

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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I Love Not Now.

Take from me all thou once didst give— Thy smiles and tears, thy sighs, that vow No longer in my bosom live; I loved thee once—I love not now: 'Tis better, in this wretched hour, To fling from memory every trace— Each shadow of thy broken power, And all memorials fond erase!

Haply, in after times the wrong Thy fickle speech hath done to me, May strike thy soul, as, borne along, Thou gaily sailest o'er life's sea— And then, amidst the wreck of love, That will thy sinking hope surround, Some long forgotten thought may move Thy fluttering heart with grief profound!

What is True Love.

Two ladies of my acquaintance, a short time ago, discussed the important question: "What is true love?" And, reader, would you believe it, they differed so much in opinion, that they agreed to refer to the first gentlemen they met; with the understanding that they should have been previously acquainted with their umpire. Fortunately for me, I happened to be that lucky personage, and each lady began to unfold her views on the subject with that rapidity of tongue only found amongst women.

"My dear John, don't you think that when one begins to feel interested in another and—"

"No, no, I object to your way of asking the question, dear Jane," began Mary, before Jane could finish her speech; and I began to think it was going to be a regular set-speech, too. But, as I found that they were going to differ about so trifling a matter, I asked what they wished to know; and on being informed, said: "I am sure I cannot give you any definite answer at present, but let me hear each of your views on the subject; but please only one at a time—therefore let me hear yours first, Jane, as you appear to have studied what to say, and have all at your tongue's end. She then began in earnest somewhat as follows:

"Well, I say, that when one person begins to feel interested in another; anxious about their welfare, inquires about, and gets to know all they can about them; I say that love prompts them to do so; and that is true love, and nothing else, although that anxiety, et cetera, be but slight and not very deeply rooted in them."

"Oh, I suppose," inquired I, you are an advocate for what are called 'first impressions'?"

"To be sure I am; and I think that is true love, for I really fell in love with Captain C— last night; he is such a nice fellow, although I never saw him before."

"Please don't detail such a love story at present. I suppose you would have accepted his hand in marriage if he offered it this morning; but remember, Jane, this old saying: 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.'"

"Now, Mary, I think I understand Jane's views, let me hear yours."

"Well, John," she began in an undertone, "I differ from her very much; I am not an advocate for what are called 'first impressions'; but for that only true love which has been seasoned and strengthened by time; that God-like love, always the same, or rather, loving more for knowing more; that which would endure even death for the loved one. Jane thinks only of loving such as Capt. C—, but my love would extend to all mankind; from king to peasant, from the savage to the most civilized."

"Seth, we'll have a little Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the store door and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit: without in you'd freeze going home such a sight as this."

Seth already felt the butter setting down closer to his hair, and he jumped up declaring he must go.

"Not till you have had something warm, Seth; Seth, come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down, now; and Seth was again rushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! It's a darned hot here," said the petty thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry, returned the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and

do for me. Again, let me tell you, I am not in favor of what are called 'first impressions.' Jane, I would advise you not to determine too hastily, but weigh well and consider; 'look well before you leap,' or you may afterwards feel the consequences; be careful not to attach yourself to worthless persons; such as, I am afraid, Captain C— is.

"Now, Mary, I have not much to say upon your remarks, except that I agree with them generally; but let me also caution you not to attach yourselves to all indiscriminately, as you might have to rue as well as Jane.

"I suppose I must now give you my opinion of love, although it is nearly the same as Mary's; as you will guess from the remarks I have made. A picture painted in the brightest colors is not always best; but often far from it: 'tis the equal blending that strikes the eye. So it is with true love. He who paints you in the brightest form, does not always love; nay, generally praises you that he may accomplish his own ends; while, on the other hand, he who sometimes remonstrates, finds faults, and points out your errors, is often your best friend; and, if he do it with good grace and suitable advice, blending your good as well as evil doings together, and making a picture as you ought to be, he cannot fail to do good. But, besides this, there is other love equally good and noble; that which would defend the fallen and the weak; that which would hide the faults it saw in another; that which would cheer the outcast and forsaken; reform the vicious; bring the wanderer from virtue to vice back again to virtue; that which endureth all things; hopeth all things; which setteth forth no evil reports, but striveth to curb calumny, vice, drunkenness, and other; evils too numerous to detail. I could dwell on war &c., and those noble minded men, who strive to abolish such fiendish, base, and unnecessary institutions, but my time will not at present admit; however, I may hereafter have an opportunity, which I shall not pass heedlessly by. I must now bid you good bye, and in doing so, I would say, that he who sincerely striveth to benefit his fellow-men, no matter in what form or how, loves them truly; and that is what I call True Love.

A Melting Story.

