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POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

All hail, once more, to our friend "RICH."
We know not his name, but he is evidently no
unpractised minstrel. We predict that when
his name shall become known, it will be found to
be the name of one, who has written his name
high upon the rolls of his country's literature.
Will he favor us with his name in confidence?
We wish it for reasons that we will explain to
him.

THE DYING STUDENT.

Yes, I must die! I know the hectic blush
Upon my cheek tells of my life's decay,
As truly as the lingering twilight's flush
Upon the sky tells of the death of day.
The shadows of long night reel through my brain
And visions of the spirit-land are there—
The sluggish blood is curdling in each vein,
And bids me for the life to come prepare.

My languid pulse proclaims that life's dull tide
Is ebbing fast towards that shoreless sea,
On which my spirit, bairk like, soon shall ride,
In hope and strange expectancy most free.
Why do I shudder at the thrilling thought?
Why is my mind at times so tempest-tost?
Why should the spirit fear the grave's deep gloom,
Or dread the wonders of the heavenly host?

Oh, it is hard that one so young as I
Should say to earth and all its scenes, adieu!
For the last time should look upon the sky,
And watch the stars fade slowly out of view.
These eyes no more at daylight's closing hour
Shall see the moon rise brightly from the sea,
Nor shall my steps again press to the bowers
Where I vowed love and deathless constancy!

Fair girl, my Mary! Mistress of my soul!
My heart is breaking while it clings to thee;
I feel, while sinking, that thy sweet control
Could make this world a paradise for me.
But oh, my love! my lips are ashy pale,
And, like a sick bird, thought is fluttering
low—
Yet, till the cloud shall o'er my heart prevail,
To thee its current ceaseless still shall flow.

Long have I struggled in the lists of fame,
And decked my brow to wear the laurels shade
And now, when men begin to list my name,
The night comes on and glories from the fade.
In vain, most vain, at midnight's solemn hour
I've bidden spirits from the mighty deep,
And felt, with pride, my own exhaustless power,
Wide o'er my mind's realms, soar with an eagle's sweep.

Oh, for one day upon the mountain's crest—
Oh, for one night beneath the jeweled sky—
Oh, for one hour where I have been most blest,
With my heart's love & her wild minstrelsy!
Vain is each wish—these shattered nerves, this
clay,
Shrink from the thought on which I wish to
dwell:
Night gathers o'er my mind, and I can say
But one word more, and that one word, fare
well!

Thus spake the student, as life's fitful gleams,
Like an expiring taper, rayed death's night—
Still clinging to the hopes and cherished dreams
Which on his heart had shed a blissful light.
He passed away, and many a manly eye,
Unused to tears, in sorrow for him, wept—
And many vowed, 'till met within the sky,
His name enshrined should in their souls be
kept.

RIGEL.

THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who has wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide,
Say, of all these things hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where,
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those who love abide,
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place:
'Tis where two hearts are joined,
'Tis where two hearts are joined,
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream:
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom
A bowler where new born roses bloom."

THE ROSE.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested
Upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the
air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, and
taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over
it with delight. I passed it again and be-
hold it was gone—its stem was leafless—
its root had withered—the enclosure which
surrounded it was broken. The spider
had been there; he saw that many admired
it, and he knew it was dear to him who
planted it, and besides it he had no other
true love. Yet he snatched it secretly from
the hand that cherished it, he wore it on
his bosom till it hung its head and faded,
and when he saw that its glory was de-
parted, he flung it rudely away. But it left
a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek
to extract it, for now it pierces the spider
even in his hour of mirth. And when I
saw that no man who had loved the beauty
of the rose gathered again its scattered
leaves or bound up the stalk which the

hand of violence had broken, I looked
earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my
soul received instruction. And I said—
Let her who is full of beauty and admira-
tion, sitting like a queen of flowers in ma-
jesty among the daughters of woman, let
her watch lest vanity enter her heart, be-
guing her to rest proudly upon slippery
places, and be not high minded, but fear.
—Mrs. Sigourney.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIME.—O! Time, mighty is the strength
of thy arm, and unceasing is thy ruin as
eternity. The glory of a thousand cities
lie buried in the dust. Greece! Thou beau-
tiful illustrious Greece! the land of science
and of song—where now are thy temples
of learning and philosophy? Once they
were filled with the great men of the earth,
and the thunders of a Demosthenes resound-
ing in the royal galleries. But alas! where
are they now? The wave of Time has
swept them from the face of the earth.
Rome! thy princely domes, too, are gone—
thy consecrated visitors have long left
their thrones. And so is Troy no more; its
palace halls are silent, and the towers of il-
lurium are mouldering into dust.—The power-
ful Hector, the brave antagonist of Achilles,
is no more. The mighty engines of battle,
the thunder of the warrior's chariot, the
magnificent temples of Carthage, together
with the millions of the invaders and the in-
vaded, have all found one common mausoleum
in the boundless ocean of Time.

