

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR HOME AND FARM; GIVING RELIABLE INFORMATION OF THIS NEW COUNTRY.

VOL. I.

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Some Revolutionary History

The following article, written by the venerable N. H. Hill, of Columbus, Polk Co., this state, we clip from the Rutherfordton Banner. It was handed to us by Mr. Hill's brother, Mayor Hill, of Highlands, and will be read with interest by many.

EDITOR BANNER:—Having promised you a few items in regard to Revolutionary trouble and Indian depredations in the days of '76, and year following, as a continuation of former article in your worthy paper commencing at Grant fort and ending at Gilbert Town, I now give you a few incidents of Ferguson's career in your county during that war which gave to us the goodly heritage of a free country. There were two strong parties in that day, one for the Crown, who wanted to let well enough alone, the other who were in favor of throwing off the yoke of bondage and proclaiming their freedom. The former were strongest in the Eastern portion of the county, and the Whigs were stronger in the upper or Mountain section. These parties took sides on the commencement of the war, but not to the serious damage of each other until Ferguson's raid, with his proclamation of pardon to the whigs who would lay down their arms and join the standard of King George. A large number who claimed to be whigs abandoned their cause, and were enrolled as His Majesty's Militia, and then came the fight between those who had been neighbors and friends, and plundering and bloodshed became events of constant occurrence. Several skirmishes took place between the two parties at different localities, one near Caron's farm on Robeson's creek, one near Webb's Fort, in which, Col. Bird, a gallant whig lost his life. His body buried near Achilles Webb's farm on the road leading from Gilberttown. The Tories were led by Maj. Wm. Green, in the lower part of the county. They were men of influence and good standing in the community, and not as many supposed, of low and ungentlemanly character. On the other hand the whigs were not all influenced by patriotism, as not a few were mere plunderers and a terror to all who had incurred their enmity. Ferguson and his Tory gang had overrun the county, plundering and abusing all the whigs and their families. They called on a whig on Green River, who was a noble man, and laugh and murdered him in his horse, while he was on his knees begging for mercy. Such brutality was common with them. They also paid a visit to an old man named Hughes, a powder maker. Hughes hearing of their intended visit, stowed quantities of powder round his gate and a little out-house, and gave his wife instructions what to do, and then absented himself. When the Tories arrived, Mrs. H. set fire to the powder and there was such an explosion that the whole party seaped off at double quick, with threats of return for vengeance.

Maj. Dunlop, a British officer, wounded, was moved from Fort Prince to Gilberttown about the time Ferguson left that place. Two soldiers were left with him to wait on him. A party claiming to be Tories, called to see him, and when admitted to his room, he was shot down and killed. Ferguson left Gilberttown and made a feint movement toward Ninety-Six, crossing Broad River at the Twitty farm, then by the Wood place on Green River, then to Earl's Ford on Pacolet, then to Fort Prince, where he gathered in his outposts preparatory to making his retreat to Headquarters. Earl's Fort was on the East side of North Pacolet. Here was where Maj. Dunlop attacked Col. McDowell with 75 to 100 horsemen, routing him completely. McDowell's forces were completely surprised and a great many of them were killed, among them Wash Hampton, and his messmate Samuel Dunahoo. Dunahoo was a great favorite with the Hampton family, and my old friend, Adam Hampton, deceased, named one of his sons after him—Mr. S. D. H., a citizen of your county. This engagement rather discouraged the whigs with their leader. They met with a similar disaster at the Bedford place at the head of Cane creek.

Majors Green and Mills were captured at King's Mountain, and with other prisoners were brought to Rutherford county, and some of them were executed by hanging in the neighborhood of old Brittain church. This transaction has always been spoken of as not a commendable action. The prisoners were tried by a drumhead court, after night and executed the same night. Notice was given that Maj. Green would be hung next morning. Green said "Maybe so" and made his escape before day. I often heard Jonathan Hampton tell my father that had the Tories not been hung that night they would have been released. He arrived at Walker's old field the next day, and being a civil officer, the prisoners were turned over to him for trial. On taking the oath of allegiance they were discharged. Jonathan Hampton was one of the best men of his day, he was kind to all, prudent and just in his dealings, he was a neighbor in every respect and lived strictly up to the golden rule, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

I have already spoken of Earl's fort and its situation. It was a large hewed log house, notched very closely, with loop holes to shoot through.

