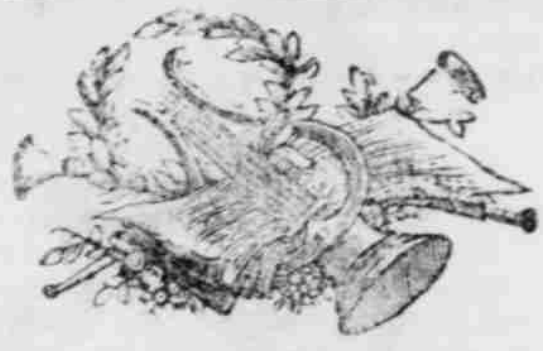


The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—SCOTT.



FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.
For the queen of the spring as she passed down
The vale,
Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increases'd
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.
We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud,
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls nightly thro' starlight and blue.
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm!
And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form;
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the Bow of Omnipotence, bent in HIS hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time!
Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds;
The black cloud his banner of vengeance unroll'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world!
In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire;
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain!
Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;
A pavilion it seem'd with a Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-cough, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow, from my sight, pass'd forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unpersuading colors of mind,
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Events of the Revolutionary War.....and Battle of King's Mountain.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have thought that the following letters, and statement of enterprizes and actions of considerable importance, which took place during the revolutionary war, would be interesting to your readers; and also might supply some valuable information to an historian of North-Carolina. It has been often said, by those who were engaged in those events, that the opposition which was made in South-Carolina to the British forces and bands of Tories by which that state was overrun, never could have been made, at least to the same extent and with such effect, but for the aid which was afforded by the enterprize and patriotism of the people of North-Carolina. It will appear from the enclosed statement, that a

series of enterprizes, skirmishes and actions, terminating in the battle of King's Mountain, were engaged in and fought, in South-Carolina, almost exclusively by inhabitants of North-Carolina; or rather by the men of our mountainous counties, and of that part of North-Carolina which has since been made the state of Tennessee.

This account was written by an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary War, who was a party in every enterprize and action which he describes; and I am sorry that I do not feel myself at liberty to give his name in this public manner. The account was written (as will appear from the letters) for a brother officer who had thought of writing some memoirs of the war—a design which he was prevented from executing by the hand of death.

The papers were procured by me with a view of sending them to a gentleman for a particular purpose; but nearly four months have elapsed since I wrote to him on the subject, and I have not yet received an answer. The copy which I send you is a faithful one, in every particular, except in the omission and alteration of such passages as might lead to a discovery of the writer.

There is one deficiency in the account of the Battle of King's Mountain, that is,—the positions of the contending troops and the kind of ground on which they fought are not represented. This I will endeavor to have supplied at some future day by some person who resides in the neighborhood, and is well acquainted with the place where the battle was fought.

The whigs of Lincoln county suffered considerably in that engagement, and Major Cronicle, whose name is not mentioned in this account, was killed. Some few years since the people of the lower part of this county assembled on the spot where the action was fought, on the 4th of July, to do honor to the memory of their former friends and relatives, and their companions in arms. A monument, such as could be procured for the occasion, was erected over their ashes, and an appropriate oration was pronounced by Dr. William M'Lean.

Respectfully,
Gentlemen,
Yours, &c.
Lincoln county,
March 25th, 1822.

March 4th, 1814.

DEAR SIR:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 7th of January last, which came to hand only four days ago, and now haste to answer it by the first southern mail.

You inform me that you are about to write the history of the Battle of King's Mountain, and of several others that were fought in South-Carolina; and you request such information as I can give, &c.

My ancient private papers are all at my farm, fifty miles from this place, and I may not have it in my power to go thither under two or three months: But I can inform you that I have documents and data in my possession, which will afford a more detailed account of the action on King's Mountain, and the causes which led to that event, than can be given by any other man alive.

