

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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Lincoln Business Directory

Court Officers—Superior Court—V. A. M'Beck, clerk. Equity—Wm Williamson, clerk. County court—Robt. Williamson, clerk. A. W. Burton, Solicitor. J. W. Lowe, Sheriff. Caleb Miller, Town Constable.
Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, J. Z. Falls; County Prothonotary, Ambrose Costner. **Trustees**, J. Ramsour. **Treasurer** Pub. Buildings, D. W. Schenck. **Coroner**, J. M. Jacobs. **Building Committee**—J. Ramsour, P. Summey, John F. Phifer, and H. Canler. **Lawyers**—Haywood W. Guion, main st. one door east. L. E. Thompson, main st. east, 3d square. W. Lander, main st. east, 2d square. V. A. M'Beck, and W. Williamson, offices at M'Beck's building, main st. 2d square, east. A. W. Burton, 1 door north of Courier office. T. T. Slade, main st. 2d cor. east of sq.
Physicians—Simpson & Bobo, main st., west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apothecary, main st. two doors east. E. Caldwell, east of Female Academy. Z. Butt, office opposite M'Lean's hotel. A. Ramsour, [botanic] main st. west.
Merchants—Benj 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. B. E. Johnson, on square, south west corner main st. R. Reid, on square, south east corner. Hoke & Michal, on square.
Boot, Shoe & Hat Store—Horatio Thomson, main st., on 2d square, west of court house, north side.
Academies—Male, T. J. Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr. Newson.
Hotels—Mrs Motz, s. w. corner of main st. and square. W. Slade, main st. 2d corner east of square. A. A. McLean, 2d corner, west, on main st. B. S. Johnson, north west, on square.
Grocery—W. R. Edwards, main st. east of square.
Tailors—Moore & Cobb, main st. 1 door west of square. A. Alexander, on main st. 4 doors east of square.
Watch Maker and Jeweller—David Welsh, main st. 8 doors east.
Saddle and Harness Makers—J. T. Alexander, main st. 2d corner east of square. B. M. & F. J. Jetton, on sq., north by west. J. Ad. Jetton, south west on square.
Coach Factories—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McKay, main st. east, on 3d square. S. P. Simpson, street north of main, and n. w. of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st., west, on 2d sq. James Cornwall, main st. 2d square, w. en. l. south side, corner. A. Garner, on main st. east end.
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. Byssauer, 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'Beck's building. Isaac Houser, main st. west end. Wells, Curry & Co. main st. east end.
Brick Masons—Willis Peck, (and plasterer) main st. east, 4th corner from square. Peter Houser, on east side of street north of square.
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.
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, n. from public square, 2 doors west side of st. John Butts & son, on square, south side.
Printers—T. J. Eccles, Courier office, 5 doors north of court house, Isl and Ford road.
Oil Mill—Peter and J. E. Hoke, one mile south west of town, York road.
Paper Factory—G. & R. Moateller, 4 miles south-east of court house.
Cotton Factory—John F. Hoke & L. D. Childs, 2 miles south of court house.
Vesuvius Furnace, Graham's Forge, Brevard's, and Johnson's Iron works, east.
Lime Kiln—Daniel Shuford and others, 9 miles south.
Letters for the above to be addressed to the Lincoln Post Office.

THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTER.

"They parted as all lovers part—
She with her wronged and broken heart,—
But he, rejoicing he is free,
Bounds like the captive from his chain,
And wilfully believing she
Hath found her liberty again."

L. E. Landon.

If there is any set which deserves deep and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable gift of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp—over which the breathings of early affections wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of mountains, or the song of the Hourii in the Moslem's Paradise. But wo to the delicate fashioning of that harp if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings, and they will break one after another—slowly perhaps—but surely. Unvisited unrequited by the light of love, the soul-like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom—like the mysterious harmony of the Egyptian statue, before the coming of sunrise.

