

LINCOLN COURIER.

THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE.

VOLUME 3.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.

NUMBER 47.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THOMAS J. ECCLES.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2 50 if payment be delayed 3 months. A discount to clubs of 3 or more. Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at \$1 per square (14 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Lincoln Business Directory

Court Officers—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—Wm. Williamson, clerk. County court—Robt. Williamson, clerk. W. Lander, Solicitor. B. S. Johnson, Sheriff. L. P. Rothrock, Town Constable.

Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, J. Z. Falls; County Commissioner, Ambrose Costner. Trustee, J. Ramsour. Treasurer Public Buildings, D. W. Schenck.

Committee of Finance—J. T. Alexander, Benj. Sumner, John F. Phifer. Building Committee—J. Ramsour, P. Summey, John F. Phifer, and H. Causler.

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—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 square, (post office) south 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.

Academies—Male, B. Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr. Sumner.

Hotels—Mrs. Moiz, 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.

Grocers—G. Presnell, main st. east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, south west of square. James Cobb, so east corner of Main and Academy st.

Tailors—Dailey & Seagle, main st. 3 door west of square. A. Alexander, on square, s. by w. side.

Watch Maker and Jeweller—Chas. 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. Ad. Jetton, south west on square.

Coach Factories—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McKay, main st. east, on 3d square. S. P. Simpson, street north of main, and a. w. of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st., west, on 2d sq. A. Garner, on main st. east end.

Blacksmiths—Jacob Rosh, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delam, 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' Bee'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—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, 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, Isl and Ford road.

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

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

Paper Factory—G. & R. Mostel-er, 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, Nevada's, and Johnson's Iron works, east.

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

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

THE MUSQUITO HUNT.

A PARODY.

Not a sound was heard, but a horrible hum,
As around our chamber we hurried,
In search of the insect, whose trumpet and drum
Our delicate slumbers have worried.

We sought for it darkly at the dead of night,
Our coverlid carefully turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our candle dimly burning.

No useless garment confined our breast,
But in simple night dress and slippers,
We wandered about like spirits distressed,
Or the sails of piratical skippers.

Short and few were the words we let fall,
Lest the noise might disturb the mosquito,
But we steadfastly gazed on the white-washed wall,
And thought how we had been bit, oh!

We thought as we rose from our restless bed,
And relinquished our pleasant pillow,
That we would not get in again until he
was dead,
And we were secure from his bill, oh!

But half an hour had seemed to elapse,
Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,
And raising our boot, gave some terrible slaps,
That made the mosquito's quietus.

Quickly and gladly we turned from the dead,
And left him all smashed and gory!
We blew out the candle and popped into bed,
Determined to tell you the story.

A Promising Youth.—"What can you do?" asked a traveller of a country urchin whom he saw in front of a farmer's house, tickling a load with a long straw. O, I can do more'n a considerable—I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, cards down the old rooster, put up the pigs' tails in paper to make 'em curl, hamstrings the grasshoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, keeps tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark, and cuts the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayer in the mornin'!

A man out west, whose house was recently destroyed by fire, publishes a card, in which he thanks his fellow citizens for making an unsuccessful attempt to save his furniture, and expresses a hope that he may soon have an opportunity to reciprocate the favor.

"I'll take two children if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee on entering an oyster cellar, in Canal street, the other day.

"Two children—what two children?" "Why, I hain't got any myself, and your sign reads, 'FAMILIES SUPPLIED,' don't it? I want you to supply me with one!"

A New Reason.—We heard an old bruiser the other day, advising a youngster to get married, because then, said he, 'my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you when you go home drunk.'

King James and William Penn—It is a singular historical fact, that a confidential intimacy subsisted between King James II. and William Penn, the Quaker, the founder of Pennsylvania. James once condescended to use a playful reproach to the peculiarity of the Quaker, who, the first time he entered his presence after he became King, d.d so with his hat on. James immediately took of his own.

"Friend James," said Penn, "why don't thee cover thy head?"

"Because," replied his majesty with a smile, "it is the fashion here for only one man to wear his hat."

