POETICAL.

THE LEVELLER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenced round by his right divine;
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe red wine:
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he taneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes,
So the stream flows;
Yet there's a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
On land and sea,
And maketh the rich like the poor to flee.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of her painted pride;
The milk maid sings to the wild eyed dawn
Sad songs on the cold hill's side;
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
On the scholar who writes and stares by fits;
And the girl who her nightly needle plies,
Looks out for the source of life, and dies.
So the world goes,
So the stream flows,
Yet there's a fellow whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
By land and sea,
And taketh the rich and poor to flee.

MODERN ROME.

The following description of the appearance of modern Rome, is from the last number of the New York Review:

Did the limits of a single paper admit of any thing more than a few general sketches, it would be easy to embellish it with scenes of the highest interest for every class of readers. The incidents of agricultural life have more variety, and more picturesque effect, here, than any other part of the world; and the vast farms of Campo Morto and Santa Mana di Galera give a very different idea from that which generally prevails, of Roman industry and skill. The difference is still more striking in some of the villages above the valley of the Tiber. There, the rude dwellings of the inhabitants remain as when they first clustered around the castle of their feudal lord. The castle, too, wide its towers, its embattled walls, its arched and grated windows, still wears the sullen frown of absolute dominion. But no banner waves upon its walls, no signal fire blazes upon its watch-tower, and the iron-studded portal has long since ceased to grate upon its massive hinges. But yet more striking than this contrast between the past and the present, is that which meets the eye as it turns from the narrow and squalid streets of the hamlet to the verdant cultivation that surrounds it. The vine upon each sunny slope; the olive upon the hill side, fruits and grain in the depths of the valley, and precipitous banks, which seem almost inaccessible to man or beast, rising in terraces, plat above plat, and smiling with foliage and fruit. After all, however, the historical associations of the Campagna form the most interesting point of view from which it can be studied. No where does the past wear so solemn, so imposing an aspect; no where does the present recall, with such stern reality, the scenes and the lessons of the past. To see the same sun that shone so brightly on the glittering array of Roman legions, on the havoc of the Goth, of the Lombard, of the Norman, now pouring down its burning rays on scattered hamlets and silent fields; the same moon that looked so meekly on the revels of senatoril villas, on the midnight mysteries of the sacred grove; now softening down the rude rents of time, and restoring to the naked ruin a portion of that beauty it can never wear again in the glare of day; to meet the same smile on the landscape, the same soothing breath on the mountain side, as when they welcomed a Cicero, a Horace, a Virgil, to their cool retreats; what scene can compare with this; what epitaph can plead so touchingly for a pause in the hurried march of life, for a tear upon the sepulchre of a world, whose destiny has been fulfilled, and all of which, save its memory, has passed away.

Let us seat ourselves again upon the summit of the Alban mount, and give a few more moments to the past. Below and around us, far as the eye can reach, spreads the broad unbroken expanse of the Campagna. The seven hills seem to have shrunk to a level with the plain, and Rome, though she still sits proudly upon their crests, is only known by her massive palaces and the solemn swell of the dome of St. Peters. To the north, upon the utmost verge of the horizon, stands Soracte, a stern, solitary barrier, scarcely softened by the distance. The undulating chain of the Sabine mounts, rough, precipitous, standing out craggy and bare, draws an impassable line to the east, and is separated by a broad valley from the long slope of the Alban mount. The sea from Centum Cell to Antium, washes the whole western coast, and is scarcely distinguishable, except by its deep blue, and the purer line of its horizon, from the Campagna itself. The Tiber gleams out brightly in its tortuous course, and the white walls of a modern village mark the spot where it mingles with the waters of the Mediterranean.

Ages ago, those waters girdled the base of the mountain on which we sit, and the highest points of the Campagna were but specks on their surface. A few hardy savages, fed on the chesnuts and acorns of the Sabine mounts, but the Alban was wreathed in clouds of volcanic smoke, and poured forth its torrents of lava through their broad craters. Years passed away the waters gradually retired from the foot of the mountains, and the land, raised by the earthquake's shock and lava flood, came forth smiling in the verdure of a new creation. Its smiles allured the hardy mountaineers to a softer dwelling, and as they descended, tribe after tribe, their clustering cottages and spreading hamlets, revealed the presence of a spirit more than human. For the father of the gods himself, driven by rebellion from his celestial seat, had descended to this favored spot and taken up his abode among men. It was then that the arts, and all the powers of the mind, and all the sympathies of the heart, first developed their humanizing influences; and often did the men of after times look back with a sigh to this sunny period, and radiant were the colors in which they painted the golden age.

