PIONEERS OF THE REVOLUTION

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

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PIONEERS

...OF...

THE REVOLUTION

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

BY A COLONIST

SECOND EDITION

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE FOLLOWING story is from the pen of one of our most popular and best known writers for boys and girls. It deals with a class of events not so well known to the general public as they deserve to be. The heroes of those pioneer conflicts with the Indians and with detachments of the British army, during the Revolutionary war, are not altogether overlooked by historians, but their great service in a critical period of this war has seldom been acknowledged in such a way as to give an idea of its true value.

The author has thrown a great deal of spirit and dash into this narrative, which is sure to carry the boy or girl reader on to the end. It is brimful of that patriotic

fervor which stirred the Colonists and Pioneers during "the time that tried men's souls." It appeals to the child's love of heroism as few history stories do. It describes a series of conflicts from the beginning to the end, in which is displayed personal valor that rivaled that of the heroes of the crusades. But these were not piping times of peace, and, besides, it is not unfitting that the children of this generation shall early gain some conception of what our freedom cost those who did battle for it, while surrounded by dangers that would have paralyzed less heroic souls.

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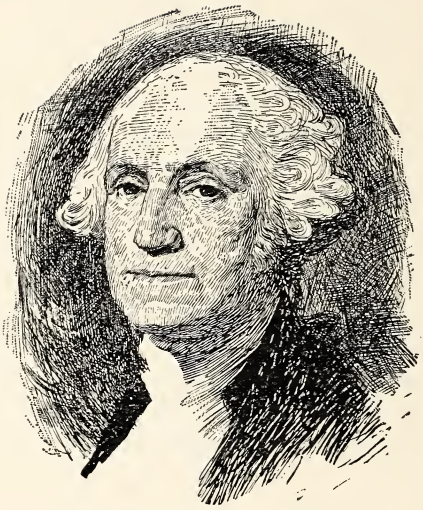
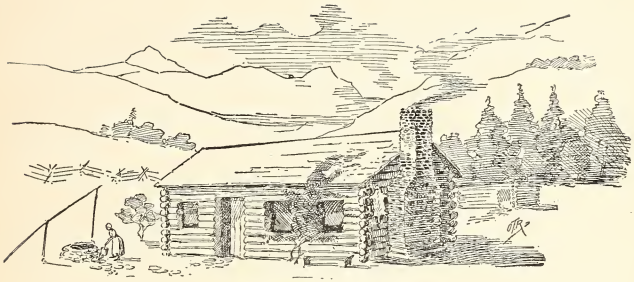


Father of Our Country.



PIONEER HOME.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE PIONEERS!

WHO are the Pioneers? Well, according to the dictionary definition they seem to be, in history, any first settlers. So, the Puritans, the Pilgrims, the Quakers, and all the colonial settlers, were pioneers.

But it is not those we mean. When we speak of the Pioneers in the history of our own particular country, we mean the people who settled west of the Alleghanies. For it happens that in some way the settlers

east of the Alleghanies are never spoken of except as Colonists, while those who, even in the earliest times, pushed across the Alleghanies, are equally distinct as Pioneers.

Now the eastern boys and girls are very proud of the Colonists, and the western boys and girls are very proud of the Pioneers; but in rummaging about in some old history books and moldy records, I found a story that will be of equal interest to the boys and girls, both of the East and of the West.

It is a revolutionary story; and it tells of the time when the Pioneers and Colonists fought together in a common cause—the freedom of our country.

American history did, to be sure, begin along the Atlantic coast; our English ancestors did settle first at Plymouth and at Jamestown; the first Revolutionary blood was shed at Lexington; and these were in the grand old colonial days.

But hold your own, boys and girls west of the Alleghanies! You, too, have your part in the Revolution; you, too, have landmarks and battle sites, and there were Pioneer heroes as well as Colonial heroes, and they were as brave and true, as sturdy and daring, aye, and they did as much to free the country from the English foe, as ever the Colonists did, even in their darkest hours of trial and in the bravest battles.

So, three rousing cheers beneath your school house flag, for the Colonial days and the Colonists! Three more,—let them ring out loud and clear,—for the Pioneer days and the Pioneers!

"From the pine of the North
To the Southern Savannah,
From the dark sounding shores
To the bright Western tide!
How glorious the sweep
Of the Star Spangled Banner,
How vast thy dominion,
O Land of our pride!"

REAR GUARDS.

NOT a history in our land but tells of the bravery, the daring, the courage, the sufferings of the Colonial leaders; and proud are we all that all these things are true; proud are we of every man who stood his ground and helped to save his country. May the names of them all, from the least to the greatest, never be forgotten by the children of the land!

But there were heroes outside the Colonies,—Pioneers who has crossed the Alleghanies, and had already turned their faces toward the great broad prairies of the West; Pioneers who had already made happy homes for themselves beyond the Alleghanies, and who might, had they been less brave, less true, less loyal, have escaped the

terrors and the sufferings of the war of the Revolution, and have lived out their lives in peace and quiet.

It was a great epoch in the history of our country—far greater than Colonists or Pioneers then dreamed—when, a short time before the Revolution, a few daring men crossed the mountains, and "cleared" for themselves farms in the heart of the western wilderness.

Little did these Pioneers realize how great a part they were to play in the war so soon to burst upon the Colonies; how great a responsibility was to fall upon them; and how largely the saving of their people would depend upon their bravery and their willingness to stand in the mountain passes and hold the enemy in check.

They had come here, across the mountains, simple, honest, home-loving people, with no other expectation than to live quiet

lives, and make comfortable homes for themselves and for their children.

It was a beautiful country and the soil was rich. Captain William Bean, who pushed his way first into the land, and whose little son, Russel, as every Tennessee boy and girl knows, was the first white child born in that state, made many a journey back to the East to tell the people of the beauty of his new home and to urge them to come and see for themselves.

Every week, almost every day, settlers came in from across the mountains. Up the Watauga, down the Holston, they scattered; until, the good old captain used to say, "There will be as many people west of the Alleghanies some day as there are east of them!"

What would he say, we wonder, if he could look in upon this great nation of ours now, stretching as it does from the Atlantic

to the Pacific! But they were brave men and women, these first "westerners," staunch and strong to endure.

When they left their eastern homes, and set forth into the mountains, they knew there was a hard life before them; but lovers of freedom as they were—and they were not all free among the people of Virginia and North Carolina in those days—they flinched not, nor turned back.

These people always came in groups, for they needed each other's protection in this wilderness, alive as it was with treacherous and cruel redskins; and then, too, they needed quite as much whatever courage each could give the other in the first lonely years of their forest life.

And so, packing their household goods upon the backs of horses, these first pioneers set forth from their homes in the colonies. They had little to take with them, but as

they would say in their own cheerful, courageous way: "The less we have, the easier to make our way through the mountain passes," and so, always hopeful, they pushed on.

The poor among them counted themselves most fortunate if they could take with them a few cooking utensils, a wooden bowl for bread-making, some salt and corn, and a few bottles of medicine.

Sometimes the richer people could afford to carry some sugar and coffee, a flitch of bacon, and, if they could procure an extra pack horse, even a bag or two of flour.

If, besides this, they could drive before them a cow and a pig or two, they were, indeed, the most fortunate of beings, and their start in the new country already gave assurance of success.

As they traveled on through the mountains, the old people and the mothers, with

their babies, would ride among the household goods or upon the backs of the horses, the young people would walk in advance, and at night all would encamp beneath the trees.

Every one, even the children, carried a rifle, for well they knew the dangers that lay in wait for them along the way.

The men and boys had thrown aside their suits of homespun, and were clothed warmly if not elegantly in suits of bearskin. They wore a hunting jacket of bearskin, some wonderful leggins, and more wonderful moccasins. At their waists were girdles into which were thrust knives and tomahawks; for, when going into the lands of the Indians, it was well to be armed with all weapons that could be used in the defense of their lives.

The caps, too, of these brave men were made of bearskin, and if the wearer chanced to be of a jovial turn of mind, or if his wife,

who had made the cap, had an eye to the decorative, it was likely to be ornamented with the bushy tail of a fox or of the animal whose skin had furnished material for the suit itself.

"Cap tails are cheerful," these people would say; and indeed they must have been, bobbing and frisking about as they did with the wearer's every motion. The cap tails of some of these Pioneers were never still; and there came a time when even the British generals learned to watch with fear and trembling the bobbing of them, and estimate thereby the intentions and the determination of the wearers.

When at last these mountains were passed —for it took days and days of hard travel— the people would choose a site for their future homes and set to work—fathers, mothers, and children altogether. There were no lazy folk among these settlers, and

every soul of them was ready and eager to do his part.

It was a dense wilderness into which they had come, and often their homes were far apart. So hushed and still was the forest, that only the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds greeted their approach; and when the Pioneer broke the silence with the ringing of his axe, the sound of it rolled out across the fields and the echo of it came back from the hillsides. At night the wolf howled, the panther screamed, and out from the depths of the forest came the hootings of the owl.

It was a beautiful country; the waters of the Watauga sparkled, and the skies, blue as are the skies of Tennessee today, were mirrored in the mountain lakes. But on every side were dangers. Savages lurked in those purple mountains, and from the rich dark forests, at any moment the yell

of the redskin might burst upon the ear. First of all, then, a cabin with palisades must be built; and the trees,—all within gunshot of the cabin—behind which an Indian could hide and fire, must be cut. From the trunks of these trees logs for the cabin must be hewn.

Very rude were these first cabins; the logs were cut and notched at the ends that each might fit into and so support the other as the walls were raised. Into the spaces between the logs, wedges were fitted to keep out the rain and snow.

Sometimes, but not often, a floor of hewn logs was laid; but usually it was a carpet of pine needles strewn upon the ground. On the outside of the cabin, a huge chimney of mud and stones was built with its fire-place opening into the interior; then to this rude building a roof, covered with bark, was added, a door was barred across the en-

trance, bearskins were hung at the windows, and the home was ready.

The moving in was a simple affair even with the wealthiest of the Pioneers; for there was likely to be little furniture beyond a rough table built into the wall, a few three-legged stools, a kettle to hang in the fire-place, and possibly, if the family was very ambitious, a rude bedstead might be built, —though usually, heaps of soft leaves piled in the corners, with bear skins for blankets, were all the beds these first people had to sleep upon.

