

# THE LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 3.

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Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at \$1 00 per square (12 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
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## Lincoln Business Directory.

**Court Officers**—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—W. M. 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. R. H. Gaston, Sheriff; Paul Kistler, Deputy.

**Register**, W. J. Wilson; Deputy, C. C. Henderson. County Surveyor, Isaac Holland; County Prothonotary, I. H. Holland. Coroner, Wm R 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. McBee, and W. Williamson, offices at McBee's building, main st. 2d square, east.

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

**Merchants**—Wm Hoke, north on square, east corner. B. S. Johnson, 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, B. Somner; Female, 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 corner 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 n. w. of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st., west, on 2d square. A. & R. Garner, on main st. east end, north side.

**Blacksmiths**—Job Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delan, main st. near east end. J. Bysanger, 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'Bees' 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. Anzi 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 of square. F & A. L. Hoke, 3-4 mile west of town, main road.

**Hat Manufactories**—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, 4 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, 9 miles south.

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

## Hope.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live?  
For what besides has life to give?  
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too;  
If hope be dead—say! what are you?

Love without hope! it cannot be;  
There is a vessel on yon sea,  
Becalmed and sailless as Despair,  
And know—'tis hopeless Love floats there.

Life without hope! O that is not  
To live; but day by day, to rot  
With feelings cold and passions dead;  
To wander o'er the world and tread  
Upon its beauties; and to gaze,  
Quite vacant, o'er its flowery maze,  
Oh! think, if this be Life! then say—  
"Who lives when Hope hath fled away?"

Youth without hope! An endless night,  
Trees which have felt the cold springs blight,  
The lightning flashes, and the thunder's strife,  
Yet pine away a weary life  
Which older would have sunk and died  
Beneath the strokes their youth defied—  
But, cursed with length of days; are left  
To rot at Youth of Hope bereft.

And Beauty, too, when hope is gone,  
Has lost the ray in which it shone;  
And seen without this borrowed light,  
Fias lost the beam, that made it bright.  
Now what avail the silken hair,  
The gentle smile, the gentle air,  
The beaming eye, and glance refined—  
Faint semblance of the purer mind—  
As gold dust, sparkling in the sun,  
Points where the richer strata run?  
Alas! they now just seem to be  
Bestowed to mock at misery;  
They speak of days long, long gone by,  
Then point to cold Reality,  
And with a death-like smile they say—  
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away?"

Thus Love, Life, and beauty too,  
When seen without Hope's brightening hue,  
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,  
"Why seek to live if Hope be gone?"

## A Hypochondriac and the Press.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There was Squire Foxall, a martyr to that melancholy humor called Hypochondriasis, and who was cured by the Press. Many a serio-comic scene there was between the master and his man Roger, a confidential servant of the old school, shrewd, trusty, and as blunt as a spade.

"Well, Roger," the old man would say, after a very long and solemn shake of the head, "I am going to last."

"Glad on it—to Swaff ham of course?"

"No, Roger, no—to another world."

"What, to America?"

"No, to another and a better one, Roger—to the land of spirits."

"Ah, that's along o'missing your brandy—you be low, you be."

"Not so low as I shall be, Roger. I am at death's door—I have double knockers, and am scraping my shoes, and it will soon be, walk in. Now, Roger, remember when I'm gone that Mr. Brewley—"

"Yes, yes—I know. He has got the last of your last wills. Your nevy will come into the land, and your niece is to have your personal bulk."

"No, Roger, that was the will before—I've made another since—but no matter. I've done with money and land. All I require now is a little turf."

"Well, there's a whole stack on it 't the rick yard, and then you've burnt o' that—"

"Never, Roger, never! I'm burnt out myself—quite down in the socket, and shall go off like a snuff. I am ready, Roger, for the garner."

"Yes, yes, and the corn for the sickle, and grass for the scythe, and a ripe plum for the basket, and a hot loaf for hopping a twig. I know all that by heart."

"I'm a dying man, Roger, and you know it. I haven't twelve hours to live—no, not six before I pay the debt of nature."

"Dang the debt o' nature! I wish you had none to settle but hern. But it arn't due yet, it arn't."

"Due and over due, Roger. The receipt's made out, and before to-morrow morning you will have another master."

"No I shan't; I harn't had no warning."

"But I have, Roger. Here, feel my pulse. It opened just now for two minutes and a half. The circulation is at a stand still, the heart cannot perform its functions."

regular as an eight day clock—I can almost hear an tick."

