# THE COURIER.

"—TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CAN'ST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

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## MISCELLANEUOS.

### BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

The battle of Contreras had been fought, and a bloody victory won.—The stars and stripes floated in proud triumph over those rugged ramparts which an hour before had been considered impregnable. Valencia's mighty host, the pride and flower of the Mexican army, had been routed and were flying in disordered masses to the Convent and breast-works of Churubusco, determined to make one more stand to save their capital, the proud city of the Aztecs, from falling into the hands of the "*Burbarians of the North.*" Scarcely had the shout of victory died away among the rugged hills of Contreras before the booming of Worth's cannon, and the rattle of Twiggs' muskets, were heard in the distance, telling too plainly that the ball had again opened; that another fierce and bloody fight would be fought before the already wearied troops could enjoy a moment's rest.

Shield's brigade, consisting of the New York and South Carolina Regiments of Volunteers, were quickly ordered to take their "place in the bloody drama" soon to be enacted.—Passing down the road in quick time, they soon reached the beautiful village of San Angel, when an order to halt was given, in order to rest the troops. As we were resting on our arms the commander-in-chief approached the gallant commander of the Palmetto Regiment, and in high terms complimented him and his command for the gallant bearing on the field of Contreras; they then parted never to meet again. The troops rested in San Angel about an hour. Taylor's Battery came down the road, and as they swept past our lines, shouts were given and returned. Soon they were hidden from our view by thick columns of smoke.—Louder and louder still grew the noise and din of the battle, for the contest was raging fearfully. The long expected order for Shields's brigade to advance to the scene of action at length was given.

Our position was assigned in rear of the Convent near the Hacienda—our route for some time lay through a corn field, and then emerged into an open field. Here we found four thousand picked men of the enemy drawn out in battle array. Shields attempted to file round and flank them, but a body of some three thousand cavalry, who hung on our rear, prevented this movement, and a charge was ordered after performing an evolution of *on right by file into line.* Never was an order given or obeyed with such promptness under as murderous a fire; steadily they moved on, showing an unbroken front to the enemy. Such was the damage done by the enemy's fire that a retreat was ordered to the rear of the Hacienda, in order to form a new line. As soon as possible the line was formed, (the Palmetto Regiment being the base,) and again the order to advance was given. Slowly but steadily the brigade moved on under a perfect hail storm of lead, their numbers thinning fast. The voice of our beloved and gallant commander could be heard far above the din of battle urging us on. Already had his horse been shot from under him, and he himself severely wounded; but still he kept up with his "boys," as he fondly called us, and while Butler was there we felt that victory was certain. Still they pressed on; but suddenly a halt was made, and the Regiment reeled to and fro like a drunken man; a cry that chilled the heart's blood swept down the line—*Butler has fallen! Butler is killed!* Alas, it was too true. The unbidden tear coursed its way down the cheek of that now orphan regiment, and a groan was heard issuing from their clenched teeth, mingled with curses and threat of revenge. At this moment Shields was seen charging down the lines, exclaiming, "*Palmettoes, you have lost your commander—avenge his death.*" "*Lead on, General, and we will follow,*" was the response of that fated Regiment, attended by a shout that "shook the gory field," "and rolled back its startling echoes from the distant hills."

Maddened with feelings of revenge they dashed on the foe; no troops could withstand this charge, and soon the astonished foe were seen flying in every direction, followed by the victorious troops. Harney with his gallant dragoons, came in a sweeping gallop past us, and soon were among the dismayed enemy—then the work of death commenced. Onward they sped their way to the very gates of the city, strewing the road with the dead.

An order for all the troops to return was then ordered, for the shouts of Worth's and Pillow's men were ringing in our ears, the stars and stripes were again seen floating from the Convent of Churubusco, and then we knew the battle was ended and the victory ours.