I will communicate them to you, so soon as I can spend a few days at home; and also of the action fought at Cedar Springs, near Warford's Iron Works, in July, 1780; of the taking of the British Fort on Hicketty, in the same month; and of the action at Musgrove's Mill, on the Enoree river, in August of the same year; and of the reduction of a British post at Colleton-Hall, near Monk's Corner, in Nov. 1821: at all of which I was an eye witness.

You are very correct when you say, that "historians and those who have written of the Revolution, either thro' want of information, or design, have given a very erroneous account of those events, &c." Of the action on King's Mountain, I have seen no history any thing like the truth.

The case which you state, of "Col. Williams having robbed Maj. M'Dowell of the credit of reducing a post of the enemy," must, I presume, allude to the battle fought at Musgrove's Mill, on the Enoree river, on the 19th of August, 1780; for I recollect of none other from whence prisoners were taken to Hillsborough. Col. Shelby commanded the right wing in that action, and Col. Elijah Clarke, of Georgia, the left: There were many field officers in the action, who had volun-

teered their services from M'Dowell's camp at Smith's Ford on Broad river, of which Col. Williams was one, who had a few men that always adhered to him. His object was, if the enterprize succeeded, to reach his own home somewhere near Ninety Six; but in which he was disappointed by the rapid and miraculous retreat we were forced to make from the field of battle, on account of an express from Col. M'Dowell, informing us of the defeat of the main army, under Gen. Gates, near Camden. Our retreat was up towards the mountains and along under them into North-Carolina. We left the prisoners we had taken in the action, with Col. Clarke, who, I understood, consigned them to the care of Col. Williams, to take to Hillsborough, in N. Carolina; which, I afterwards learnt, he did, and arrogated to himself the sole honor of commanding the action in which they had been captured.

Be so good as to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, and let me know what direction to give a letter to reach you most certainly. One directed to me at this place, will come safe to hand. I shall expect a line from you before I write again.

Very respectfully,
Yours, &c.

August 26th, 1814.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 22d of April has been some time at hand; but I have been unable to attend earlier to its contents.

I now inclose you such a sketch of events of the Revolutionary War, to the southward, as came within my own observation, as well as my recollection serves.

In the right and left wings of the army which defeated Maj. Ferguson, there were several other field officers of distinction, whose names I do not recollect, and cannot state their true position in those lines—you can remedy any defect.

There will be no occasion in your history of using my name as the author of any information of events. Be so good as to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, with its inclosures. A line directed to me at this place, will come safe to hand, by mail; and when your history is printed, I shall be glad to get a copy.

I have the honor to be,
Your Friend,

Collection of American Troops to oppose Major Ferguson—Capture of the British Post at Hicketty—and action at the Cedar Springs.

Shortly after the fall of Charleston in May, 1780, the enemy had well overrun the states of Georgia and South-Carolina, and advanced to the borders of North-Carolina. Gen. Charles M'Dowell, of the latter state, made a requisition of Col. Isaac Shelby and Col. John Sevier, to march a body of militia from the Western Waters, to aid in repelling the enemy, who were in considerable force under Major Ferguson. It was in the month of July, of the same year, Col. Shelby and Col. Sevier marched with the regiments of Sullivan and Washington counties, and formed a junction with Gen. M'Dowell on Broad river, with which force he was able to check the advance of the enemy commanded by Ferguson, an officer of great experience and enterprize as a partisan, who headed a force of British and Tories, amounting to upwards of three thousand men.

Very shortly after this acquisition of force, Gen. M'Dowell detached Col. Shelby and Lieut. Col. Elijah Clarke, with six hundred men, to attack and carry a British post on Hicketty, garrisoned principally by Tories, and commanded by Capt. Patrick Moore. The American detachment appeared before the British garrison, and instantly surrounded it, on the morning of the 22d July, 1780, just at day-light. Capt. Wm. Cocke was sent in with a flag, by Col. Shelby, to demand a surrender of the garrison. Capt. Moore at first refused to surrender; but on being warned by Capt. Cocke of the consequences of the garrison being stormed by the Americans, he surrendered, although his post was made doubly strong by abatis well constructed around it. Our men took one hundred prisoners of the enemy, and two hundred stand of arms, which were all charged with bullets and buck-shot. This surrender was a fortunate event, as the place was capable of sustaining an attack from double our force of small arms.

