EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

From the U. S. Gazette.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping:
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow weeping.

Years passed—I saw a *mother* with her child;
And o'er it languish:
Years brought me back—yet through her tears she smiled,
In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished—I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying,
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet, oh never!
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever H. S. G.

THE CASTLE OF NEIDPATH.

Oh, lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity;
Can lend an hour of cheering.

The sides of the deep and narrow glen in which Neidpath castle stands were formerly covered with wood; and the broken outline of the ridges which hemmed it from the wood, showed as gloomily against the sky, as the ramparts of a prison. Even in our own time, when fields of corn are seen waving in places where the black fir and haunted rowan keep sentry, and when flocks of sheep pasture in safety on the heretofore domains of the hill fox and the raven, there still lingers around the scene an air of sternness and almost menace.

The massive walls of the castle rise, in the form of a single square tower, from a promontory of rock which overhangs the Tweed; and although abandoned many years ago to ruin and desolation, they still withstand proudly the ravages of time. Birds build, indeed, in the cavities of the roof, and the winds howls thro' the remains of the out-houses; the court yard is fast disappearing; and the stately avenue, with its orchards on one side, and the terrace garden on the other, is already gone; but the walls of the tower itself, eleven feet in thickness, remain a lasting monument of the military architecture of Scotland in the middle ages.

About the close of the seventeenth century or beginning of the eighteenth century, the castle was in the possession of the Earl of March, one of the Queensbury family. This nobleman, who inherited no small portion of the pride and rapacity of the first duke, was but little liked in the country-side, and rarely visited the mansion in the neighboring town of Peebles. He lived at Neidpath in a state of almost total seclusion, with little other society (his wife being dead) than that of his two daughters; and one of these, the elder and the favorite, being in a delicate state of health, it may be supposed that the outward gloom of the castle was not much amended by cheerfulness within.

The age of the lady Alice had reached the last of the silver-sounding numerals. Her years of romance, therefore, were well nigh over—and she awaited the pronouncing of the abrupt and prosaic word "twenty," to close, as with a spell, the enchanted series. In the meantime, there was some fears that, short as the intervals was, she might not live so long. By few her illness was called consumption, by her sister, it was pronounced to be a love melancholy.

The former of these opinions appeared to have most reason. Her complexion, always pale, was now abundantly colorless; and had it not been for the exquisitive beauty and delicacy of the features, her face must have conveyed some idea of the ghastly. As it was, she resembled a stature of that almost transparent marble of Paros, by means of which the ancient sculptors were enabled to embody the goddess-women of their dreams. Her voice was weak and broken, her step languid, and her breathing quick. Her appetite was gone; her eyes became suffused with tears at the slightest reproach from those she loved; and a sudden step, or an abrupt question, no matter how indifferent a subject, made the forbidden blood leap to her face.

At the same time, if consumption was the proximate cause of these symptons, there is no doubt that her health was fast undermined by disappointed love. Some people smile when this is talked of, as if it were a disease—they forget that the case is the same with all other passions. There have been instances of men dying even of fear—no every day tenant of the manly breast—and why should not a woman die of love?

The maternal ancestors of the lady Alice were not natives of the vale of Tweed. She was one of an old border race, who still kept their footing on the 'wild and willowed shore' of the Tevoit; and till lately she had been accustomed to go more than once in the year to visit her family. On these occasions she had usually found her path beset, as she passed through Ettrick forest, by young Scott, the son of the laird of Tushielaw; and Alice, while yet a wee lassie; was wont to clap her hands, and scream with delight, as she caught the first glimpse of the high-spirited, frank hearted boy, urging his steed, down the pass to meet her. He was either a kinsman of her house, or some hereditary alliance had subsisted between the two families; and at an early age the descendant of the border king condescended to fix upon this Tweeddale damsel for his future wife.

