

# THE LINCOLN COURIER.

"THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE."

VOLUME 3.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

NUMBER 33.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THOMAS J. ECCLES.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2 50 if payment be delayed 3 months. No subscription received for less than a year.  
TO CLUBS.—Three papers will be sent to any one Post Office for \$5—and seven to any directions, for \$10, if paid in advance.  
Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at \$1 00 per square (12 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
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## Lincoln Business Directory.

**Court Officers**—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—Wm. Williamson, clerk. County Court—Robert Williamson, clerk. Each of these offices in the Court House. W. Lander, Solicitor, law office on the main street, east of the public square. B. S. Johnson, Sheriff. L. P. Rothrock, Town Constable.  
Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, John Z. Falls; County Prothonotary Ambrose Costner. Trustee, J. Ramsour. Treasurer of Public Buildings—D. W. Schenck.

**Committee of Finance**—J. T. Alexander, Benj. Sumner, John F. Phifer.

**Building Committee**—J. Ramsour, Peter Summey, John F. Phifer, and H. Canler.  
**Lawyers**—Haywood W. Guion, main st. one door east. L. E. Thompson, main st. east, 3d square. W. Lander, main st. east, 2d square. Y. A. McBee, and W. Williamson, offices at McBee's building, main st. 2d square, east.

**Physicians**—S. P. Simpson, main street, west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apothecary, main st. two doors east. Elim Caldwell) main-street, 6 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite McLean's hotel. A. Ramsour, main st. west.

**Merchants**—B. S. Johnson, north on square west corner. J. A. Ramsour, on square, north west corner. C. C. Henderson, on square, (post office) south. J. Ramsour & Son, main st., 5 doors west. Johnson & Reed, on square, south west corner main st.  
**Academies**—Male, B. Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr. Sumner also; residence main st. 5th corner south east of the court house.

**Hotels**—Mrs. Motz, s. w. corner of main st. and square. Wm. Slade, main st. 2d corner east of square. A. A. McLane, 2d corner, west, on main st. B. S. Johnson, north west, on square.

**Grocers**—G. Presnell, main st. 4 doors east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, southwest of square. James Cobb, south east corner of Main and Academy street.

**Tailors**—Dailey & Seagle, main st. one door west of square. Allen Alexander, on square, s. by w. side. Moore & Cobb, on square, north west corner.

**Vatch Maker and Jeweller**—Charles Schmidt, main st. 4 doors east.

**Saddle and Harness Makers**—J. T. Alexander, main st. 2d corner east of square. B. M. & F. J. Jetton, on square, north by west. J. A. Jetton, south west on square.

**Printers**—T. J. Eccles, Courier office 5 doors north of court house, Island Ford road.

**Book Binder**—F. A. Hoke, main st., on 2d square west of court house.

**Coach Factories**—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McKay, main st. east, on 3d square. S. P. Simpson, street north of main, and n. e. of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st., west, on 2d square. A. & R. Garner, on main st. east end, north side.

**Blacksmiths**—Jacob Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delan, main st. near east end. J. Bysanger, back st. north west of public square. J. W. Paysour, west end.

**Cabinet Makers**—Thomas Dews & Son, main st. east, on 4th square.

**Carpenters, &c.**—Daniel Shuford, main st., east, 6th corner from square. James Triplett, main st. W. McBee's building. Isaac Houser, main st. west end. James Wells, main st. west of square.

**Brick Masons**—Willis Peck, (and plasterer) main st., east, 4th corner from square. Peter Houser, on east side of street north of square.

**Tin Plate Worker and Copper Smith**—Thos. R. Shuford, main st. east, on south side of 2d square.

**Shoe Makers**—John Huggins, on back st., south west of square. Amzi Ford & Co. south west corner Charlotte road and main st. east end.

**Tanners**—Paul Kistler, main-st., west end. J. Ramsour, back st., north east of square. F. & A. L. Hoke, 3-4 mile west of own, main road.

**Hat Manufactories**—John Cline, north from public square, 2 doors, west side of st. John Butts & son, on square, south side.

**Oil Mill**—Peter and J. E. Hoke, 1 mile south west of town, York road.

**Paper Factory**—G. & R. Mosteller, 4 miles south-east of court house.

**Cotton Factory**—John Hoke & L. D. Childs, 2 miles south of court house.

**Vesuvius Furnace**, Graham's Forge, Brevard's, and Johnson's Iron works, east

**Line Kiln**—Daniel Shuford and others, 9 miles south.

## THE BIBLE.

BY WILLIAM LOGGETT.

This little book I'd rather own  
Than all the gold and gems,  
That'er in monarch's coffers shone,  
Than all their diadems,  
Nay, were the Seas one chrysolite,  
The earth a golden ball;  
And diadems all the stars of night,  
This book were worth them all.

