

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 3.

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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. H. N. Gaston, Sheriff; Paul Kistler, Deputy.

Register, W. J. Wilson; **Deputy**, C. C. Henderson. **County Surveyor**, Isaac Holland; **County Prothonotary**, I. H. Holland; **Coroner**, Wm R. 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. McBee, and W. Williamson, offices at McBee's building, main st. 2d square, east.

Physicians—S. P. Simpson, main street, west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apocryphary), main st. two doors east. Elin Caldwell, main street, 6 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite Mrs. Motz'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, 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. Johnson, north west, on square.

Grocers—G. Presnell, main st. 4 doors east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, southwest of square. L. Rothrock, south-west corner of square.

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. R. M. & F. J. Jetton, on square, north by west. J. A. Jetton & Co., main st. west.

Printers—T. J. Eccles, Courner office main st. east end, south east corner of the Charlotte road.

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. Jac. Is, main st., east end. A. Dela n, 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, main st. M'Lee's building. Isaac Houser, main st. west end. James Wells, main st. west of square.

Brick Masons—Watts 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. Amzi 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. Moate, 4 miles north of town, on court house.

Cotton Factory—John Hoke & L. D. Childs, 2 miles south of court house.

Lime Kiln—Daniel Shuford and others, 3 miles south.

WANTED—A youth of about 16 years of age as an apprentice to the Printing business. Apply at this office.

Volunteer's Farewell.

Now flows the banner to the breeze,
Now sounds the trump that bids us go;
The barque is ready on the seas,
And we must speed to seek the foe;
And never hearts more proudly yet
Went forth at Freedom's trumpet cry:
But tues that we can not forget
Bring tears to many a manly eye.

We do not weep with human fears,
With sense of danger, dark and dread;
The foe shall never see the tears
That fall upon a sister's head;
Behind the cottage door, when love
Stands waiting for the parting kiss—
'Tis there the deepest pang we prove,
Where first we found the sweetest bliss.

Ah! thither, when in fields of strife,
Our hearts in fancy still shall fly,
There still, when struggling with life,
Shall cling each fondest memory;
Perchance, even then, some earnest prayer
Shall crown with peace our parting breath,
And still the sigh of heart most dear,
Shall bless the spirit freed by death.

W. G. S.

The Way the Irish woman Took to stop her husband from getting drunk.

Mr Editor:—Our aged friend, who has heretofore furnished interesting matter for your paper called in this morning to say that he had lately heard a topsy race anecdote, which might be thought worthy of a place in the Dew Drop.

A rosy daughter of sweet Erin was busy at her wash tub, when some looker-on observing that she was wrung out her clothes with her left hand. "What Judy, are you left handed?" "Niver," she replied. "It is not left handed I am since there's only two things that I do with my left hand. One is to do what you see me doing now."—"An' the other is to whip Jemmy." "What whip your husband? How is that?" "An' I'll tell you how it is: please ye Jemmy would get drunk, and so I whipped him. Well, did that make him leave off? Niver a bit for sure, the more I whipped him, the more he got drunk. And what did you do then, Judy? Oh! an' please ye I left off myself. As Jemmy wouldn't leave off getting drunk for my whipping why, just then, like a reasonable woman—I left off whipping him for getting drunk. And I took him on another tack. Says I to him one bright evening as we two were sitting alone, "Jemmy," says I, "What is it, my Judy?" said he. So says I, Jemmy, if ye is not agoing to leave off getting drunk, I'll tell ye what I am going to do next. What's that? said Jemmy, looking up to see if I was in earnest. Well, I'll tell ye, says I, I am going to get drunk myself. Don't do that Judy, says he. An' sure, I said: it will no be a spree now, and then that I'll have, but I'll spree all the time. It is no getting drunk every Saturday night as I'll be, but drunk every day in the week, and every night too, An' we'll sell our table, and our chairs, and our bed too Jemmy to buy rum. An' we'll be turned out of doors because we can't pay our rent, an' then the officer shall come and carry us off to jail! Sop! sop! says he, an' sure you don't mean so. An' sure I do, said I. Jemmy hung down his head, and said nothing.— Says I, Jemmy, but he said nothing and went to bed. The next morning he was up betimes, and, after breakfast says he to me, Come Judy put on your things, and go along with me. An' where is ye ye going, said I. Never mind that said he, come along. So I went with him, and we both signed the pledge and niver a drop of the critter has he tasted since.