As Alice grew older she left off clapping her hands at the sight of young Tushielew.—The pace of her palfry was slower; she started and flushed, as a wild bird would burst out of the foliage by her side; and her eyes wandered timidly around as if she dreaded the approach of an enemy.—When at length they met, her air was shy and embarrassed. She looked little, spoke less, and ever and anon turned away her head to pluck a blossom from a bough that overhung her path. Her hesitating words, notwithstanding, were even softert han usual; her cast-down eyes swam in a bashful joy; and her averted cheek glowed with that rich and genial warmth which was the only appliance of beauty she did not naturally possess.

In another year these symptoms passed away in turn.—She no longer checked the spirit of her palfrey, but, as if impatient at his slowness, seemed ready herself to bound out of the saddle. Her face glowed with beauty her eyes shone with sparkling light; her very frame seemed to dilate, her muscles to expand, and her whole being to swell, as it were, with an excess of spiritual life. The looks of the youthful pair now met in mutual confidence.—They were lovers. But they were not the lovers of the drawing room, or the library or the lawn. They galloped, side by side, through the forest trees; their warm checks were tanned by the breezes of the mountain; and the first faithful whisper of young Scott sunk into the ear of Alice, by the side of a nameless burn, where the eagle stopped to drink on his way to the highlands of Ettrick Kirk, or St. Mary's Loch.

Tradition delights to record the appearance of the faithful pair at this time. If its tales, are to be believed, they were perfect models of beauty according to sex. The preference, however, seems to liven, by the taste of the narrators, to Scott; whose tall and robust person together with his proud bearing, and the flash of a dark and lustrous eye, perhaps connected him in their imagination, with his ancestor, the famous king of the borders, who was executed by James V. Alice, on the other hand, was the perfect essence and extract of womanhood. Firm without energy, a coward in action, yet a heroine in endurance, she seemed to be one who, if overtaken by a tempest on some journey of love or honor, would sat down by the wayside, and wait, and bear, and die—without the courage to go on, without the baseness to turn back. They both, in some respects, carried the peculiarities of sex to a pitch of extravagance; he being stronger in manly pride than became a man, and she softer in woman's weakness than became a woman.

It is not known on what occasion the Earl of March thought himself called-upon to interfere; or what were the circumstances which suggested to the lovers that the laird of Tushielew was no longer king of the borders, and that the lady Alice was the daughter of the heir of Queensbury. The eyes of all parties were perhaps gradually opened; difficulties may have grown up insensibly in the intercourse of the young pair, doubts and jealousies may have insinuated themselves into the heart of Scott; his love may have been hurt, his pride-alarmed:—but all this is only conjecture. We only know that the lady Alice was at length confined to the garden of Neidpath, and that, after a scene of confusion, and almost strife, in the family of Tushielew, young Scott, after the manner of his country, buckled on his sword with a bursting heart, and went abroad.

From that day the lilly of the vale of Tweed began to wither. There were no prayers, no shrieks, no hysterics. Her father, she was well aware, in the midst of all his severity, loved her to absolute idolatry. He reasoned with her calmly, yet anxiously, and explained the relative stations, and duties of the different grades of society. Alice listened without replying; for although the wisdom of a man of the world is foolishness to a young and sensitive heart, she knew that reply would be useless. She retired to her chamber to try to tranquilize her bosom and steady her brain; she wandered into the garden, trimmed her plants as usual, and watering her flowers, she sat down to reading, or drawing, or embroidering, with her sister; but all this was soon, though gradually, at an end.

Walking began to fatigue her, and she kept within doors; at drawing or needle work, her eyes wandered, and these were laid aside; reading perplexed without amusing her, for she forgot the connection of the sentences, and the book was closed. Her form lost its roundness; her cheek grew paler and paler; the bones of her taper fingers were seen beneath the white smooth skin that covered them. Her eye, however, was still bright, and the hue which any sudden emotion cast into her cheek was beautiful beyond expression. Her face, besides, when her father was present, was lighted up with a smile, at first constrained, then habitual.—It was wan, indeed, both sad and wan—still it was a smile.

"She will forget him," said the Earl; "she begins to smile already?"

Then a cough supervened; she could not sleep at night for coughing. She had caught cold! and the doctors must be consulted. The doctors did all that doctors can, and when they could do no more, they recommended change of air—mineral water—amusement.—And so the patient was carried into other provinces, and drank ill-tasted water, and smiled wanly to show that she was amused; and then she came back to Neidpath, and grew worse, and worse, and worse.

