

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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Be Quiet, do! I'll Call my MOTHER

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come up but John, my lover;
He pressed my hand and kiss'd my cheek!
Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
While I exclaim'd and strove to shriek,
'Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!'

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me.
He feign'd such pretty amorous wo,
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
'Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!'

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me!
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me;
'Oh! John,' said I, 'and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other—
Ther's no need to hurry so;
I never meant to call my mother!'

THE FOREST FUNERAL.

She was a fair child, with tresses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looked up and smiled. I spoke to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of the Aeolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a very few words of the like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, rich and melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me," and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the farther shore?"

"I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voice of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, the voice of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night time—and they call me. Her voice, too, father. Oh! I heard it then."

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! but a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!"

Sabbath evening came, and a slow, sad procession wound through the forest to the little school house. There, with simple rites, the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left—for I always had an idea that a grave yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth—and with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must through the grave to the temple of God on high.

To prevent Horses rubbing the Hair off their Tails.—Grease the rectum, or fundament, with hog's lard or bacon; repeat it until the hair grows out again. The habit is caused, it is thought, by an itching of the fundament, occasioned perhaps by the discharge of a species of worm. At any rate, we have been well assured that this is a certain cure.

Major-General Worth.

When we entered the following some months since in our scrap book, we had but little thought so soon to bring it into requisition. Gen. Worth died at San Antonio de Bexar, Texas, on the 7th of May last, at 1 o'clock, p. m. of cholera. His gallant deeds through a service of thirty-six years, are a portion of the common glories of the republic; while the nobility of his character will long cause him to be lamented by a large number of personal friends— for

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

[ED. COURIER.]

Gen. William J. Worth was said to be the handsomest and most soldierly looking officer in the army. His height was over six feet, and his person commanding. On horseback he presented a figure of unequalled grace. His nature was somewhat impetuous, like many brave and rash men. He was exceedingly popular among his soldiers. As one of the heroes of Monterey, as the victor at Molino del Rey, his name will go down to posterity second only to that of Scott and Taylor.

Worth, like many other able men in the army, rose from the ranks. He began life as a clerk in a mercantile house in Albany, New York, the latter being his native commonwealth. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, however, fired with that patriotic ardor which is a leading trait in his character, he enlisted as a common soldier. Another clerk was his companion. Fortunately for Worth, his friend soon committed some indiscretion, for which he was placed under arrest. In this emergency he applied to Worth, who undertook to write a petition for him to the Colonel. The officer happened to be Scott, who, struck with the elegant style of the memorial, equined the name of the writer, and sending for him, made him his private secretary. He procured for Worth the commission of a lieutenant in the 23d regiment of Infantry. From that hour up to their unhappy difference in Mexico, the closest intimacy existed between Worth and Scott.

In the battle of Chappewa, Worth proved the correctness of Scott's estimate of character, by signalling himself especially; and was consequently rewarded with the rank of Captain. In the battle of Lundy's Lane, Worth, after several hours of severe fighting, received a dangerous wound. In consideration of this he was raised to the rank of Major. After the peace, he was for a considerable period Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, a post which is always a guarantee of high ability on the part of the occupant. In 1824, he was appointed a Lieut. Colonel; in 1832 a Major of ordnance; and in 1838 Colonel of the 8th regiment of infantry, which was the rank he still held in the line. Subsequently he was raised successively to the brevet rank of Brigadier, and afterwards of Major General, the first for his gallantry in the Florida war, the last for his brilliant conduct at Monterey.

When Taylor, Twiggs and Worth met at Corpus Christi, before the Mexican war broke out, a difficulty arose as to who should command Taylor's absence. Twiggs claimed it, though only a colonel, because an older colonel than Worth. The latter claimed it as a brevet brigadier. But Twiggs asserted that a brevet conferred no right to outrank a full commission. The matter was referred to Taylor, who, adopting the rule laid down by Jackson, decided against Worth. On this Worth, following a precedent set by Scott, resigned his commission, and hurried on to Washington. During his absence the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were fought, on hearing the intelligence of which, Worth recalled his resignation and rejoined the army. Every one knows how gallantly he fought at Monterey! He was rewarded for that bloody day with the brevet rank of Major-General.

When it was determined to besiege Vera Cruz, Worth, with most of the other generals, was detached from Taylor's army, and placed under command of Scott. At the landing at Vera Cruz, Worth commanded the first division, and took the lead, consequently, in leaving the ships. Having effected his disembarkation in the face of the enemy, he drew up his troops in gallant style, and awaited the arrival of other divisions. On the capitulation at Vera Cruz, Worth was at the convention that dictated the articles, and when the city was taken possession of by the Americans, rode in advance, at the head of a brilliant cortege, into the public square. He was now appointed Governor of Vera Cruz. When the army began its march for the

interior, the van for a while was under the command of Twiggs, but subsequently it fell to Worth again, who was the first to enter Puebla in consequence. It was at this city that the unfortunate series of misunderstandings between him and Scott arose, which interrupted a friendship of 35 years continuance. This is not the place to canvass the amount of blame rightly belonging to each party. Both, perhaps, have been somewhat in the wrong.

