

SOUVENIR PROGRAM

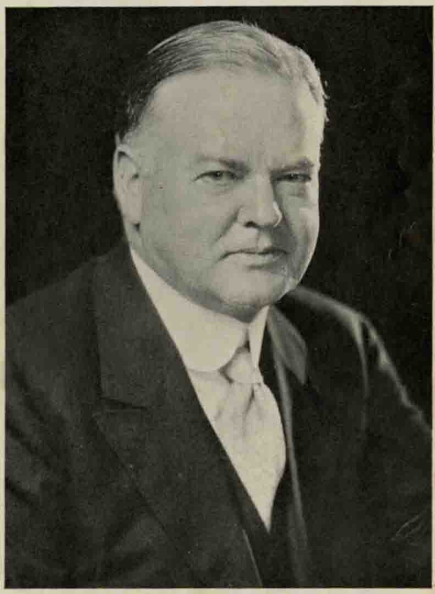
SESQUI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

BATTLE of KINGS MOUNTAIN-

"The Turning Point of the American Revolution"

OCT. 7TH 1930

on the battleground in
YORK COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA



PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER
Principal Speaker



In Driving Home

FROM THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE
OF KINGS MOUNTAIN, GIVE
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Mountain View Filling Station

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The above space contributed to the Promotion of the Celebration of the Battle of Kings Mountain by three of Kings Mountain's leading business firms.

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College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences (B.A. & B.S.)

School of Music (B. MUS.)

Department of Art (Certificate in Art)

Historical Note: Mr. J. B. Cleveland and Dr. Jesse F. Cleveland (both deceased), former Trustees of the College, and Mr. Arthur Cleveland, now a Trustee, descendants of Captain Robert Cleveland, who fought at the Battle of Kings Mountain.

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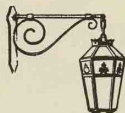
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Just Right*

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THIS SOUVENIR PROGRAMME

IS DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOSE BRAVE PIONEERS

AND

GALLANT HEROES

WHO, ON THE SLOPES OF THIS MOUNTAIN ON

OCTOBER 7, 1780,

FIGHTING IN DEFENSE OF THEIR HOMES AND THEIR COUNTRY, DEFEATED THE BRITISH FORCES UNDER THE ABLE COMMANDER, COLONEL PATRICK FERGUSON, AND TURNED THE TIDE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, MAKING POSSIBLE THE FINAL VICTORY AT YORKTOWN AND THE PERMANENT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AND TO

THEIR DESCENDANTS

WHEREVER THEY MAY RESIDE TODAY

The Kendall Company

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P. S. Also Southern Cake

Official Programme

OF THE

Sesqui-Centennial Celebration

OF THE

Battle of Kings Mountain

On the Battleground

In York County, South Carolina

Tuesday, October 7, 1930

On the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

Of the Engagement Which Proved To Be

THE TURNING POINT OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION

GASTONIA

NORTH CAROLINA

"The South's City of Spindles"

LOCATED IN

GASTON COUNTY

Combed Cotton Yarn Manufacturing Center of America

Greater Gastonia Has a Population of 28,250

[1930 CENSUS]

In the HEART of the Textile Industry, enjoying a delightful climate with a mean annual temperature of 60 degrees, with economical transportation facilities made possible through the Southern, C. & N. W., P. & N., and S. A. L. Railways and superb paved roads leading in every direction, ample supply of capable American labor and unlimited electric power, Gastonia and Gaston county offer an alluring field for a wide diversity of industries.

Gaston County

has a population of 78,049, the densest rural population in North Carolina. Gaston has 103 cotton mills, more than any other county in America, and ranks third in the number of spindles in the nation.

In a peculiar way, any industry using yarn in any fashion or manufacturing any kind of textile supplies should find this an ideal location.

*Don't Leave the Carolinas Without Stopping in Gastonia. . . .
20 Miles East of the Historic Kings Mountain Battleground*

For further information address

Chamber of Commerce

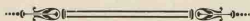
GASTONIA, NORTH CAROLINA

At Town of Kings Mountain

1:00 P. M.—President's special train arrives.

1:10 to 1:50 P. M.—President Hoover reviews parade of military forces composed of National Guard units of North and South Carolina and United States troops from Fort Bragg, N. C.

1:50 to 2:30 P. M.—Motorcade with the President and Mrs. Hoover, Congressional and Senatorial delegations, Governors and reception committee, over North Carolina Highway No. 205 from Town of Kings Mountain, N. C., to speaker's stand on the Battleground.



At the Battleground

2:30 P. M.—President Hoover and party arrive at speaker's stand.

Presiding Officer, Governor John G. Richards, of South Carolina.

SONG—"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

Mr. Joseph Mathieu, of New York; Miss Lillian Plonk, of Asheville, N. C.; Miss Gertrude Gower, of Charlotte, N. C.; Mr. Maury Pearson, of Spartanburg, S. C. Accompanist, Mr. Eugene Craft, of Charlotte, N. C.

INVOCATION..... *Rev. James I. Vance, D.D., of Nashville, Tenn.*

WORDS OF WELCOME..... *Governor Richards*

SONG—"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"..... *Celebration Quartette*

INTRODUCTION OF PRESIDENT HOOVER..... *Governor O. Max Gardner, of North Carolina*

ADDRESS..... *President of the United States, the Honorable Herbert Hoover*

ORIGINAL POEM ON "THE BATTLE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN"..... *Mr. Archibald Rutledge*

SONG—"LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"..... *Celebration Quartette*

ELECTRICITY-- Your Servant

Electricity has revolutionized industry. In industry it has multiplied our man power and tremendously increased the efficiency and output of our mills, factories, and shops.

