



POETRY.

From the Brattleborough (Vt.) Reporter.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137th PSALM.

WHERE the cold flood of Babel rolls, And sweeps along its heathen shores— There mighty sorrows fill'd our souls, That Zion's spires were seen no more.

Remembrance wak'd the silent tear, While far away she sped her flight, And hover'd o'er that land so dear, Now veil'd in dark oblivion's night.

Our harps, oft tun'd to heavenly lays, On dreary willows silent hung; Once they could chant Jehovah's praise, And strike the strains which angels sung.

The heathen cry, Come, raise that song, So often heard on Judah's plain! O, can we, in this land of wrong, Wake sorrows harp to Zion's strain?

O lovely ruins, beauteous piles! While years their courses wheel away, While heaven's high arch in beauty smiles, Our souls shall mourn your falling day.

When fainting on this captive shore, And sinking in the shades of death, Still Zion's downfall we'll deplore, And speak her name with dying breath.

Forever shall her image rise, And dwell in fancy's mid-day beam, Or when night's mantle veils the skies, Shall through the sultry darkness gleam.

O God! who rolls the wrathful cloud, And wakes the angry lightning's flame; Blast with thy storm the impious proud, Who dare defy the Eternal name!

Let war's dread tempest waste their land, And raise "the wall above the dead;" O, they shall know the avenger's hand, When desolations round them spread!

BARD OF THE MOUNTAINS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Extract from Dr. Caldwell's Memoirs of the life of Gen. Greene.

[This work, on the eve of issuing from the press will doubtless possess a high degree of interest. We owe to the politeness of the author, the permission to make the following extract.]—Anæclectic Magazine

Battle of Ramsour's Mill.

Equally, perhaps, unknown, to more of the inhabitants, and singularly neglected in the history of our country, is another very gallant partisan adventure achieved on the 23d of June, 1780. Neither American regulars, nor British soldiers having any concern in this spirited affair, it was fought entirely by raw militiamen, of the whig and tory parties.

About twelve hundred of the latter, having assembled under the command of Col. Moore, encamped in a strong position at Ramsour's Mills, a few miles westward from the Catawba river, and in the vicinity of the line which separates North from South-Carolina. In which of the two States the encampment was situated, is not at present distinctly recollected, although the writer of this narrative has been frequently on the spot.

In addition to rapine, and the production of general distress, a favorite object of the party was to overawe and weaken the adjacent country, by capturing and carrying within the British lines, a number of its most influential inhabitants. Besides being thus prevented from taking a lead in active measures of resistance, these were to be held as hostages for the good conduct and neutrality of their friends.

To defeat the mischievous purposes of this party, and to dislodge them from their strong hold, the most spirited of the Whigs from Iredel, a neighboring county, assembled to the amount of three hundred men, under the command of Col. Locke. These consisted principally of foot; but in part, of a small corps of mounted infantry, armed with rifles, pistols and sabres, led by Capt. Falls, an officer of peculiar gallantry and worth.

The haaty levy of soldiers, pre-occupied with their private habits unbroken, discipline or concert of action among them, and all their domestic feelings clinging around their hearts.

They were in the true sense of the expression, a band of friends and neighbors, being all from the same settlement, and perfectly known to each other in private life. In the whole party there was not an individual who had not repeatedly united with the others, in rural sport and social enjoyment. As citizens, they were all of the same rank, and all respectable. They were masters of the soil they had assembled to defend.

Of this corps of patriots, the military prowess was entirely untried; not one of them, with the exception of Capt. Falls, having ever confronted an enemy in the field. Their only warlike acquirement, was great experience and skill in the use of the rifle. In that qualification they had few superiors.

Being all dressed in their common apparel, they exhibited no uniformity of appearance. To remedy this, and to distinguish them from the Tories, who were known to be dressed in the same way, they fastened over the crowns of their hats, from back to front, descending to the rims on each side, strips of white paper, about two inches broad. Each one brought to the place of rendezvous his own rifle, fifty rounds of powder and ball, a week's provision, and a light blanket. That they might be perfectly unencumbered, neither baggage waggon nor pack horse was attached to the party.

Thus accoutred, eager for battle and panting for glory, without waiting for a considerable force that was assembling in Rowan, a neighboring country, under General Rutherford, to join them, they moved in haste and silence towards the scene of action.

The second day's march brought them to the immediate vicinity of their object. They encamped for the night, determined to strike, and hoping to surprize the enemy in the morning. But in this they were disappointed.

On advancing to the attack, about break of day, they found the foe on the alert, and ready to receive them. They therefore resolved to wait until it should be completely light, that the aim of their rifles might be the more deadly.

The morning opening, disclosed to them a preparation for defence and resistance, much more formidable than they expected to find. The enemy were posted on the top of a hill, covered with timber, which afforded them a shelter. Their flanks were protected on one side by a mill dam, and on the other by a swamp, a small stream of water flowing in the rear. In front of their encampment was erected, of stake and brushwood, a breastwork so compact, as to be proof against small arms, and to impede, in a great measure, the operation of cavalry. A strong detachment of the foe was stationed in advance of the breast work, armed with rifles and concealed behind trees.