The army was again routed with terrible slaughter. The loss on the American side was dreadful. The Palmettoes mourned the loss of a Butler, Clark, Williams, Adams, Brooks, and a host of other noble and daring spirits, who offered up their lives as a sacrifice for their country's good in the hour of victory. *Peace be to their ashes.—Fairfield Herald.*

### A TALE OF THE CAMP.

The advanced guard of the army on its way to Montery, had driven out of the town of Marin a considerable force of Mexicans, who had left their dinners to be eaten by the Americans, when it camped for the rear to come up. That afternoon a portion of the Texas cavalry occupied a vacant lot near the Plaza. While drawing water at one of the wells, which at first was supposed to be poisoned, a dispute arose between two young men named Barclay and Rogers. At sundown, to Rogers' surprise, he received a challenge, written in lead pencil on a piece of dirty paper. Rogers had no paper to write a reply on, but he told the bearer of the challenge that he had no intention of wounding the feelings of his old messmate, and begged he would except his verbal explanation as an apology; which he did, and expressed his full satisfaction and pleasure at terminating the difficulty so happily.

The next day, however, Rogers was astonished at receiving another communication from an officer in the artillery, stating that Rogers' reply was not satisfactory to Mr. Barclay, and demanding a written apology. Rogers was on duty that day but as soon as relieved, he mounted his horse and rode to the tent of an infantry friend to consult him and to ask his assistance in the affair. Rogers related his story, and told his friend, after what had passed, he could never consent to give a written apology.

"I fear then," said his friend, "a fight cannot be avoided; but wait here a moment and I will ride over and see your adversary's second, Lieutenant R., the artillery officer."

After the lapse of half an hour Rogers' friend returned, and said, "Well I fear the meeting must take place; I regret to inform you that, from the delicacy of my situation, I cannot act for you in this matter; but Lieutenant R., requests me to ask you the favour to call on him to-morrow, as he thinks he will be able to manage the difficulty."

The brave and generous Lieutenant R. was the pink of chivalry of the American army. He was always appealed to by his brother officers in affairs of honour, and his decision was received as final. The next day Rogers galloped to Lieutenant R.'s tent, and was kindly received. After a glass of wine they talked the matter over, but could not agree on setling the difficulty.

"It is strange," said Lieutenant R., "you admit you intended no offence, and have said so; but why not put it in writing?"

"For the very cause," replied Rogers, "that the verbal explanation was deemed satisfactory, and accepted; and now I should feel it a dishonour to be forced into a measure which I conceive not warranted and unnecessary."

"Well, then," replied R., "name the hour, and we will meet you—weapons, I suppose, pistols?"

"No," replied Rogers, "double-barrelled shot guns—we are both good at it—thirty steps; but I have no friend to act for me. Now, I am sure you will not compromise the honour of either of us; so act for us both."

"I will," said Lieutenant R., after having reflected for a moment, "on one condition—that you will obey me in every particular. I pledge you my honour as a soldier, not to compromise you in the least particular, and all I ask of you is, to pledge me your word that you obey me to the letter."

'Agreed," said Rodgers, "you are the friend of us both, and there can be no dishonour in any course you may take."

"Well," said Lieutenant R., "meet us on the bank of the river (the Rio Alam), a quarter of a mile above the camp, to night, at nine o'clock, for the moon will be some hours high, and we will there settle the affair."

They thus parted. Twilight soon spread her gray mantle over the earth, the sky was bespangled by a few bright stars, while the watch-fires for miles appeared through the gloom and shed a lurid light around thousands of tents, which were stretched for some three miles from Marin to the banks of the river.

The hum of thousands of voices, and the stir of busy preparation for the coming morrow, had gradually grown fainter and fainter, while the moon poured down a flood of silver light on the scene as the appointed hour grew near.

Rogers mounted his horse, passing outside the lines, and rode to the appointed spot. His adversary, Barclay, and Lieutenant R., were already on the ground. Dismounting, Rogers, with his gun on his shoulder, approached the latter, who whispered in his ear.

"Mind what I say, and obey me implicitly; you may be sure all will be right."