The halls where once the gay, the happy
and the beautiful were assembled to listen
to the "voluptuous swell" of music and the
banquet song, and to sport in the bride
dance, are gone down the tide of never re-
turning years; and moss and wild grass
cover the spot, while at the "midnight hour"
the owl's long cry adds to the deep solitude.
The trophies and garlands of Fame have
faded away. The wreath and diadem which
adorned the warrior's brow have been hurled
into oblivion. The gigantic bulwarks
of genius, the ponderous tones of learning,
and the increasing labor of years are alike
the sport of the hand of time. No edifice
is too gorgeous, no blandishments are too
resplendent, no empire is too mighty for the
blighting power of thy arm.

A few more years, and all that now tread
the earth will be no more. The rich; the
poor, the gay and beautiful, will have found
a resting place beneath the clouds of the val-
ley. Nor would I stop the flight of Time—
No, hasten and bear me to that golden shore,
Where eyes shall cease weeping, and hearts
break no more.

M. A. TOWNSEND.

GETTING MARRIED.

It surprises me, to see how speedily
this thing is "done up, by some people in
our goodly land. What should require the
deliberation of years is often effected in a
few months or weeks. Some persons, it
seems to me, were born to be married,
so naturally do they rush into it. They
seem to think no more of winning the heart
of a lovely woman, and perpetrating
marriage than they would of performing
a journey or taking a shower bath. You
look into a paper of a morning, and you be-
hold the marriage of your old school mate
and playfellow, and you immediately won-
der that your old friend should have exe-
cuted what you have just begun to think of.
Why, you say, he is no older than myself,
and if I were to get married now, every
one would believe me insane, and with
good reason. That a man can deliberately
commit matrimony at such a tender age as
my friend's (and he is but twenty-six, one
year younger than myself,) argues a reck-
lessness which it is fruitful to contem-
plate. Only consider the nature of the
act, how momentous, how fraught with stu-
pendous consequences, either for good or
for evil! To choose a walking stick does
not require much time or deliberation; and
yet methinks, some young men bestow
much less thought in the selection of their
helpmates than would be requisite to pre-
pare the article just enumerated.—They
are violently smitten, at first sight, with
a young lady, and they make up their minds
on the spot to wed her, without ascer-
taining by a regular series of attentions,
what may be her suitability to preside
over their house and household. Such
precipitation is dreadful, and yet it is daily
occurrence. Young men say they have
not time to 'court';—they must tie the not
now or never—they must strike while the
iron is hot. And they do strike, and the
way they get burnt is a caution.—Boston
Morning Post.

POWER OF A SWORD FISH.

We yesterday had the pleasure of inspect-
ing a piece of wood, cut out of one of the
fore planks of a vessel, the Priscilla, from
Pernambuco, now in this port, through
which was stuck about eighteen inches of
the sword-fish. How it came there needs
not to be explained. The force with which
it must have been driven affords a striking
exemplification of the power and ferocity of
the fish. The spot in which the vessel was
struck was about half way between the com-
mencement of the coppering and keel.
Penetrating the copper, the sword had

made its way first through the outer plank
of Scotch larch, three inches and a half in
thickness, then traversing an open space of
ten or twelve inches, it had encountered an-
other plank of oak, and about four inches in
thickness, which was also pierced, the point
of the sword coming clean through to the
other side. What renders this feat more
surprising is that the Priscilla is a new ves-
sel, this having been her first voyage. Capt.
Taylor, her commander, states that when
near the Azores, as he was walking the quar-
ter deck at night a shock was felt which
brought all hands from below under the im-
pression that the ship had touched upon a
rock.

This was no doubt the time when the
occurrence took place. A great number of
whales had been seen playing about the
vessel the day before, and it is probable that
the sword-fish, which is a deadly enemy to
the whale, had mistaken the Priscilla for
one of the objects to which it was in chase;
in other words, it had thought her "very
like a whale." On the passage home the
vessel was observed to leak a great deal,
on which account after discharging her car-
go, she was hauled into the Graven Dock,
and, having yesterday undergone an exam-
ination, the discovery was made as to what
had happened. The plank had been split
as well as pierced, so that, though the sword
remained in the aperture it had made, it was
not sufficient entirely to keep out the water.
Liverpool Courier.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF DRUNKEN- NESS.

