

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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The Lord sent it, if the Devil brought it.

In my younger days, I was what people called a "wild child," and I rather think I was something of a high boy. Anything like fun stirred me up from the bottom, and the way I "went off," sometimes, when I was stirred up, people said was rather curious.

I believe my respect for religious people was not quite as high as it should have been, not so high as it is now. This grew out of two things—a defective education and thoughtlessness. Ten or fifteen years added to my mortal life has sobered me somewhat, and at this present writing, I own to a profound respect for religion. I state this, that neither the gay nor thoughtful reader may misunderstand me, if the story I am going to relate should seem to deal with some levity in matters held sacred—I think the rebuke I got, often as I have laughed at it since, put the laugh completely on me and my companion.

There resided in our neighborhood a poor widow whose means of support were extremely limited. Between nursing herself for rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time was passed. I am ashamed to say that on one or two occasions, I joined some wild young chaps in playing off tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about the house at night, smoking her most death by putting a board over the top of her low mud-built chimney, and such like things, that we thought sport, but for which we derived little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorized to administer it.

One night soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home in company with a merry fellow about my own age, and had to go by old Granny Bender's cottage. I had been into town, and was bringing home a couple of "baker's loaves," of which some of our people were as fond, as city people are of getting now, and then a good taste of country "home made."

"Tom," said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight, at a turn of a road, "suppose we have a little fun with Granny Bender?"

"Agreed," was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.

We had not fully decided on what we would do, when we came to the cottage, and paused to settle our mode of annoyance. The only light within was the dim flickering of a few small sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood near the window, I leaning to what was going on inside, we found that Granny was praying, and, a hint to our surprise, asking for to die.

"As she expects to get bread from heaven," said I, irreverently, "I suppose she will have to be accommodated."

And turning from the window, I clambered up, noiselessly, to the top of the chimney, a feat of no great difficulty, and tumbled my two loaves down. When I reached the window again, in order to see what effect this mode of supply would have upon Granny Bender, I found the good old creature on her knees piously thanking God for having answered her prayer.

"That's cool," says I to Tom; "now isn't it?"

"I rather think it is," replied Tom.

"And is the old woman really such a fool as to think the Lord answered her prayer, and sent her well baked loaves down the chimney?"

"No doubt of it."

"It won't do to let her labor under this mistake, no, never in the world," said I.

"Hallo, Granny!" And I threw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.

She had just risen from her knees, and was about putting a piece of the bread into her mouth.

"Now, Granny Bender!" said I, "it isn't possible that you believe that that bread came from heaven? Why, you old sinner you! I threw it down the chimney."

By this time, the old woman's countenance was turned towards me, and by the dim light of the feeble fire, I could see that there were tears of thankfulness upon her faded and withered face. The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there was a deep rebuke in the tone of her voice, as well as in the word she uttered, as she said:

"The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!" You may be sure that I vanished

instantly, while Tom clapped his hands and shouted,

"Good! good! Too good! Oh dear! but the old lady was too much for you that time."

I tried to laugh with him as we went off home, and did laugh, as loud as I could, but somehow or other the laugh did not appear to do me any good.

Alas that I left Granny Bender alone.

Wire Fence.

Means Editors:—Being a practical farmer and a subscriber to your valuable paper, I desire to contribute something toward the farming interest, by making a few suggestions on the subject of wire fence, for the consideration of the tiller of the soil which I cannot but hope may lead to some practicable results, that may prove highly beneficial to many who are engaged in the noblest pursuit that ever occupied the mind of man.

The writer of this, having lately learned that posts and wires have in some places been substituted for other materials for fence, has taken some pains to ascertain the comparative value of making it, which may be done as follows: First set one post of common size firm in the ground, and place in it a long screw or small wood-lag with a small rag wheel at or near the top where the upper wire is designed to be; then insert one end of the wire to the screw or wood-lag, and extend it to the other end of the fence, whatever the distance may be. There set another post, to which fasten the wire as at the beginning; then turn the screw or wood-lag at each end, until the wire is as tight as desired, when it will be ready to receive as many intermediate posts as may suit the fancy—

which posts, it is believed, need not exceed two inches square of hard wood, which can be sharpened and very easily driven into the ground, on a line with the wire, to such depth as may be necessary. Extend as many wires as desired to accomplish the object. Let each be fastened to each intermediate post with common tender hooks, with the hook part so bent over as to fully secure the wire in its place. Four wires, it is believed will be sufficient to secure sheep, as they do not get over a fence unless they can first jump on it.