Three silver lakes had risen up in the craters of the volcano, and on the shore of one of these, the son of a stranger, from beyond the sea, had erected the walls of a new city. A few cottages, too, had been silently spreading along the brow of a hill overlooking a bend of the Tiber. In these a descendant of the founder of Alba, first gathered together the fugitives of the neighboring cities, and surrounded his dwellings with a wall. Hill after hill was successively added to the enclosure till the inhabitants of the remotest corners of the earth knew no honor greater than to be admitted to the rights of those who were born within its circuit.

A gorgeous temple then covered the spot. It was a land-mark to the returning mariner, who shouted as he saw it from afar, and turned his prow to the welcome shore. It was a gathering place for the cities of the mountain and the plain, who met in common worship around its altar, and shared the consecrated victim in its shade. Here came the warrior before he had dipped his sword in blood, to pray for the guidance and the protection of the father of the gods. And here, too, he came when the strife was ended, and raised his hymn of victory to the god in whose name it had been won. Conquerors of the world! and thou, too, conqueror and lord of all but thine own ambition, could ye but see these moss grown stones, piled by unskilful hands, and the rough walls of this humble convent, and recognize in these the all that remains of your glories and your triumphs, what would ye think of the immortality ye strove so hard to win?

A milder glory lingers around the slope on our right. On the brow of that bald hill stood Tusculum, and within its shade the favorite retreat of Cicero. It was there that the Roman sage sought relief from the cares of the Senate house and the forum, and gave himself up to the sublime meditations of his Tusculan question. Not a tree shades the spot. It swells rounded and bare. The fierce sunlight and rushing tempest play on it at will. A few arches, a vault, ivy, and moss, and this is all that remains of the villa of Cicero.

And Rome still stands—changed, but scarcely humbled, amid these solitudes of her own creation. Twice has the wilderness bloomed around her, like the rose; twice has desolation returned to her pleasant places. She governed by the sword, and stern and unrelenting was her sway. She was governed by religion, and jealous was her dominion. And now from that shattered throne she still lifts up her voice, and wherever the glories of the past are hallowed, wherever the powers of the mind are revered; wherever the eloqence of the marble or of the canvass are felt, that voice penetrates, and thousands, the descendants of those whose blood once stained her car of triumph; the children of a land where her name, as a word of terror, was never heard, crowd around her foot-stool, and bow mute before those eternal records of the intellectual and moral greatness. The future, ah! who can read the changes that lie hid beneath its sombre veil. Yet who can look upon Rome, feel all that she has been and all that she is—and not breathe a silent prayer, that those changes, be they what they may, may still leave her the throne of art, the guide, the inspirer, the instructress of mankind."

COFFEE ELECTRICITY.

Although it is not quite new, it is not generally known that a man may be literally and truly electrified with newly ground Coffee. The manner of doing so was exhibited to the writer of this a few days ago at a shop in New Town. A large coffee mill driven by a steam engine, was grinding coffee in a huge barrel. In the barrel stood a copper scoop, directly under the fall of the fresh ground coffee. An iron rod being held within an inch or so of the copper scoop, an instantaneous flash of lightning, or stream of electric fluid, was attracted by the iron. The same result followed when the finger was employed instead of the rod, and a slight shock, like the puncture of a pin, was quite perceptible. By a rude contrivance, a shock was also communicated from the ground coffee to the tail of a cat, when off scampered the bewildered animal in a state of the most earnest astonishment.—Altogether the matter is curious, and not beneath the attention of the philosopher. Can there be electricity in flour, oatmeal, or snuff? These are exposed to friction as well as coffee; and a test which proves the one to be genuine or the reverse may be useful with regard to the other too.

Hemp.—Casting our eyes along the "export" columns of the New Orleans Bulletin, we notice that the cargoes of two ships for Havre, and one for Hull, (England,) all sailing in one day, were composed in part of *hemp*, an article which once seemed as much of necessity the produce of Russia alone, as guano is of some of the small islands of the Pacific. American hemp now begins to vie in quality, and very nearly in price, with that of Russia.

The Flying Machine.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that a patent has been obtained by J. H. Pennington for a machine to navigate the air. It consists of ten section balloons, a car and a steam engine. The engine of one and a half horse power, it is proposed to place in the upper story of the car appended to the balloons. The steering power is a rudder or oar connected with the bottom of the ballon. [This machine is well known in Alexandria. If the inventor be not disappointed in his most sanguine expectations, it will be a wonderful affair, when—*it gets a going!*]

"BUY SOME MATCHES?"

