

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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Hull, Lewis Cass, of Michigan.

By J. E. Dow.

Awake, old spirit of the past—

Awake, and put thy armour on—

Nail freedom's ensign to the mast,

Not falter till the fight is won;

Heed not censure's croaking voice;

Expose each dark and damning plan,

Select the leader of your choice—

The gallant Cass of Michigan.

The sky is thick, the stars grow dim,

The bark of freedom braves the sea,

Her heart of steel put trust in Him

Who walked upon the midnight sea;

For they beheld a beacon bright

To cheer each faint and sinking man,

And o'er it waving in the light

The name of Cass of Michigan.

The gray-beard soldier leaps for joy,

The seaman on the deep is glad,

The old frontiersman, when a boy,

Remembers the adventurous lad,

Who trod the wilderness alone

Where millions now adore the man,

And tell how proudly valor shone

In Lewis Cass of Michigan.

What though no Buena Vista frowned

With cannons grim and glittering files,

There was a host in battle crowned;

An army from the British isles;

The brave of earth, who proudly sought

Our native soil with direful ban;

But they a lesson sad were taught

By Lewis Cass of Michigan.

In princely halls, by gilded thrones,

He stood the champion of the free,

He heard the fettered seaman's groans,

And opened the prisons of the sea.

The starry flag no longer bowed

To banners borne in Europe's van,

And freemen on their hills were proud

Of Lewis Cass of Michigan.

Firm in the principles of right,

By democratic shires taught,

He keeps his sword of honor bright,

And wrings us not in deed or thought;

As when the glittering blade was broke,

Before a base, dishonored man,

He stands, e'en now, our forest oak.

The gallant Cass of Michigan.

From the Star State (T.) Patriot, 15th ult.

Gen. J. P. Henderson's Address.

On Saturday 10th inst., Ex Governor Henderson addressed the citizens of Harrison county, on the claims of the Nominees of the Baltimore Convention to their support, and on other subjects connected with the presidential canvass, and general politics. Gen Henderson had been previously invited to deliver addresses on these subjects throughout the State, as will be seen by a correspondence, which we publish in another column, from the Jefferson Democrat. The invitation was signed by some 50 persons, citizens of this and several adjacent counties. The assembly, which was unusually large, met in Hunt's new building, and listened with profound attention, and deep interest, to the speaker. The effort was worthy the head and heart of the author, well adapted to the occasion, and the objects had in view.

Gen Henderson showed conclusively, that Texas was indebted to the democratic party, for the acknowledgment of her independence by the United States; for advocating and supporting all the principles and measures which led to annexation; and for the act of annexation itself. The democratic party had always been the friend of Texas; had encouraged, aided and comforted her in the darkest hours of adversity; had received her into the Union, at the hazard of a war with Mexico; had vigorously prosecuted that war to a successful termination, and secured effectually the sovereignty, prosperity, and political salvation of our extended and beautiful country; acquiring, at the same time, an immense additional territory. The Mexican war had been a war for Texas; it was emphatically *our* war; it had grown out of annexation, and Texas was bound by principle, chivalry, honor, gratitude and interest, to sustain the party, that had sustained her.

The speaker said, that the whigs as a party, had always opposed Texas; had done all that they could to prevent the acknowledgement of her independence, and her admission into the Union; had opposed the war waged on her account,

as "unnecessary and unjust," and were now siding with the abolitionists of the north, in endeavoring to exclude from the acquired territory, not only every Texan, but every slave holder, by sustaining the odious, unconstitutional doctrines of the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr Clay, the great embodiment of whiggery, had openly opposed Texas; had taken the lead in opposition to the war; avowed himself in favor of the Wilmot proviso, and, in his late published address to the public had, virtually and inferentially, acknowledged himself; the candidate of the abolitionists for the presidency. If Mr Clay should be the whig candidate, could any consistent, true hearted Texan, whether whig or democrat, who loved his country, vote for him?

