

POETRY.

Translated from the Poetry of the Troubadours. The wise man sees his winter close Like evening on a summer day...

BIOGRAPHICAL.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

A sketch of the Biography of the late General GEORGE GRAHAM, who died on the 29th ultimo.

General GEORGE GRAHAM was born in the month of December, 1757, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. His father, James Graham, at the age of 18, came from the north of Carlingford bay, in the county of Down, Ireland, about the year 1753.

The first public meetings in Charlotte, at the beginning of the revolutionary war, he attended; and although too young to be in their councils, he read with solicitude the public prints, and many manuscripts of their proceedings, which, it is to be regretted, are lost at the present day.

The next year, in the summer and autumn of 1776, George Graham served in the campaign against the Cherokee Indians, under command of Gen. Rutherford. When in the nation he was one of a party selected to pursue Scott and Hicks, two British traders who re-

ided there, and who, it was believed, had instigated the Indians to war:—the detachment took them at what was then called the Overhill towns on Hiwassee river. Shortly after their return from the Cherokee campaign, another army was raised to go against the Scotch near Cross Creek, who were raising men for Britain. George Graham was on this tour. When they arrived at Fayetteville, and heard the news of the defeat of the Scotch at Moore's-creek bridge by Col. Caswell, and that the Tories were dispersed, the troops returned. By order of the Mecklenburg Committee, he was after this twice sent as one of a party into Tryon county, in order to suppress or overawe Toryism, which appeared likely to gain ground in that quarter.

In the beginning of the year 1780, he served a campaign as Lieutenant under the late Major John Sharpe, of Tennessee, who was his captain. They assisted in making the intrenchments and placing the abatis before Charleston, before that town was besieged, and mounting guard and performing other duties with the regular soldiers; and by this means they became well acquainted with the military tactics in use at that time. Their term of service expired and they were relieved by another detachment of militia, only two days before the town was closely invested. The party who relieved them was captured when the town was taken.

After Buford's defeat, when Mecklenburg county became the frontier and the men were almost continually under arms, Lieut. Graham was present at every call of his superiors—was with the army under Gen. Rutherford, which marched to Ramsour's, and arrived there about two hours after the battle at that place. On the 6th of August, 1780, he was lieutenant of a company under command of Capt. James Knox, at the battle of Hanging-rock, where, with several others, he had a hair-breadth escape without injury. A ball passed through his coat on the top of the left shoulder, and another between the barrel and ramrod of his rifle, near the thimble next the lock. Two incidents occurred in this engagement with the Mecklenburg men, not noticed by historians. As has been stated, they were, through the error of their guides, led first on Col. Bryant, who commanded the Tories, and were encamped a quarter of a mile from the British. The British attempted to reinforce Bryant, but were too late; for Bryant's men ran about the second fire. The pursuers met the British, with a piece of artillery, on a rising ground; the action was renewed, and the Mecklenburgers kept up a fire under cover of the hill, until several discharges of the artillery passed over their heads without damage. Orders were then given to load their guns, and on the next discharge of the cannon, to rush up and take it. The orders were gallantly executed—when they came within forty steps, they fired and the artillery fled; they then took possession of the gun, and turned it; but their adversary had carried off the limstock, and none of them knew how to manage the piece. While their attention was taken up in making ineffectual attempts to use the gun, the enemy, availing themselves of this delay, rallied, charged them with loaded pieces and fixed bayonets, and caused them to retreat in turn under cover of the hill. They sustained some damage by the fire they received in retreat;—they then obliqued to the left round the hill, and the enemy receded with the artillery to the main body. Capt. Knox's company encountered a party of British who fled, and 15 or 20 of them took shelter in a cabin with a clapboard door, and began firing through the cracks. Knox ordered his men to load, and rush up and take the cabin; when they got ready they set off at a brisk run, Capt. Knox and half the company to the front door, and Lieut. Graham with the other half to go round to the other door. When Knox came within 15 steps of the door, he mended his pace and ran with all his force with his left shoulder against it, and being a stout athletic man, broke through it into the middle of the house; but the enemy, becoming appalled, had fled out at the other door, which, when Graham's party discovered, as they passed round the house, gave them a fire at the distance of 40 or 50 paces, and shot down several of them. A majority of the men who fought in this action were from Mecklenburg, and they suffered the most; Capt. David Reed of Steel creek, and 7 others were killed and 15 wounded; though Ramsay and the other historians give all the credit to the militia of South-Carolina, from the circumstance that a General from that state was commander.

