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SELECTED MISCELLANY.

[*From the Baltimore County Advocate*]

THE OLD MARYLAND LINE.

In these revolutionary times a brief history of the old Maryland Line may not be without interest to the reader. The first battle of the Revolution was fought in North Carolina, on the Alamance River, and not in New England, as has been always asserted and believed. [Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. 2, page 370.] No hostile demonstration was made in that quarter again until their attack on Charleston in 1778, when a powerful British fleet was driven back with terrible slaughter by the volunteer companies of South Carolina commanded by Colonel Moultrie. It is worthy of remark, that not a single private soldier from New England ever crossed Mason and Dixon's line during the whole war of the Revolution, and in fact none ever came further south than Long Island, except a detachment of Rhode Island troops sent to occupy Fort Mercer, on the Delaware River, near Philadelphia. Hardly had hostilities commenced in New England before troops were embodied in Maryland and Virginia and marched to the camp at Boston.

The Maryland companies were composed of riflemen. Before the close of July they took up their march for Boston, where they arrived in August.—"Captain Cresap's company numbered one hundred and thirty men, who were armed with tomahawks and rifles, were painted like Indians, and dressed in hunting shirts and moccasins. They exhibited their skill and daring in Frederick, before they set out to the North, the most expert holding the target in their hands for each other to shoot at."

After aiding in driving the British from Boston we next find the old Maryland Line at the battle of Long Island. The Northern troops were routed and driven from the field when the Marylanders covered their retreat and saved them from destruction. Headly, a Northern writer, in his Life of Washington, speaking of Stirling, who led the Maryland troops in their terrible charge against the overwhelming force of the British, says:

"Calling around him a portion of Smallwood's glorious regiment of Marylanders, composed almost entirely of young men of rank and wealth, he hurled them with such terrible impetuosity on the British grenadiers, that the latter recoiled with amazement from the shock.—Flushed, however, with the previous easy victory, and disdaining to yield to a band of undisciplined rebels, they rallied to the attack, and the conflict became close and murderous. But these gallant young men, each one a hero, pressed so sternly and resolutely into the fire, that they bore down all opposition, and for the first time in open combat rolled back the veterans of England."

Another historian says:

"As they drew out between the two bodies of the enemy, it was thought by the lookers on from the camp, that they were about to surrender; but as with fixed bayonets they rushed to the charge upon the overwhelming force opposed to them, fear and sorrow filled every heart, and Washington himself wrung his hands, and exclaimed, "Good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose!" Five times this little band charged upon the powerful forces of Cornwallis; and each time driven back, again gathered their energies for a fiercer assault, until at last upon upon the sixth, the heavy column of the British reeled under the repeated shocks and began to give way in confusion

"But at the very moment that victory seemed within their grasp, Grant's brigade assailed them in the rear, and fresh troops, the Hessians of De Heister, came to the aid of Cornwallis in front. Already outnumbered more than ten to one, with their ranks thinned by the terrific slaughter, and worn down by long fighting, these devoted men could yet render back head against their foes. The loss of the Maryland troops in this long contested battle was murderous.—From sunrise until the last gun was fired upon the field, they were hotly engaged, and when the rest of the army had been routed or had fled, maintained the battle unaided, against two brigades of the enemy. To this day the people of Long Island point out to strangers the spot were half of the Maryland batallion stemmed the advance of the whole left wing of the British army when no other troops were left upon the field, and where the best blood of the State was poured out like water." [McSherry]

A few days after their bloody conflict with the British on Long Island, the Marylanders were again brought into action on York Island. The historian says:

"The enemy effected a landing without opposition, in the face of two brigades of Connecticut troops, who fled disgracefully at the first fire of sixty of the British light infantry; and who, although from the brigadier down to the private sentinel, they were caned and whipped by Generals Washington, Putnam and Mifflin, could not be brought, by the burning shame of this indignity, to stand one shot. Disgusted with such cowardice, Gen. Washington immediately sent an express for the Maryland regiment, drew it from its brigade, and ordered it down towards New York to cover the retreat of the army, knowing that he could rely upon its maintaining its position against all odds. Smallwood posted his regiment upon an advantageous eminence near the enemy, on the main road, where they remained under arms the best part of the day, until the last troops had passed; when the British, dividing their main body into two columns, endeavored to outflank and surround him. Having maintained his position as long as it was necessary, and having received notice to retreat, he retired in good order and reached the lines about dusk." [Sparks, Vol. 4. McSherry.] On the next day the Marylanders were again brought into action. "A reinforcement of seven hundred men being received by the British, Gen. Washington ordered up Major Price, with three of the Maryland independent companies, and Col. Richardson's and Griffith's regiments of the Maryland flying camp, which had joined the army on the 8th of September These troops attacked the enemy with the bayonet, drove them from their position, and were pursuing them towards their lines, when the commander in chief ordered their recall." [Spark's, Vol 4. McSherry.]

A few days after, "the Maryland line displayed its wonted valor at White Plains, and by its sustained resistance to an overpowering force, won new honor for its State. Its loss in this hard fought battle was over one hundred men; and from this terrible slaughter may be estimated the obstinacy of its defense. It had fought three battles in the last three months; it had been the first of the Revolutionary troops to use the bayonet against the British regulars, and had used it freely and with effect in each one of these fierce conflicts." [McSherry.]

Not long afterwards, when the British army advanced to the attack of Fort Washington on the Hudson River, we find a single regiment of Maryland and Virginia riflemen, commanded by Col. Rawlings, of Maryland, opposed to a whole division of five thousand Hessians and Waldeckers, under Gen. Knyphausen.—"Posted among the trees, his riflemen, the hardy sons of the Maryland and Virginia mountains, poured in upon the advancing column a murderous fire, which it in vain endeavored to sustain. The Hessians broke and retired. Again they were brought to the attack, and again repulsed with terrible slaughter. The Maryland riflemen remembered the destruction of their brethren of the batallion at Frick's Mill Pond, and did not forget to avenge it. But what could a single batallion of riflemen, even of such matchless skill and courage, effect, opposed to five thousand men with the bayonet, unsupported as they were and alone continuing to maintain their position. Had every other post been defended as theirs was, victory would have crowned the American arms that day. But all the other troops were already in full retreat. The three divisions of the enemy were about to fall upon their rear, whilst in front they contended with a force far greater than their own. At length, by sheer fighting and powers of numbers, the Hessians reached the summit of the hill. Rawlings, perceiving the danger to his rear and learning the retreat of the Pennsylvanians, abandoned his position as no longer tenable, and retired under the guns of the fort" [McSherry.]

The Maryland Line at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Monmouth, were in the thickest of the fight and displayed the same unconquerable courage. Their heroic conduct at Germantown is thus described by McSherry:

"In the meanwhile the remaining regiments of the line, under Sullivan in person, pursuing the flying light infantry, came upon the main body of the enemy drawn up to receive them. A severe conflict ensued. Sullivan, impatient of delay, at once ordered his Marylanders to advance upon them with shouldered arms; they obeyed without hesitation and the enemy, after a sharp resistance, again retired.—The steady valor of the Maryland troops, on this occasion, won for them the high encomiums of their commander, Gen. Sullivan. They were the first in action and most constantly engaged; and had already routed two bodies of the enemy, and pursued them for several miles, from the first point of conflict during the space of an hour and a half, before Green's division came up, and were still actively engaged when the rest of the army was retiring."