At first sight the array of men and means was somewhat appalling. But the Rubicon was passed, retreat would be ruin, accompanied with disgrace. Battle might also be ruinous, but could not be dishonorable.—Without hesitation, therefore, the latter was resolved on.

At his own request, Captain Falls with his mounted infantry led the attack. When at the distance of about eighty paces, he received the fire of the enemy's advance. Returning this with considerable effect, he rushed sword in hand into the midst of them, threw them into confusion, and forced them to fall back, pressing his fortune with too much ardor, he received a ball through his breast, and fell dead from his horse.

His party, however, undismayed by the loss their leader, continued the action with great gallantry, until the foot advanced to their support, when the enemy was driven behind his breastwork.

Here ensued a most murderous conflict. The whigs having so far levelled the obstruction as to render it passable, rushed over it, mingled with the enemy, and in many instances, grappled with them man to man. Every instrument and mean of death was now resorted to. The bullet, the sword, the rifle butt, and even the hatchet, with which some were provided, were abundantly employed. Rarely in any case has blood been more inexorably, or by the same number of combatants, more prodigally shed.

For a time the issue was doubtful. Pressed by superior numbers, the whigs were once compelled to give ground: some of them retreating across the breastwork. But resolutely bent on victory or death, they returned to the charge with such fierce impetuosity, and decisive effect, as bore down all resistance.

The Tories broke, and in confusion, the whigs for some distance hanging on their rear, with terrible slaughter.

Thus terminated an affair, in which so many gallant spirits made their first, and too many of them, alas! their last essay in arms. In the course of it the whigs performed prodigies; and the royalists manifested a degree of valor and courage, worthy of a better cause.

The latter lost in killed wounded and prisoners, upwards of six hundred men. The prisoners and wounded were paroled, and liberated on the field of battle.

The numerical loss of the former was exceedingly heavy, nearly half of them being killed or wounded.—But the actual loss, which consisted in the character, rather than in the number of those that fell, was incalculable. On that fatal day, some of the choicest blood of the south was heroically offered on the altar of freedom.

The death of Capt. Falls, in particular, was deeply lamented. In the ranks of his country he did not leave behind him a purer patriot, or a more gallant soldier.

His son, a youth of fourteen, had accompanied him to the battle. When the Captain fell, this high minded stripling, moved by an instinctive impulse of affection, sprang from his horse to embrace the body, and protect it from insult. One of the enemy, believed to be the same that shot Capt. Falls, advancing with a view to plunder the corpse, the son, suddenly snatching the sword of the deceased, plunged it into the bosom of the mirauder, and thus at once punished audacity, and nobly revenged his father's death.

So deadly was the aim of the tory riflemen, at the commencement of the action, before the smoke of their own fire had obstructed their view, that many of them placed their balls in the lower end of the strips of paper which the whigs wore over the crowns of their hats, every shot of this description, passing through the brain, was instantly fatal.

FROM THE SAVANNAH GEORGIAN.

Mr. Editor, If the following correspondence between an Irishman and wife in Ireland, can in your opinion, afford to your readers any amusement, I shall from time to time continue it.

X. Y. Z.

MRS. JUDY O'DRISCOLL. My Dear Judy, Before I begin this letter at all I will be after telling you that I am alive, which I hope you'll be when you receive this; and if it is a thing that you are not let me know, that I may write no more and so save postage.

I landed in this city two days before I arrived, and to be sure I was bothered to find myself at home in a strange country where every body knew me; even people I never saw swore so to my face. Now I'll be after giving you a little bit of a history of this queer place, called Savannah; this land of liberty as they call it—where children are free before they are born.—Well then, my honey, this is a large town with not very many houses in it, but what is the same thing a great many chimnies; for you see, the houses were frightened some

time ago at a fire that was here, and run away, but they left the chimnies standing to be responsible for their coming back again. The houses here are much the same as in Cork, but that the brick part of them is made of wood, and that they are slated with shingles. They are also pretty uniform, being built both sides of the middle of the street. This town and the country around it is full of majors, colonels and captains; in fact, every private man is a captain, or colonel at least. I expect they will be after making me one soon. If so I'll let you know that you have yourself called Lady O'Driscoll. I am so full of business now I have no time finish this letter; but must conclude your very loving husband,

PATRICK O'DRISCOLL.

P. S. I send two letters by this ship least one should miscarry if the ship should be lost.

CLENDERDUFTY, NEAR CORK.

