W D Haywood

North Carolina Star.

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WILLIAM C. DOUB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

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The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June, and the 20th day of December

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice, R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge, W. H. Battle, " "

Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. J. Litchford, Sr., Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judges.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia; Hon. Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney, Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr.; Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

Jos. B. Bachelor, Attorney General and Solicitor of the fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

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Sept. 12 '55. 111—

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H. L. EVANS.

Oct. 4, 1855. 120—

Miscellaneous.

Sitting in One's Bones.

BY GEORGE W. GRIMSBY.

"There isn't a young man in all Richmond who works as hard as my George—no not one." So said old George Grantham, one of the most respected citizens of Richmond, Virginia, a good many years ago. The old man had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes and a gradual decline in the value of his property had impaired his circumstances; and instead of leaving his only son a competency as he had once expected to do, he now looked forward with considerable anxiety to his prospects of success in the profession he had chosen. Young George was to be a doctor. His father could not afford to send him to Europe to study, nor indeed was it then thought necessary; but no expense was spared to procure for the young man the latest works and the best instruments and other paraphernalia of the craft. As for George himself, he was like all young men of his age. He was anxious to work, and quite resolved in his vague way to succeed in life and make a name for himself; but he did not thirst for medical knowledge sufficiently to enjoy many hours consecutive reading. If the truth were told, he preferred a hard ride in the country with his friends, the Lindsays, or a tramp in the woods in search of game. Better still, the rogue liked to spend an hour or more of an evening by the side of pretty Lucy Prime, who—I blush for the first families as I write—having been left destitute by the death of an extravagant father, had courageously hired a small room for herself, and stuck on the door a little sign, "Miss Prime, Dress-maker.

But of all these likings of his "boy George," old Mr. Grantham, in the innocence of his heart, knew nothing. So far as he saw, George spent the whole of his leisure hours in reading. So sedulous did he seem, that at times it flashed across the kind old father's heart that his "boy" might be over-working himself; and on these occasions he would himself insist on George's spending a day or two in the country with the Lindsays, who kept faithfully the secret of his frequent visits to their place. There was however one person who was less easily deceived than the old gentleman; and that was George's aunt, Miss Betsy Grantham. As common-place as her nephew, Aunt Betsy's sojourn on this planet was divided between the duty of worrying Mr. Grantham, his son and the servants, and the recreation of dispensing charities to the poor with cross words and a vinegar aspect. If Mr. Grantham had set his heart upon seeing George a great doctor, Aunt Betsy had set hers upon developing in him the noble christian virtues of patience and endurance. Never for an hour did she suffer him to rest at peace, if she could not act, speak, or even look, but she found in the deed, speech or glance, material for a sermon. Only when he was at work could he hope to escape her, as his father had forbidden the household to disturb his studies.

His room was in a small building in the rear of his father's house, communicating with it by a gallery. Opposite his window was that of the aged spinster's bed-room. In the exercise of her authority as housekeeper, she had placed his table in such a position in his room that she could see from her window whether he was at work or not; and [illegible] of Miss Betsy's sharp eye fell upon an untenanted chair, when George was absent from the family circle. When this arrangement was first made, George had roused himself to protest and even to make a show of rebellion against it; but latterly he had submitted, and Miss Betsy was forced to confess that at whatever hour of the evening she stationed herself at the post of observation—and she flattened her old bony nose against the window at least a half a dozen times before she went to bed, and got up once or twice in the night to repeat the operation—George's ample dressing-gown, and his smoking cap were to be seen in the right place.

It was some time after this victory of Aunt Betsy's—one evening between nine and ten—that Mr. Grantham made the remark quoted above, to his friend and neighbor, old Mr. Timms. It is to be feared that the simple old gentleman had a sordid object in view in making it—for Timms had the largest practice in the place, and was an upright and highly respectable citizen. Moreover he had recently married a young and rather giddy wife from New York, and was besides comfortably rich, everybody said he ought to take a partner. Dr. Timms had half admitted as much, as the two old fellows prosed in Grantham's drawing room, adding:

"If I were a bachelor still, Grantham, I shouldn't mind it. But you see Mrs. Timms is a good deal younger than you or me—she likes society, and I don't blame her for it; but I sometimes think its not right for her to be going to parties with young fellows whom I hardly know from Adam, while I am out visiting my patients."

"Mrs. Timms is very fond of gayety," said Grantham gravely.

"Why yes; very fond indeed. In our time we should have said, perhaps too fond. But then, Grantham, we're old fellows; the world's gone ahead precious fast since we were young men. And I haven't the heart to speak to her on the subject—poor child yoked to an old fogy like me!"

