flight. We like, in such cases, to hear the statements of eye-witnesses ; and Hugh McDonald, though only a boy at the time, not fourteen years of age, gives the following brief account of this transaction, which will probably be gratifying to the reader.

“ In our Tory party was a Captain, John Campbell, (Scalpie,) who commanded the Broad-swordsmen, consisting principally of McRae’s strong, resolute men, ignorant, untutored and untrained to the use of arms, but every one of that company had his broad-sword drawn and marched in front, a little before day, to the bridge. Colonel Donald McLeod marching side by side, with Captain Campbell on the right, each sleeper thickly covered with broad-swordsmen, and the front were about to gain land on the other side, when Caswell let go his artillery and musketry on them, when Colonel McLeod received twenty-four balls in his body before he fell (with nearly all who were on the bridge). He gained the land, however, and fell, calling upon his soldiers to fight on ; for America should not be free, while all who were able were running back as fast as they could, and left their brave commander to rest forever. Their Captain Campbell also fell. The surviving part of the company retreated with precipitancy about eight miles back to camp, where they found General McDonald asleep in his tent, to whom their defeat was a melancholy story ; and, not being willing to try a second

attack, we retreated for Smith's ferry on the Cape Fear river, about twenty-six miles above Crosscreek."

There was a man in the battle, on the Whig side, by the name of Richard Harell, who lived on the Cape Fear to quite an advanced age; and who, when in company afterwards with his friends, and especially when in a convivial mood, would frequently describe the battle, and his own feelings, too, with a great deal of frankness. As he was a man of respectable standing in his neighborhood, according to my information, and had a character for truth and honesty, his account is regarded, not only as worthy of credit, but as being the more interesting on account of his having been an eye-witness and an actor in the scene.

When they first came in sight, advancing through the open pine woods on the long slope of descending ground, their officers well dressed in gay regimentals, banners and plumes waving in the breeze, and all marching in good order but with quick step, to the sound of their pibrochs, while the thrilling notes of the bugle were heard in the distance, they made quite a formidable appearance and he felt a good deal of trepidation. He had never before heard the din of war, nor seen an army ready to engage in the work of wholesale destruction. He had never been called to shoot down his fellow men, some of them his neighbors and acquaintance, nor had he ever seen them shot down by scores at a time; and no wonder if his nerves were a little excited. The firing commenced with the small arms, and continued for a round or two; but our friend said he could neither

load nor fire with a very steady hand. They had two pieces of artillery, one of which had by some means or other, got the *soubriquet* of MOTHER COVINGTON, and for that or some other reason, was rather a favorite with the men. Not wishing to act cowardly, or be suspected of doing so, he kept trying to do his part, but was all the time wishing most heartily he could hear what Old Mother Covington had to say. At last she let out, and with terrible effect. From that moment, he said, his fear was all gone, and he could load and fire with as much composure, as if he had been shooting squirrels.

The number of killed and wounded, seems never to have been ascertained with anything like certainty, because many fell into the creek, and being entangled or encumbered with their armor, sunk and were never found. A number of both killed and wounded, were no doubt carried away by their friends, and some of the wounded may have got away themselves, who, whether they died or recovered, were never known to the Whigs. Col. Caswell, in his letter to the North Carolina Congress, dated Feb. 29th, 1776, says, "The number killed and mortally wounded, from the best accounts I was able to collect, was about thirty; most of them were shot on passing the bridge. Several had fallen into the water, some of whom, I am pretty certain, had not risen yesterday evening, when I left the camp. Such prisoners as we have made, say there were at least fifty of their men missing." General Moore, in his letter to Cornelius Harnett, dated two days later, says, "The loss of the

' enemy in this action, from the best accounts we have been able to learn, is about thirty killed and wounded ; but as numbers of them must have fallen into the creek, besides many more that were carried off, I suppose that their loss may be estimated at about fifty. We had only two wounded, one of which died this day."

One of McBride's correspondents, after stating that all who got over the bridge, except Col. McLeod, belonged to Campbell's company of swordsmen, says he could not make out more than nine. Col. Donald McLeod, Capt. John Campbell, Duncan McRae, William Stewart, Kenneth Murchison, Laughlin Bethune, Murdock McRae, Alexander Campbell, and John McArthur, who got over the bridge, of whom the three last were taken the next morning to Wilmington as prisoners, and all died of their wounds within a week. The others recrossed the bridge, but were all wounded, and Stuart died of his wounds in the course of a few days. "A doctor attended on them, and they were treated with humanity, but were not allowed to be buried in the grave yard." He says again, "I have seen a man by the name of McRae, who, I believe, lost an arm at that time ; but no one now recollects his given name." We presume, however, that more must have got over the bridge, for another of McBride's correspondents, says he cannot ascertain more than fifteen or twenty who got over, every one of whom was either killed or wounded, and an intelligent gentleman now living in the Scotch region, when writing to me last fall, says there was a

man from Cross creek, by the name of Campbell, called in Galic Far-earst, who, by a desperate kind of valor, rushed over the bridge, but had hardly set his foot on the ground, when his body was literally riddled by the rifle-balls, and he fell dead on the spot. Probably, if a careful enquiry into this matter had been made fifty years ago, a larger number of killed, wounded and missing, would have been found; but this was not the most important result of the battle.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE.

As the country was now just entering on a seven years' war, without experience in the military line, and almost without resources of any kind, the victory gained at Moore's creek, was on several accounts, exceedingly important." "Fifteen hundred rifles," as Governor Swain states in his lecture, "all of them excellent pieces, three hundred and fifty guns and shot-bags, one hundred and fifty swords and dirks, two medicine chests immediately from England, one valued at three hundred pounds sterling, (\$1,500,) thirteen waggons with complete sets of horses, a box of Johannes and English guineas, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds sterling, (\$75,000,) and eight hundred and fifty common soldiers, were among the trophies of the field." On the score of dollars and cents therefore, the victory was important; and especially as the most valuable portion of these spoils had been furnished by our foreign enemies.

By their conflict at the bridge and by the victory

achieved, they gained some military experience and a more intelligent confidence in themselves, which was of more advantage to them and to the country, than all the spoils taken from their enemies. They compelled Europeans, even their haughty oppressors, who thought themselves invincible and looked with contempt upon us, to respect their skill and prowess; for, to the intrepidity, zeal, and good management of the leaders, the British authorities mainly ascribed the victory; but the great advantage gained by this triumph of the patriots at Moore's creek, consisted in disappointing the great scheme which had been formed for the subjugation of North Carolina, and in breaking up so completely the combination of their enemies at home. It was just at the right time to have the most salutary effect both on those who had embarked in the cause of independence, and on those with whom they had to contend. Just about this time, or a very little after, Sir Henry Clinton and Lord William Campbell were entering the Cape Fear, with a considerable force; Sir Peter Parker, with ten or twelve ships, and Lord Cornwallis, with seven regiments were expected every hour; and in two or three days more, Clinton and Campbell could have co-operated with their friends here and marched in triumph where they pleased; but bitter must have been their disappointment, on reaching Fort Johnson, to learn that, when they were on the very eve of attaining the object of their expedition, the embodied loyalists of the State had been discomfited with great slaughter and so nearly within striking distance, that all who

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survived the fatal day had been either captured or scattered to the four winds of heaven; and that all their hopes were, for the present, completely blasted. The Tories were conquered, disarmed, and so effectually cowed, that they could never embody again in any considerable numbers, and, for the present, were glad to save their lives in any way they could. Perhaps the Whigs, at least that portion of them who had been engaged in the conflict, now held them in too much contempt and felt too much resentment. True, they had great provocation, and their state of feelings was not at all strange. When the country, after all that they had suffered from the measures of the British government, and all the extortions of its officers here, were making a united and determined effort to throw off the authority of that government altogether and become independent; that a portion of the citizens should arise in defence of the power that was oppressing us and do all they could to perpetuate our bondage and sufferings, was trying and hard to bear.

It was natural that they should feel indignant, but owing to the utter contempt which they now felt for their Tory enemies, irresponsible or small companies, when ranging over that region for the purpose of apprehending or overawing them, were frequently led to commit depredations and cruelties which they would not have committed on an enemy whose prowess and magnanimity they respected; and they were sometimes betrayed into a neglect or want of vigilance. The following extract of a letter from a gentleman

in North Carolina, which was written a few days after the battle, and for which I am indebted to Gov. Swain, gives us a very good idea of the resentment which was generally felt against the loyalists and of the zeal for independence which was kindled up over the country by the victory at Moore's Creek. The letter was dated March 10th, 1776:—"How amazingly mortified must they (Clinton, Campbell, and Martin,) prove, in finding that this weak, poor, and insignificant Carolina, in less than fifteen days, could turn out more than ten thousand independent gentlemen volunteers, and within that time to pursue them to the very scene of action. Since I was born I never heard so universal an ardor for fighting prevail and so perfect a union among all degrees of men." In regard to the Tories who had just met with such a sad discomfiture, the writer uses such language as this:—"Rascally disturbers of government, called Highlanders and Regulators—defeated and routed villains." It was this state of feeling that made North Carolina so much more forward than the other States to declare for independence, and has given her such a prominent place among the "old thirteen." We do not claim for her people more intelligence, or a clearer understanding of their rights, than belonged to those of some other States; but they had suffered more from the British government, and from its unprincipled officers here. This roused their feelings to a greater intensity, and made them study their rights and the consequences of passive

obedience, as well as of resistance to the British power, with more assiduity and earnestness.

In another letter from North Carolina, which was written two or three weeks later, and which is given in Governor Swain's lecture, without alteration, the writer tells us that the inhabitants of Virginia, through which he had just travelled, were desirous of independence, but the people of North Carolina, owing to the "fatigue, trouble and danger which they had, for some time, undergone, by far exceeded them; that gentlemen of the first fortune in the province had marched as common soldiers; and to encourage and give spirit to the men, had "footed it the whole time;" that Cornwallis, with seven regiments, was expected every day; and that Clinton was then in the Cape Fear with Governor Martin, who had coaxed a number of slaves to leave their masters, and was practising every thing base and wicked; that these things had wholly changed the temper and disposition of the inhabitants, who, having lost all regard or fondness for the king and nation of Britain, wanted a total separation, and that independence was the word commonly used; that they were asking if any Colony, after what had passed, could possibly wish for a reconciliation; that in many counties there was not a dissenting voice; and that four more battalions were directed to be raised, which would make six in the province. With such sentiments and feelings, so generally prevalent, and so enthusiastically avowed, it is not strange that the representatives of the people in the Provincial Congress, which met, April 4th, in Halifax, should have passed a unanimous resolution

on the 12th, "that the delegates for this Colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances." Thus North Carolina had the honor of being the first one of the Colonies to proclaim her wish for a declaration of independence by the regularly constituted authorities. Independence had been formally declared in one section of the Province, nearly a year before, with an intelligence, a firmness and a cool deliberation which have immortalized their names and their county ; but now the voice of the whole Province is heard, through her Representatives in Congress assembled, weeks before any of the others spoke in the same way, or were ready to concur with her, calling upon the nation, the United Provinces, by and through their representatives in the Continental Congress, to sanction, by their united voice, what had already been so nobly done by a portion of her citizens.

The patriots were so much elated, and such an enthusiasm was kindled up over the country, by the victory at Moore's creek, which was so complete and so easily gained, that, as we intimated a while ago, they might possibly hold their conquered enemies in too much contempt and become so neglectful of all precautionary measures as to be in danger of a surprise ; and many instances of this kind occurred afterwards, in the course of the war ; but one will suffice for the present.

Near the time of the battle at Moore's creek, Colonel Reid and Captain Walter Cunningham, having col-

lected a party of men, about a hundred, more or less, were on their way to join the army at Cross creek; but, as McDonald had left sooner than was expected, when they were approaching the town, they heard of the defeat. Reed and Cunningham, however, resolved to go on with such of their followers as were willing to accompany them; and, if possible, by forced marches on the south side of the river, to reach Fort Johnson. When they gave the men their choice, either to go on with them or return home, only fourteen consented to go, making sixteen in all; and they resumed their march; but, on entering the town, late in the evening, they were informed that Cochrane's was occupied by a Whig force greatly superior to their own; but that they were off their guard, and might perhaps be taken by surprise. The fact was, that a company of Whigs had come to Cross creek the next evening after the battle, on their return home, and had taken up their lodging in the mill. Having been on constant fatigue for several days, and having slept very little for two or three nights previous, they were worn down; and having no suspicion whatever, that there was an enemy in arms any where in that region, as McDonald's army had just been so completely routed and dispersed, they had gone to sleep without making any barricade or posting a single sentinel. Reid and his party immediately resolved to surprise them; and having reached the door of the mill without being discovered, Reid called on them to surrender instantly, if they expected quarters, at the same time giving such orders

to his men as made them believe that he had a large force. They accordingly surrendered as prisoners of war, and without attempting to make any resistance; but, after disarming them, so that they could not immediately pursue him, which was the main thing he had in view, he let them go, and marched with great rapidity to Fort Johnson, where he got on board a British sloop of war with the whole of his little party, and thus taught the Whigs a lesson for the future.

It was stated on a former page that eight hundred and fifty common soldiers were made prisoners on the field of battle, but Col. Alexander McLeod, Glendeln, effected his escape, crossed the river by some means or other, and made his way down on the west side, to Fort Johnston. General McDonald, Allan McDonald, of Kingsboro', Morrison and some other officers were taken, and in a short time sent off to the Provincial Congress at Halifax, for their disposal. In his Defence of North Carolina, Jones says that "many of the Scotch fought around the camp of their sick General with wonderful intrepidity, and yielded him up a prisoner, only after every means of defence was exhausted." That such has been ever since the tradition in that part of the country, there is no doubt; and perhaps he relied on that as his authority. A correspondent who has lived all his life, sixty years or more, in that region, when writing to me last fall, says that they "rallied round the tent of their sick General and fought like the 71st Regiment of the British Army." The 71st Regiment, as the reader probably

knows, was a regiment composed entirely of Scotchmen, under the command of Colonel Frazer, which formed a part of the army of Lord Cornwallis in all his southern campaigns and which was noted for its firmness and efficiency in battle. General Moore, in his letter to Cornelius Harnett, says that "their whole army was put flight and most shamefully abandoned their General, who was next day taken prisoner." Hugh McDonald says nothing about it, except that when they returned to the tent they found him asleep, and being pursued, they soon fled; but perhaps the two accounts, apparently so opposite, are not altogether irreconcilable. It is highly probable that some of them did attempt to make a stand in his defence, and may have fought for a short time with a kind of desperation; but being few in number, as they must have been after so many had been captured and others frightened out of their wits, when furiously attacked by the Whigs, now under the full impulse of all the strong emotions excited by the recent conflict and victory, they were soon put to flight and scattered in every direction. Light armed parties of the Whigs, under the proper officers, scoured the country, and in a few days many more were taken. Most of the prominent characters among both the Highlanders and Regulators, some of whom had not been in the battle, but being suspected and considered dangerous, were made prisoners with the others and sent to the Provincial Congress for trial. After trial their property was confiscated and they were sent to Philadelphia for safe keeping.

Among those who were taken prisoners after the battle, were Captain John Pyle of Chatham County, a man of much influence in his own county, four brothers by the name of Fields, from Guilford County, and others of less note; but those of most importance were Thomas Rutherford and Farquard Campbell, both of whom were men of intelligence, wealth and influence in Cumberland County. Rank Tories at heart, bitter enemies in disguise as they were, they had represented that county in nearly all the conventions and meetings of the Provincial Congress until the last; but still managed their cause with so much cunning and adroitness, that although they were all the time and every where suspected, nothing positive could be proved against them. As history and the records show, they were members of the first convention which met at Newberne, August 25th, 1774; and united with apparent cordiality, in appointing William Hooper, Joseph Hews and Richard Caswell, to the first Continental Congress. They were members of the second Provincial Convention which met at the same place. They signed the articles of American Association with the rest, April 3d, 1775, and they united with the Convention in a vote, denouncing the "equivocal conduct" of Thomas McNight, a member from Currituck County, who had declined signing the articles of Association. They were members of the first Provincial Congress, which met at Hillsboro' in August, 1775; and of the second, which met at Halifax, April 4th, 1776. They voted with all the other members, for the resolution of the

12th, instructing our delegates in the Continental Congress to declare for Independence. Yet they were, all this time, loyalists at heart, and were keeping up a good understanding with that party; but Campbell seems to have been the more prominent one of the two, the leader and adviser in all their movements. He was a shrewd, "wily Scot," but an ambidextrous sort of a man, who had nothing honorable about him, and who played a double-handed game just as long as he could. When Governor Martin was on his way from Newberne to find refuge at Fort Johnson, he was hospitably entertained at the residence of Campbell, and was so much pleased, that usually, when he had occasion afterwards to mention his name, he spoke of him as "my friend Campbell." For a day or two before the battle at Moore's Creek, according to the traditions in that part of the country, he was one day with General McDonald, giving him information and advice, the next day he was with Lilling or Caswell for the same purpose; and was actually present with them during the engagement, apparently as good a Whig as any of them, making suggestions and pretending to take a deep interest in the fortunes of the day.

Captain Walter Cunningham, who has been already mentioned as associated with Colonel Reid in the capture of the Whigs at Cochrane's Mill, was a British officer, I am told, and a son-in-law of Farquard Campbell, having married his daughter when from home, one night at a party in Fayetteville, and without the consent or knowledge of her parents. He

was called by the Scotch, Fotheringham or Furtheringham, and was quite an influential character among them. After living with his father-in-law, Farquard Campbell, about a year, ten or twelve miles north of Cross creek, and on the east side of the Cape Fear, he removed to Charleston, in South Carolina; and nothing further is known of him. If he was one of those British officers who, McBride says, had been living for some time in the country on half pay, he was liable to be called into service at any time, or lose his claim in case of refusal or neglect; but if he was, at the time, a regular officer belonging to the British army, and had been sent among his countrymen by higher authority, as McDonald and McLeod had been, for the special purpose of aiding in the great effort which was making for the support of the royal government, and for the restoration of Governor Martin to his palace, which, we doubt not was the fact, then the reason of his leaving the country at the time he did, becomes manifest, and lends further confirmation to what has been said about the extent of the combination, and the thorough understanding between the British authorities and the loyalists of this country in relation to that matter. When their measures had been so totally disconcerted by the battle at Moore's creek, and when the great armament which had arrived in the Cape Fear, for the purpose of co-operating with the loyalists, left our shores and went south with the design of making an attack on Charleston, Cunningham had no longer any business here, and, leaving the scenes of his dis-

appointed hopes, he went south, in compliance with instructions from head-quarters, to aid in their operations there. If the truth could be known, it would probably be found that, throughout the troublous period of the Revolution, from first to last, but especially at the beginning and towards the close, there were more British officers in the Scotch region than was known to the constituted authorities of the country, or to the Whig party at large; and it is to be hoped that much will yet be done to ascertain facts and give us a more correct understanding of the difficulties with which the patriots of that day had to contend.

The ringleaders who were made prisoners of war after the battle at Moore's Creek, were sent first to Halifax for trial, and then to Philadelphia, where most of them lay in prison until they were exchanged; and Hugh McDonald tells us that when he was passing along the street, not long before the battle of Germantown, he recognized the Scotch prisoners from North Carolina, and conversed with them for some time, through their prison window; but the common soldiers, with perhaps a few exceptions, were discharged and permitted to return home. Hugh McDonald, after stating that, not being willing to try a second attack of the Whigs, and leaving the General's tent for Smith's Ferry, says, "we marched by Colonel Sampson's, and thence to Black Mingo, where we were met by a party of cavalry, with bucks' tails in their hats, who ordered us to club muskets, and those of us who had them were doing so, when a bold

Scotchman, apparently near eighty years of age, by the name of Malcom Ferguson, and father of the noted lunatic, Molly Ferguson, having no other weapon than his cane, about six feet long, drew that with violence in both hands; and, crying out loudly in his mother tongue, "Take the devil's children and burn them every one," struck one of them between the shoulders with all his force; but the man merely looked at him and said, "old man, you are no object of my revenge." This body of horsemen went on with us, considering us as their prisoners, to Smith's Ferry, where the flat being on the other side of the river, we were detained until this small party of horsemen received a reinforcement of about five hundred, when our waggons and every thing were taken from us, the men were searched, and their ammunition was all taken from them. Though a boy, I did not escape the search; nor was I without ammunition; for a certain Malcom Morrison had a large powder horn, which he slipped into the seat of my old buckskin breeches, which was very large, and a long hunting shirt hung over it. This was found and taken, which had like to have cost me trouble; for when my father learned that it was found with me, he flew at me to beat me; but a gentleman interfered, and, the case being inquired into, I escaped my drubbing. Morrison had not less than a horse load of valuable plunder, of every kind, which he was allowed to carry home; and by speculating on the proceeds of it, he laid the foundation of a tolerable estate.

"We all got passports and were permitted to re-

turn home, except our officers who were taken prisoners and sent to Philadelphia, where they lay in jail until they were exchanged, but still getting their full pay from his Britannic Majesty, while we were justly hissed at for our incredulity, and were in danger from the citizens, who only a short time before, when we were without house or home, had kindly received us into their hospitality and friendship; but notwithstanding this scouring and the just contempt of our fellow citizens, we remained at heart as stiff Tories as ever."

In one of McBride's papers, the writer, whose father was a lieutenant in the Tory army, after stating that Col. Alexander McLeod, Glendeln, got over the river and escaped to Fort Johnston, says that "Major Saml. McDonald also escaped, and made his way to his own place in Montgomery; but after reaching home, he lay out for some time. At length, however, he surrendered himself up, stood his trial at Halifax, and was permitted to return home, where, I think, he remained for two years, and then made his way alone through the country, to the British in Philadelphia.* He was then made a lieutenant in the British Legion, and continued in the service. My father was a lieutenant in the Tory army, and also John Martin, who was a cousin of my father's. They two, and one Donald Shaw, an ensign, were permitted to go home from Cross creek, but had to stand their trial in Halifax, after which they were all permitted to return home.

Some time after this, the County Court of Cum-

berland made an order, that sixty whom they named, should leave the state in sixty days, or take the state oath, and my father was in that number. At the next meeting they had, they reduced the number to sixteen, and my father was one of that number.

“Then my father and some others, twelve in all, being conducted by Capt. Samuel Williams, made their way through the States of South Carolina and Georgia, until they got to the British at St. Augustine, in Florida.”

This detail of incidents might be continued to almost any length; but as it would be digressing too far from the subject, and would be anticipating what we intend to say under another head, we shall dismiss it for the present with this simple remark, that the further it is pursued and the more fully it is investigated, the more clearly it shews the extent and depth of the impression which was made on the Tory population by their late discomfiture.

The battle at Moore's creek was to the South pretty much what the battle of Lexington was to the North. In the former case the victory was more complete; but we speak of it as a test of courage, and of its effects upon the community in preparing them for the approaching contest with the gigantic power of Great Britain. In both cases, it was their initiation into the perils and hardships of war; and in both cases the effect was to arouse their ambition, to fire them with resentment, to increase their confidence in themselves, to give them a higher appreciation of their rights and confirm them in their

determination to resist the oppressive measures of the mother country. At Lexington they had to contend with veteran troops of the British army; but those troops were foreigners, who had no sympathy with the people of this country, whose trade was war, and who had hired themselves, for sixpence a day, to kill as many as they could, without caring whether the cause was just or unjust, and the Americans could feel little more scruple in shooting them down than they would in shooting as many blood-thirsty savages. Here, it was citizen against citizen, neighbor against neighbor, and, in some instances, perhaps they of the same household were arrayed against each other in the bloody strife. This required great moral as well as physical courage, and an intelligent, high-minded spirit of freedom.

In attempting to compare with the impartiality of a historian, the advantages and disadvantages, on one side and the other, at Moore's creek, perhaps none but a military man could decide. We speak of the extraneous advantages and disadvantages, apart from the martial tact and prowess of the officers and men. The Tories had the advantage of numbers; for they had at least a third more men than the patriots. They had the advantage too in having several officers, and perhaps a number of the rank and file, who had been enured to war in the British service—men of ability and of valor, tried by many a hard conflict, but they had no artillery; their General was providentially prevented from directing their movements and leading them on to the assault;

they had only one way of approach to their enemies, and in that way was certain destruction. The Americans were fewer in number, and neither officers nor men had ever seen war. They were all militia, and this was their "first pass at arms," but they had artillery—the only artillery on the field; they were protected by entrenchments, and they had the most favorable position, perhaps, that could have been chosen; for it was accessible only by one narrow way, even for infantry, and that was so completely within the range of their guns that none but an entire army of veteran soldiers could have been successful.

If Gen. McDonald had the ability and discretion which the British authorities supposed, and if he had been at the head of the army, with his mental and physical strength entire, we can hardly believe that, in the face of a thousand men, all good marksmen, and armed with rifles, sheltered behind their breastworks and defended by cannon, he would have attempted an assault, with fifteen hundred militia, and by the slow process of walking the three or four round, smooth sleepers of a narrow bridge, which could be all the time raked by the artillery, and swept by a perfect storm of rifle balls. They had men enough, and by valor and ingenuity, they might have succeeded. Though two or three hundred lives might have been sacrificed, still, by a united effort on the part of the whole army, the rest might have gained the other side, when they could have fought hand to hand with their enemies; but here was the

test of courage; there were not that many in the army who were ready to sacrifice their lives for King George; and when the leaders, with the few others who first made the attempt were all so suddenly cut down, the rest became panic struck and fled in every direction.

WHO HAD THE COMMAND OF THE PATRIOTS?

In the battle of Moore's creek, which, in its results, was so important to the cause of independence, and which reflected so much honor upon the officers and men who achieved the victory, Colonel Caswell has been regarded as having the command; and the Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax on the 4th of April following, passed a vote of thanks to him and the brave officers and men under his command, of which I find the following notice on their Journal, under date of April 15th, 1776:—

“Pursuant to a resolve of the 11th instant, Mr. President presented the thanks of the Congress to Col. Richard Caswell, and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for the very essential service by them rendered this colony at the late battle of Moore's creek.”

It seems, that of all the provincial forces in that quarter, Colonel Moore, who was soon after made a brigadier general, was the highest in command, and directed the general movements previous to the

battle. In fact, it was by his orders that the position was taken and fortified at Moore's creek; but as he was providentially prevented from being present at the engagement, the command devolved on Caswell as the senior officer; and, according to military usage, it was his duty to take the command, unless he had a good reason for declining or yielding it to another. It has been understood that Jones, in his Defence of North Carolina, gives the command to Col. Lillington, but he does not expressly say so, nor did he probably mean any thing more than to make him prominent and give him as much honor as he could. In this we are not disposed to censure him much, for Lillington certainly acted a conspicuous part, and rendered most important services to the country.

It sometimes happens in a battle, that an officer even of lower grade, actually does more towards gaining the victory, by some dexterous movement on his own responsibility, than the one highest in command; but that does not give him the command. The present writer certainly has no disposition to detract one iota from his well deserved renown; but if Lillington, or any other, really had the command during the engagement, it ought to be shown that the Provincial Congress was mistaken, and that all the public documents of that day, as well as the general understanding of the country down to this time, were erroneous. Jones says, "He was the junior of Col. Caswell in rank; but from the position

of the latter, it was impossible for him to share in the earlier labors of the day." A very natural supposition about it would be, that Col. Lillington having, with the men under his command, arrived on the ground first, by a few hours, took his position near the bridge—whether with or without a distinct reference in his own mind to the fact, that it would probably become the post of danger, and might require all the military tact and courage which he possessed, can have no bearing on the present question;—and that when Col. Caswell arrived with his corps, as there was not room, according to all the descriptions of the locality which I have read or heard, for him to post his men, even abreast with those of Lillington, he took his position in the rear, from the necessity of the case, and without the question of priority in command having been "mooted," or even started. If his men could not so generally share in the first of the conflict, he could issue his orders, if any were necessary, from one point as well as from another; and his men may have eventually done as much as those of Lillington, or even more; but that neither he nor his men were idle, even from the first, appears from other testimony, and from the fact that the only man killed, on the Whig side, belonged to his corps. For the following communications I am indebted to Governor Swain: both of them are from the same hand, the first having been published in one of our weekly papers, the other being a letter, addressed by the writer, of his own accord, to the governor; and, presuming that they

will be as interesting to the reader as they have been to the writer, no apology is made or deemed necessary for transferring them to our pages.

For the Journal.

To "Shelton."—Sir:—Your communication in last Friday's Journal, on the subject of the battle of Moore's creek, is my apology for addressing you on this occasion. John Grady, a private from Duplin county, under Capt. James Love, and in Col Caswell's regiment, was the first man, and if I have been correctly informed, the *only man*, who was killed on our side, in the battle of Moore's creek, in your county, on the 27th of February, 1776; and consequently, the *first man* who was killed in regular combat in North Carolina, in the revolutionary war, in defence of liberty. Now the battle of Alamance was fought some five years before the battle of Moore's creek; but that battle was fought in what was called the *regulation* war,—a war to *correct colonial and official* abuses, rather than throw off the yoke of British oppression. Caswell's men fought behind breast-works, and, being anxious to take a more sure aim at the enemy, the deceased raised himself above the breast-works, and a ball passed through his head. On Col. Caswell's return from the battle to Kinston, he called at the house of my grandfather, and informed him of the above circumstance—which he told me himself some forty years ago. Also, two old men of this county, long since dead—one by the name of Holland, and the other by the name of Harrel, told

me, some *twenty years ago, they saw the deceased shot down* ; and in relating the circumstance, one of them wept like a child, and although it had then been more than half a century since the battle was fought. Now, if you know where the deceased was buried, [his relations all think he was buried in Wilmington] and will point out the spot, you will confer a favor on your humble servant. If his remains are dissolved, there is one vestige by which the spot may be unmistakably identified. When his corpse was laid in his coffin, Capt. Love enveloped his own sword in a silk handkerchief, and placed it on his breast ; so if his remains are dissolved, Capt. Love's *sword is not*.

A. O. GRADY.

Duplin county.

We have given the above communication entire, not only because we supposed our readers would like to know the name of the first man, in the South, who, during the revolutionary struggle, fell a sacrifice in the cause of Independence, but because we supposed they would prefer to have the account in the language of one who seems to have lived all his life in that region, and who, if not a son of the one who was killed, we presume was a descendant of some collateral branch of the same family, and whose testimony is therefore reliable.

The slip containing the above communication from the Journal was accompanied with a letter by the same writer, which we also give entire, not only because it throws some additional light on the battle

scene, but because it contains a reliable testimony which is in accordance with the decisions of the constituted authorities and the general understanding of the community down to the present time, in regard to the position of Col. Caswell and the part which he performed on that memorable occasion.

SIR:—In the September No. of the University Magazine, I see an article on “the battle of Moore’s creek bridge,” in which the writer says, that Mr. Jones, in his defence of North Carolina, ascribes to Colonel Lillington “the honors of the day;” and it also seems that he (Mr. Jones) rather questions the courage or efficiency of *Gov. Caswell* on this occasion. Now I can remember back to within little more than thirty years after that battle; had a relation killed in it—as you will see from the enclosed, and, in my boyhood, heard it spoken of *hundreds* of times. and this is the *first time in my life*, that ever *I* heard either Governor Caswell’s courage or efficiency doubted; on the contrary, I *always* understood that he was the Commander-in-chief, who directed the movements of the army, and that the “honors of the day” belonged to *him*. I also saw it stated in the Wilmington Journal, last summer, that a citizen of New Hanover county applied the match to the cannon which swept Colonel McLeod and the others off the bridge. Here is *another mistake*, unless *I* have always been wrongly informed; for *I* always understood, that after several ineffectual attempts had been made to fire the cannon, *by applying the match*; and after McLeod and his

men had nearly crossed over the bridge, that *Colonel Caswell rode up himself and fired his pistol into the touch-hole*, when she went off. Governor Caswell's character for courage, military skill and patriotism, is too well established, in this quarter, where he was best known, for him, or his name, to be deprived of any of his laurels at this late day, by *anybody's* defence of North Carolina.

Respectfully,

A. O. GRADY.

Oct. 29, 1853.

The following anecdote is well known over the neighborhood in which it occurred; and as it is illustrative of the times, it was thought to be worth preserving. Being in accordance with the design of this work and confirmatory of the testimony above given by Mr. Grady, we insert it here on the authority of a uniform and what we may regard as a consistent and reliable tradition.

Soon after the battle, a day of general thanksgiving for the victory was appointed by the constituted authorities, which met the approbation of all classes. At a time when people were made to feel and recognize their dependence on a higher power, such an appointment was in full harmony with public sentiment, and was observed with a good deal of sincerity, especially by all the religious and sober thinking portion of the community. In those churches which had settled pastors, or were furnished with the stated ministrations of the gospel, a sermon was

preached and all the religious exercises observed which were common on the Sabbath. All these services were held in the church of the Hawfields, and a sermon preached to a large and earnest congregation. There was a man present by the name of James Hodge, if I mistake not, who had been in the battle of Moore's Creek, and was an eye-witness to the part performed by Caswell and others. When the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Debow, was dwelling with much warmth on the evidences of an overruling Providence on that crisis in our political destiny, and on the reasons we had to be thankful to the Almighty for giving us the victory, Hodge rose up in some excitement and said, "Well, if this is the way that God Almighty is to have all the credit, and Dick Caswell none, I'll not stay here any longer;" and immediately left the congregation.

Any further remarks on this point are unnecessary and would become tedious. If the command had devolved on Colonel Ashe or any other officer it would have been his duty to make report of the action and its result to the Council of Safety; Caswell made the report; and the tone of his letter indicates a consciousness on his part that the responsibility rested upon him as the highest in command. We presume, however, that during the action, as the arena of strife was a very narrow one, and the enemy could approach them only at one point, very little commanding was necessary; but that all, officers and men, understood their duty, and being prompted by a common sense of danger, as well as by a common

zeal in the cause of independence, they were ready, every man in his place, to do what was required in such an exigency. Perhaps men never acted, on such an occasion, with more harmony or from more lofty principles; for they probably realized more fully than we can do now the immense importance of the contest, and the consequences which must result to the country, as well as to themselves, from victory or defeat.

CHARACTER OF THE COMMANDING OFFICERS.

No man in North Carolina, during the war, enjoyed the public confidence in a higher degree, or filled more places of public trust and responsibility, than Richard Caswell. Almost from his first entrance on the theatre of active life, he appears to have been a public servant, and to have occupied at different times nearly every post of difficulty and peril, of honor and profit, during that eventful period. When the writer first came into this part of the country, young, inexperienced and very imperfectly acquainted with the history of his native State, he frequently heard old men of intelligence, who had known him personally in their youth, speaking of him in terms of high commendation, as a man of moral integrity and of intellectual vigor. With a mind which could soon master any subject within the ordinary range of human attainment, and with a versatility of powers which soon fitted him for any department of business, he could go from the pursuit

of his early choice, and for which alone his training might be supposed to have fitted him, to one of an opposite kind, and, after a day or two for inquiry and reflection, be perfectly at home. Everywhere and at all times, whether in the legislative, executive, financial or military department, he was the same competent and trustworthy servant of the public. Everywhere he met the responsibilities of his station with becoming dignity and to the entire satisfaction of those for whom he acted. He was first, as stated in Lossing's Field Book, deputy surveyor of the Colony, and Clerk of the County Court of Orange, in 1753; then, a lawyer of high reputation, for a young man, in his profession; a member of the Colonial Assembly, for Johnson County, from 1754 to 1771, during the last two years of which he was Speaker of the Commons; a Colonel of militia in his own county, and as such, commanded the right wing of Governor Tryon's army in his battle with the Regulators, May 16th, 1771; a delegate to the first Continental Congress, which met in 1774; appointed in September Treasurer of the Southern District of North Carolina; Commander-in-chief at the battle of Moore's creek, Feb. 27th, 1776, for which he received the thanks of the Provincial Congress and of the whole country; in a few days after, the same Congress, as an additional honor and a further expression of their confidence, appointed him "Brigadier General of the militia for the District of Newberne;" in November of the same year, he was chosen President of the Provincial Congress which formed

the State Constitution, and, in December following, he was elected the first Governor under that Constitution.

This office, for which he was so well qualified, in that trying period of our history, he held for three years ; and, like Washington, he refused to receive any compensation for his services "beyond his expenses." Continuing to receive, as he deserved, the confidence of his countrymen, "he led the troops of North Carolina, under General Gates, in the summer of 1780, and was in the disastrous battle at Camden. In 1782, he was chosen speaker of the Senate and Contrroller-General, both of which offices he held till 1784, when he was again elected Governor of the State, and in the two following years, the full length of time for which he was eligible by the constitution." In 1787, he was elected, by the Assembly, a delegate to the convention which was to meet, the next May, in Philadelphia, to form a Federal Constitution, and had the extraordinary power conferred on him, if he should be unable to attend, of appointing his successor. In 1789, he was elected Senator from Dobbs county, and also a member of the convention which, in November, ratified the Federal Constitution. When the General Assembly met, he was chosen Speaker of the Senate ; but his course was run. Although his last days were embittered by affliction, no charge of having acted, at any time, inconsistently with his principles, was ever alleged against him, but he died as he had lived, with his laurels fresh upon him and in the unabated

confidence of the entire community in which he lived.

The battle at Moore's creek was one of those events which appear more important the more they are contemplated, and the country owes a debt of gratitude to the officers and men who, without experience or precedent to sustain them, displayed so much firmness in the hour of perilous conflict, which has not yet been fully discharged. In giving to Col. Caswell the command of the whole and the highest honors of the day, I have merely followed the documentary evidence and the traditions of the country. He was the senior officer, and the command devolved on him, of course. Most of the men, about eight hundred out of a thousand, had been previously under his command, and were brought there by him; all present seem to have had full confidence in his ability as a commander, and nobly did he meet the responsibilities of his station; but as there were other officers who, on that occasion, displayed equal valor and equal zeal in the service of their country, we feel disposed to give them their full share of honor, and to hand down their names, with untarnished lustre, to the latest age.

Of Colonel Lillington it is unnecessary to speak, for his character and services have been so well described by others that any thing further would be superfluous. Possessed of wealth, intelligence and family standing, which gave him a prominent place in society, his powers and influence had hitherto been employed in defence of his own and his country's

rights. On every suitable occasion, his voice had been heard in strong and clear denunciations of British tyranny; and when the crisis came he stood among the foremost in a manly attitude of stern and unyielding resistance. On the day of battle, though the number of men under his immediate command was small, sustained by their confidence in his wisdom, and animated by his ardor, they did good service, and won a wreath of unfading laurel. Placed in front, whether by his own choice or in compliance with orders from the commanding officer, matters not, to occupy the post of danger and to maintain it with so much firmness, under all the trying circumstances of the time and occasion, was honor enough.

In his letter to Cornelius Harnett, General Moore tells us that on the 19th, about eight days before the battle, Col. Lillington, with about one hundred and fifty of the Wilmington Minute Men, Col. Kenon with two hundred of the Duplin Militia, and Col. Ashe with about one hundred of the Volunteer Independent Rangers, joined him at his camp on Rockfish, and that on the 20th, when informed of General McDonald's movements, he "ordered Col. Lillington and Col. Ashe by forced marches to endeavor if possible to reinforce Col. Caswell, but if that could not be effected, to take possession of Moore's creek bridge." Then Col. Ashe must have been there, and we cannot suppose that he, who had all along been such a zealous advocate for Independence, and who had, only a few months before, shown such intrepidity in the destruction of Fort Johnston, would now be idle

or inefficient; but he and his men, we presume, formed part of the corps under the immediate command of Col. Lillington, and in a locality so confined, which could be approached by the enemy only in one direction, where no evolutions were necessary or practicable, there could be no opportunity for him or any other officer, with a mere handful of men, to distinguish himself by an independent movement nor by a rapid and daring assault upon the lines of the enemy. It was the duty of all to remain there, in harmonious co-operation, and standing firm, as patriots ought ever to do in defence of their country, direct their whole might against the ranks of the advancing foe.

Although Colonel Ashe does not appear on the pages of history as having acted a conspicuous part on the day of the battle, he ought not, on that account, to be passed over in silence. By the decided stand which, for years, he had taken against the encroachments of the British crown, and by the power of his eloquence in rousing up a spirit of patriotism through that region, he had done much towards preparing the way for this combined resistance to the enemies of our freedom, and had thus done as much perhaps, to obtain the victory as any other. A brief sketch of his life, prepared by his grandson, Mr. McKree, of Wilmington, has been courteously submitted to my perusal, and permission given by the writer, to use any facts it contained that might be subservient to my purpose. From this manuscript, for the use of which I hereby acknowledge my obli-

gations to Mr. McKree, it appears that Colonel Ashe was descended from an English family of some distinction in that country ; and he maintained the name and character with equal, if not greater celebrity, in the New World. His father, John Baptista Ashe, was probably led, by his friendly connection with the Earl of Craven, one of the Lord's Proprietors, to visit the Province of North Carolina, where he soon became one of the leading men, and bequeathed to the country of his adoption an honorable name. His son John, who became one of our most distinguished citizens, was born at Granby, in Brunswick County, N. C., in 1720, and was consequently about fifty-six years of age at the commencement of the Revolutionary war. For his education, which is said to have been liberal and thorough, he was probably sent to one of the English Universities ; and, on his entrance into professional life, after his return, he took a prominent stand. He held the rank of Colonel under the royal government ; but in 1775, resigning his commission, he was elected to the same office by the people of New Hanover County, and was the first one who had accepted a military commission at the hands of the people. In 1762, he was elected to the lower House of Assembly, and was elevated to the Speaker's chair, which was at that time an office of little less dignity and importance than that of the Executive. In this commanding position, he took his stand in opposition to the Stamp Act, and with triumphant success.

Eloquent, patriotic in his principles, and of an

ardent temperament, he was well calculated to perform an important part at a time when bold measures and decisive action were so necessary. Hence he was among the foremost in all Conventions, Councils of Safety, and Meetings of the Provincial Congress. In the noble and successful resistance made to the Stamp Act, he was the leader, the Magnus Apollo; and in all deliberative bodies, where great principles were to be discussed, and energetic measures devised, he was a prominent character. When the Congress which met August 20th, 1775, was making out the military organization of the Province, he and James Moore were nominated as candidates for the command of the first Regiment; but Moore got the commission. Returning then, with increased zeal and energy, to his own region, he undertook to raise a Regiment on his own responsibility, and succeeded by the weight of his character, and by pledging his estate, the recruits relying on his word and taking his promissory notes instead of pay. Governor Martin having taken refuge in Fort Johnston, on the Cape Fear, and apprehensions being entertained that he intended to increase its strength as a fortress, Colonel Ashe, at the head of five hundred men, attacked it, July 17th, 1775, and reduced it to ashes. In this affair he took the responsibility on himself, and with his own hand applied the torch which consumed the fort with all its appurtenances. For this exploit, while the fulminations of the exiled governor were hurled at his head, he was cheered by the plaudits of his countrymen. The military organization

made by the Provincial Congress, was a measure for which the people were not then generally prepared; and in some of the counties in the eastern or southeastern part of the Province, meetings were held and protests were entered. The Council of Safety, which met in Johnson Court House, October 18th, 1775, having been made acquainted with this state of things, appointed Colonel Ashe, Samuel Ashe and Cornelius Harnett, to visit the people, explain to them the nature of the proceedings, and endeavor to satisfy their minds. This commission they undertook to fulfil, and succeeded to an extent which was creditable to them and gratifying to all. His ardor in the cause, and his services hitherto, seemed to claim for him some higher promotion, and the Congress which met in Halifax, April 4th, 1776, promoted him to the rank of Brigadier General of the Wilmington District. This appointment he accepted, and immediately took command of the detachments ordered for General Moore.

About the beginning of 1779, he was sent with a large brigade under his command, on an expedition to Georgia. He arrived at the place of his destination February 24th, 1776, with a force of two thousand three hundred men under his command, and took post on Briar creek; but here he met with a sad reverse of fortune. When the larger part of his men were absent on detached parties and for different purposes, he was taken rather by surprise, and met with a total defeat. This was alike depressing to Gen. Ashe and calamitous to the country. The

expectations of the people were disappointed, their prospects seemed to become more gloomy than ever, and, as usually happens in such cases, he was charged by many with imprudence or a want of generalship. To one who had hitherto been so prosperous and who was so anxious, not only to preserve the reputation which he already had, but to render still more important services to his country, and to rise still higher in the estimation of his fellow citizens, such a catastrophe was almost overwhelming, and brought a gloom over his mind from which it seems he never entirely recovered. The case was tried by a court martial, at his special request; and the court decided that, "General Ashe did not take all the necessary precautions which he ought to have done, to secure his camp; and to obtain timely intelligence of the movements and approach of the enemy;" but they acquitted him of any imputation in regard to his personal courage; and thought that he remained in the field as long as prudence and duty required. General Moultrie remarked, that "the evidence before the court of enquiry showed how wretchedly the militia armies were provided with arms and accoutrements;" and General Bryant, one of the witnesses, said, "every thing had been done that the circumstances admitted of." Whether the sentence of the court was just or severe, we are incompetent to decide, and must leave that for the reader, or rather, for men of military skill and experience; but even if the defeat was owing, in some measure, to his impetuosity, or to a want of due precaution,

as there was no suspicion of cowardice, treachery or any unsoundness of moral principle, that misfortune could not annul the value of his past services, nor obliterate his claim on the gratitude of his countrymen. Neither his friends nor his warmest admirers would wish to represent him as perfect, nor, by making him excel in every thing, to give him a pre-eminence above all others. His forte seems to have lain in parliamentary or forensic debate, and in the force of his popular eloquence; but the imagination and the warmth of feeling, which are essential to the orator, and which gave him such a command of his audience, were unfavorable to that cool intrepidity, that cautious observance of circumstances, and that wise combination of measures which are essential to a military commander.

No man can excel in every thing, and it ought not to be expected. Demosthenes, by the thunder of his eloquence, could rouse up the Athenians to march against Philip; but he could not lead them on to battle and to victory. Cicero could sway the Conscript Fathers and portray their danger in such vivid colors, as roused them up to decisive measures against the powerful and infamous Cataline; but, at the head of an army and on the field of battle, he would probably have made an utter failure. Illustrations of the same fact might be found in every age and every country; but more are unnecessary.

Broken down in body and mind, and sinking under a load of disease and misfortune, according to the account of Mr. McKree, General Ashe returned to

the bosom of his family, not to enjoy, as formerly, the sympathies and kindness of the domestic circle, but to meet other afflictions of a severe and trying kind. His two sons, Samuel and William, the former of whom was a captain in the Continental service, and was afterwards well known as Major Samuel Ashe, were confined on board a prison ship, under the command of Major Craig, at Wilmington, and had been sentenced to be shot. "The day was fixed for their execution, and it would have taken place if Major Craig had not received authentic information from the Whig camp that a dreadful retaliation was in their power, and would be the certain consequence of such an act of inhumanity." Concealing himself in the swamp and visiting his family only by stealth, as he was obliged to do, he was at length betrayed to Major Craig by a confidential servant, and a party of dragoons was sent to take him. In an attempt to escape he was shot in the leg; and, being taken prisoner, he was carried to Wilmington, where he was treated with the consideration due to his rank. In addition to his other sufferings, he took the small pox during his confinement; and was, after a time, paroled, but his course was run. He died in October, 1781, at the house of Colonel John Sampson, in Sampson county, and when on his way to the back country with his family.

The fact that so many men famed for talents and patriotic services, have their last days, after a life of honor and of usefulness, embittered by affliction or clouded by misfortune, is a melancholy one, and

shows us in an impressive light the vanity of earthly greatness. Well might a heathen philosopher say, that no man should be accounted happy before his death; and a higher authority teaches us that none but great moral principles will result in perfect peace and tranquility beyond the grave.

