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AGENTS.

Col. R. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.
Chas. W. Harris, Mill Grove, N. C.
R. W. Allison, Concord, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JULY, 1839.	Sun rises sets.	MOON'S PHASES.
4 Thursday,	4 49 7 11	For July, 1839.
5 Friday,	4 49 7 11	D. N. M.
6 Saturday,	4 49 7 11	Last 4 12 3 morn.
7 Sunday,	4 49 7 11	New 10 5 50 even.
8 Monday,	4 50 7 10	First 18 9 51 morn.
9 Tuesday,	4 50 7 10	Full 26 11 15 morn.
10 Wednesday,	4 51 7 9	

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea;
And counted the sands that under it lie?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Hast thou met with a mother's love?
Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.
Pressing and more than that which is
To look on her errands of industry?
The love for herself had gathered and toiled,
But the mother's care is all for her child.
Hast thou gone with the traveller's thought afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.
There are teaching on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens too glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

THE NURSERY TALE.

Oh, did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gospeps tell?
Of the two young girls that came to drink
At a certain Fairy well?
The words of the youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip,
But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on her lip!
At the well a beggar accosted them,
A spite in a rustic disguise,
The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The youngest with a tearful eye:
Cried the Fairy, "Whichever you speak, sweet girl,
Fare gone from your lips shall fall."
"But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent fall."
And have you not met with these sisters,
In the haunts of the old and young?
The first with her pearls and unsmiling lip,
The last with her serpent tongue?
Yes—the first is Good Nature—diamonds bright
On the darkest throne she thronas;
And the last is Slander—leaving the slant
Of the snake wherever she goes.

From the Constellation.

GENIUS OR MONEY.

Money is cherished, loved and adored;
Man with it plentiful is highly honored;
Genius without it, still lingers in night,
Not giving the world its luminous light.
How long will it darken our pathway today,
Not blessing the nations with its starlike ray?
Gold is a god we worship and love;
Genius ennobled, doth come from above;
Gold we dig from the bowels of earth,
Genius hath claim to Heavenly birth.
If you love that the more, that's dug from below,
Shall you not love what God doth bestow.

From the Ladies Companion.

The Cheat,

OR THE OLD MAN OUTDONE.

Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father any how, his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present. Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most miserable feelings.

"We must not be hasty, Robert, our situation requires caution, by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospect appears to be. Now don't say any thing to pa about it yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way for us to accomplish our wishes is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon—too soon, Julia. Have we not waited two years and more! and have you not been preaching the same doctrine of 'too soon' all the while! Too soon, indeed!"

Well, now, don't be angry; throw that frown from your countenance, and look pleasant and we'll immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire. Come, smile away your anger,—the skies of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie had loved Julia Hallo-well, and she had loved him; about four years and more had passed since they had agreed, come what, come wo, they would struggle through life together. Two long, long years! no wonder is why Julia had out hers. Two years would seem to be

an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss and to delay the happy consummation.

Julia's father was a wealthy shipper of the port of Charleston, South Carolina.—Some old inhabitant may remember the firm of Hallowell & Hadington. He was an upright and honorable man; but withal, an old school aristocrat, whose ipse dixit was law supreme wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in his countingroom, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance allowed for the services of young men similarly situated, and amply sufficient to warrant him in assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in society which would justify him in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of a wealthy shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as his correct deportment; but (but is a wicked word) the curse of Gineprokin was on him, he was poor.

Robert had been in the counting room of Mr. Hallowell since he was 14 years of age; he had grown up in his family and by the side of his lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show; that thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his beautiful bride, but his soul had on it the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before God he should never call her wife. Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally attended his daughter to church, went and come with her when she visited her friends, and so on; but he never dreamed that the wily Cupid was watching his darts successfully in the bosom of both; and the arrows of the little God were firmly fixed, and he dealt out the silken cord until they were far out upon the sea of love, too far to proceed or return without each other.

"Do tell me, Robert, what is the matter with you? I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance until I have grown melancholy myself.—What's the matter, boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell one day, when he and Robert were in the counting room alone; and if any individual has ever passed through the like fiery trial, he can have some idea of Robert's feelings when the man whose daughter he loved, and was contriving the best plan to get from him, addressed him in such kind and affectionate language. It went too deep, however, into the secrets of Robert's bosom for him to return a quick reply. Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that something was working upon his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished if possible to remove the cause; he urged a candid revelation of all that affected his feelings, and promised his assistance to relieve him to whatever it required. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off for that time, and troubled at the thought when at their next meeting he related the matter to Julia.

"I thought," said she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentleman as you appeared to be; now that is a stumper, Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why did you not? Ha! ha!"

"Julia, do you think he suspects us?"

"Not a whit more than he does the King of the French?"

