

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 3.

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Lincoln Business Directory.

Court Officers—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—Wm. Williamson, clerk. County court—Robert Williamson, clerk. Each of these offices in the Court House. W. Lander, Solicitor, law office on the main street, east of the public square. Benjamin Morris, Sheriff; Paul Kistler, Deputy.

Register, W. J. Wilson; Deputy, C. C. Henderson. County Surveyor, Isaac Holland; County Prothonotary, I. H. Holland.

Lawyers—Haywood W. Guion, main st. one door east. L. E. Thompson, main st. east, 3d square. W. Lander, main st. east, 2d square. V. A. McBea, and W. Williamson, offices at McBea's building, main st. 2d square, east.

Physicians—S. P. Simpson, main street, west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apothecary, main st. two doors east. Elin Caldwell) main-street, 6 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite Mrs. Motz's hotel. A. Ramsour, main st. west.

Merchants—Wm. Hoke, north on square, east corner. B. S. Johnston, north on square west corner. J. A. Ramsour, on square, north west corner. C. C. Henderson, on square, (post office) south. J. Ramsour & Son, main st., 5 doors west. Johnson & Reed, on square, south west corner main st.

Academies—Male, Benj. Sumner, A. M.—Female, Misses M. E. & J. F. Rodgers; under the charge of Mr. Sumner also; residence main st. 5th corner south east of the court house.

Hotels—Mrs. Motz, s. w. corner of main st. and square. Wm. Slade, main st. 2d corner east of square. A. A. McLane, 2d corner, west, on main st. B. S. Johnston, north west, on square.

Grocers—G. Pressnell, main st. 4 doors east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, south-west of square. L. Rothrock, south-west corner of square.

Tailors—Dailey & Seagle, main st. one door west of square. Allen Alexander, on square, s. by w. side. Moore & Cobb, on square, north west corner.

Watch Maker and Jeweller—Charles Schmidt, main st. 4 doors east.

Saddle and Harness Makers—J. T. Alexander, main st. 2d corner east of square. B. M. & F. J. Jetton, on square, north by west. J. A. Jetton & Co., main st. west.

Printers—T. J. Eccles, Courier office main st. east end, south east corner of the Charlotte road.

Book Binder—F. A. Hoke, main st., on 2d square west of court house.

Painter—H. S. Hicks, next to F. A. Hoke, west.

Coach Factories—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McKoy, main st. east, on 3d square. S. P. Simpson, street north of main, and e. w. of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st., west, on 2d square. A. & R. Garner, on main st. east end, north side.

Blacksmiths—Jacob Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Deland, main st. near east end. J. Byssanger, back st. north west of public square. J. W. Paysour, west end.

Cabinet Makers—Thomas Dews & Son, main st. east, on 4th square.

Carpenters, &c.—Daniel Shuford, main st., east, 6th corner from square. James Triplett, main st. M'Bea's building. Isaac Houser, main st. west end. James Wells, main st. west of square.

Brick Masons—Willis Peck, (and plasterer) main st., east, 4th corner from square. Peter Houser, on east side of street north of square.

Tin Plate Worker and Copper Smith—Thos. R. Shuford, main st. east, on south side of 2d square.

Shoe Makers—John Huggins, on back st., south west of square. Amzi Ford & Co., south west corner Charlotte road and main st. east end.

Tanners—Paul Kistler, main-st. west end. J. Ramsour, back st., north east square. F & A. L. Hoke, 3-4 mile west town, main road.

Hat Manufacturers—John Cline, north from public square, 2 doors, west side of st. John Butts & son, on square, south side.

Oil Mill—Peter and J. E. Hoke, 1 mile south west of town, York road.

Paper Factory—G. & R. Mosteller, 2 miles south-east of court house.

Cotton Factory—John Hoke & L. D. Childs, 2 miles south of court house.

Lime Kiln—Daniel Shuford and others, 3 miles south.

WANTED—A youth of about 16 years of age as an apprentice to the Printing business. Apply at this office.

Better Moments.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healings sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be;
My heart is harder and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But Nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her sylvan wing;
When bursting buds and growing grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetings thronged the night!
When all was beauty then have I,
With friends on whom love is flung,
Like myrr on the winds of Araby;
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be,
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light!

We have an utter contempt for the party spirit that pollutes every thing it touches, that attempts to soil with its foul breath, the flag of our country when unfurled in the face of the enemy; that roams through the ranks of our gallant little army in search of political capital, and that carries about a heart too narrow and contracted to embrace the whole country in its sympathies. In the field of battle we know no party; in every brave man that rallies round the "Stars and Stripes" we recognize a countryman—in every gallant soldier that falls in its defence we mourn a brother. There are no democrats or whigs in the army or navy—all are Americans. However we may differ in civil matters, in the field the only difference ought to be, who shall be foremost in the fight; who shall strike the enemy hardest? We have no sympathy with that heart that would desire to inculcate the patriotism of the army with the spirit of partyism.

