

Carroll Free Press.

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CARROLLTON, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1836,

NO. 35.—WHOLE NO. 87

CORRESPONDENCE

Between a committee appointed at a meeting of the citizens of Bolivar Tuscarawas county, and the Hon. HENRY CLAY:

Bolivar, March 16, 1836.
Sir.—The undersigned have the honor of transmitting to you the proceedings of a public meeting of the citizens of Bolivar, convened on the 14th inst.

Permit us, sir, to express to you the deep regret we feel, and which every friend of liberty ought to feel, in consequence of the resolution, which it is said you have formed, of retiring from public life. In reply to this expression of our regret, we are fully aware you could in truth say, that having spent more than a quarter of a century in advocating those principles and measures, which the friends of freedom, and of equal rights, deemed most essential to the preservation of the constitution, and the republican institutions of our country, the people have no further claims upon your public services. But, sir, if the few remaining faithful public sentinels of our liberties, who have so long watched over the destinies of the American people, should retire from the public service, to whom shall the friends of the constitution appeal for a correction of those abuses and usurpations, which have characterized the most prominent acts of the present chief Magistrate? It is true, sir, that those noble efforts, of the highest abilities, exerted in the highest cause, have not had the most salutary influence in preserving in their purity, the republican institutions of the country. But permit us to assure you, sir, that a day of retribution is approaching—the yeomanry of the country are awaking from that delusion in which they had incautiously fallen, by those patriotic & republican professions by which Gen. Jackson came into power—which they are daily becoming more and more convinced, that the President has been induced, by the intriguing influence of the man who now claims to be his legitimate successor, and who officially declared that the present Administration was the friend of the British Government, to abandon those republican principles, by which he declared, anterior to his election, this nation should be governed.

Permit us, sir, to hope you will continue to hold your seat in the Senate, until, at least, the expiration of the term for which you were last elected. But whatever may be your final determination on that subject, permit us to assure you that, your rank as an illustrious statesman, and as an undeviating friend to the best interests of mankind is fixed beyond change. It is, sir, the inseparable characteristic of the fame of those who are made for immortal remembrance, that time, which darkens and decays all fabricated renown, purifies and brightens the natural grandeur and lustre of the master mind.

With sentiments of high respect,
We remain your most obedient
Friends and fellow citizens,
J. PATTON,
B. S. BELKNAP,
D. YANT,
D. SMITH,
S. K. KINNEY.

Hon. H. CLAY, Washington.

MR CLAY'S REPLY.
WASHINGTON, April 7, 1836

Gentlemen:—I have duly received your favor transmitting the proceedings of a public meeting of the citizens of Bolivar, in which they do me the honor to express a wish that I would reconsider the resolution which I had formed to retire from the public councils to private life. They are pleased to believe that my public services cannot be despoised with at the present time. And you, gentlemen, are good enough to add many kind and friendly expressions, for all of which, I am very thankful.

This is the thirtieth year since I first entered the service of the Federal government. My labors for the public have been various and often arduous. I think they give me some title to repose, which I feel to be necessary on many accounts. I believe with you that the present period in the affairs of our country is eminently critical. It requires all the wisdom, the virtue and the energy among us to avert impending danger. If I were persuaded that, by remaining longer in the public service, I could materially aid in arresting our downward progress, and in communicating additional security to civil liberty and our free institutions, I should feel it a duty not to quit it. But I am not sure that my warning voice has not been already too often raised. Perhaps that of my successors may be listened to with more effect. I sincerely hope it may be.

These gentlemen are briefly my motives for retirement. It is my purpose, if my health will allow me, to remain in Congress during the present session. I reserve for future consideration whether I shall serve out the term for which the legislature of my State did me the honor last to elect

me; and your wishes will have due weight in any decision I may form. Beyond that term, I can conceive of no probable contingency which would reconcile me to a further continuance in the Senate.

I request you, gentlemen, to communicate my grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of Bolivar, and to accept for yourselves assurances of the esteem and regard of
Your friend and obedient servant,
HENRY CLAY.

Messrs JOHN PATTON, B. S. BELKNAP, DAVID YANT, D. SMITH, and S. KINNEY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL AND DEATH OF GEN. WARREN.