All the country west of the line of fort, from McDowell to the Georgia line at Ninety-Six, was considered the Indian nation. These forts were built for the protection of the settlers along the frontier. Just above the Earl's fort on the river the Hanson and Chuk families were killed and scalped, their houses sacked and destroyed. It was known that the Indians were hostile, but they had concluded to help one of the neighbors finish planting the corn, and just as they had finished and about to start to the fort the Indians fired on them, killing nearly all of them. About 2 miles above was a military station, called the Block House, where Gen. Howard was stationed previous to his fight with the Cherokees at Round Mountain. About 3 miles below and about 1 1/2 miles from the present station on the Spartauburg & Asheville R. R. at Landrum crossing is the Gowen fort, known as the "Massacre." The fort was taken by surprise, and all in the fort, about 300 souls, were put to death. Among the slain were some of the Hampton family of South Carolina. The Indians were led by Bloody Bill Bates and Bill Cunningham, who were known as Tories and rogues. Only one or two escaped to tell the sad news. One man by the name of Matlow was carried to a shoal on the creek and ordered to take off his knee buckles (a custom to wear them in that day). He, seeing that they were not noticing him closely, made a leap and clearing the stream, made good his escape. They followed and would have caught him had he not found a shelving rock sufficient to crawl under and hide himself. They were so close on him that he could hear them breathing while standing on it. It bears the name of Matlow's rock to this day. They carried a young Miss Fowler to Gutty's ford on South Pacolet river, scalped her and laid her in the edge of the water, supposing she might, if not, in her struggles she might roll in the river and drown. She lay still until the British found her. She lived to raise a family, her head partially covered over with skin. Matlow and John Fowler were true whigs and their names were a terror to Indians and Tories. They were overpowered and raised their rifles without bringing their eyes to the ground. In after years Bloody Bill was arrested and put in jail at old Pickensville, S. C., for horse stealing. Matlow and Fowler hearing of his arrest, went into the jail and shot him in the prison, saying, "remember the massacre of Gowen's fort and make your prayers short." The next station on the frontier was Fort Prince, near Mt. Zion Church, Spartauburg, S. C. It was built by Harry Prince, he was of French descent, his wife was of Irish, her name, Jane McAlhany. She lived to over 100 years. She was a woman of remarkable mind and considerable intelligence.

The next station on the line of forts was Blackstock's on Tiger river, the next station was Musgrove's, then Ninety-Six. All the country west of this line of forts belonged to Tryon county, N. C., and a large portion of Spartauburg, S. C. Think of it, what our forefathers had to undergo during the 7 years struggle for independence. The barbarous savages on one side and the British and Tories on the other. Their families often driven out of their houses and places of refuge which their husbands had worked hard to erect to secure places of safety during their absence, while in arms for liberty. Oftentimes they would return home only to find their homes nothing but heaps of ashes and ruins, their families scalped, the Tories or British leading them on to brutal warfare. We may draw a retrospective view of the troubles of the wars of the revolution and think how Morgan, Howard and Pickens, and all those braves had to fight their enemies, the savage Indians in the rear and the British and Tories in the front.

During these troubles Gen. Pickens followed the Indians to near the foot of the Mountains, now Oconee county, S. C., to their towns at Tomassy and Chusee old towns, and drove them across the mountains, killing numbers of them and burning their wigwags. This done just in time to meet Col. Tarleton at Cowpens, S. C., which resulted in the defeat of the English.