At the battle of Contreras, Worth was not present; but at Churubusco his division was engaged as the *tete du point*, and fought, under his own eye, with astonishing intrepidity. It was the characteristic of Worth, that he could inspire his soldiers with a portion of his own headlong valor, and thus secure victory. The march around the southern side of Lake Chalco was suggested by Worth, to whom the practicability of the road was communicated by Colonel Duncan, of Worth's division. The change in the route of the army thus induced, placed Worth again in the van. When Scott determined to storm Molino del Rey he committed the almost desperate attempt to Worth. Owing to an insufficient reconnaissance, the loss of the assaulting columns was immense; they were even repulsed at first, and would have been defeated, but for the arrival of Cadwallader with the reserve. At Chapultepec, the storming party was principally selected from Worth's and Pillow's regiments.

Throughout the whole war, Worth carried himself in the field with a splendid gallantry that fascinated the popular imagination. As an officer, he has been said partly to resemble Murat, and partly to resemble Ney; for he has the dashing air of one, with the indomitable courage of the other.

Such is a brief history of the man.—By the afflicting dispensation General Worth's family have been thus deprived of their protector almost as soon as they had arrived at the point of destination, where they anticipated a residence for some time to come; and the country deprived of the services of a man whose brilliant achievements are deservedly the pride of the people, and will adorn the pages of our history to a remote generation. The death of such a man is truly a national bereavement, and will undoubtedly be followed with demonstrations of mourning throughout the whole Union. General Worth's family consists of his wife and two daughters.

From the Charlotte Journal.

Small Pox in Greensboro', N. C.—It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, that the Small Pox has made its appearance at Greensboro'. The Patriot of the 26th ult. says that "the developments of the last four or five days have been such as to convince the most incredulous that this loathsome disease exists in our community." Five cases in town and four in the country is all that is reported,—of these 3 only reported to be critical. The Patriot says "sufficient precaution was not taken during some two weeks after the appearance of the disease, owing to the incredulity of a respectable portion of the inhabitants, including a number of the physicians and town authorities." It also states that "the panic in the surrounding community exceeds any thing of the kind we ever witnessed. The trade of the town is almost entirely stopped. Our stores and shops stand open without customers, and a strange quiet reigns in our hitherto busy streets. This is May court-week, but suitors, witnesses, and many of the jurors have failed to appear; no causes have been tried, and none will be tried, unless some scamp who is indicted and bound to appear on this (State's) day shall take it in his head to come. On Tuesday—a day when our streets are usually crowded with citizens who come up from all parts of the county to transact business and to interchange salutations—there were not a hundred persons present.—'Fair Ground'—where tobacco, cakes, beer, pies and other notions, to say nothing of good liquor, are dealt out on Tuesday of court to a dense and jolly throng of customers—was deserted! Not a soul was seen there. It was desolate as the streets of Tadmor of the desert."

As an "ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," we advise our friends to adopt measures to prevent this disease spreading in this community should it reach here; and that it will visit us we think it highly probable, for it is at the South and also at the North. In view of its reaching us, we publish the following mode for preventing its progress, which is copied from a South Carolina paper:

Vaccination is so far from being un-

iversally adopted, that it is, at all times, a matter of fear when it is announced that the small pox has made its appearance in the neighborhood. In this country, the contagious character of the disease is universally believed; and the violent measures which have been taken with patients, have been in many instances, disgraceful. It is not many years since a poor wagoner on the highway, in Georgia, was known to have the small pox. Some courageous fellow threw down a fence through which he drove to a barn into which he entered, where he lay neglected and died—without, so far as I have heard, the presence of a human soul. His burial was as savage as his treatment; a torch was applied to the barn and it was burned down. But little less savage has been the practice in other places. The sufferer with small pox, has been with us, too frequently a doomed man. Those whose humanity have induced them to visit him, have been forbidden their own houses. Even the physician has been made an outlaw and avoided; as if his intercourse with the sick constituted him an embodiment of pestilence. That a great part of this fear is groundless, ought to be known to the world; and that the common calls of humanity should never be denied to the victim of this disease, ought to be a fixed principle.

When the small pox makes its appearance the individual in whom it has appeared, if he is a traveller, should by no means be allowed to proceed. His wants should be provided for at the nearest convenient point. He should be placed in some location where he can be separated from others to a distance of thirty feet or more; and no cruel attempts to send such individuals into remote and lonely places, should be made. It will seldom be necessary to remove the individual beyond the precincts of any town or village in which the disease may appear. He should be placed in the custody of individuals who have had the small pox, if such can be found; if not, those who have been vaccinated, may perform this duty, with perfect safety to themselves, and but little danger to the community. Great care should be taken in bringing any thing from the sick. The matter of the infection may produce the disease, either by being applied to the surface of an individual, or placed too near for breathing its odor with safety. The articles that must needs be brought away, require no further cleansing than the ordinary use of soap and water; and nothing is infected except by the actual application of the matter of small pox. The hanging of clothing in the same room with the sick does not convert that clothing into a means of transmitting the disease. The care necessary to avoid the transmission of the disease will hardly be observed by nurses or attendants. These should remain at home near the patient. Nor is it necessary to destroy the clothing of patients or attendants. All are rendered clean by the ordinary operation of soap and water.