Terbin Water Wheel.

This wheel (which was invented in France about twenty years ago, and is lately beginning to be used here,) seems destined to make an important change in the water power of the country. There is one now in progress in Manchester, New Hampshire, of only seven feet diameter, which will give a power of 250 horses, while an overshot or breast wheel, 60 feet wide, and 30 feet diameter, would only give a power of 150 horses. This Terbin wheel is in the shape of a drum; the water goes in at the top and comes out from all parts of the circumference.

Remedy for the Whooping Cough.

One gill of New England Rum—one gill of linseed oil and one gill of honey—mixed together. Administer one table spoonful every time the patient coughs.
A gentleman informs us that this prescription will effect a cure in a few days.—He has used it in his family, and has known it used by others, with success. It is not disagreeable to the taste.

A physician can be inquired of as to the safety of the ingredients and combinations, if any one entertains any doubt.

Remedy for Cramp or Cholera.

The white of an egg frothed, a table spoonful of brandy to a wine glass of hot water mixed, and grated plentifully with nutmeg. It is infallible.

Remedy for Burns.

A little sweet oil and lime water shaken together, makes a liniment, which, when kept applied to the part, will remove the pain.

The House that Zack Built.

Fort Brown.
This is the house that Zack built.
The Cannon.
These is the bull-dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.
The Garrison.
These are the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.
Gen Taylor.
This is the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

Gen. Arista.
This is the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.
Mexican Troops.
These are the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the Leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

Capt. May, of the Dragoons.
This is the Captain not shaven nor shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the Leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

Gen. Vega.
That is the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the Captain not shaven nor shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the Leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

The Mexican Army.
These are the men all weary and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn that was taken by the captain not shaven nor shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the Leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

The American Army.
These are the Yankees American born, that defeated the men all wearied and worn, abandoned prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the Captain not shaven nor shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the Leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

The Press.

This is the press with its newsmen's horn, that told of the Yankees American born, that defeated the men all wearied and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn, was taken by the Captain not shaven nor shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the Leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

Horse Shoeing.

MY DEAR SIR: I observed in the last Plunter an article upon horse shoes, that puts me in mind of a circumstance from which I derive a good deal of benefit, and which I will relate for the good of your readers.

I happened several years ago, to be at the blacksmith shop where I get my work done, when an old gentleman of the neighborhood rode up, accompanied by a negro man with several horses that wanted shoeing. The smith had been lately introduced into the neighborhood, and had great reputation. I offered to defer to the old gentleman, although he was the last comer, but he was too managing for that; he insisted upon it that I should have my horse shod while he looked on. Accordingly, the smith proceeded with his operations. The old man seemed to be pretty well satisfied, until the smith having fitted the shoe and driven the first nail, began to twist the end off. This he protested against, and by ocular demonstration, showed the difference between wringing the nail off and breaking it by bending backwards and forwards.—In the former case, the part of the nail in the hoof is twisted and a round hole is cut, which is filled only with its own dust: no

wonder the nail in such a hole would soon work loose. Moreover, in twisting the nail, the corner edge is frequently presented to the hoof, and does not clinch half as well. From that time to this, I have never permitted my smith to 'wring a nail,' and I assure you I have my profit in it.

This to be sure is a small matter, but there is not one smith in fifty who is not guilty of the error here exposed; and small errors are sometimes productive of serious evils, especially, as we have heard, in the matter of a horse shoe.

Yours, H. T.

The Cherokee Difficulties.

It is known that Cherokee commissioners and delegates were in session at Washington for some time past, endeavoring to settle the rival claims of the different parties. They have at length concluded their labors, and made a satisfactory arrangement of all their difficulties.

It has been determined that the present Cherokee country belongs to the whole nation, and not to the Western Cherokees in particular; and that the Western Cherokees have a claim upon the United States for the value of an interest they had in the old Cherokee country, east of the Mississippi, represented to be about \$450,000, which is to be divided among 3000 Western Cherokees. The treaty party are to be allowed about \$53 each, as expenses of removal and subsistence. The families of the two Ridges and Elias Boudinot, are to have compensation for property sacrificed, when they were obliged to fly, after the murder of those three men. John Ross is to account for the money received by him, and the residue of the \$5,000,000 fund is to be invested for the benefit of the nation. Finally, the Cherokee country is not to be partitioned at present, but ample provision is to be made for enabling the several parties to live peacefully together.

Mr. Dallas.