"What do you think of this?" said the Earl to his younger daughter, in growing alarm.

"What I did at first, father," replied she—"That she has *not* forgotten him, nor never

"It is hard," mused the heir of Queensbury when alone—"very hard! she who might have matched into the first family of the land, must marry young Scott of Tushielew, or die! Yes—I will try one other physician and one more month. Poor lassie!—there she comes, leaning on her sister's arm—how thin, and wan, and wasted! Not a day beyond the month—not an hour by all that is holy!"

As Alice passed through the room, she turned round, seeing her father, and smiled. The Earl was more struck with the peculiarity of her expression than he had ever been before and he made a hasty step forward in alarm, and fruitless compunction. The sudden motion sent the blood into the poor girl's face; but, retreating instantaneously, the light of beauty was gone, leaving nothing behind on the same features, but a beauty resembling that of death, and the late, lasting, heavenly smile of a daughter's love!

The earl hid his face with one hand, while he extended the other towards her.

"Alice!" said he, in a broken and husky voice. She left her sister's arm, stepped quickly up to him, and kissed his hand. He took hold of both her's and looked long and wildly in her face; scanning, one by one, the withered features—the hollow cheek—the sunken eye—the bloodless lip. He then drew her close to his bosom, leant his head upon her shoulder, and, after a short but fierce struggle with the sobs that convulsed him, wept aloud.

"My Alice," said he, when he was able to speak, "will you try to live?"

"Indeed, indeed I will," she replied; "I will do any thing I can, dear father, so that you are not vexed with me."

"And I will do what I can to make it no hardship for you to live!"—But the strange stare which she fixed on his face at these words, made him apprehend that he was too sudden. She grew paler than ever, and appeared to be about to faint; but when he had set her gently down in a chair, a reaction took place, and the banished blood rushed back into her face, neck, bosom, lending a crimson shade even to her sparkling eye.—For some moments she looked better and more beautiful than ever;—and her father continued impatiently—

"I set out this very day—this very hour—for Tushielew; young Scott shall be recalled; your early vows, imprudent as they were, shall be fulfilled; and we shall all be happy yet—if you will only promise to live! Promise that, my darling! promise, image of your mother! promise my own Alice! promise my beautiful love!" and the father sunk on his knees before his daughter.

"I do! I do!" she almost screamed. "Rise my father! I will pray to God that I may live, and he will hear me! I think—I know—I feel—I am sure that I shall live!"—The earl kissed her forehead, and before Alice had time to arrange her fluttered thoughts, was far up the glen on his way to Ettrick Forest.

The young lady, as tradition bears, did really amend in health. She was more cheerful; her nerves grew stronger; even the violence of her cough diminished; and as her sleep became sounder, her dreams became more agreeable. As the day of her lover's return, however, approached, she seemed so restless that her sister dreaded fever, even from so natural a cause. At every unaccustomed sound, however slight or distant, she started, and either crimsoned the eyes, or grew deadly pale. Her eyes at length acquired an uninterrupted brilliance, and her cheek wore a hue of beauty too bright to be in keeping with her general health. Nevertheless, she was certainly better. Care, and rest, and the presence of her beloved, and the tranquilty of mind which would ensue, when fear and hope resolved into certainty—these, with the blessing of Heaven, would in all probability redeem her young life from the grave.

At length the day came, the morning of the day when young Scott was expected to pass through the town of Peeples, on his way to Neidpath. Alice was up with the dawn. Her eyes were dazzling bright, but she was even paler than usual, not having slept the whole night:—and this gave so wild and unnatural a look to her marble like, face that her sister almost dreaded the approaching interview. She herself, however, had no fear, but that her lover would not come, or that having come, aisgusted by the traces of sickness, he would see in her no more the Alice of his love. One while she would braid her hair before the mirror, and arrange and re-arrange her dress—then, struck by a sudden thought, she would pause in consternation, the flowers and jewels would drop from her hand; and, with a feeble moan, she would sink back into her chair.