The distance was stept off, and the parties were stationed at their places. It was a lovely night; the moonbeams danced on the rippling waters, and, as they trickled on their way, their sweet murmur was heard, deeply impressive with the stillness of the hour. There was solemn beauty about the surrounding scene, which served to call forth the noblest, the most philanthropic feelings of a man. A sentiment of sorrow and regret seemed to prevail that the meeting had taken place—but it was then too late. The barrels of their weapons glistened in the silver light, and in a few moments they were to risk the chance of being hurried into eternity, while one gave the other, or received from him, satisfaction for his wounded honor.

They had been placed at the distance, when Lieutenant R. walked off at a distance midway between them, and said,

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Yes," was the response of both.

At the next word, which each thought was big with the fate of one or both of them, to their surprise the voice of Lieutenant C. was heard ringing on the air, "Advance fifteen paces!"

They accordingly advanced until they met.

"Shake hands!" said Lieutenant R., in a most imperative tone.

The combatants stood bewildered, half doubting, but mechanically extended their hands one to the other.

"Now," said Lieutenant R., "I declare this difficulty honorably settled, and whoever dares to question it must be responsible to me. Gentlemen, you are friends; mount your horses."

The two parties again grasped each other's hand, and with a look of gratitude to their mutual friend, mounted, and rode with him to his tent. The night ended in a scene of joy and revelry, which twined their hearts together forever.

The memory of Lieutenant R., who shortly afterwards fell at Monterey, and his noble character, are cherished in a thousand hearts. Of this gallant American officer it was said that no man was his superior; his word was law among his friends, and no man dared to question.

SLAVES AMONG THE MORMONS.—A California correspondent of the Boston Traveler says:

"It may not be generally known that quite a large number of slaves are now to be found among the Mormons of Salt Lake, introduced into that community by Southerner who have connected themselves with those people from time to time."

### HAMBURG.

It is a queer old city, lying just where the Elbe, coming down from the mountains of Bohemia, through the wild gaps of Saxony and everlasting plains of Prussia, pours its muddy waters into a long arm of the *Nez du Nord.*

The new city, built over the ruins of the fire, is elegant and almost Paris-like; and out of it, one wanders, before he is aware, into the narrow alleys of the old Dutch gables; and blackened cross-beams and overlapping roofs, and diamond panes, and scores of smart Dutch caps, are looking down on him as he wanders entranced. It is the strangest contrast of cities that can be seen in Europe. One hour, you are in a world that has an old age of centuries;—pavements, sideways, houses, every thing old, and the smoke curling in an old fashioned way out of monstrous chimney stacks, into the murky sky:—five minutes' walk will bring one from the midst of this into a region where all is shockingly new;—Parisian shops, with Parisian plate glass in the windows—Parisian shopkeepers, with Parisian gold in the till. The contrast was tormenting. Before the smooth cut shops that are ranged around the basin of the Alster, I could not persuade myself that I was in the quaint old Hanse town of Jew brokers, and storks' nests; that I had come to see; or when I wandered upon the quays that are lined up and down with such true Dutch-looking houses, it seemed to me that I was out of all reach of the splendid hotel of the Crown Prince, and the prim porter who sports his livery at the door. The change was as quick and unwelcome as that from pleasant dreams, to the realities of morning.

Quaint costumes may be seen all over Hamburg:—chiefest among them, are the short red skirts of the power-girls, and the broad brimmed hats, with no crowns at all, set jauntily on one side, a bright, smooth mesh of dark brown hair, from which braided tails go down half to their feet behind. They—the girls—wear a basket hung coquettishly on one arm, and with the other will offer you roses, from the gardens that look down on the Alster, with an air that is so sure of success, one is ashamed to disappoint it.

Strange and solemn looking mourners in black, with white ruffles and short swords, follow coffins through the streets; and at times; when the dead man has been renowned, one of them with a long trumpet, robed in black, is perched in the belfry of St. Michael's,—the highest of Hamburg—to blow a dirge.——Shrilly it peals over the peaked gables, and mingles with the mists that rise over the meadows of Heligoland. The drosky-men stop, to let the prim mourners go by;—the flower girls draw back into the shadows of the street, and cross themselves, and for one little moment look thoughtful;—the burghers take off their hats as the black pall goes dismally on. The dirge dies in the tower; and for twelve hours the body rests in the sepulchral chapel, with a light burning at the head and another at the feet.

