

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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The Withering Leaves.

The Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are strewing their earthly
bier;
A dreary mist o'er the woodland swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs;
From bough to bough the squirrels run
At the noise of the hunters echoing gun,
And the partridge flies, where my footsteps
heaves.
The rustling drifts of the withering leaves.
The flocks pursue their southern flight—
Some all the day and some all night:
And up from the wooden marshes come
The sound of the pheasant's feathery drum.
On the highest bough the mourner crow
Sits in his funeral suit of wo—
All nature mourns—and my spirit grieves
At the noise of my feet in the withering
leaves.
Oh! I sigh for the days that have passed a
way.
When my life like that year had its season
of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beau-
ty and truth,
And the dew bathed my feet in the valley of
youth.
Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of
the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.
But youth is a fable—and beauty deceives;
For my footsteps are loud in the withering
leaves.
And I sigh for the time when the reapers at
morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of
the horn.
Or when dragging the rake I followed them
out
While they tossed their light sheaves, with
their laughter about;
Through the field with boy-daring, bare-
footed I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadowed the path of
the man!
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of
sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud in the withering
leaves!

Gustavus Wasa.

A bold man Gustavus Wasa was,
and a great man thereafter. His father
and his uncle had fallen in the bloody
massacre of Swedish nobles at Stock-
holm, when he, proscribed and pursued,
came into the Valley to raise an army
and overthrow a dynasty! Fortune
did not smile upon him, nor man favor
him. In peasant's dress he worked with
axe and flail, but treason was near, and
his low garb did not protect him. Three
days he lay hidden under a fallen pine-
tree, where friendly hands brought him
food and cheering news. A cellar, un-
changed to the present day, concealed
him soon after when closely pursued,
and woman saved his life when death
seemed to be at hand. He was work-
ing on Arendt Person's estate when his
gold-embroidered collar was discovered by
a jealous fellow servant. Arendt
Person thought of the great gain which
the capture of such a man would bring,
and came with twenty men to seize him.
But Person's wife, a lovely and a gentle
woman, had suspected his plan and gave
the Wasa warning and a sleigh to es-
cape. The enemies were close upon
him; day and night they hunted after
him. It was a wagon with straw, that
concealed the great king, when horse-
men came up inquiring for him, and
eyeing the load with suspicion, stuck
their sharp lances into it. The Wasa
was wounded, and badly wounded; but
not a sound escaped him. The blood
trickled down from shaft to shaft; but
the peasant's cunning saved him once
more. Shy he approached one of his
horses and cut his foot, so that when
the watchful eyes of the pursuers saw
the blood on the snow, the wound of the
horse was pointed out and taken as the
cause of the bloody track.
Thus, constantly threatened, and even
paying with his life's blood for an hour's
safety, did Gustavus, towards Christmas,
reach Mora, the heart of the Valley, the
land of the bravest of brave Sweden.
On this spot where we stood now, he
waited till the men of Dalarne came out

from church, and when they had gathered
around the noble youth, he rose to the
full height of his lofty stature, shook
the brown curls from his face, and with
glowing eloquence spoke to them of the
wrongs of the Dane who reigned over
them, a wicked foreigner, a heartless
tyrant; of the bloody massacre where
the flower of Sweden's nobility had been
cowardly butchered; of the oppression
and cruelty under which the whole land
groaned; and declared that if they loved
their country, if in Dalarne there were
still men, Swedes to be found, he would
be, under God, their captain, and free
their common fatherland!

But the brave men of Mora were silent
as their granite rocks; they consulted
and deliberated, and when they
looked at their wives and children
around them, they thought of the hor-
rors of war and the danger of their be-
loved ones, and told the bold man be-
fore them that they had sworn an oath
to Christian the Dane, and that he had
better go from them. And the Wasa
bowed his head and fled.

He busied himself in the mountains,
seeking a path into Norway. But the
men of Dalarne thought of his words;
they had sunk deep into their hearts.
News also came of recent oppression
and fearful murder, of heavier taxes,
and more cruel injustice; and they re-
peated. Messengers were sent. Feet as
the wind, on snow-shoes, and they fol-
lowed the Wasa over river and lake,
over mountain and peak.

And Gustavus Wasa stood once more,
where we stood now. And the men of
Dalarne were around him. But it was
no longer the poor, friendless fugitive,
who spoke to them; it was their cap-
tain and lord, the lord of the valley and
the whole Swedish land. A trusty band
of valiant youths were his guard, and a
small but invincible army named him
their chief. The mountains followed
the example of their neighbors, "was
not Gustavus wonderfully preserved by
God Almighty as the last drop of Swe-
den's knightly blood? This army
grew, and like an avalanche, carrying
the masses away with him he rushed
down upon the Lowland, and never re-
sisted, never halted, until he was seated on
the throne of Sweden.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S AD- DRESS.