Since every one is subject to reverses of fortune and to the disappointment of his earthly hopes, it is better perhaps that, if they must come at all, they should come in the evening of life when he has done his work and has served his generation with the full vigor and maturity of his powers; but things so exterior and transient can make no essential or permanent change in the man. Like the storms which pass over the earth without modifying the laws of its progress or even disturbing its course, the calamities and afflictions of a magnanimous, noble-hearted man, come when or how they may, can make no change in the elements of his greatness, nor in the moral attributes of his character; and if these were removed, he would again come forth, unaltered and untrammelled, the same active and generous benefactor of his race. Yonder sun, after running his course through the sky, in unclouded splendor, often goes down under a pall; but, if a cloud has come between him and us, he is still the same unchanged, resplendent orb; as beneficent in his influence; as rich in all his inherent glory; and, in the last moments of his expiring radiance, seems to make the very heavens blush for the obscuration into which he is sinking. And many a man, after passing through life on an

elevated path, and diffusing the light of his own mind over the entire community to which he belonged, goes down to his grave shrouded in the gloom of misfortune and suffering; yet, in all the inherent powers of intellect, and in all the great principles of truth and rectitude, which made him the light of the age, he remains unchanged; and even in his last hours, when struggling with adversity and grappling with the king of terrors, you may see the last faint glimpses of light beyond the verge of the intervening cloud, and he seems to throw a reflected and softened radiance on all he is leaving behind.

In looking back at the Revolutionary period of our history, it seems a very desirable thing that well written sketches of all our most talented, patriotic and efficient men, in every department, should be prepared and published together. They would make a handsome volume, of convenient size, which would be a creditable accession to the literature of the State, and would be acceptable to all classes of the community. To their descendants it would be a grateful memento of departed worth, and a means of cherishing and perpetuating ancestral recollections of a most interesting kind. To the young it would impart a greater veneration for the worthies of that day, and inspire them with sentiments of virtue, honor and patriotism. To the historian and the statesman it would be a work of convenient reference; and to all of kindred spirit, at the present day, it would be a source of pleasurable reminiscence in their meditative hours.

We do not charge their descendants, in any part of the country, with the want of a proper veneration for the memory of their heroic and noble-minded ancestors; but we think that, by an impartial jury, they would certainly be convicted on a charge of not having *done all* that patriotism and filial respect demanded. There have long been, in every part of the State, men enough of public spirit and literary qualifications, who are, in every respect, competent to write such a work in a manner which would be creditable to them and useful to the country, provided they were furnished with the materials; and, from the success which has attended the few efforts made by the present writer, it is believed that the facts necessary for such a work could yet be obtained from the various publications already made, and from the letters and other documents preserved among their descendants. These passing remarks have been made with no other design than that of exciting a more general attention to a subject which ought to have an abiding interest for all who value their liberties, or revere the memory of their sires, and perhaps ultimately of causing something to be done, more than has yet been done, for the memory of the honored dead, and for the credit of the old North State.

In closing this imperfect account of the Tory army and of the battle at Moore's creek, we should be chargeable with a manifest dereliction of duty, or with the want of a due regard to the Author of every good and perfect gift, "whose kingdom rules over all," and who does what he pleases among the

nations of the earth, if we did not take a distinct notice of the fact that an over-ruling Providence was quite as observable in the victory there obtained as in almost any other event of the Revolutionary struggle. The patriots of that day, at least, all the more intelligent and sober-thinking portion of them, recognized, in the most explicit manner, their total dependence on a higher power; and there was, in North Carolina, as much importunity for his assistance, prompted by that feeling of dependence as in any one of the Old Thirteen. When success was granted, it was natural to acknowledge the Divine interposition; and after the battle, as we have seen, a day of general thanksgiving was appointed for the victory. From all the circumstances, before and at the time of the engagement, every discerning and reflecting man felt the conviction that the battle was the Lord's, who "could save by many or by few," and that it behooved us to give him the honor due unto his name.

When attempting to assign the causes of the triumph on this occasion, there were so many circumstances to be taken into the account, no one of which could be foreseen or controlled by man, and if any one of which had been different from what it was, the result would probably have been very different, that we are thrown back upon the will and power of Him who *sees not as man sees, whose counsel shall stand, and who will do all his pleasure*. If, by casualties, or any other cause whatever, the battle had been deferred only three or four days, our foreign enemies, who arrived at Fort Johnston about that time, could have united with

their friends in this country and then resistance would have been useless. They could have marched in triumph over the state, destroying its resources and compelling the inhabitants to take an oath of allegiance to King George as Tryon had done a few years before with the Regulators. If General McDonald, when he took the most expeditious route for Wilmington, on the north side of the Cape Fear, had not been detained by opening roads, and especially in crossing the South river, he would probably have got so far ahead of his pursuers, that they would not have been able to overtake him; or, if by leaving their artillery behind and making forced marches, they had succeeded in getting between him and the place of his destination, it would hardly have been in force sufficient to resist their progress. If, at the commencement of the battle, some enterprising officer, Captain Muse, for example, who commanded the cavalry, had found out the way of crossing the stream by which Lieutenant Slocum afterwards crossed, and had attacked the Whigs both in front and rear at the same time, the slaughter must have been much greater on both sides, and if the Whigs had been able to maintain their ground, as they probably would have done, the victory would not have been so complete, if it had not been equivalent to a discomfiture, nor could it have produced the same effect on the community at large in rousing them up to such enthusiastic ardor in the cause of Independence. If General McDonald had been in good health and at the head of his army, we have no idea that he would

have rashly attempted, under all the circumstances, to force his way over the bridge, but would have taken another route and, by energetic movements, might have made good his escape before the patriots could have broken up their camp and been able to follow him with their whole force, or if they succeeded in bringing him to an engagement, it would have been on ground where he could have brought his whole army into action at once. With his superior numbers and experienced officers, the contest would have been much more bloody; many valuable lives would have been lost, and some of the ablest men in the country would have fallen on the field of battle. In that case the friends of liberty might have gained a victory but had little cause to triumph.

Were all these things matters of mere chance and depended on no higher wisdom or power than that of man? Such a sentiment would involve us in worse than heathenish gloom and uncertainty, subvert all foundation of strong and enduring confidence of success even in the best of causes; under reverses of fortune and disappointed hopes, it would drive us to despair by depriving us of all hope, or sink us into an anæsthetic state of all the higher and nobler powers; and when prosperous, would preclude everything like a grateful acknowledgment of obligation to the infinite source of every blessing, which are among the most exalting and pleasurable emotions that we ever experience. It becomes every man to acknowledge the divine control over all human affairs, and in whatever circumstances he may be placed, to act his part

manfully and promptly in support of those great moral principles which lies at the foundation of our present improvement and of our most elevated hopes for the future. So did the patriots at Moore's creek ; and we honor them even more for their moral than for their physical courage. We cherish their memory, not simply because they fought and conquered, but because they fought and conquered in a great and noble cause. We hail them as benefactors of their race, because at a time when the great principles of human freedom were not so well developed nor so generally understood as at the present day, and when they had neither learned the art of war, nor even heard the din of battle ; they had such a high regard for the rights of man and had taken such a firm grasp of the great principles at issue, that they could meet in deadly combat even their neighbors and fellow-citizens who were going armed to join our foreign oppressors and aid them in re-establishing the tyrannical power under which we had been groaning. They acted nobly and have an enduring claim on the gratitude and veneration of all coming generations. Peace to their ashes, honor to their names, and eternal triumph to their principles.

PART II.

WHIG AND TORY OFFICERS.—COLONEL DAVID FANNING HIS EARLY LIFE.

REVOLUTIONARY times not only “try men’s souls,” but test their principles and develope their character. When society is resolved into its original elements and there is no master spirit to control the perturbed and excited mass; when, for the present, all law and government are virtually set aside, except, perhaps, martial law, which can neither take cognizance of all the cases of wrong that occur, nor reach the whole of a large community scattered over a widely extended territory; and when every one, feeling that “where there is no law there can be no transgression,” does as he pleases and gives full scope to his good or bad passions, as the one or the other may happen to be prevalent, a man may become as much distinguished by his vices as by his virtues,—by a course of rapine, murder, and atrocious villanies, as by the wisdom of his counsels wherever they may be needed, or by his deeds of valor on the field of battle. In the war of the Revolution in this country, which resulted in the unprecedented freedom and prosperity which we enjoy, the patriots of that day, who toiled and suffered and shed their blood in the cause of independence, in-

scribed their names indelibly on the rolls of fame ; and, while the world stands, will command the veneration and gratitude of mankind ; but there were others who were then about as conspicuous, and who, by an opposite course, have rendered their names quite as immortal.

Of this latter class, some of whom were to be found in every State of the confederacy, Col. David Fanning stood pre-eminent in North Carolina ; but when we consider his origin and his early life, we cannot be so much surprised at his after course. With a native intellect which, under proper culture, would have made him prominent anywhere or in any cause, his powers were developed under the influence of poverty, disease and neglect, without early instruction or example, and without any moral or religious training. Regarded, it seems, wherever known, as an outcast from genteel society, he never received any favors, or had any kind attentions paid him except from pity on account of his forlorn condition. Under these circumstances, those strong feelings which usually accompany a vigorous intellect, instead of being softened and directed into the proper channel by the hallowing influences of religion, or even by the courtesies and bland influences of intelligent and refined society, were embittered and strengthened for evil by the ungracious treatment which he received, and afterwards, by impelling him to the commission of crimes which spread sorrow and distress over the country, gave him a most unenviable notoriety, and made his name, not only from that time to the present,

but for generations to come, a reproach and a by-word of infamy.

In the University Magazine, for March, 1853, there is an interesting communication from Governor Swain, in which he gives the following summary account of Fanning's birth-place, his early life, and his entrance on his military career. "David Fanning was born of obscure parents, in the county of Wake, about the year 1754, and apprenticed to a carpenter or loom maker. He removed to Chatham in 1778, and followed his trade until the occupation of Wilmington, by Major Craig, presented other prospects to his imagination. Very shortly thereafter, clad in a long white hunting shirt, and mounted on a common draft horse, he was found at the head of a band of marauders, not more than eight or ten in number. His head-quarters were, to some extent, at the house of John Reins on Brush creek; but he had no horse, seldom lodged in a house, generally passed his nights in solitary and unfrequented places, sometimes with companions, but more frequently alone. He and his colleagues were spoken of as "outliers." His first marauding expedition is said to have been to Deep river; and the earliest sufferers from his rapacity and violence, were Charles Shearing, and Captains Duck and Dye. He went to Shearings in the night, shot him as he ran from the house, took his gun, scoured the neighborhood and returned to Reins'. His energy, capacity, and courage were duly appreciated by Major Craig, who appointed him Colonel of the loyal militia of Ran-

dolph and Chatham, clothed him in British uniform and presented him a sword and holster of pistols. An old royalist, named Lindly, gave him a mare called the "Red Doe," from her peculiar color. This animal, whose blood is still traced and highly estimated at the present day, became subsequently almost as famous as her master. One of the most interesting episodes in Fanning's history relates to the circumstances under which he lost her."

We have given the above extract entire, partly because the well known accuracy of the writer in every thing that relates to North Carolina history, entitles it to high consideration, and partly because it brings before us in a small space the leading events of Fanning's early life. It differs considerably, however, in some particulars, from the accounts which I had previously obtained from other sources; but on a subject, for the knowledge of which we have all to rely, for the most part, on traditionary statements, some discrepancies, at least in circumstances of minor importance, are to be expected; and we shall just state such facts, in the course of the narrative, as rest on the authority of those whose opportunities for ascertaining the truth were good, and who had made it their business to investigate the subject.

Several of the following pages are taken, in substance, from the papers of Mr. McBride; but as those papers consisted chiefly of very short notes, something like a lawyer's "brief," I have not used the quotation marks. As he collected his materials some twenty-five years ago, more or less, he must

have had, at that time, great facilities for ascertaining the truth; and from his habits of legal investigation we might expect that his inquiries on this subject would be conducted with something of the same precision. It is to be regretted that so many of his papers were lost; but I imagine that most of what related to the birth-place of Fanning and to his history until he became a British officer, has been preserved; and although no one could write off these notes as he would have done himself, since he could have supplied much from memory and from further inquiries as he progressed, yet we feel gratified that we have so many of the main facts. He tells us that he got his information from James Johnson, a man whom he considered as good authority; and therefore it would seem that his statements ought to be regarded as altogether reliable. Johnson was the nephew of John O'Deniell, with whom Fanning, when a mere youth, lived for two or three years; and, of course, he had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with his history. He told McBride that, although he was only eight or nine years old when Fanning came into his uncle's family, he had a distinct recollection of him,—his appearance, condition and deportment; that he was at his uncle's house most of the time that Fanning was there; and that he had often heard the facts related afterwards by his uncle, who was still living at the time when he gave Mr. McBride this information.

Without assuming any further responsibility than to give the facts thus obtained, and to inform the

reader of the source whence they were derived, we proceed with the narrative. According to these papers, David Fanning was born in Johnson County, then a part of Wake, in the year 1756 or 1757, and of low parentage. When a boy, he was bound to a Mr. Bryant, of that County, from whom he ran away when he was about sixteen or seventeen years of age; and after wandering over the country for some time on foot, he came to the house of John O'Deniell, who lived in Orange County, a little below the Hawfield settlement. Fanning stated to Mr. O'Deniell, as his reason for leaving his master, that he had treated him with great severity and neglect, making him live in the woods to take care of his cattle, and without comfortable food or clothing. O'Deniell took him in, merely from feelings of compassion; for he was a miserable object, being almost naked, and what clothes he had on were ragged and dirty.

He had also the scald head, or tetter worm, which had been neglected, until it had taken the hair all off his head, except perhaps a very little low down about the neck, which had to be cut off; and the smell was so offensive that he never eat at the table with the family and never slept in a bed. In fact, he seemed to be so conscious of this himself that he was unwilling, even if he had been permitted, either to eat or sleep with other people until he could get better clothing and be cured of his disease. By the kind attentions of Mrs. O'Deniell and the family, he was cured of the tetter, but having lost his hair, he always wore a silk cap on his head under his hat;

and, it is said, that his most intimate friends never saw his head bare. While here, he learned to read and write a little, and this opened to him sources of information and furnished him with a medium of communication without which he never could have pursued a course so reproachful to himself and so calamitous to the country. He seemed to be very grateful to O'Deniell and the family for the kindness which they had shown him. He conducted himself, while there, with as much propriety as could be expected; and he often spoke of them in after life with great respect. While living there, he may have worked at his trade of building houses or making looms, as Governor Swain has stated; but he is said to have been famous for his skill and dexterity in breaking or taming wild horses, which nobody else could manage. Stout of his age, and being afraid of nothing, he could, in a little time, subdue the most fractious and unmanageable horse that came in his way.

In the course of two or three years, when he was about nineteen, more or less, he went into South Carolina, and got in with William O'Deniell, a brother, I presume, or near relative of his former benefactor, who lived on the Pedee, in South Carolina, and near the north line. There he commenced Indian trader, and was carrying on a gainful traffic with the Catawba Indians, by exchanging guns, calicoes, beads and such articles as suited their fancy, for their furs and deerskins, which he carried on pack horses to the sea port towns, and sold them for a very handsome profit; but he had not more than fairly embarked

in this gainful business, when the difficulties with England commenced. At first he declared himself a Whig; but on his return from one of his trading expeditions, he was met by a little party of lawless fellows, who called themselves Whigs, and robbed him of every thing he had. Without waiting to inquire whether they really belonged to the Whig party or were a mere set of desperadoes, having no settled principles, and with no object but plunder, he at once changed sides; and in the impetuosity and violence of his temper swore vengeance on the whole of the Whig party.

From his subsequent history, it appears that he kept his word, or his oath, with the most rigid fidelity; for, whenever and wherever an opportunity occurred, his vindictive spirit was gratified to the full extent of his power; and henceforth we find him engaged, with unremitting ardor in destroying the lives and property of his enemies. He then joined the Tories on the Pedee; and, it is said, that he was, for some time associated with the famous Colonel McGirth. As they seem to have been kindred spirits, and to have resembled each other very much in some of the most important events of their life, we copy, for the gratification of our readers, the following account of McGirth, from Johnson's Traditions and Reminiscences of the war in the South:—

“Daniel McGirth was a respectable young man, a native of Kirshaw District, nearly related to the Canteys of that neighborhood. He had married a very amiable lady of Sumter District, aunt of the

late much respected Matthew James, Esq. McGirth, from his early attachments and associates, joined with his father and relatives cordially in opposition to the claims of the British government. Being a practised hunter and excellent rider, he was well acquainted with the woods and roads and paths in that extensive range of country, extending from Santee river to the Catawba nation on the east of Wateree river. He was highly valuable to the Americans for the facility with which he acquired information of the enemy, and for the accuracy and minuteness with which he communicated what he had obtained. He had brought with him into the service a favorite mare, his own property, an elegant animal, on which he felt safe from pursuit, when engaged in the dangerous but important duties of a scout; he called her the Grey Goose. This fine mare was coveted by one of the American officers, at Satilla, in Georgia, who tried various means to obtain possession of her, all of which were opposed by McGirth, chiefly on the ground that she was essentially necessary to the American interest, in the duties performed by him; and without her he could no longer engage in them. The officer continuing urgent, McGirth said or did something to get rid of him, which he might have intended only as a personal rebuff, but probably was much more. He was arrested, tried by a court martial, found guilty of violating the rules and articles of war, and sentenced to the public whipping-post, for a breach of subordination, which could not be overlooked in an army. He suffered the

whipping and exposure, and was again committed to prison, waiting to receive another whipping according to his sentence. While thus situated, he saw his favorite mare, observed where she was picketed, and immediately began to concert measures for his escape, and the repossession of his mare. He succeeded in both, and, when seated on her back, he turned deliberately round, notwithstanding the alarm at his escape, and denounced vengeance against all the Americans, for his ill-treatment. He executed his threats most fully, most fearfully, most vindictively. Indulging this savage, vindictive temper, was indeed productive of great injury to the American cause, and of much public and private suffering, but it was also the cause of his own ruin and misery. When the State was again recovered by the American army, he still kept in the woods, retreated into Georgia, and thence into Florida. When Florida was reconveyed to the Spaniards, by the treaty of peace, he became subject to their laws or suspicions, was arrested, and confined by them five years in one of their damp dungeons in the Castle of St. Augustine, where his health was totally destroyed. When discharged from St. Augustine, he with much difficulty returned to his wife in Sumter District. McGirth's father was a captain in the South Carolina militia at the time of his son's defection, but continued firmly and devotedly attached to the interests of his country."

How long Fanning continued with McGirth, and in what deeds of atrocity he was engaged, we have no

means of ascertaining; but from his connection with one who was not only his equal, if no more, in native capacity and energy of character, but greatly his superior in education and in his knowledge of the ways and means of doing harm in such a country and in such a state of things as then existed, we may suppose that he was much better prepared than he would otherwise have been for the course which he subsequently pursued. It was probably the best school for developing and maturing the original elements of his character that he could have found; and, judging from his achievements in this State, not long after, we may infer that he must have made uncommon proficiency. According to McBride's papers and most other accounts which I have had, he is not known to have been in North Carolina from the beginning of the war, or a little before it, until the beginning of the year 1781, when he came into the State along with the British army under Lord Cornwallis, or about the same time; but he did not continue with it; nor did he, for some time, hold any commission or have any men properly under his command.

From his natural temper, and from his early habits, he was a *sui juris* kind of a man, and neither knew nor cared much about the military rules and tactics of modern warfare. He could not be subjected to the strictness of military discipline, nor was he calculated for the slow and measured movements of regular armies. His irascible and vindictive temper could not endure the custom of civilized nations in

showing humanity to the conquered, and in giving protection to the feeble. He gloried not in success, because he believed it to be necessary to the welfare of his country, nor in the triumph of valor on the field of honorable contest, but in the capture and extermination of his enemies. A stranger to that manly courage which is sustained and guided by great moral principles, he was just fitted for the course which he pursued, the guerilla mode of warfare, in which there have been few in modern times who have surpassed him, either in the rapidity of his movements, or in the number and atrocity of his deeds. With the astuteness of the Indian and the fleetness of the Arab, with a constitution capable of bearing almost any amount of toil; and with a patience of hunger and fatigue worthy of any cause, he might be said to be always on horseback and always in motion. He was often upon his enemies when they were least expecting it; and, having accomplished his purpose of death or devastation, he was gone before their friends could rally. Often, when supposed to be at a distance, the alarm of his presence in a neighborhood was communicated by the smoke of burning houses, and by the cries of frightened and flying women and children.

In the communication to the University Magazine, already noticed, Governor Swain says, that "he removed to Chatham in 1778, and followed his trade until the occupation of Wilmington, by Major Craig, presented other prospects to his imagination," but takes no notice of his going into South Carolina, and

was probably not aware of the fact. There is however no real contradiction or discrepancy between his statement and the one which I have made on the authority of McBride's papers; for Fanning *may* have returned to Chatham sooner than was known to McBride or his correspondents, and may have worked at his trade for a short time; but, after having been with McGirth in South Carolina, and engaged in the bold and vindictive operations of that adventurous spirit, it is not probable that he would again engage unless from necessity or considerations of policy, in the dull business of building houses or making looms, so uncongenial to his nature, so foreign from his settled purposes, and so much below the ambitious aspirings which had now got the ascendancy in his mind.

So far as my enquiries had gone, I could find no intimation of his being in North Carolina, after the beginning of the war, until February 25th, 1781, when he was at Pyle's famous "hacking match," on that memorable day, but held no commission, and of course from the peculiar circumstances of that whole affair he could take no part, unless he had stood in the ranks and submitted like the rest to be hacked into pieces, which was not according to his taste, and he was not to be caught in such a trap. When Colonel Lee, at the head of his Legion, was riding along the line of deluded Tories, who had been drawn up for the purpose of receiving Colonel Tarleton, as they supposed, and were shouting "hurra for King George," Fanning called out to them repeatedly that

those men were the American cavalry, and not the British; but, as General Green, with his whole army, had been run out of the State only a few days before, and as the British army, apparently exulting in its power, was so near, they could not believe that an American corps would dare to show itself almost in sight of Lord Cornwallis, and warnings were in vain. When he saw that his efforts to undeceive them were of no avail, he withdrew to a place of safety where he could see the commencement of the havoc made on his friends; but as soon as he saw that their destruction was inevitable, he prudently fled and took care for his own safety. If, on that day, so fatal to the Tories and so auspicious to the cause of American freedom, the command had devolved on Fanning instead of Colonel Pyle, the result would probably have been very different; but an all-wise Providence ordered otherwise, and we have reason to to rejoice in this development of his benignant and unchanging purposes.

A crisis was now approaching in the long and arduous struggle for independence. Throughout the State, all intelligent and reflecting men, on both sides, were expecting and desiring a general battle, which it was believed would either give the British forces a complete ascendancy in the South, or turn the tide so much against them that further efforts on their part would be useless. The discomfiture of the Tories, under Colonel Pyle, may be regarded as a fortunate prelude to the battle which was fought a few days after near Martinville, at which we presume

Colonel Fanning was present. The probability is that, after Pyle's defeat, he either fell in with the British army until after the battle, or "mounted on a common draft-horse," and attended by a few followers, daring and reckless spirits like himself, he was ranging through the country plundering provisions for his foreign friends, giving them whatever information he could obtain, and producing terror and distress among the inhabitants. While the British lay in Hillsborough, according to tradition, he committed a number of depredations and cruelties in the northwest part of the county, but of all that we have no certain information.

Whether he was at the Guilford battle or not is a matter of little consequence. It is known that soon after, and for some time, he had his residence on or near Deep river, and about the mouths of Brush and Richland creeks, where, remaining for a few weeks *in cog*, he took up his lodgings sometimes under the open canopy of heaven, but oftener in the humble dwelling of John Rains, who afterwards became a major in his corps, and one of his most efficient men. Why he never appeared in public nor made himself known, would be useless to enquire. Whether he was only maturing his plans for future operations, or was waiting for a commission from British authority, without which he could not act so efficiently, for which the initiatory steps had, no doubt, been taken, was probably known only to himself, or at most one or two others. If he entered upon his career without a commission he must have had assurance that he

might expect one in case he proved his loyalty to the king, and his fitness for command. I had understood, many years ago, that, though he did not receive a formal commission, he got ample encouragement from Lord Cornwallis himself; and, as he had probably given his lordship, some evidence of his valor and of his devotion to the royal cause, either at Clapp's mill or at Martinville; on the strength of this encouragement he commenced operations.

According to the recollections of the old people in that region, at the time when Mr. McBride obtained his information, his first appearance in public was at a church or meeting house, where the people had met on the Sabbath for public worship, and his success was as great, perhaps, as he could have expected. He either did not arrive until about the close of the services, or he had kept out of view; but when the people came out of the house, he was the first object that attracted their attention. Being an entire stranger, and somewhat singular in his appearance, every eye was fixed upon him, and they were all enquiring, one of another, who was that stranger. He had no doubt been well informed, before he came, respecting the character and sentiments of the people there, and knew that he was among friends; for he appeared to be perfectly at his ease. Probably he had been, for sometime, exerting an influence through the agency of his friend Rains, and finding that things were ready for the disclosure of his purposes, he had boldly taken this step. At all events he did

not keep them long in suspense, for he soon let them know that his name was Fanning, and that he had been authorized by the king to raise as many men as he could for the purpose of aiding his majesty to suppress the rebellion and to maintain his government. A man of strong intellect and of great apparent confidence in the justness and success of the cause in which he is engaged, hardly ever fails to sway the minds of the multitude; and so it was on the present occasion.

By discanting, with an air of confidence and much earnestness, on the irresistible progress of the British arms, and the immense resources of that nation, the cruelties of the Whig companies which came into that region, and the injustice of the confiscations to which the property of the loyalists had been subjected, the hopelessness of the American cause, and the pitiable condition of the American forces, half naked, half starved and utterly dispirited by defeat, he so worked upon their fears or strengthened their prepossessions that a number joined him on the spot, and this number was gradually increased as he continued his exertions and became more known over the country. All congenial spirits,—men who, like himself, delighted in bold adventure and deeds of cruelty, rallied round his standard without any hesitation, while the idle and dissolute, who were impatient of the restraints imposed by wholesome laws rigidly enforced, and who would rather live by stealth and rapine than in the way of an honorable industry, were easily induced to follow his fortunes.

We shall not undertake to write his biography, nor to give in full tale his deeds of robbery, devastation and wanton barbarity. To do that would require a volume of ampler size, and an abler pen than mine. The time, during which his operations were carried on, was short, only about eighteen months, more or less ; but his plans were executed, and his deeds of shame and cruelty were often perpetrated faster than the pen of a ready writer could record them. You might as well undertake to describe, for the same length of time, all the movements of as many flying Seythians, or the atrocities of as many Saracens, when borne along by the swelling tide of religious enthusiasm, and in the full career of triumphant success. We certainly take no pleasure in portraying his character or describing his progress. We would much rather throw his name, with all its painful associations, into the dark stream of Lethe, and let it sink to rise no more ; but it seems right that we should make a fair estimate of the price which our liberties cost, as well as of the blessings which they have conferred ; and to make such an estimate, it is necessary to have something like a full length portrait, not only of the patriots who fought and conquered, but of the men with whose prowess, malignity and cunning they had to contend. If we would cherish a proper regard for the memory of our fathers and mothers of that period, who have bequeathed to us an inheritance so invaluable, we must have before us the sacrifices which they made, the perils which they encountered, and the toils and

hardships which they endured. Fanning inflicted more injury on the country, and was more dreaded at the time than any other man, and many of his crimes and deeds of violence would live in the traditions of the people, from age to age, while our institutions endure, though they were never to stain the pages of history.

A few of these, briefly related, may give the reader some idea of the course which he pursued, and may serve as specimens of a long series, continued without interruption to the end of the chapter, and unsoftened by any prominent or important acts of an opposite kind.

HIS FIRST EFFORTS IN THE ROYAL CAUSE.

Some time in the spring of 1781, and near the commencement of his career as the champion of royalty, he had rather an extraordinary affair with one Charles Sherring, a man who was as daring in his courage and as implacable in his temper as himself. The date of this affair is not known; but it was probably before his descent upon Pittsboro', and yet he must have become an object of some attention, for threats had passed upon both sides, which would hardly have been the case if he had not become known and formidable. He seems to have been remarkable for the correctness of his information respecting every man and every road and locality within

the range of his operations, so that he generally knew, before he set out on an expedition, just when to go, what amount of force to take with him, and every thing necessary to success ; but if, at any time he was misinformed or mistaken in his calculations, he was very fertile in expedients and very prompt to avail himself of any advantage that might be derived from circumstances. The account of this attack on Sherring, when written out from the abbreviated notes among McBride's papers, is substantially as follows :

As he made it a point to kill every active and resolute Whig that he could get in his power, he had determined to kill Sherring ; and for this purpose he went to his house in the night ; but having ascertained beforehand that he was alone and unguarded, he took no one with him. Sherring either having been apprised of his design, or, from the desperate character of the man and the threats which had been made, being well aware of his danger, was so cautious as not to sleep in the house with his family, but in a little out house, which stood a few steps from the dwelling, and had been used for a corn crib. It was made of small pine logs with the bark peeled off, and floored with a kind of hewn slabs, which were called "puncheons." The night was dark, or at least, there was no moon-light ; but the logs were not close together, and an outsider could look into the inside. As the weather was warm and pleasant, he had lain down in the bottom of the crib, with some thin covering over him and without telling his wife or any

body else where he had gone. On searching the house he found that he was not there, and he could get no information of his whereabouts; but relying on the information given him, he concluded that he must be on the premises and he was intent on finding him out. For this purpose he extinguished the lights and sallied out in the dark; but he could find nothing of him in the stable or any of the places where he thought he might probably be concealed.

It then occurred to him that he might be in the corn crib; and peeping through the crevices between the logs, dark as the night was, he descried something lying on the bottom, which, from the shape, he concluded must be a man, and he fancied he could tell which end was the head. With this impression, after looking steadily for some time to be certain, if he could, he put his rifle between the logs and fired. The ball passed through, between the wind-pipe and the neck bone of Sherring; but he was not killed. Though so badly wounded and though he had his rifle in his hand, he neither moved nor made the least noise. The pain must have been intense; but he had sense enough and self command enough to lie as still as if he had been a log of wood, and Fanning made no attempt to ascertain the effect of his shot; whether he concluded that he had been mistaken in the object, or that he had accomplished his purpose, and was therefore satisfied, or that the report of the gun might alarm the neighbors and bring them in upon him before he could get away, was never known. He was, however, so cautious and wary, that he did

not even look into the crib ; but immediately left the premises, without waiting to find out whether he had shot a man or a bag of potatoes.

As soon as he thought Fanning had time to get off the plantation, Sherring, though so badly wounded, thought it neither safe nor prudent to remain there ; and setting off forthwith, without waiting to have his wound dressed or even to go into his house, he went eight miles, to Cornelius Tyson's, where he got his wounds dressed and he recovered in a short time. The impression of the people in the neighborhood seems to have been that Fanning really believed he had killed Sherring and that his great caution was the reason of his leaving in such haste. Few nights now passed for several months in which he did not leave his mark somewhere. No Whig and no avowed friend to the cause of Independence could feel safe in his house for a single night, if within the reach of this scourge of humanity ; and no one, however diligent in seeking information and however shrewd at guessing, could possibly tell beforehand, with any sort of probability, when or where he would strike, nor in what direction they might hope to find a refuge.

CAPTURE OF THE COURT IN PITTSBORO'—AND HIS COMMISSION AS COLONEL BY MAJOR CRAIG.

His next move, of which we have any definite information, was one of a much bolder and more important character. Having got some thirty or forty men who acknowledged him as their leader, he dashed into Pittsboro' when the county court was in session, July 15th, 1781, and captured the lawyers, justices and other officers of the court, with such of the citizens and prominent men in the place as he wanted. Having been thus successful to the full extent of his wishes, he swore the rebels should never hold court there again; and then, without sustaining any loss or meeting with any resistance, he made good his retreat with the whole of his prisoners. Wheeler, in his history of North Carolina, which is a work of considerable interest and importance, says that the court which Fanning broke up, was a court martial; but I had always understood that it was the county court; and I see that it is so stated by Governor Swain, in his communication to the University Magazine. Unfortunately the records of both the county and superior courts of Chatham were destroyed by fire and no authentic information can now be obtained from that source. We have, therefore, nothing to rely upon in relation to this important transaction except tradition; and those traditionary accounts which were first committed to writing, are probably the most reliable.

At this time, it appears that Fanning had no horse, or none that was at all fit for the business in which he was engaged ; and as his success in attack or his safety in flight would often depend upon the fleetness of the animal which he rode, it was felt to be a matter of vital importance that he should be better mounted. In the University Magazine, Governor Swain says, on the authority, it seems, of Judge Murphy, who did not at all times observe the same precision and accuracy which were necessary in legal investigations, that "an old loyalist, named Lindly, gave him a mare called the "Red Doe," from her peculiar color ;" but he was evidently mistaken in the name of the mare and probably in the name also of the donor. The verbal account which I received of this matter, a number of years ago, was, in substance, as follows :

Feeling much elated with the success of his recent enterprise, and having his mind filled with the prospect of still greater achievements, he began immediately to devise ways and means for getting himself better equipped. For this purpose, he went to a gentleman, a friend or an acquaintance, by the name of Bell, who was a loyalist, and very independent in his circumstances. After giving him an account of his exploit in Pittsboro', and a sketch of his plans for future operations, he said to him, "Now, Bell, you are a friend to King George, and the best thing you can do for him is to furnish me with a horse ; for I have none, and am not able to buy. Bell replied that he had none to spare, or none suitable for that pur-

pose ; but that there had been, for two or three days, a stray filly on his premises ; and he would freely give him all his right and title to her, if she would do him any good.

The filly was without any marks of ownership, or any indications of having been used, and was withal very poor ; but she was, for the present, his only chance, and he took her. After putting her in some better order, and giving her a little training, she proved to be the fleetest animal in the whole country. He called her the " Bay Doe,"—bay from her color, and doe from her fleetness ; and when on her back, whether he had to attack or flee, he felt perfectly safe. In a short time he got a horse,—whether by rapine or by donation, from his friend Lindly is not known,—which was also very fleet, but not equal to the mare. He called him the " Red Buck ;" and in a little time the fame of the " Red Buck" and the " Bay Doe" was nearly co-extensive with that of Fanning himself. Precisely, when or where he got either of these animals, is a matter of little consequence, but with him it was all-important that he should get his prisoners safely delivered to the British authorities at Wilmington. For this purpose he lost no time ; but took care to avoid such routes as would probably expose him to an attack of the Whigs. The following account of his progress to and from Wilmington, together with some of his subsequent transactions and several letters, we take from the University Magazine, already referred to, because it is more authentic and satisfactory than any other, and probably contains all the

information that can now be got of his doings at that early stage of his progress.

Leaving Pittsboro' immediately, he went that evening "to the west side of Deep river, at Beck's, now called Coxe's Ford; and encamped for the night. On the next day, having received a reinforcement of fifteen men, he set out with his prisoners, forty-four in number, for Wilmington. Of the prisoners, three, John Williams, (London, Esquire, attorney at law,) Gen. Ambrose Ramsey, and Col. Griffiths, were permitted to ride, he taking their word of honor not to desert him."

On that evening they reached ten miles and encamped. On the second night, Stephen Lewis and John Short, two of the Tories, deserted. They travelled by ways, and through the woods to McFall's Mill, on the waters of the Raft Swamp, and before passing the swamp, two of the prisoners, Thomas Scurlock and Capt. James Hardin, who Fanning feared would attempt to escape, were handcuffed, and so continued to Wilmington. On the other side of the swamp they met Col. McNeill, with one hundred and fifty men, returning from Wilmington. They continued their route on the west side of the river, and encamped opposite to Wilmington.

Gen. Ramsey, John Williams, Esq, and Col. Griffiths, who were on their parole of honor, were attended only by one man, Michael Pearson, and rode either before or behind the party as they pleased. At Wilmington they were paroled by Major Craig and re-

turned. Thomas Scurlock died, and the other prisoners were sent by Major Craig to Charleston.

The following letter written by the prisoners when on their way to Wilmington, and addressed to Gov. Burke, will be interesting to the reader, and therefore we make no apology for its insertion. We copy from the University Magazine.

GEORGE H. RAMSEY AND OTHERS, TO GOV. BURKE.

*Camp at McFall's Mill,
Raft Swamp, July 22d, 1781.*

On Tuesday last we were captured at Chatham Court-house by a party under the command of Col. David Fanning, which party, we found, consisted of persons who complained of the greatest cruelties either to their persons or property. Some had been unlawfully drafted, others had been whipped and ill-treated without trial, others had their houses burned and all their property plundered, and barbarous and cruel murders had been committed in their neighborhoods. The officers they complained of, are Major Naul, Capt. Robeson, of Bladen, Capt. Crump, Col. Wade and Phill Alston. The latter, a day or two ago, a few miles in our rear, took a man on the road and put him to death, which has much incensed the Highlanders in this part of the country. A Scotch gentlemen, the same day, was taken at one McAffie's Mill, and ill-treated. He is said to be a peaceable and inoffensive man. His name we do not know.

He lives on the Raft Swamp—should be happy if he could be liberated. Notwithstanding the cruel treatment these people have received, we have been treated with the greatest civility and with the utmost respect and politeness by our commanding officer, Colonel Fanning, to whom we are under the greatest obligations; and we beg leave to inform your Excellency that unless an immediate stop is put to such inhuman practices, we plainly discover the whole country will be deluged in blood and the innocent will suffer for the guilty. We well know your abhorrence of such inhuman conduct and your steady intention to prevent it. All we mean is information. We expect to be delivered to Major Craig, at Wilmington, in two or three days, entirely destitute of money and clothes. How long we shall remain so, God only knows. All we have to ask is, that the perpetrators of such horrid deeds may be brought to trial, that prisoners may be well-treated in future.

And we are

Your Excellency's

Most obedient servants.

This letter was signed by Geo. Herndon Ramsey, Joseph Herndon, Math. Ramsey, W. Kinchen, James Herndon, Thos. Gregory, John Dir Song, James Williams and Thos. Sensbork; and Simon Ferrel was paroled to carry it to the Governor and return to Wilmington. Some of our readers may be a little surprised to find these prisoners speaking so favora-

bly of Col. Fanning and of the Tories generally, in that region; but it is probable that, in this case, they were not allowed to communicate the whole truth nor to make a very frank expression of their feelings. We presume that Fanning would not suffer them to write at all unless he knew the contents of the letter, nor to send it if he found that it contained any statements of which he disapproved.

Under the circumstances, Fanning would have acted unwisely for himself if he had permitted them to say just what they pleased; and being thus restricted, they no doubt thought it was for their interest to compliment him and curry favor with him, so far as they could, without compromising their honor or their principles. Fanning, too, must have been pleased with the statements made, for they were just such facts as he wished to have announced to the Governor, and if he had not been pleased with it he would not have paroled one of their number solely for the purpose of being the bearer; but there is an expression in a letter which one of them wrote to the Governor after his return, which seems to imply the same thing. James Williams was paroled by Major Craig in August; and when he returned he addressed to Governor Burke the following letter, which, in the dearth of authentic information, we are glad to get, and which we insert, not only as connected with the preceding, but as throwing some additional light on the state of things at that period.

JAMES WILLIAMS TO GOVERNOR BURKE.

Chatham, 22d August, 1781.

SIR:—I returned yesterday from Wilmington on my parole to Chatham County, which prevents my waiting upon your excellency in person.

I am desired by the prisoners to acknowledge the receipt of yours by the flag, and to thank you for your promised attention to them. Their case really merits it. Every article to be sold in Wilmington is at least three times as high for hard money as usual. It cost me in three weeks there, for board and some few articles of clothing, £32 sterling, for which I am indebted, as they all are, more or less. They desire me to solicit you for a passport for as much tobacco, or any other article, as will discharge the debts. If this should fail, they will be in a very disagreeable situation—their credit will stop and they must inevitably suffer.

I am told your Excellency *understood our letter from McFall's Mill, Raft Swamp. We were very unhappy there.* There has been no news in Wilmington, either by land or water, these six weeks. I brought up two or three of their newspapers, but they are so barren they are not worth enclosing. We hope to be exchanged for shortly.

I am your Excellency's

Most obedient servant,

JAMES WILLIAMS.

To his Excellency Thomas Burke.

After asking the reader to notice the words which we have *made emphatical* for the purpose of calling attention to them, in reference to the preceding letter, we will give the reply of Gov. Burke to the letter which the prisoners wrote to him from McFall's Mill, not because it has any direct bearing upon Fanning, but because it shows the desire of the Executive to maintain the laws and to do justice, as far as possible, to all classes.

GOVERNOR BURKE TO MESSRS. RAMSEY AND OTHERS,
PRISONERS TAKEN AT CHATHAM.

State of North Carolina, }
July 28th, 1781.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your letter, dated from McFall's Mill, Raft Swamp, 22d July.

Your having been made prisoners has already been announced to me, but I have not yet obtained sufficient information whereby to determine whether you were acting in a military or civil character at the time of the capture.

I shall make every due enquiry, and be assured I will be attentive to you as far as my power and circumstances will admit.

From your letter I am led to suppose Colonel Fanning to be an officer commissioned by his Britannic Majesty, for the people who compose his force must be inhabitants of this State.

Since my return to this State, which is the same with the time of my being in my present office, I

have received a variety of accounts of reciprocal violences and enormities between the well and ill-affected to our government which disgrace humanity; but I have received no such information in such a mode as can justify my interposition, either as a civil magistrate or military officer, except in one case, on which I instantly took decisive measures. I have issued the most pointed orders against all rapine on any pretence, and against every act unbecoming brave and magnanimous soldiers and civilized people. I shall, as much as possible, attend to the strict execution of such orders; but for the grievances of which the people you mention complain, I can do nothing at present but put the judiciary power in vigor and preserve it free to hear the complaints of all persons, and independent to determine them agreeably to justice and the laws of the State. For this measure is now in train, and if the people you mention are really aggrieved, the regular mode of redress will be open to them. If they be not citizens of this State, or of the United States, I suppose they must be objects of the law martial, which, so far as depends on me, shall be executed agreeable to the usages of civilized nations. I cannot discover from your letter whether the Scotch gentleman you mention is a prisoner of war or a civil prisoner. Upon application made to me by or for him, which will enable me to distinguish, measures shall be taken suitable to their condition.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

THOMAS BURKE.

Without further comment on the above letters, we leave them to the perusal and reflections of the reader, and return to Fanning where we left him with his band of heroes at Wilmington, basking in the reflections of royal favor and inspirited by the tokens of that favor which he received to aim at still greater achievements.

BATTLE AT McFALL'S MILL.

“They remained at Wilmington three days, during which time he received a commission from Major Craig, of Lieutenant Colonel, and a suit of rich regimentals, with suitable epaulettes, sword and pistols. He set out on his return to Chatham, and at McFall’s mill, having encamped, intelligence was received by express that Colonel Thomas Wade, of Anson county, with six hundred and sixty men, were at Betti’s bridge, on Drowning creek, twenty miles south of McFall’s mill. The express reached the camp about eight o’clock at night. Fanning ordered his men to mount their horses and march immediately. At the dawn of day, ten miles north of Betti’s bridge, they came up with Colonel Hector McNeill, having with him three hundred men; the whole number then amounted to three hundred and forty. Fanning took the command, and soon learning that Colonel Wade had crossed the bridge to the eastern side of Drowning creek, he turned to the right, and passed up a swamp to a crossway, expecting to find Colonel Wade between that swamp and the creek. The

crossway was distant about three-quarters of a mile from Betti's bridge. Fanning halted at the crossway and gave notice of the order of battle. His men were directed to pass the crossway, two deep, and all having got over, Colonel McNeill was ordered to turn down the swamp to the left towards the bridge, to cut off Wade's retreat in that direction. He was ordered not to bring his men into action unless Fanning should be hard pressed and in danger of being defeated, but to watch the progress of the battle, and if Wade should be routed, by securing the pass to the bridge, to prevent his retreat, and capture as many prisoners as possible. Fanning was to turn to the right from the end of the crossway with all the other men, and they were directed to follow him in the same order in which they passed the crossway, until he should reach the extreme left of Wade's line, when upon a signal to be given by him, they were to dismount and commence the fight. Eleven men were left to guard the crossway and prevent the escape of the horses, the swamp being impassable for miles except at this crossway.

"These orders being given, Fanning, preceding his column, passed the crossway, his men following him. As soon as he passed, he discovered Wade's men drawn up on the top of the hill in line of battle. The ground was favorable for his attack. There was no undergrowth of bushes, and the pines were thinly scattered on the slope of the hill. Fanning immediately perceived the injudicious position which Wade had taken, and confident of victory, rode on

to the left of Wade's line. Before, however, he had proceeded as far as he had intended, one of his men was thrown from his horse, and in the act of falling his gun fired. Instantly Wade's line fired, and eighteen horses belonging to Fanning's men were killed. Fanning wheeled, gave the signal to dismount, which was instantly observed by his men, who poured in a deadly fire upon Wade's line. Fanning rode along his line in front and ordered his men to advance upon every fire, and they continued to advance and fire until they got within twenty-five yards of Wade's line, when it suddenly broke, and the men fled in the utmost confusion. Fanning pursuing with activity, and expecting that their retreat by the bridge would be cut off by Col. McNeill, he had no doubt of taking them all prisoners. To his astonishment, he found that Col. McNeill had not occupied the ground to which he was ordered; that he had passed down the right of Wade's line, only a short distance, and left the way to the bridge open. Fanning pressed on the fugitives, and soon took forty-four prisoners. He then directed a few of his men to mount, and with them he pursued Wade at full speed, for two or three miles. But Wade had fled at full speed, and Fanning could not overtake him.

"During this fight, as well as upon every other occasion, Fanning displayed the most daring courage. Dressed in rich British uniform, he rode between the lines during the fight, and gave his orders with the

utmost coolness and presence of mind. It is strange that he had not been selected by some of Wade's men, as he was at the close of the fight, not twenty yards distant from them. He did not lose one of his men, only two or three were slightly wounded. As he ascended the hill, Wade's men shot over his, and when he approached the summit, Wade's men were so panic struck that they fired without aim. Wade lost 27 killed, and of the prisoners taken, several died of their wounds.

“The battle was fought about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on the —— day of July, 1781. It is said that Wade had 600 men: Fanning fought the battle with 240 men, for the detachment under Colonel McNeill was not engaged. Orders were given for burying the dead, and the wounded were placed under the care of Fanning's Surgeons.”

This was the first time that he had been engaged, at least when invested with authority, and, considered merely as a commanding officer, he certainly acquitted himself with honor. Cool and self-possessed every where, judicious in his arrangements, ready to expose himself when really necessary, vigilant and quick to perceive where an advantage might be gained, and prompt and energetic to avail himself of every circumstance or occurrence that could be rendered auxiliary to his success, he showed that, with proper intellectual training and moral culture when his character was forming, he might have made a commanding officer of higher grade and of much distinction, in a better cause too, and on a more

extended theatre. We cannot do otherwise than feel some regret, both for his own sake and for the cause of humanity, that his character had not been formed under a better influence; but we must acknowledge the hand of an overruling Providence in the affairs of men.

“Among the prisoners taken was Joseph Hayes. He was recognized by Capt. Elrod, of Fanning’s party. Elrod alleged that Hayes had plundered his house and ill-treated his family, and Hays was ordered to be instantly hanged. The order was executed. Hayes, after hanging fifteen minutes, was cut down. One of the surgeons being present, thought that he could resuscitate him, and determined to make the trial. Perceiving the appearance of returning life, he informed Elrod of the fact, and Elrod told him to persevere. He did so, and Hayes was restored to life.

