

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE.

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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.
No communication attended to unless the postage is paid.

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. H. N. 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. Cujon, 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. Elim 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. 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. Sumner; 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, southwest 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 a. 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. Delam, 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'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 sq.

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 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, 3 miles south.

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

Selected by a Lady, for the Lincoln Courier.

The Song of the Sword.

Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded and ready to die
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry:
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament;
And fight! fight! fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent.

Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair
Though all that's gained is an empty name
And a tax too great to bear.
An empty name and a pultry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
Whilst every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shed
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all:
Ah! why should such mortals as I
Kill those whom we never could hate!
'Tis obey your commander or die—
'Tis the law of the Sword and the State.
For we are the veriest of slaves
That ever had their birth;
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will
Is all our use upon earth.

War! war! war!
Musket, and powder, and ball—
Ah! what do we fight so for!
Ah! why have we battles at all!
'Tis Justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep—
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap!
'Tis sad that a Christian land—
Professing Christian State,
Should thus despise that high command—
So useful and so great—
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be:
To love our neighbor as ourselves,
And bless our enemy."

War! war! war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
From my youth to the present time—
Misery, murder, and crime,
Crime, misery, murder, and woe—
Ah! would I had known in my younger days,
In my hours of boyish glee,
A tenth of the misery—
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And had I died in my native land,
Instead of dying here.

Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie:
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst thus with a sad and terrible tone,
(Oh! would that those truths were more
freely known)
He sang the song of the Sword!

TO A FLOWER.

Dawn, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze in wonder
At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower;
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower,
All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
Sol—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done.

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story
Live—and love—and die!

ADVICE.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

Mr. and Mrs. Battle—or Mouse vs. Rat.

Mr. and Mrs. Battle were a fond and loving couple in the town of N—, who, for about a twelve month had dwelt as "one flesh" in law matrimonial, and whose union thus far, if a shade less blissful than that of turtle doves, had afforded an example of conjugal felicity as edifying, to say the least, as the generality of matches. It happened one winter evening that having exhausted all their usual theme of chit chat, they had been sitting in silence for some ten minutes together, luxuriating on "the uncommunicating muteness of fishes," when suddenly with a piercing shriek, Mrs. B. sprang from her chair, and jumped upon the side table crying out at the top of her lungs, "Lord of mercy! Oh that horrid being. Kill him, Mr. Battle, kill him!"

The husband, quick as thought, seized the poker, and, though half frightened out of his senses, raised it firmly over his head, and placed himself bolt upright in an attitude of defence. For some moments he stood speechless, with mingled wonder and awe; then, casting a glance at his wife, who stood leaning against the wall, pale, shivering, and half frantic with terror, he at length recovered his wits and the use of his tongue so far as to ask, in a voice somewhat faint and husky,—
"Who—where—what is he?"

"There! there! Husband, don't you see there! It isn't no man—it's a horrid great mouse. Oh dear, I shall faint away, certain! There he comes again, this way. Merciful heavens! Oh! oh!"

B. breathed a little more freely, after this last piece of information, for, to say the truth, he was by no means a Hercules in strength or stature, (being only four feet eleven in his boots, and weighing but just one hundred and five pounds, even after dinner,) and as he supposed, it was some house robber or cut-throat who had hidden himself in the room, that had caused his wife's fright, his knees had begun to knock together a little, a la Belshazzar, not withstanding his great show of bravery. But now, regaining with marvellous quickness, the use of all his limbs and faculties, he advanced boldly in the direction indicated by Mrs. B.'s finger, and with a courage and presence of mind worthy of an Alexander, succeeded, by the aid of the poker, in stretching a most ferocious looking rat lifeless on the floor.

