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## LYMAN C. DRAPER—THE WESTERN PLUTARCH.

PROBABLY no historical student within the basin of the Mississippi is so generally known among men of letters as Lyman C. Draper, LL. D., corresponding secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. While his reputation thus far has been chiefly that of a collector and editor of materials for history, rather than a writer, his work is quite as famous in its way as though his contributions to standard literature had been more numerous. Occupying a position quite unique in American scholarship, and regarded as an oracle on western topics among historical specialists the country over, but little is popularly known of Dr. Draper's personality—as to what sort of man this tireless worker is, what his methods are, his manner or his physical characteristics. Indeed, of so retiring a disposition is he, of so modest a demeanor and of so shrinking a habit, that it is given to but few of his townsmen admirers, even, to understand the man as

an individual. It is the purpose of this sketch to present to the readers of the MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY a few passing glimpses, necessarily brief, of the career and methods of him who has been styled "The Western Plutarch."

Lyman C. Draper sprang from good Puritan and Revolutionary stock. He is of the fifth generation from James Draper, who, about the year 1650, came from England and settled with the brethren of his faith at Roxbury (now Boston Highlands), Massachusetts. Jonathan, the paternal grandfather of Lyman, was a soldier in the Continental army, under Washington. His maternal grandfather, Job Hoisington, fell in the defense of Buffalo against the British, on the thirtieth of December, 1813, while Job's son-in-law, Luke, the father of the subject of this sketch, was twice incarcerated by the British during the same war.

Lyman was born in the town of Hamburg (now Evans), Erie county, New

## GENERAL WILLIAM CAMPBELL, THE HERO OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

OF THE battle of King's Mountain Jefferson said: "That glorious victory was the joyful annunciation of that turn in the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence." In that declaration he breathed the spirit of the Carolinas and Virginia. To them it came as a great and unexpected deliverance, and they were not slow officially and unofficially to recognize its true character. But even in those states it paled and lost much of its lustre in the great and all-pervading brightness of Yorktown. They who watch for the morning forget the first glad rays of the morning star when once the new day is fully risen upon them. So it was with them, and the uncertain news of the way the brave mountain men breasted the wave of invasion in the hill country of the south and hurled it reflux back, had all the vagueness of the tales of Indian forays before it reached the central and northern colonies. The men who fought that day so gallantly were all but unknown. The fact that five heroes, and not one, claimed an almost equal meed of praise left no single name to stand for all that was admirable in that day's great deeds. These and other circumstances, but chiefly the fact that the one man who most stood forth in the full blaze of glory soon after sank into an early grave,

conspired to leave the story of this fight in a condition easily to be forgotten. Time has only served to deepen the forgetfulness of men. To the close student of history only is the due weight of this event known. Efforts have, indeed, recently been made to recall the story, but even though the great historian of our country has summed up its effects in the following graphic language, the battle of King's Mountain and its heroes, to many who ought to be fully conversant with all the circumstances, are at best half-legendary. Says Mr. Bancroft:

The victory at King's Mountain, which in the spirit of the American soldiers was like the rising at Concord, in its effects like the successes at Bennington, changed the aspect of the war. The loyalists of North Carolina no longer dared rise. It fired the patriots of the two Carolinas with fresh zeal. It encouraged the fragments of the defeated and scattered American army to seek each other and organize themselves anew. It quickened the North Carolina legislature to earnest efforts. It inspired Virginia to devote her resources to the country south of her border. The appearance on her frontier of a numerous enemy from settlements beyond the mountains, whose very names had been unknown to the British took Cornwallis by surprise, and their success was fatal to his intended expedition. He had hoped to skip with ease from one Carolina to the other, and from these to the conquest of Virginia, and he had now no choice but to retreat.

If any apology were necessary to justify an attempt to recall the man who, if he was not the organizer of the bold dash which found its climax at

King's Mountain, was yet the chief in command and known among his contemporaries as *par excellence* the hero of the day of battle, it is certainly to be found in this noble tribute from our great, calm, even-handed historian.