“In the evening Fanning set out on his return. During his march on the next day, an incident occurred which is worthy of being recorded, as furnishing some relief to the painful scenes which the country was then witnessing. A scouting party apprehended Col. Thomas Dougan, of Randolph county, and brought him to Fanning. He had been sent by the Whigs of the upper counties to learn the situation of affairs on Drowning creek, the strength and position of the Tories, and their plans of operation. He was beloved by the people of his county, both parties regarded him as an upright man, and a friend to his country; and those who differed from him in opinion

as to the contest in which they were engaged, abated neither their esteem nor affection. With Fanning were several of his intimate acquaintances and personal friends, who all knowing that by the custom of the times, men taken under circumstances like his were immediately hanged, apprehended the same fate would attend him. They resolved to make a generous effort to save him. Trials, often upon such occasions, were short and their execution prompt. Col. Dougan was brought forward, his case was heard in a few minutes, and Fanning ordered him to be *hung*. Dougan's friends interposed their entreaties, and whilst they were imploring Fanning to spare his life, he was mounted on a horse with a rope round his neck, and placed under the limb of the tree to which he was to be suspended. At this moment one of his friends, finding entreaties unavailing, told Fanning in peremptory terms, that if Dougan was hanged he would instantly shoot him. A general mutiny was threatened, when Fanning resolved to leave Dougan's fate to the decision of the forty men who had attended him in all his expeditions. They divided, and a majority declared in Dougan's favor. He was then taken down and treated as a prisoner."

"Another man, by the name of Johnson, from the same neighborhood, was taken either with Dougan or about the same time. He also was much esteemed, but not, by all parties, so much as Dougan. Elrod was a young man of true courage, and lived in the Fork of the Yadkin. Although he committed many atrocities and was much dreaded in the country, he

was capable of performing, occasionally, a generous act; but some further account of him and of his death, at which Dougan was present, will be given hereafter, in a separate article.

“At McFall’s mill, Col. McNeill and Fanning separated; the latter, with his forty men, returned to Beck’s Ford, on Deep river, where his men dispersed, and part of them returned to their respective homes. The prisoners taken at Betti’s bridge, with Col. Dougan “and others,” were left with Col. McNeill to be sent to Wilmington.

“During the time Fanning remained in the neighborhood of Beck’s Ford, Stephen Lewis and ——— Short, who had deserted him on his march to Wilmington, returned to his camp. He reproached them for their desertion, and told Lewis he would put him to death; that his men must be true to him, as he intended to be true to them; that they were at liberty to punish him with death the moment he should prove unfaithful to them, as he would punish with death those who should prove unfaithful to him. Lewis treated his admonition as well as his threat with levity. Fanning raised his gun, and standing within a few feet of Lewis, took deliberate aim at him: his gun snapped; he then drew his sword and made a pass at Lewis’ head, and cut him severely. Some of Fanning’s men rushed in and prevented a repetition of the blow, and Lewis’ life was spared. It was by such prompt, decisive conduct, and by a constant display of energy, firmness, and daring courage, that he sought to win the esteem and attachment of his men

and such was his success, that many followed his fortunes who disapproved of his barbarous cruelties, being led on by their admiration of his extraordinary qualities—they thought him invincible, and that with a handful of men he could defeat large detachments.

“Captain Robert Roper, of Chatham, collected a small party of Whigs and marched up Deep river to attack Fanning, who was still at Beck’s Ford. Fanning seeing some of Roper’s men on the opposite side of the river, attempted to cross the river, accompanied only by Short. As soon as they entered the river they were fired on and Short wounded. They retreated; and, directing his men to mount and follow him, he hastened to a ford a few miles above, where he crossed; and being acquainted with all the paths and roads of the neighborhood, he went down the river along a small path, expecting to find Roper still at Beck’s ford. In this he was disappointed—Roper retired down the river in haste, and Fanning pursued him till late at night, when he abandoned the pursuit. He then had with him only twenty-three or four men. On the next day he proceeded down the river and took Moore, of Hillsboro’, a prisoner. He was an inoffensive man, and at the solicitation of one of his men, who was acquainted with Moore, Fanning paroled him. On the same day he took Wyat and Tomlinson prisoners, near the gulph on Deep river; and as they were connected with an active Whig family, he resolved to hang them. They were placed in a cart with ropes round their necks. The cart was driven partly through a gate, to the top piece

of which the ropes were about to be fastened, and then, when they were about to be swung off, some of Fanning's men, who knew them, interfered and saved them. He left their fate, as he had done that of Col. Dougan, to the decision of his followers. Fanning immediately set out for Wilmington, and took Wyat and Tomlinson on with him as prisoners, and delivered them to Major Craig.

“He remained in Wilmington five days. His camp was near the brick house at Belvidere. Here an incident occurred which marked the peculiar traits of his character. He sent three of his men to bring water. At the spring they met with some British soldiers; and owing to some difference with them, they were put under guard. Fanning was informed of this fact, and he immediately ordered three British soldiers who were in the camp to be put under guard, and gave notice to the officer who commanded at Belvidere of what he had done, and that he should retain those men until his were returned. The officer, indignant at his insolence, drew his sword and hastened to Fanning's camp. Fanning was lying in a tent, and the officer entering the tent, inquired whether he was Col. Fanning, who had dared to arrest and place under guard, three British soldiers. Fanning answered that he was the man. The officer raised his sword and made a pass at him, which Fanning eluded by his agility; and having grasped his sword as he rose, he pointed it to the breast of the officer, and swore he would run him through if he attempted again to lift his sword. The officer saw the danger which

threatened him. They entered into conversation, which ended in a declaration made by Fanning, that he would retain the officer until his men were returned. A soldier was immediately despatched for Fanning's men, and upon their return to camp the officer and British soldiers were discharged."

CAPTURE OF COLONEL PHILIP ALSTON.

Immediately after his return he made his famous attack on the house of Colonel Philip Alston, who lived in the south-west corner of Chatham county, and in a bend of the river, on the north side, called the Horse Shoe. On his return from Wilmington, he encamped at Cross Hill, near the present town of Carthage, and on the place then, or afterwards occupied by Mrs. Glascock. There he received information that there was a party of men at Col. Alston's, and he resolved to attack them. Alston, with a good deal of the daring and reckless character about him, had been very severe on the Tories, especially during the early part of the war; and now, when Fanning seemed to be carrying every thing before him, and when no Whig in that region could feel safe in his own house a single night unprotected, he had more cause of apprehension than many others. He may, therefore, have had these men simply to protect his house from the depredations of these freebooters; but, according to my information, Fanning was informed that he was raising a body of men for the

purpose of attacking him; and therefore he resolved to take him by surprise, and before he could be fully prepared even for defence.

Such was the reason assigned in McBride's papers for the attack on Alston's house; but I have recently received a communication from a correspondent who lives in the Scotch region, and in whose judgment and careful investigations I have much confidence, in which he gives, in substance, the following account: Colonel Wade, with a hundred mounted men, had been through the region, watered by the tributaries of Drowning's creek and the Raft swamp, taking vengeance on the Tories for some injuries which he had lately received from them. Among others, he made a visit to Kenneth Black, a man in comfortable circumstances, but a Tory; and not long after he left, Colonel Fanning came along, going South, with about a dozen Whig prisoners, among whom was a lawyer by the name of Lightwood. Fanning stayed all night at the house of his friend Black, and was very kindly entertained. Next morning after breakfast, he resumed his march, and Black accompanied him for a few miles, as a pilot. Fanning's horse had been so badly foundered that he was unfit to travel, and at parting, he and Black exchanged horses. When returning home, on the north side of Ray's mill creek, he met Colonel Alston, with a number of men, in pursuit of Fanning, and for the purpose of rescuing the prisoners. As soon as he saw them, he turned up the creek and attempted to escape on Fanning's foun-

dered horse. They discovered and pursued him, shot at and wounded him; but he went on some two hundred yards farther, into the edge of the swamp, and then fell with his face on the ground. When they came up they smashed his head with the butt of his own gun, and when begging for his life.

Alston, finding that it was useless, did not continue the pursuit very far; but, on his return next morning, he called at Black's and told Mrs. Black how some of his men had killed her husband, for which he expressed much regret. Thence he went to a neighbor's house, where old Hector McNeill (not the Colonel,) and John Buchan were engaged in making the coffin. Alston had sold a negro woman to McNeill, but not having sold her husband with her, he had run away, and he accused McNeill of harboring him. He snapped a pistol two or three times at his head and then carried him off a prisoner, telling him that if the negro was not returned by such a day, he would hang him. Mrs. McNeill engaged her own negro man to catch the runaway, which he did; and then she, in company with another lady, took the negro home to his master, confined and guarded by her own negro man. Her husband was then released; and, as both parties viewed each other with distrust, Alston was probably confirmed in his former suspicion.

If I am not mistaken in the localities mentioned by my informant, the transactions above related took place in the south or south-west part of Moore county; and if so, Fanning at this time must have had his head

quarters at or not far from Cross Hill, where I had always understood he had them. Where he had got his prisoners is not known; but as Alston was endeavoring to rescue them, it is probable that they were from his region of country. Nor is it known to what point he was aiming to take them. My informant says, playfully, that he was taking them to his "Pravo" or "Caboos," in South Carolina; but we presume that he either took them to Wilmington, or gave them into the hands of some of his Tory friends who carried them away and delivered them to the British. He soon returned, however, and went to the house of Mrs. Black, where he was informed of all that had been done, and the facts, we may suppose, were feelingly described, with all their aggravating circumstances. When he learned that Alston had pursued him; that he had carried away McNeill as a prisoner; that he had killed his friend Black, who had received him so hospitably only a few nights before; that he killed two beeves for his entertainment, he became desperately enraged, and mustering all the force he could, set off forthwith for Alston's house. What number of men he had is not known; but, if he had not his full complement, they were increasing every day.

At this time, when flushed by so many victories, and confident of success, it made but little difference with him whether his enemy outnumbered him two to one, or was fortified as by the rocks of Gibraltar. He only wanted to know that there was an enemy within striking distance, and he anticipated the victory as

already gained. On receiving intelligence, therefore, of the party at Alston's house, he immediately set out; and as the river had been a little swelled by a rain, he directed his course to the north-west for a few miles and then turned to the right, crossed the river at Dickerson's ford, three or four miles above Alston's, and went down on the north side. They arrived on the premises about day-break on Sunday morning, August 5th, and immediately commenced the attack. The sentinels, being asleep, were taken by surprise, and made prisoners. Those at the gate, on the opposite side of the enclosure, were fired on, but not being killed or badly wounded, they ran into the porch where most of the other party were lying asleep. They too were fired on; but as soon as they could get into the house, the doors were fastened and all the preparation for defence was made that could be made at the moment. The windows were soon demolished; and many of the balls passing through the plank, killed or wounded the men inside.

The house was a two story framed house; and being weatherboarded, ceiled and painted, was one of the best houses then to be seen in that part of the country. It stands now just as it did then, with the exception of some additions, and still bears all the marks of war that it had when left by Fanning. On the west side was a large porch, one end of which had been made into a bed room, with a door opening into the hall; and this was the room usually occupied by Mrs. Alston and her husband. She now kept her bed, which was thought to be the safest place for her;

and her two little children were put up into the chimney. This was done by putting a small table or bench in the fire-place, for them to stand on, which was about as high as the front part; and thus they were entirely beyond the reach of the bullets.

A few rods from the house, on every side, was a strong rail fence, behind which Fanning posted his men and commenced a brisk firing, which was returned by the party in the house, and kept up, without much effect on either side, until after the middle of the day. There was among the assailants, a lieutenant from the British army by the name of McKay, or as, I am told, it was then pronounced and is now written, McCoy, who had either returned with Fanning from Wilmington, or, according to my authority, had been sent by Major Craig, probably for the purpose of observing the state of things in the country whence Fanning had taken so many prisoners, and being in Fanning's camp when the news came of the party at Alstons, he promptly joined the expedition.

Having been accustomed to the use of the bayonet and to a rush when a place was to be taken by assault, he became impatient at this mode of attack, which seemed likely to accomplish nothing, and he told Fanning that if he would give him the command he would take the house in a few minutes. Fanning promptly granted his request, and he as promptly entered on the execution of his purpose. As the plan was for all to rush up, burst open the doors and enter, *pell mell*, he started first and ordered the rest

to follow him, which they did without hesitation, and some of them *pari passu*; but as he jumped over the fence and alighted on the ground, a rifle ball entered his heart, and he fell dead on the spot. Most of those who had got over the fence or were still on it were more or less wounded, and they retreated to their former position behind the fence. Foiled in this unfortunate effort, and driven back with loss, the genius of Fanning, ever fertile in expedients, was now busy in contriving some way to accomplish by stratagem what he had failed to effect by force; and he first bribed a free negro to set the house on fire at the far side where it was supposed he could do it without being observed; but Alston having noticed Fanning talking to the negro, or seeing the negro go round, and suspecting his design, went to the window and shot him when in the very act of applying the fire. The negro was not killed, but severely wounded. During all this time only one or two had been killed in the house, and four or five wounded; but Fanning's loss in killed and wounded was more than double. After the failure of his plan with the free negro, an almost incessant fire, on both sides, was kept up for some time, but still without much effect; and through the whole of this fierce conflict thus far, Mrs. Alston had been in her bed and had remained unhurt, though the weatherboarding and ceiling were riddled with the bullets, which remain to this day as they were then; and some of them must have passed not more than two feet above her when she lay in the bed.

After such a protracted conflict and with so much loss to himself, Fanning began to feel discouraged; and either from the apparent hopelessness of his cause, or from an apprehension that the report of the guns might alarm the country and bring a Whig force upon him too great for his strength, he was on the point of abandoning the enterprise and drawing off his men, when he or some of his men fortunately discovered a large ox cart in the barn yard, a few rods in their rear; and with this he resolved to make his last effort. He ordered them to fill it with hay or straw, and bring it up, intending to set it on fire and run it up to the house. If he could burn the house they would be obliged to surrender, and his end would be accomplished.

Several of the men promptly volunteered their services; the fire was brought; and they were about ready for the operation. The plan was to run up the cart with its load, tail foremost, and thus keep it between them and the house, so that the bullets could not reach them. Alston, perceiving their design, and knowing well, that defended as they would be, by the cart, it would be impossible to shoot them, concluded that their only chance was to capitulate; but how was it to be done? The men all believed that if any of them ventured to go outside of the house, instant death would be the consequence, though the flag of peace were waving over their head; and if Alston himself went out, no matter under what circumstances, or who might be with him, he would be picked out and made the first victim. In this perilous and critical moment. Mrs. Alston came out of her bed room or stood in the

door; and with perfect composure, requested them to commit this business to her. At first, the men all objected, and particularly her husband, who thought it very improbable that Fanning, under all the circumstances, would respect even a lady of her standing, though a wife and a mother, and bearing the sacred emblem of peace; but, as she insisted on it, they finally consented. A man may brave danger with deliberate courage, like a hero on the field of battle, where all the intense excitements of the conflict, and the hope of victory are bearing upon him; he may meet death with a kind of defiance, like a savage or a desperado; he may die with tranquility like a patriot, or with resignation and hope, like a Christian; but such serenity of mind, such calm and entire self-possession, such mild and dignified firmness in moments of sudden and extreme peril, when life or death is seen to depend both on what is done and how it is done, is peculiar to woman. Mrs. Alston, raising a white flag, opened the door and went out on the step, where she paused for a moment to see if she could discover any indications of the treatment which she might expect to receive.

As soon as Fanning saw her, he called to her to meet him half-way, which she did; and then, in a calm, dignified and womanly manner, said to him:—"We will surrender, sir, on condition that no one shall be injured; otherwise we will make the best defence we can; and, if need be, sell our lives as dearly as possible." Fanning, who could sometimes respect true courage, whether in man or woman, promptly

agreed to the proposal, and honorably kept his word. The men all then surrendered and were immediately paroled.

In the papers of Judge Murphy, as given in the University Magazine, it is stated that during the fight, Capt. Andrews, a British officer, who had accompanied Fanning from Wilmington, having climbed up the fence that he might shoot with more effect through a window of the house, as he stood on the fence, one of the men in the house shot him through the head; and I have stated that Lieutenant McKay, from the British army was killed. As these accounts are all traditionary, an exact agreement in every particular is hardly to be expected; but in this case both may be true. There may have been a Captain Andrews and also a Lieutenant McKay present, as officers from the British army, both of whom were killed; for such was Fanning's success at this time, that it would not be at all strange if two or more of the British officers should be with him on any occasion of the kind; and then there were more killed than we would gather from Judge Murphy's account. Next morning after the fight, eight were buried on the brow of the hill, a few rods from the house; and whether any of the wounded afterwards died of their wounds, I have not learned, but probably they did. Most of the dead were of Fanning's party; For only two, or at most three, of Alston's men were killed. According to the statements which I have received, Alston had a little over twenty, and Fanning somewhere about thirty men; but Judge Murphy says that

Fanning had only twenty-four men including Captain Andrews, and that twenty-six men surrendered to him. I have no disposition to question the correctness of this statement, but it seems a little strange, that with such a disparity of numbers in their favor, Alston and his party, even if driven to extremity by having the house set on fire, should be unwilling to meet their enemies in open combat. My information was obtained partly from the papers of Mr. McBride and partly from Dr. Chalmers, who now lives in the house which was then occupied by Col. Alston. In addition to the reports or traditions of the neighborhood, Dr. Chalmers, two or three summers ago, travelled with his family through the State of Tennessee and became acquainted with the sons of Col. Alston, from whom he got a statement of the whole transaction. Col. Alston, himself, lived only a short time after the war, having been killed, as I was informed, by a negro whom he had treated with severity or provoked in some way; and the children were probably too young at the time to have, in after life, a very distinct recollection of the scene; but they must have often heard the facts related by their mother. John Spears, who lived down the river, and was wounded in Alston's house, when he returned urged Captain Cunningham, who had a company of Whigs then under his command, to pursue Fanning; but he declined; and Judge Murphy says, that according to report, "a company of Whigs under Capt. Duck were lying near Alston's house and heard the firing from the morning till evening and feared to come to Alston's relief.

CAPTURE OF CAMPBELTON, NOW FAYETTEVILLE.

The fact is that the very name of Fanning was at this time quite appalling, and he was regarded by all in that region, Whigs and Tories, as almost invincible. So far as my recollection serves me, I do not recollect to have heard of an instance, during the summer of 1781, in which the Whigs showed a willingness to meet him with an equal, or any thing like an equal number of men; but, within the entire range of his operations, no effective resistance was made, and the country was really in his power. I have always understood that, during this period, the summer and fall of 1781, he had about eighty men who were either constantly with him or at his bidding, and whom he could at any time summon to his presence in a case of emergency; that he seldom had less than thirty or forty, and that when Colonels McNeill and McDougal united with him, they could muster from three to five hundred strong. In the high career of successful adventure, and with flattering prospects before him, it appears to have been his object to take as many prisoners as he could for the British camp, and to bring the country into subjection to British authority. He seldom murdered any, except such as had proved treacherous to his cause, and those who had excited his wrath by uttering threats, or by resisting his progress. When excited, so impetuous and vindictive was his temper, that whoever had given him the least provocation, if in

his power, was sure to be made the victim of his malice, and in all cases the process was a summary one.

A few days after he captured Col. Alston and his party, he and his confederates took possession of Campleton, now Fayetteville, and carried off Col. Emmet, Capt. Winslow, and other leading men, prisoners; but the best and perhaps the only authentic account which we now have of this transaction, is contained in the following letter, furnished by Governor Swain, and published in the University Magazine, March, 1851.

COL. EMMET TO GOV. BURKE.

“Campbelton, 19th August, 1781.

“SIR:—I am under the disagreeable necessity of informing your Excellency that, on Thursday last, the 14th inst., between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, this town was, in the most sudden manner imaginable, surprised by a party of the enemy, under the command of Colonels Slingsley, Ray and McNeill. They entered the town in so sudden and secret a manner that it was out of the power of any man who was in it to make his escape. I was at a plantation I have about a mile off, when I was alarmed by a party of about twenty horse. The noise of their horses' feet just gave me time to slip into a swamp, where I lay until the party left the plantation, which they did as soon as they had deprived me of my horses. I then got over the river, when I learned

their numbers to be about three hundred. I was likewise informed the same evening, that McNeill, with one hundred men, had gone up the river on the west side, and, not being able to judge where they might intend to cross the river, thought it my best way to keep where I was. Had I done so, I might have kept clear of them, but at such times so many reports are flying, that there is no such thing as distinguishing the true one. At midnight, between the 16th and 17th, word was brought me that a Col. Fanning came down the country with *one hundred and eighty men*, made a short stay at Cross creek, had crossed the river at lower Campbleton late in the evening, and at that time was encamped, with an intention in the morning to pursue his march up the river, and so join McNeill on the east side. On this information, I unfortunately crossed the river, early in the morning, and about nine o'clock was taken a prisoner by McNeill, on his return to town.

“It was not my intention to trouble your Excellency with this tedious relation, by way of intelligence. I am sure you do not expect it from one in my situation, but as I have many private enemies in this county who would be glad to lay hold on any circumstances to vilify my conduct and blacken my name, I have taken the liberty to trouble you with this, by way of vindication.

With all deference, I remain, sir,

Your Excellency's obed't serv't,

JAMES EMMET.

To his Excellency Thomas Burke, Esq., Governor of N. Carolina.”

Let the reader now go back a little and observe the boldness and rapidity with which all the above victories were achieved. Besides the almost daily capture of some influential individual who would be acceptable to the British as prisoners ; the cutting off of such as were particularly obnoxious to him, and the dispersion of small parties of armed Whigs, on the 15th of July he entered Pittsboro', and captured all the officers of court, with most of the principal citizens, whom he delivered in a few days to the British authorities at Wilmington ; on the 5th of August, he captured Col. Alston and his party in his own house ; on the 14th, he took possession of Campbelton and made prisoners of the principal citizens ; on the 1st of September, the battle was fought at McFall's mill, on the Raft Swamp, where he gained on his part an almost bloodless victory ; and on the 13th, he entered Hillsboro', and captured Governor Burke, with his whole suite and thirty or forty of the prominent citizens. This was perhaps his most famous exploit—the one which spread more alarm over the country than any other, and is the only one of his important achievements which remains to be described.

CAPTURE OF GOVERNOR BURKE.

With whom the project of capturing the Governor of the state and delivering him to the British at Wilmington, originated, is not known. Perhaps it never was known to more than two or three, nor is it a matter of much consequence in itself, but the enterprise was one of so much boldness in its conception and so much energy and heroism in its execution, that the traditions of the country have ascribed its paternity to Colonel Fanning. From some circumstances however, while he was the most prominent and efficient actor in the whole process, I am disposed to attribute its origination to some other. The movement was one of peril and of bold adventure ; it necessarily involved the loss of many valuable lives on both sides ; it was successful beyond any reasonable expectation ; and therefore, being vastly important in its results to the whole community, deserves to be traced, if possible, from its inception to its consummation ; but in doing so, we are left very much to conjecture, and in that sphere every one must think or judge for himself. If it was not proposed by Major Craig at Wilmington, which we think very likely, it was probably first suggested to Colonel Ray, or some one of the Scotch leaders, by the following incidents, which were rather of an amusing character, and which occurred only a few days before they began to assemble at their place of rendezvous. *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,*

is a maxim of the highest authority, and we see it as often vivified in military operations as in other pursuits.

As the Tories, now stimulated by the proximity of a British force and by the daring achievements of Fanning, were more menacing and troublesome than they had been at any time since the battle of Moore's creek, Colonel James Hinton, of Wake county, with about two hundred and fifty men, crossed the Cape Fear and penetrated into the north side of Cumberland County, for the purpose of subduing or dispersing them. John McLean, who, I have been told, had been a Captain in the Tory army and was still a loyalist, but not so zealous in the cause as some others, lived on the north side of upper Little river, on one of its tributaries, and his mill was known to be a place of resort for the Tory corps that were embodying in that region. Hinton went to McLean's first, but was disappointed in not finding his enemies. However, as they were in pretty good quarters and supposed they had no cause to apprehend any danger, they were in no hurry to get away. The captain was not there to receive his visitors and treat them with the best he had; but they concluded that they would make free and "Johnny Penny like," help themselves to whatever they preferred. Some of them cut down corn for their horses and others turned theirs into the field. They killed a beef or two, got some other articles of provisions, and, in fine spirits, commenced making preparations for dinner.

About the same number of Tories were at no great

distance, embodied under McLean, McDougal, Malcolm McKay and Archibald McKay; but they were some eight or ten miles above, near the mouth of Jones' creek. Having got some intelligence of Hinton's visit in the neighborhood and wishing to approach him very cautiously, instead of taking the ridge road, which was much the nearest and best, they followed the meanderings of the river, and near the Beaver ponds, captured Barganier and Gholson, then on their way to join Hinton. An old man of that neighborhood, by the name of William Kennedy, followed his Tory friends, whether for the purpose of joining them or for some other reason, is not now recollected; but he took the ridge road, which was much the nearest, and when he got there, instead of finding his friends, as he expected, he found the place occupied by a crowd of strangers. As the men were all out, some attending to their horses and others occupied in different ways, he saw nobody in the house, and walking through the kitchen door, he asked the old negro woman, Saph, who those men were? but she replied, rather equivocally, "They are your own country people." With much haste and agitation, he repeated the question two or three times; but always got the same equivocal answer. On seeing some of the Whigs approaching, and being perfectly aware of his danger, without some device, he stepped out quickly into the open space before the door, and clapping his hands with great earnestness, exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Clear yourselves or you will all be taken prisoners! Clear yourselves for Colonel

Fanning is coming round the field with five hundred men ! Clear yourselves or you will all be surrounded and taken prisoners ! Clear yourselves !” From his manifesting so much earnestness and so much apparent concern for their safety, they could hardly doubt his good intentions, and they had no time to parley or reflect. Mounting their horses in haste and telling him to come along, they galloped away over the bridge and in much confusion. He did not object to go with them ; but he must first get his horse. After crossing the bridge and finding that Kennedy was neither with them nor following them, they began to think there was no danger and some of them returned to search for the man who had given such a false alarm ; but he had got what he wanted, an opportunity to escape, and was not to be found. The Whigs encamped for the night a little above the bridge ; but had not entirely recovered from their panic : and their circumstances required circumspection, for they could not, with two hundred and fifty men, encounter an army of five hundred, with Fanning at their head, and in their own country, where they were all acquainted with the swamps, and where they might, in a few hours, be reinforced by a much larger number.

In the course of the night the Tories arrived, but found no Whigs. One braggadocio blustered much, and was quite distressed because the Whigs were not there—“ that they might give them such a drubbing ;” but old Daniel McPherson thanked God that they were gone. Early next morning, sentinels were

placed at the bridge. These sentinels, on seeing two or three men, who when hailed, said they were for the country, fired on them. This gave the alarm at the house and they all marched in battle array down the hill and over the bridge, but still they found no Whigs; for, becoming apprehensive, it seems, from the firing of the sentinels, that Fanning, with five hundred men, was close at hand, they had mounted and fled in haste to the Cape Fear river. They crossed at a ford called the Fox Islands, and encamped for the night a little above Col. McAlister's. The Tories followed them to the river, but did not cross. Next morning the Whigs went up the river to the cross-roads, about half a mile above Atkin's ferry, where they halted for refreshment, and placed sentinels at the river, just above the ferry. They killed two beeves and some sheep, turned their horses into a fine pasture, and were preparing for a good feast. Some were roasting their meat, on spits before the fire, and some had begun to eat, when the Tories fired on the sentinels across the river; and directly a dozen guns were fired. Becoming alarmed again, they mounted their horses and fled, some leaving their meat roasting on spits before the fire, and some leaving both the bread and meat, which they were eating, just lying on the ends of fence rails. They had a few Scotch prisoners, chiefly men and boys—such as Hugh Ochiltree, John McLean, from Indian branch, and his son Neill, Malcom McPhail, Malcom Graham, Archibald McLean and a few others, about a dozen in all. As none of them were

men of influence, and as there was no time for delay, they just left them at the river, and without giving them any orders or instructions what to do. The Whigs, after getting into the Raleigh road, about half a mile, drew up across the road and made preparation to receive their enemies; but their prisoners, finding that they had been so unceremoniously left behind, began to consult among themselves whether they had better return home, remain there, or follow their captors; but it was finally concluded that if they returned home, the Whigs, should they come back again at any time, might accuse them of breaking custody and treat them with severity; and that they had better follow on and stay with them, at least until they knew what disposal was to be made of them. With this intention they all set off together; but the men under arms, on seeing their heads through the bushes, as they were ascending the hill in front, supposed them to be their enemies in hot pursuit, with Fanning at their head, and again fled in much confusion.

After going seven or eight miles, they took up camp for the night; and next morning, as the ten days for which the men had engaged, were expired, they were all disbanded and returned home, except Captain Hadley's company, which continued up in that direction, and was at the battle of Cane creek. The conduct of the Whigs on this occasion, is not to be attributed to cowardice, but to the alarm which they got at McLean's, and from which they had not yet recovered. Their conduct is still made the sub-

ject of much amusement in that region, but without due regard to the circumstances. We all know, how often men under arms become mysteriously or unaccountably panic struck, and utterly unfit for any manly exercise of their powers. This often happens with veteran and well disciplined soldiers, but much oftener with militia. These men had left home with little or no camp equipage, and without any other arms than such as they carried in their hands. Having engaged for only ten days, they regarded it as an excursion of pleasure rather than as an enterprise full of toil and peril. Expecting to capture or disperse, in a few days, all the Tories they could find, they never thought of meeting with any serious opposition. When they found themselves in the midst of enemies, with an armed force at least equal in number to their own, within a few miles, who were probably increasing every hour, and who, instead of avoiding, were seeking for them, the case was altered, and they were compelled to take care of themselves; but when they learned, or were led to believe, that an armed body, of at least double their number, with Fanning at their head, were in pursuit, alarm was unavoidable, and their own safety became the paramount object. The panic into which they were thrown by the crafty old Scotchman only showed the terror of Fanning's name; and was very much like many others which were produced about that time, by the mention of his name. This whole affair was, however, an unimportant one in itself, and would hardly deserve our notice, but for the bearing which we suppose it had on the expedition

to Hillsboro'. It was well calculated to increase the courage of the Tories; and as the way was now clear, it might readily have suggested to some of them the thought of making a bold push immediately into Hillsboro' and carrying away the Governor. This was somewhere about the first of September, though the precise date is not recollected; and on the fifth, five or six hundred of them, according to tradition, had assembled with their leaders, on the "Dry Fork," a tributary of Crane's creek, and were ready for marching orders. Much the largest body of Tories was now assembled, that appeared in arms at any one time after independence was declared; and, according to tradition, they considered themselves as the prime movers in this enterprise. They certainly were the principal agents, and the greatest sufferers. The flower of the Scotch population were in this embodiment; and all their best officers, most of whom had been much in the British service, and in all of whom they had full confidence were at their head.

Colonel McNeill was there, and had the command of the whole. It belonged to him, according to military usage, as the senior officer; but it would have been conceded to him, out of respect as the oldest man, for he was now advanced in life and had the full confidence of all who knew him. Colonel Duncan Ray, young, talented and enterprising, was also present; and Colonel McDougal, though he was not made Colonel until afterwards, and then held no higher rank, as I am told, than that of Captain or Major. These had all been much in the British ser-

vice, and had the unlimited confidence of their countrymen. Fanning may possibly have been the originator and the master-spirit of this whole enterprise; but he was not with them when they were assembling, nor when they commenced their march. Tradition says that he had the separate command of his own corps, and merely co-operated with them, acting on his own responsibility and as occasion required. Governor Swain, in his communication to the University Magazine, or rather Judge Murphy, says that when Fanning and McNeill united for the purpose of striking sudden and effective blows, at remote and effective points, they commanded alternately day by day; and this, we may suppose, was sometimes the fact, especially in the early part of their career, before Fanning had got much experience, or had attained much celebrity; but, according to the most reliable traditions I have heard, it was not a general or frequent thing; for, I am told, that the Scotch would not fight under him, nor be commanded by him. They disliked his character, and all the better part of them abhorred his atrocities. In those days, 'tis said, they would not fight under any other than a Scotch commander; and, on this occasion, they merely co-operated with him for the purpose of accomplishing the object. He was, no doubt, the life and soul of the business, and gave energy and success to the whole movement. His courage and military tact, which would have made him a prominent character anywhere, now gave him the *virtual* command; and gained for him, in public

estimation at least, the honor of the achievement. Leaving "Dry Fork," the place of their rendezvous, on the morning of September the 6th, and keeping their plans concealed, they commenced their march up the country and, receiving some small reinforcements as they advanced, Colonel Fanning joined them on or near Deep river. With the moral power of Fanning to urge them on, their movements were rapid and they met with no resistance from any quarter.

So far from dreading any effective opposition, they were determined to fight their way, and actually cut off or routed the only collection of men who, by spreading the alarm and serving as a nucleus for an ingathering of Whigs, could have given them any trouble. History, I believe, makes no mention of the skirmish at Kirk's farm; yet it was quite a spirited affair, and is worthy of record. Captains Allen and Young, of Orange county, encamped for the night on Kirk's farm, on the east side of Haw river, and near East creek, where they were, as they supposed, many miles from any Tory force, and were apprehensive of no danger. Whether they were out on a voluntary excursion, or had belonged to Colonel Hinton's corps, which had been disbanded only a few days previous and were keeping together for mutual safety, until they could get into a stronger Whig neighborhood, we have not learned; but they were only twenty or twenty-two in number. They were attacked by twenty-five or thirty; and, as they were taken a little by surprise, the result was what might

have been expected. Fanning, who appears to have been remarkable for the facility and accuracy with which he got information respecting every thing within the range of his operations, did not deem it necessary to go himself, but sent off a detachment under the command of Captain Richard Edwards. With characteristic boldness and rapidity of movement, they came up just as the day was dawning, and killed the sentinel, a man by the name of Couch, who had been posted at the end of the lane, then retreating a short distance to a thicket, where they lay in ambush, and awaited the movements of the other party. The killing of the sentinel gave the alarm at the house, and the party marched out under Captain Allen to give them battle, or rather to ascertain the cause of the alarm, when the Tories emerged from their concealment, and a severe conflict ensued, in which some important lives were lost on both sides, and others mortally wounded. Allen and Young were both severely wounded; the former recovered, but the latter died of his wounds within a few days. Captain Edwards was killed on the spot; and ten were left dead on the field. Nearly a third of the whole number engaged were either killed or wounded; and some of the latter died of their wounds within a few days. I have given the main facts in this affair as I found them in McBride's memoranda; but that the assailants were a detachment from Fanning's corps, I infer from the following facts. It was just at the time when they were on their way to Hillsboro', and was a very little off their route; it was

not more than four or five days before the battle at Cane creek ; and the detachment was commanded by Richard Edwards, who was then a captain under Fanning. There were then in Fanning's corps three brothers by the name of Edwards—Richard, Edward and Meredith ; and two of them are known to have been in the skirmish at Kirk's farm. When Richard was killed, one of the others, Edward, we believe, took the command ; and he is said to have been killed the next week at the battle of Cane creek. We simply state the facts, and leave the reader to form his own opinion.

The capture of the Governor was one of the most remarkable feats of the Tories during the war, and one of the most memorable events in North Carolina. "On the first of September the battle was fought at McFall's Mills, on the Raft Swamp, and on the 13th, about daylight, Fanning and McNeill entered Hillsboro', the seat of government, by different roads, seized Governor Burke, his suite and other prominent persons, and proceeded with their usual celerity towards Wilmington." Having entered the town in opposite directions and by the dawn of day, before anybody was apprised of their coming, they were enabled to take nearly every man they wished ; but their first object was, of course, the Governor and suite. The jail guard, finding that the Governor was captured and perceiving their own danger, assumed the badge of their enemies, by substituting oats straw in their hats for their deer tails, and thus attempted to ride through the Tories in the streets ; but Fanning

recognized them at once and cried out, "The rebels! the rebels!" then rushing upon them with the fury of a tiger, he broke his sword on the steel plate in the cap which was upon one of their heads. Having secured the Governor and all the prisoners they wanted, some of them engaged in drinking and robbing the stores. After plundering the town, their next move was to break open the jail and release the prisoners, but to remain long there was neither policy nor interest; and as Capt. John McLean did not drink, the prisoners were committed to his charge. Some of the men who engaged in plundering the stores became so drunk that they could not get away and had to be left behind. The Whigs then rallied, and they were taken prisoners.

Among the prisoners were William Kinchen and Col. John Mebane; but Col. Alexander Mebane made his escape by leaving a very valuable horse to the care of the enemy, and taking it on foot through the high weeds which had grown up very densely in the cross streets. Then returning to his home and friends, in the congregation of the Hawfields, with all the haste he could, he spread the alarm among the Whigs, and collected as many of them as could be got together on the spur of the occasion. General Butler who lived on the west side of the Congregation near the place where Judge Ruffin's mill now stands, being notified, came and took command of the men. A much larger number might have been soon rallied for the rescue of the Governor; for that was one of the strongest Whig neighborhoods east of

the Yadkin; but as Fanning was so notorious for the boldness and celerity of his movements, whatever was done had to be done with the utmost despatch. Having ascertained that the party with the Governor and suite in charge, were crossing the river and intended going down on the west side as the nearest and most expeditious route to the Tory region, their object was to get before them and occupy some favorable position. The ground at John Alston's mill, a little above or below what is now Lindley's, appeared the most suitable, and there they made their stand.

The number engaged on either side is not known with any degree of certainty, but according to the best traditionary accounts, or those which seemed to be most worthy of credit, the Tories had about six hundred and the Whigs about three hundred, a little more or less. The Scotch say that they must have had about six hundred, for they had five hundred at the place of rendezvous, in the lower side of Moore county, and after they commenced their march, they received two or three accessions, of which Fanning's corps was one; and we can hardly suppose that to have consisted of less than fifty or sixty. The night before the battle, old Colonel McNeill, who seems to have had the exclusive command, at least of the Scotch, on this expedition, had a presentiment, or what he regarded as a presentiment, of his death. We say nothing here about the reality of such impressions, nor, if real, about the source from which they come; but his was by no means a solitary case of the kind. Officers of high standing in their pro-

fession and of undoubted courage, have often had, on the eve of a battle, such a presentiment or impression of their approaching fate, as to become depressed in spirits and comparatively inactive. Several such instances occurred on both sides, during the revolutionary war, and with men who could not be charged with idle fears or superstitious notions. Col. McNeill, on this occasion, felt constrained to disclose the state of his mind to some of his friends who tried to laugh or reason him out of his sombre mood, but in vain. The brave old Hector who had witnessed more appalling scenes than the one now before him and had stood firm when a thousand deathful balls were flying around him, quailed when summoned, and so distinctly, as he supposed, to appear in the presence of his Maker, that there was no possibility of escape. He was not a man, however, who would bear the charge of cowardice, nor would he shrink from what he considered his duty on such an occasion. It was known that the Whigs were gathering and that they might expect a conflict in the course of the day; but precisely when and where was entirely a matter of conjecture. In the morning, old Hector, like Ahab, King of Israel, when going up to battle at Ramoth Gilead, laid aside his regimentals, and appeared at the head of his men in disguise, clothed in a hunting shirt and other parts of dress corresponding, very much like a common soldier; but his time was come and his destiny could not be changed. No disguise could conceal him from the eye of the Omniscient One, and no artifice could countervail his unerring

purposes. It is easy for him to conquer by many or by few, and whatever may be the resources or apparent advantages of one over another, he controls every thing and gives the victory to whom he pleases.

As the Tories were crossing the creek, and advancing through a hollow or strip of low ground, along which the road led, the Whigs, from the brow of the hill, on the south side of the stream, gave them a deliberate fire, and with tremendous effect. They were taken very much by surprise, and quite a number were killed and wounded, as they approached the stream, and before any danger was known or apprehended. Captain McLean halted his men in the rear and they all sat down to rest. On hearing the first fire of the Whigs, Governor Burke, and most of the prisoners, jumped to their feet and looked about; but the Captain told them to be quiet; for if they attempted to escape they should every one be shot down; and they had to obey. Colonel McNeill, on seeing so many of his men cut down by the first fire, and perceiving that if they continued to advance, it would be at a great sacrifice of life, ordered a retreat; but McDougal cursed him, and asked him if he was not going to face his enemies—"Was that the encouragement he was giving to his men?" The order was then countermanded, and they attempted to proceed.

At the next fire of the Whigs, five or six balls entered the Colonel's body, and he fell dead on the spot. So did several others, and many more were wounded. When he fell, some one thoughtlessly

cried out, "The Colonel is dead." "It's a lie," exclaimed McDougal, in a bold strong voice. "Hurra, my boys, we'll gain the day yet." His death was very prudently concealed, for many of the Scotch declared afterwards, that had it been known at the time, they would not have fired another gun, but would have sought for safety in any way they could. At this juncture, the principal officers got together for hasty counsel, or for the purpose of agreeing on some one to take the command; but those highest in office all refused, and they seemed to be at their "wit's end." At length, some one said, "Perhaps McDougal will take the command;" and instantly every eye was turned to him, if not "imploringly," at least with a strong expression of assent. He accepted; and nobly did he meet the responsibilities which he had assumed. According to the traditions in this region, when McNeill fell, the command devolved on Fanning, of course, as the one next highest in office; but the traditionary accounts of the Scotch are different; for, according to them, they would not be commanded by him, and he would not be under any other. He was therefore regarded merely as a co-adjutor, responsible only to himself, and having the command of none except his own men; but with them, as it appears, he actually did more, in a few minutes, to make an impression on his enemies, and arrest the tide of success, than all the rest effected with their veteran officers and military tactics, during the whole of the action.

Amidst all this success on the part of the Whigs,

and all this disaster and confusion among the Tories, Fanning contrived to cross the stream at another place, or to ascend the hill at another point; and, by making a little circuit, attacked his enemies in the rear. Being thus taken by surprise, the Whigs were thrown into momentary confusion, but quickly recovered; and, for a short time, the contest was fierce and bloody. Nearly every Whig who was killed during the action fell at this time, and in the course of ten or twelve minutes. The charge of Fanning was furious until his arm was broken by a rifle or musket ball, and he was carried off the field, when the next officer in rank, we suppose, took the command. Probably, it was on seeing this havoc made of the Whigs by this manœuvre of Fanning's, and viewing their situation as now desperate, considering the disparity of numbers, that General Butler ordered a retreat, and commenced it himself. The men, in obedience to orders, were following his example, when Col. Robert Mebane got before them, and by arguments and remonstrances, so far inspired them with his own heroic spirit that enough of them returned to renew the battle and keep the ground. It seems to have been at last a drawn battle; for neither party claimed the victory, and neither appears to have kept the ground for any length of time. The Tories were glad to get away with their prisoners, and the Whigs became willing to let them go. A few years ago, an old Quaker friend, who appeared to have been well informed on this subject, and whose powers, though he was then about fourscore, were unimpaired by age, told

me that Col. McDougal, after he took the command, came, under great excitement, and—to use his own language,—“in a foam of sweat,” to the house in which the prisoners were then kept, and took an oath that if the Whigs did flank him, as they were trying to do, and drive him to extremities, he would put his prisoners all to death, before he would suffer them to be taken from him. Whether this determination became known to the Whigs at the time, and had any influence in causing them to give up the contest, my informant could not tell; but if they were apprised of it, we presume, they would prefer that their friends should remain prisoners, than that they should be shot, *en masse*, by their captors. At all events, the battle appears to have ended by mutual consent, and both must have left the ground about the same time. The tradition among the Whigs, has been, that they kept the ground, and the tradition among the Tories, is that they kept it; but neither could claim it on very decisive evidence; and as the Whigs slowly withdrew or slackened their fire, the Tories, glad to get away, moved off with their prisoners towards Wilmington.

Very little was known about the battle at Moore's creek, at least by the present generation, and very little was said about it, until recently. Within two or three years, some of our ablest men have given it their attention; and since the facts have been brought to light, it is regarded as one of the most important events during the war. If some one who is competent to the task would undertake it, and fairly ascertain the facts in relation to the battle on

Cane creek, it would be found that there was quite as much military tact and courage displayed as at Moore's creek; and, in proportion to the whole number engaged, there was certainly much more bloodshed and destruction of life. A more bold and deliberate act of courage is hardly on record than was done by Col. Robert Mebane in the hottest of the battle. In the midst of the conflict with Fanning, when the Whigs must have been nearly between two fires, as the Scotch were advancing up the hill, they got out of ammunition and Mebane walked slowly along the line, carrying his hat full of powder and telling every man to take a handful, or just what he needed. The day was warm, the 14th of September, we suppose, and near the middle of the day, as the battle commenced about 10 o'clock; and by wiping the sweat off his face with his hands, after handling the powder, when he got thro', his face was nearly as black as the powder itself. The precise number of killed and wounded is not known, and cannot be readily ascertained; but it was rather larger, in proportion to the whole number than was usual in battles of that period.

Neither Whigs nor Tories really kept the ground and attended to the burying of the dead; but next morning the neighbors met there and buried thirty-two in one pit. Besides these, according to the concurrent tradition of both parties, many of the dead were carried away by their friends and buried in the neighborhood. Of the wounded, some of whom could get away themselves and others were

carried away by their friends and acquaintances, a number are known to have died of their wounds, soon after. Between the foot of the hill and the creek, the dead and dying were strewed about in every direction, and some of them were lying in the water. One of the Scotch companies, the one under the command of Capt. Archibald M'Kay, had six killed on the ground and twenty-six wounded; some other companies suffered equally as much and hardly any of them escaped entirely. Some of Fanning's men were killed; but he was so rapid in his movements and made such havoc wherever he went that his corps suffered less than the others. The Whigs, too, lost many, and some valuable lives; but, according to their traditionary accounts, not so many, even in proportion to their number, as the Tories. A friend, in writing to me from the Scotch region, says, that "including all of both sides who were slain on the field, and all who died soon after in consequence of their wounds, the number could not be much under a hundred;" and this estimate, which looks quite reasonable, taking everything into view, we suppose to be not far from the truth.

Several of the highest officers on both sides were killed and nearly an equal number of each. These were men of much merit as officers, and their death was a great loss to their respective parties. On the Whig side Major John Nalls and Colonel Luttrall were among the slain. In the Scotch traditions I find that Nalls has the rank of Colonel assigned to him; but I have never heard him called, in this

region, any thing but Captain or Major Nalls; and as the latter seemed to be more frequently applied to him than the former, I have given him that title. He was killed near the close of the battle by a Tory who singled him out with his rifle and shot him dead on the spot. Having done so, and seeing three of the Whigs sitting on their horses at a little distance, whom he mistook for his own party, he galloped up towards them, and as he approached called out, "I have just killed Major Nalls;" but the words were hardly out of his mouth until three pistol balls entered his heart, and he fell dead. Nalls left a widow and family of young children. On every account he was much esteemed in Chatham county where he lived; and as an officer he was highly valued. Vigilant, enterprising and rapid in his movements, he was dreaded by the Tories. Colonel Lutteral was also killed about the close of the battle and was a great loss to the country. He is said to have been a brave and valuable officer; but his men thought him too severe in his discipline; and this may have given rise to a tradition in the neighborhood of the battle-ground that he was killed after the battle was over by a Whig, a man by the name of Frazer. According to this account, he rode back after both parties had gone away, to look over the scene or to ascertain the number of killed and wounded. On seeing Frazer, then the only man on the ground and mistaking him for a Tory, rode up and fired at him with his pistol but without effect. Frazer then levelled his rifle and shot him thro' the body. He

did not fall at once, but rode to a house, something like a mile off, where he lived only a few hours, and was next day laid in the burying ground of a neighboring church. The Tory account is more plausible, because it is corroborated by other circumstances, and is as follows. Having advanced at the head of his men within pistol shot of a Tory from Randolph, by the name of Rains, who was in the act of loading his rifle, and fired at him with his pistol, but without effect. He then wheeled his horse, and dashed off, to get out of reach before the other would be ready to fire; but Rains, having finished in time, levelled his gun at him, when at full speed, and shot him through the body. He did not fall, but rode to a house about half a mile distant, where the good people took him up stairs and furnished him with a bed and every comfort in their power. While lying there, bleeding and dying, he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote his name upon the wall. The house stood there as a Monument of the Cane creek battle and of Colonel Lutteral's death until about seven or eight years ago; and the Colonel's name retained its freshness and brilliancy until the last. There were two men belonging to Fanning's troop by the name of John Rains, father and son; and McBride says that John Rains Sen., was killed at the battle of Cane creek. If it was he who killed Nalls the accounts would be consistent; and it is possible that the Scotch while they have correctly preserved the facts have unwittingly confounded the names.

