

POETRY.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

WE PAUSE BESIDE A GRASS-GROWN TOMB.

We paused beside a grass-grown tomb,
The autumn sun was lingering then,
Softening with parting ray the gloom
That wrapt that dark sequester'd glen,
And all was calm and still as those
Who round us slept their last repose.

We pause'd; she rested on my arm,
And raised her gentle eyes on mine;
And I might mark her beauty's charm,
Less bright than it was wont to shine;
Bright was it still;—but it had less
Of brightness than of tenderness.

O, dearer seems that evening still,
More charms that lonesome dell adorn,
Than all the pomp of gold and hill,
Irradiate with the golden morn.
More dear that melancholy gaze,
Than all her smiles in brighter days.

I guess not, dearest Annabel,
How east my lot on earth may be;
Mysterious heaven alone can tell
What links or parts our destiny;
Yet can I oft unlearn to grieve,
By thinking on that autumn eve.

So deeply, eloquently mild,
The pure, calm light thine eye-beam shed,
It seem'd as tho' an angel smil'd,
And told of hopes, unlimited
To this low world, so dear and cold—
Eternal, boundless, manifold!

O may it be, my Annabel!
Tho' chance and change may part us here;
I'll hope immortally to dwell
With thee in heaven's high-blessed sphere,
And love, when past these darksome years,
In glory there, as here in tears.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

The following tale was written for my own amusement, without any intention of publication, and composed more from recollections of a youthful fancy, than a remembrance of the facts. I have often, in the days of my boyhood, lolling on the knees of an actor in this event, listened to him, while with tears in his eyes he would relate the tale. Having derived my knowledge of the tale in this way, it is a mixture of fiction and facts, rather than a plain relation of an event; and in this character it should not now appear before the public, only with the hope that it may be the means of producing a more detailed and accurate account of an action which should not be forgotten; but which, like many other events of this kind, will soon follow its actors into oblivion, unless rescued by some one of the venerable few who yet remain on this side of the grave.

In the early part of the year 1780, a dark cloud seemed to hang over the southern part of the Union. The French and Americans combined had been repulsed at Savannah; Lincoln had surrendered Charleston; and the loss of this important place was much calculated to depress the hopes of the Americans; Tarleton had cut to pieces the force under Buford at Waxhaws; and the upper parts of S. Carolina and Georgia were in the possession of the enemy. It is at this dark period that our tale commences. One evening in the month of June, when every thing seemed to smile, but the attempt of the Americans to obtain their liberty, a man was seen riding on the road leading from Salisbury to Charlotte, about five miles south of the former place. In his person he was large and well formed; he appeared to be about twenty two or three years old; his dress consisted of a blue coat, the breast and tail skirted with yellow cassimere, on which plated buttons were thickly set; his small clothes were also of yellow cassimere, and his boots fair topped;—his hat was one of that kind that are commonly denominated '76, and which were worn by the officers of that period; the epaulettes that hung on his shoulders, the pistols that were on the front of his saddle, and the sword that dangled by his side, all denoted him to be an officer of superior rank. He followed the road until he came to the residence of General Matthew Locke, a wealthy citizen of Rowan and a distinguished partizan of the revolution. This gentleman lived about six miles from Salisbury, where Doct. Scott now resides. It was after dark, and the family had collected round the fireside, when the barking of the dogs announced the approach of a stranger to the house. It was but a short time, until he entered the house, and was immediately recognized as Major, since Gen. W. R. Davie. As might be expected, the first enquiry was concerning the news of the war and his present business; in order to make this known, I am under the necessity of retreating a little in my tale. Davie finished his education at Nassau Hall, in the year 1776; returning to the south, and all the officers' stations being filled, he commenced the study of law at Salisbury. Not being contented in this situation, while his country was in need of his services, he by some means raised a company of volunteers and hastened to South Caroli-

