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1770---OCTOBER—1880.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN W. DANIELS OF VIRGINIA

At the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain, Oct. 7th, 1880.

MY COUNTRYMEN: Upon this spot one hundred years ago this day was a great battle of the people fought by the people alone. There was not a bayonet—there was not a cannon—there was no martial music—there was no gilded banner—there was no chaplain—there was no ambulance or wagon—there was no general officer—there was not a single regular soldier, in the army of victory—there were MEN here. They were clad in coarse homespun garments—made at the cabin fireside by their sisters, wives and mothers. They had knives in their belts, and flint-lock rifles in their hands; and they did a deed for which all mankind should be grateful, and which the ages will remember. They climbed the strong breastworks of this rugged mountain through terrific fires of Tory rifles, and through fiercest onsets of British bayonets; they tore from this proud summit the royal banner of Great Britain; they laid low in battle or led captive every one of the defiant soldiery who defended it. "Complete to a wish" was their victory, as their commander said. As they stood conquerors here, their shout of triumph was heard seven miles "on the plain." But far beyond the plain that echoed back the voice of the mountain that shout of triumph rolled. Like a minstrel's song its joyous notes swept over the land of the pine, the palmetto, and the moss-clad oak; lifting up the hearts of those who crouched under the sword of Tarleton; rallying the fragments of the Southern army who had fled from the fury of Cornwallis; suppressing the uprising of Tory factions, who "were willing enough to wound but yet afraid to strike," and re-animating the scattered band of Sumter, and cheering anew the dauntless men who stood by the side of Marion, the lion-hearted. Northward it rolled, and the continental Congress received it with jubilant thanksgiving. The peerless commander-in-chief heard in it the first note of hope that broke in upon the miseries of despair that wailed upon his ears from the disastrous fields of the Southern land, and his bursting heart, bowed with the recent treachery of Arnold, found solace in the loyalty of an artless people who made liberty their first love, and life the only measure of their devotion. Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, afterwards wrote, "It was the joyful enunciation of that turn of the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary war with the seal of independence." It had turned "the shadow of death into the morning." The men who did this deed of vast and unending consequence were rude foresters, huntsmen and herdsmen of the wilderness, "who came from beyond mountains whose very names were not known." Pause, O century! ere thy latest step be taken—pause and bow before the grand old mountain—salute the venerable witness of that glorious day. Hear once more the solemn tread of the huntsmen as they file around the rocky lair of their oppressors—hear the wild melody of their soulful voices echoing through these gorges, and carrying dread notes of warning to the foe at bay. Look once more! Behold the men of the wilderness as their firm feet climb from ledge to ledge up these rocky fastnesses. See them as they receive the charge of the veteran warriors of England, recoiling now before the bayonet, yet ever returning with instant and fierce onset; see them as their concentric fires close around the desperate and unhallowed valor that meets its fate with grim and stern defiance. Look! Let thy latest glance behold the blazoned standard of St. George as it falls in the midst of the sun-burned storm-beaten faces, as it is torn from this proud crest by the horny hands of the men of the desert who "came from beyond mountains whose very names were not known." Hear! Let the last sound that falls upon thy ears be that wild victorious shout of the mountain men which shall echo through the ages, teaching the world its grandest lesson—how to be free! My countrymen, from some partiality which I cannot explain, and which I cannot hope to justify, I have been summoned from the old commonwealth that was the home, and from a county that bears the honored name of Campbell, to speak of the portentous scene that was here enacted, and unite with you in its commemoration. When I recall that a Bancroft, standing here, has depicted it in the vivid lines of historic truth, and that a Preston has shed over it that rare and lustrous eloquence which belongs alone to the tongue that has been touched by living fire, well may I shrink from the unequal task and envy the silence which the meditative mind brings to its contemplation. But I have considered that the things which here came to pass are so engaging in themselves that in their plainest recital every deficiency of their orator would be forgotten, and as the rude men of King's Mountain came in their rude rustic dress to its wondrous deeds, so let me in all simplicity of speech attempt to tell once more its wondrous story.

DISASTERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE.

The history of the revolution, from the firing of the first gun at the battle of King's Mountain, recalls a series of disasters to the American arms, broken here and there by a scintillation of victory, glorified all the way by splendid exertion, patience, fortitude and courage, but attended with but few successes that were followed by substantial consequence.

1775—LEXINGTON, CONCORD, TICONDEROGA, BUNKER'S HILL AND QUEBEC.

