

POETRY.



From the Gasket.

THE MONARCH'S WISH.

Oh! that I had the wings of a dove! for then would I flee, and be at rest. Lo! then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.—Psalm iv. 6, 7, 8.

The wearied monarch sat apart,
A moment from his troubles free;
Saddened in soul, and sick at heart,
With earthly pomp and vanity:
And while with burdening cares he strove,
And griefs were gathering in his breast,
He sighed for plumes like a dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

He languished for a calm retreat,
Some far away and peaceful shore,
Untraced, but by sinless feet,
Where earth should vex his soul no more:
Hate had usurped the bowers of love,
And wild the frenzy of his breast;
And oh! for plumes like a dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

'Tis thus with life, its best estate
Is but a feeble ray of joy—
An hour with golden hopes elate,
Which often clouds and storms destroy;
And while the heart reluctant clings,
And sorrows whelm the laboring breast,
Oh! for the turtle's gentle wings,
To flee away and be at rest!

As though the joys of earth invite
To sip their flattering streams of pain,
Who, that has tasted earth's delight,
Would ever sigh to taste again?
Its purest joys, its sweetest things,
But serve to wound the bleeding breast:
Oh! for the turtle's gentle wings,
To flee away and be at rest!

But there shall come a glad release,
From all the storm that darkly rill,
And mercy's voice shall whisper "peace,"
Upon the tempest of the soul;
For death the ravine treasure brings,
And calms the turmoil of the breast,
And gives the spirit death's wings,
To flee away and be at rest!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

Translated from the French, for the Pearl, BY MISS LESLIE.

The following remarkable story, which proves how the spirit can act without the senses, is said by the author to be strictly true.

Madame Dorival was a widow of a distinguished French officer, who had died in the service of his country. Being anxious to secure an independence for her children, in case of her death, she was induced to open a boarding school in the vicinity of Paris. The assistance of her two highly accomplished daughters Lucilla and Julia, made the employment of female teachers unnecessary; but she engaged the best masters for music, dancing, drawing and painting, and most of the foreign languages. Her establishment was conducted on a most liberal scale, and each of the young ladies had a separate apartment. Among these young ladies was Josephine Vericour, who took lessons in miniature painting, with a view of exercising that branch of the arts as a profession, the circumstances of her family being such that it was necessary to educate her, in the prospect of turning her talents to a profitable account.

Her imagination being deeply impressed with this object, she thought of it nearly all the day, and dreamed of it at night. That she had much talent for drawing was unquestionable; but she was only fifteen, she was not a prodigy, and in every thing she produced there was a due portion of defects. With an ardent ambition to excel, Josephine was the victim of a painful and unconquerable timidity, and an entire want of confidence in herself. The remarks of the gentleman who instructed her, though very judicious, were often so severe, that she was frequently tempted to throw away her pencils; and she never painted worse than when under the eye of her master.

One morning in the garden, she was struck with the graceful and picturesque attitude in which two of her companions had unconsciously thrown themselves. One of them having put her arm around the waist of the other, was pointing out to her notice a beautiful butterfly that had just settled on a rose. Josephine begged of the girls to remain in that position while she sketched them on the blank leaf of a book. Afterwards she made a separate drawing of each of their faces, and then transferred the whole to a large sheet of ivory, intended to make a picture of it in the miniature style. But she determined to work at it in her own chamber, at leisure hours, and not to allow it to be seen till it was entirely finished. In six weeks there was to be a private examination, at which premiums were to be awarded to those who excelled in the different branches taught at Madame Dorival's school. Seven of the young ladies were taking lessons in miniature painting, all of whom in the eyes of the diffident Josephine possessed far more talent than herself. Still she knew that industry, application, and an ardent desire to excel, had often effected wonders; and she was extremely anxious to gratify her parents by obtaining the prize, if possible.

In the retirement of her own room she painted with unremitting solicitude, but, as she thought, with very indifferent success; and one afternoon, more dissatisfied than usual with the result of her work, she hastily rose, took the ivory from her little easel,

and put it into the drawer of her color-box, which she consigned to its usual place in the drawer of her table. Next morning what was the surprise of Josephine, to find her picture standing against the easel on the table, and much farther advanced than when she quitted it the preceding day, and the faults which had then discouraged her entirely rectified. She tried to recollect if she really put away the picture, and her memory recalled every circumstance of her shutting it up in her drawer. But she had no recollection of having previously corrected any of her errors; and indeed she knew that she had not; and the only way in which she could attempt to solve the mystery, was to suppose that some one, with the intention of exciting a laugh at her expense, had come into the room during the night and re-touched it.

