

Col. Cleveland Given White Horse Of Patrick Ferguson

Historic Revolutionary Soldier Has Narrow Escape at Kings Mountain Battle. Made Commander-in-Chief. Other Service.

(Another article by Rev. J. D. Bailey published in The Gaffney Ledger regarding Col. Benjamin Cleveland, for whom this county was named, and his part in the historic battle at Kings Mountain is given below.)

An incident of the most exciting the action which came very near costing Colonel Cleveland his life. "Charles Bowen, of Captain William Edmondson's company, of Campbell's regiment, heard vaguely that his brother, Lieutenant Reece Bowen, had been killed, and was much distressed and exasperated in consequence. On the spur of the moment, and without due consideration of the danger he incurred, he commenced a wild and hurried search for his brother, hoping he might find him in a wounded condition only. He soon came across his own fallen Captain Edmondson, shot in the head and dying; and hurrying from one point to another, he at length found himself within fifteen or 20 paces of the enemy, and near to Colonel Cleveland, when he slipped behind a tree.

"At this time the enemy began to waver, and show signs of surrendering. Bowen promptly shot down the first man among them who hoisted a flag; and immediately, as the custom was, turned his back to the tree, to reload, when Cleveland advanced on foot, suspecting from the wildness of his actions that he was a Tory, and demanded the countersign, which Bowen, in his half-bewildered state of mind, had for the time being forgotten. Cleveland, now confirmed in his conjectures, instantly levelled his rifle at Bowen's breast, and attempted to shoot; but fortunately it missed fire. Bowen enraged, and perhaps hardly aware of his own act, jumped at, and seized Cleveland by the collar, snatched his tomahawk from his belt, and would have in another moment buried it in the colonel's brains, had not his arm been arrested by a soldier named Buchanan, who knew both parties. Bowen, now coming to himself recollected the countersign, and gave it—'Buford,' when Cleveland dropped his gun, and clasped Bowen in his arms for joy, that each had so narrowly and unwittingly been restrained from sacrificing the other. Well has son of the illustrious Campbell, described him—'Cleveland, so brave, and yet so gentle.'—Draper's Kings Mountain and Its Heroes, pages 262-

263.

Cleveland's Losses in the Battle.
After the battle had raged about one hour, the British commander fell from his horse mortally wounded, which event soon brought the action to a close—a victory for the Patriots, almost as complete as heart could wish. Cleveland's losses were comparatively slight. Thomas Bicknell, and Daniel Siske killed, Major Lewis, Captains Lewis, Smith and Lenoir, Lieutenants Johnson and J. M. Smith, Charles Gordon and John Childers wounded—the latter badly. Draper thinks, "Where so many officers were disabled, there must have been several others of this gallant regiment killed and wounded."

Cleveland Gets Ferguson's Charger.
During the engagement, Ferguson rode a superb white horse, which came careering down the mountain, when his back. The victors by general consent, assigned this fine charger to the gallant Colonel Cleveland, who had lost his horse in the action, and was too heavy to travel on foot. This horse lived to an uncommon great age. Another prize carried home with him was a snare-drum, to which he pointed with pride as a Kings Mountain trophy, as long as he lived.

The poet Hayne, thus, depicts Cleveland in this battle as follows—
"Now, by God's grace," cried Cleveland, my noble Colonel he,
Resting to pick a Tory off, quite coolly on his knee,—
"Now, by God's grace, we have them! the snare is subtly set;
The game is bagged; we hold them safe as pheasants in a net."

Cleveland a Bitter Hater of Tories.
His whole career during the war, shows that he was bitter towards, and severe in his treatment of Tories—perhaps not unjustly so, when the times and circumstances of an exposed frontier are considered from the viewpoint of the infrequent and uncertain executions by law. There is no question but that Cleveland was the ring-leader and most conspicuous actor in bringing on the execution of the Tories at Bickerstaff's, one week after the battle.

Cleveland Made Commander-in-Chief.
While at Bethabara, Colonel Shelby was deputed to visit General Gates at Hillsboro, to tender the services of a corps of mountaineers, under Ma-

yor McDowell, to serve under General Morgan. Colonel Campbell also had occasion to repair to headquarters to make arrangements for the disposition of the prisoners.