George Graham had command of a party of a detachment of infantry who accompanied Col. Davie's cavalry in the

stack of a party of Tories at Walter's plantation at Washaw, a few days before the British came to Charlotte. The infantry were sent through a corn field and fired on them, when they fled from the infantry out of the mouth of a lane towards the British camp, in the neighborhood of which were met by the cavalry and defeated.

When the British army entered Charlotte, on the 26th of September, 1780, Capt. James Thomson, George Graham and others, marched with Gen. Davidson and the army to Phifer's, when finding in a day or two that the enemy were not advancing, and probably would continue in that place for some time, by permission of Gen. Davidson they returned, and being well acquainted with the country, collected a party of 14 in number, and on the 3d of October defeated Maj. Doyle, who commanded a foraging party of upwards of 500, at McIntyre's on the Beattie's ford road—the details of which have been heretofore published. While Lord Cornwallis lay in Charlotte, they continued in the thickets about Long creek, the heads of Sugar and Paw creek; at night procured subsistence, and by the women who resided on the roads leading to the north and west of Charlotte, arrangements were made to give them notice of any detachments that would pass out; but the enemy never sent out any in that direction after the affair at McIntyre's.

After Tarleton's defeat, when Lord Cornwallis was pursuing Gen. Morgan, George Graham joined our cavalry as a volunteer, and on the 1st of February, 1781, was in the battle at Cowan's ford, where Gen. Davidson was killed.

In the spring of that year he was appointed Adjutant of one of the regiments called state troops, raised by South-Carolina for the term of ten months, and commanded by Gen. Sumpter. In this service he was in several skirmishes with both British and Tories; was at the taking of Orangeburg; was with the state troops and Washington's cavalry when they were detached to attend to the movements of Lord Rawdon when on his march to relieve Ninety-Six;—three or four days before he arrived at that place, and when Gen. Greene retired, he covered his retreat. Some time after this, owing to hard service and a warm climate, he was attacked with fever, obtained leave of absence, and with difficulty reached home. His life was for some time despaired of. At length, however, he recovered, but was so debilitated, as not to be able to join his regiment until two months before their term of service expired.

George Graham was married in the year 1784, to Fanny Cathey, daughter of George Cathey, sen. He had two sons and three daughters; one of his sons died when young, the other lately; his daughters are yet living and married. His wife died about the year 1798; and he afterwards married Mrs. Potts, widow of William Potts (of Providence), by whom he had no issue. She was an amiable lady, and an excellent manager of his domestic affairs, when his public duties called him abroad, which was often. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. She was seized with an affliction the most to be deplored of any that can befall the human family, the loss of her reason, and became unconscious of passing events. About three years ago he was taken with that disease which terminated his life. At times he was convalescent; but in the last year, in addition to his other sufferings, (and he suffered much) to have his companion daily before his eyes so great an object of pity, produced a state of mind that but few could bear, and nothing could alleviate, but confidence in and resignation to the dispensations of an overruling Providence.

He was chosen Sheriff of Mecklenburg county in the year 1796, and was continued in that office until the year 1799. He was next year elected Senator to represent the county of Mecklenburg in the General Assembly; and was annually re-elected (almost without opposition) until the year 1811, when he was appointed Clerk of the Superior Court, which office he held until last year, when, in consequence of declining health, he resigned.

In the military department, not long after the revolutionary war, he was appointed Major of the first regiment of Mecklenburg; and afterwards rose through the different grades of office to that of Major-General of the 4th division of North-Carolina militia, which he resigned about ten years past.