I have been wandering among the graves—the lonely and solemn grave. I love at times to do so. I feel a melancholy not unalied to pleasure in communing with the resting-place of those who have gone before me—to go forth alone among the thronged tombstones, rising from every grassy undulation like the ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel a strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near me—a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy, which has found its way unsought for, and mysteriously into the silence of my heart—and if it be only a dream—the unreal imaginary of fancy—I pray God that I may never awaken from the beautiful delusion.

I have been this evening by the grave of Emily. It has a plain white tombstone hidden by flowers, and you may read its mournful epitaph in the clear moonlight, which falls upon it like the smile of an angel, through an opening into the drooping branches. Emily was a beautiful girl—the fairest of our village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affection—was near her with his smile of conscious triumph and exulting love. She had then seen but eighteen summers, and her whole being seemed woven in the dream of her first passions. The object of her love was a proud and wayward being, whose laughly spirit never relaxed from its habitual sternness, save when he found himself in the presence of the young and beautiful creature, who had trusted her all upon the "venture of her vow," and who loved him with the confiding earnestness of a pure and devoted heart.—Nature had deprived him of the advantages of outward graces and beauty; and it was the abiding consciousness of this, which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow men by the partial fashioning of nature; and he scorned to seek a nearer affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of poetry were in his imagination a perpetual blossoming; and it was to his intellectual beauty, that Emily bent down—bearing to the altar of her idol the fair flowers of her affection—even as the dark eyed daughters of the ancient Gheber spread out their offerings from the gardens of the East upon the altar of the Sun.

There is a surpassing strength in a love like that of Emily's—it has nothing gross, nor low, nor earthly in its yearnings—it has its source in the deeper fountains of the human heart—and is such as the redeemed and sanctified from earth might feel for one another, in the fair land of spirits. Alas—that such love should be unrequited—or turned back in coldness and darkness upon the crushed heart of its giver!

They parted—Emily and her lover—but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home to dream over again the scenes of her early passion—to count with untiring eagerness the hours of separation—and to weep over the long interval of "hope deferred." The other went with a strong heart to mingle with the world—girded with pride and impelled forward by ambition. He found the world cold and callous, and his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past—it was too pure and mildly beautiful, and it holy as pure

—he turned not back to the young and lovely and devoted girl, who had poured out to him in the confiding earnestness of woman's confidence the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had plighted.

Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart of Emily. She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind—she half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that he was a traitor—for her memory had treasured every token of his affection—every impassioned word and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last—the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her: and from which she had turned away, as if it were sin to look upon it, now stood before her a dreadful and unescapable vision in reality.—There was one burst of passionate tears—the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom—and she was calm—for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily and with the awful confidence of one whose hopes are not of earth, upon the dark valley of death, whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening of summer, that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just retiring behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like a halo, which circles the dazzling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily—I found the door of the little parlor thrown open; and a female voice, of a sweetness, which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an Eolian lute to the gentlest visitation of the zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen—and these words—I shall never forget them—came upon my ear like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams—

Oh—no—I do not fear to die,
For hope and faith are bold,
And life is but a weariness—
And earth is strangely cold—
In view of death's pale solitude,
My spirit has not mourned—
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or friendship unreturned!

And could I pass the shadowy land
In rapture all the while—
If one who is now far away,
Were near me with a smile,
It seems a dreary thing to die,
Forgotten and alone—
Unheeded by our dearest love—
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers,
The fairest of the fair—
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in my hair.
Perchance he may yet visit them,
And shed above my bier
The holiest dew of funeral flowers—
Affection's kindly tear!

It was the voice of Emily—it was her last song. She was leaning on the sofa as I entered the apartment—her thin white hand resting on her forehead.—She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over her features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow, and then passed away leading from existence like the strain of ocean music, when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlight waters.

