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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.			
JUNE, 1839.	Sun rises	Sun sets	MOON'S PHASES.
Thursday	4 47 13	13	For June, 1839.
Friday	4 47 13	13	d. n. n.
Saturday	4 47 13	13	1
Sunday	4 47 13	13	Last 4 6 26 even.
Monday	4 48 12	12	New 11 9 31 fore'n.
Tuesday	4 48 12	12	First 18 4 50 even.
Wednesday	4 48 12	12	Full 26 6 49 even.
	4 48 12	12	

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWILIGHT.
There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-dream in the rosy west.
To with a mindless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we hid them longer yet,
But hope is round us with her angel lay.
Hiding afar some happier moonlight hour,
But are her whisperings, though a lost their early powers.

It youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her main song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of joy
Which all unlearned her sunny bowers among.
Her little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, eyed not, it was born inside;
Faded with the cold breeze and the dews of morn,
With cheering heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And watched the passing clouds that dimmed its
Like our own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few,
And mused on her we were too—on her eye,
If raised, her early beam bright,
A promised beam of happiness, roamed nigh,
A eye of joy, its wings of delight,
And though that vision might bear the thunder storm,
The red lightning threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of her heart, was hovering there,
To in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower; her robe of sum-
mer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
The memory of heaven's form been about her now;
That sweet smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glow upon her brow;
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor fear depart
To the faint light of life in fled afar,
And washed the last deep beating of the heart;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A meteor-beam in the morning cloud of death.

Metaphors it were not pain to die,
On such an eve, when such a sky
Over canopies the west;
To gaze my fill on you calm sleep,
As, like an infant, sink to sleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in you seat
Of endless, blue tranquillity—
Those clouds are living things—
I trace their veins of liquid gold—
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and flowery wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us, weary pilgrims of a day,
Life's tedious nothings o'er,
Where neither care can come, nor woe,
To vex the genius of repose,
On Death's majestic shore. W. G. C.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.
Antonio Jomelli was the best artisan of the profession in Naples. He was a worker in bronze, a department of the arts for which the Italians have been celebrated.—Antonio's skill had gained him reputation and abundant employment, and from his workshop had issued the greater number of the candelabras and other metallic ornaments to be found in the palaces of Naples. The bronze worker had grown rich by his occupation, but the usual concomitant of riches, pride, he had eschewed. He still labored away at his trade, with his own hands, confining his personal attention chiefly to the finer and more difficult articles which he was required to fabricate, while men in his employ manufactured, in a large and separate workshop, the common articles of the trade.

One evening, as Antonio sat alone in the little apartment where he pursued his labors, he was informed that a lady wished to speak with him. He desired her to be admitted immediately. The visitor was a female of tall and stately form and carriage, with a dark thick veil thrown over her head and face, so as to prevent the bronze worker from discerning the features beneath. The lady, for speak her dress betokened her to be, did not speak until the servant who had admitted her had left the room for some moments. Turning then her glance from the door to Jomelli, and seating herself in the chair which he had placed for her, she said, in a voice which her hearer thought

the most sweet and mellifluous that had ever fallen upon his ear, but which seemed strangely agitated, considering the commonplace matter which it uttered, "You work in bronze—you can make bronze ornaments of all kinds? Is it so? "It is, lady," replied the artisan, "and I shall be proud to execute any thing of that nature for you." "Yes, yes," said the lady, "I wish a piece of work done. I have a statue of great value—the statue of a conqueror and king—done by the hand of a first-rate sculptor. It is perfect in every respect but one: it wants a chaplet of flowers to adorn its temples; and this is what I wish you to make for it." "Is the statue of bronze, madam?" was the artist's question. "No," replied the lady, "it is white, of pure marble, and you must paint the chaplet of that color when you have made it." "What form, then, lady, do you choose it to be of?" said the artist; "what shape or pattern shall the ornaments have? But, perhaps, I had better see the statue, and measure the dimensions of the head?"—"No, no," exclaimed the visitor hurriedly, "it will not be necessary. I have looked upon it so often that I can tell you perfectly well how large it is. Your own head is very near it; yes, you cannot go wrong, if you fit the chaplet to your own head."—"And the fashion of the ornaments, madame?" "Let it be heavy, very heavy," replied the lady, sinking her voice to a concentrated whisper; "let it be very weighty, that it may not fall off easily; and make it jagged, and full of spikes inside, so that it may adhere to the brows of the statue."—"Still, lady, the band should be wrought in some ornamental fashion," said Antonio. "Do that as you please," was the lady's reply; "but remember, it is to be heavy and full of spikes, and forget not that it is to be painted white, so as to resemble flowers."—"And now, when will it be finished?"—"Oh, in a few days, madame," said the artist. "A few days!" cried the lady vehemently, rising from her chair at the same time; "it must be ready to-morrow evening, sir! I must have it to-morrow!"—"I cannot do justice to the chaplet lady," said the bronze worker, astonished at her violence of tone; "the ornamental part—"—"I care not for any ornaments," was the hasty reply; "make it as I have directed; and to-morrow I must have it, because—because I am to have a party, and wish the statue to be then ornamented." "Well, madame," said the artist, resignedly, "I shall do my endeavor. And whether shall I have the honor of sending it?"—"I shall call for it myself at this hour to-morrow, and shall pay you what you will for it.—Remember what I have said, heavy and set with spikes." With these words the lady departed, leaving on Jomelli's mind the impression that, fanciful as many of his former employers had been, this new one was the most flighty of all.

