

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

HAMILTON C. JONES. SALISBURY, N. C. SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1856. VOL. V—NO. 19—WHOLE NO. 227.



POETRY.

There is a richness and a beauty about the following lines from the pen of a friend now in foreign climes, which would do honor to Wordsworth. They were written many years ago; they have a direct and peculiar application to the autumn season, from year to year.

Phil. Gaz.

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of Spring—these beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
The season's joy and earth's garniture spread out,
When the silver habit of the clouds
Lies down upon the autumn sun, and, with
Other gladness, the old year takes up
Bright inheritance of golden fruits,
To pump and pig-aunt fill the splendid scene.

From the New Novel of "EAST AND WEST."

CHAPTER XV.
Staylor took a seat by Ralph as he counted his remark about the preacher and the shades of the evening gathered round him, they sat seemingly each occupied with his own thoughts, but not unconscious of the pleasure of his companion's company. Staylor was the first to interrupt the speaker, which he did by remarking:
'I seem to vely, I suppose you think, since I have been on board, but I can't say it's on the boat, and yet these chaps to day look at me as if they thought I never had care. I've just parted with my old mother, Mr. Beckford, and it's touched me some more than I've been touched for years, she is living with my brother, but you know I was always the favorite. I was the best, and she thought more about me, and I may be, then for the most. She was a pious woman, and I felt to day when she gave me her blessing, that there was something in it—but I don't know, I'm not sure—I took several parting drinks with my brothers, and when I came aboard—I felt my steam is getting down now, and I don't want to come. Come, the boat drop in the sea can't hurt you.'
Ralph assented, and they entered the saloon and drank together.
'Captaining come take something,' said Staylor addressing that worthy, who at this moment entered the social hall. The captain said he had no objection—the occasion was then handed over to him, and Staylor drank again to be polite. He pressed Staylor to replenish his glass, but he refused.
'You're right,' said Staylor, 'if you don't think it don't take it, but I'm one of those old men that can't or won't say no to good-burn. And yet I was never yet in my life, that is to say, so far gone that I couldn't navigate. My brain's never sunk, but my blood often is. We have a down south—we had him, the devil in him now—he was rich, and had every thing around him that was splendid; but I couldn't be in his shoes for all his lands, I treated every body bad that was about his sons bad, his daughters bad, and it was wonder then that he treated his niggers bad. His conscience plagued him away in his old age. It plagued him so that he couldn't get drunk. I've seen many a man drown it, till the liquor he had in him would have killed any other man, but drunk couldn't come. Captaining when shall we get down?
'About half an hour,' replied the Captain. 'The Alexander's there and I'm told you're going to give us a race.'
'Is she?' exclaimed Staylor; 'she's a fine boat, but the night promises to be cloudy.'

boat obtained a considerable increase of passengers. The Alexander has her steam up, determined to test the speed of the boat on which Ralph and Staylor were, and which for the sake of a name, we will call the Turtle. When the Turtle stopped, as she was known to have much better accommodations and so on, than the other boat, man, of the passengers of the latter left her, and came on board of the Turtle.

Both his knees so as to embrace them with both his arms; as he sat on the table, he exclaimed: 'Stranger I'd give a fifty dollar bill for your face.'
'What do you mean sir?' said the stranger speaking angrily.
'Mean?' replied Staylor eyeing him all over, and laughing, 'I mean what I say, I'd give a fifty dollar bill for your face, for if I had it, I'd make my fortune selling tracks.'
A loud laugh broke from everyone present. The stranger looked at Staylor, like one who wished to pick a quarrel, but could not screw his courage to the sticking point, when he beheld the huge proportions of his adversary. After gazing at Staylor a moment irresolutely, he drew his hat over his brow, and entered the social hall with no very social feelings.
'That,' said Staylor pointing after him, 'is one of our amphibious fellows, there's no telling what side he's on; he's astraddle of the fence, ready to serve God or devil, as best suits his pockets; he see-saws between saint and sinner, determined to take the strong side. Look at his coat, you can't tell whether it's Methodist or not, or quaker or what not, it's shad belly & it ain't shad belly; his hat has a broad brim, and a sharp top. Ha ha ha! I suspect he is amphibious in other respects; that while he pretends to belong to the cold water society, he creeps ashore like an alligator, and lays down on the sunny side of a distillery. Strangers, if there is any one thing I scorn in this world more than another it is hypocrisy. If I enlisted with the devil himself, it would be on the agreement that he should show his flag, his bloody banner, and I would set up for ensign myself, that it might float free, so that the people should not be taken under false pretences, come to us as friends, and find us foes. We go very fast, don't we? he continued, getting down from the table; 'how the boat shakes she puffs like a p-poise. I expect we are racing it!'
'Racing it!' echoed a nervous, gouty man, on crutches, who had just come in from the guards, and who had been hobbling about in a state of inquietude ever since the boats started; it's awful, we have been racing it this hour.'
'We're ahead, ain't we?' asked Staylor.
'Yes,' replied a one eyed, hard featured man, who entered immediately behind Staylor, and who appeared to be a river character, perhaps belonging to the boat; 'we're ahead and likely to keep so; and we will if it takes all old Dobbin's barrels of rosin. I'll turn in any how.'
'You are right,' said Staylor turning to go out, and observing the speaker was one eyed; 'you must make the most of your eye, for I see it takes you twice as long to sleep as it does another man.'
'Look here mister do you want to pass an insult?' exclaimed the one eyed man, while the Cyclopan member flashed with all the fire that would have beamed from both, had the other been able to do duty.
'None in the world stranger,' said Staylor good humoredly—'it's only a joke it's all in your eye. Come let's drink together.'
'Agreed,' said the one eyed man, and he and Staylor proceeded to the bar and drank deeply to their better acquaintance, when the former quietly went to his berth, and the latter walked out on the guards and stood by Ralph, who had preceded him.