"Well, Julia, to tell the truth about the matter, I left you this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself without your father's advice; but when I came before him I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could scarcely talk to him about business, much less about love affairs."

The lovers met often, and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In short, Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of his clerk's unhappiness more for the good of the young man than he cared about the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered he repeated his former question and insisted on an immediate reply. Robert stammered and stammered a good deal, and at last came out with this:

"I am attached to a young lady in the city, Sir, and have reason to believe that she is as much attached to me, but there is an obstacle in the way, and—"

"Aye, indeed. And does the obstacle amount to more than a thousand dollars?—If it does not you shall not wait it. I'll fill you up a check now. Have all the parties consented?"

"Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—the—that is—the cause of my uneasiness is, I am afraid her father will not consent."

"Will not consent! why? who is he? refer him to me, I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—I—yes, sir."

"She says she does, any how, don't she?"

"Why, I—yes—she—she—yes, sir, she has said as much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"I think, sir, he is tolerably well off."

"And he won't consent? By the powers of love he must be an old Turk. He won't hey? Here, give me his name, I'll soon settle the matter; but stop, has he any thing against you? Is he acquainted with your character? Does he know me?"

Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of a check for one thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian Church, and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in perspective. He was to run away with the girl—to use his (Mr. Hallowell's) carriage, and George, his black waiter was to drive it and so forth.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given, and before dark the parties were before Parson Green, whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife, jumped into the carriage, followed by the blessings of Parson Green, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check. George was directed to drive the carriage to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's, who lived about five miles from the city, to whom the secret was told. The old man tho't the joke too good an one not to be enjoyed, and sent out for some of his neighbors. Midnight found the jovial assembly destroying the good things that had provided, and laughing over the trick so successfully played upon the wealthiest shipper of the south.

Early next morning, Robert and Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and aunt to the house of Mr. Hallowell, the young couple anxious for the effluence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to witness the reception and to act as modifiers on the question. They were met by Mr. Hallowell, whose first words were:

"You young rogue, you; little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. Well, Robert, he added, laughing heartily, you sought me that time, and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here my boy, my son, I suppose I must say, here is a deed for property worth eleven thousand dollars and from henceforth you are my partner in business."

Trick by a Quack.—The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Star relates the following anecdote in a recent letter:

"A quack doctor, of no very equivocal caste, went to the levee, when some knights were to be made: Each gentleman handed the Lord Chamberlain a card on which was written his Christian and surname.—This Mr. Aldis did as they did, knelt down, got the royal accolade and rose up "Sir Charles Aldis." It was impossible to un-knight him, and Sir Charles the scamp remains. It was George the Fourth who gave him the title, and never was a man, a monarch, more annoyed when the mistake was discovered; for on the very walls of St. James' Palace was posted, the next day, square bills recommending Sir Charles Aldis' Pills which contain no mercury."

Anecdote.—Some years ago, an old gentleman of the name of Pope, a magistrate of the county, and another gentleman were candidates for the office of County Court Clerk in one of the counties of Eastern Virginia. The votes being equally divided, it was proposed by the opposing candidate, with the acquiescence of the whole Bench, that Mr. Pope should himself vote, (all confidently expecting that motives of delicacy would restrain him from voting for himself.) The old gentleman stroked his chin, hammed several times, and squaring himself in his chair, sung out, "I'd rather not vote, but as you insist on it, I vote for old Pope—he's the fittestest man!"

A new way to get Married.—A lady being engaged in a theological dispute with a gentleman, convinced him she was right; still he was unwilling to acknowledge himself vanquished, and proposed to wager, if she would allow him to name the conditions. To this the lady assented. "Then," said the gentleman, "I will wager myself against you." The lady seeing no method of escape, consented that the clergyman in the neighborhood should be sent for, who soon united them in the chains of Hymen. Query. Who won the wager!

Solon enacted that children who did not maintain their parents in old age, when in want, should be branded with infamy, and lose the privilege of citizens. He, however, excepted from this rule those children whom their parents had taught no trade, nor provided with other means of procuring a livelihood.

A Steam Ferry Boat at Alton, (Ill.) uses the extra power of her engine to run a pair of mill stones. She thus grinds one hundred bushels of corn per day involuntarily. This beats the Downcasters.—[Cincinnati Sun.

ORIGIN OF THE MORMON BIBLE.

The Boston Recorder contains the following singular development of the origin and history of the MORMON BIBLE. It accounts most satisfactorily for the existence of the book, a fact which heretofore it has been hard to explain. It was difficult to imagine how a work containing so many indications of being the work of a cultivated mind, should be connected with a knavery so impudent and a superstition so gross as that which must have characterized the founders of this pretended religious sect.—The present narrative, which, independently of the attestations annexed, appears to be by no means improbable, was procured from the writer by the Rev. Mr. Stow, of Holliston, who remarks that he has had occasion to come in contact with Mormonism in its grossest forms. It was communicated by him for publication in the Recorder.—Boston Advertiser.

