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## DANIEL MORGAN. From Custis's Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.

The out posts of the two armies were very near to each other, when the American commander, desirous of obtaining particular information respecting the positions of his adversary, summoned the famed leader of the Riflemen, Colonel Daniel Morgan, to head quarters.

It was night, and the Chief was alone. After his usual polite, yet reserved and dignified salutation, Washington remarked, I have sent for you, Col. Morgan, to trust to your courage and sagacity, a small but very important enterprise. I wish you to reconnoitre the enemies' lines, with a view to your ascertaining correctly the positions of their newly constructed redoubts, also of the encampments of the British troops that have lately arrived, and those of their Hessian auxiliaries. Select, sir, an officer, non-commissioned officer, and about twenty men, and under cover of the night proceed, but with all possible caution, get as near as you can, learn all you can, and by day-dawn retire and make your report to head quarters. But mark me, Colonel Morgan, mark me well: On no account whatever are you to bring on any skirmishing with the enemy; if discovered, make a speedy retreat; let nothing induce you to fire a single shot; I repeat, sir, that no force of circumstances will excuse the discharge of a single rifle on your part, and for the extreme preciseness of these orders permit me to say, I have my reasons. Filling two glasses of wine, the General continued.— And now, Col. Morgan, we will drink a good night, and success to your enterprise. Morgan quaffed the wine, smacked his lips, and assuring his excellency that the orders should be punctually obeyed, left the tent of the commander-in-chief.

Charmed at being chosen as the executive officer of a daring enterprise, the Leader of the Woodsmen repaired to his quarters, and calling for Gabriel Long, his favorite captain, ordered him to detail a trusty Sergeant, and twenty prime fellows, who being mustered, and ordered to lay on their arms, ready at a moment's warning, Morgan and Long stretched their manly forms before the watch fire, to wait the going down of the moon—the signal for departure.

A little after midnight, and while the rays of the setting moon still faintly glimmered in the western horizon—"Up Sergeant," cried Long, stir up your men, and twenty athletic figures were on their feet in a moment. Indian file, march and away all sprung with the quick, yet light and stealthy step of the woodsmen. They reached the enemy's line, crawled up so close to the pickets of the Hessians as to inhale the odor of their pipes, discovered, by the newly turned up earth, the positions of the redoubts, and by the numerous tents that dotted the field for many a road around and shone dimly amid the haze, the encampments of the British and German reinforcements, and in short performed their perilous duty without the slightest discovery; and pleased with themselves, and the success of their enterprise, prepared to retire just as the chancellery from a neighboring farm house was bidding salutation to the morn.

The adventurous party reached a small eminence at some distance from the British camp, and commanding an extensive prospect over the adjoining country. Here Morgan halted to give his men a little rest, before taking up his line of march for the American out posts. Scarcely had they thrown themselves on the grass, when they perceived issuing from the enemy's advanced pickets, a body of horse, commanded by an officer, and proceeding along a road that led directly by the spot where the riflemen had halted. No spot could be better chosen for an ambuscade, for there were rocks and ravines, and also scrubby oaks that grew thickly on the eminence by which the road we have just mentioned passed, at not exceeding a hundred yards.

Down boys, down, cried Morgan, as the horse approached, nor did the clansmen of the Black Rhodetick disappear more promptly and their native heather, than did Morgan's woodsmen in the present instance, each to his tree or rock. Lie close there my lads, till we see what these fellows are about.

Meantime the horsemen had gained the height and the officer dropping the rein on his charger's neck, with a spyglass reconnoitred the American lines. The troops closed up their files, and were either cherishing the noble animals they rode, adjusting their

equipments, or gazing on the surrounding scenery now fast brightening in the beams of the rising sun.

Morgan looked at Long, and Long upon his superior, while the riflemen with panting chests and sparkling eyes, were only waiting some signal of their officers "to let the ruin fly."

At length the martial ardor of Morgan overcame his prudence and sense of military subordination. Forgetful of consequences, reckless of every thing but his enemy, now within his grasp he waved his hand, and loud and sharp rang the report of the rifles amid the surrounding echoes.

At point blank distance, the certain and deadly aim of the Hunting Shirts of the Revolutionary army is too well known to history to need remark at this time of day. In the instance we have to record, the effects of the fire of the riflemen were tremendous. Of the horsemen, some had fallen to rise no more, while their liberated chargers rushed wildly over the adjoining plains, others wounded, but entangled with their stirrups, were dragged by the furious animals expiring along, while the few who were unscathed spurred hard to regain the shelter of the British lines.

