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She Lived in Heaven.

BY GABRIELLE.

On the marble steps of a lordly hall
Where titled wealth and low browed
av'rice dwelt,
With hollow cheek and lip as pale and cold
As the stone whereon she trembling knelt,
With beamless eye and haggard mien,
Pale, flowing hair, and garments thin,
Bowed one of Erin's famished maids in prayer:
Prayer! to whom? if unto God why came she there?

Thro' many an alley long, when to and fro
The spirits of the storm their weapons
hurled,
When all was dark save when through broken
cloud
The moon looked down upon the frozen
world,
When want went forth without an aim,
And bearded winds, that pierced her
frame,
Went shrieking madly by, why came she
there?

With prayer to Him, whose throne is every-
where.

To weary heaven with oft-repeated prayer
Her feeble voice not once again essayed,
For destitution's self had made her feel
How vain had been her call on heav'n
for aid;
To mortal ear now turned her prayer
And hoped 'twould find acceptance
there.

The boon she asked was life! yes, warmth
and bread,
And friendly hand to raise her drooping
head.

Merrily ringing on the midnight air
From chambers warm and brilliantly il-
lumed,
Went peals of music forth & mirthful sounds
From festive hall where youth and beau-
ty bloomed.
They knew not that on threshold bare
Perished a thing of beauty rare!
Her cry unheard, one effort more she'd
made,
Then on the stone her face right meekly
laid.

The morning came. Was it the wind that
sighed
Beneath those fretted eaves so mournfully?
Again 'twas heard! they found her stiff-
ning frame
And looked into each face reproachfully.
But vain the hopes she yet might speak,
A tear had frozen on her cheek!
Than granted prayer, a greater boon was
giv'n:
What need had she of bread? She lived
in heav'n.

From the Salisbury Watchman. Odd Fellow's Celebration.

The I. O. O. F.'s of this place, had a grand turn out on Monday last. There was a large number of visiting brethren in attendance from other counties, who, together with the members of the Lodge in this place, made up a procession of considerable length. They marched from the Lodge room thro' out the principal streets of the Town to the Presbyterian Church, where, after prayer by the Rev. A. D. Montgomery, Dr. Dickson, of Morganton, delivered a very handsome address. After which the members of the Order sang the closing Ode, the benediction was received, and the procession resuming its order, returned to the Lodge room.

At two o'clock they proceeded, in order to the Rowan House, by H. L. Roberts, Esq., where was spread a most bountiful dinner. Here they had a fine time of it: Turtle soup, turtle alomado, boiled trout, roast turkeys, goslings, ducks, ham, beef, mutton, pigs, vegetables and fruits, with a hundred other things too various to mention. 'Twas an odd dinner in these dry times—few like it—'twas very odd—and the gentlemen who partook of it, were also odd—in the matter of an appetite;—it was an Odd Fel-

lows Dinner, by an "Odd Fellow" given.

It is perfectly impossible for us to give anything like a fair representation here of the pleasantry which prevailed around the table, or to describe the scenes of interest which transpired.—Suffice it to say, all feasted together in joy and parted in friendship and love.

The following are the regular toasts, drank in iced lemonade.

Regular Toasts.

1. *Our present Festival*—May it be the first of a recurring series which shall never end.
2. *Odd Fellowship as a co-worker with Christianity*—Like a tree planted by the water mill, it is known by its fruits.
3. *The Orator of the Day*—May the beautiful and truthful sentiments he has heart advanced, be treasured up in the of each one who heard them.
- (Dr. Dickson responded to this toast in a very happy manner.)
4. *The Federal Union of the American Republic*—"A Union of lakes, a Union of lands, a Union of States that none can sever, a Union of hearts, a Union of hands, *American Union forever.*" (Great applause.)
5. *The Widows and Orphans of Odd Fellows*—Being the most helpless members of our great family, they should ever be the first to receive our attention.
6. *The Clergy*—Sentinels on the great highway from time to eternity; every true Odd Fellow should seek their instruction concerning a road we all must travel.
7. *Our Host*—No one knows better how to please a set of hungry men than he.
8. *Our Hostess*—A model of an Odd Fellow's wife; she has the "Friendship" and "Love" of the Order, and may she have the sweet consolation of knowing that "Truth" is one of the cardinal distinctions of an Odd Fellow.
9. *Temperance*—One of the brightest virtues of our Order; no intemperate man can be a good Odd Fellow.
10. *The Ladies*—The most treasured jewels of our Order; while we have so many bachelors they should not be permitted to be without husbands.
11. *Charity*—Though I have faith that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing.
12. *The Secrets of Odd Fellowship*—The heart to feel, the hand to give, and the tongue to keep the secret.
13. *The Grand Lodge of North Carolina*—May its pillars be reared in Currituck and Cherokee, and may its arch span the State.
14. *The Press*—The rail road of the mind, on which the principles of free Governments are destined to travel over the earth.
15. *Our Visiting Brothers*—This is the first opportunity we have had of entertaining them, we hope it will not be the last.
16. *Odd Fellowship*—Rich in the virtues of the living, rich in the virtues of the illustrious dead.
17. *Our Enemies*—Let us love those who persecute us, do good to those who spitefully use us, and teach them that if they are in no danger but from us, they will pass peacefully though life, and be happy after death.