Housekeeping was very simple in these pioneer homes; for there were "no spring cleanings;" dish washing was reduced to a minimum; and even the cooking could vary but little. Often when corn failed, whole families would live for weeks on nothing but meat; and even when corn was plentiful, little could be made from it with only a fire-

place as a cook-stove, except the simple *journey cake*, or as we call it now the *Johnny-cake*,—which was baked in the hot ashes or over the uneven blaze.

If to this Johnny-cake the settlers could add a bit of bear grease, or syrup from the maple trees, or honey from a bee tree, they counted themselves as guests in the presence of a royal feast.

Their coffee they made from parched rye and corn; their tea from the bark of the sassafras tree.

When washing day came, the house-wife took her clothes,—and they were very few—down to a neighboring brook, and when they were washed, hung them upon the trees to dry.

As soon as training could bring it about, the cows, and horses, and even the pigs were taught to flee from lurking savages to their homes within the protection of the

strong palisades; and more than once, in these early days, the squealing of the pigs and the frightened bellowing of the cows warned the people of danger near at hand. Then horns were blown, the men in the fields hurried to their fortress, and, barring the palisades, awaited, rifle in hand, the coming of the savages.

Now these people had come, most if not all of them, from Virginia and North Carolina; but across the mountains they were outside of the protection as well as beyond the control of the colonies.

For a long time the little settlement flourished without laws or government of any kind. They were free and independent, and subject only to the dictates of their own honest hearts. They were earnest, honest people, with no desire to harm or misuse each other, but ready always to band together against a common foe. For

such there was little need of law. But there came a time, by and by, when Tories appeared among them; and men who, attracted by stories of possible gain, had crossed the mountains, urged on by greed. Then disputes began to rise; ownership of land was questioned, and the Watauga Association, as it was called, was formed; laws were made; and Tennessee was under its first government.

It was a simple code of laws which these honest people made—simple and just and fair to all—and among the men who drew up the constitution, Tennessee children may be proud to read the famous names of such men as *Robertson* and *Sevier*.

The Rear Guard of the Revolution:* That is what one historian has called these Pioneers; and grandly indeed do they deserve the noble name.

*James R. Gilmore. See his Rear Guard of the Revolution and Advance Guard of Civilization.

It is a name every Western boy and girl should seize upon and claim forever for these earliest Pioneers, these first settlers of the West.

For, as we shall see, to them is indeed due to no small degree, the honor of holding back from attack upon the Colonies, the fifty thousand brutal, blood-thirsty Indians, —allies of the English—who, when they knew that war was abroad in the land, hurried forward, tomahawk in hand, glad of the cruel opportunity to fall upon the white men, attack them from the rear, and so weaken, and cripple, and hamper them in their already unequal struggle with the English foe.

Indeed, brave as the Colonists were, and untiringly as they fought, it is a question, and one well worth considering, whether or not, had these little bands of Pioneers not stood against the Indian forces that pressed

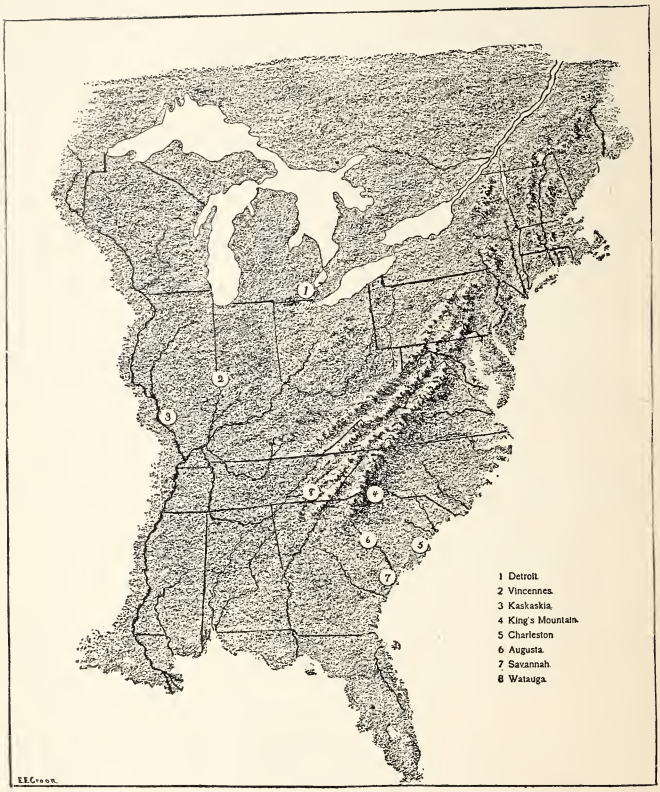
on towards the Alleghanies, the Colonists could have held their ground and have come out, as they did, triumphant in their struggle for American liberty.

But there the Pioneers ranged themselves—a mere handful of riflemen though they were—along the western base of the Alleghanies; and beating back the assaults of the Indian allies of the British, held the mountain passes, and so saved the already hard-pressed Colonists from attack by a foe more ruthless, more daring, more brutal and blood-thirsty than the English with whom they contended along the eastern coast.

"Three times," writes Gilmore, "these Pioneers cut the anaconda coil in which the British sought to envelop and crush the struggling Colonies; but so securely did these riflemen hold the mountain passes, that during the entire war, no savage band succeeded in breaking through to carry the

torch and the tomahawk into the seaboard settlements." Thus, then, did these Pioneers prove themselves the "Rear Guard of the Revolution!"

You see, then, boys and girls of the West, you have a right to claim a part of the Revolutionary history of our country. There was a West even as early as 1775, and there were Pioneers; and best of all, both had their part in the war, both served bravely and well. We are proud that it was so; and are ready again—readier now than ever—to give three rousing cheers for the early Pioneers!


1 Detroit.
2 Vincennes.
3 Kaskaskia.
4 King's Mountain.
5 Charleston
6 Augusta.
7 Savannah.
8 Watauga.

THE REAR ATTACKS.

WE ALL know when the Revolutionary war broke out, and how bravely the Colonists up and down the coast fought for the liberty of our land.

We know the excitement that poured over the country when the Declaration of Independence was rung out from the good old Liberty Bell in Philadelphia; and how bravely the minute-men fought from the first, even to the day when the joyous tidings rolled up from the South, "Cornwallis surrenders! The British forces are broken! Peace is dawning!"

Now in all this time the Pioneers had been growing stronger and stronger; their numbers had increased, and in spite of the savages, and death, and disease, the settle-

ment had prospered. Six hundred valiant patriots had made their homes along the Watauga, the Holston, and the Nollichucky rivers.

There were Tories among them, and from the beginning of the war the British kept in mind the little settlement and planned attacks upon it.

It was the British Cameron who first gathered the savage chiefs together and with bribes and promises and arguments aroused them against the Pioneers.

"They are stealing your lands from you," said Cameron; "do you not see that one day they will push you farther and farther west till you have no country of your own?"

At once the Pioneers were up and in arms. Runners were sent in all directions; outlying settlers were warned, and families fled to the forts for protection. Officers were elected; companies were formed; and

the Pioneers held themselves ready for whatever should come.

It was the plan of Sir Peter Parker, as you will recall from your school history, to capture Charleston, first of all; for well did he understand how advantageous a thing it would be to hold a point so near the center of Colonial territory as Charleston; and especially one so excellent in harbor and outlook over the sea.

This point captured, it was his plan to land there a large force which from time to time he could send out in divisions, up and down the country.

The immediate neighborhood he would thus hold in terror; and by continually harassing those villages farther away, he would easily reduce their power. If necessary, a campaign should be planned, and such tremendous onslaughts be made upon the surrounding people that they, paralyzed

with fear, would dare offer no further resistance to the British army.

That part of the country thus subdued, signals should be given to the savages beyond the Alleghanies, who, gathered there in waiting, would then, tomahawks in hand, burst through the mountain passes, and falling upon the already stricken people, lay waste the whole vast territory, burning the houses, destroying the corn-fields, and murdering the people or driving them into the forests to die of hunger and fright.

This done, the southern colonies, cut off from all help, would be subdued; and the northern colonies, finding themselves alone, surrounded by the foe and bearing the entire burden of the war, must necessarily lay down their arms and surrender to the British crown.

A beautiful plan! Clear and direct, and, alas for the Colonists, all too probable!

Our own Washington could not have planned more ably; and, indeed, when he heard it, his courageous heart sank, and for many a weary day, and for many a sleepless night, he awaited to hear of British success, which he realized, so fully, might come to the ears of the northern Colonists.

There is an old Scotch saying that "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley."

But Sir Peter, with his English confidence, never thought of such a possibility; but that, you may be sure, was because he had never heard of a certain little band of Pioneers who dwelt over the mountains among those very Cherokees whom he depended upon for help in carrying out his well laid plan.

The Pioneers, however, had learned of Sir Peter, and also of Sir Peter's plans.

They were, then, on the alert; and, even before Sir Peter had reached Charleston, had already plans of their own quite as excellent as his,—and it was now a mere matter of future history which should succeed.

Eagerly Sir Peter began his campaign; quite as eagerly the Pioneers watched the campaign, waiting their own best time.

So long had the Pioneers dwelt among the Cherokees that they were quick to detect the significance of any and every movement on the part of the savages.

Without delay the fort at Watauga was garrisoned and supplied with food and ammunition. Several small forts were built here and there, and one large one,—Fort Patrick Henry, as it was called.

Sir Peter's officers were busy, running hither and thither, stirring up the Cherokees to battle and bringing them ammunition.

But not a movement escaped the watchful eye of the Pioneer scouts; and when at last the Cherokees were ready, the forts were ready too.

OCONOSTOTA.

Slowly the long winter dragged on. Day after day, Oconosota, the Cherokee chief, brooded in silence, Indian councils were held,—long, and solemn, and ominous. Prayers were offered, incantations sung, oracles were consulted, and the old chief

awaited in grim silence the signal from Sir Peter.

Now there was, among Oconostota's people, a woman having the gift of prophecy—Nancy Ward was her name—and because of this gift she held high rank among the warriors of her tribe. Even sturdy old Oconostota himself seldom dared to oppose her, or to scorn her prophetic words; more than once great grief had come upon him, and always as Nancy Ward had prophesied.