On the 20th of October, Colonel Campbell issued a general order, appointing Colonel Cleveland to the command of the troops and prisoners, until he returned; providing that "full rations be issued to the prisoners," and asking that no unmerited insult or violence be offered them; for, it appears that such had been frequently lavished upon them since leaving Kings Mountain.

But Campbell and Shelby had scarcely departed, when the old troubles revived, or new ones arose. Lieut. Anthony Allaire, of Ferguson's corps, in his diary for Monday, October 30th, says: "A number of the inhabitants assembled at Bethabara to see a poor Tory prisoner executed for a crime of the following nature, viz: A Rebel soldier was passing the guard where the prisoners were confined, and like a brute addressed himself to those poor unhappy people in this style: 'Ah—d—n you, you'll all be hanged.' This man with the spirit of a British subject answered, 'Never mind that, it will be your turn next.'" or this trifling offense the poor fellow was tried before Colonel Cleveland, and condemned to be hung. "But," says Allaire, "Colonel Cleveland's goodness extended so far as to relieve him."

Hangs Two Tories.
Some time in November, James Coyle, or Cowles, and John Brown—or Jones, as Wheeler has it—two notorious Tory plunderers, passing through Lincoln county, robbed the house of Major George Wilfong, taking away everything that they could carry, including a couple of his horses. Major Wilfong, with a party, followed the desperadoes, and overtook them near Wilkesboro, where the horses were recovered, but the thieves made good their escape. They had taken Wilfong's clothes-line for halters, which was also recovered. Shortly afterwards, as the culprits were going towards Ninety Six, they were apprehended by some of Colonel Cleveland's scouts, and brought to Wilkesboro, where Cleveland ordered them hung with Wilfong's ropes. Although the execution was summary, it was admitted to be just.

Cleveland's Most Narrow Escape.
The reader of this narrative has already observed that the career of Colonel Cleveland was replete with deeds of daring, perilous adventures and hair breadth escapes, several of which have been recorded, but the one now to be told, was by far the most romantic, thrilling, perilous and near-tragic of all. The story having been so wonderfully depicted by a great writer we give it to our readers verbatim: "Some thirty-five miles from his (Cleveland's) home at the Round-About on the Yadkin, and some twenty north-

west of Wilkesboro, and in the southeastern portion of the present county of Ashe, was a well-known locality, mostly on the northern bank of the South Fork of New river, called the Old Fields—which at some previous period, was probably the quiet home of a wandering band of Cherokees. These Old Fields belonged to Colonel Cleveland, and served, in peaceful times, as a grazing region for his stock.

"Having occasion to visit his New river plantation, Colonel Cleveland rode there, accompanied only by a negro servant, arriving at Jesse Duncan's his tenant, at the lower end of the Old Fields, on Saturday, the 14th of April, 1781. Unfortunately for the Colonel, Captain William Riddle, a noted Tory leader, son of the Loyalist Colonel James Riddle, of Surry county, was approaching from the Virginia border with Captain Ross, a Whig captive, whom he had taken, together with his servant, and now en route for Ninety Six, where a British reward appears to have been paid for prisoners. Riddle, with his party of six or eight men, reaching Benjamin Cutbirth's some four miles above the Old Fields, a fine old Whig, and an old associate of Daniel Boone, who had only partially recovered from a severe spell of fever. The Tory captain, probably from Cutbirth's reticence regarding solicited information, shamefully abused him, and placed him under guard.

"Descending the river to the upper end of the Old Fields, where Joseph and Timothy Perkins resided—about a mile above Duncan's both of whom were absent in Tory service, Riddle learned from their women, that Cleveland was but a short distance away, at Duncan's with only his servant, Duncan and one or two of the Calloway family there. Every Tory in the country knew full well of Cleveland's inveterate hatred of their race! he prominently he had figured at Kings Mountain, and had given his influence for the Tory executions at Bickerstaff's, and caused the summary hanging of Coyle and Brown at Wilkesboro. Riddle well judged that such a prisoner would be a prize to take along to Ninety-Six, or it would prove no small honor to any Loyalist to rid the Rebel cause of so untiring and distinguished a leader in the Southern country.