na. By his bravery and prudence, he obtained the notice of Lincoln, and was appointed Major by that officer. He filled this appointment at the battle of Stow, when in the brave but useless attempt of his cavalry to break the lines of the enemy, he received a wound which confined him for five months. Soon as he was able, notwithstanding the discouraging prospect of rescuing the southern part of the Union, he made application to and received permission from the government of N. Carolina, to raise a regiment, consisting of two troops of cavalry and one of mounted riflemen. Knowing the distinguished patriotism of the citizens of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Rowan, he determined to make these counties the theatre of his recruiting expedition.— While in Salisbury, although very young, he had, by the suavity of his manners and his determined patriotism, attracted the attention and obtained the friendship of many families in the surrounding country; among them was Gen. Locke. Davie had contracted an intimate friendship with his son George. Young Locke was a man of fine personal appearance and remarkable for his activity and bodily strength. He had not received so liberal an education as Davie, yet by his natural strength of mind, his peculiar sweetness of disposition, he had so improved the education he did receive, that he might be called an accomplished, intelligent young man. These qualities, mingled with a similarity of feeling between him and Davie, in regard to their love of country, had linked these young men together in the strongest ties of friendship. A few months before the arrival of Davie, Locke had married a distinguished young lady of his county, but had not yet left his father's residence. It was for the purpose of engaging the services of his young friend, that Davie, as I said before, visited the residence of Locke's father. The meeting of the young friends was mutually joyful; Locke, to find that Davie had recovered from his wound; and Davie, that he was once more in the country of his friends. Davie, while he eloquently related the exploits of his former campaign, while he displayed, in glowing colors, and recounted the many advantages that would occur to America, if the present struggle succeeded, had gradually communicated to the bosom of his friend, the feelings that actuated his own; so that when Davie offered him the appointment of lieutenant, if he would accompany him, Locke replied with animation, "Yes! and nothing but death shall make me leave the struggle until the independence of my country is acknowledged." Davie smiled at the enthusiasm of his friend, and merely observed, "Such was the kind of men he wished to fight under him." They now settled their future movements, and it was determined that Davie should go on recruiting, and Locke, with as many friends as he could collect, was to repair to Charlotte in ten days, where Davie had provided the necessary equipments. These consisted of a large sword, a pair of horse pistols and a rifle; for the purchase of these Davie is said to have spent the last of the fortune left him by his uncle.

At the appointed time, the corps met in Charlotte and proceeded to the south. To follow their many engagements would exceed the limits I have prescribed; suffice it to say, that while the British overcame almost every other opposition, the corps of Davie alone remained uninjured. To the brave and cautious Davie, aided by the equally brave but more impetuous Locke, no difficulty appeared too great to be overcome, no danger too perilous to be attempted; and in truth, the defence of N. Carolina appeared to depend alone on this small corps.

When Cornwallis advanced from Camden to Waxhaws, Davie, now joined by a troop of riflemen under Gen. Jos. Graham of Lincoln, was compelled to fall back nearer Charlotte; Cornwallis still pursued; and on the night of the 25th September, the corps of Davie arrived at Charlotte about midnight. Learning from his scouts that Cornwallis was still advancing and would arrive there early next day, Davie determined, in the words of Lee, "to give him a specimen of the country he was in." The village of Charlotte then consisted of about twenty houses, the two principal streets crossing each other at the Court-House, which was of rock. Davie ordered the horses to be tied some distance in the rear, placed his men behind a wall of stone; he had scarcely arranged them, when Tarleton's cavalry came in sight. The enemy seeing the defence that was intended to be made, halted at the lower end of town and formed themselves into columns corresponding with the breadth of the street; in this order they advanced against the small but determined corps that were behind the wall. The cavalry charged with some violence on the Americans, but were repulsed with considerable loss. They again formed and advanced to the charge, but were again driven back with equal loss. Then Cornwallis, riding up, reminded them of their former fame, and told them he hoped they would not let it be tarnished now by so small a force.— The cavalry now charged with renewed vigor, but were again driven back by the steady and successful fire of the American rifles. But the main body of the enemy now coming up, forced Davie's corps to retreat and mount their horses. The cavalry of the enemy pursued; but from