The wire may be of such size as best suits the fancy. No. 16 is no doubt sufficient, which if encircled of fence of four wires, will not cost, at the wholesale price more than nine or ten cents; and such posts as above described will not cost more than one cent each and one to a rod will be sufficient, as the whole line of fence from one end to the other will be a united to resist any pressure against it, and for that reason the posts may be small and set but lightly in the ground.

Such a fence cannot be disturbed by the wind, and should the posts be raised by the frost, it would be but a small matter to drive them down to their proper place. If any fear exists that the wires may contract in cold weather and break, it will be very easy to turn the screws or wood-lag at the approach of frost, and have all secure. Fences may be made on the same plan to secure any other kind of animals, but for the larger kinds it is not unlikely it will be advisable to place a cap board on top of the posts. How durable such a fence may be remains to be known hereafter; but it is highly probable that the wire would endure for many years, if placed on the sun side of the post, even without paint, which can be applied if necessary. Such a fence could be more easily moved than any other; all that would be necessary would be to unfasten each end of the wire, and wind them on a reel, and remove the posts to any place desired, when could be very speedily accomplished.

Yours, &c., H. C. W.

Auburn, N. Y., Jan., 1848.

The subject of the foregoing letter is attracting a great deal of attention in some parts of Virginia—and in the middle States generally. We rejoice to see it. If we cannot get our Legislature to repeal our odious and tyrannical fence law, at least plans which go to diminish the sum with which we are robbed of by it deserve great attention. The wire fence will in the end do this to a very considerable extent; and if it will prove as serviceable here as we are told it has done elsewhere, it is a great invention.—Whether it will answer the sanguine expectations forward of it has yet to be seen. A very fine specimen of this sort of fence is now in course of erection upon the well named and well arranged farm of Mr. Wm. Crump near this city, and we shall then have an opportunity of observing its operation. We would mention one fact however, which we derive from those who are conversant with this fence, that it is absolutely necessary to have a strip of board nailed along the upper part of posts. The cat

tle do not see the wires, or regard them as too small to be an impediment; and either injure themselves or break through by plunging against them.—*Ral. Star.*

The Pine Trac.

We copy the following communication to the Columbia (S. C.) Daily Telegraph, giving a number of remedies for the decay of the Pine. It is a matter of such vital importance to us of this region, that we would recommend a trial of it by some of those engaged in the Turpentine business.

Notice has been given through the papers, that a disease was committing sad ravages on the pine trees in the districts of Chester and York. A similar disease prevailed about five years ago in the Northern portion of Lexington District, which destroyed vast numbers of these valuable trees. When the disease stopped it seemed to stop at once. But it is now ascertained that any instrumentality was used to prevent its progress. I am satisfied that this disease is the work of insects. To destroy these, several remedies have been confidently recommended:

1st. Bore a hole in each tree just outside the infected district, introduce into it with a small cone scoop, a small portion of the flour of brimstone, then plug the hole up.

2d. Saw what bare the roots. Throw in salt in proportion to the size of the tree.

3d. One gallon cheap whale oil, one pound flour of brimstone, twelve ounces salomoniac, one pound chloride of lime. Let the salomoniac and lime be well pulverized, so that all the particles can be well mixed together. Take old woolen or cheap cotton cloth, about nine inches wide, fasten it round the tree, so that the upper part may hang down like the collar of a coat, having previously brushed the mixture upon it. It will be well to renew it once or twice a week, until the insects quit working. It is alleged that as soon as the worm comes in contact with this mixture death immediately ensues.

4th. Encircle the tree just above the ground with tobacco snuff.

If any one thinks proper to try one or all of these preventatives, and the result should be satisfactory, communicate the same to the public.