The opponents of the Tariff in Pennsylvania are carrying their ill feeling to this gentleman in consequence of his vote in the Senate, to an extreme. He has been hung and burnt in effigy in various parts of the State. At Harrisburg the following inscription was placed upon his inanimate representative: "The political death of George M. Dallas—Let traitors beware of the death of a traitor—Peace to his ashes." For the latter good wish, Mr. Dallas is undoubtedly much obliged to his executors, and it is really gratifying to perceive that they don't carry their enmity beyond the grave. On the other hand, his friends in Philadelphia are determined, though he be dead, to resuscitate him with kindness, as they are making preparations to give him a public reception on his arrival in that city, after the adjournment of Congress.

DIED.—Robt. Melvin, Esq., of Bladen county, died at his residence, on the 12th inst., of bilious fever. He had just been elected a Senator in the Assembly of North Carolina, from Bladen, Columbus, and Brunswick counties. His loss will be greatly deplored in Bladen. As a public man he was true, firm and uncompromising in what he believed to be right, and as a man, possessed all the good qualities of the head & heart necessary to a good citizen.—*Fayetteville Carolinian.*

What's in a Name?

The Chicago (Illinois) papers record the marriage, on July 23, of Mr. John Christopher Guntlefinger to Miss Kunigundy Dingle, all of that place. Mrs. Kunigundy Guntlefinger! "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," if not sweeter. Should the lady ever be blessed with a daughter, we have no doubt that Miss Kunigundy Guntlefinger would be willing to change her patronymic on the first opportunity.—*Charleston News.*

Stones in Soup.

The Flag of the Union says—"Clean stones boiled up with soup are said to do it no injury." Certainly. But will they do any good? Perhaps if the stones were hot, the soup, being surrounded with a fire in "front and rear," might be sooner boiled, and thus afford any gentleman in a hurry, an opportunity of taking a *hasty plate*. It is worth trying.

Warehousing Bill.

The bill recently passed by the two Houses of Congress, and become a law, contains the following leading provisions:

That all duties collected under the act passed the 13th day of August, entitled "an act to provide revenue from imports and to change and modify existing laws," shall be collected in cash, except the importer, agent or consignee, shall make entry at the proper time, for warehousing his goods. In that case, the goods (but nothing less than a whole package, bale, cask or box,) shall be taken possession of by the collector of the port, and kept in some secure public warehouse, until the importer may desire to withdraw them; which he can do by paying the duties and the cost of warehousing. But if the importer, agent, or consignee, wishes to export the goods to some other country, he can, upon giving satisfactory security to the collector of the port, that the goods are really to be exported, and not to be relanded within the jurisdiction of the United States, take them from the warehouse, re-ship them without paying the duty, but paying of course, the cost of warehousing.

And if any importer, agent or consignee, let his goods stay in the warehouse twelve months, the collector shall advertise them and sell them at auction, and after deducting the duty or tariff tax and all other expenses, shall pay over the balance to the importer or agent, if claimed by them; but if no claimant appears within ten days after the sale, the same is to be paid into the Treasury of the United States, but always liable to the claim of the importer or owner, upon sufficient proof being given of his identity as the owner.

All goods fraudulently concealed, or moved from any public or private warehouse, are to be confiscated to the government, and the persons so offending to be punished according to law.

It is needless to mention the other regulations, bare, restrictions, provisions, &c., of a minor character.

It is said that this bill will give increased facilities to trade, by enabling men of smaller capital to compete in the importation of goods, with the larger capitalists, and in various other ways. It is said, again, however, that this law will do rather an injury than a good. But this is only the opinion of a few who may be interested.

Potato Jelly.

The readiness with which a good sized basin full of thick jelly may be obtained from a single moderate sized potato, is a fact worth knowing. I have several times repeated the experiment, and find that it does not require more than eight minutes to change a raw potato into a most excellent jelly, which has only to be seasoned with a little sugar, nutmeg or other spices, to please the most fastidious palate. To obtain this jelly to perfection, let a potato be washed, peeled and grated; throw the pulp thus procured into a jug of water and stir it well. Let this stand a few minutes, and sufficient starch will have accumulated for the purpose required. Pour off the water, and keep stirring up the starch at the bottom of the basin while some boiling water is being poured on it, and it will soon and suddenly pass to the state of a jelly.—The only nicely required is be careful that the water is absolutely boiling, otherwise the change will not take place. Upon comparing this jelly with that from the starch called arrowroot, and obtained directly from Bermuda, I find a difficulty in my own person, in discriminating between their flavor, though an invalid in the habit of eating arrowroot. The difference, however, becomes more sensible when both jellies are made palatable with sugar, &c. for then both myself and another person were equally decided in our preference of the jelly from the potato to that from the arrowroot, the other possessing rather aawkish flavor, as though it had been prepared with smoky water.

Haywood's defence it is said will be written by himself. The announcement has caused a considerable degree of speculation—some giving a "hasty bowl of soup" as the cause of his defalcation—others that "argent could well weigh with that Seneca conscientious (!) scruples.—*Lincoln Courier.*