They will not look upon marriage as something for personal gratification and pleasure, but as a most holy sacrament.

They will not look upon politics as a glorious opportunity to line their own pockets and those of their friends, but will consider themselves servants of the people.

The aims then of our colleges should be, as stated by President Cowling of Carleton College: “To develop the student with respect to all his capacities into a mature, symmetrical, well-balanced person, in full possession of all his powers, physical, social, mental and spiritual, with an intelligent understanding of the past and a sympathetic insight into the needs and problems of the present.

If that is our aim, the offer of the college may best be stated in the words of William De Witt Hyde: “To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men’s work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world’s library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among people of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasms and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen; and form character under professors who are cultured—this is the offer of the college for the best four years of your life.”

I am sure these are the aims and offers of my college and your college. I have the faith to believe that these aims and offers of our colleges, presented to open-minded, twentieth century young people cannot fail to produce an entirely different type of leader for the future—a truly educated leadership.

Wade S. Miller

SOME VIRGINIA TRADITIONS OF THE REVOLUTION

YESTERDAY was October 19, the 155th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—that great day when the British regulars were sullenly throwing down their guns before our starved and ragged “irregulars,” while the English bands were playing “The World Is Upside Down.” This date has set the Harrisonburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to thinking especially about the last year of the war—from October, 1780, to October, 1781. For your regular monthly meeting today the program is to include some traditions of that last stage of the conflict, particularly anent your forbears and my own.

The term traditions is a safe one. It does not guarantee too much, though this talk will be confined chiefly to real history. And then, you well know that a D. A. R. calls everything “tradition,” no matter how true it is known to be, unless it is witnessed and attested and certified by the aid of notary publics, family Bibles, ancestral wills, the Douglas Register, photostats of government records, and what not. Without such vouchers we dare not claim kin with our own great-grandfathers.

You remember that it was the third scene of the war, the great and final scene of the Revolution, that was played in the South. For the first year or two the conflict had been carried on chiefly in New England and on the Canadian border. Then for several years the field of operations had lain mainly in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Finally the Carolinas and Virginia became the center of interest.

Of course, in all those earlier years, however, Virginia was furnishing not only a

A talk before the Massanutten Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Harrisonburg, October 20, 1936.
generous quota of splendid men, but much food and other supplies for the army and the prisoners. Dr. J. W. Wayland cites many facts showing that Winchester served as a sort of "concentration camp" for the British prisoners.

A letter from one of those prisoners, Aubury by name, has been preserved. After a terrible winter and probably a hot summer at Ivy, near Charlottesville—the place is still called "The Barracks"—these homesick, disgusted, sullen Englishmen were dragging along to Winchester. But when they reached the top of the ridge which Aubury called "the Blue Mountains," he was astounded and delighted at the beauty of the Valley, and forgot for a time his defeat, his discomfort, and his ill-humor. Perhaps he was able to forget also the "corn meal made into cakes" which he had been forced to eat in Tuckahoe, with "not a drop of spirit of any kind" to wash them down. Let us hope that Winchester was ready to comfort them with apples and wheat bread.

But to go back to the war in the South in October, 1780. The victorious English army was moving up through the Carolinas to Virginia, "to end the business there," as they boasted. (The business did end there the next October, but not as they had expected.) Cornwallis had sent Major Ferguson—a fighting Scotchman—westward into the Carolina mountains to enlist under the British flag the Tories found there.

The struggle in Virginia and the Carolinas between the "Patriots" and the Tories, who called themselves "Loyalists," was terribly bitter and ruthless. To the Patriot the Tory seemed a traitor and a coward, when often the man was only trying to be true to the King—his king. To such a Loyalist the Patriot seemed a mere rebel, deserving to be shot down on his own hearthstone. Our forbears would retaliate in kind, feeling that they were doing service to God and man thereby. My own great-great-uncle, Colonel Ben Cleveland, though said to have been kind and gentle at heart, had no compunctions in hanging to the nearest tree any Tory whom he could catch. These gruesome trees of his were long preserved and pointed out as landmarks.

He seems to have known also how to terrify others into doing their duty to our country. Over one lazy farmer named Bishop, whose field showed more weeds than corn, he held out this threat: "A man who is not fighting ought to be working. If I find your crop as foul as this again, look out for a double portion of punishment." The man forthwith began to attack the weeds and grass, presumably to the advantage of the hungry soldiers.

