

COL. JOSEPH WINSTON

DR. WINSTON'S ADDRESS AT GUILFORD BATTLE-GROUND CELEBRATION.

FOURTH OF JULY CEREMONIES.

A Sketch of the Life and Times of Col. Joseph Winston--Born in Virginia and a Kinsman of Patrick Henry, He Came to North Carolina in His 24th Year--As Soldier, Statesman, Scholar He Served His Country Well--Battle of King's Mountain.

Rarely is it granted a man to serve his country as soldier, statesman and scholar, to carve with sword the foundations of a commonwealth and cement them with blood, to teach wisdom from the woods and give home-spun lessons to statesmen clad in ermine, to guide a new-born nation into paths of peace and learning, and demonstrate to the world the power, wisdom and glory of government not by kings and nobles, not by priests and scholars, but "government by the people, of the people and for the people." Such was the privilege of Joseph Winston. At the age of seventeen he entered the service of his country, and guarded it for fifteen years against Indians, Tories and British, or guided it as counselor in halls of legislation, or as Trustee of the University. In the first battle of the Revolution fought upon the soil of North Carolina his deadly rifle drove into submission the Scotch Tories of the Cape Fear and delayed for four years the invasion of Cornwallis. Five years later on a day most memorable in our annals, March 15, 1781, upon yonder hill, as his dauntless volunteers long lingering on this bloody field fired fatal farewells at the sorrowing victors, the gleaming sword of Winston flashed defiance in the face of Cornwallis and drove him to his doom at Yorktown. Though less conspicuous as a statesman, he was no less active and faithful. A member of the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsboro, August 20, 1775, he aided in legislation which severed the province from the mother country, drove from its borders its last royal governor and equipped it for the war of independence. As a member of the first House of Commons of the new-born State, eight times a State Senator, thrice a Representative in the National Congress, twice a Presidential Elector and for six years a Trustee of the State University he manifested his patriotism, his courage and his fidelity to country no less than on the immortal field of Guilford.

For this varied, useful and honorable career Joseph Winston was well equipped, not only by early training but especially by heredity. His father was Samuel Winston, Louisa county, Virginia, whose sister Sarah was the mother of Patrick Henry, the great orator of the Revolution. Joseph and Patrick, being cousins and born near to each other, were friends and playmates, enjoying together the sweet pleasures and stimulating dangers of the chase, a favorite pastime with Virginia gentlemen of that day. "The family of Winston," says Mr. Sparks, "was among the most distinguished of the colony, and so far as the eloquence of Patrick Henry may be supposed hereditary, it seems to have been transmitted through the female line." Of Sarah Winston, Mr. Wirt says, "She possessed in an eminent degree the mild, benevolent disposition, the undeviating probity, the correct understanding and easy elocution, by which that ancient family has so long been distinguished." Besides Sarah, mother of Patrick Henry, and Samuel, father of Joseph Winston, there was a brother, William Winston, who, in his day, was almost as famous an orator as his nephew Patrick a generation later. "During the French and Indian war, after Braddock's defeat, when the militia were marched to the frontier against the enemy, William Winston was lieutenant. The militia, poorly clad, without tents and exposed to severe weather, were on the point of mutiny, when William Winston, mounting a stump, denounced them with such powers of ridicule and invective and aroused their drooping spirits with such eloquence on liberty and patriotism that they all cried out "Lead us on! lead us against the enemy!"

There were doubtless other brothers and sisters besides William and Sarah and Samuel; for the Winstons were not only orators and warriors in time of war, but in time of peace were God-fearing men and conscientious husbands, the size of whose families demonstrated their loyalty to home and their constant reverence for the Divine command to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." More than two hundred years ago five brothers, Winston, of Winston Hall, Yorkshire, England, animated by a spirit of adventure, emigrated to the colony, and settled in Hanover county, Virginia, stocking that State with a stalwart and prolific race, the offshoots founding fresh branches in Kentucky, Mississippi and North Carolina. Since the days of the "five brothers," founders of the "Gens Winstoniana Americana" there has been a tradition in every Winston family that neither wealth nor power, fame nor honor will ever fall to the lot of a Winston family whose family altar is not guarded by at least five handsome and stalwart sons. One Winston matron, under the stimulating spell of this patriotic superstition and striving at one bound to burst the barriers of tradition, presented to the nation three sons at a single birth, each of whom attained to over six feet of superb manhood.