Warren (now a brigadier general of the Massachusetts Militia) was not unconcerned in the battle of Lexington, Scouts of his had notified him on the 18th of April, that a detachment of troops was to march that night towards Concord; and then, remaining himself upon the watch, he saw Colonel Smith and 8 or 900 men embarking for Charlestown. Knowing the stores and ammunition at Concord to be their object, he instantly sent messengers over the surrounding country, to give the alarm; and himself rode all night—passing so near the enemy as to be more than once in great danger of capture. His messenger to Lexington was Colonel Revore; who on suddenly turning a corner as he passed through Charlestown, found himself close to a party of British. In a moment he put his horse at full speed dashed through them, and before they could well ascertain him to be a foe, was beyond the reach of the balls which they fired after him.

When the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging upon their rear and assailing their flanks. By pressing them too closely, he again narrowly escaped death. A musket ball took off a lock of hair which curled close to his head, in the fashion of that time.

When his mother saw him after the battle and heard of his escape she entreated him with tears not again to risk life so precious. Where danger is, dear mother, he answered, there must thy son be. Now is no time for any of America's children to shrink from any hazard. I will set her free or die.

On the 16th of June, when Colonel Prescott received his orders, and marched with his thousand men to fortify Bunker's Hill, the session at Watertown was so practiced that Warren could not leave it till late at night. So soon as he could, he repaired to Prescott—despite the dissuasion of his friends. To their assurance that most of the detachment, and especially he—daring and conspicuous as he was—would in all probability be cut off, and that he could not be spared so soon from the cause, he replied, I cannot help it: I must share the fate of my countrymen. I cannot hear the cannon and remain inactive. Among the most intimate of these friends was the afterwards distinguished Elbridge Gerry; with whom he lodged regularly in the same room, and on that last night on the same bed. To him, when they parted after midnight Warren uttered the sentiment—so truly Roman, and in this instance so prophetic—"dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori."

By day-break he was at the camp in Cambridge; where, finding that the British had not shown themselves, and sick with an aching head, from mental and bodily toil, he sat down to snatch a little repose. But he was soon roused by tidings that the enemy were in motion; and instantly rising, he exclaimed my head aches is gone. Others doubted what the object of the enemy's threatened movement was. He at once saw it to be, the unfinished fortification upon Bunker's Hill. The committee of safety (which sat at the house where he was) having resolved immediately to despatch a reinforcement hither. Warren mounted his horse, and with sword and musket, hastened to the scene of strife. He arrived just as the fight began, and seeking out General Putnam, (who was already there) desired to be posted where the service was to be the most arduous. Putnam expressed his sorrow at seeing him, in a place so full of peril; but since you have come, added he, I will obey your orders with pleasure. Warren replied, that he came as a volunteer—to obey and fight, not to command. Putnam requested him to take his stand in the redoubt, where Prescott commanded, and which was considerably in advance of the slighter defence, behind which Putnam and his men were stationed. On his entering the redoubt, he was greeted with loud huzzas, and Prescott, like Putnam, offered him the command. He again refused it, saying that he was a more volunteer, and should be happy to learn service from so experienced a soldier. He was constantly active, going through the ranks, cheering on his comrades, sharing their perils, and plying his musket against the advancing enemy. When the British had twice been driven from the height, with a thousand slain; when the exhaustion of powder and ball leaving the Americans no means of resistance but clubbed guns, against fixed bayonets and four told numbers, necessarily made the third onset successful—Warren

was the last to leave his station. The slowest in that slow and reluctant retreat he struggled for every foot of ground; disdaining to quicken his step though bullets whizzed and blood streamed all around him. Major Small, of the British army, recognized him, and eager to save his life called upon him for God's sake, to stop and be protected from destruction. Warren turned and looked towards him; but sickening at the sight and the thought of his slaughtered countrymen and of the lost battle, again moved slowly off as before. Major Small then ordered his men not to fire at the American General; but it was too late. Just as the order was given, a ball passed through his head, he fell and expired.

