

A TRAMP TO SOLDIER'S REST.

The lower valley of the Shenandoah is a charming region to all persons endowed with a taste for the beautiful in nature, and the romantic in rural and village life.

Were this region canvassed by studious tourists gifted with eyes to delineate, instructively, its beauties of scenery, the social and intellectual aptitudes of its residents, and the reciprocal influence of their diversified denominational affinities, Southern literature might be amply enriched by unique and most valuable contributions.

Soldier's Rest, once the home of General Daniel Morgan, is within a mile of Berryville, the county-seat of Clarke, one of the border counties of Northern Virginia.

Berryville is located in a very picturesque region, and, since the construction of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, has developed so rapidly as to double its population in two years, and now claims fifteen hundred in the limits of the corporation.

On that brightest of Easter Mondays, April 6, 1885, a visiting party, consisting of two young ladies and the writer, walked leisurely along the roads and over the fields until we came to the famous spring-house, still in a good state of preservation, in the attic of which Washington had his office while surveying in these parts for Lord Fairfax.

The volume of limestone water issuing from a ledge of cloven rock is ample, of superior purity and icy coolness; several refreshing glasses were quaffed by the thirsty pedestrians to the memory of the young surveyor and his co-patriot, Morgan, the young farm laborer and teamster, with whose names Soldier's Rest is so imperishably associated.

The dimensions of Washington's

"office" are eleven feet long by nine feet in width; from the floor to the eave of the roof, or wall-plate, three feet and six inches, and from the middle of the floor to the apex just six feet.

Standing on a store box rolled out of the lower room the writer took an inventory of the contents of the "office." There were three grain cradles, needing repairs, a harrow tooth, an empty bottle once used for Littell's white oil, and fragments of harness. The roof is of oaken lop shingles and the gable boarded with velvet pine sawed by hand. This variety of the pine is about extinct. It was a wood having much of the texture and hardness of the oak. The walls contain a variety of hewn timbers—locust, walnut, chestnut, and white oak—all in a fine state of preservation, surprising to notice. What a bonanza for cuff buttons, scarf-pins, canes, and fancy boxes!

This rude attic is perhaps the most interesting and suggestive relic that exists of that person who occupies the first place "in the hearts of his countrymen."

So far as can be recalled, there is no other memento so well preserved of Washington in humble life, to remind us of what he was ere fame had crowned him with her choicest wreath, and before that nation, now among the most illustrious, made so through his fidelity to duty, had a local habitation and a name.

But the vicissitudes, of which this little room reminds us, and the toils of his youth imparted energy to his character and that practical knowledge that better fitted him for his destiny. Since visiting this rude hut, the writer reads Bancroft more appreciatively where he so beautifully refers to Washington's obscure and arduous duties: "At the very time of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youth-

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ful George Washington, the son of a widow. Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honors; to read, to write, to cipher, these had been his degrees in knowledge. And now at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil, cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, 'Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;' 'himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;' roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature and sometimes 'spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and the richness of the land;' among the skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants 'that would never speak English;' rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bear-skin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where a place nearest the fire was a happy luxury; this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strongly with the imperial magnificence of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. And yet, God had selected not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg, nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend upon an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the *widow's son*."

So much has been written and spoken of Washington in the past year or two, and so little has been said of Daniel

Morgan that the rest of this article will be devoted to him.

In bearing the heat and burden of the sad revolutionary days, but few persons appear more prominently than Daniel Morgan. His was a turbulent, toilsome, varied life. In his youth and early manhood, more than one hundred and twelve years ago, he was a day laborer in this valley, a champion of the sickle in the time of harvest, famous in winter for lifting his ax against the trees that Washington admired in the grandest forests ever planted by the Divine hand. Then as danger threatened he was among the first to volunteer in Indian warfare, his courageous enterprise securing him promotion.

Next, as the scene changes, he appears as the industrious teamster in the service of George III., at the lead mines and salt-works in remote Southwest Virginia where his resolute spirit resents insult and he is punished and degraded with stripes, the scars of which were buried with him. At the assault upon Quebec, when the lamented Montgomery fell, he did valiant service as officer of riflemen. In the eventful battle at Saratoga, such was the service rendered by his famous sharpshooters that conspicuous mention appears of his name in every account given of that memorable contest. As the crisis was pending, and the prospects of victory very precarious, a well-aimed rifle-shot, directed by Morgan's order, felled the gallant Fraser as he was in the act of grasping victory for the English crown. When he went down victory was decided for the patriots.

