

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 2

LINCOLN, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.

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Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at \$1.00 per square (12 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

No communication attended to unless the postage is paid.

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, Senator, law office on the main street, east of the public square. Benjamin Morris, Sheriff; Paul Kistler, Deputy.

Register, W. J. Wilson; Deputy, C. C. Henderson. County Surveyor, Isaac Holland; County Commissioner, I. H. Holland.

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. 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. Eliza Caldwell, main street, 8 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite Mrs. Metz's hotel. A. Ramsour, main st. west.

Merchants—Wm. Hoke, north on square, east corner. 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, Benj. Sumner, A. M.—Female, Misses M. E. & J. F. Rodgers; under the charge of Mr. Sumner also; residence main st. 5th corner south east of the court house.

Hotels—Mrs. Metz, 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. Johnson, north west, on square.

Restaurants—R. R. R. on main st. east. Wm. Edwards, south west of square. L. Rothrock, south west corner of square.

Tailors—Daley & Seagle, main st. one door west of square. Alexander & Moore, on square, s. by w. side. D. Hoover, on square, north by east 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 & Co., main st. west.

Printers—T. J. Eccles, Courier office main st. east of court house.

Book Binder—F. A. Hoke, main st. on 2d square west of court house.

Painter—H. S. Hicks, next to F. A. Hoke, west.

Coach Factories—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McCoy, 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. J. Lee, main st., east end. A. Delan, main st. near east end. J. Bysinger, 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, back st. south west of square. A. Houser, main st. west. Isaac Houser, south side, main st. west end. John Houser, north side, main st. west end.

Brick Masons—Wm. Perk, (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—J. H. Huggins, and John A. Parker, each on back st., south west of square.

Tanners—Paul Kistler, main st. west end. J. Ramsour, back st., north east of square.

Hut Manufactories—John Cline, north from public square, 2 doors, west side of st. John Batts & son, in square, south side.

Paper Factory—G. & R. Mosteller, 4 miles south-east of court house.

Cotton Factory—John Hoke, 2 miles south of court house.

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

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

Iron Manufactories—High Shoals Manufacturing Company, H. W. Burton manager; 7 miles south-east. Address, to Lincoln. Graham's Furnace, 11 miles east by south. Address, J. D. Graham, Vesuvius Furnace.

DR. MICHAEL'S PILLS: AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE, AN ADMIRABLE REMEDY IN DYSPEPSIA,

In Debilitated states of the System; in Neuralgia and Nervous Headache.

THE Proprietor of these Pills, induced by repeated solicitations to send them beyond the sphere of his immediate practice, and sensible of the obligations to relieve suffering humanity, consents to do so, and now offers them for sale. He does not promise that they are a cure-all, but feels no hesitation in warranting beneficial results, whenever the directions accompanying each box is strictly adhered to. Their remedial efficacy is established beyond contradiction, as the subjoined respectable and well known testimonials certify. In all weak and broken conditions of the constitution, whether arising from the injudicious use of mercury, or the ravages of disease, they will be found the best of Tonics. A better remedy cannot be found for the relief of Dyspepsia; in Neuralgia pangs, whether fixed or wandering, or in the common form of Nervous Headache, no medicine will give quicker and more permanent relief. This fact in particular is attested by a Lady now in the town of Lincoln. (See her certificate below.)

J. MICHAEL HAPPOLDT,
Proprietor, Charlotte, N. C.

I do hereby certify, that I have been afflicted with Nervous Headache in its most distressing and severe forms, for upwards of 12 years, and never found any permanent relief until I used Dr. Michael's Pills, of which Dr. J. Michael Happoldt is Proprietor; and I do, in the fear of God, enthusiastically recommend them as an effectual and speedy cure for this most distressing form of disease. MARY ANN FORSTER.
Lincolnton, N. C. July, 1844.

From Eli Stafford, Mecklenburg Co. N. C.
For the satisfaction of those who may be like afflicted, I was afflicted with Ague for six months, had become bloated, my legs swelled, short breathed and very much weakened down by chills and fever, and under the treatment of this time I par of different physicians at different times, but all to no purpose. In this condition, with no hope of recovery, I was at last induced to call on Dr. J. Michael Happoldt, and get a box of his Ague Pills, known by the name of Dr. Michael's Pills; and in the fear of God I do say and certify, that one box of the aforesaid pills effectually cured me. It is now thirteen months since, and I enjoy uninterrupted health, and cannot but call upon all similarly affected to use Dr. Michael's Pills.