One winter evening a country store-keeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and when standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the re-venge was hit upon, and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and playing off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such an ester-nal night as this, a little somethin' warm wouldn't hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This resolution, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels, that while the owner stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place sure enough the store-keeper sat down.

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"Sit down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry, returned the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and

the wood to split, and I must be going, said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast, now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth here's—here's a Christian goose, well roasted, eh! I tell you, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter, to baste it with—come, take your butter—I mean, Seth take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up, as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his hankerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away, as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace below.

"Plaguy cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off! Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth, at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, clapping both his hands upon his hat. "No, I must go; let me out, I can't well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes and trickling down his body to his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go!" and added as he darted out of the door, "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a dimepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

PINE LANDS.—Best Treatment of them.—From a Georgia paper we clip the following suggestions as to the proper plan to be pursued with Pine Lands—the value of which every farmer can test for himself. We regret that the article has lost its ear-mark, so that we know not positively to whom to credit it. We believe it is from one of the Macon papers.

"It is the prevailing opinion among farmers that the pine leaf or straw is deleterious to land, consequently we annually see the 'region of pines' burnt over for the purpose of destroying that poisonous substance! Do such farmers ever reflect upon the wise provisions of Providence? For what purpose does the foliage annually fall? Is it merely that new leaves may put forth to beautify and adorn the trunk? By no means. It is that they may go through their gradual and sure decay, returning to the earth not only the nutriment which the earth had given them, but that richer quality which they had taken from the atmosphere. It is well known that pine soils lack potash, and it is proven by scientific analysis beyond cavil or debate, that the pine leaf contains more potash than the leaf of any other tree; and potash is one of the first principles in the growth of all plants and vegetables. What a suicidal policy then to destroy the very substance destined by nature to enrich the pine lands, and then murmur at unproductiveness! Farmers who cultivate pine lands, preserve your woods as you would your dwellings from the ruthless flames. Cover your cow pens, your horse lots and your stables with pine straw. The treadling of the animals with their manure added, will soon decompose it, which will make a fine compost for your vegetable garden. Husband your pine straw as you would husband your crop, for with it you can make any crop, in the bounds of reason, that you may desire. The finest Irish potatoes that are made in this climate are made under pine straw. This crop has proved almost an entire failure in this section this season, and yet 'ould Ireland,' never produced a more 'mealy pratie' than my crop turns out this season, planted under straw. There have been failures in attempting to cultivate the Irish potato in this manner, but it has been owing entirely to not truly covering with straw. Like the fellow that took a feather and laid his head on a rock, they say if a

few straws make such miserable potatoes, what would loads do? Those who would have good Irish potatoes, no matter whether the season be wet or dry, plant as follows, and you will not only get a good return of delicious potatoes, but you will enrich the soil and save culture. As soon after Christmas as possible plough the piece of ground designed for potatoes; open trenches six or eight inches deep, and two feet apart, across the ground, fill the trenches with partially decomposed wheat, oat, or pine straw. Cut the potatoes once in two, place the cut side downwards on the straw, about six inches apart, now cover all with the remaining earth on top of the ridges, until it is all level, then cast on pine straw until it is eighteen inches deep all over the piece—it will require no after culture, and each succeeding year with the addition of a portion of straw, will increase in productiveness. As the winter and spring rains beat down the straw compactly, decomposition commences at the bottom and no matter how dry the season may prove, there is always moisture, and consequently mealy and good potatoes. Remember, ye who have pine forests, that 'pine straw' is the very best manure for pine lands."

The Result.—It is with more than ordinary gratification that we announce to our friends throughout the State the triumphant election of our candidate, Mr. Venable. We look upon it as a turning point in the political history of the State; and as a sure indication of her future policy with reference to the Southern question. In a district which gave Gen. Cass 241 majority he has been elected by a majority of 735; and that too over an opponent, every way qualified, not only by his eloquence and ingenuity in debate, but likewise by his personal popularity, to elicit the favor and call forth the assistance of his friends.

Mr. Venable's position was a new one, and he conducted the campaign on entirely new issues. We say new issues, because our people never had them so pointedly placed before them as in this contest, and never were they so entirely isolated from other and older issues.— In throwing aside the questions of Tariff, Bank, Distribution et cetera as settled by Democratic policy—and upon which he might have relied with perfect security, and fighting solely on the ground of Southern rights, he has met as he deserved with untended success. If he had listened to the dictates of prudential advisers, he might not have risked so much on his election—but scornng a policy too temporizing at the present for patriotism and too submissive for independence, he threw himself into the breach and hazarded his political fate on the issue. Viewed in this light Mr. Venable's success may be considered a virtual endorsement, by his constituents, of the Southern movement made during the last session of Congress. The active part he took in that movement is well known—he was secretary of the Convention of Southern members of Congress, called to deliberate on the dangers which then so ominously threatened the South—and was a signer of the Address sent forth by the direction of that Convention. He was then and is perhaps now more decidedly and prominently in favor of Southern rights than any man from North Carolina; and as such he has been most heartily sustained by the people of the fifth District.

