

WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

A Family Paper, devoted to State Intelligence, the News of the World, Political Information, Southern Rights, Agriculture, Literature, and Miscellany.

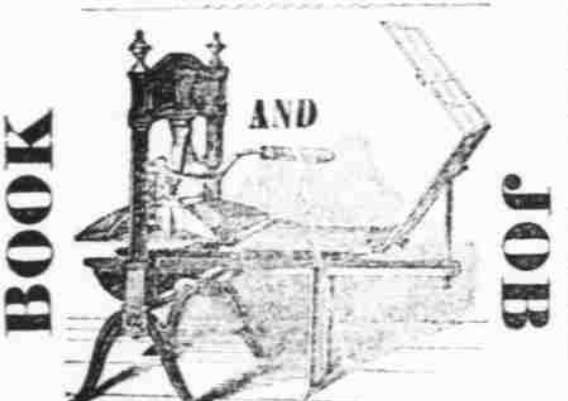
BY JOHN J. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Office on Main Street,
ONE DOOR SOUTH OF SADLER'S HOTEL.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1856.

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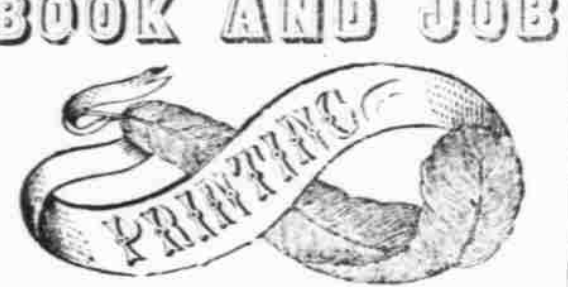


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Eating and Refreshment
SALOON.



THE undersigned takes this method to return his thanks to his friends for the liberal encouragement which has been extended to him in his line of business, and to inform them that he has sold his establishment to Mr. J. Adkinson, who will continue the business at the same stand. I shall remain in the saloon, as heretofore, and will be happy to receive the calls of my friends, as usual.

Fresh Norfolk Oysters
Will at all times be kept on hand and served up in any style desired.

Fine Tobacco, Segars, Wines
Brands.

And the best of Liquors generally,
Always on hand.

MEALS, composed of such dishes as may be called for, served up at all hours, in the most approved style of cookery.

Day Boarders
Are taken, upon reasonable terms. Call at the Saloon, two doors north of Kerr's Hotel. If you desire something nice to eat and drink, and to recruit the inner man.

W. H. JORDAN,
for J. Adkinson.

FRON SEBASTOPOL.
THERE is nothing new from the Crimea, by the last arrival, but at Sebastopol, on Trade Street, there is something new. The undersigned has purchased of James Britton, his grocery and Liqueur establishment, and invites the public to give him a call, assuring them that he will accommodate them with articles of the best quality, and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. Give Sebastopol a call, and judge for yourselves.

W. M. PHELAN,
Feb. 5, 1856.—4f

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

THE subscriber announces to the public generally, that he is now receiving a large assortment of new

Cloths, Cassimeres
and
VESTINGS,

for Gentlemen's wear, and will be sold for Cash at a small profit, or made to order according to the latest styles. Shop next door to Elms' Grocery Store.

Sept. 29, 1854.—10c4f D. L. REA.

A. BETHUNE, TAILOR,
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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Feb. 10, 1855. 30c4f

Congress Gaiters for Ladies,
JUST Received at
Boone's Boot & Shoe Emporium.

THE CHILD OF BARTH.

I AM CONTENT TO DIE, BUT OH, NOT NOW!
Human nature is beautifully portrayed in the following lines:

BY MRS. NORTON.
Fainter her slow step falls from day to day;
Death's hand is heavy on her dark'ning brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die—but oh, not now!"
Not while the blossoms of a joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
wreath.