To the Coon.—We find the following
in the late Knoxville Whig. Brownlow
seems to take the defeat of his party in
good spirit.

To that "Same old Coon."—Old boss,
we have a few words to address to you,
touching the late elections in Tennessee.
The elections have resulted in favor of
Frisvold for Governor, Ewing of the
Nashville District, of Congress, both an
anti Coon, and all you have to boast of is,
that the Legislature is Coon. We tried
to keep the count for a time, but the an-
ti-Coon gains come in upon us so rapidly
that we gave it up as a bad job, and will
try to post our book next week.

Old friend, we are sorry for you. You
went into the contest with your head
and tail up, full of life and joyful expec-
tation. You have come out of the contest
cropt, bobbed and branded. You
look bad, but seem to hold on to your
only reliance. Tail hold is a good one,
it held well, and inasmuch as it is about
all that is left of you and your party,
you will not need to be advised to hold
on! Various reasons will be assigned to
you, why you have been thus treated.
We tell you that the true cause is, that
your breed has been mixing up
with foxes, wild cats, Mexican wolves,
etc., and so crossing the breed of coons,
that it is difficult to tell a real coon now
when met in a crowd of animals! The
genuine coon blood courses through the
veins of a majority of all the voters of
Tennessee, but seeing that the great
coon den at Washington has all sorts
of animals in it, and that the little dens
in all the country are filled up with foxes
and prairie dogs, who have occupied
them for years, the real coons, who
have been "out in the range" all the
time have nothing to fight for. And un-
less the coons at Washington come out
and show the rings on their tails, and
treat with more respect, the coons in the
"back woods," we predict for you, that
your generation will become extinct in
1852! That we are not mistaken as to
the causes of your bad fortune, we refer
you to the news from other coon harbors,
as it comes in! We told you this eigh-
teen months ago, when you were forsak-
ing the lead of old ebons, whose coun-
selology had been well tried, and agreeing
upon a compromise which was to do away
all distinctions between coons and
foxes, wolves and sheep, horses and asses!

Why does a duck put his head under
water? For divers reasons.

Salt a preventive of Rust.—Sir John
Sinclair, one of the best agricultural
writers that England has ever produced,
has the following remarks upon the
subject:

"In the course of a most extensive
inquiry into the causes of the rust or
blight in wheat, and the means of its
prevention, it appears that Mr Sicker,
a farmer in Cornwall, was accustomed
to manure his turnip land with the
refuse salt from the Fishard fishery;
and that any ground thus treated, was
never liable to rust or blight, though it
infested all the neighborhood.

"This important circumstance is con-
firmed in a recent communication to the
author, from the Rev. Robert Hoblyn.
He used one ton of old salt, with one
ton of fresh fish, mixed with earth,
and from 20 to 30 tons of sea sand, and
his crops, he states, were always good,
and never infested with rust.

"It is probable that the salt is the
only article in this compost that could
be of material service in preventing the
rust, by its checking putrefaction, the
result of too frequent a repetition of cor-
rupted manures. It is well known that
the rust does not attack plants in a state
of perfect health. Its general cause is,
the overfulness or over luxuriance of the
plant, from its being glutted with rank
and unwholesome food."

Ham Dumplings.—Chop some cold
ham, the fat and lean in equal propor-
tions. Season it with pepper and mir-
raced sage. Make a crust, allowing half
a pound of butter to a pound of flour.
Roll it out thick, and divide it into equal
portions. Put some minced ham into
each and close up the crust. Have
ready a pot of boiling water, and put in
the dumplings. Boil them about three
quarters of an hour.

To Keep a Stove Bright by two ap-
plications a Year.—Make a weak
alum water, and mix you British lustre
with it, perhaps two teaspoonsful to a
gill of alum-water, set the stove bed
brush in with the mixture, then take a
dry brush and rub it till it is perfectly
dry. Should any part before polishing,
be so dry as to look gray, moisten it
with a wet brush and proceed as before
said.

Causes of insanity.—It is a fact, in-
controvertible and insupportable, that in
cases of insanity, time out of every ten
are the results of intemperance—many
a fine intellect has been clouded and fi-
nally destroyed by the use of strong
drinks; many a noble heart has been bru-
nized by intemperance in the liquid
poison. How dreadful is the prospect
presented to those who indulge in the
use of intoxicating drink.