Inaction, however, seemed worse to her than any thing. Her restless eye never remained fixed on objects for more than an instant; she found a thousand things to do, and continued flitting about, like a spirit, from place to place. It seemed marvellous how the excitement within could keep up so long the energies of her wasted frame; but instead of fainting from weariness, her restlessness increased as the day wore on. She at length declared suddenly that she would go to Peebles to meet him; and her sister, catching with eagerness at the girlish whim; for the sake of the short ride, and the effect it might have in amusing the thoughts of the invalid, ordered the carriage at once.

When at length arrived at the castellated mansion of the earl of March, in the high street of Peebles, the two sisters took their stand in a balcony which commanded a considerable extent of view along this street.

Alice, fatigued with her short journey, leaned upon the rails fixing her eyes upon the distance; but gradually the intensity of her look diminished, and she remained so long silent and motionless that her sister, thought she had fallen into that kind of stupor which frequently succeeds the excitement of a fever. She endeavored to draw her back into the room; but the invalid resisted. Her eyes gradually kindled again, till they seemed to emit sparks of light; she threw back her hair impatiently from her ears; and bending far over the balcony, seemed to gaze with her whole soul.

"He comes! he comes!" she cried at length—"Hush! hark!" her sister listened, but hearing nothing, entreated her to return into the room.

"I will not go—it is his gallop! I would know it amidst an army of horse!"

"You are deceived, dear Alice; it is the illusion of fever."

"Silence, girl! It is you who are mad—Hush! hark!—There! Do you not hear?" and her sister did actually hear the distant tramp of horses, which before had been cognizable only to the ear of love.

"I knew it! It is he himself!"

"They are not yet in sight," said her sister, straining her eyes with all her might.

"It is he, I tell you, and he rides his own gallant grey!" Tears gushed from her eyes and her frame trembled with emotion.

"There! now he nears us. See the fire flashing from his horse's heels! But now he slackens his pace, as he gets into the throng of the town. He comes! he is here! Hold me up sister!"

Young Scott passed steadily forward. His heart was in Neidpath castle; and his eye only rested casually upon the elder of the ladies in the balcony. Perhaps some secret sympathy, or unformed recollection, gave more of interest to that momentary glance than was due to a stranger. His heart, however, his thoughts, his longings, his whole soul—all was in Neidpath castle. Wan and wasted as she was, he did not—could not recognize her. He turned away his head, without having slacked his pace. He passed on

At this sight, a shriek of surprise and terror broke from the sister's lips. For an instant she dared not look at the effect it had produced upon Alice: but at length, in turning down her eyes, she saw that this was precisly what might have been expected. The single thread which had bound her to the work had snapped. The young girl was dead!

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

Mrs. Ann Folger.—I am 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 Gallaway, Lewis Basil the coachman, a hired Duchman, who could not speak English, Miss Pierson, two sons of Matthias, James and John, a daughter of Mrs Gallaway, two children of my own, the eldest 11 years of age, the youngest six, and myself, were all there at that time. I first heard of him and received his doctrines through Mr. Pierson, who was a confirmed believer in them as ever was. I also became a believer in his doctrines & became established and firm in them. My husband also became a believer in them but was more disposed to doubt than Mr. Pierson or myself. And so far as I could judge, Catharine Gallaway believed in them, and acted as a believer. Towards his believers he stood in the doctrinal relations of a father—he was our father. We consider him as God the Father possessing the Holy Ghost, and the power of bestowing 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 cast evil spirits out of us. We were to obey all his commands, and we showed our obedience to him in all things for directions how to act, and he would tell us the spirit would 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. He told us he would save us, but we must get rid of the evil spirits within us, and if we asked for better spirits and deliverance from him he would give them to us. Our obedience extended to 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 we 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 fruits of the fields and of the garden—and we 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 a span of horses exclusively his. I remember the circumstance mentioned by Mr. Bishop this morning, about Mr. Pierson and Mathias going out together with horses.

They let their horses drink at the brook; and Mr. Pierson's horse wanted to lie down, and did so; but Mr. P. escaped getting wet 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 August. On Monday afternoon, one week before his death, Mathias 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 haying time, and we waited for Mr. Pierson to come in.