And the old doctor cleared his voice once or twice with energy.

"I sometimes think," said Grantham, hastening to change the subject, "that George works too hard. I daren't tell you the number of hours he reads a day."

"Medicine," replied the doctor sententiously, "is a science which cannot be mastered even in a lifetime of study.

"No doubt; but you will admit that very few young men of George's age spend their evenings in poring over scientific books."

"I know young men study much less than they used to do in my time."

"You must except George, Doctor. It's not possible to work harder than he does. Now just come here, added the old father rising, "and you shall see him."

And despite a remonstrance from Timms, Mr. Grantham dragged him into Aunt Betsy's bedroom, even to the spinster's window. Sure enough, there was George, wrapped as usual in his dressing-gown, his head buried in his smoking cap and leaning on his hand. His lamp was burning brightly, and though his back was turned to the observers, it was plain he was immersed in the perusal of a book.

"He's been there some time already," said his father triumphantly, "and he'll not stir till past midnight, I'll be bound."

"Has he seen much practice?" inquired Dr. Timms.

"He's always visiting some sick person or other," replied Mr. Grantham; "but he could tell you more about that than I. I'll send for him."

"Pity to disturb his studies."

"Oh! not at all. He'll be delighted to see you. Jane," he called to a servant, "just step to Mr. George's room, and say I'd like to see him."

The two old gentlemen returned to the drawing-room. They had hardly sat down when the servant returned with the answer that George didn't say anything when she gave him the message—didn't even turn his head.

"You see, doctor," cried Grantham, delighted, "wrapt in his book—lost to everything else. Go back again, Jane, and rouse him. Tell him I want to see him."

"He must be reading very hard," said Dr. Timms, kindly.

In a few moments a shriek was heard, and the servant came running back, as pale as death and hardly able to speak from agitation.

"What's the matter, Jane?" asked Mr. Grantham, hastily.

"Oh, Lord! sir," gasped the girl.

"Speak woman, has any thing happened."

"Mr. George sir—"

"Well, what of him?" cried the father in great alarm.

"He—He's sitting in his bones, sir."

* * * * * * * *

On that same evening, sometime before this startling announcement, George Grantham took his seat on a stool in the modest work room of the dressmaker, Lucy Prime, and began with more zeal than skill to put her work-box to rights.

"Where do these skeins of silk go, Miss Lucy!" said he.

"Oh! dear me," replied Lucy, impatiently; "do let them alone. You always leave every thing in such confusion, that it costs me an hour to set the box to rights when you are gone."

"You see I think so much of you when I'm here."

"Mr. George, if you talk so foolishly, I won't let you in again.

"Mayn't I say I think of you, dear Miss Lucy?"

"You know very well I don't like it."

"Very well. But I do, all the same. When I saw the sun rise the other morning, just tipping those dear old mountains with gold, as the song says, do you know what was my first thought?"

"How should I know? replied the young girl, with a downcast glance.

"I thought it would have been a delicious sight, if you had been there to share it with me."

"Mr. George!"

"Oh! you needn't say Mr. George," replied the young man with warmth; "I can't help it. I'm always thinking of you. When I sit down to read those prosy old books about physic, I find my mind wandering away from fevers and lotions to you. When I ride to the Lindsays, and talk to Kate, I always fancy I am talking to you.—I've even caught myself being civil to aunt Betsy under the impression that she was transformed into my pretty Miss Lucy."

"If I didn't know that you were talking nonsense, Mr. George, I should be very unhappy.—But you've made me waste ever so much time, and I've got this dress to finish by nine. I promised it for four o'clock this afternoon, but I lost the day going to visit those poor people you told me of, and Mrs. Timms was so angry."

"Mrs. Timms! It's for her!"

"Yes. Now, let me work, do."

"Very odd that Mrs Timms should want a dress at nine o'clock at night. It's not an evening dress, I see."

"No. But what do you men know about dresses? If it's not done by nine, I shall lose her, and she's my best customer."

"I wish I could sew," said George, with a sigh.

"I think you'd better go home. It's getting late."

"Late? Oh! you're quite mistaken. It's very early, on the contrary. And I cant go yet."

"Why not, if you please?" inquired Lucy, raising those beautiful eyes of hers, and looking searchingly at George.

"Because I've something to say to you."

"Say it at once, then—no," she added, correcting herself, and sewing very nervously, "perhaps you had better not say it."

There was a pause. George walked across the room hastily. Then Lucy broke the silence by observing in a firm voice:

"I change my mind. What you have to say Mr. George, I am ready to hear now."