"Will you buy some matches?" said the voice of a boy, as we were seated in our sanctum in a mood contemplative, about eight o'clock a few nights ago.

'No,' we answered, in a tone that might not have been altogether courteous or good-natured, because the same question had often been asked us before, twenty times a day. This answer we gave without looking at the child, or a second tho't to the matter.

'Please, sir, buy some matches,' said the youth: 'I'll give you five boxes for a bit.'

'But we have no use for them boy, or we would purchase of you.'

'Yet you will have use for them by-and-by, sir, and you don't know how much good even a picayune would do my poor mother and little sisters at home, just now. I havn't sold a box of matches to day.—Please, sir, will you give me a dime for six boxes?'

The tones of the child's voice were so plaintive, his manner of speaking and his pale haggard countenance bore such evident marks of truthfulness and honesty, and his bearing was so manly, that we could not, if we had tried, do otherwise than listen to his tale.

'How many sisters have you?' we asked.

'Three, sir.'

'Are they or either of them able to assist your mother?'

'Oh bless you, no sir! Mary is but seven years old, Pauline only four, and little Kate can barely toddle across the floor.—Mary, though, takes care of Kate some of the time, and that saves poor mother some trouble.'

'And what,' we asked, 'does your mother do for your support?'

'She binds shoes, sir. Ma sends me to the shop with them every morning, and the boss is cross sometimes, and says things that make me bad. And then I go home and tell mother, and she says I shouldn't get angry, for it is perhaps her fault that he is ill tempered, but I don't think so, sir, do you? Poor mother never in the world said or did anything that wasn't right and proper.

We bought of the boy matches enough to last us for a year, and stopped his voice of gratitude by promising soon to call at the home of his mother, and see to the welfare of Mary, Pauline, and 'little' Kate.

Poor match boy!—would that every heart was as pure as thine! the storm of adversity may rage around thee, its chilling breath may penetrate through the thin covering poverty has left you, but it can never take from thee that invaluable honesty a good mother has instilled into thy youthful heart. Cheer up, then, boy! Be patient, be virtuous, frank, manly and honest, as now, and a time will come, though it may be afar off, when you need not ask 'Buy some matches, sir?'—*N. O. Picayune.*

MOURNFUL TRAGEDY!—DEATH OF MISS OAKS!—We are this week, says the Black River Journal, called on to chronicle a most melancholy occurrence, in which a young and amiable lady has been suddenly torn from society and from life, and two highly respectable families thrown into deep mourning! On Thursday last, George Brown, son of Mr. Brown, residing in the village of Tylerville, Lewis county, N. Y., had, with two or three other young men, been on a hunting excursion, and when on an eminence opposite the dwelling of Mr. Simeon Oaks, and about 25 rods distant, saw his daughter, Jane M., enter a small rear building, when one of the company said "now shoot and frighten her;" upon which young Brown instantly, and without reflection, levelled his gun and fired at the building, and unfortunately with fatal effect, the ball entering the young lady's shoulder, and passing through her body in a transverse direction, pierced her heart and lodged on the opposite side. This was about 2 o'clock, P. M., but it was not till 7 o'clock, in the evening that the family were made acquainted with the sad truth of their bereavement. She was then found dead and frozen. The meeting the next morning of the families of Messrs. Oaks and Brown, who have for many years lived on terms of the strictest friendship, is described as one of deep and terrible anguish. Young Brown was examined on Saturday before Judge Chittenden, and held to trial for manslaughter. He was admitted to bail in the sum of $1000. Miss Oaks was in the 19th year of her age, amiable, accomplished, and the idol of her parents and friends. Her death has clothed a neighborhood in sorrow, the more so that it occurred under circumstances so peculiarly heart-rending.—*Balt. Clip.*

A Sad Story.—The Frankfort correspondent of the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle, tells the following sad story of the blighted hopes of a too fond and trusting heart.—Alas! that it should be true; but among the sad lessons of life, women too often find falsehood and deceit, where they trusted to meet truth, love and honor:

"There is pending a very exciting question for a divorce. The petition is presented by a young lady about 16 years of age, of very respectable family, who, by some singular accident, conspiracy or folly, was induced to run off with a man double her age—of character infamous, without property, profession or avocation of any kind—so when she awoke from her delusion, and found herself wedded to infamy and poverty—that in the place of the frank, plausible, intelligent, wealthy and honest man she supposed she was giving her hand and innocent affections to, she had plighted her faith to the loathsome inmate of a brothel, a debauche, a drunkard and a beggar. Her confidence gone, her love turned to loathing and disgust, she returned repentant, to her injured and heart-broken parent—he pitied, forgave, and took back his deluded child, and she seeks a divorce—the husband opposes it. Counsel are employed by his friends to oppose before the committee, the granting the prayer. Mr. Graves appears for the husband, Mr. B. Hardin and G. Duncan, of Louisville, for the wife.