Gen Taylor was a distinguished soldier, and a brave man; had rendered important services to his country in the late Mexican war. The speaker said, he had often defended the reputation of Gen Taylor, when it had been improperly assailed in his presence, and would do it again, when necessary. He had defended the old Hero against the false charges of some, who had since become Taylor men. Still Gen Taylor was a whig, and, in principle, opposed to Texas, as, and to the war. He had marched reluctantly to the Rio Grande, from a sense of military duty, and had bravely fought the battles of his country, but Texas could not consistently sustain him, if the whigs should select him as their nominee. Gen Henderson proceeded, to say, in substance, that General Taylor had committed the act, which the people of Texas, and especially the Texas troops, were bound to resent.—When Gen Henderson first heard the statement, he had contradicted it, believing that Gen Taylor was incapable of perpetrating such an offence; but the charge had since been established beyond doubt, and it was due to truth, and to the people of Texas, to make it public. When Gen Taylor had discharged the last company of the Texas troops, he wrote, officially, to the Secretary of War, substantially as follows: "Thank God, I have this morning got rid of the last Texas soldier, and hope hereafter to have something like order in the camp. This declaration General T J Rusk saw in the office of the Secretary of War, over Gen Taylor's own signature. The speaker enquired, with emphasis, what the Texan people submit to this wanton outrage, and cast their vote for the man who has committed it!

The speaker felt a proud, personal gratification, that an opportunity was afforded him to pay a just tribute to a worthy and distinguished man, General LEWIS CASS, the nominee of the democratic party, for President of the United States. It had been his good fortune to cultivate a personal acquaintance with that gentleman in the city of Paris. Gen Cass was then the resident minister of the United States at the Court of France. He (Gen Henderson) had been sent out as minister of Texas, to procure the recognition of her independence. The Lone Star was not then known and respected by the French Court, and the Texas minister was deemed an audience. In this emergency, he applied to Gen Cass, who gave him the aid of his powerful influence at court, and materially assisted him in the accomplishment of his mission. The American minister had proved himself the devoted friend of Texas.

Previous to this, at the time Texas applied to the Government of the United States to have her independence recognized, Gen Cass was then a member of Gen Jackson's Cabinet, and strenuously urged the President to welcome our infant republic into the great family of nations. Here, too, the measure had been consummated, and Gen Cass had showed himself the friend of Texas.

Gen Cass had been the advocate of annexation; had opposed the Wilmot proviso; and, from his position as Chairman of the Military Committee in the Senate of the United States, he had done more to sustain the administration in a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, than any other man in the Union. Gen Cass had, on all occasions, been the firm and consistent advocate of Southern Rights, as denuded by the constitution. One great and prominent act of his public life had preeminently entitled him to the gratitude, confidence and support of every southern man.—Gen Henderson alluded to the quintuple treaty, by which England and Russia, and other powers, with the aid of France, sought to impose upon the United States, by indirectness, the abolition of slavery, and secure to Great Britain the supremacy of the seas. Gen Cass, in his capacity of minister from the United States, although unopposed by his Government, assumed the responsibility to say to the King of the French, that the Go-

vernment of the United States would never submit to such a measure; that if France ratified the treaty, it would be at the eminent hazard of breaking up the friendly relations between the two governments. Gen Cass' prompt interference decided the French monarch to decline the proposition. The American government, afterwards approved Gen Cass' course in the premises, the admittances of almost certain war were averted, and the rights and interests of the American people effectually secured.

Gen. Cass had rendered important services to his country during the war of 1812. As an officer in the northwestern army, he had distinguished himself on several occasions, particularly in the battle of the Thames, while a volunteer of Gen. Harrison. He had opposed the pusillanimity, not to say treason, of Gen. Hull, in the disgraceful surrender of the army at Detroit, and had been mainly instrumental in bringing that officer to justice. Gen. Cass had passed through a long and brilliant career of public life, both military and civil, alike honorable to himself, and beneficial to his country. His superior talents, sound principles, unblemished reputation, valuable public services and consistent devotion to southern rights, all pointed him out as the man of all others entitled to the support of the American people, and especially those of the South.

Gen. W. M. O. BUTLER next occupied the speaker's attention. He was a distinguished son of Kentucky—a man of fine intellect—a thorough democrat, and, in every sense of the word, a gentleman. Gen. Butler had also been a soldier in the northwestern army, and had bravely fought the battles of his country. He had shown his political strength in his native State, when he ran against Gov. Osley for the gubernatorial office. In the presidential canvass of 1840, the whig majority for Gen. Harrison Kentucky was 28,000. In the election for Governor, Gen. Butler succeeded in reducing that majority to about 5,000.—Kentucky, it is well known, is a whig State; and no man, except Wm. O. Butler, had ever succeeded in reducing the whig majority to so small a number, since Henry Clay had had political control of the State. Gen Butler was now in command of the army in Mexico, where he had served his country efficiently. Gen. Butler was the man the people would delight to honor by electing him to the Vice Presidency.

The nomination at Baltimore had been happily made; met the entire approval of the speaker, and would be unanimously responded to by the democratic party throughout the Union.

