

Col. John H. Wheeler

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Lincoln Business Directory.

Court Officers—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—Wm. Williamson, clerk. County court—Robert Williamson, clerk. Each of these offices in the Court House. W. Lander, Solicitor, law office on the main street, east of the public square. B. S. Johnson, Sheriff. L. P. Rothrock, Town Constable. Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, John Z. Falls; County Prothonotary, Ambrose Costner. Trustee, J. Ramsour. Treasurer of Public Buildings—D. W. Schenck. **Committee of Finance**—J. T. Alexander, Benj. Sumner, John F. Phifer. **Building Committee**—J. Ramsour, Peter Summy, John F. Phifer, and H. Casler. **Layyers**—Haywood W. Guion, main st. ne door east. L. E. Thompson, main st. east, 3d square. W. Lander, main st. east, 2d square. V. A. McBea, and W. Williamson, offices at McBea's building, main st. 2d square, east. **Physicians**—S. P. Simpson, main street, west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apothecary), main st. two doors east. Elim Caldwell, 3d street, 6 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite McLean's hotel. A. Ramsour, main st. west. **Merchants**—B. 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. Johnson & Reed, on square, south west corner main st. **Academies**—Male, B. Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr. Sumner also; residence main st. 5th corner south east of the court house. **Hotels**—Mrs. Motz, s. w. corner of main st. and square. Wm. Slade, main st. 2d corner east of square. A. A. McLane, 2d corner, west, on main st. B. S. Johnston, north west, on square. **Grocers**—G. Fresnell, main st. 4 doors east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, southwest of square. James Cobb, south east corner of Main and Academy street. **Tailors**—Dailey & Seagle, main st. one door west of square. Allen Alexander, on square, s. by w. side. Moore & Cobb, on square, north west corner. **Watch Maker and Jeweller**—Charles Schmidt, main st. 4 doors east. **Saddle and Harness Makers**—J. T. Alexander, main st. 2d corner east of square. B. M. & F. J. Jetton, on square, north by west. J. A. Jetton, south west on square. **Printers**—T. J. Eccles, Courier office 5 doors north of court house, Island Ford road. **Book Binder**—F. A. Hoke, main st. on 2d square west of court house. **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 square. A. & R. Garner, on main st. east end, north side. **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. Bysanger, 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'Bea's building. Isaac Houser, main st. west end. James Wells, main st. west of square. **Brick Masons**—Willis Peck, (ami plasterer) main st., east, 4th corner from square. Peter Houser, on east side of street north of square. **Tin Plate Worker and Copper Smith**—Jos. R. Shuford, main st. east, on south side of 2d square. **Shoe Makers**—John Huggins, on back st., south west of square. Anzi Ford & Co. south west corner Charlotte road and main st. east end. **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, north from public square, 2 doors, west side of st. John Butts & son, on square, south side. **Oil Mill**—Peter and J. E. Hoke, 1 mile south west of town, York road. **Paper Factory**—G. & R. Mosteller, 4 miles south-east of court house. **Cotton Factory**—John Hoke & L. D. Childs, 2 miles south of court house. **Veauvius Furnace, Graham's Forge, Brevard's, and Johnson's Iron works, east** **Lime Kiln**—Daniel Shuford and others, 4 miles south.

TO WHO! TO WHO!

'Twas on a cold autumnal night,
A dismal one to view;
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light
And not a star appeared in sight,
As the thick forest through,
Muggins—as usual, "blue"—
Beat homeward, "tacking" left and right;
When all at once he "brought up," right
Against an old dead yew;
At which he "rounded to,"
And "squaring off," an if for fight,
Said, with an oath, I sha'n't indite,
"—internal scoundrel you!
'Light an' I'll lick you, black or white!"
Just then above him flew
An owl, which on a branch did light
A few feet o'er the booby wight,
And then commenced "Tu whoo—
Tu whoo—Tu whoo—Tu whoo!"
Quoth Muggins—"Do you think to fright
A fellow of my weight and height
With your Ter-whoop-er-whoop,
You cursed buggaboo!—
An' if you're Belzebub, it's quite
On-necessary you should 'light—
For Muggins ain't your 'due.'
My money matters are all right!
THE PRINTER PAID UP—HONOR BRIGHT!"
Threat the owl withdrew,
And Muggins too;
But there are other chaps who might
Be caught out late some dismal night,
WHO HAVEN'T PAID WHAT'S "DUE!"
They know—to who!—to who!