How baleful to ambition's eye  
His blood wrung spoils must gleam,  
When Death's uplifted hand is nigh,  
His life a banished dream.  
Then hear him with his gasping breath  
For one poor moment crave;  
Fool, would'st thou stay the arm of Death,  
Ask of thy gold to save.

No, no; the soul ne'er found relief  
In glittering hoards of wealth,  
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,  
Gold cannot purchase health;  
But here a blessed balm appears,  
To heal the deepest woe;  
And he who seeks this book in tears  
His tears shall cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree,  
Hath made that promise blest;  
"Ye heavy laden come to me,  
And I will give you rest.  
A bruised reed I will not break,  
A contrite heart despise,  
My burden's light, and all who take  
My yoke, shall reach the skies."

Yes, yes, this little book is worth  
All else to mortals given;  
For what are all the joys of earth  
Compared to joys of Heaven?  
This is the guide our Father gave,  
To lead to realms of day;  
A star whose lustre glids the grave—  
"The light—the truth—the way."

## CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD AT the Battle of Waterloo.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed over the neck, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard—and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given.—Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "Vive l'Empereur!" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not leading that charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division.—Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire.—Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anx-

ious eye. At length when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "la garde recule," "la garde recule," make us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in a dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till fire had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reluctant tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was disdainful to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plow through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

## Capt. A. R. Porter.

We regret to observe in the list of killed in the last battle in Mexico under Gen. Taylor, an account of which will be found in today's paper, the death of this Officer. Capt. Porter resided in our town for some years, and obtained a knowledge of the printing business in this Office, while under the management of H. C. Jones, Esq. He was a noble, brave and generous hearted man, and would, we know, if he had lived been a useful citizen. From here he removed to Lincolnton, and established a small paper called the "Lincoln Transcript," which he published for a year or two; from thence he went to Batesville, Arkansas, where he became interested in the publication of another paper which he conducted with much ability. Here he studied law, and soon after, was elected Solicitor. He was a native of Mecklenburg county, and a warm and devoted Whig.—Salisbury Watchman.

## From the New Orleans Delta. Battle of Buena Vista.

We had the pleasure of an interview yesterday with Major Coffor, of the Army, who brought over Gen. Taylor's despatches. This gallant officer—a son of the distinguished General who fought so bravely on the Plains of Chalmette, and in various other battles, by the side of the illustrious Jackson—acted as the aid of Gen. Taylor in the bloody fight at Buena Vista. We are greatly indebted to him for many particulars of this hard-fought battle.

General Taylor had fallen in love, at first sight, with the position at which he finally made his stand—at Buena Vista. His movement towards Agua Nueva was merely a ruse to decoy the enemy into the field which he had selected for his battle-ground. As soon as McCulloch's men, who were invaluable as scouts, informed him of Santa Anna's approach to Agua Nueva, General Taylor quietly broke up his camp, and fell back to his first love—Buena Vista.—This position was admirably chosen. It was at the foot of a mountain, or rather of two mountains, between which ran the road through a narrow valley. On his right there was a deep ravine, which protected that flank more effectually than half a dozen regiments could have done. The left of Gen. Taylor's line reposed on the base of a mountain. The road in the centre was entrenched and defended by a strong battery. In front the ground was uneven—broken into hills and deep ravines—well adapted to the mode of fighting suited to our volunteers, and by its peculiarities supplying the disadvantage of a great inferiority of numbers.

On the 21st the enemy were descried, approaching over the distant hills. At their appearance the volunteers raised a great shout, and gave three tremendous cheers. Their engineers and officers were seen flying over the field, and dragging their cannon about to get them into position; but the nature of the ground did not favor the undertaking, and it was late in the day before the big guns began to open.

The enemy had with them thirty-two cannon, mostly of large calibre. Their fire tho' kept up very briskly, and apparently well mapped, did so little execution in our ranks that it was not considered necessary to return their fire. Our cannon were therefore silent the whole of the 21st. Eight or ten killed and wounded were the extent of the casualties sustained by our army on the 21st. During the day an officer approached our lines with a flag of truce, and requested to be shown to Gen. Taylor. The brave old man was sitting quietly on his old white charger, with his leg over the pommel of the saddle, watching the movements of the enemy, when the Mexican officer was presented. In a very courteous and graceful manner the officer stated that "he had been sent by his Excellency Gen. Santa Anna, to his Excellency Gen. Taylor, to inquire in the most respectful manner, what he [Gen. Taylor] was waiting for." From the silence of Gen. Taylor's batteries, and the quiet manner in which he received Santa Anna's terrific cannonading, the Mexican supposed he was asking a very pertinent question, to which however, old Rough and Ready gave the very pertinent reply that "he was only waiting for Gen. Santa Anna to surrender." The Mexican returned hastily to his lines. This message proved to be a ruse to ascertain where Gen. Taylor's position was, for after the return of the Mexican officer to his own ranks the whole Mexican battery seemed to open upon Gen. Taylor's position, and the balls flew over and about him like hail. Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chief, on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy glass at the long line of Mexican troops that could be seen at a great distance on the march.—The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorable point for observation, nor to give up his old white horse. To the suggestion of his staff that old whitey was rather too conspicuous a charger for the commander, he replied "that the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time."

