

Chas. J. H. Wheeler

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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Lincoln Business Directory

Court Officers—Superior Court—V. A. M'Beck, clerk. Equity—Wm Williamson, clerk. County court—Robt. Williamson, clerk. W. Lander, Solicitor. B S Johnson, Sheriff. Caleb Miller, Town Constable.

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

Building Committee—J. Ramsour, P. Summey, John F. Phifer, and H. Candler.

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 M'Beck, and W. Williamson, offices at M'Beck'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.

Boot, Shoe & Hat Store—Horatio Thomson, main st., on 2d square, west of court house, north side.

Academies—Male, T J Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr Newson.

Hotels—Mrs Motz, 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—W. R. Edwards, main st. east of square. James Cobb, s. east corner of Main and Academy st.

Tailors—Moore & Cobb, main st. 1 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 sq., north by west. J. Ad. Jetton, south west on square.

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 sq. James Cornwall, main st. 2d square, w. end, south side, corner. A. Garner, on main st. east end.

Blacksmiths—Jacob Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delsin, 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'Beck'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.

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

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

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

Vasuvius Furnace, Graham's Forge, Rievard'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.

My Sunday Breeches.

"It chanced to be our washing day, And all our clothes were drying; The storm came roaring through the lines, And set them all a flying; I saw the shirt and petticoats Go riding off like witches; And lost, ah! bitterly I wept— I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air, Alas! too late to win them; I saw them chase the clouds as if The devil had been in them, They were my darlings and my bride. My boyhood's pride and riches— Farewell, farewell, I faintly cried— My breeches! O my breeches!

That night I saw them in my dreams, How changed from what I knew them! The dews had steeped their faded threads, The winds had whistled through them. I saw the wide and ghastly rents Where demon claws had torn them— A hole was in their hinder parts, As if an imp had worn them,

I have had many happy years, And tailors kind and clever, But these young pantalons have gone, Forever and forever! And not till fate has cut the last Of all my earthly stitches, 'This aching heart shall cease to mourn My loved and long lost breeches!"

Hang up your Stockings!

BY MAJOR JONES.

Ever sense I had the good fortin to get into Mary Stallins' meal bag, I've had a very great veneration for the good old practice of hangin up the stockings on Christmas times. When I was a boy I never used to miss hangin up my stockings, and I'll have to be a good deal older than I am before I forget with what hopeful morality I used to go to sleep on Christmas Eve, or with what eager expectation I used to wake in the mornin to count over the ginger-cakes and lasses candy which I was always sure to git from good old Santa Claus.

Them was happy days, and I well remember the shade that cum over my life when my too pryin curiosity des'royed the beautiful delusion—when I found out that old Aunt Suckey was in cohort with the Saint. After that I never hung up my stockings no more, and Christmas, tho' it brought egg noggs and roast-turkeys, lots of fun and poppers, never had the same joys for me—the fact is, it was pretty much a blank in the Almanack, till that auspicious night, when I becum the happiest man that ever swung in bag. As I have sed, sense then I have had an uncommon respect for the old custom, and as soon as my boy was old enuff to know his stockings pretty well from his trousers, I larned him to hang 'em up.— [Bless his little hart, he hant be talkin nor thinkin about nothin else but old Santa Claus for this last month, and I do believe his calculations would take in the contents of all the candy stores and toy-shops in Baltimore. And the way he toes the mark now is really releavin to his mother. He wouldn't cry a whimper if he was to fall down six pair of stairs, and as for playin with the fire, upsettin the chairs, fightin the nurse, or gettin his clothes dirty, he don't think of sich a thing]

He's gwine to hang up his stockings. But ther's more hangin up of stockings in this world than goes by the name. Older people who laughs at the childrens innocent supersition, don't forget to hang up ther stockings, though they don't always go to bed with as quiet, trustin heart nor as clean hands and faces,—and of course didn't always git ther stockings as well filled.

The Politician hangs up his stockings for Buncomb, and waits to see 'em swell with popularity. Ther's four or five pair of stockings hung up now for the next Presidency, sum bran new ones and sum that's been darn'd up for the occasion before; and ther'll be more old stockings hung up this winter at Washington than would hold all the officers of the go-

vernment for half a century to cum. I'd just like to be old Uncle Sam instead of old Santa Claus for a while,—sum of 'em would find empty stockings, I'll be bound.