The Little Fat Man in the Grey Overcoat,

OR, GUN COTTON vs. BUSTLES.
Dedicated to Vesper Brackett, Esq.
BY COL. NAT. SLOCUM.

On the fifteenth day of December, A. D. 1846, blessed in memory for a good crop, precisely at four o'clock in the afternoon (we are always particular in matters of importance) "a solitary horseman might have been seen," picking his way along the muddy, sloughy, stabby, market road, leading from the *Bunkumbian Empire*, to Columbia, S. C. For particular reasons, we shall say nothing as to the appearance of the equestrian, for it was ourself. Nor will I say more about the horse I bestrode, as with all my anxiety to know, and the almost super-human exertions I made, I have been unable to trace his pedigree back to an Arabian sire. It may not be amiss, however, to say that I was exceedingly lonely, and would have given horse, saddle, and bridle—yes, and would have thrown in the martingale for good measure—to have heard the voice of a "fellow human"—for as Miss Barrett says:

"The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming—
The beasts grow tame and near us creep,
As help were in the human.
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder."

From this, my extravagant offer and appreciation, you, my dear Brackett, will know at what part of the road I was.—You, too, have often passed through that long, lonely, "houseless Streak of Piney Woods," which beginning at the retired *Mathematical Professor's* above our capital, extends in a northerly direction, until its dreadful monotony is broken by the appearance of the shop where Paddy said "they sell aphels and melasses made out of pine trays, be Jabbers." It is seldom during the winter, one travels those tedious miles, without meeting and overtaking hundreds of *highland ships*—yeelpt cotton waggons—and in summer, the cows seem to take a particular fancy to the road-side—yet, when "a luck will have it," you are caught "solitary and alone," like the politicians ball, rolling along, and meet with none of these pleasant interruptions to the enant of riding alone, you know then, that gloominess becomes doubly insupportable. Such was my fix. 'Tis true, I did derive some little amusement from making nice calculations, as to how deep such a mud hole would allow a wagon wheel to sink; and if such another would not be *putty apt* to "take in" an axle, or lay violent hands on a tar-bucket? Now, this requiring one to take into consideration the weight of the load, and the "stiffidity" of the mud: as Parson Moser's Willis said about Buzzards lane; was a nice reckoning—very—and I confess it did amuse me. But one will tire of the same thing over and over, and soon

like the loafer I "longed for change."—Wherever the road would permit such equestrian performance, I put my "bon(n)ty steed" to a canter, and being in a musical humour *cantulated* myself. Then, I whistled, and speechified on all manner of subjects, and for *variety's* sake, not from barbarity, for I am the best natured fellow in the world—except Betsy Blossom who lives on the Saluda Fork and who from sheer good nature feeds her turkeys on milk;—I say for *variety's* sake, I occasionally cracked old gray over the head, just to hear his parchment covered bones rattle. It all wouldn't do. I blundered along, however, through mud and mire and my lonesome disease grew so rapidly, that I was thinking of including in my original offer for company, an old hat I *swapt* for, at Buckhalter's dance, and believe with a verity I would done so and have ridden into Columbia bareheaded, if I had not hove in sight of two old codgers who were jogging on at an easy pace to market. How heartily I thanked fortune for this favor. Rain to the husbandman when drought has burned up his crops—pardon to the criminal when the gallows looms up before him, the raising cry of the hounds which tingles at the heart of the fox-hunter, like martial music, the magnetic evidence of a glorious nibble, which is conducted by line and pole to the digits of the fisherman, the finding of a guinea nest with one hundred and forty-four eggs, by Jim Boney, wasn't to be compared to the delight I felt at the prospect of company. They were engaged in earnest conversation, on a subject of apparently deep interest. I kicked old gray into a canter, and briskly joined them. To my polite salutation they returned only a silent nod, which did not require the *addition of a wink*, to prove to me that they intended to continue their discourse. One was a fat, round plump-waisted individual, having on a close-fitting gray cloth overcoat, buttoned up with a most suffocating tightness, jam up under his throat, his full chin falling in a wheik like a Bologna Sausage just over the collar. His very countenance proved him beyond a "doubt's shadow" a regular descendant of Momus, though it also led me to believe that some one of his ancestors had married into the ancient family of Bacchus. In hard times he was just the man whom it did one good to look at. He was in fact a *jolly picture of joviality*. His companion, wearing a brown seedy *camblet* cloak, was what we always expect to find under such a covering, a long, lean, care-worn, discontented looking fellow—the perfect representative of a famine, and when I looked at him I couldn't help thinking of the *lean kine* which puzzled the necromancers of Egypt in Joseph's time. His face was so sharp, that I would feel safe in betting the above mentioned hat, against the little end of nothing, that a fly had not ventured to alight upon it, since he was a babe in his mother's arms. And his shadow was so keen that he shaved himself with it—and one time casting it a little too high it cropped one of his ears, and he laboured under the disadvantage of a *foreign reputation*, for the excision was laid to the charge of a sheriff's action in some *barberous* land, as satisfaction for riding off a horse which did not belong to him. But as that is scandal, we will go no farther, except it be to ask you to picture to yourself a fat jolly goodnatured bear, and a lank lumber-legged greyhound, travelling along "as thick as three in a bed," and you have my two men exactly. I drew as near to them as possible, determined, after my lonely ride; now that chat could be heard—for a reasonable price—only for listening—to lose none of their conversation, however uninteresting it might prove.