"I love you."

And he seized her hand, and covered it with kisses.

She was violently agitated, and grew very pale. A minute or more elapsed before she could speak. At last she said:

"Now Mr. George, that you have spoken, I will tell you frankly, that that you must not come here again."

"Lucy, do you love me?"

"You must not come here again."

Just at this moment, a rap was heard at the door. George had just time to hide himself in a closet, when the door opened, and Mrs Timms entered the room.

I've come for that dress, Miss Prime," said she, in a tone which seemed very strange to George.

"I'm very sorry," replied Lucy, "to have kept you waiting ma'am; but I was delayed. It will be ready in ten minutes, if you will take a seat."

"Never mind," said Mrs Timms, faintly, "I'll take it as it is."

Lucy looked at her customer, and so did George from his hiding-place. She was strangely pale, and seemed ill.

"Wont you sit down, ma'am? In five minutes it will be finished." I've only a stitch or two to make. I was in hopes you would not want it till the morning."

"No," said Mrs Timms, hastily, "the doctor and I are going to the country to night. He's waiting for me at home now."

George had some difficulty in suppressing an exclamation. He had heard Dr. Timms say, not two hours before, he would spend the evening at his father's. Lucy had broken off her thread, and was folding up the dress, and looking very wretched.

"Never mind folding it," cried Mrs. Timms, and after a pause, during which George was convinced he heard her teeth chatter, she asked Lucy if she could give her a glass of water.

Lucy rose, and passed into her bed room. Mrs. Timms, apparently too nervous to sit still, followed her. The moment they left the room, George sprang from his hiding place, and hurried down stairs.

At the door he saw a traveling carriage. He hesitated. Could it be? She had been the town talk for weeks; her name and young Melville's who had followed her from New York, were in every one's mouth. Yet to blunder was ruin.—He tore his hair in his perplexity.

The night was very dark, yet he could see the carriage was empty. A black driver sat upon the seat, and looked anxiously at George. The latter walked to the door of the carriage, with the intention of accosting him. He had hardly done so, however when he heard hasty footsteps approaching along the pavement. He turned and looked. In a moment or two, the new comer and George saw each other. George would have sworn it was Melville. The latter—seeing a man at the door of the carriage—stopped short, and appeared uncertain how to act. A few seconds elapsed; then he moved toward the carriage.

His mind, thoroughly made up, for he was certain he held the clue of the mystery, George boldly seized the handle of the carriage door and opened it.

The new comer stopped again—seemed lost in doubt—then crossed the street.

At that moment a female figure rushed out of the house. George held the carriage door while she stepped in. Then, whispering to the driver, he sprang in, seated himself beside her, and the carriage rattled over the pavement.

Within, all was dark. Neither spoke. George could hear the quick breathing of his companion, as he held his own breath. Those minutes seemed centuries to him.

At last the carriage stopped.

"Where are we?" cried the lady springing forward.

"At your own home, Mrs. Timms, where your husband, the doctor, will soon join you."

"Saved—saved!" gasped the poor woman.

Leaping out, George lifted Mrs. Timms to the ground, bade the driver drive home as if old Nick was after him, and in half a minute was seated in the doctor's study. With perfect coolness he untied Mrs. Timms' hat, unpinned her shawl, and divested her of both articles of dress. She had not fainted; but she seemed in a torpid state, indifferent to what was going on. A glass of water revived her.

"What a horrible dream!" she muttered. "But I'm at home, am I not?"

"Of course you are," replied George gayly, "you've got the dress, and Miss Prime will be here in the morning to finish it."

"But if I'm at home"—whispered Mrs. Timms, with a vacant gaze.

"You'll wear it the next time you go out with the Doctor. Now, I must be off. Good-by, dear Mrs. Timms. How odd that I should have met you at the dressmaker's!"

"You met me!—"

"Yes, just in time to see you home, wasn't I? I must say, dear Mrs. Timms, you're a model of punctuality. If you'll allow me to say so, I think the idea of driving to a dressmaker's at nine o'clock at night, on purpose to get a dress, quite original. Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon for laughing, but our Richmond ladies are not such sticklers for exactness, by any means. Good-night!"

And taking leave with as much formality as if he had made an ordinary visit, George ran down the steps of the doctor's house, and hastened home.

* * * * * *

When Mr. Grantham and Dr. Timms heard the servant say that "Mr. George was sitting in his bones," they burst into a roar of laughter.

"What do you mean?" asked the former, as soon as he could speak.

But the girl was too much agitated to reply. She trembled, and began to cry, and shook her head ominously.

