

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

She is not mine, and to my heart Perhaps she is less dear Than those who of my life are part— This is the sin I fear: And ever in the dread to err, By loving those the best, More gentle have I been to her, Perhaps, than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred, That may rebuke demand, Ere I can speak a hasty word, Or hit a chiding hand, An angel's face comes flitting by, With look so sad and mild— A voice floats softly from the sky— "Wouldst harm my orphan child?" No—witness thou and all above, I'll cherish her as mine, Or may I lose her father's love, A love that once was thine!

THE PEASANT'S STRATAGEM.

A word spoken at random often proves of more utility than the best concerted plans. Hence it happens, that fools often prosper when men of talents fail.

As an illustration of this assertion, we will present our readers with the following story, from an old French periodical work, called "Forfaits Redoublés."

A poor simple peasant, of the name of Cricket being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and cheese, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure to himself, by hook or by crook, three sumptuous meals.— Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to devise a plan, and put it into execution, and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich nabob in the neighborhood of his cottage, during the absence of her husband lost a valuable diamond ring; she offered a great reward to any person who would recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel, but no one was likely to do either; for three of her own footmen, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears: "I'll go," cries he; "I'll say I'm a conjuror, and I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fail 'tis true. What then? I shall be treated as an impostor, and my back and sides may suffer for it; but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To concert this scheme, and put it into practice, was but the work of a moment; and the nabob still was absent.— The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms; a sumptuous dinner was prepared, the table was covered with the richest viands; expensive wines of every sort were placed on the sideboard. We may think how much he ate. An attentive footman, one of the secret thieves, urging him to drink, our conjuror gorged, exclaimed— "Tis well! I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words and ran to his companion.— "He has found it out, dear friend, he is a cunning man; he said he had the first; who could he mean but me?" "It looks a little like it," replied the second thief; "I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning, should he speak in the same strain we must decamp to-night."

At night a supper fit for a court of aldermen, was set before the greedy Cricket, who filled his paunch till he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose exclaiming— "The second is in my sack, and cannot escape me."

Away flew the affrighted robber. "We are lost!" he cried, "our heels alone can save us."

"Not so," answered the third; "if we fly and be caught, we swing; I'll tend him at to-morrow's meal, and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment and that he may deliver the jewel to the lady without betraying us."

They all agreed. On the morrow our peasant's appetite was still the same; at last, quite full, he exclaimed— "My task is done; the third, thank God, is here!"

"Yes," said the trembling culprit, "here's the ring; but hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the astonished Cricket who little thought that what he had spoken of his meals would have made the blunders betray themselves; "be silent! I have it all."

Some geese were feeding before the windows, he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down its throat; and then declared that the goose had swallowed the jewel.

The goose was killed—the diamond found. In the meantime, the nabob returned, and was incredulous.

"Some crafty knave, madam," said he, "either the thief or his abettor has, with a well concerted scheme, wrought, on your easy faith. But I'll soon try his powers of divination. I'll provide myself with a meal likewise."

No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden, the false conjuror was told to declare what was the concealed cheer, on pain of being well beaten should he fail.

"Alas!" he muttered out, "poor Cricket, thou art taken."

"He's right!" the nabob cried, "give him a purse of gold; I honor such talents as his."

It was a little cricket in the dish. Thus our glutton, by four random speeches, gained three hearty meals, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

The Mother's Last Lesson.

"Will you please learn me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night!" said little Roger L., as he opened the door, and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother: "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L. was very ill; indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath. Her lips were white; her eye was dull and glazed; and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold, attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only, her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, while she repeated passages from God's Holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never took ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch: "Your dear mamma is too ill to hear you, tonight!"

As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break: "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers; indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to everything around her, the sobs of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom.

Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize, then, the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain.

"Roger, my son!—my darling child!" said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it: 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord shall take me up.'"

The child repeated it, two or three times, distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold—a corpse; wrapped in the winding-sheet, and ready for the grave.

That was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it; he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a good man—and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced; the Lord has taken her darling up. My little reader, if you have God for your friend, you need never, never fear.

A white woman, says the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, has been discovered among the Cananche Indians, by a trader. She is living with an Indian, as his wife, and says he treats her well; but the squaws ill treat her. She was captured about 3 years ago from a train which left Fort Independence, Mo. She wishes to return home, and we suppose government agents will interfere to have her released.

Anticipated Duel.—A duel is talked of between Gen. Wallace of South Carolina, and Gen. Houston, of Texas, caused, it is said, by a personal and abusive letter written by Wallace, who charges Gen. Houston with declaring in a speech in the Senate, that he (Wallace) and Mr. Calhoun, originated the Nashville Convention. The letter of Mr. Wallace is lengthy, and exceedingly severe on Gen. Houston. The following extract will show its qualities.

