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AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
If Paid in Advance.

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 23, 1835.

Or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents,  
After the expiration of 3 months.

## Poetic Recens

**SONG.**  
Give me old moon—let me hear  
The strains of days gone by—  
No day thy voice in kindly ear,  
In their tones on falling ear,  
I should wish to hear thee say,  
Shouldst thou a note reply  
The songs that filled me in the breast  
To sleep away the moon,  
Sing on—sing on—I love them best,  
Thou'lt waken me in the undimmed  
Of each fainting hour.  
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## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

#### THE COMET OF 1835.

The following new observations upon the Comet of Halley, the return of which is announced for the month of November next, are extracted from a little work, recently published, on that subject, by M. Pontécoulant, one of the most eminent French astronomers of the day. It will be seen by them how far the anticipations of the progress of the comet will be likely to be confirmed. M. Pontécoulant writes:

Of all the Comets at present known, the most remarkable for its importance in the history of astronomy, is unquestionably that called the Comet of Halley, which appears at intervals of 75 or 76 years. The last appearance of this comet was marked by some extraordinary circumstances, since these periods, it has successively lost its ascending character; its size has diminished; its light has become greatly enfeebled; and at its last appearance, it had nothing in its appearance to distinguish it from an ordinary comet. The Comet of Halley has been, for a long time, the only one of which the period of return was known. Our planetary system has received the addition, within a few years, of two new comets of the same species; but although they offer to the astronomer and geometer some subjects of interesting research, the short duration of their period, the very considerable space which they are, so to speak, enclosed, the slight perturbations which they excite, and which change but in a very trifling degree, the elements of the orbits, make them in all respects, as far as physical phenomena, nothing more or less than new planets. They do not, like the other comets, sweep round the known limits of our planetary system; they do not, after a near approach to the sun, retire to distances so vast as to enfeeble the imagination; in a word, they do not possess those characteristics of grandeur and regularity which attract us, in spite of ourselves, to every thing which appears to overleap the ordinary course of nature.

It is about the middle of November, 1835, that, according to every appearance, the passage of the comet through the point of its orbit nearest to the sun will take place. However, notwithstanding the certainty of the methods we have employed in our calculation, justifies the hope that the period of this passage cannot differ more than a few days, at the most, from that we have assigned to it, nothing positive in that respect can yet be affirmed; in fact, the great number of quantities which are necessarily neglected in this calculation—the corrections of which the planetary masses may still be susceptible—especially that of Uranus, which is but very imperfectly known—the resistance of a very rare medium which exercised an evident influence on the movement of the comet of 1810, and of which the effect must be diminished the greater axis of the orbits of comets, and of consequence, the period of their revolution—all these circumstances may so concur as to disappoint our predictions; and to retard or advance the time fixed for the return of the comet to its perihelion.

The comet, according to the plan of its route which we present, will be visible throughout Europe, from the end of August, or the beginning of September, that is to say, about two months before it reaches its perihelion. Its position will be very favorable for making it appear with its greatest brilliancy. It will put the zenith of Paris on the third of October; it may then be distinguished by the naked vision—and will appear like a star of the first magnitude, though with a light a little more dim than that of the planets, and surrounded with a pale nebulousity, which will impair its brilliancy. Toward the end of November, the comet will disappear, become invisible in the eyes of the sun, from which it will not emerge until about the end of December. It may then perhaps be again visible for some days; but as its distance from the sun will rapidly augment, it will soon be at such a point that we can no longer follow its track.

Such will be the physical appearance of the comet of 1750, at its approaching return; if nevertheless, the evaporation during the revolution it is just accomplishing, has not materially diminished the mass of matter which composes it—as has been remarked to have happened to other comets. We need not, then, expect, as we have already said, to see in 1835 one of those stars of horrible aspect,

as described on its first appearance (*horribilis aspectu*), and of a gigantic magnitude (*horrenda magnitudine*) which filled the world with consternation in the dark ages.