Matthias helped Mr. P. to some blackberries, a small butter or tea plate full. Mr. P. eat these and had another 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." I then discovered here was no plate before him, although one twas a little on one side. I said:—"Father you have no plate," and he said.—"The Father is not honoured here, though his sons were, and the daughters would dress themselves, and therefore he had lost his (Matthias's) blessing, and the enjoyment of eating blackberries." He preached on this subject until 12 o'clock or after. He told Mr. Pierson that he would be the subject of censure that night, inasmuch as Mr. P. had two plates of blackberries whilst he had none, and that it was to be considered a great favor that he picked them himself. But no blackberies were eaten but what he helped us to, as he always did the bread and butter and every thing on the table. He said they were Judases who dipped in the dish with him. There was nothing unusual next morning, and Mr. P. went into the fields. At four o'clock, P. M. on Tuesday he came back and went into the barn. My son Edward came to me and said Mr. Pierson was in a fit, and I sent for Matthias, for we did not dare to touch him without being exposed to censure; for he said by touching him we injured his spirit. Mr. Pierson was subject to fits, and Matthias used to command him to get up and walk before the fit was broken. When in fits he was sometimes laid on a couch in the parlour, and Matthias would go in and command him to arise, and Mr. P. manifested great pleasure when the spirit obeyed him. Mr. Pierson lay on the hay in the barn on this occasion. until Matthias and the man named Anthony took him up and walked him between them till they came to the kitchen steps, where he fell down. He soon recovered from the fall, and sat up strait, but did not recover as on former times. It was usual after his fits to give him coffee, and it was so that evening, and Matthias helped him and put a piece of bread in his mouth, but he did not eat it. Matthias then walked him adout the hall and piazza, and would stop and talk to him. I went to them and found he was not recovered so as to speak, and I told Mathias, that I thought he was very ill. He had a strong fit shortly afterwards in the chair, so as to cause it to crack, and I called Isabella. After that, he had another fit, in the chamber in the south wing. I asked Matthias for permission to wash his (Mr. P's) head; and I did so. When I spok to him, he would say "Ann, Ann, Ann," repeatedly. He was put to bed, and in half an hour began to vomit, and purge, and the fits continued all night.

He was put to bed at 9 o'clock, and Matthias between 10 and 11, went into his room and complained that Mr. P's vomiting made him sick, and that his breath smelled bad. I believe nothing was done for him.—There was a new sheet on the bed, which, in the morning, was found torn in four pieces. He was very helpless and was changed four times in the night. No physician was called to him, and he had no medical aid until he died. Q. Why not? A. Why, sir, we believed that all sickness were so many spirits, which Matthias alone could cast out; for this was his doctrine. On Wednesday, Mr. P. said he had a trying night. At my suggestion I made him some coffee but he threw it up, and took nothing else.