Signed,
ELI STAFFORD.

These Pills are kept for sale by JOHNSON & REID,
Lincolnton, N. C.

LIME!

THE undersigned propose to sell, at their Quarry, 9 1/2 miles South of Lincoln, LIME of a superior quality, at the following prices, TO WIT:

Slacked Lime, not screened, per bushel,	10 cts.
Slacked Lime, screened,	" 12 1/2
Roche-Lime, or not slacked,	" 18

We have reduced the prices of our Lime to meet the hard times, and to enable the Farming community to procure a valuable article in improving their Farms, at a reasonable price. For strength our Lime is not surpassed by any in the Western part of the State; it has been tried by those competent to judge. Call and examine, and try it for yourselves. Letters addressed either to D. W. Schenck, Jacob Rush or Daniel Shuford, living in Lincoln, and desiring any information in reference to the Lime, will be promptly attended to.

JACOB RUSH,
DANIEL SHUFORD
January 27 6m21-

BRIGADE ORDERS. HEAD QUARTERS, LINCOLN, N. C.

TO THE COLONELS OF THE 10th BRIGADE OF NORTH CAROLINA MILITIA.—You are hereby commanded to assemble your Regiments under your respective commands on the following days for Review and Inspection, to wit:

Col. Wm. F. Jones, at Moore's Store, on the 21st of October next.

Col. Simon M'Curry, on the 23d do.

Col. John Edwards, on the 25th do.

Col. P. T. Griggs, on the 28th do.

Col. M. H. Hand, on the 30th do.

Col. W. L. Mehahey, on the 1st day of November next.

The following appointments are made in the Brigade Staff:

THOMAS T. SLADE, Aid-camp.
WILLIAM J. HOKE, Inspector.
W. H. ALEXANDER, Commissary General.

JOSEPH BARRINGER,
Brigadier General.

August 16 34-3t

MISCELLANY.

From a New York paper. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

When there is a scarcity of natural pigons, sporting men, by way of keeping their hands in, occasionally pluck one another. A rich case of this kind, in which two of the fraternity, one a Southerner and the other a New Yorker, figured pretty conspicuously, occurred in this city last week. We give the facts as related to us; indeed they warrant no amplification. The whole sporting world of Georgia had a pain in the side for several days, in consequence of the paroxysms of a gentleman in which he was engaged. We omit the names of the parties, but in other respects the statements may be relied on as full and faithful.

It appears that in the early part of last week, Mr. —, of South Carolina, an "upper crust" gambler, arrived in town, with plenty of the fluid, for the purpose of betting on the approaching race, between Peytona and Fashion, and of picking up anything verdant that might come in his way. Soon after landing from the Philadelphia boat, he wended his way to a well known restaurant in Park Row, where blacklegs most congregate, and for the purpose of meeting some of his old acquaintances and making professional inquiries. He had just lighted his pipe, and was in the act of raising some brandy and water to his lips, when the flash of a large jewel on the finger of one of the crew who was performing the same operation, arrested his attention.

"That's a fine diamond," exclaimed the Southerner, setting down his tumbler, and stooping forward to obtain a closer view of the jewel.

"Yes," remarked the other, carelessly, "it ought to be; I gave five hundred dollars for it, and got it cheap at that, I wish I had the value of it now, though, for I got regularly cleaned out at —'s, Barclay street, yesterday."

"What'll you take for it, cash down," said the Southerner, who, for most of his time, was fond of showing off his wares, and having a pocket full of rosy, left remarkably self-complacent.

"I'll take it at my cash down," said the Southerner, who, for most of his time, was fond of showing off his wares, and having a pocket full of rosy, left remarkably self-complacent.

The ring was transferred and the money paid. By this time the parties had become the centre of a little knot of knowing ones, upon whose faces sat a sneering expression, which the Southerner, who, like all gamblers, is a good physiognomist, perceived and did not relish. When the transaction was completed, he keenly caught the sound of a sniggering whisper which ran round the little circle, and he at once concluded he was done. He showed no symptoms of suspicion, however, but called for champagne, treated the company, declared himself delighted with the purchase, and bidding his friends good evening, left the place. Proceeding to the store of an eminent jeweller in Broadway, he placed the ring on the counter and asked the value of "that brilliant."