Thus, it appears, by this learned astronomer, instead of having a baleful comet with a tail reaching from pole to pole, that should eclipse the light of the moon, and speckle all the stars,

And from its horrid tail,  
Shall posterity and war?  
and all the dire train of earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanoes, &c., which Lieut. Morrison has promised by way of interludes, this terrible comet of 1835 is to be as modest and well behaved a comet as has ever yet visited us. We are sorely disappointed at this result of our philosopher, as we have no doubt not a few of our readers will be. But then, on the other hand, M. Pontécoulant gives us, in the sequel of his observations, considerable encouragement to expect, though not at a very early day, a downright encounter between our planet and some unlucky comet. Now—take our words for it, and we do not speak without full consideration—whenever that happens, the comet—be it the comet of Halley, or that of Encke, or any other of the tribe—gets the worst of it that day. But, to speak seriously, we know that we encounter the authority of no less than La Place himself, as well as M. Arago, and M. Pontécoulant, when we treat the idea as a ridiculous one. But let us ask, for a moment, what probability there is that any comet can come nearer such a catastrophe with regard to the earth, than that comet did with regard to the sun, which approached so near, that if it had kept on but on single half hour longer, at the rate it was travelling, it would have fallen into the body of that luminary? And yet when it had approached so near, the comet was either repelled by the similar electric state of the sun, or its further course resisted by the density of the medium which surrounded that body, even at that distance, and its direction consequently changed. But what ever may have been the cause, the fact seems to prove that all our speculations about such encounters of comets with planets are entirely chimerical. It is indeed too much to say that no changes can take place in our system by the advent of a comet. It is a plausible conjecture enough that our moon was once a body of that description, and by venturing too near our earth, is arrested near speed, thrown out of its proper orbit, and assumed the rank of a satellite to our planet. There is, however, another fact against this hypothesis, too well established by the observations upon a late comet, which actually *split*—to use the phrase the astronomers have applied to it—among the satellites of Jupiter, and was by that means delayed about thirty days in its passage through its perihelion. Now, if a comet that retarded by the attraction of so large a planet as Jupiter, and that retarded among its satellites, escaped after a slight delay and performed its revolution, we are led to the conclusion that there is some inherent quality in those bodies, which forbids the possibility of orbital contact or any very near approach to any other heavenly body whatever, in our planetary system. We shall not take time to speak so positively of what may happen among those fixed stars, as we call them, particularly those whose light has not yet had time to reach our globe in the space of its creation.

### From the United States Gazette.

#### THE TWO MOTHERS.

Sumner is a most delicious place, with its little red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower dressed hill, and shaded by the Laurels, which runs sportively through it, like a blue scarf on the neck of a beautiful girl. But alas! this new Eden, like all other cities, has its sad attributes, an execution—prison and a sub-prefect—a literary society and a lunatic hospital—yes, a hospital for lunatics. Ascend the Laurels by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clamber by a steep path—you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, on the flanks of which are placed small cabins, furnished with great bars of wood.

It is there, while you are occupied with admiring, with all the powers of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour to Angers, the green and fertile fields, the rapid and majestic current, which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape, suddenly the cries of rage, and the laughter of stolidity will burst forth behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain the happiness of the contemplation; but you will renounce it, because it cannot be enjoyed beside such an accumulation of misery.

Look at that young man who is walking almost naked—the young man whose limbs are blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose feet are torn by rough pebbles in his pathway. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.

As I was wandering one day, in the midst of all this wreck of humanity, behind me was walking a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt, like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We became strangely jaded with the excitement of a city.

I arrived, at the same moment with this lady, opposite a girl who had been led out of her cell into the court, and was fastened to the wall by an iron chain. Her large blue eye had so much sweetness, her pale face so many charms, and her long auburn hair fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with unexpected pain. She appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy, then, appeared that horrible iron chain which abraded her white delicate skin!

I asked the lay sister, who acted as a guide to me, what had befallen the girl, that she was treated so rigorously? She answered me, lowering her eyes and blushing, "it is Mary, a poor girl from the city, who has loved too deeply. The fiend who tempted, abandoned her, and after two years, the child of her shame died. This last loss deprived her of reason, she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden dangerous excesses of derangement, she is chained."

The good sister bowed, as if ashamed of referring to such a subject.

I stood lost in reflection upon the imitation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when, suddenly, I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child which the young lady held by the hand, press it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and springing towards the miserable inmate, who drove her back with shocking brutality.

"It is my fate," cried Mary—"it is as she indeed—God has restored her to me—oh, how good is God!"—and she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize his child by force, but the lay sister prevented him, and besought him to let Mary have her own way.

"It is not your daughter," said she kindly to Mary—"she does not resemble you in the least."

"Not my daughter?"—good heavens, look—look—sister Martha—look at her mouth, her eyes—it is the very likeness of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty—how very pretty—she is my dear sweet daughter!"—and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse to still its cries.

It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the inmate, and wept or smiled as Mary advanced towards, or retired from, sister Martha.