"Oh I swar its too orful at my house," said Camblet, "I sha'n't put up with it no longer; I had expected to sell a bulgin big crap of cotton this fall, but the tantrums has bodaciously robbed me outen at least a fifth; I sha'n't nor won't stand it." "Hut, tu," ejaculated Overcoat, "when you gits used to it, as I has, you wont erlow yerself to be flung out by these similar like trifles." "Trifles—it looks mity little like triflin to have one bag outen every five tucken from you—so it does—think." "Well that is a purtey sawagenous gouge," said Overcoat, but if we make up our minds to consi-

der em as trifles—they is trifles, and ain't anything else." "But," responded Camblet, "his purtey develish duff kill to consider 'em so, when they is actilly so far from it. And, then I've got a piece of land to pay for; I expected to do it with this crap—and I b'leve I'd have done it but for these foolish notions—why, it's tearin my erfairs all to pieces." "Well, I'll confess when a feller is pestered about these things he is pestered mightly," sagely remarked Overcoat. "But jest listen awhile 'twell I give you my experience in that line of business. I've got five darters, and each one of 'em wastes at least ca'clation five and twenty pounds *prannum*. And then there's a new hand sot in about a year ago—the old 'oman—and though she is now high on forty eight—she jist mounts on apparently an even fifty at a load. When she is full rig for meetin, she's the nicest, plumpest, biggest little figure of a mortal you—" "Oh I'll be drat if I'd stand that" interrupted Camblet, "I b'leve if they hooked my crap in that style, I'd venture to set a steel tra—. I dont no, neither—they take it by degrees so—and it gits bigger so gradually along, that the fust thing a feller knows his whole crap is packed inter round bales and slung round his galls. I remember when my oldest gail fust mounted her'n—it warnt bigger than my little finger, and I was 'willin to spare her that much—if it helped out her looks enny. But in the course of a year it kept growin and sweetlin and growin and swellin—ontwill now its nighly as big round as my body. I wonder any how," he continued in a kind of soliloquy, "what comfort's in em 'specially about dog days?" "Precious little I should reckon," answered Overcoat, studdering at very thought of it. "I've noticed my galls lay em by in hot weather when the dont expect kumpany—and its a purtey good notion of them, I'm a thinking. It would be a great relief to em. Bet as I was a sayin, hear me tell my sufferin, and then say if it aint the best not to keer for sich things. I fust tried burnin whenever I could lay hands on em. But soon saw that was beginnin wrong end—for as soon as one was burnt, a bigger one come to the funeral. Then, I wouldn't get any more norrid truck, and in that way that I'd purvent women kind from havin enny more of em for lack of cloth to make outen." "But 'twas jist about that time my old 'oman got to be monstrous fashionable, and wanted to look fat as the best of em. She want to be put out—not she—too good a contriver for that—so she cuts up one of her old petticoats and made one of the biggest sort—the galls followed suit. My next plan was to storm it out, I tipped and tore and, I cursed and swore, I pitched snorted, I roared and keverted. But the more I biled and busted the bigger they got. I then give it up in disgust. Bimeby one of them Mormon Preachers came along. You know they purtend to cure the sick and make blind persons see?"—"Ah-ha-yes." "Well, I thort I'd make one more e-fort to put a stop to hookin my cotton; and I thort if he could make cripples go it—and could pluck up trees and fling em inter the sea, that he was the man to help me in my en-de-vours. So I went to him and told him I had a job for him, and ef he'd do it I'd give him ten dollars. He said he didnt charge nothing, but that the workman was worthy of his hire, or something to that respect—so he said he'd receive it. It aint common sez I, for people about here to pay before hand, but sez I, I'll pay you as soon as the job is done. "I cant do it for you or any body else sez he 'thout they has faith, and your refusing to pay in advance, sez he, is evidence of a want of faith on yer part."—"I'll give you one dollar now—and the other nine as soon as you git threw, besides sez I, your board shall be flung in. Now sez I, that's faith enuff sez I, to make a nigger shed his heels and toe nails. "No, sez he, give me the hull string or I wont try it. Yer faith sez he is too feeble, you should have faith to remove a mountain." 'Thats jest what I'm after, sez I; come along home with me, and soon as you get there the money's yourn. But the feller would'n't do it, and it riled me. So I up and told him he was a dorned humbug and a hypocrit, and axed him if there was any word