After a few moments, peace and order were again restored, and Mrs. B. having succeeded, by an astonishing degree of self control, in quieting her nerves, was again seated at the work table, busily plying her needle, when a loud tinkling of the door bell was followed by the announcement of Mr. Pry. Pry had popped in, as he said, "to see how they all did, and have a little social chat;" but, as it turned out, (unfortunately for the peace of our excellent couple,) he was just in season to hear from Mrs. Battle's lips a relation of what she called her "frightful adventure with the mouse."
"No, my dear," interrupted Mr. B. "a rat."

"Excuse me, my love, but 'twas a mouse."
"But I do assure you, madam, it was a rat."

"I beg your pardon, sir; notwithstanding you assure me, I am quite sure it was a mouse."

"Don't tell me, Mrs. Battle do you think I'm a fool, not to know a rat from a mouse, and in my own house too?"
"Keep cool, Mr. Battle; don't get huffy just because I spoke a word. Some how or other, lately, I can never open my lips before you, but you must fly into a pet. And then you must be twit—twit—twit—twit me always about your house, as if you were lord of every thing here, and I were only your humble servant. I declare, Battle, you are cross as a bear, and as unreasonable as you can live."

"Mrs. Battle, you are enough to provoke a saint—three times have you contradicted me, and—"

"All because I said a mouse wasn't a rat. A mouse ain't a rat, and you know it, Battle."

"Mrs. Battle, there's no standing this—No! and I won't stand it any longer.—I will have a divorce, if there's one to be had in the country. I won't live with such a

termigant. No I won't Mrs. Battle, and that's the long and the short of it."

Here Mrs. Battle fell back in her chair, and burst into a flood of tears. Pry, finding matters getting a little too hot, crept slowly out of the room, and run for home as if from a hornet's nest. Mr. Battle paced the room hurriedly, to and fro, for the space of five minutes or more, with blanched cheek, and lips quivering with rage, and finally seated himself by a window, and, with an air of affected unconcern, began to whistle Yankee Doodle. He had been seated but three or four minutes, when his wife, suddenly rising up, came across the room, threw her arms affectionately about his neck, and buried her head in his bosom.

"My dear husband!"

"My dear wife!"

"I have offended—deeply offended you. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, sweet, a thousand times."

"How foolish was I to dispute with you, dear one, about such a trifle."

"Yes, it was very foolish in both of us.—Yet never mind; thank Heaven we've come to our senses again. Kiss me darling—all's made up. Ain't we happy now?"

"Yes, my love; clouds will come sometimes, but thank Providence they are all gone now; we couldn't have expected sunshine always. Oh, won't we have the precious times together, hereafter loving each other so tenderly? There, it does seem to me, as I were at this moment perfectly, perfectly happy."

"Blessed, blessed wife! kiss me again, darling—there, we've had the last of our quarrels—hav'nt we my own, my angel one!"

"Yes, dearest. And if we were going to quarrel again—which never can be—it would be about something of more importance wouldn't it, love! The more I think of it, the more foolish it appears, quarrelling about so trifling a thing as a mouse."

"You forget, my dear, a rat you mean."

"No, my dear, I mean a mouse."

"How can you, Mrs. Battle, say a mouse, when I've told you over and over again, 'twas a rat. D'ye think I've no eyes?"

"I say what I mean, Mr. Battle, and I mean just what I say. To say that was a rat, is the most absurd thing I ever heard. A rat indeed!"

"Absurd or not, Mrs. B., I tell you you are a simpleton. You don't know beans from a broomstick!"

"Then it's because I've lived so long with you, Battle. I don't believe you ever saw a rat. Every body knows they have long round tails like a file. But I'm an abused woman, and won't put up with such treatment any longer. I'll go home to my father's. We'll then see how some folks will get along. And I will tell you, Battle, it was a mouse."

"And I tell you, Mrs. Battle, it wasn't a mouse."

"'Twas a mouse."

"'Twas a rat."

"'Twas a mouse."

"Rat."

"Mouse."

"Mouse, mouse, mouse."

"Rat, rat, rat."