The scene was one likely to live in the memory of Ralph. Frowning immediately before him, (for the river here was very winding, and thus the effect produced,) was a bold and high cliff, against which the boat seemed hurrying to its destruction. The haze had passed off from the bosom of the river, but here and there dark clouds floated over the sky, between which the stars appeared clear but cold; for though the clouds lay in dark masses between them, the patches of sky were as blue as if the heavens were cloudless. Just above the peak of the precipice, a new moon floated through cloud and sky, like a frail bark on the troubled sea; while the huge forest on either side of the river, seemed to form a channel to direct the eye to it. Immediately before the boat, the light flashed forth fiercely on the dark bosom of the wave; appeared like a mass of molten gold, thrown into a sea of lead. As the river was low, its banks high, with tall trees upon them, which increased the apparent height, while the waves cast back, here and there, the strong reflection of cloud and sky, it made the heavens appear much higher and further off, and struck the beholder, in connexion with the surrounding scenery, with sensations of sublime.

large logs of wood up and cast them on the fire, as easily as a boy would have thrown upon it so many willow switches, his black form and countenance glowing in the glare, the energy with which he labored, the muscular power that his naked chest and arms exhibited together with the occupation in which he was engaged, brought to the mind of Ralph, the idea of one of Satan's devils feeding the infernal flames. Every now and then, the firemen would cast their eyes towards the Turtle; and if thought they had gained upon her, they would give a quick startling yell, which from the surrounding scenery, then might well call up fancies of the past, and almost make the white man think the Indian was pursuing him in one of his own 'fire canoes.'
'She's doing her hardest,' said Staylor to Ralph, 'but I don't think she gains much.'
At this moment the voice of the captain of the Alexander could be distinctly heard and himself seen as he leaned over the boiler deck, and looking at the hands below, called out in an excited and angry tone—'Keep the fire up there boys! give her all the steam you can. Mate get out quick a barrel of rosin from below, and try them. Keep the steam up I tell you!'
'That fellow means to go his death,' exclaimed Staylor, to the crowd around him; for the passengers with various feelings, had gathered on the guards. 'He means to go his death. He has spunk any how; I like to see it!' And Staylor who had become much excited at the scene, and with what he had drunk, exclaimed, calling out to the passengers of the Alexander 'Good by stranger, you can't do it—good by. Which way? are you for Cincinnati? When we have got there, done our business and are leaving, we'll mention you'll be down in a week or two.'
'Make way!' cried out the pilot of the Alexander—who could be distinctly heard on board the Turtle—with an awful oath 'make way—give us part of the channel, and we'll pass you.'
'You may have all of the channel,' retorted Staylor, behind us; but—'
'We'll have that before you too,' interrupted the pilot of the Alexander, 'if we have to ride over you. I'll mash your mouth when I meet you.'
'Ha, ha! ha!—it takes two to play to that game, stranger. Blazeaway is my motto!'
'It's Blazeaway Staylor, from the lower country,' remarked the pilot to a man standing beside him, as Staylor's voice rung in their ears, for he had the lungs of a Stentor, 'if they don't beat us it won't be his fault.'
According to the order of the captain of the Alexander, the firemen had thrown on the fire a considerable quantity of rosin, and in a few moments it emitted a dark, gloomy smoke in which innumerable shining sparks flashed like the stars amidst the clouds above. It was now evident to all that the Alexander was gaining on the Turtle.
'Where's the captaining?' called out Staylor, as he observed the advance of the other boat. 'He must use rosin too—they'll be into us, or pass us if we don't. Captaining! he continued at the top of his voice, 'where the devil is the captaining?''
'Here,' replied the captain of the Turtle, who answered from the roof of the hurricane deck, where he stood beside the pilot.
'Captaining!' returned Staylor 'ain't you going to give us a touch of rosin?''
'No no!' exclaimed many of the passengers, whose fears for their safety had become aroused, 'let them pass us.'
'Let them pass us! not without a trial I hope,' said Staylor, 'come down captaining.'
(To be concluded next week.)

ECONOMY IN EXPENDITURE.

Race Extraordinary.

Another half brought the steamer to Ball...

With such as he, where'er he be, May I be saved or damn'd.

But what struck Ralph most, was the dark forms of the firemen on board the Alexander, as they moved before the fire, stirring it up, and throwing wood into the furnace.

Who would hesitate to choose between such a family, and one whose house was filled with gorgeous furniture, where the wife & daughter are dressed in the gayer of the fashion, and the husband banishes himself from that pleasant mansion, to toil and drudge in the dusty warehouse? He sleeps in a very grand house, he lives in a counting room.

Noble Reward of Integrity.—A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crops of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had, during the winter, frequently shot to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.