There would be feasting for a commercial eye in the old Hanse houses of Hamburg trade. There are piles of folios marked by centuries, instead of years—correspondences in which grandsons have grown old, and bequeathed letters to grandchildren. As likely as not, the same smoke-browned office is tenanted by the same respectable looking groups of desk, and long-legged stools that adorned it, when Frederic was storming over the South kingdoms—and the same tall Dutch clock may be ticking in the corner, that has ticked off three or four generation past, and that is now busy with the fifth; ticking and ticking and ticking on.

I dare say that the snuff-taking book keepers wear the same wigs that their fathers wore; and as for the snuff-boxes, and the spectacles, there is not a doubt but they have come down with the ledgers, and the day-books, from an age that is utterly gone.

I was fortunate enough to have made a Dresden counselor my friend, upon the little boat that came down from Magdebourg; and the counselor took ice with me at the cafe on the *Jungfernstieg*, and chatted with me at table; and after dinner, kindly took me to see an old client of his, of whom he purchased a monkey and two stuffed birds. Whether the old lady, his client, thought me charmed by her treasures, I do not know; though I stared prodigiously at her and her counselor; and she slipped her card coyly in my hand at going out, and has expected me, I doubt not, before this, to buy one of her long-tailed imps, at the saucy price of ten louis d'or.

——All this, and a look at the demure-faced, pretty Danish country girls toward Altona, and a ride in a one horse gig through the garden country of Vierland,—cottages peeping out on each side the way, upon a true English road, and hay-makers in the fields at sunsetting, with their rakes on their shoulders, throwing long shadows over the new-mown turf—all this, I say, I had to leave behind me on going to Bremen.

But my decision was made; my bill paid; the drosky at the door. I promised to meet Cameron at the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam, and drove off for the steamer for Harbourg.

*Pretty Incident.*—On Wednesday last, as the steamboat John Neilson, from Brunswick, was coming up the bay, having a part of her deck freight—some thousand baskets of peaches—she passed close alongside an emigrant ship, of which the deck was swarming with passengers, apparently Germans—and including many women and children. Suddenly the thought seemed to strike the owner of the peaches that to these poor people, off a long sea-voyage, and apparently from hyperborean regions, which know not the peach, the taste of the fresh and luscious fruit would be welcome—and, with actions kind and prompt as the thought, they commenced tossing peaches from their baskets among the emigrants, who eagerly caught at and scrambled for them. The passengers in the John Neilson, imitating the example, and with the consent of the peach owners, joined in the process, and a shower of peaches was kept up from the steamboat to the emigrant ship, as long as it remained within reach of the savory missiles. We have characterized this as a 'pretty incident,' and so, we think, it will seem to our readers; while, by those who were regaled with a profusion of fruit, tasted by most of them probably for the first time, it was received, we doubt not, as a most auspicious welcome to their new country.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

*Turkish Commissioner.*—The Turkish commissioner and his suite landed in New York on Friday, and will reach this city, on his way to Washington, to-day, it is said. He was dressed in a blue frock coat, white pants, a red scull cap, epaulettes, and wore a rich order of diamonds. Amin Bey is the name of this representative of the Ottoman Porte. He was received with much ceremony at Castle Garden, by a committee appointed by the common council for that purpose. An address from the mayor was interpreted for him, in which the protection of Kossuth, and his compatriots was mentioned as evidence of the kindness of the Sultan's heart. The Turk replied in the most becoming manner, saying that Colt by his great firearm, Morse by chaining the lightning, and others by their great inventions, had rendered his Sultan familia with American genius, and rendered him anxious to become more so. The members of the city government waited on him on Saturday at noon, in a body at the Astor House, where he is entertained as the city's guest.