A number of persons were called up during the reading of these toasts to respond to the sentiments they contained; and these little off-hand efforts—bright sparks of wit and humor—were the chief ornaments of the occasion. Who can gather them up?

There were also a number of most excellent volunteer toasts given, of which, however, we have been able to collect so few, that we have concluded to omit all.

At the close of the Dinner "our host" extended an invitation to all present to attend a tea party to be given at 8 o'clock, p. m. That was a brilliant affair. A large number of ladies were in attendance; and wherever woman is the scene is enriched, a charm prevails.

Teaching a Deacon.

A gentleman of this State, who resides in the town of Ellmore, Mequango county, is, as he described himself, very onertain in politics, and besides that, is the most onertain practical joker we have heard of, of late. Here is one of his jokes:

The gentleman was in his store Sunday morning, preparing for the ties of the day, when the deacon entered. An unfortunate pack of cards was on the counter, and the deacon, a duty bound, remonstrated with the joker on this villainous practice. The latter admitted that it was at least an idle waste of time, and taking the cards in his hand, moralised on the subject just as well and warmly as the deacon. At the same time he allowed a card to fall here and there on the counter; they lying very much in the shape of tricks, and looking as if the two really been taking a hand?

At this juncture, another member of the church came in, (the post-office in the store,) and all at once the joker placing his finger on a couple of cards on the corner, exclaimed—

"Now, deacon, I tell you this you do. The Queen always takes Jack and the ten the nine; and so down, if you don't attend you will never win the game. That Jack is a good card, but my Queen takes it, counts me a point, besides one on count for game." "Why, neighbor," exclaimed the deacon, "what do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say," was the reply. "The Queen takes the Jack and it's a— you might have trumped with it saved it long ago; now this Jack, low and game puts me out."

At this moment the gentleman from Mequango county turned round, prepared for the first moment to notice the brother deacon who had just entered. He looked confused, dropped the cards, and vanished.

Of course the deacon was caught. The horrible tale was told of his having been caught playing cards on Sunday. He was cited to appear before church for his backsliding, and as evidence was complete would have been convicted and severely punished in all of his protestations of ignorance and not our acquaintance of the town did more made his appearance in thick of time, as a witness in favor of the deacon told a round unvarnished tale procured for him an acquittal.

A Piece of Legal Advice.

Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place of law. He come from the extremities of the country to get information and advice. To visit Rennes without getting appears impossible to a Breton; was true at the latter end of last century, just as it is at present, especially among the country people are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened one day a farmer named Bernard, having to Rennes on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare it would be well to employ them in the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of Monsieur Germondaie, who was in such repute, that people believed and gained when he undertook those. The countryman enquired for the address, and proceeded to his house. St. The clients were numbered. Bernard had to wait some time till length his turn arrived, and he introduced. M. Potier de la Guie signed him to be seated, then took his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, he requested to know his business.

"Why, Mr. lawyer," said the farmer, twirling his hat. "I have heard about you, that as I have come, I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you."

"I thank you for your favor, my friend, you wish to know my opinion, perhaps?" "An action! Oh, I hold you in honor! Never has Pierre had a word with any." "Then it is a settlement—sion of property?" "Excuse me, Mr. lawyer; and I have never made a division that we all draw from the same, as they say."

"Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?"

"Oh, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell!"

"Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer in surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. lawyer," replied Bernard, "I want your advice—for payment, of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity."

M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

"Pierre Bernard," replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

"Your age?" "Thirty years, or very near it."

"My vocation?" "Oh, that means what I do. I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

"Is it finished, already? Well and good. What is the price of that advice, Mr. lawyer?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid the money, and took his leave, delighted that he had taken advantage of his opportunity.