In the many and various public stations which he filled, and some of them of high trust, it is admitted he discharged his duties with fidelity and the undiminished confidence of his fellow citizens, until by disease and age he was rendered incapable of serving them longer; which is the best evidence of the high opinion entertained of his integrity and patriotism, and of the great esteem in which he was held.

Remarkable Instance of Instinct.—Tell H. says Dr. Buchanan in a letter to a friend, "that I write this at the bottom of a lofty mountain called Cape Canonic, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which build the pendulous nests are here numerous. At

night each of these little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious little bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a firefly, and sticks it on the top to illumine the dwelling, which consists of two rooms.—Sometimes there are three or four fire flies, and their blaze of light in the little cell, dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds."

ON CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR. Perhaps on some occasion or other, in the frolic of the moment, without in the least degree intending to annoy you, your husband may toy, and laugh, and flirt, while in company, with some pretty girl present. This generally makes a wife look foolish; and it would be as well, may much better, if he did not do so. But let not a shade of ill humour cross your brow, nor even by a glance give him, or any one present, reason to think his behaviour annoys you. Join in the laugh and chat, and be not outdone in cheerfulness and good humour by any of the party. But remember, gentle lady, there must be no acting in this affair: the effort must extend to your mind as well as your manner; and a moment's reasoning on the subject will at once restore the banished sunshine. The incomparable Leighton says, "The human heart is like a reservoir of clear water, at the bottom of which lies a portion of mud, stir the mud, and the water gets all sullied. In like manner, does some strong passion or peevish feeling rise in the heart, and stain and darken it as the mud does the water." But should there be a prospect of your husband often meeting with this lady in question, endeavour at once to break off the intimacy by bringing forward some pretext consistent with truth, (for to truth every thing must be sacrificed,) such as, You do not like her; the intimacy is not what you would wish, &c. &c. Never, however, avow the real reason: it will only produce discord, and make your husband think you prone to jealousy—a suspicion a woman cannot too carefully guard against. And there is often in men an obstinacy which refuses to be conquered, of all beings in the world, by a wife.—A jealous wife (such is the erroneous opinion of the ill-judging world) is generally considered a proper subject for ridicule; and a woman ought assiduously to conceal from her husband, more than from any body else, any feeling of the kind. Besides, after all, gentle lady, your suspicions may be totally groundless; and you may possibly be tormenting yourself with a whole train of imaginary evils. As you value your peace then, keep from you, if possible, all such vexatious apprehensions, and remember, a man can very ill bear the idea of being suspected of inconstancy even when guilty; but when innocent, it is intolerable to him.

I never would recommend a wife to have on a visit with her an attractive girl. Novelty and constant opportunity are so powerful, and the young lady, full of vanity, and wholly divested of care, forms perhaps a very agreeable contrast to the many anxieties and annoyances which may at times cloud the brow of the best tempered wife in the world. Do not entangle yourself with the cause, if it can be avoided; and you will not have to lament its effects.

But let me for a moment suppose a circumstance occurs in which your husband's heart is entangled, or that there appears a danger of his affections being drawn from you. This, in truth, is the bitterest wound a woman's heart ever receives, and none but God can direct her aright. To him, therefore, (if she be under the influence of religion) she will at once go, and at his footstool pour forth every thought of her heart. The comfort she implores she certainly will receive; and the guidance she solicits will assuredly be granted. "The wife forsaken and grieved in spirit," is an object of peculiar care to Omnipotence; and her sighs and tears shall not be unnoticed. On this important subject, all I shall say is, let circumstances, discretion, and good sense be your direction. But, as you value your peace, as you hope to win your husband back again, avoid an angry debate. Gentle and wise remonstrance may most probably make him all you wish. Upbraid him, and make his home uncomfortable;—and a hundred to one he is lost to you forever.

If husband and wife keep within their proper department, if they confine themselves to the sphere allotted to each by Providence and nature, there need be no disputes about power and superiority, and there will be none. They have no opposite, no separate interests, and therefore there can be no just ground for opposition of conduct."