the inferiority of their horses, were unable to keep up; and did not advance fast, for fear it was a plan laid to draw them into an ambuscade. Soon as the Americans were at a sufficient distance, they halted, and loading their rifles, would wait until the enemy came up; they would then fire, wheel and run again, until they were again far enough ahead to halt.— They continued this irregular kind of battle for about four miles, the enemy still pursuing; when Locke, who had fought that day with more than his usual bravery, actuated, perhaps by his near approach to his beloved wife, and knowing the destruction that would attend the advance of the enemy, he trusted to the fleetness of his horse, and remained some distance behind his companions, to give them what he called "a sure shot;" but to him fatal trust, for his horse accidentally stumbling when he was considerably in the rear of his corps, threw him and made his escape. The enemy was so close on his rear as to render an escape impossible; and to expect quarter from an enemy, by whom he had been distinguished for his opposition to the crown and his bravery in defending the American cause, particularly on that day, was improbable; or perhaps, his high spirit disdained to surrender himself a prisoner; but he will the cause, he determined to sell his life as dear as possible, and three of the front dragoons paid the forfeit; but at length, overcome by numbers, he was killed, and the British, as if determined to make his dead body pay for the many soldiers they had that day lost, literally cut him to pieces; and conceiving his death a sufficient booty, did not continue the pursuit any farther. Judge the feelings of his companions in arms, and of his sincere friend Davie, when they returned and found him weltering in his own blood, which flowed from a hundred different wounds.

The rough and proud eye of many a soldier was on that day wet with tears, as they silently looked on the bloody face and sunken eyes of their brave, and so lately animated lieutenant. If such were the feelings of his companions, we can form but a poor idea of those of his wife, who, when anxiously expecting the return of her husband, she was presented with his mangled body.

Davie retired with his corps towards Salisbury, and paid the last tribute of respect to his friend and martyr in the cause of freedom.

Thus perished a young man who, had he lived, would have been an important instrument in obtaining his country's freedom; and no doubt would have enjoyed the reward his talents, bravery and patriotism, so well merited.

No monument of marble points out the place of his burial—no inscription relates to us his services in the revolution—no poet has sung of his brilliant deeds—and 'tis only when his humble sepulchre is passed by some one of his companions in arms, and he stops to drop a tear over the grave of his friend, that we discover the spot where rests a youthful hero of the revolution. S.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

Under a confederated government like that of the United States, where the public will is the ultimate result of power, no enlightened mind can doubt, that it is the state of literature and morals, more than any thing else, by which the character of the nation is formed, and that a proper appreciation of these, is the best bond of union and patriotism; being the best promoters of just sentiments and virtuous conduct, and perhaps the only effectual check to licentiousness and anarchy on the one extreme, and to arbitrary power on the other.

When knowledge and virtue are not predominant, or when, by the concurrence of adventitious circumstances, they become inoperative, or lose their relative equilibrium, a morbid excitement is sometimes rendered general, and becomes irresistible;—swayed by the magic wand of suspicion and misdirected by passion and party interest, it often terminates in a sweeping torrent, alike destructive to moral independence, to national character and prosperity.

Thus the scale of national degradation approximates the scale of ignorance and immorality, and is progressively graduated to an illimitable degree. The basest immorality may date its completion, from the perpetration of some first trivial crime;—the climax of depravity, the apex of baseness in social intercourse, that of perverting a man's words and motives, by wilful misrepresentation or misconstruction of them, and then abusing him for sentiments he never entertained and motives he never felt; this bearing of false witness against our neighbor, this moral perjury, is attained to, thro' the intermediate progression of at first, aspersions from mere suspicion;—then detraction, defamation, slander, calumny.

Thus on the same scale, as a nation increases in ignorance and immorality, it sinks in dignity, until it is lost in wretchedness and degradation. This uniform result we have from the faithful page of history, marking the decline and fall of the greatest empires in the world. Thus may the final destruction of our civil institutions originate from the misdirected fervour of a circumscribed party. Should we not shun this precipice, and guard against this awful destiny?

