

1967

Kings Mountain and Its Heroes: History of the Battle of Kings Mountain

Lyman C. Draper

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.gardner-webb.edu/fay-webb-gardner-desk-contents>

Recommended Citation

Draper, L. C. (1967). Kings Mountain and Its Heroes: History of the Battle of Kings Mountain. Fay Webb Gardner Collection, Gardner-Webb University Archives, John R. Dover Memorial Library, Boiling Springs, NC.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Series 1 - Personal Papers, Diaries, Scrapbooks at Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Desk Contents by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@gardner-webb.edu.

Samuel Andrews, Rebel

KING'S MOUNTAIN

AND

ITS HEROES:

HISTORY OF THE

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN,

OCTOBER 7TH, 1780,

AND THE

EVENTS WHICH LED TO IT,

BY

LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL. D.,

*Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and member of various Historical
and Antiquarian Societies of the Country.*

WITH STEEL PORTRAITS, MAPS, AND PLANS.

Baltimore

GENEALOGICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

1967

973.3

D

Originally Published
Cincinnati, 1881

Reprinted
Genealogical Publishing Company
Baltimore, 1967

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 67 28623

locality of this contest some three miles above Cowan's Ford, at the old Marshall place, now Jonathan Walker's, on the west branch of that stream. One Hemphill was killed; Captain Joseph White, John Criswell, and Peter Branks were wounded in this affair.* It was a sort of drawn battle, on a small scale, neither party caring to renew the conflict. Ferguson and his officers seemed to prefer camping on or near some hill or elevation; so while prosecuting their retreat, they took post on the top of a high hill at Samuel Andrews' place, twelve miles north of Gilbert Town. Here the stock, poultry, and every thing they could make use of, were unfeelingly appropriated; while the unfortunate owner, Andrews, and his Whig neighbors, had fled for safety to the neighboring Cane creek mountains.† At length the jaded troops, with their disabled Major, Dunlap, reached their old locality at Gilbert Town—the men encamping on Ferguson's Hill, while Dunlap was conveyed to Gilbert's residence.

On the thirtieth of September,‡ little dreaming of any impending danger, Ferguson was suddenly awakened from his sense of security. The two Whig deserters, Crawford and Chambers, arrived from the camp of the mountaineers on the top of the Yellow Mountain, with the alarming intelligence of the rapid approach of "the Back Water men," as Ferguson termed them. He rightly judged, that if his threats of hanging, fire, and sword had no effect on them, they were coming with a full determination to fight him with desperation. He had furloughed many of his Tory followers to visit their families, under promise of rejoining him on short notice. He had been tarrying longer than he otherwise would, in the hope of intercepting Colonel Clarke, who had laid siege to Augusta, Georgia,

* MS. pension statements of Captain James Withrow and Richard Ballew.

† MS. correspondence of A. B. Long and W. L. Twitty.

‡ Colonel Cruger's letter to Ferguson, of 3d October, 1780, refers to the latter's dispatch of September 30th, with the alarming news of "so considerable a force as you understand is coming from the mountains. * * * I don't see how you can possibly [defend] the country and the neighborhood you are now in. The game from the mountains is just what I expected."—*Ramsey's Tennessee*, 242.

and marched fifteen miles to one John Forsyth's, on the banks of the Catawba, to surprise Col. McDowell. We arrived there about six o'clock in the morning of the 16th. Col. McDowell had left this place the 14th. We countermarched to one Devore's, and halted to refresh ourselves. At three o'clock got in motion; marched to Pleasant Garden Ford, Catawba river; forded it, and continued our march to one George Cathy's plantation, about a mile and a half from Devore's. Pleasant Garden is a very handsome place. I was surprised to see so beautiful a tract of land in the mountains. This settlement is composed of the most violent Rebels I ever saw, particularly the young ladies.

Sunday, 17th. Got in motion and marched two miles to Buck's creek, forded it, and continued our march two miles farther to a Rebel Maj. Davidson's plantation, and halted.

Monday, 18th. Got in motion, countermarched to Buck creek, forded it, and proceeded on five miles to Richey's Ford, on Catawba river, forded it, and marched to a Rebel Alexander Thompson's plantation, six miles farther, and halted.

Tuesday, 19th. Got in motion at five o'clock in the morning, and marched about eleven miles to a Rebel Mr. Hemphill's plantation, and halted. At seven o'clock in the evening, I went about a mile and joined Capt. Ryerson and the militia under his command.

Wednesday, 20th. Got in motion at six o'clock in the morning, and marched a mile and a half to one White's plantation, where we joined Maj. Ferguson again. This day three officers belonging to Cruger and Allen's regiments, joined us from Ninety Six, with fifty militia men.

Thursday, 21st. Got in motion at five o'clock in the morning and marched fourteen miles to a Rebel Samuel Andrew's plantation, and halted. On the march I saw eight wild turkeys.

Friday, 22d. Got in motion at five o'clock in the morning; marched five miles to Col. Walker's plantation, and halted.

Saturday, 23d. Got in motion at nine o'clock in the morning; marched three miles to Gilbert Town. Took up our ground on a height about half a mile from the town. This town contains one dwelling house, one barn, a blacksmith's shop, and some out-houses.

Sunday, 24th. Five hundred subjects came in, also a number of ladies. Received intelligence from Col. Cruger, that he had marched from Ninety Six to Augusta, to the assistance of Col. Browne, who was besieged by six hundred Rebels, under the command of Col. Clarke. Fortunately for Col. Browne, the Cherokee Indians, for whom he is agent, were coming to Augusta for their yearly presents. They met the Rebels just as they were going into the town, which obliged them to fight. The Rebels being too numerous, and the Indians unacquainted with field fighting, were obliged to make the best of their way to a fort on one flank of the town, where Col. Browne had retired to. He made