Capt. Marryatt gives the following ac-
count of a scene which was enacted by him-
self and a man who appeared to have been
a good deal "worse for liquor," at the ta-
ble of a public house in upper Canada:

"He sat down opposite to me at the same
table. It appeared as if his vision was in-
verted by the quantity of liquor which he
had taken; and every thing close to him on
the table he considered to be out of his reach,
whilst every thing at a distance he attempt-
ed to lay hold of. He sat up as erect as he
could, balancing himself so as not to appear
corned, and fixing his eyes upon me, said,
"Sir, I'll trouble you for some fried fish."
"Now, the ham was in the next dish to
him, and altogether out of my reach; I
told him so. "Sir," said he again, "as a
gentleman I ask you to give me some of
that fried ham." Amused with the curious
demand I rose from my chair, went found
to him and helped him. "Shall I give you
a potato," the potatoes being at my end of
the table, and I not wishing to rise again.
"No, sir," said he, "I can help myself to
them." He made a dash at them, but did
not reach them; then made another, and
another, till he lost his balance, and lay
down upon his plate; this time he gained
the potatoes, helped himself and commen-
ced eating. After a few minutes he again
fixed his eyes upon me. "Sir, I'll trouble
you for the pickles." They were actually
under his nose, and I pointed them out to
him. "I believe, sir, I asked you for the
pickles," repeated he, after a time. "Well,
there they are," replied I, wishing to see
what he would do. "Sir, as a gentle-
man—I ask you as a gentleman for them—
ere pickles." It was impossible to resist this
appeal, so I rose and helped him. I was
now convinced that his vision was some-
how or other inverted, and to prove it, when
he asked me for the salt, which was within his
reach, I removed it further off. "Thank
ye, Sir," said he sprawling over the table
after. The circumstance, absurd as it was,
was really a subject for the investigation of
Dr Brewster.

The subjoined list of "Vulgarisms" is from
an old newspaper, published in 1759:

VULGARISMS, which may easily be avoided
by substituting the word VERY in the place of
the comparisons:
As hot as an oven: as cold as ice.
Cut like a razor: dull as a hoe.
Sharp as a needle: dull as an old shoe.
Long as a hay pole: short as pie crust.
Heavy as lead: light as a feather.
Swift as lightning: slow as a snail.
Black as jet: white as snow.
Green as a leek: red as blood.
Strong as mustard: weak as a rat.
Thick as hops: warm as toast.
Cunning as a fox: silly as a goose.
Swear like a piper: serious as a deacon.
Big as a house—gay as a butterfly.
Fat as a hog: sound as a roach.
Merry as a cricket: mad as a hornet.
Hungry as a dog: quick as thought.
Wet as dung: dry as a hick.
Sweet as honey: sour as vinegar.
Rich as a Jew: poor as a church mouse.
Strong as iron: strong as a horse.
Strong as Sampson: strong as hemp.
Straight as a gun: crooked as a ram's horn.
Sull as a mouse in a cheese: noisy as Bedlam.
High as the moon: run like a deer: wild as
a partridge: tame as a rabbit: firm as the hills:
steady as the wind: fit as a pancake: round
as a pumpkin: clear as a penny: swift as a
bullet: hard as a rock: tough as sole leather,
and to close this beautiful list of comparisons,
the following one must not be forgotten, which
is often applied to the fairer part of creation,
viz: As neat as wax.

Comparisons like these forego.
And rather say, 'tis VERY TATS or so.

TRUE POLITENESS.

A Young girl hesitates not to tell her age;
but you don't catch an "old un," napping.

From the New York Weekly Whig.
MEHEMET ALI.

This Egyptian potentate seems to be on
the high road to imperial dominion; and
if not arrested in his career by some of the
great powers, he may yet wear the diadem
of Constantine. His success against the
Sultan, in almost every movement, his
splendid despotism, and his studied flattery
of the passions and national feelings of the
Egyptians, have invested him with a power
over their minds that acts as a charm in the
hour of battle. They look upon him as the
man of destiny. His uniform successes
their fatalism constrains into the special pro-
tection of the Prophet. The total defeat
of the Turkish army, the defection of the
fleet, and the death of the Sultan, are all
propitious for the fortunes of Egypt; and
the accounts from that quarter will continue
to be looked for with a good deal of in-
terest.

