

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 4.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1848.

NUMBER 18.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THOMAS J. ECCLES.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2 50 if payment be delayed 3 months. A discount to clubs of 3 or more. Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at \$1 per square (14 lines) for the first, and 20 cents for each subsequent insertion.

SCANDAL.

"Now, let it work. Mischievous thou art foot, Take what course thou wilt."

The substance of the following is no fiction. In a neighboring village whose inhabitants like the good people of Athens, were much given to "either tell or hear some new thing," lived Squire P., a facetious, good natured sort of a body, whose jokes are yet a matter of Village Record, and have been retold through various editions, from folio down to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their dates—doctored all the babies, and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap, and when they had had luck, made every child in the house set *cross legged* until the luck changed. In fine, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with "the way of transgressors is hard;" "poor Mrs. A. or B. (as the case was) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some such very soothing reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds, &c." Those questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best neighbors and friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own fair reputation, or as the only mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the Squire was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the Squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by "what's your hurry aunt Lizzy? walk in." The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced.

"Well, Squire P. I have been thinking this forenoon what an useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversation, as the good book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—"When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance; but anoint thy head and wash thy face, (Aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff,) that thou appear not unto men to fast."

"Now, there Squire—that's just what I told you—see how you have the *scripter* at your tongue's end; what an useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that, Aunt Lizzy, I don't see that your 'professors,' as you call them, are a whit better than I am, in private. I respect a *sincere* profession as much as any man; but I know enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that she is no better than she should be!"

At these innuendoes, Aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she commenced fire—

"Now, Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of our church? I know who you mean—the trollop—I didn't like so many curls about her head, when she told her experience."

The Squire finding curiosity was putting his boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her hand that was worth both of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression "in private"—this was a dear word with Aunt Lizzy,

"Now, Aunt Lizzy, will you take a Bible oath, that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you to a living being, and that you will keep it while you live as a most inviolable secret?"

"Yes, Squire, I declare I won't never tell nobody nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magistrate in the whole country."

"Well, then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago."

"Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you too—Susy B. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzy; there was a whole lot of passengers—But, but!"

"None of your buts, Squire—out with it—if folks will act so—a trollop!"

"But, Aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll bring me into a scrape."

"I've told you over and over again, that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I ain't leaky!"

"My wife! I wouldn't have her know what I was going to say for the world—why, Aunt Lizzy, if she should know it!"

"Well, don't be afeard, Squire, once for all, I'll take my oath that no living critter shant never as long as I live, know a lisp on't."

"Well, then—if you must know it—I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members nearly half the way up!"

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath—shut up her snuff box, and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

"The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susy P.—likeliest!—this comes of being flattered—a trollop. Well, one thing I know—the way of transgressors is hard;" but I hope you'll never tell no body on't, Squire; for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good by—let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson G. requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the south Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P.'s, requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife.—But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a parish meeting, requested her to be ready by 2 o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on Squire and Susy B.—Mrs. P. started and Susy looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as a delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Susy B., which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and Squire P. being called on to stand as a witness—after pointing in lively colors the evils of slander with which their village had been infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzy in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath!

Aunt Lizzy's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath, that she would never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member, half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she never would hear nor retail slander.

All eyes were now alternately on Susy B. and Squire P.'s wife—Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member, to whom he alluded, was his own lawful wife!

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst out into a fit of laughter,

from which his wife, Susy B. and even the Parson, could not refrain enjoying—and Parson G. afterwards acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village which all his preaching could not have done.

From the N. O. Delta.

Important from Mexico.

The schr. Velasco arrived last evening from Vera Cruz, which she left on the 8th May. We learn from Capt Decker, of the Velasco, that before he left Vera Cruz, it was reported and generally believed there that the Congress at Queretaro had dispersed without acting on the Treaty; and it was universally admitted by all classes, of Mexicans, that there would be no peace, but that the Americans would have either to occupy the whole country, or to retire from it entirely.

Since writing the above, we have received the Vera Cruz Free American of the 5th inst. for which we are indebted to the polite attention of Mr Boyle of the firm of Boyle & Naccorri, merchants, of Vera Cruz. It contains no news of importance, but is not the less acceptable.

The Free American speaks indignantly of the conduct of the Mexican authorities, who, it is stated, are doing all they can to humiliate the American citizens in Vera Cruz, and calls on the Governor to investigate the matter, and see that justice is done. It seems that justice is done. It seems that since the commencement of the Armistice, the Mexican authorities have resorted to all sorts of petty annoyances, and, as far as they dare, have done every thing they could to gratify their revengeful feelings.

The British man-of-war Electra arrived at Vera Cruz on the 4th inst. from Laguna.