William Campbell was born in Orange county, Virginia, in that part of the county that is now a part of Augusta county, in the year 1745. That portion of Virginia was then the western frontier, and its people, like the settlers along the whole line from Pennsylvania to Georgia, were very largely of Scotch-Irish blood. His parents were no exception to the rule. His father's family were of the Campbells of Argyleshire and in Argyleshire from Inverary. Family tradition has always connected his descent directly with the chieftain of the clan, "the great MacCallum More," but the results of a careful investigation wholly discredit this claim, although it is by no means improbable that his ancestors may have been in the household of the chief. The family is found in the north of Ireland as early as 1600, and they seem to have prospered there, but shared the ups and downs of that misgoverned country. In 1726, John Campbell, the great-grandfather of William Campbell, emigrated to America and brought with him a large family and settled at Donegal, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. He was far advanced in years, and it is probable that his son, Patrick Campbell, who was married some time before leaving Ireland, brought with him his son Charles, though it is somewhat uncertain whither Charles Campbell was born

in Ireland, or not till after the settlement in Pennsylvania. The march of the Scotch-Irish emigrants followed a broad line through central Pennsylvania, where many found permanent homes; then dividing, one branch spread out upon the headwaters of the Ohio, while another passed south and led to the little settlements upon the Virginia and Carolina borders. John Campbell stopped only a short time in central Pennsylvania, although it appears that he and his family were well received, wishing to press on into the newer lands where the growing generations would be able to carve out for themselves a broader destiny. He pushed on into Virginia about 1730, and made his permanent settlement in Augusta, then the most westerly county. Charles Campbell, his grandson, there married a daughter of John Buchanan, of the same hardy Scotch blood, and thereby united himself to a stock which, though never itself famous, has formed one of the components in the blood of many of the most honored men whom Virginia has produced.

There is little to record of the youth of William Campbell. He was raised under the ordinary conditions of frontier life, tempered by the stern regimen of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. What little learning the traveling pedagogue dispensed in his neighborhood he received, besides this frequent and diligent study of the Bible, was probably his only training. In his case, as in many others, this proved sufficient to make him earnest and thoughtful, slow to speak, but wise in counsel, and, in the

day of action, bold and uncompromising. Not only so, but that well-spring of pure, forcible and elegant language was adequate to supply a fitting clothing for the thoughts which its inspired teaching awakened in his breast, and he never lacked the full measure of the man in the legislative halls any more than in the council of war or the day of battle. In physical development the hardships of frontier life begot early maturity. He was like his race, tall, raw-boned and muscular, standing six feet two inches in height, red of hair and blue of eye, trained in every manly exercise. He was, in all respects, a typical pioneer, and yet one touched with that further mark of God's hand, which is at once indescribable and unmistakable and shows plainly the man born to be a leader of men.

The encroachments of advancing civilization drove young Campbell, in 1767, then twenty-two years of age, to seek a home further west. He set out under the impulse of the pioneer instinct and settled on the tract known as Aspenvale, twenty-one miles east of Wolf Hills, now Abingdon, near one of the landmarks of that early day, the "Seven-mile ford." He came just in the lull between the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars. Even the Indians were at peace, and the life of a peaceful settler and energetic pioneer, which he led for a half dozen years, was uneventful and unmarked by any circumstance to distinguish it from a thousand others being lived in the neighboring hills and valleys. The results alone tell how he won the honor,

the confidence and respect of the men who were afterwards unanimously to look to him as their leader.

The country in which William Campbell cast his lot lay in one of the upper valleys that lie between the ranges of the Cumberland and Smoky mountains, and gave rise to one fork of the Holston river, one of the great feeders of the Tennessee. It was in the southwestern corner of the state and closely connected in interest not only with the other similar valleys of the Clinch and Holston rivers, but also with the general system of fertile valleys in Virginia and North Carolina, where sprang the various feeders of the great Tennessee, notable among which were the different forks of the Holston, the Watauga, the French Broad and the Nolichucky. The early settlers throughout this region were Virginians, and they all thought they were within the bounds of the Old Dominion, and, when the line was first run to fix the boundary, they found with regret that they had extended their settlements into North Carolina. Despite the nominal relation thus established with North Carolina, for a long time the old tie was the strong one, and the people throughout these fertile valleys regarded themselves as one, and all looked to Virginia for aid and reinforcement. The settlers in this region came to be known in the eastern districts as the "over-mountain-men," or the "backwater settlers," and they acted as a unit in their expeditions against the Indians and in later years against the British, and preëminently at King's Mountain.