Most fortunately for the Pioneers, the prophetess was their staunch friend; she had spent many a comfortable winter beside their warm hearth fires; she had played with their little children; she had learned to speak their language, and warm was her love for the white people who had been so kind to her.

"I cannot prevent the Cherokees from going into battle as they are bid by the big

white chief," she said; "but I will watch, and I will warn you. Now watch, watch with me."

"We depend upon you," was the reply of Sevier, the leader of the Pioneers; and the woman fled into the forest.

Day after day passed by; the Indians made no advance. More than once the prophetess made her way through the dark woods at night to bid the white men watch, lest the foe burst upon them.

"They are ready," she said; "they wait only for the British signal."

This was welcome help, indeed, to the Pioneers; for, brave as they were, they knew full well the treachery and barbarity of their foe, and were glad of any friend who should keep them aware of the enemies' movements.

Week after week dragged on. Sir Peter's plans were not progressing with quite the

speed and ease he had dreamed. But at last word came to Oconostota, and at once the chief made ready to set out upon his ravages.

Now, the face of the old chief grew blacker and blacker, the councils grew longer and longer; the Pioneers, warned by Nancy Ward, slept upon their arms; at any moment the Cherokee warwhoop might burst from the forest. And soon the final council was held. The savages arose and girded themselves for the march.

For whole hours Nancy Ward had stood beside the tent, crouching in the shadows of the trees, listening, listening to the commands of Oconostota.

Then, creeping away into the darkness, crawling along beneath the bushes until safe beyond pursuit, the brave woman sped down the valley to the hut of a pioneer trapper, not far from Fort Watauga.

"To your arms," she cried, "already they are on their way! They come—seven hundred strong—Oconostota at their head!"

And without another word she plunged into the forest, made her way back to her own wigwam, and crept in unseen, before any one of her people had even missed her.

Without delay the trapper hurried forward to Fort Watauga.

"There is but one thing to do," said Sevier; "we must go out to meet them. Up, boys, and arm for the fray."

Scouts were hurried forward in all directions; and early in the morning,—July 20, 1776, only a short time after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and before the echoes of the bells had fairly died away,—this little band set forth on its first raid against the savage hordes, which, but for the grand courage of the Pioneers, might have rushed to the aid of the British,

and so have turned the tide of war against the struggling Colonists.

It was a bitter time in the history of the Revolution. Defeat upon defeat had followed the Colonial army; new forces were pouring in from England; already the British had caused great suffering in the South; the Colonists were poorly clothed, scantily fed, and sickness had fallen upon them.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

A FEW miles only had the Pioneers made their way into the forest and along the trail, when the advance guard fell upon a little band of Indians, the advance guard of the Indian warriors.

In a flash, these Indians turned and fled. Sevier's men pursued, but so many were the directions in which the redskins scattered—for they were wise and wary, these Cherokees—that the white men could gain no clue from their flight as to where the main force was in hiding.

The forest was dense, the trail was difficult; and already night was coming on.

The Pioneers halted and held a council. "We must not go on," said one; "an ambuscade may be sprung upon us."

"Neither dare we encamp," said another; "There are scouts abroad; and we know full well the savage never loses a chance to make an early morning attack."

JOHN SEVIER.

"Let us go back then, and make another start at daybreak," said Sevier; and the army returned.

But scarcely were they upon their way, when "Whoop! whoop! whoop!" and Dragging Canoe with his warriors was upon them.

The forest echoed with the savage yells! Bullets whistled through the air! Torches blazed! and the tomahawk and scalping knife flashed in the horrid light.

"The white men run! they run! they run!" the savages yelled; "kill the white men! scalp them! scalp them!"

For a time confusion reigned. No orders could be given; no commands be heard above the savage roar. The lines were broken; positions lost; all signals failed. Sevier urged on the men on his right; those on the left faltered and fell back! Some one must take command! Not a moment could be lost! The savages were upon them!

Then, with a courage born of heroism, out rushed Isaac Shelby, boy though he was, and with a shout that rang out even above the yells of the savages, called the struggling men before him, and calling upon

Moore, Morrison, Edmiston, and Findly, the four most daring of his companions, together they rushed into the very faces of the oncoming savages.

Crack! crack! crack! went their five rifles. Five red men fell, and the savages, confused by the unexpected charge, fell back. For a moment, in their confusion and childish inability to comprehend, they forgot their rifles, their tomahawks, their scalping knives, and stood transfixed. And in that moment, so precious to the white men, the Pioneers rushed forward and poured their deadly fire in upon the foe.

Many savages fell, mowed down by the swift bullets from the white men's rifles. Then, with a blood-curdling yell, the whole force rushed forward and fell upon the white men with almost superhuman fury.

Crack! crack! went the rifles! Not a bullet missed its aim, and at last Dragging

Canoe himself, with a howl of pain and fury that rang out like the dying yell of a maddened beast, fell to the ground and was borne away by his men.

At this, believing their leader dead, the courage of the red men failed; panic seized them; and like a herd of frightened deer they turned and fled.

It had been a sharp contest; many savages lay dead upon the field; but not one white man was killed, and only a few were severely wounded.

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

THE savages, angry that in their first attack they had been repelled by the Pioneers, skulked in the forests and watched their opportunity to fall upon the people in their homes in the outlying districts. More than once helpless women and children were dragged out from their cabins and massacred. And one day, when Elizabeth Bean was busy at her work, a redskin, with a whoop and a yell, knowing that she was alone, rushed upon her and dragged her away to the Indian camp on the Nollichucky.

"Burn! burn! burn!" yelled the savages dancing about her, and building a fire at the foot of a tree. "You shall burn! burn! burn!"

The poor woman's heart sank within her. She was a brave soul; but there were little

children in her home; she loved them and they needed her. It was not easy to face this terrible death.

"I will save you," said one of Oconostota's chiefs; "but you must tell me first four things, that I shall ask.

NANCY WARD AND ELIZABETH BEAN.

"How many forts have your people?

"How many soldiers are in them?

"How much powder have they?

"Which forts are strong? which weak? Tell me and you shall live."

The chief stood waiting for her answer. But not a word would the brave woman speak. Her lips shut tight, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Ready, there," said the angry chief, and pointed to the blazing fire.

"Speak! tell!" yelled the savages; but though death lay before her, not one word could they force from her that would bring harm to her people.

Just then the prophetess appeared, Her eyes shone, and her arms were lifted towards the heavens. "Harm not this pale-faced squaw," she cried. "Harm her not! I command you. Listen to the words of the Great Spirit." And the savages, superstitious, ignorant, and frightened, dropped their fagots, stepped back and allowed the prophetess to lead their captive away in safety.

"Away, away to your people," whispered Nancy Ward; and so the brave woman's life was saved, and another kindness done to the Pioneers by their good friend, the Indian prophetess,—the Pocahontas of Tennessee.

These were days when danger lurked on every side. Even in times of peace, no Pioneer dared set forth unarmed. The rifle and the tomahawk he carried always with him; and on Sabbath when the good old pastor rode forth through the forest to his little church he bore his trusty rifle and over his shoulder was slung his pouch of powder. These, when he entered his pulpit, he laid beside him, never forgetting, first of all, to kneel and pour forth his gratitude that once more it had been vouchsafed to himself and his people to reach their little meeting place in peace and safety. Such, in these days, was the Sabbath service among the Pioneers.

But during these days, following the defeat of their plans, the savages were creeping towards Fort Watauga, bent on vengeance. They concealed themselves in the swamps and behind the trees.

"Surely they will not attack us again till they can gather up their forces," thought the people in the fort, for it was well known in Indian warfare that usually the white people were never so safe as when a battle had just been fought.

And so, believing that there was no immediate danger, the women had gone out from the fort to milk the cows and gather leaves and berries.

The great gates of the fort were open, and men were on guard, though all seemed quiet and no one expected an attack or thought of danger.

Suddenly, without warning, the air was filled with the brutal savage yells. Away, at

some little distance by herself, was Katherine Sherrill.

With a bound the women all sped towards the gate of the fort. The men have heard the yell! The gate is held open! One, two, three,—the women have reached the fort! All—all but Katherine. She flies, with the savages in close pursuit. It is a race for life!

What can be done? Shall the gate be held for her? To do that, is to bring the pursuing Indians to the open gate as well! To close it is to leave her to a cruel fate! What can be done?

"She shall be saved! she shall be saved!" cried Sevier, rushing forward single-handed, to beat back the twenty savages so close upon her.

"You cannot save her," thundered Robertson, seizing the maddened man and hurling him back into the fort.

Then the great gate swung upon its hinges; the log was thrown across. Sevier sank upon the ground and covered his eyes. Katherine was alone outside.

She had seen the gate close; she understood; then with a quick turn, and before her pursuers could check their speed, she had gained a full yard upon them and was making toward the lowest place in the palisades.

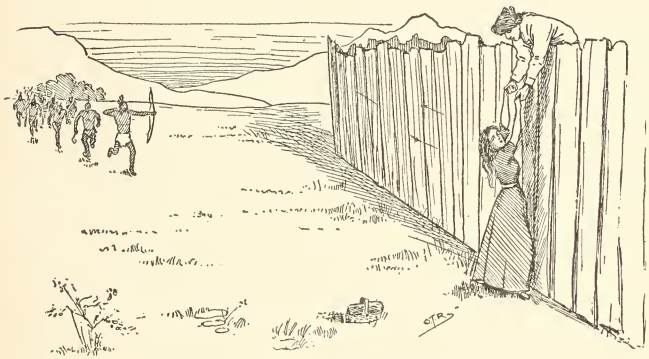
"Up, up, Sevier," cried the men. "Up, you may save her still! To the palisades! Every man with his rifle!"

With a bound Sevier leaped upon the palisade. On, on, flew the girl, her pursuers close upon her, and filling the air with the horrid howls.

"Bravo, bravo! Katherine," shouted Sevier; and Katherine, encouraged, sprang forward! Rifles snap in the faces of the pursuers; and in the moment gained,

Sevier drags the brave girl up the palisade, and she falls fainting into his arms.

Then the savages raise the yell of rage at their defeat. The forest reverberates with howl upon howl; the cliffs send back the echo; but the little band within the fort



SEVIER SAVING KATHERINE.

hardly hear the sound, so grateful are they that the brave Katherine is with them once more, safe and sound, the strong wall between her and the savage foe.

