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ODE FOR THE OLD YEAR.

From the Poughkeepsie Telegraph. There was a sound of mirth by the lowly hearth, And in lordly mansion high;

Ye have passed from my side away. There were eyes of light on my pathway bright, Their arms that round me clung;

Oh, the New Year will come from his far-off home, Over the ice-bound Arctic wave;

From the Boston Courier. SAILORS' LIFE AND SAILORS' YARNS.

This is the title of an unpretending little volume, just published by C. S. Francis & Co., New-York, and J. H. Francis, Boston.

It consists of a series of stories and adventures, "written," the author remarks, "for my own amusement in leisure hours at sea, when I had no passengers, and the tedious hours of a long India voyage hung heavily upon me."

THE OLD SAILOR.

An old sailor is a singular being; not only peculiar, but singular, in the literal meaning of the word—alone. He has outlived his youthful exuberance—he has lost his relish for everything calculated to make life happy.

Excuse this humble tribute to the memory of an old shipmate. But shall such a destiny as I have described always await the old sailor? No, God be thanked for the benevolent age in which we live, and the exertions which are already making for seamen.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE."



RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY GETS HIS HARRISON.

NEW SERIES, NUMBER 38, OF VOLUME III.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1847.

were such an one as I had begun to describe. Your haggard look, enfeebled strength, and broken constitution, were strong and uncalled for witnesses to prove your claim to the title.

It was a cold and dreary night off the Cape of Good Hope, in July, and the watch had generally sought shelter under the lee of the galley and long boat, excepting old Bill, whose lookout it happened to be.

"No, no, Charley," said he, "for he called me by this name, 'lie down again, and forget your misery.'"

"Why, I'm not particularly miserable, Bill, unless miserably cold," replied I, as he turned away from me; "I should think you were, though, for your face has looked as long as the main-top-bowline and jib downhall spliced together, for this week or more."

I had turned away, when the old fellow stepped in his hurried walk, and said in a kinder voice, "Charley, my boy, come here; you may keep the lookout with me, if you like, and I will tell you of a greater misery than cold, or any other pain you ever suffered."

"O, now for a yarn!" said I, "a regular twister, I suppose."

"Nothing of that kind," said he, seriously. "If you live as long as I have done, you may experience much misery; but if you live as I have done, you'll have the greatest misery a man can have—an evil conscience—for that's my yarn."

"I once had a home, and a happy one; for there was everything to make it so; kind and affectionate parents, brothers and sisters, and many friends—one friend, Charley, more dear than all. I had received a good education, and at the age of twenty, blessed with that, and with robust health, and above all, with the love of such a sweet girl as Mary Morton, who was happier or who had fairer prospects for life than myself? But unfortunately I had a restless disposition, and felt an irresistible desire to see the world, and could not overcome a fancy for the sea. I must take one voyage. My father opposed—my mother and sisters begged me not to leave my home. And Mary, poor Mary said—nothing—but the parting kiss, the tears that stood in her sweet eyes, and the last look of love she gave me as I closed the door of her father's house, and saw her for the last time, were words such as lips can never utter."

"Butter I shall see her again, boy," continued the old sailor. "I sometimes think I do see her. I think she is one of those bright stars overhead—and on such a night as this, I love to watch them as they break out through the black passing clouds, like the rays of hope from the darkness of despair, to cheer us on our lonely way. Charley, I do believe those stars are angels. I can't help worshipping them sometimes, and then I think they glisten brighter than before, and are the smiles of heaven upon my desolate soul!"

"Well, I sought a voyage, caring little where the ship might be bound, so that I might gratify my darling desire to 'see the world'—and believe me, my boy, I have seen it—and seen the vanity of it too. My first voyage was round Cape Horn; and though at first ship's duty came hard upon me, as it does upon all, yet every thing was so new during that voyage that this was soon no longer remembered—and alas! the thoughts of my home and friends, too, began to fade from my mind. I became a slave to bad habits, and in two short years, whatever good feelings my heart might have once possessed, were deadened or benumbed; and when I returned I was a different being. I had forgotten my parents, my brothers and sisters, and even Mary—or if ever thoughts of them crossed my mind, they were chased away like phantoms that disturb our dreams. I had rushed headlong to destruction, and there was no one to stop my besotted career."

"Had there been such as there now are, I might have been reclaimed—but then, every one seemed willing to help me on to destruction. My dissolute companions induced me to frequent the resorts of infamy; my kind landlord stupified my senses with liquor, and a miserable scoundrel of a lawyer, with whom he was connected in trade, persuaded me to prosecute my captain for some fancied wrong, and thus between them all was ruined outright."