She mentioned it to no one; but the next night to guard against a recurrence of the same trick, she arranged every thing in the neatest order, locked up her picture in the secret drawer at the bottom of her color-box, and placed it under her bolster.

But her astonishment was re-doubled, when awaking at an early hour next morning, she put her hand under the bolster for her box, and found it gone! She ran to the table, and there saw the box lying beside the picture, which as before was leaning against the easel, and evidently much improved. She was afraid to touch it again, lest her own inferior pencil should destroy some of its beauties; though she still remarked a few trifling defects of which she had not before been conscious.

But rather than run the risk of spoiling the whole, she preferred leaving these little imperfections as they were. Before going to bed, she took the precaution of placing a chair against the door which had a bolt on the outside only; the young ladies not being allowed to fasten themselves in their own rooms. When she awoke in the morning, the door was still closed, and the chair standing just as she had placed it; and the picture was again on the table, and some mysterious hand had changed all its defects into beauties.

Josephine was bewildered. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "If this Mystery is suffered to go on, I fear it will end in something very vexatious. Yet it may be from motives of kindness only that some unknown person steals into my room at night, and works at my picture, with a skill so far surpassing my own. Since I did not mention this story at first, I am sure, were I now to relate it, none would believe me."

She painted no more at the picture, but put it away as usual. That night she placed the washing stand against the door, laying her soap on the edge, so that if moved, it would fall; and having gone to bed very sleepy, she soon closed her eyes in her usual sound slumber.

In the morning her washing stand was still against the door, the soap had not fallen, the picture was finished!

At the breakfast table she stole inquiring glances at the countenances of her schoolmates, but none of them looked particularly at her, and none averted their eyes. All seemed to be thinking only of the examination. When she returned to her room, she dressed herself for the occasion—and wrapping the picture in her pocket handkerchief, she joined her companions, who walked in procession to the school-room. After being examined in several other branches, the drawings and miniature paintings were produced. Josephine blushed as she presented her beautiful picture. Every one was astonished, it was so far superior to any thing she had done, particularly in the finishing.

Every one was struck with the fidelity of the likeness, painted as they were chiefly from memory; and great praise was given to the graceful and natural folds of the drapery, and the clearness and beauty of the coloring.

The first prize, a small silver palette, was unhesitatingly awarded to Josephine Vericour; but to the surprise of every one, she showed no indication of joy. She looked anxiously round among her companions, to discover who had painted the last part of her picture, while she slept. Hearing Julia Dorival commend it, she said, "Miss Julia, you may well admire your own work. I will not accept praises which belong only to you—to your skill in miniature painting, and the kindness of your heart."

Julia protested that this language was unintelligible to her, and begged Josephine to explain herself. She did so, and the enigma became still more incomprehensible. Julia positively denied ever having seen the picture before it was produced at the examination. Josephine's statement could not be reconciled to the rules of possibility, and they began to think her mind was affected by intense application to her picture. When the examination was over, the ladies collected in groups, and talked with much feeling of these symptoms of mental derangement in their unfortunate companion. For several weeks after the examination, Josephine allowed her paint box to remain in the school room closet, and painted under the direction of her master but though there were marks of daily improvement in her lessons, the miniature she now attempted, were inferior to the mysterious picture.

Being anxious to try again how she could succeed in her own apartment, she there commenced a miniature of herself, which, if successful, she intended as a present to

her mother. By the assistance of the large looking-glass that hung over the table, she sketched the outline of her features with great correctness, and after having put on the first tints, she put away the work for that day. She told Julia of the new picture which she had now begun, and of her anxiety to know whether her nocturnal visitor would again assist her in completing it. "Dear Miss Julia," said she "do tell me the whole truth.—If you wish it, I will keep it secret. Tell me how you contrived to enter my chamber without disturbing my sleep, and how you were able to paint so well by candle-light?"

Julia surprised to find her persist in this strange belief, offered to assist her in discovering the truth. "Place nothing against your door to night; do not even latch it," said she. "I have thought of a way of detecting the intruder, who must, of course, be one of the young ladies.—When discovered, she shall be reprimanded for her part in this strange drama."

Josephine minutely followed the directions given her. When all in the house were asleep, Julia Dorival placed a taper in a small dark lantern, and proceeded with it to the passage into which Josephine's passage opened. There she remained patiently watching more than an hour. No one appeared; the clock struck 12, and Julia began to grow very tired. She was on the point of giving up the adventure, when she was attracted by a slight noise in Josephine's room.