If I sit, in conclusion, felt obliged to offer you a word of counsel. Retiring, I would tell you in all sincerity, at once from the general world, from whose sentence of reprobation, you can never be relieved, and, to the society of which your presence can impart no value. Posterity, if it should condescend to notice you, will be at a loss, whether to assign you the rank of a knave or a fool. The present generation, who are better acquainted with your qualities, will be at no loss to determine, that you possess in your person and character, the most extraordinary combination of both. As you cannot then, sir, hope to reverse this sentence, retire to merited obscurity, and devote the few remaining days allotted to you under the sun, in preparing yourself by repentance for a coming hour, when you must yield up a life which you have spent without adorning or dignifying a single virtue which stamps a man, as either good, wise or great.

Greenville and Columbia Rail Road.—From a communication from the Hon. John Belton O'Neal, the President of this Road, which appeared in the Newberry Sentinel of the 20th inst., we learn that the following are the actual receipts of the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road, from freight and passage:

March	8181.84
April	295.05
May	588.34
June	548.46
July	579.25
August, (to 14th)	722.87

"The Road is now completed and in daily operation (Sundays excepted) to the Bridge, 25½ miles. It is now laid down to the Prussel on a side Broad River at Crims Creek."

"The work is steadily and rapidly progressing at the Bridge and all along the line."—Palmetto-State Banner.

Cool.—We have read of many wonderful instances of coolness and sang froid exhibited by individuals on trying occasions; and have been surprised to see how the soul could bear up against the most crushing blows of adversity, and in the hour of sudden and bitter disappointment; but decidedly the "nicest" specimen of nonchalance under affliction that we have met with during the present hot season, is the following incident:

A love-smitten professor in one of our colleges, after conversing awhile with his Calicea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question of— "Will you have me?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain. But I must answer no."

"Well, well, that will do madam," said her philosophical lover, "and now suppose we change the subject."

The Farmer.—It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced farmer, so independent, and yet so free from vanity and pride. So rich, and yet so industrious—so patient and preserving in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some people I know will; you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation,—it is not so with everybody. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low and underhanded cunning than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government; he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and gray; laugh at him if you will; but believe me, he can laugh back, if he pleases.

Great Subscribers.—A Tennessee paper "respectfully" requests its subscribers not to rob the carrier as he is a small boy, and on that account easily imposed on!

The crops in New Mexico are said to be very fine and promising.

The Military Movements in Texas.—The people of Texas continue much excited about the Santa Fe affair, and seem determined to take armed possession at once. Gov. Bell has issued commissions for the raising of troops to almost every county. The following, from a letter of Col Thomas M. Likens to Governor Henderson, is a specimen:

"I shall, by virtue of a commission which I hold from Governor Bell, enroll and organize a company of one hundred men for the Santa Fe expedition, on the 27th inst. Should ten or twelve clever fellows, well mounted on mules, from our country, meet me on that day, they shall not be disappointed in getting situations—please let me know."

Another is as follows: "In obedience to an order from his Excellency the Governor, I am commissioned to enroll and organize a full company, to number in the aggregate one hundred men, to be recruited and enrolled respectively from certain counties so that all portions of the State may participate in a military expedition to Santa Fe, to support the rights of the States to the disputed territory. Therefore, notice is hereby given to the citizens of San Augustine county, that ten members will be received into the company, if they will meet me in Shelbyville on Wednesday, the 31st day of July inst., and give me their names."

"The company will be required to march for its destination by the 1st day of September next. This, the 17th July, 1850. Respectfully, "J. M. SMITH, of Shelby."

Case of Lactation in a male.—C. W. Horner, M. D. of Philadelphia, furnishes the following particulars of the case of lactation in adult male. It occurred in the person of an athletic American, named Charles Collins, aged 22 years, a blacksmith working at his trade in New York. About the 10th of February, his attention was first drawn to his left breast, which appeared to be enlarged and continued to increase in size for three weeks, when he came to Philadelphia. After being in this city for about three weeks he became quite anxious in regard to his complaint, for although he suffered very little pain, his mamma had become quite as large as that of a female nursing. He, therefore, through the persuasion of an aunt, was, on the 23d of March, induced to apply at the Clinic of the Jefferson Medical College, to consult the faculty of the Institution. This case came up before Prof. Mayer, who, upon examination, found the mamma very grossly developed, and filled with the lacteal secretion, which differed in no wise from that of a mother. He could assign no cause for his break of nature; his health was very good, and the other breast natural. A soap plaster was prescribed and compression ordered to be kept up, which he persisted in for full six weeks, when the gland returned to its usual size; and when I saw him this morning at Fairmount, where he now resides, it was in every respect like the other.