A few days after, I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together, one and all, to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a deep and sincere emotion—they marvelled that one so young and so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring-time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow which had rankled in her bosom—the slow and secret withering of heart. She had borne the calamity in silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one, who felt there are woes which may not ask for sympathy—afflictions, which like canker concealed in the heart of some fair blossoms, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

Kidnapping.—Two men, named Bryant Saunders and Needuan Stevens, of Johnston county, were arrested in the Cars at Dudley Depot, on Sunday morning, the 3d inst, having in their possession two negro men and one negro woman, to whom they had no right. It is supposed, of course, that they were carrying them South to sell them. It has since been ascertained that these individuals, aided and abetted by others, have devised and partially executed an extensive plan of kidnapping. Several negroes are missing, from Johnston county, and there is now but little doubt

of their having been taken away by this banditti. Much excitement prevails in Waynesboro', and the adjacent country. We trust it will not subside till all the authors of this infamous project, are exposed and punished.—*Raleigh Register.*

Extensive Robbery!—We were informed, a few days since, by a Gentleman from Lenoir, that Mr. Richard H. Blount of that County, while on his way to Newbern, during the past week, to procure Northern funds, was assaulted by three desperadoes, sunned and robbed of the large amount of \$4,800 in actual money. The abandoned scoundrels who perpetrated the crime have, thus far, escaped detection.

Mr. B. describes one of the robbers to be a tall mulatto—genteely dressed, and very rapid in his enunciation. The other two were white men—one of them being small, fleshy, and having very dark hair; the other, tall, pale and quite thin-visaged. Look out for the villains!—*Ibid.*

Evening Lecture of Mrs. Hetty Jones.

CONCERNING NEWSPAPERS.

Well, Jones, you are a pretty fellow—here you've come home again as drunk as a biled owl, and you don't know yourself from four dollars and a half. The children are crying for bread—their clothes worn out, and here I have to slave—slave—slave—the whole blessed day, till I have not a rag to my back, and what there is sticks as tight to me as the skin does to the Model Artists, old Mrs. Smith tells about.

We must Retrench! Retrench indeed—I'd like to see what you'd retrench about this house, except vittles and clothes, and I'm sure we've none to spare in them respects. You wouldn't want your own flesh and blood to go naked and hungry would you? You're too much of a man if you be an old brute, Jones, for that. If you'd keep to your work, and mind your business, be steady and stop your drinking and spreeing all night, times would be a heap better for us—you ain't the man, Jones, you was when I give you my virgin affections—you don't come into the house modestly and lift off your hat, and say, good evening, Miss Hetty, and draw your chair close up to mine, and then take hold of my hand and kinder blush, and then hitch up a little closer and—

Don't make a fool of yourself! I ain't a going to, Jones, but it sort a does my old heart good to call up these reminiscences, and wish it always had been so. But you're as tender hearted as a turtle dove—and just as sensible when you have any sense, as any body—set down, Jones, and eat your supper, and tell me all the news a flying—

You're stopped the paper! You lie, Jones, you know you lie—you'd stopped your wind first—you'd a—

You couldn't afford it! Ain't you got a conscience, Jones, to let on so! The paper costs you four cents a week, and the printer takes all kinds of truck for pay—and here it's Saturday night and I'd like to know how much money you've thrown away this week—I'll count it up—I'll give you a blessing afore I get through. It ain't often I ketel you at hum, and when I do you'll take it, for better or for worse, as the saying is. There's a gallon of whiskey on Monday morning costs 27½ cents—there's a half a gallon of beer on Tuesday costs eighteen pence—there's a shilling to treat that old flummix with that come along and said he knowed you when you was a boy—and the Lord knows how much you've spent to-day—it must have took a heap of change, for you ain't an old sponge, Jones—you don't get drunk on any body's money but your own—and I reckon it must took at least a quarter to make a man drunk enough to go and stop his paper—well, now I'll count it all up—three shillings—and eighteen pence—and one shilling—and a quarter, makes just fifty cents, in my opinion as good as that very sun thrown into the fire, and better too, and that would've paid for the Lincoln Courier for three months—and I expects the printer needs the money as bad as most folks. There's a power of 'economy in such doings, why what would a body know if it warn't for the paper—and now, too, when there's a great election coming, and a body wants to know how to vote!