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{ ELECTRICITY--The
Servant in the Home }

**Southern Public
Utilities Company**

Dedication of Ferguson Marker

*In Memoriam Services at the Grave of
Colonel Patrick Ferguson
(Immediately following the President's Address)*

3:30 to 4 P. M.

COL. T. L. KIRKPATRICK, *Presiding*

DEDICATORY PRAYER

*Rev. Judson L. Vippermann, D.D., of Spartanburg,
S. C.*

PRESENTATION OF THE MARKER

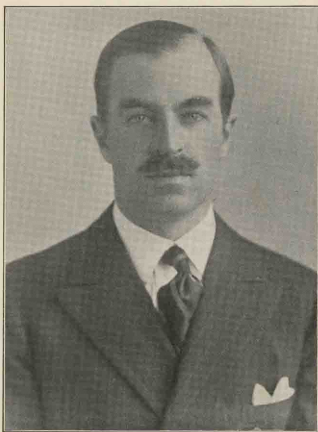
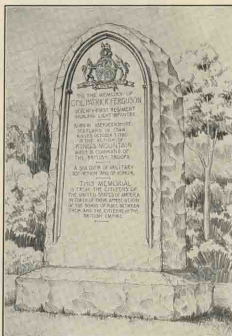
*Hon. Heriot Clarkson, Associate Justice of the
Supreme Court of North Carolina*

UNVEILING

*Miss Nancy Reynolds Kirkpatrick, of Charlotte,
N. C.*

RESPONSE—*Mr. Ronald Campbell, of the British Embassy*

The marker bears this inscription: "To the Memory of Col. Patrick Ferguson, Seventy-first Regiment, Highland Light Infantry. Born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1744. Killed October 7, 1780, in action at Kings Mountain while in command of the British troops. A soldier of military distinction and of honor. This Memorial is from the Citizens of the United States of America in token of their appreciation of the bonds of friendship and peace between them and the Citizens of the British Empire."



Mr. Campbell will represent Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador to the United States. He will be accompanied by Mr. Percy S. Bullen, dean of English newspaper correspondents in the United States, representing the St. George Society of New York.

Representing the British Government

Mr. Ronald Campbell, who will make the response to the dedication of the marker on Oct. 7, 1930, to the memory of Col. Patrick Ferguson, is a distinguished member of the British diplomatic service which he entered in 1914. He was appointed to Washington in 1915 and served the British Embassy in various important capacities from 1915 to 1919. In the latter year he was appointed private secretary to the Right Honorable Lord Grey with whom he remained until he was transferred to Paris in 1920, where he became the first Secretary of the British Embassy in the French Capital. Mr. Campbell was First Secretary of the British Embassy in Brussels in 1922 and 1923. Then followed four years in the Foreign Office in London. He was transferred to Washington in 1927, was Counsellor of the British Embassy there in 1928 and towards the end of that year was appointed to the important office of Charge d'Affaires, an office which he still retains.



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Charlotte, N. C.

The Great **Atlantic & Pacific** Tea Co.

Descendants of Heroes

4:00 to 5:00 P. M.

At Presidential Speakers' Stand

*Under the Auspices of the American Society of Descendants
of Kings Mountain Heroes with Headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.*

Dr. George Brown, of Atlanta, Secretary and Executive Officer, Presiding

SONG—"America" *Celebration Quartette*

ADDRESS—"The Day, the Time, the Place, the Aftermath"
By Hon. James B. Nevin, Editor of the Georgian-American, Atlanta, Ga.

ADDRESS—"The Past—The Future" *By Mrs. Avis Collier Brown, of Atlanta, Ga.*

This society, organized in 1929, with Dr. Brown as the originator and moving spirit, now has more than 200 members. All persons who are descended from men who fought with the American forces in the Battle of Kings Mountain are eligible for membership and should communicate with Dr. Brown.



Sunday, October 5th

On the Battleground

3 to 5 P. M.

DR. I. S. McELROY, Pastor of Kings Mountain Presbyterian Church, *Presiding*

A great religious service will be held to which the public has been invited

*The monument to be dedicated to the memory of Col. Ferguson is the gift of Mr. R. E. Scoggins,
of the Scoggins Memorial Art Shop, Charlotte, N. C.*

Durene

In all numbers. Supplied in cones, tubes, springs, skeins and warps; in natural, gassed, bleached and dyed.

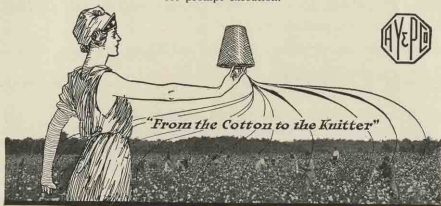
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Its use with the new bodies is a further indication of the Ford policy of giving "Value Far Above the Price."

Morning Program

R. E. L. NIEL, Salisbury, *Presiding*

8:30 to 9:30 A. M.—Band concert at presidential speakers' stand on the battle ground by the Charlotte High School Band. Mr. L. R. Sides, Director.

