

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 5.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1849.

NUMBER 23.

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 \$1 per square (14 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Doubt Not.

When the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds—
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,
Steadfast still in thy well doing,
Let thy soul forget the past—
Steadfast still, the right pursuing,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

Striving still, and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to blessing,
But deserve the wishes for blessing,
It shall come, though it be slow,
Never viring—upward gazing—
Let thy tears aside be cast,
And thy trials tending bravely—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

Keep not thou thy soul regretting,
Seek the good—spurn evil's thrall,
Though thy foes thy path besetting,
Thou shalt triumph o'er them all.
Though each year but bring thee sadness,
And thy youth be fleeting fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

His fond eye is watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Duty's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward.
By thy life thy faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past—
Hope thou on a little longer!
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

From the Winozoro Herald.

THE TIMES

AIN'T NOW AS THEY USED TO WAS.

BY PETER PICKLE.

Mum—well, that 'ar will do, said the Squire, as he read over what he had been writing—all the world is making poetry so I might as well follow the rest. But here the Squire's reverie was stopped by the jingling of bells, and the gay laughs of the happy inmates. In a few moments the whole party entered, laughing, talking and shaking hands with Uncle Jacob and Aunt Sally.

The new comers were nieces and nephews of Mr. and Mrs. Darby's, with some of the young folks of the village. The two sons and daughters of Uncle Jacob was also with the new comers; they had been over to Aunt Hannah's to spend a few days, and according to a previous agreement, had all returned together to spend Christmas eve with Uncle Jake.

What's the news boys; what's the news gals? cried Uncle Jake, as he knocked round, surried the fire and called out to wife Sally, to know if it was eating time, for he knew the young folks were hungry—and after supper, boys you may crack nuts and jokes too.

Oh, but Uncle Jake you promised we should all dance.

Yes, father, said Mary Darby, you did, and we brought a fiddler down from the village that came there yesterday to play for a party; he knows all sorts of new dances.

Well, just as you like, said Uncle Jake; but I sent over to neighbor Wilson's for his boy, and I have ax'd all the gals and boys around—hey Moll, will that suit you—and the old man gave his daughter rather a hard slip on the fair round shoulders, that was now divested of shawls and buffalo robes.

Who did you send father?

Who should I send, Moll, on such an errand, but your imp of a cousin, John McCaully. I hear his horse's heels now on the frozen ground—and, in a moment or two more, the clear voice of cousin John was heard through the hall, singing,

Oh, ladies won't you marry,
My heart is almost broke;
And every girl I tell it to,
Just takes it as a joke.

And into the room came cousin John, a tall, handsome fellow, of about twenty. One could have observed that the color rose a little higher in the cheeks of cousin Mary—but what of that, they were cousins.

Why John, said Uncle Jake, it will take all the evens in Christendom to find you, you're ever-lasting a dancing; can't you walk, boy?

Yes, unkle, I can, I have done it to-day.

I've walked the country all around,
And every pretty girl I've found:
So wake up in the morning,
And John again skipped across the floor.

John, cried Aunt Sally, do be still—I wonder how folks will think we've raised you?

Well enough, Aunt Sally; they'll think you've raised me to be a great laughing, happy fellow, with a heart as light as—

As the great snow flake that is driving past the window now, said Uncle Jake, as he looked toward the casement.

John did not heed his unkle, but caught Aunt Sally and gave her a kiss—at the same time pointing to a large bundle he had brought. There is your Christmas gift, my good aunt, and a tear could be seen to glisten in the eyes of the light-hearted youth.

John's mother was the sister of Mrs. Darby, but he had never known the love of either father or mother—they had died in his infancy. Aunt Sally and Uncle Jake had been all to him—they had loved him as their own, and his warm heart returned their affection.

Now, exclaimed John, in a moment recovering himself, I've kissed Aunt Sally, and that reminds me that I deserve a kiss from every girl in the room, after riding about all day in the cold; and as I don't believe in the credit system, I'll take my pay now—so to work he went amidst the laughs of his cousins, and the applauding of Uncle Jake.

There, John, you ain't kissed Mary yet, said Uncle Jake.

John moved with a slow step towards Mary, but at that moment a crowd of new comers arrived, and John darted off, not, however, until he had spoken more in one glance to Mary than he had spoken more in one glance to all the other comers.