"No, Roger—that's impossible."

"Is it? Then why do Dr. Darby try to hear it with his telescope?"

"Siethoscope, Roger, Siethos cope.—There may be hypertrophy for that. But you know I can't argue with you. My lungs are quite gone—quite!"

"No wonder—you've been blowin' 'em up this ten years."

"They're destroyed. Pulmonary consumption has set in—"

"Yes, yes, I know they're full of Tubercles."

"Tubercles, man; and my liver is in no better state."

"No, they're schismatic. And you've got an absence in your inside—"

"An abcess."

"Well, an abcess in your stomach, and can't digest properly for want of grass and water."

"A deficiency of the gastric juice. It is all too true, Roger. Every organ I have is out of order."

"Then I wouldn't play on 'em. Well, what next? Why you've got a gatherin' in your lumberin' progresses."

"Lumbar process—"

"Which in course affects the head, and so you've got a confusion of water on the brain. Then you've had an electric fit and three parallel strokes; and there's your stertant ague, and the intermediate fever—"

"Intermittin'."

"Then there's the inflammation of your mucous members—"

"Membrane, membrane."

"Well, membrane. Next there's your vertical headache—"

"Vertigo."

"And the Lord knows what in your insides and vescerues. Then there's your leg with their various veins—"

"Varicose."

"And as to your feet, with hopping gout in them—and flying gout in your stomach—swimming gout in your head—you're gout a l'over."

"Yes, Roger, yes; it has got hold of my whole system, sure enough. But its apoplexy I'm afraid of, Roger. I have tinnitus, giddiness, congestion, lethargy, every symptom in the book."

"Dang the books, its them that's done it! There's Doctor Imray's Family Physicker, you've got your self over since you brought it home. And then there's Doctor Winslow's book, and Doctor Frankun's 'as made you believe, between 'em that you'd got a urred head and pendulum belly—"

"Pendulous, Roger, pendulous."

"Well, its all one. And then plague formuluses for making up your own prescriptions. You'll prescribe yourself into Heaven, you will, some day, with your blue pills and hydreangea powders—"

"Hydrage powers?"

a hint for his assassination, had vowed that he would horse-whip the editor of the diabolical newspaper in his own infernal office. And he was as good as his word—for which practical sincerity he had to pay one hundred pounds for damages, and as much more in costs. The cure, however, was complete. His old affections vanished as if by magic; and now his only complaint in the world are of the impudence of the counsel, the partiality of judges, the stupidity of juries, the uncertainty of the law, the murderous propensity of the whigs, the rascality of vernal editors, and the intolerable licentiousness of the press."

## Sermon for old Bachelors.

The Hartford Mirror contains a lay sermon for the special benefit of the bachelors, founded upon the following text:

"And they, called Rebecca, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said I will go. Gen. xxxvi. 50.

In those times, ceremony; formality, sighing and sentiments were altogether unknown. Rebecca was a good girl, and jumped at the first good offer.

The editor of the Norwich Aurora says, he could have picked out a better text to preach before the honorable and venerable fraternity, viz:

"Jacob kissed Rachel."

There is something substantial for bachelors to ponder over. The other text is for the benefit of Rebecca altogether.

Jacob kissed Rachel  
And he lifted up his voice and wept."

How pathetic! The fact is, says the Aurora, time and fashions make strange inroads on poor human nature. Here was Jacob, scouring the country to look for a wife, and on a fine sunny day in the valley of Pandanarum, he saw her at a distance, drawing water from a well, being bare-footed, and without ceremony he ran towards her, and in the language of this good book, "kissed her and lifted up his voice and wept."

We have no account that Rachel boxed his ears for his rudeness, as in these days of simplicity and innocence, she would have done, particularly in "good society."

## A Rail Road in Rome.

An esteemed correspondent informs us that an Englishman has recently obtained a charter for a Rail Road through the Papal States. This road is intended to form only a party of a line of railway from France to India.

This line was at one time abandoned through the obstinacy of the late Pope, who refused to permit any Rail Roads to be constructed in his dominions. The present Pontiff, however, is in favor of improvements, and the charter was readily obtained.

On the truth of this item of news we have every reason to rely. Our correspondent received his information from a relative in London, connected in business with the gentleman who went to Rome for the purpose of procuring the charter, and whose letter to him conveying the fact, arrived in London only one day previous to the sailing of the Steamer. This will account for the absence of the information in the English papers.