Spurn me, Great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"
The spring has tipped into summer time;
The season's viewless boundary is past!
The glorious sun has reached his burning prime;
Oh! must this glimpse of luxury be the last?
"Let me not perish, while o'er the land and sea,
With silent steps the Lord of Light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain brook
Grows my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

Summer is gone—and autumn's sober lines
Tint the ripe fields and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
"Spurn me awhile, to wander forth and gaze—
On the broad meadows and the quiet streams;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Shine through the falling trees with richly gleam!
Colder the leaves a play around my knee;
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

The black wind whistles, snow showers, far and near,
With without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
Yet still that prayer ascends: "Oh! laughingly
Our little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home fire blazes broad, and bright and high,
And the roofings with voices light and loud,
Spurn me awhile! rise up my drooping brow;
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are
spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing;
The child of earth is numbered with the dead.
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Benning, all redly, through the lattice pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond, familiar voice arouse again.
Death's silnd at shadow veils thy darkened brow—
Why didst thou linger—thou art happier now!"

MRS. WHEALAN, Dress Maker,
Opposite the Post-Office.

ALL DRESSES cut and made by the celebrated A-B-C method, and warranted to fit.

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Trimmed in the latest style, at the shortest notice.
Charlotte, Feb. 12, 1856.—4f

ROBERT GIBBON, M. D.
OFFERS his professional services to the public, in the practice of SURGERY, in all its various departments.

Dr. Gibbon will operate, treat, or give advice in all cases that may require his attention.
Office, No. 5, Granite Range, Charlotte.
Feb. 19, 1856.—ly

ROBERT P. WARING, Attorney at Law,
(Office in building attached to the American Hotel, Main Street.)
Charlotte, N. C.

Jan. 29, 1856.—4f

S. W. DAVIS, Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Jan. 1, 1856.—4f

S. W. WESTBROOKS, Proprietor of the Guilford POMOLOGICAL GARDENS
AND
Nurseries,

WOULD respectfully call the attention of our Southern citizens to his select collection of native and acclimated varieties of FRUIT TREES, embracing some FORTY THOUSAND of the following varieties, viz: Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Apricot, Cherry, Nectarine, Almond—Also a choice assortment of GRAPE VINES, Raspberries, Strawberries, &c. &c.

All orders, accompanied with the cash, will receive prompt attention, and the trees will be neatly packed and directed to any portion of the country.

P. S.—Persons wishing Ornamental Trees can be supplied. Address—Greensboro', N. C.
Dec. 4, 1855.—3m

CARRIAGE SHOP.



THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is still carrying on the Carriage Making Business in all its various branches with all the increased facilities afforded by modern improvements. He has now on hand a large number of BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, ROCKAWAYS, &c., made on the most approved styles out of the best material, to which he asks the inspection of purchasers. His establishments is on College and Depot streets, where he will be glad to see his friends.

July 28, 1855. JOHN HARTY, 1-4f

REMOVAL.
R. W. Beckwith has removed his Jewelry Store to No. 2, Johnston's Row, three doors South of Kerr's Hotel.

Feb. 10, 1855. 30-ly

Home History.

From the Lady's Book.
SUSANNAH SMART, A NORTH CAROLINA WOMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The county of Mecklenburg, N. C. so famous for its battles, the spirit of its people, the prowess of its heroes, and the noble daring of its women, during the Revolutionary struggle, has many records of heroism written in the hearts of the inhabitants, which have never been made public. The history of the Scottish Presbyterians of the Catawba region, will be remembered with thrilling interest, and told to youthful generations as an example both political and religious, as long as the principles of true republicanism and the love of liberty shall reign in the land. One of these home pictures which have found no place in the great gallery of history, I shall offer to the reader. The subject was living in 1851, ninety years of age, keeping house by herself, and entertaining travellers; having twenty or thirty negroes under her charge, and dispensing with the services of an overseer. The intelligent gentleman who furnished the details of this sketch—D. G. Stinson, Esq.—said her servants were better trained than any he ever saw, and appeared perfectly happy, as did their indulgent and venerable mistress. The late Colonel Dickinson was a relative of Mrs. Smart, and visited her shortly before his departure for Mexico.

The maternal grandfather of our heroine, Thomas Spratt, was of Irish extraction, and removed from Pennsylvania to Mecklenburg County; being the first settler who ever crossed the Yadkin in a carriage, for such luxuries were unknown to those log-cabin days. The first court coored in the county was held in his dwelling. He had two sons who fell in battle, and six daughters, one of whom was the wife of Colonel Thomas Neil, who commanded in the campaign of 1776 against the Cherokees, and was noted for his bravery and services.—Another daughter married Colonel Thomas Polk, who, with his son William, served with distinction under the immediate command of Washington, and was, besides, celebrated for his efforts in the cause of public education. To him Mecklenburg was indebted for the establishment of Queen's Museum, or Liberty Hall. Ann Spratt, another daughter, was the mother of the subject of this memoir. She married John Barnett, who also emigrated from Ireland. Mary, their eldest daughter, was said to be the first child born between the Yadkin and Catawba Rivers. She married Capt. James Jack, the bearer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress. Mr. Wylie, of Charleston, is one of her descendants.