In 1773 William Campbell, then twenty-eight years of age, began his public career—a career that was to continue the remainder of his life, now upon the bench, now in the field, now in the legislative halls, till his early death in the field. In that year he was chosen one of the justices of Fincastle county, that county being then the frontier county and embracing his home at Aspenvale. In this post he continued, with intervals of interruptions by other duties, for a large part of his life. This office put him in a prominent position in his county, and as the times demanded of all prominent citizens an ever instant activity against the Cherokees, we very naturally find him a captain in the militia and in the saddle at the head of his company in a descent upon the Indian country, made the next year. His part in this affair was inconsiderable in itself. Its chief importance lies in the fact that it was the first of a series of Indian wars, chiefly directed against the Cherokees, in which he was engaged. The Cherokees had long before entered into a treaty with the English, and had sent a deputation of chiefs to England to confer with their “white brother,” George II. This embassy returned so deeply impressed that they secured an almost uninterrupted peace with the English. This state of affairs rendered them, under the leadership of English emissaries, very uncomfortable neighbors during the Revolution, and expedition after expedition was sent to quell them, which were the most signally successful of any series of Indian wars on record,

and yet so secure were their hiding places, and so bitter their English comrades, that one invasion after another was made and retaliated.

The skies were already dark with the coming storm. Returning from this expedition the troops resolved, at Fort Gower, November 5, 1774, that, “as the love of liberty and attachment to the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration, we resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty and for the support of her just rights and privileges.” And, the sense of oppression steadily increasing, the hardy spirit of the backwoodsman was roused to resistance no less than those of the patriots of Boston, Philadelphia and Richmond. Not content with their former utterance, the western militia drew up a paper on January 20, 1775, in which they expressed their sentiments in the form of an address to the continental congress in the following language:

If no pacific measures shall be proposed or adopted by great Great Britain, and our enemies attempt to dragoon us out of those inestimable privileges which we are entitled to as subjects, and reduce us to slavery, we declare that we are deliberately and resolutely determined never to surrender them to any power upon earth but at the expense of our lives. These are our real, though unpolished, sentiments of liberty and loyalty, and in them we are resolved to live and die

Among the names affixed to this address is that of William Campbell.

Nor was it mere bragadocio voiced from a safe distance. For the first far echo of the rattle of musketry at Lexington and Concord found him as ready

to act as he had been prompt to speak. At once he was up and doing and raising a company with all possible celerity, the first raised in southwest Virginia, he set out for the east and was mustered into the Virginia line in the First Virginia regiment, with the eloquent and ardent Patrick Henry as his colonel. His commission as captain was issued to him under date of December 15, 1775, but he had been some time in actual service before this date.

His regiment was destined to a long period of inaction. The north was for a long time the theatre of the war, but it was not known how soon it might be transferred to the south, and garrison duty was essential to the safety of the state. It was none the less irksome to the eager spirits who had raised this first-fruits offering to liberty. Henry became weary with inaction and resigned his command. His second in command was Lieutenant-Colonel Christian, from one of the backwater settlements. He, too, became restless and his impatience was enhanced by the news that the Indians were again on the war path. He and Campbell, in consequence, resigned their commands in the latter part of 1776, but the superior officer alone got an early release and was over the hills and in the lead of a party sent out to chastise the Cherokees before Campbell was relieved, who was greatly chagrined at losing this chance of active warfare.

The only solace that the true soldier finds in the enforced idleness of post duty is in the courts of love, according to the best authorities, ancient and

modern. And Captain Campbell was no exception to the rule. He found his dulcinea in the sister of his great colonel, and after his return to the western country, even amid the constant danger from the Indians and the bitter and cowardly war of the Tories, the wound he had received still rankled, and before the year was out he returned to the east and Miss Elizabeth Henry became his wife.

From this time forth till the war clouds began to lift, he found sufficient field for activity in protecting his home and fireside from the depredations of the Tories and their red allies. The ever watchful eye and the ever ready hand of the backwoodsmen succeeded in doing this with rare success, but it was only by unflagging care. The Tories were made up not only of the real loyalists, but also of the offscourings of civilization who had fled to the mountain fastnesses and made the name of Tory the cloak for murder and rapine. No quarter was shown to such men. Justices whose jurisdiction extended only to minor criminal offences made no scruple of hanging them upon sufficient evidence of guilt, feeling justified in this course from the fact that jails were few and insecure, and even under the prompt action to which they resorted, relief parties often succeeded in freeing the accused. A general amnesty for all these summary executions was granted after the war by the state legislature, and a special one was granted by name to William Campbell for one of the most summary of all. It happened in this wise: Francis Hop-