While the smoke yet canopied the scene of slaughter, and the picturesque forms of the woodsmen appeared among the foliage, as they were re-loading their pieces, the colossal figure of Morgan stood apart. He seemed the very Genius of War as gloomily he contemplated the havoc his order had made. He spoke not, he moved not, but looked as one absorbed in an intense thought. The martial shout with which he was wont to cheer his comrades in the hour of combat was hushed, the shell from which he had blown full many a note of battle and triumph on the fields of Saratoga, hung idly by his side; no order was given to spoil the slain, the arms and equipments for which there was always a bounty from Congress, the shirts for which there always was such a need in that, the sorest period of our country's privation, all, all, were abandoned, as with an abstracted air and a voice struggling for utterance, Morgan suddenly turning on his Captain, exclaimed, Long to the camp march. The favorite captain obeyed, the riflemen with trailed arms fell in file, and Long and his party soon disappeared, but not before the hardy fellows had exchanged opinions on the strange termination of the late affair. And they agreed nem con, that their Col. was tricked, (nonjured,) or assuredly, after such a fire as they had just given the enemy, such an emptying of saddles, and such a squandering of the troopers, he would not have ordered his poor rifle boys from the field, without so much as a few shirts or pairs of stockings being divided among them. Yes, said a tall lean and swarthy looking fellow, an Indian hunter from the frontier, in the foot-prints of his file-leader, "Yes, my lads it stands to reason our Col. is tricked."

Morgan followed slowly on the trail of his men. The full force of his military guilt had rushed upon his mind, even before the reports of his rifles had ceased to echo in the neighboring forests. He became more and more convinced of the enormity of his offence, as with dull and measured strides, he pursued his solitary way, and thus he soliloquized.

Well Daniel Morgan, you have done for yourself. Broke sir, broke to a certainty. You may go home, sir, to the plough; your sword will be of no further use to you. Broke, sir, nothing can save you; and there is an end to Col. Morgan. Fool, fool—By a single act of madness thus to destroy the earnings of so many toils, and many an hard fought battle. You are broke sir, and there is an end of Col. Morgan.

To disturb this reverie, there suddenly appeared, at full speed the aide-camp, the Mercury of the field, who reining up, accosted the Col. with, I am ordered, Col. Morgan, to ascertain whether the firing just now heard, proceeded from your detachment. It did sir, replied Morgan doggedly. Then Col. continued the aid. I am further ordered to require your immediate attendance upon his Excellency, who is fast approaching. Morgan bowed, and the aid wheeling his charger, galloped back to rejoin his chief.

The gleams of the morning sun upon the sabres of the horse-guard, announced the arrival of the dreaded commander—that Being who inspired with a degree of awe every one who approached him. With a stern, yet dignified composure, Washington addressed the military culprit. Can it be possible, Col. Morgan, that my aide-camp has informed me aright, Can it be possible, after the order

you received last evening, that the firing we have heard proceeded from your detachment? Surely, sir, my orders were so explicit as not to be easily misunderstood. Morgan was brave, but it has been often and justly observed, that the man never was born of woman, who could approach the great Washington, and not feel a degree of awe and reverence from his presence. Morgan quailed for a moment before the stern, yet just displeasure of his chief, arousing all his energies to the effort, he recovered, and replied. Your Excellency's orders were perfectly well understood; and agreeably to the same, I proceeded with a select party to reconnoitre the enemy's line by night. We succeeded even beyond our expectations, and I was returning to head quarters to make my report, when having halted a few minutes to rest the men, we discovered a party of horse coming out from the enemy's lines. They came up immediately to the spot where we lay concealed by the brush-wood. There they halted, and gathered up together like a flock of partridges, affording me so tempting an opportunity of annoying my enemy, that may it please your Excellency, flesh and blood could not refrain.

At this rough, yet frank, bold and manly explanation, a smile was observed to pass over the countenances of several of the General's suite. The Chief remained unmoved; Col when waving his hand, he continued; Col. Morgan you will retire to your quarters, there to await further orders. Morgan bowed, and the military cortège rode on to the inspection of the outposts.