She softly pushed open the door, and by the light of her lantern, she saw Josephine dress herself in her morning gown, walk directly to her table, arrange her painting materials, select her colors, seat herself before the glass, and begin to paint at her own miniature. What was most astonishing of all, she worked without a light! After watching her for a few minutes, Julia took her lantern, and watched behind her chair, as she painted; and she was astonished at the ease and skill with which she guided her pencil, asleep and in darkness.

Julia Dorival was twenty years old, and with a large fund of general information, she was not of course, ignorant of the extraordinary phenomenon of somnambulism, and of the most remarkable and best authenticated anecdotes of sleep walkers. But among all she had ever heard or read on the subject, she recollections none more surprising than the case now before her. She knew, also, that persons under the influence of this singular habit should never be suddenly awakened, as the shock and surprise have been known to cause convulsions, or delirium. She therefore avoided disturbing Josephine; and gliding quietly out of the room, she looked at her for some time from the passage, and then gently closing the door, she left her to herself and retired to her own apartment.

Next morning, Julia excited great surprise in her mother and sister, by informing them of what she had seen. They agreed to witness together this interesting spectacle on the following night.—When Josephine innocently inquired of Julia the result of her watching, she was told she should know all to-morrow.

At midnight, the three ladies repaired to the chamber door of Josephine. The sleep walker was putting on her gown.—They saw her seat herself at the table, and begin to paint. They approached close behind her without the smallest noise, venturing to bring their lantern into the room; of its dim light Josephine was entirely unconscious. They saw her mix her colors with great judgment and lay on the touch of her pencil with the utmost delicacy and precision. Her eyes were open, but she saw not with them; though she frequently raised her head, as if looking in the glass. Somnambulists see nothing but the object on which their attention is decidedly fixed; yet their perceptions of this object are ascertained to be much clearer and vivid than when awake. If addressed, they will generally answer coherently, and as if they understood and heard. It is possible to hold a long and very rational dialogue with a sleep-walker; but when awake, they have no recollection of what has passed.

Julia ventured to speak in a low voice. "Well dear Josephine," said she, "you now know who it is that paints at your pictures. You know that it is yourself. Do you hear me?" "Yes," does my presence disturb you?" "No, Miss Julia." "But to-morrow, Josephine, you will not believe what I shall tell you." "Then it will be because I do not remember it." "Will you write something that I wish to dictate to you?" "Certainly."

Josephine then took up a pencil and wrote as follows, prompted by Julia: "Midnight—talking with Miss Julia Dorival, and painting at a miniature of myself. JOSEPHINE VERICOUR."

Next morning Julia had trouble in convincing Josephine of the fact; but her own handwriting was undeniable evidence. As there is something strange and awful, and frequently dangerous in the habit of somnambulism, no one wishes to possess it; and Josephine was anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible, although it enabled her to paint much better than when awake.

She would not trust her painting apparatus in her chamber, and she dismissed all thoughts of her miniature from her head as soon as she went to bed; consequently she was enabled to rest there as tranquilly as any of her schoolmates, who were all

much amazed when they heard this singular explanation of the mysterious picture.

Madame Dorival strictly forbade its becoming the subject of conversation.—Josephine made vigorous efforts to conquer her timidity in the presence of her master, and in a short time she was able to paint as well under his inspection, as she had done when alone and asleep, in the gloom of midnight.

Fever & Ague
CURED IN EVERY INSTANCE
BY THE USE OF THE GENUINE
"Rowand's Tonic Mixture,"
To which already more than ten thousand persons are ready and anxious to testify.

In consequence of the attempts which are all ways made by knaves and impostors to palm off spurious imitations and counterfeits, as soon as the public have determined upon the value and excellence of a medicine; and in order to secure those who wish to avail themselves of the acknowledged efficacy of Rowand's Tonic Mixture, as a thorough cure for *Fever and Ague*, or *Bilious Intermittent Fever*, against such impositions, the proprietor has concluded upon the necessity of confining the sale of the mixture, to as few established agents in the different sections of the country, as are just sufficient to supply the regular demands. Therefore, he has the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Mecklenburg county and the other parts of the country adjacent thereto, that Messrs. Irwin & Elmer of Charlotte, has been appointed sole agent for the above place—who will hereafter have on hand a constant supply of said mixture.

(Signed) JOHN R. ROWAND,
August 24, 1834.—O. J. Proprietor.

THE SUBSCRIBER

LEAVES this place this day for New York and wishes to advise his numerous country friends of his present heavy stock of

GOODS,

And of his intention of laying in such further supplies as will be worthy their attention to call and examine.