He remained all that day in bed. Matthias was preaching during the greater part of the morning to a pedlar at the front door and during the rest of the day he was with Mr. P. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Mr. P. was up, but was taken at table several times in a fit, and carried into another room.—Matthias said it was a bad spirit which was not subdued. He did not get up all day Sunday—and Matthias continued preaching nearly the whole day in the parlor, and told the servant to shut the door to keep out the noise of Mr. Pierson's fits. He did not go near him to help him, for he would help no one, unless requested to do so. Mr. Pierson was left the whole night without a candle. He was sensible on Sunday night. I was down in the kitchen on Saturday night, and Miss Pierson told me her father wanted Isabella to wash his feet—and that he had something to say to her. Isabella who was then baking at the oven, objected, saying, she was afraid the father would censure. She afterwards, however, did go up, and shortly afterwards, when I went up and passed the door, I saw Matthias, and Isabella come out of Mr. Pierson's room, and then stand talking in the hall, at the top of the stairs for half an hour or three quarteres. He made a motion for me to leave the hall, which I did. I came again and found them conversing in a low tone. I then asked what he wished me to do, and he said take the candle away, which I did. On Monday Mr. P. was much worse, and his daughter was rubbing him—Matthias was then bringing him in his breakfast. I stayed with Mr. P. sometime, and he wished me to give him an enema, (injection) and asked me if I would not; I told him yes, and would do a hundred other things for him, if our Father would permit. The enema was not administered, and I heard no more about it. At supper time on Monday, I heard a noise as if he had fallen out of bed—Catharine Gallaway, myself, and I think Elizabeth, were seated at the table. Catharine being the quickest, started up and got a little before me, and Matthias told me she was always foremost without orders, and she came back and seated herself again.—Some time afterwards, Matthias and I went up, and saw Mr. Pierson lying on the floor, with his feet towards the door. I wished for permission to call Isabella to help him up, but, Matthias said no, let him lie, I am watching his spirit. I then walked out into the court yard for air, when I returned I found Matthias sitting at the centre table, reading, with the door open. I asked if Isabella should not make Mr. P. a bed on the floor, and Matthias said "no." So Mr. P. lay on his back and nothing more was done for him all night, nor until Tuesday, when he got a warm bath. On Tuesday Mrs. Drach came there between 11 and 12 o'clock, and wished to see him. I told her she should if the Father permitted. I asked him, but he took no notice, and continued preaching to us. After supper, I went into Mr. Person's room, and although senseless, he was alive. Whilst in this state, Isabella slapped him on the right cheek and told him to get out of his "hellish sleep." I afterwards asked Matthias if I should lay Mr. P. on the floor, and he at length consented. We put the bed on the floor, and Pierson on it—this was on Monday night. On Tuesday morning I saw Pierson still lying on the bed, stiff in his limbs and arms; this stiffness commenced on Sabbath—his head was inclined to the right—his arm remained in a projected position, unsupported by any thing,—he was insensible during that day. I went to him a number of times, to keep the flies out of his mouth, which remained open. Elizabeth, his daughter, was in the room some times; on that day there was nothing done to him, till towards evening he had a warm bath.—Mrs. Drach came up that day between 11 and 12; she was an acquaintance of Mr. P.; Matthias received her, no one was ever allowed to receive any one but him; she wished to see Mr. P. one of us informed her of Mr. P's condition: we were all in the parlour next to the wing; Matthias told her she should see him; she remained till dinner, when she expressed a wish to see him again, when I said I would do just as father (M.) said; Matthias and she were sitting in the parlour. I then asked his permission early in the afternoon; he made no answer, but kept on preaching without taking any notice of what I said; after supper Mr. P. had a warm bath, which was prepared by Isabella and Catherine; he was at that time insensible; Matthias was not in the room; by this time he had another fit: Isabella then slapped him on the face and told him to come out of his *hellish sleep*; he was then put on a bed on the floor; the slap was hard on the right cheek; he was insensible at this time; I then went out to Matthias, who was sitting with Mrs. Drach in the parlour till he went to bed; Mrs. Drach did not see Pierson, who was lying on the bed all this time; he made a noise constantly on this evening (Tuesday) and had also made a noise the night previous; I think the noise arose from the obstruction of the throat and a dryness of the stomach, as he had no water; Isabella was told by Matthias to bring in some water, which she did in an iron bowl.

He told Isabella to hold a sheet on each side of his mouth while he gave P. the water—he had laid all day with his mouth open. As Mathias poured the water into Pierson's mouth he made a distressing noise—the pitcher was held a good distance from his mouth Pierson was lying down on the bed on the floor; Matthias stood up pouring the water down his throat. I walked away from the sound of the noise—the family retired and Pierson was left alone.

I laid myself down about 1 or 2 o'clock, the noise ceased.—Matthias went out of his room, and looked at him—he then came out and said to me he is dead!

From the New York Star.

TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL OF MATTHIAS.