The physician whose duty calls him to attend to patients under these circumstances, should be exceedingly careful in the mode of proceeding. Many have in the performance of this duty, infected their children; and all should be informed of the safest means of entering into, and safely leaving the abodes of the sick with small pox. The suggestion most commonly relied on, is an exchange of clothing on entering, and putting them off on leaving. Such clothing is generally made loose and flowing and more apt, than ordinary raiment to come in contact with the matter of small pox. I am decidedly of the opinion that such arrangements increase rather than diminish the danger. The physician should carefully avoid coming in contact with anything in the room. He can perform his duty without any contact except the hand; and this he should always take the greatest care to cleanse before leaving the room. At the door, a change of shoes for a pair that should never leave the place, will be prudent; and these are all the precautions I have found it necessary to use. I have in this way, made many visits to the sick with small pox, and have never had reason to believe, that I brought from these visits any portion of the infection. We need not add much on the subject of avoiding the propagation of small pox. Those who have been exposed to its contagion, in a way too manifest to admit of escape, should be instantly vaccinated if that be possible. I will not suggest a resort to inoculation, because vaccination is, or ought to be, possible under almost any circumstances which may arise; but, should the time occur in which vaccination shall not be possible, a resort to inoculation would unquestionably be proper.

A Singular Transaction.—We find the following notice of a very singular case in the last number of the Indiana State Sentinel:

The marriage of Mr Henry Apple and Mrs. Sarah Apple was solemnized at the clerk's office in this city, (Indianapolis,) on the 7th inst., by Judge Smith, one of the Associate Judges of this county. Mr. and Mrs. Apple have been living together some twenty years, and have raised a large family of children. Their re-marriage was made necessary by the following mysterious train of circumstances, as we learn by a friend who was present at the examination of the case in the Circuit Court now in session in this city. Mr John Apple, many years ago, left this county as a volunteer to the Black Hawk war. During his absence, a traveller passed through the county, who informed Mrs. A. that her husband had been killed; that he, the traveller, had aided in burying him, and had marked with an axe, the tree under which he was interred. Apple did not return, and no doubt was entertained by his wife or her friends of his decease. Time passed on, and nothing was heard to discredit the traveller's story, and Mrs. A., after having continued for a proper length of time in a state of supposed widowhood, was formally married to Mr Henry Apple, a farmer of this county. A few months since, it was authentically ascertained that John Apple was actually living! A divorce was obtained by Mrs. Apple, and she was re-married, on Monday last as above stated to Henry Apple, the man with whom she had been innocently living for many years past, as her supposed husband. We have heard of no cause assigned for the singular manner in which the first husband acted.

The Pine tree Insect.—Some weeks since, we mentioned that the insect which was so destructive last year to the pine trees in this, as well as other parts of the country, has re-commenced operation with the warm weather. We have recently, to our very great gratification, been informed that the snow of the middle of last month had the effect, as is supposed, of checking the evil in a great degree, and, in conjunction with another cause, will, it is generally supposed, arrest it altogether. This other cause is the appearance in immense swarms of a large fly, which attacks and kills the insect. This may seem a strange statement, but it is as we are assured by men of veracity, strictly true.—*Wilmington Chronicle.*

The last of the Red Coats.—The London papers briefly announce the death of the oldest commissioned officer in the English army, Field Marshal General Sir George Nugent, K. C. B. at his seat at Great Marlo. His age was ninety two. He entered the army as ensign in the 21st regiment in May, 1773, when he was only seventeen years old. He came with his regiment to our shores, in the early part of the revolution, and served in the expedition under Sir Henry Clinton and General Vaughn up the Hudson in 1777, when forts Montgomery and Clinton were taken, and Esopus, or as it is now called, Kingston, was burnt. He participated in other battles during the war, and at the peace in 1782 had risen to rank of lieutenant-colonel. He served under the Duke of York in Holland, and was a short time in the peninsula. He was one of the fourteen field-Marschals of England at the time of his death, and the last British officer who fought against us in the revolution.

"So old Dr. Quill is dead, said Mrs Partington, as she put an extra piece of butter to her bread; they do say that he died of information on the brain—but they musn't try to make me believe such an improbable story as that—information on the brain, truly! why he was the greatest fool I know on—I can't help laughing at his presumptuous ignorance; why, didn't he, at one of his lectures one cold night last winter, try to make me believe, together with the rest of a large and 'spectable ordinance, that the sun was then nearer the earth than it would be in the hottest day in summer?—and didn't he try to suppress on my mind, when he called on me, that time was money? Oh, the dolt! Why there's cousin Slow—he has his whole time—he never was known to do anything but loaf—and the Lord knows how poor he is. Oh, you can't make me believe such stuff. I wonder what will carry me off, if he died of information!" and she arose from the table flushed with excitement.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The Siamese Twins are exhibiting in New York, to large crowds.