He has now on hand and in Georgetown to be forwarded without delay, the following articles which are offered at WHOLESALE or RETAIL on accommodating terms.

- 54 Hogsheads St. Croix SUGAR,
- 17 do. N. Orleans & W. India Molasses,
- 150 bags of Laguna, Rio and Cuba Coffee,
- 200 pieces Cotton Bagging,
- 50 coils Bale Rope,
- 1000 sacks Liverpool Salt,
- 75 barrels No. 1, 2 and 3 Mackerel,
- 4 tierces Rice,
- 30 casks Stone Lime,
- 30,000 lbs. Bacon, (mostly sides)

TOGETHER WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Dry Goods,

Hardware, Crockery, &c. &c.

His Boat is constantly running, and he solicits freight from such persons as are disposed to patronize him.

CASH advanced on all Cotton left under his direction for shipment on owners' account to New York or Charleston.

He has lately had erected a Cotton Shed, 200 feet long, the use of which he offers to such persons as may at any time desire to store their Cotton. No charge will be made. The Shed is so remote from any buildings that there is no danger of Cotton being consumed in case of fire breaking out in any part of the Town. He offers the use of his extensive lot as a FREE WAGON YARD, it being 300 ft. by 400. A large number of Wagons will find plenty of room.

AUGUSTUS P. LACOSTE,
Charon, S. C. July 26, 1834. O. J.

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN

WOULD once more, and positively the last time, inform all persons who are indebted to the late Joe G. Hoskins, dead, Dan'l Gould, dead, or Lemuel Bingham, either by Note or Book account, that I have been constituted the Agent for and authorized to settle the business of the before named persons; and that I have received express instructions to extend no further indulgence, but to proceed according to law, without respect to persons, which instructions I feel bound to obey.

P. THOMPSON, Agent.
June 25th, 1834. 9547

Look Out!

THE person who borrowed from me, "Tom Cringles Leg," in two volumes, will return it to me immediately, or let me know where it may be found, or perchance they may see their names in the Newspaper. Also, several other of my Books are loaned out in the same manner as above—the borrowers names are in my memorandum Book—whose names shall also be made public, as well as in the Service of Book-KEEPING.

WM HUNTER.
August 2, 1834.

LAST NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to me by account, will please call on or by the First day of October next, and settle them by Cash or Note. Those failing to do so will find their names in the hands of an officer.

I still continue to keep a general assortment of
Saddles & Harness,
which I will sell low for CASH.
JAMES T. ASBURY.
July 29, 1834. 798

NEGROES WANTED.

THE Subscriber wishes to purchase LIKELY NEGROES, from ten to thirty years old, and will pay the most liberal prices in Cash.

All who have such property to sell would do well to call on him, or Mr. John Jones his Agent.

He can be found at Mr. Shauver's Hotel, in Salisbury, and Mr. Jones at Dr. Boyd's Hotel, in Charlotte.

All Letters addressed to him, or Mr. Jones, will be punctually attended to.

ROBERT HUIE.
July 21, 1834. 997f

STRAYED
FROM the plantation of the subscriber in Cabarrus county, in the month of April, a Likely Young Gaiter. They were seen near Mr. Joseph McGinnia's and it is expected they are making for the plantation formerly owned by the subscriber on the Catawba River. Any person bringing information of their shall be liberally rewarded.

W. S. W. HAYES.
Charlotte, Aug. 17, 1834. 97 f

TO THE PUBLIC.

DOCT. J. M. HAPPOLDT HAS established an EYE INFIRMARY and a SURGICAL WARD at his residence, for the accommodation of all persons who may commit themselves to his care. Believing that an Establishment of this kind has long since been called for, from the nature of Surgical Operations, the subsequent attention requisite in order to render them successful and the appeals to mitigate the pains of suffering humanity; and aware of the impracticability of imparting that necessary aid, (and in most cases daily attention) impudently demanded by those who are the subjects of surgical diseases or accidental injury, where the patients are not immediately under the eye of the Surgeon, he has been at no little expense in making preparations for the reception of those who may commit their cases to his direction. It is needless to dwell on the importance of an Establishment of this kind to the subjects of Surgery and the advantages which such may derive from it. Suffice it to say, that the daily attention of the practitioner is not only necessary, but of incalculable benefit to the patient as regards his ease and comfort, as well as the final result of the operation or case under treatment. Daily experience proves the lamentable fact that many suffer for the want of that attention which their situation demands, but which is denied them, by the disadvantageous circumstances under which a country practitioner labors and which (unavoidably, however disagreeable) prevent him from imparting. This aid, so loudly called for, can be expected only from an Institution, where it is the province of a practitioner to give daily attendance. From the consideration that a located Surgical Department would be desirable, Dr. Happoldt is induced to offer his services to the public and solicits such cases as may require close or daily treatment where practicable) to be brought to his establishment, where every attention will be rendered that in anywise tends to the comfort or benefit of the patient. His FEES will be reasonable, and much less than for the same services rendered at the dwelling of the patient.