9:30 to 10 A. M.—Vocal selections by The Carolina Revelers, of Salisbury, N. C., under the direction of Rob Roy Perry. J. W. Proctor, first tenor; Fred Young, second tenor; Glenn Hartsell, baritone; Glenn Parker, bass.

Historical Program

KINGS MOUNTAIN BATTLEGROUND

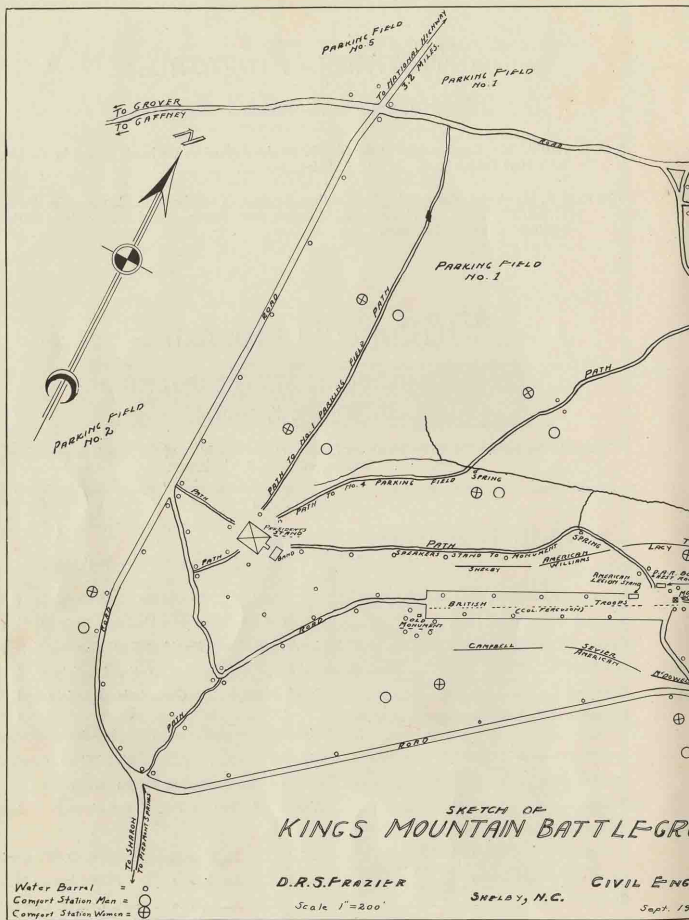
OCTOBER 7, 1930

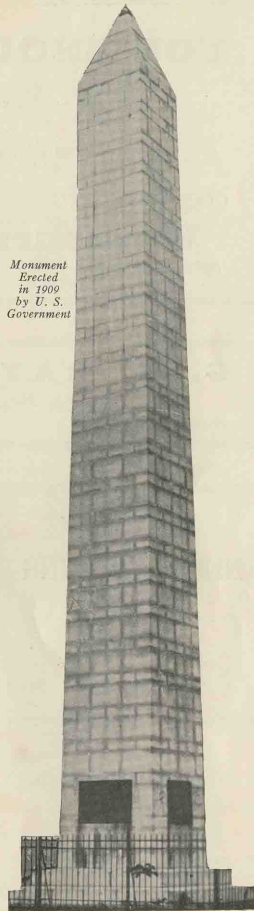
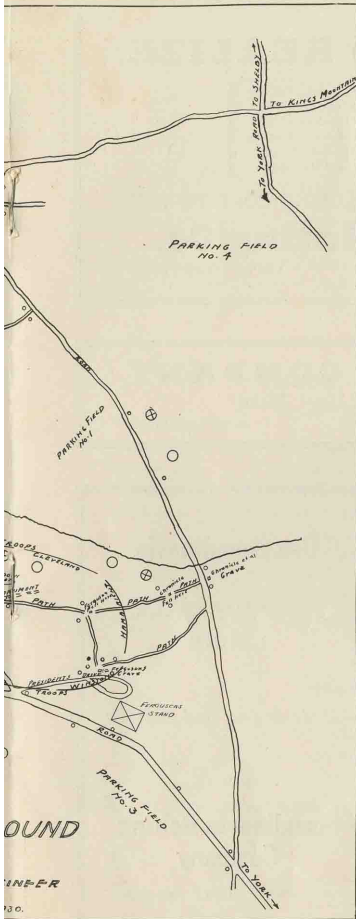
Under the Auspices of the Kings Mountain Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution
Mrs. R. M. Bratton, of York, S. C., Regent

10:00-12:30

MAJ. JOHN F. JONES, *Presiding*

INVOCATION	<i>Dr. Luther Little, Charlotte, N. C.</i>
AMERICA	<i>Led by Chorus from Tamassee D. A. R. School</i>
GREETING	<i>Major John F. Jones, President South Carolina S. A. R.</i>
GREETING	<i>Mrs. Brooks White, Vice Pres. Gen. National Society D. A. R.</i>
GREETING	<i>Frank B. Steele, Sec. Gen. National Society S. A. R.</i>
PRESENTATION OF STATE REGENTS D. A. R.	<i>North Carolina-Georgia-Tennessee-Virginia-South Carolina</i>
INTRODUCTION OF MEMBERS OF THE CINCINNATI SOCIETY.....	<i>W. W. Watt, Charlotte</i>
PRESENTATION OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN	
GREETING	<i>Hon. W. A. Graham, Pres. North Carolina S. A. R.</i>
INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER	
ADDRESS	<i>Dr. D. W. Daniel</i>
KINGS MOUNTAIN LYRIC	<i>Miss Florence Mims</i>
CHORUS	<i>Queens-Chicora College, Charlotte</i>
BAND NUMBER	<i>Charlotte High School Band</i>





*Monument
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National Flag Drill

12:30 TO 1:00 P. M.