Before closing I will notice some statements published by Syman Draper in his work on the battle of King's Mountain, and the controversy that was gotten up between the friends of Col. Campbell and Col. Isaac Shelby in regard to the honor of the engagement, &c., and who should have been the most honored for their bravery. The early history of that engagement by those that were immediately in the fight on both sides, whigs and Tories, was that the brave Col. Williams and Cleveland were the men that decided the fate of Ferguson at King's Mountain. While Campbell's division was driven down the mountain, Williams and Cleveland pressed the enemy to the very summit of the Mountain and held their position, pressing them until they fell back on their baggage wagons and hoisted the chosen, who join hands and hold them up

white flag. Let honor go where it is due. Render unto Caesar the things of Caesar. There has been a great many things said against Williams in regard to his not being willing to go into the engagement through jealousy. That was not so. He was the man that planned the fight and was to form a junction with the other forces at Cowpens, &c.

Respectfully Yours,
Columbus, N. C. N. H. HILL.

A Jacksonite in Florida.

Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

With your permission I will write a few dots for the ENTERPRISE, from away down here in the old Orange or Palmetto state; but think the name more appropriate to call it the Land of Flowers, or place for straw hats.

On the morning of the 30th of September last, found me packing my clothes for a trip to Newport, Tenn. I stayed there a while last winter for my health, and thought I would try it again. The morning for my starting being Sunday, I couldn't get off until after dinner. I couldn't get ready before, as it had been a sad time with me all morning. Dinner called, I went, but didn't feel like eating any, but forced down a few bites. After dinner I started, my brother going with me to Waynesville. There I took the stage for Ford of Pigeon. Got to head of R. R. about 11 A. M., and stayed till 3 P. M. Then the old iron horse began to let off steam and blow the long whistle. Then I began thinking of home, but I brushed up and felt as best I could for the occasion, and was soon riding over the rails. About five o'clock the same evening I was in the quiet little town of Asheville. I stayed till 9 next morning, and took cars again, and was soon at Warm Springs. There the conductor cried out "Change cars for East Tenn." and we did change in a hurry. Soon the old iron horse was wending his way down the French Broad, passing several stations, till at last we reached the town of Newport. Here I stopped for a fortnight with the celebrated Dr. L. W. H., my uncle.

Newport is a fast little town. The people are fully up with the times, if not ahead. Never was I in a place at which I liked to stay better than at Newport. The people are so kind and hospitable. I wanted to stay longer, but not getting into anything by which I could make both ends meet, though it had to be my quarters. The 15th of Oct., at noon, I left for Fla., via Knoxville. Got there at 6 P. M. the same evening, and lay there over night till 11 A. M. next day. This gave me a little time to look about, which I made use of pretty well. Then I took cars for Clinton, Tenn. There I again changed for Atlanta, arriving there at 11 o'clock at night. Stayed there until 3 P. M. next day. This gave me plenty of time to look at Atlanta. I was glad when train time came, for I was going to get a long ride this time without change of cars—from Atlanta to Jacksonville, Fla. When night came I turned two seats together and doubled myself up like a jack-knife, for a quiet snooze. I placed my ticket where the conductor could see it when he came round. I don't know where I waked, but I was awake when the train got into Jacksonville. I stayed here until 3 P. M., and took steamer for Talatka. Changed steamers there for Sanford, and arrived at Sanford at 12 o'clock next day.

From Jacksonville to Sanford is 211 miles. This was a grand sight for me to behold. The river is five miles wide most of the way. Fish were jumping up out of the water. I think this would be a good place for uncle Jackey and Frank Conner to fish.

I stayed at Sanford till 3 in the afternoon, when I took the train for Maitland; stayed there over night; from Maitland to Apopka. Here I got my first job at gardening. They call this their winter garden.

I stayed there three weeks, went back to Maitland, and from there to Orlando, where I expect to stay the rest of the winter. I find people here from almost every state in the Union.

People are all busy here preparing their spring gardens, watermelon patches, etc., all to be planted in Jan. Flowers in full bloom.