The British had indeed retired from Concord and Lexington in the first flush of war before the desultory fire of the unorganized rebels, and in the next month of May, Ethan Allen and Arnold had made a brilliant dash and captured Ticonderoga; but ere Washington, who was chosen commander-in-chief by the Colonial Congress, could reach the field of action, Bunkers's Hill had been stormed by the thrice repeated assaults of the British troops. And though they had been taught that Colonial militia could fight with deadly prowess and disciplined valor, our enemy were yet masters of the situation. On the very last day of that year the expedition against Canada under Montgomery and Arnold met with a foretaste of its disastrous close, and on the heights of Quebec, where Wolfe had perished in the joy of victory, Montgomery, the Colonial leader, had fallen a victim of desperate and fatal valor.

1776—FORT MOULTRIE, THE DECLARATION, LONG ISLAND, KYP'S BAY, FORT WASHINGTON, TRENTON.

In March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, but only to strike at more vital points. On June 28th, ere yet the Declaration had severed America forever from the mother land, there arose in the Southern horizon what Bancroft has fitly termed "the bright, the morning star that harbingered American independence," and from the guns of Moultrie at the Palmetto Fort in front of Charleston was proclaimed the first great triumph of the incipient republic that was ushered into being amid the clash of resounding arms. All hail! noble South Carolina, of whom her eloquent orator has said that, "the sky which bends above her is scarce large enough for a single star to glitter in," and of whom I may add, never was so small a sky illumined by so auspicious or so bright a star. On the 4th of July following the Declaration made at Philadelphia announced the birthday of a nation, and old Independence bell rang out: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof." But, oh! how many cheeks were to be withered with woe, how many gladsome hearts were to be pierced with inexorable sorrow; how many homes were to be desolate; what grievous hardships were to be borne; what keen pangs of disappointment and defeat were to freeze the genial currents of the soul, ere the bold adventurers who had pledged life and fortune and sacred honor to the cause should bring forth in travail the completion of their heart's desire. Ere another month had waned the American army on Long Island, commanded by Putnam and under the eye of Washington, had been surprised and driven from the field in the first battle delivered by "the United States" to the opposing power, and the light of the young nation was nearly extinguished, ere yet its radiance had penetrated the haunts of despotism of the Old World. A thousand men were lost, Sullivan and Sterling were captured, and only by the indomitable will of Washington, who was twenty-four hours in the saddle, did his dejected and beaten army escape across the East river into the city of New York.

The British general followed him. On September 15th, at Kyp's Bay, where Thirty-fourth street now pierces the heart of the great metropolis, the American troops fled from the advancing Redcoats, and in sickness of soul Washington exclaimed as he vainly exposed himself to rally them, "Are these the men by whom I am expected to defend the Liberty of America." Returning to Harlem Heights—now surrounded by the great Central Park, which spreads its varied landscape of hill and dale amid the palaces of the ever widening city—and thence to Fort Washington hard-by, he now confronted his victorious foe; but new defeat awaited him. While at Fort Lee, on the opposite Jersey bank up the Hudson, he witnessed on November 16th the surrender of its garrison of 2,600 men, and retreat through the Jerseys now opened to them the only avenue of safety. While the elated British pursued, so confident were they that the back of the rebellion was broken, that proclamation of amnesty was made by Lord Cornwallis and Sir William Howe, to all who would in sixty days promise not to take up arms against the King. The Convention of Maryland weakening offered to renounce the Declaration of July 4th for the sake of accommodation with Great Britian. On the 12th of December Congress adjourned from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the closing days of 1776 seemed as dark and dreary as disaster, retreat and general depression could make it. But

"As stars to-night, woe lustre gives to man,"

never so grandly rose the character of Washington as when now his dauntless spirit wrestled with adversity. Suddenly turning upon his overweening enemy he marched at quick-step from the vicinity of Philadelphia, crossed the Deleware in the darkness of wintry night, while thick masses of ice swept along on its swift and angry current, and pursuing its course midst wind and sleet and hail he fell on Christmas morn, with 2,400 men, upon the Hessian camp at Trenton, capturing 1,000 prisioners, 1,200 stand of arms and six pieces of artillery. Thence he pressed on to Princeton, and on the 3rd of January, 1777, repeated his exploit by capturing 230 more of the enemy.

1777—PRINCETON, BENNINGTON, BRANDYWINE, GERMANTOWN, VALLEY FORGE AND SARATOGA.