kins, one of the worst of these vagabond ruffians, for months defied the officers of justice in a number of counties. He had been the hero of several jail deliveries, and bad as he was he had stirred up others to even worse deeds than his own. Every patriot was on his guard and on the watch for this desperado. One Sunday morning as Campbell was riding quietly home from church with his wife and a number of friends, his wife, according to family tradition, being seated on a pillion behind him, no doubt meditating on the Genevan doctrines he had just listened to in the old Presbyterian church at Ebbing Springs, he saw this fellow riding leisurely along the forest road before him. No sooner was he aware who he was than he, bidding his wife wait by the roadside, put spurs to his horse and set out in pursuit. The Tory seeing he was recognized turned into the woods and rode for his life. Campbell being better mounted rapidly overhauled him, and coming to a stream the Tory plunged in, hoping to thereby baffle his pursuer. But he little knew his man. Plunging in after him Campbell grappled with him in the stream and a desperate fight ensued, which was ended by the appearance of some of Campbell's friends, when the desperado was pinioned and brought ashore. There was no need of delay. His sentence had been pronounced by a hundred stout hearts long ago, who had been waiting only to catch their man to hang him. The nearest tree served for a gallows, the halter, according to one story, was the straps of Mrs. Campbell's pillion, but according to an-

other a horse halter for hitching purposes which Campbell had with him. Returning to the high road he rejoined his wife, and it is said replied to her eager inquiries as to the fate of the fugitive with the brief but sufficient statement: "Oh we hung him, Betsy—that's all."

In the year 1777 the county of Fin-castle was subdivided and Campbell's residence falling in the new county of Washington, all of his positions being under county appointment of course lapsed. The newly organized county, however, had no idea of dispensing with the services of so efficient an officer, and he was continued as a justice and made lieutenant-colonel of Washington county. In the same year he was appointed one of the commissioners to run the line between Virginia and the Cherokees, in pursuance of the provisions of the treaty made the previous July at the Long Island of the Holston.

The next three years were principally occupied in watching the Tories and in making assaults upon them whenever they collected in considerable numbers in his county or those near by. In 1780 he was sent to the Virginia house of delegates, and was in his seat for a part of May and June of that year. But in the same year he had been promoted to a full colonelcy and the Indians becoming once more troublesome, he was sent under a special commission from Jefferson, then governor, and the council, to raise troops and join the Carolinians in an attack upon the towns of the Chicamauga branch of the Cherokees. He seems to have been deflected from

this expedition by finding a Tory gathering on foot for the purpose of attempting the seizure of the important lead mines near the present Wythesville, which was one of the chief reliances of the patriots for their rifle balls. He succeeded in scattering and breaking up the plans of these Tories, but too late to join in the bold dash made into the Indian country.

Despite the most constant activity of the southern patriots, and especially of the "over-mountain" men, they were now fairly at bay. The British had gained possession of Charleston, South Carolina, and making that a basis of operations had gradually overrun the Carolinas, and by the early autumn of 1780 the prospect of the southern colonies were desperate. The plan of the English commander was exceedingly comprehensive. Three lines of invasion were to advance northward under Cornwallis, Tarleton and Ferguson; British emissaries were dispatched to stir up and equip the Tories on the western frontiers and the Indians in the region beyond the mountains. Advancing simultaneously, it was expected that these five columns would effectually smother the last spark of patriotism in the south. But the storm that was to destroy only served to fan the sparks into a blaze.

For a time the advance was steady and the victory complete. Though Sumpter and Marion and Cleveland and McDowell fought nobly, their forces were broken and their resources spent. The most that they could do was to wage a half-guerilla warfare and harass the enemy when-

ever he laid himself open to attack. The battle of Camden seemed to conclude the hopes of the patriots. Young Isaac Shelby had shortly before that disaster led a brave little body of "over-mountain" men to join the forces in the east. With these he had made a bold dash and surprised and taken a little body of British and Tories, and was just about to attempt another excursion into the region of Ninety-Six, when the news of Camden reached him, and he saw it was hopeless. His colonel, McDowell, at once fell back into the mountains and Shelby, gathering his little band, returned to his home. The vigor and daring of this little body of mountaineers made an impression on the British, and they saw that this new blood would make their task harder should it be poured into the disheartened camps of the colonials. Their judgment, however, was not equal to their discernment. They saw the evil, and in attempting to avert it succeeded only in precipitating it. They sent out a threatening message, telling the backwater settlers that if they did not stay at home they should be pursued to their eyries and be destroyed there. It was an idle vaunt, but coming at the same time with a cry for aid from their fellows in the east, it stirred the hearts of the pioneers to their lowest depths, and they determined to make one mighty effort to drive the oppressor from their land. Major Ferguson, who commanded the western column, dreaming of no further resistance at an early date, let many of his Tories leave him to plunder their neighbors and harvest their crops, and contented himself with

