

POETRY.

OLDEN TIME.

There is mystery on departed things, Which renders distance beautiful; no more The alchemist, with crucible and ore, To fight miraculous invention brings!

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

ON THE EARTHQUAKES IN SICILY.

Here once ye were, great states! nor doth remain A single stone to tell your tale, and say, Here the wide earth did open; here one day Stood Syracuse; here was Catania's reign.

Among the solitary sands in vain I seek ye in yourselves, and find decay, And dread, and silence all!—my steps I stay, My eyes are big with tears, my heart with pain.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

Chronological extracts from MS. continued.

20th of October, 1780, General Morgan, with 300 continental infantry, commanded by Col. Howard, and about 80 or 90 cavalry, under Col. Washington, arrives in Charlotte, and join the militia about 700, commanded by Gen. Davidson.

In November General Gates arrives with the remaining continental troops, and forms a camp near Charlotte.

Early in December, General Greene arrives in Charlotte, takes command of the Southern Army, and General Gates returns to the north.

12th of December, Col. Washington took Col. Rugely's fort and upwards of 100 prisoners, by the stratagem of placing a pine log on cart wheels; which was taken by his adversary for artillery.

26th of December, Gen. Greene detaches Morgan over Broad river; at the same time he marches the rest of the army to Hicks's creek, near Cheraw, on the east side of Pee Dee.

25th of December, the militia under General Davidson, and cavalry under Col. Davie, their term of service having expired, are discharged, and Col. Davie appointed Commissary General for the southern army.

1781.—Early in January, Lord Cornwallis detaches Col. Tarleton after Gen. Morgan, and leaves Winsboro' with his army, by slow movements, to support Tarleton.

17th January, battle at the Cowpens; Tarleton defeated, &c. When informed, the British moved from Winsboro'. Gen. Davidson ordered out the militia, and encamped between Charlotte and Catawba river.

Gen. Morgan, after the battle, passes up by Gilbertstown, and commits his prisoners to Col. Washington's cavalry and the militia, who pass the Cane creek gap, through the Montague hills and down the west side of Catawba to the Island ford, where they crossed towards Virginia.

Washington returned to Morgan, who, in the meantime, had marched to the eastward by a shorter route on the south side of said hills, crossed Sheriff's ford on Catawba 30th of January or the 28th. When the British arrived at Ramsour's, they were within 16 miles of him, and Washington not joined him after conveying the prisoners.

Gen. Davidson divided his force to Beattie's and Tuckeseige fords, and stationed pickets at Cowan's, Tool's and other fords. On the 31st January, Gen. Greene, Gen. Morgan, Col. Washington and Gen. Davidson met at Beattie's ford; while in consultation half an hour, the British van came to the west side and encamped.

The Generals went off to their respective commands; and when they were gone, General Davidson (by the advice of Gen. Greene) ordered 300 infantry, and Graham's cavalry, (60) to march to Cowan's ford, where they arrived about dusk.

Feb. 1st, Battle at Cowan's ford, commencing at Beattie's ford—same day Tarleton defeats the militia, who had retreated from Beattie's ford, at Torronee's tavern.

Feb. 2d, the militia who had guarded the different fords on Catawba river,

concentrate at Mill Grove, on Rocky River, the British march as far as Joshua Nelson's, on the road towards Salisbury. Feb. 3d, British reach Salisbury. Gen. O'Hara went on at dark, attacked the militia near the old trading ford on the Yadkin, and returned to Salisbury same night.

Feb. 5th, British leave Salisbury road to Shallow ford; at 2d creek bridge, were opposed by Col. Locke and some militia, and retarded some time. Locke had 1 killed and 1 wounded.

Feb. 8th, Capt. Graham's troop killed 1 and took 6 prisoners, on their march between Shallow ford and Salem.

Feb. 12th, all the troops assembled in the rear of Lord Cornwallis, about 700 in number, organized into a brigade, and Gen. Andrew Pickens, of South-Carolina, invested with the command, and James Jackson, (afterwards Governor of Georgia,) appointed Brigade Major, having had no command since the death of Gen. Davidson. Gen. Pickens marches on by Salem and Guilford Court-House to within 10 miles of Hillsborough, where Lord Cornwallis had his head-quarters.

Feb. 18, Gen. Pickens detaches Capt. Graham, with 20 of his dragoons and the same number of Captain Simmon's mounted riflemen, who march in the night, and at light in the morning attacked a piquet guard of 25 men at Hart's mill, 1 1/2 miles from Hillsboro'; killed and wounded 8, took 17 prisoners, and brought them safe to camp, though Tarleton's troop was at the mill in five minutes after the firing ceased. It was grinding for the army.