Let me entreat your particular attention, gentle lady, to the following advice.—Whenever any little discord or coldness takes place between you and your husband, remember that concession is your duty rather than his, and never close your eyes to all, till you have endeavoured to obtain a reconciliation. Tell him the resolution you have formed; and then you may good-humoredly add, that perhaps he would not find you so very forgiving, but really you should dread brooding through your determination. Again, let me entreat you to adopt this plan, it may appear trifling and banate-

rial, but you do not, you cannot without experience, know the wide-spreading good it may produce, the wide-spreading ill it may prevent.

Many a matrimonial dispute occurs, not so much from an unwillingness to give up the contested point, as from a dread of being conquered. Beware of the slightest approach to contradiction, and be assured every little dispute between man and wife, even in itself of the most trivial nature, is dangerous. It forces good-humour out of its channel, undermines affection, and insidiously, though perhaps insensibly, wears out and at last entirely destroys that cordiality which is the life and soul of matrimonial felicity.

Without intending it, I find I have prolonged my remarks on this subject to an extraordinary length. I will now, therefore endeavour in a few words to sum up the whole matter. Do you wish, gentle lady, to make your husband good, mild, tender, amiable; in short, all that he should be? Let me whisper to you the secret: Endeavour by prayer and every effort to make him a religious man, and the work is accomplished.—And now let me for a moment indulge in the blessed supposition that you are both in the fold of Christ, and heirs together of the grace of life. Then, in truth, happy was the day you were born, and happy the day which united you! And Oh! thrice blessed will be the hour when the everlasting gates shall be lifted up, and you shall both be presented faultless before the throne of God's glory with exceeding joy! (Jude 24.)

Moral.

INFALLIBILITY.

Extract from Dr. Chalmers's sermon on "the Doctrine of Christian Charity applied to the case of religious Differences."

"It is said of Papists that they ascribe an infallibility to the Pope, so that if he were to say one thing and the Bible another, his authority would carry it over the authority of God. And, think you, my bretheren, that there is no such Popery among you? Is there no taking of your religion upon trust from another, when you should draw it fresh and unsullied from the fountain-head of inspiration? You all have, or you ought to have, Bibles; and how often is it repeated there, "Hearken diligently unto me!" Now, do you obey this requirement, by making the reading of your Bibles a distinct and earnest exercise? Do you ever dare to bring your favorite minister to the tribunal of the word, or would you tremble at the presumption of such an attempt, so that the hearing of the word carries a greater authority, over your mind than the reading of the word? Now this want of daring, this trembling at the very idea of a dissent from your minister, this indolent acquiescence in his doctrine, is just calling another man master; it is putting the authority of man over the authority of God: it is throwing yourself into a prostrate attitude at the footstool of human infallibility; it is not just kissing the toe of reverence, but it is the profound degradation of the mind and of all its faculties: and without the name of Popery,—that name which lights up so ready an antipathy in your bosoms, your soul may be infected with the substantial poison, and your conscience be weighed down by the oppressive shackles of Popery. And all this, in the noon-day effulgence of a Protestant tongue, circulates among all your families,—where it may be met with almost every shelf, and is ever soliciting you to look to the wisdom that is enshrined upon its pages.

We tremble to read of the fulminations that have issued in other days from a conclave of cardinals. Have we no conclaves, and no fulminations, and no orders of inquisition, in our country? Is there no professing brotherhood, or professing sisterhood, to deal their censorious invectives around them, upon the members of an excommunicated world? There is such a thing as a religious public. There is a "little flock," on the one hand, and a "world lying in wickedness," on the other. But have a care, ye who think yourselves of the favored few, how you never transgress the mildness, and charity and unostentatious virtues of the gospel, lest you hold out a distorted picture of christianity in your neighborhood, and impose that as religion on the fancy of the credulous, which stands at as wide a distance from the religion of the New Testament, as do the services of an explored superstition, or the nummeries of an antiquated ritual."