But now the bullets from the enraged savages begin to whiz across the palisade.

Some fall within the fort. "Wait till you know your man," was Sevier's command; "keep close! Show not a hair of your head! Shoot to kill, and don't waste your powder!"

For twenty days the savages lurked about the fort; but little hope was there of success for them; the garrison was well provided with provisions, and was strongly intrenched, and, at last, sullen, and with hearts burning for revenge, they crept away to the home of Oconostota on the Tellico.

But little courage had Oconostota, great chief though he was, to set out against these daring Pioneers. For weeks he sat within his wigwam and brooded in sullen silence. In vain did Sir Peter await the coming of the savages through the mountain passes; and although he sent messages, both coaxing and threatening, Oconostota could not be prevailed upon again to attack the forts of Watauga and Patrick Henry.

Not until after the attack upon Fort Moultrie did Oconostota's warriors again engage in war against the white men; and so we have, in this first service of the Pioneers to the Colonies, a service that saved the people; for had St. Peter's scheme been successful, had the savages burst through the mountain passes and brought war and ruin upon the country of the Carolinas, the Revolutionary War would have been a story very different from the one we now rejoice to read.

ANOTHER BRITISH SCHEME.

FOR two or three years after this failure of what some historian calls the "Anaconda scheme," we know the South was left in peace, and that the British gave their undivided attention to the North.

But there came a time again, when, the patriots being hard pressed, Sir Henry Clinton thought he saw an opportunity to carry out the original plan of getting possession of the South.

Now Sir Henry was an energetic man, and he believed in dealing with large issues in a large way; so he planned that Hamilton, who was strongly entrenched in Detroit, should gather together the savages of the Northwest; Stuart and Oconostota should marshal the Indians of the South,

while he himself, meantime, with his own troops, should swoop down upon Savannah.

Savannah taken, then he would summon the forces of Hamilton and Oconostota who should await his command. These should then gather from the North and the South, meet, and bursting through the mountain passes, swarm over the already subjugated southern colonies, lay waste the land in all directions, and so stamp out all opposition. This done, there could be but one result,— the British would win the day.

This was a plan most excellent. It was a plan well worthy of a great general; and had it succeeded, would have made Sir Henry Clinton's name renowned among English generals; and Clinton never thought of failure. Hamilton, in his arrogance, dreamed not even of resistance.

It was the 29th of December, 1778, as our histories tell us, that Savannah fell, and

very easily too, into the hands of the British. Now, this was exactly as Clinton had expected, for who knew better than he how bravely and hopelessly these Southern Colonists were struggling against the troops of England that were pouring in upon their little towns.

Inland posts were at once established. Savannah was now open to communication with the Indian hordes that lay in wait beyond the hills.

They had only to march in, receive their orders, and then distribute themselves up and down the seaboard colonies which Clinton had already in his grasp.

Accordingly, Sir Henry Clinton called, and the Indians, of course, obeyed. But wait! I should say, rather, they started to obey.

For, you see, again the British general made the fatal mistake of reckoning without his host. There, beyond the Alleghanies,

lay those self-same Pioneers, still ready to block the advance of the oncoming forces through the mountains.

These Pioneers were few in number; and it was very likely because of this that Sir Henry so overlooked them in his great scheme. To a man of his cast of mind, it is quite apt to be the case that size and number only seem worthy of consideration.

Hamilton responded readily to the call from Clinton, and was only too glad to set forth with his chosen six hundred.

First, he led his men toward Fort Vincennes. There the garrison was very small; and, plucky though the Colonists were, they were forced to surrender. Resistance was useless; and Hamilton was victorious.

But these English officers had a dangerous fashion of resting after a victory, regardless of what might be in store for them. And so, when this fort had been taken,

Hamilton, instead of hurrying on to Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, where his Creek and Cherokee allies were waiting to reinforce him, loitered at Vincennes.

Moreover, he allowed his savages from the Northwest to amuse themselves by scalping the helpless women and children who dwelt in the country round about.

Now this was an action unworthy of any civilized general, and was totally opposed to any customs among civilized armies.

Great was the indignation of the Colonists when they learned that it was by the British general's permission that such brutality was permitted. Even his brother officers condemned him, and when at last he fell into the power of George Rogers Clark he was tried and imprisoned by the Colonial Court. Little sympathy was felt for the brutal coward, even among his own people.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK was a fiery, energetic patriot, who held the Fort at Kaskaskia. When he heard that Hamilton had set out from Detroit, he reasoned that he would be likely to attack Vincennes first, and then march on to Kaskaskia.

Now, Clark was not the kind of man to sit quietly in his fort and await attack. Not he! Ambitious, restless, energetic officer that he was, he gathered his men together and set forth at once to surprise Hamilton wherever it might be his good fortune to fall in with him.

And so it came about that one morning, early, before the indolent Britishers were half awake, Clark, tattered and torn, his con-

tinental regimentals contrasting strangely with the smart uniforms of the British, appeared in Vincennes and demanded immediate, unconditional surrender of the fort.

"Who are you," sneered Hamilton, looking at his ragged uniform, "that you force yourself into the presence of a British general?"

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

Clark looked the haughty general straight in the face. No cringing, no fear in his patriotic soul! "I am George Rogers Clark," he said coolly; and his voice rang out like a clarion call.

Hamilton was startled; for the name of this intrepid hero was well known, indeed, among the British. A man who, with no other equipment than a Deckhard rifle, had marched his little band of men fifteen hundred miles through the unknown wilderness of Illinois, had captured the fort of Kaskaskia, and had driven the savages west of the Mississippi—such a man was not to be scorned, as Hamilton well knew.

"On what terms?" asked Hamilton, rather feebly for a braggart of his reputation.

"Terms!" thundered Clark again. "Terms to a scalp-trader! Never! Unconditional surrender, or——" and he pointed towards the forest, where, for all Hamilton knew, he held an army ready to burst upon the fort.

Very unwillingly, yet daring no risk with such a man as Clark, Hamilton laid down his sword, his men stacked their arms, and

together they marched out from the fort; to find, when too late, that they had surrendered to a little squad of one hundred and sixty half-starved, half-frozen, ragged, barefooted backwoodsmen!

Three cheers for the backwoodsmen! How they laughed in their ragged sleeves when they saw their leader marching the crestfallen Hamilton forth from the fort.

Three cheers for the daring, unflinching Clark! Together they had saved the country! For when Hamilton was marched off to prison, the spirit of his six hundred was broken, his forces were scattered, and the great Northern scheme dissolved into thin air.

THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHEAST.

SO MUCH for the destruction of the northern part of Clinton's great scheme!

Now, what about the South? There lay Dragging Canoe, his soul still burning for revenge upon the white men who had wounded him in battle so many months before!

Oconostota, too, was still smarting under the blows his pride had received in the Watauga and Fort Patrick Henry defeats. And together these two chiefs, with not less than fifteen thousand savages, lay waiting for Clinton's call to battle.

Now it happened that Clinton, not wishing to run the risk of having his plans carried again, by Nancy Ward, to Watauga, where Sevier and Shelby still held the fort,

sent the great supply of arms to Dragging Canoe at Chickamauga rather than to Oconostota.

Dragging Canoe, tired of his long period of waiting, and over-eager to wreck his vengeance on the white men, took a part of the supplies, and set forth upon petty raids up and down the country.

"See here, Shelby," said Sevier, "those Indians have been supplied with powder. Something is in preparation."

"That powder must be captured," was Shelby's brief response.

And without loss of time, for these Pioneers, as you already know, were not loiterers, the whole force of backwoodsmen was summoned, and preparations were made for the journey to Chickamauga.

Now this was a daring attempt on the part of these Pioneers; for no one of them had ever traveled so far south, and they

knew little of the river down which they must make their way. Of Chickamauga they knew nothing, except that it was high up among the cliffs and was said to be unassailable..

Nevertheless, every man was ready to set forth even on this perilous journey; and at once the brave Pioneers set to work.

Great trees must first be felled and hollowed out for boats, rafts must be built, and poles must be cut and fashioned into oars; and all this must be done without the knowledge of the savages.

Scouts, therefore, were sent out in all directions to keep watch lest any Indian spy should approach. For should one see the Pioneers at work building a fleet of boats and rafts, he would arouse the whole tribe to self-defense.

Very rapidly, and as silently too as possible, the Pioneers worked away in the forest

riverside; and in a few days the rude little boats were ready.

Provisions and powder were loaded upon the rafts, and the men took their places at the oars.

It was not until darkness had fallen that they set forth, lest the savages should discover them. Not a word did they speak; but, still as death, took their places in the boats, dipping their oars softly lest even the splash of the water should catch the quick ear of the savage. Slowly and carefully they made their way down the strange river. When day began to break, each little boat found for itself a shelter beneath the bushes that overhung the shore, and the men landed and crept into dense coverts in the forest to hide until again dark night should come.

At night they again crept out, took their places in their boats, and paddled on again.

Sometimes the river grew black and deep and wide, and the oarsmen could only drift with the current; sometimes it was narrow and shallow and rocky, and full of dangerous rapids. More than once the little log boats were caught, whirled round and round, and dashed against the black rocks.

Once, at midnight, a roar of falling water fell upon the ears of the little company; the current grew strong and rapid; one boat dashed against a great rock around which the black waters were swirling.

Hardly had the men time to turn their canoes! For a moment, the oars were powerless; the raft anchors dragged; and like mere chips they were drawn along by the strong current.

"To the shore! to the shore!" was Sevier's hoarse command. "There is a waterfall below! Pull! pull for your lives!" And the strong men did pull. It was a strug-

gle for life. There in the still darkness, not daring to speak nor to flash their light across the water to guide them in the dangers, they struggled against the sweeping torrent; for just below them, lay an angry, rocky whirlpool and over against it, like Scylla and Charybdis, sharp rocks against which the water foamed and seethed, then threw itself with a rush and roar over the cliffs below.

Early, before the morning light had penetrated the dense forests, the men carried their boats along the shores to a safe place below the falls, over which they had been so nearly swept in the darkness, and hid them in the bushes.