What says the Father of his country, in his farewell address, that almost perfect text book of American policy? "Party is our worst enemy. It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeebles the public administration. It agitates the community with ill founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against the other; opens a door to foreign influence & corruption; &c. Could prescience have more fully delineated its baleful influence, its degrading effects and its direct tendency, as exhibited in our late session of Congress? A session of 24 weeks, 18 weeks of which, by a conduct as disgraceful to themselves, as degrading to the nation, and almost destructive to the future prospects of the once amiable Calhoun, was spent in tumult and abortive legislation. Is not this the very crisis so plainly seen, and so greatly dreaded by Washington?"

On a retrospection of these transactions, what a most degrading charge presents itself at the very threshold—that parental lineage works corruption; that the President is unworthy the esteem and confidence of the nation, because he is the son of a former President who acted incorrectly. What do Americans know about their predecessors? To us the difference is nothing, whether they were decked with stars and garters, the mere puppets of governmental corruption, or whether they were poachers of sheep folds, or riflers of bleach-greens. They must answer for their iniquities; we for ours. What,—must the memory of Franklin be degraded, because he assisted his father to dip candles and boil soap; or that of Patrick Henry, because he hoed corn and tobacco for a living, after becoming insolvent at shop keeping; or that of Washington, because, deprived of his just patrimony by the laws of primogeniture, he waded on foot thro' the swamps and bogs of Virginia, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the season, all the privations of a hunter's life, earning his subsistence as surveyor of a county; or of R. G. Harper, who drove the planes of a carpenter, to procure an honest sustenance; or that of a Cheves, who raised our prostrate navy from the grave of folly, and released our national bank from the almost hopeless suicide of rascality, because he taught infancy their A, B, C, in a pine-pole cabin, to acquire the means of furthering his education; or that of the patriot Jackson, because, during our revolutionary war, he raised peas and sweet potatoes in S. Carolina, for his own and his mother's subsistence? And must the character of Jno. Q. Adams be now aspersed, whose patriotism in the public service of his country, stood the test and received the uniform approbation of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, merely because his father, on one occasion, acted injudiciously or unwisely? Shame, where is thy blush! But modern ethics feel no regret, even for such despicable rancour, such moral treason, fit only for a Virginia madman, or some foreign titled coxcomb.

But advert to other serious charges, made, and solemn pledges given as proof, in debate—that the executive, by some legerdemain, was manufacturing communications from S. America; that he was holding back official information; secreting and garbling official communications, all to subserve a desired object. Also, his bartering his own, and the nation's honor, and outraging the purity of her institutions, to his own exaltation; assertions never expected to be proved—pledges never intended to be redeemed—but fabricated for deception, and brought forth as the precursor to that echo which is now going the grand rounds of defamation, accompanied by the Panama spectre, the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of Congressional Circulars.

What a hideous yell, what a doleful note was sounded, after the Lead started, to hunt down the Executive on the Panama question. What a flame of disinterested patriotism burst forth—what a regard for the purity of our institutions—what caution and circumspection—what a search even into the vestal purity of executive domestic amusements—what sophistry, to invalidate that pledge to S. America, which, 12 months before, was their highest boast—what dread of contaminating our exalted honor, and soiling our republican principles, by coming into consultation at Panama, with the delegates of kings;—how the expense was repudiated; yet more time and money were squandered about this mission, and in that glorious conflict which took place, in attempting to strangle, with a five fold cord, that hideous, one-eyed, one-sided monster, conjured up by Branch from the vasty deep, by the magic of unflinching intelligence, and sublimated candour, than would have defrayed the expense of ten such delegations.

But let us turn this Panama picture, this hobby of opposition and of circulars, and for a moment view its reverse features. Our government is the only confederated representative government that has ever existed, and has so far been the model of the S. American republics; they wish to establish a similar federative union; they look to our experience of 40 years for counsel and advice; they repose on our known patriotism, and confiding in the sincerity of our former declarations, in our recognition of their independence, and subsequent treaties, ask our executive, for a delegation to

their Congress at Panama; at the same time stating distinctly, that they wish us, not in the smallest degree, to depart from our neutral position.