Headly thus describes the charge of the Marylanders at Germantown: "Washington all this time was moving along the main road with the rear of the army.—Hearing the heavy firing in advance, he knew that Sullivan was warmly engaged. As it continued without any cessation, he became anxious, for he knew that the troops had only about fifty rounds of ammunition, and turning to Col. Pickering, he exclaimed, 'I am afraid Gen. Sullivan is throwing away his ammunition; ride forward and tell him to preserve it.' Pickering dashed off on a gallop, and delivered his message. "Shoulder arms!" passed along the American line—'Forward march!' followed, and the whole line, with shouldered pieces, moved steadily up to the enemy, who, struck with astonishment, recoiled."

Having fought through five severe campaigns, and been engaged in nearly every pitched battle in the North, the Old Maryland Line was ordered to the South.—For several years after their bloody defeat at Charleston by the South Carolinians under Col. Moultrie, the British made no serious hostile demonstrations in that quarter; but finally, having had possession of every large Northern city, after Boston, New York, and Philadelphia had been occupied by their troops, a powerful army under Lord Cornwallis was sent to South Carolina. The population of this state, was, at that period, exceedingly sparse, and the enemy establishing their head quarters at Charleston, it became necessary to send assistance to the Carolinians, who had heretofore been able to keep their soil free from the foot of an invading foe.

The first battle was fought at Camden. Gates, the commander of the American forces, fled from the field, leaving the Maryland Line opposed to the whole British army, which outnumbered them more than two to one. Their heroic conduct is thus described by McSherry:

"But Gist's brigade stood immovable. For a while the terrific slaughter seemed of doubtful issue—'bold was the pressure of the foe,' exclaims an eye-witness, 'firm as a rock the resistance of Gist. Now the Marylanders were gaining ground.' The gallant Howard, at the head of Williams' regiment, impetuously broke upon the enemy, and severing his front, drove the opposing corps before him; and it seemed as if the lost battle was about to be retrieved, even whilst the commander in chief was flying far from the scene of action. But the eagle-eyed Webster, the best and bravest officer after Cornwallis in the British army, upon the flight of the centre and left, brought his veteran guards upon their flank. In a moment they were met by the second Maryland brigade, which Smallwood rapidly brought up to replace the fugitives, and the battle was again renewed with undiminished spirit upon the left.

Finding his flank once more protected, and his Marylanders bearing up with unflinching valor, the brave De Kalb, although out-numbered two to one, resolved to make one great and final effort with the bayonet. Dreadful was the charge. For a time the two lines seemed mingled with each other, clinging together and slaying with that terrible weapon—the weaker going down before the stronger. But at length the veteran troops of Cornwallis began to recede; at one point they were broken, thrown into disorder, and many prisoners were taken. A single corps of cavalry would have retrieved the day; but Gates' folly had rendered victory impossible.

"Cornwallis alarmed at the unexpected resistance of the Maryland line, and having before experienced its desperate valor with the bayonet, now concentrated his whole force and brought it upon them. The inequality was too great to be resisted. The whole British army was poured upon these two devoted brigades, who still maintained their ground, although only numbering eight hundred men, opposed to more than two thousand British regulars, and surrounded and unsupported, yet still fighting on with unflinching hearts. The cavalry were suddenly thrown in upon them in front and rear, while they were still entangled with the infantry. The moment was critical; De Kalb, at the head of one regiment, attempted to restore the line—but, overpowered, he fell covered with wounds, and was made prisoner. Intermingled with the infantry, and trampled under foot and sabred by the dragoons, without space to rally—the brave troops were broken and driven from the field by successive charges."

"The brave De Kalb, through treated with every attention, survived but a few days. He spent his last moments in dictating a letter to General Smallwood, who now succeeded him in the command of the Maryland line, full of sincere and ardent affection for the officers and soldiers of his division, expressing his admiration of their late noble but unsuccessful stand; reciting the eulogies which their bravery had extorted from the enemy, together with the lively delight such testimony of their value had excited in his mind, then hovering on the shadowy confines of death. In this touching article, he complimented Lieutenant Colonel Vaughan and the Delaware regiment, and the artillery belonging to his division, both of which corps [illegible] in the glory of that disastrous day. Feeling the pressure of death [illegible] put his quivering hand to his [illegible] Buysson, proud of his [illegible] breathed his last in benedictions on his faithful, brave division."—(Lee's Memoirs.)