The Physician of the Pennsylvania
Insane Asylum reports that of one
hundred and thirty-six patients, two
were insane from dread of poverty, four-
teen from fright, religious excitement,
forty-one, political excitement three,
metaphysical speculations two, want
of employment eighteen, mortified pride
and anxiety for wealth one, use of to-
bacco two, tight lacing two, Intemper-
ance Two Hundred. Fearful picture,
dreadful doom. Oh! ye followers of
the "filling bowl" be warned in time,
already you are being enveloped in the
slimy folds of the dreaded serpent, already
his huge living ligatures are tightening
upon you, while yet sound reason and
moral strength remains, tear yourself
from the hated embrace, and break the
charm that is fast binding you to a foath-
some degrading, and ruinous service,
destructive alike to intellect, to charac-
ter and to fortune.—S. C. Temp. Ad-
vocate.

Examination Day.—A school-teach-
er, preparing for an examination of his
school, selected a class of pupils, and
wrote down the questions, and answers
to the questions he would put to them
on examination day. The day came
and so came the young hopefuls all but
one. The pupils took their places as
had been arranged, and all went glibly
on until the question for the absentee,
when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?"
The pupil who sat next the vacant
seat without noticing whose question it
was, answered:
"Napoleon Bonaparte."
"No, no!" angrily exclaimed the teach-
er. "In whom do you believe?"
"Napoleon Bonaparte."
Here the teacher began to smell the
rat, and said:
"You believe in the Holy Ghost, do
you not?"
"No," said the pupil amid roars of un-
controllable laughter. "The boy what
believes in the Holy Ghost hasn't come
to school to-day. He's at home, sick
and bed."

The Homestead.—Here is what Thos.
Jefferson said in a few words on this
subject; a great many years ago. There
is more necessity now for the new "de-
claration" than there was then:

"When the war is over and our free-
dom won, the people must make a new
declaration; they must declare the rights
of man, the individual, sacred above all
craft in priesthood or governments—
they must at one blow put an end to all
the trickeries of English law, which
is gathered up in the charnel of ages,
binding the heart and will with lies.
They must perpetuate republican truth,
by making the homestead of every man
a holy thing, which no law can touch,
no juggler wrest from his wife and chil-
dren. Until this is done, the revolution
will have been fought in vain."

Canada.—We learn from the New
York Herald, of the 4th instant, that
Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada,
endeavored to obtain a conference with
President Taylor at Niagara. His in-
tention was to prevail upon the President
to recommend a bill of reciprocity be-
tween the United States and Canada, in
his message of next December. The
Governor failed in obtaining a confer-
ence with the President, but it is hinted
that this object might possibly be at-
tained through Mr. Cranston, if he suc-
ceeds in the adjustment of the Niagara
question, as also the settlement of
"our miscellaneous squabbles with for-
eign nations generally," except Russia
and Spain, with whom, thanks to the
devil, we still continue check by jaw."

Midwifery in Russia.—The Russian
women, in some branches of education,
are in advance of the American ladies.
They participate in the duties of the
medical profession, by managing the
department of obstetric practice—a
vocation for which some pretend to
think our women are, and must continue to
be, incompetent. A gentleman who went
out with Major Whistler, informs the
Boston Traveller, that during his ten
years' residence there, principally in
St. Petersburg, he had occasion to em-
ploy an attendant for his lady; and with
his American ideas of what was neces-
sary to safety, he applied to a medical
man of eminence to officiate. The
physician laughed at him, and remarked
that his attendance would be entirely
superfluous, and he should feel some-
what out of his sphere; but he would
refer him to a professional woman, for
whose ability and skill he would be
responsible. The education and prac-
tice of these female doctors are under
judicious regulations, and they are em-
ployed by all, from the Empress to the
wife of the serf.

Some more of them Little Hocks.

The paternity of this story, we presume,
like that of many others, may be
claimed by different sections of the
country, but the little Hog story finds
the locality of its origin here in Dayton,
on Main Street, near Col. Patridge's new
building. It runs thus:—More than
forty years ago, Gen. Gano, of Cincin-
nati, called a military election at this
place, for Brigadier General of the mil-
itia, and perhaps some other officers.
Our old magisterial stand-by, Esquire
Fakerih, was then Clerk of the Divis-
ion or Brigade, in this part of the State;
Ohio not having more than two or three
Divisions at that period. The chief
men of the early warriors, assembled
for dinner at the tavern of Col. David
Reed, between 1st and 2d streets; at
the table, an old farmer, of Dutch de-
scent, named Kuhns, (an old Coon no
doubt,) also sat down. The Colonel,
in consideration of his having distin-
guished in military gushes at his board, on
that occasion had provided several roast
pigs. Old man Kuhns getting his eye
on one near by his plate, made a perso-
nal appropriation of the entire animal,
which he proceeded to devour with great
 gusto, and having completed the savory
task, wiped his lips with his tongue,
smacked the same, with the flavor still
upon his palate, and knife and fork erect,
cast his eagle glance up and down the
table, and then called out, "Colonel!
Reed, I'll thank you for another one of
dem little Hocks." Convulsions fol-
lowed on all sides. If any body is dis-
posed to be incredulous upon the origin
of this story, or doubt the facts, we can
prove them in Court any time, by one
of the Bench, Judge Irwin having been
an eye witness to the whole occurrence.