Since the Sultan's death, intelligence has
been received that the Imam of Sana, the
sovereign of the finest and the most flour-
ishing part of Southern of the coast Arabi-
a, after having for six years successfully re-
sisted the power of the Viceroy of Egypt,
has suddenly thrown himself into the arms
of his powerful foe, in whose favor he has
offered to renounce his own sovereignty, on
condition of receiving a pension, and retain-
ing ecclesiastical dignity. The Viceroy of
Egypt has consented to the terms, and sent
his officers to receive possession of the
country, which is hereafter to be treated as
a part of the territory of Mehemet Ali.

As our readers would doubtless be inter-
ested in an account of this extraordinary
man, who is at this moment attracting the
gaze of all the crowned heads in Europe,
for his daring and successful enterprises—we
have abridged from a foreign magazine,
and the excellent work of Stephens on
Egypt and Arabia, the following particulars
of the Viceroy of Egypt.

Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, was
born in 1769, at Cavala, near Philippi. His
father was an inferior officer of the Turkish
police, and died poor, leaving Mehemet at
the age of four, without a piastre in the
world. He was taken home by an uncle,
who was an aga, and educated to horseman-
ship and the use of arms. All other branch-
es were neglected. His uncle being mur-
dered for his wealth, the young man was
degraded left destitute. He then passed some
years in the shop of a tobacco merchant,
and here gained some knowledge of trade,
which was afterwards of great advantage
to him. In this situation he acquired a
small capital, and opened a shop for him-
self. He was successful and became wealthy.
When Napoleon invaded Egypt, Mehemet
joined the Egyptian forces against him.
He distinguished himself by his brave-
ry and in the subsequent difficulties be-
tween the Sultan and the Mamelukes, he
received from the viceroy of Egypt, Me-
hemet Kusruff, the rank of General.—As
success, however, always creates envy among
rivals, the ear of Kusruff was poisoned by
calumnies, and Mehemet was dismissed
from the service. His bold spirit could not
brook the indignity. He forthwith joined
the Mamelukes, against whom he had been
fighting, and at length compelled the Pa-
shaw, Mehemet Kusruff, to fly to Damietta,
where he took him prisoner. A new Pa-
shaw was appointed by the Sultan, but he
soon put to death by the intrigues and treach-
ery of Mehemet Ali. After various strata-
gems, Mehemet accomplished his purpose,
and in 1803 the Sultan declared him Pashaw
of Egypt, appointed in compliance with the
wishes of the people. He now announced
his determination to restore Egypt to its
rank among the nations. He attached to
his interest the Oriental tribes; im-
proved the discipline of his soldiers and
took every measure to strengthen himself
in his power. The Sultan became jealous
of him, and issued an order deposing him
from office as governor of Egypt. But Me-
hemet Ali resisted the order, and the Sultan
was compelled reluctantly to yield.

The next step in his career was his mas-
sacre of the Mamelukes. He invited their
chiefs to a feast at Cairo, where they were
assassinated, while the body was cut off by
a general massacre. He then sent out his
armies under the command of his sons to
pursue his conquests in Asia, in the region
of the upper Nile. Mehemet himself was
occupied at home in the improvement of
his military affairs. He introduced French
officers; built an arsenal at Cairo, estab-
lished a military hospital, provided gunpow-
der, manufactures, &c.

On the breaking out of the Greek war,
the forces of Egypt were put in requisition,
and Ibrahim, who figured so prominently in
that war, is the adopted son of Mehemet
Ali. The military strength of Egypt now
rapidly increased. The Viceroy showed
Europeans to rank in his army without re-
ference to creed, and expended large sums
of money in military and naval preparations.

In 1831, he determined to take posses-
sion of Syria, which had been promised to
him for his services in the Greek war; and
in October of that year, he placed his army,
between 40,000 and 50,000 strong, under
the command of Ibrahim. This army ad-
vanced into Syria, and in the course of an
eventful year, achieved a complete conquest
of that province and opened the way to
Constantinople. The Turkish Government

was now alarmed. It called on Great Brit-
ain for aid, but was refused. The Russians
were ready to assist, but the Turks feared
the result of such an alliance. A dreadful
engagement took place in Asia Minor, be-
tween the forces of the Sultan and those of
Ibrahim, in which the latter were victorious.
Russian aid was then accepted, and an im-
mense Russian force was brought into the
Turkish dominions.—After various man-
euvers of diplomacy, the Sultan yielded up
a treaty which gave Ibrahim the whole of
Syria. The issue of the efforts
of Russia resulted in the formation of a
treaty of mutual protection between Russia
and Turkey, which was concluded on the
8th July, 1833. This treaty, which is called
the treaty of Uskuk Skelessi, placed
Turkey in a dependent situation upon Russia.
In August, 1832, Mehemet Ali announce-
ed his determination to declare himself inde-
pendent of the Sultan. England, France,
Austria and Russia, all opposed this decla-
ration; but this only irritated him, and brought
him to express a declaration of his determi-
nation to make his power hereditary.