On the evening following that on which this singular order was given to the artist Jomelli, all the grandees and dignitaries of Naples, and not a small part of the population, were on the move towards the splendid theatre of San Carlos. A piece of great interest was to be performed, and the prima donna, who was young and beautiful, was the exquisite vocalist Signora Marina.—The lady had but lately been appointed to take the part of chief singer, and had therefore superseded one who had formerly been her acknowledged superior—Madame Gambriaci. Considering the comparative humiliation which Madame Gambriaci had endured in the eyes of the Neapolitans, it was not to be supposed that she would on the present occasion make her appearance in the house. But few knew the real character of their former favorite.—To the astonishment, and we should add, the delight of the audience, Gambriaci attended, as if for the purpose of acknowledging the merits and gracing the triumph of the invincible Marina. She appeared in one of the most conspicuous parts of the theatre—the front corner of the upper box overhanging the stage.

Before the opera commenced, the audience called out the name of their former favorite, Gambriaci, and cheered her for her seeming freedom from jealousy, in being present on such an occasion. The object of their attention, however, appeared to be abashed by the plaudits she raised, and moved not a muscle in reply, but half covered by her veil, sat with her eye fixed on the stage. The piece at length commenced, the young prima donna appeared and the cheers were long and loud. Marina had not been over-praised, either as regarded her person or performances. Every step which she took across the stage elicited admiration, for her movements were like those of a sylph; every note which she uttered drew forth applause, for her voice was sweet and strong as Philomel's. In every song of the piece she was successful, but attention and expectation were chiefly riveted upon one song, once Gambriaci's masterpiece. Marina at length reached this part of the opera; she was then alone upon the stage. She sang the second, and crowns of flowers were scattered upon the

stage, while even Gambriaci was seen by the audience to applaud. She sang the third and last, and, in doing so, chanced to stand immediately below Gambriaci's box. To the delight of the spectators, Gambriaci rose at that moment with a large crown of flowers, and waving it in the air, threw it down on the young Marina's head. The crown bounded from the singer's brow and rolled along the stage, while Marina herself fell prostrate on the boards. She gave one scream, and neither spoke nor moved again. The flower-covered crown or chaplet was the heavy bronze one made by Jomelli, and one of the spikes had entered the victim's brain!

It would be impossible to describe the confusion, the horror, the execrations that ensued. Gambriaci having gratified her malignant revenge, seemed contented that she should pay for it with her life. She had slain her rival, the unfortunate Marina, and was satisfied. Dreadful must those passions have been which could prompt the execution of so unhallowed a deed. Looking around her with calm and reckless indifference, she did not make the slightest attempt to escape, and was forthwith seized and speedily brought to justice. Antonio Jomelli was confronted with her for form's sake, and avowed having made for her the fatal wreath. It has only to be added, that she did not die on the scaffold, but put an end to her existence by poison, in the prison where she was confined.

FUN ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.
FROM THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.
Playing a Strong Game with a Poker Player.
Not long since a Gambler had a game played upon him by the deck hands and firemen on board one of our Western steamers—a game even stronger than that played by our Second Municipality on this class of the community in New Orleans. It seems that he had made out to strike up a small game of poker with some of the deck hands, and that by dint of cheating, putting up the cards, and other tricks known only to these up to, and who make a living by, "handing the papers," he had transferred nearly all the surplus revenue from their pockets into his own. He "cut and shuffle" to all appearance fair for some time, but was finally caught at some trick, which at once led the honest steamboatmen into the secret of "how the thing was done," and proved that they lost their money by any other than the "clean thing."

The game, as matter of course, was "blocked" at once, and a demonstration immediately made that the gambler should fork over his ill gotten gains. This he flatly refused to do; and that he had won the money fair, and that he was very clear of parting with what he had come honestly by. They still persisted, and he still refused.

