

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Vol. 58

SPARTANBURG, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1901.

No 41

If you want to know what Smartly Dressed Men will wear this season, ask to see

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES

All architects have at their command the same materials out of which to construct their buildings, and still you can take any number of buildings in this town, all of which are of about equal cost, and you will find one that will be the superior of the rest, in beauty of design, excellence of construction and harmony of details. The man who built that particular building was electrified by the spark of genius. It is

True Genius that Creates

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES

Their products form the ideals which every maker of ready-made clothes tries to realize and fails. Whether you want to spend \$10.00, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00, \$25.00 or more for a Suit or Overcoat, look into the merits of our clothing before you buy any other sort. You will see their superiority at a glance, but their real worth will only become apparent to you when you wear them. From button to lining their equal in ready-to-wear clothes will not be seen.

SUITS - - - \$10.00 to \$25.00
OVERCOATS - - - \$10.00 to \$30.00

FLOYD L. LILES

62-64 Morgan Square

It has been pretty well established that Admiral Schley was in the fight at Santiago.

The brigands who captured Miss Stone in European Turkey demand \$110,000 as a ransom.

Miss Helen Long, daughter of Secretary of War Long, died at Hingham, Mass., last Friday.

Detectives and secret service men have failed to implicate any anarchist with Czolgosz in the murder of President McKinley.

The Constitutional convention of Virginia is a sort of chronic affair. It is a long-winded affair and no one has power to prorogue it.

Tammany Hall nominated Edward M. Shepard for mayor of New York. He and President Low will make the race and it will be a lively one.

The American Board of Missions have refused to pay the ransom demanded by the brigands of Turkey for Miss Stone, the captured missionary.

Near Helena, Montana, James Edward Brady was lynched last Wednesday for assaulting a 5-year-old girl. The same day two negro boys were lynched at Shelbyville, Ky., for stonishing a printer to death.

The colleges of the State have opened well. The South Carolina College has 200 students. Limestone has about all they have room for. Furman University had a most satisfactory opening. The female colleges of Greenville had large numbers of pupils the first day.

The Schley court-martial is bringing out much evidence in regard to the fight at Santiago. Up to the close of last week the general impression was that Admiral Schley would not be convicted of the grave charges made against him. It is also evident that there is much sharp rivalry and envy and meanness in the United States navy.

The company of the U. S. Infantry attacked by the insurgents at the town of Balangana, in the Philippines September 29, consisted of 3 officers and 72 men. Of these all the officers and forty men were killed; 13 wounded; 6 missing. The attack was made by about 500 holomen, who completely surprised the infantry.

Mrs. H. E. Heinitch gave a reception Monday afternoon in honor of her father, Mr. A. G. Means' birthday. It was a most enjoyable occasion. Those present were warm personal friends of Mr. Means and his children and their congratulations came from warm, loving hearts.

Mr. Crawford Page and Miss Mary Jackson were happily united in the bonds of wedlock on the 2nd instant at the home of the bride near Wellford, Rev. J. E. Freeman officiating. A large crowd of relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony and participated in the joy of the occasion and in eating the nice supper prepared by the parents of the bride. The happy couple left on the following day for their new home in the New Prospect community.

J. T. Robertson, postmaster at Cowpens, has been arrested on the charge of embezzlement. The charges are that C. T. Narramore, of Union, sent a money order to his wife at Cowpens and that Robertson deducted a certain amount owing him by Narramore. He was arrested and brought before Commissioner McGowan Thursday. The preliminary trial was set for next Thursday. Robertson gave a \$1,000 bond for his appearance.

The October Cosmopolitan is full of good things. There is not a dull page in it. The illustrations are very fine. "A Painter of the Western Frontier," and "Beauty on the Lighthouse Steep," will attract artists. "Actresses at Leisure" gives pictures and poses of many of the stage beauties. "What Women Like in Men," will interest all women. People of all moods and tempers, except bad ones, will find something in this number to please and instruct them.

Street car employees in Nashville were discharged because they joined the Amalgamated Association of railway employes. The company's action made the employes hostile, but it brought the cars to a stand still.

W. D. Evans, president of the State Fair Association, is now giving all his time to preparation for the exhibit. He desires to make it one of the most attractive exhibits the State has ever had. It will begin Monday, October 28.

The war in South Africa has been going on two years. It was generally believed that it would be finished in twelve months, but it drags its slow length along. For the last six months there has been very little serious fighting. But England is maintaining a large army and small raiding parties of the Boers continue to annoy their outposts. It begins to look as if gunpowder would not bring about a termination of the hostilities for many days.