My Dear Pat, I received your letter four days before it came to hand, and long before I opened it the contents were near throwing me into husherrick fits, to think of hearing you were well even before I had any account from you. Oh, Paddy, you would laugh till you could cry the guts out of you, to see the lemoncholy state of poor Ireland; nor can it be mended, unless the people become united as they are in America, as the parson tells me, for you see all Ireland is of one way of thinking—except those who differ from us, and them they call the Orange boys, and faith, very bitter oranges they are, and I am sure all the world knows they are not sevil ones. Most of the women in Ireland are united Irishmen: yes, and children too before they are able to speak a word, say damn the king in Irish. All our neighbors living now and has not left the place, are either shot, hanged or transported; in fact there is nothing but bloodshed and battery all around us, and this all owing to the bloody backs, or red coats, as you call them, who commit depredations on man, woman and child, burning and destroying all that comes after them; and though we have not Tarleton as you had in America, we have Lutrell the traitor—bad luck to him; they call him Earl Crampton—devil cramp him; he is a sore sight to them who never saw him. He burned poor Dadd's distillery at the Glyn, last night, and the devils get, as he is nothing else, took out the children, ordered the pipe to play up God save the king, and made them dance to the tune while their father's house was burning and the property destroying.—Paddy, what do you think of this? Well, they did worse the night before—they went to Owen Durneen's house at Poolnamuck, took out three of his sons, Larry, Bryan and Roger, and, you know what sony boys they were, shot them before their own door without judge or jury, went in and used Catty, their sister, in a worse manner, and a finer girl never step'd in a brouge. Well, they even done worse than that a few nights before—they burned and destroyed your own cabin.—I'll tell you how it happened, although I am pale in the face with blushing, nor would I venture to tell you, but that you often told me I was a chaste as Helen of Greece, Queen Bess, or even the Empress of Russia. But as parson O'Dogherty says, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, that is, when women are bad stone them. Well, this is the way it happened:—One evening in comes a big soger; he called himself a grenadier or a grand deer I don't know which; but faith, he was near making a buck of you, or as the parson says, antlerizing or cornuting you—Just in the minute of danger I called on St. Patrick to help me, and my prayers were heard, for before the first word was out of my mouth, in comes parson O'Dogherty, and you know he can box other things as well as the pulpit—so without saying by your leave or any thing else, he let fly a fist full of fingers at him, and in three strokes left him sprawling on the ground like Dennis Gallahar's old sow; we let him for dead. But he took advan-

tage of the parson and I, when we were wally fighting on a religious point, got up and run to the camp of Kitakurah, brought thousands with him and burned our poor cabin; and the devil a chimney they left standing as they do in your town, so there is no hopes of the house ever coming back again. But I thought worse of the usage they gave the poor dear parson—they stripped and tied him up, tho' he would melt the most tender heart that ever was with all the fine outlandish words he made use of—I am suffering he would say, pro publico bono,—that was I suppose, they were cutting him to the bone.—O tempora! O mores; keep your temper and give me ease. Hen! me miserum! Hugh give me some rum. Summun bonum; give me some bone. Omnia vanitas—I'll take another glass; but the last word the dear man spoke just as he got the thirty-nine lashes was—sic transit gloria mundi—that is we are here to day and gone a Sunday.—He fainted in my arms and would have died, but I had a cordial in my pocket that revived him. I could tell you a thousand such facts as this, but must defer it for another letter. Let me know if you are made a captain yet, that I may have myself called Lady O'Driscoll, then you know I would have the uppermost hand of the parson's wife in all public places, which I long since have had in private; and faith the parson seems to like me on your account even as well as his own wife. He advises you to stay where you are and not return; for if you do says he (nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit) this is, no wise man would work in a sand pit. I would write longer, but the parson and I are going to dispute on a religious point. Adieu—Be as virtuous to me as I am to you. Read Joseph Andrews—there is an example of chastity in a man for you. I remain your tender, chaste, and loving wife.

JUDY O'DRISCOLL.

Infidelity counteracted by its own weapons.

At the time when infidelity was making enormous strides in Europe, one mode was adopted for its promulgation; short extracts from the writings of Voltaire and the rest of the literary banditti of his day were printed and disseminated amongst the lower order of the people. Religion was thus with incredible industry, exposed to popular scorn and contempt. Infidelity became fashionable in that mass of population, in which the physical strength of a kingdom resides.—This hint furnished by an abandoned set of philosophical atheists, was the occasion of all those tract societies now extending in every part of the Christian world. Religion fights infidelity with its own weapons—little indeed did those atheistical philosophers imagine, that they were by the very efforts they were making for the abolition of Christianity, contributing to the still further extension of the word of divine truth.

All this has been brought about in a few revolving years. There is scarce any occurrence that shews more forcibly than this, the superintending and controlling hand of a God. How many Christians trembled, when they beheld the promulgation of infidelity, little dreaming at the same time, that all this was preliminary to the triumphant advances of the standard of our Redeemer, in places where before was never heard the sound of the silver trumpet of salvation; another remarkable arising from the subject, is this, that the real Christian, when he beholds the advance of infidelity, has no occasion with such an example before his eyes to feel despondence. The darkness by which he is surrounded, may be only preparatory to the full blaze of gospel day; it may be the season when the morning star will begin to sparkle upon the shadows. The times and seasons are under the control of the same Almighty hand, that compelled the disciples of Voltaire to become involuntary agents for the promulgation of the Gospel.—Salt. Story. Libon.