The jeweller looking at him smiled. "It is past, said he, and worth about fifty cents."

"Have you a real stone about the same size and shape?" said the Southerner.

"I have," was the reply, and a beautiful (so-called) diamond, of which the mock stone seemed a *fac simile*, was produced.

The price was four hundred dollars. "The Southerner," said he, "wished to borrow it for a few days, and would leave the value in the jeweller's hands until it was returned, and pay twenty-five dollars for the use of it. The proposition was agreed to, the real diamond substituted for the counterfeit, and the Southerner left the store."

On the next evening he paid another visit to the restaurant and found the old party assembled. They all began to quiz him, declaring that he had been regularly "sucked in;" that his ring was not worth a dollar, &c. The former owner of the trinket appearing to enjoy the joke more than the rest.

"Well, gentlemen," said the supposed dupe, with a self-sufficient air, "you may think what you please; I know it is a diamond. I've not to be taken in so easy as you think for. I'll bet a hundred dollars this is a real brilliant."

The bet was taken up in an instant, the others offered to the amount of five or six hundred dollars more, all which were promptly met by the Southerner. The stakes being put up, out sailed the sportsman to find a jeweller. The first they questioned pronounced it a fine diamond and worth from four to five hundred dollars; so said the next, and the next, the betters stood against!—it was a real diamond, and no mistake and as the Southerner pocketed

the "tin," he coolly observed; "I told you gentlemen, I had travelled some!"

The following day he took the stone back to the jeweller of whom he had borrowed it, and had the composition counterfeit replaced in the ring, and in the evening he sought the restaurant for the third time. The same set were there, but looked somewhat crestfallen. After joking with them for some time, our hero gravely addressed the cut gentleman from whom he had purchased the ring, after this fashion: "Well, my dear fellow, I have had my laugh out of you; I don't want to rob you, and I don't want the ring. Marquand has offered me three hundred and fifty dollars, and you can go to him to-morrow if you like, and make a cool hundred out of it."

The offer was too tempting to be refused. The shark bit, and the Southerner received two hundred and fifty dollars worth of gold, and the sharper fifty cents worth of paste. The next morning the Carolina was non est inventus; and the over-reached sharper found lying on his table a beautiful note, sealed with perfumed wax, and stamped with a figure of Mercury, the God, of the ves. On removing the envelope, the note was found to contain only three words, viz: "DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

This was a puzzle: but the first jeweller to whom our "sporting friend" showed the ring explained the mystery. The victim, unable to bear up against the ridicule brought upon him by this denouement, has left the town for a few weeks on urgent business.

THE STUMP TAIL'D COW.

A good many years ago a man stole a cow from Morrisown, N. J., and drove her to Philadelphia for sale. She was a common cow enough, except that she had lost all her tail but about six inches. The thief, fearing that by the shortness of her tail, he might be traced, had procured in some way, probably from a slaughter house, another cow's tail, which he fastened so ingeniously to the short tail, that it was not to be known that it had not regularly grown there.

As soon as the Jerseyman missed his cow he set off for Philadelphia, thinking she would probably be carried there for sale, and it happened when he came to the city, he saw the cow in the market.

"Here!" and as it was natural that he should have his thoughts very much upon cows, he soon began to look upon this one with great attention. She was indeed, very much like his cow, he thought. Her mark agreed wonderfully, and she had exactly the same expression of her face; but the expression of her tail was so very different. It must be supposed that the new owner of the cow felt rather uncomfortable during the examination, for he soon saw that this was the person whose property he had stolen, and he was very uneasy lest he should take hold of her tail, which he looked at so continually. Upon the whole he thought best to divert his attention in some way, and therefore steps up to him and says, "neighbor, that is a fine cow of mine, won't you buy her? you seem to know what a good cow is."—"Oh, dear me," says the other, "I've just had a cow stolen from me."

"Well," says the thief, "I'm sorry to hear that they've got to stealing cattle, but I'll sell off, and you could not better replace the loss than by buying this cow! I'll warrant she's as good as yours!" "Why," says the Jerseyman, "she was exactly like this one, only she had no tail to speak of, and if this one had not such a long tail, I'd swear it was my cow." Every body now began to look at the cow's tail; but the thief stood nearer to it than any body, and taking hold of it so as just to cover the appling with his left hand, and with a jack-knife in his right, pointing to the tail, he said, "so if this cow's tail were this long, would you buy it?" "That I would," said the other, who began to be very much confused at the perfect resemblance to his cow, except in one particular, when the thief with a sudden cut of his knife, took off the tail just about an inch above the splitting, and throwing it overboard, biondy as it was, turned to the other and said, "now swear it is your cow!" The bewilderment of the poor man was now complete, but as he had seen the tail cut off, and saw the blood trickling from it, he could, of course, lay no claim to the animal from the shortness of the tail; indeed, here was proof positive that this was not his cow, so that the thief, going over with him, sold the cow without any further fear of detection.

