

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 5.

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The Bride's Farewell.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!
The flowers I love to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here!
Oh, therefore let me weep!
I leave a Sister! we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and tower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind Sister, let me weep!
I leave thee, Father! eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes and lyre in tune
Thy homeward steps to greet.
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eyes o'er all my youth hath smil'd,
I leave thee! let me weep!
Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep,
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

4TH OF JULY MEETING.

The Committee of Arrangements appointed at a meeting of citizens to make arrangements for celebrating the Anniversary of American Independence, will be pleased to meet the remaining Republicans of '76, and have them to partake of the convivialities.

Major T. T. Slade, has been appointed Marshal of the day, assisted by H. W. Abernathy, and E. J. Alexander.

Wm Lender, Esq. is appointed President of the day, and reader of Toasts, assisted by Capt. T. J. Eccles.

The citizens are requested to meet at 11 o'clock, at the court house, and form in procession on the rear of the Town company; at which time all the merchants are requested to close doors, until 2 o'clock, and join the march to the Methodist grave, where a stand and seats will be prepared for their accommodation. The ladies are invited to honor the occasion with their presence.

After Divine service by the Rev. Mr. Murchison, the Declaration of Independence will be read by Capt. W. H. Alexander, and an Oration delivered by Jas. A. CALDWELL, Esq.

A Dinner will be provided as usual.

The committee hope the citizens will pay strict attention to the programme of the day.

W. H. ALEXANDER,
B. S. JOHNSON,
CALEB MOTZ.

June 23d, 1849.

An adjourned meeting will be held at the court house to night.

The Sheriff of Lincoln will attend with the Tax Lists for said county, at the following muster grounds, commencing in Lincoln, with Captain

Eccles's company,	Wednesday, July 4
Leonhardt's,	Friday, " 6
Helderman's,	Saturday, " 7
Seagle's,	Thursday, " 12
Lutz's,	Friday, " 13
Sifford's,	Saturday, " 14
Glenn's,	Friday, " 20
Kincaid's,	Saturday, " 21
King's,	Saturday, " 23

The tax returns for the Town Company will be taken in by Squire Wm. J. Hoke, at the store of Hoke & Michal; others at the respective muster grounds.

Incident in Trial of an Irish Patriot.

BY PHIL BREngle.

"A very original affair!" said I, laying down the Tribune of that day.

"What is that?" asked my companion.

"I refer to that scene in the trial of Smith O'Brien when Dobbin the Irish Detective, is proved a perjurer by the unexpected testimony of Mr. D'Alton. All the circumstances connected with the affair—the visit of D'Alton at the Freeman Office; the hasty and successful measures instantly taken to bring him into court; the crushing power of D'Alton's testimony, and the complete unmasking of Dobbin—would seem to mark the whole as an interference by Providence, if all these things had not so unaccountably failed in the grand result."

The gentleman to whom I said this was a grey-headed refugee from Ireland since the great rebellion in "Ninety-eight." He paused a few moments, and then replied in a voice tremulous with rage and strong feeling.

"I dare not trust myself to speak of the trial of O'Brien, for it reminds me of the days of Fitzgerald and Emmet. But there is one incident at those times which I can mention with more calmness. Your remark suggested it. I will tell you of a providential interference, in this time successful, in a trial of somewhat similar character. The actors were obscure, and are now forgotten by all, except the few who then stood in the court room, and saw the heroism of a poor servant girl, triumphing upon her own love for the sake of truth and justice in the cause of Ireland. They never can forget it. All that I did not at that time understand in the affair I afterwards learned by inquiry of others—so strong was the interest that humble heroine made within me!"

Late on Halloween Eve, a young man and girl were sitting together in the servants' room of an Irish country-seat. The latter was a fair and buxom lass, known far and near as 'pretty Mary Donovan.' She had an honest face, too, where the very heart seemed looking forth, and one for whose real nobility a man might pledge his life. At the moment it was shrouded with anxiety and timid love.