"Charley, don't you ever forget your home—don't you get inside of such dens as I did—don't you touch rum—don't you trust that landlord who offers it to you—and don't you have anything to do with lawyers. If you mind the first three things, you'll keep your happiness, reputation and health; and if you mind the two last, you'll keep your money into the bargain. Rum, bad women, landlords and lawyers, have been the ruin of me, as they have of many sailors besides. Yes, they are worse than sickness, shipwrecks, scorpions and devils."

Bill expressed himself strongly; I will not ask 'long shore people' if any too strongly; but, sailors, I put it to you. "Well," continued the old tar, "I shipped again, or rather I was shipped; for positively I knew nothing of it until I found myself at sea, when I awoke as from a trance, to the wretchedness, the untold wretchedness of my situation."

From the first hour that I landed in Boston until then, I could not call my senses my own. But a few days after leaving port they returned with their full strength and vigor, and showed me my past folly in a glaring light. My wages for a two years' voyage were gone, and also, those for the first two months of the voyage on which I had just entered, bound I knew not where. But all this was nothing; I gave it scarce a moment's thought. My reputation was lost forever. O, the recollection of what I suffered on that dreadful day makes me shudder, even now, after a lapse of more than thirty years. The consciousness of my degraded situation overwhelmed me; and the damning thought that I had set the seal of ruin upon my own head, and that I had forgotten the ties of nature and of love, came over me with a power that threatened to drive me mad. The tearful countenances of my parents often appeared to my view; and the image of Mary flitted before me, as it were, the image of sorrow. I have since been in the thickest of battle, wounded among the dying and the dead; have lain among sufferers like myself from loathsome diseases in a crowded foreign hospital; have endured every hardship that falls to a sailor's lot, and they are neither few nor small; but the day on which I suffered more than in all other days combined, was the first day that I came to my senses on my second voyage.

"O, Charley, it was conscience—conscience! Many gay scenes have I witnessed since then, in the midst of which, conscience, by suddenly bringing such recollections to my mind, has dispelled the temporary charms of pleasure which I had gathered around me; but as conscience met with strenuous resistance, fainter and fainter seemed her rebukes, until my soul was hardened by sin.

happen, have been dreamed of; and, as is usual, getting a very good oyster, and in almost every instance leaving the two shells to be digested between plaintiff and defendant. One of the members of the Suffolk bar once had the frankness to tell the writer, whom he was prosecuting for an alleged cruel assault and battery, that he had no doubt of his innocence, but that the sailor, having come off from a long voyage, had plenty of money, and as long as that lasted, he was determined to carry on the suit. Rather than be at numerous law expenses, this gentleman received a clever sum to settle, for which he gave his own receipt as attorney for the sailor, who might have received it, or might not; but the probability seemed that he had been the loser rather than the gainer, as he went to sea again in a few days, the landlord taking his advance wages for money which he owed! I do not bring forward this example to gratify my own spleen, though I must own I was indifferently pleased with the affair—but I mention it as one of the numerous instances of the depredations of this class of land-sharks which have come to my knowledge, which happening to in part myself, affords me at least grounds for belief in its truth. And I trust the honest gentlemen of Court-street will have no more objection to its exposure of rascal—is pious man of a hypocrite—or temperance society the downfall of rum. I am writing just now, as I humbly hope, for the benefit of sailors. I wish to point out all their enemies to them, and beg them, as they value their happiness, reputation, health, and property, to remember old Bill's advice, the whole of it, from clue to earing.

We at length arrived at our port of destination. The good resolutions which bill had formed were not abandoned. He withstood every temptation that was thrown in his way, and won the esteem and respect of his officers and shipmates, as the consistent conduct of a good seaman invariably will. Unquestionably there are sometimes brutes who creep into the stations of authority and trust on board of American vessels—but they are never allowed to continue long, and I cannot but believe that their cruelty is almost always greatly exaggerated, for their own self-interest would prevent its execution. I can truly say, that during many years on board of many different vessels, I have seldom seen a good sailor, who knew and did his duty, maltreated and abused; nor from creditable and impartial testimony, do we often hear of such instances. These alleged abuses heaped upon sailors may generally be sifted down to pretty severe treatment of those who cannot or will not perform their duty as able seamen; and in either case, such fellows should expect it. If they cannot do their duty, they have no right to ship as any thing more than ordinaries, and thus impose upon their officers and shipmates by taking the place of other men, especially when vessels are so undermanned as at present. If they will not do their duty when they know it, they should not be disappointed if their treatment corresponds with their obstinacy.