Orlando is a fast business place, every hotel and boarding house is full and running over. I am told that two years ago Orlando numbered only three hundred. Now it numbers four thousand inhabitants. There is a man near Sanford who sold \$9000 worth of oranges from a grove of four acres this season.

I went out hunting the other day and killed a snake seven feet and four inches long, known here as the "horn snake." He was a bad looking citizen.

People here dress in winter about as we do in the mountains in summer. Most all wear straw hats.

If I were rich and had no poor kin, I would stay here in winter and at Highlands in summer. It seems so strange to know of its being so cold in the mountains and so warm here. I have seen no fire this winter. YOUR TAR HEEL FRIEND.
Orlando, Fla., Dec. 24, '83.

A Southern Stock Region.

There is a good deal of fascination, especially to a high-spirited young man, in the thought of going out to the great Western plains to raise stock. There has been, and still is, "money in it," too, for those who have the means and skill to utilize the advantages offered, though the failures have not been few. But with many unquestioned advantages, there are some serious disadvantages in stock-raising in the far West, not the least of which are the heavy losses often incurred by reason of the severity of the winters in many of the favorite stock-raising regions. This difficulty is not met with in a hitherto neglected portion of the Union which is peculiarly well adapted to the growth of sheep and cattle, besides being nearer the great markets of the East and South. A description of this delightful region which we find in the New York Weekly Times, is well worth the attention of young men who desire to engage in stock raising: "There is no doubt that a most excellent stock region lies all neglected in the southern mountains of the Blue Ridge and its craggy and valleys. There lies an immense tract of land, fifty or sixty miles broad and 200 miles long, from Southwest Virginia down to Alabama, and forming parts of six States, with its greatest space in Western North Carolina. As compared with the Western plains, this extensive district has very superior advantages. It is almost wholly covered with timber. A luxuriant carpet of vegetation is spread under the open woods, in which one may ride or drive with ease in most parts of it. There is no necessity to denude the land of its timber except in part, as the woods provide ample feed for the Summer and part of the Winter, while partial clearance enables orchard grass to grow for Winter pasture, and a few clearings will provide abundance of rye and corn. The woods furnish the best of shelter during the Summer. The country is free from flies, is abundantly supplied with the best water; the Summer temperature rarely rises above 80 degrees in the open ground, while the average is about 68 degrees. The Winters are very mild, and occasional snow stays but a few days before it disappears. The low Southern country furnishes the best material for beef, mutton and butter, right at the foot of the mountains, while the climate is the most agreeable and healthful to be found on the whole continent. At the same time the utilization of this region for stock-raising and dairying would tend to preserve the forests in such a way as would delight the foresters and their forest commissions, and keep it permanently as the greatest timber reserve on the continent."—Weekly Witness

Games for Winter Evenings.

In this season of "storm frolics," &c., the following game described in the January number of the American Agriculturist will be read with interest:

"Oranges or Lemons," or "London Bells," is a game that will often cause considerable sport for a party of young people. Two of the tallest players are to form an arch. The rest of the company take hold of each other's dresses or coats, and march one after the other, singing in chorus: "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's. You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's. When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey. When I grow rich; say the bells of Shoreditch. When will that be? say the bells of Stepney. I do not know, says the great bell of Bow. Here comes a candle to light you to bed. And here comes a chopper, to chop off the last, last, last man's head.

The last one in the line being cut off by the descent of the arms forming the arch, is asked whether oranges or lemons are preferred, and according to the answer is sent to the right or left corner of the room. This is repeated until all the heads are off, when the oranges and lemons have a tug of war. The contestants clasp each other around the waist, the foremost players of each party grasp hands, and all pull with might and main. That party wins which brings the other over to its side of the room. The war tug may well be confused to the boys of the party, the girls looking on and cheering their respective sides. This play is also best adapted to uncarpeted floors.

Origin of the Word Mississippi.