On the Tory side, two officers in Fanning's corps

are known to have been killed, John Rains and Edward Edwards. The latter had been a lieutenant before, as we infer, and took the place of his brother Richard, who was killed at Kirk's farm, the week before. It is probable that he still commanded the same company or troop at Cane creek, and there met the same fate. Of the Scotch division, Colonel McNeill, the veteran soldier and the brave officer, fell at the second fire; and the promising and much beloved Col. Dushee Shaw lay at his side. He was a mere youth, but seemed to have all the manliness of mature age. Modest and unassuming, but firm and sagacious, polished in his manners, heroic in his spirit and chivalrous in his bearing, he was the very idol of his friends and there was great lamentation for his death. They left thirty-one of their number on the ground, who were too badly wounded to be removed; but they were nursed and cared for, some by the neighbors and some by their friends from a distance, who came and stayed with them until they died or had sufficiently recovered to go home. Among the wounded who were thus left, was Malcolm Downey, whose sister, Mrs. Neill Murphy, walked all the way up to Cane creek from Robeson county, some seventy-five or eighty miles, and nursed him until he expired. She was the mother of the Rev. Murdoch Murphy, deceased, and the Honorable John Murphy, late Governor of Alabama. Other instances of a similar kind might be related; but we will let one suffice for many. Such women deserve to be remembered and to be held up as examples of firmness in times of

peril, and of devotedness to the cause of suffering humanity.

At such a time, no respect is paid to a man's opinions however honestly entertained; and but little allowance is made for his inoffensiveness or inactivity in the cause which he approves. Force is everything, and wherever that can prevail, conscience and everything else is disregarded. There were two brothers by the name of James Torry and George Torry, who were Tories, and had been with the Tories previous to this battle, but their brother David Torry, was a Whig, and had hitherto staid at home. At length, however, he was taken prisoner with Hugh Laskly, and they were both in a manner, forced to join this expedition to Hillsboro', at least they were induced to do it against their judgment and all their principles of patriotism, rather than be sent to the prison ships at Wilmington, and they were both among the wounded at the battle of Cane creek, but whether both or either of them died I have not learned. Probably there were other cases of a similar kind, but such compulsory measures, which are an intolerable hardship, belong exclusively to a state of civil war.

A Tory who was mortally wounded in the battle gave his watch to the miller on condition that he would bury him when dead; and the miller fulfilled his promise, but a brother Tory, on learning that the miller had the watch, went and took it from him. Another of the Tories was found dead next morning, about a quarter of a mile from the place of action, on his feet or apparently supported by his feet, and

leaning against a tree, but without any wound that could possibly have caused his death. It was generally believed that he had died of fright; but his death might have been occasioned by apoplexy, an affection of the heart, or something else.

On the evening of the battle, or very soon after, a lady by the name of Lindley, wife of Simon Lindley, was shot dead in the road by some one lying in ambush, and it was believed to have been done by her own husband. Some Whigs happened to be near enough to hear the report of the gun, and led by a curiosity or a suspicion that something was wrong, came up immediately to see what it meant. The lady had a child at the breast, and when they found her the child was trying to suck. That child was afterwards removed to Howard county, Indiana, and has left a large family. So strong was their suspicion of Lindley's guilt, that some of them instantly went in pursuit and soon took him prisoner. They brought him to a house which was close by and set one of their number to guard him for a short time, until the rest could determine what they would do with him. It was rather suspected, though there was no proof of the fact, that the guard had given him an opportunity to run, and he took through the orchard between J. Newlin's and William Johnson's. However, the alarm was given and the rest all ran round the house to see what was the matter. One of them shot in the direction pointed out by the guard as the one which Lindley had taken, and killed him without seeing him. The load of shot struck an apple tree,

and one of the shot glancing off, perchance, struck Lindley in a vital part and killed him on the spot. It was belived that he, having become apprehensive that she would betray him, had waylaid her and killed her; but he having been killed so soon after, without any investigation of the case, it was impossible to ascertain the truth by any ordinary process. Such is the tradition of the neighborhood.

The most cowardly are the most anxious to be thought brave; and those who least deserve honors are the most proud of them. At the commencement of the battle, there was a man present from the immediate neighborhood, by the name of ———, who was an arrant coward, but who had, not long before, got the office or the title of Captain conferred upon him. Whether it was real or only nominal, I did not learn. Probably it was a kind of militia appointment by his Tory neighbors; but he was so proud of it that for some time he had made his wife always call him *Captain*. As soon as the action commenced, he became very much frightened and took to his heels. Two or three Whigs pursued him and would have overtaken him, if he had not suddenly disappeared in a way which seemed to them rather mysterious. Near the mill was a long, high rock which, at the lower end, terminated in a precipice some twenty feet high. At the base there was a shelving under, or a recess of some kind, which made a very comfortable hog bed in the winter, and in which a man, if fairly ensconced there, could not be seen except from the ground on one

side. As this was the only direction he could take, or the only one in which the danger would not be as great as where he was, he took the rock, and two or three Whigs pursued him to the far end, when he jumped down the precipice and disappeared. His pursuers went to the edge of the precipice and looked down, then off on every side without getting a glimpse of him; and, concluding that it was not worth while to spend time in the search, they returned to the scene of conflict. In the afternoon, when he thought the danger was over, he went home, and entered the house with a very distressed countenance, looking pale, and so weak that he could hardly walk. His wife, with surprise and alarm, said to him, "Why, *Captain*, what in the world is the matter with you, that you look so bad?" "O," said he, "don't call me Captain any more. I am a poor wounded man, shot through and through, and the blood is running desperately." Of course, she ran up to him in a perfect fright, and began to open his clothes, in order to see the wounds, and do what she could for him, but to her great mortification, she soon found that it was not *blood*; and that was the end of his military career, as effectually as if he had been shot through the heart.

A friend in the Scotch region, the son of a very respectable Whig officer during the war, writes to me that, as he has been credibly informed, he thinks the Tories had two brass cannon at Cane creek; but, owing to the advantageous position of the Whigs, they could make no use of them until they got on

the high ground. If they had cannon, it is probable that they had captured it with the Governor in Hillsboro'; and such I believe is the traditionary account.* By the desperate attack which Fanning made on the rear of the Whigs, such a diversion or confusion was produced that the Scotch at length got up the hill; but they had been so roughly handled and so many of their best officers and men had been either killed or wounded, that they were more anxious to get away than to fight; and the Whigs tacitly, though

* The following song, which was made by some one of the corps, not long after the battle, was sent to me by my correspondent in that region, so often alluded to already, who says that he wrote it down as it was repeated to him, not long since, by an aged Whig. It corroborates the suggestion made awhile ago that the cannon were taken from Hillsboro'; and the tradition that they were thrown into Lindley's mill pond, may be true. At all events, it deserves some attention; and it is to be hoped that a thorough search will be made.

"The Governor and Council in Hillsboro' sought,
To establish some new laws the Tories to stop;
They thought themselves safe, and so went on with their show,
But the face of bold Fanning proved their overthrow.
We took Governor Burke with a sudden surprise,
As he sat on horseback and just ready to ride;
We took all their cannon and colors in town,
And formed our brave boys and marched out of town;
But the rebels waylaid us and gave us a broadside,
That caused our brave Colonel to lie dead on his side;
The flower of our company was wounded full sore,
'Twas Captain McNeill and two or three more.

The Captain McNeill who is mentioned in the song as having been wounded, was Captain Neill McNeill, from upper Little river, in Cumberland county.

reluctantly, consented to let them go. When they drew off from the scene of conflict, they turned to the east and kept down the stream until they came to what is now known as Lindley's mill; where a few of the Whigs having rallied, they had another little skirmish, and to get clear of an incumbrance, they threw their cannon into the pond, where, it is supposed, they might yet be found if a proper search were made. Expedition was a paramount object with them; for a little delay would give the Whigs time to rally, and in such numbers, that they could not only rescue the prisoners, but take them too. As they had engaged in the expedition, not to fight, unless it was unavoidable, but to capture the Governor and as many of the most active patriots as they could, victory was no object any farther than it was necessary to secure their retreat. It was therefore necessary to disencumber themselves of every thing that could impede their march, and to act altogether on the defensive. They had made a fine haul and had got a number of "big fish." Their great concern now was to get them safely delivered to the British authorities in Wilmington; and for this purpose they would either fight or run as circumstances might require. This would surely recommend them to the king; and, when the rebels were subdued, give them a pre-eminence in the country. A defeat by the Whigs, any encounter with whom was not sought but dreaded, would have blasted all their hopes and been a source of intense and enduring mortification.

A few of the Whigs, a dozen or twenty in number, did make some show of resistance on the evening of the battle or next morning, at a place a few miles below and not far from the foot of the Hickory mountain; but they were so few that they were soon dispersed, and after that the way was clear. They soon got over Deep river, into the Tory region, where nearly every man was rejoiced at their success, and was ready to lend them a succoring hand and bid them God speed.

PURSUED BY GENERAL BUTLER.

It is stated in Wheeler's history of North Carolina that "General Butler endeavoured to intercept them with a *superior* force, and did so at Lindley's mill on Cane creek, where an engagement took place on the following day." I presume the author had some good authority for the statement, and I would be glad he had given it, for my information has been different, and if that was wrong I would like to have it corrected. According to my information, the battle was not at Lindley's mill, but at old Jack Alston's, a little above; when the Tories arrived at Lindley's mill on their retreat, a few of the Whigs had rallied there and a small skirmish ensued; but it was only a little brush on their rear or their flanks. Now if General Butler had a superior force in the engagement on Cane creek why did he not gain the victory. He had the advantage of the ground, and he was not, like

the others, encumbered with prisoners or any thing else. To suppose then that having these advantages, a superiority of numbers, a more eligible position and freedom from any encumbrance, while his enemies were inferior in number, occupied an unfavorable position and had a large number of prisoners to guard, after all he let them get away with their prisoners; would be disreputable to General Butler and to the men who fought so bravely on that occasion, or if by some untoward occurrence, they did elude his grasp in the first engagement, as he was superior in numbers and unincumbered, why did he not pursue them and intercept them at some point below—Perhaps my information has been wrong, but according to the most reliable accounts which I have always had from both sides, the Tories outnumbered the Whigs at least two to one; and I recollect no conflict of the kind during the war in which there was more real bravery displayed or which reflected more credit upon the Whigs than the one on Cane creek, except, perhaps, the one at Ransour's mill, and if the Tories on that occasion had been commanded by such a Tartar as Colonel Fanning, or if he had been there at the head of his Saracen corps with his daring courage, his rapidity of motion and his quick perception of whatever advantage might be taken, the result would probably have been very different. I have been thus particular in my account of the battle on Cane creek, one of the most important events in Fanning's career and one of the most calamitous to the country,—with the hope that

some one who is competent to the task will take it up and give it a more thorough investigation.

It has been stated that when old Col. Hector fell in the battle, some of the officers denied that he was dead, probably making the men believe that he was only wounded; and, for the time being, they put McDougal in his place. After leaving Cane creek, in order to keep up the delusion, they appointed to the command another of the same name, Hector McNeill, son of Archibald and Jennet (Ban). Having afterwards lost an eye, he was known in subsequent life, by the name of "one eyed Hector," but at this time, as he had not yet lost his eye, he appears to have filled the place quite respectably. From Cane creek, they went directly to their head-quarters on the Raft Swamp, and after crossing Deep river they stayed all night at the house of Mr. McRae, father of the present Collin McRae, Esq., who gives the following account of their visit: "My father lived on Deep river. My mother's maiden name was Burke. When the Governor of that name was taken prisoner at Hillsboro', by Fanning and his company, they stopped at our house all night on their way to Wilmington. The Governor was put into an additional apartment, at the end of the house, and there closely quartered. Our bag of meal was seized and cooked immediately; and, having been previously robbed, my mother had no bed clothes, except one cotton sheet, which was carefully wrapped round my infant brother, John, by his mother's side. One of the company seized hold of one corner of

this sheet and continued to jerk and shake it until the infant rolled out on the floor. By way of retaliation, my mother made some attempts before day to let her namesake, the Governor, escape, but without success."

The Governor appears to have been treated with as much courtesy, and to have had his situation made as comfortable on the road, as could be expected. After leaving Cane creek a few miles, and finding that the Whigs were not pursuing them, Capt. John McLean, who had the prisoners in charge, dismounted and asked the Governor to ride his horse. He replied, "I am your prisoner, sir, and must expect to fare as a prisoner," but McLean insisted, and the Governor mounted his horse. The captain then took it on foot, but soon obtained another horse. Capt. Neill McFall, or, according to the Scotch orthography, McPhaul, lived on the Raft Swamp, and kept a mill. His house was head-quarters for the Tories all over that region, and was the place of rendezvous before and after every expedition in which the different corps united. When they arrived at McFall's with the Governor, the prisoners were all given in charge to Colonel Ray, and a detachment of men sufficient for the purpose was assigned him. He conducted them to Wilmington and delivered them to Major Craig; but most of the men remained at McFall's. In a few days before Colonel Ray had returned with his detachment, and after Fanning, with his corps, had left, they mustered three hundred strong and were drilled by Colonels McDougal and McNeill, on the

plantation now owned or occupied by Mrs. Bethea, near Floral College. This is another collateral proof that the force with which they encountered the Whigs on Cane creek, has not been overrated on a former page; and that the conflict, which these patriotic men had to maintain on that momentous occasion, was something more than mere play.

Word had been sent to Major Craig, probably by express, that they had succeeded in capturing the Governor, with a number of other prominent Whigs, and that they would be there by such a time. A troop of cavalry was sent out to meet them and escort them back to town. A few miles below Elizabethtown, about Hammond's creek, they were met by this troop, and as they were approaching, Governor Burke said to the officers and men around him, "Now, gentlemen, I am your prisoner. Heretofore I had hopes of being released, and, therefore, I did not feel like a prisoner; but now I feel that I am indeed your prisoner." He had hitherto entertained the hope that General Butler would overtake them, and be able to effect his rescue; but he was sadly disappointed. General Butler did pursue them, and probably with an augmented force, for, as the Tories outnumbered him on Cane creek, it was very natural that, when about to pursue them, he should increase his strength by hasty drafts, or by volunteer companies; and, a few years ago, the writer became acquainted with one or two old and respectable men, in Caswell county, who were with Butler on this expedition, but had not been at the battle. It is not

at all unlikely, therefore, that at this time he did have a force superior to that of the Tories; but he did not overtake them and never had a regular engagement with them. According to the traditionary accounts in that region, he was taken by surprise one night and made a hasty retreat. Colonel Ray, after remaining two or three days in Wilmington to rest and refresh his men, was on the return home with his detachment, when he came upon Butler's camp, on Hammond's creek, while they were all asleep, and fired upon them. A few were killed, probably the sentinels, and some others were wounded. Such an attack, made with spirit and in the dead hour of the night, took them by such a surprise that they sought safety in the best way they could. A few evenings after he had a skirmish with another body of Tories, and some British troops. This was quite a spirited affair for a short time, but was soon over. General Butler ordered a retreat after the first fire, under a mistaken apprehension that the enemy had artillery, of which he was destitute; but Col. Robert Mebane, who belonged to his command, rallied as many men as he could and continued the conflict. Colonel Thomas Owen, father of General Owen, and of the late Governor Owen, was there, and, as General Owen informed me, took the chief command. The two colonels made quite a manly resistance for a while, but were overpowered and compelled to yield the ground. The whole affair was one of small importance, and the circumstances are not well known. Whether it was owing to the

want of good generalship or to some untoward occurrences, we do not know; but the Governor was not rescued, and the expedition was not signalized by any important achievement.

With his laurels all fresh upon him, and greatly increased by his recent exploit, as soon as his prisoners were safely delivered, or carried beyond the reach of their pursuers, Fanning returned to his old range, and pursued the same course of rapine, murder and devastation. During the last three months, his movements had been rapid; his plans bold and daring; and in every conflict he had come off victorious. Few men, with the same amount of force, have ever accomplished more in the same length of time; but after the British were driven from North and South Carolina, and after the army under Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to General Washington, at Yorktown, the prospects of the loyalists here, as well as every where else, became more and more gloomy, and their operations, if not less atrocious, were neither so bold nor so extensive. Fanning, however, had a considerable number who followed his fortunes and adhered to him with great fidelity to the last. With these, he was a terror to the whole country; for as his fortunes waned and his prospects darkened, he became more vindictive and more of the cut-throat assassin. Generally he kept his head-quarters on the south side of Deep river, and about Cross-hill, where he was in such a Tory region that he felt secure from any sudden attack of his enemies; but sometimes he had his camp on the

north side of the river, and when he and his men were not out on some expedition, they employed their time in horse-racing, gambling, and such sports as were most congenial to their dispositions. The place where he had his camp for sometime, on the west side of Chatham county, and not far from the present residence of Doctor Chalmers, is still known by the name of "*Fanning's race paths*;" but we presume that no gentleman, with even a moderate share of honorable feeling, however much he might delight in the amusements of the turf, would now think of using them for that purpose! From the last of September, 1781, until some time in the summer of 1782, a great many murders and atrocities were committed by Fanning, or by his orders, along Deep river and for some miles on the north side, the dates and minute circumstances of which cannot be now ascertained. Many have been forgotten, or rather have not been sought for by any one who was competent and had leisure or opportunity to write them off, and throw them into the common stock of public information; for they still exist in the traditions of the country; and enough might be obtained to make a moderate sized volume of pleasant reading, at least for the young people of the country, at their fire-sides in the long winter evenings. We shall therefore relate a few of these, and give the best account of them we can, but without dates or chronological order, except in one or two instances, of deep and abiding interest, in which we have been fortunate enough to obtain the date from letters writ-

ten at the time, or shortly after, by persons who were eye-witnesses of what they related, or had authentic and certain information.

MISCELLANEOUS DEEDS OF ATROCITY.

In the fall of 1781, and while Fanning still had a respectable number of followers, Captain John Coxe, who was a firm Whig, and lived, if I mistake not, in the north side of Cumberland county, not far from the river, went up into Chatham with a small company of men, and took up camp for the night at the house of a man by the name of Needham. Fanning having been informed of this movement by some of his friends, went in pursuit with his whole corps and arrived there before midnight. Having tied their horses in a thicket, at a little distance from the house, they rushed up and fired on Coxe and his party before they were properly aware of their danger, or could make any preparation for defence. As none of them were killed, however, they all broke and run without their horses, or any thing else except their guns, which, in those times, every man who had taken up arms at all in defence of his country, always kept in his hand when awake, or by his side when asleep; but fortunately, a part of them, in taking their course from the camp at random, happened to run by the place where Fanning and his party had tied their horses; and with great alacrity and promptness, they all helped themselves to horses, each one taking, without leave or license, the first horse he could get, as,

they say, members of Congress now take hats when leaving a President's levee ; and then they all made tracks a little faster than they could have done on their own stumps.

On the second day after this occurrence, Fanning and his whole troop went down to John Coxe's house and encamped there for the night. Next morning they plundered it and burned it to the ground, and destroyed every thing else on the premises that was destructable. John Coxe, of course, kept out of the way himself, but sent a messenger privately to his father, informing him of all that had happened. From this scene of desolation, Fanning, with the whole of his banditti, went to the house of the old man Coxe for a similar purpose ; and, when they arrived on the premises, John Coxe, William Jackson, and Robert Loe were at the house ; but they heard the sound of the horses' feet, or got some intimation of their coming in time to make their escape, and they were fortunate enough to get away with so much adroitness, or in such good time, that neither Fanning nor any of his men, with all their vigilance and sagacity, had any suspicion of their having been there. Thus left, they had free scope for their rapacious and burning propensities, without let or hindrance ; and they were not slow to improve their time.

While they were thus engaged, John Coxe and his comrades, who were still lingering within a short distance, as if unwilling to abandon every thing to their enemies, or perhaps wishing to witness what was done, so that if the time of retribution should ever come,

they might know what to do, agreed that they would go back as near as they could for safety, and while they kept themselves out of harm's way, might be able to see what was doing; but their curiosity, or an over confidence in their own activity, led them a little too far. Men who were engaged in a work so atrocious and had made themselves so odious to the community, were obliged to be always on the look out, and always prepared for any emergency. While the most of them were engaged in burning and plundering, a few were off at a little distance, as sentinels, looking and listening in every direction; and either hearing a noise, or getting a glimpse of these men, they gave Fanning notice. Instantly he and a few others, mounting their horses, dashed off in pursuit, and soon overtook them. When they came in sight, the three men fled in as many different directions; and Fanning, with one of his men, pursued Jackson, who ran down towards the Juniper. The other man shot first, and wounded him in the back. Fanning then fired and broke his arm; but the ball passing through the arm, entered his body and he fell dead. Robert Loe took a pathway up the ridge; but Stephen Walker, one of the most cruel and blood-thirsty men in Fanning's whole corps, pursued him; and, having overtaken him about a mile from old Coxe's house, brought him back. Fanning ordered him to be shot, but as he was not killed by the first fire, he pulled out his own pistol and shot him dead. One of the men followed John Coxe, who aimed for the low grounds of McLinden's creek; but when his pursuer

had got near enough to shoot and was just in the act of shooting, his horse stumbled and fell to the ground. By the time the horse had recovered sufficiently to continue the pursuit, Coxe was out of sight; and by this fortunate occurrence his life was saved. Robert Loe had been one of Fanning's corps; but, for some reason or other, not known to the writer, he had left him and joined the Whigs. Knowing from the character of Fanning, what would be the consequence if he was ever taken, he ought to have been more guarded and not to have put himself under the very paw of the lion, but he showed no more rashness than was then common in the country; for such is the effect of familiarity with danger that people become reckless; and his fate was not very different from that of many others.

According to the traditions of the country, this Stephen Walker was a man of most unenviable notoriety, a perfect ruffian, a cold blooded murderer, who had no feelings of humanity, no sense of honor and no respect for moral worth. Many years ago, I was told by an old man in Randolph, that, making an excursion one night for the purpose, he shot a Baptist preacher dead in his own house, in the presence of his family and when begging for his life, without any sort of provocation or pretext, except that the preacher was a Whig and had used his influence, which was considerable, in favor of independence. This is only a specimen of his atrocities; and no wonder that his name was a terror wherever it was known.

CAPTURE OF JAMES HARDING.

If a man's character is tested by the presence of danger, his wisdom is evinced by avoiding the stratagems and counteracting the plans of his enemies. Both are necessary in war and especially in such a civil war as raged for some time in this country, when a man's foes were often his nearest neighbors and sometimes even those of his own house; nor is it easy to say which is the most important or the most worthy of admiration. Sometimes, the one is especially called for and sometimes the other; but we feel the highest gratification, and are most hearty in our commendation, when we find them both combined in the same man. We had then many such in our country, of every rank, from the commander-in-chief down to the humblest citizen; and as every one ought to have the credit which he deserves, when we find such a man, however humble his station, we take a pleasure in giving his name to "the historic muse." Nine or ten years ago an old gentleman who had spent all his life in the neighborhood where the occurrence took place, and who had some recollection of those times, gave me in substance, the following account. There lived at this time, on the south side of Deep river and near the mouth of Bear creek, a man by the name of James Harding, who was a Whig and a man of a fearless spirit, bold in his address, frank in his manners and very prompt to use his tongue or his hand as occasion required. Of

course, he was the more obnoxious to Fanning, who had sworn that, if he ever got him in his power, he would take his life; and, being aware of this, he was usually on his guard; but it so happened one day that a scouting party, when ranging through the neighborhood, unexpectedly came upon him; and taking him prisoner, carried him to head-quarters. He showed no apprehension of consequences and no unwillingness to go with them; but his captors were rather surprised to find him as sociable and pleasant as they could wish. They expected nothing else, and they thought that he could expect nothing else, than that he would be put to death as soon as they got to camp, yet he was serene and cheerful.

On entering the encampment, Fanning was much gratified with their success and with the thought that he now had it in his power to exterminate one whom he regarded as a hateful if not a formidable enemy. Harding, however, did not give him time to *do* any thing nor even to say what he intended to do; for he knew all that beforehand; but, walking up to him, with an air of perfect *nonchalance*, took him by the hand with much apparent cordiality and told him how glad he was of having an opportunity of joining his standard. He told Fanning that it had been his wish for some time to leave the Whigs and come over to him; but that no opportunity had occurred before of doing it with safety. Now he had got there and he hoped he would not be a drone in the camp. Fanning looked him full in the face all the time; but, notwithstanding his sagacity and

his skill in reading the countenances of people, he could detect no insincerity, either in the tones of his voice or the expression of the eye. So well did Harding act his part, and so complete was the deception which he practised, that Fanning gave him a friendly reception and a cordial welcome. From the first, he made as free with the men in camp as if they had been bosom friends and boon companions all their life. He joked with them, eat and slept with them, and in every respect, they were all Jack fellow alike.

By a similar course of familiarity and apparent frankness, he effectually conciliated Fanning, who laid aside every thing like mistrust or reserve, and made him a kind of confidant. In fact, from his known character for boldness and enterprise, they all felt rather proud of the fancied acquisition which they had made; nothing was concealed; and no suspicions were harbored. If his feelings were harassed by the recitals of their murders and house-burnings among the Whigs, he kept it to himself; and all seemed to be perfectly smooth and right. Of the morals and religious character of Harding we know nothing; but whatever they were, he no doubt felt that he was in the hands of a man who had little claim on him or any body else for truth and fairness. He knew well that with such a man as Fanning when the object of his sworn vengeance was before him, an open, manly course would be certain death; and he probably thought that if he could foil him with his own weapons, and by any stratagem effect his

destruction, or impair his strength, he would be diminishing the sufferings of his country and doing so much to aid the triumph of freedom.

Accordingly, when he found that he had Fanning's confidence, he remarked to him, as they were speaking of some meditated excursion, that he could put him on a plan by which he might capture a company of Whigs on the other side of the river, at the same time mentioning what company it was, or who was the Captain; but he said it would be necessary that he should go over first and make the arrangements, by getting their consent to meet him on a given night and at a particular ford on the river, which was, of course, well known to Fanning: when he had made the arrangements he was to return to camp and conduct them to the place. Fanning, pleased with the proposal, gave it his sanction; and, not suspecting any trick or unfair play, mounted Harding and sent him off with his usual benediction. When he met with his Whig friends, he made an arrangement with them very different from that which his Tory friends expected. They were to lie in ambush on the next night and near a specified ford on the river. A signal was agreed upon, which was so simple as not to excite the suspicion of Fanning or his men until Harding could get out of their reach; and, on giving the signal, they were to rush upon their enemies. The ford, being only a neighborhood ford, was a little rocky and difficult to cross. The banks were steep, especially the one on the north side; and the way was so narrow that not more than

two could ride abreast. Having made his arrangements, he returned to head quarters and found all right.

His account of matters was satisfactory, and at the proper time they all set off, Fanning and Harding in front, and all in good spirits. They arrived at the river about the appointed time and took the ford. Some had crossed and were on level ground; some were plodding their way among the rocks; and some were ascending the bank. Harding then gave the signal and was answered by his friends to let him know that they were there. At the same instant he dashed towards them and fell into their ranks, when they all rushed forward and poured a heavy fire on their deluded enemies. All was confusion, and for a moment the utmost consternation prevailed. Such a scene as followed can be better conceived than described; and I shall leave it to the imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say that several were killed and a number wounded.

Among the slain or mortally wounded, was Stephen Walker, a man who was abhorred by every body except Fanning and his party; and at whose death, at least all the Whig community rejoiced. Fanning himself had the good fortune to escape, and the greater part of his corps; but he had never been so outwitted and discomfited before. He never had been so mistaken in his man, nor so completely duped; and he never had met with any thing in all the battles and rencontres in which he had been engaged, at least since he had been a British Colonel,

that so mortified his pride, or that so much impaired his military strength and his martial prowess. The precise number of killed and wounded I did not learn; but I understood that the Whigs lost none. Fanning and his party, I think, did not pretend to fight; for they were overpowered by numbers and were taken at such a disadvantage, where there was no chance for them all to get together, and on ground where they could not possibly form into any order, for either an aggressive or a defensive effort, all they could do was to seek safety by flight, and find concealment in the surrounding darkness.

In reading anything of the narrative kind, it adds much to the gratification when we can trace the order of events and see the connection of one with another, but in this and many other cases that cannot be done. Such have been the peculiar circumstances of this country, that incidents of the most interesting kind were left unrecorded until the dates and all the peculiar circumstances are forgotten. My informant believed that the above transaction took place late in the fall of 1781; but his recollection was not so distinct that he could be certain. It has been suggested to me that Harding made the arrangement with Colonel Gholson; and that the Colonel killed Walker with his own hand; but of this I have as yet had no reliable information. The main facts are believed to be correct; and it is a matter of so much interest in itself we hope, that as Colonel Gholson's descendents are still living, some in that region and some in the west, the circumstances will be more fully brought to light, and the transaction be fairly represented.

EXCURSION UP DEEP RIVER.

The reader will no doubt feel surprised, as the writer has done, to find that Fanning still kept the field and pursued his course of devastation with unabated zeal for months after the cause in which he was engaged had become desperate. After the British had left this state and had been driven out of South Carolina ; after the British army under Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, he still maintained as bold a front as ever, and fought on with an unyielding pertinacity. It seems strange, " 'tis passing strange," that in view of all these circumstances and when he had probably not more than twenty or thirty men ; when confidence was reviving in the breasts of the patriots and when the paralysing effects of discouragement were pervading the ranks of the royalists, the Whigs did not rally in sufficient numbers to cut him off or capture him at once, and thus put an end to his murders and devastations ; but whether it was owing to the terror of his name, or to the fact that they could not overtake him, none of the companies, so far as I have heard, that went down so often below Deep River to subdue the Scotch, ever encountered Fanning. This was not all ; for we find him at this time writing to Gov. Burke, with as great an air of independence and conscious dignity as if he had been Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, and charging the Governor with murdering three of his men, dictating terms of peace and threatening to

retaliate tenfold if reparation were not made and a stop put to such proceedings. The occasion of this singular correspondence may be learned from the following communication of Judge Williams to Governor Burke.

Hillsboro, 27th Jan., 1782.

Dear Sir,

* * * * *

During this term seven persons have been capitally convicted, to wit. Samuel Poe, for burglary, Thomas Rickets, Meredith Edwards, Thomas East-ridge, and Thomas Darke for high treason; Thomas Duke and William Hunt for horse stealing, And as I suppose some application may be made for mercy, I have thought proper to represent to your Excellency the true point of view in which the several persons condemned stood before the court.

Thomas Darke, a captain of Fanning's and one of his right hand men, is the principal person convicted. He has been very active and enterprising, and near as dangerous a person as Fanning himself, and from his proved inhumanities and cruelties in cutting, hacking and wounding his prisoners, had acquired among those of his own party, the name of "young Tarlton."

Thomas Rickets, though indicted of treason only, it is hard to mention a crime of which he is not accused and I have good reason to believe not wrongfully, murder, housebreaking, robbery &c., &c., are

on the black list of his crimes, to which is added a general bad character.

Meredith Edwards and Thomas Eastridge were also indicted for treason. They are both men who appeared to be equally popular among the Tories, and very active, and men of Fanning's gang, though generally kind and humane to prisoners while in their custody, and seemed much to lament the fate of their particular neighbors, whom they had taken with Governor Burke, and to express some uneasiness at seeing them in captivity. As to the general moral character of these men, it seemed to be pretty good, only great Tories—Eastridge from the commencement of the times.

* * * * *

I have the honor to be, dear sir,
Your very ob't hum. servant,
JNO. WILLIAMS.

From this it appears that several of Fanning's men had been captured, when, where, or by whom, does not appear ; but after trial in the civil court, they had been found guilty of the crimes laid to their charge. Summary justice was then the order of the day, and three of them had been executed. This provoked the wrath of Fanning, and gave rise to the following very characteristic letter from him to Governor Burke.

Feb. 26th, 1782.

SIR :—I understand that you have hung three of my men, one Captain and two privates, and likewise have a captain and six men under sentence of death.

Sir, if the requisition of my articles do not arrive to satisfaction, and the effusion of blood stops, and the lives of those men saved, that I will retaliate blood for blood, and tenfold for one, and there shall never an officer or private of the rebel party escape that falls into my hands hereafter, but what shall suffer the pain and punishment of instant death. I have got your proclamation, whereas it specifies this, that all officers or leading men, persons of this class guilty of murder, robbery, and house-burning, to be precluded from any benefits of your proclamation. for there never was a man who has been in arms on either side, but what is guilty of some of the above mentioned crimes, especially on the rebel side, and them that's guilty is to suffer instant death, if taken.

If my request agreeably to my articles ain't granted, and arrive by the eighth day of March next, I shall fall upon the severest and most inhuman terms imaginable to answer the ends for those that are so executed, and if the request is granted immediately, send a field officer to Deep river, to Mr. Winsor Pearce, and there he may remain unmolested, or to Colonel Phelon Obstones, under a flag, till we can settle the matter. So no more, but I am, in behalf of his Majesty's troops,

Your most humble servant,

DAVID FANNING.

Commander of the Royal Militia of Randolph and Chatham.

P. S. On Friday, the 7th of January last, I wrote to lawyer Williams the terms that I was willing to

surrender under, and he wrote to me that General Butler would not comply with my terms till he had the approbation of the Governor. On Wednesday, the 11th inst., the flag was to meet me at a certain house with the letters, and as the flag was coming it was waylaid by Charles Gholson and a party of men, from which it appeared to me that they seemed more like taking my life by treachery than coming upon peaceable terms; but as the gentleman that bore the flag, Balsom Thompson, acting so honorable to his trust, the moment he arrived at the place, he let me know of it, and declared himself innocent, which gave me grounds to think he would act with honor still.

On the 15th of the present, Mr. Williams, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Burns, were the gentlemen that were kind enough to wait upon me with a blank parole and letter, that my request was granted by the Governor. In the meantime, the gentlemen waiting on me at the place appointed, there came around me a company of the Haw Fields, commanded by Captain Lerbe, which plainly and evidently appeared to me that there was but treachery meant. On Sunday, the 10th of February, I fell in the rear of Captain Gholson and Captain Hines, and following their trail, came on them at dusk, and after some firing that night, we rode off, and came on them next morning, and we came upon terms of peace, till I could write to their superior, for which I have counselled with some of my officers, and we joined hand and heart, to comply with the terms underneath written.

“We, the subscribers, do acknowledge ourselves

subjects to the British Government, and as you are well assured of our fidelity and loyalty to his Majesty, and has been daily the case that we have been destroying one another's persons and property to uphold our opinions, and we are hereby willing to come to a cessation of arms for three months, on the condition underwritten.

Our request is, from Cumberland, twenty miles north, and thirty miles east and west, to be clear of any of your light horse. And further, that every man that has been in actual arms, in a permanent order, in order to establish a Royal Government excepting those that have deserted from a regular troop, who have voluntarily enlisted themselves, them we do obligate to deliver up, and each and every man that is at liberty, shall have a right to withdraw in the said District, and that any persons living in the said District that have been in actual arms in a permanent manner to establish the Royal Government, that we should at any request by writing to me or Major Reins, have them apprehended and sent to any of the American officers at or near the line.

That, if any of our men should go out of the line or district, to plunder or distress or murder any of the American party, that we will, by information made to me or Major Reins, or any of the Captains, that I shall return their names. If their request is granted, that they shall be immediately apprehended and sent to you or the the next officer, to be tried by your own law: and if any of your party shall be caught plundering, stealing or murdering, or going

private paths with arms, signifying as if they were for mischief, to be left to our pleasure, to deal with as we see cause agreeable to our laws. All public roads to be free, by any army or company keeping the public roads, or wagons.

That every person that has been in actual arms in a permanent manner in order to establish the Royal Government, shall not be interrupted of his arms or provisions, and any person that has not been in arms as above mentioned. If you should want provisions or any other articles from them, to send to either of us, and we will send a sufficient guard to see them safe in and out, the Quakers excepted, and that we will not in the mean time distress or disturb any person abiding by your law on the said district in their persons or property.

All back plunder shall be void, as it is impossible to replace or restore all the plunder on either side.

Our request is to have a free trade to any part, with wagons or horse back, with a pass from any appointed officer for salt or iron, or any other necessary, and we expect the two Coxe's Mills to be free from all armies belonging to America.

Any man that has been returned a Continental, without taking the county, that has been in actual arms as above written, shall return in the said District.

If the request is granted above written, I should request the liberty to send to Charleston to let them know what we are about, and any request you should ask in reason, I will petition for, and perhaps a peace

might be made for a twelve month, or more, if you desire it.

If the request can't be granted, be pleased to let me know as quick as possible, and if you don't like to comply with our terms, send me an answer back immediately, that we may know what to depend on. So, no more at present, but we remain friends, in behalf of his Majesty's Troops.

Sir, we remain

Your faithful

And humble servants,

DAVID FANNING, Colonel,

JOHN REINS, Major,

WILLIAM REINS, Captain,

JOHN EAGLE, Captain,

WILLIAM PRICE, Captain,

JACOB MANER, Ensign.

We would not blame Fanning, nor any other man, when honestly holding an office under the Royal Government, for standing firm in his place, and performing with all fidelity the duties of the trust reposed in him, provided he does it according to the rules of civilized and Christian warfare; but we would blame any one, Whig or Tory, for violating all the principles of honor and humanity, and for employing all his energies and resources, merely to gratify the low spirit of malice and revenge.

Supposing that it might be gratifying to many of my readers to see something of the judicial proceedings, and of the summary manner in which justice

was administered during those troublous times, I have extracted from the records of the circuit court in Hillsboro' the account of the sentence passed upon the three of Fanning's men, mentioned above, and one or two others.

At a Court of Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer, General Gaol delivery begun and held for the District of Hillsboro' at Hillsboro' on Thursday the Seventeenth Day of January, Anno Dom., 1782, pursuant to a commission issued by the Governor for the time being, bearing date the 19th day of December, 1781, which commission for holding said Court was read, &c.

Present the Honorable John Williams, Esquire.

SENTENCE.

Saturday, January 26th, 1782.

"The Court met according to adjournment, Present the Honorable JOHN WILLIAMS, Esq.

Samuel Poe, Indicted and Convicted of Burglary.

Thomas Rickets, Indicted and Convicted of High Treason.

Meredith Edwards, Indicted and Convicted of High Treason.

Thomas Estridge, Indicted and Convicted of High Treason.

Thomas Dark, Indicted and Convicted of High Treason.

William Duke and	} Indicted and Convicted of Horse Stealing.
Thomas Hunt.	

Being brought into Court and to the Bar, received the following sentence, That you the said Samuel Poe, Thomas Rickets, Meredith Edwards, Thomas Estridge, Thomas Dark, William Duke and Thomas Hunt, and each of you, be taken from thence

to the place whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck and each of your necks until you are dead.

Ordered that the Sheriff of the county of Orange, or for want of such officer, the Coroner of the said county, carry into execution the above sentence of the court, in the following manner, that is to say, the sentence against Samuel Poe, Thomas Rickets and Thomas Dark, on Friday, the first day of February next, between the hours of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and Two o'clock in the afternoon.

And the sentence of Meredith Edwards, Thomas Estridge, William Duke and Thomas Hunt, be carried into execution on the first day of March next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and two o'clock in the afternoon.

It being recommended to the court, that the estate of Thomas Estridge, (who this Term was condemned for high Treason,) consisting of the following articles, to wit: pork of hogs, eight cows and one mare, siezed, and in possession of Colonel Benjamin Seawell, of Franklin county; also, a small quantity of household furniture.

Ordered by the court, that the above articles be assigned to the wife of the said Thomas Estridge, for the maintenance of said wife and family; and that a copy of this order be transmitted to the said Colonel Seawell, or Commissioner of confiscated property, of said county of Franklin.

Ordered that the following articles of the estate of Thomas Dark, (who this term was condemned for

high Treason,) to wit: four head of cattle, two horses, one mare, and some household furniture, be assigned to the wife of the said Thomas Dark, for the maintenance of the said wife and family.

Ordered that one cow and bed of the estate of Thomas Rickets, (who in this Court was condemned for high Treason,) be assigned to the wife of the said Thomas Rickets, for the support of said wife and family.

(Teste) A. TATOM,
Clk. Pro. Tem.

The threat in the above communication, which is copied from the University Magazine, seems to have been fulfilled with too much punctuality, and from that time he appears to have become more desperate than ever. Among civilized and Christian nations, especially for the last two or three generations, no class of men make greater pretensions to those feelings of humanity and those generous impulses which prompt them to spare the fallen and to protect the feeble, than the officers of an army; and an officer of rank and character could not bring on himself a greater reproach than by wanton cruelty to a surrendered foe, to the aged and infirm, or to women and children. The sexes, however much they may envy and malign, hate and destroy their own, are generally chary of each other, and the man who can deliberately take the life of a woman is universally regarded as a maniac or a monster. Probably every man of true courage and manliness, if he must die a

violent death, would prefer to be killed by a savage, a lion, or a tiger, a reptile, an insect, or any thing in the world, rather than by a woman; for before such an act could be committed, he must have done something which was beyond all human endurance, or she must have been, by some blighting influence, so divested of all the kind and noble qualities of her nature as to have no longer any moral or social affinity with her race. All men of honorable feelings respect a virtuous woman, especially if she is a wife or a mother; and she must have a fiendish or a swinish nature who can corrupt the pure or revel with the vile; but Fanning had no such refined feelings and no such sense of honor. Though a British Colonel and in correspondence with British officers of high standing, neither promotion in the service of the King, nor converse with men of better principles, could revolutionize his moral nature nor bring him under the habitual control of more generous and lofty sentiments.

During this period, though a married man, he succeeded in seducing the wife of a Whig, in the absence of her husband, and, after keeping her for a short time, he murdered her in cold blood. On meeting her at their place of assignation, which was in the woods and not very far from the house, he pretended to be jealous of her and charged her with a want of fidelity. She denied in the most solemn manner, that there was any foundation for the charge, and declared that since she had taken up with him she had not thought of any other; but it was of no avail. He

had accomplished his purpose and wanted to get clear of her. He pulled out his pistol, therefore, and shot her dead on the spot, when on her knees and begging for her life. I got this incident from a gentleman of much intelligence in that region, who has felt great interest in gathering up the incidents of the Revolutionary war; and he told me that, horrid as it was, there was no doubt of the fact.

An act of such perfidy, baseness and cruelty, caused a coldness ever after, between Fanning and his brother-in-law, William Kerr, whose sister he had married; and although some correspondence was kept up between them occasionally, while they both lived, it was neither frequent nor cordial. Kerr is reported to have been a man of more humanity and more honorable feelings than almost any other in the corps; and he resented it, not only for the immorality of the act, and on his sister's account, but for the atrocity of the deed. He soon after left the service, and there never was any harmonious or friendly intercourse between them afterwards. It is said that Fanning made other attempts of the kind; but so far as any reliable accounts are known, this was the only case in which he succeeded. When we think of those times, with all their perils and sufferings thus spread out before us, with the reports of their atrocities and abominations still ringing in our ears, with the light of Christianity shining around us in so much purity and brightness, and with all the blessings of peace and tranquility, freedom and civilization, flowing in upon us from every side, and in such increasing exu-

berance, we are made to feel that we need no friendly monitor to keep us in mind of our obligations, and no homily to make us pray with all the fervor of which we are capable, that such times may never return.

The two following incidents are copied from the University Magazine. "William Lindley was one of Fanning's favorite friends and one of his captains. He was a respectable man and beloved by his neighbors, and took no part in Fanning's cruelties. Towards the close of the war, when the Tories began to think that the cause of Independence would eventually triumph, Lindley, with many other of the Tories, thought it prudent to leave the part of the country where they were known and retire to distant parts. Lindley crossed the Blue Ridge and determined to remain on New river, until the fate of the war was determined. During his command under Fanning, he had given some offence to William White and John Magaharty, two of the Tories belonging to Fanning's party. They pursued Lindley and killed him. Upon their return, Fanning, having heard of the murder of his friend, resolved to hang them as soon as he could apprehend them. In a little time White and Magaharty fell into his hands, and he hanged them together on the same limb."

"White's wife was pregnant. He gave her a particular account of the murder of Lindley, describing the wounds on his head and the loss of the fingers of one of his hands, which were cut off by the sword in his attempt to save his head from the blow. The story made such an impression upon White's wife,

that her child, when born, exhibited a remarkable appearance, had marks on its head, and the fingers of one hand were declared by the mother to be precisely such as White had described to her to have been those of Lindley."

For the following letter I am indebted to Gov. Swain; and give it to the reader as illustrative of the state of things then existing in the country. It was addressed to General Butler by Col. O'Neal, a man who, according to the testimony of his neighbors, loved to keep up appearances, but never fought in one battle, nor exposed himself to the fire of an enemy, and never did anything in the cause of Independence, except to receive pay for nominal services and take advantage of his office as Colonel to extort upon the people of his district. Such men are to be found every where and in the most trying times, men who have neither courage, nor patriotism, nor generosity, and who are so cowardly or so avaricious as to be intent on their gains even when their countrymen around them are suffering and struggling for freedom. If Colonel O'Neal, with the men who were under his command and whom he could, at any time, summon to his standard, had been out bravely opposing that notorious freebooter, Col. Fanning, he would have done better service to his country than by writing such a puff at his fireside; but a man of this description may tell the truth, especially when telling it may help to keep him in countenance; and therefore we submit this letter to the reader's perusal.

TO GENERAL BUTLER.

March 1st, 1782.

Dear Sir,

I had an opportunity of seeing Doctor Boyd yesterday. He informs me that he saw Captain Hanly who informed him that he was in action with Fanning, twelve surprised eighteen, killed six and took three prisoners and a negro, the Conjuror.

Lieutenant Davie who had a very fine mare was appointed to take Fanning in case he ran. Fanning got about forty yards the start of him, but came within four rods in riding five miles. After the mare failed and Fanning cleared himself, but I expect he is taken now.

I hope, Sir, that if there is any new particulars, in your letter you will let me know as I am very fond of good news.

I am Sir,

your friend and humble serv't,

WM. O'NEAL.

As an evidence of the strong and universal detestation in which his character and conduct were held, he was excepted in every treaty and every enactment that was made in favor of the royalists. "Sabine, in his lives of the loyalists, states that when General Marion came to terms with Major Gainey, and conceded to him the privileges of the "neutral ground," Fanning was expressly excepted from the arrangement. He was one of only three persons excluded by name from all benefits under the general "Act of

Pardon and Oblivion " of offences committed during the Revolution. [Passed in 1783, Chapter VI. Section 3.]

While his confederates, Colonels Hector McNeill and Duncan Ray, though their operations, when acting separately, were confined to the intermediate region between the Cape Fear and Pedee rivers, when pressed, they found safe refuge in the Raft Swamp, the neighboring morasses, and occasionally in the "neutral ground" in South Carolina, which the necessities of his position compelled General Marion to accord to Major Gainey when he surrendered," but Fanning was expressly excluded from this privilege, and his operations were confined, for the most part, to the upper country.

On the same day, they overtook a young man, by the name of Daniel Clifton, who had been on a visit to some of his relations, who lived on the Pedee, and was returning to his home in Virginia. They took him as a prisoner; and passing by the same tree on which Fanning had hanged White and Magaherty, they halted for a few minutes, and hanged Clifton on the same limb."

