

# THE LINCOLN COURIER.

THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE REFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE.

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## The Drunkard.

This song is intended to depict the horror and misery attendant on the drunkard's career. The scene is midnight. A mother and her child are starving, when the drunkard returns intoxicated, but hungering; he asks his wife for bread, unconscious of the ruin he has made; she points to her starving child and a fearful result follows.

He comes not, he comes not, the dark hours roll on—The drunkard's still absent—the wife is alone; Alone! save the child in the cradle beside her, Alone, without hope—for e'en that is denied her. Oh, God! it is awful a mother should chide The sire of the infant who sleeps by her side, But the watcher is weary—Great Father may thou Forgive him hereafter, for I cannot now— My child, my poor child,—he is starving and I Were it not for my boy, were too happy to die!

The lamp burneth dimly,—no sound on the stair, Again to the window—but he is not there; The night-watch is passing once more on his round, And all save his footsteps is silent around; But, hark! there's a voice—now the iron hinge creaks, And the drunkard reels home with a flush on his cheeks! The liquor has maddened his heart and his brain, He asks her for bread, but he asks her in vain:— Bread—bread—for I hunger—my brain is on fire— No water! no wine! without bread I expire!

Then rises the mother—a light in her eye, It glareth upon him—he knoweth not why, She points to the cradle—he bendeth his head To gaze on his boy, and just Heaven, he is dead! 'Yes, yes,' cries the mother, 'go, revel in wine, But here is no bread—see the work—it is thine!' Then, rose up the drunkard a change o'er his brain, 'May Heav'n be my witness, I drink not again!' 'The loved one, the lost one, he could not restore, But 'tis true that the drunkard drop never drink more!

## KEEP AT WORK.

Does a mountain on you frown?

You may undermine it yet: If you stand and thump its base, Sorry bruises you may get. Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour? Keep at work: She may smile again some day;

If you pull your hair and fret, Rest assured she'll have her way. Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends? Keep at work: Whether they are wrong or right,

May be you must 'bide your time, If for victory you fight. Keep at work.

If the Devil growls at you, Keep at work: That's the best way to resist;

If you hold an argument, You may feel his iron fist. Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified? Keep at work:

Greater men than you are hated; If you're right, then go ahead— Grit will be appreciated. Keep at work.

Everything is done by Labor: Keep at work,

If you would improve your station: They have help from Providence Who work out their salvation. Keep at work. FRANKLIN.

## Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam, Jars of potted beef and ham, Jars of early gooseberries nice, Jars of mince pies, jars of spice Jars of pickles all home-made, Jars of cordial, elder wine, Jars of honey, superfine— Would the only jars were these That occur in families.

A Noble Act.—Col. Yell, of Arkansas, and the President, were old friends. The last letter, which the brave soldier is supposed to have written, was to Col. Polk, directing the advance of Col. Yell's pay to his family. He was poor, and his family dependent upon him. He had a young lad at Georgetown College, and we learn, so states a Washington letter in the New York Herald, that the President has adopted this boy, and will educate him and regard him as his own son; and that he will see to the comfort of the family.

## German Immigration.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* speaks of the emigration passing through Cologne on the 9th of April as follows. We translate from the *Schnellpost*:

It is indeed frightful to see how the emigration increases. Every day the steamers bring us troops of wanderers, and any one who at evening visits the now thickly peopled quay on the Rhine, is always sure to find the same melancholy scenes—mothers seeking to quiet crying children amid the clamor—old people careful about leaving their little all in worm-eaten chests and boxes—men and young fellows consulting where they shall find shelter for the night. It is also striking to see that the successive caravans from the "Upper Country" (Hesse, Baden, Wirtemberg,) appear to be better and better off, their goods coming in forming larger and heavier wagon loads. The courage, foresight and cheerfulness of the voyagers seem to be kept up under all circumstances. This morning, though a severe storm was raging over the roofs and whistling among the spars of the ships, a fearful reminder of the dangers of the sea, three hundred emigrants departed in the highest spirits, a band of music leading them on board ship. Most of them go by way of Antwerp to New York and Milwaukee.—A few weeks ago a company of more than twenty emigrants from Nassau passed thro' our city, consisting solely of educated young men, physicians, attorneys, &c. with the intention of founding a community in America on the basis of common property.