"The prospect of making Cleveland his prisoner was too tempting for Riddle to neglect. His force was too small to run any great risk, and so he concluded to resort to stratagem. He resolved, therefore, to steal Cleveland's horses in the quiet of the night, judging that the colonel would follow their trail the next morning, supposing they had strayed off, when he would ambuscade him at some suitable place, and thus take 'Old Round-About,' as he was called unawares, and at a disadvantage. The horses were accord-

ingly taken that night, and a laurel thicket selected just above Perkins' house, as a fitting place to waylay their expected pursuers. During Saturday, Richard Calloway and his brother-in-law, John Shirley, went down from the neighboring residence of Thomas Calloway to Duncan's to see Colonel Cleveland, and appears to have remained over night.

"Discovering that the horses were missing on Sunday morning, immediate pursuit was made. Having a pair of pistols, Colonel Cleveland retained one of them, handing the other to Duncan, while Calloway and Shirley were unarmed. Reaching the Perkins place, one of the Perkins women, knowing of the ambuscade, secretly desired to save the colonel from his impending fate, so she detained him as long as she could, by conversation, evidently fearing personal consequences, should she divulge the scheme of his enemies to entrap him. His three associates kept on, with Cleveland some little distance behind, Mrs. Perkins still following and retarding him by her inquiries; and as those in advance crossed the fence which adjoined the thicket, the Tories fired from their places of concealment, one aiming at Cleveland, who thought some little distance in the rear, was yet within range of their guns. But they generally shot wild—only one shot, that of Zachariah Wells, who aimed at Calloway, proving effectual, breaking his, when he fell helpless by the fence, and was left for dead. Duncan and Shirley escaped. Cleveland from his great weight—fully three hundred pounds—knew he could not run any great distance, and would only be too prominent a mark for Tory bullets, dodged into the house with several Tories at his heels. Now, flourishing his pistol rapidly from one to another, he pledged to spare his life and accord him good treatment, if he did.

"Wells by this time having reloaded his rifle, made his appearance on the scene, swearing that he would kill Cleveland; and aiming his gun, the colonel instantly seized Abigail Walters, who was present, and by dint of great strength, and under a high state of excitement, dexterously handled here as a puppet, keeping her between him and his would-be assassin. Wells seemed vexed at this turn in the affair, and hurled his imprecations on the poor woman, threatening if she did not get out of the way, that he would blow her through, as well, not appearing to realize that she had as little power as a mouse in the clutches of a ferocious cat. Cleveland, getting his eyes on Captain Riddle, whom he knew, or judged by his appearance, to the leader, appealed to him if such treatment was not contrary to the stipulations of his surrender. Riddle promptly replied that it was, and ordered Wells to desist from his murderous intent, saying that they would

take Cleveland to Ninety Six and make money out of his capture. The terrified woman who had been made an unwilling battery, was now released from Cleveland's grasp as from a vise; and the whole party with their prisoner and his servant were speedily mounted, and hurried up New river. This stream, so near its source, was quite shallow, and the Tories traveled mostly in its bed to avoid being tracked in case of pursuit.

WANTS TO BE PRESIDENT!



PRESENTING a presidential candidate of 1948—Milton R. Riddle, San Francisco, Calif., aged 12.

His politics: Independent.
His platform: Lincolnism.
In behalf of a local campaign for a Lincoln memorial, he has addressed Boy Scout troops, Camp Fire Girls and even city officials and luncheon clubs. He plans to keep right on speaking, too—on through high school and college, and after that, in his practice of law preliminary to moving into the White House for an eight-year-tenancy.

BROTHER FOR HIM
"We ought to have an army, navy and air force second to none, as a defensive measure," says Milton Riddle.
"Yes, but where's the money coming from?" breaks in his brother, Eugene.
"First, Milton wanted to be a fire man, then he wanted to be a Tom Mix," Eugene explains in a whisper. "But he got this president bug a long time ago, and sticks to it pretty seriously. Maybe he'll make it. 'I'll vote for him.'"
And seriously is Milton preparing. He has gathered every picture of Lincoln he can find, collected, read and saved every book or article about Lincoln that he saw. He can more than hold his own in any discussion of the Red Splinter, even with a resident of Springfield, Ill.
"Long ago, I thought the country needed another Lincoln," Milton explains. "And in time, I thought, I could study and become that president."

