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## WILLIAM MORGAN.

*General Morgan* was the creator of his own fortune. Born of poor, though honest parents, he enjoyed none of the advantages which result from wealth and early education. But his was a spirit that would not tamely yield to difficulties.

He was born in New Jersey, where, from his poverty and low condition, he had been a day laborer. To early education and breeding, therefore, he owed nothing But, for this deficiency, his native sagacity and sound judgment, and his intercourse with the best society, made much amends in after life.

Enterprising in his disposition even now, he removed to Virginia in 1755, with a hope and expectation of improving his fortune. He continued, at first, his original business of day-labor; but exchanged it afterwards for the employment of a wagoner.

His military novitiate he served in the campaign under the unfortunate Braddock. The rank he bore is not precisely known. It must, however, have been humble: for, in consequence of imputed contumely towards a British officer, he was brought to the halbert, and received the inhuman punishment of five hundred lashes: or according to his own statement, of four hundred and ninety-nine; for he always asserted, that the drummer, charged with the execution of the sentence, miscounted, and jocularly added, "that George the Third was, still indebted to him one lash." To the honor of Morgan, he never practically remembered this savage treatment during the revolutionary war. Towards the British officers, whom the fortune of battle placed within his power, his conduct was humane, mild and gentlemanly.

After his return from this campaign, so inordinately was he addicted to quarrels and boxing matches, that the village of Berrystown, in the County of Frederic, which constituted the chief theatre of his pugilistic exploits, received from this circumstance, the name of Battletown.

In these combats, although frequently overmatched in personal strength, he manifested the same unyielding spirit which characterized him afterwards, in his military career. When worsted by his antagonist, he would pause for a time to recruit his strength, and then return to the contest again and again, until he rarely failed to prove victorious.

Equally marked was his invincibility of spirit in maturer age, when raised by fortune, and his own merit, to a higher and more honorable field of action. Defeat in battle he rarely experienced; but when he did, his retreat was sullen, stern, and dangerous.

The commencement of the American revolution found Mr. Morgan married, and cultivating a farm, which, by industry and economy, he had been enabled to purchase, in the county of Frederic.

Placed at the head of a rifle company, raised in his neighborhood, in 1775, he marched immediately to head-quarters in Cambridge, near Boston.

By order of the commander in chief, he soon afterwards joined in the expedition against Quebec; and was made prisoner in the attempt on that fortress, where Arnold was wounded. and Montgomery fell.

During the assault, his daring valor and persevering gallantry attracted the notice and admiration of the enemy.

The assailing column, to which he belonged, was led by Major Arnold. When that officer was wounded and carried from the ground, Morgan threw himself into the lead; and rushing forward, passed the first and second barriers. For a moment, victory appeared certain. But the fall of Montgomery, closing the prospect, the assailants were repulsed, and the enterprise abandoned.

During his captivity, Captain Morgan was treated with great kindness, and not a little distinction. He was repeatedly visited in confinement, by a British officer of rank, who at length made an attempt on his patriotism and virtue, by offering him the commission and emoluments of Colonel in the British army, on condition that he would desert the American and join the royal standard.

Morgan rejected the proposal with scorn, and requested the courtly and corrupt negotiator "never again to insult him in his misfortunes, by an offer which plainly implied that he thought him a villain." The officer withdrew, and did not again recur to the subject.

On being exchanged, Morgan immediately rejoined the American army, and received, by the recommendation of General Washington, the command of a regiment.

In the year 1777 he was placed at the head of a select rifle corps, with which, in various instances, he acted on the enemy with terrible effect. His troops were considered the most dangerous in the American service. To confront them in the field, was almost certain death to the British officers.

On the occasion of the capture of Burgoyne, the exertions and services of Colonel Morgan and his riflemen, were beyond all praise. Much of the glory of the achievement belonged to them. Yet, so gross was the injustice of General Gates, that he did not even mention them in his official despatches. His reason for this was secret and dishonorable. Shortly after the surrender of Burgoyne, General Gates took occasion to hold with Morgan a private conversation. In the course of this, he told him, confidently, that the main army was exceedingly dissatisfied with the conduct of General Washington; that the reputation of the commander in chief was rapidly declining; and that several officers of great worth threatened to resign, unless change were produced in that department.