After visiting several ports, the old Amelia's head was pointed for home, and at first every thing promised a speedy passage. But such was not to be our lot. After experiencing gale after gale, we at length weathered the Cape; but the passage was prolonged almost beyond precedent, and that scourge, the scurvy, appeared among us. It is a consolation to know that this fell disease is every year becoming more and more rare, as greater attention has latterly been paid to the comfort of seamen, and more regard is had to their diet and cleanliness; but formerly its ravages were dreadful, and even now, we sometimes hear of its melancholy effects upon entire crews. Let ship-owners be persuaded to supply their vessels plentifully with flour and vegetables and some live stock, and it will soon entirely disappear. It is really astonishing that this precaution has not been heretofore more extensive, for, putting motives of humanity aside, salt beef and bread alone have been found to be the most expensive articles in the victualing of a ship. One barrel of beef, and one of flour, will last one third longer than two barrels of beef, and one-fourth less. Flour allowed once, or at most twice a week, is considered in many vessels as very liberal—but I have found that by far the cheapest way is to give it to the crew every day.

As is usually the case, from what cause does not appear, this disease fell first and heaviest upon the oldest men on board; and by the time we were within ten days' sail of home, the chief officer, who was an elderly man, had fallen a victim to its power, and the half of the crew were off duty. My old shipmate suffered more than any other, and the death of the mate caused him to despair of recovery.

On the day of the officer's burial, he called me to the side of his bunk: "Charley," said he, "so Mr. Williams is gone? Well, my turn comes next."

"Oh no, Bill," said I, "I hope not." We have got a fair wind now, and shall be on soundings in a few days, and then you'll be all right again."

"Never!" said the old man solemnly. "No, I shall never land in Boston alive. If not before, I shall die the moment we strike soundings. I hope I may hold out till then, and perhaps the captain will keep my poor old hulk aboard until the ship gets in."

I endeavored to console him, and assured him that should it be so, we would all beg the captain to grant his request, if it could be done. "But," said he, pressing my hand, "I have one request to make of you; I would do it for any one, and I know you will do it for me?" The tears started in my eyes as I promised to obey his wish before it was expressed. He then asked for pen and paper, which being furnished he wrote a draft upon the owners, made payable to myself, for all the wages due him to the time of his death. He put the paper in my hand, and held that in his own, while he told me to draw the money, and expend it in having his body transported to— and he added in a faltering voice, "have it buried by her side."

I repeated the promise already made, and pledged my word to see it done myself. "I know you would, Charley," said he, squeezing my hand, "I know you would"—and he then continued, "If there is anything left, put it into Father Taylor's box."

But the consolation was denied him. Our favorable wind soon failed. He became more and more exhausted and it was evident to himself, as well to others, that his end was at hand. Sailors may be supposed rough nurses, but we did every thing in our power to soothe his dying moments. On Saturday he had been fast drooping, and we had expected that every hour would be his last; but as evening drew on, he revived a little, and asked me how was the weather. I told him it was fine. "Are the stars out?" he inquired. He was told that they were. "Then oh, take me on deck, and let me look at them once more?" His request was complied with. He was carefully lifted out of the fore scuttle, and placed on the weather side of the forecastle. We were off Bermuda, and it was indeed a beautiful evening. It might almost be said with truth, "The winds were all hushed, and the waves were at rest." For only a slight ripple under the bows broke the stillness of the hour, and its dirge-like music seemed tuned by nature for the parting soul, while the gentle breeze was ready to waft it to the mansions of the blest. As the eyes of the sufferer gazed on the bright firmament over his head they gathered an earthly lustre, and a triumphant smile irradiated his pallid features, as he clasped his hands across his bosom and exclaimed, "Thank God, I am forgiven!"

These were his last words, and uttered almost with his last breath. He was dead; but his countenance seemed to glow brighter after life had fled, as if his purified spirit had returned from heaven to share its happiness with the frail body, which had been its companion so long upon earth. Thus the hope which my old shipmate had cherished of dying on shore, was disappointed. Far different is a funeral on shore from one at sea. Who would prefer the ceremony and bustle; the solemn pageantry of the hearse and the pall; the being deposited in the damp earth, to become the food of noisome reptiles to being launched from under our glorious flag, into the bosom of the ocean, which for so many years has been our home, and which will not at last stint us to a few feet of room.

It would have better harmonized with our feelings had the sun risen as smilingly, as on the previous evening he had set over the calm expansive waters. But the storm king revolved were the gentle zephyrs so lately played upon the smooth pathway now broken into crested waves around us.

The body, lashed in a hammock for a winding-sheet, was brought upon deck, and having been placed upon a board in a lee port, was covered by the fold of the jack. The ensign fluttered at half mast in the gale, above the roar of which the clear voice of the captain was heard, commencing the solemn service for the burial of the dead.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." As the service proceeded, tears stood in the eyes of many who had seldom wept till then. At the words "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the jack was raised, and the board with its burden fell into the sea. The shot at the feet of the body soon carried it down from our sight, and the dark billows rolled over the old sailor.

