

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 4.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1848.

NUMBER 1.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
THOMAS J. ECCLES.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2 50 if payment be delayed 3 months. A discount to clubs of 3 or more. Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at 51 per square (14 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

From the Christian Inquirer.

We recommend to our youthful readers the perusal of the following beautiful lines for we are told that the idea was really expressed by a little boy five years old." We take them from the Western Evangelist, but know not the writer's name:

We confess when we read it it stirred up the fountain of our tears.

Oh! I long to lie dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright sunshine.
All around about my bed,
I will close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel,
To take me up to him;
He will bear me slow and stealthily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide,

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted,
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'd ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies;

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me, slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think dear mother,
I have been out to play,
And have gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

Major Lally's Command.

The Official Report of Maj Lally, addressed to the adjutant General, giving an account of the operations of his command on the march from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, from the 6th to the 20th of August last, embracing engagements with the enemy on the 10th, 12th, and 19th August, at Paso Ovejas, the National Bridge, Cerro Gordo, and Las Animas, has been published in the Washington Union, together with the sub-report of Lieut Sears, of the Artillery. Maj Lally, after sketching the different actions, and bestowing deserved praise on several of his officers—and particularly on Captain William J Clark, of North Carolina, who is pronounced "a most worthy and gallant officer"—alludes as follows to his entire command:

"Seldom have troops been subjected to a more harassing series of attacks in so short a period; and I take pleasure in bearing evidence to their gallantry, fortitude, and perseverance. Every company in the command is composed of two, but consequently encountered many casualties; but they have gradually acquired confidence, and merit at my hands high commendation."

We quote as follows from the sub-report of Lieut. Sears who commanded the battery at the National Bridge on the 12th of August:

"On the morning of the 12th, at about 12 1/2 o'clock, p. m., the column having reached this place, a barricade was discovered at the western extremity of the bridge. No enemy having been seen on the heights in the vicinity, I was ordered to move forward to clear away the barricade. Deeming it inexpedient to take horses upon the bridge, the pieces were unlimbered and moved forward with prolongs fixed; the limbers and caissons being left at the extremity of the bridge. The artillery was preceded by Lieut. Wilkins's company of the 15th, and followed by Captain Clark's company of the 12th infantry. Just at the moment of reaching the centre of the bridge, a number of the enemy were

discovered in the town in front. I immediately ordered the pieces to be directed upon them; but, before the order could be executed, a most terrific shower of balls fell among us, from the heights on the right, the castle on the left, and from the town and barricade in front. Within five minutes, Lieut Winder and eight of my men had fallen. At this moment one of my cannoners was shot, and in falling broke the priming in the vent, thus disabling the piece. Having but six men left, and finding it impossible to elevate the remaining piece sufficiently to reach the enemy on the heights, I reluctantly ordered the pieces to be withdrawn. I was only enabled to effect this object by the assistance of Captain Clark of the 12th, who called upon his company to assist me. The gallant fellows went off in the utmost order at a walk—the while receiving a most terrible fire entirely concentrated on them. And here I must beg leave particularly to mention the gallant conduct of Captain Clark. Immediately on discovering the enemy, I commenced firing grape; but owing to orders having been given to destroy the barricade, only four rounds of grape were carried forward. I begged some of the infantry lying under the parapet to go to the limbers and bring some grape, but none would go. Capt Clark came from the extremity of the bridge, and volunteered to go himself and bring them. Whilst doing so, he was wounded. A braver or more gallant officer never lived."

We felt confident, when we first heard of these battles, and learned that Capt Clark and his company were actively engaged, that they had behaved in the best manner; and we are now gratified to find in the Official Reports, our good opinion of their firmness and spirit entirely confirmed.

Something in a Name.—Attention has sometimes been called to the appropriateness of the names of our military leaders. Taylor has had an infinite variety of jocular allusions to the manner in which he has sewed up the Mexican nation. Scott has fully proven his claims to the appellation of Winfield. Worth might have taken his name from his character and his deeds. Pierce has gone through the enemy like a streak of lightning, while the heavy blows of the Smith have rung loud and clear on the Mexican anvil. Wool, they say, has wooled our foes, and Triggs twigged them to some purpose. Pillow has invited many a Mexican to his last slumber. Butler tapped his share of Mexican barrels at Monterey, while Hunter started the game out of Alvarado, and gave his commander no chance to be in at the death. The Indiana General showed Santa Anna that there was no "turning" in that Lane. Some of our officers have proved even better than their names. Childs showed at Puebla that he was no baby, and Bragg proved himself more than a boaster at Buena Vista.—The Richmond Republican.

The Fayetteville Observer has taken another tack in regard to the Pender and Singletary case. He says he has received a letter from a friend, which seems in his estimation to put a new face on the matter. This friend tells him that Gen Wool might have tried them by Court Martial, and had them shot!

We will bet a chinquin that the letter is from the editor of the Register, or from Gov Graham. It is not for this "friend" or any one else to say what Gen Wool "might" have done.