## Superstition.

It is singular, but it is true, that superstition prevails in this day of knowledge. It is impossible to reason some in a belief that the breaking of a looking-glass, the falling of the knawing of an insect upon the wall, etc., prognosticates the near approach of death to some member of the family. After the death of a child, a brother, a parent, we have heard persons remark, with all sincerity—"I knew some one would die; I was forewarned of it. I heard a groan one day under the window, no person was there." We have also often heard the remark after the death of a friend—"I expected it. Our dog dug several graves in the yard, and these were the signs of death." Foolish as this language may appear, we hear it time and again, especially from those who lived in the country, and are less informed. These very persons who are thus superstitious had they lived in the days of Mather, would have been firm believers in witchcraft, ghosts and hobgoblins. And while they are thus deluded they are wretched. The barking of every dog—the burning of every candle—the breaking of every glass, makes them turn pale with fear. They are warned of death in every breeze. Night brings them but little repose. The death rick may be heard, or they may be warned of the grim destroyer in a terrible dream.

Gen Walstein, who lived in the seventeenth century, was singularly superstitious though he was brave and intrepid on the field of battle. In 1625, while planning of his campaigns, he sat up all night, as usual on such occasions, to consult the stars. Sitting by his window, but in contemplation, he felt himself violently struck on the back. Feeling that he was alone, and his chamber door locked, he was seized with affright. He doubted not this blow was a messenger from God to warn him of his speedy death. He became melancholy but his friends knew not the cause. His confession, however, discovered the cause, and one of the pages of the general confessed that, being intent on playing one of his comrades a trick, had hid himself in Walstein's apartment, and mistaking him for his friend, struck him on the back.—While his master was examining the room, he jumped out of the window. The confessor pledged his word that no evil should befall the page, and felt happy to be able to quiet the general. Great was his surprise when he heard Walstein order the immediate hanging of the young man. He would hear no words; the gibbet was prepared the page delivered up, and the executioner provided. The whole army, from principal officers to the lowest in rank, fell indignant towards the general, while the confessor threw himself at the feet of Walstein, begging for the life of the youth, but in vain. The page mounted the ladder,

and in a moment more the youth would have been in eternity, when suddenly the general cried out—"Stop!" and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Well young man, have you now experienced what the fears of death are? I have served you as you have served me—now we are quits." More dead than alive, the poor youth descended from the gibbet amid shouts of joy from the whole army.

Thousands of people suffer from their superstitious notions, when if the cause of certain noises and signs were explained, they would see at once how foolish they had been. There is a natural cause for everything. The death rick in the wall is from a little insect; unpleasant dreams arise from severe exertion or over-eating.

The forces and forms we sometimes imagine we see before us are caused by defects in our vision. We have warnings of death in the falling of leaves, the decay of nature, and death of friends, without making ourselves eternally miserable by our superstitions.

Important Discovery in Steam Navigation.—One of the most interesting pieces of foreign intelligence by the Standard, is the fact that Mr. Parkhurst, an American, has patented an invention, by submerging propellers fixed at each side of the vessel, which has been tested in England, by which steam vessels can be propelled at the rate of 24 miles an hour, at which rate of speed the Atlantic will be crossed in five days. This will take its place, in the era of discovery, by the side of Morse's Telegraph, both inventions of Americans. Mr. Parkhurst has secured patents in France, England and the United States and is expected in the Sarah, Sands, to bring his discovery to the attention of the American government.

## Rail Road Convention.

Monday last, and continued in session two days. About 130 delegates were present, and a spirit was manifested which will, we doubt, crown this great enterprise with complete success. We rejoice to learn that the meeting and discussions which arose, have probably led to the happiest results in securing the co-operation of York, Chester, Fairfield, and Kichland, in bringing the Road to Columbia.

A Committee, consisting of— from each District, including Charleston and Charlotte, was appointed to discuss the matter before the people, explain the great importance of the enterprise, and solicit subscriptions. Great enthusiasm has been aroused, the respective Districts pledged themselves largely, and every thing now augurs the most triumphant success.—*Columbia Advocate*, May 27.