His body lay on the field all the next night. When one who knew his person, told General Howe the next morning that Warren was among the slain, he did not believe it, declared it impossible that the President of the Congress should have been suffered to expose himself so hazily. An English surgeon, however; who had also known Warren, identified his corpse; and to prove the daring of which he was capable, added, that but five days before, he had ventured alone into Boston in a small canoe, to learn the plans of the British and had urged the surgeon to enter into the American service. General Howe declared, that the death of one such adversary balanced the loss of five hundred of his own men. Warren's body was buried with many others, English and American near the spot where he fell; whence, sometime after it was removed, to Tremont burying ground, and finally to the family vault under St. Paul's Church, in Boston. His brothers, at the first disinterment, knew his remains by an artificial tooth, by a nail wanting on one of the fingers, and by his clothes, in which he was buried just as he fell. His younger brother, Dr. John Warren; at first sight of the body fainted away, and lay for many minutes insensible on the ground. We draw a veil over the grief of his mother, when after a torturing suspense of three days the dreadful truth was disclosed to her. In General Warren's pocket, an English soldier found a prayer book, with the owner's name written on it. The soldier carried it to England, and sold it for a high price to a kind hearted clergyman, who transmitted it to a minister in Roxbury, with a request that he would restore it to the general's nearest relation. It was accordingly given to his youngest brother, whose son, Dr. John C. Warren, still retains it. It was printed in 1859, in a character remarkably distinct, and is strongly and handsomely bound.

A TALE OF HORROR.

The following narrative of the massacre of Col. Dade and his companions was taken down by an officer at Tampa Bay, from the lips of Rawson Clarke, one of the three soldiers who survived that horrid butchery. It first appeared in the Portland Courier.

Although it does not differ, materially, from the published accounts, its particularity invests it with a thrilling interest. After describing the early stages of the march he thus proceeds:

It was 8 o'clock. Suddenly I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the advanced guard, and this was immediately followed by a musket shot from that quarter. Captain Fraser had rode by me a moment before in that direction. I never saw him afterwards. I had not time to think of the meaning of these shots, before a volley as if from a thousand rifles, was poured in upon us from the front, & all along our left flank. I looked around me, and it seemed as if I were the only one left standing in the right wing. Neither could I, until several other volleys had been fired at us, see an enemy—and when I did, I could only see their heads and arms peering out from the long grass, far, and near, and from behind the pine trees. The ground seemed to me an open pine barren, no hamlock near that I could see. On our right, and a little to our rear, was a pond of water some distance off. All around us were heavy pine trees, very open, particularly towards the left flank, and abounding with long high grass. The first fire of the Indians was the most destructive, seemingly killing or disabling one half of our men.

We promptly threw ourselves behind trees, and opened a sharp fire of musketry. I, for one never fired without seeing my man, that is, his head and shoulders—the Indians chiefly fired lying or squatting in the grass. Lieut. Bassinger fired five or six rounds of cannister from the cannon. This appeared to frighten the Indians, and they retreated over a little hill to our left, one half or three quarters of a mile off, after having fired not more than 12 or 15 rounds. We immediately began to fell trees, and erect a little triangular breastwork.—Some of us went forward to gather the cartridge boxes from the dead, and to assist the wounded. I had seen Major Dade fall to the ground by the first volley, and his horse dash into the midst of the enemy. Whilst gathering the

cartridges, I saw Lt. Mudge sitting with his back reeling against a tree—his head fallen and evidently dying. I spoke to him but he did not answer. The interpreter Louis, it is said, fell by the first fire. [We have since learned that his fellow shammed this death that his life was afterwards spared through the Chief Jumper, and that, being an educated negro, he read all the dispatches & letters that were found about the dead, to the victors.]

We had barely raised our breastwork knee high when we again saw the Indians advancing in great numbers over the hill to our left. They came on boldly till within a long musket shot, when they spread themselves from tree to tree to surround us, we immediately extended as Light Infantry; covering ourselves by the trees and opening a brisk fire from cannon and musketry. The former I don't think could have done much mischief, the Indians were so scattered.

Capt. Gardner, Lt. Bassinger, and Dr. Gatlin, were the only officers left unhurt by the volley which killed Col. Dade. Lt. Henderson had his left arm broken, but he continued to load his musket and to fire it, resting on the stump until he was finally shot down towards the close of the second attack and during the day he kept up his spirits and cheered the men. Lt. Keyes had both his arms broken in the first attack; they were bound up and swung in a handkerchief, and he sat for the remainder of the day, until he was killed, reclining against the breastwork—his head often reposing against it—regardless of every thing that was passing around him.