Samuel Winston, loyal to the traditions of his family, became the father of seven sons, each of whom was actively engaged on the side of American Independence. Doubtless one or more of this patriot band fought by the side of their brother, Joseph, at King's Mountain or Guilford. There were also several daughters, of whom the youngest, Mary, is honorably connected with American History. Having married Augustine Seaton she gave to her country William Winston Seaton, a name that is indissolubly linked with whatever is best and noblest in American journalism. Beginning his career

as joint-editor of the "Raleigh Register" with Joseph Gales, Sr., he soon transferred his labors to the National Capital, where for more than half a century, associated with his brother-in-law, Joseph Gales, Jr., he edited the "National Intelligencer," a journal unsurpassed in clear views of public men and measures, in fearless advocacy of public interests, and in steady pursuit of the loftiest journalistic ideals. In William Winston Seaton the journalist was ever a patriot and gentleman, the welfare of whose journal was gauged by the welfare of his country. No wonder that such a man was a power in national life; the friend, companion and counselor of Webster and Clay, of Choate and Everett, of Mangum and Graham and Gaston and Badger.

Such was the family of Joseph Winston. When we consider the services of this family, the courage and eloquence of William Winston, the transcendent oratory and wise statesmanship of Patrick Henry, the valor and patriotism of Joseph Winston and the wise unerring pen of William Winston Seaton, we may wonder that one family could make such varied, splendid and mighty contributions to the establishment of American Liberty and the perpetuation of the American Union.

Not only by heredity but also by early training was Joseph Winston equipped for his great career.

He was born in Louisa county, Virginia, June 17th, 1746. His education was limited to such branches as were taught in the Virginia Academies of the day, which somehow produced speakers, writers and thinkers. His time, however, was spent largely in the forest, where in pursuit of the bear, the fox and the deer, he learned lessons of courage and endurance, of quickness, self-control and self-reliance which afterwards enabled him to keep his saddle for forty hours without rest or slumber and face the fire of Ferguson's riflemen, leading his volunteers to victory and glory up King's Mountain's rugged rocks. His boyhood was spent during the "French and Indian War," when the genius of Washington and the eloquence of William Winston were filling Virginia with love of liberty and heralding the dawn of the Revolution. Sitting by the fire-side of his father's mansion after a day spent in the pleasures and perils of the chase, the lad would hear recounted horrors of Indian warfare, the miseries of Braddock's defeat, the wise heroism of the youthful Washington and the courageous eloquence of William Winston. His heart was stirred and thrilled. He longed to serve his country and to use in noble conflict the powers hitherto employed in the chase. The opportunity soon came, and put his mettle severely to the test. An uprising of Indians on the border called for punishment. A company of rangers formed, and Joseph Winston, not yet out of his teens by four years, enlisted as a volunteer in defense of his country. The expedition was not successful, but it gave young Winston a taste of war, and showed what manner of man the boy would make. The company fell into an ambush and was cut to pieces. Joseph received two balls, one in his thigh and the other in his body. His horse was killed under him, and he almost fell into the hands of the Indians; but bravely dragging his wounded body into the neighboring underbrush, he was overlooked by the Indians in the eagerness of their pursuit. He lay in pain and peril, and soon must have perished had not a comrade discovered him. On the back of his faithful friend he was carried through the forest for three days with no food except the berries of the wild rose. The friendly cabin of a frontiersman restored him to life. One of the bullets which he then received was never extracted, but remained a source of suffering to the end of his days.

In the year 1770, at the age of 24, Joseph Winston moved to Surry (now Stokes) county, North Carolina, and settled near the forks of the Dan river. From this time forward until his death, in 1814, his career is an epitome of most that is best in the life and character of North Carolina.