Susannah Barnett was born in 1761. As her family and connections were conspicuously active in the Revolutionary war, her own recollections were of its stirring events. She was present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, on the 19th and 20th of May, 1775. The provincial convention of North Carolina had assembled at Newbern, in opposition to the proclamation of Governor Martin, and had approved of the acts of their representatives in the Continental Congress of the united colonies. On the 19th May, handbills were brought by express, containing news of the battle of Lexington, which had taken place exactly a month before. These were read to the vast assemblage, and filled all with enthusiasm. There was no sectional feeling; but the same sentiment pervaded the masses north and south. An attack on the liberties of Massachusetts was viewed as an attack upon Carolina. It was a glorious day for old Mecklenburg; and often described by Mrs. Smart as "the day of throwing up of hats." The love of country and liberty fired the hearts of all classes. The brother of Susannah, William Barnett, though but a lad, was bent on joining the patriots.—He persuaded an old negro, Derry, to hide his clothes in the woods, and spring himself from the window by a rope, one night he went to Charlotte, volunteered, and did excellent service in the snow campaign of 1776.

In 1780, in that darkest period of the Revolution for the Carolinas, when after the fall of Charleston, British military government prevailed everywhere, the state in the language of General Greene "cut off from the Union like the tail of a snake," the inhabitants forced to take protection or flee the country, Susannah, with the rest of her family, gave all possible help to the refugees. She was accustomed to say, in after life: "Oh, how we love the people of Fishing Creek, Chester District, (S. C.) They suffered so much, and yet did everything, rather than receive British protection." She saw the Rev. John Simpson, of Fishing Creek, with these very eyes, assist his mother in serving and making up new meal bags, in June, 1780; while the rangers of South Carolina were collecting and forming their camp below, at Clay's Branch.

One day, a dainty, travel-wear party of five, consisting of the large three-story log-house occupied by John Barnett, and craved hospitality: it was General Sumter with his family. His wife, a cripple from infancy, was placed on a feather bed on horseback, with a negro woman behind to hold her on. She had fallen off several times, and her face was black with bruises. Her son, Tom, a boy of sixteen, was with them, and a young woman, their house-keeper, named Nancy Davis. She told their kind hosts how the British and Tories had come to Sumter's house; how she had locked up everything, and hung the keys among the grass in the yard; but it availed nothing; the enemy fired the house, and all was soon a pile of ashes. General Sumter's family, who had escaped with difficulty, were received most warmly, and remained here more than a month.

After the slaughter of Buford's men at the battle of Waxhaw, the wounded were brought to Sumter's house. Susannah saw her mother feed six men, who had but two arms among them. Her father and two brothers were at the battle of Hanging Rock. Trembling for their fate, Mrs. Barnett went to Charlotte to obtain tidings, and there heard of the battle, and the death of Captain David Reid. Overwhelmed with apprehension, she burst into tears. A friend—the aged John Gaston, of Fishing Creek—rode up, and inquired of her the news. "Oh," she replied, "we have dreadful news from the battlefield; Captain Reid is dead; your son, Alexander,

was left near the bluff hill of the small-pox, his slippers on, near three sons, Robert, Ebenezer, and David, are among the slain, and Joseph is severely wounded." Such was the story of a single family in those times! The aged and bereaved father turned deadly pale, but uttered not a word. The wounded were brought to Charlotte, where our heroine remembered seeing Mrs. Mary McClure in attendance on her gallant son, who, with his lieutenant, Bishop, afterwards died of his wounds. In crossing the river, the matron had lost her bonnet, and walked bareheaded by his side; Mrs. Bishop also attending on her husband. The Gastons and McClures were old acquaintances of the Barnett family. William McClure, distinguished as a surgeon in the army, was a student at Liberty Hall, and was often sent on horseback to the river, by Mr. Barnett, when he wished to visit his mother.