At this time Maj. Ferguson, with an army of three thousand Tories and

British, with a small squadron of horse, commanded by Major Dunlap, lay encamped some miles south of Warford's Iron Works, in the edge of South-Carolina. Gen. M'Dowell detached Col. Shelby, with Lieut. Col. Clarke and Col. Joseph M'Dowell, with seven or eight hundred horsemen, to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, and cut off any of his foraging parties which might fall in their way. Col. Shelby with his light party, hung upon the enemy's lines for several days, until the morning of the 22d of July, just at day light, at the Cedar Springs, he fell in with a reconnoitering party of the enemy's camp, of about the strength of his own party, and near Warford's Iron Works, commanded by Maj. Dunlap. An action, severe and bloody, ensued for near an hour, when the enemy's main body came up, and the Americans were obliged to give way, with the loss of near twenty men, and some valuable officers. Col. Clarke was taken prisoner.

It was believed that our men killed more than double that number of the enemy, as they brought off upwards of fifty prisoners, mostly British regulars, with an Ensign and one Lieutenant. Gen. M'Dowell lay at that time 25 miles or upwards distant, on the north side of Broad river, at the Cherokee Ford, with the main army. The enemy made great efforts to regain the prisoners, and continued the pursuit for several miles, often occasioning our party to form and give battle while the prisoners were hurried on ahead; by which means the Americans made good their retreat to Gen. M'Dowell's headquarters, with all the prisoners, on one of the warmest days ever felt.

Defeat of the Enemy at Musgrove's Mill—Retreat and Dispersion of the American forces.

Gen. M'Dowell continued to manoeuvre on the north side of Broad river, not being in force to attempt an attack on Ferguson's camp, until the 18th of August, at which time he received information that 500 Tories were encamped at Musgrove's Mill, on the bank of the Enoree river. Col. Shelby and Lieut. Col. Clarke were again selected by Gen. M'Dowell, to head the detachment destined to cut up that party of Tories. M'Dowell's camp was then at Smith's ford of Broad river, forty miles or upwards from the Tories encamped at Musgrove's. Maj. Ferguson lay about half way with all his force, and only two or three miles from the route our party had to travel. They commenced their march from Smith's ford at sun about one hour high, in the evening of the 18th of August, 1780, with seven hundred picked men, well mounted, among whom were several of the field officers of M'Dowell's army, who volunteered their services, and they were joined by Col. John Williams and his followers, making altogether a force of between seven and eight hundred picked men. They travelled through the woods till dark, then took the road and travelled fast all night, great part of the way in a canter, never stopped even to let their horses drink, and arrived within half a mile of the enemy's camp just at break of day,—where they were met by a strong patrol party of the enemy coming out to reconnoitre. A sharp fire commenced, in which several of the enemy fell, and they gave back to their camp. At this juncture a countryman, who lived in sight, came up, and informed Col. Shelby, that the enemy had been strongly reinforced the evening before with six hundred regular troops from Ninety Six, the Queen's American Regiment from New-York, commanded by Col. Innes. The Americans, after a hard travel all night of forty miles or upwards, were too much broken down to retreat: they prepared for battle as fast as possible, by making a breast-work of logs and brush, which they completed in half an hour; when the enemy's whole force appeared in full view. Their lines lay across the road upwards of half a mile in length. A small party, under Capt. Shadrach Inman, had been sent on to skirmish with the enemy as soon as they crossed the river (for their camp was on the south side of Musgrove's plantation.) Capt. Inman had orders to give way as the enemy advanced. When they came within seventy yards of our breast-works, a heavy and destructive fire commenced upon them. The action was bloody and obstinate for upwards of an hour and a half. The enemy had got within a few yards of our works—at that juncture Col. Innes, who commanded the enemy, was badly wounded and carried back, and every other regular officer, except one Lieutenant,

