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**The Daily Morning Post**  
From the New York Albion.  
**THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU TO HIS MISTRESS**  
IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.  
The present letter goes, dear Rose, to show  
My health just now, is truly but so-so;  
Our army is, of course, victorious;  
Though as for my left arm, 'twixt arms to send

The French successes have been glorious,  
My elbow sadly shattered was by shot;  
Of arms and baggage we've a grand return—  
And I have got two bullets in the stern.

In hospital I'm now, quite ill—in bed,  
Soon to be numbered with the ghastly dead:  
I've sold my body to the surgeon's mate,  
The price, ten shillings, which I send you,  
For I just need this little sum to pay

And you will have no lover to befriend you;  
Thinking of that—unto myself is said,  
Well, Rose shall have my value though I'm dead.

When last at home, my poor and aged mother  
Was very weak, and in a dying state;  
She's left this world, I'm homing for another

Before this letter tells you of my fate;  
For if she has recovered, her soft heart  
Will surely break when you the news impart.  
She was so kind—so good; I think 'twere better,  
She should be dead before you get this letter.

My dog, dear Rose, to you I recommend;

Treat him with care, my love, and be his friend,  
But do not tell him of my dismal lot:  
For he, no doubt, has calculated  
On my return, a corporal rated,  
And he might cry, and make himself a fool,  
If you tell him I'm so badly shot.

troubles me, I own, so far away  
from home and you, dear Rose, my bones to lay;  
no friends to cheer me and to say good bye!  
I would have been pleasanter at home to die;  
our church-yard t'have had a quiet place;  
our name upon a wooden cross, to grace  
the spot where o'er a soldier's tumble-bier  
the pale moon shone, and cold winds blew.

farewell! my Rose, be firm, dear girl, good bye!  
We never shall meet again; I feel my breath  
growing short—it is no use to sigh.  
They grant no furlough in the corps de death!  
And this is all over—every thing turns round;  
My trust is just relieved—I take my ground—

LIFE ON THE OCEAN, OR TWENTY YEARS  
AT SEA,  
is the title of a duodecimo volume, just published at  
Baltimore, by Armstrong & Berry.

As an instance of the superstitions of seamen, (from which the author does not appear to be entirely free), we extract the following narrative. It is a little remarkable that the lady in black whisked to see the captain, being, as she was, a ghost, did not go to him directly, instead of contenting herself with alarming the sailors:

A SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCE AT SEA.—Our craft was a clipper of the first stamp, very sharp and heavily rigged, consequently her best sailing was upon the wind. Captain C. was what sailors sometimes call "an odd kind of christian." The predominant trait in his character was indolence; consequently it may be supposed he was not much of a disciplinarian, and yet when aroused (and this rarely took place) he was a

I stated that the brig was anchored in the outer harbor of Annapolis, distant one and a half miles from the city. (The vessel was actually in the inner harbor, but I did not know this at the time.)

the nearest shore; the two boats (all that belonged to the brig) were stowed on deck; the night was moonlight, perfectly clear and cloudless. I mention these circumstances, because the truth of the following narration depend upon them. At 8 p. m. the anchor hutch was set, and, after the usual orders were given to the pilot, we all turned in. About midnight I was

roused from a sound sleep, by hearing a voice calling upon Capt. C. so come immediately on deck. It proceeded from the sailor who had the watch. A second call was given more earnestly than the first, begging him for God's sake to come on deck, as there was a woman dressed in black, who had inquired for him. Believing the sailor to be half-drunk—as was generally

case at that period when vessels left port—I drove him away; but he persisted in his importunities for Capt. C. to make his appearance. By this time we were aroused up and proceeded on deck—the sailor pointing out the woman. After the most diligent search, however, no sign or trace of the supernatural being was found; and, bestowing a severe reprimand on the occasion, we cast him overboard.

At last, we were again aroused by another sailor for the same purpose: this was a perfectly sober man, a real-estate agent of Baltimore, with a family. He gave us the same account as the former; and he could not be mistaken for he saw the woman plainly, and heard her converse for Capt. C. The crew being now all huddled together on the fore-castle, corroborated his testimony.

the most scrutinizing search was again made, but without effect. There could be no deception practised on the part of the seamen, because the boats were on deck in their places, and the first sailor who had called on Capt. C. had no intercourse previously with the remainder of the crew. I was determined to know if there was any ground for the truth of this alarming sight of

scamper; so I walked the deck during the remainder of the night but saw nothing. The next morning the wind came fair, and we commenced to get under way; but the sailors came aft in a body, and begged Capt. Adams to give them their discharge; that they would give back their month's advance, and their clothes and bedding to boot—stating that they could not go out in the

cel, as they well know she would never get back again. This was ridiculed by Capt. C.: and they became very importunate in their demand. The naturally easy temper of the skipper became much roused, and, as Jack saw, (to use an old saying,) "if you tread on a worm he will turn," that he was not to be played with. They walked sullenly forward, manned up the

...mass, drove up the anchor, and in a few minutes the  
...was under a cloud of canvass, standing down the  
...sapeake bay. We had a fine run down, dischar-  
...the pilot on the 13th of March, and stood to sea.  
...The second day after leaving the land, it blowing  
...ish, and it being in the Gulf stream, the brig became  
...laborious—straining so much, that we were ob-  
...to keep one pump constantly going. That

light the topgallant masts, yards, rigging, &c., were sent down on deck, and secured. It blew a strong gale; and every sail was furled except the main and foretop mast staysails. At 6 p. m. the rain fell in torrents; and heavy black clouds rolled up from the north-east, with frequent claps of thunder, and sharp flashes of lightning. Between the hours of 6 and 8 in the

dog-watch, the supernatural being again appeared to the two men who first saw her while at anchor: they saw her having the watch on deck, and the look-out forward. I had charge of the watch myself, at this time; and, as the night was intensely dark, nothing could be seen, except at intervals, by the flashes of lightning; so that it was not surprising, as I was standing aft,

that I did not see this unearthly figure. It was, however, a source of the greatest alarm; and I could perceive, notwithstanding Captain C. affected great unconcern, he nevertheless could not sleep any more than the crew. The gale increased, and the sea rose to a tremendous height. We expected every moment, from the appearance of the weather, a shift of the wind. As

...dought precisely, the solemn visitor was again seen  
on the fore-castle, but, as before, neither Captain C  
nor myself were permitted to behold it. In about 10 am,

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