The defeat of Gates, and the memorable surprise of General Sumter, filled the country with terror and dismay. Early on the morning of the 19th of August, 1780, the road was full of soldiers and fugitives, making their way to Charlotte. General Sumter, with one or two of his aids, rode up to Mr. Barnett's house, dismounted, and entered. "Mrs. Barnett," he said, "do let me have something to eat, if only a piece of Johnny-cake and a cup of milk!" The matron answered: "General, I have had more than fifty men this morning, but I'll try." Her provision had been laid by for the family; it was then produced and set out for the General. While eating, he turned to Susannah and said: "Miss Sukey, please to arrange my hair; but never mind combing it, it is so tangled." His hair was long, and rather light-colored. The young lady, being his guest, clothed it up as well as she could, tangled as it was. In reply to Mrs. Barnett's inquiry, how it was that the American soldiers and patriots were all flying? Sumter said: "It was indeed a surprise; the enemy crossed the creek before we knew of it, and was in the midst of the camp; I was in the *marquee* asleep at the time, and was carried out at the back part, and mounted a horse that stood ready, which, however, was soon shot down from under me. I obtained this one I now have; not a very good one, to be sure, and the saddle rather the worse for wear. So I am here. You see I have lost my cocked hat and fine feathers; but this old hat, torn in the rim as it is, has sheltered my head from the rain, and I am as comfortable as a soldier." This old man, though a soldier, had a hearty shake of hands, the General then mounted his horse, and went on his way to Charlotte.

Another of the refugees from South Carolina was Walter Brown, with his family, the father of the distinguished divine, Dr. John Brown, so celebrated for his zeal and eloquence. This old man, though a soldier, had a hearty shake of hands, the General then mounted his horse, and went on his way to Charlotte.

Mecklenburg had but few Tories. Some of the wealthy took British protection, but not one in a hundred; and those who did, had occasion to repent very soon. In the case of one may be mentioned as strikingly illustrative. He was at heart a patriot, and all his connections were Whigs, and when he took protection, he soon found it a bitter cross to him. When it was ascertained that the British were going to retreat to Wintnersburg, he sent his wife (whose maiden name was Mary Wilson) to Captain Barnett on an errand, she was bid to conceal from old Mrs. Spratt. Mary was highly respected by the Whigs, who were willing at all times to do her a service, while they disapproved of her husband's course. She took Mrs. Barnett and Mary Jack apart, and told them what she wanted the captain to do for her. On the morrow, said she, two British officers were to dine at her house; she wished the captain to collect ten or a dozen men well armed, and come up in the rear. Her husband would give them a signal by coughing, when they were to fire off their guns in rapid succession; he would run off with the two officers—his guests; they were to give chase, make him a prisoner, and bear him off in sight of the officers. This little plot was literally carried out. The husband had been taken prisoner, the two officers made their escape to Charlotte, where the British dragoons were ordered out for the rescue of the captive. They made no great effort, however, merely whooping when they came near the place of his capture, and firing off pistols; while Captain Barnett took the road to Nation Ford, his men surrounding the pretended prisoner with drawn swords, before every house they passed on their way.

From every quarter the news reached Charlotte of the capture of this individual. His wife performed her part to admiration; weeping and lamenting his probable fate in the hands of those murderous bushmen who killed His Majesty's foreign soldiers in cold blood; while the children went about the house crying in right good earnest for their father. The quasi prisoner, meanwhile, was taken to the presence of Colonel Polk, from whom he received a severe lecture, and went like a child. Captain Barnett told him he might thank his wife for what had been done for him, and warned him if he ever got into such another scrape, he might get out of it the best way he could. The British issued a number of handbills (for they had a printing-press at Charlotte), and had them posted up all over the county, warning His Majesty's subjects not to meet or take anything from Mrs. —, the wife of the protectionist. In the following January, when the British army was again approaching Charlotte, this same man fled precipitately with his family, and travelled as far as Pennsylvania, nearly killing his horses in his flight. His experience was a warning to others. After his departure, Colonel Polk placed the family of General Sumter in his house. Little Tom went to school in the neighborhood more than six months. The young women of the vicinity, while the enemy were in possession of Charlotte, were removed by their friends, beyond the Yadkin. Miss Barnett was taken away with the rest, and did not return till some time in October.