About the time the foregoing letter was written, and for some weeks after, a state of suffering and distress existed in Randolph County, especially in the upper parts of it, which can be hardly conceived. Many of the most respectable men in the country, prominent Whigs, who had been active in the cause, and a number of peaceable, inoffensive men, who had taken no active part on either side, were murdered in

the most shocking manner. Houses and barns were burned, with everything they contained. Provisions, bedding, and comforts of every kind were destroyed; and many families, hitherto in affluent circumstances, were left to beggary or absolute starvation. All this was done from an insatiable spirit of revenge, and not from any hope of maintaining his ground, or of materially aiding the British cause; for at this time, the spring of 1782, the British had been driven from the country; the great mass of the Tories had been completely subdued, and all hope of success had vanished. The reader will now recollect Fanning's letter to Governor Burke, in which he made the bold independent threat, that if the execution of his men who had been apprehended, and were then under sentence of death, was not stopped, he would retaliate "tenfold for one," and that "no officer or private of the rebel party," who might fall into his hands hereafter, should escape instant death. Knowing the spiteful, reckless, and daring character of Fanning, the governor ought, at once, to have sent a detachment into that region, sufficient to capture him forthwith, or drive him out of the country; but probably he had it not in his power, or did not apprehend that, as his number of men was now considerably reduced, he would be able to fulfil his threats. It would not, however, be difficult, even at this late day, to show that he did literally, if not more than literally, fulfil it; and it is said that some monuments of his atrocities may yet be seen. He made only one excursion into the north-west portion of Randolph County;

but that was one of Saracen fury and most terrible destruction. For a fuller account of this excursion than I had previously obtained, I am indebted to George C. Mendenhall, Esquire, who, at my request, very promptly and kindly undertook to obtain all the facts he could from Isaac Farlow, a respectable member of the Quaker society, who is now an old man, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, but seems to retain all his faculties unimpaired. He lives on Deep river, just in the neighborhood where many of these atrocities were committed, and well recollects all that he saw or heard. From his statements I have been able to trace the sequence of events, better than in any previous accounts that I had received; and he gives some additional facts of considerable interest. To converse with such a man is like being carried back to those days, and set down amidst the very scenes of desolation and wretchedness, as they actually existed.

The first victim of his revenge, or the first one of any note, was Colonel Andrew Balfour, who lived in the south west part of Randolph county, and about ten miles from Ashboro'. Only two years before he had represented the county in the Legislature, and was much esteemed in the neighborhood. He was a man of intelligence and public spirit, highly patriotic, liberal in his views and of an irreproachable character. He was at the time just recovering from an attack of sickness, and was unable either to fight or make his escape; but when he had his passions excited or was burning with revenge, Fanning knew

no pity. His enemy was in his power and that was enough. He had before plundered Balfour's house, in his absence, and had now come to take his life. which he did in the most barbarous and shocking manner, in the presence of his sister and little daughter, eight or nine years of age, who were both trampled upon and treated with savage barbarity. This was on Sunday, March 10th, 1782, and was, certainly, one of the most base and cruel deeds of his bloody career. Some of the descendants of that little daughter are now among our most estimable and useful citizens; but we will give a fuller account of Colonel Balfour and of his tragical end, in a separate article.

From this scene of cruelty and bloodshed they went to the house of William Milliken, Esq., who lived on Back creek, about two miles south of Johnsonville or the old cross roads. As Milliken was not at home they burned all his buildings, and destroyed every thing they could. On going to a house, if he got the man and took his life, he never burned the house nor destroyed any other property, except perhaps to take just what grain or provisions they needed at the time; but if he failed to get the man, he then destroyed every thing he could and seemed to delight in causing as much distress to the family as possible. While Milliken's house was on fire, as Farlow states, his wife, Jane, carried out a favorite feather bed; but they carried it back and threw it on the fire. When the bed began to burn, they twisted a stick into the feathers and scattered them over the

house. When the blazing feathers as they flew in every direction through the rooms, caught in a large bundle of yarn, which being on the wall, they only taunted Mrs. Milliken, and said, "Look at your yarn, old woman." On leaving Milliken's, they compelled his son Benjamin and a young man by the name of Joshua Lowe to go along and pilot them to the house of Col. John Collins, where he met with a disappointment; for Collins was not at home, but they burned his house.

He next went to the house of Colonel John Collier, who was the Senator for Randolph county, and in other respects a prominent man. He had been appointed County Surveyor, but either being unacquainted with the business himself, or not having time for it, he had brought a young man, by the name of William Clarke, from Virginia, to do the surveying. Clarke soon found where the vacant lands lay and entered them. Frequently he entered lands on which people were living, but whether with good title deeds or not I have not learned; but this seems to have been done chiefly with those who were regarded as Tories, or who were not on the Whig side, and perhaps with such as he thought could be frightened into measures. After awhile he employed Ralph Lowe, and a man by the name of Linden, to sell these lands for him. "Nathan Farlow," says my informant, "had to pay a fat steer and some gold for his land;" but in process of time, Nathan Farlow owned all the lands of these men and he himself, Isaac Farlow, now lives on the Lowe land. It was

believed by the sufferers that these things were done by Collier's connivance, if not by his express direction; and while his prominence as a Whig made him a special object of Fanning's vengeance, he had incurred, justly or unjustly, the ill will of all that class in the neighborhood, and probably in the whole or a large part of the county.

On the night of Fanning's attack, he was at home, and asleep; but being well aware that he ran a considerable risk in doing so, before he lay down he placed a young man by the name of Benjamin Fincher, as sentinel, on a pile of rails, at the distance of a few rods from the house, and left his horse tied near the door, where he had fed him in a hominy mortar, probably with the saddle on and ready to be mounted at a moment's warning. As the assailants approached, and Fincher hailed them, Fanning made his two Whig pilots, Milliken and Lowe, answer that they were friends. Becoming more and more uneasy as they approached so mysteriously, he kept hailing them, and they kept answering that they were friends, until they got pretty near, when two guns were fired at him; but having on a strong, tight vest, the balls glanced and did him no serious injury. My informant, Isaac Farlow, saw Fincher the next day, and the marks of the bullets on the vest. When they fired on Fincher, he hopped off the rail pile and ran for life, leaving his musket behind him. The firing roused Colonel Collier, and springing instantly to his feet, cried out, "Parade! parade! boys, parade!" Such a command, uttered with so

much boldness, and by a man of his standing and influence, made Fanning pause for a moment, and this allowed Collier time to mount his horse and escape; but the house was burned and the premises made a scene of utter desolation. He lived about three miles from Bell's mill, and in a south-west direction. He went the same night to the house of Captain John Bryant, who lived about half a mile from New Market, and on the place now owned and occupied by Joseph Newland; but missed his way and went to the house of Stephen Harlin, who was a Quaker, if I mistake not, or at least an inoffensive kind of a man. Fanning did not molest him; but compelled two of his daughters, Betsy and Elsy, to go along and show him the way to Bryant's house. On riding up they first enquired for the man of the house, and were told that he was tending Walker's mill, on Sandy creek, when one of them exclaimed with an oath, "Here is Walker, now." They then began enquiring who lived in this direction and who lived in that direction, until Bryant was named, when they said that was the place to which they wished to go, and made these two daughters of Walker's miller get up behind and go along as pilots. When they came up they made a rush against the door to burst it open, but it was fast barred. The noise waked Bryant, however, and he asked "Who is there?" They answered, Colonel Fanning, and asked him to open the door. He told them to wait till he got his breeches on; but they damned him and his breeches too. He, Bryant, called a young

man who was in the house, to get up, but he thought it was all a jest when they told him that Fanning was there. They called upon him to surrender; and when he asked them what they would do with him if he did surrender, they answered that they would *parole* him, but he replied, "Damn you and your parole too. I have had one, and I will never take another." Fanning then spoke, and said, "My life for his, if Walker don't kill him." The Miss Harlins, whom they had brought along as pilots, entreated him to surrender, assuring him that Fanning was there; but not believing it, he cursed Fanning and the whole of them. He opened the door a little way to admit the girls, and one of them started to go in; but Walker caught her by the dress and pulled her back, swearing that she was going in to protect Bryant. Bryant seems to have been a brave but reckless kind of a man. After holding out as long as he could, he opened the door, and going out on the step, said, "Gentlemen, I surrender;" but instantly he was shot down, and fell back against his wife, who was standing just behind him. As she was raising him up, another of the company stepped forward and shot him in the eye. Fanning then threatened death to any one who should give the alarm before daylight; but, according to his custom, as he had killed the man he was after, he destroyed no property and did no further damage. As he probably felt a little wearied after so many labors, he lay down in the cradle, and after rocking himself there very comfortably for some

time, while the rest were sauntering about, they all gathered up and went off in quest of other victims.

As soon as they were gone, Richard Isaacs, who lived at Bryants, went over to Nathan Farlow's and told them what had been done. He and his wife, Ruth, went over to Bryant's before daylight; but Nathan stopped at some distance from the house until he ascertained whether he could go with safety. His wife, on entering the house, found the dead body of Bryant lying on the door-sill, with the head inside and the legs and feet outside. What had become of Mrs. Bryant and the children, in the meantime,—whether they had been driven away or frightened away by the ruffians, or, finding that they could do nothing with it, after Isaacs left, they were letting it lie until some of the neighbors would come in, and were giving vent to their grief, I have not learned;—but, by daylight, Nathan Farlow and his wife had the corps *laid out*. At sunrise, Isaac Farlow, my informant, went over himself, and saw the body and the two bullet holes. The first ball had entered his breast and the other his head; but neither of them had passed through him. Bryant was a daring, fearless kind of a man. An old Friend in that neighborhood told me that he could have made his escape from the back door, if he had done it as soon as the alarm was given; but that he scorned to run from his enemies, and did not surrender until he found they were about setting fire to the house. When he cursed them and their parole too, they told him in language which would then have been under-

stood any where, that they would "parole him the *near way to Georgia*," and, going to some "log heaps" which were burning in a field, not far from the house, they got a "chunk" or brand for the purpose of burning the house, with all that it contained. Seeing that they were determined on his death, and rather than let his wife and children be burned up in the house with him, he opened the door, went out on the step and offered to surrender, but was instantly shot down.

After Fanning and his troop had left Bryant's something like an hour, they returned and enquired the way to Colonel Dougan's house. They burned his house with all the buildings on the premises, and destroyed every thing they could. After leaving Dougan's, and in the course of the same day, they captured a Whig and hung him on the spot. The Whigs had, some time before, hung a Tory, by the name of Isaac Jackson, on the limb of a tree which stood by a short turn in the road near Brower's and Spinks'; and Fanning had sworn that he would hang five Whigs on the same limb for every Tory the Whigs hung; but, old Friend Farlow says they mistook the limb and hung him on a limb close by the one on which the Tory had been hanged; for he knew both the limbs. They cut a notch on the limb on which they hung the Whig, using it as a talley, and intending to cut an additional notch for every Whig they hung on it until their number was complete; but fortunately for the country, he was disap-

pointed ; for this proved to be his first and last vist into that neighborhood.

During this expedition up Deep river, which included some three or four days, a little incident occurred which, though of small importance in itself, was rather amusing than otherwise, and showed the terror of his name, of which old Friend Farlow gives the following account.

A troop of Light-horse, from the foot of the Blue Ridge, or what was then called the Hollows, in Surry county, came down Deep river into the Coxes' settlement, on the hunt of Fanning, and after giving him a chase, as they said, in the morning, but without success, they loaded themselves with plunder from the settlers of the neighborhood, such as knives and forks, plates, spoons, &c. Having done so, they set off on their return, Isaac Farlow says, and came as far as his uncle George Farlow's, who was then living in a cabin on the road-side, with a small lot enclosed around it. The house stood on the east bank of Web's creek, about three or four miles east from the present town of Ashboro', and is now owned by Joseph Cannon. When the party came opposite to the house, Farlow was standing in the door, and one of the men presented his gun as if about to shoot, but another stopped him and told him not to shoot, for that was the man of the house. Here they halted, sitting on their horses, and gave an account of their adventure in the morning, stating that they had been in pursuit of Fanning, that they had given him a hard chase, but without success, and that they were

making great boasts of what they would do if they could only get a chance at him, when one of them happened to turn his eye down the road and exclaimed, with an oath, "Yonder is Fanning now." Instantly they dashed off, down the hill, which was very steep, and into the creek, all huddled up together. Farlow said there was such a blaze of fire from the guns of Fanning's men, as they passed the door, that he thought the others must have been all killed; but not much execution was done. When the mountain party got out of the creek, they left the road and took into the woods, towards the place where Ashboro' now stands, and Fanning's party in hot pursuit. It was "neck or nought," and they fled for life, throwing away every incumbrance and strewing their plunder, knives and forks, plates, spoons, and every thing else, all through the woods. In a short time Fanning returned, bringing a prisoner with him, who was badly wounded, and stating that they had killed one man in the woods, over the creek; but, on search being made by the neighbors he was not found. Fanning left the wounded man in the care of Farlow, and told him, rather sarcastically, that, when he got well, he would be on the hunt of him again; but the wounded man very humbly protested that he never would. Fanning then returned and in the direction from which he came while in pursuit of the mountaineers, and before he had overtaken them, he met Stephen Mendenhall and his wife, riding two very good horses, and, as some of his horses were failing, he made them exchange, but told them to

stay there until he returned. They did so; and, on his return, he gave them back their own horses.

A troop of Whigs was instantly raised, headed by John Clarke, and went in pursuit. Clarke was a man of as much daring courage and energy of character as Fanning himself, but had not as much stratagem nor adroitness in the execution of his plans. Captain John Gillespie, having probably been sent for, came down with his company from Guilford and joined them. Gillespie feared no man and would have gloried in meeting this enemy of his country. Fanning and his corps had not left the place of execution more than a few minutes when this troop of Whigs, under the command or leadership of John Clarke, came in sight. A few of Fanning's men it seems had delayed a little, and having cut down the corpse, were doing something about it, either by way of preparation for burying it, or more probably, they were robbing it of whatever money, clothes or any thing else which the man had about him that was worth carrying away. While thus employed the Whigs came in sight and they fled. There was a hot pursuit; but the Tories, having the fleetest horses, all made their escape except one who was overtaken by John Dugan, and John Clarke. Dugan's gun or pistol snapped, but Clarke shot and probably inflicted a slight wound. The Tory fell to the ground and lay there making pretence that he was just breathing his last. Being deceived by appearances and wishing to overtake the rest if possible, they left him, as they supposed, in his last agonies; but as

soon as they were out of sight, he jumped up and rejoicing at the success of his stratagem, ran for dear life.

From this time until he left the State, I have been able to get no consistent or satisfactory account; but it was probably soon after the transactions above related, that he was so befooled by James Harding; for his right hand man, the bloody Walker, was killed or mortally wounded on that occasion; but he was with Fanning on this bloody excursion up the river. It is known however that he continued his murders and depredations for some weeks, probably two months longer and with a virulence increasing in proportion as his fortunes became desperate. Many of his men left him and went to the mountains or other places where they would be beyond the reach of law and the vengeance of the other party; but a number adhered to him until the last, with, a firmness and a zeal worthy of a better cause. We presume that it was on their return from their murderous and devastating excursion up Deep river that they went to Bell's mill and made an attack upon his house in the night; but were frightened away by a well managed stratagem of Mrs. Bell, a fuller account of which will be given in a separate sketch of her character, sufferings and patriotic services during the war.

CAPTURE OF ANDREW HUNTER.

Everybody in the whole country has, probably, heard something about the capture of Andrew Hunter by Fanning; and of his singular, and almost miraculous escape. The incident was one of the last in Fanning's career; and the account of it here given, is taken in part from Judge Murphy's papers as published in the University Magazine, and partly from other sources.

It seems that Hunter was a Whig, and lived on the waters of Little river, in the south or south-west part of Randolph county. In addition to the well known fact that he was a Whig, and a decided advocate of independence, he had made some remarks about Fanning, which, having come to his ears, had so excited his wrath, that he had sworn to take Hunter's life, if he ever got him in his power. When Hunter and John Latham, one of his neighbors, were going with a cart to market, on Pedee, for the purpose of getting salt and some other necessities for their families, they saw Fanning and his corps approaching. Latham was walking beside the horse, and Hunter was riding in the cart. He was well aware of Fanning's purpose to take his life and he knew that it would be perfectly useless for him to think of escaping on foot through the open pine woods. As the only thing in his power, he covered himself up as well as he could in the cart, and left the rest to an all-wise Providence. When Fanning

came up, he stopped the cart, and asked Latham where he was going. He said he was going to such a place on the Pedee, to get salt and some other necessities. "What have you in your cart?" "Some flaxseed, beeswax, &c." "Have you any thing to eat?" Latham told him that he had a little, but he hoped they would not take it from him, as it was very difficult to get any thing on that road. Fanning swore he didn't care for that; and, as they were hungry, they would have it. He then dismounted and entered the front end of the cart to search for the provision; but, at the first haul, he uncovered Hunter, and exclaimed, with a kind of malignant joy, "Ah! you infernal rascal—I have got you now. Come out here, and be saying your prayers as fast as you can; for you have very few minutes to live." Hunter obeyed, of course; and Fanning, in a minute or two, brought out the provisions.

It was Fanning's design to dispose of Hunter at once, and was giving his orders to that effect; but some of his men remarked to him that, as they were very hungry, they had better eat first, and let "the poor devil" have a little time to prepare for death. To this proposal, Fanning and the rest agreed; and, throwing the rope, with which he was to be hung, at his feet, they told him that he had only fifteen minutes to live. Then they all stacked their arms against a large tree, close by, and set their grinders to work in good earnest, taking care to keep Hunter between them and the cart. In this situation, while trying to pray, he was trying to watch, and at the

same time, be prepared to act if occasion should offer. The first thought that came into his mind, was to seize a gun, and sell his life as dearly as he could ; but the same thought started up in Fanning's mind at the same moment ; and he said to his men, " Stand by your guns, or that rascal will get one and kill some of us before we know what we are about." He next thought of the " Bay Doe," and a swelling emotion of hope arose in his bosom, that if he could only get on her back, there might be some probability of his escape ; but even a look that way, would reveal his intentions, and quench the last ray of hope.

Before the fifteen minutes were expired, one of the men, by the name of Small, rose up with his gun in his hand ; and Hunter begged that he would intercede with Fanning to spare his life. As they conversed together they, unconsciously perhaps to themselves, advanced a few feet, and this brought them close to the Bay Doe, where she was standing with her bridle loosely thrown on a bush. Upon Small's telling him that there was no hope for him, he leaped forward, vaulted into Fanning's saddle, and throwing himself forward, lay as flat on her shoulders as he could. With his left hand, he disengaged, or took up the bridle ; but the mare, unwilling, perhaps, to leave the other horses, did not start at once. Orders were instantly given to shoot him ; and Small, though at the distance of a few paces, fired at him without effect. The firing of the gun started the mare at full speed ; and, she being Fanning's favorite nag, he was about as anxious for her safety as he was for the

death of the rider. Hunter said afterwards that, as he darted off, he heard Fanning telling them to kill the rascal, but take care and not kill his mare. As he lay so close to the mare's withers, it required a very good marksman, or very good luck; to miss her and hit the rider, and three more guns were fired at him, but he was still unhurt. He heard the bullets whistling by him on every side; but his only chance was to keep his position and go ahead.

A fifth shot lodged a ball in the fleshy part of his shoulder, which disabled his arm, but so intense was the excitement of his mind, that he was hardly aware of the injury. William Kerr, Fanning's brother-in-law, was the one who shot him; but this was not generally known until some time after. He pressed forward and was closely pursued for a mile, but when they lost sight of him he began to breathe more freely, and he saw the blood running down the mare's shoulder. The first thought which passed through his mind, was that the mare must be badly wounded, and if so, his case might still be a hopeless one. After a moment's examination, he ascertained that the wound was not in the mare but in himself. A slug had lodged in the lower part of the shoulder and his arm was nearly or quite powerless. He kept the road for two or three miles, when he turned into the woods and rode ten miles further to the house of Nathaniel Steed, bleeding profusely all the way. As soon as he alighted he fainted; and Steed collected a party of men to guard him. He also sent for a physician who dressed his wound, and in a few days he

was sent to Salisbury, where the ball was extracted, and he got well.

In the hurry of pursuit, Fanning had neglected to notice, or to trace the blood which marked the route of Hunter, and continued up the road to Hunter's house. Finding that Hunter had escaped, and that his mare, with the brace of pistols presented to him by Major Craig, at Wilmington, were lost, he determined to wreak his vengeance on Hunter's family. After plundering the house, he took Mrs. Hunter, then far advanced in pregnancy, and all of Hunter's negroes, and conducted them to a lonely place in the woods in the county of Moore, on Bear creek. From this place he despatched a messenger to Hunter with an offer to return his wife and negroes if Hunter would send back his mare and pistols. Hunter returned for answer, that the mare had been sent away and he could not get her. This answer was delivered to Fanning in the evening of the fifth day after he had taken up camp in the woods in Moore. The sun was about half an hour high when the answer was returned, and Fanning immediately mounted and went off, taking with him Hunter's negroes and leaving Mrs. Hunter alone. Smally, after proceeding a short distance, returned to Mrs. Hunter and informed her where she would find a path near the camp which led to a house not far distant. Mrs. Hunter proceeded to the house, where she was kindly treated, and from which she was sent home. It is probable, from this conduct of Smally, that Hunter's entreaties at the cart had weighed upon his feelings, and that

when he fired on Hunter, he intentionally missed him. "Hunter was still living when Judge Murphy collected his information, and had long resided in South Carolina, on the Pedee river, above Mars' Bluff. He was a man of respectability and wealth, and his adventure with Fanning had not then ceased to be an interesting topic of conversation to his friends."

That the blood of the Bay Doe has been well known and highly appreciated ever since, is proved from the following facts.

Some forty years ago, more or less, Colonel M——, a gentleman in one of the neighboring counties, who took much delight in the amusements of the turf, and who attained a great deal of celebrity among the sporting gentry of the State, had a mare which, from her blood, he called the Bay Doe, and which never was beat, except when she flew the track, a thing which she was very apt to do. On one occasion, when heavy bets were pending, she flew the track; and in her reckless flight, bounded like a deer over a very high fence, which caused her to fall, and crippled her so badly that it was supposed she never could be run again. An important race was soon after to take place in Salisbury, which Colonel M——, as a matter of course, attended, and took her with him; but, as she was still a little lame, he had no thought of putting her on the track. A friend, or an intimate acquaintance of his, a gentleman who lived in an adjoining county, by unfortunate bets of the kind, or in some other way, had so far reduced his property

that he thought it necessary to remove with his family to the far west, and was in Salisbury on his way to the west when the races came on. Without consultation or enquiry, he at once bet five hundred dollars on the Bay Doe; and when he told Colonel M—— what he had done, he replied that he was very sorry to hear it; for, as the mare was not yet entirely recovered from her lameness, she could not be run, and he would lose his money. However, they concluded, about midnight or after, when every body else was asleep, that they would go out with her, nearly a mile and a half from town, and take her round the path to see whether it would be at all worth while to enter her for the next day's race; but she flew the track again, threw the rider and dashed back, or rather flew back to town as if all the witches in creation had been after her. From this exhibition of her recruited strength and agility, Colonel M—— concluded that he would give his friend a chance, at all events, and put her on the track. Contrary to all expectation, she behaved very genteely, indeed, and "swept stakes." This lucky bet so far relieved the gentleman from his embarrassments that he at once gave out his removal to the west, and returned with his family to their former neighborhood.

Not more than two or three years ago, a suit was decided in Randolph Court, Judge Battle on the bench, which depended on proving the stock of the Bay Doe, and shows that her blood is to this day well known and highly valued in the county. It is

a wonder that horses have not been advertised under the name of the Red Buck, and tracing their pedigree back to Fanning's stock, or blooded mares selling for hundreds of dollars because they are descended from Fanning's Bay Doe. People in this country have been giving immense prices for "blooded horses," English horses, when we have horses in this country that have as much blood and as good blood as those which are imported from Europe or any other continent.

The Bay Doe saved Hunter's life on another occasion, and did it by performing a feat, which is well worthy of record; or at least, such is the tradition in the neighborhood, and it probably has some foundation in truth. It is said that when he was riding the Bay Doe, on the high ground, south of Deep river, and not far above the Buffalo ford, where the village of Franklinville now stands, he was like to be overtaken by some of Fanning's men. He first attempted to gain the ford; but found they were heading him in that direction. He then turned his course up the river, but they were there ready to receive him. The only alternative was to surrender, which would be certain and instant death, or to make a desperate plunge down a precipice, some fifty feet high into the river. He chose the latter, and escaped unhurt. The descent is not perpendicular; but makes an angle with the horizon, probably, of sixty degrees. It is also rough and craggy. Any one who will look at it from the road, on the north side of the river, will say that it was a greater feat of horseman-

ship than that of General Putnam in riding down the stone steps at the church. It was such a daring adventure that his pursuers, though they rode like Tartars, were mounted on the best of horses, and were burning with revenge, would not dare to follow him, but stopped short, in a kind of amazement, and contented themselves with firing two or three pistols after him. As there was no level ground at the bottom of the descent, he plunged right into the river and turned down the stream, sometimes swimming and sometimes on *terra firma* or floundering over rocks, until he found a place where he got out on the north side and made his escape.

Very few of Fanning's officers died a natural death; and not more than two or three of them, so far as I have learned, ever became citizens of even common respectability. Major John Reins, Jr., was in 1819 living in Tennessee, very poor, and keeping a mill. Richard Edwards was killed at Kirk's farm the week before the battle of Cane creek. Edward Edwards, his brother, who then took the command, was killed the next week at Lindley's mill. Meredith Edwards was indicted for treason about the beginning of 1782. John Reins, Sr., was killed at Lindley's mill. John Eagle was shot or hanged near Pedee. James Price was hanged near the same place. David Jackson was hanged by Colonel Lopp near Fork creek in the lower end of Randolph county. Thomas Darke was hanged at Hillsboro' in 1782. John Willison fled to Pennsylvania, and lived very poor. John Lindley, the same. Stephen

Walker was shot in April, in 1782, by Colonel Gholson, on Deep river. James Lindley was shot near the mountains; and, as I understood, Simon Lindley, the same. Others say that he was shot in his own neighborhood, under the suspicion that he had murdered his wife. William Lindley—Ignatius Wollaston fled to Pennsylvania, where he was alive long after the war, and was a bricklayer by trade. Thomas Blair removed to the mountains and settled on New river, where he built iron works and became rich. Thomas Rickets and Thomas Eastridge were indicted for treason.

LEAVES THE UNITED STATES FOR THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

Soon after the above transaction, Fanning left the state and went among his Tory friends in South Carolina. When I first came into this country I was told by some of the old men that, after going into South Carolina, and even into some parts of Georgia, where the Tories had been most numerous, but not meeting with the countenance which he expected, he returned to his old range in this state. The tide was turning so fast, however, that he found it not very safe to remain; and leaving immediately, he went to Charleston where he joined the British army. From Charleston he went to St. Augustine, where he embarked for the British possessions in North America. I have been told that he went first to Canada, but being dissatisfied with the country or the people;

he went to Nova Scotia and made his residence at Digby. He must have resided for some time in St. Johns, on the island of New Brunswick, for I see it stated in the University Magazine, that he had been a member of Assembly from Queen's county, on that Island; and I have other evidence that he resided there for a length of time. In fact, from some transactions in which he was more deeply concerned than anybody else, and which seem to pre-suppose a residence of some length, I had got the impression that, after leaving the United States, he had spent the greater part of his time in St. Johns. With the pension which he received from the British Government, he was enabled to live where he pleased and to maintain a style of living which would introduce him to the first classes of society. For a time he became very popular in St. Johns, and gained the public confidence, perhaps, as much as almost any other man there. For a number of years he conducted with great propriety, and by his obliging manners and correct deportment, he ingratiated himself with all classes, so that he was extremely popular; and had he continued in that course long enough, he could have commanded the public confidence to almost any extent. I have been told that he even made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Scotch Presbyterian church; and happy would it have been for some others as well as for himself, if he had really been what he professed to be; but according to the sacred maxim, the tree is known by its fruits, and the hope of the hypocrite shall perish.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.

Ten or twelve years ago, when at the house of Duncan Murchison, of Moore county, he told me that in 1823, he went to Canada and the British possessions in North America, partly on business, and partly on a visit to his friends; and that while at the house of a friend, in St. Johns, with whom he stayed a few days, as Fanning was living there at the time, he remarked that, before he left home, some of his neighbors had requested him to see Fanning, and that he had, himself, some desire to see him, merely as a matter of curiosity, however, and not from any sort of regard for the man; but his friend told him, with a tone of some indignation, that if he went to see Fanning, he must leave his house; and then gave him, in substance the following account. His popularity had once, and for a number of years, been almost unbounded, but by his villainous conduct, he had rendered himself so odious that he was shunned by all the better portion of society, as if he were infected with the plague. Some time after going to that country, he pretended to become religious, and joined the Scotch Presbyterian church. His oldest son was also a Ruling Elder in the same church, and was highly esteemed for his moral worth and his consistency of character; but a mere profession of religion will not secure any man against the outbreaks of his depraved nature, and especially if he has been early and long accustomed to do evil. In the sum-

mer and fall of 1800, when he was some forty-four or forty-five years old, he committed a rape on a little girl about fourteen years of age, the only daughter, and, if I mistake not, the only child of Judge S——, one of the most respectable citizens in the place; and it was done under circumstances of great aggravation. It was on the Sabbath, and when the rest of the family were all at church. When the Judge left the private sanctuary of his home for the sanctuary of God, not thinking proper, for some reason or other, to leave his house without any person in it, left his daughter, but locked the front door, and told her not to open it or admit any person until he returned. On his way to church he was met by Fanning, with his family; and they walked together, conversing freely and familiarly as usual, until they came near the church door, when Fanning remarked that he had forgotten his hymn book and must go back for it. Then, asking his own daughter for the key of his house door, he started back; but instead of going home, he went to the house of Judge S——, and knocked at the door. The daughter, not knowing yet who was there, spoke through the key-hole, and told him that she could not open the door, for the family were gone to church, and she could not admit any person until they returned; but he replied, "My daughter, let your uncle Fanning in: he wants to talk to you a little this morning; and surely you are not afraid of him." On hearing his well known voice, and feeling for him that respect which was then shown him by every body in the place, without any

sort of mistrust or apprehension, she opened the door, when he seized her and committed the brutal act.

He had relied on his popularity to screen him from justice; and the law could not be enforced. The court consisted of four or five judges, three of whom constituted a quorum; and the aggrieved father, at at once, got a warrant for his apprehension; but the sheriff refused to act in the case, and said it would be folly to make the attempt; for so great was Fanning's influence with the populace that, he had no doubt, they would raise a general mob for his rescue. There were a few soldiers in the place; but they were not sufficient. The sheriff therefore, advised him to get an order from the Governor, for a regiment of soldiers stationed on another part of the Island, and he did so. Fanning was then apprehended, and brought to trial. Without any difficulty, his guilt was proved, and he was condemned to be hung; but when the day was named for his execution, he pretended to be very penitent, and confessed that he was a great sinner. He said it was a solemn thing for a man to die; and begged that the court would defer the execution as long as possible, that he might have time to make his peace with his Maker. In this way, he so worked upon the feelings of the court that, without suspecting any design to procure his pardon or effect his rescue, they prolonged the time some two or three months, and he was remanded back to prison. As soon as this modification of the sentence was granted, and sufficient time allowed, his friends, who had a vessel waiting in the harbor, but secretly or

under pretence of other business, sent it to England, with an address to the king, which had been prepared for the purpose, and a petition for his pardon, which was signed by all his friends. The address to the king was, no doubt, prepared by his lawyer, and from *data* furnished by Fanning himself. In his letter to the Rev. Roger Veitz, dated May 15th, 1822, he says, he had a narrative of the transactions of the war, in both North and South Carolina; and in the next paragraph, he calls it a *Journal*. The address, no doubt, gave a sketch of his life, and portrayed in in strong colors, the leading facts contained in this *Journal*. It must have been published; for Murchison told me that he procured a copy, and intended to bring it home with him, but unfortunately lost it by the way. He said he had read it, however, and that it was not at all reliable, or, to use his own off-hand expression at the time, "It was full of lies, from beginning to end." I understood Mr. Murchison to say, that Fanning went to England himself; but having then no thought of ever publishing any thing of the kind, I was not as particular as I would otherwise have been, and may be mistaken in regard to that matter; but from several circumstances, I have no doubt that he did go in the ship provided for his benefit, and returned as soon as he obtained the king's pardon.

After having broken jail or been forcibly taken out of it, he could not have remained with safety in the island until he got his pardon; and it was probably while in England that Charles Cook offered

him fifty pounds sterling for the privilege of publishing the Journal. In the address he professes to give the king a history of his services during the war; but many things, Murchison said, were entirely misstated, and those which were substantially true were greatly magnified. It was artfully prepared, and after giving a high coloring to facts, he concluded by making a strong appeal to the royal clemency, and to that magnanimity which British monarchs had always shown in the protection of British subjects. He asked the king, if for one so insignificant, he could doom to the gallows a man who had always been so faithful to the crown, and who had rendered his Majesty such important services. The clemency of kings is often capricious, and a regard to their interest as often prevails over justice. The petition was granted; and Fanning, notwithstanding all his murders and villainies, was permitted to live. His oldest son, who was a ruling elder in the church, and an estimable man, was so mortified by his father's conduct, that he immediately left the country, and had not been heard of in twenty years.

To some it may seem incredible that Fanning, under all the circumstances, having been for some years a member of the Legislature, and ranked high as a military officer, holding at the time an undisputed membership in the church, and occupying a respectable position in the better class of society, could have been such a monster, or could have committed an act of such baseness, in defiance of public

opinion and regardless of all those motives by which men are usually influenced; but that he did commit the crime; that he was condemned to be hung; and that he was pardoned either by the King or by the Governor, is beyond a doubt; for it is confirmed by other testimony, and by such testimony as will hardly be called in question. I have in my possession a letter written by Mrs. Catharine Dayton, a very intelligent and respectable lady, who was living in the town of St. Johns at the time of the above transactions, in which she incidentally mentions Fanning's crime, condemnation and pardon. Mrs. Dayton was the sister-in-law, by marriage, of Mrs. Balfour, the widow of Colonel Andrew Balfour, whom Fanning had so wantonly and barbarously murdered. She had evidently enjoyed the advantages of a good education and had a considerable share of literary taste. A great intimacy appears to have subsisted between the two sisters-in-law, and a pretty regular correspondence was kept up between them while they both lived.

After the death of Colonel Balfour, his widow, who was a Miss Dayton, and was a native of New Port, in Rhode Island, removed to this country with her two little children, and settled in Salisbury, where she lived for many years, enjoying in a high degree the respect and the confidence of the community. About the same time, or soon after, her brother, Samuel Dayton, removed, with his family, to North Carolina, and settled in the same place; but he did not live long; and after his death, his

widow returned with her children to her friends in the north. How she came to reside, as she did, for several years in the town of St. Johns, I have not learned, but for some twenty years a regular though not very frequent correspondence was kept up between these two widowed sisters-in-law; and it is extremely interesting as a confidential and warm-hearted interchange of congenial sentiments and mutual sympathies. The whole letter, to which allusion has been made, like all she wrote, would very well bear publication; but we give only what relates to the case of Fanning. It was addressed to Mrs. Balfour, in Salisbury, N. C., and is dated

*St. Johns, New Brunswick,
March 28th, 1802.*

“When I came here, and long after, your arch enemy, Fanning, lived here; but I never saw him. In the summer of 1800, the Grand Jury found a bill against him for an attempt on the chastity of a little girl, and he was condemned to die; but the Master and brethren of the Lodge of which he was a most unworthy member, interceded so warmly for him that the Governor consented to spare his wretched life upon the condition of his quitting the province immediately. I have been told that he once shocked and affronted the Governor very much by boasting in his presence of his conduct to your dearest friend.”

This testimony of Mrs. Dayton is sufficiently explicit; and, so far as the main facts are concerned, it is decisive. Her good sense and general intelli-

gence leave no room to suppose that she could be misinformed or mistaken; and her standing in society preclude all suspicion that she would fabricate or misrepresent the facts. From some incidental expressions in her letters, I *infer* that she was a member of the Episcopal Church, but I am not certain. She often spoke in the highest terms of Dr. McCorkle, who was a Presbyterian minister, and, during her residence in Salisbury, preached, statedly, half his time in that place. Thus much we have said respecting Mrs. Dayton's character and standing to satisfy the reader that her statements are perfectly reliable; and that the facts under consideration, incredible as they may seem, may be regarded as placed beyond a doubt.

She says nothing about his publishing an account of his services or making any effort to save his life; but her mention of the matter, being merely incidental and cursory, she aimed to state only the main facts. In his letter to the Rev. Roger Veits, under date of May 15th, 1822, he says, of the Journal which he kept during the war: "I was offered by Charles Cook, in England, fifty pounds sterling to have it published, and I refused him;" but he may have refused to let his Journal be published, and yet he may have published some account of his services. These are, however, matters of such little importance, when the main facts are established, that we may leave the reader to form his own opinion or await the developments of time. If any one of more leisure and greater facilities than the present writer has or

is likely to have, thought it worth his while to extend his enquiries into those parts where Fanning spent the last forty years of his life, and where he ended his days, unenvied and unregretted, he might probably get a full history of his life, from beginning to end, at least so far as his statements could be received, and possibly some facts which would be desirable in a history of the state; but the task is one which those who choose may undertake.

Either Mrs. Dayton or Mr. Murchison may have been misinformed in regard to some things of minor importance; or both accounts may be strictly true in almost every particular. Mrs. Dayton says that the Grand Jury found a bill against him for making an *attempt* on the chastity of a little girl; but this we presume is only her modest way of expressing an unpleasant fact; for, I was not aware that by any law, of England or America, a man would be condemned to the gallows for merely making an *attempt* on the chastity of any female. She says nothing about his going to England; but simply that he was pardoned or had his life spared by the Governor at the intercession of the Master and brethren of the Masonic Lodge, and on condition that he would forthwith leave the country. He did not, however, leave the country, or not permanently; for he was there some twenty years after, and died, in 1825, at Digby, on the Island of Nova Scotia. If he went to England at all, he was probably there when she wrote; and she may have understood that he had left on condition of having his life spared; for if we allow

the time usually taken up in trying capital cases, this was very soon after he left, and every thing was yet in confusion.

The heart sickens at the contemplation of such atrocities, and such a character; and we feel all the time an anxious wish to meet with something of a humane or generous kind to relieve the painful feelings which are so constantly and so intensely excited. We would not do him injustice; but if there were any bright spots in the whole course of his life, they have not come to our knowledge. We are disposed, however, to attribute all his misdemeanors and the lasting reproach which he brought upon himself, to the want of education, and especially to the want of moral and religious training. That his education had been utterly neglected appears from his letters—one of which has been already given; and we now give another, not for any important facts which it contains, but in proof that he was entirely illiterate and that he had not even enjoyed the benefits of good society. When Judge Murphy, a few years before his death, was engaged in collecting the incidents of the war in this State, he made an effort through the agency of the late Archibald McBride, of Moore county, to obtain from Fanning himself what information he could in relation to his own history. He got nothing, however, except the following letter, furnished by Governor Swain for the University Magazine, which is so characteristic and so much of a literary curiosity that we give an exact copy without note or comment.

Digby, 15th May, 1822.

DEAR SIR:—The Letters you sent me Appears to be a request of some gentleman in North Carolina or Elsewhere to get holt of my Journal or the narrative of my Servis, During the time of the American Rebellion. I am under necessity of saying that I would not Let no man have it on any pretences whatsoever—Unless I was well informed of the use that was to be made of it.

You can say to the gentleman that I now have a narritive of the Transactions of that war, Both of North and South Carolinas, and if any Gentleman wishes to know from me of any particular transaction or the Date, by pointing it out to me, I may give Information of it, if it Don't operate against my Coming back to look after my property—you may say that my Journal contains more than one Quire of Fools Cap paper Closely wrote, and it would take a good pens man a month to write it over, fit to send to the world abroad.

I was offered by Charles Cook, in England, fifty pounds sterling for my Journal to have it published, and I Refused him. Colonel McDougal Desired me not to Insert in it any thing of his Servessas, as he Intended goining back to North Carolina to Live, and he knows that I have a Narrative of all the Transactions. If he should want any thing of the kind from me he would write me himself.

If any person wishes to prove any thing false respecting the conduct of the Torys, let him point out

what it is, and I will endeavor to give him the truth.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

DAVID FANNING.

P. S.—I believe there is some more meaning in the letters than I understand, the word Memorial of my life, or a word to that effect, that I don't understand. I have hurt my ankle and knee so that I cannot come to see you. Ross said you wanted to answer them by the post.

TO THE REV. ROGER VEITS.

The history of Fanning shows the importance of both mental and moral culture. While revolutions in government are in progress there is nothing but anarchy; and in such a state of things, nothing except the restraints of religion can prevent men of superior powers, from employing their energies to the injury of their fellow citizens. Under different circumstances and with a different training, Fanning might have been as much distinguished for his moral integrity and his generous impulses, his high sense of honor and his manly bearing, as he was for his cruelty, baseness, and utter contempt for the claims of humanity. A gentleman, in Moore county, closes a letter which I received from him not long since, in the following language, and the reader will probably think with the writer, that it is both true and appropriate.

“Having pursued a kind of predatory warfare of the ‘black mail’ character, up to the close of the Revolution, Fanning was compelled to fly the country and take refuge in one of the British provinces, where he ended a life of infamy and disgrace.

“Fanning’s career in life is a sad commentary on the loose code of morals under which he was trained, and a warning to those parents who neglect to instil into the minds of their offspring the immutable principles of truth and religion, which alone will serve as a ‘light to their feet and a lamp to their path.’

“Had David Fanning received an education corresponding to his native talents and been otherwise properly trained, instead of being ranked, as he was, among the vilest of the vile, his history would now, probably, be sought for as a model of all that is gentle and amiable.”

There can be little doubt that, with a proper mental culture and the full development of his moral powers, under a Christian influence and during the formative period of his character, he would have been as much distinguished by his virtues as he has been by his vices; but having spent the first half of his earthly existence without intellectual improvement, and in a moral atmosphere, where “all death lives and all life dies,” he was a scourge to humanity while living, and a by-word and a name of reproach when dead.

COLONEL ANDREW BALFOUR.

Among those who fell a sacrifice in the cause of freedom, and who, for their self-devotion and their patriotic services, deserve to be remembered, was Andrew Balfour. Though a foreigner by birth, he had made this his adopted country, and showed himself, from the first, a warm and decided advocate for the rights of man. He was a native of Edinburgh, in Scotland, and came over to America about four years before the Declaration of Independence. Like many others, he was an adventurer to the New World, but proved to be of kindred spirit with those who resolved to be free or die.

It is to be regretted that he lived so short a time in the country and that so little is known of his history. Nearly all we know of him is gleaned from a family correspondence which was carried on, for several years, between him and his friends, both in Scotland and in this country. From this correspondence it appears that his family were in good circumstances, and had a respectable standing in the city of Edinburgh. In a country where the distinctions of birth and the gradations of society are so scrupulously observed as they are in Scotland, a man who could be, as it appears incidentally from these letters, old Andrew Balfour was, on terms of social equality with such families as the Erskines, the Huttons, the Montcriefs, and others of equal notoriety, must have belonged to the same class; and that he was in good

circumstances, may also be inferred from another fact casually mentioned in the freedom and confidence of this familiar correspondence. When his son, John Balfour, who had been, for a few years in this country, engaged in business, returned to Edinburgh, merely on a visit to his friends, the old man, as he himself tells Andrew in a letter, gave him £200, or a thousand dollars, to enable him to carry on his business here on a scale more in accordance with his wishes; and to his daughter Margaret, who was coming over to this country with him, to bring her brother Andrew's motherless and only child, he gave £400, or two thousand dollars; but a man who could thus give, at one time, three thousand dollars to two of his children, for their accommodation and without inconvenience to himself, if not wealthy when compared with many others in the far-famed metropolis of Scotland, he must have been very independent in his circumstances, or engaged, at the time, in a very lucrative business; for he seems to have been a very prudent man, and would not have heedlessly embarrassed himself to accommodate his children, who were doing a respectable business for themselves in a foreign land.

When Andrew arrived to maturity, he engaged, for a time, in mercantile business with Robert Scott Moncrief, and then set up on his own footing. About this time he married Miss Janet McCormick, a lady who had been well educated and accustomed to move in the first circle of society. He thus became connected by affinity, as he had probably been

before by blood, with some of the most influential families in the city; but the fair prospects with which he commenced life were not to be of long continuance, whether it was owing to the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the details of business, or to those unavoidable losses which mercantile men so often sustain, or to the misconduct of others who were in his employ, does not appear; but he soon found it necessary to close his business and make some other arrangement. In this juncture of his affairs, so trying to one of his temperament and his connexions in society, he was impelled, by his great sensitiveness and by his high-toned feelings of honor, to take a step which he soon regretted and which was quite unfortunate both for him and for his friends. Without trying to do the best he could, or even waiting to know the worst, he set sail for America, leaving his young wife with an infant child to the care of his and her friends, and his property, including his notes and papers of every description, to his creditors. He did not even let his wife or any body else know that he was going away; but left a letter for her and another for his friend, Robert S. Monterief, informing him of the fact that he had just sailed for the American shore; that he had done so because he could not bear the shame of bankruptcy and poverty at home; and that his keys, books and papers of every description would be found in such a place. This was exceedingly unfortunate; for, as they informed him afterwards, if he had remained and settled up his business

himself, they would not have lost more than one shilling in the pound, or one twentieth of the whole, which, they said, they would have borne without a murmur ; but having gone off without leaving his property in the care of any one, or duly authorizing any of his friends to act for him, so much of it was lost by the peculations of servants, the costs of legal processes and in various ways, that in the final settlement, they did not realize more than one third of the amount.

By this step, however, he did not lose the confidence of his friends ; and his creditors imputed it to his having too high a sense of honor, or too great a sensitiveness in regard to his character. The following extract from a letter addressed to him by Robert S. Moncrief, a merchant of Edinburgh, and the gentleman with whom he had first been engaged in business, and now one of his creditors, bears an explicit and honorable testimony to his character. It is dated, Edinburgh, July 2d, 1773 ; and after such matters and things as are usually most prominent in letters of friendship, he says, “ I should be happy to hear that you are successful in business. You will derive some advantage from past experience, and learn from that not to be too sanguine in your expectations, nor too forward in depending upon the honesty of others. There never was a time that called for more caution and circumspection than the present. I sincerely wish you may meet with many of *as honest principles as yourself* ; for, notwithstanding all that has passed, I never could call in question your integrity. I had

great confidence in it while we used to do business together. I have not changed my opinion of your heart, though I regret your too great sensibility and sense of honor, whereby, I am persuaded, you were led into the step you took." In his answer to the above letter, dated Newport, R. I., Nov. 12th, 1772, Colonel Balfour, after expressing his gratification at receiving such a kind and consoling letter from one who had sustained a considerable loss by his failure, says, "It gave me the greatest sorrow to hear of the bad effects my leaving the country has had upon the interests of my friends. I had too little experience in business to know or foresee the bad consequences of such a step, and too little firmness of mind to support the disgrace of a failure, perhaps the reproaches of friends, and all the melancholy consequences of poverty and dependence. This weakness, which your humanity and friendship are pleased to soften with the soothing appellations of too great a sensibility and a high sense of honor, was the chief cause of my flight. Indeed, my dear friend, the greatest consolation, and comfort I have under all the revolutions of fortune, is in the reflection that I never had, have not, and, I hope in God, never shall have the smallest disposition to any thing that is in the least dishonest, or even dishonorable."

All his letters, written about this time, to his wife, his father, and others, with whom he had been in habits of intimacy, are in the same strain; and it appears to have been his earnest desire, if he could be

successful in business, to make up all the losses which his creditors and friends had sustained by his failure.