R. E. L. NIEL, Salisbury, N. C., *Presiding*

At the Presidential Speakers' Stand

A series of spectacular National flag drills staged by the Memorial Flag Escort of Samuel C. Hart
Post No. 14 of the American Legion, of Salisbury, N. C.

PERSONNEL OF THE ESCORT

Commander, MAJOR MAX L. BARKER

Vice-Commander, CHARLES L. COGGIN

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Kent Goley	W. H. Hardin, Jr.	R. O. Yancey	W. M. Barringer
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Morris James	Donald Clement	A. G. Smith	Norman Ingle
F. W. Fuller	I. M. Richardson	C. S. Lippard	M. S. Alexander
J. S. Stricker	Bryce P. Beard	M. O. Lyerly	L. H. Heck
Fred Young	S. H. Plexico	J. H. McKenzie	C. L. Shaver
Hiram Beaver	H. L. Lyerly	J. E. Cruse	H. H. Miller
C. V. Roberts	W. D. Kizziah	J. A. Dunn	G. W. Choate



DR. JAMES PINCKNEY KINARD, *Presiding*

1:00 to 1:30 P. M.—Choral Selections.....*Winthrop Celebration Chorus*
Walter Buchanan Roberts, Conductor Miss Grace Farquhar, Pianist

Kimball Baby Grand for Presidential stand furnished by A. J. Kirby Music Company, Gastonia, N. C.

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Sesqui-Centennial Celebration
 Historical Pageant of the Battle of Kings Mountain

KINGS MOUNTAIN AUDITORIUM
 OCTOBER 6-7, 1930

Personal Direction of MISS LAURA PLONK

Director of The Southern Workshop, School of Expression and the Arts, Asheville, N. C.

Prologue—Historical Drama—Allegory

Three Hundred in Cast

Twenty-one Scenes

Sponsored by Daughters of the American Revolution

October 6, 1930
 Matinee 3:00 P. M.
 Evening 8:15

October 7, 1930
 Matinee 4:30
 Evening 8:15

PROLOGUE

Scene I— <i>Allegory</i>	WAR
DANCE	GROUP
Scene II— <i>History</i>	BOSTON TEA PARTY
Scene III— <i>History</i>	PAUL REVERE'S RIDE
Scene IV— <i>Allegory</i>	CONFLICT
Scene V— <i>History</i>	BATTLE OF LEXINGTON
Scene VI— <i>History</i>	BATTLE OF CONCORD
Scene VII— <i>History</i>	SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Scene VIII— <i>Allegory</i>	DESTRUCTION
Scene IX— <i>History</i>	WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE
Scene X— <i>History</i>	SEIGE OF CHARLESTON
Scene XI— <i>History</i>	BATTLE OF CAMDEN
Scene XII— <i>Allegory</i>	SUFFERING

INTERMISSION

Scene XIII— <i>History</i>	A MOUNTAIN HOME
Scene XIV— <i>History</i>	COLONEL SEVIER'S HOME
Scene XV— <i>History</i>	A CAMP OF MOUNTAIN MEN
Scene XVI— <i>Allegory</i>	LIGHT
Scene XVII— <i>History</i>	COL. WILLIAM CAMPBELL CHOSEN COMMANDER OF MOUNTAIN MEN
Scene XVIII— <i>History</i>	COLONEL FERGUSON'S CAMP ON TOP OF KINGS MOUNTAIN
Scene XIX— <i>History</i>	MARCH OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN THROUGH THE RAIN TO KINGS MOUNTAIN
Scene XX— <i>History</i>	BATTLE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN
Scene XXI— <i>Allegory</i>	PEACE

The pageant will be resplendent with picturesque scenery and lighting effects; with colorful costumes of the period and with music, dancing and intensive, expressive action. It will depict the life, actions, fortitude and magnificent spirit of the people of the Revolutionary Period.

PRODUCTION STAFF:

DIRECTOR	Miss Laura Plonk
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR and PRODUCER	Mr. Wilbur K. Morgan
Synopsis of Pageant History	Mr. Wilbur K. Morgan
Assisting in the collection of material:	Mrs. Frank Summers, Mrs. Will Anderson, Mrs. A. C. Lineberger and Mrs. J. A. Fore
Reading Arrangement of Pageant History	Miss Lillian Plonk
Allegory—Author	Mrs. Lillian M. Mossler
Music	WBT Orchestra, Charlotte, Mr. Michael Wise, Director
Dancing	Misses Bessie and Florence Burkheimer, Burkheimer School of Dancing, Charlotte
Costuming	Van Horn & Son, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Stage Manager	Mr. Kneale Morgan
Lighting	Carolina Theater, Charlotte, Kleigle Brothers, New York City
Property Manager	Mr. Lawrence Lovell



New \$70,000.00 War Memorial Building at Gastonia, N. C., was dedicated August 5th, 1930. Built as a memorial to the veterans of all wars through a municipal bond issue of the city of Gastonia. Hugh E. White, Architect.