"Lead your daughter to me a moment, Mary, that I may see her," says the good sister.

"Lead her to you? Oh, no, indeed, the first time the priest told me also that I should lead her for a little while to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone six months. I will not lead her again—no, no, I would rather kill her and keep her body!"—and she held up the child as if she would dash its head against the wall.

The mother, pale and inanimate, all helpless upon her knees, and with latter side, supplicated the inmate to give her back her child, and not to do it harm—Mary gave no heed to her, she was holding the infant, with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half-distracted, had gone to seek the director of the institution.

It would have been difficult then, to see which was the really crazy one—the mother, who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who, with wild laughter, was presenting to the child her shrouded breasts.

I was resolved not to employ force, but to allow Mary to retire into her cell, and when she was sleep to take away the child.

Once in her cell, Mary hid the child at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattress, and disposed the clothes into the form of a cradle—while the real mother, with her face pressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place, with laggard and streaming eyes, every motion of the inmate.

Mary carefully disposed the child in its new made bed, lashed it, and sang little nursery songs, with a wild and infant voice, and then fell fast asleep beside the infant.

The nurse immediately entered the cell, on tip-toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious bambino. The cry of the mother awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child—she ran to the gratings and shook it with a powerful arm—she saw the child born from her; she uttered a wild desecrating cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor—she was dead—twice was too much.

### From the Recollections of a Housekeeper.

A STRUGGLE FOR POWER  
He reproached, by glancing with his eye—  
And she rebuffs her self reproach—a sigh  
That's all—'tis that's enough for man and wife,  
Did you expect an end of strife?  
Why need you strive to make error smart,  
When looks and signs as deeply touch the heart?  
I must not omit to introduce at this period a department of my establishment which, though humble in itself, wrought important effects on my after happiness.

I engaged with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honour of the damsel who was changed to Grizelin in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favor of cats and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after the marriage I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of this dog, and praise the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed, that on his occasional visits (for the office was his head-quarters), Fairy's sleek rose indignantly, and I felt mine disposed to mount too. At length, Growler finding the house so comfortable, came home at night with his master, and darning had his unwieldy form on the centre of the hearth-rug, while Fairy, routed from her luxurious station, stood upon her dignity, hissing and spitting in one corner.

Growler ate us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors, we had better live in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out of doors. The animal, knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet, would sneak in with a coward look, his tail between his legs, but invariably succeeded in encroaching himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendancy over the mind that most comical discord proceeds. We dwell on some little peculiarity in manner or taste, opposed to our own, and put the rough string of domestic happiness until, one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on in this foolish ignominy in unhappiness, and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not, when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck with a sudden sense of my duty, as I met the words "and the wife see that she revere her husband."

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moments when our will conflicts with his to whom God and society have given the control. Reverence his wishes, even when you do not his opinions. Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly concede, without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence that sways over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So surely as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self-examination, you are on danger ground, a fountain will spring up on your household hearth of bitter and troubled waters.

When that contention came over me, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed to God for a gentler, submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left my chamber calm and happy. Edward was reading, and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly, and putting the dog's head, said, "So, Growler, helping your master to read?" Edward looked at me inquiringly. "I am sure my whole expression of face was changed, he drew me to him in silence, and gave me a look of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I might wince a little at his morals on my next house-keeping, I never gave the dog an angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable, although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bull-dog, Terror. Camp, who could perceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would get up and retire into the darkest part of the room with an air of distress. But, if you said "The baker was not hurt after all," Camp came forth from his hiding-place, cowered, barked, and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of those properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him, and rested his fore-paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's signification and the child's courage.

Sometimes Fred was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth; as the boy advanced in strength, he was seated on the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made, particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to me that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly, and putting the knot between the dog's teeth, sent her across the room by me. No mother ever carried a child more skillfully. Of course all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down to sleep by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter in his rough hair, and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat like a flower on a rock.

Edward and I and Frederick rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our woman in the kitchen wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha to Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so far and so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own little lullaby. As we entered the Square we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible, but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlour shutters. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry, and Edward said, "a common fire light could not produce such an effect."—He charged his horse—we reached the house—I sprang from the sleigh to the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and there we remained agony "fire!"