From the advantages of Surgical Information derived from a course of studies at the Medical College of South Carolina and at the University of Pennsylvania, together with the experience of twelve years' practice, and the general success hitherto attendant on his operations, he hopes to merit a liberal patronage.

The counsel and assistance of a professional gentleman, of high and respectable qualifications, will be obtained in cases which may require them, without any additional charge.

Dr. H. may be found at his Establishment, 8 miles below Charlotte, on the Providence road, where he may be consulted. While he prepares to devote much of his time to Surgery, the other branches of his profession shall receive due attention.

Providence Settlement, Mecklenburg Co. N. C. May 14, 1834. 88-3m
N. B. One or two Students, of good attainments and moral character, will be received, who can enjoy the advantages of dissection, with operations on the dead subject and post mortem examination and a well selected Library.

NEW GOODS.

WE have just received from the Northern Cities direct, (and we are determined to sell low for cash or short credit) a good assortment of

SUMMER GOODS.

The following list compose a small part of our stock, viz:

- Superfine Blue, Black and Brown CLOTH
- Superfine Black Cassimere
- Sattins, of all colors and qualities
- Super Grape Camlet, for summer Clothes
- Polish Cord, a very fine article
- Red, White and Green Flannels
- Cravats, of all colors, Bombazines
- New Orleans Cord, Brown Linens, Lane's Drills
- Blue Cassimere, Green, Blue and Brown styles
- Cassimere, Blue Jeans
- Fittsburg Cord, for pantaloons, Black Lining
- A beautiful article of French Prints
- do English and American do
- Painted French and English Muslins
- Some India Muslin, very handsome
- Super Plain Black Italian Silk
- White and Black Sattins, Sattin Levantine
- A variety of colored Silks
- Black Glass and Gold Beads
- Black Italian Cravats, a variety of handsome
- Stocks, made by Luke Davis
- Silk Handkerchiefs, a variety of Ribbons
- Ladies and Gentlemen's fine Gloves
- Black and White Silk and Cotton Hose
- Gentlemen's rambon half Hose
- A variety of handsome Gingham, plain & fig'd
- Plain and figured Swiss Muslin
- Jacquet and Mull Muslin, Bishop Lawns
- Irish Linens, do Lawns and Cambrics
- Linen Collars, Green Merino Gause, Blue Gause
- Blue Gause Veils, B's & White Bobbinet Veils
- Plain and figured Bobbinet
- Bed Tickings, Apron Checks,
- 4-4 to 6-4 Domestic, brown
- A quantity of bleached Domestic
- Blue striped Jeans, Blue Domestic
- Blue Domestic, for covering umbrellas, good article
- Turkey Red.

A Good Assortment of

Hardware & Cutlery.

Palm-leaf Hats, Straw and Tuscan BONNETS

Straw Gimp, Leghorn Hats

Some first rate white and black

HATS,

manufactured expressly for us.

Also, Boys' Cloth and Hair

CAPS.

A variety of Ladies' Shoes, made by J. Robinson

Gentlemen's Boots & Shoes, made by J. Tolson

Ready made Clothing, for summer wear

CARPENTER'S TOOLS,

A QUANTITY OF

Crockery, Glass & Queensware

School Books, Paper, Ink, &c. &c.

Salt, by the sack or bushels

Sugar and Coffee, in large or small quantities

Molasses, White Havana and Leaf Sugar

Madeira, Champagne, WINES,

Tea, Coffee & Sweet Malaga

Starch, BAR SOAP

Good Indigo and Madder, warranted.

Also, a few of Gardner's RIFLE GUNS, to be

sold for Cash

Cotton Yarn, of all Nos. best quality and low.

We invite persons that wish to buy Goods, to call and hear our prices before they make purchases.

H. B. WILLIAMS, Sole and General Agent of SMITH & WILLIAMS.

A good many of our book accounts have been standing longer than one year, all such accounts we are anxious to have closed by Cash or Note. Also, a number of persons have not paid their postage accounts. All that neglect to pay punctual need not expect credit, for they cannot get it.