Notwithstanding these auspicious openings of the year, verily now "care sat heavily on the brow of the young people who were to be formed to fortitude by tribulation, and endeared to the after ages by familiarity with sorrows." Human life and fortune have been fittingly compared to the Scotch plaid whereon the dark and bright spots are side by side, and the Revolutionary vicissitudes of 1777 furnish a notable illustration. Until the affairs at Trenton and Princeton "the life of the United States flickered like a dying flame." Washington had rekindled it, but ere the end of 1777 it again sank low in its socket. In September Stark with the husbandmen of Vermont, New Hampshire and western Massachusetts in shirt sleeves and carrying only their fowling pieces without bayonets, surrounded and assailed the British camp of Baum, beat back the bayonets of the regulars and the sabres of the dragoons at Bennington, September 16, and gave our enemy a foretaste of what irregular militiamen can do when their hearts are aflame with patriotic ardor. With less than 30 killed and 40 wounded he captured 692 of Baum's men and all their artillery, and he but confirmed the reports of British officers when he declared that "Had our people been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden they could not have behaved better." But how quickly was this bright spot shaded by the dark ones. The very next month (September 15th) Washington was defeated at Brandywine; Lafayette was wounded and four hundred prisoners lost. On the 18th Congress fled a second time from Philadelphia, first to Lancaster, and then to York; on the 26th the British with flying colors marched into and took possession of the city. Misfortunes came "not single file but in battalions." On the 4th of October Washington was again repulsed at Germantown, losing four hundred more prisoners from the the ranks of his thin and exhausted troops. And the campaign of 1777 in the Middle States thus gloomily ended, his wasted and dependent army—half fed and almost naked—retired to the bleak hills of Valley Forge, twenty-six miles from Philadelphia, their bare feet tracking the frozen ground with blood, and their scanty raiment scarce concealing their forms from the pitiless skies of winter. But meanwhile a very aurora seemed to irradiate the darkness of the Northern heavens. At Saratoga, on October 14th, the Virginia riflemen of Morgan, nobly supported by the Continentals of New York and New England, and led by Gates, Lincoln and Arnold, had forced the capitulation of Burgoyne with his entire force of 6,000 troops and forty-two pieces of artillery, the most brilliant achievement of the war, saving alone the final triumph at Yorktown. This battle has been called the turning point of the Revolution, and Croesy, the scholarly author of "The Decisive Battles of the World," has numbered it, with Marathon, Blenheim and Waterloo, as one of those few battles of which the contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes. I would not shade a single ray that glows in the sunburst of that glorious day. Glorious in itself, it was alike glorious in its consequences. It largely contributed to induce the recognition of the United States by France and other European governments which speedily followed it, carried cheer to the weary watchers by many a camp fire, and heightened the efforts of their allies beyond the seas; but it did not quench the dogged spirit of Great Britain nor paralyze British power. It revealed the tremendous task that the Motherland had undertaken, but with unshaken nerve she put forth renewed efforts for its accomplishment. Ere long she had regained all that had been lost and much more, and two years later, occupying every vantage ground, the flag that "had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" floated high over a weak and weary adversary, driven to the last pangs of extremity and despair.

1777—MONMOUTH, FALL OF SAVANNAH.

During 1778, Washington, in June, combated Sir Henry Clinton at Monmouth, but the decisive results hoped for were lost by too great a display of the "rascally virtue of prudence" on the part of Gen. Charles Lee whom Washington rebuked upon the field, and soon after British commander at Monmouth succeeded Howe in chief command. He speedily changed the theatre of operations, and to the subjugation of the South he turned his veteran legions.

On the 23d of December of that year a British armament, under Col. Campbell, appeared near Savannah. Right speedily its mission of conquest was accomplished. On the 29th the American Gen. Howe was defeated, and Savannah fell, with 450 prisoners and a large store of provisions and amunition of war. The British were already masters of Florida. Now Georgia had been felled at a single stroke, and lay prostrate at their feet. The year ended in deepest gloom. The conquest of the South had begun.

1779—STONY POINT, FAILURE OF THE AMERICANS TO RETAKE SAVANNAH.

The year 1779, came and went, but with it no decisive turn in the aspect of affairs. The war like a wounded snake "dragged its slow length along." In the spring Sir Henry Clinton captured Stony Point; in the summer Mad Anthony Wayne stormed and replanted the American colors on its ramparts. In December Gen. Lincoln, assisted by the French allies, attempted to recover Savannah, but defeat again befell our arms. The hour of deliverance had not yet come; hope deferred had made the heart sick, and care still sat heavily on the brow of the young nation.

1780—EXTREME EMBARRASSMENTS OF CONGRESS. DISCONTENT AND SUFFERING OF THE ARMY OF WASHINGTON. EXTREMITY OF THE AMERICAN CAUSE. FALL OF CHARLESTON.