We next find the Old Maryland Line under Morgan at the Cowpens. "Morgan arrayed his men with consummate skill. The Marylanders, with two companies of Virginia militia, all old soldiers, composed his main and second line under the command of Colonel Howard, and were posted upon an eminence covered with open wood, with Washington's cavalry in their rear as a reserve. The first line consisted entirely of militia under Gen. Pickens; while a short distance in their front, two parties of North Carolina and Georgia militia were stationed as skirmishers. As the enemy began to advance, Morgan addressed his soldiers briefly, but energetically. He directed the militia to deliver but two or three volleys, and then retire and form behind the main line. The Marylanders he reminded of their past glory, of the confidence he had always reposed in their skill and courage, and assured them that victory was certain if they acted well their part." (Lee's Memoirs.)

"The British pressed on with loud shouts upon the first line, which, however, maintained an undismayed front, and poured in a close and destructive fire, but the enemy continued to advance with the bayonet, and the militia being mostly armed with rifles, retired. Already believing the victory in their grasp, the enemy charged upon the continentals. They were met with unshaken firmness. The conflict became desperate, for a time neither the assailants nor the assailed seemed to give ground. But the unconquerable spirit of the Marylanders at length prevailed, and the enemy began to falter. Tarleton immediately ordered up his reserve, and his line, thus reanimated, again advanced, extending its front so as to endanger Howard's right. Morgan at once ordered him to retreat towards the cavalry and assume a new position; a manoeuvre which was executed with coolness and precision, and which effectually relieved the menaced flank.

"The British mistaking the movement for the procursor of a flight, rushed forward with great impetuosity and in disorder to complete their triumph. Perceiving their condition, Howard, not yet having reached the position marked out by Morgan, suddenly faced about and poured in upon the astonished enemy a close and murderous fire. Their front ranks recoiled under the shock; and, seizing the happy moment, Howard, cheering on his men, broke in upon them with the bayonet. The charge was terrible and decisive, and the day was won. Dearly was the slaughter of Camden repaid; the whole British infantry was killed or taken. Never was there a more complete or more glorious victory The force of Morgan did not much exceed eight hundred men, while that of Tarleton reached a thousand, and all chosen men, the very sinews of Cornwallis' army. This splendid force was entirely annihilated. Although the militia did good service, "the weight of the battle fell upon Howard; who sustained himself admirably in those trying circumstances, and seized, with decision, the critical moment to complete with the bayonet the advantage gained by his fire." Yet he won the battle without orders; and after he had swept the field by his glorious charge, Morgan rode up to him and said severely, 'You have done well—for you are successful—had you failed I would have shot you.' At one moment Howard held in his hands the swords of seven British officers who had surrendered to him"—(McSherry, Lee's Memoirs.)

The next battle in which the Maryland line was engaged was that of Guilford Court House. We have only space for a description of the charge of the Marylanders led on by Col. Gunby and Howard. "His (Gunby's) horse was shot under him, and the command fell upon Col. Howard, who, with his characteristic impetuosity, led forward the regiment with such rapidity that Gunby could not again overtake it. Like a torrent, the old Maryland regiment broke through their ranks, driving them headlong from the field with terrific slaughter, their leader falling under the sword of Capt. Smith; and the remains of that splendid corps were only saved from utter annihilation by a desperate expedient of Cornwallis. Determined to arrest the progress of Washington and Howard, he brought up his artillery and opened upon them, although every discharge sweps through the flying guards, slaying alike both pursuers and pursued. The remedy was effectual, and Howard assumed the position formly occupied by the second regiment under Ford."—McSherry. This second regiment was composed of raw recruits, and was thrown into disorder and retreated. It was about the only instance during the whole revolution of a Maryland regiment behaving badly on the field of battle.