This was his sole object in coming to America, and he appears to have made every possible exertion for the accomplishment of his purpose. His father, who was also a merchant in Edinburgh, and who appears, from all his letters to his son, to have been a man of piety and of sound discretion, thus commences a letter to him, dated, Edinburgh, Feb. 20th, 1773, "Dear Andrew:—I received your very agreeable letter, which gave me a great deal of comfort, as I see much of God's good providence in it, for which we ought to be thankful. As it is plain it was not by your own conduct or imprudence it happened, so I hope you will ascribe the praise to him." A high-minded young Scotchman, raised in affluence, and honorably related, both by blood and affinity, could not brook the idea of a failure in business, and the untold evils to which it would subject him—the scorn of enemies, the mortification of friends, and the taunts and sneers of rivals. To escape from it, all at once, in the agonized state of his feelings, and without ever thinking of the consequences to himself, or anybody else, he abruptly left the country, and sailed for "the land of promise."

He sailed from Grenock, in Scotland, May 20th, 1772, in a ship called the *Snow George*, and arrived at Boston on the 18th of July, intending to go by water, *via* Philadelphia, to Charleston, in South Carolina, where his brother, John Balfour, was already engaged in business; but while waiting for a vessel

to sail, he accidentally became acquainted with a man by the name of John Thompson, a merchant in the city of New York, who had gone to Boston in his gig, with a single horse, and having transacted his business, was now ready to return. Being desirous of company, and having met with a countryman, an adventurer like himself, with whom he professed to be well pleased, he readily offered him a seat in his gig, and the offer was as readily accepted. Thompson was from the south of Scotland, and had been only a few years in America. Being a man of liberal education, Balfour says, he was very companionable and prepossessing in his manners, a member of the Presbyterian church, strictly moral in his deportment, and very popular in New York. As they were from the same country, they contracted a great intimacy and friendship as travelling companions; and, on their arrival in New York, he invited Balfour to stay with him at his boarding house until his trunks should arrive, which, being too heavy to bring with them, he had left in Boston to be sent round by water.

During this time, which was thirteen days, they became such boon companions, that Thompson proposed to take him in as a partner, and to give him a full third of the profits, provided he would put in what little money he had, and give his whole attention to the business. The partnership was soon formed, and they commenced business with flattering prospects. Thompson was, at this time, a young man, or a single man; but soon after married a Miss Robbins, the daughter of a clergyman in Connecti-

cut. He stood high in the public confidence, and was doing an extensive business, having three country stores and a ship or two, at sea. By submitting his bonds, book accounts, &c., to Balfour's inspection, he made him believe that he had a clear capital of five thousand pounds sterling; and that there were no claims against him which were due, or which he could not promptly meet. Balfour, with his characteristic frankness and honesty of intention, told him at once that he had been unfortunate in business, and that he had no capital, except two hundred pounds, or about a thousand dollars, which he had brought with him to be prepared for any emergency that might arise, or, for any casualty that might befall him in a strange land. From such a beginning he had high expectations of success, and there was apparently no ground for apprehension.

For a time their mutual friendship and confidence were unimpaired; and they seemed to be doing a safe and profitable business. In the midst of it, however, he received the sad intelligence that his wife, whom he had left behind, with an infant at the breast, and who had gone to live with her brother, Robert McCormick, at Preston Pans, had died of inflammatory fever, June 17th, 1773; and, while the object of his fondest affection, for whose welfare he had been most solicitous, was now taken away, he felt all the bitterness of separation. In about a year after, he married Miss Elizabeth Dayton, of Newport, in Rhode Island, a most estimable young lady, and of a very respectable family. By her he had two

children, a daughter whom he named Margaret, for his mother and sister; and a son whom he called Andrew, for himself and his father. As Thompson had the most experience in this line of business, and was regarded by Balfour as owning the principal part of the stock, he either assumed the management, or it was *conceded* to him, as a matter of courtesy, and with full confidence in his integrity; but within eighteen months after the partnership was formed, he exploded and became insolvent to a considerable amount.

Although Colonel Balfour, had discernment enough to see that a storm was coming, before it burst upon them, and in time to secure the greater part of what was due to him, yet, he sustained a considerable loss. What little money he advanced was, at his own request, so fixed that Thompson could, in no event, be liable for his debts; and, at Thompson's suggestion, was so secured that his creditors could not take it from him, during the two or three years, for which the co-partnership was formed. Of course, he was not in strict justice bound for Thompson's debts, and would not in law, be held liable to *his* creditors. The firm was in fact, a mere nominal one; and the creditors, though much chagrined at their loss, acquitted Balfour of any fraudulent or dishonest conduct. In a letter written to his father on this subject, and dated Newport, R. I., January 3d, 1775, he says, "I have got it from under the hand of my creditors, that I have behaved in an honest and honorable manner towards them. It

gives me particular satisfaction that, disposed as they were to use me with rigor and severity, I have not afforded them the least opportunity to refuse me an honorable testimony to my character."

We feel tempted here, to give an extract from a letter of his pious old father, written when he first heard of these disasters; and we give it as illustrative of the old man's Christian character, and consequently, of the religious instruction and training, which we suppose he had given to his children. It is dated—

Edinburgh, Oct. 20th, 1774.

"My dear Andrew—I received your very melancholy letter of the 23d of May, and we all sincerely condole and sympathise with you, and hope you will bear your afflictions patiently, as from the hand of a good and merciful God, who afflicts us only for our good; and believe in our Lord and Saviour, and pray for the forgiveness of your sins in, and through his merits and sufferings for us. Then I hope God will make the remaining part of your life, as prosperous as the by-past part of it has been troublesome, (full of trouble,) but though our whole life were troublésome, we ought not to repine, as we are promised eternal happiness, when we perform our duties sincerely, and repent of our sins. Read the first and last chapters of Job; and I hope you will observe the many comforts you have, of which he was deprived. You have good health, friends who sincerely condole with, and pity you, and a wife who sympathises with you—so you have no reason to despair of God's goodness.

Read also the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which gives a description of the Deity, and the history of our Saviour; and especially the 13th chapter of John's Gospel to the end of the book."

It is probable that he had received a liberal education, or, at least, that he had a good knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and with the common branches of science; for a man could hardly be raised in such a city as Edinburgh, and in the circle of society to which he belonged, without some such education; for otherwise he could not maintain his standing, or feel himself on a par with his associates. It is known that Balfour was a good French scholar; and it is therefore presumable that he was not deficient in other things. The Hon. Augustine H. Shephard, our late representative in Congress, has informed me, that, when Colonel Balfour was in the legislature, in the spring of 1780, a communication was received by that body, which was written in French, and that he was the only man there who could give it a translation. He read it off readily and with great correctness. Mr. Shephard had this fact from his father, Jacob Shephard, who was also a prominent Whig, and held different offices of public trust, during the war. Jacob Shephard and Colonel Balfour lived within two or three miles of each other, and were very intimate. He said Balfour had a very valuable library, for that day, and for a man who was not engaged in any of the learned professions. He always spoke of Balfour in terms of the highest respect, as a man who showed a high

sense of honor in every thing, very intelligent, very patriotic, and had the entire respect and confidence of the community, so far as he was known. If a man's family and most intimate friends can appreciate his character better than any other, and if their regard for him, while living, and their veneration for his memory, when dead, are the best evidences of his worth, then Colonel Balfour ought not to be forgotten; for, as will be shown hereafter, there were few men, of that day, whose nearest friends and most intimate acquaintances were more warmly attached to them, while they lived, or manifested a deeper sorrow for their death.

Whether he ever made a profession of religion, or was in communion with the church, is not known; but the early religious instruction which he had received, and the influence of the Christian example which had been set him by his pious parents, had, at least, the effect of making him moral, conscientious and upright in all his transactions and intercourse with society. There is now before me a large bundle of letters, a family correspondence kept up for a number of years, and consisting partly of letters written by him to men with whom he had been engaged in business, as well as to his most intimate and confidential friends; partly of letters from men who had sustained considerable loss by his failures; and partly of letters from friends who lived at a great distance from each other, and who spoke of him in all the frankness usual in such correspondence; but I have not seen the least suspicion expressed in

regard to his integrity or honesty of purpose. From all I can learn, here and elsewhere, he was a man of sound principles and of enlightened views, of patriotic feelings, of an enterprising character, of a fearless spirit and of strict fidelity to whatever trust was reposed in him, whether by his fellow-citizens or by his friends in the ordinary transactions of life.

As soon as the difficulties arising out of his connection with Thompson were adjusted, he commenced business for himself, in a village called Enfield, on the Connecticut river, about the latter end of the year 1774, and continued there between two and three years. What he saved from the failure of Thompson and what he got with his wife, would have enabled him, in quiet and prosperous times, to do a respectable business, or one which would have enabled him to support his family in decency and comfort; but, at that time, the north was the theatre of war, and every thing was in confusion. The implements of husbandry, if not actually beaten into swords and instruments of death, were nearly laid aside as useless for want of time and opportunity to use them; foreign trade, if not entirely cut off by the effects of the enemy, was reduced to almost nothing; and men, who had families to be provided for, were often compelled to change their business and resort to any honest occupation that would afford them a bare subsistence, or leave those who were most dear to them and who had the strongest claims on their exertions, to take care of themselves.

About the beginning of 1777, he went to Charles-

ton, in South Carolina, where his brother John had been for some years engaged in a profitable business; and there were several things which now induced him to visit the south. The north being the seat of war, business of every kind was at a stand; manufactures had not yet commenced; foreign commerce was cut off; and merchandising, the occupation in which he had hitherto been engaged, was out of the question; but the south, being comparatively tranquil, presented a better prospect of providing for a family. In addition to these considerations, his maiden sister, Margaret, and his little daughter, Tibby, the only child he had by the wife of his youth, were there, and had been for a year or more. It was natural that he should wish to see them both, but especially his daughter; and leaving his wife and her two children in the care of her friends until he could make some comfortable or safe arrangement for them in the south, he travelled the whole or most of the way to Charleston by land. His brother, John Balfour, was a royalist; but it does not appear that he had taken any active or prominent part in the contest. As I infer from some incidental remarks or allusions, in the letters now before me, Andrew was, from the first, a Whig in principle and feeling; but, like many others who wavered, or rather remained inactive for a time, not from any hesitancy in regard to the principle, but from the condition of their families, which seemed to have, for the time being, an imperious claim on their attention, he became more decided and active as the struggle advanced.

Whether he took any part in the civil or military operations of the north, is not known, but his main object in coming south was evidently to make better provision for his family; and there seemed to be a necessity for doing something. Not only were the difficulties then great, but they were every day increasing; and to show the distressed condition of the country soon after he left, it may not be amiss, in passing, to notice the great scarcity and high prices of provisions, during the next year. In a letter written to him by his wife, and dated South Kingston, R. I., Oct. 23d, 1778, she tells him that corn was then selling at five and six dollars per bushel; in another, dated Feb. 13th, 1779, she says it was then selling at ten dollars, and in another dated the 1st of June, following, it was selling at twenty to thirty dollars per bushel, which was equivalent to saying that it was not to be had at all; and although she had procured enough for her family in good time, many poor families had to subsist almost entirely without bread. Whether this extreme scarcity was owing to the drought or the ravages of war, is not stated—probably to both; but from the enormous prices of bread stuffs, and the extreme severity of the winter, which she says was greater than usual, the sufferings of all classes, except the most provident and forehanded, must have been immense.

The South being free from war and comparatively tranquil, the two brothers, though belonging to opposite parties in the great contest which was going on for freedom and Independence, might

have prosecuted their business in harmony together, as was often done by brothers similarly situated and with good success; but no such partnership was formed by them and perhaps was not designed. The object of Colonel Balfour in going to Charleston was part to pay his brother a visit, having never seen him since they came to America; but mainly to see his daughter and take her under his own care, for we find him soon after at Georgetown, or in the vicinity of it, engaged in making salt. As none of his letters to his wife and other friends, during this period, have been preserved, or if they have it is not known by whom, we gather these facts from the incidental allusions which she makes in her answers to what he had written. Thus in a letter, dated March 31st, 1778, she says, "I rejoice at your success in making salt, though I am not very sanguine in my expectations; for I have resolved not to be disappointed with respect to riches." Under what circumstances he engaged in this business and with what results, I have not learned, but probably he and some other public spirited and enterprising gentlemen, of that region, had been induced to undertake it by the pressing wants of the country and by the encouragement which the legislative authorities had repeatedly given. However this may have been, either they did not succeed as they expected, or else a supply was obtained from some other source; for we find him, in a little time, at Chevaux, to which place his brother John also removed either in company with him or soon after, and re-

mained there until his death. How long the Colonel remained at Chevau we know not; for there are long intervals between the letters of his wife, at least so far as they have been preserved. Many letters were written by him and as many by her which were never received. At this period, the transmission of letters or papers of any description especially to such a distance, was a very uncertain business, sometimes the mail was captured by the enemy, and often from carelessness or some other cause, letters were lost by the way, so that it was frequently months and even a year or two, before a communication sent either way, though not lost by violence or carelessness, arrived at the place of its destination.

Of this she complained bitterly, and adopted the expedient of sending to some man who was high in office, or so distinguished in other ways, that his name would command respect:—sometimes they were sent to the care of Mr. Marshall in Wachovia, or the Moravian settlement; sometimes to the care of Governor Nash; sometimes enclosed in a letter to Governor Nash from Dr. Stiles, President of Yale college.

The first notice we have of Colonel Balfour, in North Carolina, is in a letter to his wife, dated Salisbury, N. C., July, 1778, in which he tells her that he was sometimes there, and sometimes at his plantation; but that he intended to remove, in a short time, to the plantation. He did remove to it, and with the intention of making such improvements,

as would render it a comfortable home for his family. It ultimately became their residence; but the sovereign Disposer of all things, did not permit him to enjoy it with them. At this time, he had a considerable quantity of land in this state, some in the neighborhood of Cheraw, and a number of servants. Had he lived, they would all have been independent in their circumstances, and happy in the enjoyment of their social comforts and relations.

The plantation to which, we suppose, he refers, in the above letter, was one which he had recently, bought on the south side of Randolph county, at the head waters of Little river or Uwhar, and probably adjoining or near to a tract of land, belonging to his father. The old man had either taken this land to secure a debt, or, what is more likely, had purchased it some years before, from the heirs of Lord Granville, as men in the older states, have been ever since the Independence of the country was obtained, in the habit of buying lands in the far west on speculation, or as a settlement for their children at a future day. It seems that he had either put the title deeds of this land, into the hands of Andrew, before he left Scotland, or had sent them to him after he came to America; for in a letter written to him, and dated Edinburgh, Feb. 20th, 1773, he mentions these papers and tells him what to do with them. He directs him to send them back by his brother John, who was expected shortly to pay a visit to his friends in Scotland; and he would then fix the land for him, so that in case of any misfortune, his credi-

tors could not take it from him, by which we suppose, he meant that he would secure it to his children.

It appears that the original Deed called for ten hundred and fifty acres ; but when it came to be resurveyed, according to the corners and limits designated, it was found to contain nineteen hundred acres. Thus, Mrs. Balfour, in a letter to her husband, dated May 4th, 1779, says, " I need not tell you that I am glad you are so far successful as to be able to purchase so much land. * * * * What an agreeable disappointment to find 1900 instead of 1050 acres in the old plantation !" By " the old plantation," we presume she meant the plantation or tract which had belonged to the old man, and had now been made over to her husband, or to his children ; but be this as it may, his descendants have been living on it ever since, and it is still owned and occupied by the third generation. There is something quite remarkable in the whole history of this affair, as will appear in the sequel ; but any further details here would only be anticipating what will be more appropriate in another place, and cause an irksome or useless repetition.

In this year, 1779, he wrote to his wife that he would be ready, in a short time, to go for her, and bring her to her new home in this country. When replying to this, in a letter already referred to, she says, " It is impossible for me to express the joy I feel at hearing that you are well, and that you have fixed upon a time when you will visit your family. I earnestly pray that nothing may happen to disap-

point us. After an absence of more than two years and a half, to meet will be a pleasure beyond the power of words to express. * * * * I have always understood that to be a sickly country, and have been anxious on account of your health ever since you went there. I have been reading the history of the European settlements in America, and the author recommended it, not only as one of the most pleasant, but one of the most healthy places in the world; from which I am led to think that the fact of the inhabitants being sickly is owing to their high living; but, be this as it may, I shall never have an objection to living there, or any where else that may be most agreeable to your circumstances." The anticipations which were now so flattering, and so fondly indulged, were never realized, and for several reasons, some of which were quite as sad as they were imperative.

During this year, Randolph county was formed, and he was chosen as one of the first representatives. This is noticed in a letter from his wife, and his name stands on the records of the State as a member of the Assembly for 1780. Another reason was, that before the adjournment of the Assembly, or very soon after, the British army had taken Charleston, and were advancing through South Carolina toward this State; and it was not deemed expedient to remove his family here, when every thing seemed to indicate an approaching time of great and protracted distress, while the Eastern States were now comparatively tranquil. When the country of his adoption was

thus invaded, or threatened with invasion, he felt it his duty to share all their dangers with his fellow-citizens, and sacrifice his life, if need be, in the common cause. He was appointed colonel: and, with a heroic and magnanimous spirit, engaged in the military operations of the day; but to what extent is not known. In view of such perils and sufferings throughout the entire south, as he would necessarily be much from home, and his life would be all the time exposed to the most imminent dangers, he deemed it best to let his wife and children remain, for the present, with their friends in Rhode Island, and leave to Providence the ordering of their lot for the future.

That he determined to risk his life in the military defence of the country, we are informed by a letter from Mrs. Balfour, dated June 1st, 1779, and written in answer to one from him. After noticing some other things in his letter, she says, "I have been anxious about the enemy's being in Georgia ever since I heard they were there; but *your resolution of exposing yourself* raises a thousand melancholy thoughts. I can only say, I am unhappy and shall be so until I see you." From this I would infer that he went, or at least that he intended going with the unfortunate expedition to Georgia, under the command of General Ashe; but of this we have no certain information. How he was employed, or what he accomplished, during this period, we have no means of knowing; for no letters could pass between him and his family in the north; but he must have taken an active and prominent part in the cause; for he

had become very obnoxious to the Tories. In the fall of 1780, he and Jacob Shephard, father of the Hon. Augustine H. Shephard, who was also a prominent Whig, were captured by a party of Tories, from the Pedee, under the command of Colonel Coulson, who were carrying them as prisoners to the British at Cheraw, but were attacked by Captain Childs, from Montgomery, who completely dispersed them, and set their prisoners at liberty to return home.

On their return, Shephard left the neighborhood and went into one of more security, but Balfour remained and met an untimely fate. In the narrative of Judge Murphy, furnished for the University Magazine, by Governor Swain, we have the following account of this most barbarous and disgraceful affair. "In one of his predatory and murderous excursions, he (Fanning) went to the house of Andrew Balfour, which he had plundered three years before. Stephen Cole, one of Balfour's neighbors, hearing of his approach and apprised of his intentions, rode at full speed to Balfour's house and gave him notice of the danger that threatened him. Balfour had scarcely stepped out of his house before he saw Fanning galloping up. He ran, but one of Fanning's party, named Absalom Autry, fired at him with his rifle and broke his arm. He returned to the house and entered it, and his daughter and sister clung to him in despair. Fanning and his men immediately entered and tore away the women, threw them on the floor and held them under their feet till they shot Balfour. He fell on the floor, and Fanning taking a pistol, shot him

through the head." These are the most important facts in the case; but we have the details more fully and minutely given in letters written soon after by his sister and others, who, being present at the time, and treated with most barbarous cruelty, felt what they wrote.

As Col. Balfour was the most prominent and influential man in that region, Fanning, in this murderous excursion up the river, made him the first victim, and accompanied the act with almost every degree of barbarity that was possible. It was on Sabbath morning, March 10th, 1782; when it might have been expected that the sacredness of the day would have had at least, some mitigating influence on the ferocity of these *banditti*; but we will let Miss Margaret Balfour give the account of this transaction in her own language. It was some months, however, before her feelings were sufficiently composed and tranquil to write an account of a scene so distressing, and in the meantime, Mrs. Balfour, who, from all her letters, appears to have been a most affectionate and devoted wife, had received intelligence of the fact by another hand. Mr. Marshall, of Salem, N. C., had communicated a notice of Colonel Balfour's death to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Russmeyer, in Newport, where she lived, and he had made it known to her. Owing to the difficulty of transmitting letters, this was a little over two months after the event; and she immediately wrote to Miss Margaret for a particular account of the whole affair. Her letter, from

which the reader will, no doubt, be pleased to see a short extract, is dated

Newport, R. I., May 22d, 1782.

“MY DEAR PEGGY:

With the utmost grief and sorrow of heart, I sit down to write to you, having, eight days ago, heard the unhappy news of my dear husband's death. I had the day before, received two very affectionate letters from him, which raised my hope to a height to which I had long been a stranger. I had flattered myself that, with my dear little ones, I should, in a short time, be happy under the protection and guidance of the best of husbands and fathers. My fond imagination had painted an addition of happiness in the society of an affectionate sister who, though personally unknown to me, I had ever thought upon with love and esteem, and of my dear Tibby, to whom I had considered myself as under particular obligations of friendship; but I was soon roused from these pleasing thoughts by the most distressing account of his being killed by a company of villains in his own house. My dear Peggy, it is not in the power of language to express what I feel on the present occasion, and I shall not attempt it. It is some consolation that there is a way open through which I may hope to hear from you, and I embrace this, the first opportunity of entreating you not to delay writing, and let me know every thing which you think can afford consolation. I wish to know the particulars of your brother's death; and, O, I wish to know more than

it is possible for me to express in my present distress."

In reply to this sorrowful request, Miss Margaret wrote a letter, of which we shall give the greater part, because it contains a fuller and more authentic account of Colonel Balfour's murder, and of the treatment which she and little Tibby received from these savages, than can be got elsewhere; because it gives an affecting view of the disorder, recklessness and heart-rending distress which then prevailed in the country, for this was one of the almost numberless cases of a similar kind, and differing from it only a little in degree, and because the writer was not only an eye-witness, but a deep sufferer in the scenes which she describes. When we read such accounts, it seems difficult to say whether the men or the female portion of the community were the greatest sufferers; for the revengeful and infuriated spirit, which reigns in a state of civil war, has very little respect for age or sex; but it might not be amiss for the present and all coming generations, while living at their ease and enjoying all the luxuries which wealth and ingenuity can furnish, to remember the toils and privations, perils and sufferings, which were the price of our liberties and all our blessings. It is neither duty nor policy to forget the lessons of the past; but we return to the letter; it is dated

Swearing Creek, Sept. 24th, 1782.

My Dear Eliza,

I have just now received your very kind but sorrowful letter, dated May 22d; and it gives me a great deal of both pleasure and pain. I am extremely happy to hear from you; but as sorry, that it is on such a melancholy subject. You desire me to give you a particular account of your husband's death. My Dear Eliza, imposes on me a hard task; for the very thought of it throws me into such nervous fits, that it is with the greatest difficulty, I can hold the pen. Besides, I have not yet quit the bed of a long and dangerous fever, occasioned, I believe, by grief and vexation. However, to show that I really love you; I will comply with your request, but in as few words as possible. On the 10th of March, about twenty-five armed Ruffians came to the house with the intention to kill my brother.—Tibby and I endeavored to prevent them; but it was all in vain. The wretches cut and bruised us both a great deal, and dragged us from the dear man then before our eyes. The worthless, base, horrible Fanning shot a bullet into his head, which soon put a period to the life of the best of men, and the most affectionate and dutiful husband, father, son and brother. The sight was so shocking, that it is impossible for tongue to express any thing like our feelings; but the barbarians, not in the least touched with our anguish, drove us out of the house, and took every thing that they could carry off except the negroes who happened to be all from home at the

time. It being Sunday, never were creatures in more distress. We were left in a strange country, naked, without money, and, what was a thousand times worse, we had lost forever a near and dear relation. What added to our affliction, was the thought of his poor, helpless family left destitute, and it was not in our power to assist them. I wish his two families were united together. We would be a mutual help and comfort to each other; but whether it would be best that you should come to us, or that we should go to you, is out of my power to determine 'til I hear from you. Until then, I shall hire out my negroes, and go to Salisbury, where we intend to try the milliner's business. If there is good encouragement for that business with you, please let me know it, as soon as possible. If there is not, I beg you will come to us; and while I have a sixpence, I will share it with you. We are at present about ten miles from Salisbury, at Mr. James McCay's, where we have made a crop of corn. We remained only a few days on our own plantation, after the dreadful disaster, having been informed that Fanning was coming to burn the house and take the negroes. I will write you soon again, and let you know how we succeed in business, and I pray you will write immediately. Let me know how you are and whether you will come out or not. If you will not come to us, I will endeavor to sell out and go to you; for I cannot be happy, 'til I see my dear Andrew's beloved wife and little innocent children, of whom I have often heard him speak with a great deal

of pleasure. I had a letter from my brother John's widow, who is at Charleston. It informs me of my father's death; and that his will remains in the same way it was when I left home. As it will be of some advantage to us; I propose going home as soon as circumstances will permit. Tibby joins me in love and compliments to you, and the dear little remains of our best friend. She will write you by the first opportunity.

I am, my dear Eliza, with great sincerity your affectionate and loving, but distressed sister,

MARGARET BALFOUR.

The following letter from Major Tatom to Governor Burke, is both interesting and reliable; it is appropriate in connexion with the above. It is copied from the communication of Governor Swain to the University Magazine, for March, 1853; and it confirms, not only the main facts respecting the murder of Colonel Balfour, but what we have said about the general state of things in that part of the country, during the period in which the South was the theatre of war. Major Tatom, it appears, was a member of the House of Commons, from Hillsboro', about the year 1802; and, having died there, while a member, he was buried in the cemetery of the late Comptroller Goodwin, in the Raleigh grave yard. The letter is dated,

Hillsboro', March 20th, 1782.

SIR:—On Sunday the 11th inst., Col. Balfour, of Randolph, was murdered in the most inhuman man-

ner, by Fanning and his party, also, a Captain Bryant and a Mr. King were murdered in the night of the same day, by them. Colonel Collier's and two other houses were burned by the same party.

Col. Balfour's sister and daughter, and several other women, were wounded and abused in a barbarous manner.

These, sir, are facts. I was at that time in Randolph—saw the Tories and some of their cruelties. Without a speedy relief, the good people of that county must leave their habitations, and seek refuge in some other place.

I am, sir, your o'bt serv't,

A. TATOM.

It is not strange that his friends, especially his widow and sister, should wish to have such a monster as Fanning, and all his accomplices, brought to punishment; and we give an extract from another letter of Miss Margaret, to her sister-in-law, as illustrative of the feelings that existed, and of the course of conduct pursued at that period of civil conflict.

In a letter to Mrs. Balfour, dated June 6th, 1783, a little more than a year after the death of her brother, she says: "Some time last February, having been informed that my horse was at one Major Gholson's, I got Mr. John McCoy with me, and we went to the Major's, where we found the horse, but in such a poor condition, that it was with great difficulty we got him home. However, he is now so much recruited, that he is fit for a little service.

When I was after the horse, I heard that one of Fanning's men was in Hillsboro' jail; and, as the court commenced on the 1st of April, I went to Hillsboro', and witnessed against him. The crime was proved so plainly, that not one lawyer spoke a word in his favor, though he had three of them employed. My story was so affecting, that the court was willing to give me every satisfaction in their power; and in order to do this, they broke a little through the usual course, for they had the villain tried, condemned and hung, all in the space of the court. While the judge was giving the jury their charge, I heard several gentlemen of my brother's acquaintance wishing to God the jury would not bring him in guilty, that they might have the pleasure of putting the rascal to death with their own hands; and if the jury had not brought him in guilty, I am sure they would have killed the wretch before he had got out of the house. If it is an inexpressible happiness for one to know, that his dear friends are much beloved, we have that happiness; for I believe, that there has not a man fallen since the beginning of the troubles, who was more sincerely and generally lamented, than our dear Andrew.

My brother gave the rights of the land that is in the neighborhood of Georgetown to Mr. Randolph Hays, a gentleman who lives in that town, to dispose of it; but he could not do it at that time. According to the last accounts, my brother had of him, he was a prisoner in Charleston; but since my brother's

death, I have seen General Harrington, who tells me that Mr. Hays is now in Georgetown.

My dear Eliza, I am infinitely obliged to you, and I sincerely thank you for your kind and friendly advice. I shall use every method in my power to drive the horrid scene from my thoughts, as my life may be of some service, both to my dear Andrew's family, and to the avenging of his innocent blood. I have not had the pleasure of the letter you wrote in October. The distance between Salisbury and the plantation, is 42 miles, and 30 between Salisbury and Salem.

I am, my dear Eliza, your sincere friend, and affectionate sister.

MARGARET BALFOUR.

Miss Balfour, in the letter just quoted, does not give the name of the man against whom she witnessed; but we have it in the following extract from the records of the court at which she attended as a witness. We give the indictment as drawn up by Alfred Moore, the Attorney General; and then the simple statement that a "true bill" was found. At the same court, some half a dozen others were tried and condemned, some of them for "high treason" and others for horse stealing; but to notice them here would be foreign from my purpose.

State of North Carolina Hillsboro' District.	} Superior Court of Law and Equity, April Term, 1783.
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The jurors for the State, upon their oath, present that David Fanning, late of the County of Chatham, yeoman, and Frederick Smith, late of the county of Cumberland, yeoman, not having the fear of God in their hearts, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, and in the sixth year of American Independence, with force and arms, in the county of Randolph, in the District of Hillsboro', in and upon one Andrew Balfour, in the peace of God, and the said then and there being, feloniously, wilfully and of their malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said David Fanning, a certain pistol of the value of five shillings sterling, then and there charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet, which pistol, he, the said David, in his right hand then and there had and held, to, against, and upon the said Andrew Balfour, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did shoot and discharge, and that the said David Fanning, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, then and there, by force of the gunpowder, shot and sent forth as aforesaid, the aforesaid Andrew Balfour, in and upon the head of him the said Andrew, then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the said David Fanning so as aforesaid

shot, discharged and sent forth, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did strike, penetrate, and wound, giving to the said Andrew Balfour, then and there, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, so as aforesaid shot, discharged and sent forth out of the pistol aforesaid, by the said David, in and upon the head of him the said Andrew, one mortal wound of the depth of four inches and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound, the aforesaid Andrew Balfour then and there instantly died; and that the aforesaid Frederick Smith, then and there, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, was present, aiding, helping, abetting, comforting, assisting and maintaining the said David Fanning, the felony and murder aforesaid, in manner and form aforesaid, to do and commit, and so the jurors upon their oath aforesaid, do say, that the said David Fanning and Frederick Smith, the said Andrew Balfour, then and there in manner and form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, did kill and murder against the peace and dignity of the said State. ALFRED MOORE, Att'y Gen'l.

State	}	Indictment Murder.
vs.		
Fred'k Smith.		

Hillsboro' Sup'r Court, April Term, 1783.

Margaret Balfour,	}	Witnesses.
Stephen Cole.		

Sworn and sent.

P. HENDERSON, Clerk.

A True Bill.

JOHN HOGAN, Foreman.

As the letters of Miss Balfour, though written with great simplicity, and in the freedom and confidence of private correspondence, describe the deplorable state of things at that period more feelingly and more vividly than the present writer could possibly do, the reader will no doubt be gratified to peruse another from the same hand. Mrs. Balfour had written her two letters, the first of which had not been received, and in the second which had come safe to hand, she had requested her sister-in-law to relate fully the circumstances of her husband's death. It appears that in writing this letter, instead of beginning with "My dear sister," as usual, she inadvertently began with "My dear Madam," and this will explain an expression in the first of Miss Margaret's letter. The first part of it relates merely to private matters which are unimportant in themselves; but as they were the consequence of Col. Balfour's death, we give the letter entire.

Salisbury, N. C., August 17th, 1783.

MY DEAR, DEAR SISTER:—Two days ago I received yours of Oct. 13th. By your changing the appellation at the top of your letter, I am afraid you imagine that I am indifferent about my dear brother's family; but I assure you it is one of my greatest afflictions that I can do so little for them. I wish from my heart you could come home. We might, by our industry, make a decent and independent living. I have had the negroes hired out this summer; but as they sell very high at present, I have

some thoughts of selling them and going into trade, if you would come and assist us; for I cannot think that I will ever be happy on the plantation where I have seen so much distress and misery. Besides, I shall take every opportunity to bring to justice all who had any hand in my brother's death.

I do not think, therefore, that it would be safe for us to live among their friends, as it is very possible they would do us some private injury. That there was a time when my dear brother was happy in his family, I well know; and it was his constant and ardent wish, as well as ours, to have his two families united. A great deal of pleasure we promised ourselves from this union; but fortune was pleased to persecute him to the grave.

My dear Eliza, I beg you will not insist on all the particulars of your husband's death, as every circumstance strikes me like a clap of thunder. I held his dead head in my bosom till a moment before his death, when the ruffians dragged us from him; and then—O, Eliza! I can write no more. I hope and pray that I may see you soon. Then, I will tell you all; for I do not think that it is so dreadful to repeat as to write, though the repetition of it in court shocked me so much that I was sick for three weeks. But whatever may be the consequences, I shall attend all courts, and every place where my presence is necessary, to bring the infernal villains to condign punishment. Dear sister, it grieves me to the heart that you should be dependent even on your father. It was very far from my dear brother's endeavor.

Pray, come to us; and by the blessing of God and your assistance, we may make a comfortable living, and have it in our power to give the dear children a proper education. Tibby joins in kind compliments to you, to the children and to all friends.

Adieu! my dear Eliza. I remain you affectionate, loving, perplexed sister,

MARGARET BALFOUR.

Although the writer of the above letters has avoided any detail of circumstances, and has no doubt omitted the most cruel and revolting parts of the tragedy, nothing more need be said. The rest may be safely left to the imagination of the reader. We can hardly conceive a more heart-rending scene than that which was exhibited in the house of Col. Balfour on the day of his murder; yet it was only one of scores hardly less bloody and atrocious, and often the surviving sufferers had not the means of temporal support and comfort afterwards even, which Col. Balfour's family had. We feel indignant that acts of such savage barbarity should be committed in a civilized and Protestant country; and not only that, but committed so often by the same hands. We seem to be carried back to the days and the countries of Turkish or Popish ferocity, and we can hardly believe that men raised in such a country as ours, so blessed, even at that day, with civilization, intelligence and Christian influence, could deliberately murder a lone man, in his own house and in the presence of his family; that they could rudely tear away two help-

less females, a sister and a little daughter only ten years of age, from the embrace of a murdered and expiring father and brother, and that they could drive them from the house in the night and in the cold, blustering winds of March, without sufficient clothing, without a protector, and without the means of subsistence. Then, where was the boasted humanity and generosity of the British nation, when a British Colonel, holding his commission under the British government, and acting under the eye of his superiors in office, who must have been aware of his conduct, was permitted to commit such atrocities to the full extent of his power, and knowing that their *connivance*, if there was nothing more, encouraged him in this course of savage barbarity? A distinguished poet said of Lord Bacon, that he was "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind;" and the language might, at any time, be applied, with very little qualification, to the British government. In every war we have had with them, they employed blood-thirsty savages to murder, at discretion, helpless females and children, stimulating them by the most tempting bribes to the full exertion of their powers; and they not only bribed Fanning by a commission, but, by their *connivance*, if not by their plaudits, encouraged him and his lawless bandits in their course of savage cruelty.

In the above accounts of Colonel Balfour's murder, Mr. Tatom says that there were several females and that they were all treated with great rudeness. Miss Margaret makes no mention of any except herself

and little Tibby ; but we must recollect that he wrote from report while she was present—an eye witness of the scene and a deep sufferer. In Judge Murphey's narrative already quoted, it is stated that he attempted to escape ; but that one of Fanning's men shot at him with his rifle and broke his arm, when he returned to the house and submitted to his fate. A number of years ago I was told that he could have escaped, but that he heroically determined to stay by his sister and daughter, who had no other protector, rather than save his own life by flight and leave them to the barborous treatment of his enemies. There is, however, a tradition in the family, which seems to be reliable and which is confirmed by the concurrent traditions of the neighborhood, that he had, only a short time before, returned home very sick, from some tour of military service and that, although he was convalescing and had so far recovered that he could be up a little and about in the house, he was unable either to fight or fly. The current tradition of the country a number of years ago, was that he was confined to bed at the time and was murdered in his bed ; but I believe the other to be the most reliable. Miss Margaret makes no mention either of his sickness or of his having it in his power to escape, but as she relates, in the intensity of her grief, only the fact of his murder, without going into a minute detail of circumstances, her silence in relation to this matter cannot be regarded as disproving the family tradition ; and both may be true. Having been suddenly attacked, and on the

Sabbath, when not expecting such a thing, even if he had so far recovered that he could get out of the way, he may have resolved to stand by his sister and little daughter at all hazards; thinking perhaps that they were not such merciless savages as to murder a sick man, on the day of sacred rest and in the presence of those whose delicacy and dependence, and especially whose entreaties and distresses, even savages often respect. It was natural for him to suppose that men, who had been born and raised under the influence of civilization and Christianity, would so far regard the presence and the entreaties of a sister and a daughter, who had no other friend and no other protector within hundreds of miles, as to spare his life, though they might have taken him prisoner; but in this, to the shame and the grief of humanity, he was mistaken.

There was not an instance during the war, and hardly one in the history of modern warfare, of more savage and shocking barbarity. We feel indignant at the fate of Colonel Hayue; but if there was as much injustice, there was certainly not as much cold-blooded cruelty in his case as in that of Colonel Balfour. They were both American officers and of the same rank. They were both put to death, too, by British officers; but in the case of Colonel Hayue there was a semblance of a trial. A pretext was alleged, false and futile as it was; he had some time allowed to prepare for an exchange of worlds; his family had abundantly the means of support and they were in the midst of sympathising friends; he was

not butchered in their presence, nor were they treated with scorn and barbarity; but it was not so with Colonel Balfour. He was put to death as soon as found, on the Sabbath day, and in his own house. The officer, on whom his life or death depended, became the executioner and shot him with his own hand. His sister and daughter, the only relatives he had in the country, who ought to have been allowed at least the melancholy privilege of closing his eyes in death, and of performing the last sad offices of friendship, were rudely torn from his dying embrace, then beaten, trampled on, hacked with their swords and driven from the house, penniless and friendless, strangers in a strange land, without comfortable clothing and without the means of subsistence, except as they could get it in charity from those who were little better off than themselves; for the miscreants plundered the house of all the money, provisions and everything else they could carry away.

But a kind Providence was their protector, and they lived many years, not only to enjoy the blessings of a free country, and to be, in some measure, compensated for their sufferings, but to contribute their full share to the prosperity and social enjoyment of the community in which they lived. The letters of Miss Margaret, already quoted, tell us what course they took and where they fixed their residence. Other letters give us their history for fifteen or twenty years, and that brings us within the reach of living testimony. The descendants of Colonel Bal-

four, many of whom are still living in the country, and who are among our most useful and estimable citizens, are a standing proof that man cannot curse whom God has blessed, and that man cannot destroy whom God designs to protect.

The reader will be pleased, we have no doubt, to see a letter from this little girl, Tibby, Colonel Balfour's only child by his first wife, who was so rudely treated by the murderers of her father, and turned out to perish amidst the desolation which they had made, a stranger among strangers, fatherless, motherless, and without a friend within several hundred miles, except a maiden aunt, who, it seems, had been treated with even greater barbarity, and who immediately had a severe attack of nervous fever, occasioned by the treatment which she received, and the horrid murder of the best and only friend she had in the country. We give the letter, not because it contains any additional information respecting her father's death, but because it is a good index to her character. There appears to be something womanly in it, when we consider that she was now only about eleven years of age, and that her opportunities for improvement had been very small. Before the war, she was too young to have made much progress in learning, and during the war, especially the latter part of it, and in North Carolina, amidst all the perils and desolations of civil war, going to school was out of the question. It was addressed to her step-mother, in Newport, R. I., who had, a short time before,

written to her for the first time, and this is her answer. It is dated

Salisbury, N. C., June 6th, 1783.

“MY DEAR MOTHER :

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to learn that you intend coming to Carolina, as I hope I shall be able to show myself worthy of your regard, of which I have been convinced ever since I heard my dear father speaking of you.

“We have not had a letter from Mrs. Balfour, (widow of John Balfour, who had lately died at Cheraw) since about a week before the evacuation of Charleston. She was there then and mentioned her coming up to her plantation at the Cheraw, but as we have heard nothing of her since, we suppose she has gone home. Uncle died of a lingering disorder of three months, and left three children, Nancy, Peggy and Andrew. Their youngest daughter, Mannie, died some time before her father.

“As my aunt is writing now, I refer you to her letter for further particulars. Give my best love to my dear brother and sister; and believe me to be, my dear mother, most affectionately

Yours,

TIBBY BALFOUR.”

Our readers would, no doubt, be willing to know what became of Col. Balfour's widow and children, especially of that little Tibby; for every one must feel a deep interest in learning something about her

subsequent history. She and her aunt Margaret, went to reside in Salisbury, where, with some industry and economy, they lived comfortably on the rent of the land and the hire of the negroes. Towards the close of the year following the date of Tibby's letter to her, Mrs. Balfour, with her two little children, came by water to Wilmington and thence to Salisbury, where Margaret and Tibby had already made many warm friends. As General Greene was leaving Rhode Island about the same time, for Charleston, he proffered to take her under his protection, provided she would go in the same vessel; but as that would be more expensive, and require her to be longer on the water, she preferred coming, in another vessel, directly to Wilmington. He gave her a letter of recommendation, which secured for her a most respectful attention from the Captain and all on board. In Fayetteville and all along the route, she appears to have received every mark of civility and cordial greeting that she could ask, at least from the Whig portion of the community. It was only a few miles out of her way, and she made a pilgrimage to the grave of her murdered husband; but the scene was too exciting, and she lingered only a short time around the tomb of her buried hopes and affections. Having arrived on the east bank of the Yadkin in the evening, when it was too late to cross, especially as the stream was swollen, the news got to Salisbury before her; and next morning, George Lucas sent his carriage to the river for her, and brought her into town just in good time to eat a Christmas dinner with him, Decem-

ber 25th, 1784. She appears to have been most cordially welcomed by the good people of that place; and every thing was done that could be done to make her comfortable. In a few years, an arrangement was made for her to keep the Post Office, and the profits of that yielded her a comfortable support. This was obtained either by a petition of the citizens, or, more likely, through the influence of General Steele, who, at that time, had some office under Washington's administration. The office went in the name of her son Andrew; but he held it for her benefit. She transacted all the business and received all the profits. She kept it until 1825, or thereabouts, which was some twenty-five or thirty years; and, from first to last, gave entire satisfaction to all concerned, making her quarterly returns very punctually and with great correctness. In proof of this, the following little incident will be sufficient. On making her quarterly or annual report, after she had been many years in the office, the Postmaster General wrote back to her that he had at length detected, in her account, a mistake of *half a cent*.

About the year 1790, Tibby Balfour married John Troy, a native citizen of Salisbury, and had by him three children—John Balfour Troy, now of Randolph county, and two daughters, Margaret and Rachel. Margaret died at the Flat Swamp Springs, in what is now Davidson county, in 1813. Rachel married Lewis Beard of Lexington, and is yet living in the State of Mississippi. Margaret Balfour, the sister of Colonel Balfour, who was so cruelly beaten and

trampled on by Fanning and his crew, remained in this country, and during the latter years of her life, resided on the old plantation in Randolph county, with Lewis Beard, who married Tibby's youngest daughter, Rachel Troy. There she died, in 1818, and was laid in the same burying ground, beside, or near to her brother. After she lost her husband, Tibby went to live with her son, John B. Troy, Esq., who is well known in Randolph and in all the adjoining counties, as one of our most upright and useful citizens. There she enjoyed, during the remainder of life, all the comforts and kind attentions which filial piety could bestow. Many years before her death, she made a profession of religion, and connected herself with the Methodist church. The writer saw her at the house of her son, not long before her death; and although she looked like a woman over whom the waves of affliction and sorrow had passed, she had in her countenance and demeanor, all the calm serenity of a meek and submissive Christian. She continued to adorn her profession, and to enjoy the confidence of all around her, until she was about sixty-five years of age, when she took a dimission from the church on earth, to join the church in heaven. She died on February 22d, 1837, as she had lived, in the peaceful hopes of the gospel, and sincerely lamented by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Colonel Balfour's son, Andrew, married Miss Mary Henly, daughter of John Henly, who was a member of the Quaker society; and by her he had nine chil-

dren—five sons and four daughters, all of whom removed to the West, except Mrs. Eliza Drake, wife of Colonel Drake, now living in Ashboro'. He lived on the old plantation, on Betty McGee's creek, where he died in 1828, and was laid in the same burying ground with his murdered father. Respecting the character and standing of those who have gone to the West, nothing is known to the writer, nor is it known whether they are all yet living; but it may be presumed that the same kind Providence which has done so much for the rest, in this country, will also have them under the wing of his kind protection.

The third, and only remaining child of Colonel Balfour, his daughter Margaret, and the only daughter he had by his second wife, married Hudson Hughs, of Salisbury, and had two daughters,—Mary, who married Samuel Reeves, of Salisbury; and Eliza, who died when young. This daughter also, now the widow Margaret, having lost her husband, by a mysterious Providence, was led to spend her last days on the old place, where she died and was laid in the common burial ground. All the family that have yet died, so far as known, have been buried at the old homestead, except Tibby, Mrs. Troy, and 'Squire Troy now says, he has often regretted since, that he did not take his good old mother there, and lay her with the rest. Some of them, after removing to the West, came back on business, or on a visit to their friends, but by the ordering of an all-wise Providence, died before they could get away, and were buried in the same cemetery; and even some who were grafted

into the family by marriage, though with other thoughts and other places in view, have been made, by a strange over-ruling of circumstances, to end their days at the old mansion, and are now taking their long sleep in the common resting place.

There they are all lying in their lowly beds, around their common ancestor, the patriotic, the heroic, the generous hearted, but unfortunate Colonel Andrew Balfour. What a place for serious reflection and for the undisturbed indulgence of all the pensive and sacred emotions of filial veneration and affection! There are more tender and hallowed associations connected with that little spot on Betty McGee's creek, than with almost any other spot in the whole country. If there is a place in this wide world which seems more sacred and more impressive than all others, it is the final resting place of departed friends, especially when their death had any thing of the martyr character about it, or was attended with circumstances of peculiar solemnity; and the descendants of Colonel Balfour, for generations to come, may not only desire to find their last repose in the same family group, but may love to show their regard for his memory, and to re-invigorate their own sentiments of filial veneration for his name, by visiting the spot where he fell a sacrifice in the cause of freedom, and where his last remains are quietly waiting the sound of Gabriel's trump.

MAJOR ELROD.

Courage and generosity, we believe, are natural and not acquired. By proper culture, they may be refined, expanded and rendered more uniform and salutary in their operation; but the elements must be there as a natural endowment, or there will be nothing to cultivate. There must be an original congeniality for great principles which, in proportion as they are purified and elevated by a Christian influence, will supplant the low spirit of avarice or revenge by loftier motives and raise their possessor above the contracted interests of party or the mere purposes of self-aggrandizement.

Even when the advantages of literary and religious cultivation have been withheld, the instinctive impulses of a noble nature, however much they may have been under a perverting and deteriorating influence, will occasionally expand over all adverse circumstances, and prompt to some act of generosity, which is at once surprising and delightful; but, then, being more under the control of circumstances, than of settled principles, they will be irregular in their promptings, and the acts thus performed, will be marred by gross inconsistencies. A man who has no strong and permanent emotions of a generous kind stirring within him, as the gift of nature, is utterly incapable of anything noble or praiseworthy; and, in such a time as the revolutionary war, or, at any time when the circumstances in which he is placed tend

to develope his real character, his course will be marked sometimes by cruelty, and sometimes by cowardice.