Shortly before the British left Charlotte, the Whigs captured an express on his way to Camden, bearing a letter from Lord Cornwallis, which stated that he intended to leave the town; the inhabitants being so hostile to him that they killed his men from every bush, in cold blood, while they were engaged in collecting forage for his army. Before the enemy retreated from the place, they buried their dead in Liberty Hall, and burned down the building. This college was the same which the British government refused to charter under the name of Queen's Museum. From this seat of learning, many eminent men in Church and State received their education, who have done honor to their country.

Susannah Barnett was married in 1795, to George W. Smart. She had three children, whom she lost, and her husband died in 1809. He built the house she occupied in 1851. She lived usually alone, and gave accommodation to travellers who passed, as the road lay near. William H. Crawford, of Georgia, one of her most esteemed acquaintances, always stayed with her, as he went to and returned from Washington. She became extensively acquainted with men travelling in the south, and having a retentive memory, knew almost every family, their pedigree and connections, for several generations. Young or old might find her ready to converse on any subject. "I have lived at home," she was wont to say, "and yet I have seen two of our Presidents. I knew Andrew Jackson; and many a time little Jamie Polk has passed along the road there, with his breeches rolled up to his knees. He was a beautiful little fellow."

"Well, well, you are a brave soldier, and I'll dress your wounds for you," said the Scotchman; and he did so, and attended on him as long as the British troops occupied the house.

These unbidden guests took from Spratt over a hundred head of cattle, hogs, &c.—When the time came for marching, the army formed line before the door, and then formed a hollow square, with their drums muffled. These played a mournful air; fill at length the army deployed, and took up the line of march with a lively tune and a quickstep. The cause of this ceremony was the punishment of one of their own soldiers whose body hung from the limb of a tree, having been executed for an alleged attempt to desert, and join Davie's troops.

Mr. Barnett's house was also visited by the British soldiers, who plundered it of everything. When one of the horses was brought up and bridled for their use, Mrs. Barnett walked up and pulled off the bridle. Some of the men threatened to kill her. "You cannot do so," she answered, "if you are in your power; but if you do, you will be punished for it." Seeing a crock of milk which the intruders had brought from her cellar, she passed near, and pushed it over with her foot. The infuriated soldiers rushed at her, swearing they would cut her to pieces. "Do it if you dare!" said she, with an air of haughty defiance; "you will be shot at from every bush in the country." They did not molest her, but went away without the milk or horse.

Some two weeks after this affair at Wabab's a young man named William Ellet, whose brother had been killed, came to Barnett's house, having with him a Tory prisoner. After eating, he drank freely, and recurring to the scenes of the battle, and his brother's death, he became violently excited, and struck his prisoner on the head. The blood spouted from the wound. Mrs. Barnett persuaded Ellet to go into the house, and while she endeavored to pacify him, the Tory made his escape. The compassionate matron took a cup of water, and went in search of the wounded man.—Tracking him by the blood, she found him lying behind a log, two hundred yards from the house, gave him water, and bound up his head. This incident, among others, may show that kindness was often interchanged between enemies.

The residents in the country found it necessary to be on their guard, and some carried them beyond the Yadkin for safety. Barnett's were concealed out of the house. The British took thirty or forty from the plantation of Colonel Thomas Neil. Mrs. Neil went to Charlotte, then in possession of Lord Cornwallis, and applied to him, requesting that her slaves might be restored. Cornwallis coolly told her she should not have the pleasure of seeing her children, and his brother's death, he became violently excited, and struck his prisoner on the head. The blood spouted from the wound. Mrs. Barnett persuaded Ellet to go into the house, and while she endeavored to pacify him, the Tory made his escape.

"Little Andy," as young Jackson was called, was followed by an advance of some 300, under the command of Colonel Davie, who had a skirmish with the British by night, and went on his way. As he passed the house, Mrs. Barnett had a full view of his yellow cheeks and long face, and she laughed heartily when she heard of his remark about "popping" the enemy.

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"I have a fever," the physician felt his pulse, and exclaimed: "Why, man, you are wounded!" "And what if I am?" said the patient. "Ah, I am fearful you have been fighting against your lawful sovereign, King George!" "I have been fighting for my country, and if I was well, I would do it again," replied Spratt.

From the N. C. University Magazine.
BRITISH INVASION OF NORTH CAROLINA, IN 1780-81.

