

The Leisure Hour.

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The following poem was written by T. B. ALDRICH, one of the Editor's of the HOME JOURNAL. It is very one of the most exquisite poems in the English language, and abounds in images of ineffable sweetness and beauty. If there is a mother who has lost a dear little one, and can read this delicate and admirable monody on "a little life that was but three Aprils long," and not feel a deep touch of sympathy and grief, then she must be very destitute of those gentle and amiable feelings which beautify and adorn woman.—Ed.

BABIE BELL.

THE POEM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT THREE APRILS LONG.

"If she had lived, I think she would have been
Lilies without and roses within!"
MORVELL.

I
Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hang in the purple depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

II.
She came and brought delicious May:
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sun-light in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the long-day day;
The lily awed its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine!
How sweetly, softly twilight fell!
O earth was full of singing birds,
And happy spring-time flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

III.
O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman's nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved Babie more and more:
O never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the moan!
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woe the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Sweet Christ!—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

IV.
And now the orchards, which in June
Were white and rosy in their bloom—
Filling the crystal veins of air
With gentle pulses of perfume—
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime:
The pines were globes of honeyed wine,
The laved sweets of summer time!
The ivory chestnut burst its shell:
The grapes were purpling in the grange,
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell!
Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel nature ripened too,
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now . . .
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

V.
God's hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key!
We could not touch her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity!

VI.
It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell!
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain!
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief!"
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her little heart was cast in ours:
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

VII.
At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White buds, like scented flakes of snow—
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

We surrender a considerable portion of our space in this number, to an article of an interesting historical character to every patriotic North Carolinian. It tells of the heroic deeds performed by one of our glorious fore-fathers during the sanguinary and troublous days of the Revolution. The subject of this Biographical sketch, was probably a native of Granville, and there may perhaps be living among us descendants of this patriot-soldier. We regret that we are compelled to omit, owing to the length of the article, many important passages, and a number of interesting letters.—Ed.

From the N. C. University Magazine.
COL. JAMES WILLIAMS.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

OLD WILLIAMS from Hillsborough came,
To him the South Carolinians flocked again.

We marched to the King's Mount, Campbell was there,
Shelby, Cleveland and Col. Sevier:
Men of renown, sir, like lions so bold,
Like lions undaunted, ne'er to be controlled,
We set out on our march that very same night,
Sometimes we were weary, sometimes we were
right;
On hearts being run in true liberty's mould,
We valued not hunger, wet, weary nor cold.
On the top of King's Mountain, the old Rogue we
found,
Like lightning the flashes, like thunder the noise,
Our rifles struck the poor Tories with sudden
surprise.

Old Williams and twenty-five more,
When the battle was o'er, lay rolled in their gore;
With sorrow their bodies we interred in clay,
Hoping, to heaven, their souls took their way.
This being ended we shouted again,
Our voice was heard seven miles on the plain;
Liberty shall stand—the Tories shall fall,
Here is an end to my song, so God bless you all!"
SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

Of the five Colonels who commanded the American forces at the Battle of King's Mountain, our attention has been directed to the memoir of one, COL. JAMES WILLIAMS, not the least distinguished of that gallant band, and the only one who died a soldier's death in the field of battle. In Johnson's Traditions of the Revolution, we find a very interesting account of his life and services, and in Gibbs' Documentary History, there are published a number of letters from Col. Williams to his family while absent from them in the service of his country, which still further illustrate the fine character of the man, and show us of what stuff a true patriot is made. A compilation from these and other sources, of the principal events of his life, as far as can now be known, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Magazine.

Col. Williams was a North Carolinian by birth, and is supposed to have removed from Granville County to Laurens District, S. C., in 1773, in company with his brother Harry. His other brother, Daniel, remained in Granville until after the Revolution, and then also went to South Carolina.

Diligent enquiry has failed to throw much light upon his family or relatives. It has been suggested that John Williams of Granville, one of the first judges under the State Constitution in 1777, may have been of the same stock. The late Col. Joseph Williams of Surry county is known to have been also of the same family.