SPARTANBURG HISTORY.

The Spartan Regiment and the Patriots of the Spartan District.

An address by Horace Bonar at Glendale May 11, 1901.

MR. CHAIRMAN, DAUGHTERS-AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—This occasion should be one of pride as well as pleasure, not together as we are to commemorate the virtues of our own forefathers whose blood and struggles hallowed this spot.

Long ago would the historic places like this have been marked, and the story of their greatness told, had not the blighting hand of Civil War robbed our country of its resources and set our people to the primary task of saving bread. But thank God, that again, as a nation, within the hearing of our ears, the hum of machinery, which is fast restoring prosperity to our stricken Southland and weaving into it the warp and woof of a new industrial and social life, reminds us to delay no longer to revive the fast fading memories of those by whose glorious patriotism and achievements this good day has become an inheritance for us.

The year 1755 witnessed two important events in the history of South Carolina. One was the treaty of Governor Glenn with the Cherokee Nation by which a large territory, embracing thirteen of the present counties in the middle and upper portions of our State, including Spartanburg was ceded to the Province of South Carolina, and opened to settlers. The other event, hardly less important in its bearing upon this Province, though not enacted within its borders, was the defeat of General Braddock in his rash attempt to take Fort Duquesne. This disaster to the British arms left the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia exposed to the mercy of the French and their treacherous Indian allies. The result was that hundreds of families from these unprotected borders moved southward—many of them becoming the pioneer settlers of Western North Carolina, and others passing still further southward located themselves in the new section of country just acquired from the Cherokees, as if for their special accommodation.

In this way the first settlements of upper South Carolina were begun. Attracted by the beauty and fertility of this virgin country, so highly favored of Providence, other emigrants, during the succeeding twenty years, continued to find homes for themselves within its borders—soon transforming it from an Indian hunting ground into one of the most populous districts in the Province.

These early settlers were mostly Scotch-Irish. Along with them came also not a few emigrants directly from the old world—mostly from Scotland, Ireland, Wales—and some of noble blood but broken fortune, from England, too.

They were a sturdy stock—these border pioneers, prepared by an unconquerable spirit to endure the trials and privations of frontier life. Like the Plymouth Fathers, moved by political and religious convictions, many of them had left their homes across the sea, and came to the wilds of an unknown American forest to carve out for themselves and their posterity a land of their own, with freedom to worship God. Others, through the more love of adventure and the spirit of enterprise which has always marked the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, wherever scattered, found themselves daring the dangers of an unknown border pressing further westward, ever conquering and blazing the way for a higher civilization to follow.

Thus it came about that the upper portion of our State was settled by a people differing in many respects from the early settlers of Fort Royal, Charleston and Georgetown, and who gradually spread themselves Northward and inward from the coast. These latter were mostly of English, French and German origin.

When trouble with the Mother Country had been brought to a focus by the Battle of Lexington and the resolutions of the Continental Congress and of the several Provincial Congresses, Hon. Wm. H. Drayton and Rev. Wm. Tennant were commissioned under authority from the Provincial Congress of South Carolina to make progress into the back country, and explain to the people the causes of the present disputes between Great Britain and the American colonies. These gentlemen began their journey from Charleston in the summer of 1775. It was no easy task before them. Many of the well-to-do planters near the coast, bound by the warmest ties of blood and of friendship to the land of their fathers, listened with cold attention to any argument for a course of action which might sever them. Further inland were found the Germans of the Dutch Fork unwilling to pledge their lives and fortunes to the American cause, good and patriotic people they were, but their patriotism lay too close to their pocket-books, and it took the stern refusal of Charleston merchants to trade with them to arouse in their

souls the thirsty love of liberty. Still further up were the quakers of Bush River, who, on account of religious scruples, could not be expected to bear arms. And worse still, when the commissioners reached the plantation of the Colonel of Ninety Six District—Fletcher or Fletchall by name—who was living on Fair Forest creek, in what is now the lower part of Union county, they found him a headstrong loyalist, harboring the emissaries of the Royal Governor, and in secret connection with their maturing designs to spread loyalism throughout the province, and engage the Cherokee Indians against the American cause.

At this time the province was divided into districts. Each district had its own regiment of militia and through the commanding officers of the several districts the people throughout the province could best be reached and instructed. Besides his official position, the colonel was generally a man of strength and great personal influence.