## Suicide in Camden County, Ga.

To the Editor of the Georgiaian.

Please insert the following in your paper, and request the Charleston papers to copy:

On the twelfth of this month an inquest was held over a dead body, found suspended by the neck in an old deserted house, near the Little Sauls, on the main post road leading from Little to the Great Sauls River; upon an examination of the papers and person of the deceased, he is found to be a South Carolinian, from York District, and named John J. Abernathie, about fifty-five or sixty years of age. In his hat was found a piece of paper upon which was written the following words: "Thro' the God of the skies I am compelled to take my life, on account of having been disfranchised of all my property in South Carolina."—Signed J. J. Abernathie.

For particulars, his friends can address Burwell A. Brown, J. P. Acting Coroner, Langsbury, Camden County, Ga.

Langsbury, Camden Co., August 15, 1845.

From the new Orleans Picayune, 22d inst.

## Later from Mexico.

By our correspondents at Pensacola, we learn that the steam frigate Mississippi, Capt. Fitzhugh, arrived at that port on Wednesday, the 19th inst. She left the squadron off Vera Cruz, on the 13th inst., and made the run to Pensacola in four days and a half. By this arrival, the news which we recently received from Vera Cruz via Havana, is fully confirmed. All of the troops in the Castle, the city and the neighborhood of the city, have declared for Santa Anna. An English steamer arrived at Vera Cruz before the Mississippi left from Havana, but Santa Anna was not on board. [The steamer alluded to, we presume, was the regular English mail steamer due at Vera Cruz; but Santa Anna was not expected to go on her.] We give an extract of a letter below, from which it appears that the prevailing expectation in our squadron was that Santa Anna would arrive on the English steamer Hector.

We saw no mention made of this vessel in the late Havana papers, nor did we hear that Santa Anna proposed using any other vessel than the Montezuma. Another conjecture of our correspondent we think altogether probable, that Santa Anna will not attempt to land directly at Vera Cruz, but in some of the smaller ports on the coast.

We are sorry to have to report another abortive attempt on the part of our squadron against some small Mexican vessels lying on the river Alvarado. The reports are a little discordant. One version of them is that the Mississippi and Princeton, with three of our small schooners, were despatched to Alvarado to attempt to cut out five or six small Mexican vessels in that port. The schooners anchored quite close to a small Mexican battery on the shore, and a fire was opened on both sides, the steamers then lying out of shot range.

Subsequently they approached near enough to bring their long guns to bear upon the enemy, and speedily put them to flight and silenced their guns. No damage whatever was done to the steamers or schooners, but the affair had no other favorable issue, for it was not thought advisable to land in the small boats on account of the heavy sea running and the swallow water on the bar. On the 8th the whole squadron returned to their station off Vera Cruz.

By this arrival we learn with pain of the loss of Midshipman Wingate Pillsbury, of the Mississippi. He was drowned on the 24th ult., with one of a boat's crew, while in chase of a strange sail. The boat in a squall capsized, and all hands were compelled to save themselves by clinging to the sides of the boat. While in this situation, Midshipman Pillsbury, observing one of the hands nearly exhausted and about to let go, cheered him up and surrendered to him his own place. While looking out for another for himself, a heavy sea struck him, carrying him off from the boat, and he soon sunk to rise no more.

Midshipman Pillsbury was from the State of Maine, and had been nearly five years in the service.

## U. S. STEAMER MISSISSIPPI.

Off Point Anton Lizardo, Aug 19. 1845

Gentlemen: The commodore has just made signal that letter bags will be sent to Pensacola, and as I may not have a chance again, I write now.

Day before yesterday we all got under way and stood down Alvarado for the purpose of attacking that place. We took our position, as did the Princeton also, and commenced firing; but current running so strong that we were unable to spring the ship, we could only use our bow guns.

The other ships, with the exception of the schooner, were not within gun shot. We found it useless to send the boat expedition, as we could not stem the current. Night came on and we stopped firing. The Commodore said we would recommence the next morning. When morning came, the signal was "come here again," and so here ends our first fire on the enemy.

We shall not renew the attack until the arrival of the steamers Spuifre and Vixen. They drawing but little water, will be used to tow the boats across the bar. The schooners Bonita, Pearl and Reeler, were lying in shore during the attack, and they