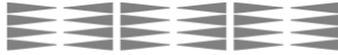


What  
Sweet Lips  
Can Do



*The Story of the American  
Revolutionary War  
Battle of King's Mountain*



**W**e're standing on the brink of a story here, a story about the American Revolution in this place, "What Sweet Lips Can Do," and it is not about kissing anybody . . .

So, on or about September the tenth, 1780, four years after the Declaration of Independence was written and signed . . .

See, patriots *had* had themselves a tea party in Boston in 1773.

No taxation without representation . . .

and then they wouldn't buy stamps like they were supposed to.

No taxation without representation!

They didn't want British troops quartered in their houses.

Don't tread on me!

And they wouldn't just trade with the folks the British thought they should trade with, and almost everybody was an enemy of the British

and the sons of the British Empire were fresh from a war with France . . .

Seven Years' War

. . . and they wanted something else to do. King George of England didn't want to lose any empire, so he sent those sons across the big water to teach those New World miscreants a lesson.

It was 1775.

This was the same year the Transylvania Company hired Daniel Boone to begin cutting the Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap into the bluegrass region of Kentucky.

That's a good story . . .

But not this one.

The first lesson the British were going to teach those aforementioned miscreants was at Concord, Massachusetts. There was an arms cache there, and General Thomas Gage, of the British Army, dispatched British soldiers to seize it.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

That was Ralph Waldo Emerson, waxing transcendental about sixty years after the event.

Patrick Henry stood in the Virginia legislature. "The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active and the brave. . . . Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? . . . Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

“When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another . . .” That’s the opening line from the Declaration of Independence. The second paragraph: “We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

King George didn’t see it that way. He was sort of invested in that “divine right” business. . . .

“That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute new government . . .”

King George didn’t like that part at all. In fact, it made him fighting mad.

“These are the times that try men’s souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now . . .” He that stands it now . . .

When we first take up this story, it is four long, hard years after Thomas Paine wrote those words. It is September of 1780. New York has fallen; General George Washington and his troops have wintered at Valley Forge on one-eighth of normal rations; the British have captured Charleston, South Carolina; Lord Cornwallis is convinced that he can come from the south—he’s already made

it as far as Charlotte, North Carolina—and put the final squeeze on the Continental Army; and King George’s empire in the west will be secure.



Major Patrick Ferguson of the British Army sent a messenger, a man by the name of Samuel Phillips, over the Appalachian Mountains after a skirmish at Cane Creek, North Carolina. He was sending Phillips back home with a message.

Phillips was a man he’d captured and let go with this mission. He was a relative of Colonel Isaac Shelby. Ferguson told him to go to Shelby, tell him . . .

“If you do not desist from your opposition to British arms, I will march over the mountains, hang your leaders, and lay waste to your country with fire and sword.”

Real fighting words. But there is more.

The Overmountain Men had had a little tar-and-feather event about a month before, and the fellow who’d been tarred and feathered . . .

. . . the honoree . . .

most people didn’t survive tarring and feathering, but this fellow had

and he was now with Ferguson’s army, and he had offered

said he’d be more than happy, said he’d be absolutely thrilled, to act as a guide over the mountains.