Col. Morgan fathoming, in an instant, the views of his commanding officer, sternly, and with honest indignation, replied, "Sir, do not again mention to me this hateful subject; under no other man, but Gen. Washington, as commander in chief, will I ever serve."

From that moment ceased the intimacy that had previously subsisted between him and Gen. Gates.

A few days afterwards, the General gave a dinner to the principal officers of the British, and some of those of the American army. Morgan was not invited. In the course of the evening, that officer found it necessary to call on General Gates, on official business. Being introduced into the dining-room, he spoke to the General, received his orders, and immediately withdrew, his name unannounced Perceiving from his dress, that he was of high rank, the British officers inquired his name -- Being told that it was Col. Morgan, commanding the rifle corps, they rose from the table, followed him into the yard, and introduced themselves to him, with many complimentary and flattering expressions, declaring that, on the day of action, they had very severely felt him in the field.

In 1780, having obtained leave of absence from the army on account of the shattered condition of his health, he retired to his estate in the county of Frederick, and remained there until the appointment of General Gates to the command of the Southern army.

Being waited on by the latter, and requested to accompany him, he reminded him, in expressions marked by resentment of the unworthy treatment he had formerly experienced from him, in return for the important services, which he did not hesitate to assert, he had rendered him in his operations against the army of General Burgoyne.

Having received no acknowledgement, nor even civility, for aiding to decorate him with laurels in the north, he frankly declared, that there were no considerations except of a public nature, that could induce him to co-operate in his campaigns to the south. 'Motives of *public good might* influence him; because his country had a claim on him, in any quarter where he could promote her interest; but *personal attachment* must not be expected to exist, where he had experienced nothing but neglect and injustice.'

The two officers parted, mutually dissatisfied; the one on account of past treatment, the other, of the recent interview.

In the course of a few weeks afterwards, Congress having promoted Colonel Morgan to the rank of Brigadier-General, by brevet, with a view to avail themselves of his services in the south, he proceeded, without delay to join the army of General Gates. But he was prevented from serving any length of time, under that officer, by his defeat near Camden, before his arrival; and his being soon afterwards superseded in command by Gen. Greene.'

Soon after taking command of the southern army, General Greene despatched Gen. Morgan with four hundred continentals, under Col. Howard, Col. Washington's corps of dragoons, and a few militia amounting in all to about six hundred, to take position on the left of the British army, then lying at Winnsborough, under Lord Cornwallis, while he took post about seventy miles to his right. This judicious disposition excited his Lordship's apprehensions for the safety of Ninety Six, and Augusta, British posts, which he considered as menaced by the movements of Morgan.

Col. Tarleton, with a strong detachment amounting in horse and foot to near a thousand men, was immediately despatched by Cornwallis to the protection of Ninety Six, with orders to bring Gen. Morgan, if possible, to battle. To the ardent temper and chivalrous disposition of the British colonel, this direction was perfectly congenial.—Greatly superior in numbers, he advanced on Morgan with a menacing aspect, and compelled him at first to fall back rapidly. But the retreat of the American commander was not long continued. Irritated by pursuit, reinforced by a body of militia and reposing great confidence in the spirit and firmness of his regular troops, he halted at the Cowpens, and determined to gratify his adversary in his eagerness for combat.—This was on the night of the 16th January 1781. Early in the morning of the succeeding day, Tarleton being apprised of the situation of Morgan, pressed towards him with redoubled rapidity, lest, by renewing his retreat, he should again elude him.