His first public service in his adopted State was as a delegate from Surry county to the Provincial Congress in Hillsboro, August 20, 1775. It was the most critical period in the history of North Carolina. The long struggle of a hundred years was drawing to a close. The sturdy people who had driven Proprietary Governors from their borders so often that they "thought they had a right to drive them out," who "valued a Lord Proprietor no more highly than a ballad singer," who defied the Royal Governors and set up courts of their own for their own protection, were now moving forward to the total overthrow of British authority and the establishment of American liberty. In defiance of the proclamation of Josiah Martin, the Royal Governor, and acting under the call of Samuel Johnston, of Edenton, the people of North Carolina, in public meetings throughout the colony, now elected two hundred and fourteen delegates to a Provincial Congress, whose well known purpose was to put the province in a state of defence. Every county and every borough town was represented. Among the delegates from Surry were Joseph Winston and Martin Armstrong, two patriots who stood shoulder to shoulder from that day forward until six years later upon yonder hill they fired the last shots in the battle that practically ended the Revolution.

The Hillsboro Congress began by adopting an oath of allegiance to maintain and support all the acts, resolutions and regulations of the Continental and Provincial Congresses. This oath was signed by every member present. Having thus sacredly bound themselves to mutual loyalty and to the support of the American cause, they proceeded with grim humor and sarcastic effrontery to declare that Josiah Martin, Royal Governor of North Carolina, then a fugitive for his life on board the sloop-of-war Cruiser, at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, had, "by reason of his absence, produced a silence of the legislative powers of the government and rendered necessary some other plan of government," and thereupon coolly proceeded to appoint a committee to devise and report a new plan of government. Having thus disposed of Josiah Martin, late Royal Governor, declaring him, as it were, to be officially dead, they held a sort of funeral service over the gubernatorial corpse by bringing out his royal proclamation forbidding the Congress to meet and having it publicly burned by the common hangman. The Congress then ordered a census of the province to be taken and reported in sixty days; provided for the immediate raising and equipping of one thousand troops for the Continental line and three thousand militia throughout the province; and reorganized and put upon a war footing. To meet these expenses \$126,000 in provincial currency was issued. And, finally, in anticipation of a long war and a troublesome blockade liberal bounties were offered for the production of such articles as were needed both in the line of battle and on the farm. The Congress adjourned after a brief session of twenty days, but its action was all that could be desired. It cast the die of war and made North Carolina a self-governing commonwealth. Her people were now ready with lives and fortunes to defend their liberties and the liberties of all the colonies. Already in open battle on the banks of the Alamance, four years before, had the regulators defied the royal authority. Already had the men of Mecklenburg declared themselves "a free and independent people," "a sovereign and self-governing association under the control of no power but Almighty God and the Continental Congress, solemnly pledging to each other their lives, their fortunes and their most sacred honor."

"The cause of Boston is the cause of all" had been officially resolved at Newbern by the first representative Convention ever assembled in America save by royal authority. The echo of these words sped in ship loads of provisions to beleaguered Boston, free offerings from Wilmington and Newbern. The patriotic speech of the immortal Henry was firing the Continental Congress and welding thirteen colonies into one united people. "I am not a Virginian; I am an American. The distinctions between the colonies are no more. We are all one." From no quarter issued a nobler response to this sentiment than from North Carolina. Within sixty days after the adjournment of the Hillsboro Congress she had sent to Norfolk under Robert Howe a regiment of Continentals to aid in the defeat of Duane and enjoy the honorable distinction of being the first troops sent beyond the borders of their province to fight for the common defence against the British invaders.

In less than twelve months North Carolina had put into active service in the field nearly ten thousand men, having sent troops three times beyond her borders to the relief of Virginia and South Carolina. "When the Provincial Congress at Halifax, April 12, 1776, before any other colony, instructed the North Carolina delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for Independence, one-third of her adult male population was already in the field." When we consider the absence of cities within her borders, the scarcity and size of her villages, the remoteness from one another of her farm houses, the lack of roads or other facilities for transportation, and the very inadequate provisions for transmitting news, we may well wonder that such a people responded so boldly and so promptly to the call of war, sending one man in three from the plow-share to the field of battle.

They are gathering, they are gathering, From mountain and from plain, Resolved in heart, of purpose high, A bold and fearless train, No for-etal mandate calls them out, No despot bids them go; They obey the freeman's impulse, But to strike the freeman's blow.