Late Happenings In Earl Section

(Special to The Star.)
Mrs. D. G. Webber is spending several weeks in Greenville, S. C., the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Grady Bettis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Haas of Schenectady, N. Y., are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Haas of Limon S. C., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sarraat.

The Baptist Young People's union had a most delightful fishing party on Ninety-nine Island, S. C., last Saturday.

Wednesday afternoon the Woman's Domestic club met at the home of the Misses Bettis, Mrs. Irma Wallace county demonstrator, demonstrated on angel food cake.

Mrs. P. R. Camp returned last week from a week's stay in Gastonia.

Mrs. Sam Hubbard and two children have been visiting relatives at Marion, S. C.

Mr. Baxter Bettis and sisters and Miss Pinkie Jones motored to Spartanburg, S. C., Thursday.

Mr. Harvey Nichols who had his tonsils removed last week in a Charlotte hospital has returned home and is getting along fine.

Mrs. B. F. Jones and daughter Miss Pinkie spent Sunday in Lattimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Camp of Shelby visited relatives in the village Sunday.

BAD BACK TODAY?

Then Find the Cause and Correct It As Other Shelby Folks Have.

There's little rest or peace for the backache sufferer.

Days are tired and weary—Night brings no respite.

Urinary troubles, headaches, dizziness and nervousness, all tend to prevent rest or sleep.

Why continue to be so miserable? Why not use a stimulant diuretic to kidneys?

Use Doan's Pills. Your neighbors recommend Doan's. Read this Shelby case:

J. H. Queen, grocer, S. Morgan St., says: "My kidneys bothered me all the time. There was dull ache across my back that didn't let up day or night. My kidneys acted too often, as many as three or four times during the night. I used Doan's Pills, getting them at the South Shelby pharmacy. They helped me right away by strengthening my back and relieving the pains. My kidneys were regulated, too."

60c at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

TRY STAR WANT ADS.

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF SHELBY'S REMARKABLE GROWTH. DON'T WAIT AND WISH YOU HAD.

SHELBY'S BIGGEST AUCTION SALE

SHREWD BUYERS WHO WILL REAP BIG PROFITS WILL BE BIDDING ON THESE LOTS. WILL YOU?

Wednesday Afternoon, 2 O'Clock May 13th

The Babington and Hamrick Property In Shelby

THE BEST VACANT PROPERTY ON THE MARKET IN WESTERN CAROLINA'S FASTEST GROWING TOWN. EVERY BUY WILL MEAN MONEY—QUICK ACTION, QUICK TURNOVER, QUICK PROFIT. WILL YOU BE ANY WEALTHIER WHEN SHELBY IS A LARGE CITY? LET THIS SINK IN.

—39 FINE LOTS ON N. LaFAYETTE STREET—

Two Blocks From Square, In The Heart Of Shelby And On One Of The Leading Streets. Beautiful Shade Trees, Pavement, Adjoining And Facing Some Of The Best Homes In Shelby. A Buy Like This—An Opportunity—Comes Once In A Lifetime. Drive Out Today And Be There For The Sale.

YOU'RE CERTAIN SHELBY WILL GROW—IT'S GROWING NOW, RAPIDLY. WHAT WERE REAL ESTATE PRICES 10 YEARS AGO? AT THE PRESENT GROWTH WHAT WILL THEY BE IN THE YEARS TO COME? CONSIDER HOW CLOSE-IN THIS PROPERTY IS. THEN THINK HOW SOON EVERY FOOT OF SUCH VALUABLE PROPERTY WILL BE IN DEMAND AT ANY PRICE. CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO BUY ONE OF THESE LOTS? DON'T SAY FIVE YEARS FROM NOW "I COULD HAVE"—LET YOUR PROFITS TALK INSTEAD.

—LIBERAL TERMS—
One-Third Cash. Balance January 1, 1926 and January 1, 1927.

J. B. NOLAN CO.

—SELLING AGENTS—
J. A. RUSH, Auctioneer. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

—SHELBY'S BEST INVESTMENT—
Real Estate. Make Money Like Others.
Buy one of these lots.