

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 4.

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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. C. Miller, Jailor. J. E. Hoke, Town Constable.

Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, J. Z. Falls; County Prothonotary, Ambrose Costner. Trustee, J. Ramsour. Treasurer Pub. Buildings, D. W. Schenck. Coroner, J. M. Jacobs. Building Committee—J. Ramsour, P. Summey, John F. Pfister, and H. Cansler.

Lawyers—Haywood W. Guion, 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 McLean'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 main st. (post office) east. J. Ramsour & Son, main st. 5 doors west. R. 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, no: in session.

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—G. Presnell, main st., cellar, 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. R. 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 McKoy, 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 Cornwell, main st. 2d square, w. end, south side, corner. A. Gartner, on main st. east end.

Blacksmiths—Jacob Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delan, main st. near east end. J. Bysanner, 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—I. H. 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, 1st and Ford road.

Oil Mill—Peter and J. E. Hoke, one mile south west of town, York road.

Paper Factory—G. & R. Mosteller, 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, Ward's, and Johnson's Iron works, east.

Lime Kila—Daniel Shuford and others, 9 miles south.

Letters for the above to be addressed to the Lincoln Post Office.

From the Raleigh Standard. INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS. To the Members of the Legislature of North Carolina.

GENTLEMEN: In a former number we promised to submit our proposed plan, as a substitute for the Columbia and Danville project, as well as give some of the reasons recommending it. We think we have sufficiently established our first proposition that, in the event of the links being supplied in the chain of travel, between Columbia, Danville and Richmond, that it will effect to a most ruinous extent the Raleigh and Wilmington Roads. But should we have failed in this, we have at least shown that such a result was probable; and we ask you, when such great interests are at stake, (if even a reasonable probability of danger be established,) if that alone does not imperiously demand prompt, efficient, and speedy legislation?

Thinking that nothing less is required, we now proceed to develop the outlines of the plan, which was in part foreshadowed with tolerable distinctness in our first communication, reserving whatever we may suggest as auxiliary thereto, to some future number. We propose that the Columbia road, via Charlotte, shall be extended, and passing through Cabarrus and Rowan, shall cross the Yadkin River, above the flat swamp shoals, some twenty-five miles above the "narrows," thence through a part of Davidson, Montgomery and Moore Counties, to Fayetteville, and thence to Raleigh—the whole distance not exceeding two hundred miles. The advantages of this extension need only to be stated to be seen: The North or main Yadkin heads in the Blue Ridge, and runs a north east course, between that Ridge and the Brushy Mountains, through the Counties of Caldwell, Wilkes and Surry. At Rockford, in the county of Surry, the River begins to run to the south-east, and crosses through the Brushy, Pilot, and other Mountains at Bean's Shoals. From the Flat Swamp Shoals, a distance of some seventy miles, there is no obstruction to the navigation of the River. As a proof of this, we state that which is of notoriety, that during the past summer a Mr. Wm. May and others took a flat-bottom boat from Lock's Bridge up to William's Lime Kila, some three miles below Rockford, and carried thence to the bridge a load of lime, and this we are told without the least difficulty—a distance of some fifty miles. At Bean's Shoals there are obstructions, but such as may be easily overcome, for at this place the old Navigation Company erected a dam and short canal; the dam is still good. From Bean's Shoals to Wilkesborough, some sixty miles, we are credibly informed that there are no serious obstructions; the River may, and probably will, at some places, require sluicing, but the expense cannot be heavy. Thus, by closing the Yadkin above the Flat Swamp Shoals, you secure at once seventy miles of navigation on as fine a River as there is in North Carolina; and by a small outlay for removing the obstructions at Bean's Shoals, & a similar appropriation for sluices above, you will have some one hundred and thirty miles of a navigable stream, passing through the richest part of Western Carolina, and ready at all times to pour their immense surplus into the road proposed.

This route or "substitute" for it, should be received alone as such, although, properly speaking not central yet under the pressing emergency in which you find the State placed, is as central for the benefits conferred as any other which can be established. In addition thereto it is the only route that does not overlook your commercial towns, which although not primary in one sense, yet they are indispensable if you desire a home market, to which we trust all are looking, and for which, if we mistake not the signs of the times, you should be preparing. Beside securing the produce of the Yadkin, the route or substitute proposed, will be within striking distance of every county of the State to the East of the Yadkin, and West of Raleigh, unless it be some few of those counties on the margin (North and South) whose produce could not be secured, even though you were to flank the State with a rail road, as has been recommended by a former Executive.

Look for a moment at the advantages of the proposed plan. Take the distance from Charlotte via Flat Swamp Shoals to Fayetteville, and thence to Raleigh and Gaston—say some two hundred and eighty-five miles, and add thereto the seventy miles of navigation from the shoals to Bean's shoals; add also the sixty miles more above Bean's shoals to Wilkesborough, which a small appropriation would secure, and you then have some four hundred and fifteen

miles of road and water navigation, through a country unsurpassed for its fertility by any similar portion in the Atlantic State. All this you obtain by constructing a road some two hundred miles, and which cannot cost more than two millions of dollars.