A century later in the greatest war that history records North Carolina leveled more rifles than she counted voters, and yielded upon the field of battle more than one-third of her fighting population. Let others tell of noble deeds--"tis Carolina's lot to do them.

The British invasion of North Carolina was planned as early as 1775. No sooner had Governor Martin fled from his palace at Newbern, and taken refuge under the guns of a British sloop-of-war than he conceived plans for the subjugation not only of North Carolina but of all the Southern colonies. His plans were far-reaching and dangerous. They embraced the sending of large forces from New York and Boston, the sailing of reinforcements from England, the raising of all the Tories in the province, the inciting of negro slaves to insurrection and murder, and the stirring up of Indians on the frontier to pillage and massacre. In accordance with these plans, in January, 1776, Sir Henry Clinton with 2,000 men sailed from Boston to the mouth of the Cape Fear river, where they awaited the arrival of another fleet under Sir Peter Parker, having on board seven regiments of soldiers, commanded by the ablest British Generals engaged in the Revolution, Charles Earl Cornwallis. Continued storms delayed the arrival of the fleet. Meanwhile the Scotch Tories on the Cape Fear, stimulated by constant communication with Governor Martin and by the liberal distribution of arms, ammunition and government commissions, were gathering from many directions at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville. By February nearly 2,000 were as-sembled, armed and equipped under the command of General Donald McDonald, a veteran officer who had fought at Culloden, and Colonel Daniel McLeod, a British officer who had come from Boston to visit his sweetheart recently arrived in the Cape Fear country from Scotland. Besides this formidable array of Tories and British, the negro slaves throughout the province and the savage Indians beyond the mountains were anxiously awaiting an opportunity for vengeance and destruction. Never did greater dangers threaten the people of North Carolina. But North Carolinians are bravest when dangers are greatest. The signal of alarm was sounded. The patriots of the Cape Fear under Moore, Kean, Ashe and Lillington marched against the Tories. From the Western countries came troops of volunteers riding two hundred miles to defend the Eastern borders. In that noble company were those inseparable and unconquerable patriots, Martin Armstrong and Joseph Winston. Coming upon the Tories at Cross Creek they set them in retreat towards Wilmington. Twenty miles above the city at Moore's Creek bridge they were checked by Richard Caswell, and here on February 27, 1776,

was fought the first battle of the Revolution on the soil of North Carolina. The patriots won an overwhelming victory. Col. McLeod was killed, pierced by twenty-six bullets. General McDonald, with 850 soldiers and all his officers, was taken prisoner. The captured spoils included 1,500 rifles, 350 guns, and \$75,000 of British gold. But a single patriot was killed. The consequences of this battle were beyond calculation. A delay of two months would have brought to the Cape Fear the fleet of Sir Peter Parker, united the forces of Cornwallis and Clinton, added courage and power to the Tories, drawn every patriot soldier to the Eastern portion of the province and left its rear exposed to attack by the largest and fiercest body of Indians on the Atlantic coast. The probable result of so powerful a combination is indicated by the easy conquest of Georgia and South Carolina two years and four years later. But "God helps those who help themselves;" and, so, the best laid plans of the British during the American Revolution were frustrated by the prompt and resolute courage of 1,000 men. All honor to Moore and Caswell, to Kean, Ashe and Lillington, who faced the horrors of civil war, and dug up root and branch the deadly tree of Toryism from Eastern Carolina. All honor too to the Western reformer, to Joseph Winston and Martin Armstrong, who left their homes exposed to the fury of savages in order to repel from the coast the invading enemy.