slothful plundering, awaiting Tarleton, who was delayed in South Carolina. Meanwhile the mountaineers were rising.

The immediate originator of the idea of the brilliant campaign of King's Mountain was probably Isaac Shelby. On receiving the British threats, he went to Colonel John Sevier, his devoted friend and companion in arms, and destined to be the first governor of Tennessee as he himself of Kentucky. Sevier had been one of the most energetic of the western settlers, and was fast acquiring that wonderful hold upon his people, which he never lost. He and Shelby had fought together in many an Indian war, and they knew each other through and through. The plan was disclosed and quickly agreed to, although an Indian war was imminent. A sufficient guard could be left to protect the settlements for a few weeks, and a brief, bold ride over the mountains could be attempted if the Virginia settlements would aid them. A message was accordingly sent to Colonel Campbell, under whom Shelby and Sevier had long served, and to whom they looked as to their natural leader. Colonel Campbell was in the midst of his operations against the Tories when Colonel Shelby's express arrived, and he had a further plan arranged for the remainder of the autumn and declined the proposition. A second letter was at once sent him, and he finally consented to join the expedition.

The rendezvous for the over-mountain men was at Sycamore Flats, on the upper Watauga, near the confluence of

the Doe. Hither, on the twenty-fifth of September, came Shelby and Sevier at the head of two hundred and forty men each, and Campbell at the head of four hundred and the remnant of McDowell's men, about one hundred and sixty in number. They set out at once across the mountains. The way was beset with difficulties, but they pressed on with great hardihood. In a few days they were joined by Colonel Cleveland with the troops of Wilkes and Surrey counties, North Carolina, amounting to some three hundred and fifty men. Various other leaders came in from time to time with small bodies, and the numbers slowly increased.

To make the difficulties of the road even worse than they otherwise would have been, two of the men, Crawford and Chambers, turned out to be Tories and deserted on the second day of the march, at a place known as "the Bald of Yellow mountain," and set out to join Ferguson to apprise him of the approach of the mountain-men. In order to prevent serious consequences from this, the leaders struck boldly into the wilderness, braving all the trials of the way for the sake of a short and direct road, and also to elude the British if they should attempt to take them in the toils of the mountain passes. Happily no evil consequences came from this misadventure.

After the little army had gathered, a new difficulty arose. There were five colonels among the officers. Four of were North Carolinians, and of these McDowell was entitled to command, both on account of seniority and the

fact that they were in his particular district. He, however, was old and somewhat slow and over-cautious, and not at all to the liking of his comrades. He generously waved his claims and offered to go to Gates and ask for a general officer to command, and it was decided to elect someone to command until such officer should arrive. Shelby nominated Campbell, who not only had been his superior in earlier times but was well known for his courage and knowledge of warlike operations, but he further thought that as commanding the largest force he had some claims, and, as the only Virginian, he would be less open to jealousy on the part of the other officers. Campbell, though modestly suggesting Shelby as the originator of the campaign, was unanimously chosen—a choice which the result praises better than words.

With all possible dispatch the little army pressed on, hoping to find their quarry in central North Carolina. But, Major Ferguson, hearing from the deserters of their coming, began to fall back slowly towards his base, while he sent out expresses to recall the Tories whom he had permitted to leave his camp, and to recruit such others as could be found. He began this movement as if intent on reaching the district of Ninety-six and effecting a juncture with Tarleton, but his real purpose was to throw the enemy off his scent and then to await reinforcements. He accordingly forded the Broad river at Denard ford, and, keeping along that stream, struck off to the east towards Cornwallis, who lay at Charlotte, and, sending out

expresses, lay by near King's Mountain, and finally camped on a spur of that mountain, thinking it impregnable.