Now when you recollect that unless you do this or something similar, that the Raleigh Road, costing some one million five hundred thousand dollars must become perfectly worthless, we ask you if it is not time,—yea high time for action?

By expending some two millions of dollars you actually save and make a good investment of the \$600,000, which the Raleigh Road has well cost the State; and by affording a road of some two hundred miles for travel and transportation, you actually secure and open as much more.

Neither have we enumerated all the advantages. You concentrate your trade at home—you build up your own commercial towns—you appreciate the value of real estate—you offer inducements for the enterprising to remain with you who are now migrating by thousands—you render the condition of your people easy and comfortable, as well as intelligent and happy; for as you give facilities of transportation, you stimulate them to active industry, which when rewarded affords the means of education, thus producing that equality in the social condition, which when produced, leaves every man to find his own level, disconnected with and untrammelled by extraneous influence.

Here permit us to say, (having mentioned the subject of Education,) that while professing ourselves the advocate of a proper system of free schools, and admitting to the fullest extent that the greatest of all inequalities is the inequality of education; yet at the same time we do most (and for this reason urge it,) that the most effectual way of imparting instruction to the ignorant and poorer classes, is to stimulate the industry by affording a market for their surplus; yes, even the poor have and can have a surplus.

Mankind being naturally averse to labor, if you offer no stimulant to industry, they become indolent; and from indolence squab poverty and degradation ensue, educate them as you may. You may inform and enlighten the understanding; but you must do something more to be permanently beneficial—you must inspire habits of industry, (where the usual stimulants are wanting) without which you may have an informed, but you certainly will have a degraded and vicious population.

Nothing constitutes a greater excitement to industry than the knowledge that the labor will be rewarded. This is the spring which keeps labor in motion. Let that but be impaired by bad legislation, and you produce a retrograde movement in society; the spring becomes weaker and weaker, until finally, the only propelling power is the measure of man's necessity; for assuredly no man will put forth extra exertions for the accumulation of a surplus, when he has every reasonable promise that the surplus is to rot in his granary.

If then you wish to render effectual the small appropriation you annually make to the cause of free schools, you must first lessen the number to be educated, which only can be done as stated.

YADKIN.

AN APPALLING ADVENTURE.

We extract the following story from the romance of "Cora Linn" now in course of publication in the columns of the Sunday Courier.

"Soon after the capture of the Capital of Mexico, I was going home to my quarters late one night when, in a dark and narrow street, I was suddenly assailed by two men, who threw a cloak over me, and efficiently prevented any outcry, or any use of my arms. I made violent struggles, however, but I was given to understand, in very bad English, that if I submitted implicitly to certain orders that would be given me, my life would be spared. In sullen silence I awaited the result of this singular adventure. I was soon placed in a carriage. A female voice addressed me, and counselled me to silence and obedience. My companion told me that I must submit to having my eyes bandaged, and, without waiting for a reply, passed a handkerchief round my head and knotted it firmly behind. She then took me by the hand, and when the carriage stopped, aided me to descend the step. I heard a door open, which, from circumstances, I judged to be that of a garden wall. The girl who led me told me, in fact that we were now traversing the alleys of a large garden. 'I am going,' said she 'to take you into

one of our richest and proudest Mexican Senoras, and that without the knowledge of her husband. A word, a sound—the slightest even will cost you your life.—'We must traverse the apartment of her husband, and he must know nothing of your visit. Step lightly, and follow my conduct, and no harm will come to you.'

The speaker was silent. I heard a door open, and we walked on, with silent steps, like robbers bound for plunder. At last my conductress removed my bandage, and I found myself in a small and ill-lighted apartment, the single window of which had been protected by a grate by a jealous husband. A veiled lady lay upon a couch. My professional services were required by her in the crisis of woman's highest peril. But she was not destined to hear herself called mother by a being who had it lived, would have been a child of shame, the proof of an adulterous intercourse. I accomplished the object of my mission faithfully and well. At least the life of a guilty woman was saved. Exhausted and consumedly thirsty, I demanded refreshment, and the lover of the lady, who was present at this scene, presented me a goblet of wine. It was at my lips—but at the moment of drinking it, my unknown and masked conductress, raised a warning finger. I turned aside, and poured the liquor on the floor. What rendered our situation peculiarly critical was the fact, that we could hear, in the next apartment, the husband of the lady stirring in his bed. The chambermaid and lover exchanged glances of fire through their masks, as if they were asking each, "Shall we kill him?"

The Mexican finally conducted me out of the room, and when I found myself in the garden, in the open air, I confess I breathed more freely. I walked at a respectful distance from my guide, watching her slightest movements, for I knew not what he might be meditating. When we had come to the garden gate, he took my hand, and placed the seal of a ring I had observed he wore upon his left hand, and on my lips, and I understood this eloquent appeal for silence. We found ourselves in the street, where two horses were waiting for us. We both mounted—the Mexican took my bridle in his left hand, and we dashed off with the speed of lightning. It was impossible for me to note the smallest object which might serve me to recognize the route we travelled. At daybreak, I found myself near the door of my own quarters, and the Mexican fled in the direction of San Antonio.