I would regard the destruction of our pine forests as an irreparable calamity; to prevent such a catastrophe every feasible instrumentality ought to be resorted to.

I have heard that a strong dejection of spirit kills some insects at once—wet the tree all around with a brush above the ground, about two inches wide, about twice a week until the calamity is past.

DAVID EDWART.

Columbia, May 27, 1848.

Welsh Sayings.—Three things that can never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.—Three things not easily done—to glory oneself with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in every thing that is done.—Three things that are as good as bread—brown bread in famine, wet water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.—Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, a wooden sword to a coward.—Three warnings from the grave—thou knowest what I was, seen that I am, remember what thou art to be.—Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.—Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife.—Three essentials to a lass's story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and loots for an audience.—Three things seen in the penitentiary—the gab of an angler, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.—Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of air, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.—Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

Going! Going! Gone!!!—Gen. Zachary Taylor, at last has been forced to array himself in party plumage, and is now stamped as a Whig, who is to be beaten in November next, by those who love the Constitution. Study his Alliance Letter, and his condemnation appears in every line. Read his no party letters—and down with the Whigs will be the conquering cry.—*Columbia Carolinian.*

The new track of the Stonington road is laid on India rubber, and the cars are mounted on India rubber springs, which deadens the sound and removes almost entirely that jarring which has long been an annoyance to railroad travelers.

From the Baltimore Republican.

Whig Roorbacks Already.

We noticed a few days ago a falsehood started against General Cass, aspersing his democracy while American minister at Paris. The inventive faculties of whiggery have just produced another, which is no less than the ridiculous charge that "while his father, Major Cass, superintended the recruiting service in 1799-1800, for what we democrats styled the 'provision eating army,' he (the present Gen. Cass) was the preceptor of the grammar-school in Wilmington, and always appeared with a black cockade in his hat."

The Delaware Gazette recapitulates a fact or two on the subject of the residence of Gen. Cass in Wilmington, which nulls this Roorback effectually. That paper says:

He was born in October, 1782. The era of the prevalence of the black cockade was in 1798 and 99, and consequently Gen. Cass was then only sixteen or seventeen years of age. At the age of seventeen he emigrated to the Northwest Territory, and settled at Marietta.

Hopeful charge, for a wretched slanderer to issue against the boy of sixteen, who, with his revolutionary sire, was sojourning among us. With this simple statement, the whole of this miserable Roorback must vaporize and dissipate into "thin air," but into the murky recesses of the foul brains from whence it has been evoked. Not satisfied with re-uttering this exploded and ridiculous humbug, the Journal goes on to state that he (Gen. Cass) "doubtless proclaimed that 'if he believed he had a drop of democratic blood,'" &c., &c.

This is a connoisseur of the whole cloth, thrown out under the cover of a "doubtless,"—an insinuation which, if it were an assertion, would be a mere falsehood. We have seldom seen a more undignified attempt at detraction than this, even in the worst of political times. Why, these are the very words which have been so repeatedly and so falsely charged upon another prominent democrat (Mr. Buchanan) by the wigs press, and of which we shortly since published an exposure from the Richmond Enquirer, which proved that he did not utter them.

These vile insinuations made in reference to a mere boy, are as unworthy of credence as they are of manly utterance.

It may not be amiss to state how Gen. Cass came to be a sejourner here, and what he did when here. He came here, a boy from his academy with his father, Major Jonathan Cass, who, with his father, fought at Bunker's Hill. Major Cass was stationed here on the recruiting service. Lewis, a mere strapping boy, was solicited to take charge of the Latin school of the town, then vacant; and expressing immediately his willingness to do so, referred the committee to his father for his consent. Major Cass granted the request, saying that he was "very happy to see anything open which offered an opportunity to enable his son honestly to earn his bread," affirming "that he would prefer that he should adopt the business of a wood sawer, rather than remain a mere drone in society."

Such were the maxims which were early instilled into the mind of young Cass, and nobly has he profited by them.

By his own unaided industry and perseverance, he has reached his present exalted position.

There are those who believe still living here who went to his school by day and others who with him drilled as volunteers in the same room in the evening.