If their crime deserves death, according to military law, they should have received its penalty. Instead of that Gen Wool and Col Paine, without law or precedent, saved their lives and attempted to bias their honor! The Observer's "friend" has found an easy convert!—Fayetteville Carolinian.

A Manifest Destiny Man.—When Lt Emory stopped at Panama, on his return to the United States last spring, he encountered an American at that place half-seas over, with whom he got into an interesting conversation: "Why don't you return to your country?" said Lt Emory. "Return to my country? Never!" "Why?" "Because I am a manifest Destiny Man, and my country will be along here, long before I die!—Exchange.

"Sir," said a marketman to Johnny, "you stole a pair of ducks from my wagon." "What do you mean by telling me I stole your ducks?" "I mean as I say—you stole the ducks." "No I didn't steal 'em—when I took 'em I winked just as I do when I buy things at auction."

From the Pennsylvanian.

Letter from Col F M Wynkoop.

Francis W Hughes, esq., of Pottsville, to whom the following letter was addressed, has kindly placed it at our disposal. It expresses the frank opinions of a gallant soldier, in phrase so direct as to prevent all misconception. A perusal of it will make our federal friends regret the course they have pursued, and rejoice the heart of every true lover of our country, her glory, and her institutions. Col W. was a "whig" at home; but the conduct of the leaders and the organs of the federal party, in their "aid and comfort" of the enemy, has been so glaringly unpatriotic, that it has converted him into a good democrat while abroad; a patriot he has always been, as his conduct fully proves.

CASTLE OF PEROTE, Sept. 9, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR: Having a little leisure from my daily occupations, and remembering warmly and freshly several acts of kindness towards me, it gives me pleasure to address you, knowing that you entertain some interest for my welfare. I am now in command of this military department, and am kept quite busy with continual skirmishes with guerillas, and an occasional sharp fight with large forces that gather between here and the coast, in order to oppose trains. The health of my garrison is good, and I have hopes that the great mortality which has existed in the army is decreasing.

This is hard, laborious, and precarious service. Many of our best men have died, and I truly consider the climate, in itself, a much more formidable enemy than the Mexicans. A noble and self-denying spirit of endurance actuates the men, and complaint of any kind is rare. Contented to do their duty, they risk everything in the effort, and with a cheerfulness which is gratifying to those who command, step up readily to any work, no matter what the chances. It is, as I have before remarked, a hard service, full of toil, privations and danger; but it is willingly encountered and bravely endured. Judge, then, of the effect upon our good men here, when they look back over the distance which separates them from their friends, in an effort to find at home some proper appreciation of their self-sacrificing conduct! It is bitter and humiliating. I tell you, sir, there is a spirit abroad among the good Americans engaged in this war, which will not sleep during futurity—a spirit which awaits but their return to thunder down upon the mouthings, scribbling sycophants of a most unjust party the full measure of an honest indignation. It is the same that brooded over our land during the war of the Revolution and the last war; and men of the present day, palsied with age, have lived to curse, with tears of repentance, the hour when she, with scornful finger, marked them for life as the torries of their country. We, here, can see no difference between the men who in '76 succored the British, and those who in '47 gave arguments and sympathy to the Mexicans. This kind of language from a man who came into this campaign a whig in policy, may sound strange to you; but I have again and again been compelled to listen to and to suffer that which would have changed the disposition and alienated the affections of the most determined partisan. Even now, I do not object to the leading and main principles of my old party, so much as I curse and deprecate the tone of its acknowledge leaders and supporters. If there is any reason which will prevent General Scott from effecting an honorable peace, commanding, as he does, the whole city of the Aztecs, with his powerful battery, it is the spirit of treason which I unhesitatingly say promulgated by the leading whig journals at home. In a sortie upon some ladrones of Jalapa, a short time since, I possessed myself of all the late newspapers published in that place; and upon exam-

ining them, I find that, in that place, same as in Mexico, the strongest arguments published against our army are selections from whig papers in the United States. I send you a late copy of the "Boletin de Noticias," in which you will perceive that the first article is an extract from the National Intelligencer. Your friend, F M WINCOOP.

You may publish this, if you please. I have come so disgusted with what I have seen, that I have no care for the consequences which this kind of truth may produce.

SUPPOSIN A CASE,

Or the Long and Short of Rancy Cotton's Courtship.

Perhaps there ain't no character in the world so much to be pitted as a old Bachelor who wants to get married. It seems like there's a certain period in such a man's life, when his matrimonial prospects become perfectly hopeless, and when the more he wants to change his condition of single to double blessedness, the more he cant do it to save his life. Besides all the embarrassin circumstances that has transpired all his life to keep his neck out of the noose, a new one arises in the fact that the galls al knows he's anxious; and then the very ones that has been settin their caps for all their lives, runs from him like a flock of partridges from a weasel. The more he sets at 'em the more they shies off; and every woman of his acquaintance, from fourteen to twenty-five, takin it into their heads that he wants to marry 'em right off, he aint allowed to come within gun shot of the agiest of 'em.