The British commander's ruse was completely successful. The pursuers following on his trail found themselves at fault at the ford of the Broad, and were just about pushing on to Ninety-six when Colonel Lacey of Hamptons South Carolina troops, hearing of this rode twenty-five miles to warn them of the ruse that had been practised on them and to offer the coalition of the commands of Colonels Williams, Hill and himself. This was agreed to and a rendezvous appointed for the next day, at the Cowpens. The final gathering of the clans was accordingly held at that place, and when the four hundred men thus added were enumerated the whole force was found to consist of about eighteen hundred men. This was the night of the sixth of October. It was decided at a council of war, to choose out of the whole number of troops nine hundred picked men, and press rapidly on, lest Ferguson succeed in obtaining reinforcements before the blow could be struck. Both parties were pretty accurately informed as to the movements of the other by their scouts, and the patriots had the good luck to intercept most of Ferguson's dispatches. In one of these to Lord Cornwallis he said: "I am on my march toward you by a road leading from Cherokee ford, north of King's Mountain. Three or four hundred good soldiers, part dragoons, would finish the business. Something must be done soon. This is their last push in this quarter." And indeed if this failed this

was likely to be their last push. King's Mountain was about thirty miles away. A night's march, a brave rush, was the programme the mountain men proposed to carry out now as they had so often against their Indian foes in the fastnesses of the western hills.

King's Mountain might easily have been reached by dawn had the roads been good. But they were very bad and the night brought on a cold autumnal drizzle, which by morning became a decided rain. The men, wearied and worn as they were, were obliged to bear the pelting of the rain in order to give their outer garments to the protection of their powder and their guns. So, wrapping them carefully, they stocially pressed on through the darkness and the storm. It was high noon when they reached the immediate vicinity of the foe and happily the rain had ceased and the sky had cleared away.

Several of the officers were intimately acquainted with the neighborhood as they had camped on the very spot where Ferguson had now pitched his camp the preceding year while on a hunting excursion. The scouts, too, had learned by dissimulation much concerning the disposition of the forces from neighboring Tories. A council of war quickly decided in favor of an instant assault.

The hill occupied by the British has been described by a recent writer\* as "a narrow ridge of ground about a third of a mile long and at its greatest breadth not more than three hundred and fifty feet wide, a mere spur of a loftier emi-

nence known as King's Mountain. . . It rises only sixty feet from the surrounding country, but its sides slope steeply, and at the time of the battle were covered with a heavy growth of timber, behind which the assailants could shield their approach ; but at the summit they would be met by a high escarpment of rocks, broken, jagged and heaped confusedly together." Upon this strong point he had a little army of eleven hundred and twenty-five men, part regulars, but mainly Tory recruits, as is shown by the rolls returned that morning and found in the papers after the battle.

The plan of battle agreed on was as follows: The eminence was to be stormed simultaneously on all sides, except, of course, the narrow neck on the north uniting this point to the rest of the range. The right centre under Colonel Campbell and the left centre under Colonel Shelby were to attack the southern end a little to the east and west respectively, while Colonel Sevier with his men and half of Colonel Cleveland's, under Major Winston, were to storm the eastern slope on the right wing, and Colonel Cleveland with the other half of his force with the South Carolinians, under Colonels Lacey, Hill and Williams, were to attack the western slope as the left wing. The dispositions were rapidly and eagerly made, Colonel Campbell personally addressing each body before they took their places. Time was allowed for the different divisions to reach their posts and the assault was nearly coincident, except that Campbell's men, a little too-impet-

\*Edmund Kirke in 'The Rear Guard of the Revolution.'

uous, anticipated their comrades by a few minutes. The mountaineers swarmed up the slope with their usual enterprise, taking advantage of rocks and trees and firing independently and only when a good mark was offered for their trusty Deckard rifles. The first onslaught was courageously met, and though the Tories, like all untrained troops, aimed too high down the slope they made a good fight and when brought to close quarters fought sharply with butchers' knives fastened to their guns in lieu of bayonets. At nearly every point the first onslaught was repulsed. But the woodsmen only recoiled long enough to reload behind some tree, and then with yells and shouts returned to the fray. Hemmed in on every side, the prey of the huntsmen's unerring aim the Tories finally became demoralized, and Major Ferguson seeing that the fortunes of the day were desperate and his regulars' gallant conduct in vain, attempted to cut his way through the centre. But Campbell and Sevier cut down the compact ranks of the regulars in swathes, and the gallant leader himself fell mortally wounded. This was the signal for a general surrender and in the brief space of one hour and five minutes the battle was fought and won. The whole force on the morning's roll was accounted for in killed, wounded and prisoners with the exception of twenty men, who either escaped or were left unseen in the woods. The killed numbered two hundred and twenty-five and the wounded one hundred and thirty, a proportion of killed to wounded altogether unknown in ordinary warfare and a remarkable testi-

mony to the accurate aim of the woodsmen. The American loss was only twenty-eight killed and sixty-two wounded, but among these was the brave Colonel Williams and Captain Sevier, a brother of Colonel Sevier—both serious losses.