The Mississippi is a good instance of the variations through which some names have passed. Its original spelling, and the nearest approach to the Algonquin word, "the father of waters," is Meche Sebe, a spelling still commonly used by the Louisiana Creoles. Tonti suggested Mische Sepe, which is somewhat nearer to the present spelling. Father Laval still further modernized it into Michisipi, which an other father, Labatt, softened into Mississippi, the first specimen of the present spelling. The only changes since have been to overload the word with consonants. Marquette added the first and some other explorer the second "s," making it Mississippi, and so it remains in France to this day, with only one "p." The man who added the other has never been discovered, but he must have been an American, for at the time of the purchase of Louisiana the name was generally spelled in the colony with a single "p."

Cheap Teachers.

Your little boy is a dear little treasure. Your heart throws out every day the tendrils of affection, and they cling to him. At night you kiss him and tuck him away in his little bed. Then you pray the Lord to lead him and make him wise and good. But towards day you hear him groan. You light your lamp and find him burning with fever, in his delirium he does not recognize you. You go for the doctor; but there are two; one is a scholar, a gentleman, a physician and a student, distinguished among men for his learning and conspicuous ability. But he charges a living price for his services. In the outskirts of your town lives a cheap doctor, a quack; he cracks jokes, plays dominos, and charges little for his ignorance. Which will you employ? You love that boy too well to trust him with a quack. You prefer to pay a high price for a doctor who understands his business. But when you employ a teacher and a man that charges a living price, you forget that love for your boy and give preference to the cheap teacher. A man who teaches for ten dollars a month and finds himself, is apt to be worthless, incompetent, and a very unfit model for a boy. A competent teacher is entitled to a good price. Does the man love his money, when his stunginess makes him prefer the cheap teacher? You pay your money freely to save your boy's body—but save your money when it is your duty to train the

Rod and Gun Items.

Saved in a Bear Trap.

It was nearly midnight, and Ben the trapper sat by his cabin fire, enjoying a pipe before retiring, and his old yellow dog, "Rags," curled up in a fox skin by his side. "Well, Rags, old boy, I think it is time we were truin' in for the night," he had just remarked, when a low tap made the dog prick up his ears. "Who can that be?" cried the trapper, crossing to open the door, and starting back as he confronted a dark Indian face, that looked ashy in the firelight. "Ogla!" he exclaimed, "what is it, anything wrong at the fort?" "Miss Daisy! the captain's little pale-face Daisy! I can't find her!" gasped the man. "What! Daisy Carlton lost, this winter night?" asked Ben. "Yes, I tell her wait by lake. I go smoke, drink with Reservation Indians, I come back, no Miss Daisy! Oh! Ogla! afraid to go home and meet captain's eye." "No wonder," growled Ben, "and there's no time to be lost! These Injuns are never to be trusted!" Hastily drawing on a great coat, taking his rifle, and lighting a lantern, he was ready to set forth, accompanied by Rags, who ran ahead, leaping gaily through the drifts. Almost in silence the two men waded through the deep snow towards Moose Lake, occasionally shouting, in hopes of a response. "I fear she is buried under a drift," said Ben at last; but just then a loud, joyful barking from Rags attracted their attention. "I declare, if that 'ere dog ain't a diggity at the bar trap, and I believe there's a 'bar in it," and he hurried in that direction. Sure enough the box had fallen, and Rags was scratching round it with might and main. "I must have a peep, if I'm shot for it!" said the old man in great excitement, lifting his lantern and peering through the wires; but at the first look he almost fell back in the snow, as he cried, "If there ain't them blessed babes in the woods, safe and sound in old Ben's 'bar-trap!" A loud whoop of joy from Ogla rent the air, and then both lifted the heavy box, and gently raised the two children from their cold resting place. Daisy awoke bright and well, and so surprised to find herself out in the woods in Ogla's arms; but old Ben shook his head a little sorrowfully, as he laid the still unconscious Daisy by his cabin fire, and tried to rub a little warmth into his stiffened limbs but it was long before the boy opened his eyes and came slowly back to life. "Another half hour and he would be a big 'rope deader than a door-nail," said Ben.—AGNES (CARR) SAGE, in American Agriculturist for January.