THE RUINE.—In the beginning when Nature piled up the mighty mountains, and hollowed the basins of the seas, from her realm in the clouds she descended to the Gotthard, and said: it is meet that the Mighty and Great should be joined with the good, even to the most distant sphere of action. Thou standest fast, but a son shall be born of thee who shall bear thee strength and blessing, with which through heaven, thou hast been endowed, to marry a distant land! She spoke, and from the mountain burst the Rhine.

Joyous and free, full of strength and delight, the new born streamlet leaps down the Mountain's rocky side. Merrily he plunges into the dark Boden Sea, but the sea restrains him not. His waves part for him of themselves; undaunted, with ancestral strength, and increasing size, he bids defiance to the threatening gulph, and proudly starts upon his glorious course. For he was nature's own begotten son, and of the mountain born!

Brave is he in youth, and his path is his own brave love. Nature, all wise, errs not in her choice. She includes the Good in the Mighty. He madly cleaves his way through rocks and mountains, heaven high, but she directs and restrains the fullness of youthful strength. Thus with tenderness and love he leaves the feet of fruitful vine-clad hills.

Giorious is now his progress. Hundreds of streams and numberless brooks join him in his victorious course, and with him lovingly mingle their waves. The Godlike allures the Noble, and the High ever strives the Highest to attain.

Maunder and calm, we now behold his current to flow—calmer, but not weaker. The stern Winter seeks to bind him with eternal chains. He breaks them as slender threads. For in his youth he was endowed with strength, and bath burst mountains asunder.

Here like a polished mirror, winds his glassing stream. He hath left the mountain with its widespread vineyard far behind. Yellow fields of ripening corn, and luxuriant herbage, smile on every side. Upon his broad breast he bearest mighty ships and fleets. Thus, should Power ever combine the Useful with the Beautiful.

We have followed him to the limit of his blessed career. Nature here divides him into many streams, which are called by many names. We only say the Rhine, when we wonder at his greatness, and recount his gift. For the might of Dignity clings to resting Force.—Translated from the German of Krummacher, by Mene.

* A mountain in Switzerland.

The Bill for the admission of the State of Wisconsin into the Union yesterday passed the House of Representatives, and is now before the Senate. A copy of the bill, as passed, will be found in the House Proceedings of yesterday.—*Nat. Int.*

PULQUE.

Pulque in all its different stages of fermentation is a great article of production and use in Mexico, our men were very fond of it as a beverage, it is made from the plant called by the Mexicans, maguey or pulque plant (the agava americana of Botanists) in the following manner, when the plants have just produced the flower bud, it is cut out, and a central basin is scooped out of a size to hold half a bushel or more, this basin soon fills with a milky juice of the taste and appearance of buttermilk, this juice is taken out as often as it fills and carried to the fermenting tubs in the Brewery, where it undergoes a vinous or spirituous fermentation. The quantity of the juice depends on the vigor of its growth, and its size, they are enormous plants, from ten to twelve feet across, the leaves five or six feet long, and from six to ten inches wide.

The pulque is put in skins, and carried to market, it is a brisk, lively drink something like champagne-cider, or wine—a Mexican without his pulque is like an Englishman without his beer or ale, it is considered a wholesome beverage, and used by all old and young. Near Chapultepec are some of the oldest trees known on the Continent of America (called by Botanists Taxodium.) Adamson in his travels, cut into one of them and counted some seven thousand annual rings. In a garden in the city of Mexico there is a tree called manita or hand flower tree, it is the chironthodendion, pentadactylon—of Botanists) the Indian name is a perfect "Jaw Breaker" it is Macpabzoniquawhitl—there is said to be another at Toluca, this I did not see—the flower presents something the appearance of a mixture of a birds claw and a flower—except this vegetable curiosity the Botanic garden of Mexico is a poor affair—we could look into it from our window.

Valuable Receipts for Diseases in Horses.—Big Head and Big Jaw.

Take one gallon of hickory ashes, one pint of spirits of turpentine, two ounces of camphor; boil all together to a thin mush, fill a horn with the mush boiling hot, apply the horn with a thin cloth over the end, to the diseased part of the head or jaw. Apply the horn four times, upon each time fixing the horn with the hot mush.

Scurvy.—With a pair of blacksmith's tongs draw up the skin on the shoulder, run a red hot spear through it, then rub it for ten days morning and evening with spirits of turpentine.

Bots.—Take half a pint of green persimmons or the inside bark of the tree, mix it with one quart of water, and drench the horse with it.

Big Shoulder.—Take three pounds of corn bread, split them in half, wet each half with spirits of turpentine, apply them well to the points of the shoulders, until you have used them all—then with a pair of scith's tongs, raise the skin on the shoulders, and run it through with a red hot spear, then rub it for ten days with spirits of turpentine, evening and morning.

Stiff Complaint, Glanders, &c.—Take three gallons of slack-water, one pound of burdock root, two pounds of elder bark—boil them well together, to one gallon, keeping the pot filled with spice-wood brush, during the operation of boiling—drench the horse with one pint every morning until well. If in glanders, great inflammation takes place upon the glands, steam the part lightly, as in big head.