Thus did those brave men from their eagle nests in the mountains sweep down like a besom of destruction upon the insolent foe and oppressor, and by one bold stroke change the whole aspect of the war. It is difficult to rightly estimate the consequences of such a fight. The numbers engaged seem so trifling, the aspect of the affair itself so transitory. The victorious army did not even stay to bury the dead, but leaving Colonel Campbell with fifty men to do the last offices for their comrades, they hurried away lest Cornwallis should fall upon them and defeat them or at least take away their captives. It was only a slender column cut away, but on it rested a great superstructure and it was essential to its existence. Little more than a border foray in appearance, this action was the beginning of the end and thenceforth the liberty of the American people, though not yet secured, was certain.

The dead buried, the prisoners were confined at the court house of Fincastle county, Virginia, and Campbell set out to join Sevier in a raid into the Cherokee country, but he was too late for this service. He received, in January, 1781, a call from General Green to join him in opposing Cornwallis, and responded to it with four hundred riflemen. Whereupon Cornwallis hearing of his presence

in the forces opposed to him, sent him a threat that he would be hung if taken, because the Americans had hung a number of Tories taken at King's Mountain for crimes committed at various times. If he hoped to intimidate by this threat, he little knew the temper of this man. His first pitched battle was that of Guilford Court House, on the fifteenth of March, 1781, in which he acted under the immediate command of General Lee. His riflemen opened the battle and behaved with signal bravery, and in the evening, when Lee drew off precipitately, they were left alone in a position far advanced, and, though they fought nobly, were sadly cut to pieces by a charge of Tarleton's dragoons. Colonel Campbell was bitterly indignant at the way he had been treated and cut to the heart by the slaughter of his gallant neighbors whom he had led to such a fatal field, and in grief and indignation left the army and returned home, although he was overwhelmed with compliments upon the spirit displayed both by himself and his command.

Meanwhile, the legislature of Virginia and the continental congress voted special resolutions of congratulation and thanks to the hero of King's Mountain, and the Virginia legislature further voted him a horse and trappings and a sword. Washington, too, issued a special order congratulating the army on the happy turn of the tide of success. These felicitations produced little effect on the wounded spirit of the leader, and he determined to return to the council hall, and announced himself again a candi-

date on the thirty-first of March. He was offered the shrievalty of his county, but declined it, and, being elected again, took his seat in the house of delegates, where he was received with a respect adequate to his recent exploit. But he was too conspicuous as a soldier to be permitted to remain in retirement, and LaFayette having assumed the command of the troops in Virginia, he was appointed a brigadier-general in the Virginia line and induced to again enter the service. His appointment was made on the fifteenth day of June, and, leave being granted for the remainder of the session of the house of delegates, he hastened to join the army and take command of a brigade of light infantry and riflemen.

His time of earthly service, however, was nearly over. The only notable engagement of this summer in which he was concerned was a brilliant fight at the Burnt Chimneys, but the numbers engaged were so small that it was little more than a skirmish. Though a strong and vigorous man, he yielded speedily to a "complaint in his breast," which attacked him at this time, and died, quite suddenly, on the twenty-second of August, 1781, in his thirty-sixth year.

His early death caused very general grief, both at his home, among his comrades in arms, in the legislature of Virginia and among the officers of the army, who had discerned in his courage and efficiency the highest promise. The testimony offered by the general order of LaFayette on the occasion of his death, to the esteem and appreciation

with which he was regarded, is so apt that I cannot forbear quoting it somewhat at length.

August 25, 1785.

The general has no doubt but that the army will unite with him in regretting General Campbell's death, an officer whose service must have endeared him to every citizen, and in particular to every American soldier. The glory which General Campbell has acquired at the affairs of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House will do his memory everlasting honor, and insure him an high rank among the defenders of liberty in the American cause.