Hill's Iron Works burned by the enemy—General Sumter is placed at the head of the North Carolina Militia—Unsuccessful attack on Rocky Mount.

On the 7th of July, it was understood a party of British and Tories were marching west of the Catawba river, and it was ordered that the men in the West of Mecklenburg should attend public worship at Steed Creek Church with their arms on Sunday the 9th. After sermon, parting with their families, the men were organized, and marched down the East side of the river.—The enemy advanced the same day as far as Hill's Iron Works, about 10 miles below the North Carolina Militia—Unsuccessful attack on Rocky Mount.

On the 25th of July, he had not with him more than 100 men, and he sent out some of them through the adjoining settlements, giving notice to all to repair to camp, that he intended to attack the enemy. By the 28th, such numbers joined him as induced him to march. It was known that the main party of the enemy were at Hanging Rock Creek, and a detachment at Rocky Mount on the west of the Catawba. He decided to attack the latter, and crossed over the Catawba with that view.

On the 1st day of August he arrived at that place, situated on the top of a high hill, on the west side of the Catawba, just below the mouth of Rocky Creek, (three miles below where now stands the United States establishment), and the base of the Mount is bounded by the river on the east, and the creek on the north. The log buildings, which were fortified with abatis and had loop holes to shoot through, stood on the summit of the Mount, and was held by Col. Turnbull with a party of British and some Tories, supposed 150 in the whole.—The slope from the top of the hill was gradual, and nearly equal on all sides, and the land cleared. There was no well in the ground to shelter them from the enemy's fire, except on the west side a ledge of blackish kind of rocks at the distance of 140 yards from the houses.

The men were drawn up in a line below these rocks, and advanced up to them and a party sent round on each flank. A brisk fire commenced on both sides, which lasted a considerable time, and great exertions were made by the assailants to discover some point where they might carry the works, but found them equally difficult at all points. The enemy were under cover in the fortified buildings and sustained but little damage from the Americans, and the rocks were not so extensive as to shelter them from the fire of the British. The General finding it impossible to take the

the 17th July he marched to Waxhaw, and formed a junction with Davie's Cavalry.—The place being unfavorable for support, on the 18th he marched down Waxhaw creek on the south side past Waxhaw Meeting House to a Dr. Harper's plantation, who was said to be disaffected. Waxhaw Meeting House was at this time the hospital for the survivors of those who were wounded at Buford's defeat, about 80 in number, and being between the two armies, were neglected in nurses, medical assistance, and suitable provisions. Perhaps a more complicated scene of misery, in proportion to their number, was not exhibited in the whole war. The horses were turned into a green cornfield, not having provender for the whole, upwards of 700. Early on the 19th, the party of observation near the enemy communicated that they had marched from below the Hanging Rock creek, the road towards Charlotte. The horses were caught in great haste, and marched briskly to gain the ford on the Waxhaw creek before the enemy, (there being no convenient ford below), and they halted at noon about six miles farther on. It was expected they would move on in the evening or night, and a disposition was made for their reception. Major Davie's Cavalry and 100 gun men were placed opposite the ford on the North side of the creek, and upwards of 500 south of the creek, about thirty poles west of the road, in a thick wood where Cavalry could not act, and continued in this position until next morning, but the enemy did not move. If they had advanced, they were to have let them pass until they had encountered the party with Major Davie, when those with General Sumter were to have moved from their concealed position and attack them in flank and rear. From the nature of the ground, and disposition of the American force, they must have been destroyed. Neither cavalry nor artillery could have been of service to them. It was not thought advisable to attack the enemy at his camp, and as Lord Rawdon when here before had consumed the forage at the neighboring farms, General Sumter moved back on the road to Charlotte 16 miles, to Glenn's Branch, and encamped where he could draw his supplies from the fertile settlement of Providence on his left.

He continued in this place over a week; the number of his men daily diminished.—While he kept moving, and they expected to meet the enemy, they kept with him; but whenever they came to attend only to the dull routine of camp duty, such as mounting, relieving and standing guard, and enduring privations, they became discontented, and those in a convenient distance went home, and others to the houses of their acquaintances, having no camp equipage or utensils but what each man brought with him. Though the officers had rolls of their companies, they were seldom called, and they could not tell who were present, except as they saw them in camp.