Most nobly, Fellow Democrats and Southerners, have you performed your duty. Your brethren in the South and West looked with anxious eyes to this quarter, and you have not disappointed them. You at least, have rebuked in an unmistakable tone, the encroachments of the free soil fanatics both at home and abroad. Mr. Venable will return to Congress now doubly assured of the correctness of his position, and confident that in taking so bold and decided a stand in favor of the rights of the South, he but re-echoed the sentiments and wishes of his constituents of the fifth District of the "Old North State."— *Hillsboro' Democrat.*

From the Spartan.

MOUNT ZION, S. C., Aug. 1.

Mr. Editor—You are no doubt right in supposing that William Henry Brisbane is the author of the Barrett letters, and the prime mover of those dark and wicked abolition schemes, which of late have so much disquieted the public mind.

W. H. Brisbane commenced the publication of a Baptist paper in Charleston in the year 1833 or '34, was considered by the Baptist denomination as sound on the subject of slavery, a man of talents, and well calculated to edit the denominational paper of this State. His paper was generally patronized by the Baptists in South Carolina. However,

it was not long before his Abolition sentiments began to be developed, and the paper was turned over, I believe, to Dr. Brahtly, in whose hands it died. Brisbane, after selling some 30 slaves, made his escape to the State of Ohio, where he has been, I suppose, plotting his fiendish designs against the peace of his native State ever since. I well remember Mr. B's attendance at New Hope Association. This is the only time I ever saw him, though I am familiar with his history, and my deliberate opinion is, that a more infamous scoundrel scarcely lives on the earth.

Yours, &c.

JOHN G. LANDREU.

From the North Carolinian.

In Cal.—Hon. Thos. Butler King, whig member of Congress, and Hon. Wm. Gwyn, do., are both in California, and it is reported in the papers that they have made speeches to the people there, urging them to take immediate steps to form a State Government, and apply for admission into the Union. Mr. King may be said, from the terms of his speech, to have spoken to them as one authorized by the Government at Washington. He told them that they (the people of California) must settle the question of the Wilmot proviso.— That the people of the old States could not settle it, and the Constitution of California must do it, (that is by excluding slavery.) He pledged himself, and pledged the administration, and would almost pledge the next Congress, that there would be no difficulty in being admitted. He told them that the Government at Washington was anxious that California should settle the question. (We always thought "Old Zack" would be glad to shirk out of it.)

Mr. Gwyn also urged them by strong appeals to delay no longer to prepare themselves a Constitution, and then elect their members to Congress.

The California correspondent of the New York Post gives what is called an amusing sketch of things in California. It may be amusing to readers in the United States, but was no doubt any thing else to those who were the subjects of it:

"There were some long faces on the part of the passengers on the arrival of the Panama at San Francisco. The steamer had come to anchor near the U. S. sloop-of-war Warren. The passengers surrounded and eagerly questioned the young midshipman who boarded us. When they learned from him, in answer to their anxious inquiries that the miners were averaging only ten dollars a day at the mines, and so hard was the work that most people preferred half that amount with hard labor at San Francisco, there was evidently a sad disappointment to their hopes. The wondrous of Aladdin's lamp would not have satisfied the gold seekers; their expectations had been worked up to a height not easily defined, and were now let down to ten dollars a day—an amount within the limits of arithmetical calculation.

It was interesting to observe the progress, for the first few days, of these adventurers. They clung to the steamer, till the good nature of the captain and the fresh provisions of the ship were exhausted together. They finally dispersed, most of them going to the mines, with their pork, tin kettles, tools, and India-rubber contrivances. The parson, who had each Sunday during the voyage, read to us the services, and preached against this world and its lusts, was off to the mines with tin pan and shovel. A sober, staid, and smooth-faced man, that had conducted himself like a saint on board the ship, was to be seen, much to the surprise of all, dealing cards at a faro table, at the Parker Hotel. The politicians—Hon. Messrs. T. Butler King of Georgia, and Gwyn of Louisiana—were playing their parts, and delivering themselves of vague generalities, at the political gatherings in the public square of San Francisco."

Important Naval Order.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Washington City, July 31, states that Commodore Parker has been ordered to proceed with the Lion Squadron to Cuba, and demand the abducted Spaniard, Francis Key, and restore him to Louisiana.

The Washington Republic of yesterday says, in regard to the New Orleans abduction case:

"We have reason to know that the Government is now engaged in ascertaining the facts of this case."

The Camden Journal urges the construction of a plank road from Camden to Columbia, to counteract the effects of the Railroad from Columbia to Charlotte.