Two months after the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge Joseph Winston was appointed by the Provincial Congress Major and commandant of militia for the county of Surry; and the same year, with Armstrong as Colonel in Command of the Surry riflemen, he served under Griffith Rutherford in an expedition against the Cherokee Nation. The Indians were now on the war-path, acting in concert with Cornwallis and Clinton and Josiah Martin, who, baffled of their purpose to invade North Carolina, were now descending upon Charlotte. On the same day the British fleet began its attack upon Charleston harbor, and the Cherokee Indians, descending rapidly from the mountains, fell unexpectedly upon the frontiers of South Carolina and murdered 200 settlers without regard to age or sex. An expedition was sent against them, embracing 1,150 men from South Carolina, 1,500 from Virginia and 3,200 from North Carolina. Of the troops sent to protect the South Carolina border it is noticeable that those from North Carolina outnumbered the combined forces of the other two provinces. It is equally noticeable that the invasion of North Carolina in the early part of the same year had been prevented by the overthrow of the enemy at Moore's Creek Bridge without the aid of a single soldier, or the firing of a single gun, or the spending of a single dollar by any other colony. To her sister colonies and her sister States North Carolina has always been "a very present help in trouble;" but from her own mast-head the signal of distress is never raised, until the storm is pitiless and the cause is well nigh desperate.

The expedition against the Cherokee Indians was entirely successful. Every town in their country was burned, all the cattle were killed and all the crops destroyed. The power of the nation was broken forever. The frontier was now safe, and the way was opened for King's Mountain and Cowpens, for Guilford and Yorktown.

Joseph Winston returned to his home, and was elected a member of the first House of Commons in the Legislature of the new-born State. By this body he was chosen Commissioner, with Waightstill Avery and Robert Lanier, to arrange a permanent treaty with the Cherokee nation. This duty was successfully accomplished and peace was established.

But the Tories were now at hand. The long threatened invasion was begun. The Tories of the western counties were in the field. The province was suffering all the horrors of civil war. Friends, neighbors, and kinsmen were arrayed against each other. In the counties of Surry and Rowan 195 Tories had signed and forwarded to Gov. Martin an address declaring their loyalty to the King and their purpose to support his cause. Similar addresses had come from Anson, Guilford, and doubtless other counties. Near the home of Joseph Winston was a desperate band. A story concerning them is related by Caruthers, illustrating not only the deadly character of the struggle, but also the prompt courage of Joseph Winston. This band, consisting of 13 Tories, a free negro and an Englishman, went for purposes of plunder to the house of Ambrose Blackburne, who lived about five miles from Joseph Winston. Having plundered Blackburne's premises and stripped his person of every garment except a single shirt, they were going to depart, when Blackburne's dog and a Tory dog began a fight. Blackburne cheered on his dog and the Tories theirs; but the whig dog was whipping, when the Tories pulled him off. As they then departed, Blackburne yelled after them, "Dam you, I shall yet whip you, the way my dog whipped yours." This enraged the Tories, so much that they started to kill him but their captain prevented.

On the departure of the Tory band, Blackburne, clad in simple tunic, made the best of his way to Colonel Joseph Winston's residence; and, in response to an invitation to come in, replied that he could not, unless the Colonel should throw him out a pair of breeches. The required passport was furnished, and Blackburne soon told his tale of woe. Runners were immediately sent out and fifteen men under Winston's command were summoned. Going at once in pursuit of the Tories, they found them encamped on top of Chestnut Mountain near the Virginia line. A fight ensued, and every single Tory was killed excepting their leader, who had saved Blackburne's life and was now spared at his request. These terrible scenes were not uncommon in North Carolina. Hundreds of Tories were thoroughly armed and in the field, while thousands were watching the wavering tide of war and trimming their sails to catch the breeze of victory. It is idle to belittle the Tory power or the Tory movement. The two British invasions of North Carolina had their main reliance upon the strength and courage of her Tory population. The two most decisive battles fought upon

her soil were battles between neighbors. Whatever may be said of the Tories, to their justification or infamy, does it not add lustre to the glory of the patriots and gild their heroism with immortal splendor that they fought and co-acted not only the bravest veterans of the bravest nation in all the world, but also men of their own country and their own neighborhood, trained to the same sturdy habits as themselves and taught in the same hardy school of self-reliance and arduous experience? One hundred and ninety-five citizens of Rowan and Surry had addressed Governor Martin in terms of loyal devotion; but the patriots of Surry under Martin Armstrong and Joseph Winston, nothing daunted by the enemies in their midst, had ridden two hundred miles to the defence of the Eastern coast and, returning, had gone two hundred miles to the defense of the Western frontier, leaving their wives and little ones to the care of Him who clothes the lily and watches the fall of the sparrow. When the invasion of North Carolina is again attempted by Cornwallis and his Tory allies, we may confidently predict that the Surry Riflemen, under Martin Armstrong and Joseph Winston, will be found in the front. That time was now at hand. Georgia and South Carolina were in possession of the British. Within three months two American armies, under Lincoln and Gates, had been destroyed. New York was still in the hands of the enemy and Benedict Arnold was plotting treason to his country. The surrender of West Point would have given the British possession of the Hudson and separated the New England colonies from the rest of the country. The Continental currency was almost worthless. An ordinary suit of clothes cost \$2,000. One hundred desertions a month were gradually destroying the American army. The cause of the Colonies seemed almost desperate. Even Washington had said "I have almost ceased to hope." One crushing blow by the British forces would doubtless have ended the struggle for American independence. But human virtue is ever equal to human misery, and deeds of noblest heroism are always produced in times of greatest peril.