This Space Contributed to the Promotion of the
 Sesqui-Centennial Celebration
 of the
 Battle of Kings Mountain
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 C. E. Neisler, Kings Mountain, N. C.
 C. O. Kuester, Charlotte, N. C.

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Walter J. Cartier, Charlotte, N. C., will be in charge of all Announcements of Program

King or Kings Mountain

By WILLIAM MILTON HOOD

Charlotte, N. C.

Let us turn back the dusty pages in the Book of Time. Turn back its faded leaves a fraction over a century and a half. Here we find it is Christmas time. But this mattered not to a certain man who faithfully served his Great King. A man whose name stands out like a lonely pine on the mountain side; even though months later he was to drink black dregs from his cup—the dregs of defeat.



Southern Expedition

It was Lord Cornwallis of whom we speak. A man who feared naught and spoke lightly of his prearranged long march through the wilderness. Heat, drought, hunger and great obstacles to him were what a mother is to her babe. He loved it, cherished it, and nursed hardships for the glory of success.

And it was, in this month of December, the day after Christmas, 1779, that Lord Cornwallis, together with Sir Henry Clinton, embarked 8,000 men on transports, under cover of five ships-of-the-line, from New York and set sail for Savannah, Georgia.

The voyage was an extremely rough one. Some of the transports foundered; and some were captured by American privateers. But finally they reached Georgia, joined forces with Prevost and marched on to Charleston—some by transports and some by land.

In the meantime Cornwallis had ordered an additional 3,000 men from New York under command of young Lord Rawdon, of the famous family of Hastings. And it was on the 6th day of May that the combined forces of Cornwallis surrounded Charleston. Rawdon's ships entered the harbor, passing Fort Moultrie while Prevost and Cornwallis surrounded them in the rear; and were now ready to begin an assault which, with the disparity of forces in the case, could have but one possible issue—surrender. And this the Americans did, on May 12th, to avoid a wanton waste of life. Lincoln and his whole army became prisoners.

Spread Over Carolinas

Many other British expeditions set out, some to Camden, South Carolina; and various points. And with each of these, they made a clean sweep as they went. Finally not a vestige of an American army was left in all South Carolina.

Gates, who was Commander of the American army at Camden, decided to use this point as an objective to force back the British upon Charleston. But Gates was an incompetent general and Cornwallis completely routed him with great losses at the battle of Camden. Thus, South Carolina became infested with Red Coats on every hand.

After Cornwallis' great victory over Gates he remained nearly a month in Camden resting his troops, who found the beaming rays of the August sun intolerable.

By the middle of September, 1780, Cornwallis began his march to North Carolina. He expected to make an easy conquest. But this was one time he found the unexpected, in fact quite the contrary.

Before leaving South Carolina, Cornwallis split his

forces and gave Major Ferguson complete command of his left wing.

He regarded Ferguson second best to Tarleton. And it is interesting to mention that the brave officer was born in Scotland; entered the British Army in 1759. He served in Germany and other countries, and one of the most interesting facts of all is that he invented the breech-loader rifle which fired seven shots a minute. He also armed a corp of men with these rifles who assisted in the defeat of the Americans at Brandywine.

Ferguson's Instructions

Cornwallis, after having given Ferguson command, also gave him careful instructions; told him to march West, scour the highlands and enlist as large a force of Tory auxiliaries as possible, after which he was to join the main army at Charlotte.

Ferguson took with him 200 British light infantry and 1,000 Tories, whom he had drilled until they had become excellent troops. It was supposed, of course, that he would meet with some sort of opposition, but in case of any unforeseen danger he was to retreat with all possible speed and join the main army.

Adventures of Cornwallis

Then, Lord Cornwallis began his march toward Charlotte on his supposedly easy conquest of North Carolina. Things changed, mostly the unexpected. His troops at first were fresh and clean from their long rest and began their long march with quick steps and shining equipment. But as they trod the dusty roads, hour after hour, and as the beams of the summer sun blasted forth its burning rays and beat down upon their dust-covered backs, they lost their step of fiery youth and scuffed along, wiping beads of perspiration from their brows and rested each time a little longer. It was quite a relief when they pressed through narrow, shady, winding wooded roads; but even these became disastrous, for bands of yeomen lurked about these wooded nooks and corners.

An Obstinate People

A sharp crack of a rifle; the whistling of speeding lead, probably from a tree top or from behind a rock or big sharp boulder; a shrill cry; and a Red Coat lurched forward in a pile of yellow dust to march no more. And these bands of rebels, so Cornwallis said, "Were the most obstinate men he had found in America." For they cut off his foraging parties, slew his couriers, and captured his dispatches. It was difficult for him to get any information.

Skirmish at Charlotte

When Cornwallis finally reached Charlotte, he found himself in the midst of that famous Mecklenburg County that had issued its "Declaration of Independence." He also found that the patriots around him grew bolder every day. So he called this country a "Hornet's Nest" from which it still bears its name.

To McIntyre's farm, eight miles from Charlotte, Cornwallis sent Thompson with 500 men to scout for food. But when they arrived they found not what they expected. A volley of fire and whistling lead from the barrels of only thirteen guns put them to their heels. Back the British swiftly came, panting, weary, foot sore, and dragging their wagons loaded with their dead and wounded.