The boat at length stopped to wood, when the men, finding it useless to attempt regaining their money by fair means, resorted to a plan which the gambler undoubtedly thought fool. Having gained the consent of the engineer to use the engine for a short time, they forthwith put a plan in execution—a plan rather bordering on that code of laws generally known as coming under the special jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

They in the first place made one end of a rope fast round the neck of the wondering gambler, while the other was tied to the end of the piston rod, allowing him only two or three feet slack. They told him that unless he shelled out their money instantly, they would work the engine, and at the same time that they were not responsible for any injuries he might sustain.—Loth to give up his gains, the fellow cast one look at the system of extortion, coolly calculated his chances and then told them "they might work away and be d—d."

No sooner said than done; and the gambler was immediately seen first chasing the piston rod upon all fours, and then backing out of its way. His eye all the time was as firmly set upon the rod as ever that of Herr Cine or Gabriel Ravel was upon the tight-rope. After working him forward and backward several times, one of his tormentors asked him:

"Don't you think it best to hand over?"

"Don't bother me," retorted the gambler.

"You'll get sick of that tun," said another of the boatmen, as he was following the piston-rod up in the attitude of a bear.

"Not as you know on," rejoined the gambler, as he backed out of its way.

In this way they ran upon the poor fellow for some time, he still manifesting an unwillingness to give up his spoils. By this time all the cabin passengers had heard of the fun going on below, and went down to witness it. After a few moments' respite, the engine was again set in motion, and the gambler along with it. The laugh from the bystanders was boisterous and hearty in the extreme, as the poor fellow, intent upon nothing but his own safety, followed the piston-rod up to prevent his neck being jerked off, and then backed out of its way to avoid being fairly run over and crushed. We can liken his look and actions to nothing save an old bear being dragged by a chain to some point against his will, and backing out the moment a foot of slack was

given him; or else to a savage and hungry bull dog, with a rope round his neck, fiercely endeavoring to get at some prey, and then being dragged back the moment his mouth was opened to secure it.

"Fire and fall back," was heard from an individual in the crowd.

"Root hog, or die," came from another.

"Twig him—only look!" says one.

"Here he goes, there he goes," said a second.

"Ha, ha, he, he, hi, hi, ho, ho," laughs another.

"Aint he in a pretty fix?" cried still a third.

"Serves him right," says a fourth.

"Good enough for him," said a fifth, the piston-rod all the while keeping him in full exercise, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks in streams.

"Aint you most ready to hand over now?" said one of the plucked deck hands.

"Don't bother me, I say," retorted the gambler, "if you do, I'll lose my lick."

"Won't you give up the money?" said another of those he had felled.

"If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm d—d," continued the companion of the rod.—"I've got the hang of this game—understand the principles of this machinery now, and you may work me from one end of the Mississippi to the other, before I'll give up the first red cent—that you may."

The gambler was worked in this way until the boat was ready to start, without flinching or showing any disposition to give up. Considering that they had got the worth of their money out of him in the shape of fun, and that he had worked hard and afforded sufficient amusement to more than compensate for their odd bits and picaunies, the engine was stopped and the man let loose.

After puffing, blowing, and wiping the perspiration from his face, the gambler looked at his tormentors with a self-satisfied air, and exclaimed, "You can't come it over this child with any of your common games. I've stood three pluck one too often to be bluffed off, even if there was forty against me. Any time you want to get up another game, and there's any thing to be made by it, I'm your man."

The boat was soon under way, and all hands adjourned to their respective callings.

Commodore Preble.—The following anecdote illustrating some points in the character of the gallant Commodore Preble, is from Cooper's Naval History of the United States a valuable work recently published:

"Commodore Preble was a man of high temper and a rigid disciplinarian. At first he was disliked in his own ship—the younger officers in particular, feeling the effects of his discipline, without having yet learned to respect the high professional qualities for which he afterwards became so distinguished. One night when the Constitution was in the Straights of Gibraltar, she suddenly found herself along side of a large ship. Some hailing passed without either party's giving any answer. Commodore Preble, who had taken the trumpet himself, now told the name and country of his ship, and his own rank. He then demanded the name of the stranger, adding that he would fire a shot unless answered.

"If you fire a shot, I'll return a broadside," was the reply. Preble sprang into his mizen rigging, applied the trumpet and said, "this is the United States ship Constitution, a 44, Commodore Preble; I am about to haul you for the last time; if not answered, I shall fire into you. What ship is that?" "This is his Britannic Majesty's ship Donegal, a razee of 60 guns." Preble told the stranger he doubted his statement, and should be by him till morning in order to ascertain his real character. He was as good as his word, and in a short time a boat came from the other vessel to explain. It was an English frigate, and the Constitution had got so suddenly and unexpectedly along side of her, that the hesitation about answering and the fictitious name had proceeded from a desire to gain time in order to clear the decks and get to quarters.

"The spirit of Commodore Preble on this occasion," says Cooper, "produced a very favorable impression in his own ship. The young men pitifully remarked that if he was wrong in his temper he was right in his heart."