Arrived at his quarters, Morgan threw himself upon his hard couch, and gave himself up to reflections, upon the events which had so lately and so rapidly succeeded each other. He was aware that he had sinned past all hope of forgiveness. Within twenty-four hours, he had fallen from the company of a Regiment, and being an especial favorite with his General to be, what—a disgraced and broken soldier. Condemned to retire from scenes of glory, the darling passion of his heart—forever to abandon the fair fields of fighting men, and in obscurity to drag out a wretched existence, neglected and forgotten. And then his rank, so hardy, so nobly won, with all his blushing honors acquitted in the march across the frozen wilderness of the Kennebec, the storming of the Lower Town, and the gallant and glorious combats of Saratoga.

The hours dragged gloomily away, night came but with it no rest for the troubled spirit of Morgan. The drums and fifes merrily sounded the soldiers down and the sun arose giving promise of a goodly day. And to many within the circuit of widely extended camp did its genial beams give hope, and joy, and gladness while it cheered not with a single ray the despairing Leader of the Woodsmen.

About ten o'clock, the Orderly on duty reported the arrival of an officer of the staff from Head Quarters, and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, the favorite aid of Commander-in-chief, entered the marquee. He seated said Morgan; I know your errand so be short my dear fellow, and put me out of my misery at once. I know I am arrested, 'tis a matter of course. Well there is my sword; but surely his excellency honors me, indeed, in these the last moments of my military existence, when he sends for my sword by his favorite Aid, and my most esteemed friend. Ah, my dear Hamilton, if you knew what I have suffered since the cursed horse came out to tempt me to my ruin.

Hamilton, about whose strikingly intelligent countenance there always lurked a playful smile now observed, Col. Morgan his excellency has ordered me to—I know it interrupted Morgan, to bid me prepare for trial, but pshaw, why a trial! Guilty past all doubt. But then (recollecting himself) perhaps my services might plead, nonsense! against the disobedience of a positive order, no, no, it is all over with me. Hamilton there is an end of your old friend, and of Col. Morgan. The agonized spirit of our hero then mounted to a pitch of enthusiasm as he exclaimed, but my country will remember my services, and the British and Hessians will remember me too, for though I be far away my brave comrades will do their duty, and Morgan's Riflemen be, as they always have been, a terror to the enemy.

The noble, the generous souled Hamilton could no longer bear to witness the struggles of the brave unfortunate; he called out hear me, my dear Colonel only promise to hear me for one moment, and I will tell you

all. Go on, Sir, replied Morgan, dispiringly, go on. Then continued the aide-camp, you must know that the commanders of regiments dine with his excellency to-day. What has that to do with me, a prisoner and— No, no, exclaimed Hamilton, no prisoner, a once offending, but now a forgiven soldier my orders are to invite you to dine with his excellency to-day at three o'clock precisely; yes my brave and good friend, Col. Morgan, you still are, and likely long to be the valued and famed commander, of the Rifle Regiment.

Morgan sprang from the camp bed on which he was sitting, and seized the hand of the little great man in his giant grasp, wrung and wrung till the aid de-camp literally struggled to get free, then exclaimed, Am I in my senses, but I know you Hamilton, you are too noble a fellow to sport with the feelings of an old brother soldier. Hamilton assured his friend that all was true, and gaily kissing his hand as he mounted his horse, bid the now delighted Colonel remember three o'clock, and be careful not to disobey a second time, galloped to the head quarters.

Morgan entered the pavilion of the commander-in-chief as it was fast filling with officers, all of whom, after paying their respects to the general, filed off to give a cordial squeeze of the hand of the Colonel, and to whisper into his ear words of congratulation. The cloth removed, Washington bid his guests fill their glasses, and gave his only, his unvarying toast of the days of trial, the toast of evening of his time honored life amid the shades of Mount Vernon—"All our Friends!" Then with his usual old fashioned politeness, he drank to each guest by name. When he came to, Colonel Morgan, your good health sir, a thrill ran through the manly frame of the gratified and again favorite soldier, while every eye in the pavilion was turned upon him. At an early hour the company broke up, and Morgan had a perfect escort of officers accompanying him to his quarters, all anxious to congratulate him upon his happy restoration to rank and favor, and pleased to assure him of their esteem for his person and service.

And often in his after life did Morgan reason upon the events which we have transmitted to the Americans and their posterity, and he would say, What could the unusual clemency of the commander-in-chief toward so insubordinate a soldier as I was, mean? Was it that my attacking my enemy wherever I could find him, and the attack being crowned with success, should plead in bar of the disobedience of a positive order? Certainly not. Was it that Washington well knew I loved, nay adored him above all human beings? That knowledge would not have weighed a feather in the scale of his military justice. In short, the whole affair is explained in five words, it was my first offence!