Very near her sat a young man, with one of those false, handsome faces, that we occasionally meet, and always look upon a second time. His glossy hair was elaborately curled, and his eye, hard and bright like jet, was marked with insincerity. His whole appearance was, as I have just said, handsome and false. Had the young girl whom he was earnestly addressing been a physiognomist, she would never have listened to his words; as it was, her whole manner was wavering, distrustful, yet tender.

"Phelim, you know that I love you, and oh! that I could trust ye, too. If I could shut my eyes while ye talk to me, I'd wan no longer, but give you the word at once; but whenever I look in your eye you seem to be talking only with your lips, and so I turn away from the face I should love to look upon."

"I understand ye, Mary Donovan," said Phelim bitterly; "and because the face I was born with don't suit ye, you think I am trying to cheat. It's no use to feel around ye any longer. I'll go to the mountains and join the fighting boys to-morrow."

"Not because I sent ye there," exclaimed Mary hastily. "Dear Phelim, forgive me, and I'll never vex ye again."

A glow, not of shame, passed over his face, as he saw the effect of his words in this, the first sign of triumph and he persevered so cleverly that in a few minutes they were betrothed, and he had won the first ripe kiss from her dainty lips. Then followed the interchange of love tokens, usual among the Irish peasantry. They could only exchange locks of hair, for they had nothing else to give.

"Write on the paper around it the date of the blessed night, Phelim, and it will be twice as precious to me."

So he did, and Mary placed it carefully next to her heart.

They then began to talk of more serious matters. Both were poor but hopeful, and ready to wait for some sudden turn of good fortune, which they fondly dreamed might come at any time. This discussion of ways, means, and all impracticable projects, carried them far into the night; so far, indeed, that Phelim, lover though he was, yawned sleepily as he took his candle, saying, "Good night, Mary dear, and don't forget Halloween Eve."

"Ah, Phelim," she replied, "I'll remember it long enough for us both."

So she did.

The next day brought tidings to the inmates of the court to-day. Of persons had risen during the past night, and committed excesses, too common in those times of apprehension and resistance. No: did they end with that night's work. What is known in history as the "rebellion of Ninety-eight," speedily broke out, and for months kept the land in most fearful agitation. At last the rebellion was crushed, and then commenced the trial of those leaders who had been captured.

All crowded to court to see their first men brought to trial and condemned almost invariably to death. One of these leaders was of great notoriety in the vicinity of ———— Hall, and when his case was called from the docket, every man, woman, and child flocked to the place of trial—some to sympathize with the eager patriot, some to exult over his fall, and very many to see the man whose name had been held up as a word of equal terror to refractory children and full grown men.

"Mary," said her lover, as he saw her arrayed in rustic finery, "surely, ye're not going to the court to-day."

"Indeed I am," she replied; "I'll go and give the poor prisoner a blessing with my eye, since I can do no thing else for him. Why should I stay away when a man is to be tried for his life, because he loved us too well? Surely we must go and say to him by your presence, that we are with him in our Irish hearts."

"It's no place for women, I tell ye," exclaimed Phelim with sudden violence, and then coaxingly, "Indeed, you must not go. Stay at home and think of what I'm telling ye, that I've got fifty golden guineas, and that we can be married next week, or as soon as ye'll only say the word."

"Fifty guineas in real gold! Who gave them to ye?—was it the master, or—"

"Hush! Here's the master's own voice calling me now, so I must go.—Stay at home, Mary dear, or I'll not forgive ye."

"I don't understand ye, Phelim, and I will go to the court," said Mary to herself.

"Fifty guineas in bright and heavy gold—blessings on the giver!"

In opening the case the prosecuting attorney was observed to look anxiously around the court as in search of some particular face. Each time he was disappointed, and at last was obliged to announce, that in the absence of its principal witness, the crown would first resort to other evidence. And meagre enough was that evidence to all in crowded court. Everything manifest depended upon the principal witness, the Informer, and without his speedy appearance, the prisoner would, doubtless, be entitled to acquittal. At last the Crown officer finished his other evidence, and again peered anxiously about the court. This time his face lighted with satisfaction.