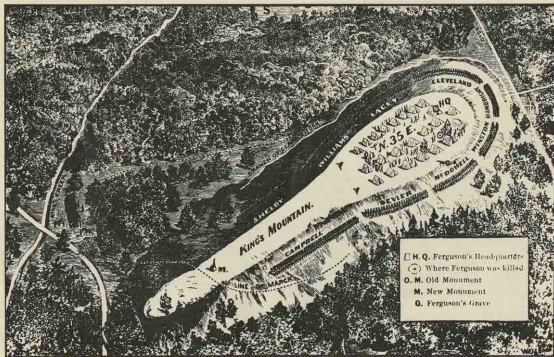
Ferguson's Circular

He sent forth, by special messengers, the following circular letter to Tory leaders in his frantic effort to gather additional forces:

Donard's Ford, Broad River,
Tryon County, Oct. 1, 1780.

Gentlemen:

Unless you wish to be cut up by an inundation of barbarians, who have begun by murdering the unarmed son before the aged father, and afterwards lopped off his arms, and who by their shocking cruelty and irregularities, give the best proof of their cowardice and want of



Position of American and British Troops from Draper's "Kings Mountain and Its Heroes."

Ferguson's Adventures

Now, let us turn back to the enterprising Patrick Ferguson. First we find him undertaking to entrap and capture a small force of American partisans; and while pursuing this bait, he pushed into the wilderness as far as Gilbert Town, which is now known as the heart of Rutherford County. Then all at once this gallant officer became aware that enemies were swarming about him—like bees—on every side. What must he do? Which way should he turn? Quickly he decided to retreat in all haste toward the main army at Charlotte.

Orders sprang from his mouth like words of hatred. He pressed forward, followed by his swarm of Red Coats and glistening bayonets.

discipline; I say, if you wish to be pinioned, robbed, and murdered, and to see your wives and daughters, in four days, abused by the dregs of mankind—in short, if you wish or desire to live and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment and run to camp.

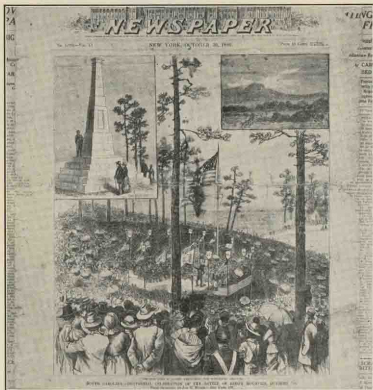
The Backwater men have crossed the mountain; McDowell, Hampton, Shelby and Cleveland are at their head, so that you know what you will have to depend upon. If you choose to be p—d upon forever and ever by a set of mongrels, say so at once, and let your women turn their backs upon you, and look out for real men to protect them.

PAT. FERGUSON,
Major 71st Regiment.

The Americans Assemble

The approach of this hostile force and the rumors of Indian warfare had aroused these hardy backwoodsmen who had lived for years in these wild and romantic glens. To arms they went and assembled in a moment's notice; for they were accustomed to Indian's raids, these quick and resolute men. A colorful picture were they, these hale, hearty and robust souls of the long leaf pine. And now they came pouring in from all directions. Through the defiles of the sun-kissed Western Alleghenies; from beautiful green valleys, swaying trees and babbling brooks; from hills that were barren and covered with flint rock and boulders; from the lowlands, that God had given glorious, rich, smelly earth that bore corn twice taller than their heads. And in poured this motley crowd like sheep, carefully, cautiously, and prudently, and dressed in their uniforms which also served as their Sunday best. Hats that in most cases were tattered and torn, or coon skin caps with dangling tails, bearing their insignia—that to them was worth more than any polished medal—a sprig of hemlock. Some in ragged shirts and trousers; others in fringed and tasseled buck skin hunting coats and breeches. To these, and strapped to their legs, hung glistening, grooved handle knives partly hidden in raw-hide holdsters. In big calloused hands, or strapped across their broad shoulders, they carried short Deckard rifles that seldom missed their aim.

From the South came James Williams, of Ninety-Six, with 400 men; from the North, William Campbell, of Virginia, Benjamin Cleveland and Charles McDowell, of North Carolina, with 560 followers; from the West, Isaac Shelby and John Sevier, whose names were to become so famous in the early history of Kentucky and Tennessee.



Reproduction of front page of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of October 13, 1880.

A Great American Leader

Isaac Shelby—one of these great American leaders—we pause for an instant in order to give you a brief sketch of his noble life. He was born in North Mountain, Md., December 11th, 1750. He settled with his father on the site of Bristol in 1771 and engaged in the business of herding cattle. He won the battle of Point Pleasant and took command in 1775. He fought Indians at Long Island and was later appointed commissary-general of Virginia troops. He was made colonel in 1779. And in 1792 he became governor of Kentucky by an overwhelming majority. In the war of 1812, though sixty-three years old, he again recruited 4,000 men to reinforce General William H. Harrison. Congress voted him a gold medal for his bravery and he died near Stanton, Ky., July 18th, 1826.

At Kings Mountain

On September 30th, 1780, 3,000 of these "dirty mongrels," as Ferguson called them—in whose veins flowed the blood of Scottish Covenanters and French Huguenots and English sea rovers—were summoned in such threatening proximity that the British commander pressed forward faster than ever. However, all was in vain, for his advance messengers were shot down before they could reach Cornwallis and inform him of their danger.