"Commencement," said Mrs. Parington, as the mention of that day's approach reached her in her retirement, "I thought they commenced last year—I am very positive they did. But I suppose they are like all the rest of us—always commencing again, and it will be so to the end. For all were so many professors there, I don't believe they do any better than themselves don't profess. We all are trait creatures and our good resolutions are nothing but glass, that is cut down and thrown into the fire."

We venture to say that all the fine things uttered at Cambridge on Commencement day, whether by members of the alumni or by the leader aspirants for academic honors, are more sublime was not heard—so full of that humility that is truly exalted amid the vain gorgings of the world.

A Dutchman on being called upon to help pay for a signifying red for a village church, toward the building of which he had liberally subscribed, exclaimed: "I have liberally subscribed, and I have paid, and it be chooses to dander on it and knock it down, he must do it at his own risk!"

"You're a pretty fellow," said the owner of a wood pile to a thief, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back lifting, before you would offer to come down and help me."

To Dye "Mudder Nankeen."—This is the best nankeen color, it will wash beautifully in soap, and not be affected with weak acids.

Take the cotton cloth (unbleached) and boil it well in strong lime water for four or five hours, until all the natural oil which is contained in the fibres of the cotton, is removed—this is essentially to produce a good nankeen. If any of the oleaginous matter is left, the color will be too reddish, approaching to a salmon color. After the cotton is well boiled it must be well washed, and handled in a copper or tin-kettle kept near a scalding heat for one hour. To the kettle should be plenty of water to allow free handing, and there should be four ounces of alum dissolved in it for every pound weight of the cotton. The goods after this are washed well and then put into a kettle containing clean water, and four ounces of madder to every pound. It should be kept at a scalding heat for nearly one hour, when a beautiful nankeen color will be the result. The color is made deeper in the shade by using more stuff. It is washed out of the madder and is dried. If the cotton cloth was bleached it would make a still more beautiful color. For people living at the South, who might cultivate their own madder and cotton, this receipt would be of no little value. By putting a little of yellow oak bark among the madder, it will make the color more upon the yellow shade.

Another way to dye nankeen is to boil annatto among pearlash, (one ounce will color five pounds) and then mix it with hot water in a clean vessel, and handle the goods in it for fifteen or twenty minutes. This color is beautiful, but fugitive—it fades with the sun and can be boiled out with soap. It is of the colored stuff that so many yellow jaded and spotted pantaloons are made.

From the N. C. Argus, whig.

Now that the election is over, and we could not get our own man elected Governor, we will not give all our votes of success in his new office. We conscientiously opposed Mr. Reid, as we before stated, not as a man, but as the representative of a party; and now that our party is beaten, we hope that Gov. Reid, though the representative of our opponents, will fill the gubernatorial chair in such a way as to confer credit on the State—as the good of the State is all for which we are contending. We cannot think, however, that a man holding Mr. Reid's political views, can fill the chair to the greatest advantage of the State. But as we look upon the Governor's election as being a pure man privately, we will leave his public acts to develop themselves, and we will merely censure whatever may seem to us erroneous, and give him credit for whatever we may judge right in his conduct.

[We wish the whole newspaper press was conducted as moderately as the Argus.]

The Horse.—I will state a few things that I have learned, and they may be of benefit to your readers. A horse that is driven on hard roads is liable to get stiff in the joints. In 1833 I had an animal which after driving three or four days, got quite lame. A good Baltimore teamster told me to wash the mare's legs in a tolerable salt brine, which was done accordingly three times a day, for the balance of the journey. The stiffness disappeared in a few days, and I drove the mare 1400 miles afterwards, and there was no more trouble on that account. What proved me most was, the mare had a very poor foot to hold a shoe when I started; it was very brittle and hard; it would break out when a nail was put in; but it grew together at every shoeing. A blacksmith in New England remarked to me that her foot had a singular appearance where heaped up—it was soft and tough, I account for it, in this way: salt will extract moisture from the atmosphere, which keeps the foot moist all the time; and salt has nearly the same effect that grease has on a foot or piece of timber, the dripping from salt on a floor, if continued long, cannot be got off; the wood becomes moist and tough, and so with a horse's foot. After washing the legs turn up the horse's foot clean the bottom, pour the hollow full of brine, and hold for a few minutes to soak the bottom. The practice of rasping the spot all over to toughen it is abominable.—Farmer and Gardener.

"More trouble coming," said Mrs. Parington, laying down the paper; "there's the State of Affairs; I suppose it'll soon be applying for addition to the Union," and the old lady resumed her darning with a look of patriotic anxiety.