The Lawyer and the Doctor hangs up ther stockings when they stick up ther shingles. Sometimes they're a long time gottin 'em full of clients and patients, but if they do succeed they're verry apt to keep up the practice.

The Merchant hangs up his stockings, over his door, and sum times you'll see 'em haugin in the winder and all round the door. So if they don't always git fortin enuff in 'em, it aint because they don't have a fair showin in the world.

The Lady they hang up ther—hose (they don't never wear stockings now a days,) when they primp ther beautiful faces, and decorate ther lovely persons in all the colors of the rainbow to take the eyes of the bows. Bless ther dear sweet souls, they're the ones that knows how to hang up ther st—hose, and its monstrous few chaps that is smart enuff to keep out of 'em—them that keeps out aint worth bagin.

Editors hangs up ther stockings, and if any people deserve to have em well filled its 'em. But, poor fellers, most of 'em is no strangers to hope deferred. They know what it is to give ther lives to a labor of love, and are contented to see the stockings of others filled with good things of this world, though ther own swings empty in the chill winds of adversity. A editor mought as well hang himself as—

But I'm gwine to hang up my stockings! I'm determined to see what luck ther is for me these Christmas times.— I'm a little superstitious sense that time I got in the Christmas bag of old Miss Stallinses back porch, and who knows but another windfall of fortin awaits me. I'll hang up my stockings this very Christmas and see if ther aint some clever Santa Clauses that will fill 'em chock full of subscribers. So take notice now, friends and well-wishes, that my best par of stockings (a bran new par what old Miss Stallins is for me and gin me when I was at home,) is to be hung up next Christmas eve. I shall go to bed that night sober as a meetin house, and dream of more subscribers than would fill all the Abolition petitions that was ever sent to Congress from New England.

Dear reader, do you wish me a merry Christmas and yourself a happy New Year? Well if you do, just be my Santa Claus, and help to fill my Christmas stockings, and every week you shall have a Continent full of good stories, jokes, poetry, news, &c., to interest and entertain you.

Predictions for New Year.

According to the wise heads and soothsayers of the present day, the year of our Lord '48 is to be an eventful one. We extract the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled:—

"Through the whole course of present year whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark—On several occasions, during the year, the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished the days work.—It is quite likely that when there is no business doing, many will be heard to complain of hard times but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.—If bustles and hoops go out of fashion a church pew will hold more than three ladies. If dandies wear their boards, there will be less work for the barbers, and he who wears mostachios will have something to sneeze at. There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible, others invisible.—Whosoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicion by gettin married.—Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling their mas.—There will be more books published than will find purchasers, more rhyme writ-

ten than will find readers, and more bills made than will find payers.— If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.—If any young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dream of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dream of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time in getting either of them out of her head.— Many people will drink more strong liquor than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment of good health.—Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have enough at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.—The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will very probably attend many private contracts in this latitude.—He who marries this year will run a great risk, especially if he does it in a hurry.—He who steals a match gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and bride in disagreeable relations.—There will be a great noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust will be kicked up occasionally by coach-horses.—Many young Ladies, who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married; and many who confidently anticipate that glorious consummation, will be doomed to wait another year. Finally, there exists little doubt, this will be a "most wonderful" year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it. Politicians will make fools of themselves; pettifoggers will make fools of others, and many women with pretty faces will make fools of both.— The world will go round as usual, and come back to the place whence it set out, as will many a man who engages in business.—There will be great cry and little wool, both at the shearing of pigs and the meeting of Congress."

A Thrilling Scene.—Our late foreign journals record an incident which is one of the most thrilling we have ever read of. On a late occasion the Emperor of Russia, was reviewing his fleet, when two sailors particularly excited his attention, both by the precision which they performed several difficult manœuvres, and by the agility and daring which they displayed. The Emperor was so much pleased that he immediately promoted one to be a captain; the other he appointed Lieutenant on the spot. The men, however, were Jews, and there is an ukase forbidding Jews to wear an epaulette. The Admiral of the fleet, who stood by the Emperor, knowing that they were Jews, stated the difficulty to his imperial Majesty. "Pshaw!" cried the Emperor. "that does not signify in the least—they shall immediately embrace the Greek religion, of course."