Our men were by degrees all cut down. We had maintained a steady fight from 8 until 2 P. M. or thereabouts, and allowing three quarters of an hour for interval between the first and second attack, had been pretty busily engaged for more than five hours. Lt. B. was the only officer left alive, and he was severely wounded. He told me as the Indians approached to lay down and feign myself dead. I looked through the logs and saw the savages approaching in great numbers. A heavy made Indian, of middle stature, painted down to the waist, (corresponding in description to Micanopy) seemed to be the chief. He made them a speech, frequently pointing to the breastwork.—At length they charged into the work;—there was none to offer resistance, and they did not seem to suspect the wounded being alive—offering no indignity, but stepping about carefully, quietly stripping off our accoutrements and carrying away our arms, they then retired in a body in the direction from which they came.

Immediately on their retreat, forty or fifty negroes on horseback galloped up and alighted, tied their beasts, and commenced with horrid shouts and yells the butchery of the wounded, together with an indiscriminate plunder stripping the bodies of the dead of clothing, watches and money, and splitting open the heads of all who showed the least sign of life, with their axes and knives, and accompanying their bloody work with obscene and taunting derisions, and with what have you got to sell?

Lt. B. hearing the negroes butchering the wounded, at length sprang up and asked them to spare his life. They met him with the blows of their axes and their fiendish slaughter. Having been wounded in five different places myself I was pretty well covered with blood, and the scratches that I had received in my head gave to me the appearance of having been shot through the brain, for the negroes after catching me up by the heels, threw me down, saying "d—n him, he's dead enough!" They then stripped me of my clothes, shoes, hat, and left me. After stripping all the dead in this manner, they trundled off the cannon in the direction the Indians had gone, and went away. I saw them first shoot down the oxen in their gear, and burnt the waggon.

One of the other soldiers who escaped, says they threw the cannon to the pond, and burned its carriage also. Shortly after the negroes went a way, one Wilson, of Capt. G's company, crept from under some of the dead bodies, and hardly seemed to be hurt at all. He asked me to go with him back to the Fort, and I was going to follow him, when as he jumped over the breast-work, an Indian sprang from behind a tree and shot him down. I then lay quiet until 9 o'clock that night, when De Cony, the only living soul beside myself, and I started upon our journey. We knew it was near, and to go to Fort King, but we did not know the way, and we had seen the enemy retreat in that direction. As

I came out I saw Dr. G. lying stripped among the dead. The last I saw of him whilst living was kneeling behind the breastwork with two double barrel guns by him, & he said "Well I have got four barrels for them!" Capt. G. after being severely wounded cried out, "I can give you no more orders' my lads, do your best!" I last saw a negro spear his body, saying with an oath, "that's one of their officers."

(G. was dressed in soldiers clothes.) My comrade and myself got along quite well until the next day, when we met an Indian on horseback, and with a rifle, coming up the road.—Our only chance was to separate—we did so. I took the right and he the left of the road. The Indian pursued him. Shortly afterwards I heard a rifle shot, and a little after another. I concealed myself among some scrub and saw Palmetto, and after a while saw the Indian pass, looking for me. Suddenly, however, he put spurs to his horse, and went off at a gallop towards the road.

I made something of a circuit before I struck the beaten track again. That night I was a good deal annoyed by the wolves, who had scented my blood, and came very close to me; the next day, the 30th, I reached the Fort.

A SHORT LAY SERMON.

About three or four thousand years ago there was a certain king who reigned in Jerusalem, whose name was Lemuel. He was a very wise man; and once upon a time, he spoke about proverbs somewhat like the following, which King Solomon thought worthy of record. Among other things, he describes the properties of a good wife.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant's ship.—She bringeth her food from afar.—She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She perceiveth that her merchandize is good. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands holdeth the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Whether Lemuel intended the above as a saty on good dames of his own time and kingdom, or for the use of future generations, is a matter of conjecture. It is reasonable to presume however, that Lemuel was grieved with the degeneracy of his own times, or else he could not have been tempted to sport with his posthumous reputation, by uttering such sentiments, and permitting the historian to record them. He had no idea that the world would one day become so refined, that the genteel ladies would know nothing at all about such things as wool and flax; except that the former grew on an animal called a sheep, and the latter was raised to fields. He certainly could not have the rudeness to intimate to genteel ladies, that it was a necessary part of their duty, to labor willingly with their hands, or seek wool and flax. If he did intend any such maxim for the use of modern times, he will certainly be set down as very ungentle, if not vulgar.