The blood mounted to the temples of Mary. That look had unlocked the secret of her own heart. Some writers assert that women best understand the language of love when spoken by the eyes. Be that as it may, Mary, from that moment, understood that the love she had for cousin John was very different from that she felt for her other cousins.

Why unkle, said some of the boys, who gathered up around the old man, whilst the bustle of arrivals was going on; what have you been writing here on this bit of paper?

Writing, boys? why I've been making poetry. Folks that's in love make poetry; and them that's out of love makes it, though they don't make it all alike. That's all; but to-night, when you all get tired of dancing, I'll read mine; hey, boys?

So do, unkle, and tell us a good story, too.

But by this time the room was nearly full, and in a few minutes a general move was made for the supper table. The young folks were anxious for the dance, and cared but little for the ample spread board that Aunt Sally had been for two days preparing. So in less than an hour every thing was ready for the dance; the new fiddler, according to his own request, was mounted on a table in the corner, and after a little screwing and unscrewing, scratching, &c., he called out:

Take your partners for de cotillion, gents.

All the party who had been in the village at Hannah's, had the night before been, for the first time, initiated in the mystery of the new dances.

Four gentlemen took the floor with their partners, but there was room for another set. These, accordingly, were also soon in their places.

Why don't the gals stand down one side and the boys down tuther? I'd like to know what you made them two rings for? said Uncle Jake.

Some of the village ladies and gents simpered, and looked as much as to say how ignorant.

Uncle Jake could see, and sometimes know'd pretty well what folks thought, so he only smirked, stuffed his hands in his huge pockets, and said; well go on, that's a mighty convenient way to stand to dance, for a fellow can court all the time.

Balansa arl, squalled the chap in the corner, and forward they all sidied a step and back.

Uncle Jake looked, but said nothing. Forward four, half right and left.

Through they went, some right and some wrong; but no matter, on they went.

Ladies, back again, called out the little fellow, and back again.

Uncle Jake's eyes opened wider, and his under jaw dropped lower. Lady's chain? muttered he; but he saw nothing but a right and left movement.

Sasha de sasha.
Sas-sa! the devil—sas, sa, again mut-

tered Uncle Jake; but when he saw them sidling up and past each other, with a sort of half-turning their backs round, like turkeys when they run up to each other—it being neither a step, skip or jump, that the graceless bird makes, but a sort of a side-way, rocking motion—Uncle Jake could restrain his risible faculties no longer, but drawing his hands from his pockets and clasping them to his sides, he roared out with laughter, 'till the tears ran down his cheeks.

The music stopped. All looked with amazement at Uncle Jake—all but John—he had been watching the old man, and now, in spite of himself, he joined in the chorus.

What's the matter Uncle Jake, cried some. What's the matter, Squire Darby, said another; sure you must have a laughing fit.

No I exclaimed Uncle Jake, as soon as he could speak. Go on, I'll swear boys it's glorious fun—go on with your sash a-down sash-a; there's son Dave, and my nephew, Joe, they can raise up on their heel, and leap a little forward, with as nice an imitation of Sally's old gobbler. Ha, ha, ha! go on, it's glorious fun.

And on went the music.

Balansa arl!
Up they all sidied again to the middle, and back they all sidied that would have puzzled a nice observer to tell whether the motion was made by rocking the body on the hips or by the actual motion of the feet.

John, said Uncle Jake, did you ever notice the geese on the pond, how they'll all sidie up to each other, then dip in their heads and back a little, that's the very motion. Now, when you see the geese at it again, sing out, balansa arl.

John made but two or three steps out of the room, and scarcely gained the passage, before he broke out again in a peal of laughter. The strange imitation of the would-be fashionable, and the queer look of Uncle Jake, he could stand no longer, so in the supper room he took refuge, until he could at least go back with some show of politeness.

Carri-see arl.
Uncle Jake rose and looked close to their feet; one foot went forward, one back, over to one side leaned the ladies, and terrible to relate, Fanny Dawkins—the village miss—lost her perpendicular. She caught at her neighbor; but he, alas! had just dropped his arms and had bent forward his body, keeping his legs perfectly straight, so that he made an exact right angle of ninety degrees, and down they came.

Uncle Jake roared again, *carri-see arl*. Wife Sally, he exclaimed, don't you mind when I killed the beef yesterday, and the cows got in, how they all stood around and pawed out one foot and then back with the other; that's *carri-see arl*.

The room was now in an uproar, and the little dried up fiddler in the corner looked thunder. He was a sort of a half Frenchman, and came from the city to edify the country crackers, and give them a knowledge of the polite manners of the city.