Irish Generosity.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Sun, on his way up the Hudson, states that a fine instance of Irish generosity was elicited on the way, on the occasion of a young woman presenting herself at the Ticket Office at one of the Depots, dejected and distressed. She was a wife, and the mother of two little children—the wife of an imberbeate. Oh! said and dreary destiny!—The husband had that day, in spite, deserted her, taking their two children with him to Philadelphia. She was determined to follow him, but was penniless. Her case was stated to the agent. He, with official coolness, pointed to the conductor. The tears of sorrow had wet the cheek of that woman, a widow while her husband was yet alive, or rather, while her husband was the subject of living death. A young well dressed Irishman suddenly exclaimed in his rich brogue, "I'll be one of four to give her a passage." The proposal was accepted, the money plunked; a beam of gratitude shot across the face of the forsaken wife, and that night she started in pursuit of her husband.

The very last Irish case we have heard, is that of a cook, who happened to let some candles fall into water, put them in the oven to dry.

Adventure of a Bashful "Lover."

His name was Danphule—we used to call him 'Jackass' for short. Heaven help me if he should see this story I hope he don't take the "Spirit." Among his many misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—the number that inconvenient one of bashfulness, he was fond of ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him talk—in fact he was a young man of "great action." Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at College, and began to think he must seek the Ladies society; he was getting to be a man, and it looked manfully to have a "penchant." So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hydenish girl in the square, but how to tell his love! there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes" and he accordingly tried her, but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despaired expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon "going it alone." Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons—black cassimere pants, (said pants being a "le-tle" tighter than the skin) and a spotless vest. The Journals of the day state as an item of information that the Thermometer ranged from 75 to 80 degrees. Jack wears it was a hundred—as the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his courage and perspiration coming out together, and he almost determined to pool of and stay at home. He concluded, however, to take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the house he firmly concluded not to go in, seeing no signs of life there, he thought probable that no one was at home, and he had proceeded so far he had to save his card. No sooner determined he concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell—the darned thing needn't make such a "cus-sed" noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him to walk in. "Miss Emily was all alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him."

Oh Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlour with a pretty girl all alone! It was too late to retreat, the girl had closed the front door and was pointing the way into the parlor where "Miss Emily was sitting alone." Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or rather sidled. All was perfect chaos to his eye for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice "bidding him welcome and draw near." To obey the order was the work of a moment, as he supposed—but he little dreamt of the obstacle Fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well the stream of Love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered not into his calculation. Judge therefore of his astonishment at being topped up almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with plethoric legs which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness.—Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra tension of muscles, and sinews, he not only "procured a tumbler but also a "compound fracture" of the black pants aforesaid, said fracture extending all across that point which comes in close contact with a chair. Having picked himself up carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily "no setting him forward any," he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable exposure, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on needles. The young lady, who was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad mishap of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to

drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. And on this rock he split, for just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. "What had become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in! It must certainly be somewhere about! Haven't you it under you, Mr. Danphule? Jack was sure that it couldn't be so! but poor Jack in venturing an answer could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop the coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing "viper," he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance of the floor. As he did so the fracture opened, and behold there lay the lady supposed, her property. It was the work of an instant to seize the corner, and exclaim—"Here it is, sir, you needn't trouble yourself. Raise a little, it is under you!" at the same time giving it a long pull. Alas, the tail was now told; no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt.—But what should he do? Another, a strong pull, evening on the part of the young lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost "dry goods," coupled with the request "Get up sir, you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grappled with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen, which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents. For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

A Good Rebuke.

The Petersburg American tells the following very good story, and we dare say it is a true one:

Judge R. had agreed to an arrangement for marrying his daughter to a blacksmith. His son who entertained ideas more elevated than any of his ancestors, and was somewhat haughty withal, when this astounding information first reached him sought an immediate interview with his father, whom he found in company with several others.

"Sir, said he to his father 'is that true which I hear, that you intend to marry my sister to a blacksmith?'"

"And pray who are you sir; and who were your ancestors?"

"That, sir, replied the son, 'I should expect to learn from you.'"

"Oh you shall be gratified; your grand fathers were both weavers; and then, to the infinite enjoyment of the son, he amused him and the company with anecdotes of their exploits on the loom."

Poverty.

Is poverty a crime? Certainly it must be so for we see the rich rascal courted, his offences forgotten—while the poor man, with no stain upon his character but poverty, is shunned and of no repute. There is a redeeming grace in gold which hides all iniquity. As the gold leaf applied to the pustules of the small pox prevents their leaving a pit; so does the same gold in the shape of a current coin, restore the wounded reputation, leaving not a scar behind.

Another Cotton Factory.