As if in defiance of all danger, and in
the midst of threatening difficulties, Mehemet
Ali left his subordinate officers to manage
diplomacy and set off on an exploring ex-
pedition to the regions of the upper Nile.
The account of this singular expedition
has recently been in the public prints.
That he should undertake such a journey
at the age of seventy years through a torrid
climate and among a warlike people, is re-
markable. He returned from the expedition
in February last. His fortunate career
since that period is given in the recent in-
telligence from the East.

AMERICAN INGENUITY IN EVA- DING THE LAW.

The very first object of the Americans,
after a law has been passed, is to find out
how they can evade it. This exercises
their ingenuity; and it is very amusing to
observe how cleverly they sometimes man-
age it. At Baltimore, in consequence of
the prevalence of hydrophobia, the civil
authorities passed a law, that all dogs should
be muzzled, or rather the terms were, "that
all dogs should wear a muzzle," or the
owner of a dog not wearing a muzzle
should be brought up and fined; and the
regulation further stated, any body con-
victed of having "removed the muzzle from
off a dog should be severely fined." A
man, therefore, tied a muzzle to his dog's
tail, (the act not stating where the muzzle
was to be placed.) One of the city officers
perceiving this dog with his muzzle at the
wrong end, took possession of the dog,
and brought it to the town hall. Its mas-
ter, being well known, was summoned and
appeared. He proved that he complied
with the act in having fixed a muzzle on
the dog, and farther, the city officer having
taken the muzzle off the dog's tail, he re-
sisted that he should be fined five dollars
for so doing.—Captain Marryatt's Diary
in America.

Woman's Voice.—How consoling to the
mind oppressed by heavy sorrow is the
voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred
music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of
celestial serenity and as a gentle zephyr,
refreshes the wearied senses with its soft
and melodious tones. Riches may avail
much in the hour of affliction; the friend-
ship of man may alleviate for a time the
bitterness of woe; but the angel voice of
woman is capable of producing a lasting
effect on the heart, and communicates a
sensation of delicious composure which
the mind had never before experienced,
even in the moments of its highest felicity.

Printing has got to so low and ebb, that
when an editor has made a raise, sufficient
to buy a new shirt he cannot forbear to give
his neighbors a hint of it, by way of boast-
ing a little. A Western editor, who a
short time since, had made a raise of this
sort, and not inclined to vain boasting hints
of it as follows.—Phila Star.

"Our neighbor of the ———, it appears
is much given to the practice of boasting
about matters of earthly possession.—Now
although the editor of this paper, no longer
ago than yesterday, made a raise of a
bran new shirt, yet, it is a matter of utter
indifference to him whether any body knows
it or not."

The word "Texas," in the language of the In-
dians, is said to signify "the happy hunting
ground of departed spirits." Choice spirits have
certainly departed in that direction, and some of
them were hunted nearly all the way—men who
chose that last alternative in the conflict.

"What shall we do when this world vexes,
Break or die, or go to Texas?"

GENUINE WIT.—The printer of an Eastern
paper says, that many of his patrons
would make good wheel horses, they hold
back so well.

A Loco Foco orator in a Fourth of July
oration, contended that the Declaration of In-
dependence is an immortal document, but the
Sub-Treasury scheme is immortal!

The laws of Louisiana place the husband and
wife upon equal grounds. They give to each
the control of their property and to the survivor
the right of dower in the property of the deceased.

One asked why B stood before C? Because,
said another, a man must B before he can C.
"You be darned," as the Yankee said, when
he saw a great hole in his stocking.

A very severe shock of earthquake was felt at
Kingston on the morning of July 29th, which
occasioned great alarm but it was not known that
any damage had been caused by it.

An Irishman sold a horse, warranted "with-
out fault." The buyer found him stone blind,
and complained accordingly. "By me now!"
said Pat, "that's not his fault, it's only his misfor-
tune sure!"

A northern man with southern principles—
the white bear said when he swallowed the nig-
ger.