Yes, Gen. Cass was "known here;" and young as he was, a mere boy, residing only for a short period among strangers, there was, so far as we can learn, no single act of his stay which could have done discredit to a man of mature years. A more exemplary career than that displayed during the short period of his sojourn here, no man need covet or wish to behold.

Government Officers.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun gives the following as some of the features of a new bill introduced into the House of Representatives by General McKay, of North Carolina, for the purpose of restricting the power of the President in the matter of appointments and removals from office:

"The promotion of competent clerks to superior situations is one of the best features of the bill, and another is the distribution of salaries in such manner as to give the largest pay to those who discharge the most laborious and responsible duties. As no person is to be removed, after the passage of this act, without a statement in writing of the

cause of his discharge, and as no one is to be permanently appointed except upon a certificate of good natural abilities, good habits, competency and diligence, from a Board of Examiners, there can be no more dismissals or appointments upon mere party grounds."

Mr Cass' position upon the Slavery Question.

We believe that the position of Gen. Cass upon the Slavery question has been much misrepresented or at least, much misunderstood in this State. It has been some time since we read his celebrated letter upon it is subject. Our recollection, however is, that he takes decided ground against the Wilmot Proviso, and repudiates the doctrine of any interference at all on the part of Congress with Slavery either in the States or Territories, believing that the people of the respective States and Territories are alone competent to decide this question. It seems to us, that the doctrine of entire non-interference on the part of Congress is the true ground, and the only safe one for the South. To allow Congress to interfere at all, even though it be to protect us from any improper legislation on this subject by the Territorial governments, would be yielding a point which we think that the South ought never to concede. The position taken in the Baltimore Convention that Congress shall not intermeddle with the subject at all, is, in our humble judgement, the only true ground of safety for the South.—*Palmetto State Banner.*

GEN. BUTLER A BARNBURNER.

During the last war with England, Gen. Butler performed one of the noblest deeds of heroism on record. In one of the severest battles with the British and Indians on the North West frontier, a large number of the savages had found their way into a Barn, from which they poured a deadly fire upon the American troops. The American Commander said "that Barn must be burnt," and inquired "who would volunteer to perform the perilous task." After a long pause the youthful Butler gallantly stepped forward, and, providing himself with a torch, proceeded to the Barn and a shower of bullets from the rifles of the Indians, and soon fired it so completely as to envelop it in flames, and returned unharmed to the American lines, when every spectator considered his death inevitable! The firing of that Barn deprived the enemy of his strongest position, and soon gave the victory to the Americans. Gen. Butler is, therefore, the right sort of a Barnburner—he burns the Barns occupied by his country's enemies—and he is in every other respect a man worthy of the admiration and confidence of his countrymen! He and his great associate on the Democratic ticket, are bound to be elected by an overwhelming vote!—*Balt. Argus.*

Brownlow, in his paper, [the Jonesborough Whig] says, "if Gen. Taylor is nominated for the Presidency by all the conventions that ever do meet in this State, and if he is the last and only candidate that ever has wings run between this time and the day of judgement, we will not support him, or vote for him. Stick a pin down here!"

In December, 1847, Gen. Cass gave his views at length upon the "Wilmot Proviso, in a letter to Mr. Nicholson, of Tennessee. In that letter, he avowed himself opposed to the measure and to the exercise of any legislation by Congress over any of the territories of the United States, respecting the domestic relations of their inhabitants. He believed that all questions of that nature should be settled by the people themselves, who ought to be allowed "to regulate their internal concerns in their own way;" and that Congress has no more power to abolish or establish slavery in such territories, than it has to regulate any other of the relative duties of social life, that of husband and wife, or parent and child, or of master and servant. He said, in conclusion:

"The Wilmot Proviso seeks to take from its legitimate tribunal a question of domestic policy, having no relation to the Union as such, and to transfer it to another, created by the people for a special purpose, and foreign to the subject matter involved in this issue. By going back to our true principles, we go back to the road of peace and safety.—Leave to the people who will be affected by this question, to adjust it upon their own responsibility, and in their own manner, and we shall render another tribute to the original principles of our government, and furnish another guaranty for its permanence and prosperity."

Mr. Trist late Commissioner to Mexico, has arrived in Washington.