But times change, and we change with them. Neither Solomon nor Lemuel could have thought what was virtuous and honorable in their time, would one day be regarded by the genteel part of mankind as neither honorable nor creditable. If the queens of either of these royal personages would have lived in our day, and practised upon the rules laid down by Lemuel, the light of genteel society would never have shone upon their countenances. They would have been debarred by a mandate as stern as fate.

The time is already arrived when Solomon is no more considered as a wise man; and if the proof is demanded, the fact of his having recorded the sentiment that ladies hands were made for the spindle and distaff, is evidence strong enough that he lacked wisdom; and the proof is clear and conclusive that Solomon knew nothing about good society.—Cin. Mirror.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

Sir Harry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, had a mastiff, which guarded the house and yard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his valet, an Italian, the mastiff, silent followed him up stairs, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bed room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly turned out; but the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. He, however, returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of his tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed laid himself down as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there. To save further trouble, this indulgence was allowed.

About midnight, the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stopping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception: He endeavored to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind; and he determined to refer the investigation to a magistrate.—The Italian terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master and rob the house. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favor ed," are still to be seen at the family seat at Ditchley, a monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

Invention by a Negro.—The National Intelligencer of Monday, says a machine called a "Corn Planter," for which a patent has been obtained by Henry Blair, a free man of colour, of an adjoining county of Maryland, is now exhibiting in the capitol. It is a very simple and ingenious machine, which as moved by a horse, opens the furrow, drops (at proper intervals) in an exact and suitable quantity of the corn, covers it, and levels the earth so as, in fact, to plant the corn as rapidly as a horse can draw a plough over the ground. The inventor thinks it will save the labor of eight men. We understand he is about to modify the machine so as to adapt it to the planting of cotton. If it will accomplish, (as we incline to believe it will,) all which he supposes, it will prove to be an invention of great utility.

A Fair Hit.—A young aspirant for literary and fashionable distinction who had in vain laid the foundation, for what he had hoped would luxuriate into a large pile of whiskers, lately asked one of the village belles what she thought of them. To which she replied, with much civility that they were like unto the Western country—extensively laid out, but thinly settled.

A Chance.—Advertising for wives has revived of late, and if there be any damsel who wishes to procure a husband in that way we should be happy to aid her. To that end, we copy the following from a paper printed some where in New England: "Any girl what's got 500 dollars, and has'n't got the itch, can find a customer for life, by writing a billie dux, addressed to Z. Q. and sticking it in the crack of uncle Ebenezer's barn."—Vade Mecum.

PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Pay thou the printer in the day that thou owest him, that the evil hour may be far off, lest the good man of law sendeth thee thy bill: Greeting.

Remember him of the quill and the devils around him, and when thou weddest thou thy daughter to a man of her choice, send unto him a beautiful slice of the bridal loaf.

Borrow not that for which thy neighbor hath paid, but go and buy for thyself of him who hath to sell.

Thou shalt not read thy neighbor's paper, nor molest him in the peaceful possession of it, lest thou standest condemned in the sight of him who driveth the quill, and thy character be hawked about by poor children.

A LYNX TAKEN.

An animal supposed to be a Lynx, which had been prowling in the neighborhood of Cypress Bluff, on the Tom bigbee river, has recently been taken in a snare, and carried to Mobile for exhibition. It has been purchased for Peale's Philadelphia museum. The animal resembles somewhat the peculiar kind of leopard, which is found in the Lebanon mountains, near Jerusalem, in Asia. He is fed principally upon swallows and martins, a species of daintiness of which he is especially fond, of which fact he gives a manifestation, by the most extraordinary gambols, and motions of agility, in leaping from top to bottom, and end to end of the large cage in which he is confined.

A second individual has been arrested in this city on a charge of being concerned in the burning of the treasury office at Washington. He was taken on yesterday by Merritt, police officer, and is to be tried as a witness for the state.—N. Y. Com.

A Shorter.—A woman in Ohio recently applied for a divorce, and one of the principal reasons for so doing, was, that her husband snored so loud that it was impossible to sleep.