The Scotch Ferguson had rallied a considerable band of Tories, in spite of the number hanged in the summary manner above mentioned. This Loyalist army under Ferguson was a by-word and a hissing to the Patriots, whose names have come down to us as "true Americans." October 7, 1780, found Ferguson and his Tories on King's Mountain, a rocky ridge near the line between the Carolinas. But the tall, stern backwoodsmen from Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina were close upon their track. These were led by Colonel William Campbell (a nephew of Patrick Henry, Campbell County being later named for him) with Colonel John Sevier, Colonel Isaac Shelby, and Colonel Ben Cleveland. This battle of King's Mountain may well be called "the battle of the colonels," no general being engaged in it. Ferguson's men were furnished with the best up-to-date weapons. Our men had rifles, butcher knives, and tomahawks. But—muddy, wet, and hungry after riding all night in the rain—they, nevertheless, surrounded the mountain and "played up to the summit on every side." They hemmed in Ferguson and his Tories in their rocky fastnesses and won a victory that turned the tide of the war in the South. Many of Ferguson's men were killed, himself among them. His white war-
horse filled the sore need of Cleveland, who, since his own horse had been shot under him, was pressing up the steep on foot, in spite of his heavy weight. (Later in life he tipped the scales at 450 pounds.) Of the unfortunate Ferguson’s other belongings, Colonel Selby got his silver military whistle and Colonel Sevier his silk sash as souvenirs and trophies. To Colonel Campbell (chief in command that day) fell his letters and papers. This battle cheered and aroused the Americans and upset the British plans.

General Nathaniel Greene was now in command of our forces in the South. His right-hand man, his chief subordinate, was your Daniel Morgan, from Berryville (Batletown). My maternal great-grandfather, Stephen Perkins, was there in the Carolinas also, a soldier under Greene. Some of your ancestors were undoubtedly among the brave riflemen in Morgan’s division of Greene’s army—those famous Scotch-Irish sharpshooters of the Shenandoah Valley. They—like their leader and like the Tennessee mountaineer, Alvin York, of the World War—had learned to shoot a turkey in the head so surely that death was instantaneous. And it was very noticeable that their method in battle was the same. No powder wasted. No unnecessary pain. The late Armistead Gordon, of Staunton, cites this clear but sickening proof of their marksmanship: “They took off their enemy with such exactness that it was no uncommon thing to find a dead ‘red-coat’ with a bullet in his brain, and with one eye shut and the other open, slain as he was taking sight at the rifleman who shot him.”

The skill of these Virginians of the Valley was not only the wonder of their fellow-soldiers but the terror of their enemies. Morgan had led them through the northern campaigns, and the children of the Indians and half-breeds of the Canadian border were for long years afterwards frightened into obedience with the threat that Morgan and his men would get them if they didn’t behave.

Lafayette said of Morgan’s followers: “I never saw men so merry, so spirited, and so desirous to go on to the enemy, whatever force they might have.” And among the various priorities which Gordon claims for them is an unwritten Declaration of Independence, that spoken pledge in which Morgan and his army promised one another to “assist their Boston brethren in the event of active hostilities.” This was at the time when Parliament had closed the port of Boston—long before 1776. Gordon goes on to say: “These riflemen were the first companies ordered to be raised by Congress; they were the first continental troops to respond to the summons ‘in defense of American liberty’; and Daniel Morgan’s Scotch-Irish company was the first of the rifle companies to reach the seat of war at Boston. This record Morgan and his men maintained unbroken through the Revolution. The post of danger was always assigned to the riflemen, whether on the march or in the battle; and they never failed to make it the post of honor. In the history of the war for American independence no soldiers displayed more skill, more courage, more power of endurance or more patriotic loyalty . . . than did the rifle rangers of the Virginia Valley under Morgan.”

To rouse his men, this sturdy giant, Daniel Morgan, used no war-bugle, no silver whistle like Ferguson, but a turkey yelper. “To the shrill and penetrating cry of this little instrument they never failed to rally, because they knew it was blown with the breath of the leader in whom they believed and trusted after God.

So Morgan with your Valley kinsmen and Greene with my great-grandfather among his troops began the last year of the war with the famous battle of The Cowpens. In South Carolina it was, but it was January, and somewhere on that campaign—perhaps on a march through the mountains—there
was a great snow that covered with its deep and soft warmth the weary Virginians wrapped in their blankets on the ground, and stretched its level whiteness over the sleeping men. My great-grandfather said that the only way he could tell next morning where his comrades were lying was by means of the little holes in the snow made by their breath. That story always accompanied his account of this battle of The Cowpens, in which he said he saw men fall like stalks of grain before the blade in the hands of a reaper. Indeed Cornwallis lost there one-third of his force. We read that the brunt of this fight was borne by Morgan's men. Was it their deadly aim before which Stephen Perkins saw this sure destruction mow down the enemy like wheat?

We are told that on the evening before that battle Morgan had gone among the volunteer militia, "helped them fix their weapons, encouraged them with buoyant conversation, joked them about their sweethearts. ... Inspired with the contagion of his enthusiasm, his soldiers slept on their arms in simple trust and confidence; while Morgan, with sleepless eyes and anxious heart, on bended knees prayed to God for victory through the darkness of the night."