"And you had nothing to enable you to identify the lady?" asked Mangle.

"Only one thing," replied the surgeon. "I noticed a singular mole upon her right arm. But my story is not ended by any means. I was repeating it to some of my comrades at a party in Mexico, when we were seated in the gardens of the Presidential palace. Just as I had got to that portion of my narrative where I mentioned the only means I had of identifying the guilty senora, I heard a rustle in the leaves. We immediately started to our feet, and rushed out of the arbor in time to see a man escaping at full speed. Some days afterwards, having obtained leave of absence, I was about returning home, and was taking a farewell dinner with my friends, when I was told a lady wished to speak to me. I left the table, and went down to the hall, where I recognized my conductress of the eventful night. She uttered but one word—'Beware!' and then fell dead at my feet.—That very night, I was awake at twelve o'clock by the curtains of my bed being violently torn open. By the dim light of my night lamp I recognized the very Mexican I had had a glimpse of as he escaped after overhearing my conversation with my comrades in the garden of the Presidential palace. I called for help. The Mexican smiled a bitter smile. Opium grows for everybody's use,' said he. 'The scoundrels and your faithful comrades are all drugged.—They sleep a leaden sleep like that of death.' After these words, he drew from beneath his cloak a female arm recently amputated, and pointed out to me the mark by which I infallibly recognized the unhappy senora, who had received my services on that accursed night. 'Is it the same?' asked the Mexican. I could not do otherwise than assent. A poignant flash of light—the next moment I felt the steel in my side. But the assassin had struck wide—assistance came—and he fled. I recovered, and left the country. But a friend of mine, a merchant, who resides in Mexico, tells me that within a few weeks, a lady has appeared there in public radiant in beauty, but deprived of her right arm. She is accompanied by her husband, a thin wrinkled, white-haired, semblance of a man. When questioned on the subject, she declares that she lost her limb in consequence of an

adventure with robbers on the road from Jalapa to the capital, when, as the result of armed resistance, the passengers in the diligence were fired upon by the *saltadores*, and she received a musket-shot in the arm, which rendered amputation necessary.

"What do you think of that?" said Montfort, addressing Dr Mangle, "Commonplace," was the cold reply.

"But the vengeance of the husband—think of that," said Montfort. "Was't it glorious? By heaven! these Mexicans might give us lessons."

"Ah!" observed Dr Mangle, "I could tell you stories, if I choose to betray the secrets of the confessional. Years ago, I had an adventure, even here in the pious and well-ordered city of New York. One day I was called upon by a veiled lady, who informed me that she stood in need of my professional services. She had been unwise to her leige lord, who, in consequence of certain suspicions, had for a long time lived apart from her, though beneath the same roof. I refused to accede to her request. But in the course of time, the same lady came to me. The catastrophe was somewhat different from that our friend had just narrated. An infant saw the light and lived—lives yet—while the poor, duped husband is still about town."

"His name asked Montfort.

"I knew it not."

"That, too, I was ignorant of. Every precaution had been observed."

"Then you had no clue by which the identity of the guilty individual could be made manifest?"

"Yes, I had and have—one similar to that our friend has described as guiding him in his adventure—a personal mark by which I might again recognize the offending woman."

"And how long ago was this transaction?" asked Montfort.

"Less than twenty years," was the reply.

A dead silence ensued. After a while Dr Percy rose, and pleading business, retired, leaving his companions together.

"Doctor," said Montfort, "I have some questions to ask you."

"As many as you please was the reply. 'It lies with me whether to answer them—or not.'

Montfort carefully closed the curtains of the alcove in which they were sitting, and they entered into a close and whispering conversation.

OUR LITTLE BOY.

When the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest born unto us,
Bending humbly to the earth,
And with hands clasped tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This the prayer he offers nightly,
To the Source of light and love.

"Bless my parents, O, my Father!
Bless my little sister dear;
While I gently take my slumbers,
Be thy guardian angels near.
Should no morning's dawn e'er greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Taine the eye of love to meet me,
In the paths of Paradise."

Now a glad "good night" he gives us,
And he seals it with a kiss;
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us
In an hour so full of bliss
Now our arms about him wreathing,
One fond kiss before he sleep;
Soon we hear his gentle breathing
In a slumber calm and deep.

"Is Mr.—a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Frizzlehoff, referring to one of her neighbors. "Well, I reckon he ought to be," growled out the ancient bedmate, "for he's the meanest man in town."

A New Trade.—A firm in Milwaukee shipped for the New York market one hundred barrels of pulverized bones. This is a new trade, and the preparation of bones for manure in this country will doubtless become a matter of attention before many years.

Indian corn has now become so popular in Ireland, as food, that the potato deficiency will not be felt as in 1846. The returns show, however, and all reflecting men, if they will only exercise their reasoning powers, will perceive there is no foundation for the exercise of despondency which exists.

Genius resembles a proud steed, that whilst he obeys the slightest touch of the kind hand of a master, revolts at the first indication of compulsion or restraint.