I hope sare, said he, coming forward to Uncle Jake, dat it is not my music dat you make dis fun at.

Oh no, my little man, replied Uncle Jake, I don't make any fun, you and the gals and boys make it all; go it again.

But sare, I do not want you to make de fun. You laugh very loud sare; dat make me feel all ober, sare, very strange. I want to make de dancing school here, sare, not de fun.

Well, well, cried Uncle Jake, you shall make both; I'll send all the gals and boys that calls me unkle or father.

This brightened up the visage of the dancing master, so bowing and scraping he retreated to the corner, and meaning to show his agility, like all good dancers should, he made a bound on the table; but oh! the poor fellow did not light on it, but came with his weight on the edge of the table, when lo! over went the dancing master and table.—That part of philosophy, which treats of re-action, was beautifully illustrated; his head, as well as the rest of his body, received a reaction from the floor, quite equal to that received by the immovably fastened boards.

Some people laughed aloud, some fairly shouted; the village ladies forgot their gentility, and all joined in chorus—all except Uncle Jake—who had really a kind heart, and the old man feared his guest was badly hurt.

Such a long time had to elapse before the poor dancing master could recover from the shock, that something else had to be resorted to for amusement.

Some now thought of Uncle Jake's poetry and insisted on hearing that, so to work he went, and read as follows:

Which all old folks can plainly see;
For now there are no gals and boys,
And children must not make a noise.
Children, alas! there's no such thing,
So to the winds the words I'll fling;
Ladies and gents they all must be,
If not up to a bullfrog's knee.

The sports of childhood are unknown:
No where we find the stepping stone.
We see the babe, then next the man;
Between the two there's not a span.
Gals sint gals, nor boys sint boys,
So there's an end of all their joys;
Trained and tutor'd they must go,
Like monkeys dressed up for a show.

If for a moment nature peeps,
And from the irksome bondage leaps,
Society—dear soul—cries out,
What can such parents be about?
The world—the world is but a show,
Where nature's not allowed to go.

Times sint now as they used to be,
And this, too, I have lived to see;
Men can do nought but bow and scrape,
Or at the corners stand to gape
At all the women who go by,
And, if they are pretty, heave a sigh—
But that is all—the charm is o'er—
Soon as they find no gold in store.

On tops of dry goods boxes, too,
These worthless get, you all can view—
Like pigeons, up and down the street
They sit, and view their beautiful feet.
The dear long toes and nice trimmed heel,
They all their consequence must feel.
Should foreign toes invade the land,
Would they not make a glorious band:
How nobly they a fan can wield,
Like warriors did their ancient shield.

So, with canteens of cologne in hand—
* * * * *

How will that do, boys? I am going to finish it some of these days; but I mean to print this much first, and see how it looks.

So do, Uncle Jake, but do tell us something about old times; how the boys used to court and all that.

Well, sit down, and I'll tell you how I courted, and that was much like the boys do now. Well, the fact is, it 'twas like courting now, and it 'twasent nuder.

You see things now aint as they used was to be, no how; because in them days we had boys and gals; they used to run, jump, play and hop together and enjoyed themselves gloriously. There wasn't no pale, puny sickly boys and gals then as now; by the time they could crawl; no, boys was boys and gals was gals—they played pons, they kissed, they quarreled and made friends, and all was joy. But now every body is born ladies and gentlemen. When I was a boy I used to go over to your granddather, Hodges, every day; there was my wife, Sally, and Hannah and your mother, John, and then your Unkle Jim—well, Jim was the youngest. But I must tell you one thing—gals, when they were grown, were pretty much like they are now in some things; they'd go their death for a new fashion. Well, in them days men worked; they didn't as they do now, sit about the streets on dry goods boxes, like pigeons, nor the gals didn't run up and down the streets to look at the pigeons, but they worked at home, and never had any holes in their stockings.

For shame, Squire, said some of the village belles, as they almost unconsciously turned to get a look at their heels. How can you talk so about the girls.

Why, it's the truth; but then there's no danger, said the Squire, with a sly wink, since the invention of pantalettes. Well, I and Hannah's husband and your father, John, used to be at old Mr. Hodges every day, when we were young. We hunted blackberries and played in yonder old mill branch, and we all grew up together like gals and boys should grow.