No exception to this rule, Col. Fletchall was using his official position and popularity to make loyalists of his men. How well he succeeded, the bloody years that followed too clearly attest. It was largely his influence and that of the Cunninghams that made the lower portion of the district of Ninety-Six such a hot bed of Toryism.

At length the commissioners reached still higher ground and came into a clearer, purer atmosphere, in sight of the everlasting hills, where the spirit of enlightened liberty ever loves to dwell.

We hear of them at Wofford's Iron Works, on Lawson's Fork—the first mention in history of the place where we are holding our celebration today.

A letter from here tells that they had found a people where they could "do something." Notice the potency in those words—a power, indeed, that was not mistaken—for they were a people, as they were reported to be, "active and spirited" and "staunch in our favor," "capable of forming a good barrier against the Indians and of being a severe check upon Fletchall's people, on whom they border." Truth is, the commissioners had struck the old Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock—of which we have been speaking, and as ever had come forth from their uncompromising souls the true ring of liberty or death.

It is of these people and the regiment into which they were organized that I wish to speak to you today.

The Spartan Regiment, it was called—a name probably given it by Drayton himself; and was, doubtless, suggested to him by the virtue and valor of the men who formed it, so akin to that of the worthy heroes, who centuries before, had made the name immortal by their individual acts of heroism and in saving Europe from the degradation and tyranny of an Eastern despot. These latter day Spartans—what a prophecy their name foretold—were destined to play no small part in the salvation of America.

It was from the Spartan Regiment that the Spartan District, soon afterwards formed, derived the name. The Spartan District was afterwards divided, and a part of it called Spartanburg county.

Another fact, not generally considered, but important to understand properly the history of these people—it was forty years after the organization of the Spartan Regiment before the line dividing North from South Carolina was definitely located. Before 1815 the Spartan District, or a large part of it, was often considered as embraced in Craven county, North Carolina. Recorded in the old records of Craven county, at Raleigh, North Carolina, today, may be seen conveyances of lands in this neighborhood, and even of some in the lower part of the county, in Cross Anchor township. Bearing this in mind, we can appreciate more fully the close bond that existed between the men who were organized into the Spartan Regiment and their neighbors of Mecklenburg county, who more than two months before this time had solemnly assembled and declared themselves a free and independent people—leaving a pattern in their bold declaration of independence for Thomas Jefferson and the Continental Congress to follow. They were all the same Scotch-Irish Whigs—many of them kinsmen—and all having common interests and dangers to bind them still more closely together.

We are told in Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution" that upon the refusal of Col. Fletchall to accept a commission under the new provincial government, an election was held, and John Thomas, Senior, was chosen Colonel of the Spartan Regiment. Whether chosen in this way or not, what seems more probable, appointed Colonel of an entirely new regiment, which was to be organized and which soon included within its number many of the Whig officers and privates who before had belonged to Fletchall's command—and in this way succeeding or rather supplanting him—the selection of Colonel John Thomas was a wise one.

He was a Welshman by birth; but early in life had moved to Chester county, Penn. There he lived for some time and married Miss Jane Black, of Carlisle, Penn., the sister of Rev. John Black, who was the first president of Dickinson college. This fact gives us something of an insight into his personal character at that time. Another glimpse of the man is afforded by his old Welsh Bible and a couch shell—used to call the hands from their work to dinner—both of which were brought by Col. Thomas from his old home across the water, and now in the possession of one of the descendants in Mississippi.

Soon or fifteen years after marriage, John Thomas removed to South Carolina and lived for a while in Chester District—a name which he and his associates probably gave it. Afterwards he moved again and settled on the coast, a few miles above the present dividing line between Union and Spartanburg counties.

Once he seems to have become a man of prominence and influence in this community. We hear of him as a magistrate and a captain of militia under the Royal Province. These commissions he resigned upon the beginning of trouble with Great Britain. The first Provincial Congress appointed him one of the commissioners for the District of Ninety-Six, to act in conjunction with the Council of Safety, in upholding the law and firmly resisting any further encroachments by Parliament upon the liberties of American citizens, that he had the respect and confidence of his whole community is attested by a letter from John Prince to the Council of Safety, urging that body to give him fuller and broader authority and better still, by the command with which the men of his command responded to duty.

Without drafting a single man, when the summons for service came, very officer and private in his regiment answered the call—though many of them were the only men on their farms to protect their families and homes from danger.