"Come along, Doctor, we'll soon see what this means," said Grantham, leading the way out of the room. "First let us see whether the boy is there."

And the two old fogies, quite excited, hastened to Aunt Betsy's window. There was George as before; not a muscle had moved.

"What the deuce did the girl mean!" said Grantham.

Before the words were uttered, an exclamation from Dr. Timms drew his attention once more to the window. What they saw there might well astound them. They saw distinctly a man leap into the room, apparently by the window, seize George by the throat, and with one powerful jerk pull him out of the chair and throw him to the other end of the room.

"Murder!" groaned Grantham.

Surely two old gentlemen, of their size and age, never ran so fast as did they to the scene of the outrage. Gasping for breath, the father burst open the door of his son's room, and both rushed in prepared for the worst.

"Phansy their feelinks," as Jeams says, when they saw George standing in his shirt sleeves, in the middle of the room, as cool as a diplomat—and on the bed, horror of horrors! a skeleton *a la Bouchne*, recently imported from Paris, draped in George's dressing gown.

"What is this farce, sir?" roared Mr. Grantham.

"Hush! hush!" said old Timms; "we're sold, and the less said the better. Let me advise you, as an old friend and a medical man, to be careful of your son's health; he evidently reads too hard."

Long and bitter was the lecture George had to endure at the hands of Miss Betsy next morning; and far worse to bear than the few words of reproach which fell from the lips of his kind old father. "You have lost, sir," said he, "an opportunity on which I have been counting for years. It was the hope of my old age."

And when, a few days afterward, old Timms called on his friend Grantham, and told him that he had talked the matter over with his wife, and that she and he, were both of opinion that he had better take a partner, and that they knew of no one with whom he would sooner associate himself than "your boy George"—old Mr. Grantham was fairly petrified with astonishment.—Stranger things than this came to pass. For the old doctor complained—in a very cheery tone, however—that he had no sooner taken a partner, so as to go out with his wife, than that lady abjured society, and insisted on spending every evening reading and talking to "an old fogy like me." And Mrs. Timms with whom George became suddenly intimate, came over one morning, and notified that Mr. Grantham that her husband's practice would be ruined if George remained a bachelor, adding that she had found him a wife—Miss Lucy Prime.

"What! a dressmaker!" screeched Aunt Betsy.

But when Mrs. Timms gave out that she would cease to know any lady who forgot to call on the future Messrs. George Grantham, and when George assured his father that it was useless to talk of his marrying any one else, all obstacles vanished, and the marriage was duly celebrated—the old Doctor giving away the bride. Even Aunt Betsy was reconciled to the match, by the assurance that at least one of Miss Prime's ancestors had come over with Captain John Smith.

A Touching Incident.

From the Fall River Monitor we take the following account of a touching incident:

In passing down Broomfield street, we think it was, we met a man in the winter of life; his grey hair falling over his pale features, and with staff in hand, laboring to reach his home. The bad work he made of it led the bystanders to think him intoxicated. He would walk a short distance in a very unsteady manner, then pause and lean upon his staff, a source of merriment to the boys and of merriment to the men, who, like the Levites of old, wagged their heads and passed by on the other side.

Passing a moment to look at the old man, we noticed a little girl—God bless her—anxiously watching his movements, and evidently desiring to do something to assist him. She might have seen fourteen winters, was richly dressed, with a pretty face, and an eye full of meaning, expression and soul, with books in hand, was probably on her way to school. The little Samaritan did not long remain inactive. Approaching a gentleman (?) she inquired, with a faltering tongue, while a tear was seen on her fair cheek.

"Is that old gentleman sick or intoxicated?"

"Drunk, I guess!" was the heartless reply.

At which, with the soul of a hero, this little angel of mercy approached the old man, and after a moment's conversation, the two were seen wending their way along the street, the little girl supporting the tottering form of him whom the unfeeling crowd had left to his fate. On inquiry, we learned that the old man was a worthy person, and having gone out on a morning walk, was suddenly overtaken with a sort of blindness, which was the occasion, though unconscious of it himself, of his unsteady gait. He is a temperate man, and sickness subjected him to the jibes and jeers of the multitude, save the noble hearted girl.

We tried to learn her name, but were unable to do so. How like an oasis in this desert, selfish world, such conduct appears! Whoever that girl may be, we say, God bless her!

A Rough Bed-fellow.