After taking part in the battle of Hobkirk's Hill and the assault on Fort Ninety-Six, we find the old Maryland Line at Eutaw. Here is McSherry's account of this battle:

"The militia advanced with spirit and opened a heavy fire upon the enemy which was soon followed and heavily continued to maintain their ground until the British troops pressed close upon them. Sumner's North Carolina brigade was immediately ordered up to cover their retreat and check the advance of the enemy. This corps, consisting of newly raised regiments never before in action, pushed forward in good style, and the conflict became warm. Green now brought up the Maryland and Virginia lines, which advanced with a shout and poured in a destructive fire upon the enemy. The British commander finding the dense line of his antagonist pressing hard upon him called up his reserve. Sumner's North Carolinans, unable to maintain their position, began to fall back, when Green ordered the Marylanders and Virginians to hold up their fire and charge with the bayonet. At trailed arms, cheering vehemently, these two gallant brigades, led on by Williams, Howard and Campbell, rushed upon the enemy, heedless of the close and deadly fire which was repeatedly poured in upon them as they advanced at a rapid pace. The shock was terrible. Howard's regiment was received by the Buffs, an Irish corps, which had just joined the army; and here the fiercest struggle ensued. Neither would yield; but crossing bayonets, their ranks mingled together, and opposing files sank down, each pierced with the bayonet of his antagonist. This they were found, grappled in death, and transfixed together upon the field of slain, marking the spot where the Marylanders and Buffs had met in deadly conflict. The officers fought hand to hand so bloody a strife could not continue long; the rest of the British line had given way, scarcely waiting for the approach of the Americans, and the gallant Buffs unable to maintain the conflict with the veteran Marylanders, broke and fled. Delighted with the conduct of this regiment, Green rode up and complimented it and its commander in the midst of the action.

The old Maryland line ended its achievements with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Its soldiers had been in nearly every hard fought battle in the North and South; they were the first troops who had used the bayonet against the trained veterans of England, and it was their favorite weapon on every occasion. Lafayette during his last visit to this country in 1824, speaking of the Marylanders of the revolution, said that "they were game cocks that flinched not from the steel." Had Rufus Choate been familiar with the history of the old Maryland line he never would have made the assertion that "it is not settled that the English can be driven back by boarding-pike or bayonet, by Americans." But the popular histories of this country have been principally written by Northern men who glorify New England and intentionally ignore nearly everything done in other sections. How many of the rising generation who are perfectly familiar with the names of Putnam and Stark ever heard of Gist and Williams, and Gunby and Smallwood and Howard, the leaders of the old Maryland line, and the best and bravest officers in the American army? To use the expression of a writer in one of the public journals, our people are "Peter Parleyized;" and so the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, in a recent and extraordinary speech, eulogized the heroism of Massachusetts, and made the extravagant assertion that "the bones of her children almost literally whitened the soil of every State, and the stars and stripes when in their hands were ever the certain pledge of victory or death." The historical ignorance of this learned jurist is astonishing During the whole war of the Revolution no troops from Massachusetts ever came south of the Hudson river, nor was there ever a battle won by the people of that State. Daniel Webster once boastingly exclaimed in the Senate, "there is Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill." Well, what of them? At Concord a hundred militia were fired on by a party of British and dispersed. The battle of Lexington, as it has been called in our school-books, was nothing more than a whole population turning out *en masse* and firing from behind stumps and stone fences at a small detachment of English troops as they marched back to Boston after having accomplished the object of the expedition. At Bunker Hill, from behind breast-works, they took good aim and killed numbers of the enemy, but unlike the Southern troops at New Orleans, were driven out by the bayonet. The only other battle fought in New England was that of Bennington, which was won by the hardy mountaineers of Vermont and New Hampshire At Saratoga there were Southern troops and Northern troops, and none did more to achieve the victory than did Morgan's Virginia riflemen. On Long Island, York Island, and at White Plains, the New England troops behaved with the most shameful cowardice; and they never were in any battles South of those places.