in the Dictionary of Kongress speeches, worse than them too, to tell me, and I'd call him that. From that we got to high words and insted of money I endeavored to give him a tucken." "You give it to him good I reckon," said Camblet. "No, not exactly—he was a little tougher customer than I thort for, and though I counts myself hard to handle in a fight—yet—no—I—no—I didn't make much outen him."—"What, he didn't put it to you did he?"—"No—not exactly it was tug and tug—who will, and who shall—and we both was mitey willin to quit. I thort we was about squar when we parted—but I've hearn sence that he resther got a leetle—not much mind ye—a leetle the best of it.—Any how, sence that time I've let Mormon Preachers and bustle alone." Camblet did not appear to have been convinced that it was best not to care for such things. No, he looked, as if, knowing all the difficulties by which he was surrounded, he also knew his ability to overcome them—and was even now arranging his plans, and preparing himself for the mighty struggle. As I felt certain he would shortly give us the benefit of his cogitations, I would not now leave him, although we had passed through "the lonesome streak of Piney Woods," and I stood in no need of company. He did not keep me long in this state of anxiety.

"Well, I think I know of one plan that'll shortly put a stop to it. You've hearn of the new kind of Cotton they've got in Kolumbj?" "What, the Gun Cotton—or the Masterdon," enquired Overcoat. "Some call it Gun Cotton—some Explorin Cotton—case it was fatched by the Explorin Army. I onderstand it will be worth thirty-five or forty cents a pound. Ef that's so, it'll be a good speck, anyhow. I'm gwine to git the seed of it and plant my whole crap of that kind—and then see ef my galls ain't remerjently taken mighty thin."—As quick as thought the two lower buttons on Overcoat, were snapped off, and he began shaking and jumping from his boot-heel up to the crown of his head. He reeled backward and forward and sideways in his saddle. His feet were no longer in the stirrups. He became purple in the face—and was just about rolling off his horse, when Camblet caught him by the coat collar and steadied him. Then he opened his mouth, and if all the sounds that ever were heard had been blendid into one, they would scarcely equal that shout of laughter. I'd give the State Bank if it were mine, could I enjoy a laugh as he did. It lasted him from Younginger's lane to the bridge, & he was unable to converse during the time it required to ride that distance. During the intervals of convulsions he managed to say—"D-o-s-s-a-v-e-n-e-a-f-e-w-o-f-t-h-e-m-s-e-d-s." This Camblet promised him, if they did not cost too much, and having reached Batcher-town, I separated from them. Returning home a day or two afterwards, who should I overtake but camblet. I was rejoiced at this luck, for I desired to learn his success in getting the seeds. "Did you procure those seeds," I asked. "No Sir r-r. It won't do for me—for you see Mister, the boys in my neighborhood is mity hands to hunt possums in the fall of the year, when Cotton is jist gittin good open. Now if I should be a leetle behind in pickin it out, and they was to go through my field with their torches, a spark might explore my whole crap—p'raps blow em up too—and then they couldn't be tried for arson. So I give it up, and left it to the Legislatur. But, if I was livin outen a possum range I'd venture it any how, jest to try to blow up them dorned bustles." I now heard a tremendous shout coming from the waggon just ahead of me, and looking in at the hind gate, saw a little chubby boot kicking up at the bow-frame in perfect extacies. That laugh, and that boot, could belong to no one else but "The Little Fat Man in the Gray Overcoat."

A new patent stove for the convenience of travellers has just been invented. It is placed under the feet, and a mustard plaster upon the head draws the heat through the whole system.

A watchman being asked the name of his youngest child, said he "wanted just a quarter of three."