The monster Matthias, for such he deserves to be called whether sane or insane, has after the most extraordinary developement of unfeeling brutality toward Pierson the victim of his fanaticism, been acquitted of murder, by poison, for want of sufficient evidence. But who after reading the facts proved, can rise from the trial without a thorough conviction that his death was at least accelerated by the most savage neglect on the part of Matthias, who left him to starve and perish almost alone in the chamber, without the slightest attendance or nursing which can be called such, and without food or even water to drink! When Matthias did consent to give him water—for nothing was ever done either on the farm or in the house, not even a mouthful of victuals taken by any of the fraternity in the family, without his permission—he poured it, as he would upon a dog, into the gasping mouth of the dying man, then struggling on the floor, almost naked, and in the last agonies of his disease! This and the fatuity, the voluntary debasement of the personages of the family, chiefly females, subjecting themselves by a system of abject menial obedience to the will of this imposter, will forever form a theme for reflection, as astounding and incomprehensible as it is degrading and revolting to human nature. That a family of *nine respectable persons*, one it is true a black woman and several of them children, in the possession of the comforts and elegancies of life, with their country seat, coachmen, carriage, &c. should have been found to exist in this free and enlightened community, secluding themselves from the rest of the world for the purpose of devoting themselves, and services, and property, to an ignorant and ferocious impostor, who had insinuated himself so far into their confidence as to palm himself off upon them, in the language of Mrs. Folger, as "God the Father, possessing the Holy Ghost," and type of the last trumpet of the angels in the revelation," that they should have abandoned themselves to the most unlimited credulity in the truth of these profane declarations, and believed him to be what he professed, will forever be a black and damning spot on the alleged refinement and civilization of the age.

FROM THE BALTIMORE CHRONICLE.

ISAAC STARR CLASON, who terminated his existence in London under circumstances so painfully afflicting, was endowed with some of the fairest attributes of genius. Although his course of life was desultory and heedless of application, yet his mind, rapid in its perceptions, was stored with many and various accomplishments in literature and science. The powers of his imagination were bright and exuberant. He could summon forth at his bidding all the graces that enliven and decorate thought. His compositions, both in poetry and prose, though generally the hurried offsprings of some momentary impulse, were richly endued with tenderness and power. They proved that it required him but to persevere, and he might have stricken the lyre of the poet with the hand of a master.

In estimating the productions and the personations of the drama, Mr. Clason was perhaps unrivalled. In the works of the great dramatick bards he was deeply versed. He had scanned with searching eye the springs of those frailties and of those passions which operate upon man in every condition of life and in every stage of society. To his dramatick criticisms, he brought a mind thus richly fraught, and he illumined his principles with beautiful and effective illustrations.

The life of this gifted man was brief and unhappy. In some respects it might have been devious from those moral laws, which prescribe their restraints alike upon the haughty and the humble in intellect. He may have erred, but let him not be too harshly adjudged—in a temperament so fervid as his, who can measure the strength of his temptations? Spurred on by a crowd of passions, and uncurbed by reason, if there be any whom, in his wayward and fleeting career, he may have injured, let them now forgive him, for they have been dearly avenged. With his fine faculties benumbed by want—with the aching of exhausted nature unsoothed by one gentle hand—with his dying brow sheltered beneath a reluctant and forbidden roof—he perished in the pride of manhood, a suicide in a far, a foreign, and a friendless land. X.

Mollymawks.—There are in the Artic seas a kind of gull, called Mollymawks, which annoy the whalemen very much while they are taking the blubber from the whales, by attempting to steal it. By way of amusement, the jolly tars sometimes tie two little pieces of blubber to the ends of a string, and throw them into the water. Two birds will presently swallow them, and then rise in the air, pulling and hauling at each end of the line, to get the bait out of each other's throats. Sometimes they will fight in this way half an hour, each of them swallowing his end of the string twenty times only to have it pulled up again.—*Boston Post.*

Rare Flower.—Perhaps few of our readers are aware of the effect which may be produced on fruits and flowers by what is commonly called budding, or inoculating the the limbs of trees. We yesterday saw a flower, from the garden of a gentleman in this county (who has made many experiments of this kind,) combining the qualities of rose and peach blossom.—The stem and leaf were of the peach, except that the latter was slightly serrated, similar to the rose leaf.—The leaves of the flower were of the color of the peach and taste of the rose; the farina resembled that of the peach. The flower was about four times the size of the peach blossom.—*Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer.*

The race between Hardhart and Pelham was won by the former on the Natchez course, with great ease Bet, $5000.—*Louisville Journal.*

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