On the 7th day of October, 1780, the crushing blow descended, but it fell upon British heads; and the sun of victory, rising from the hills of North Carolina, proclaimed the dawn of American independence. It was the battle of King's Mountain, the scene of Joseph Winston's greatest service in behalf of his country.

The British army, under Cornwallis, flushed with victory at Camden, had entered the borders of North Carolina, and were marching against Charlotte. The Mecklenburg military and the remnant of Gates' army, rallying under the leadership of William R. Davie and Joseph Graham, made bold but ineffectual resistance. The British with overwhelming numbers carried the day, and entered Charlotte September 26th. But they had stirred up a nest of hornets. The patriots of Mecklenburg buzzed about them with unceasing annoyance, captured their couriers, harassed their foraging parties and cut them off from the outside world. "Charlotte," said his Lordship, "is an agreeable village, but in a damned rebellious country." The left wing of Cornwallis' army, about a month before this, had been sent forward under Patrick Ferguson, the bold and daring officer in his army, to stir up the Tories and ravage the Western counties. They had penetrated beyond the present site of Rutherfordton, arousing the loyalists and taking vengeance upon the Patriots.

But the Mountain riflemen were not asleep. Already they were in the field; the McDowells with the men of Burke; Shelby and Sevier with the "Watauga boys," Cleveland with the men of Wilkes, and the Surry Riflemen commanded by Joseph Winston. Leaving their mountain homes they rode 200 miles, without tent or knap sack, to crush Ferguson and his Tory followers. With the swiftness of eagles they swooped upon him. Through mountain wilderness they rode, or following narrow trails, as oftentimes before, intent upon their game, but now they were hunting men. A rifle, a blanket and a wallet of meal were their equipment. The wild woods was their commissary. Their coming was announced to Ferguson by two deserters, and he retreated before them. But they came upon him with the speed of hunters, riding for forty hours without sleep or rest and for 18 without food. They found his army entrenched upon a spur of King's Mountain awaiting the attack. "Here," said Ferguson, "I am king of the mountain and God Almighty cannot drive me off." His forces numbered 1,100 men, all Tories, and all but 100 citizens of North Carolina and South Carolina. The Patriots numbered about the same. Equal in numbers, but how unequal in spirit. The one fighting for liberty and manhood, the other for conquest and plunder. In the Patriot ranks were enough Presbyterian elders to organize a General Assembly, all God-fearing men, who "trusted in Providence and kept their powder dry." They made frequent appeals to the Deity on that memorable day, but some were not learned from the Shorter Catechism. The gallant Campbell, staunchest soldier and staunchest elder of them all, addressed the army before the battle began, and told them "if any of them, men or officers, were afraid, to quit the ranks now and go home; that he wished no man to engage in the action who could not fight; that, as for himself, he was determined to fight the enemy a week, if need be, to gain victory." In response to this speech only one man fell out of ranks, and he marked that he was "going to look after the horses." The Patriot army advanced in four divisions, two on either side of the mountain, Campbell and Sevier commanding the right; Shelby and Cleveland the left. Joseph Winston, with the Surry Riflemen, was ordered to ride around the mountain and attack Ferguson's rear, a post of honor and danger, for that way Ferguson might attempt retreat.