And now the year 1780, the sixth year of the struggle, was at hand. The heavens were hung with black, and the bleak earth was blood—stained with many a vain sacrifice, to the unpropitious God of War. In New York the British power was firmly riveted. Established the city under Knyphausen, their forces defied the threats of Washington, while marauding parties scattered forth to pillage and burn in Connecticut and the Jerseys.

Congress was beset with extreme embarrassments and difficulties. The treasury was an aching void. The Continental notes so multiplied by frequent emissions and ingenious counterfeit, floated in the markets "thick as autumn leaves in Valambrosa;" but depreciated to a ratio of forty to one of good money. A Colonist's pay would not buy oats for his horse, and five months of a private soldier's wages would not buy a bushel of wheat. The untilled fields were growing up in briars and broom sedge. The troops were ill-clothed and ill-fed, and sullen discontent now broke forth in open mutiny. The army of Washington, wintering at Morristown, found there "in the wretchedness in ill-provided camps" a repetition of the terrors of Valley Forge. Life, bereft of comfort, seemed to bid adieu to hope. "We have never experienced a like extremity at any period of the war," said Washington. "The troops, both officers and men, are almost in perishing want. And while with matchless fortitude he he bore up the crushing load that lay upon him, disigning men made questions of his ability, and petty ambition conspired to strike him down, while despondence hovered on raven wings over our Northern camps. Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief, seemed to follow the eagles of victory, and now prepared to swoop down and conquer the Southern land. On December 26, 1779, he set sail from New York with 8,500 men, in the fleet of Admiral Arbuthnot, and on May 11, 1780, he established his troops on John's Island, within thirty miles of Charleston. Gen. Lincoln, who had been second to Gates, at Saratoga, then commanded the American garrison, but was unequal to withstand the veteran army launched against it. The story was soon told. On the 19th of May, beleagured and helpless, he capitulated, surrendered the city, all its fortifications, shipping, artillery and public stores, and five thousand men stacked arms before our conqueror. Saratoga, where are all thy glories now?

"Gone glimmering through the dreams
Of things that were."

Florida, Georgia, and now South Carolina lay a prey to the victorious sword,

CLINTON, TARLETON AND FERGUSON IN THE SOUTH, WOE TO THE CONQUERED.

Brave as English blood has ever been in battle, bravely as it has borne the same flag, keeping even pace with the drum-beat of the sunrise around the world, the descendants of those ravagers of the sea who carried the Raven Banner of the Norsemen to the conquest of their island home, have too often displayed their barbaric lineage in ferocity to the conquered, and here in the Carolinas they visited upon their offending victims those unutterable calamities of cruelties which made human nature blush, weep and shudder for its kind. Confiscation of property and still more dreadful punishments were demanded against all who should oppose the King in arms or hinder any from joining his standard. The men of Camden, Beaufort and Ninety-six surrendered under promise of "security" from Clinton. But he was "his own interpreter," and soon made "plain" what "security" he intended. He required all the inhabitants, even those outside of Charleston, who were prisoners on parole, to take an active part in the King's cause. "Should they neglect to return to their allegiance," so ran the infamous proclamation, "they will be treated as rebels to the Government of the King." As Tarleton swept over the land with his vengeful blade, sometimes rode with him Major Patrick Ferguson, his fit associate, a character of whom you will hear again ere this tale be ended, a a hardy partisan of vigorous and dauntless courage, himself the inventor of a rifle and extolled as the best marksman living. The son of an eminent Scotch judge, he had entered the army at an early age and had served in the German wars and in the army in the Northern States. Experience had ripened in him the qualities of a born soldier, and he was well fitted for leadership in irregular, predatory war. Before the fall of Charleston, Tarleton and he together had surprised the camp of Gen. Huger and Col. Washington at Monck's Corner, capturing one hundred of their men, and soon afterwards had scattered Col. Buford's command of Virginians, at the Waxhaws, leaving one hundred and fifty mangled on the field and slaying one hundred and thirteen in cold blood, despite the fact that they threw down their arms and cried for quarter. This deed of bloody savagery had been followed by others not less revolting. Patriots were surrounded in their homes in the dead of night and put to the sword, while widowed wives and orphaned children fled from burning woes to the woods and canbrakes. The dumb beasts of the farm-yard were either driven away or left dead by the ruthless bands, the garden tools were torn up and scattered, the grapevine made short work of the hesitant rebel who would not swear allegiance to the King, and the midnight torch made funeral pires of the altars of home. An universal panic seized upon the people. Bowed to the dust in humiliation, they were now driven to dishonor and dispair. A pall of dispair was upon the land. All opposition in South Carolina ceased. Stripped and desolate, scattered, bleeding and broken, ravaged and dismayed, they crouched under a power that brooked no resistance, and ground out all resentment. Sir Henry Clinton gazed upon his work and thought it was good. Leaving Lord Cornwallis in charge of the conquered provinces, he set sail for New York on the 18th of June, carrying with him 4,000 of his victorious men.