Green and Morgan, after this victory, fell back across North Carolina, luring Cornwallis to follow them farther and farther from his base. Then they cleverly turned on him at Guilford Courthouse. He won the fight, but with such great loss that it was evident that England would be ruined by "one more victory like this." He withdrew to Wilmington and, later, into Virginia, where, by early summer, he joined the other English forces, which had come up the Chesapeake Bay and the James. But the Americans, aided by the French, were destined to close in around them, as we know so well, until October should witness the surrender at Yorktown.

We must take a brief glance at some events of the war in Virginia during those closing months. Early in 1781 Lafayette had been sent with a small army to defend Virginia in the absence of her own troops. We have just seen that your ancestors and mine and nearly all the other Virginia soldiers were then with Greene in the Carolinas. Lafayette was at that time only twenty-three years old. Cornwallis said it would be easy to "catch that boy." But Lafayette deftly managed to get in Cornwallis's way to keep him from reaching Fredericksburg or Charlottesville, and to get out of his way whenever that general seemed about to "catch" him.

You know that Benedict Arnold, after his treason, had just been sent to Virginia as a British officer. He had captured Richmond and held it a few days, with wanton destruction of the records and the stores of provisions. Then he moved back to Portsmouth, plundering as he went. The Governor, Thomas Jefferson, called out the Virginia militia to defend Richmond. But there were in the state few left to answer his call.

Baron von Steuben, our Prussian helper, was manfully drilling a handful of men—about five hundred—destined to be recruits. Many were ragged and bare-footed; most were without weapons; probably all were hungry; but they pursued Arnold down the river, trying to prevent a second raid upon Richmond. The British, however, with a redoubled army, pushed them back again, only to find Lafayette in Richmond, twelve hours ahead of them. He drove them back, and then bought shirts and shoes for our ragged recruits, pledging his own personal estate to pay for them.

By early summer time Cornwallis himself was pushing on to Richmond to capture the Legislature. But that body, with Governor Jefferson, speedily transferred themselves to Charlottesville. Colonel Tarleton was sent in hot haste to that town to capture them. Although his British troopers rode 70 miles in 24 hours, there was a Virginian who rode even faster, and probably
by some short cut, and gave the warning which enabled the Governor and all the legislators but seven to escape in time. Of course this was no other than Jack Jouett. His father kept a tavern in Charlottesville and owned a farm down at Cuckoo, in Louisa county, forty miles away. Jack, at Cuckoo that June night, heard the troopers go thundering by and took his famous midnight ride. In spite of Jouett’s efforts, Tarleton might not have arrived too late had he not stopped at Castle Hill to capture host and guests and to demand breakfast. They gave him a good meal, long-drawn-out in the preparing and in the serving. They even took interest in detaining him to measure in wonder the height of his orderly, six feet nine. The “mark” is still shown there today.

But it is in the lower part of Albemarle, now known as Fluvanna, and in Goochland, that the raids of Tarleton and Cornwallis come nearest to me. The malice of the latter was directed especially against the estate of Jefferson at Elk Hill, where he cut the throats of all the colts he could not use. The British burned the mills and plundered the farms of the citizens round about, but without special cruelty. For instance, an old walnut desk of my great-grandfather’s was broken into, while he was too far away in the Carolinas to defend his property. It is in use at the home there, now. In fact, the Northern raiders broke into it again during the War between the States. I feel sure that no hidden treasure was forthcoming at either time.

This desk not being of the portable type, I have brought to show you this afternoon a long waistcoat worn by that Stephen Perkins. It was not a part of his war garb, for his clothes were in tatters and he himself was starving while he pushed on with Greene through the Carolinas to help close in around Cornwallis and “end the business” at Yorktown. His rations were sometimes just a handful of corn and sometimes a handful of meal as they passed a mill. The mill would be guarded by soldiers to see that no man took more than one handful. They were on forced marches for days—sometimes with nothing but an ear of corn from the field, sometimes with not even that. This great-grandfather of mine offered a hundred dollars—of course in continental money—for one ear of corn, but in vain. The ear of corn was a surer reality than the currency of our Government in that crisis. The first food that he found in his dire need was some grains of corn that had dropped from the horses’ mouths. No wonder that his descendants have always been taught to respect corn bread.

No wonder, too, that after Yorktown, when he had come back to his home with the little dormer windows, in Fluvanna, it seemed to him a long time before the treaty of peace was actually signed. There had been the understanding that when this treaty should be achieved, the signal should be thirteen cannon shots—one for each colony. One day he heard a cannon. He put his ear to the ground and counted. When he reached thirteen, he threw his hat as far as he could send it, shouting “Peace! Peace!”

Elizabeth P. Cleveland

STANDARDS OF PRONUNCIATION AND SPELLING ABOUT THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The same spirit of protest and revolt which underlay the economic and political revolutions against the British government also manifested itself in the speech habits of our Revolutionary ancestors. Moreover, in the written comments of men like Noah Webster, the protest was especially pronounced. If the following citations seem to come out of the North only, it is perhaps because general

A talk before the Fort Loudoun Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, meeting at Woodstock, Virginia, on October 14, 1936.