James Williams seems to have been early in the field, in opposition to the aggressions of the British Government. In 1775, he was a member of the Provincial Congress which assembled in Charleston, and which, by the first article of the Constitution of 1776, was declared to be the General Assembly. He was also appointed one of the Committee for the execution of the American Association, for the district lying between Broad and Saluda rivers, where his zealous partisanship brought him at once into personal conflict with his more temporizing and moderately disposed neighbors. His wife must have shared largely in the activity and spirit of her husband, since we read of her attempting to assist him in an affair with a Mr. Cunningham, by seizing his opponent by the queue. In 1778 he was in command as Colonel of the Militia, and was called on by General Williams to assist in carrying aid to Georgia, and in defence of South Carolina.

After the fall of Charleston, in May 1780, Col. Williams, as well as many others of the leading men of South Carolina, took refuge in this State, where he continued in active partisan service. His sanguine temper led him to hope even against hope, and in the darkest hour of his Country's fortunes, he still wrote cheerfully to sustain the sinking spirits of those he loved best.

In August of 1780, occurred the disastrous defeat of Gen. Gates near Camden, and that of Sumter, at Fishing Creek. On the 18th of the same month, Col. Williams, undismayed by these accumulated misfortunes, with a band of 100 men, attacked and totally defeated a large party of British and Tories at Musgrove's Mills, on Ennore river, under the command of Col.

Innis of the S. C. Loyalists. This brilliant action, of which a full account is given in Johnson's Traditions, infused fresh hope in the sinking hearts of his countrymen. Gov. Rutledge, of S. C., who had taken refuge in this State after Gates' defeat, was then in Hillsborough, in one of a number of extremely interesting letters, addressed by him from that place to the S. C. delegates in Congress, and which are now being for the first time, published in Russell's Magazine, Charleston, writes thus:

"I have seen Col. Jas. Williams, whose affair with Innis, (not killed as you have heard, but recovering of his wounds,) was truly brilliant. He is gone on with a determination to distinguish himself as a partisan, and I believe he will. I have put him and Sumter, (each of whom may be of service, but they will never agree,) under Gen. Smallwood's command."

After the battle at Musgrove's Mills, Col. Williams, after visiting his family, fell back to Hillsborough, in this State, and on the 8th Sept. received the following order from the Governor of North Carolina:

HILLSBORO Sept. 8, 1780.

Sir:
You are desired to go to Caswell county, and to such other counties as you think proper, and use your best endeavors to collect any number of volunteer horsemen, not exceeding one hundred, and proceed with them into such parts as you judge proper, to act against the enemy, and in this you are to use your own discretion. You may assure the men who turn out with you that they shall be entitled to all the advantages and privileges of militia in actual service, and that it shall be considered as a tour of duty under the militia law, they serving the time prescribed by law for other militia men. All Commissaries, and other staff-officers, are required to grant you such supplies as may be necessary.

In getting your men you are to make no distinction between men already drafted and others; and, in case of need, you are to impress horses, for expresses, and other cases of absolute necessity.
A. NASH.

It was with the troops raised under this order that Col. Williams joined Col. Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby and Sevier, and went to his death on King's Mountain. He seems to have hovered round Col. Ferguson's force, watching his movements and having traced him to King's Mountain, he united with the other four Colonels on the 6th of October, the day before the battle. The tradition is, according to the account in Johnson, that Col. Williams had at that time a brigadier general's commission from Governor Rutledge. This would have given him the command, as the officer highest in rank. If the fact were so, he nobly executed it, and took his station as commander of his own men, among the independent Colonels who fought in that action.—This "tradition" is probably nothing more. According to Col. Shelby's account of the battle, the command was given to Col. Campbell, by courtesy, as they were all North Carolinians but he, Col. Williams commanded with Col. Cleveland,—the left wing in the attack. When last seen before he received his death wound, he was ascending the mountain. His charger had been shot through the mouth, and at every step was covering his rider with foam and blood. He had returned to his command, and was cheering them on when the fatal shot, fired from the heights above him, took effect between his shoulders and ranged downwards through his body. He fell within a few feet of Col. Ferguson. Both met their fate at the same moment. Col. Williams was borne from the battle-field into a tent. Some water sprinkled in his face, he revived and his first words were: "For God's sake, boys, don't give up the hill!"

He died the day after the battle, and his death was such as became the life of the Christian soldier.—He raised his head and drank some water; then went to sleep, and his soul passed away so quietly that it scarcely seemed like death. His remains lie about eight miles from the field of his own and his companion's glory in a grave on the plantation between Buffalo and Broad Rivers, just at their confluence.—Two rude stones mark the grave, which is situated on the side of a hill sloping to the East, and in full view of the mountain where he won his earthly immortality. "It is to be hoped that private munificence or public patriotism will place an appropriate monument above his remains or disinter and remove them to King's Mountain, and place them by the side of the brave CHRONICLE."