"Phelim Reaney."

"Phelim!" cried a faint smothered voice on the opposite side of the room.

"Silence there in the court!" shouted the sheriff angrily.

But there was no silence in Mary Donovan's heart.

"I see it now—these fifty golden guineas!—Ah, they have made Phelim Reaney an Informer, but they shall never make me his wife."

The Informer felt the moist, yet flashing eyes of Mary Donovan, burning into his brain, and he shivered with terror, but the voice of the prosecuting attorney, soon restored self-possession, and he coolly testified himself as follows.

He had disguised himself and joined the rebels in the great meeting on the night of their rising. He had especially marked the prisoner at the bar, as the seeming leader, and the one under whose direction the whole body acted. He heard this prisoner utter words and do acts of treason on that night. This was the substance of his testimony, and so clear, full, direct was it throughout, that every one saw that the prisoner's life was hanging on the words from the informer's lips. The Crown lawyer skillfully pumped him of everything, and found that he had done full justice to his training.

The first question on the cross examination was in regard to the time of this affair, Phelim appeared somewhat uneasy, and replied in a very low tone.

"Louder!" cried one of the Judges.

"It was on the night before the rising—Halloween Eve."

"No; it was not on Halloween Eve," exclaimed Mary Donovan, rising with an uncontrollable impulse. "Phelim! you are not even an informer—you are perjured!"

There was dead silence for one instant, and then the prisoner's counsel spoke sharply—

"What's this! Let that girl come to the witness stand."

Pale, but not trembling, she took the place where Phelim has just stood.

"You say it was not on Halloween Eve—tell all you know."

She fixed her eyes on her lover, and kept them there steadily until she had finished. No one questioned or interrupted her in the course of her broken testimony.

"Never would I be standing in this place, your Honors, if the false oath and black word had not come from the lips of Phelim Reaney. Never would I open my mouth to condemn the man I love best, if he himself had not compelled me to do it."

"This man was once my lover, before he sold his country and me, too, with it. And the very night he first spoke his false words to me without check, was this same Halloween Eve, when he swears he was up on the Mountains disguised as one of the band of that prisoner at the bar. We talked all two in the night—do you deny it? Look then at this, which I take from my bosom for the last time—this lock of your hair, wrapped in a paper—and ye've written on that paper these words with your own hand."

Phelim Reaney to Mary Donovan—11 o'clock Halloween Eve.

"Take the paper and the hair, sir—'twill never come into my hand again."

"Isn't the shaking of that guilty man a good proof of my oath? Ah, Phelim, I see now where the fifty gold guineas came from; but did ye think at the time what ye gave in exchange for that bribe?"

"This is all this I know; and oh! it is too much for me to say, for it strikes down the man I love. Phelim, why did you do all this? An hour ago and worlds wouldn't have tempted ye to exchange places with that man at the bar, but now there's nothing ye wouldn't give to be this prisoner yourself. Ye'll be dismissed and cut off among men, but never can you even feel more misery than I shall find all my weary life, for I loved you, Phelim, and you've broken my heart."

The old gentleman stopped here, but his eyes were eloquent as he mused.

"Well!" said I inquiringly.

"In the course of a long life," he continued, "I have often heard the outpourings of true genius, but never did I see such eloquence as there was in the eye of that servant girl, when she faced her lover and made him a criminal. Even the hard-eyed Judges were softened by the sight."

"What became of her?"

"Ah! that is a true incident, and you must not expect the ending of a novel. The prisoner was acquitted of crime; Reaney suffered the penalty of his crime while Mary Donovan retired again to her service, forgotten and unknown.—Had Ireland then attained her independence, you would long since have seen her name written in the annals of that desperate strife, and not have heard of her now, only through a chance story by an aged wanderer from his own unhappy land."

POLITENESS.

"I am extremely glad to see you."