In the forks of the Yadkin, were two men on the Tory side, Major Elrod, whom, if I am not mistaken, I once heard called John Elrod, but am not certain, and Samuel Still, who furnished a good illustration of the above remarks. We have thus given their characters in advance, partly, because it is the most we know of them, and partly, because it will give us a better understanding of the few facts that have come to our knowledge. We have introduced them together, because, though of opposite character or disposition, they were always together, and both met their fate at the same time. Elrod, appears to have been a man of true courage, and would sometimes do a generous act; but the other was a stranger to all those principles, from which anything noble or praiseworthy could proceed. Under any circumstances, even when facing death in some of its most appalling forms, Elrod was as brave as Cæsar; but Still was brave only when "the king of terrors" seemed to be at a distance; and when any of his enemies fell into his hands, he could neither appreciate heroic worth, nor commiserate those, who like himself, shrunk from the thought of an immediate approach into the world of spirits.

Elrod, with whom we are now principally concerned, lived in the Forks of the Yadkin, where Colonel Bryant had control; and, as he carried on his operations mostly in that region, up and down the river,

we know very little about him. He was a young man, and lived in a small log house, with his mother. With a few men who rallied round him at his call, he was very enterprising and efficient in the service of the King. He was not properly a marauder, or mere freebooter, for he had a nature which, if circumstances had permitted, would have raised him above such a course. It does not appear that he ever came on a predatory excursion, or brought his men with him over the dividing ridge, between the waters of the Yadkin and those of Deep River; but when he came over, he had only a very few men with him, and was on his way to Wilmington, or on his return. He was not attached to Fanning's corps, nor subject to his authority. He very seldom co-operated with Colonel Fanning; but seems to have confined himself to a different range of operations. He was with him at the battle of McFall's mills, but, so far as I have learned, that was the only instance; and what part he took there is not known. There was a good understanding, with occasional co-operation or intercourse, and that was about all.

With respect to his rank or standing as an officer, but little is known to the writer. According to my information, which is altogether of a traditionary kind, and in regard to this matter, rather vague and uncertain, he was called Captain Elrod until the summer of 1781, when he got the rank or title of Major; but whether from British authority, or the Tory militia, does not appear. Isaac Farlow, who has a distinct recollection of what transpired in those

times, so far as they came within his knowledge, in the communication now before me, simply says, that "he held a commission," by which I presume, he meant a commission from British authority; and as he went more than once during that year to Wilmington, it is natural to infer that he received the commission from Major Craig. When going to Wilmington and returning, he seems to have passed through the Tory region, accompanied with some two or three men, and spending a little time with Fanning by the way; but committing no murders or depredations on the Whigs, until the beginning of the next year, when on his return through the Whig settlement on Deep river, he killed one man, and wounded another, which caused him to be pursued and put to death. This affair, however, was connected with so many others, that it will be necessary to go back, and take a little license in the detail of facts, some of which are new and worth relating.

It was stated under another head, as the reader will recollect, that, on the day after the battle at McFall's mill, when he was returning to his headquarters in Moore county, one of his scouting parties captured Col. Thomas Dugan, and carried him to Fanning, who almost instantly pronounced the sentence of death, and he was about to be executed; but some of Fanning's men being his intimate acquaintances, and personal friends, wished to save him. One man particularly, whether Elrod or some other, I have not learned, interested himself so warmly that he got a decided majority opposed to his execution,

and Fanning was compelled, much against his will, to revoke the sentence. Dugan was permitted to live, but was sent a prisoner to Major Craig at Wilmington, where he lay a long time, and, like most other prisoners, suffered hardships which none but a very sound constitution could bear. After being confined for several weeks, either in the town or some building used for the purpose, he was put on board a prison-ship and confined there, for two or three months, amidst all the filth and vermin, and pestilential air with which all such ships then abounded.

Although he was now two hundred, or near two hundred miles from home, his mother, Mary Dugan, went all the way to see him, accompanied by, or rather "under the protection" of Mrs. Bell, a woman who went just where she pleased, regardless of all danger, and who commanded respect wherever she went; but when they got there, the commanding officer, Major Craig, or some other, most inhumanly refused Mrs. Dugan permission to see her son, and she was obliged to return with a sad and troubled heart. "A long time after this," my informant says, "Col. Dugan was sentenced to be hung on the yard-arm, or some fixture of the prison-ship, and the time appointed for the execution had arrived. The preparations were all made—the rope round his neck and the cap drawn over his face, ready to be swung off, when Major Elrod, Samuel Still, and Michael Robins, who were down there at the time, came on board. Whether they had come casually, or having heard of what was about to take place, had come for

the purpose of trying to do him a favor, is not known; but Elrod interceded so effectually on his behalf, that he obtained his release, and permission for him to return home. By this time he had become, from long confinement and the impure air of the prison-ship, so feeble, emaciated and sickly in his appearance that, he may have excited their compassion, or probably they thought that it was not worth while to hang him, for he would soon die without hanging.

With some assistance, however, he got home, and lived many years. Shortly after his return, Isaac Farlow saw him at Bell's mill, walking the mill-yard, moaning and sighing, apparently in much trouble of mind, and so emaciated that his clothes were all hanging loosely about him; or, to use Farlow's expression, "he wore shorts, and his legs did not near fill his long hose." He lived within a short distance, and had probably rode over there for the exercise. We will now leave him there for the present, and bring into notice two or three other incidents.

In the latter part of February, 1781, Col. William Fields, with the men under his command, having captured Henry Johnson, Joseph Johnson, and several other Whigs, had them with him as prisoners, on his way to the head-quarters of Colonel Pyle, on Cane creek, where he intended to join Colonel Pyle, and go with him to the British army, in Hillsboro', but before he reached the place of rendezvous he heard of "Pyle's hacking match" at Holt's, where Col. Lee made such havoc of his little Tory army; and then he let his prisoners go on parole. Through the sum-

mer and fall, as it appears, they all stayed at home, and manifested no disposition whatever to violate the conditions of their parole. About the last of February, or the first of March, 1782, Henry Johnson went over to a neighboring house to get his shoes mended, and was returning. As no man in those times, whether at home or abroad, felt safe a minute without his gun, he had carried his rifle, either for the purpose of killing squirrels or of self-defence, if it should be necessary. On his way home, one of his neighbors, by the name of Robert Tucker, fell in with him, and the two went along together at their leisure, and without apprehension. Elrod, Still and Robbins remained a short time at Wilmington after Col. Dugan left, and then set off on their return home. Taking it leisurely, and probably making a call on Col. Fanning, by the way, as he passed through Johnson's neighborhood he accidentally met with him and Tucker. Elrod knowing that Johnson was on parole, told him that he would chastise him for carrying a gun, and immediately struck him on the head with his new sword, which had probably been given him shortly before, by Major Craig, at Wilmington, and broke it into two pieces. Then, with the stump or butt end, which he held in his hand, he knocked him down, and Still instantly shot a rifle ball into his head. They were going to shoot Tucker also, but he seized the gun; and either wrested it temporally out of the man's hand, or turned it up so that the ball, when the gun fired, passed over his head, and then ran. One of the

men shot at him, however, as he ran, with a gun or pistol, and broke his arm; but he went on to the nearest Whig house, and gave the alarm.

This happened near Osborne's place, where Colonel Hogan since lived. After going a little distance they left the road and halted for the purpose of eating a snack and taking a dram. While thus engaged, they fancied that they heard the sound of horses' feet passing along the road, and returned to ascertain, if they could, who had passed, or whence the sound had proceeded. They found a number of fresh tracks, which one of them suggested might have been made by the horses of the Quakers going to meeting, but the rest thought they must be the tracks of the light horse. As Johnson was an active Whig and highly esteemed in the neighborhood, they were well aware that as soon as his death became known, they would be pursued, and they were easily alarmed. Robins is said to have been a man of daring character; but he was sagacious enough to know what must soon be the consequence, and, like most other men, he regarded self-preservation as the first law of nature. After shirking about for a few days, or a very short time, he "cut out" with his family, went to the frontiers of Georgia, and never returned. Elrod and Still immediately pursued their way to the forks of the Yadkin, where they appear to have thought themselves secure, and felt no apprehension that the Whigs of Johnson's neighborhood would leave their houses exposed and pursue them so far into that Tory region where the influence of Colonel

Bryant was then predominant; but they were mistaken.

The alarm having been given in the neighborhood, a troop of mounted men was quickly paraded and ready for marching orders, consisting of Colonel Dugan, Captain William Clarke, Jacky Veach, Bartholomew Grogan, and many others. Calling at the house of Colonel Williams, where Nicholas Williams now lives, on the Yadkin, they got him to go with them to the house of Mrs. Elrod, and arrived there in the night. Colonel Williams, though a resolute man himself, viewed the enterprise as so perilous that he hesitated for some time before he would consent to go along as a pilot; but it was in the night, and the road was difficult to find; it was an important matter to have these men killed or taken, and having full confidence in the well known courage and sagacity of the Whig party now in pursuit, he finally consented. On approaching the house, they called a halt, and held a brief consultation to determine on the course of procedure, and to have everything distinctly understood. Well aware of Elrod's resolute character, and not knowing how many men he might have in the house, they thought it best to be cautious; and the first move was to send Captain Clarke to the house, for the purpose of making what discoveries he could. At the back of the house, he found a high stump, on which he mounted, and looked through the cracks. A wood fire was still burning in the chimney, and threw a dim, flickering light over the house. He saw two men together in a bed, and one

lying on the hearth before the fire. They appeared to be all in a sound sleep, and their guns were stacked in the corner. Having got all the information necessary, he returned to the company, and made his report. Several suggestions were made, and at first they could not agree; but, they soon assented unanimously to the proposal of Captain Clarke, which was, that two of them, should go with all their force against the door and burst it open, then rush in and seize the men before they could get their guns.

Almost as a matter of course, considering his muscular strength, and his dauntless courage, Clarke was the first one nominated for this purpose, and Jack Veach volunteered to go with him, but on approaching the door, Veach drew back, and refused to go any further. They returned then to the company a few rods off, and Grogan volunteered to take Veach's place; but on approaching the door again, he suddenly stopped and retreated. Clarke, then seizing a fence rail, and telling the rest to come along, ran up and drove it against the door with so much force, that he stove the door off the hinges, and threw it half way across the house, then bounding in with great rapidity, he seized one of the men in bed, rushed him to the fire, and holding his face to the light, said, "I have got hold of Mr. Still;" but the other denied, and said it was not Still. Clarke then, still holding him by the throat, jolted or bumped his head two or three times against the side of the fire-place, when the other told Clarke not to

abuse him ; and Clarke replied that he would not, if he would tell him no lies—Still, no longer denied his name, and could not do it, for Clarke knew him as soon as he brought him to the light.

In the mean time, the rest of the men had followed close upon Clarke's heels, one of whom had seized the other man in bed, who proved to be Elrod ; and another had seized the one who was lying on the hearth, so that they had them all secure, and at the light, where they could recognize them. Clarke now said to Still, "You had fine fun the other day in killing Henry Johnson;" but Still replied in a timid way, "that Johnson was dead, when he shot him," thus admitting that he did kill him, for he would be a savage to shoot a man whom he knew to be dead ; but Elrod then spoke, and said, "Come, Still, don't go to death with a lie in your mouth." Having secured their prisoners, they held a kind of court martial or consultation, for the purpose of determining what disposition should be made of them, and it was decided, that as they had shot Johnson, they should be shot next morning. When morning came, they took them away about half a mile from the house, where they tied them to trees, and shot them. Still, showed that he had no true courage—turned and twisted in every way, tried his best to get the tree between him and the guns, and could not be kept quiet ; but Elrod was calm, and without uttering a word or moving a muscle, submitted to his fate, leaving some messages for his friends, and distributing some of his clothes. Elrod was

shot under the arm, and the ball probably penetrated his heart, for Isaac Farlow says, "he saw William Darnell shortly after, wearing Elrod's waistcoat, with a patch over the bullet hole." Having accomplished their purpose, the company, according to the heartless custom of the times, left these men just in the position in which they were when shot, and returned home.

In this case, Colonel Dugan, who was both honorable in his principles, and humane in his feelings, was placed in a trying position, and he felt it very sensibly. The reader will recollect, that only a few weeks before, Elrod had saved him from the gallows, when the rope was about his neck, and the cap drawn over his face, at Wilmington; and would he not now be grateful and generous enough to save the life of his benefactor?—There are two accounts of this matter, which, at first, appear quite contradictory, but may be easily reconciled. According to one of these, which, is that of Isaac Farlow, after the men had been seized in the house, and before any consultation had been held on their case, Elrod and Dugan retired to the bed, and then, sitting together on the side of it, talked for some time. Elrod urged upon Dugan, to recollect how he had saved him from being hung on board the prison-ship, and claiming, as a matter of honor and generosity, that Dugan would now do as much for him; Dugan replied that, for any thing he had ever done to him, he could freely forgive him; but for having killed Henry Johnson, he must die. According to the other account, which I had

from Doct. Wood, of Cedar Falls, who is better acquainted with the revolutionary incidents of that region, than almost any other man; Dugan did his best to save Elrod's life, from a grateful sense of obligation, and had his feelings much mortified because he could not succeed.

From Dugan's character, we have no doubt that his feelings would have prompted him to spare Elrod's life, and had it depended on him alone, we think it probable, that he would not have put him to death, but, as the commanding officer of the company, he must sustain the decision. In the court or consultation which they held, he may have done all he could to save his benefactor; but the men and the officers, if any were present, would never agree that those who had killed Henry Johnson, and had done it so wantonly, should be permitted to live; and Dugan, when addressing Elrod or conferring with him, was obliged to maintain his position, and speak as the organ of others. On this supposition, which is a very natural one, and almost the only one that could be made, the two accounts are consistent, and Dugan is free from any imputation of ingratitude or want of generosity. My informants probably got their information from different sources, and even if they both got it from men who went on the expedition, as we have no doubt that Farlow got his from Captain Clarke, himself, who was one of his near neighbors, they might have received accounts a little different, as those who were present, would

relate what they saw and heard, according to their own feelings, or impressions at the time.

The above transaction took place in March, 1782, and probably during the time that Fanning was making his terrible irruption into the Whig settlement up Deep river, in which Colonel Dugan lived. As Fanning was only some twenty-five or thirty miles below Bell's Mills, and was remarkable for the quickness and accuracy, with which he got information from all directions, he must have been informed very quickly, that Elrod had killed Johnson, and that the Whigs of his neighborhood had gone in pursuit. This afforded a fine opportunity for him to make an excursion into that region, and he resolved not to let it pass. Moreover, he knew very well, that if they got Elrod in their power, they would put him to death, and that with such men as Colonel Dugan and Captain Clarke at their head, they would be almost sure to succeed. His ambition and revenge, had already been roused to a high pitch of excitement, by the execution of several of his men at Hillsboro', and the anticipated execution of Elrod, now nerved him to deeds of the most reckless daring. He and his banditti, swept through the settlement, like a troop of Saracens, with fire and sword, killing every Whig that they could find, burning the houses, and destroying the property of such as they could not kill, and leaving behind them a scene of unparalleled desolation and distress. If Dugan and his men had been at home, Fanning would not have ventured into their bounds, or, if he

had been so fool-hardy, they would very quickly have raised men enough to arrest his progress, and make him repent his rashness. As it was, John Clarke, raised a few men as quickly as possible, and went in pursuit. Captain John Gillespie, of Guilford county, having probably been notified by express, came down with his company, and with his aid, they ran Fanning back to his old haunts. Gillespie was a man of most daring courage, and would have been glad to measure swords with Col. Fanning or any other 'Tory in the land. They overtook one of those, whom they found at the "gallows limb," about to bury or rob the corpse of the Whig whom they had just hung, and Clarke shot at him. He wounded him, but not badly. The man however, "played possum" so well, that he deceived them, and they left him before he was dead, when he jumped up and ran away. They left so soon, because they were impatient to overtake the rest, and they got in chase of one or two, but they could not overtake them. During this pursuit, they got in chase of Michael Robbins, who was yet skulking about in the country, and Clarke shot at him with his pistol, but missed, and Robbins escaped; immediately after which Robbins left the country and never returned. If we are right in our conjectures, this proves that Fanning, for natural abilities, was no ordinary man, and that, during his brief career, he was a more terrible scourge to this country, than the good people of the present day can easily imagine.

THE MEBANE FAMILY.

“ Colonel Alexander Mebane, the patriarch of the family, came from the north of Ireland and settled in Pennsylvania, where he remained several years, when he removed with his family to North Carolina and settled in the Hawfields, in Orange county. He was a man of good sense, upright, industrious and prudent in the management of his business affairs and soon acquired considerable wealth. He was commissioned Colonel and Justice of the Peace under the Regal government. He had twelve children, six sons and six daughters, all of whom, except one, married and settled and raised families in Orange county.

After the Declaration of Independence it was soon ascertained that they were in the neighborhood of many Tories; but the old gentlemen and all his sons except the youngest who was not grown, at once became Whigs and active defenders of the liberties of the country and supporters of the army. The British and Tories committed great depredations on the old gentleman's property—burnt his barns and fences, plundered his dwelling and took away every thing they could carry, even emptying the feathers from the beds and carrying away the ticks and furniture. The old gentleman was too old to become an active soldier himself; but his sons were active and zealous in the cause of Independence. William, the oldest, was a Captain in the militia.

Alexander was constantly and actively engaged in the service of his country, and in addition to other duties, he discharged that of Commissary in collecting and distributing supplies of necessary provisions to the troops. The neighborhood was so much harassed by the Tories that he was compelled to send some of his oldest children and servants to a place in an adjoining county out of their range. When Cornwallis took Hillsboro', he narrowly escaped on foot, leaving a valuable mare, saddle, bridle, holsters and pistols. Whilst the British army were in Hillsboro', a company of them who went into the country around to collect supplies visited his mill and dwelling, when there was no person on the premises except his wife and some of the youngest children, and carried away meal from the mill, and bacon and poultry from and about the house. A few days after this, Lee's company of Light Horse with a company of Catawba Indians passed by the mill; and in a day or two after this, eight or ten of General Picken's men called at the gate, when Mrs. Mary Mebane, wife of Alexander, went out accompanied by some of the youngest children who were at home with her, and one of the men presented a pistol to her breast and threatened to shoot her unless she would tell them where her husband was. She replied that he was where he ought to be, in General Green's camp; and after some more talk, they asked her for something to eat. She brought it out to them, and they eat it sitting on their horses, and departed.

Col. Robert Mebane was a man of undoubted courage and activity in the cause of his country and was a Colonel in the Continental line of the army. He was in many battles and skirmishes with the British and Tories. At the battle on Cane creek he displayed great prowess and valor and fought hero-like. General Butler having ordered a retreat, Colonel Mebane rushed before the retreating army and, by violent efforts, got a part of them stopped, and gained a victory. Towards the close of the battle, ammunition becoming scarce, he passed along the line carrying powder in his hat and distributing it among the soldiers, encouraging and animating them to persevere in the bloody strife. He was afterwards with his regiment on the waters of the Cape Fear, contending with the Tories; but being notified that his services were needed in the northern part of the State, he set out accompanied only by his servant. On the way, he came upon a noted Tory and horse thief, by the name of Henry Hightower who was armed with a British musket. Knowing him, and perhaps too fearless and regardless of the consequences, he pursued him and when within striking distance with his arm uplifted, Hightower wheeled and shot him. Perhaps one of the first expeditions in which he was engaged was in company with General Rutherford, in 1776, with one thousand and nine hundred men, against the "overhill Cherokees," routing them, burning their towns and destroying their crops, in which he displayed his fearlessness and unflinching

courage. In person he was large, strong, active, and of commanding appearance.

Colonel John Mebane, late of Chatham county, entered as Captain in the service of his country in the time of the revolution. When Hillsboro' was taken by the British and Tories, the Tories commanded by the notorious David Fanning, he was captured and with Thomas Burke, Governor of the state, and William Kinchen and others, was marched under the Tory Col. McDougal, who, although there was an attempt made by the Whigs to rescue them at Lindley's mill, succeeded in taking them to Wilmington, N. C., when they were put on board a prison-ship and from there taken to Charleston, S. C. where they were still confined on board the ship for a long time, suffering extremely by the privations, heat, filth and vermin and the diseases common on board prison-ships. As John Mebane and William Kinchen, after their release, were on their way home, Kinchen was taken sick and died.

A skirmish took place in the Hawfields, near old Colonel Mebane's house, between a small party of Whigs and Tories, in which the Tories were defeated and fled. The Whigs pursued them. Joseph Hodge, a valiant Whig, who was very resolute and eager in the pursuit, overtook a noted Tory, by the name of John Hasting, who was an active Tory and had piloted the British and Tories through the neighborhood (he living near Col. Mebane's,) to places where their property was concealed.

Hasting was armed with a British musket and

bayonet. He was overtaken, surrendered to Hodge, and pitched his musket from him which stuck in the ground by the bayonet. Hodge, wheeled, to pursue the other Tories who were still before, leaving Hasting to the care of John Steel, who was just behind. Hasting took his gun and shot Hodge, as he rode from him, in the hip with the iron ramrod, and attempted to escape. Steel fired his rifle at him and the ball struck a tree near Hasting's head. Steel then charged upon him with his sword, cutting his nose through into the face, and splitting his head in a variety of places, and would have killed him if it had not been for the entreaties of Hodge, who was lying near with the iron ramrod sticking in him, and begged him to spare his life. He being then literally cut to pieces, he got a hat, fitted the pieces of skin on his head and put on the hat to hold them together. He was then put into the custody of Moses Crawford to take him to jail in Hillsboro'; but as they were passing the lane of James Mebane, Senr., Hasting snatched a stake out of the fence, knocked Crawford down and escaped. The ramrod was drawn, with much effort, from Hodge, and he had to secrete himself from the Tories until he got well. During this time he was occasionally visited by Doct. John Umstead, a worthy man and eminent physician, who practised medicine successfully for many years, after the war, in the Hawfields, and whose memory is yet cherished by many who had partaken of his kindness and skill. David Mebane, the youngest of the brothers, did not arrive at the

age at which men were taken into the service until near the close of the war, yet he served two terms in the militia.

After the close of the war, the sons of old Colonel Mebane were highly respected for their services in obtaining the liberty and independence of the country, and were frequently called upon to serve their country in various departments. William Mebane was chosen by the freeholders of Orange county, in 1782, to serve them in the Senate of the General Assembly, with William McCauley and Mark Patterson in the Commons. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Abercrombie, with whom he lived many years, and in his old age he married a Miss Rainey, a daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Rainey. He died leaving no child, having had none by either marriage.

Alexander Mebane was a member of the Provincial Congress or Convention that met at Halifax, on the 16th day of December, A. D., 1776, to form a Constitution of the State, and of the Convention at Hillsboro', to fix the Seat of Government and adopt the Constitution of the United States. He was a member of the House of Commons of the General Assembly, in 1783, '84, '87, '88, '89, '90, '91, and '92.

About this time he was elected a Brigadier-general by the General Assembly of North Carolina. In 1793, he was elected a member of Congress and served two sessions in Philadelphia. He was elected again to the next Congress, but died before the com-

mencement, on the 5th day of July, 1795. He was distinguished for his sound practical sense, his unblemished integrity and unflinching firmness. General Alexander Mebane was born in Pennsylvania, 26th of November, 1744. He was married to Mary Armstrong, of Orange county, in February, 1767, by whom he had twelve children, four sons and eight daughters. One of the daughters died before she was grown. All the other children married and had families. Of his sons there are yet alive, James Mebane, Esquire, now near Yancyville, Caswell county, who has been much in public life, served very often in both Houses of the legislature, was one of the first students at Chapel Hill, and one of the founders of the literary societies there. The Dialective Society, to perpetuate his name and his services, have procured a life-like portrait of him, that may be seen in their hall. He married in early life, Elizabeth Kinchen, the only child of William Kinchen, whose name has been mentioned in this sketch, by whom he had six children, five sons and one daughter. William, who lives at Mason Hall, in Orange county, and Doct. John Alexander Mebane, at Greensboro', Guilford county. Of his daughters, two only survive, Frances, the wife of the Rev. William D. Paisley, who is the son of Colonel John Paisley, a brave and valiant soldier of the Revolution, and Elizabeth, the wife of William H. Goodloe, of Madison county, Mississippi. General Alexander Mebane was, in his person, what is generally termed a likely man, about six feet high, of

ruddy complexion, black hair and of robust appearance. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and died on the 5th day of July, 1795, with a comfortable assurance of a glorious and blessed immortality. Some of his last words were—*I know Him in whom I have believed.*

Capt. James Mebane was also actively employed during the Revolutionary war. He married Margaret Allen, of the Hawfields, by whom he had a large family of children. He died some years before his wife.

Col. John Mebane, late of Chatham county, was elected for that county, and served in the House of Commons of the General Assembly, in 1790, '91, '92, '93, '95, '98, '99, 1800-1-3-8-9-11. About the close of the war he married Mrs. Sarah Kinchen, widow of William Kinchen, who died on his way home from the prison-ship, at Charleston, S. C., by whom he had one son, John Briggs Mebane, who represented the county in the House of Commons in, 1813, and one daughter who married Thomas Hill, of Rockingham county.

David Mebane, the youngest son of the patriarch of the family, represented the county of Orange, in the House of Commons, in the years 1808, '09 and 10. He married Miss Ann Allen, of the Hawfields. He had a large family of children, of whom, George A. Mebane of Mason Hall, merchant and Post Master, is one. After the death of his first wife, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Young, of Caswell, by whom he had

one daughter. He died several years before his last wife.

A considerable portion of this numerous family are now living in Orange, Caswell and Guilford counties; but a large portion have migrated to the west and are living in various States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Indiana, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas."

The above sketch was furnished by James Mebane, Esq., of Caswell county, who is so well known over the State for his integrity, his strong good sense, his public spirit and the consistency of his Christian deportment. It was furnished at my special request; and for this act of courtesy and kindness I consider myself under strong obligations.

It was my design from the first, provided the *memoranda* could be obtained, to give a sketch of Col. Robert Mebane, whose military and patriotic services, during the war, I had always heard mentioned in terms of high commendation; and for this purpose I applied to his nephew, Doct. John A. Mebane, of Greensboro', who told me that he had several brothers who were equally patriotic and active during that eventful period of our country's history. I then told him that I would be glad to get an account of the others also; and he referred me to his brother James who was much older and much better acquainted with the history of the family. At my request he promptly consented to procure the facts from his brother; and the sketch which he has furnished is certainly a very well written one for a man who is

seventy-five years of age. It contains many facts of interest, as matters of history, and having been written, as it evidently was, with great candor and modesty, it will be read with pleasure by every one who admires the spirit and character of the men who achieved our independence.

According to the information which I have had from other sources, I would say that the writer, in this plain and honest statement of facts, instead of exaggerating, has fallen below the truth; and that in all honesty and fairness, much more might have been said. Some ten or twelve years ago I called to see Nathaniel Slade, then a man of advanced age, but a respectable citizen of Caswell county. He had been in the Guilford battle, and on more than one expedition with Col. Robert Mebane. The energy and firmness which Mebane displayed in the battle on Cane Creek have been already noticed. Disregarding the order of General Butler for a retreat, he rallied as many of the men as he could, renewed the conflict and gained a victory, or rather made it a "drawn battle." At the first opportunity, he went to Butler, told him that he had disobeyed his order to retreat, and then offered him his sword; but Butler had, of course, too much sense to receive it. In this he showed the courage and magnanimity of a hero; and all the testimony I have had, in regard to to this whole affair, is perfectly accordant.

Immediately after the battle on Cane creek, General Butler collected as many men as possible, on the spur of the occasion, and pursued the Tories.

Slade and Mebane were both on this expedition, as they both belonged to Butler's District. Whether it was owing to the difficulties which could not be overcome, or to the want of sufficient firmness on the part of the commanding officer, the writer has no means of ascertaining; but they did not overtake the Tories and could not rescue the Governor. At a place called the Brown Marsh, they met a party of British and Tories, and a skirmish ensued. Slade told me that Butler, under an impression that the enemy had "field pieces," ordered a retreat after the first fire and set the example himself; but Mebane did just as he had done on Cane creek, disobeyed orders, rallied as many of the men as he could, and continued the fight until they were overpowered by numbers, or by British discipline, and were obliged to retreat. Slade said that he was not far from Mebane, and heard him giving his orders in a bold strong voice: "Now give it to them boys—fire! Load again, boys, and give them another round—fire!" True courage is one of those things which cannot be counterfeited; and a man of real energy and firmness will make his mark wherever he goes. In this affair at Brown Marsh, as at the battle on Cane creek, Mebane showed an utter disregard of his own safety; and the old man Slade, when speaking of it seemed to become quite enthusiastic. It was on his return from this expedition that he was killed or mortally wounded by the Tory, as above related, and his death was much regretted by the Whig party.

In the last will and testament of Colonel John Me-

bane, of Chatham county, which is dated May 31st, 1834, I find the following bequest which relates to a military relic of his brother, Colonel Robert Mebane, and touchingly indicates the martial spirit of the two brothers. "Item. I give and bequeath to my nephew, Dr. John A. Mebane, of Greensboro', my silver hilted sword, it being the first sword taken from the British in North Carolina during the revolutionary war, by my brother Col. Robert Mebane."

The sword mentioned in the above extract, was taken by Colonel Mebane, from a British officer, somewhere about Wilmington, or in that region, but precisely when, and under what circumstances is not now recollected. It has been carefully preserved by Doctor Mebane, to whom it was bequeathed; and will probably be handed down as a kind of "heir-loom" in the family, for generations to come.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARKE.

Samuel Clarke, whose sons appear to have been all decided Whigs, during the war, is said to have come originally from the north of Ireland, and belonged to the stock of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. He came to North Carolina, with a young family, in the early settlement of the country, and located himself on Deep river, a few miles above Bell's mill. The family were all Presbyterians during the war, and for a number of years after. As there were some other Presbyterian families near enough to attend preaching at the same place, they built a log house for a place of public worship, about three miles from Bell's mill and known for a long time as Bell's meeting house. Here they had preaching occasionally, and it is said that a small church was organized there, but it is believed that they never had stated preaching by any minister of that denomination, or, not for any length of time.

Nothing more is known to the writer, in regard to the number or circumstances of the old man's family, except that he had six sons, William, Thomas, Edward, Samuel, Joseph and John, all of whom, as I have been told, were Whigs during the war; and three or four of them were very active, resolute and efficient men. William was probably the oldest, and became the most prominent. John, though the youngest, is said to have been a man of more daring courage than any of them, but his impetuosity was

not so much under the control of his judgment. When William was appointed Captain is not known, but probably when the South became the seat of war. Joseph also seems to have been a captain, for he had, towards the close of the war, a troop of mounted men generally under his command. They appear to have been a religious family; but whether all or any of them were in communion with the church, I have not learned. William acted as clerk in the public worship of the sanctuary, or raised the tune for the congregation; and it is still in the recollection of the oldest people in that neighborhood that he frequently shed tears while parcelling out the lines, which indicates at least a strong religious feeling. This was before the British army entered North Carolina, about the beginning of 1781, and consequently before the war between Whigs and Tories had begun to rage with any degree of virulence. After that there was very little opportunity or inclination for public worship, and all the worst passions of the human heart, even in good men, for a time, gained an undue ascendancy. The country was filled with violence and all the fruits of piety seemed to wither as if smitten by some pestilential blight.

The people of the south and east parts of the county were chiefly Tories; but in the west and north-west part, where there was a considerable amount of Scotch-Irish population, there was a respectable number of most determined, resolute and thorough-going Whigs. At the head of these were the Clarkes and Dugans, only two of whom, Thomas and John, are

now much known. Thomas Dugan was a Colonel, and a very firm, vigilant and enterprising officer. He was as brave as any man; but his conscience and his humanity were equipollent with his courage. He was highly respected by both parties for his prudence, uprightness and generosity; and even the Tories, on some occasions, interposed to save his life, when otherwise he would have been put to death. William Clarke, with his company, was always ready to obey the call of his country, and his services were much in demand. It has always been said, that he was one of the most energetic and intrepid men in the country. When not in the army, he was often out against the Tories, always on the alert, hardly ever idle and never taken by surprise. He and two or three of his brothers, particularly Joseph and John, were so daring in their spirit and so rapid in their motions, that the very name of Clarke became nearly or quite as much of a terror to the Tories, as the name of Fanning was to the Whigs of that region. He was the foremost man in capturing and putting to death the notorious Major Elrod; but as a fuller account of that transaction has been given in a separate article, we pass it over here. How much he was in the army I have not learned; but it is known that he served two campaigns in South Carolina. He served one campaign there under General Lincoln; but whether he was made prisoner when Charleston was taken, no one now recollects. He was there again at a subsequent period, and was probably at the battle of Eutaw in the fall of 1781. Isaac Farlow,

who was intimately acquainted with him and often heard him relate these things, says that he was in a battle near Charleston where seven hundred men were killed and wounded ; but we presume it was the battle of Eutaw, as that was the only battle in that State in which any thing like so many were killed. The old man says Clarke told him he knew he had killed one man in that battle, and might have killed more, which was a serious matter in the estimation of a Quaker, and would be a serious matter with every man, religious or not, if he would soberly consider the subject. If such reflections were to become universal, they would soon put a stop to war.

After the independence of the country was established and he was enjoying, in common with all others, the freedom for which he had fought, he began to reflect on the past and to inquire into the future. The storm had passed and all was gradually settling down into a pleasant calm. The time and the circumstances were calculated to bring his past course into review, and to lead his thoughts forward into the distant future. His early education and the reasonings of his own strong and vigorous mind had taught him that the pardon of sin and a renovation of his moral powers were necessary to a peaceful death and to any well founded hopes of future rest. He had not been a "go-between" nor had his course been an inefficient one, consequently he had done a great deal of good or committed a great deal of sin—perhaps both. At all events he found that he was far from the great source of all happiness and there

was much in his past life which would not bear examination. His past sins all came in array before him and embittered all his enjoyments. He thought of God and was afraid. He had never been troubled with the fear of man; but he feared his Maker. He thought, he trembled, he was much distressed. He had fought and conquered in the cause of civil liberty; but now he sighed for a far higher and more important freedom. There was no preacher of his own denomination to explain to him the way of salvation and he was left, with the Bible in his hand, to seek and find the way himself.

In this perplexed and troubled state of mind he continued for several years; but at length he settled down, on the great doctrine of atonement and began to feel that he was "a sinner saved by grace." Having thus settled the great question of his acceptance with God and of his future obedience, on which every thing else depended, his next inquiry was to know what the Lord would have him to do or to find that upward and brightening path which leads to the final abodes of the blest: of course many former practices had to be abandoned and new ones commenced. Among the former, the most prominent and the most difficult to be settled were those of war and negro slavery. In regard to the latter, he read in the Declaration of Independence that the great principle for which he and others had been fighting and shedding each other's blood was that "all men are born free and equal." In the New Testament he read, "Call no man master, but by love serve one

another. In Christ Jesus there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye the same unto them," and he found it to be the burden of evangelical prophecy that Christ would "bind up the broken hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are found."

On the subject of war, he read such passages as the following: "Return not evil for evil, but overcome evil with good. Thou shalt not kill; whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; and if he thirst, give him drink. Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. From whence came wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members." On returning home once, from some tour of military service, his clothes were all spattered over with human blood and brains; and this made a vivid impression on his mind for many years after. He remembered the dying looks of those who fell by his sword, and that increased the anguish of his spirit. He was brave, but he was humane, too. He could face the cannon, and stand firm on the field of battle; but he could not brave the terrors of the Almighty, nor bear the

reproaches of his own conscience. No wonder that having obtained forgiveness himself, he should feel like forgiving those who had injured him. No wonder that having had his own heart subdued by the goodness of God, he should feel like overcoming evil with good, and subduing the enmity of others, by the benign power of Christian kindness. Such were the facts in the case, substantially, as I received them, here a little and there a little. Such was the process by which Captain William Clarke, there amidst the crags and solitudes of Deep river, was employed in working out for himself the solution of the important question whether war and slavery were in accordance with the cardinal principles of the Gospel; and in view of all the circumstances, we cannot do otherwise than feel a deep interest in contemplating the mental and moral progress of a man, who when contending for national freedom and independence, would, at any time, rush upon his foes in all the confidence of victory, just as if he felt that he had a perfect *right* to conquer, and who always came off victorious. Whether right or wrong in his conclusions, we must admire his frankness, his regard for truth and his decision of character.

Having satisfied his mind that war and slavery were both wrong, it was a matter of course for him to stand by his convictions and to practice what he believed. From that time he was a Quaker in practice, as well as principle, and soon after connected himself with the Society. It was during a quarterly meeting at Centre meeting-house, when David Havi-

land, from the north, attended and preached. On Saturday, at the close of the services, Clarke rose to his feet, and walking up towards the place where the preacher had stood, and around which the office bearers of the Society usually sat, he told them he had a desire to become a member of that religious society, and that he had been for some time using "the plain language." This was in 1800, and my informant, Isaac Farlow, was present. He had six children—two daughters, one of whom married Benjamin Saunders, the other married a man by the name of Lamb; and four sons, Dugan, Alexander, John and Thomas. His descendants are still in the country, and so far as I know, have a respectable standing in society.

We do not know the process of reasoning by which General Green was turned from being a Quaker to be a man of war. Possibly he had no conscientiousness and no process of reasoning about it; but merely followed the combined impulse of his patriotic feelings, his love of liberty and the martial tendencies of his nature. However this may have been, the mere fact that William Clarke, though a hero, and a man naturally of strong mind, turned to be a Quaker, is no proof that he was right; for, where conscience and duty are concerned, men of vigorous and enlightened minds often change and go in opposite directions. The opinions which a man who is in earnest about his future welfare, forms on many points of faith and practice, must depend partly on the circumstances in which he is placed, and the faci-

lities which he possesses for ascertaining the truth; and partly on the original texture of his mind, or on the constitutional and relative adjustment of his powers. There are in the Christian system, as in every thing else, certain elementary and cardinal principles, on which all must be pretty well agreed; but there are others on which there may be some *modification* of belief and practice. Of these, the lawfulness of war is one; and great and good men have frequently been found on opposite sides.

Without discussing here the question whether our Quaker friends have carried the doctrine of "passivity" to an extreme or not, we honor them for their frank and fearless avowal of what they believed to be a cardinal doctrine of the Christian system, and for the general consistency with which they have maintained their position. We hold to the right of self-defence, properly interpreted, whether in nations or individuals; for it seems to be a universal law of nature to protect itself; and this law of nature, according to our understanding of the matter, is in full accordance with the written law of heaven; but we are no advocates of war, and care not how much it is denounced, when done in the right spirit. The unlawfulness of war is not a Quaker doctrine, but a Gospel doctrine, and has always been held by most evangelical Christians. Where life is taken by violence and with the intention to take it, except when it is done by the civil authority and for murder or its equivalent, there is murder; and war is nothing more nor less than wholesale murder, at least on the part of

the aggressors. Those who make the war, not only intend to destroy life, and to destroy it by the whole-sale, but they do it from the same "malice afore-thought" which constitutes murder in the judgment of all civilized nations. They are actuated by the same spirit of avarice, revenge, or lust of power which prompts the assassin, the duelist or the highway robber to imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow man.

When nations or communities have once engaged in mortal conflict, the party assailed are too apt to catch the spirit of their assailants, and, according to the teachings of the Bible, become chargeable with murder in the sight of Heaven. It is time that the character of war, as one of the most horrid manifestations of human depravity, and the immense responsibility resting upon the originators and abettors of war was more seriously considered, and its suppression made as much of an object as the suppression of intemperance, or the spread of the Gospel. The friends of peace, or those who profess to be such, and especially professing Christians of every name, throughout Protestant Christendom, have never begun to do their duty on this subject, as a whole, or *en masse*. They have not even formed the *purpose* to do it. Although they were designed to be the light of the world and the salt of the earth, although they are taught in the Bible that their power of resistance to evil will be increased ten or a hundred fold, in proportion to their numbers, they have never combined their kindly influence into one great undi-

vided whole, and fairly tried the effect of Gospel truth on this subject, enforced by their own warm and beneficent feelings. They have never spoken with a united, harmonious, unhesitating voice of remonstrance and in tones of strong affection, that would pervade the entire mass of humanity and cause the war-making powers of the earth to feel the malignity of their murderous intentions, and to stand aghast at the enormity of their past wickedness. There is wanting, on the part of professing Christians and the friends of peace, a clearer understanding of the murderous character and destructive effects of war, a stronger confidence in the power of truth, and a full determination to do their duty in the spirit of peace and good will. The course of procedure is a very obvious and simple one. It is just that in which Gospel truth is most successfully promulgated and in which any object of great and general interest is obtained, that is, by united, earnest and persevering effort; and this country has now greater advantages for beginning the movement, than any other. At all events, we should like to see the experiment fairly and fully tried. We should like to see a strong, earnest appeal made to the rulers and potentates of the earth on this subject, and backed by a petition with a list of signatures which would encircle the globe, bearing, at every point, a testimony, which all heaven would approve, and sending forth, in every direction, a benign influence which would soon make all the inhabitants of the earth rejoice.

MASSACRE AT THE PINEY BOTTOM AND THE
REVENGE TAKEN BY THE WHIGS.

The following facts were furnished by an intelligent and highly esteemed friend, in that region, who has taken much pains to have them substantially correct; and they are given here as illustrative of the vindictive spirit, which then reigned in both parties, and of the deeds of reckless cruelty, which were then committed, every where over the country. As he only furnished the facts, I have not copied his language; but have not exaggerated or altered the statements.

Capt. Neill McCranie, who belonged to Colonel Armstrong's command, was stationed west of Fayetteville, near little Rockfish; and kept the Tories, for some time, tolerably quiet; and so did Colonel Mathew's, who was stationed on Crane's creek, in the lower edge of Moore county; but the Tories ultimately got possession of the whole country, between the Cape Fear and Pedee rivers. Gates was defeated at Camden, and the British overran South Carolina. Many fled for safety from South Carolina and the Pedee country, into North Carolina and a number went on to the Whig region, on Neuse river. Among these, were Captain Culp, of South Carolina, Colonel Wade, of Anson county, and Archd. McKizic, of Ashpole, in Robeson county, whose son was taken prisoner, as above related, at McPherson's

Mill creek, and whose property was all destroyed before his return.

After Cornwallis had gone north, and General Green into South Carolina, Colonel Wade and Captain Culp concluded that they would return home; and before setting out, they loaded their waggons with salt and such other articles, as were needed most in the Pedee country. They crossed the Cape Fear, at Sproal's, now McNeill's ferry, in the afternoon, and after going a few miles, took up camp for the night. That night or next morning, some of their men or hands, went off the road, and stole a piece of coarse cloth from Marren McDaniel, a poor servant girl, who had hired herself to a man by the name of John McDaniel. She had been unable to pay the weaver; for the cloth was so coarse that he would take no part of it for pay, and he was about to retain the whole, until payment was made, much to the grief of the poor girl; but old Daniel Munroe, being present, and seeing her troubles, paid the weaver, and let her take the cloth home. In the course of that night, John McNeill, son of Archd. and Jennet (Bann,) McNeill then living on Anderson's creek, having learned where this company of Whigs were, started out his runners to collect the Tories, many of whom were lying out in the swamps and other places, with directions for them to rendezvous the next night, at Long street, and pursue Wade. Next morning John McNeill went over to Colonel Folsone's (Whig,) and remained until sundown. He then mounted a very fleet horse, joined the Tories at or a

little beyond Long street, and about an hour before day, came up with Wade and company, encamped on Piney Bottom, a branch of the Rockfish, and apparently all asleep except the sentinel. They consulted and made their arrangements, got into order and marched up. The sentinel hailed them, but received no answer. He hailed them again, but received no answer. Duncan McCallum cocked his gun, and determined to shoot at the flash of the sentinel's gun. The sentinel fired, and McCallum shot at the flash. One of Wade's men had his arm broke by a ball, and Duncan McCallum claimed the honor of breaking it. Then they rushed upon the sleeping company, just as they were roused by the fire of the sentinel's gun, and shot down five or six of them but the rest escaped, leaving every thing behind them. A motherless boy, who had been taken by Colonel Wade as a *protege*, was asleep in one of the waggons, and being roused by the firing of the guns, and before he was fully awake, cried out, "Parole me! parole me!" Duncan Ferguson, a renegade deserter from the American army, told him to come out and he would parole him. He came out and dropped upon his knees, begging for his life; but on seeing Ferguson approaching him in a threatening manner he jumped up and ran. Ferguson took after him and Colonel McDougal after Ferguson, threatening him that if he touched the boy he would cut him down. Ferguson still ran on, however, until he overtook the boy, and then with his broad sword, split his head wide open, so that one half of it fell on one

shoulder and the other half on the other shoulder. The waggons were then plundered, the officers taking the money and the men whatever else they could carry away. There were two or three hundred of the Tories. All the McNeills (Bans) were there except Malcom. Wade and Culp had only a few men to guard their families, while they were returning home in a peaceable manner; and the fact that many of their guns were found without flints and unloaded, proves that they apprehended no danger.

After plundering the waggons of everything, they burned them and carried away the iron traces. In a day or two, when the wood-work of the waggons was all consumed, some of the Tories returned and carried away the tires and other irons. They pretended to bury the dead, but did it so slightly, that when Malcom Munro, Allen Cameron, Neill Smith and Philip Hodges, who had been sent out by Captain McCranie as a scout, came to the place, a few days after, they found three of them more or less exposed, having been scratched up by the wolves, and an arm of one of them was entirely out of the ground. This looked like extending their cruelty even to the dead, or, perhaps, they became suddenly alarmed for their own safety and fled; but the Whig scout had them buried more decently, and covered the grave with logs, so as to protect it from beasts of prey.

On his way home from the scene of his nocturnal slaughter and depredation, John McNeill called on his friend and neighbor, John McDaniel, and told him what an exploit they had performed, how much plun-

der, money and other things they found, and showed him a large piece of new cloth which he had got, and which he seemed to regard as a valuable prize. Poor Marren McDaniel, being present, siezed the cloth and claimed it as hers. She said she could prove it by the weaver and by old Daniel Munroe, who had paid the weaver for her. So the poor girl had her plundered web of cloth most unexpectedly returned to her, and this was perhaps, the only good which resulted from that tragical affair.

— About sunrise next morning, after this murder and robbery, Captain Culp came to the house of old Mr. McLean, who lived at the ford on Rockfish. "Heigh!" said Culp, "how came you here?" "Where else should I be but at my own house?" was the reply. Culp said, "I thought you were at Piney Bottom last night." "Why, what happened at Piney Bottom?" enquired McLean; and Culp told him. Culp was riding a horse bare-backed and asked McLean for a saddle to ride home, which was readily granted.

— As soon as Wade and Culp reached home, they collected about one hundred dragoons, or mounted men, under Captain Bogan; and they all came down swearing never to return until they had avenged the death of that murdered boy, who seems to have been a favorite with Colonel Wade and, in fact, with all that knew him.

On Thursday evening they encamped on the premises of Daniel Patterson, the Piper, who lived on Drowning creek, but on the west side and, of course, in Richmond county. They caught the old man and

whipped him until he gave up the names of all who were at Piney Bottom, so far as he knew. Early on Friday, they crossed the creek and entered Moore county. They came first to old Kenneth Clarke's, now Duncan Blue's, and caught Alexander McLeod, who had come there on business and without any apprehension of danger. Having tied him securely and pinioned his arms behind his back, they put his little brother, John McLeod, a boy about eleven years of age, under guard and, leaving the guard there, they galloped down to John Clarke's, son of old Kenneth Clarke's, but finding no men at the house, they rode down to a small field, not far distant, where they found John Clarke, Daniel McMillan, Duncan Currie, Allen McSweeney and an Irishman who was a British deserter and wore a red coat, all of whom were helping John Clarke to make potato hills. Daniel McMillan and Duncan Currie had been at Piney Bottom, and accomplices in the massacre and plunder of Colonel Wade's party. John Clarke and Daniel McMillan had married sisters of Duncan Currie.