Col. Williams' two sons, Daniel and Joseph, boys of 14 and 16, were both in the action, and were both murdered soon after, by a band of Tories near Saluda, under the command of the Robert Cunningham whose queue their mother had seized in his fight with their father some years before. Daniel being the oldest, inherited his father's pistols, and threw them into the flames of the burning house rather than the Tories should possess them after his death. One would have thought that some old, neighborly feeling would have urged Cunningham to save these two lads, and that his old grudge against their father would have been buried in his grave. Their nephew, Col. Williams of Laurens Dist., S. C., has marked their resting place by a suitable monument.
In person Col. Williams was about five feet

nine inches high and corpulent. He was of a very dark complexion with black hair and eyes. His nose was uncommonly large, and turned up, with nostrils very large, especially when dilated by passion or excitement. He is represented to have been a rough, rash man, but at the same time of a remarkably good disposition. His letters to his wife and sons show that he was of a deep and sincere piety which, while it confirmed his physical, also secured to him a rare moral courage. The Rev. S. Belch states that during the Revolution, the Colonel and his family accompanied him to the place of worship, and the "Colonel led the music with as much ease as he would have commanded his regiment in the day of battle." Among the many heroes that North Carolina has furnished to our common country, there has been no braver soldier or better man than he whom the neighbors speak of to this day as "Old King Mountain's Jim."

There can be no difficulty in pronouncing that if Ferguson had not fallen at King's Mountain, Cornwallis would not have surrendered at York Town. King's Mountain was the pivot on which the Revolution turned at the South. It is, in many respects, the most important, the most interesting, and the most glorious battle in our great contest for freedom. It was fought on our side exclusively by volunteers, without even the presence or advice of a single regular officer, and without a single piece of artillery. It was a victory won by undisciplined militia, over a veteran and gallant commander, who in all the elements of a great military leader, had no superior of his rank—perhaps of any rank—in the British service.

The leading facts of no similar incident in our history are so little known. The British Chroniclers of that day seem to have regarded the "extemporaneous host," the numbers of which they greatly magnify, as a race of giants, peopling the mountain gorges and western wilds, whose existence down to that time had not been suspected by civilized man. Of all the accounts that have been written of this battle,—the recent narrative of Mr. Irving, in his life of Washington, is the most graphic in delineation, the most polished and elegant in style, and the most inaccurate in the statement of facts. He really seems to suppose, for example, that Gilbert Town was somewhere west of North Carolina, and that "The Hunters of Kentucky" were in numbers and prowess, the heroes of King's Mountain.

No man has ever seen—no man will ever see—a King's Mountain muster roll. None ever existed.—The followers of Fitz James and Rhoderic Dhu, with few exceptions, can be individualized by history, with as much certainty, as the gallant men, who answered the silver whistle of Ferguson with the death-defying shout of Williams and the echoing voice of a thousand rifles. It is perhaps impossible to show with much certainty, not merely who they were, but whence they came. Col. Preston, in his address at the anniversary celebration of 1855, supposes the little army to have been composed "of men, nearly in equal numbers from Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina." If North Carolina had been seen as fully and as ably represented at the Celebration as in the Battle-field—at the feast as in the fight, we would probably have had a different estimate. "Leave slaughter to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine."

It appears from the official account of the battle, recently extolled by Mr. Lossing, from the papers of Gen. Gates, that on the 25th of September 1780, Col. Campbell with 400 Virginians, Col. Isaac Shelby with 240 men from Sullivan, and Col. Sevier with 240 men from Washington county, N. C., assembled at Watauga, where they were joined by Col. Charles McDowell, with 160 men from Burke and Rutherford. They began the march across the mountain on the 26th, and on the 30th, on the Catawba, their forces were augmented by the addition of 350 men from Wilkes and Surry, under Col. Cleveland.—When they reached the Campens on the 6th of October, they were met by Col. James Williams. At the time the junction was formed with Williams, the army was composed of 400 Virginians under Campbell, and 990 North Carolinians under Shelby, Sevier, McDowell and Cleveland. From these 1390 men from Virginia and North Carolina, and from Williams' regiment "900 of the best horsemen" were selected for the attack, and on the following day the victory was won.