But by and by old Mr. Wilson moved down here; he was father to our neighbor Wilson; he had some gals most grown, so he sent them back to the city to get educated, and nothing would do but your granddather Hodges must send his gals too—so the matter was made up. I had told Sally I loved her, and I kissed her right in the mouth when she went to speak, so she had no chance to say no, and as silence gives consent, we were engaged, and so was Hannah and David Mendon.

The hour came to part, and then we swore as much about love, and then we swore as any chap of the present day can do, and that wasn't all, we stuck up to it too.

Well, five months was a long time, but we heard from them through old Mr. Hodges, for then young men didn't write up all the paper they could find, writing to the gals; and the gals never dreamed of writing to or answering it if they did, and that's a mighty good caution, for black and white will talk and stand its own, long after some would wish to forget it.

The time at length came for them to come home. I had thought it were some mighty big words in some of their last letters, that the old man had shown

me; but Mrs Hodges had been to the city to see the gals, and she had come back all tucked up with new notions, and did nothing but brag about the wondrous change in her gals. They must have been smart, for I couldn't tell all the things they had learned in five months; and with all, they had learned to play on the pianer. In fact, Mrs. Hodges said they were educated, as well as any gals in the whole country, and had been mightily admired by the city beaux.

You see, your granddather Hodges was well off; and that news had soon been made known or found out by a certain set, who are always on the look out for school gals with the chunk, or any other that can furnish them with the needy.

Well the gals come home. Heavens and arsh, don't look up, Sally, it's the truth; they walked like chickens on hot coals, and talked as fine as if it came through a quill. So, so, thinks I, you've got to drop them sorer foot capers, or you aint Mrs Darby, and so said Dave Mendon.

I saw the gals looked mighty shy, and wanted a powerful sight of courting and waiting on, for which they paid us back with stiff bows, and thank you, spun out as fine as cambric thread.

It warn't long before two stranger chaps came from the city, and put up at the old tavern; there was a commotion among the Hodgeses. The gals talked of their city acquaintances; they had called and left their card.

A card, said the old man, your granddather, what's the use of one without the pack, hey.

Then the gals turned their eyes like some of them did at me to-night about them carillions, as much as to say, poor soul.

Then Hannah said something about their divine mustachios.

Dave and I found our room was better than our company, so we put off for home; but not until Mr. Hodges had insisted we should come over next day to dinner, as the gals was a going to have company. Mrs. Hodges insisted more than the old man—all woman's vanity though—for she only wanted us to see the great dinner she was getting up, by some book the gals had brought home. Any how, Dave and I determined to go—fun there might be—beside, the pianer had come home, and neither Hannah or Sally would play for us. The next day they would favor us with a tune. Even your granddather had not been permitted to go in the room, to see the thing as he called it, for the gals said they must practice alone.

Well now for the dinner; do you remember that, Sally? I wish Hannah was here.

Very well, said Sally, laughing; but don't make it worse than it was, Jacob.

No, I'll stick to the facts, wife. Well, the morrow came, and the great city dinner. Dave and I found the two gents from town there before us. Heavens, what sights for us country chaps! Whiskers and mustachios, bows and scrapes. Hum, thought I, we'll make but a poor figure before Hannah and Sally, for I had nearly knocked down Dave in trying to scrape back. Then the names, John, your father was there that day too, poor fellow, he had to pretend to sneeze to hide the laugh that was almost bursting; I wasn't much better. Wife there, introduced us with a mighty fashionable air, to Mr Cowbin and Mr Pullgo.

I soon began to think but little of them chaps; and made up my mind that if Sally really could fancy one of them chaps, she wasn't no wife for me; consequently, I made myself very contented.

After a while, Hannah, as the gents from the city said, condescended to play us a tune on the great pianer; the door was left open for the first time. I could see the children and then the servants peeping, grinning and making all sorts of motions. It was in vain that Sally nodded or winked at the young urchins. She had two young cousins there that her mother had taken to raise, that wasn't to be frightened back by winks; and Tom took pure delight in plugging the girls. So Hannah found it to be the best way not to notice them any further.

At this moment Mr. Hodges came in with old daddy Perkins, as every body called him. It was the first introduction of either to the city gents or the pianer, and daddy Perkins looked first from one to the other, as if mighty undecided which was the greatest curiosity.

Sally now commenced playing, and to my notion done a little better than Hannah, for I could tell she was playing Hail Columbia.

Perkins, as soon as she was done, called out at the top of his voice. (for his wife was deaf, and he had got in the