But Morgan now had other thoughts than those of flight. Already had he for several days been at war with himself, in relation to his conduct. Glorying in action his spirit recoiled from the humiliation of retreat and his resentment was roused by the insolence of pursuit. This mental conflict becoming more intolerable to him than disaster & death, his courage triumphed perhaps over his prudence and he resolved upon putting every thing to the hazard of the sword

By military men who have studied the subject, his disposition for battle is said to have been masterly. Two light parties of militia were advanced in front, with orders to feel the enemy as they approached; and preserving a desultory well aimed fire as they fell back to the front line, to range with it and renew the conflict. The main body of the militia composed this line, with Gen. Pickens at its head. At a suitable distance in the rear of the first line, a second was stationed, composed of the continental infantry and two companies of Virginia militia, commanded by Col. Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced with a company of mounted militia, armed with sabres, was held in reserve.

Posting himself, then, in the line of the regulars, he waited in silence the advance of the enemy.

Tarleton, coming in sight, hastily formed his disposition for battle, and commenced the assault. Of this conflict, the following picture is from the pen of Gen. Lee:

"The American light parties quickly yielded, fell back, and arrayed with Pickens. The enemy, shouting, rushed forward upon the front line, which retained its station, and poured in a close fire; but continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, they retired, and gained with haste the second line: Here with part of the corps, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to their horses, probably with orders to remove them to a further distance. Tarleton pushed forward, and was received by his adversary with unshaken firmness. The contest became obstinate; and each party animated by the example of its leader, nobly contended for victory. Our line maintained itself so firmly as to oblige the enemy to order up the reserve. The advance of M'Arthur reanimated the British line, which again moved forward, and, outstretching our front, endangered Col. Howard's right. This officer instantly took measures to defend his flank, by directing his right company to change its front; but mistaking this order, the company fell back; upon which the line began to retire, and Gen. Morgan directed it to retreat to the cavalry.—This manœuvre being performed with precision our flank became relieved and the new position was assumed with promptitude. Considering this retrogade movement the precurser of flight, the British line rushed on with impetuosity and disorder; but as it drew near Howard faced about & gave it a close & murderous fire. Stunned by this unexpected shock, the most advanced of the enemy recoiled in confusion. Howard seized the happy moment, and followed his advantage with the bayonet. This decisive step gave us the day. The reserve, having been brought near the line, shared in the destruction of our fire, and presented no rallying point to the fugitives. A part of the enemy's cavalry having gained our rear fell on that portion of the militia who had retired to their horses Washington struck at them with his dragoons, and drove them before him. Thus by a simultaneous effort, the infantry and cavalry of the enemy were routed. Morgan pressed home his success, and the pursuit became vigorous and general."

"In this decisive battle we lost about 70 men, of whom 12 only were killed. The British infantry, with the exception of the baggage guard, were nearly all killed or taken. One hundred, including ten officers, were killed; twenty three officers & five hundred privates were taken. The artillery, 800 muskets, two standards, 35 baggage wagons, and one hundred dragoon horses, fell into our possession."

In this battle so glorious to the American arms, Tarleton had every advantage, in point of ground, cavalry, and numbers, aided by two pieces of artillery.

Soon after this brilliant exploit, frequent attacks of the rheumatism compelled General Morgan to retire from the army, and he returned to his seat in Frederic, Virginia, where he continued in retirement until the insurrection in the western part of Pennsylvania, in 1794, when he was detached by the Executive of Virginia, at the head of the militia quota of that state, to suppress it. This done, he returned into the bosom of his family, where he remained until death closed his earthly career, in 1799.

"There existed in the character of Gen. Morgan a singular contradiction, which is worthy of notice.

Although, in battle, no man was ever more prodigal of the exposure of his person to danger or manifested a more deliberate disregard of death, yet, so strong was his love of life, at other times, that he has been frequently heard to declare, 'he would agree to pass half his time as a galley slave rather than quit this world for another."

The following outline of his person and character, is from the pen of a military friend, who knew him intimately.