In the South upon the reorganization of the army of the patriots by General Greene, Daniel Morgan becomes a general, and in a series of independent movements, restrained the Loyalists from giving further aid and comfort, voluntarily, to the English, and delivered a stun-

ning blow to General Rawdon at the Cowpens, from which the invaders under Cornwallis and Tarleton never recovered.

It saddens one to reflect that while a general in the continental army, and in the full tide of success, he should be disabled by rheumatic sufferings, and be compelled to retire from the service in which he had been so helpful, and not share in person the glories of Yorktown, the closing victory of the war, and for the winning of which his own valor had helped to prepare the way in the Carolinas. In reference to his retirement from service, it was believed by some that the general did so because of a slight put upon him by General Greene. Mr. Graham controverts this, much to the pleasure of all Virginians.

This was the place chosen by our noble patriot for his own home. There seemed no name to suit him better than *Soldier's Rest*. Its happy significance is so apparent, upon recalling his march to Canada, thence to Saratoga, and from there to the perils and duties of the southern campaign.

From the seclusion of this home he went upon an expedition to quell the insurgents in the notorious Whisky Rebellion, and thereafter served two terms as a member of the House of Representatives in Congress.

Thus it appears that varied experiences and adventures on the farm, the road, the battlefield, fisticuff rows at Battletown on muster days, and the races through the streets of Woodstock, make up the history of one of the most interesting lives of eminent valley Virginians. The kind-hearted, honest veteran, keenly sensitive of honor, generous with the brave, and rough with the rough, was in the truest sense "a diamond in the rough."

Leaving *Soldier's Rest* he settled near the Shenandoah, close to White Post and under the shadow of the Blue mountains, and named his new home Saratoga.

So his two country homes bore names commemorative of the events most fondly remembered by him—victory and peace. In the year 1800 he made his home in Winchester. He had reached the age of sixty-five years and was prematurely old from extreme debility.

As a leader in action, his influence upon soldiers was regarded as something almost phenomenal by his comrades. The secret of his power was never fully explained until his very latest days, when he confided to his pastor the fact that he was in the habit of secret prayer. On the night when Quebec was stormed, while waiting for the word, with the darkness for his closet, he kneeled in prayer, and remained in prayer until the signal to advance passed along the line. His safety through that terrible night-conflict he always believed was in answer to prayer.

At the Cowpens, when he considered the disparity of the forces about to meet in the clash of arms, he trembled for the result. He withdrew to the woods in the rear, kneeled in an old tree-top and prayed for his army, himself, and his heart-broken country. With relieved spirits he returned to the lines, and in his roughest manner cheered the soldiers for the conflict. Such were the terrible results of his soldiers' volleys, that in a few moments the dreaded foe was in hasty retreat. Here was the hidden source of his power, made known in his last conversation with his pastor, Rev. Wm. Hill, once in charge of the Winchester congregation.

"People thought that Daniel Morgan never prayed." "People said old Morgan never was afraid." "People did not know."

One of the things to be regretted is the meager confirmation we have concerning the last days of so many Revolutionary veterans, etc., as to their military and political principles and maxims ;

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nothing has been passed over or unnoticed by orator, poet, and historian; but, somehow, their views of religious experience seem almost studiously omitted. Let it not be inferred, however, that as a class, they were so irreligious as they may have seemed. Along with Morgan's dying testimony we have fragmentary evidences from numerous sources, indicating that very many lived and died believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Upon one occasion during his two years' of invalidism at Winchester, while his pastor was in the sick-room, Mrs. Morgan insisted upon the general's putting on a change of clothing. The kind young pastor cheerfully aided the feeble old general in the disagreeable operation and, while the change was going on, Mr. Hill noticed lines of red running across his shoulders, and observed: "General, here is an eruption on your back; how comes it?"

The patient was at once convulsed with laughter, and for some time could not explain; finally, he replied: "King George brought that eruption out the time I was flogged at the lead mines. The finding was for forty stripes but only thirty-nine were given, and so the crown owes me one yet, before we are even."