The first service of the Spartan Regiment was in the "Snow Campaign." In consequence of the scarcity of some ammunition, which was being sent by the new Provincial Congress as a present to the Cherokees, Col. Williamson was dispatched into the back country, with a force of militia to make peace with the Indians on his band of Tories, who had thus openly defied the new government. Arriving at the town of Ninety Six, Col. Williamson and his men were hardly within their newly constructed fortifications, when they were attacked and the first blood of the revolution in South Carolina was spilled. Before this siege was terminated by a most unusual agreement between the opposing forces, allowing both sides to disperse and go to their homes unmolested, another command of militia was started from Charleston under Col. Richardson.

While Col. Richardson was on his way into the up-country he was joined at McLauren's store, in the Dutch Fork, by Col. Thomas and the Spartan Regiment of two hundred mounted rangers. This number—200—shows that the Spartan Regiment at that time was a small one; but I doubt not that they were an impressive set of men as they rode into camp, with their long rifles and stern faces, firm in their saddles as in the purpose they pursued.

Together, this army, augmented at every turn by volunteer Whigs, proceeded to retrace the steps which the Spartan Regiment had come. Before them the scattered rebel forces, offered no organized resistance. The greatest hardship they were called upon to endure was a heavy snow storm, by which they were overtaken while encamped on Reedy river, near the present site of Greenville, the day before Christmas, 1775. This storm gave the expedition its name.

The expedition had a salutary effect. It rid the up-country of many bitter loyalists, who were captured and imprisoned in Charleston—among the number Col. Fletchall. It also served to strengthen the adherents to the new provincial government.

Not long, however, was the up-country to remain in a state of peace. Hardly had the soldiers of the Snow Campaign reached their homes and related their experiences, when the country all along the borders of the Cherokee Nation was shocked by a series of horrible massacres. At that time a part of the line of division between the Cherokee Nation and the Province of South Carolina was the present dividing line between Greenville and Spartanburg. Ever since the commencement of trouble with Great Britain both the Whigs and the loyalists had been seeking to obtain the good will of the Cherokees. This outbreak told for the first time the success of the emissaries of the Crown.

Family after family along the exposed frontier, without a moment's warning, heard the horrible whoop of the bloodthirsty savages and felt the murderous fall of their tomahawks.

To protect themselves and suppress these outrages, several expeditions were soon organized. In one of these, under command of Col. Andrew Williamson, the Spartan Regiment en-

listed, and an invasion of the Cherokee Nation was begun. It was while this mission was in progress that news of Col. Moultrie's successful defense of Charleston harbor and of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress reached the up-country and rekindled the patriotism of the men now encamped in the very heart of the Cherokee Nation.

Several times in his reports to headquarters in Charleston Col. Williamson mentions Col. Thomas and his regiment, and always in terms of praise.

We should find it instructive, no doubt, to follow the march of the army and tell of the thrilling adventures and adventures—the ambushes into which they were lured, and the fighting and long marches. It is to be regretted that the full story of the Spartan Regiment is not yet fully told.

Following the successful termination of this Indian war, in which, however—he it said to their everlasting shame—many Tories disguised as Indians, took part—came an interval of peace to upper South Carolina, which lasted three or four years. During this time the Spartan Regiment was not inactive. To it was intrusted a long line of forts on the frontier of Western North Carolina. We hear of some garrisoning a fort at the foot of Hogback Mountain—of others Ninety Six and others still further down near Augusta—not a few of the more daring Spartan spirits were also engaged in the fights at Brier Creek and around Savannah.

It was during this interval of comparative quiet—probably in 1777—that the Spartan Regiment was reorganized. Col. John Thomas had now become too old for the most active service, and so resigned his commission.

For some reason, perhaps because of increased numbers and better to suit their convenience, the regiment was divided into two regiments—called the First and Second Spartan Regiment. The terms "Upper" and "Lower" were probably derived from the geographical positions of the two commands.

Of the Upper Division John Thomas, Jr., was chosen colonel to succeed his father. He was probably living with his father at the time, and like him was an ardent patriot full of courage and decision, as we shall learn from his words and his actions. Of the same true spirit was Thomas Brandon, who was chosen colonel of the Lower or Second Division of the Spartan Regiment. He is spoken of in history as the master spirit among the Whigs in his community. His home was on the west side of Broad river in the lower portion of the present county of Union. Like many another in his regiment, he was of Scotch-Irish blood and from Pennsylvania. Both he and Col. Thomas, Jr., had been captured in the original Spartan Regiment, and at the time of its reorganization Col. Brandon was ranking as Major.