A CHARACTER IN THE MILITIA.—There are always "characters" among the "flat foots." At a recent training in a neighboring county a funny old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Glimmer (a shoemaker by trade) was elected to the responsible post of fourth corporal. He went home [illegible] for the old fellow was intensely vain. He had his musket on his shoulder loaded with buckshot, a precaution he always took when he went upon the field, and besides, it was prudent in case of an anticipated assault upon his hen roost. Approaching his door he cast his eyes up towards his new sign, ruminating upon the practicability of painting on it the title of his newly acquired dignity, but not having the best eyes he started back. "Sign looks sort o' dim—dim—dimothy—dim, this evenin'," said he in surprise, "I can skeercely discern Zekle on it." "Dad! its Jim Flannigan's been flinging mud at it!" shouted a juvenile from behind the wood pile. The officer was astounded, but remembering his position, he suppressed his rage, and addressed the youth—

"Speak to your father in that way. Sir! March, right flank, left face, file left, forward, march! In the house, sir, let you know you've called me da-da-da-dad long enough." The urchin marched, and corporal Glimmer brought up the rear in soldierly style, but still as mad as the dickens at the indignity that had been cast upon his sign. As he entered the gate a calf in the yard bleated. The equanimity of the stalwart officer was upset by the fresh sign of contempt of his power and authority, and leveling his musket at the offending brute, he blazed away. "I'll let you know you shan't bla-blate in a off-off-hossifer's yard!" he exclaimed as the calf dropped. He then entered the house, informed his wife of the laurels he had won, and proceeded to inaugurate a fierce military system in his family, and none of his children dare to greet him otherwise now than with a prefatory touch of the cap, and a most respectful style of address. The corporal has become the favorite of his company, and is to be presented with a full uniform by his affectionate admirers.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

THE JEWS.—The Jews themselves have not preserved everywhere their primitive color. In the northern countries of Europe they are white; in Germany many of them have red beards; in Portugal they are tawney. In the Province of Cochin China, where a number of them have settled, they have black skins, though they do not not contract marriages with foreigners. Pritchard says that there is also at Mattacheri a colony of white Jews, and lastly, there are black Jews dwelling in Africa, in the kingdom of Haoussa. Thus great varieties of color have been produced among these people during eighteen centuries, but no change has occurred in their cast of feature, habits or ideas. Under a black skin or a white, observes General Daumas, in Soudan, in Sahara, or the sea-coast towns, everywhere, Jews have the same instincts and the two-fold aptitude for language and commerce. Color, then, is not a fixed characteristic.

Minie, the inventor of the rifle bearing his name, supervises an immense workshop in Paris. At breakfast, over his slice of melon, or at the butts of Vincennes, the chief is the same man. The perfection of arms is the devouring passion of his life. Always attempting something new always practising his arms, he may any day, produce a good result. In France he is known as the great authority of fire-arms: and it was to him, therefore, that the emperor appealed for advice when the new imperial guard was to be armed. The question was not slowly filtered through committees and councils. M. Minie was summoned. He stated his views frankly and gave reasons for them. The Emperor listened and decided. Mr. Minie armed the imperial guard of France.

THE SOUTH IN DANGER?—We learn that after two weeks fifing and drumming, to rouse up the war fever to the fighting point, the "irrepressibles" of Hamilton county have actually succeeded in getting *nineteen* volunteers for the purpose of fighting the southern "rebels!" When it is considered that Hamilton county has a population of 17,310 and is Republican by a very large majority, we are lost in astonishment and wonder at the *alacrity* and *numbers* with which they have rushed to the rescue of our imperiled flag? Let South Carolina tremble in her very boots? —[*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel*

We don't admire ruffles, but you had better have one to your shirt than to your tempor.

The late speech of Henry Winter Davis, is receiving very severe denunciation.