There are more lies contained in these few words, than in all the written speeches in a lawyer's office; and still the expression is on the tip end of every one's tongue. Imagine yourself seated in your sanctum sanctorum, wrapped up in the study of some favorite author, or communing with the hallowed nine—when, lo! in pops a creditor, and throws a bucket of ice water upon your burning thoughts! Ha! my dear friend, I'm extremely glad to see you. There's a thumper for you to answer for!

Miss is preparing for a party; the carriage is waiting at the door—and still she lingers before the mirror adjusting her rich tresses. (i. e. beau catchers.) when in comes a dear friend; bring her lips with vexation, at the same time forcing a smile, she exclaims—"ah! I'm extremely glad to see you." There's another thumper.

Madam has pickles or sausages to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with six little ones, all dressed off as neat as if they had just been freed from six months imprisonment in a bandbox. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you!" It's a thumper—it's a downright lie; in her heart she wished her to the ———, I'd like to have said it.

A lady wrote on a pane of glass—

God did at first make man upright, but he—

To which a gentleman added—

Most surely had continued so, but she—

Death of Cassius M. Clay confirmed.

The latest intelligence confirms the account of the death of Cassius M. Clay in the manner described in our last. It seems that Clay was addressing a meeting on the subject of emancipation, when, in answer to some observation of his, Turner called him a liar, and a conflict ensued, resulting in the death of both the combatants. There can be nothing more foolish than the attempt to identify the death of these two rowdies, for such the fact of their going about armed with bowie knives, proves them to have been, with the movements of any considerable party in either section of the Union. These men were rowdies naturally, and their disposition to lawlessness belonged, properly speaking, to themselves, and not to the cause they advocated. Men the most ardently devoted to the public interests of the section they represent, will generally be found the most urbane and gentlemanly in their personal relations & intercourse. Sweeping and indiscriminate denunciations of men for these causes, argues a deficiency either in the head or heart of the person making them.—Wilmington Journal.

A Portrait.—In a recent conversation about great men, one person asked another if he had ever seen Col. Benton, and if so to describe him. "Why," said the interrogated, "whether sitting, standing, or walking, the Missouri Senator looks as if he were carrying on inward and gentle remembrance with himself for being of so much more consequence in the world than anybody else." The more this portrait is examined, the more correct and life-like it will appear.

Singular case of Cholera.—An eminent practitioner of Petersburg, Va., was recently called to attend a lady in Chesierfield, the messenger informing him that she was attacked by cholera. He promptly waited upon her, and assisted to relieve her pains by bringing into the world a smart boy. A Richmond worse case occurred. The lady was called upon to relieve a lady marked as a victim of the cholera, and the result was marvellously the birth of twins, and the rapid recovery of the sick lady. In both instances, life was produced instead of death, and both exemplify the folly of the insane fears which turns every attack of disease into the cholera.

Amusing death.—We learn that several negroes were yesterday engaged in the amusement of "bitting" over cotton bales, at the Hydraulic Cotton Press. One of them, a man named William, belonging to Mr. George W. Dunham, of Riceboro, Liberty county, for a very small wager, undertook to "butt" over a square bale of cotton. He took a running start of some ten yards, and struck the cotton bale with considerable force with his head. He won the wager, but the effort cost him his life—the sudden jar broke his neck, and he died instantly. The Coroner held an inquest on the body, and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts.—Savannah Georgian.

A gentleman who has a warm side for a young lady, was making fun of the sack which she wore.

"You had better keep quiet, or I'll give you the sack," replied the lady, archly.

"I should be most happy," was the gallant's response, "if you would give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it."

Further deponent sayeth not.

Sub-Rosa.—This compound word is often used in writing and conversation, as significant of secrecy. It is said that its derivation is as follows: Anciently, the Greeks consecrated the rose to Hippocrates, the genius of Silence.—And either the rose or its representation was placed upon the ceiling of their dining rooms, implying that whatever was done therein should be kept from public knowledge. It was done sub-rosa, or under the rose.

In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said: "My Lord, he's gone." "Gone!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?" "I that I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

There is a giant in Troy who is so tall that he has to eat three days in advance, before his food does him any good. They send his "wittles" up by telegraph.