Brigadier General Morgan was stout & active, six feet in height, strong, not too much encumbered with flesh, and was exactly fitted for the toils and pomp of war. His mind was discriminating and solid, but not comprehensive and combining. His manners plain and decorous, neither insinuating nor repulsive. His conversation grave, sententious, and considerate, unadorned and uncaptivating He reflected deeply, spoke little, and executed, with keen perseverance, whatever he undertook. He was indulgent in his military command, preferring always the affections of his troops, to that dread and awe which surrounded the rigid disciplinarian

A considerable time before his death, when the pressure of infirmity began to be heavy, he became seriously concerned about his future welfare. From that period, his chief solace lay in the study of the scriptures, and in devotional exercises. He died in the belief of the truths of Christianity, and in full communion with the Presbyterian Church.

*From the Old Colony Memorial.*

## THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

"I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years—
And circles a long life into one hour."

It was immediately after dinner, in one of those warm days, of which we have had a plenty this season, that I stepped into the office. If a person ever feels a lassitude and disinclination to engage in any serious business, it is at such a time; and perhaps at the time of which I speak I was none the better fitted for engaging 'my Lord Coke' from the circumstance of my having attended a dancing party the evening before. In order to remove the sensation of drowsiness that began to steal over me, I had recourse to the papers; but the election of Mr. Gorham, the trial of Tardy the Pirate, and Carter Beverly's letter, alike failed to engage my attention. I tried the other page—the Gallery of Paintings—the Corona tion of Napoleon—the Panorama.—I merely regretted that I was obliged to take up with a newspaper account of these things instead of witnessing them with my own eyes. Owing to the festivities of the preceding evening, or some other cause, I was no longer able to resist the inroads of Morpheus, so dropping my paper and leaning back in a huge arm chair, which was probably built when oak timber was no rarity I dropped to sleep, lulled by the pattering of the descending rain, which those farmers who had hay out, probably have not yet forgotten. My dreams were at first of a confused nature, and I was transported now to the hall and company of the preceding evening, and anon to the '*dwelling house*' of some neighboring Justice. But by degrees a change came over the spirit of my dream, and a scene was presented to my mind's eye,' of which I will endeavor to give your readers some idea. I found myself standing before a large painting, the work doubtless of a master, as the figures appeared to be full of life and activity, and at different times to be performing different actions. Yet this inconsistency did not surprise me, but I rather regarded it as a proof of the painter's skill —remembering before to have gazed, in the evening, on ancient portraits, till every eye appeared to be turned upon me, and I almost expected to see the figures leave their frames and advance to greet me.

Upon examining this painting, the first object that struck my eye was the mighty ocean the waters of which appeared to be in quite as much commotion as was consistent with the safety of any one attempting its navigation. Upon the fore-ground appeared a large boat which, notwithstanding the violence of the waves rendered its management rather troublesome and difficult, still did not appear to be in much real danger. It had the American flag flying, with the inscription '*administration.*' At the helm sat one, with a calm steady eye and an unruffled countenance, whom I at once knew to be *the President of the United States.* It was plain that the painter designed to represent him as the master spirit, as one fitted to 'ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," for he had given him a firm, unruffled, and collected expression, notwithstanding the violence of the tempest. Yet his situation was one which a wise man would hardly envy. In front of his boat rose a dark, singular shaped cloud, rendered at times more visible by flashes of heat lightning, which I found his enemies designated as a *lighthouse of the sky.* Close under his lee (and it seemed at times as if all the skill of the helmsman was hardly sufficient to keep his boat clear of it) lay the wreck of a West India trading vessel. On the one side, a portly big bellied man, with one hand in his breeches pocket, was endeavoring to upset him with a handspike, on which was inscribed '*a turncoat unworthy the support of a Federalist,*' while on the other he was assailed by a tattered ragamuffin of a sansculotte, who was giving him a sly dab with a bludgeon, on which I spyed '*Gag act and Sedition Law.*' In fine, the painter had represented him as surrounded with so many difficulties, that at times one could hardly help expecting an exemplification of the truth of the old line, "*Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charibdem.*" Yet the expression of his countenance was such as to show that if a wreck took place, it would be owing to no fault of the helmsman.