In making the detour Winston's men were lost in the woods, and thinking themselves at the base of the mountain, got off their horses and charged up the hill. But on reaching the summit they saw their error and learned that King's Mountain was a mile away. Never did truer lover make greater speed to greet his mistress. "They now ran down the declivity," says Draper, "with great precipitation to their horses; and mounting them rode, like so many fox hunters, at an almost break-neck speed, through rough woods and brambles, leaping branches and crossing ridges without a proper guide who had a personal knowledge of the country. But they soon fell upon the enemy, as good luck would have it, at the point of their intended destination." The men now rushed into battle bare-headed, and many of them bare-foot. The gallant Campbell, throwing off his coat and rushing up the mountain, shouted to his soldiers, "Here they are, my brave boys, shout like hell and fight like devils." His brave boys were quickly by his side making the woods ring with the Indian war-whoop, and striking terror into the hearts of the enemy. At King's Mountain was born the "Rebel yell" and William Campbell was its God-father.

The Patriots now swarmed up the mountain in all directions, fighting from tree to tree and falling back to load their rifles. The leaders were well in front, rallying the men after each retreat. "Now boys," cried Shelby, "quickly reload your rifles, and let's advance upon them and give them another hell of a fire." As Cleveland led forward his eager division he exclaimed with less fury but greater dignity, "Yonder is your enemy and the enemy of mankind." Step by step they forged their way to the top of the mountain, exposing Ferguson and his men to cross fire on its long and narrow summit.

Three times they fell back before the gleaming bayonet, but their daring rifles dealt death and destruction from every bush and tree. "Never shoot," cried Shelby, "till you see an enemy, and never see an enemy without bringing him down." The mountain was covered with smoke, and flashed and thundered with the blaze and roar of rifle and musket.

No battle of the Revolution was bloodier or more fiercely contested. "Riflemen took off riflemen with such exactness that they killed each other when taking sight"; "their eyes remained after death in the act of aiming, the one shut and the other open." Neighbors killed neighbors, and kinsmen slew each other. "Two brothers, expert riflemen, were seen to present at each other, to fire and fall at the same instant."

"Boys, remember your liberty," shouted Campbell in the last victorious charge, "Come on, come on, my brave fellows; another gun, another gun will do it. Damn them, we must have them out of this." Ferguson now saw that all was lost and made a desperate dash for life. Sword in hand he cut and slashed his way, apparently invulnerable, till Robert Young, one of Sevier's men, leveling his beloved rifle, exclaimed, "I'll try and see what Sweet-lips can do," and brought him to the dust. The white flag was now run up, and everywhere the Tories were crying for quarter. "Damn you," said Shelby rushing in their midst, "if you want quarter, throw down your arms." The doughty Campbell in his shirt sleeves and bare-headed was stalking around, with a handful of captured swords, and several under his arm. Calling the men around him, he proposed three cheers for liberty. On that lonely height, after a fast of 18 hours and a ride of 40 miles without sleep or repose, after a battle rarely equalled in the annals of war for endurance and ferocity, ragged, hungry, bleeding and tired, the first act of these rugged heroes in the moment of victory was to cheer for liberty.

They felt the joy of a mother over a new-born babe. The battle had lasted only an hour, but in that hour was born a nation's freedom. For his gallantry in this battle Col. Joseph Winston was voted a sword by the General Assembly of North Carolina. It was presented to him in joint session by the Speaker of the House. His speech of acceptance is a model of modest brevity and patriotism. He said: "Mr. Speaker:--I am at a loss for words to express my sense of the honor which the General Assembly has conferred upon me by this grateful present. I trust that the sword, which is directed to be presented to me, will never be tarnished by cowardice, but will be wielded

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Rev. Dr. Parker is the beloved pastor of the Universalist church at Fargo, N. D., and has also been a pastor in Providence, R. I., New York City and Troy, N. Y. He says: "I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifier, and I have good reason for this opinion. I am now 50 years of age. Forty years ago I was afflicted with rheumatism in my back and limbs, so bad that I could not walk. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so. I followed the directions, and before the fifth bottle was finished my appetite was restored, I felt invigorated and strong. My rheumatism finally had entirely disappeared. I cannot but think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. N. PARKER. Hood's Sarsaparilla Be Sure Cures to Get Hood's Cures Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.