ORIGIN OF THE BOOK OF MORMON OR GOLDEN BIBLE.

As this book has excited much attention and has been put, by a certain new sect, in the place of the sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the Public to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane persons should rank it any higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into a church in Massachusetts and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions so that excommunication has become necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin, and to lay open this pit of abominations.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, in Ashtabula county, Ohio; sometimes called Conestoga, as it is situated upon Conestoga creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labours. In the town of New Salem, there are numerous moulds and forts supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found and other articles, evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as near as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative the neighbors would come from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nations, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. S. progressed in deciphering "the manuscript," and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read.

He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Solomon Spaulding had a brother John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg, Pa. Here Mr. S. found an acquaintance and friend in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P., who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. S. that if he would make out a title page and preface he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. S. refused to do; for reasons which I cannot state. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and to copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to the author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pa., where Mr. S. deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands and was preserved carefully. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKinstry, of Monson, Mass., with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the "Book of Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman-prophet appointed the meeting, and in the meeting, read, and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognised by all the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. S. in which they had been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and recognized the work of his brother. He was amazed; afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot, expressed in the meeting his deep sorrow and regret that the writings of his departed brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking.

The excitement in New Salem became so great that the inhabitants held a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hulbert, one of their number, to repair to this place and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hulbert brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my old neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure nothing could grieve my husband more were he yet living than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus a historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the Sacred Scriptures, has been converted into a new Bible, and palmed upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as divine. I have given the previous brief narrative, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

MATILDA DAVISON.

Rev. S. Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease, she has been married to the second husband, by the name of Davison. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character, and an humble Christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

A. ELY, D. D.

Pastor Cong. Church in Monson.

A. R. AUSTIN.

Principal of Monson Academy.

Monson, (Mass.) April 1, 1839.

Interesting Facts.—The first decked vessel ever built within the limits of the old United States, was constructed on the banks of the Hudson, by Adrian Block, in the summer of 1614. She was called a yacht, and her first voyage was made through Hell Gate, into the Sound, and as far east as Cape Cod, by the Vineyard passage. It was in this voyage that Block Island was discovered. Within the first 46 years after the settlement of Massachusetts, there were built in Boston and its vicinity, 730 vessels, varying from 6 to 250 tons in burthen.—One of these the Blessing of the Bay, a bark of 30 tons, was built in 1631. The celebrated English patriot and divine, Hugh Peters, caused a vessel of 300 tons to be constructed at Salem, in 1641. The first schr. ever launched is said to have been built at Cape Ann in 1714. Her name is not known. In 1713, Connecticut had but 2 brigs, 20 sloops, and a few smaller craft, employing but 120 seamen; while Massachusetts, about the same time, had 492 vessels, the tonnage of which was 25,406, and employed 3493 seamen. The first ensign ever shown by a regular American man-of-war, was hoisted on board the frigate Alford, in the Delaware, by the hands of Paul Jones, in the latter part of December, 1775. What this ensign was is not precisely known, as the present national colors were not formally adopted until 1777. The first regular American cruiser that went to sea, was the Lexington, a little brig of 14 guns, commanded by Captain John Barry, of Philadelphia. She sailed some time in the winter of 1776. The first American man-of-war that got to sea after the adoption of our present form of government, was the Granges. She was originally an Indianman, but was purchased by the government and converted into a cruiser, having an armament of 24 guns. She sailed in May, 1798, under the command of Captain Richard Dale, who was first lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard, when that ship captured the Serapis. The Constellation was the first of the new built vessels that went to sea, under Captain Truxton. She sailed in June, 1798, and was followed by the United States, and a little later by the Constitution, both these latter sailing in July, the same year. The first prize made under our present naval organization, was the French privateer Le Croyable. She was a schooner of 14 guns, and was captured by the sloop of war Delaware, Captain Decatur.—The above historical facts we have gleaned from Mr. Cooper's excellent Naval History of the United States.—Boston Post.

Steam boat law—Important Decision.—We learn from the New-Orleans Bee, that the U. S. Circuit Court for Louisiana has decided that the law of Congress concerning steam boats, is not applicable to boats navigating the Mississippi river. There are nearly one hundred and fifty suits, to which this decision is applicable. The case before the Court was that of the United States vs. Capt. Price, on an information, that the said Captain had not complied with the act of Congress in procuring iron tiller ropes for the use of his boat.

This seems to us to be a most extraordinary decision, as Congress in passing the law intended to have more direct reference to the steam boats navigating the Mississippi and other Western waters, than to those in other parts of the country. The decision may be right by the letter of the law, but it is strangely inconsistent with the intention of those who made it.

Fighting by measure.—The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists, is called the Fifteen Acres. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, thought, most likely, he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at the place called Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less.