Pickens marches, as soon as his detachment arrives, towards Dan: in the evening is joined by Col. Lee's corps of cavalry and two companies of infantry.

Feb. 21st, Tarleton marches over Haw River towards Randolph county; is pursued by Pickens and Lee, who miss Tarleton, but meet Colonel Pyles, with 400 Tories, and defeat them. Tarleton retreats in the night towards Hillsborough; is again pursued, but narrowly escapes. Pickens and Lee separate; and the next day, Tarleton being reinforced, came after Pickens, drove in the rear-guard, and killed Major Macijah Lewis, a continental officer. Pickens retreated 8 miles in the night; a second time his rear was attacked, and he had to move. After this he kept moving every day on the head waters of Eno, Hyeo, and County Line creeks, until Gen. Greene crossed Dan and came to High Rock ford, on Haw River; then Pickens, Lee, Washington, and the continental infantry, took a position near the enemy, who had now crossed to the west of Allamance.

March 1st, a battle took place at Clop's mill, between Lee's corps, part of Pickens's and Col. Preston's Virginia riflemen, and Tarleton's troops and one battalion of infantry.

March 6th, Gen. O'Hara, Col. Webster, and Tarleton, with 1500 men, cross Allamance at day-break, push Pickens, Lee, Washington, Preston, and Col. Otho Williams' regular infantry for 12 miles—are obliged to fight or disperse—battle at Whitrell's mill on reedy fork of Haw River. Gen. Greene recedes to the iron works on Troublesome creek—Lord Cornwallis advances to New Garden.

March 15th, battle of Guilford.—It was believed, after Guilford battle, that Lord Cornwallis would attempt to return to Camden; and General Thomas Polk raised men to meet him at the Yadkin; but by the time they arrived at Salisbury, they heard that the British were marching for Wilmington, and the men were dismissed.

By the 1st of April, the Small Pox prevailed generally in the country through which the enemy had passed.

In April and May a considerable part of what was called the State troops of South-Carolina, was raised in the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan. Each man found his own horse and military equipments, and engaged to serve ten months. The regiments commanded by Cols. Polk, Hampton and Hill, were mostly from those counties.

[To be continued hereafter.] Patriotism, liberty, reform, and many other good things have got a bad name, by keeping bad company; for those who have ill inventions cannot afford to work with tools that have ill sounds.

When a knave solides forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in the best words, as naturally as his body in his best clothes; but they must expect a Flemish account, that gave him credit either for the one or the other.

To proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth. But there are two questions that would completely reverse this order of things; what keeps some persons poor? and what has made some others rich? The true answer to these queries would open

make the poor man more proud of his poverty than the rich man of his wealth; and the rich man more justly ashamed of his wealth than the poor man, unjustly now is, of his poverty.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

THE INTREPID JURYMAN.

Extract from a late publication, entitled An Excursion from Sidmouth (in Devonshire) to Chester, by the Rev. Edmund Butcher.

I cannot help congratulating our country upon the inestimable value of trial by jury. I have lately met with a proof of its excellence, which ought not to be forgotten.

A judge, in the north-west circuit in Ireland, tried a cause, in which much of the local consequence of a gentleman in the neighborhood was implicated. It was a landlord's prosecution against one of his tenants, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor by the defendant, in rescuing his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from personal violation. When the defendant was brought into court, the prosecutor also appeared, and swore to every fact laid down in the indictment. The poor defendant had no lawyer to tell his story; he, however, pleaded his own cause effectually, by appealing to the judgment of the heart. The jury found him not guilty.

The judge was enraged, and told the jury they must go back and re-consider the matter; adding he was astonished at their giving such an infamous verdict. The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench: "My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our room; but, as we there found no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we now return it to you in the same words as before—not guilty. We heard your lordship's reproof; but we do not accept it as properly applying to us. Individually, and in our private capacities, it is true, we are insignificant men; we claim nothing, out of this box, above the common regard due to our humble, yet honest stations; but, my lords, assembled here, as a jury, we cannot be insensible of the great importance of the office we now sustain. We feel glad that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution: not only to act impartially between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but to form the barrier of the people, against the possible influence, prejudice, or corruption of the bench; to which we do not wish to offer the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult: we pay it the respect which one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honor of both. This jury did not accuse the bench of partiality or oppression—no, we looked upon it as the sanctuary of truth and justice: still, my lord, we cannot erase from our minds the records of our school-books. By them we were taught that kings and judges are but fallible mortals: and that the seat of justice has been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scroggs, and a Jeffreys." The judge frowned at these words, but the intrepid juror thus proceeded: "My lord, I am but a poor man; yet I am a free born subject, and a member of the constitution—nay, I am now higher, for I am one of its representatives: I therefore claim for myself and fellow jurors, liberty of speech."