Equal Rights.—The Rockville Journal complains grievously of the innuities enjoyed by hogs in that town. Among other instances of the lenity with which they are treated, that paper states that a citizen of Rockville, upon retiring to rest a few nights since, found three of these bristly loafers snugly stowed away in his feather bed.

A She Sailor.—Brig William Otis, cleared at Boston November 24th for Havannah, and proceeded thence to New Orleans, where she arrived February 13th.—The boarding officer at New Orleans, in making his return of the crew, stated that they were the same that had left Boston in the brig, but adds, "Charles Lord proves to be a woman in disguise."

From the National Intelligencer.
THE CURRENCY.
We give place to-day to a Letter addressed by a citizen of Maryland, long distinguished for his financial ability, to the President of one of the great moneyed institutions of Virginia, suggesting a measure which he believes will be useful (if indeed something of the kind be not indispensable) to relieve domestic exchanges from the oppression under which they now labor.—Whether the remedy which he proposes be expedient, we do not pretend to be able to judge. It appears to us to be eminently practical, however, if such a succedaneum for a Bank circulation of universal credit be necessary. We confess ourselves to be rather disappointed that the Bank of the United States, in the strong position in which it is entrenched by its Pennsylvania charter, has not had as well the power as the disposition to bring about the desired equalization of domestic exchanges; one cause of which may be, that, looking from its very organization, more to its particular interest than to the wants of the General Government or of the Union generally, it has employed so large a portion of its funds in foreign dealings as to be restricted in its means of granting accommodations nearer home.

The measure which Mr. Smith proposes* is one which, in any view of it, there is abundance of time for considering; since it is one which can be accomplished only by the action of the National Legislature.

To the extent of one half of Mr. Smith's proposition, we are clearly of opinion it would have been wise as well as just if Congress had acted at its last session—we mean, of course, to the extent of an amount which would have sufficed to pay the fourth instalment under the deposit (or distribution) act of 1836; which, after being generally appropriated in anticipation by the several States, has remained due and unpaid since the first of January last.

*Mr. Smith's idea is, that Congress should authorize the issue of twenty millions of Treasury notes, free of interest, to be paid out by the Treasury for the public appropriations, and received every where in payments and on deposit by the banks; and that the revenues shall be collected, as formerly, by the banks. No fixed period for the redemption of the Treasury Notes need be stipulated, as on their face they should be made receivable when and wherever presented, for dues to the Government; and the banks should possess the right to re-issue them at their pleasure.

J. Q. Adams' Letter.—The sage of Quincy has addressed a second characteristic Letter, to the public, on the subject of his connection with Abolition Petitions, in which he cuts right and left without mercy. He thus speaks of Mr. Calhoun:

"At the head of them is Mr. John C. Calhoun, with his sanguine temperament, his dashing eloquence, his never-doubting confidence in himself, his superficial acquaintance with human history; with his never-hesitating versatility of conduct, and his ludicrous sincere claims to consistency; with the memory of his premature advancement in early youth—of his grasping ambition—of his blasted hopes and his mortifying disappointments. This is precisely the man to acquire, under the effluence of a Southern Sun, that ascendancy over the intellect of his contemporaries which confers a Pythagorean authority over his disciples, and settles every question among them by the simple formula of "He said it." And such an ascendancy he has acquired, with the exception of a few intelligent men, unable to keep pace with him in the suddenness and rapidity of his political pronouncements, but who cannot sustain themselves long in opposition to any of his circumvolutions."

The Standard lately asserted positively that Reuben M. Whitney was the Editor of the Madisonian, the paper at Washington regarded as the organ of Mr. Rives's party. This was nothing to us, for we could never have any fellowship with the ghost of the man that Mr. Adams killed off by his celebrated Report on the U. S. Bank. But it turns out, like most of the Standard's statements, to be a sheer fabrication. The Editor of the Raleigh Star says he has received a letter from the publisher of the Madisonian, positively contradicting the Standard's assertion, and moreover stating that Whitney is in Mississippi, attending to his own private business. The Star appears to expect the Standard to withdraw its allegation. This is amusing. Did the Standard ever do such a thing?—*Fay. Obs.*

A Long Line.—On the 11th ult., there was lying between Little Falls and Herkimer, New-York awaiting the repair of a breach in the Erie Canal, a line of canal boats ten miles in length. It is supposed it would require a fortnight to get them through the locks.

Special Verdict.—Three young men were recently tried in Cattaraugus (N. Y.) for shooting and mortally wounding a dog. The written verdict of the jury was: "All three guilty; plaintiff's damages assessed at 6 pence; and each of the defendants to have another shot at the dog!"

The long prevalence of Eastern gale has covered the coast of England with masses of sand, entirely choking up harbor; viz. that of Southwold.