But even in the forests there was danger. They dared not build camp fires, lest the smoke attract the attention of some roaming scout. They dared not shoot at the panthers and wolves that howled by day as

well as by night, lest the sound bring the scouts upon the scene. A few men must stand on watch to keep off as best they could these foes, but little less blood-thirsty than the savage tribes of Oconostota and Dragging Canoe.

In this way, and amid these dangers, our brave Pioneers made their way down the unknown river; till at last, one morning, just at daybreak, they found themselves beneath the great cliffs that form the natural fortress of Chickamauga.

Like great giants these dark cliffs stood out against the gray sky, their black fronts grim and threatening in the dim light of the early morning.

Not a word did the men dare speak. Just beyond those cliffs—they knew not in what direction—and it might be directly overhead—lay the camp of the savage horde. One false step, and all even now, might be

lost. It was a decisive moment; greater dangers than rocks or whirlpools or waterfalls were now before them. Victory or death was now close at hand.

Most cautiously, two men crept along the shore under cover of the deep shadow. If only they might know the direction of the camp, and so waste neither time nor opportunity.

They reached the top of the cliffs. They peered in every direction. They listened. But no wigwam fires were visible; no sound save the rustling of the leaves broke the stillness.

But, look! that dark object beneath the tree! It crouches, it moves! Watch; it creeps behind the low bush near by! Is it a wolf, a panther? It may be an Indian spy! Not an instant is to be lost! Rifles in hand the two men rushed forward, and the scout, for it is a scout, finding escape impossible,

falls upon his knees and begs for his life. Was there ever such good fortune? For here was one of Oconostota's own warriors, and one who, without doubt, might be made to lead the white men inland, straight to the very camp.

"Quick, quick, my boys," said Sevier; rifles ready! Not a sound remember, till we are upon them. Ready! Follow!"

Then up the river bank, along the cliffs, across the plain they crept, the red man leading,—straight into the sleeping camp.

With a yell,—the Tennessee yell,—than which the yell of the savages themselves was scarcely more terrible,—the backwoodsmen burst upon the wigwams. The sleeping warriors staggered to their feet. They stood for a moment, dazed. Then, with a howl of terror, they turned, to a man, and fled.

Bang! bang! bang! went the rifles of the white men; and the savages answered with

yells and shrieks. On, into the great swamps they rushed, the white men in hot pursuit. Panic stricken, the savages had not even taken their guns; and now, driven from their camp, unarmed and helpless, they fled to the forests and into the marshes, where, sinking into the soft mire, they struggled and many lost their lives.

Others, terror stricken, fled to the jungles; and there amid the wild beasts which they feared less than the cracking rifle, they crouched in terror.

"They will not dare come out," said Sevier; "so we are safe to do our work at leisure." Guards then were placed around the supply of ammunition with which the camp had been provided, and deliberate preparation was made for firing the village and the corn-fields.

The powder and the fire-arms were gathered up and carried down to the boats;

torches were applied to the huts, and at the close of day not one vestige of the strong Chickamauga encampment remained save acres of smoldering ruin.

Not a measure of meal for food; not an ounce of powder had the savages left to them, when, a day or so later, they began to creep from the forests and the jungles.

This was a grand triumph for the Pioneers, for a deathblow had been struck to any immediate organization, by the British, of the savage forces against the Colonists.

And when the Pioneers, with boats and rafts loaded with corn and ammunition, rowed up the river, they knew full well that for one year at least, there would be no trouble from the savages of the South. They could not hunt without ammunition; they could not live without game; nor could the British, who were now as good as imprisoned at Savannah, bring them any aid.

Again the great scheme of the British commander had been thwarted, and the colonies were secure from attack from the Western savages. Again the Pioneers, the backwoodsmen, had saved their country and their people.

PIONEERS AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

A YEAR of peace for the frontier people followed this destruction of the plans of the great Clinton. Clark, encouraged by his success at Vincennes, easily inspired his followers to march on and capture the British posts in Illinois and along the Wabash; Governor Hamilton, still in prison, had no opportunity to stir up the Northern Indians; and Dragging Canoe and his tribes could not even move from Chickamauga till corn had been planted and harvested to provide for the needs of the coming winter.

But whatever else we may think of the British proceedings during the Revolutionary war, we must admit that they were not lacking in perseverance. For no sooner had

Clinton's forces and his allies recovered from their embarrassment, than another and still greater scheme was planned and hurried into execution.

Having taken possession of Charleston, Clinton sent one force to Augusta, another to Ninety-Six, and another, under Cornwallis, to scatter a body of patriots whom he had been informed were gathering for mischief on the borders of North Carolina.

These posts taken, then the three bodies of men were to sweep up over North Carolina and Virginia. Forming then a junction with the New York forces, the whole country south of the Hudson would thus be enclosed by British.

For a time all went well. The patriots of South Carolina, filled as the colony was with Tories, contended bravely but very feebly; and the colony, from seaboard to mountain, was soon patrolled by British soldiers.

The patriots, among them were Sumter and Marion, were driven over the lines and into the swamps and morasses of North Carolina. Already South Carolina and Georgia were spoken of as "the lost provinces," cut off as they were from any northern aid.

Dark, dark days were these for the patriots, both North and South. Forces under Ferguson were still pouring in upon the yet undevastated parts of South Carolina; and every day hope for North Carolina, and even for Virginia, grew less and less. At this crisis, messengers were dispatched to Sevier and Shelby to come to the rescue.

Already the Cherokees and Creeks were again planning attacks upon the frontier settlement; still, gathering together such forces as the little western forts could spare, these men hurried forward over the

mountains to join the patriots on the seaboard.

"Before two days had passed," said the British Ferguson, "I knew some new force, some new life, or some new commander, had changed utterly the spirit of the patriots." For the "Watauga boys" had not come to dally; neither could their restless, energetic souls wait the movements of the British. They had come to attack; not merely to defend; and very soon the British army found it was they rather than the patriots who needed to "watch out."

One Colonel Moore, who had kept his men in practice by sending them forth daily to plunder and murder the defenseless women and children, in the outskirts, was surprised one morning at daybreak by a most emphatic demand from Shelby that he surrender his fort, stack his arms, and march out.

The crackling of the rifles of these backwoodsmen was not a pleasant sound to English ears; and Moore, although he had a strong garrison and was well equipped, obeyed without even an attempt at self-defense. So much was accomplished towards the defeat of the British!

Immediately Ferguson sent Major Dunlap in pursuit of Shelby, and a fierce battle followed. Col. Elijah Clark and Shelby both fought like mad men, and Dunlap was made to retreat. Another victory scored to the backwoodsmen.

Then Ferguson himself pursued. But Shelby, leading his men up a steep hill, awaited the coming of the British general.

When at last Ferguson reached the foot of the hill, the Watauga boys were ready with their unerring rifles; and a most hearty invitation to battle did they pour down upon the British.

But battle from below was not according to Ferguson's taste; and stung by the jeers of the "ignorant backwoodsmen" as he was pleased to call our brave men, he drew off his forces, swearing vengeance on the whole American army.

Ferguson then encamped some twenty-six miles from Smith's Ford; and it was only a mile beyond that a band of Tories had also encamped; a band, who, so Shelby thought, were dangerous to the people round about, and who, therefore, should be routed.

This, with Ferguson so near by, was not an easy matter to arrange. But with Shelby, as with George Rogers Clark, if an attack was necessary the attack was made.

Accordingly, at sunset, Shelby's men set out, keeping under cover of the forests.

At daybreak the little force presented itself before the breastworks of the Tories camp, sent forward twenty-five men to

allure the enemy out, then awaited the moment to open fire.

The British charged with their bayonets upon the twenty-five, who slowly retreated toward the breastwork behind which Shelby lay concealed, making as they retreated great show of fighting.

"Don't fire, boys," commanded Shelby, "till you can count their buttons."

The British came nearer and nearer; Shelby's men raised themselves upon their knees, rifles in hand. "Ready, boys! Fire!"

Out blazed the rifles. The air for a second was filled with the whizz of the bullets. The British commander fell. The redcoats fought fiercely to hold their ground, but bayonets were of little avail against the cracking rifles; and after a hot, quick contest, they turned and fled. The Pioneers, giving their own wild Tennessee yell,

jumped over the breastworks and followed in hot pursuit.

Over hills and plains, across the fields and down the valleys the redcoats ran, Shelby and his men close upon their heels, rifles snapping and men falling at every step. And not until the ford was reached did the backwoodsmen give up the chase.

"Let us go back for our horses," said Shelby, "and then on and after them again! On horseback we can overtake the scoundrels before their scare is over."

But just then a shout! There's a horseman hurrying across the plain! It is not a Britisher—that Shelby knows by his dress; and the little company hurry forth to meet him.

Breathless, the messenger rides up to Shelby and gives into his hands a paper on which is stamped the patriot governor's seal. One glance, and "To the moun-

tains! to the mountains, boys!" Shelby cries, "Fly! fly! the game is up!"

Away the little army flew, and in a few hours were safe within the shelter of the hills; for a great British victory had taken place, and there was for a time no hope for the Colonists or for the Pioneers within the provinces.

"Never mind, boys," said Shelby, cheerfully, "We've bothered them well. Now we'll rest a little, and be ready again when a good time comes."

It was well the little band made haste. Already Ferguson had heard of their morning caper and was in hot pursuit. On, on, they flew, Ferguson gaining upon them at every minute.

But the Alleghanies were reached. One officer hurried the British prisoners forward into the mountains; Shelby took the trail to Watauga, while Colonel Clark, who was

with them in this expedition, turned southward, riding straight into the face of the enemy. "We shall gain nothing," he said to his loyal followers, "but there's time to harass the British a little more, I believe, before we leave the country."

So down swooped Clark upon Augusta. One British officer he succeeded in shutting up in a fort, with neither food nor water; a band of savages he routed and sent them howling with fright down the valley; indeed, a few hours more, and Augusta would have been in his hands, so quickly and so successfully did he move.

But now the British under Ferguson were upon him. "All right, boys," he said, "we've done all we can! Now, to the mountains! Away! Away!"

"Alas, the prospect is most gloomy," wrote Washington at this time; "the storm is raging, and I have almost ceased to hope."

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

BUT these brave men had little more than reached their homes when a message came to them from Ferguson, saying:

"Unless the over-mountain rebels desist from their oppositions to the British arms, I, Ferguson, will march my forces down into the country of these rebels, hang the leaders, and lay the whole territory waste with fire and sword." (Signed) FERGUSON.