There is a good story going the rounds of the papers told of a man in Arkansas, who had been drinking till a late hour at night, and then started for home in a state of sweet obliviousness. Upon reaching his own premises, he was too far gone to discover any door to the domicil he was about to inhabit and therefore laid himself down in a shed which was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs. They happened to be out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. The weather being rather cold, they, in the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, gave their biped companion the middle of the bed, some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable, in the blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog exclaimed: "Ha ly, my good friend, you've got a—— of a beard! *When did you shave last?*"

A GIRL DESPONDENT.—Clever girl who wrote these lines:

My heart is sick my heart is sad—
But oh, the cause I dare not tell.—
I am not grieved, I am not mad,
I am not sick I am not well;
I'm not myself—I'm not the same,
I am, indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all, except in name—
Oh, when shall I be changed in that?

From the Fayetteville Observer.

Decisive National Battle of the Revolution in North Carolina.

BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK.

Until recently the Battle of Moore's Creek, fought February 27th, 1776, had only a traditionary and local existence, or at most a passing notice, in American history. And yet no battle of the Revolution so thoroughly illustrates American valor, and none has higher claims to rank amongst the decisive National Battles of the War of Independence.

Jones, Caruthers, Swain, Wiley, Wheeler and Davis, deserve well of their country for the light they have reflected upon this too long neglected battle field—a battle field upon which the hopes of Gov. Martin were blasted, and the royal banner trailed in the dust, though upheld by 2000 Scotch Loyalists, commanded by Gen. Donald McDonald and Col. Alexander McLeod,—veterans, one of whom had fought at Culloden, and under Gen. Wolfe in Canada, both had acquired distinction and fame.

The Battle of Moore's Creek was fought at an early period of the Revolution, and is the first battle fought within the U. S. in which victory perched on the American side. So that to North Carolina not only belongs the signal honor of having been the first to absolve herself from all allegiance to the British crown and the first to declare herself a free, sovereign and independent State, but to her, also, belongs the equally glorious distinction of having been the first State that fixed the prestige of invincibility to American arms. And yet the battle and its national effects have been confined within the knowledge of those who have dwelt near the modest stream on which it was fought. But a day, we hope, is dawning, when it will attract attention and acquire national fame—a day that, when the Alexanders and Brevards of Mecklenburg are metioned as the first who proclaimed Independence, the Lillingtons, Moore's and Caswells, of Cape Fear and Trent, will be remembered as the first victors in the great Revolutionary struggle. To appreciate properly the claim which the battle of Moore's Creek has to national distinction, it will be necessary to present a condensed statement of the actual condition of the Colonies previous to and at the time when the battle was fought.

At the close of the year 1774, hopes were entertained that on the meeting of a new Parliament all the grievances of the Colonies would be redressed. But the rejection of Chatham's bill, and the arbitrary measures proposed and carried through Parliament, soon convinced the Colonies that their hopes were vain and delusive, and that an appeal to arms or submission were the only alternatives left.

From 1768 a military force had been stationed in Boston, to intimidate and overawe the inhabitants of that city. The Army was under the command of Gen. Gage, who, on the 18th April, 1775, despatched Col. Smith with 800 men to destroy the stores the Americans had collected at Concord. In this enterprise Col. Smith was supported by Lord Percy and 900 men. They accomplished their object and fought the battle of Lexington, in which they lost in killed and wounded some 200 men, and slaughtered about 100 Americans.

On the 17th June 1775, the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, about which time the British force was augmented by recruits from Europe, commanded by Generals Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton. To counteract the operations of this large Army, Congress, in June, 1775, appointed Gen. Washington Commander-in-Chief of all the American forces, and on the 3rd of July he fixed his head-quarters at Cambridge.

As troops rallied around Washington, he contracted his lines towards Boston, determined to compel the British to evacuate the stronghold they had so long possessed.

To effect this object, Washington needed men, money, provisions, and munitions of War; and to this point, the Sebastopol of the Revolution, the entire energies of the Colonies were directed, and to that point, and the invasion of Canada, at the time the battle of Moore's Creek was fought, the concentrated thoughts and means of the Colonies were devoted. But it was not until the 17th of March 1776, nearly a month after the battle of Moore's Creek, that the British abandoned Boston and left the Americans in possession of the city.

Whilst the whole resources of Congress were devoted to the invasion of Canada, and the reduction of Boston, the patriots of the Southern States could expect no external aid in defence of their altars and firesides; but, guided by an enlightened public sentiment, they banded themselves together, determined that the Cavaliers of the South would not be behind the Puritans of the North, either in their love of liberty or the practice of those warlike feats by which alone they saw their liberties and independence could be maintained.