True Translation.—The passage in Cicero's second oration against Cataline, "Abiit, excessit, evasit erupit," has been thus happily rendered—"he's gone, he's cleared out, he's cut stick, he's ab-squatulated."

Be just, and I fear not.

Rather Uncertain.—A gentleman, who had lately arrived at a boarding-house in this city, demanded of the lady of the establishment, at his first breakfast, whether she had helped him on tea or coffee?

"What do you mean, sir? Why do you ask?" said the lady.

"Because," replied the gentleman, if this is tea, give me coffee; and, if coffee, give me tea."

A gentleman, calling for small beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very bad, gave it back to the servant again, without drinking.

"What?" said the master of the house, "don't you like your beer?"

"It is not to be found fault with," said the other, "for we never speak ill of the dead."

A man came to the printing office to beg a paper, 'because,' said he, 'we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none.'

Description of a Thin Gentleman.—"I say Bill, look at that 'ere thin 'un. I'm blow'd if he isn't in training to go down a gas pipe."

Good Luck.—An inhabitant of Corfu, who recently returned from Spitzbergen, after an absence of twenty-eight years, found his wife in good health, but the widow of three husbands!

Some wag gives the following capital definition of a legislative body. **Legislative Assembly**—a circus where each of the performers rides on his own hobby, and takes his turn at playing the clown.

"Can't I sell you some tongues and sounds?" said the keeper of a family grocery the other day to a friend who has a wife and a large family of small children. "No, you can't—I have tongues and sounds enough at home."

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?"

"He wanted to know if you take ten from twenty, how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show how many he would have left, and he wants me to give 'em back to him."

"Why don't you give them back, Peter?"

"Because, sir, then he would forget how many is left."

A poor emaciated Irishman, having called in a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster, and slapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with a tearful eye and sad countenance, looked down upon it and said, "Docther! docther, dear! it strikes me that is a dale of mustard for so little mate."

"I'll tell you what it is, father," said a young chimney sweep to his father and master, "if you don't give me a ninepence on a dollar of my earnings, I'll do something desperate, I will."

"Why what will do you?" said the senior, run away or drown yourself."

"Worse than that. I'll go and bind myself apprentice to a lawyer. I know one that will take me."

Women Stronger than Oxen.—It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one sabbath morning while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper in Luke xiv in which occurs this passage—"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused; another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come,"—he suddenly paused at the end of the verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking with emphasis—

"The fact is, my bretheren, one woman can draw a man farther from the kingdom of Heaven than five yoke of oxen."

From the Advocate. Remarks on the Best Mode of Banking Sweet Potatoes for Winter Use.

Charleston, Sept. 6, 1847.

J. G. Bowman, Esq.—Dear Sir—Will you oblige me by publishing under your agricultural head, the following statement of the best mode of banking and preserving Sweet Potatoes for winter use. I have tried various modes for the last seven years, but have never succeeded in preserving my potatoes until the last season, when I adopted the following method:

I made banks of from ten to fifteen bushels each, using nothing but corn stalks, raising the banks about six inches from the surface of the ground. Before putting the potatoes in, I inserted a stick about four inches in circumference, immediately in the centre of the bank, then deposited the potatoes, heaping them up in a conical form around the stick, and covering them regularly about four inches deep, with corn stalks.

When the earth is thrown on, and the banks nearly finished, the stick is drawn out, thus leaving a vacancy through the whole centre of the bank, allowing free ventilation to the Potatoes; the orifice on the top of the bank may be closed by placing a little moss in it and covering with a board. I bank immediately after digging, carting them from the field to the bank, which prevents them from being much bruised.

I had all of my potatoes put up in this way the last season, and have been using them constantly until the month of June last. Out of 12 or 15 bushels of potatoes in a bank, I never lost more than 1-2 a peck of them from rotting.

The advantage of using corn stalks is, I think they do not decompose so quickly, as pine trash, or straw of any kind, from being covered with earth.

These remarks are offered, with the hope that others may be induced to give us the result of their experiments on this important subject to planters generally. The potato is a very valuable crop to us, and well worthy of our endeavors to obtain the best mode for its preservation.