The number of men who fought under Williams, will never be ascertained, and the proportion from South Carolina, is a matter perhaps of still greater uncertainty.

The authority to raise a company of mounted men in Caswell, indicates one element of Williams' regiment. The father of the Hon. Anderson Mitchell of Wilkes, was a member of the Caswell company.

The second ascertainable element of this regiment is the sixty men under Hambricht and Chronicle, from then Tryon, now Lincoln county.

The third (perhaps) about 20 Georgians, under Major Chandler and Capt. Johnson. The fourth South Carolinians, in what proportion we are unable to state with much con-

science of accuracy. General Lenoir, who fought as a Captain under Cleveland in his account of the Battle, casually remarks that "The advanced party of mounted infantry being joined by Col. Williams, with a few South Carolina militia, in the evening arrived at a place called the Cow-pens in South Carolina," &c. The South Carolinians under Williams were doubtless the elite of the State, probably from the Waxhaw, a larger proportion than any other settlement, and braver men than these who with the infant Jackson were nurtured in the military school of Davie, were nowhere to be found.

THE DICTATOR RUTLEDGE was an exile among his friends in North Carolina, from August 1780, to March 1781.* Few men in peace and in war ever served a government so well. In September 1780, Williams and Sumter were with him in Hillsborough, at that time the seat of government in North Carolina. Their followers were generally in our borders. Marion, the "Swamp Fox," emerged from his fastnesses at intervals, but South Carolina was a conquered province, and his only semblance of an organized opposition to British rule.

* Ramsay's Tennessee, p. 234.
* McCall's Georgia, vol. ii, page 336.
* Wheeler's Sketches, p. 100.
* Russell's Magazine for Sept. 1857, p. 504.

Jessie Brown.

The following beautiful tribute to the heroine of Lucknow, is from the pen of Virginia F. Townsend, the gifted Editress of Arthur's Home Magazine:

Every woman has, or ought to have taken a peculiar interest in the East India war, that fearful tragedy of the Summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, for woman has here borne a part, and occupied a position not often occupied among the nations of the earth; and the great rallying cry of this battle has been the name and honor of woman!

When the tidings of an insurrection among the Sepoys of India first reached us last summer, nobody felt any special interest or sympathy with either party; nay, it might have been that which existed of these was partially with the insurgents; for this revolt was felt by many to be the rising of the oppressed against the oppressors, the long delayed retaliation of a people who had borne what the weak usually have to bear from the strong, and whom long years of unjust taxation and petty tyrannies had at last goaded to rebellion.

But a little later there arose a cry from that far off land, seated in its wondrous tropical beauty on the blue waters of the Indian ocean; a cry that smote the heart of Christendom as the heart of a single man.

No wonder there was a swift arming in noble halls and by peasant's hearthstone, for the moans of murdered women and the cries of slaughtered children, came piteously across the Summer waters, and roused all the Teutonic chivalry in the heart of the nation, and throughout the land strong men with blanched faces lifted their hands and swore to avenge the wrongs of woman, in the name of the God of battles!

Oh, it is this reverence for woman that shines a bright and steady light over all the darkness and barbarism of the early Teutonic race; it is this that, next to the Bible, has placed the Saxon nation so far above all the nations of the earth, the brightest stars of all her star of strength and glory.

But through all the sickening and revolting details of this war the newspapers have given us pictures of scenes, which for tragical power and living pathos, surpass the history of any war the earth has ever witnessed. What painter ever conceived of a scene like the one where the band of soldiers clustered around the body of the murdered girl, and each reverently receiving one of the tresses that had crowned her young head in life and innocence, bent with haggard brows and fiery eyes over their fearful task of counting the hairs therein, before they all lifted their hands and swore that for every one of these another life should make recompense.

Oh, English maiden girl! terrible as was thy fate in the fair land of thy father's adoption, surely thou wast avenged, and it may be from the grave made by thy foul murderers, thy voice, could it speak, would come back softly to us.

"In the midst of wrath, remember mercy!"
Who, too, has not read the letter of that lady of Lucknow. We pity the man or the woman who could do it with dry eyes and steady voice.