On May 12th, 1780, Gen. Lincoln surrendered and Charleston fell into the hands of the British. Her fall marked the beginning of the darkest days South Carolina has ever seen. At once the State became the theatre and our Piedmont region the very stage upon which the tragedy of American independence was enacted.

Hardly had the city come within the grasp of the British arms, when Ferguson was dispatched into the up-country, with a regiment of dragoons to arouse the loyalists to his standard, and to smite with the sword of vengeance all who dared uphold the American cause. In a few days he was at Ninety Six, with a force increasing each day from the loyal country through which he passed. Advancing still further, with a rapidity almost equal to that with which the news of Charleston's surrender had come, he left no stone unturned, scattered men of the Spartan Regiment to collect themselves and offer him resistance.

But the effort was made. As soon as Col. Thomas, Brandon and Lyles were aware of Ferguson's approach, they determined to summon their men together and consider what was best to do for their safety and protection. The place selected for their meeting was on Fair Forest creek, about five miles south of the present city of Union. Being nearer the centre of Brandon's command his men were the first to reach the spot selected. They had in their custody the supply of powder for the Spartan Regiment, and this, a party of men, detailed for the special duty, were on at night in the neighboring forests and swamps lying, when the camp was surprised by a detail of Ferguson's men and completely routed.

Their powder, however, was saved—and the men who were hiding it and others from the camp who escaped capture and death soon informed Col. Thomas and Lyles of their disaster in time to save them from a similar fate.

The whole State was now overrun by the British and Tories, and open resistance by the scattered whigs out of the question. Many who had formerly claimed to be non-combatants, now openly avowed their allegiance to the king, and sought by acts of

cruelty and wantonness to atone for their former cowardice.

Confronted by such a desperate condition of affairs Col. Thomas and Lyles wisely decided to let their gathering forces quietly separate again, each to his own home or place of refuge, and a few days later attempt a meeting of all who dared rally to the patriot standard at Bullneck's Creek church, across Broad river in York District.

Accordingly at midnight of June 12th, 1780, if patriots assembled at the appointed place. What a disheartening prospect was before their stout hearts. The whole province was now firmly within the grasp of the British, and there was little hope of help from other States. The appearance of Sir Henry Clinton's army, and the prospect of a British march upon the city, and protection in the future, to all Americans who would lay down their arms and accept it, was greatly strengthening the British cause and robbing the patriots of some of their best companions. Truly such a situation of affairs was enough to dishearten and discourage the staunchest friend of American freedom.

At length a young man arose and addressed the meeting. He reviews the situation. He recounts the toils, the dangers and the sufferings through which they had come. He states clearly the reasons which had led them to cast their lots in the cause in which they had been engaged. He reaches his climax with the questions, "Shall we now lay down our arms or strive like men for the noble end for which we have already dared and suffered so much? Shall we declare ourselves cowards and traitors or shall we fight for liberty as long as we have life? As for me 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

The speaker was no other than John Thomas, Jr. Was there ever a heavier speech or a bolder stand? His words remind us of the brave Horatius who, single-handed, or with two men beside him, would defy Lars Porsenna of Clusium and keep back his invading host from beloved Rome. "For how can man die better? Than facing fearful odds, For the ashes of his fathers, And the temples of his Gods?"

Following Col. Thomas his brother-in-law, Captain Joseph McJunkin, seconded the brave sentiments, and called upon every man present who thought as they did to speak and act as he knew.

The response was immediate. Remembering the broken treaty of Limpsick, their Irish blood would have them wildly tossing their hats and hands, the midnight air was rent with the shouts of "Liberty or Death."

What an altar of consecration was there erected to the God of Liberty by their heroic vows, under the silent stars—a picture worthy of the artist, the poet and the orator.

There was no time for delay. The little band of faithful men soon separated—some to steal to their homes and bid adieu to loved ones—then back again to join the rest on their way to North Carolina to unite with Gen. Rutherford.

On their way a fortunate meeting with Gen. Sumner and his game little band occurred at the fording of the Catawba, and at once they chose him for their leader.

But the warfare such as the desperate condition of their cause made it necessary for the patriots to wage, could not best be risked at this time, in one united force. Wisely did they consider that if once their full strength were pitted against either one of the superior British and Tory armies in their midst and vanquished, all might be lost.

Thus, with no organized army within her borders against which he could march his forces, we hear Sir Henry Clinton, who had at least, South Carolina's advantage, and within his supreme control. Echoing this sentiment, in the Continental Congress itself, a resolution is introduced by Madison offering to treat with Great Britain by surrendering to her Georgia and South Carolina as hopelessly conquered provinces.