A fellow out west having been chal-
lenged lately to mortal combat, selected
as the weapons, two huge plates of green
cucumbers, cut in slices, with vin-
egar, and a full dozen green apples to
each plate as a desert. His opponent
backed out.

An Irishman on his arrival in Boston,
a few years since, sought employment
as a laborer, and finally obtained an en-
gagement on one of the islands in that
harbor. Pat had never seen a duck in
his life. Shortly after entering on the
discharge of his new duties, a brood of
chickens and another of ducks, were
hatched, both by hens. The owner put
both broods with one hen, in order to
save the services of the other, and told
Pat, as he was short of meat, to be very
saving in his allowance of feeding them.
Pat made a small dish of dough, and
commenced feeding his flock—when he
was struck with the fact, that about half
had broad short beaks, and shoveled up
the dough very fast, while the others
had very short beaks and got but little
of the allowance. "Arrah, my dar-
lings," says Pat, "fair play is a jewel;
I'll be just ather putting you upon
an equal footing." He started for the
house, got a pair of shears, caught those
that had shovel beaks, and sheared
them down to the centre of those of the
sharp beaks, put them down, and said,
"Wag away, you spalpeens; I am told
this is a free country, where every man,
beast and bird, are equals—so no exclu-
sive privileges, my darlings, if you
please."

Words of Wisdom.—Kind and be-
loved reader: When thou goest to thy
market-town, or other place of traffic,
seeking wherewith to add to thy own
rattlers, or, naps, somewhat more
costly for the adornment of thy wife or
daughter, heed well what thou doest,
and deal not with him who laneth to
patronize the weekly sheet of the Print-
er, through the advertising columns
thereof. Go rather to him who useth
this thing freely, and buy. Thy reason
for this course shall be twofold:

First: He that so loveth his sell that
he will not give it to the craftsman
aforesaid, for making known those ar-
ticles of merchandise which his care hath
collected for vendue, will, of a verity,
also love it too well to give generous
bargains to those who deal with him.
Those articles of daily use, whose price
hath become well set, he will be obliged
to sell at short profits; but on his sun-
dries, his purple and fine men, his coun-
tingly wrought patterns and cloths of
curious dye, he will more than make
out of thee for all this seeming fairness.

Secondly: To him of the aforesaid
who maketh his merchandise known by
the aid of the than of ink and types
aforesaid, come much people from the
regions round about, and he stretcheth
of goods to them by reason thereof.—
And know ye not that he who dealeth
briskly, renewing his stock thrice or
even four times in the year, can sell
cheaply, much more than he who turn-
eth his coined money but once in the
twelvemonth?

"Wherefore, friend and scholar, hear the
words of wisdom:
Whether she speaketh to thy soul in the full
chorus of revelation;
In the teaching earth, or air, or sea; in the
still minutes of thought;
Or, naps, in the number of stanzas that would
contain thee here!"

A young lady, (1) one of these affec-
ted misses who belong to the "upper
ten," recently entered the store of a
fashionable milliner with whom her
family was acquainted, for the purpose
of making some trifling purchase.

"How is your mother, Miss?" polit-
ly enquired the lady of the store.

"She is not very well, madam," re-
plied Affection.

"Ah! what is the matter with her?"

"She fell down stairs and hurt her
cortesy tender."

"Her what?"

"Her cortesy tender?"

"Cortesy tender! What is that?"

enquired the puzzled milliner.

"Why her knee!"

It caused the good lady a very pain-
ful effort to prevent her from committing
a downright act of rudeness. She suc-
ceeded however; but several young la-
dies present were forced to vent a pre-
cipitate retreat to give them time to their
abilities, which the rudeness of the
remarks could not fail to produce.

The following is the copy of a will,
left by a man who chose to be his own
lawyer:—

"This is the last Will and testament of me,
John Thomas.

I give all my things to my relations,
to be divided among them the best way
they can.

N. B.—If any body kicks up any
row, or makes any fuss about it, as isn't
to have any thing.

Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS."

A wag says, Faustus, first Emperor
of Hayti, should be called Faustus, Ist.