Yours, Respectfully,
THOMAS B. HERIOT.

Gratuitous Advertising.—Under this head the Boston Courier remarks that "there are continual calls upon the newspapers to express the gratitude of people for acts which are thought deserving of particular notice; but we seldom or never hear of thanks to the publishers or editors of newspapers, who are always giving their money and their time for the benefit of public & private charities."

This corresponds with the experience of every publisher in the country, so far as we have been able to observe. Nothing can be more erroneous than the prevailing impression that editors and publishers of newspapers receive without rendering an equivalent, certain little courtesies, which, by common consent, are extended to gentlemen connected with the press. They pay double price, and more too, for every civility tendered them by the proprietors of lines of travel, places of public amusement, &c. The actual cost to us of gratuitous advertising, inserted in various forms, in the course of a year, would supply a small family with all the necessaries of life. We make no complaint of this, and refer to it solely to correct a misconception which has generally obtained, that people of the press are the recipients of large favors, for which they make no return.—*Buffalo Express.*

Talleyrand and Moutbrun.—At a dinner at Talleyrand's, General Moutbrun was the last to arrive, and had kept the company waiting. On making his excuses, Talleyrand stopped him with these words:—

"Well you're the last; that's all.—And what does it prove? Why, merely that the invitation was not to a field of battle."

Singular Galvanic Experiment.— Weinhood cut off a cat's head, and when its arterial pulsation had ceased, took out the spinal marrow, and placed in its stead an amalgam of mercury silver, and zinc; immediately after this was done, the pulsation was recommenced, and the body made a variety of movements. He took away the brain and spinal marrow of another cat and filled up the skull and vertebral canal with the same metallic mixture. Life appeared to be instantly restored—the animal lifted up its head, opened and shut its eyes, and looking with fixed stare, endeavored to walk, and whenever it fell, tried to raise itself upon its legs. It continued in this state 20 minutes, when it fell down and remained motionless. During all the time the animal was in this state, the circulation of the blood appeared to go on regularly; the secretion of the gastric juice was more than usual, and the animal heat was re-established.

Mexican Privateers.—The following important notice appears in this Gibraltar Chronicle of 23d of June.

"We have been shown the copy of an order issued by the Emperor of Morocco to governors and agents, authorizing the seizure, confiscation of all privateering vessels entering the ports of his Empire, that are fitted out against the commerce of the United States of America."

A Touching Incident.—A month or two since we received the following tale in a letter from private correspondent in New York:

A visitor of the City Tract Society called a few days ago, on a family suffering with extreme poverty. A little child, that had died the day before, was lying on the bed in its every day clothes, the parents being unable to pay for suitable grave clothes. The visitor promised to attend to its burial, and as she was leaving, a little brother of the deceased asked,

"Where is Jamie, now?"

"God has taken him away," said the visitor.

"Is Jamie cold now?" he inquired.

"No. God has taken him where there is no more cold, hunger or suffering."

The poor boy looked up and exclaimed,

"Wont you ask God to take me too!—I am so cold!"—[Hartford Courant.]

"By the way, a good thing happened here a while since. Our Methodist bretheren of the 'Church of the colored Messiah,' got warmed up pretty decidedly in the midst of which the Minister prayed: Oh Lord, curtail the influence of the devil!" "Amen!" responded one of the worshippers; and, another catching the prevailing enthusiasm, exclaimed:—"Yes, e'ya! Lord-ah! cut his tail off clean and clear ah!!"

Mode of Burying Lawyers in olden times.—A gentleman in the country who had just buried a rich relation who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who was on a visit to him, of the very great expense of a country funeral.—"Why," says Foote, "do you bury your attorneys here?" Yes, to be sure we do; how else?" On! we never do that in London." No!" said the other much surprised "how do you manage?"—"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, open the sash, and in the morning he's entirely off!" "Indeed!" said the other in amazement; "what becomes of him!" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

The apple crop of New Jersey will be a failure; and, of course, champagne will be scarce.