How simple she tells her story, that, for tragical interest and heroic patience, has never, in all the annals of ancient or modern history, been surpassed. Here, in the heart of this practical nineteenth century, was enacted a drama, whose scenes of terror, despair, and final deliverance, exceeded all that it ever entered into the heart of genius to conceive of. The days of the Caesars, the wars of the Crusaders, never furnished a tragedy like this. Just think of it! These helpless women had been imprisoned for months, in the Residency at Lucknow, with only that little band of brave men to

stand between them and a death so terrible that imagination turns away sickened and appalled at the thought; but one can well conceive how that "unutterable horror," at Cawnpore, only a few miles distant, haunted them by night and by day, seemingly a frightful prophecy of the fate that awaited them. Their foes, "fifty thousand against a few hundred," were pressing closer and closer—foes who carried beneath the faces of men hearts before which it seemed fiends must shrink abashed.

Yet how calmly writes that brave lady from Lucknow! "We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst.—We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, we performed day and night."

She had gone out to render some offices of this kind with "Jessie Brown," the wife of a corporal in her husband's regiment. Worn out with fatigue and that haunting terror of the foe, the two women sank upon the ground.

Poor Jessie wrapped her Scotch plaid about her and laid her head in the mistress's lap. "A constant fever consumed her, and she had fallen away visibly for the last few days," while her thoughts continually wandered away to the purple hills and green valleys of her Scotch home. How touching are those words: "I promised to awaken her when, as she said, her father should return from the ploughing!" So the poor Scotch woman sank to her sleep, under those burning midnight skies, amid dreams of her cool, native heather, and of the peaceful cottage threshold where she watched for her father's coming at nightfall.

Her companion, too, sank into a troubled slumber, though the cannon was roaring near her, for the brave little band on the batteries, though all hope had now forsaken them, had resolved only to yield with their lives.

Suddenly a wild unearthly scream struck through the lady's slumber. She opened her eyes, and there stood Jessie Brown, her figure upright, and her white, sharpened face bent eagerly forward. Suddenly the light of a great joy overspread her face. She bent forward and grasped the lady's hands, and drew her close to her, crying with quivering lips, "Dinna ye hear it! It's the Slogan o' the Highlanders—'We're saved! We're saved!'"

Ah, she knew it, she knew it, the old cry of her Highland home. Her ears had caught through all the din and roar of artillery, the music of her native mountains. What pen can tell the joy that filled the Scotch woman's soul at those well remembered sounds, or with what feelings she knelt down and blessed the God of her fathers for this deliverance!

But the poor English lady heard nothing of this. The "rattle of the masonry" only broke the stillness of the night, and she thought "Jessie was still raving," as she sprang to the batteries and her voice rang up loud and clear above all the roar of the fight:

"Courage! courage! hark to the Slogan—to the Macgregor—the grandest o' them a'—her's help at last?"

As her voice pealed along the line, a new hope sprang to the hearts of those worn out men. They ceased firing, and listened as the dying listen for some hope of life. But they only heard the tread of the enemy, and the sound of the sappers; and the Colonel shook his head, and the men's heads sank again, and the wall of the women who had flocked to the spot at that cry of joy rose up and filled the midnight with moans.

Then Jessie, who had sank on the ground sprang up, and her voice rose and vibrated once more in triumphant certainty along the line! "Will you no' believe it now! The Slogan is dead as ceased, but the Campbell's are coming! D'ye hear! D'ye hear!"

And then they did hear it—those wailing women—those worn out men! Sharp and clear their hearts swelled, above the thunder of the cannon the pibroch of the Highlanders, and they knew that deliverance was at hand. Nor wonder they thought "the voice of God" was in the blast of the Scottish bagpipes; no wonder they all sank on their knees, and the strong man, and the feeble woman, and the liping child, sobbed out from hearts too full for words their thanks unto Him who had "given them the victory." Oh, speaking as men speak, would it not have been worth some years of a lifetime, to have been with that little band at Lucknow as it rose up, and to have joined a thousand lips, and rolled down to the Highland regiment, as it never rolled before, "God save the Queen!"

How the sound must have thrilled the hearts of the Highlanders, as they answered loud and eager with that sweet old tune,

"Should auld acquaintances be forgot."

No, blessed be God! they had not forgotten "auld lang syne;" for through toil and weariness, and forest marches, under those burning skies they had come, bringing deliverance, when had they delayed for rest another day, all would have been over!

Oh, Jessie Brown! Jessie Brown! brave Scotch woman, you had your reward when they

Ed. Kingsbury
1858