In the meantime Great Britain, as early as October 1775, determined to open the campaign of 1776 upon a scale of grandeur that put to blush the meagre numbers which the Americans could command. Already 13,000 British troops had been marched into Canada. Gen. Montgomery had fallen, and his army was defeated, before Quebec. Parliament authorized the impressment of 28,000 seamen, and the enlistment of 55,000 soldiers; besides which, authority was given to engage foreign mercenaries to the number of 16,000 more, in order to "look down all opposition, and effectuate submission without bloodshed."—The plan of the campaign was, to recapture Canada, seize New York, and make inroad upon the Southern States, through North Carolina.

The capture of the South was entrusted to Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, who designed entering the Cape Fear, landing their troops on the soil of North Carolina, which, through the representations of Gov. Martin was deemed lukewarm in the American cause. In addition to this, Gov. Martin had represented that the Regulators and Scotch Tories on the Cape Fear could be mustered into the British service to the number of 4 or 5,000 men.—That these men, supported by the troops under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, could traverse the State and form a junction with the troops under Lord Dunmore in Virginia, who had rallied under his standard all who were loyal to the King—all who were inimical to independence, and likewise all the runaway slaves who could be induced to abandon their masters. It was supposed that this army could co-operate with and be sustained by the Northwestern wing of the British army and Indians from Detroit, and by their numbers could compel the South to surrender. But if unsuccessful in this, Gen. Washington would rush to the relief of the Southern States, and leave Gen. Howe in possession of Boston, from which point he could crush rebellion in the Northern States.

It was at this crisis in the destiny of the Colonies that the battle of Moore's Creek was fought,—a battle which disconcerted the entire plan of the southern campaign, and compelled Gov. Martin and Sir Henry Clinton to abandon North Carolina—a battle which broke the spirits of the Regulators and Tories and quenched the flames of a servile and Indian war, and prevented the embarkation of the Scotch Loyalists from the Cape Fear to Boston, whither they were bound, to relieve Gen. Howe from a state of seige, or to be by him forwarded to Canada, to expel the Americans and retake that Province.

I am aware that to nearly all your readers, I am stating something new. But I will endeavor to convince them that so grossly had Gov. Martin deceived the Government of Great Britain relative to public sentiment in favor of Independence in North Carolina, that the government not only believed the State would fall an easy prey to British prowess, and a secure highway over which the could safely march to subject other States to submission, but, in addition thereto, that the Scotch Highlanders would be enlisted and mustered into the "Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment," and sent to nip rebellion in the bud in the Northern States.

The first evidence offered in support of this proposition is Brown's History of the Highland Clans, the 4th volume of which is devoted to a minute history of all the Highland Regiments who have been mustered into the British service.

In that work we are informed, that after Braddock's defeat, and on the conclusion of peace between France and England, at the termination of the seven years' war, the officers and men in the 42d, London, Frazer, and Montgomery Highland regiments, had extended to them, a choice to return to Europe, or remain in the Colonies and receive a grant of land, subject to be called into active service at the pleasure of the King. Amongst the number who remained in the Colonies were Donald McDonald and Alexander McLeod—the former of whom was Lieutenant in the London Highland Regiment in 1745, and the latter was a Lieutenant in the Frazer Highland regiment in 1757. The same author says "when the war of the American Revolution broke out, upwards of three hundred of those men who had remained in the country enlisted in the 84th regiment in 1775, and formed two fine battalions, embodied under the name of the "Royal Highland Emigrant."

At another place he says, "The Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, or 84th—two battalions—embodied in 1775. Regimented in 1778. The first battalion was to be raised from the Highland Emigrants in Canada and the discharged men of the 42d, of Frazer's and Montgomery's Highlanders who had settled in North America after the peace of 1763. * * * * * * Great difficulty was experienced in conveying the recruits who had been raised in the back settlements to their respective destinations. A detachment from Carolina was obliged to relinquish an attempt to cross a bridge defended by cannon, in which Capt McLeod, its Commander, and a number of the men were killed."

In Gov. Swain's Lecture on the British invasion in 1776, he says:—

"Towards the close of the year 1775, as we learn from the account of the proceedings of the American Colonists in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1776, two Scotch officers, Messrs. McDonald and McLeod, passed through Newbern. They were suspected of some sinister designs, and questioned by the provincials concerning their business. They pretended they were officers who were wounded at Bunker's Hill, and had left the army with a design to settle amongst their friends."

And in a letter from Brigadier General James Moore to Brigadier General McDonald, dated "Camp at Rockfish, February 20, 1776," seven days before the battle of Moore's Creek, he says,

"I cannot conclude without reminding you, Sir, of the oath which you and some of your officers took at Newbern, on your arrival in this country, which I imagine you will find difficult to reconcile to your present conduct."