of the British, was either killed or wounded, when the enemy began to give way; just at that moment, also, Capt. Hawsey, an officer of considerable distinction among the Tories, was shot down near our lines, while making the greatest efforts to animate his men. The Tories, upon the fall of Capt. Hawsey, broke in great confusion. The slaughter from thence to Euoree river, about half a mile, was very great—Dead men lay thick on the ground over which our men pursued the enemy.

In this pursuit Capt. Inman was killed, while pressing the enemy close in his rear. Great praise was due to Capt. Inman for the manner in which he brought on the action, and to which the success of the day was greatly to be attributed.

The action was one of the hardest ever fought in the United States with small arms. The smoke was so thick as to hide a man at the distance of twenty yards. Our men took 200 prisoners during the action, and would have improved the victory to great advantage. Their object was to be in Ninety Six that night, distant 25 or 30 miles, and weak and defenceless. But just after the close of the action, an express arrived from Gen. M'Dowell with a letter to him from Gov. Caswell, informing of the defeat on the 16th, of our Grand Army under Gen. Gates, near Camden. In this situation, to secure a safe retreat was a most difficult task. Our small party, broke down with fatigue, 200 British prisoners in charge, upwards of 40 miles advance of Gen. M'Dowell, who retreated immediately and dispersed upon the receipt of the news of Gates' defeat; Ferguson, with 3000 men, almost directly in their rear,—it required all the vigilance and exertion which human nature was capable of, to avoid being cut to pieces by Ferguson's light parties:—it was known to Col. Shelby that he had a body of dragoons and mounted men that would endeavor to intercept him; which caused him to bear up towards the mountains. The enemy pursued, as was expected, fifty or sixty miles, until their horses broke down and could follow no further. It is to be remarked, that during the advance of upwards of forty miles, and the retreat of fifty or sixty, the Americans never stopped to eat, but made use of peaches and green corn for their support. The excessive fatigue to which they were subjected for two nights and two days, effectually broke down every officer, that their faces became bloated and swelled so as scarcely to be able to see.

This action happened at the most gloomy period of the Revolution, just after the defeat and dispersion of the American army, and is not known in the history of the Revolution.—After our party had retreated into North-Carolina, clear of their pursuers, Col. Shelby crossed the mountains to his own country, and left the prisoners taken in the action, in the possession of Col. Clarke, to carry them to the north until they could be safely secured. Col. Clarke gave them up shortly after to Col. John Williams, to conduct them to Hillsborough.

At this period there was not the appearance of a corps of Americans embodied any where to the southward of Virginia.

In this action the loss of the Americans was small compared with that of the enemy, who over-shot them as they lay concealed behind their breast-works. The loss of Capt. Inman was much regretted. He fell gloriously fighting for his country, with many other brave spirits, who volunteered their services on that occasion, and defeated an enemy far superior in force to their own.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Religion, how great is thy influence over mankind! For how many virtues are mortals indebted to thee! How happy is the man that penetrates thy sublime truths! he continually finds in thy bosom an asylum against vice, and a refuge from adversity. Should inconstant fortune smile on his innocent wishes, should his day glide on without a cloud, thou canst add to them new charms, and give additional pleasure to that which arises from the good he does to his fellow creatures. Thy very severity is a benefit; thou takest from happiness only that which most corrupts it: thou forbiddest us to cherish only what we must blush to love. Should fate, on the other hand, overwhelm a soul which obeys thy laws, it is then we find in thee the surest support. Without enjoying insensibility, which nature happily renders impossible, thou teachest us to endure the evils thou permittest to afflict us; thou descendest into the bleeding heart to assuage its pains, and to instil a reviving hope.