Near the helmsman sat one, who, it was apparent from his situation, was one to whom the helmsman was entitled to look for council and assistance. Him the painter had drawn as rubbing his eyes, which were somewhat weak on account of the "*anxious nights*" which he had devoted to the study of the "*Rules of the Senate.*" Notwithstanding the violence of the storm, he did not appear to be disposed to render any assistance. On the contrary, he appeared to be placing himself in the way of those who were disposed to lend a helping hand, and once or twice I thought I observed him misplacing a bit of rigging, or slyly shucking an oar overboard. I had no difficulty in recognising him as the VICE PRESIDENT.

On the bows of the boat the painter had placed one who appeared to be carefully clearing away obstacles, and diligently doing his duty. He was dressed in the toga of the Roman orators, and appeared like one to whom might be applied the words of Virgil:

Ille regit dictis animas et pectora mulcet.

I instantly knew him to be the Kentuckian, for whom there happened to "be room."* The zeal with which he engaged in the management of the boat formed a striking contrast with the conduct of the figure last mentioned. But he was not without his troubles. I observed several who were covertly at work, endeavoring to undermine the plank on which he stood, "corruption" and "disobedience of the will of constituents" inscribed on their instruments. I observed too, that a man, intended to represent Carter Beverley, had waded off from the shore and endeavored to pull the Secretary overboard, by means of a lobster gaff. Missing of his aim, however, he had entangled his weapon in the hinder part of "the rest of his dress,' which in olden time was called breeches, and, in endeavoring to extricate it, had made a most unseemly rent.

At a little distance from the boat, I observed a figure on horseback, in a military dress, who appeared determined to swim to the boat against all the obstacles of wind and tide. In his right hand he brandished a hickory, and under his arm was tucked the "Rules and Regulations of the Army." He was well mounted, and in his countenance was an expression of valour and fearlessness, which could not but arrest the attention, even if it failed to engage the affections. Yet he appeared to make less headway than one would expect at first sight of him and his sturdy beast. But, upon further inspection, I ceased to wonder at this, and was rather surprised that he made any progress at all. Immediately under his horse's nose floated a torn habeas corpus act, which he in vain endeavoured to pass. If he turned to the right, the corpses of six militia men impeded his progress; and on the nearest point of land on his left rose the tombs of Ambrister and Arbuthnot. Here floated the body of Dickinson, while, peeping through the grates of a prison which rose directly in front, were seen Judge Ford and Judge Brackenridge. A body of Federalists, who at first appeared disposed to assist him, started back at seeing the "*Rules*" under his arm; and a troop of Frenchmen and Spaniards, who were advancing to his rescue, stumbled over the *act to relieve the inhabitants of Florida*, and made good their retreat as fast as possible. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulties with which he was surrounded—the storm every moment increasing, and the *undertow* threatening to sweep him away—he was attempting, not to proceed, but to extricate the lobster gaff from Beverly's breeches. I observed a line attached to his horse's head, by which a New York Senator was endeavouring to keep the beast's nose out of water. Upon my expressing my surprise that he should take so much better care of the horse than of his rider, I was told that he would be very willing to have the General washed off, if he could but be sure of taking his place in the saddle.

The next thing in the painting which engaged my attention was a boat, apparently somewhat damaged, which was floating about in comparatively still waters. He who once had its direction, now lay, to appearance, worn out with care and sickness. There was about him an air of calmness and serenity, which strongly enlisted the feelings in his behalf. Altogether, he had the appearance of one 'more sinned against than sinning,' and I almost involuntarily advanced to pour the oil of wine into his wounds. I knew that I could not be mistaken in the painter's design—it must be the former Secretary of the Treasury.

My attention was diverted from him by a little shrivelled up figure, which appeared to be making torpedoes, and endeavouring to fire them by means of lightning from the 'light-house' of which I formerly spoke. He was endeavouring to place them under the

* Inuendo, that there was no room for Kentucky.

*Jackson's Letter.*

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