## From the Raleigh Standard, June 2.

## President Polk.

The visit of President Polk to his native State, and to the University at which he was educated, has called up many interesting reminiscences connected with his College course. We learn from a friend, who was with him at Chapel Hill, that he was remarkable for his strict attention to his studies; that he was extremely temperate and industrious in his habits, and, in the language of Professor Green, "ever prompt to bow to the authority" of his instructors, and "to respect their feelings"; that he was never absent from prayers or recitations, except when sick; that he took the highest honors in his Classes; and that so exemplary was his whole conduct, and so honorable and steady were the struggles of his young ambition, that a fellow student of his at that day predicted that if he lived to the age of fifty he would be President of the United States. The prediction has been fulfilled, and at the age of fifty-two President Polk turns again to the quiet shades of Chapel Hill, to mingle with those with whom he was familiar thirty years ago, to draw fresh inspiration from the pure fountains of his Alma Mater, and to exchange salutations with his fellow-citizens of all classes; & we trust he will return to Washington much profited by his journey, and nerved to still stronger efforts for the good and glory of his country.

Well may his example be held up for the imitation of the student, and indeed of all the young men in the Republic who may be toiling for an honorable fame; and well may the University at which he graduated

as well as the people of the noble Commonwealth which gave him birth, point to him as a "bright particular star" which, though it rose amid clouds and from comparative obscurity, has traveled steadily up to a permanent place in the heavens, until all eyes are fixed upon it, and until its "select influence" are felt in shaping the destinies of the mightiest Republic of ancient or modern times.

The excellent habits which Mr. Polk formed while at the University, and the elevated moral character which he established in his youth, and which has grown brighter by contact with the world, have no doubt contributed in a great degree to his success, in all portions of his career. With a mind of the first order, with the best principles to sustain him before the people, and with an energy and a will which gave triumph to his efforts in fields where weaker men faltered and fell back, he entered an early period of his life into the public service; and such was his industry, such his fidelity and ability in all stations of trust and honor to which he was called by his fellow-citizens, and such his devotion to the doctrines of Jefferson and Jackson, that he was called to the Presidency in the very flower and vigor of his manhood, and he is now discharging with admirable wisdom and skill, the duties of an office which many eminent men, his seniors in years, and his superiors, perhaps, in political experience, had looked and struggled for in vain. To that high office the people raised him; and we have the fullest confidence that in due time an intelligent and liberal man of all parties, will bear testimony, not only to the honesty and boldness of his course, but to the great practical good which must result to the country from the measures he has made him President, and as they have heretofore cheered him onward in the path of duty, so he will prove true to them and to the important interests committed to his hands. Truth is omnipotent; in good time the men of all parties will do justice to the honest and able Administration of President Polk.

Here, perhaps, we ought to pause; but we cannot elude this article without some allusion to the accomplished manners and reputation of the President. Every person who approached him while here was received with the utmost cordiality; and his affable countenance and the warm grasp of the hand, gave proof to all of the benevolence and kindness of his heart. His manners are simple and plain, but polished—there is no affectation about him; and in his respect he is a true type of the great people whose first officer he is. Without seeking to produce what some would call an impression, he nevertheless took a strong hold here upon the popular affections and regards; and when he returns to Washington he will leave behind him in North Carolina many, very many warm personal friends of both political parties. Truth, integrity, and nobleness of disposition and purpose are

"Written in his manly eye, And on his manly brow."

Our readers, we hope, will overlook the imperfections of this brief article, written as it has been amid the bustle and excitement of the occasion. Much more we might say, had we space and opportunity—much we could not have said on so interesting a subject, consistently with our own feelings and the feelings of many of our friends.

Bread Stuff.—"What is the staple production of your district of country?" said an Eastern traveller, the other day to a young farmer in the Miami Valley, as he was refreshing himself with a glass of "bald fact" while the stage coach stopped for "water."

"Corn, sir, corn; we raise on our land about seventy bushels per acre, that we manufacture into whiskey, sir, to say nothing about the quantity that is wasted for bread."

Logic.—A clergyman once undertook to convert a negro, who was all but incorrigible. As an argument *ad hominem*, he told Cuff, that the wicked did not live half their days. "Dat dar is queer," said Cuff; "him no lib out half him day, bah.—Well den, I s'pose him die 'bout 'leben'clock in de afternoon."