At sunrise on the 22d February, the battle began in earnest; the Mexicans were drawn out in immense numbers. The dark columns of infantry extended as far as the eye could reach, and the cavalry seemed to cover the whole view with their interminable lines. At intervals between the infantry and cavalry, their big guns,

strongly protected by a large artillery force, kept up an incessant cannonade against our lines. Their forces were soon in motion. Our artillery was thrown forward to meet them, protected by the volunteers. Gen. Wool led the main body in person, and was seen every where, rallying and encouraging the volunteers.—The two armies were soon engaged in hot conflict. The broken nature of the ground divided the forces, so that instead of one general engagement, the regiments were compelled in a great measure to fight on their own hook. Our officers were always in the advance, leading their troops—hence the great mortality among them. In this general melee, one of our small regiments, of 400 men, would be attacked by a whole Mexican brigade of several thousand.—Thus the Kentucky infantry was attacked at the foot of a hill, in a deep ravine, by an immense force of the enemy. A large number of the officers were killed here—among them was Col. McKee, who fell badly wounded, and was immediately despatched by the enemy, who pierced him with their bayonets as he lay on the ground. Lieut. Col. Clay was shot through the thigh, and being unable to walk, was taken up and carried some distance by some of his men, but owing to the steepness of the hill, the men finding it very difficult to carry him, and the enemy in great numbers pressing upon them, the gallant Lieut. Col. begged them to leave him and take care of themselves. Forced to leave him on the field, the last there was seen of this noble young officer he was lying on his back, fighting with his sword the enemy who were stabbing him with their bayonets.—The veteran Capt. Wm. S. Willis, of the same regiment, at the head of his company, with three stalwart sons who fought at his side, was badly wounded, but still continued the fight, until he was overcome with the loss of blood.

In the meantime, the Indiana brigade, who were drawn out and ordered to charge the enemy, were seized with a panic, and displaying some hesitation, Assistant Adjutant Gen. Lincoln rushed to their front, and whilst upbraiding them for their cowardice, was shot, several balls passing thro' his body. In justice to this brigade it should be stated, that they subsequently rallied, and fully redeemed their reputation by the most gallant and effective fighting.

Col. Hardin led the Illinoisians in very handsome style, and the sturdy "suckers" fought like lions. Their intrepid Colonel fell wounded, and experienced the fate of Colonel McKee and Clay, and was killed by the enemy—not however before he had killed one of the cowardly miscreants with a pistol, which he fired whilst lying on the ground.

Col. Yell led, the foremost man, a charge of his mounted volunteers against a large body of lancers, and was killed by a lance, which entered his mouth and tore off one side of his face.  
The Mississippians, the heroes of Monterey, after doing hard duty as skirmishers, were ordered into line to receive a charge of cavalry, which they did with their rifles, delivering at the same time a most destructive fire among the crowded columns of cavalry. The enemy were completely repulsed. The distinguished commander of this gallant regiment, Col. Jefferson Davis, was badly wounded, an escopette ball having entered his foot and passed out of his leg. He was, however, doing well when last heard from.

Col. Humphrey Marshall's splendid regiment of Kentucky Cavalry were impatient for an opportunity of showing their mettle, and avenging the capture of their brethren, then in the hands of the enemy. They were soon favored with the desired opportunity, by the approach of a force of more than 2000 Lancers and Hussars, who gallantly charged them. The Kentuckians stood their ground with immovable steadiness, and receiving the enemy with a fire from their carbines, charged in the most gallant style through the column on the right, and wheeling, fell on their left, dispersing and killing a great many of them. A like charge was made by Col. May, at the head of a squadron of Dragoons, and one of Arkansas Cavalry, against a large body of the enemy's Cavalry, with like results.

During the engagement on the right, Santa Anna seeing that Gen. Taylor's force was not well protected on the left flank, sent a large force of Cavalry around that point, and outflanking Taylor, succeeded in throwing 2000 men into his rear.—But Gen. Taylor immediately sent Capt. Bragg, with his artillery, against this force, who succeeded in cutting them off from the main body. Lieut. Crittenden was despatched, with a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of this force.—The Mexican officer, pretending not to understand the character of his mission, insisted that he should be blindfolded, according to the rules of war, and thus had the Lieutenant carried into the camp of Santa Anna himself. This was a ruse to get time to extricate the Mexican Cavalry from their dangerous position, and pending this truce they were all drawn off by a different road from that by which they had gained this position.