Now Ferguson was only a few miles south of Watauga on the sea-board side, and it was probable that he intended to carry out his threat. No one could be sure, at any rate, so our brave Pioneers thought, and they believed an immediate march against him would be altogether best. "It would teach him not to make threats; and it would teach him, since he seems not already to

know, that the spirit of the backwoodsmen brooks no insult," they said.

Without an hour's delay, messengers were sent in all directions, east, west, north, south, the whole length of the valley, and every patriot was summoned to gather at the Sycamore Shoals, armed for battle.

With speed known only among such loyal souls as these, the men, both young and and old, hurried to the place of meeting.

Few knew even why they had been summoned; nor had they asked to know. Sevier had called; some danger was at hand; and without question the brave men obeyed.

Beneath the great trees at Sycamore Shoals they assembled—it was a grand, heroic scene—one that every boy and girl who claims a part in the old Pioneer days should glory in. The children of the Minute Men have no richer legacy of heroism. For so eager were these Pioneers, even

the boys among them, to join the forces and march against the British foe, that Sevier was forced to resort to a drafting scheme. To decide who must go into battle? Not so? There were no such Pioneers in that little band! It was a draft to compel a part of these eager patriots to stay at home. For the Indians, it was believed, were beginning to prepare for action. A few single frays had already taken place; and there was possible danger. Some must remain in possession of the forts and protect the homes.

"If we are successful," said Sevier, "we shall be back in this valley again in a month; until then, even though the Indians should attack Watauga, they can be held back until we can join you in battle against them."

As few men were left as would barely suffice, for all were needed for this expedition against Ferguson; and on the 18th of Sep-

tember, eight hundred and forty of the strong, daring patriots set out for the march over the mountains to surprise the British officer who had dared to threaten them.

Once the British would have scorned these most unmilitary looking men, with their buckskin trousers and homespun shirts, and the buck-tails in their hats in place of the gaudy English tassels; but the British had learned long ago in their fights with the Minute Men, and more recently with the Pioneers, that some men can fight without uniforms and nodding plumes.

So when Ferguson heard that these rudely-equipped backwoodsmen had come to challenge him to battle, rather than wait for him to come to them, he thought it worth while to summon the every best military tactics he knew.

Cornwallis was only eighty miles away; and while Ferguson, who, to his credit be

it said, was one of the bravest and clearest headed of all the British officers that ever came to America by order of the English king, did not mean to flee to Cornwallis for protection, still he thought it worth while to break up camp and betake himself in that direction as soon as possible.

The Pioneers started in pursuit. It was but little trouble to follow the trail, and at last they came upon the British officer with his troops drawn up on a ridge of land, only about sixty feet high to be sure, but with steep sides covered with a heavy growth of timber.

At the top of this ridge were masses of ledge rock, behind which the British could well conceal themselves. Then, too, the trees made excellent hiding places from which to fire upon an approaching foe.

Ferguson could not easily have found a place more secure from attack.

Then, too, the backwoodsmen were tired, drenched by heavy rains, and half starved as well. It is a wonder they had courage to make the attempt, brave as they were. But

LORD CORNWALLIS.

this was what they had marched these hundreds of miles for, and not one in all the little company but was ready for immediate battle, now that the enemy was at hand.

Sevier looked the field over. "It couldn't be worse, boys," he said, grimly, "and there is just one hope for us. Are you ready?"

"Ready," answered every man in the company.

"We must surround that hill, and attack the British from all sides at once. Our hope lies in the suddenness of our rush upon them, and in the confusion that we hope will follow.

"Now take heed! I will lead the right wing! Cleveland and Williams will lead the left! Shelby and Campbell shall bring up the rear with the center, and in that way we surround the ridge. Forward! March!"

One spring! the hill was reached! "Yell, boys, yell!" shouted Sevier; and the Tennessee yell rang out opon the air. Yell on yell, like the whoop of Indians! The forests resounded with it! The echoes rolled it back! The British felt their courage waver, for well

had they come to know what kind of men these were who rushed to battle with a yell that rivaled the Indian whoop.

"The yelling fiends!" said De Peyster, Ferguson's second in command.

"Courage," thundered Ferguson, not waiting to philosophize.

"Charge bayonet!"

Down upon Campbell came the regulars with fixed bayonets! Down upon Shelby came the Tories, armed with glittering knives.

Campbell fell back. Shelby fell back. In a moment came from both commanders, "Halt! Reload! Ready now! At them again! On, boys, on!"—and up the two divisions sprang again, pouring their deadly fire from their never erring rifles, straight into the hearts of the British.

Sevier, too, was holding the British on his side. "Steady, boys, fire!" he cried.

"Every man his own commander! Remember there are Tories here to be killed! Fire as fast as you can load! Make every bullet tell! Get behind the trees if you must! Retreat if you must, but don't run away! Now, on! on! Make every Tory bite the dust!"

Step by step, the men of Sevier gained the hillside. Up, up, they crept, beating back and felling to the ground the resisting British.

"Now, boys! another rush, and the hill is ours! On, boys, to victory!"

A yell and the summit was reached. "Now at them! Single out your man! Waste not a shot!"

And now the ridge was encircled with fire! The British were charging down the sides! The patriots were retreating, reloading, and again rushing forward with fresh volleys of deadly fire!

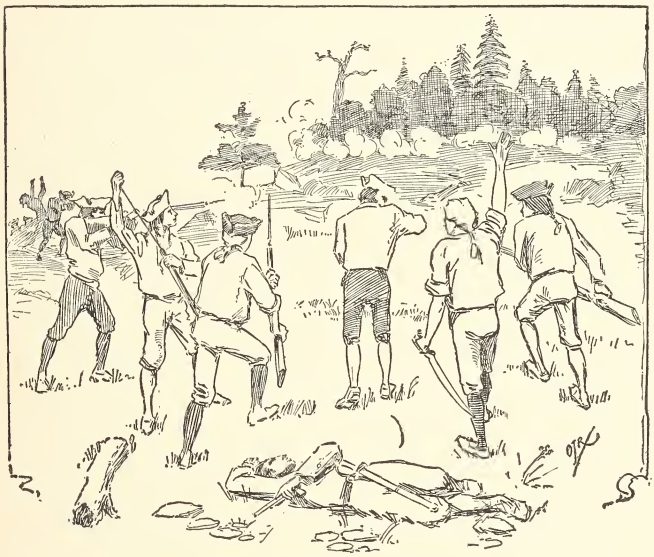
The smoke was blinding! The din was terrible, and the yells of the patriots rent the air. So rapid was the firing that the British could not be made to charge. Packed so close together upon the little ridge, there was little need to take aim, so sure were the patriots of the effect of every bullet.

Then came the cry, "Tarleton is upon us! Tarleton is upon us!"

At this Campbell's men turned and fled in sudden panic. Sevier's quick eye saw the movement. In an instant, leaving his men, he sprang down the mountain side and pursued the frightened soldiers.

"Back, back!" he thundered, "Tarleton is not upon us! and if he were, shall we give up the battle just as victory is ours! Back! back! every brave man of you! Five minutes! Another charge, and the day is ours! Now, with me, boys! On! On to victory."

And, held by the wonderful power of the man, the troops turned back. Another yell that made the skies reverbrate, and they were up the hillside again! Again the Brit-



FIGHT OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

ish charged! But of the brave line, only six were spared the rifle shots, and these six, courage gone, fled back to the protection of their commander.

Then the Tories ran up a white flag. "Down with that flag!" thundered Ferguson, and he leveled it with one blow of his sword.

"To go on is simply a waste of life," said De Peyster. Waste, then," was Ferguson's reply. "Never will I surrender to these beasts of the forest."

A little later he saw there was no hope; spurring his horse straight through the ranks of Sevier's men, he rushed down the hill.

"It is Ferguson! It is Ferguson!" yelled a backwoodsman; and in a second no less than five rifle balls had struck him. With a groan he rolled from the back of his horse, and fell dead at the foot of the hill he had so bravely defended. De Peyster at once ordered up the white flag. All hope was lost, and Shelby rode forward to receive the surrendered sword of the British commander.

Thus ended one of the fiercest battles known in American history. On that blood-

stained ridge lay the dead bodies of more than two hundred British and as many more were wounded.

Only twenty-eight patriots had fallen, and only a few were wounded.

Remaining only to bury their dead, the little band, worn out with their terrible day's work, now set out upon their homeward march.

Tarleton, who soon heard of the victory, fled from the line of the patriots' march. Cornwallis, too, was alarmed. With Ferguson killed, he had lost one of his ablest captains. He, too, avoided battle with these wild men of the mountains, whose very yell struck terror to the heart of the British.

The battle of King's Mountain was the turn in the tide—"the turn," as Jefferson said, that "terminated the Revolutionary war, and set the seal to our independence."

INDIAN WARS.

AND now that all was done that could be done by this brave band of patriots, Sevier's next thought was to get his men across the mountain as fast as they could go. Some one of the British officers would set off upon his track, of course; for no such affair as this victory at King's Mountain would be allowed to pass unavenged.

And then, too, it was only too probable that the little fort at home might be needing help. For Sevier knew the ways of the savages well enough to know that when news reached them of the departure of himself and his men; they would lose no time in preparing an expedition against the little fort and the outlying villages.

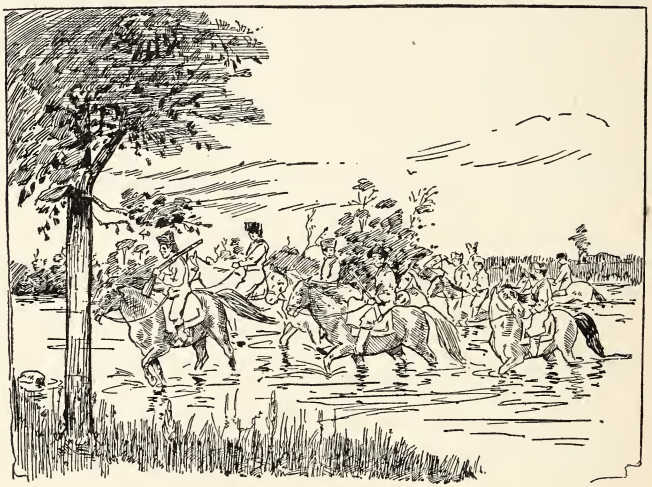
Sevier had now been absent twenty days; and even at their best it would be seven or eight days more before his wounded and exhausted men could reach their homes again.