When he reached home it was four o'clock, the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest himself the remainder of the day. In the mean time the hay had been two days cut, and was completely saved. One of the working men came to ask if it should be drawn in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come in to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done to-morrow without any inconvenience." The man objected that the weather might change; that the horses were all ready and the men idle. But the farmer's wife replied that the wind was in a good quarter and that night would set before their work could be completed. Bernard, who had been listening to the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he suddenly recollected that he had a lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed; "I will give an advice, and a famous one too, at I paid three francs for, it ought to tell us what to do. Here, Theresa, see that it says; you can read written hand better than I."

The woman took the paper, and read his line:—"Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day."

"That's it!" exclaimed Bernard, struck with a sudden ray of light—"Come, be quick; get the carts and away; boys and girls, all to the hay-field!"

His wife ventured a few more objections, but he declared that he had not bought a three francs opinion to make no use of it, and he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning until the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley, and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farms were completely destroyed. The success of this first experience gave him such faith in the advice of a lawyer, that from that day forth he adopted it as a rule of his conduct, and became, by his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service done him by M. Potier de la Germondaie, to whom he afterwards married a couple of his finest fowls every year as a token of gratitude.

Sympathy for Cuba.

A large meeting was held at New Orleans on the reception of the news of the Cuban revolution, sympathising with the patriots. Several resolutions were passed, among which we notice the two following:

Resolved, That we adopt the patriotic sentiment of President Monroe, that the American people should not tolerate any interference by European powers in the political affairs of America.

Resolved, That it is the sacred right and the imperative duty of all true American Republicans to give aid and comfort, by all legal means in their power, to the sons of Cuba, in their struggle to throw of the yoke of Old Spain, and that thereby we shall discharge, in some degree, the debt of gratitude we owe to the memories of Steuben, Kosciusko, Pulaski, Montgomery and Lafayette, and a host of other gallant spirits, who periled their all to assist us in the times that tried men's souls."

A similar meeting was also held in New York City.

Plank Plaining Machine.

The Albany Argus contains the following account, of a plaining machine now in operation in that city. All such improvements possess very great interest for our mechanical readers, and we invite their attention to the article annexed:

"A satisfactory idea of the invention can only be formed by seeing it at work. Though simple in its construction, and easily comprehended at a glance, it is difficult to convey a clear understanding of the *modus operandi* on paper. It will be sufficient, perhaps, to say that nothing heretofore invented approaches it, either in respect to the speed with which it does its work, or the accuracy of surface and finish which it gives to everything and anything which passes through it in the shape of a plank or board. A rough board placed within its vortex comes out as even and polished as a mirror, to the tune of 180 feet a minute; and this without driving the machine. Its maximum capacity is double, and even treble this speed, and the greater the power and the rapidity of the working, the more perfect is its execution. We can well believe that it will turn out work at the rates of 200 and even 300 feet per minute, or as fast as it can be fed.

"In this respect it outstrips the famous Woodworth invention, and promises to supersede it entirely. The maximum capacity of that machine, we are told, is 30 or 40 feet per minute. Such as are interested in the progress of improvement will see in this something new and strange, and well worth inspection and study. The inventor may be seen at Townsend's furnace at any time to exhibit the capacity and power of his machine to all visitors."

To Henry Clay, of Kentucky. NO. 1.

Sir—More than forty years of your life have been spent in the public service, and as a statesman and party leader your name has filled no inconsiderable space in the public view. Already your biographers, emulous of the distinction of recording the deeds which have given you such an unenviable notoriety, have entered the arena, and have vied with each other in the task of pampering your inordinate vanity, by spreading upon the historic page gilded pictures of your public acts. In their efforts to make you President, they have given you credit for patriotism, which you never possessed, and a disinterestedness of purpose of which you never had any conception. They have deceived the public as well as yourself. You are now old, sir, and your career is drawing to a close. The tinsel with which your partisans have glossed over a long public career of selfish ambition, cannot much longer conceal from a wronged and indignant people, whose rights you have violated, the dangerous and detestable deformities of your public character. Soon posterity will demand more truthful and impartial chronicles of the public life and character of a politician and Cabinet Minister, who, under the specious garb of a pretended patriotism, has contributed so much to change the character of the Government, and to prostrate the Constitution of the country. When you shall have disappeared from the stage of action, those who have ministered to your ambition and your vanity, to escape your coarse denunciations, so derogatory to an American Senate, and to the rank and character of an American Senator, and the hungry expectants who have fawned upon you, with the hope of profiting by your influence and elevation, will no longer have a motive to praise you, or to conceal the vices of your public character. Justice and truth will then demand an exposure of the crimes you have committed against the Constitution, which you have so often sworn to preserve inviolate; and the judgment which a coming age will pronounce upon you, will be so withering, that could you be conscious of it, even your unparalleled effrontery could not sustain you under the scathing infliction. A Southern man and a slaveholder, your first public act in the State of your adoption, to whose people you looked for patronage and support, and among whom you sought a retreat for poverty and security in your native land, was an incendiary assault upon its slave institutions, and upon the social and political rights of the South, which you have since so fatally betrayed, for the purpose of placing upon your head the Presidential diadem as the reward of your treachery. In the arts of the demagogue, which abilities of a high order have enabled you to reduce to science, you have distanced all competition, in an age so fruitful in the production of that dangerous and despicable character. An avowed friend of the abolition of slavery—a pretended