Baptist Meeting.

Meeting commenced in War-woman district continued eight days nights. We commenced the meeting in the school house, and met the first night at Brother Frank Blackwell's, went back to the school house the next day, met second at Andrew Hamble's, at the church the next day, and that night at Elisha Snider's, the fifth day at the school house, the sixth night at William Fowler's. At the school house we met Brother John Coffee with a welcome hand. The seventh night we met at Brother Pell's, the next day at the church, and the eighth night at Andrew Hamble's, and at the church on the Sabbath. There were seven seekers on Sabbath, and we closed the meeting at W. C. Speed's. All of these meetings were conducted by the brothers and sisters, and led by Brothers John Coffee and G. W. Lowdermilk. SUBSCRIBER.

The Democratic State Convention for Louisiana has declared hostility against lottery dealings, and has adopted resolutions demanding that the Legislature to be chosen at the ensuing election shall enact measures for the suppression of all lotteries. The resolutions declare that lotteries not only incite breaches of faith and embezzlement, but are demoralizing to society and corrupting to politics.

"Oh, my back!" is a common exclamation and expresses a world of misery and suffering. It is singular this pain arises from such various causes. Kidney disease, liver complaint, wasting affections, colds, rheumatism, dyspepsia, over-work, and nervous debility are chief causes. When thus ailing seek prompt relief. It can be found best in Brown's Iron Bitters. It builds up from the foundation by making the blood rich and pure. Leading physicians and ministers use and recommend it. It has cured many, and if you are a sufferer try it.

immortal mind. I have spoken plainly, because justice to your children requires truth and candor.—Hon. J. C. Scarborough.

A Horrible Murder.

The most unprovoked and diabolical murder that we have ever heard of was committed in this county on last Saturday night. The victims were two old women and a little girl. Mrs. Olive Gunter, nearly 60 years old, her daughter, Miss Jane, about 65, and her grand-daughter about 8 years old. The two women lived alone about four miles South of this place, and, on last Sunday morning, Mr. Baxter Gunter, a son of the old lady and who lived a short distance from her, went to her house and found his mother dead in one bed, and in another his sister, and lying by her side was his little daughter (who had gone there to spend the night) barely breathing. He at once called in some neighbors and what a horrible sight met their eyes! The women's heads were badly crushed and gashed, their brains oozing out and their blood smeared on the bed-cloths and both cold in death. The little girl's head was fractured and bloody, but she was still breathing, though unconscious. All of them were lying on their sides in a natural sleeping position, and apparently were murdered while asleep. Near the gate was found a bloody axe, which undoubtedly was the instrument of their deaths. There were no signs of robbery, nothing was missing. A messenger was immediately sent for the coroner, and soon a crowd of excited neighbors was assembled.

Upon the arrival of the coroner a jury of inquest was empanelled and viewed the dead bodies. A few witnesses were examined and because of the suspicious excited by their evidence, three negro men living in the neighborhood and named Lewis Farrer, Fred Johnson and Frank McClenahan were arrested and confined here in jail that night to await a further examination next day. Next day the jury of inquest met again, and after hearing all the evidence that could then be obtained, decided there was not sufficient cause for the further detention of the prisoners and they were accordingly released. The jury continued their investigation yesterday but could not find sufficient evidence to justify the arrest of any one, but "murder will out" and we confidently predict that the author of this most atrocious crime will yet be convicted.

Of course the perpetration of so shocking a murder has sent a thrill of horror throughout all this section and has produced intense excitement. We are pleased to hear that on yesterday there were hopes entertained that the little girl might recover, and, if she does, she may be able to clear up the mystery. Pieces of her skull were removed and her head skilfully trepanned by Drs. Budd and Hawks. It is thought she was awakened by the murder of her grandmother and aunt, and, as she raised up her head, was stricken with the murderous axe. The idea of so fiendish a crime being committed in our quiet and peaceful county!—Chatham Record.

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Sealed
Barnwell