The pursuit was vigorously pressed, and on the night of October 6, finding escape impossible without flight, Ferguson spied Kings Mountain. After much struggle with his heavy guns he finally planted himself on the top, a ridge—the shape of a flattened spoon, in the bowl of which he pitched his tents—about a half a mile in length and 1,700 feet above sea level, situated just on the border line between the two Carolinas. The crest is approached on three sides by red rising ground, above which the steep summit towers for a hundred feet; on the north side it is an unbroken precipice. The mountain was covered with tall, green pine trees, beneath which the ground, though little cumbered with underbrush and crawling vines, was spotted on every side by huge moss-grown boulders, sharp rocks, toppled trees, and many other nooks and corners, which, later, were to provide hiding places for those crack-shot riflemen—the Americans.

Ferguson Entrenched

So it came to pass when the bright Autumn sun broke over this mountain on the morning of the 7th, it found Ferguson perched on this natural stronghold with 1,125 staunch men and equipment. He looked about him exultingly, and cried, "Well, boys, here is a place from which all the rebels outside of Hell cannot drive us." But he, like Cornwallis, was sadly mistaken, for he was dealing with men that were used to climbing these rugged hills and who were quite at home in this wilderness.

At three o'clock, in the afternoon, the pursuing Americans, with 1,000 picked men, arrived in the ravine below the mountain. They tied their horses to the trees and prepared to storm the British position.

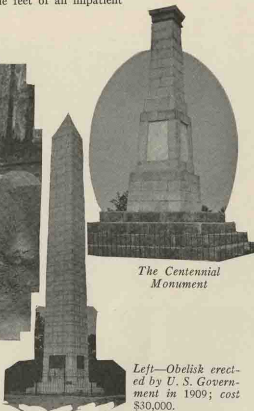
On the north, the precipice was too steep for the enemy to descend, thus their retreat was cut off effectively.

Battle Lines Form

The American commanders hesitated for a moment, but finally—after careful consideration—decided to split their forces three ways. Campbell and Shelby were to push in front until near the crest, then the other two companies were to rush in on their flanks. Everything was in readiness awaiting final orders. All the American companies were in this wooded place, which was as still as death, save for the twittering of a lone-some bird or the occasional crunch of dead leaves and twigs from beneath the feet of an impatient woodsman.



The Grave of Colonel Ferguson



The Centennial Monument

Left—Obelisk erected by U. S. Government in 1909; cost \$30,000.



First monument placed on Kings Mountain Battleground. Erected 1815 by Dr. William McLean, of Gaston County.

Americans Charge

Like a flash, a shrill order cracked against the mountain side, and like a bolt from the blue sky the entire ravine became a milling mass of swarming human beings, as ants around an ant hill. On and on, Campbell's and Shelby's men crawled, ran, scampered, dropping now and then into holes, behind tree trunks and in the rear of moss-covered boulders, to emerge, again and again as they slowly but surely scaled—cat-like—the silent mountain side. Near the crest, Ferguson's men opened fire on the crawling men. The Americans fell apart and hid behind their obstructions returning the fire most effectively, suffering little themselves, while slowly they continued to creep up nearer and nearer their objective.

Ferguson became frantic. His men were toppling over like nine pins from the accurate aim of the American rifles. Here he was on the crest of this natural stronghold, looking down into a pit of trees, underbrush, and crawling vines; but yet he could see nothing.

The Red Coats of the British served as a bull's eye to those cunning woodsmen who seldom missed their mark with a carefully aimed gun and a pull from a steady finger.

From the saddle of his white prancing horse Ferguson quickly decided. From a sheath he snatched a gleaming sword, flourished it wildly for an instant, sounded his silver whistle and in mad fury yelled at the top of his voice—"Charge—Up, men, and at 'em—cut 'em to pieces!"

Desperate Attempt

From the ground, as one man, rose a swarm of crimson coats to obey their commander's orders. With guns clutched tight, bayonets low, they plunged forward and made one final lunge to rout the hiding enemy. The evening sun splintered its ray on the shining steel of their bayonets as they marched forward into the mouth of a living Hell. Onward they came, pausing, dropping occasionally on one knee, as orange flames spit from their rifle barrels, to be up again and racing forward with the speed of the wind. From behind came volleys of bursting shell, screaming lead, coils of velvet black smoke mingled with shrieks of dying men and harsh shouted orders.

Over the crest went the Red Coats, with their jaws set like steel, and the muscled in their arms standing out like whips.

But at that instant, Sevier and McDowell, versed in warfare, flung in their divisions with a deadly flank fire that completely surprised their opponents. Sharply the British swerved to meet their new assailants. But Alas! Other things began to happen.

Cleveland and Williams from the left division opened fire in their backs. Bewildered and deadly entrapped, the British fired wildly with little or no effect, while the trees and boulders prevented the compactness needful for a bayonet charge.

Promptly, the center division quickly rallied and attacked them on what was now their flank. Instantly the British fell back, firing as they went.

On the other hand, the Americans, sure of their prey, crept on steadily toward the summit, losing scarcely a man and uttering hardly a word, but picking off here and there a Red Coat with great deliberateness and precision.

On the crest, sat the mighty Ferguson perched on his fiery steed, with his gleaming sword, shouting orders to his now thoroughly routed troops.