ANOTHER NEW INVENTION.

The Boston Post of Saturday gives this account of an invention, which, if successful, is likely to be a formidable competitor to Mr. Morse's magnetic telegraph:

"We were highly entertained yesterday afternoon by an exhibition of an invention for transmitting substances through tubes or pipes, with great velocity. It is the purpose of this invention to transmit letters or packages any distance which may be desired with the rapidity almost of lightning. The process by which this is accomplished is very simple, consisting merely of an air-chest, which charged with air by a force-pump contiguous to the chest. When the chest is sufficiently charged with air, the letter or package is placed in the feeder, and is immediately discharged through the pipe with great velocity, and perfect safety. Col. Reed, the inventor, is of opinion that an outlay of $60,000 would insure the transmission of letters and packages between Boston and N. York, with perfect safety, in the space of half an hour?"

A Secret for a Farmer's Wife.—While the milking of your cows are going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk in one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of rich cream, and double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.

We find the following in the Savannah Sun of January 24th. It is somewhat complimentary: The pro-tem editor has been very busy courting since yesterday—and the absence of his daily twattle must be understood to mean, that he has used it all up in pretty saying in another place.

The London Times thinks "the life of General Jackson has been neither useful nor ornamental." The Columbian Register does not doubt the Times' ready admission that it is at least "*illustrated with cuts*," as at "*New Orleans.*"

"My brethren," said a preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the sinner, "it is an easy task to row a skiff over Niagara Falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again."

From Graham's Magazine.

TO LIVE TOO LONG.

BY CHAS. W. BAIRD.

It is sad to lie down in the cold, cold grave,
When the mind is strong, and the heart is brave;
It is sad to leave all that is lovely and fair
And go to the tomb, to be mouldering there.
But oh! if 'tis bitter to leave the world's throng,
It is sadder, far sadder, to live too long.

To see all that once we had doted upon
Before us to rest and to happiness gone,
And to stand, like a withered oak, blighted and weak,
The sole tree that survives the mad hurricane's wreck;
O talk not of life, earth's bright dwellings among,
For nothing can soothe him who lives too long.

To know that the once echoing tempest of Fame
Shall never more mention that valueless name;
To know that none care for his bliss or his doom;
Or rather I'd ask the cold rest of his tomb.
When glory has died, and the spirit of song
Has vanished, 'tis bitter to live too long.

And I would lie down in my deep repose
Ere my bosom no longer with poesy glows;
And I would arise to the mansions on high,
Ere the thoughts that now live in my spirit shall die;
Ere the moments have fled, that to manhood belong,
And I feel that 'tis bitter to live too long.

Terms of the Carolina Watchman.

Two dollars in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year.

No subscription received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.

No subscription discontinued (but at the option of the Editors) until all arrearages are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square for the first insertion and twenty five cents for each continuance.

Court notices and Court orders will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.

A deduction of 33 1-3 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

All advertisements will be continued until forbid and charged for accordingly, unless ordered for a certain number of times.

☞ Letters addressed to the Editors must come *post paid* to ensure attention.

The State of Mississippi,

LA FAYETTE COUNTY.

CIRCUIT COURT—NOVEMBER TERM, 1844

William R. Cunningham, *vs.* William Kennedy. } Attachment for $1,920 00

THIS day came the Plaintiff by his *Attorney*, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant, William Kennedy, is a non-resident of the State of Mississippi, so that the ordinary process of the Court cannot be served upon: It is therefore, ordered by the Court, that unless the said William Kennedy appear before the Judge of our next Circuit Court, to be holden for the county of La Fayette, at the Court-House, in the Town of Oxford, on the 3rd monday of May next, to plead, answer or demur to said suit of Attachment, judgment will be rendered, and the property so attached will be sold to satisfy plaintiff's debt, damages, and cost. It is further ordered by the Court, that a copy of this order be published in the Carolina Watchman, a newspaper printed in the Town of Salisbury, North Carolina, for six months successively. Attest, a true copy.

C. M. PHIPPS, Clerk.

6m36—Printers fee $20