Just that moment a stage coach drew up before the door, and the appearance of an old long expected friend who, after a long absence burst suddenly into the room, put an end to hostilities, and threw both parties into a temporary good humor. To this day, however, the cause of Mrs. Battle's fright has never ceased to be a prolific source of contention—Mr. Battle protesting with equal pertinacity, that it was a mouse. A hundred times they have squabbled, till almost ready to broomsick each other, and a hundred times they have just made up all again, and asking each other's forgiveness, when an unfortunate allusion by one of the parties to the cause of their quarrel has caused all the smothered fires of indignation to break afresh.

Prize Money—A letter from an officer in the U. S. Squadron off Tampico, says: "We took an estimate of the prize money accruing on the various prizes taken at Tobacco and this place. It amounts to \$220,000—half of which, \$110,000, goes to the Government; so the navy is at last doing something for itself."

Famine in Ireland.

The account of the distress and starvation in Ireland are horrible! A letter from ladies in that unhappy country to the ladies in America, appealing for help, is circulating in the papers, and it says: "Oh! if you saw the sight! Above two hundred men tattered, looking more like skeletons than human beings, with despair on every feature, toiling on a road they were making, and not one probably having tasted food since the day before; and in the mountain wilds, the women and children perishing by hundreds! A man hire for the day will hardly earn what keeps himself alive and though an Irishman will give his last morsel to his child, yet he must keep it himself, for if he perishes his family must perish with him." It is also stated, that unless Ireland can obtain some extraordinary aid, "she must soon become one vast Lazar house of dying and the dead."

The poor of Ireland—and their name is legion—starving at their daily labor, in the mountain wilds, on highways on the steps of marble palaces, and in thronged cities, while the rich of Ireland are reveling in luxury and ease, and while the splendid government of England lords it over all, from the greatest nobleman to the humblest peasant. Disguise it as you will, England is responsible for all the calamities and woes of Ireland; and if there be vengeance in Heaven for bad and wicked governments, England is destined to waver beneath the burning curse of the Lord Almighty. The cries of crushed laborers, and the wails of the famished women and children, and the blood of the sons of Erin, worn out of them by the iron hoofs of despotism, will be heard, and, as God lives, must be answered. Better to die, ye sons of Erin, on the battle field, than to starve! But, poor creatures! what battles can you fight? You can grapple only with gaunt famine, and then die!

The Cabarrus Company.

The Charlotte Journal of the 4th instant says the Cabarrus Company "left Charlotte on Friday last for Wilmington via Fayetteville." And so, after all, it turns out that there is to be one piece of rendezvous for the Regiment. The purpose of the Federal leaders has been accomplished—Gov. Graham, by procuring from the War Department two pieces of rendezvous on paper, has defeated the objection of the Field Officers by the rank and file—and now the Cabarrus Company is marched from Charlotte to Wilmington. We ask the people to put this and that together, and draw their own conclusions.

Speech of Col. Paine to the N. C. Regiment.

The Tarboro Press says that the following ought to be the speech of Col. Paine to his Regiment, on the eve for a battle:

"My gallant companions in arms! You volunteered, I did not. You believe this war to be just. I do not. But volunteer or not, be the war just or not, I as your Colonel tell you that you must fight. I am just as willing to lead you as Colonel in an unjust war as in a just one, and right or wrong you must fight it out. Go ahead—hurrah for Mexico."

The Charleston Mercury.

J. M. Clapp, who has long edited the Mercury with distinguished ability and patriotic devotion to the welfare of the State, has retired from the conduct of the paper, and has been succeeded by John E. Carew, Esq., now a member of the Legislature from Charleston, a gentleman of talents and reputation, and a thorough advocate of "the cherished principles of the State."—There will consequently be no change in the politics of the Mercury, and it is with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. Carew in his new and arduous vocation.

The company of Volunteers from Orange County, North Carolina, carry with them (says the Raleigh Register,) a sacred relic, which it says will never be dishonored while in their keeping. It is their stand of colors being the identical flag borne by the American forces at Guilford, during our Revolutionary struggle.