In reply Gen. McDonald says, the Scots Emigrants are under more obligations to the King and crown, than to any other power, and denies that they are either a deluded or ungrateful people.

In the proceedings of the Committee of Safety for the Town of Wilmington, on the 5th of October 1775, I find that several vessels, outward bound, lingered at the mouth of the Cape Fear; in consequence of which the Committee

"Resolved, That every vessel now in the River Cape Fear, loaded and cleared out as above, (before the 10th day of September last,) do proceed on their respective voyages within ten days from this date."

Quere.—Why did they linger if not waiting for Recruits?

Again:—Nov. the 18th, the Committee Resolved, that no vessel whatever shall load any cargo to any part of the world from this port.—And on the 20th of Nov. 1775, we find "The Committee taking into consideration the danger with which the inhabitants of Cape Fear River are threatened by the King's Ships, now in the harbor, and the open and avowed contempt and violation of justice in the conduct of Gov Martin, who with the assistance of the said ships is endeavoring to carry off the artillery, the property of the province," &c.

Whereupon a Committee is appointed to sink chains and boats in the channel so as to prevent the outlet of the British ships; and on the 5th of January 1776, the Committee ordered all the Pilots to be arrested and kept from piloting the British, or extending to them supplies.

Quere.—Where were they carrying off the Artillery to?

Among the letters of George the Third to Lord North, (edited by Brougham,) we find the following, dated 16th of October. 1775:—

"Agrees to send 3,000 men, chiefly from Ireland, against North Carolina first, out of the hope that the Highland settlers will join. Will consider the raising of a Highland Regiment."

In a letter from the Earl of Dartmouth to Gov. Martin, in May 1775, he assures him that he has his Majesty's commands to direct Gen'l Gage, upon the Governor's application, to send some able and discreet officers, to lead the people [of North Carolina] forth against any rebellious attempts to destroy the public peace."

In the Resolves of the Wilmington Committee of Safety, as early as 3d of July 1775, we find one appointing a Committee to write to Allan McDonald of Cumberland County, (husband of the celebrated Flora,) whether he had proffered his services to Gov. Martin to enlist troops in the Royal cause.

Quere.—Why enlist troops for North Carolina as early as June?

On the 10th of Janary 1776, Gov. Martin issued his proclamation calling upon all the well affected to rally around the Royal standard at Cross Creek so as to reach Brunswick on the 15th of February 1775. In this commission Allan McDonald has precedence over Donald McDonald and Alexander McLeod; but when the Battle of Moore's Creek was fought on the 27th February, Donald McDonald was general, Alexander McLeod Colonel, and glorious old Allan was reduced to the rank of Captain.

Quere.—Why reach Brunswick on the 15th February, when the troops under Sir Peter Parker did not reach there till May? Could these forces have co-operated, whilst the Atlantic rolled between? Or did Gov. Martin design sending the Highlanders to Boston, then closely besieged?

I have thus endeavored to connect the various links in what may be termed the chain of presumptive evidence, in favor of the proposition advanced.

I now refer your readers to extracts from Letters of Major Gen'l Howe, who had succeeded Gen'l Gage in the command at Boston. The letters are addressed to the Earl of Dartmouth, dated Boston, Jan'y 1776, and may be found in the American Archives, 4th Series, 4th Vol., pages 699, 811, 835. In the first letter he regrets that Britain should have contemplated an invasion of the Southern States until the rebels were defeated North of New York, complains of a drain from his army to the South from "whence he can promise himself little assistance to the main army;" and adds, "the necessary arrangements being made for the departure of Major General Clinton to Cape Fear, in consequence of your Lordship's dispatches of the 22d October, he is ready to sail in the Mercury, ship of war, with the Falcon, sloop, and two transports, having on board two companies of Light Infantry, and some Highlanders; the latter I hope may be useful in getting men in North Carolina, if Gov. Martin is not deceived in his expectations."

Again he says, "Major Gen. Clinton sailed the 20th January in the morning, in the Mercury frigate, the Falcon sloop being before sent directly to the Cape Fear to await the arrival of the transports. A copy of your Lordship's despatch of the 22d October is given as the principal guidance of his conduct, while local circumstances and good intelligence determine him in pursuing the main object of his expedition.

He has blank commissions for his officers, in case it should be found at any time advisable to embody Provincials for the service, and I have sent commissions to three gentlemen who have been long in North Carolina to secure the attachment of the Highlanders settled in that Colony, [illegible] a promise from Gov. Gage that they should have appointments in the second battalion of Royal Highland Emigrants, to be formed as soon as the first was known to be completed, which is has been for some time."