Spain, Split, and Ring-Bone.—Cut the horn to fit the swelled parts, and steam it as in big head.

Afflicted eyes.—Through the center of the ear run a leather string, turn it once a day, then take one pound of tobacco, boil it to a strong amber, bathe the eyes evening and morning until well.

Poll Evil, Fistula.—Take one quart of whiskey, half pint of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of camphor, put all in a bottle, each evening pour slowly on the swelled part, four table spoonfuls, until the swelling disappears. If the place be broke, take one half pound of lead, melt it in a ladle, while in a milled state, add a sufficiency of sulphur to keep the lead from uniting, and all will become a powder—sprinkle the powder on the place once a day, until well.

Distemper.—Take half a pound of the herb life-everlasting, boil it to a strong ooze, add a sufficiency of hogs lard to form an ointment. Anoint the swelled parts once a day, until well.

A Tear Starter.—A gentleman, taking apartments, said to the landlady, "I assure you madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "I hope sir," said she, "it was not because you went away without paying."

Pleasing Method of teaching the Nine Parts of Speech.—I will collect a number of children, and will draw an imaginary picture. I will ask each of them in succession, what will you have in the picture? One will say a cottage, others a mansion, a wood, a tree, a lake, a church, a lady, a gentleman. Then I tell them that these things are nouns, which is the name of anything, and therefore, might as well have been called names instead of nouns. I would then, having got the objects for the picture, how shall they be placed? I shall be told, the cottage by the wood; the tree on the hill; the horse in the field; the lady near the lake; the gentleman beyond the church; thus in making their choice, they would find out what constituted a preposition. I should then take up the adjective brush, as I would call it, and tell them, that, to give beauty to the picture, it was proper to express a quality, and they would give their preference for a pretty cottage, a fine mansion, a young lady, a handsome church, and so forth, which would teach them the adjective. Then, in order to give life to the picture, I would tell them that the different objects must be doing something; and might be told—the horse should prance, the tree should wave, the gentleman should study, the lady should sing, the lake should shimmer; by which would be explained the qualities of the verb. But I would add, the tree might wave, or the lady might sing very differently to what you intend, how should it be? Why, sir, the tree shall wave gently; the horse shall prance playfully; and the lady shall sing sweetly; thus I should obtain the adverb. 'Now,' I would ask one, 'What would you do with the cottage?' 'Oh, sir, I should like to live in it.' 'In it, what do you mean?' 'In the cottage.' 'Thus I would, by repetition, illustrate the pronoun. The conjunction they would learn because it could form no part of the picture; whilst the interjection, tho' called a part of speech, is not so in reality; it is an exclamation only. Thus children might easily be collected to play making pictures, and would be unconsciously instructed while they were innocently amused.

CONGRESS—YUCATAN.

The Yucatan question has been laid on the table in the Senate, on motion of Mr HANNEGAN, who said that he had received satisfactory information of a peace having been made between the Indians and whites. Such is, in fact, the latest accounts from Yucatan.

Mr CALHOUN is said to have delivered every able speech on the Yucatan Bill. We have seen an outline of the speech, but it is not yet published. He opposed any interference with Yucatan, except to furnish the means of escape to as many as possible of the whites of that country. The conclusion of a Treaty between the whites and Indians is fortunate, cutting short the debate and all the difficulties connected with it.

In the House of Representatives there was recently a very interesting debate on the question of remunerating the owner of a slave lost in the public service during the late war with England. The Abolitionists opposed it, of course. Mr BURT, Mr RHEAT and Mr WOODWARD made able speeches on the subject.—The Bill is not yet disposed of.

PLEASEING OTHERS.

We should study to please—to please everybody, rich, and poor, the agreeable and repulsive, the saint and the sinner, the elevated and the humble. No matter how disagreeable the person may appear at first sight, we should not turn him away with a short word or an indifferent air. He may possess rare jewels in his bosom. Looks are often deceptive. An intimate acquaintance with persons who, at first sight, struck us with disgust, has changed the whole feelings of our souls. Hatred has been turned into love. Scores of such instances appear in the lives of those who study to please. They have learned this fact—that the outward appearance is not a true index of the heart—and so they make themselves agreeable to all.—They will be as pleasant to the servant as to the master—to the black as to the white—and be as anxious to accommodate the one as the other.

There is no disposition that needs more cultivation than a pleasant and agreeable. Study to please, we advise you. Be not cross and crabbed; give no morose answer to an inquiry, and never hesitate to go a few steps out of your way, if by so doing you can please and accommodate another. Who will not labor to please!—*Colesworthy.*

The result of the Elections in France, in favor of the LaMarine and moderate party, is auspicious for the success and stability of the French Republic.