Ah! little did Sir Henry Clinton or Madison know the unconquerable spirit of the little band of faithful patriots who here and there were watching for the opportunity to strike a blow for the cause they loved so well. The band they might conquer, but never their people. Wherever a Whig settlement needed arousing, there a Thomas, or a Brandon, or some other brave spirit would be found, inspiring and enlisting them. Whenever was borne to the ears news of a pluming band of Tories or of regulars separated from their main command, upon them suddenly would fall the gallant defenders of American homes.

son, or the threats of the cruel Tarleton should turn spy, and entrap him in his own plans.

But the darkness of the hour serves only to bring out more clearly the heroism of the men and women of the old Spartan District. We hear of Mrs. Jane Thomas, wife of John Thomas, Sr., visiting her husband, now aged and imprisoned at Ninety Six. While there, by chance she hears of a sack which a band of Tories intends making upon a small party of patriots rallying at the Cedar Spring. Her decision is quickly made—for in that party are her son John Thomas, Jr., a son-in-law and many of her neighbors and friends. She must warn them, and to do so rise the whole distance of fifty miles or more and prepare the camp, by secret report, for a warm reception of the Tory band.

Even before this, Mrs. Jane Thomas had proved her extraordinary courage and daring. On one occasion a quantity of arms and ammunition for the Spartan Regiment was stored in her house, and in the absence of all its protectors, but her son-in-law, Josiah Culberson, her little son William herself and daughters, the house was attacked by a band of Tories under Moore—who demanded the immediate surrender of themselves and their coveted treasure. But so by the aid of the brave assistants, who quickly reloaded the guns for him, Josiah Culberson kept up such a continuous and effective fire from within that the Tories, believing the house was full of Whigs soon retired. The ammunition thus saved constituted the principal supply of Sumter's men in the battle of Rocky Mount and Fishing Creek.

Other instances of the heroism of this brave woman might be given. She was from the same town that proudly boasts of being the birthplace of Molly Pitcher of Monmouth. What schoolboy does not know about Molly Pitcher and how bravely she took her husband's place and loaded the cannon. But do they know the story of Jane Thomas or Sarah Dillard, or Kate Barry, or the many others just as worthy of preservation and of praise? Shame upon us if we do not tell the world of their noble deeds!

The inspiring story at Cedar Springs was quickly followed by another at Gowans' Fort. Then the fight at Park's Fort on North Frontlet. Before the patriot bands could be found, their foes they had disappeared to strike another blow in some new and unexpected quarter.

Col. Brandon has captured the Tories at Stallions and carried his prisoners in safety to Charlotte. Has participated with Sumter in the hard fought battle at Hanging Rock. But even the Game Cock is too slow for the Spartan men, who now separate themselves, and with others under Col. Williams, make their way towards the enemy encamped in their own district. The battle and victory of Musgrove's Mill is the result. A splendid success, too, it was, for the Americans.

Victory, however, did not always perch upon the banners of the patriots. On the same day the men under Williams were successfully charging the King's forces on the banks of the Enoree, their friends under Sumter at Fishing Creek were meeting defeat. But, by their successes over superior foes, the possibility of effectual resistance was born anew in their hearts, never to die again.

Not even the news of Gates' appalling defeat at Camden could dampen their ardor, compelling, though it did, a hasty retreat northward to prevent being cut off by Tarleton now in their rear.

But sometimes what seems a hardship, when forced by circumstances to altar their plans, proves in the end the best. So it was with the vicar of Musgrove's Mill. Ninety Six was their destination, not North Carolina. They longed to rescue their own homes from their now victorious foes. Though diverted from this purpose, it should be only for the time being, and into and over the mountains of North Carolina they scattered themselves, summoning everywhere to their aid their kinsmen and friends.

Even into Tennessee and Virginia they bore or sent their unique summons, headed, "A Call to Arms! Beef, Bread and Potatoes." A peculiar summons—but a most inspiring one to men living, as they had been so long, without pay, and with nothing to eat save what could be snatched on their hasty marches in their saddles, through a land laid waste and desolate. Green corn without salt, had too often been their only diet. Beef, bread and potatoes—yes—though prepared for the King's men under Ferguson, they resolved should be eaten by themselves.

The ringing call was not unheeded, and soon a crowd of patriots begins to gather on the mountain sides—small at first, but growing as the different clans arrive. To disperse them Ferguson advances northward to Gilbert Town, but falls back again not knowing what to expect. Something ominous was in the very condition of things. We see him seeking

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.