It is with pleasure we announce to the public that a Cotton Factory has been established in this county under the name of the Catawba Manufacturing Company and is now in successful operation. We rejoice that our county is not far behind some of her sisters in the spirit of improvement. This Factory has been erected on the Catawba River about 8 miles west from Charlotte, and is owned by Messrs. H. B. Williams and Peter M. Brown of this town, and Gen. W. H. Neel, of this county.—We understand that it is the opinion of those who have seen the machinery in operation that it is equal to any in the State, and that the yarn is admired by all who have examined it. This is another evidence that men of capital consider cotton manufacturing a safe investment. There is no doubt that in a few years North Carolina will become a manufacturing State. And why should she not? We have every advantage—labor is cheaper than at the North; living is cheaper, the raw material is raised at our door and we have water power equal to any section, and all that is wanted is a few enterprising individuals and capital to make North Carolina equal if not superior to any State in the Union.—Charlotte Journal.

Acts and Resolutions of the Legislature of N. C. passed at the Session of 1846. '47.

PUBLIC ACTS.

1. An act to Redistrict the State, entitled, "an act to repeal an act," &c. stratified 17th Jan. 1843, and for the purpose of securing a just and proper division of the State into Congressional Districts." [Lays off the districts as follows:

1st Dist. Cherokee, Macon, Haywood, Buncombe, Henderson, Rutherford, Burke, McDowell, Yancey, Cleveland and Caldwell.

2nd Dist. Ashe, Wilkes, Surry, Davie, Rowan, Iredell and Catawba.

3d Dist. Lincoln, Gaston, Mecklenburg, Union, Anson, Stantley, Cabarrus, Montgomery, Richmond and Moore.

4th Dist. Stokes, Rockingham, Guilford, Randolph and Davidson.

5th Dist. Granville, Caswell, Person, Orange and Chatham.

6th Dist. Wake, Franklin, Warren, Halifax, Edgecomb, Nash and Johnston.

7th Dist. Cumberland, Robeson, Columbus, Bladen, Brunswick, New Hanover, Sampson, Duplin and Onslow.

8th Dist. Wayne, Green, Lenoir, Jones, Craven, Carteret, Beaufort, Pitt, H. de, Washington, and Tyrrell.

9th Dist. Martin, Bertie, Hertford, Northampton, Gates, Chowan, Perquimans, pasquotank, Camden and Currituck.

2. To provide for holding a session of the Supreme Court, once a year in the western part of the State. [Sec. 1st, provides that a session of the Supreme Court shall be held yearly at Morganton, on the first Monday of August. Sec. 2d, provides that all Appeals taken and cause transmitted, from the counties of Stokes, Davidson, Montgomery, Anson, and all counties lying West of the same, shall be heard and tried at Morganton. Sec. 3d, provides for the appointment of a Clerk, who shall keep his office at Morganton. Sec. 4th, makes it the duty of the Sheriff of Burke, to attend the session of said court. Sec. 5th, provides that the Reporter for the Court at Raleigh, shall also act as Reporter to the Morganton Session of it. Sec. 6th, where the Summer Term of the Supreme Court at Raleigh, from the 2nd Monday of June to the 3d Monday of May. Sec. 7th, makes it the duty of the Judges to appoint one of the Solicitors within the region of country specified, to attend said Court at Morganton, as Attorney for the State.

The act does not abolish either of the Terms at Raleigh, but provides for holding an additional one at Morganton.

3. To amend the Revised Statutes entitled Deed and Conveyance. [Provides that the registry, or duly certified copy, of the record of any deed, or conveyance, &c. may be given in evidence in any court of record and that officers mentioned in the 16th section shall be authorized to certify the proof of execution of power of attorney by a subscribing witness, or acknowledgment, provided such witness reside out of the State.

4. To regulate the issuing of process in certain cases. [Provides that if there should be no proper officer in any county, to whom any process of any court ought to be directed, the clerk shall issue the same to the sheriff of adjoining co.

5. To make real estate assets. [Provides that when the goods and chattels of any deceased person shall be insufficient to pay his debts, his executors or administrators shall sell his estate, upon obtaining a license therefor, which the court may grant upon petition showing the amount of lands, other assets, debts, &c. court may direct sale of all or part; heirs shall be made parties to petition; and shall have notice; also be made under direction of court. No proceeding to be had under this act by administrators or executors of wills proven before 1st Feb. 1847; and all lands fraudulently conveyed, and all rights which would descend to heirs shall be sold as assets.

6. To protect the public bridges within this State. [Makes it a misdemeanor to fell timber in any stream above a bridge.

7. Authorizing the Governor to establish a depot of arms at Newbern. [Governor shall appoint a superintendent and contract for rooms or building for safe keeping of arms, provided salary and rooms, &c. shall not exceed 75 dollars a year.