Mr. Slang used to say my horses—my boys. Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horses, our boys, our farm." The substitution of "our," for "my," by Mr. Slang was brought about thus:

Mr. Slang had just married a second wife—on the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang had casually remarked, "I now intend to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."

"Say our dairy—say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

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"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."

"Say our dairy—say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy," vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy," echoed the wife, emphasizing each our with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cowering husband.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes. Mr. Slang remained several minutes waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting himself out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" she said.

"I'm looking, my dear," snivelled he, "to see if I can see any thing of our hat."

The struggle was over. It was our horses, our dairy, and the next Sunday morning, he very humbly asked her if he might wear our clean breeches to church.

The Duellist subdued by a Yankee.—A Scotch Major, who had been so successful with his sword as to fighting several duels with repeated success, but who, on account of his extreme desire for quarrelling when a little intoxicated, and for his boasted courage, was deserted and despised by his brother officers, came one evening into a large company. There happened to be present a Yankee, an officer in the same regiment. This Yankee related among other things, the failure of a certain expedition, in which he had the misfortune of getting wounded.

"That was because you were a rascally set of cowards," observed the Major.

"You are a liar," said the Yankee.

The company started,—the Scotelman looked down upon him with as much contempt as Goliath did upon David, and immediately asked, "Are you a man to meet me?"

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "at any time and where you please, only, with this provision that we meet without seconds."

"Well, then, to-morrow morning, at five o'clock, at —."

"Agreed."

The company present endeavored to dissuade the Yankee, telling him the Major had every advantage where he had none, and he had better compromise matters, or he would have cause to repent his rashness; but he still persisted. The next morning the Major appointed about sunrise a meeting in the market: shortly after the Major made his appearance with his brace of pistols and his sword. Before he advanced far, the Yankee, in an austere tone, bade him stop, or he would blow his brains out; upon which the Major, struck with astonishment at this unexpected stratagem, reluctantly obeyed, but expostulated with him on the injustice of such ungentlemanlike proceedings; the Yankee was implacable, and determined to punish him for his conduct, and the abuse he himself had received.

"Lay down your sword and pistol," said he still presenting his musket, "and then fight me on foot—march!"

The poor Major was under the necessity of obeying, and uttering a volley of curses against his stars, passively submitted. The Yankee then quietly took possession of his arms.

"This base, his cowardly thus to disarm me of all defence," says the Major.

"No," replied his fellow combatant, "I will deal honorably with you; there, take my musket (throwing it towards him) and defend your life."

He, quite incensed, seized the weapon with a mixture of exultation and precipitate vengeance, and rushing forward, demanded his arms, or he would shoot him on the spot.

"Shoot away," said the Yankee.

Provoked at such unparalleled insolence, in a fit of frenzy he drew the trigger! But alas! the musket had not been charged! The glory of our braggadocio was so sullied, and his feelings so mortally wounded by this indignity, that he sold his commission and left the place.

THE BITER BITTEN.

Some one has told an anecdote something like this. A gambler challenged an old pilot on the Mississippi to play a game of loo. The old fellow was too much for him, and bled him to the tune of \$50 in short metre.

"Now," said the blackleg, "I'll bet you \$50 against the \$50 you have just won, that I can turn up jack the first time trying."

"Never mind," said the pilot, "let's have a hand at old bridge; you can easily get your change back at that."

But so far from this, in a few hands the gambler was minus \$50 more; when he offered to bet \$100 that he could turn up Jack.

"Very well, go ahead."

Over went the whole pack.

"Well," said the gambler, "I reckon there's a Jack up."

"Not that you know," said the pilot, "for while we were at old bridge, I stole all the Jacks."

The blackleg had run against a snag, and he wasn't insured!

Lucky.—A man went out fishing in the Delaware a few days since, and hooked a gold watch. We have heard of gold watches being hooked before.