"We must cross the Catawba," said he to his officers, "let come what will. Nor is there a moment to delay. Already the waters are rising from the heavy storms, and to be storm-stayed on this side of the river is to be overtaken. This must not be. We are in no condition for another battle."

Every man understood; and a hurried march was commenced without delay. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when they reached what had been a shallow place in the river, and easily fordable. But now, even here, the water was dark and stormy, and in the distance the tired men could hear the roaring of the on-coming flood.

"No choice, my boys," said Sevier, plunging into the water. "Neither Whig nor Tory

will cross this river four hours from now." And with this doubtful encouragement the little band, with the prisoners and horses, followed their leader.



CROSSING THE FORD.

"Now, British officers," said Sevier, when all were safely across, and stood shaking themselves like great Newfoundland dogs, "come on, follow us if you can!"

Fires were built, food was cooked—such as they had—and the men gathered around the welcome blaze to warm and dry themselves.

But such luxury was not to be theirs for long! "Boys," was Sevier's next call, when the men were warmed and dried, and rested and fed, "there's a little fort, and some farm houses, and some women and children over across these hills; they may be needing you and me even now. Three weeks we have been away, and we know only too well that savages are not the foes that meets us in equal battle. How many of you are able to take up the march at once and hurry to the rescue. The sick and wounded must follow slowly; but a few of us, I believe, can march ahead." Never were soldiers of braver spirit than this! Hardly had Sevier called, "Come forward," than nearly every man dragged himself to his feet.

The tears started to Sevier's eyes for this brave man was not of that brutal type of warrior that loves war for the sake of murder and rapine. "God bless you, my brave boys," said he. "If Ferguson had led such soldiers as you, we should have had a tougher battle at King's Mountain."

And then, selecting from the volunteers those who seemed most fit to take up the march again, Sevier set out across the hills to Watauga.

Not a day too early were they in their arrival. At his home Sevier found a fur trader, who had been sent by their old, true friend, the half Indian, Nancy Ward, to warn the white people that Oconostota was preparing for immediate war. Already the women and children were gathered into the fort, where brave Robertson had made the defense as strong as possible. Still in the battle-stained and ragged buck-

skin suit, Sevier listened to the story of the fur trader; while his wife, the brave girl, who, you remember, scaled the palisades, just saving herself from the Indian scalping knife, brought him food and hot drink.

"A long day since I have not been hungry, Kate," said he, as cheerfully as if starvation were not an unpleasant feature of warfare.

"There must not be an hour's delay," was Sevier's decision when the fur trader had told his story. "The savages will come in a body to French Broad River," he said, thinking aloud. "Crossing that, they will break up into small attacking parties and will burn the settlements up and down the whole valley. We must prevent that. Kate, that dinner has given me new life. I shall set out at once. Boys, are you ready?"

And so after no less than twenty-eight days of hard marching, Sevier and his one

hundred set off again into the forest to meet the on-coming of the thousand savages led by Dragging Canoe.

All night long and all the next day these men marched.

"Waste no time, boys; give them no time to scatter!" was Sevier's one call to his men.

At nightfall a band of twenty savages were discovered creeping up a hillside. "Fire!" And upon them burst such a volley of rifle shot, that with a yell, the whole twenty turned and fled.

"Nollichucky Jack! Nollichucky Jack!" was all they were able to gasp when they reached their camp where Dragging Canoe sat sullenly awaiting the news these scouts should bring.

Now, Nollichucky Jack meant Sevier; and brave as was Dragging Canoe, and bitterly as he longed for revenge, the name was not a welcome one to him. It would have been

far easier to have made their attack upon the white people before the return of this daring leader.

Dragging Canoe's face grew black. Immediately he gave his command to desert camp and retreat to a more favorable hiding place.

At daybreak Sevier set forward again upon his march. "Be on the alert, boys. There is some snare set for us, else we would have been attacked in the night. They are in wait somewhere for us. Watch sharp." Very carefully the little company moved forward, Sevier with a small band, riding ahead. Suddenly, in the tall swamp grass he came upon them, crouching in a semi-circle near the trail, ready to surround the advancing party.

"Here they are, boys! Fire! Fire! Retreat and fire!" And away Sevier rushed to hurry forward the main division.

With whoops and yells the red men sprang from the grass and fell upon the advance guard.

A moment and Sevier and his men were in the thickest of the fight. A part of the the little company wheeled right, a part left. Sevier himself rushed into the midst of the battle. Suddenly the savages realized that they themselves were surrounded, and with one yell that filled the wilderness, they turned and fled.

"Charge!" thundered Sevier, and springing upon their horses, the men, Sevier riding on ahead, plunged into the forest in rapid pursuit. The panic-stricken Indians stumbled and fell upon each other. Dragging Canoe, finding himself overtaken in the deep mud and tangled grasses, turned upon Sevier and fired. The ball grazed the leader's hair; but before Dragging Canoe could fire again, Sevier rushed upon

him. A terrible hand to hand contest followed. The great brute strength of Dragging Canoe was by no means easy to

SEVIER AND DRAGGING CANOE.

overcome. Sevier parried his heavy blows; again and again Dragging Canoe sprang forward, tomahawk in hand. It was a ter-

rible moment; hand to hand, and face to face they fought; Dragging Canoe threw his great weight full upon his foe; just then a rifle ball came whizzing through the air, and Dragging Canoe staggered and fell.

"Not a second too soon," gasped Sevier, as his deliverer came riding up; "another moment and the brute would have tomahawked me. But let us forward!" and away both men rushed in full pursuit of the routed foe. Nor did they give up the battle till the Indians had been driven beyond the slope.

"And now," said Sevier, when they had returned to their camp; "let us follow up this victory with an attack on the Creeks and Cherokees. We shall suffer no harm from the Chickamaugas for a time, at any rate."

Already Sevier had been reinforced by the brave men who had followed more

slowly over the Alleghanies; for, exhausted as they were when they reached Watauga, they had lost no time in hurrying on to overtake the band who were already driving back the savages.

Before word could be carried to the thousand redskins posted at Echota, Sevier was upon them. Without attempt at self-defense, this thousand fled into the mountains, frightened at the sudden appearance of a foe they had supposed to be hundreds of miles away.

Burning the Indian villages, now left unprotected, destroying the corn and cattle, the white men pressed on into the very heart of the Cherokee territory. These, too, fled before their approach; for of what use, thought they, could it be to contend against this great advancing army, who burned the villages and slew their foes on

every side, and drove before them their terrified prisoners.

On, on, past Chattanooga, where Tories were herded with the Indians, the victorious army advanced, and everywhere the enemy fled before them. Everywhere their path was marked by fire and destruction. Even into Georgia, Sevier pushed his way. Panic had seized the savages; superstition and fear had parlyzed them. Only a few days ago they had been summoned to attack the forts and villages because Sevier was away in the East fighting the British; now he or his spirit was upon them, burning their villages and slaying their people. Already fifty villages had been destroyed, and thousands of savages had been driven homeless into the wilderness.

Creeks, Cherokees, and Chickamaugas, all were attacked and put to flight, and they was safe from them now, at least

until crops could again be raised and the harvests gathered.

On Sevier's return north he gathered certain of the savages together and addressed them:*

"Chiefs and warriors, we came into your country to fight your young men. We have killed many and we have destroyed your villages. It was you who began the war by listening to the bad counsels of the English king and the falsehoods told you by his officers. But if now you desire peace, and we understand you do, out of pity for your women and children we will make a treaty with you. You must send six of your men to meet our agent, Major Martin, at the Great Island within two moons. If your women and children will take refuge on the Great Island, we will give them food to keep them alive.

*See Kirk's "Rear-Guards of the Revolution."

"Warriors, listen! If we receive no answer to this, we thall conclude you are still our enemies. Then we shall send another and a larger force into your country, and it will remain until it has taken possession of it as a conquered country, nor shall we make you any compensation."

Very willingly the broken savages made their peace with the white men; prisoners were exchanged, and comparative peace reigned once more beyond the Alleghanies.

But Cornwallis, who was now recovering from his fear of being pursued and attacked by the backwoodsmen, since he had learned that they were in their own valley fighting the savages, had already retraced his line of march and was preparing his descent upon the southern colonies. Moreover, in order that the backwoodsmen might still be kept busy with the savages, British emissaries had been sent over the mountains

to arouse the Erati Indians, a tribe who thus far had not attacked Watauga.

Old Oconostota had refused to join in the treaty of peace, and he, too, was kindled anew by these British emissaries.

There was no general attack upon the white men, for the savages had not joined forces; but every day some little farm house was burned and its inmates murdered; farmers were shot down while at work in their fields, and little children were stolen and carried away into captivity.

"These attacks," said Sevier, "are from the Erati. What are we going to do about it?"

Now the Erati were a hardy, mountainous tribe, who dwelt high up among the rocky fastnesses of the Smokies—just where, no white man knew, for never had attempt been made to explore this wild and inaccessible country; and even to this day no

wilder spot is to be found in all the length and breadth of our land.

"There is but one hope," said Sevier, "and that is to find their village and swoop upon it."

Accordingly with only one hundred and thirty men, Sevier set out upon one of the most daring, most dangerous expeditions recorded anywhere in the history of the world. And in his success, we read of one of the most brilliant exploits the world has ever known.

With only a compass to direct them, the little company set forth. Up the French Broad river; across the ford at Painted Rocks; up the steep banks of Laurel Run; in through the trackless forests; over fallen trees and tangled underbrush; through swamps, across ravines, and down precipices they made their way till at last they stood upon the bald summit of the Smoky Moun-

tain range. Gladly the men lay down to rest. They knew little of their location, and still less of their surroundings. They were in the Smokies, and so in the regions of the Erati,—of that they were sure.

All night long the men slept soundly; but at daybreak they were awake and ready to begin to search the valley for the entrenched Erati.