enthusiast in the cause of liberty—a distinguished disciple of the incompatible schools of Mirabeau and Danton—the consistent emancipationist of the age—a professional republican, and a practical consolidationist by your unequalled skill in the arts of deceit and dissimulation, like an actor on the stage, by assuming a costume and a set of principles adapted to the time, circumstance and place, you have succeeded to an unprecedented degree in deceiving a confiding people into the belief that the fictitious part you played was real, and that you are a patriot and a republican. So well, sir, have you played the part of a political magician, that at the moment the constitution is expiring from the blows you inflicted upon it with your dagger, you are eloquently pronouncing eulogiums upon the blessings of freedom, and at the same moment laying the foundations, broad and deep, of a consolidated despotism upon the ruins of republican liberty. Unscrupulous about the means of reaching the object of your ambition, few statesmen of modern times have combined in one character, so many elements calculated to inflict incurable wounds upon the institutions of the State. The equal of Cataline in courage, his superior in expedient and resource, you have, by your countenance and encouragement, aided, with all the influence of your example, the incendiaries of the North, whose leader in the work of emancipation you are, to assassinate the public peace, and who only await your bidding, to light up the fires of a servile war. And yet your agency in the infernal plot, by your skill in political legerdemain, is concealed from public view. A statesman thus gifted with such extraordinary qualities for stratagem and mischief, whose political code imposes no restraints upon his excesses, and who, upon every great question which has agitated the public mind during his whole political life, has been advocating with plausible but untruthful eloquence, first one side and then the other, and who has been consistent only in his ambitious thirst for power, and his ceaseless desire to see the abolition of our Southern institutions accomplished, could not fail to achieve for himself an unenviable distinction. And, sir, of all your extraordinary qualities, that one which has enabled you for so long a period of time, through the many important political epochs in which you have borne a distinguished part, to conceal from the Southern mind your selfish ambition, and your agency in bringing upon the country so many fearful evils, is not the least remarkable. It shows, sir, the perfection to which you have carried the arts of political knavery. At all times ready to offer up the South as a sacrifice, the victim of your ambition, and your agency in bringing upon the North three have you, by your intrigues for the Presidency, brought the country to the verge of civil war. And notwithstanding your American system has plundered the South, under color of law, of a thousand millions, for the benefit of your Northern allies—notwithstanding your "Compromise," have put in jeopardy fifteen hundred millions more—notwithstanding your last "Compromise" confiscated for your abolition associates an immense territory, the rightful property of the South, and as a consequence the Southern horizon presents to your gaze now only one unbroken line of storms, fast thickening into a sweeping tempest, and with the glare of the lightning of civil war in your face, still you affect not to see the peril which you have brought upon that Union which you profess to love so much, and still true to your instincts and standing upon the brink of the grave, your thirst for power is yet unappeased.

It may be worth your while, sir, to pause and enquire why you have so long labored in vain—why your ambition is not yet gratified, in a country which offers so many incentives to honorable exertion? To all save yourself, the cause of your oft-defeated aspirations is no mystery. Your domineering and tyrannical propensities are wormwood and gall to those even who acknowledge you as their party leader. Not content with being the leader of a party, you cannot stop short of being its tyrant.—The party to whom you have looked for elevation have therefore refused to place you in their power. Thirsty as many of them are for a division of the spoils, they are sufficiently circumspect to profit by the moral of the fable, and decline to submit the distribution to one never content with less than the lion's share of power, at least, if not of plunder. The wire-workers of your political associates, comprehend the leading traits of your character. They became aware at an early stage of your career, that although at all times ready to "compromise" away the rights of others, you are ever careful never to "compromise" the objects of your own insatiate ambition.