THE DISASTERS AT CAMDEN AND FISHING CREEK AND THE TREACHERY OF ARNOLD.

Northward toward North Carolina now marched the conqueror Cornwallis, while Tarleton and Ferguson, his partisan rangers, ravaged the land, attracting or joining to their standards the most profligate and abandoned men, villains and desperadoes, who, hopeless of liberty, revelled in opportunities to hang, scourge, burn, plunder and prey.

Alone in the field remained Sumter, the Game Cock, aud Marion, the Swamp Fox, (as the British called him,) with their little bands of hardy Carolinians, who, scattered to-day into the forests and swamps, reappeared on the morrow, vexing and hindering, if they could not stay, the onward progress of their oppressors. A mighty effort was now put forth to retrieve the disasters that had befallen us. As early as May Washington had detached from his Northern army of less than 15,000 men the Maryland Division and the Delaware Regiment, under Maj.-Gen. Baron DeKalb, and with them marched southward the corps of Light Horse Harry Lee. This column was yet in Virginia when Charleston fell, and there received intelligence of our misfortunes in the Carolinas. The piteous cry for help that reached Virginia and the Continental Congress was speedily responded to. Arms were hurried in from the Old Dominion to North Carolina upon her requisition, and though threatened by savages on the Western barriers, and exposed to invasion all along her seaboard, the valiant State stripped herself to help her struggling sisters. "With a magnanimity which knew nothing of fear," says Bancroft, "Virginia laid herself bare for the protection of the Carolinas." Nelson and Armand, White and William Washington came with their corps to reinforce the column for the relief of the Carolinas, and Gen. Horatio Gates, the victor of Saratoga, was appointed by the Continental Congress to command the Southern army. When Gates was summoned from his Virginia plantation to this arduous service he assumed it with the most sanguine confidence of victory, laughing at the warning of his friend, Gen. Charles Lee, who said, "Take care, Gates, lest your Northern laurels are turned to Southern willows." Baleful prophecy. How speedily was it fulfilled! On the 16th of August with a superior force Gen. Gates marched upon Cornwallis, who was posted at the Village of Camden. Singular enough his advanced guard, pushing forward, met the advance of Cornwallis, who was likewise moving in battle array against him, and swiftly the two armies joined battle. The British regulars were too stout for their contestants. The Virginia militia under Stevens soon broke and fled; the North Carolina militia under Caswell speedily followed their example, DeKalb, intrepidly leading the men of Delaware and Maryland, fell mortally striken with eleven wounds, and when the day closed the whole American army, leaving only 100 men who escaped with Gust, of Maryland, through the cane brakes, was dispersed, leaving all of its artillery and utterly beaten.

The victor of Saratoga sped away to Hillsborough, where the North Carolina Legislature was in session, 200 miles in three days, and officers and men vied with their leaders in the rapidity of their flight from the ill-starred field of Camden. Verily, the Northern laurels were faded into Southern willows to wave mournfully over the tomb of American Independence. One disaster trod swiftly on another's heel. On the 18th day of August, just two days after Camden, the camp of Sumter at Fishing Creek was surprised by the fierce and wary Tarleton, and utterly routed and captured. On the 20th Sumter, who escaped, rode into Charlotte alone, without hat or saddle.

In all the Southern land the little band of Francis Marion alone opposed an unbroken front to overwhelming forces of the conqueror.

WHENCE SHALL SUCCOR COME?

Whence now, O bleeding sons of Liberty, shall succor come? A hush of despair closes the white lips that tremble at the mention of Tarleton's name. The chilly winds of autumn and the yellowing foliage of the trees tell the sad-eyed watchers by the flickering flame of their country's cause that the summer is past, the harvest of battle is ended, and yet they are not saved. The scythe of death has mowed down the the last rank of these defenders—their wives and little ones are shivering around the cold ashes of what once was home—their armies are scattered and there is no help in them. On whom, O illustrious Commander-in-Chief, on whom can you now rely! Your trusted lieutenant has forsaken you; Lincoln and Gates are beaten; their com-

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.]

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