From a moss-covered boulder on the mountain side popped a coon skin cap, the back tassel of which fanned slowly in the Autumn breeze; then a head, a gun, and shoulders which propped the deadly weapon. A sun tanned cheek and square jaw pressed against the rifle stock, and from one bright and shining brown eye this form drew a bead on the mighty Ferguson. A crack—a burst of orange flame, a belch of smoke and then the coon skin cap disappeared.

Death of Ferguson

Ferguson lurched forward; clapped his hand to his heart, and through his fingers trickled a stream of blood. For an instant he remained like granite; then swayed in his saddle and dived forward to mother earth. He was to fight no more.

The white stallion—now masterless—probably felt the slack of rein, and knowing that his mount no longer sat in place, became frantic, and to this, no doubt, was added the terror of shrieking men, belching smoke, roaring cannons and bursting flames. He reared back on his haunches, then sprang wildly down the mountain side tearing a hole in the underbrush as he rolled and tumbled.

Surrender of the British

Now the British were helpless. They had lost their commander, so of course there were only two things left for them to do—surrender or be slaughtered. They selected the first—they surrendered. Captain Depeyster raised a white flag and flourished it rapidly. Instantly the firing ceased.

Shelby and the other officers walked in and took command. But Alas, on a quick check up they found that the famous partisan officer Williams was killed, although this loss might be regarded as offsetting that of Major Ferguson. However, other facts were quite astonishing.

The Price of Glory

It was found from the British provision returns for that day (found in their camp), that the whole force—consisting of 1,125 men, sustained the following losses: Of the regulars, one major, one captain, two lieutenants, and fifteen privates killed; thirty-five privates wounded—left on the ground unable to march, two captains, four lieutenants, three ensigns, one drummer, and fifty-nine privates taken prisoners.

Losses of the Tories, two colonels, three captains, and two hundred and one privates killed; one major, and one hundred and twenty-seven privates wounded and left on the ground unable to march; one colonel, twelve captains, eleven lieutenants, two ensigns, one quartermaster, one adjutant, two commissaries, eighteen sergeants, and six hundred privates taken prisoners, with 1,500 stand of arms. Total loss of the British, 1,105.

The American losses in comparison were very small. There were only twenty-eight killed and sixty wounded. A second careful check revealed the following:

<i>Killed</i>	<i>Wounded</i>
1 Colonel (Williams)	1 Major
1 Major (Chronicle)	3 Captains
1 Captain (Mattocks)	3 Lieutenants
2 Lieutenants	53 Privates
4 Ensigns	—
19 Privates	60 Total
—	
28 Total	

The following day a court-martial was held, and about twenty Tories were hanged. In consequence of the scarcity of rope, grape vines were used for this purpose.

A Decisive Victory

This brilliant victory at Kings Mountain—we are eager to repeat—went not to King George, for it was here that the British struck a snag. And this short battle—which only lasted one hour and five minutes—was the decisive victory of the Revolutionary War in the South, and was the turning point in the war in the Carolinas. It was a battle which more than offset the victory of Cornwallis at Camden.

Cornwallis, upon hearing of Ferguson's death and the surrender of his great left wing, hurriedly retreated to South Carolina. His plans for the Fall campaign in North Carolina were completely destroyed. It showed that the Americans were not to be easily conquered, even though prior to this battle they had nursed defeat and great losses of many men, but the old spirit and stamina of American manhood remained like granite.

Red Blooded Americans

These men who fought for us—it is interesting to note—were raw, undisciplined men; men who never before were in battle; men without government officers, or any authority from the government under which they lived and for which they fought without pay, rations, or ammunition; reward, or the hope of reward. The spirit that animated them was the patriotic spirit; that spirit which even now burns in our breasts like coals of fire.

Sacred Memory

At the forks of the branch where Major Chronicle and Captain Mattocks were buried, a monument is erected bearing the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR WILLIAM CHRONICLE
CAPTAIN JOHN MATTOCKS
WILLIAM ROBB, AND
JOHN BOYD

WHO WERE KILLED IN THIS PLACE ON THE
7TH OF OCTOBER, 1780, FIGHTING IN
DEFENSE OF AMERICA

On the west side of the monument, the bronze plate reads:

COLONEL FERGUSON
AN OFFICER OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY,
WAS DEFEATED AND KILLED
AT THIS PLACE
ON THE 7TH OF OCTOBER, 1780

Later in the year of 1841, Cleveland County was formed out of Rutherford and Lincoln Counties, and derives its name from Colonel Benjamin Cleveland, who assisted in the Battle of Kings Mountain. This ends our story, but to the peoples of our great government it shall forever remain a sacred memory. One for all and all for one—we, the peoples of America.

CHARLOTTE

We invite you to visit Charlotte while attending the Kings Mountain Celebration. Many Revolutionary historical spots in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County.

Charlotte is located in the far-famed Piedmont District of North Carolina, with an ideal climate, unexcelled railroad facilities, an ample supply of electric power, unlimited quantities of pure water, especially suited to industrial uses, Charlotte is fast becoming one of the South's most important commercial and industrial centers.

Charlotte Chamber of Commerce

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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An Aristocrat of the South



The McClaren Rubber Company joins in paying homage to those hardy pioneers of a century and a half ago who ventured to put a new idea into execution—the idea of American Independence.

Like those same venturesome spirits, the McClaren Rubber Company began ten years ago to demonstrate a new idea in tire building—that of building a product that admitted of no superior.

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