In vain Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door, that horrible light still gleaming on us. We flew to the side-door, and I then recollect that a window was usually left open in that quarter, in a room which communicated with the parlour, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The

window was open, and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl.—We mounted the logs, and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, heavens! what we saw our emotions, as we saw Growler, with his fore-paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her right breast between his teeth, ready to spring at the first extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his accustomed gambols! With a little effort Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and growled at his feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror.—She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window-curtain. The moment a blaze appeared she endeavored to extinguish it, but, "said she," the flames ran like wild fire, and when I found I could do nothing I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to go out by the back door; after that I recollect nothing.

With prodigious efforts the house was saved, though with a great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us! We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbor, our little cherub was clasped in our arms, and smiles and tears—and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering dream, lay sleeping at our feet.

### From the New York Advertiser.

We take from the Report of the trial of Matthias, as published in the *Corner and Enquirer*, the following testimony of one of his deluded victims. It could scarcely have been believed, that in the age of the world, such fanaticism as is here exhibited, should have operated upon the mind of a virtuous, well educated, and sensible woman.

#### TRIAL OF MATTHIAS.

Mrs. Ann Folger.—I was the wife of Benjamin H. Folger. In July, and August, of last summer I lived in New York and Sing Sing. I arrived at the latter place on the Saturday previous to Mr. Pierson's sickness, he was taken ill on Tuesday. Matthias, Mr. Pierson, Isabella, the black servant, Mr. Folger, Catharine Galaway, Lewis Bassel, the coachman, a hired Dutchman, who could not speak English, Miss Pierson, two sons of Matthias, James and John, a daughter of Mrs. Galaway, two children of my own, the eldest 11 years of age, the youngest 6, and myself, were all there at that time. I first heard of him and received his directions through Mr. Pierson, who was a confirmed believer in them as ever was. I also became a believer in his doctrines, and became established and confirmed in them, but was more disposed to doubt than Mr. Pierson or myself. And so far as I could judge, Catharine Galaway believed in them and acted as a believer. Towards his believers, he stood in the doctrinal relation of a father—he was our father. We considered him as God the Father, possessing the Holy Ghost, and the power of bestowing it on others, the power also, of executing wrath on whom he would. We regarded him as the last trumpet, answering to all the angels of wrath spoken of in the Revelations; that is the executing angels. We indeed thought he did cast evil spirits out of us.—We were to obey all his commands, and we showed our obedience to him in all things. We looked to him for directions how to act, and he would tell us the Spirit would direct us, which we considered he had a right to command. He had the command of all things in the house. I would sometimes go to him to direct us, and he sometimes had occasion to reprimand us, and tell us we had not his spirit, but a spirit which did not please him, which he would cast out. He would sometimes be very violent in his manner, of which we had a small specimen yesterday in court. His anger would last a long time, and become very tedious, and he would curse us awfully, and threaten us, until we considered ourselves lost creatures unless he saved us. Our obedience to him in all the temporal affairs of the house, and he told us we stood responsible to him for every thing. He claimed the house in which he lived, and he always called it "my house."

Q. Do you know of any difficulty between him and Mr. Pierson, shortly before his death? A. Yes, sir, the ill will commenced when Matthias went away from Sing Sing to New York. Shortly before Mr. Pierson's death I heard them conversing, and know that he censured him for some things—some mismanagement in tilling the ground. He claimed the first fruits of every thing—the first of the field and of the garden—and he would not use them until he came back, if he went from home.—He claimed the first of every thing on the table—the chickens and every thing. There was a coach and span of horses exclusively his. I remember the circumstance mentioned by Mr. Bishop, this morning, about Mr. Pierson and Matthias going out with horses.

They let their horses drink at the brook, and Mr. Pierson's horse wanted to lie down, and did so, but Mr. Pierson escaped, from a dry piece of land which was in the middle of the brook. Mr. Pierson died between 1 and 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 6th of August. On Monday afternoon, one week before his death, Matthias went into the fields with his youngest son to pick blackberries, and brought some home, which were prepared for supper by Isabella. He took supper that night by candle-light. Matthias was there about an hour previous, Mr. Pierson, Matthias, myself, and Catharine, were at supper together. The reason why supper was so late, was because it was hay time, and we waited for Mr. Pierson to come in.

Matthias helped Mr. Pierson to some blackberries, a small butter or tea plate full. Catharine had some also; but I eat only two berries.—Matthias eat none. He had been preaching at the table some time, and I said—"Father, you have eaten no blackberries," and I then discovered there was no plate before him, although one was a little on one side. I said—"Father, you have no plate," and he said, "The Father is not honored here, though his sons were, and the daughters would dress themselves, and therefore he had lost his (Matthias).