All these were carried up, confined and pinioned, to old Kenneth Clarke's, where they had left Alexander McLeod and his little brother, John McLeod, and there they were all kept under guard through the day, while the rest were going and coming, apparently in search of others. They tortured the old man Black, very much, by beating him or slapping him with their swords, and screwing his thumb in a gun-lock, until the blood gushed out on each side, for the purpose of making him tell where his

other sons were, but they could get nothing out of him.

In the evening, a little before sunset, Captain Bogan, and some more of his men, came over the creek, and might have been a little intoxicated. At all events, he appeared to be in a great rage, and ordered the prisoners out from the side of the house to be put to death; and as that much lamented boy at the Piney Bottom had been killed with the sword, it was determined that these prisoners should be put to death, by having their heads split open in the same way. Alexander McLeod was first taken out, and some one or more of the men, sitting on their horses and rising in their stirrups, struck him two or three times over the head with their swords; but by throwing up his arms, by having on a thick wool hat, and by dodging his head, he prevented a death blow. On seeing this, the other prisoners jumped up and started to run, when the men on horseback shot McLeod, putting three musket balls into him, and he fell dead on the spot. They then commenced running after, and shooting the others, who were trying to make their escape. John Clarke, after having been shot, ran into the house and died immediately. Duncan Currie, in an effort to escape, had just got over a high fence, which was joined to a corner of the house, but was shot down on the outside. Daniel McMillan came into the house begging for his life, with the blood streaming from his side, his hunting shirt on fire, where he had been shot in the shoulder, his wrist cut and broken by a sword,

his arm shattered and torn by a musket ball, two or three balls having passed through his body; but revenge was not yet satisfied, and another ball through his breast near the left shoulder, soon put an end to his sufferings. Allan McSweene, was sitting on the lid of a pot in the chimney corner, and his wife with a child in her arms, was standing before him, in the vain hope of being able to conceal him from his enemies; but as he was not perfectly concealed, the boy, John McLeod went up and stood close by her side. On seeing this, one of the men jerked him away, and cocked his gun at him; but another, more considerate, interceded for him, and saved his life. Some one also jerked the wife away prostrate on the floor, but gave no further harsh treatment.

A man will make any effort in his power, however desperate, to save his life; and so he ought, for it is a law or instinct of nature. McSweene then jumped up and ran, first to one door, and then out at the other, with his enemies in pursuit. His hands were tied before, and his arms were pinioned behind; but, even when thus confined, and with a last, desperate and almost preternatural effort to save his life, he leaped a pretty high staked and ridged fence which was round the house. Two guns were fired at him as he made the leap, still he ran about a quarter of a mile before they overtook him, and shot him down, putting several balls into his body, and then, having fallen on his face, they split his head open to the nose. Then charging old Mr. Clarke to have every corpse buried by the next evening, or they would

come back and put him to death, they went away, and took the deserter with them, riding bare-backed with his hands tied, his arms pinioned, and his feet tied under the horse. After going two or three miles to the eastward, they encamped on a little creek, and remained there until Sabbath morning. The deserter was never heard of again; but as some guns were heard on that morning, and as some bones were found years afterwards, at or near the place of their encampment, no doubt could be entertained, that he was there put to death.

Early on Sabbath morning, they left their campground, and came down to David Buchan's, where they found some trace chains, which had been taken from the Piney Bottom; but not finding him at home, they set fire to the house, and then came on to old Kenneth Black's. He lived where Laughlin McKinnon now lives, but in the old field east of the creek. They surrounded the premises, but he and his son were lying out in a place of concealment, a quarter of a mile or more from the house. Culp and some of his men found them, and took them to the house. Both doors being open, the men rode into the house until it was full of horses, and the family were crowded up into the chimney. Having done so, they rode out, alighted, and commenced splitting some "light wood" to burn the house; but concluded that they would first search it, which they did. On going up stairs, they found and broke open two large chests, belonging to the families of Captains Verdy, Nicholson and McRae, who were in the British

army, and who had left their families under the care of Mr. Black, as their houses were not far apart. One chest was filled with China ware, which they broke ; and the other was full of books, which they strewed over the floor, having first cut open their backs, and rendered them useless.

At this time, the far-famed Flora McDonald lived four miles north of the scene which we have been describing, upon a plantation belonging to Mr. Black, on Little River, and the one on which his son, Malcom Black, now lives. Mr. Black's family having had the small pox, two daughters of Flora came over to see their friends and his family ; but, to their utter surprise, they found the Whigs there, who took the gold rings from their fingers and the silk handkerchiefs from their necks : then putting their swords into their bosom, split down their silk dresses and, taking them out into the yard, stripped them of all their outer clothing.

During all these transactions, one man was observed sitting near Colonel Wade, who, as well as the Colonel, seemed to pay no attention to what was doing, - but looked serious and even melancholy. Mrs. Black asked him why he was not gathering up something to take away as well as the rest, to which he replied that he did not come there to plunder ; for she had nothing that he wanted—"But, my son ! my son !" was his abrupt and pathic exclamation, by which the impression made on her mind was that he was the father of that motherless little boy who was such a favorite of Colonel Wade and his company

and who had been so cruelly murdered shortly before in the Piney Bottom.

Having collected their plunder and mounted their horses, just ready to start, Mrs. Black said to them, "Well, you have a bad companion with you." "What is that?" was the inquiry; and she replied, "the small pox." Instantly they threw down the blankets, clothing and every thing else of the kind that they had taken and rode off in great haste. They took Mr. Bláck along to pilot them down to Mr. Ray's; but after going about half way, probably thinking there might be danger of getting the small-pox from him, they told him he might return home. Some of the men proposed shooting him down; but Culp told them to go on, while he stayed behind with Black for his protection. After going the distance of about a hundred yards, one of them turned round and fired at Black with his rifle; but the ball missed him and passed very near Culp's head, who ordered them, with a loud, stern voice to go on and behave themselves. They pursued their course then; and when they got to the fork in the road, some went to Alexander Graham's, and some to Alexander Black's, the place on which the Honorable Laughlin Bethune now lives, at both of which places a similar course was pursued and with similar results.

Whent hose who took the road to Squire Graham's came in sight of the house, there was one man out at the corn crib who slipped under it without being seen, and Archibald Peterson was sitting in the house by the fire who jumped into a bed at the

lower end of the house and drew the bed clothes over him. One of the young ladies then, with great presence of mind, took up a broom and stood by the bed-side, waiving it over him very deliberality, as if keeping off the flies. When the men rushed into the house, they enquired, "where is such a man? and where is such another man?" "She could not tell;" but on observing her so gravely and deliberaety keeping the flies off the man in bed, they asked her what was the matter with the sick man; "The small pox:"—"well this is no place for us;" and they immediately started towards the door; but just at that moment they heard the firing of guns over at Alexander Black's, where the other party had gone. "There," they exclaimed, clapping their hands together, "there they have caught Alexander Black" Then mounting their horses, they galloped over to his house and found him dying.

Taking the road now towards Rockfish, before they reached it, Captain Culp rode on a head to see and protect his old friend McLean. When the men arrived, he told them to pass on; for, McLean not having been at the Piney Bottom, was his friend, and they must do no mischief there; so they crossed the Rockfish and came to the house of Peter Blue, where they found him and Archibald McBride, and shot them both. Blue was badly though not mortally wounded; but McBride was shot dead on the spot. This was sorely to be lamented; for McBride was a sound Whig, one of Captain McCranie's men and was then at home on parole; but he was found in com-

pany with a man who had been at the Piney Bottom, and without any inquiry, or waiting for explanation, they recklessly shot him down.

The Whigs, it must be admitted, had great provocation; but still most people will perhaps think that they carried their revenge too far, and that they let their resentment of a most wanton and atrocious act of cruelty control their judgment and their better feelings; or we may suppose that their object was, not merely to take revenge for the murders committed at the Piney Bottom, but to teach the Tories a lesson which they would not soon forget, and to make an impression which would deter them from ever attempting such a thing again. If this was their object, it may be said to have been accomplished; for they were now both deterred and disabled.

My correspondent says that the Tories were now under dreadful apprehensions, believing that it was Wade's intention to scour the whole country and put every man of them to the sword. They were therefore greatly relieved in their feelings when his revenge seemed to be satisfied, and when he began to turn his course towards home. He turned down through the upper end of Robeson county and passed thence through the lower side of Richmond, by the Rockdale mills, into the Pedee country.

At the Rockdale mills, there lived some free mulattoes by the name of Turner, who were Tories and very wicked. The troops engaged in this expedition, having been disbanded, and Captain Culp having

gone home, some of these mulattoes followed him to his own house, called him out at night, and accused him of whipping one of their brothers. He refused at first to come out, and they threatened to burn the house; but still he refused, until they began to apply the fire; then he came out between two young men, one on each side, holding them by the arms, and begging for his life; but the Turners told the young men that, if they did not wish to share the same fate with Culp, they must leave him. They did so; and he was immediately shot down in his own yard. It is said that they not only murdered him, but his family also, and then burned his house which stood about a mile below Hunt's Bluff, Old Major Poncney's wife was Culp's daughter.

After the close of the war, General Wade had John McNeill tried for his life on account of the robbery and murders committed at the Piney Bottom; but he was acquitted, principally by the oath of Colonel Folsom, who testified that John McNeill was at his house at or about sundown, the evening before the massacre. This made the impression on the minds of the jury that, considering the distance, it was not probable he could have been there by the time the attack was made; but neither old Daniel Munro, nor Marren McDaniel, nor the weaver were called into court, either because they could not be found, or because it was not known that they were acquainted with any facts involved in the case. *They* could have testified that John McNeill had shown them the cloth next day, and told them that he got it at the Piney Bot-

tom, where they had killed so many of Colonel Wade's company the night before ; and by their testimony he must have been condemned. Perhaps he had bribed them, and kept them concealed in some place where they could not be found, until the trial would be decided ; but however this may have been, from all these circumstances John McNeill was ever after known by the name of CUNNING JOHN.

BATTLE AT ELIZABETHTOWN, WITH ONE OR TWO SUBSEQUENT TRANSACTIONS, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF COLONEL SLINGSBY, WHO COMMANDED THE TORIES ON THAT OCCASION.

There was a noble band of Whigs on the Cape Fear, who, though few in number, did good service in the cause of freedom, and who deserve from posterity more honor than they have yet received. With the fearful odds of five or ten to one against them, they adhered to their principles with heroic firmness, and in the darkest hour of gloom and depression, defended them with Spartan valor. Perhaps in no conflict during the war, so far at least as North Carolina was concerned, was there displayed more military skill, more boldness of enterprise, or more promptness and vigor of action, than by the Whigs of Cape Fear, in the battle of Elizabethtown. At this time, their prospects in that region were more gloomy than at any other period during the war; and the difficulties in their way were apparently so insurmountable that none but men of strong nerves and brave hearts would have encountered them. When this enterprise was determined on with such daring courage, and crowned with such triumphant success, the British had possession of Wilmington, and were trying every scheme to extend their power and influence up the river. The Tories had Fayetteville virtually, if not actually, in possession; and a body of them, consisting of three hundred or more, under the command of Colonels Slingsby and Godden, two talented, brave

and vigilant officers, had taken post at Elizabethtown, the seat of justice for Bladen county. Thus overpowered by numbers and left without succour from other parts of the State, the Whigs along the river had been plundered of their property and driven from their homes to wander as fugitives in a land which they were toiling to redeem from oppression. About sixty of them had taken refuge in Duplin county; and were suffering privations and hardships which men of sound principles and high aspirations could not patiently endure. Most of them were men of property, intelligence and tried patriotism; but were now without a shelter of their own, half starved and almost naked. Any set of men of their character and in their circumstances, would become desperate; and they resolved that rather than bear it any longer, they would attack their enemies in their strong hold, let the consequences be what they might. It was like going on a forlorn hope; for when the venture was once made, they must conquer or die. Their enemies who were five or six to one, were well protected, high-minded, and ably commanded. When they had once crossed the river, if unsuccessful, there could be no retreating in that direction before a powerful and exasperated foe. If they attempted to escape down the river, they would certainly be taken by the Tories and delivered up to the British. If they went to the south or west, the same fate awaited them; but they had strong confidence in the goodness of their cause, and their courage was adequate to the emergency.

Many of this heroic and patriotic band were very competent to command in any expedition of the kind; for several of them were officers of some repute, and had been more or less, in actual service. "Col. Owen had fought at Camden; Morehead had commanded the nine months' men sent to the south; Robeson and Ervin were the Percys of the Whig party; and Col. Brown had fought under Governor Tryon at the battle of Alamance. He had been wounded at the battle of the Great Bridge, under General Howe, near Norfolk, in Virginia;" and he had been actively engaged in military operations during most of the war, or at least during the year previous, as will appear in another place. In this expedition, so full of peril and of difficulty, the command was given to Col. Brown, probably as a courtesy due to his greater experience in the military service, as well as to his age; and nobly did he fulfil the expectations of his comrades.

Having made their arrangements, and having collected all the ammunition they could, they set off without tents or equipage and without any commissary's stores except a little "jerked beef and bread," which they carried in their pockets; and, after marching fifty miles through a dreary and desolate country, in July, 1781. When they arrived, in the night, on the north bank of the Cape Fear, a little below Elizabethtown, there was not a boat to be found on that side of the river. Col. Slingsby was a man of too much good sense to leave any such means of annoyance within reach of his enemies, or to neglect

any preparations for defence that were within his power. As in all military encampments, guards and sentries were regularly posted; no boats were suffered to remain on the other side of the river; and, to all appearance, they were secured against any force then in the country. But the river must be crossed, or this heroic band of patriots would be disappointed of their object; and, if they failed in this enterprise, Elizabethtown, which was at the head of navigation on the Cape Fear, would become the stronghold of Toryism; and that whole region, on many accounts so important to the cause of Independence, would soon be overrun by British troops.

Some of the tallest amongst them, having made a trial by wading into the deepest parts, said it could give a prompt and hearty assent. The preparation be crossed, and must be crossed; to which all present for crossing was soon made by stripping off their clothes and tying them on their heads. Then grasping their guns by the barrel and turning up the breech so as to keep the lock above water, they resolutely entered the stream; and while the tallest had no difficulty, those who were of low stature could barely keep their mouths and noses above water; but they all got over safe. The Rubicon was now past and there was no retreat, nor was there any quailing or "weakness of knees" in that patriotic corps. Resuming their dress and fixing their arms for action, they took up their line of march through the dense growth of lofty cane which then covered the low grounds. After ascending the precipitous

hill on the other side and crossing what was called the "King's Road," they halted for a few minutes to form themselves in order and prepare for the attack; but everything had been so well arranged by the officer in command, and so well understood by every man in the corps that very little time was requisite for this purpose. Then, in about two hours after crossing the river, a mile below, they commenced a furious attack on the enemy, by driving in the sentries and outposts; and, having made such an auspicious beginning, they rushed on with increasing confidence until they came in conflict with the main body which consisted chiefly of Highlanders, many of whom had been enured to the perils of warfare, and all of whom were as brave, loyal, and high-minded as any of his Majesty's subjects. An onset so sudden and violent threw them for a moment into disorder; but they were soon rallied by their gallant leader, and for a time made a most determined resistance. When their leaders fell, the rest soon gave way and the rout became general. In this affair, heroic courage and well-conducted stratagem were happily combined. Everything had been so well arranged by Col. Brown before they ventured within the precincts of danger, and the whole plan had been so well understood by every man belonging to the corps, that, even amidst the darkness of the night and the *melee* of battle, no mistakes were made, no serious disorder was produced, and the whole scene was enacted just as it had been previously designed; but with less difficulty and in shorter time than they had anticipated.

“After the first volley, Colonel *Brown*, with six officers who, for the want of a more appropriate word, may be termed his staff; and among whom were those gallant spirits, Owen, Morehead and Robeson, took a central position, as previously arranged; and the main body rushed to a point, at a specified distance, on his right, and reloaded with almost inconceivable rapidity. The words of command were then heard in loud and distinct tones. On the right! Colonel *Dodd’s* company! Advance! The main body advanced and fired. Then wheeling, rushed to a point on the left, and reloaded as before; and the order was given in the same audible voice. On the left! Colonel *Gillespie’s* company! Advance! The main body advanced and fired. Again. On the right! Colonel *Dickinson’s* company! Advance! The main body advanced and fired, and wheeling, rushed to the designated point. Again. On the left! Major *Wright’s* company! Advance! The main body advanced and fired.

“This *ruse de guerre* was carried on until the Whig band was multiplied into ten or eleven companies. It succeeded in making an impression on the garrison that it was attacked by a body of one thousand strong, led on by experienced officers.

“The self-possession and the energy with which the orders were given, and the celerity and animation with which they were executed, under circumstances of recent fatigue and exposure, are almost unparalleled in history. During the time occupied in these evolutions, Colonel *Brown*, with his staff,

as I have called them, was improving accidents and *making* occasions for taking deadly aim.

“There must have been a sublimity in the scene. The darkness of night, broken by a sheet of flame, at every successive volley of the Whig band; the outcries and clamor; the disorderly firing of the Tories, the gallant efforts of Colonel Slingsby to restore order, and to form his lines; his fall, so sanguinely desired by his enemies, and yet so much regretted by his friends; and the total rout of the garrison, would, to a person not engaged in the conflict, if such a one could have been there, have presented a spectacle of horror which can be more easily imagined than described.”

The onset of the Whigs, which was at a late hour of the night, was so sudden and so unexpected, that the Tories were necessarily thrown into confusion; and the assailants pursued the advantage thus gained with so much eagerness, and with such well conducted stratagem, that they had no time to rally. Some tried to shelter themselves in and around the houses, but were so hotly pursued that they were driven from every refuge. In concerting their plan of operations, it had been agreed on by the Whigs, as a measure necessary to their success, that they would aim at the officers and prominent active men; and, as this, like every other part of the scheme was strictly carried out, the consequence was, that the officers were the principal sufferers. The number of killed and wounded, on either side, is not known; but Godden was killed on the spot; Slingsby was so severely

wounded that he died the next evening ; and most of the subaltern officers were either killed or badly wounded. When their leaders fell, the men fled in every direction ; and many of them, probably the larger part, jumped into a deep ravine, which concealed and protected them from their pursuers. With this place every one in that region is familiar ; and as the stranger floats down the Cape Fear, on any one of the boats which now ply its waters, when she comes opposite to the place, one and another of the crew or passengers exclaim, "There's the Tory Hole," which generally gives rise to an account of the battle, if there is any one present who can give it, and then to a good deal of pleasant chit-chat among the passengers.

Of the character and circumstances of the commanding officers on the Tory side, we know very little ; and it is now too late in the day to get much information that is reliable. Godden is said to have been a man of courage, activity and enterprise, who was well calculated for the post which he held as a partizan officer, and whose death was an irreparable loss to the royalists. Slingsby was talented and well educated, amiable in his disposition and honorable in his principles. When the writer was down the Cape Fear, in 1852, he found that the name of Colonel Slingsby was still mentioned with much respect in that region, and by all classes of the community. The remark was frequently made that he had, while living, the respect of both parties, and that he deserved a better fate. After his death, the most

unequivocal testimony was borne to his worth, and the most gratifying respect was paid to his memory by the Whigs of that region. Nothing but dire necessity could have induced the Whigs on that occasion to aim at his life; for, as a man, they esteemed him highly, and were not unmindful of his past favors; but if they loved him they loved their country more.

Col. Slingsby was an Englishman, and probably a native of London, where he is known to have had property. He married there and engaged in business; but his wife having died in a short time after their marriage he emigrated to North Carolina and settled on the lower Cape Fear where he married a second time; and, before his death, had three children, two sons who died young, and a daughter who is still living. He had not been long in this country when the difficulties with the mother country commenced—not long enough to get clear of his early associations or of his English feelings and predilections; but these would not have induced him to take up arms against the country of his adoption to which he was now bound by the strong ties of affinity and affection, if it had not been for the almost irresistible influence which was exerted upon him. So strongly did he feel opposed to fighting or doing any thing against his adopted country that, after having positively refused the offer of a commission, he had engaged passage for himself and family back to England; but was met by a commission, we presume from Governor Martin, which was almost

forced upon him. From the Journal of the Provincial Congress, it seems that he was taken prisoner at the battle of Moore's Creek or very soon after and carried to Halifax; but whether this was before or after receiving his commission as Colonel, I have not learned. He was however soon discharged, and returned to his family, when we hear no more of him until we hear of his death.

When his daughter grew up she married the Rev. William Bingham who, having devoted himself to the business of teaching, after trying two or three other places, located himself in Orange county, near the Cross Road Church, where for many years he kept a classical school of high repute. He died a number of years ago highly esteemed by all who knew him and with the comfortable prospect of a blessed immortality. His sons William and John Bingham, have followed in his steps and have done more perhaps, for their age, to raise the standard of classical education than any other men in the country. His widow, the daughter of Col. Slingsby, is still living with some of her children in western Tennessee; and, in addition to the gratification of knowing that her descendants are among our most estimable and useful citizens, is enjoying a comfortable old age and the respect of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Colonel Slingsby is said to have been a pious man; and, according to the promises of the Bible, and the general experience of the church, the blessings of divine grace seem to

thus far descended, without any diminution, upon his offspring in their successive generations.

While the colonies had no other design than to obtain a redress of grievances, he appears to have co-operated heartily with them, but his mind was not prepared for independence or a separation. He had taken the oath of allegiance himself, and he knew that most of the colonists, especially in that region, had done the same. Believing, therefore, that the welfare of the country depended on its connexion with Great Britain, and that the people owed allegiance to the King which, being enforced by the highest sanctions, they could not violate without subjecting themselves to the displeasure of heaven, he abhorred the idea of rebellion under such circumstances, and held back when measures were taken for a separation; but feeling, as a British subject, that they had the right of petition and remonstrance, and whatever else could be done without an actual rupture of the ties which bound them to the established government, with patriotic feelings and honesty of purpose, he appears to have united with them in all their measures, until the commencement of actual hostilities. This is not a matter of conjecture or inference on the part of the writer, for there is documentary proof showing the confidence which, at that period, his fellow-citizens placed in him, and his readiness to co-operate with them in their measures of defence. For the following paper, I am indebted to Gov. Swain, and I have no doubt that it will be read with interest.

“At an occasional meeting of the Wilmington Committee, Nov. 20th, 1775, we find Col. Slingsby appointed on a Committee for taking measures to secure the town against the invasion of the British, as appears by the following extract from their records.

“The Committee taking into consideration the danger with which the inhabitants on Cape Fear river, are threatened by the King’s ships, now in the harbor, and the open and avowed contempt and violation of justice, in the conduct of Governor Martin, who, with the assistance of the said ships, is endeavoring to carry off the artillery, the property of this Province, and the gift of his late Majesty of blessed memory, for our protection from foreign invasions, have

“Resolved, That Messrs. John Forster, William Wilkinson and John Slingsby, or any one of them, be empowered to procure necessary vessels, boats and chains, to sink in such parts of the channel as they, or any of them, may think proper. To agree for the purchase of such boats and other materials as may be wanted; and to have them valued, that the owners may be reimbursed by the public.”

According to my information, which is considered reliable, he often, and as far as he could, protected the property of his Whig neighbors; and on one occasion at least, he saved the life of a Whig at the risk of his own. A body of Tories, whether of his own men or another party, is not now distinctly recollected, having come on this man in the house of a

neighbor, were about to take his life, when Col. Slingsby, coming in at the moment, interposed, and told them they must not kill him; but when they showed a determination to accomplish their purpose, he stepped up to the man where he stood by the wall, and, turning his face to the assailants, told them that if they killed that man, naming him, they must kill him first. This had the intended effect, and he did not leave his friend until he got him placed beyond the reach of those who were thirsting for his blood. Many anecdotes of a similar kind, I am told, are, or were for a long time current over that region; and, probably, they might be gathered up yet, by taking a little pains, for the traditionary incidents of that period had such a thrilling interest, and occurred under circumstances of such an impressive character, that it will be long before they can be entirely forgotten among such a people.

But I have in my possession, an account of Col. Slingsby, which was written by one of his descendants, a grand-daughter, who is well known and highly respected in the country, and which I take pleasure in giving to the public. Although it was not written for the press, as the reader will perceive at once, yet it is written with so much frankness, simplicity of style, and manifest freedom from any disposition to exaggerate, that I prefer giving it in her own words. When all of us and the descendants of those who were actors, on either side, in the perilous scenes of that day, are under such strong temptations to present the character and deeds of their ancestors in

the best possible light, we are pleased to find one whose candor and modesty make us feel that what we are reading is the simple truth, so far at least as it was known to the writer. The account was written at my request, and was intended merely to furnish the facts for me to use in whatever way I might think proper, and such was then my design; but I have no doubt that the reader will be more gratified with its perusal in the original form; and we feel confident that in this we are doing the writer no wrong, or, at all events, if it is taking a little more liberty than courtesy would dictate, that it will not be regarded as an unpardonable offence.

“Colonel John Slingsby, was an Englishman by birth, and I suppose from London, as he is known to have had possessions there. His age is not known, but he came to this country after the death of his first wife, who lived only a short time after their marriage. He married in Bladen county, Mrs. McAllister, a native of Scotland, whose maiden name was Isabella McNeill; and by her he had a daughter and two sons. The sons died young. The daughter, Mrs. Bingham, widow of the Rev. William Bingham, is still alive in Tennessee. The Slingsby whom you mentioned as having been taken prisoner, must have been the same, as I have always heard that there was no other of that name in this country.

“Soon after hostilities commenced between the colonies here, and the mother country, a commission was offered to Mr. Slingsby, but he refused it, saying that, “although he believed the English cause

to be just, he had no wish to fight against his adopted country ;” and he had engaged a passage for himself and family back to his native land, when a commission was almost forced upon him. He was brought up a Quaker, and joined the Church of England, after he became a man. Perhaps, this may account in part, for his unwillingness to fight ; but he had taken the oath of allegiance before he left England, and being a conscientious man, he felt bound by his oath. He was never in the regular British army, but commanded, what *we call*, a band of Scotch Tories ; and had been from home only a few days, when he was wounded in the throat at Elizabethtown. He was treated very kindly by the Whig officers, who had his wounds dressed, and took him to his plantation. Finding that his wife was in Wilmington, they took the family boat, and set off for that place, but he died before reaching it. When his property was confiscated, the Whig officers bought a valuable plantation and some of the negroes, and gave them to his wife. She received a pension from the English government during her life. Mr. Slingsby, was a merchant, and a man of character, talent and refinement. I have a confused recollection of many things which I heard in my youth, but of which I could now give no correct account. There is one thing however, which I do distinctly remember, to have heard from two old gentlemen—Mr. Manly and Mr. Grove—which is, that Colonel Slingsby, often protected the lives and property of his Whig neighbors. And I have met with a Whig soldier, who

was in the skirmish at Elizabethtown, and saw the Colonel's wound dressed, who gave him the same character.

"I recollect an instance which, though a little thing in itself, may serve to illustrate his character. A party of Tories came to the house of an old man, by the name of McLaughlin, who took him, bound him, and had their muskets ready to shoot him, when Colonel Slingsby happened to come over, and interceded for the old man's life; but not being able to succeed in that way, he resolutely placed himself between him and the guns, and told them, "that if they shot McLaughlin, it should be through his body." They let him go. This was before he had entered the service.

"The anecdote of the Methodist preacher, which you wished me to relate, I had from the old gentleman's own lips. Mr. O'Kelly, then a young Methodist preacher, when travelling over the country and preaching, was taken at the house of a friend or acquaintance, by a small party of Tories. His horse, saddle and saddle-bags were taken from him, and he was tied to a peach tree. A party of Whigs coming up just at the time, a skirmish ensued; and although, he was between the two fires, he was not hurt. Before this skirmish was ended, Colonel Slingsby came up with a larger party of men, and the Whigs were dispersed. Recognizing O'Kelly, the Colonel asked him to preach for them, which he did, and, drawing up his men in good order, he stood with his head uncovered, during the whole of the service. Mr.

O'Kelly said, when relating this anecdote to me, 'Ah, child! your grandfather was a gentleman.' An old lady who was well acquainted with Mr. O'Kelly, tells me, that the man at whose house he was taken, was also taken, bound to the same tree, and killed in the skirmish. She had heard him relate the anecdote frequently—I, only once.

"I know of no one now, from whom any further information could be obtained. More than twenty years ago, when in Robeson and Richmond counties, I met with several old men, who had been well acquainted with Colonel Slingsby, and they all spoke of him as a humane, honorable and generous hearted man. They were all members of the Presbyterian church, and some of them had been under his command.

"I do not wish you to use my name as I intended merely to furnish you with the facts, and let you clothe them yourself."

May 17th, 1853.

The battle of Elizabethtown, near the close of the war, was regarded by the people in that region as next in importance to the one at Moore's creek, in the beginning; and it is much to be regretted that an account of it was not written at the time or before the most intelligent of the men who were prominent actors in the scene were called away from this stage of action. It turned the tide of victory and broke the power of the Tories. The Whigs became animated with hope, and the others were sunk in des-

pondence. Such was the impression made upon them by their defeat on this occasion, and by the loss which they sustained, that, although they had entire sway from the Cape Fear to the Pedee, they made very few efforts afterwards, and they were not of a formidable kind. Many of them, under the apprehension that further movements of an aggressive kind would be made by the Whigs, fled for refuge to Wilmington, then in possession of a British force, under the command of Major Craig; but the Whigs knew well that if left to concert and prosecute their measures without "let or hindrance," the effects of their late victory would be all lost, and they would have their work to do over again. They were, therefore, on the alert, and were taking measures to confine the operations of the enemy, or to prevent them from doing mischief. For this purpose a small encampment was formed a few miles above Wilmington, under the command of Colonel Leonard, which was rather a hazardous move; but it was dispersed by a detachment of the British, which was sent up for the purpose. The account of this affair, which was published first in the Raleigh Register, and copied from that into Wheeler's History of North Carolina, is one of some interest, as illustrative of the perils and sufferings to which the patriots of that day were subject, and we will give it at full length in the words of the author.

"Upon the dispersion of the Tories in that successful sortie at Elizabethtown, above referred to, by the handful of Whigs under Captain, afterwards

General, Brown, many of the Tories fled for refuge to Wilmington, then in possession of the British, under the command of Major Craig, while a portion of that same Spartan Whig band, joined by a few other choice spirits of the county of Brunswick, under the command of Colonel Leonard, formed an encampment above Wilmington, and not far from the river, for the purpose of cutting off supplies from being carried by the Tories to the enemy, and to prevent their own and their neighbors' slaves from flocking down to the British camp, and for general and mutual protection.

“This encampment was a source of great annoyance and vexation to the British commander, and the object of special hatred and revenge to his new recruits, who had just been so handsomely whipped at Elizabethtown. It was resolved at head-quarters that this encampment should be broken up, and a large force was immediately detached on this service. A portion of them was sent up the main road, and were to wait in ambush at a bridge on a stream then known as Hood's creek, not far below the camp, while other companies, under the guide of one of these Tories, who well knew the passways and situations of the country, were to be conducted and piloted above, so as effectually to surround the camp and cut off retreat. Orders were given in the hearing of the guide, to the chief officer of this expedition, *to show no quarters, but to put to instant death every Whig that should be found with arms in their*

hands After early night fall this band set out on their murderous errand.

“Upon hearing these savage and blood-thirsty orders, their guide relented. Many of the men who were in that camp had been his near neighbors and friends, had often done him acts of kindness, and his heart quailed at the contemplation of the scene before him, and his inhuman instrumentality in having them cut off and butchered. Accordingly, after leaving the main road, he feigned to be lost, and purposely avoiding the right track, he kept them wandering in the woods from swamp to swamp, until, as he supposed, sufficient time would elapse for the camp to have notice of the approach of the direct force, and be enabled to make good their retreat.

“The Whig force did not exceed thirty, and were chiefly mounted men; planters and men of character and substance. They had finished their scanty supper, had secured their horses for the night, and with their saddles for a pillow, and their saddle-blankets for a bed, they had lain down to rest, unconscious of their danger and of the horrible destiny that had been prepared for them.

“The British force had in the meantime arrived at the bridge and were anxiously awaiting the signal for their onset. The night passed on, and yet no sound was heard. They became impatient, and gave a blast from their horn to apprize their comrades of their presence and of their readiness to receive their response. The sound was heard in the Whig camp. “What noise is that?” said a dreamy sentry, as he

paced his lonely rounds. "Oh, nothing," said another, "but the trumpet of some lubberly boatman." Another, and another blast, louder and louder, is given. The camp is aroused. "No boatman belonging to these waters," said one, "can make that noise; they are the notes of the *Kent bugle*, and in the hands too of a *practised master*." "They proceed from down the road, and from about the bridge," said the officer in command. "That place must be reconnoitered. We must know what all that means. Who will volunteer and go down?" No one spoke. "Come, Manly," said he, "you are always ready in a forlorn hope, and that fine black charger of yours can outrun danger itself; will you go?" "Aye, aye, sir," said Manly; "who will go with me to bring back the news if I should lose *my night cap*?" "I, I, I," said Mansfield and two young Smiths. Their horses were soon caparisoned and mounted, their holsters examined, and away they galloped to the bridge. Upon their arrival, every thing was as quiet and silent as death. They could neither see nor hear any one, but their horses exhibited alarm and refused to proceed.

"All right on this side," said Manly: "let us see how it is on the other;" and thrusting their spurs into their horses' sides, they dashed across the bridge. As soon as they had cleared it, up rose the British and Tories from their concealment on each side of the road, their muskets and bayonets gleaming in the moonlight; and as these men turned their horses to retreat, the officer in command sung out, "Give

it to them," and a platoon of musketry fired upon them. The top of Manly's hat was shot away. One of the Smiths was badly wounded, his horse shot down on the bridge, and in falling caught his rider under him; and the British, as they passed, perforated the body of the poor fellow with their bayonets, and commenced a running pursuit. The camp, in the meantime, had heard the firing, *the guide was still lost in the swamps*, and all but poor Smith made good their retreat. Thus this gallant band of chivalrous and devoted spirits, through an almost miraculous intervention of an over-ruling Providence, escaped the well planned stratagem projected for their heartless and cold-blooded massacre, and were spared to their families and country."

"The names of the men concerned in this affair are well known along the Cape Fear; and their descendants are occupying their place with respectability and usefulness. Colonel Thomas Owen, was the father of the late Governor Owen and of General Owen, who is now living in Wilmington, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. "He was a warm-hearted friend, generous to a foe, and as brave a soldier as ever wore a sword." "Morehead was a tall, thin man, of mild and amiable temper. He lived near Elizabethtown, and died of consumption. Manly, who held a captain's commission, and was an active partizan officer in the militia during the war, removed to the back country, and settled in the county of Chatham, where he was distinguished

through a long life, for the strictest integrity and unflinching firmness."

The account of the transactions at Elizabethtown, and lower down the Cape Fear, except what relates to the character and history of Colonel Slingsby, has been taken, substantially, from the Wilmington papers and Wheeler's History; but I have not copied it *verbatim*, only in part. To those who love to contemplate the toils and sufferings, the patriotic spirit and heroic deeds of our forefathers, the facts will be interesting, though the style may not be attractive. What the writer has here given, is only a specimen of the conflicts and deeds of cruelty, or of patriotic devotion to the cause of freedom, which, for two or three years, were frequent in that region; but they cannot be detailed in this volume, without transcending the limits assigned.

FREDERICK GOSS.

During the latter period of the war, though the precise date is not recollected, a number of Tories came to the house of Frederick Goss, who lived in what is now Davidson county, about ten miles southeast from Lexington; and plundered it of all the bed clothing, about seventy yards of homespun cloth, with whatever else they could find that was worth carrying away, and a young and valuable horse. Frederick Goss and his son, Jacob Goss, then only fifteen or sixteen years of age, with a bound boy, by the name of Alexander Slader, were in a field, at some distance from the house, pulling flax; and when the Tories went to the field for the purpose of making them prisoners, Slader hid himself in the flax, so he escaped their notice. Frederick Goss, being somewhat advanced in life, was not made a prisoner; but they took his son, Jacob Goss, who was the father of Jacob Goss, Esq., now one of the special court in Davidson county. They carried away Jacob Goss as a prisoner, and his young horse, with the plunder which they had taken in and about the house. After night they took the whole to a Tory camp, which was distant from any road and in a very secluded place, where they were about to tie Jacob; but one of their number, having some acquaintance with Jacob, persuaded them not to bind him. There came up during the night a hard rain, and they all got very wet. When it was over they made a large fire for the purpose of drying themselves, and on becoming dry,

they all fell into a sound sleep, when Jacob went to his young horse, cut him loose, and then jumping on his back, he whipped off and got home safe. The neighbors were soon raised and went in pursuit. Before going far they were informed that the Tories, their enemies, had forded the river near Massey's ferry, which was not far from the confluence of the Uwharic and Yadkin rivers. The Whigs were led or commanded by Captain Azariah Merrill, and before getting to the river he met a man who told him that they had crossed. Being conducted by him they went over, and soon came upon the Tories, where they had halted and were lying by. Merrill had a strong company, and leaving them behind, with orders suited to any contingency that would be likely to occur, he went forward himself to reconnoitre, or try if he could discover their precise location. When, passing a hollow or ravine, he came upon one of their sentinels, who raised and cocked his gun; but Captain Merrill shot him down before he had time to fire. This brought on a general skirmish, which was severe but short. Not one of the Whigs, however, was killed, and only one wounded, by a ball in the thigh; for the Tories were attacked so suddenly and furiously, that they were not able to get into any kind of order, and could take no deliberate aim.

The Tories, it seems, gave only one fire, and that was scattering, or given very much at random, until they fled, and took the boat at Massey's ferry with the intention of returning, to what is now the Davidson or Montgomery side of the Yadkin; but the

Whigs were firing on them all the way as they rowed across, and they kept jumping out into the water until not more than four or five remained in the boat when it landed. A number of the Tories were killed and some of those who jumped into the river were drowned. This made peaceable times in that region of country, and only one man was killed by the Tories from this time to the close of the war.

A man, by the name of John Cornelison, who lived near the lead or silver mines in Davidson county, was killed in his own house, and in a manner which indicated great barbarity. When several of them went in and fell upon him with clubs and swords, he got back under the mantel-piece, when they shot him down, and he fell into the fire; but his wife pulled him out. Next morning, Mrs. Ann Briggs, the mother-in-law of Jacob Goss, Esq., who was originally a Miss Collins, from the neighborhood of Wilmington, went over and saw the body of Cornelison. The hearth was deluged with blood, and the house presented a most frightful scene.

The man who shot Cornelison was known, and Cornelison had a relation by the name of Spirey, who was determined to revenge his death. He pursued the Tory who shot Cornelison, and followed his trail into Tennessee. At length he reached the house of a woman who was a relation of his; and thinking himself out of danger, he stopped there for the night; but Spirey was there and, with the stealthiness of an Indian, was watching round the house, when he heard the murderer tell his relation,

the mistress of the house, that he would pull off his clothes to sleep ; for he had not had them off since he left North Carolina. While he was stripping and preparing for bed, Spirey, being certain of his man, run the muzzle of his gun through a crack or opening between the logs, and shot him dead. Spirey then returned to his home in North Carolina ; and this affair was the last of the kind that occurred during the struggle for independence. Such scenes present to us the horrors of civil war in a strong light, and while they were the price of our liberties, they should serve as a perpetual warning to guard, most vigilantly and strenuously, against every thing of the kind to the end of time.

WILLIAM CUMMINGS & CO.

Towards the close of the year 1780, probably in the month of December, William Cummings, John Faddis and William Crabtree, citizens of Hillsboro', went out one morning before day on a fox hunt, and to avoid as much as possible, the danger of falling into the hands of enemies, they went into a section, six or eight miles east or northeast from the village, where the people were nearly all in favor of independence; for, at that time when the Tories were nearly everywhere so impudent and so confident of success, such a small party could not go into any other than a Whig neighborhood without running a great risk of being killed or taken prisoners. A little after sunrise, being very cold and hungry, they concluded they would call at the house of Thomas Couch, to warm themselves and get something to eat. As Couch was well acquainted with them, and withal a good friend to his country, he received them kindly and treated them as well as he could. Having attended to their horses and given directions for breakfast, he asked them to walk with him to his hog-pen, a hundred or a hundred and fifty steps from the house, and see his hogs that he had up fattening for his winter's meat. Faddis and Crabtree accepted the invitation; but Cummings thought he would be more comfortable by the fire; and, as the female part of the family were out in the kitchen preparing breakfast, he was left for the time being, to amuse himself with his own medi-

tations on the forthcoming breakfast or anything else he chose.

There was a man living in the neighborhood, two or three miles off, by the name of Jake Bracken, who was a zealous royalist, and was always ready to improve any opportunity that occurred for aiding the cause of his master. He had come over that morning, either incidentally or on an errand, or, more probably, had been sneaking about to see what discoveries he could make. They were all of them well and intimately acquainted with Bracken, or had been before such an animosity existed between the royalists and the friends of liberty. Though unobserved himself, and perhaps had studiously kept himself out of view, he had been where he saw the fox hunters when they arrived, and could also perceive how many went to the hog-pen and how many remained. Determined to improve the opportunity of doing something that would recommend him to the royal favor, he entered the house very slyly, and stepping up softly to Cummings, who was sitting with his back towards the door and his face to the fire, apparently absorbed in his own sage reflections and not dreaming of any danger, laid his hand on his shoulder, and saying as he did so, you are my prisoner, sir, and you must come along with me forthwith. Cummings, who was a man of a ready turn and a very jocose disposition, looked up at him, not at all disconcerted, and said to him with a pleasant laugh, "Why Jake, you must be joking, I have not had my breakfast yet, and I cannot go without that!"

There was no time to be lost, and he replied with an air of positiveness which left no room to doubt, "No William, you know me well enough not to indulge any such thought. I am not joking but in good, solid earnest, and you must come along at once, without another moment's delay or hesitation." "Very well," said Cummings, "if I must go, let us be off;" and, so saying, he arose briskly to his feet and started along with him or close behind; but recollecting at the lucky moment, that when he had went into the house, he had hung his hunting horn to a nail on the outside of the door-post, and as he stepped over the threshold, he jerked that down, and putting it to his mouth, gave it a few blasts, *toote, toote, TOOTE*, which roused up the hounds from their slumbers in the corners of the fence, and in a minute, or less, they all came yelping round him, as much as to say, "We are at your service, sir, and would be glad to have an opportunity of doing something right clever before we go home." The men at the hog-pen, concluded from the sound of the horn, so earnest and so quickly repeated, that there must be something in the wind, and they came with all possible expedition; but when the dogs came up, expressing such a hearty good will to do the bidding of their master, Jake found himself in rather a "bad box," and "took to his scrapers," down the lane. He had not gone many rods, however until Cummings gave the hounds the signal, and the whole pack took after him, opening altogether as if they were within a few jumps of a run down fox, and stimulated to the utmost of their

speed by the well-known voice of their master. Mr. Cummings always loved to tell this anecdote, especially when in company with his friends, or when he got in the spirit of talking with any one about revolutionary times, and he would generally add, that it was the finest race he *ever* saw, until Jake had to take a tree at the end of the lane, where the dogs kept him as safe as a coon, until the men came up. He was then taken prisoner, carried to Hillsboro', and lodged in jail. Without adopting the old Latin maxim, that "fortune favors the brave," we may say that a kind Providence favors the good, or those who are heartily engaged in a good cause, and this important lesson may be read all through the history of the revolutionary war, in characters too legible to be mistaken, and in the minutest as well as in the most important events.

LEWIS BOWELL.

While the British army, when on its way to Wilmington, after the Guilford battle, lay encamped for a day and a night on Haymount at the west end of Cross creek, now Fayetteville, on the ground at present occupied by the United States arsenal and a number of private dwellings. During this time the soldiers, in little squads, ranged through the village, gratifying their curiosity or their propensity to plunder; and in these plundering operations, as usual with the British army wherever it went, the Whig portion of the community were the principal sufferers. The soldiers, whenever they could, seemed to take a malicious pleasure in wantonly destroying the property and distressing the families of those who were in favor of independence; and numberless acts of cruelty and of an inhuman disregard to the safety and comfort of the helpless, were committed over the country, which were utterly inconsistent with the boasted honor and magnanimity of the British nation.

Belonging to the Whig class of the citizens in Cross creek at this time, was a little Dutchman, by the name of Lewis Bowell, who kept a bakery and did a very fair business in his way. If his was not the only establishment of the kind in the place, it was the most popular, and got the run of the custom. As he did a prosperous business he bought his flour by the barrel; and when the flour was consumed the

empty barrel was put up stairs, or "on the loft," as it was termed; and the stock of empty barrels had accumulated until the upper story of his little frame dwelling was nearly full. A squad of soldiers, while ranging about in every direction, ready to seize upon any thing that would gratify their avarice, their vanity or their gastronomical propensities, on seeing the sign, BAKERY, in large letters over the door, thought this must be the very place for them, and forthwith entered the house without leave or license. Whether they were aware of his position on the political arena is not known, nor is it a matter of any importance. All men love good eating; and, in order to quiet the clamors of a "barking stomach," will fight harder, and show a more reckless disregard of friends and foes than for any thing else.

Having been so much harassed along the first part of their retreat, and having marched for the last fifty miles over an uninterrupted stretch of sand hills and pine barrens, where, if there was ever any thing good for man or beast, it had doubtless been destroyed by the recent conflicts between the Whigs and Tories, probably no sight could now be more grateful to them than a well furnished baker's shop. However this may have been, the temptation was not an ordinary one to them; and whether impelled by the cravings of hunger, or by their lawless habits of plunder, they were not disposed to lay any restraint upon themselves.

While they were ranging through the house in every direction, as chance or caprice led the way, some into one apartment and some into another, two

or three concluded that they would go up stairs and try their luck there. As Lewis Bowell, though an honest Whig, was no fighting character, and when the British army entered Cross creek, he found himself in a perilous condition. If it was not more congenial to his disposition, it was certainly more in his line of business to let others fight the battles of freedom, and for him to follow his trade and furnish them with the staff of life; but now the enemy had come to his door and something must be done. If he remained there he expected nothing else than to be seized by them, and perhaps be put to death as a rebel. If he attempted to escape, he would certainly fall into the hands of the Tories, who would, beyond all question, deliver him up to the British. In this dilemma he hit upon an expedient which, if it did not succeed just as he wished, resulted more perhaps to his satisfaction. He had made his wife, a few hours before, head him up in one of the empty barrels; and this barrel, as the room was nearly full, stood not more than a few feet from the head of the stairs.

When the two or three soldiers, already noticed, ascended to the top, the foremost one took hold of the first barrel he came to; and, supposing that it contained flour, as it felt heavy, he threw it on its side and gave it a kick with his foot, which sent it rolling down the stairs; but when it came to the platform, or turn in the stairs, it struck against the side of the house with such force that it burst open, when, lo, and behold, the little Dutchman sprung to his feet,

and stood up in his full dimensions, as Minerva issued from the head of Jupiter, and exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Lewis Bowell! Py Got, true Whig from de start. I'd as lief die as live." Such an utterance, made with all the earnestness which the occasion demanded, and accompanied with gesticulations indicative of a most desperate resolution, struck the batch of "red coats" with a kind of panic; and, supposing that every barrel contained a "true Whig from the start," they all moved off in short order, leaving Lewis Bowell in quiet possession of his empty barrels, and of whatever else they had not already eaten or destroyed. They never found out their mistake; or if they did, before they had time to soothe their mortified feelings, by committing violence on his person or further depredations on his property, the army took up the line of march, and they were borne away, some to find an untimely grave at Yorktown, and the rest to a returnless distance from the American shore.