Our executive, knowing that in their self-defence it would be highly advantageous to them to organize a revolution in the Spanish W. India Islands, and being assured by them that this would be a subject of consultation; knowing, at the same time, that in all their separate republics, slavery was abolished, and every inhabitant raised to the rank of a citizen, as a fundamental principle of their constitutions,—our executive, conscious of all these circumstances, treats their overture with repulse and silent contempt. Would not every citizen in the slave-holding states justly execrate such executive apathy, such dereliction from the highest duties of humanity, and our dearest interests? Would not the executive have been justly represented, as beholding with perfect indifference, and even with approbation, the blazing torch of insurrection planted along our coast and spreading through the interior, carrying rapine, murder and extermination in its march? Would not all the horrors of St. Domingo, and the more recent and still more inhuman and savage butcheries of the Oronoque, Caraccas and La Guira, be depicted in their proper colours, and accompanied by all the ill-natured asperity of M'Duffie, and the eloquence of Hayne, be wafted from the capitol, down the great valley of the Mississippi, to the gulf, and be reverberated along our coast, fraught, in return, with the merited odium and just detestation of every friend to his country?

If these things had been our feelings and our sentiments, why pretend to censure the President, for acceding to this mission; the reverse to which, we would so unanimously and so justly have execrated, as opposed to our interest, our safety and our duty?

Do you believe the patriot Jackson, if President, would have rejected this overture? You do not. You know, that his love of freedom, his fervent desire to maintain the dignified stand his country now holds, as the hope and model of the civil and religious liberties of man, would have made him cordially accede to the request. And you also believe, that had he been President, he would not, during our last session of Congress, have suffered his own feelings to have been thus outraged, nor the honor and dignity of the nation, to be thus prostituted.

The dispassionate, disinterested opinion of Lafayette on this subject, merits our attention, and claims its proper influence. This long tried patriot, this friend of America, this experienced statesman, esteems it a duty of the government, and an honor to the nation, to have acceded to this Panama mission. Why then, all this indecorous opposition, this tumult of sensibilities, this show of patriotism? Is not the inference inevitable? If it be necessary thus to sacrifice the principles of social intercourse, and the laws of the human mind, to secure an accordance to such a cause, ought not a reversion of sentiment and feeling to take place in every ingenuous mind? Allow then one moment of your life, to consult your own understanding, and allow the dictates of your own bosom to decide.

There is always a dignity in correct moral conduct, which gives influence; a charm in upright motives and manly candour, which invariably inspires confidence; there is an energy in correct undeviating urbanity, a controlling influence in truth and virtue, which will ever give its possessor an honorable and useful stand in society. And there is in retrospection, a sanctity of retribution from memory, an approbation of conscious rectitude, a happiness which malignity, bedighted in its most brilliant garnitures, can never bestow. A CITIZEN.

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, who, afterwards, fought in its defence; and when directed by Lafayette to point the guns of one of the batteries at York, aimed them first against his own dwelling, which was the best in the place. It is said that his widow is now living in Virginia, blind, and very poor.

The Duke of Devonshire, the new British Ambassador to Russia, carries with him a service of plate which weighs 60,000 ounces—upwards of 1000 lbs.—half a ton!

In a Court in London, lately, a girl applied to have the Judge lay an injunction on a certain baker not to make love to her. She proved how much she was annoyed, and the Judge issued the injunction accordingly, with a penalty of £40. If the Judge had power to issue injunctions to compel people to make love, we apprehend he would find sufficient exercise for his jurisdiction.

A witness under examination in an Irish Court of Justice the other day, had just stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the examining Counsel. "Fast asleep," replied the witness.

Religious Rev.—At Cologne, they show the first animal that drew blood, and thereby broke the general peace, viz. the flea that bit Eve the night after her fall. It is said to be nearly as large as a full grown prawn.