Gen. Henderson insisted that the old issues between the whigs and Democrats would be lost sight of in this canvass; that the question upon which the election would hinge would be annexation, and the result which have followed that measure—the war with Mexico—the acquisition of territory—and the Wilmot proviso. Upon all these new issues, every true hearted Texan, whether whig or democrat, was bound by principle, gratitude, interest, patriotism to affiliate with the democratic party.

The speaker took his seat, and the hearty responsive cheers of the audience. Having relied entirely upon memory, we are conscious that the above is a very imperfect sketch of Gen. Henderson's able and eloquent address, and we ask the author's pardon for mutilating his sentiments, but we deemed them worthy of a more extended circulation, and have ventured to offer our version, such as it is, to the attention of the reader.

"THE BROKEN SWORD."

The Proof.

The whig papers have denied that it was Gen Cass who broke his sword rather than surrender it, at the time of Hull's surrender on the Canada frontier. They quote Niles, Register, which says that Col. McArthur broke his sword, but does not say whether Col Cass did or not.

It is not a matter of much moment, but as it has been denied, and we find among our exchanges that the proof of the truth of the occurrence begins to be made, it may be well enough to give it circulation. The following letter speaks for itself:

Zanesville, Ohio, June 19, 1848.

To the Editor of the Aurora:

Sir: In the Zanesville Courier of this date I noticed an article headed "The Broken Sword;" in which it is stated that the honor of breaking his sword is "borrowed, or rather a stolen capital;" that it was Gen McArthur, and not Gen Lewis Cass who broke his sword at the time of Hull's surrender. Now it may be that Col. McArthur did break his sword; but if he did, the writer of this did not see or hear of it at the time.—

But I did see Col Cass break his sword at the pickets where Gen Brock, the British commander, met Cois. McArthur and Cass above the Well Springs, below Detroit. I was standing within six feet of Col. Cass at the time; and I never will forget the indignation and mortification he exhibited at the time.

These silly attempts to deprive General Cass of his patriotism and courage, made by men, or the sons of men who kept shady in those dark days, will only have the effect to rally to his standard all the soldiers of 1812. Col Cass was loved by all his men. It could not be otherwise, for he loved them all, and did all he could to promote their comfort. My voice and my vote are for Cass and Butler.

WM. WALLIS.

The Difference.—Gen Cass, when he accepted the nomination of the Democratic National Convention, resigned his seat in the Senate.

Gen Taylor, who has been in the field as a candidate for the Presidency ever since last Summer, has not resigned his commission as Major General, and it seems not intended to. He left the seat of War—came home—has been constantly writing Presidential letters—is now engaged in the canvass—and still holds on to his Twelve Dollars a day from the federal government.

Fifty Dollars Reward!—The Berk's county, Ohio, Press, has the following good thing, which we commend to our whig friends every where:

\$50 REWARD.—This sum will be paid by the Ohio Watchman, to any man or set of men of whatever party, who will produce one principle, now contended for by the universal whig party, that is not contained in the following four lines. They are believed to contain the substance of all the great leading principles promulgated by the late Whig National Convention, together with Gen. Taylor's views on all the important questions he has been called on for an answer; at least the above reward will be paid to the individual who will show to the contrary:

"Sound the new gag, silence the tongue—
Beat the fuzguzz, wake the goungoung—
Let the loud huzzara ring,
Bum tum fazzegoung drago bim."

A friend of ours, who resides in North Pearl street, went a fishing the other day, and among other things that he hooked in, was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of his servant girl, he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning, the first thing that bounced in to the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of, 'Be Jabers, I've got the devil.' 'What devil?' enquired the head of the house, feigning surprise. 'The Bull bedbug that has been ating the chudder for the last month.' As this is a new name for the domesticated assassin, we thought we would 'let it out.' Bull bed-bug 'is good.—Kaickerbocker.

A correspondent of the Columbia South Carolinian, who visited Charleston on the 4th inst., writes thus of the American Hotel, corner King and George streets:

"I took up lodgings at the American Hotel, kept by Col. Frankum A. Hoke, of North Carolina, and by way of digression, may as well say a word or two for the establishment. I have never in my 'journeys' too and fro in the land, been in an Hotel where every thing was in better order, or where more kind attention was bestowed upon the Boarders. My host, himself a gentleman of taste, has had the whole building, which was formerly known as Fimmings and Norris' old establishment, thoroughly refitted and altered, and entirely refurnished with every thing that can please the eye or gratify the taste. His waiters are altogether the most attentive I have ever known, no ordering a dozen times before a thing was done, but each one seems to have been drilled to the discharge of his duties and performed them. Everything throughout was in 'apple pie order,' and though watching closely for the purpose of fault finding, no opportunity was given me to gratify the Bachelor penchant, and then the American on Thursday morning, feeling satisfied that the gentlemanly proprietor had arrived at the acme of his profession, and that if his Hotel was not the very best, it could not be surpassed by any other in the Union. His Tables were spread with the choicest viands, substantial as well as luxuries, calculated to gratify the whim of the most fastidious connoisseur, or the platu master of fact gentlemen."