The judge here resumed his complacency, and the orator continued his address. "We have nothing to do, my lord, with your private character: in this place it is veiled by your official one: we know you here only in that of judge; and, as such, we would respect you; you know nothing of us, but as a jury; and in that situation, we look to you for reciprocal respect: because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal, in which they have vested the dearest and most valuable privileges they possess. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our judgments, on the evidence before us. We have, in our minds, discharged our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are accountable, not to your lordship; nor to the king who appointed you; but to a higher power, the King of kings."

The bench was dumb, the bar silent; astonishment and applause murmured through the crowd—and the poor man was discharged.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The rich Cashmere Shawls are manufactured in the city of Cashmere, in the northern part of Hindostan, now subject to the Afghans. They are made of the wool or hair of a species of goat found in Thibet and Tartary, some of which have been introduced into France. A few years since, there were 16,000 looms and 48,000 persons in Cashmere employed in making shawls. A remarkable fine shawl occupies a loom and three persons more than a year; and of the best and most worked kinds, not so much as a quarter of an inch is completed in a day. For plain shawls a shuttle is used, but the variegated ones are woven

needles, one for each color, without shuttles. The rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame. The head workmen receive about 20 cts. per day, and the common workmen from 3 to 10 cents.

The Cashmerians manufacture a great many shawls from the wool of a breed of sheep, which are found in the vale of Cashmere, and in Thibet and Boutan. This wool, it is said, surpasses every other in the world for its softness, whiteness and fineness; and some travellers assert that it is from 20 to 22 inches in length! Camel's hair is also used for shawls. Most of the Cashmere shawls so called, that are imported into the United States, are manufactured in Europe.

Lieut. L. of the British Navy, had a most unfortunate hesitation in his speech—so much so, that when he was agitated, he could not be understood. One morning, giving orders, a man, in obeying him, fell overboard. The ship was in full sail. The Lieutenant, in agony, ran about, making every effort to explain what had happened. In vain—nobody could understand him. His agitation rose so high, that he attempted to throw himself overboard. The sailors held him, thinking he was seized with madness. At last, the Admiral came up. The Lieutenant then began again his unintelligible effort. He, however, could make nothing of it. At last he said, "if you can't speak you can sing." This did the business. The Lieutenant immediately began a favorite waltz.—"There's a man overboard, overboard—There! there!" pointing to where he fell. Instantly the ship was put back—the boat put off; and the poor fellow picked up at the last gasp.

An'ro Gemmel.—He was called the "King of Beggars," and was very fond of playing off little jeu d'esprits of his own formation. Once, as a priest was going to his church, he espied An'ro on the road, seemingly in the most profound meditation, pondering deeply, "with laden eye that loves the ground," on something lying in the way, and stepping seriously round it. The clergyman came up, and said, "Well, An'ro, what's this that seems to be puzzling you so? For my part, I see nothing but a horse-shoe on the road." "Dear me," returned the Gabelrunzie, with uplifted hands, "what disna that lair do—I ha'e glour'd at that shoe now the best part o' half an hour, an' diel tak' me gif I eud say whither it was a horse-shoe or a mare-shoe." This is Walter Scott's Edie Ochiltree.

LOSS OF THE SENSES. A roguish boy stole the glasses from his grandfather's spectacles, and when the old gentleman put them on, finding he could not see, he exclaimed: "Mercy on me, I've lost my sight!" but thinking the impediment to vision might be the dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them: when not feeling them, he still more frightened, cried out, "Why what's come now, I have lost my feeling too!"

MORAL.