On the summer day of July 6, 1802, General Morgan passed away as gently as a little child falls asleep in a mother's tender care. His grave was made with honorable men. All around him in blessed repose are persons distinguished for courage, talent, learning, and refinement; just such characters as a soldier for liberty and a Christian man would choose for his associates in death.

On the day after the writer's visit to Soldier's Rest, it was his privilege to visit the grave of Morgan, in Winchester cemetery, in company with the genial and distinguished pastor of the London-street church. This cemetery is a very attractive and suggestive place indeed,

and in its most conspicuous spot, beneath a maple tree, in whose boughs a dove was cooing at the time of our visit, is the grave of Morgan, covered with a broken slab of grey stone.

During the occupation of the town by General Banks this memorial slab was very much broken, probably, by relic collectors belonging to the Federal army. A citizen, noticing this, carried off the remains after nightfall, and secreted them most carefully in the basement of his dwelling. The writer regrets he does not remember the name of this worthy person, whose memory should be as endearing as the fragments he so generously rescued from annihilation. When it was considered safe to do so, the fragments were taken from their concealment and replaced upon the grave, and arranged as well as circumstances would permit.

Before its mutilation the inscription read as follows:

Major-General DANIEL MORGAN
departed this life
On July the 6th, 1802,
In the 67th year of his Age
Patriotism and valor were the
prominent Features of his character
And
the honorable services he rendered
to his country
during the Revolutionary War
crowned him with Glory and will
remain in the Hearts of his
Countrymen
a Perpetual Monument
to his
Memory.

As restored, it now reads from the fragmentary remains:

Major-General DANIEL MORGAN
departed this life
On July the 6th, 1802
In the 67th year of his Age
Patriotism and valor were the
prominent Features of his character
And
the honorable services he rendered

to his country
 during the Revolution * * *
 crowned him with Gl * * *
 remain in the Hearts * * *
 COUNTRYMEN
 * * * * petual Monu * * * *
 to his
 Memory.

As one lingers at the place sacred to the memory of such a man, he feels that an officer of the Revolution is ennobled with letters patent of truest nobility. Here it is the heart should thrill and the blood pause when it is remembered, beneath, a soldier rests who was one of those who planned campaigns in the war

of independence, and from his knees went into battle against great apparent odds, cheering to victory and leading the way. Inspired by such a scene, how pleasant to recall Dryden's words, as true as beautiful:

“From virtue first began
 The difference that distinguished man from
 man;

He claimed no title from descent of blood,
 But that which made him noble made him good.

* * * And he whose mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind,
 Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
 And he commits the crime, who calls him
 base.” — *William T. Price.*

 INEXORABLE FATE.

“He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.”

Franklin Coyle, bachelor, aged twenty-nine, had decided to go to Europe. A student of books, if not of men, he was prepared to understand and enjoy what he saw more than the ordinary traveler, and having independent means at his command, he could take his journeyings as his fancy might dictate.

But one thing, unconfessed to any but his secret soul, held him back. How to go alone, that was the question. How to travel free from all companionship, to avoid becoming entangled with this group or that party. To be and remain a solitary unit—how might that be *possible* with the tide of travel setting so strongly in the same direction? This was the question that remained undecided for him, and had held him back from attempting it for some time past.

An only child, of a naturally shy disposition, home training had intensified his retiring qualities. A private tutor had conducted his education and no boyish companions had shared his studies, so his associates were few and meeting

strangers was a discomfort if not an actual pain to him. A something to be avoided at any cost.

But the wish to go finally overcame his objections, and his passage being taken he, in a brief note, announced the fact to some relatives at a distance, the only ones with whom he had ever had much to do. With the daughter of the family, his second cousin, Mary by name, he had kept up a sort of correspondence, and though usually very quiet and reserved when he met her, he had towards her a more friendly and at home feeling than with any of his acquaintances.

“Going to Europe!” was the amazed exclamation when his information was received. “Well! it will do him a world of good,” etc., etc.

“O, mamma!” Miss Mary cried out suddenly after the matter had been discussed in all its bearings, “*what* a coincidence! It is the *very* thing! I wonder I did not think of it at once. Do you know Mrs. Stuyvesant and Ella are going in that same vessel?”