The clemency of Washington to the first offence preserved to the army of the revolution one of its most valued and effective soldiers and had its reward in little more than two years from the date of our narrative, when Brigadier General Morgan consummated his own fame, and shed an undying lustre on the arms of his country by the glorious and ever memorable victory of the Cowpens.

Nearly twenty years more had rolled away and our hero, like most of his compatriots, had bated his sword into a ploughshare, and was enjoying, in midst of a domestic circle, the evening of a varied and eventful life. When advanced in years, and infirm, Major General Morgan was called to the Supreme Legislature of his country as a Representative from the State of Virginia. It was at this period that the author of these Memoirs had the honor and happiness of an interview with the old General, which lasted for several days. And the veteran was most kind and communicative to one who hailing from the immediate family of his venerated Chief, found a ready and a warm welcome to the heart of Morgan. And many, and most touching reminiscences of the Days of Trial were related by the once famed Leader of the Woodsmen, which were eagerly devoured, and carefully treasured by the then youthful and delighted listener, in a memory of no ordinary power.

And it was there the unlettered Morgan, a man bred amid the scenes of danger and hardihood that distinguished the frontier warfare, with little book knowledge but gifted by nature with a strong and discriminating mind, paid to the same and memory of the Father of our Country a more just, more magnificent tribute than, in our humble judgement, has emanated from the thousand and one efforts

of the best and brightest geniuses of the age. Gen. Morgan spoke of the necessity of Washington to the army of the revolution, and the success of the struggle for independence. He said we had officers of great military talents, as for instance Greene and others we had officers of the most consummate courage and spirit of enterprise, as for instance Wayne and others. One was yet necessary, to guide direct, and animate the whole and it pleased Almighty God to send that one in the person of George Washington!

"Morgan's Riflemen were generally in the advance, skirmishing with the light troops of the enemy, or annoying his flanks; the regiment was thus much divided into attachments, and dispersed over a very wide field of action. Morgan was in the habit of using a conch shell frequently during the heat of the battle, with which he would blow a loud and warlike blast. This he said was to inform his boys that he was still alive, and from many parts of the field was beholding their progress; and like the celebrated sea warrior of another hemisphere's last signal, was expecting that every man would do his duty."

## AN INCIDENT.

In an obscure village, in the State of Vermont, there lived an aged man, friendless and without connexions, for he was one of the earliest settlers of the country and came here alone. During the revolution he took up arms with the rebels, and gave his property for the benefit of the revolutionary army. He endured all the privations which characterized that struggle for liberty; he signalized himself in several battles; and, after the efforts of the country for freedom were crowned with success, he retired to private life.— He became very poor and was compelled to earn his daily bread by working one day here and the next there. His wife died, children he had none. In this state, alone in the world, divested of property, aged and infirm, a creditor seized the few little effects he had, and committed his body to prison. Some of his acquaintances bailed him out to the "liberty of the yard." He remained within the limits twenty seven years, laboring at such work as he could perform. Gardening in the summer, and doing chores in the winter were his usual occupations.

Finally, he made a bargain with the village tavern keeper, and bound himself out during life, for his board and clothes. He used to take care of horses, make fires, &c. At this period of his life, there was a conspicuous character travelling through the country, receiving the congratulations and attention of all classes of our citizens. As he hastened through our villages, his fame went before him, and the people turned out en masse to bid him a hearty welcome. He arrived at the village where the 'old soldier' lived, and stopped over night in the same house. The man knew him, and often tried to get access to his apartments, but without success. The aristocracy of the place, the ruffled shirts, the silk gowns, the little masters, and pretty misses must first greet the stranger. However, the old man made interest with one of his village acquaintances to request an interview with the stranger—"Tell him," said he, "that Capt. B. of the ——— Regiment of infantry, wishes to see him at his leisure." The stranger was electrified—"What," said he, "is he alive? Where is he?" at the same time leaving his ruffled shirt company, he went into the bar room in search of the 'old soldier.' He found him. "Is it possible," said the stranger, "that you are alive?"