THE LIMITS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. There is nothing of which we are more ready to complain, than of our narrow and confined views of nature, and of Providence, and of all things around us; and yet upon examination, it will be found, that our views extend, on every side, just as far as they ought; and that, to see and know more than is allowed us; instead of bringing any advantage, would produce certain misery. We pry, for instance, with impatient curiosity, into future events. Happily for us, they are veiled and covered up; and one peep behind that veil, were it permitted, would be sufficient to poison the whole comfort of our days by the anticipation of sorrows to come. In like manner, we often wish with great eagerness to penetrate into the secrets of nature, to look into the invisible works of God, to be made acquainted with the whole destiny of man. Our wish is denied; we are environed on all hands with mystery; and that mystery is our happiness. For were those great and visible objects fully disclosed, the sight of them would confound and overwhelm us. It would either totally debase our feeble faculties, or would engross our attention to such a degree, as to lay us aside from the business and concerns of this world, and have the same effect, as if we were carried away from the earth, and mingled among the inhabitants of some other planet. The knowledge that is allowed to us, was designed to fit us for acting our part in our present state. At the exact point, therefore, where usefulness ends, knowledge stops, and ignorance commences.—Light shines upon us, as long as it serves to guide our path; but forsakes us as soon as it becomes noxious to the eye; and salutary darkness is

appointed to close the scene. Thoughtless and stupid must that man be, who in all this furniture of the human mind, in this exact adjustment of its several powers to the great purposes of life, discerns not the hand of adorable Wisdom, as well as of infinite Goodness. BLAIR.

BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.

"It is a pleasing and instructive view of the Divine Providence, to consider one and the same great designs as carried on to maturity, in periods and by persons the most remote to each other, without communication of intelligence, without concurrence of exertion among themselves; to behold the great God moulding, guiding, subduing the various passions, purposes, and private interests of men, to his own sovereign will; to behold the building of God rising in beauty, advancing towards perfection, by the hands of feeble workmen, who comprehend not the thousandth part of the plan which they assist in executing, and who, instead of co-operation, frequently seem to counteract one another. One digs his hour in the quarry—another lifts up his axe, and strikes a stroke or two in the forest—a third applies the square and compass to the stone which his neighbour has polished. But their labours, their views, their abilities, however different, all promote the same end; and though they and their endeavours be frail and perishing, the work in which the Almighty employs them is progressive, is permanent, is immortal. Here a shepherd, there a king—here a little child, there a sage—here a legislator, there a deluge, there a conflagration, fulfils the designs of Heaven, and the glorious fabric of Redemption rises and rises, though patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles sink, one after another into the dust.—Man often begins to build, but is unable to finish, because he had not counted the cost; but God "seeth the end from the beginning."

He can never want an instrument, who has Heaven, earth and hell at his disposal. "Surely, O Lord, the wrath of man shall praise thee." Satan is thy chained slave, and "ten thousand times ten thousand mighty angels minister unto thee." How then can thy aim be defeated? How can thy counsels fail?"

Hunter's Sacred Biography.

There is something very mysterious in the general system of the divine government of our world; yet we can sometimes discover a ray of light penetrating the darkness, and confirming our faith in the representation of the word of God, that when the whole plan is completed, it will exhibit a display of the perfection of Deity, which will command the admiration, the gratitude, and the praise of the rational creation. It seems for instance, a very unaccountable circumstance, that the prince of darkness should have been permitted to extend his dominion over so large a portion of our globe—that he should have been allowed to maintain it for so many ages, and to establish it on so firm a basis: but in fact, the very extent and duration and stability of his kingdom—the resources he has for maintaining his authority—the entrenchments with which his power is surrounded—these very circumstances shall shed a new lustre around the head of him who shall overturn his throne, and take his crown, and break the fetters by which he has enslaved the nations, and who, on the ruins of his empire, shall establish the kingdom of righteousness, and truth and peace.

EXTRACT.

I scarcely know a more useful lesson than that by which we are taught to do our best under the circumstances that present themselves, rather than waste our existence in the contemplation of the great parts we might be able to play under those which our imagination can contrive. In the fulfilment of the first consists the true moral greatness; in the indulgence of the second there is often room for the most contemptible imbecility. Not only to do that which is good, but to do it when and where it is necessary, is the art of life. Unequal to this world crowds of drivellers idle away or misemploy their days! How many half-finished heroes have I not seen, always disposed to achieve the noblest actions, but never ready when the occasion happened to call for them! Through an unfortunate star, it was ever too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, too late at night, or too early in the morning.

Nor is the lesson useful only to those who are to act; it demands the implicit obedience of those who are contented merely to think. Our thoughts as well as our actions should be ready for the day. If they are for ourselves, no other are so precious; if for the world, no other are so acceptable. It is in vain that I shall be told of the importance of the future, and its claim upon our thoughts. To-day is the cradle of the future, and we must survey in that, and through that, the rising object of our devotion. To neglect the child is to neglect the man; to neglect the day is to neglect the future.