Gradually, the morning mist rolled away; the valley cleared; at the foot of the mountain lay a rolling plain many miles in width. Away on the distant horizon lay great forests, dim and purple in the morning light. And see! away beyond the Welch Bald, a mountain rising abruptly from the plain there were little wreaths of smoke! Every man sprang to his feet! It was an Indian village! There could be no mistake! And only a few miles away! Quickly the little party descended the mountain, crept to-

ward Welch Bald, and before nightfall, had passed the great gorge, and were safely hidden in the trees. Again they rested, and at daybreak set forth again. At noon, they stood upon a wooded ridge, looking down into the largest of the Erati villages.

ERATI VILLAGE.

Here they fastened their horses, formed in line, and poured themselves down upon the savages. Fifty of the warriors were slain on the spot. Crack, crack, went the

rifles; and for every bullet an Indian fell. No defense was possible. "Nollichucky Jack! Nollichucky Jack!" they yelled, and, panic stricken, fled to the mountains. The white men set fire at once to the village, destroyed the grain and cattle, and left the valley a smoking ruin.

Oconostota, only the more defiant that the Erati had fallen before the white men, determined, let come what might, to be forced into no treaty of peace. He could summon no forces, but he would keep up constant annoying attacks upon the white people; thus preventing Sevier and his men from returning to the east, where they had already been summoned by the Colonial Governor.

But at last the Chickamaugas, tired of defeat, and of this inglorious warfare, turned against Oconostota, dethroned him, drove him from their tribe, and joined under Old Tassel in a treaty of peace.

THE END OF THE WAR.

AT LAST Sevier's men were free to return again to the East. The backwoodsmen arrived in time to join with Marion and strike some of the final blows which brought the Revolutionary war to a close.

Shelby, when he had escorted the King's Mountain captives into Virginia, had returned at once with his "backwoodsmen' to the headquarters of General Gates.

Cornwallis had come to a halt, and was gathering his forces for another march. "These mountaineers seem quiet now," he said; "and we will proceed with our plans." Not that Cornwallis dreamed for a moment that they could do real harm to the royal British army! No; but they were a little

annoying, and had a way of disturbing his generalship's plans at somewhat inconvenient times!

When Shelby heard that Cornwallis was again on the march and towards Winnsboro, he called his men around him. "See here, boys," he said, "at Winnsboro and along the mountains is a hot-bed of Tories. If Cornwallis reaches there, the Tories will flock by the hundreds to join him. I know the country thereabout."

"What shall we do?" asked General Gates; for well had that vacillating and weak general learned to respect the judgment of the sturdy over-mountain men.

"Send a force to cut him off," was Shelby's ready answer.

"But we have only fourteen hundred men," groaned Gates; for the burden of war was heavy upon the patriot army, and too heavy for General Gates.

A few days later, however, a small force under General Morgan was sent, and the glorious battle of Cowpens followed—a battle than which King's Mountain only was more glorious!

"I'd rather have been in that battle," said Shelby when he heard of the victory, "than to be king!" and we know full well he would have been there—in the thickest of the fight—had he not been serving then in the General Assembly. "But my brother had the honor! That is next best to having it myself!" And the brave man gave three rousing cheers, for in such a light did the Western Pioneers regard even an opportunity to fight for freedom.

Cornwallis was now moving northward. The British had again been driven back at Eutaw, and there were rumors that Cornwallis was planning to join his forces with Clinton.

"If he does this," wrote Greene to Sevier, "the war is not at an end. Come, and bring with you every man that can carry a rifle."

"Times are dark," wrote Greene at the same time to Washington, "but if I can collect the militia under Sevier and Shelby, there is hope."

It was weeks before this message reached the over-mountain men, but when it did arrive, Sevier, true to his record, set out at once to scour the country; and in a few days five hundred volunteers were ready, and away they marched across the mountains.

At Davis's Ferry they joined brave Marion's men, and together they made an army to be remembered in song and story as long as lives the name of Washington!

With this splendid body of cavalry and mounted riflemen, Marion pushed on

straight into the face of the British forces. Early in the morning they set out. On, on, through the woods they pushed their way, till at the end of the second day, they encamped but two miles from—as they supposed—an army of Hessians, allies of the British.

"We will attack them at daybreak," said Marion; and scouts were sent out to reconnoiter.

"They have gone," was the word brought in by the scouts; "they are already far away on their march to Yorktown."

For a moment the heart of Marion sank. "Too late," he groaned. "But never mind," he cried a minute after; "we won't march back with nothing done! There's the British position. We will march upon it! Are you ready?"

"Ready," was the answer; and at break of day, before the British were awake or

even dreamed of Marion's approach, Sevier with Shelby at his right hand, marched up to the abattis, and sent in their flag with the brief message, "Surrender!"

"Surrender!" thundered the British officer, "Never!"

"But you will," answered Shelby coolly. "The Tennessee boys are here! Would you hear their yell! And we are ready to fight you with rifles or with tomahawks."

The British commander winced. He had heard the Tennessee yell, and he knew the Tennessee boys.

"I surrender," he said, and laid down his arms.

Even Shelby and Sevier themselves were surprised at their own success. "Now," said they to their men, "secure the ammunition and away to Marion; Stuart is only a few miles away; he will let no time slip by when he hears of this.

It was a perilous march, and Stuart was close at hand; but the tired men set forth, and at three o'clock in the morning they were within Marion's camp again; the story of their success was told, and Marion's army, up and in arms, awaited the sure approach of Stuart.

Marion was strongly intrenched behind a swamp; breastworks were hastily thrown up, and in only three hours after the arrival of Sevier and Shelby, Stuart's men were upon them.

"Every man to his place!" commanded Marion; and every man was ready. Straight towards the camp Stuart's men marched.

"We will wait their attack on the edge of the swamp," said Sevier and Shelby; and taking their little force, they went out from the camp.

"This shall be your last battle, you swamp fox," said Stuart between his teeth.

But just then his eye fell upon the line of men drawn up along the swamp.

"Ready, boys! Now! Yell!" commanded Sevier.

Then out upon the air burst the yell of the Tennesseeans. Yell after yell and howl following howl, in tones that no words can describe, filled the air.

"The yelling fiends!" growled Stuart. "March on!"

But a fear had fallen upon the British lines! Panic followed!

"Halt!" thundered Stuart; but his command was drowned in the yelling of the enemy. "Halt!" cried every commander of every division. Yell upon yell echoed from every rock, and the frightened men heard only the yells.

"Already they were a half mile across the plain.

"The cowards!" hissed Stuart.

"After them! After them!" cried Sevier; and out from the swamp, with yells and howls that shook the hills, the over-mountain men rushed forth.

"The fools!" hissed Stuart again; and this time he included both his own men and the Watauga army.

But as the yells came nearer and nearer, Stuart, too, turned and fled; and, as far as one might judge, he fled, even as his own panic-stricken men had fled, from simple terror at that well-known yell of the Watauga boys from over the mountains.

Straight to Charleston this army of Stuart ran, and the work of Sevier and Shelby was over. Back now, and for the last time, they made their way through blinding snow and over icy passes, down into the land where brave Robertson held the forts and watched over the homes.

"You have come none too soon," said Robertson; for already Tories were pouring over the mountains, fleeing for safety to the Chickamaugas. Together the Tories and the savages were planning attacks upon the settlers; and the savages, emboldened by their reinforcements, were advancing fearlessly.

"We shall see," said Sevier; and, as was his custom, he set out at once. On into the land of the Echota he pushed his way. There, with Old Tassel, he held a long council, showing him how foolish he was, and how sure he was of defeat.

Old Tassel and the Ottan chiefs made peace with Sevier, and even guided him in his march toward the Chickamaugas.

Town after town of the Chickamaugas the little army laid waste, driving the redskins on before them. At Lookout Mountain they halted. There, with about five

hundred Tories, the chiefs Big Fool and Bloody Fellow, prepared to make a stand against the advancing mountaineers.

On, steadily and with unflinching courage, Sevier climbed the mountain and rushed upon the enemy. Again there was a short, quick battle, from which the Indians ran howling in fright, and the Tories followed closely upon their heels.

This defeat subdued the Chickamaugas, and even the Tories had little courage to urge them on again.

"It is as I told you," said Nancy Ward, the prophetess; "the Great Spirit is against you in this war upon these people. See how you have been punished."

But as we all know, the war in the East was rapidly drawing to a close. Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown and peace was soon proclaimed. With glad hearts the Watauga boys went back to their homes,

hung their rifles over their fireplaces, and went to work upon their neglected farms.

It had been a wonderful experience; the almost unvarying success of these men seems incredible. But their victories were due in no small degree to the remarkable speed with which they always moved against their foes, thus paralyzing them with fear.

They understood well the Indian character; then, too, the heaviness of the British was always in their favor. In this last battle, not one of Sevier's men was killed; and in the whole thirty-four battles which this hero had fought, he lost not more than sixty of his men,—a record which finds its parallel in no other war, nor under any other leader.

"When this war was over," says Kirk, in his "Rear Guards of the Revolution,"

"these men returned to their homes and went about the more peaceful employments of civilization. They had rendered great and vital services to their country. No other body of equal numbers ever achieved such great results in human history. They balked the deeply laid plans of the British cabinet, backed by the whole power of the British empire.

"This they did in 1776, when but a handful of two hundred men, and again in 1780, when only a thousand strong, they climbed the Alleghanies, and descended, a living avalanche, upon the British bayonets.

"And in the closing crisis, they rushed once more to the front and gave a final blow to the fleeing invaders.

"All this they did, too, while their own homes were encircled with savage fire; while the tomahawk was brandished above

the heads of their families, and the mid night torch was applied to their dwellings.

"They scaled untraveled heights, and waded the deep swamps of the seaboard. Under the broiling sun of the Santee, and amid the snows of the Alleghanies; in hunger and thirst and weariness such as few could endure; they sought, and found, and conquered the enemy.

"They did a great work—a work that could not have been done better by a much larger army. And for all this, the men of the rear guard deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by their country."

Let the eastern boys and girls, then, glory to share their Revolutionary honors with the western boys and girls. And west ern boys and girls, claim your share. The Pioneers helped to save the country! So

then, why not, as we did in the beginning ning of our story, send up three cheers for the Colonists, and three more—rousing ones now, for they do not always get the credit they deserve—for the Revolutionary Pioneers of the South!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Colonists and Pioneers! Pioneers and Colonists. Hurrah!