[*Balt. Sun.*

*Young America.*—"A few days since," writes a friend from a midland county of our State, "coming up the express train from Albany, the cars stopped at Sf. Johnsville, as usual for five minutes. Not requiring any fortification at that early hour, I did not leave the cars for at least three minutes; then stepping to the refreshment house, I heard 'Young America' shout in tones of great urgency and mildness: 'Pa, you go back now!'—and with a gentle motion of the hand, again: 'Pa, you go back now!' 'Pa' returned to the cars; when 'sonny,' quickly drawing his pocket-pistol, took a drink! This struck me as so peculiarly charac-car-strick-stic of Juvenus Americus, that I send it to you as one of the annotators of 'our times,' that you may know how the thing's done when 'Pa's along.'

[*Knickerbocker.*

RESTORED TO LIFE.—The papers, in Chautaque county state, that during the last three or four weeks, there has been much sickness caused by dysentery, in the town of Westfield, in that county. A gentleman of undoubted varacity, gives a statement of the following extraordinary occurrence: "A young lady of very respectable standing and family, was taken sick with the dysentery on Tuesday last. She died on Saturday afternoon, and her parents, and friends prepared her remains for burial. On Sunday evening, while watchers were in attendance upon the body she came to life and was able to speak. There is now hope of her recovery. This curious fact has produced quite an excitement in the town."—*Albany Atlas.*

CHINESE FUNERAL.—A Chinese funeral took place yesterday. The Chinaman died at the Chinese Restaurant of Macoa & Woosung. The funeral was large, there being over one hundred and fifty Chinamen in the procession, each wearing a piece of white crape. A large number of persons visited the burying ground to witness the ceremonies, which were as follows: They lowered the coffin as we do; they then threw the white bandage worn on their arms, into the grave; then matches and the wax candles, and a bottle of wine. Before covering the coffin each person bowed his head to the earth and uttered some few words not by us understood. Then each threw a handful of dirt on the coffin, and passed round liquors, wine and segars, &c. of which they invited each American to partake, and the grave was then filled up.

[*Alta California.*

GETTING INSURED.—The Troy Post relates a "good one" of Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who hearing of the loss of one of his vessels which he had omitted to get insured, wrote to a broker to whom he had spoken on the subject as follows:

"Dear Friend—

If thee has not filled up that policy which I bespoke on Saturday, thee need not, as I have heard from the vessel."

The broker in fact, had not filled up the policy, but presuming from the tenor of Jacob's note that his vessel was safe, and tempted by what seemed a good chance to clutch his percentage without risk, he filled it up forthwith and sent it to Jacob with the assurance that it had been made all ready for him on Saturday. On Monday morning the first thing that met his eye on opening his newspaper was the loss of Jacob's vessel, which he had wickedly insured on Sunday. Then also he discovered the cunning ambiguity of Jacob's note—"he had heared from the vessel!"

"Mine fren, have you seen von little trunk, what I left to-morrow, as I will come from ze steamboat by ze hotel?"

"I did not Monsieur, and expect to do so for the remainder of the day."

"By gar, if he gets stole, I will kill ze rascal what will take him till he choke;—Sacre! vat a countrys!"

Sheridan being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room, as all the members were seated, and ready to commence business; perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said:

"Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair?*"

"Julius, are you acquainted wid algebra?"

"No. What for you ask Mr. Snow?"

"Kase, I want you to 'splain why de motion of de earth are parallel to de latitude of de variations."

"Promiscuously, do you mean, Mr. Snow?"

"In course I does, for how else would de sun cross de line widout a balance pole?"

A barrel of pop-corn exploded in Troy, on Wednesday, tearing away the handle of a basket, and slightly killing two boys and a tom-cat.

A gentleman says he has become so weak from dissipation that he is now "*unable to raise a five dollar bill.*"

"Pomp" was yer ever drunk?"

"No, I was intoxicated wid ardent spirits once, and dat's nuff for dis darkie. De Lord bless you, Cæsar, my head felt as if it was an outhouse, while all de niggers in de world appeared to be splittin' wood in it."

"Well, it's no use talking," as the boy said to his deaf daddy.

"'Tis false," as the girl said, when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.