Them's trying times, and ought to be a warnin to all young men what dont want to mend their stockings while they live, and be nursed by the charity of the community in their last sickness.

Regular every Saturday night Rancy Cotton used to ride over to ole Mrs. Wigfall's and take tea with the family; and regularly doze and set, and set, and set, till all the family went to bed, lookin all sorts of love at Becky, but without ever openin his mouth on the subject.—Some time he sed it was gwine to rain, or the weather was very warm or cold, and as he generally told the truth about it Becky never disputed the point with him. After settin thar listenin to the crickets on the fire place till the chickens begun to crow, he would git up, take his hat and go to the door; then he would turn round and look for a minute, and then drawin in his breath, he would break out with, "Well, good evenin to you all, Miss Becky!" loud enuff to awake the whole family, though he didn't mean it for nobody but her.

This sort courtship didn't amount to much. He was satisfied that it was no use to try to capture the fortress by sich approaches, and he would have gin the word if he could only plucked up courage enuff to throw a bombshell right into the very heart of the citadel; but every time he looked into Becky's face, he felt a sort of faintness cum over him, and he was ready to give up the siege in despair. It was a desperate case. Something must be done, and in the spirit of a forlorn hope, he determined to make an assault at all hazards.

The next night when he cum he found Becky and the rest of the galls cardin and knittin. Little by little he worked his chair pretty close to Becky, termined to make a bold beginning when the old woman was thar to stand by him; but when he found himself within arm's length of Becky, he was tuck all of a sudden with a terrible choakin that he couldnt even tell her it was a very warm evening to save his life. Becky was cardin away and makin bats of cotton for a quilt in they was gwine to have, and looked mischievous as she could be. Bimeby ses Rancy, after clearin his throat two or three times—

"What's them for Miss Becky?" ses he.

"Them's bats for a quilt," ses she.

Rancy like to fell off his cheer; but after composin himself a little, ses he;

"Then you's gwine to make a quilt is you?"

"To be sure we is," ses Becky.

Then there was a pause, and Rancy twisted about, and breathed so loud you could hear him all over the room. He would give his horse for another question to ax. Jest then ole Mrs Wigfall helped him out by axin him if he wouldn't cum to the quiltin.

"To be sure I will," ses he, lookin sideways at Becky, "she'll let me cum."

"Oh certainly; you must cum," ses Becky.

By this time the sweat begun to pour off Rancy's face in a stream, and the young galls run to their room to laugh, leaven nobody with him but sister and the old woman.

Things had come to a stand still again, and Rancy was in another dilemma, bimeby a bright idea struck him, and he took up a bunch of cotton what Becky had just carded, and mused it all up—

"Thar," ses he, "I spilt your bats Miss Becky. Now you got to make 'em over agin."

"Why Mr. Cotton, what did you do that for?" ses she.

"Jest for fun!" says he. "I loves to spile things."

And then he laughed like he had the highstericks; but with his face lookin solemn as a tomb stone all the time.

Becky was so full of laugh she couldn't hardly set on her chair; but she carded the bats over agin, and put 'em on the chair and set 'em out of his reach, for fear he mought spile 'em agin. Then she tuck her needles to finish a piece of lace what one of the galls had been knittin, and ole Mrs Wigfall went to her room, just to give 'um a fair chance to court.

Rancy had made more headway, he thought in a single hour, than he had made in the last six months; and as he was a little ever his skeer, he determined to follow up his advantage. So he just pulled his chair up a little closer and looked at Becky a bit, while her fingers was flyin about the needles so fast that a body couldn't hardly tell which hand they belonged to—and ketchin hold of the thread a few inches from her hand held on to it with his fingers while she was knittin.

"Thar," ses he, "Miss Becky, you shan't have no more'n so much now.—Only so much—jest up to thar," ses he, while she was knittin away her face gettin redder and redder the nearer her fingers cum to his.

"Most all—only a little bit more," ses he, holding on till his fingers cum agin her little white hand, when he jumped like he was lectricid, drapped the thread, and begun to squirm round in his seat like a yearth worm on the point of a fish hook.

After gettin over it a little, he tuck hold agin and went through the same interesting operation two or three times, tellin Becky he loved to bother pretty girls they looked so charmin when the gentlemen bothered them; and how she shouldn't have another bit after she had nitted that up, and a whole heap of sich nonsense, until Becky put away her aittin.

"Thar!" said he, "I knowed I'd make you quit workin, and I know you are mad at me for botherin you so much—aint you?"

"Oh no, Mr Cotton," ses she, "I'm not mad in the least."

What was to be done now? Every minute they sot there saying nothin, he was growin more and more faint harted. No time was to be lost, and after screwin his courage up to the very highest notch again and clearin his throat two or three times, ses he, in a low husky voice.

"Miss Becky!"

"What?" ses she.

"Spose now, a young man was to fall desperately in love with you?"

John B. Pender
John B. Pender