On the 22d of January Gen. Howe acknowledged the reception of a list of store ships, a despatch from the Earl of Dartmouth to Gov. Martin, and extracts of Gov. Martin's letters of 20th June, and 6th July 1775, for the use of Gen. Clinton. These letters I have been unable to find, but they may yet be brought to light and explain some things connected with the invasion of North Carolina in 1776.

In the same volume of the American Archives, page 1166, I find a letter dated "Norfolk, Feb'y 17th, 1776," in which the writer says,—

"Gen. Clinton and Tender are arrived safe.—The tender is to proceed to Cape Fear in North Carolina, in order to raise volunteers, thousands of whom are ready to join the King's troops.—* * * All the Highland Emigrants are most friendly to Government."

In the 5th Volume of American Archives, 4th Series, page 59, I find a letter dated "North Carolina, March 4, 1776," where the writer, after giving an account of the Battle of Moore's Creek, and stating that it was impossible to describe the ardor that prevailed in the province; that he had seen "His excellency Brigadier General Donald McDonald, who is far advanced in life being in the sixty-fifth year of his age;" that Cols. Moore, Caswell, Polk, Thackston, Lillington and Long have great merit, and that either would be an overmatch for Howe in that kind of strategy necessary to secure success in the woodland and swamps that prevail in Eastern North Carolina; says "How small must Gov. Martin feel himself, after promising Government two thousand men, not to have in his power to supply the Ministry with a single man; and, after having brought up a sloop of war and three armed vessels within half a mile of Wilmington for the purpose of receiving the Regulators and Highlanders from Negro Head Point, to sneak off with two vessels at a time, after hearing of the defeat of his emissaries."

On page 210 of 5th Volume of American Archives, is a letter dated "Edinburgh, Scotland, March 14, 1779," in which the writer says—"An officer of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment has arrived from Boston, for arms and clothing for that Regiment; that before he left Boston in the beginning of February, more than 800 men had been enlisted, besides which there were recruiting officers in certain parts of America enlisting men." The officers, he says, are to be gentlemen mostly on half pay, amongst whom he mentions Donald McDonald and Allan McDonald, both of whom were officers at the Battle of Moore's Creek.

Whether the evidence advanced sustains the proposition, that the Scotch Loyalists were mustered into the British service for the purpose of being sent to the Northern States, I leave others to decide. But I feel no hesitation in saying, I believe the Scotch Loyal[ists] thought they had enlisted into a battalion of the British army, that was to be used in the Northern States. In 1837, the writer was so informed by Malcolm McKay, who accompanied Gen. McDonald's army, in which three members of his family had enlisted, and encamped with them one night on the brow of the hill west of this town upon which the mansions of Messrs. H. L. Myrover and W. B. Wright now stand. At that time Malcolm McKay was 17 years old; he subsequently joined the British Army, and received a pension from that Government until his death in our midst some years ago.

To the same effect is the testimony of Hugh McDonald, as detailed by Mr. Caruthers in his last historical work; and so runs the whole current of testimony amongst the descendants of those who were deluded and cajoled into the support of the House of Hanover, by the most skillful appliances of flattery and fraud.

But whether I am right or wrong, I think I have said enough to convince every North Carolinian that the history of the Battle of Moore's Creek has not yet been written—nor has it yet acquired its merited position of nationality.

If that battle prevented an invasion of the State,—an invasion concerning which even the King writes to Lord North,—an invasion planned by the last Royal Governors of Virginia and North Carolina, approved by the Earl of Dartmouth, confided in its execution to Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, with such aid as they could derive from Gen'ls Gage and Howe,—surely the memories of the men who frustrated all their plans and prevented the State from being desolated, are worthy of illustrious honors, and the field upon which their valor was displayed should be classed among the National Battle grounds of the Revolution.

On the other hand, if the men of Duplin and Sampson, Trent and Cape Fear, met and conquered at Moore's Creek, recruits who were destined to leave the State to reinforce Gen'ls Gage and Howe, and enable them to subjugate the Northern States,—the Battle rises in the scale of dignity, and presents a spectacle of patriotism and self sacrificing devotion to Liberty and Independence that will commend itself to the admiration of the world; and the names of Moore, Lillington, and Caswell, Kenan, Thackston, Martin Slocumb, and Ashe, should be indelibly stamped upon the memory of every son and daughter of North Carolina.

This communication has extended beyond my original design. On some future occasion I may trouble you with a glimpse at the appliances used to induce the Highlanders to take arms.

B——

Fayetteville, Jan'y 29, 1856.

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