I was his executor, though little wealth did he leave behind him; but upon searching his chest, a small tortoise shell box tastefully worked by his own hands, was found. It contained a few blades of withered grass, and upon the paper which wrapped them were these lines, penned by himself: I love to pace the decks alone, And gaze upon the starry sky; I think thy gentle spirit flown, To dwell in some bright orb on high.

Then oh, from thy celestial home, Behold the wanderer on the sea; If angel glance hither roam, Let one sweet glance but rest on me.

POSTMASTER GENERAL'S REPORT. Among other recommendations in this report is the purchase by Congress of the Telegraphic lines that the government should have exclusive control of this important instrument. The Association is willing to sell to the government, but declines to enter into negotiations, the subject without authority being first granted by Congress.

The gross income under the cheap telegraph system, for the year ending June, 30th, was \$4,384,625 63—making the receipts under the new law less by \$857,425 20, than under the old law. He recommends that the law be so amended as to make the single letter weigh one ounce instead of the half ounce, except in the case of a letter weighing less than half an ounce, which shall be written upon a single sheet of paper. That all letters passing over mail or telegraph which relate to the cargo, bonds, or other matters are unsealed, and subject to the inspection of the post office agent, when fraud is suspected. And that the postage on newspapers be reduced as to approach more nearly the cost of transportation and delivery, and be made equal and just, as between the publishers. The expenditures of the department in the year ending June 30th, 1846, amounted to \$87,297 22, which left a deficiency over receipts of \$897,097 87.

MR. CLAY.—At the celebration of the New England Society in New Orleans, on the 22d of the month, Mr. Clay, who was an invited guest, addressed the company, in reply to a complimentary toast, as follows: "Mr. President—very little in the habit of addressing assemblies of any kind—[a burst of laughter, in which the gentleman joined.] I don't mean to say that I never was, but I am not now in the habit of addressing assemblies. I have been sent to the retirement of private life, in which I acquiesce with pleasure as it gives me an opportunity of recruiting health, and for my own personal improvement. But although leading a life of retirement, I am not altogether unobservant of the progress relating to the condition, welfare and prospects of our country; and when I saw around me night Gen. Brooke and other old friends, I half inclined to ask for some little look of honor in the army, in which I might serve to avenging the wrongs of my country—[applause.] I have thought I might yet be able to capture or slay a Mexican—[applause.] I shall endeavor to do so, however, this year; but hope success will still crown our gallant arms, the war terminate in an honorable peace, thank you for the invitation which has been here this evening. It is not the first I have met you, and the association fills with pleasure. You do right, gentlemen, commemorating and encouraging the spirit of liberty and opposition to oppression that breathe from the shores of the New World your ancestors; and may you, by imitating their example, add new honor and new fame to the names they have left you."

Volunteers from the Legislature in addition to the Volunteers from the Legislature for the Mexican War mentioned in our last, to wit: Gen. Wilson of the Senate, and Messrs. Wilder and Ellis of the Commons, we learn that Gustavus Miller, Esq. the Representative from Rowan County, has attached himself to the Rowan Company, commanded by Charles F. Miller, Esq. Mr. Miller was anxious to form a Company in his own county, but failed in this, he has thrown himself into the ranks of the Rowan Companies, and will go forward, with other chivalrous and patriotic spirits from the two Houses, to fight the battles of the country. When the Representatives of the people thus lead the way surely the people themselves will follow.

THE CHARLESTOWN FREE PRESS publishes a correspondence between L. W. Washington, of Jefferson county, and H. Clay—[the former sending, and the latter acknowledging the receipt of, a beautiful riding whip, mounted with gold, which Mr. W. won at the National Jockey Club Races in 1835, at which time the whip was offered as the prize to be awarded the best gentleman rider. One of the gentlemen of the Club having stated that he designed winning it, to present it to General Jackson, Mr. Washington replied, saying that he would enter for it himself, and have the pleasure of presenting it to Henry Clay, President of the United States. Mr. W. entered and won. Although pointed in part, the present is not the valuable, (says the Free Press,) nor is Clay one whit less esteemed and beloved by the admiring millions, not only of country, but of the civilized world.

IRON FRIGATE.—The new iron frigate Alleghany, now completing in New York, will be ready for launching in February, and at the same time a new revenue steam cutter will be completed of 350 tons, 126 feet on deck, and 22 feet beam, to be called the Robert W. Law. She will have side paddle-wheels, and an armament of one pivot-gun and twelve shiffters; schooner rigged, with three masts.