When this determination was communicated to the two young men, sorrow and despair seized upon them at the thought of receiving honor and promotion on such inevitable terms. Knowing that their remonstrance or refusal would be in vain, they requested of the Emperor to show still more of their manœuvres, as he had not seen all they could do. This being granted, they ascended the topmast, and locked in each other's arms, threw themselves into the sea and disappeared forever.—Saturday Post.

Time to pass it. The facetious Dr. B. of —, having inadvertently preached one of his sermons for the third time, one of his parishoners having noticed it, said to him after service, "Doctor, the sermon you preached us this morning, having had three several several readings, I move that it now be passed."

A negro woman has made her debut at one of the theatres in Paris, and her performances are said by critics to be almost as charming as those of the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind.

South Carolina. The House of Representatives, on the 13th inst., decided upon giving the election of the electors of President and Vice President to the people, upon the general ticket system, by a vote of yeas 64, nays 54; but the bill was lost in the Senate; and the Legislature adjourned sine die on the 17th ult.

The Mormons, it seems, are making themselves at home as fast as possible in their new quarters out west, on the fine lands of the Pottawattomie purchase, on both sides of the upper Missouri, above Council Bluffs. They have planted immense fields of corn—to the extent of some 30,000 acres. They have built also a town, which they call Winter Quarters, containing already a population of 7,000 souls, and strongly picketed in.

High Prices. We understand that Tobacco, raised by Mr Stovall, of North Carolina, was sold yesterday at West Hill warehouse, in this town, at \$17 per cwt. Nor is this the only instance in which good prices have been paid for Tobacco in Petersburg recently. Several hogsheds have been sold remarkably well, and planters would be only consulting their own interests if they would give our market a trial.—Republican.

Remains of Gen. Wilson. It is announced in the Tarboro' Press, that the remains of Gen. Wilson are expected to arrive at that place about the 25th of January inst, and will be kept a few days, in order to give as much notice of the precise day of the funeral, as circumstances will permit. A discourse will be delivered on the occasion, and the remains will be interred with Masonic and martial honors.

Maryland Legislature.—The Legislature of Maryland assembled on the 27th ult. The "Baltimore American" states, that the present session will be the last under the old Constitutional rule of annual sessions. Henceforth the sessions are to be biennial. This fact will render necessary the election of a U S Senator this winter.

Supreme Court.

The following young gentlemen have been examined by the Supreme Court, during its present sitting, and admitted to the practice of the Law, in the respective Courts mentioned, viz:

- IN THE COUNTY COURTS:
- J G McDugald, Bladen County,
 - Allmand A Mckoy, Sampson County,
 - William A Strong, do do.
 - Wm K Slocump, do do.
 - Ralph P Buxton, Fayetteville,
 - John H Murphy, Burke County,
 - H B Hardy, Bertie County,
 - Tippoo S Haughton, Edenton,
 - Thomas C Manning, do
 - John Lyon Holmes, Wilmington,
 - Turner W Battle, Edgecomb County,
 - E B Summer, Perquimons County,
 - John W Johnson, Raleigh,
 - Joseph G Carraway, Martin County
 - George R Clements, do do.
 - Edward J Warren, Beaufort County.

- IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
- T Brown Venable, Granville County,
 - Thomas Richardson, Newbern,
 - A M Bogle, Iredell County,
 - Quincy F Neal, Ashe County,
 - J N Fleming, Davie County,
 - Moody B Smith, Pitt County,
 - J M McCorkle, Anson Country,
 - John H Manly, Raleigh.

When the remains of the gallant Walker were taken to Puebla, the botch of a carpenter made the coffin too small, whereupon Lt Clinton, of Scott's company, 1st Pa., off with his uniform, rolled up his sleeves, and made him a coffin himself. He is a carpenter, it is stated, and is from Moyamensing or Southwark, in Philadelphia. Lieut Breece, of the same company who is a blacksmith, entered a smithey and made the nails.