They embraced each other, and were so affected that neither could give utterance to one syllable. The spectators wondered, gazed, and were confounded. The best feelings of human nature gained the mastery of the whole assembly.— At last, said the stranger to the Old Soldier "come with me." They retired to a room alone, and conversed about bygone times—about the battles they had fought together and the hardships they had encountered. Each gave a particular narration of his life since their separation, & that of the Old Soldier was heart rending to the illustrious stranger. He told him of his poverty, his troubles, and his incarceration in prison—his present means of subsistence, &c. "How much do you now owe?" said the stranger, "I have been on the limits twenty seven years for sixteen dollars." The costs and interests may now amount to one hundred." "There are two one hundred dollar bills," said the stranger, "pay what thou owest—I shall leave a deposit in the ——— bank where you can draw for two hundred dollars a year as long as you live."

By this time, the people without were impatient and could not divine the cause of the privacy between our two heroes.— They went out took some refreshment, the stranger returned to his company and the Old Soldier went to the lawyer's office and paid his debt. He then went to the tailor's and procured a suit of clothes.— The next day the Old Soldier and the stranger departed together, leaving the people to conjecture the cause of the metamorphose of the one, and the strange conduct of the other. The Old Soldier how

ever, returned to his village in a few weeks, and the people, who before would scarcely speak to him unless it was for the purpose of telling him to get out of their way, were all glad to see him. He nevertheless pursued the "even tenor of his way." That stranger was GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—Army & Navy Chronicle.

The following interesting article from the North American Review for October, gives a glowing description of the condition of the laboring classes of Europe in regard to the rate of wages, the burden of taxation, the means of subsistence, the facilities of acquiring education, and the share, if any, which these classes have in the Government. It ought to inspire every citizen of this free and happy republic to guard with constant vigilance, against any encroachments of the institutions which guarantee to us the blessings our brethren beyond the seas are destitute of.

In Norway, "the ordinary food of the peasantry, is bread and gruel, both prepared of oat meal, with an occasional mixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury which they rarely enjoy."

In Sweden, the dress of the peasantry is prescribed by law. "Their food consists of hard bread dried fish & gruel with out most."

In Denmark, "the peasantry are still held in bondage, and are bought and sold, together with the land on which they labor."

In Russia, "the bondage of the peasantry is even more complete than it is in Denmark." The nobles own all the land, in the empire, and the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estate.

"A great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any, have beds—but sleep upon bare boards, or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, & other vegetables, without the addition of any butter."

In Poland, "the nobles are the proprietors of the land, the peasants are slaves." A recent traveller says, "I travelled in every direction, and never saw a wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of North Germany, Poland or Denmark. The common food of the peasantry of Poland, 'the working men,' is cabbage, potatoes sometimes, but not generally, peas, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat."

In Austria, "the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during every day excepting Sunday. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage."

In Hungary, their state is, if possible, still worse. "The nobles own the land, do not work, and pay no taxes. The laboring classes are obliged to repair all the highways and bridges, are liable at any time to have soldiers quartered upon them and are compelled to pay one tenth of the produce of their labor to the church, and one ninth to the lord whose land they occupy."

Of the people of France "seven and a half millions do not eat wheat or wheaten bread. They live upon barley, rye, buck wheat, chestnuts, and a few potatoes."

The common wages of a hired laborer in France, is \$37 50 for a man, and \$10 75 for a woman, annually. "The taxes upon the land are equal to one fifth of its next produce."

In 1791, there were 700,000 houses in Ireland. Of these 113,000 were occupied by paupers—and more than 500,000 had only one hearth. The average wages of a laborer is from nine and a half to eleven cents a day.

Among the laboring classes of the industrious Scotch, "meat except on Sundays, is rarely used."

In England, the price of labor varies—"the Nottingham stocking weavers, as stated by them in a public address, after working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, only earn from four to five shillings a week, and were obliged to subsist on bread and water, or potatoes and salt."

The Charleston, South Carolina, Courier, of the 22d instant, says—"Many of our peach trees are again in bloom, and will probably continue, to bloom on until the commencement of the new year—a welcome with which Pomona has been quite unused, we apprehend, to greet Januarius. A few days since, two good sized dapples were handed us, plucked from a tree on Charleston Neck, which had previously twice matured its fruit during the past season."

A POINT OF ORDER.—A debating society in a town "down east," one evening undertook to discuss the question, "whether interference or slavery is productive of the most evil in the United States!"—A worthy doctor, contending against the former, proposed to show its effects on its victims in eternity. "Stop, stop, cried the chairman, 'that's out of the U. States.'"

Some recent decisions of courts martial in Belgium, declare duelling not punishable by existing laws.