Wimin don't vote! Well, I know it, and it's a great pity they don't, they'd revolutionize the world and have a provisional government every where as they call it, and they'd—they wouldn't kill off all the men, not quite, cause they're useful in their places, mind I tell you, Jones. But I was saying about the printer, we must have news—visey ver-

sey we must have printers, and if they can live without nothing to eat, then they're the critters that's in advance of the age, for the people of this generation make a god of their bellies, according to the best of their knowledge and belief—another thing, I should'nt wonder if you'd stopped the paper and never paid for it—and then you'll be published on the black list, and your wife's reputation be ruined—and your children go to the penitentiary—it won't do, Jones, it won't do—and here she broke off, for Jones was asleep!

Honest Intent.—In a recent political discussion in Richmond, between Mr. Caskie, democrat, and Lyons, fed, the former gentleman surprised his antagonist, by reading Fillmore's Abolition Letter of 1838. Mr. Lyons immediately declared that if that letter was Fillmore's he would not vote for him; and further declared his intention to write to Mr. Fillmore. Mr. Lyons is chairman of the Whig Central Committee in Virginia, and has occupied a high position as leader of his party for years in that State. Let him carry out his declared intent like an honest man. He will have enough company from his party—depend on it.—*Flag.*

"Lewis Cass is a living example of the progress of man. In this country the path to honorable fame is open to all. The avenues to elevated distinction lead as well from the dwelling of the humble as the mansions of the proud.

That man who has been selected by the great Democratic party of the Union to wear the highest honors that human suffrage can bestow, was once a poor lone boy, who crossed the Alleghenies on foot, with his staff for his support, to seek his fortunes in the wilds of the far West, with a single dollar in his pocket and a bundle upon his back; but having a priceless treasure in his bosom—the order and legion of an American nobleman—a bold and honest heart, throbbing with high hopes and fired with the genius and spirit of progressive Democracy.

The broken sword at Detroit and the glory which he won in the border war, attest the chivalry of his youth; while his gallant defence of the freedom of the seas, his bold position on the Oregon question, and his fearless vindication of his country in the Mexican war, show that—

"Old age ne'er cooled the Douglas blood."

The Veto.—Upon no subject has Gen Taylor been more explicit than in his pledges to refrain from the exercise of the veto should he be elected President. A mere majority in Congress are to exercise, uncontrolled and unchecked, the power of legislation, and the whole power of the Government will be thrown into the hands of the Representatives of the Free States. With what justice and moderation this power will be exercised in questions where the interests of the North and South happen to be antagonistic, we can readily imagine from our past experience. Of what avail are Gen Taylor's opinions, or his Southern predilections, if he have any, when he positively pledges himself not to exercise his constitutional privilege of enforcing them. That the surrender of the veto power is neither more nor less than a surrender of the South to the tender mercies of the North is sufficiently apparent from the following paragraph from an article in the National Intelligencer, reviewing the Buffalo Resolutions. The avowal, considering the quarter from whence it emanates, is bold and explicit. Ponder upon it, friends of the South.

"The first of these six resolves demand freedom and established institutions for Oregon. Well, they have got all that they ask for Oregon. That demand is therefore satisfied. The ground has slipped from under them. They also demand the same for the Provinces of New Mexico and California. What sort of government is to be given to these provinces, now Territories of the United States, is a question to be hereafter decided by congress; and by the blessing of Providence, we are going to have a President who is pledged, as Mr. VAN BUREN is not, to respect the legislative authority on that and all other questions which may arise during his Administration."

Gen. Cass.—Gen Cass was seven times nominated to the office of Governor of Michigan territory by four successive Presidents, and each time unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

There is no place like home, unless it's the home of the young woman who's after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will please notice it.