The general wishes it had been possible for himself and the officers of the army to have paid him those honors to which his rank, but particularly his merit, so highly entitled him; but his great distance from the army and our present situation render it impossible.

The lieutenant of the county will assemble a corps of militia and pay military honors to the deceased general. General Stevens is requested to name a deputation of four field officers, who will immediately repair to Rocky Mills, and, in the name of the army, pay General Campbell their last respects.

LAFAYETTE.

WM. BARBER, D. A. G.

We may well lament that the confidence which the gallant marquis here expressed in the lasting fame of this noble man has not been justified. The mere soldier of the Revolution has met a hard fate at the hands of posterity. A few impressed themselves too deeply on the page of history to permit of forgetfulness; others were fortunate enough to add fresh lustre to their laurels in building and conserving the government for whose creation they had fought; but those who died with only their military fame to claim remembrance, have generally failed to obtain their just due. Of these Campbell was eminently one. Had he lived he might well have hoped to achieve distinction in the career of

statesmanship, having already in the intervals of active service shown no mean ability. At least we may say for him that had he not stood shoulder to shoulder with his comrades in war in the prominent services of peace, yet as the embodiment of the great victory to which he led his countrymen, he would have gathered around himself, as years wore on, the mellow light of a glory that was justly his. Not only has he fallen short of his due meed of praise, but one of his comrades strove to tarnish his honors many years after, when stung by what he deemed a neglect of his own honors, and led to a long and bitter controversy which completely vindicated General Campbell; and he has further suffered at the hands of the biographers of Sevier and Shelby, who in mistaken zeal have thought they did their heroes service when they tricked them out in the habit of another man. Nor did he have any son to keep his memory alive. His only child who reached maturity was a daughter. She married General Francis Preston, and her sons, especially he who bore the hero's name, William Campbell Preston, sometime senator in congress from South Carolina, a noble man and a great orator, have done honor to their descent. From this source some of his blood has mingled with some of the most famous in the south, with that of Carrington, McDowell and Floyd in Virginia, of Hampton of South Carolina, and of Breckinridge in Kentucky, but, however much the vigor of these stocks may be due to the hardy warrior of a hundred years ago, few care to trace it

where there is no landmark of his name.

Whatever else we may say of him, this at least it is safe to say: "That he deserved well of his country," and by virtue of his holding the chief command on that glorious day that "changed

the fate of war," no less than by the courage he displayed on that occasion, he deserves of us the title his contemporaries so gladly accorded, of "Hero of King's Mountain."

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

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## THE BENCH AND THE BAR OF TORONTO.

### III.

#### THE HONORABLE WILLIAM DUMMER POWELL, CHIEF-JUSTICE OF UPPER CANADA.

THE Honorable William Dummer Powell was of a very old Welsh family—the family estate in Wales was "Caer Howel." The chief-justice's grandfather, John Powell, came from England to America as secretary to Lieutenant-governor Dummer; his grandmother was sister of Lieutenant-governor Dummer; his father was John Powell of Boston, Massachusetts. The chief-justice was born in Boston in 1755. At the age of nine years he was sent to England to be educated. From England he was sent to Holland to acquire a knowledge of the French and Dutch languages, and in 1772 he returned to Boston. He was called to the bar in 1779, by the middle temple. Previously to 1791 he had resided, for a short time in Lower Canada and had rendered valuable aid to the United Empire Loyalists in obtaining the act of 1791.

On the eleventh of May, 1789, he left Montreal with his family for Detroit, which was still in possession of the British, and continued in their posses-

sion till the Jay treaty of 1796. The journey of himself and family to Detroit has been most graphically described by his sister in a journal she kept of the voyage, which was made principally in boats. Some idea of the difficulty of ascending the St. Lawrence and the rapids at that day, in small boats, is made plain from the fact that it took the chief-justice and his family ten days to reach Kingston. The journal describes Kingston at that time as "a small town, standing on a beautiful bay, at the foot of Lake Ontario." It took four days to traverse the lake from Kingston to Niagara; there the party met the celebrated Indian chief Joseph Brant. Afterwards they visited Fort Schlosser, thence to Fort Erie by batteau. While at Fort Erie they had an opportunity of visiting an Indian council held on the opposite side of the river. There were upward of two hundred chiefs at this council, delegates of the Six Nations. I extract Miss Powell's description of this council, which