Who wants a wife!—There is a girl in Carroll Co. Md., who weighs 431 pounds. A fine arm full for somebody—who speak!

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Mrs. Scroggins' Views on "Shoppin'."—"I'm fond of shoppin'," said Mrs Scroggins, the other day to one of her female friends. "I am, indeed. Knowledge in howsomever circumscriptive boundary you find it, is wonderful; whether in the congregational hall at Washington, in penitential at Jefferson City, or even in the sanctus of an editor, it's all the same thing—knowledge is wonderful. Even behind a counter, it isn't to be sneezed at! I like smart people, and Ladiferate smart shopkeepers. It's so pleasurable to one's feelin' to be talked to in a genteel kind of way, by young men, even if they are gammonin' you all the time. I wouldn't give a penny-bit for a clerk in a store who couldn't talk the rudeness or bombast with a adamantine countenance. Mr Skinkle, the other day, paid a distressin' nice compliment to our sex, when he said he was goin' to have feminine clerks in his store, 'cause they knowed how to talk. I advised him (as a friend you know) not to think of it, as young ladies never went a shoppin' to buy things so much as they did to look at the clerks. I've noticed one thing, Mr. Skinkle, says I, in my experience, and that is, them stores as has the good lookin' clerks in 'em, is always full, while them as has ugly ones is empty. The reason of this is very palatable, and as long as women go a shoppin', it will keep on continuin'." Mr. Skinkle has tuck my advice, and turned off all his ugly clerks, and got others as are good lookin'. I told some of my young feminine friends about it, and they all said that in toturity they would patronise Mr Skinkle. I didn't say anything about it to Miss—, howsomever, she aint a prolific customer, and never spent more than ten cents when she goes a shoppin'. It's very amusin' sometimes to notice the way young females manages to see everything and everybody in all the stores, without spendin' much money. I'd heard on three or four young girls as goes down town every other day amost, and one on 'em buys a little in one place, and another on 'em buys a little in another, instead of buyin' their dresses, hats, shoes and thread, or whatever their arter, in one store. Howsomever, it's very natural for young wimmen to try to ketch beans, and that way of doin' it is as good as any other way, I s'pose. But what agonizes my feelins is, to see 'em go into a store, and look at this, and that, and pile the counter full of things, and make the clerks sweat pullin' 'em down, and then go out without buyin' enything, leavin' their victim to put the things back on the shelves, without the consolatin' idear that he had sold somethin'. If clerks in a dry goods store ever do swear, I think that would make 'em do.

"When I goes a shoppin' I allays asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got at enny other place for less, I most allays take it, without chaperin' about it all day long, like some people does.

"I got tuck in, misadventerly the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin, that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they calls calico warranted to stand washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fado fast in the water.

"It is extraordinary how cheap persons as understands shoppin' can buy things somtimes. The clerks down town all know me so well and they allays let me have things cheaper than any body else; they say it's no use in tryin' to take me in. 'Mrs. Scroggins,' said one on 'em to me the other day; 'Mrs. Scroggins, that piece of calico I'll let you have at twenty cents a yard. If it was somebody as didn't understand prices, I'd ask them thirty cents,' and it's just the same way with all the others. One on 'em did get rather in the advancement of me the other day. I bought four yards of lace at thirty five cents a yard and then took his change out of a five dollar bill at the rate of forty cents. Mr Skinkle says, consumption is the life of trade, and I s'pose that 'ere young man thought so too; 'cause he would've counted so fast. I went back again afterwards, and couldn't find the store; that's the last of them; 'ere is, five cents I s'pose. Well! what's done can't be helped, as some persons of sense has observed."

The newspapers are teeming with instances of Whigs and Clay Whig papers, which utterly refuse to support Gen Taylor. There are forty Whig papers, it is stated, in the Northern and Western States, that continue to stand out against the action of the Philadelphia Convention. Harmonious—united Whiggery.