

Gen. J. M. Wheeler

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 5.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1849.

NUMBER 35.

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.

FOR THE LINCOLN COURIER. A Reverie.

Some days are filled with pleasure,
And some are filled with pain,
And though a different treasure
Each mortal may obtain;
There's joy enough to speed us
Thro' life's short journey home,
And we've enough to lead us
To long for worlds to come.

Life bears such recollections,
Such changes on its wings—
Such beautiful affections,
Such black and baneful things,
That tho' fond hope would try it,
For future joy and pain,
Who, that has hurried by it,
Would try the past again?

T. J. E.

An Anecdote Well Told.—During the recent Railroad Convention at this place, toward the closing scene a resolution was introduced by one of our Anderson friends, proposing that the Company proceed to purchase land and erect work shops at Anderson village, for the entire route. Various amendments were offered which cut down and altered the resolution materially, when General Whitner arose, and with much gravity remarked, these amendments reminded him of an anecdote related by Dr. Franklin of a certain John Brown a hater by trade, who desiring to advertise drew up an advertisement as follows, "John Brown makes and sells hats for ready cash"—but before publishing it he concluded to consult his friends. Showing it to one he advised him to strike out "for ready cash, for," said he, "your patrons will soon learn your terms." Brown thought this well enough, and meeting another, his counsel was to leave out "makes" for it is no matter who makes them; and this was stricken out, and the advertisement then read, "John Brown sells hats." Presenting it to a third in this form of his views, he replied, "who in the name of Heaven would suppose that you gave hats away? I would leave out 'sells hats,' also," which was done, and the advertisement then read simply, "John Brown."

This anecdote was told in an admirable style, and never was one more appropriately thrown in to illustrate a position. At the recital of it, the whole Convention was convulsed with laughter.—*Abbeville Banner.*

Henry Clay on Sourkrout.—Henry Clay's opinions have been quoted upon many subjects—those upon sourkrout are quite as decided as anything he has uttered, if the following story be true:

"Henry Clay dined recently with Ex-President Martin Van Buren, at Lindenwald. The dessert consisted of rindlers, oleocoeks, sucketash, owgreet-cheese, &c. Mr Clay expressed a wish to see that "twelve acres of recited big land," so much talked of during the election, which Mr Van Buren took great pleasure in showing him. On their return, a tureen filled to the brim with sourkrout was set before him.—Clay put his handkerchief to his nose, and with a "whew," said—"Van, I've lived long, and encountered as strong opposition as any other man, but, to be frank with you, I never encountered anything quite as strong as this."

Beware of Counterfeits.—We have seen a counterfeit Ten Dollar Bill, purporting to have been issued on the Bank of Charleston, S. C. Upon a comparison with a genuine bill of the same denomination, the following discrepancies are apparent: The vignette is unlike that of the true bill in many particulars. Among the most prominent is the head on the left, it being much larger, with inverted face. There is a head on the right of the spurious bill, the genuine has none, and the centre figure is strikingly different. On one end the "Ten" is printed, and on the other there is but one 10 in figures; whereas in the genuine issue, the denomination is in figures, without any printed number in letters.

The signatures are very well executed, and without close examination would be likely to deceive.—*Charleston Mercury.*

From the North Carolina Democrat. JIM SMITH AGAIN;

Or the "Big Sockey Feller that Joel Sledge killed one day."

"Tar River!" (That was a pet name Jim had for me when a fondlin' feelin' of kindness cum over him.) Tar River! you're from that part of the country where they still whiskey and peddle niggers! Did you ever hear of Old Joel Sledge, the Grandfather of our Joel here in La Grange? Oh yes! said I. He was the man Mr. McAden said with all night, that had a door in his house that wouldn't open 'till 'twas too late. Ah! yes! Well, did you ever hear of the big hog he killed one day, that astonished all Orange, Slick tail, and Caswell? Can't say I ever did, I replied. You've kept it so close, that nobody's had a chance to hear anything about it! No I ant! But the way I heard it, I supposed every man within 50 miles, had the weight notched down on a big stick, and stuck up in the corner behind the clock.—Well I never had a big stick, (said I, except upon Election times,) and there wasn't any clock in the house! We carried our own 'time a day' inside of us! So being excusably ignorant you can just out with your yarn, and I'll believe it if I can! You be hanged! said Jim. You smutty faced chunk of lightwood! Well, any how Old Joel put up a power of hogs one year, more'n 7; and one of em was in generally speakin', estimated to be, about the biggest ever seen in that Section. So when "killin' time" comes round Joel sends out and invites all the neighbours. He'd put off his killin' you see, until every body else had done, so as to be sure to have a plenty of help. The neighbours all came at the appointed time, and there was a plenty of whiskey at the house, besides a yaller jug and a tin cup at the spring, close to the hog-pen.

And the whiskey was good too, for Joel said it was and Joel was a judge, and the neighbours all handed it mighty friendly, and the neighbours all got mighty brave and then they went down to the hog pen.

There was some 30 or 40 of em, and after shaking the "Yaller Jug" to see if there was anything in it, they all ventured into the pen. By dinner time they had succeeded in killing all but "the big sockey feller," and the old nigger had got him penned up in the corner of the fence, so that they could have a fair chance at him, when they'd refreshed themselves.

Dinner being over, and the spring visited to rinse their mouths, a panes of fence was pulled down, and all hands marched in, to commence what was considered to be the crowning achievement of the day, the slaughter of the "Big sockey feller."

Old Joel with his rifle took the first chance, but only succeeded in smashing a hole through the skillet they'd scalded the other hogs in! Bill Side took a "sour crack" at him, but instead of the hog knocked down Steve Dodson! Another feller knocked the top rider off the fence, when old nigger Ben, seeing how things were going, and that the "Big Sockey feller" was likely to get away, ran in with his axe and knocked him in the head.

They were all a puffing and persweating powerful, and after going down to the spring and shaking the "yaller jug" again, they concluded they would leave old Ben and the balance of the niggers to scald him, and they'd come back the next day and see him weighed.

"I was a favourite stock! And he'd been preditiong pertie in proggin' for himself, and every body was curious to know how he'd turn out!"

Well over they come the next day, and amongst them was the Chairman of Caswell County Court, and after smiling at old Joel's sideboard, they went down and swung up "the Big Sockey feller," and the Chairman of "Caswell County Court," to the admiration of the crowd, and the unconcealed delight of Old Joel, announced on his reputation as a Magistrate, that he weighed 37 and a half!

Fact sir! A man told me he was there, and saw him weighed.

I didn't knock Jim Smith down, for he was a heap bigger than I was then, but the fellow really pretended to think, that "that" was a *specimen hog* in those days, for Nubbin Ridge, and Lico too, to say nothing of Conny line, and the possum precinct.

enmonstrified with the bran bag, and inflated with crimoline. Henceforth—at least for a season—woman is what she seems; and as she undulates along the stream of outdoor life, swaying softly as a water lily to the embracing wave, old Milton's enchanting picture of his his Eye—whom he never would have seen but that he was blind—will breathe and glow before us. *Vive la bagatelle! Abas la bag o' bran!*

North Carolina.

Of all the States south of the Potomac, none has more titles to respect than North Carolina. This State has not received in other parts of the Union the esteem and consideration which are due to her modest worth. Her situation is unfavorable to notoriety. Her extensive sea coast is rendered almost useless for the purpose of commerce by a barrier of sand. She has no large city which serves as a point of attraction, and collects and distributes information respecting the State. The country on the line of the rail road, which is the principal thoroughfare for strangers, happens to be the most barren and unimproved part of her soil.

Yet she is rich in revolutionary reminiscences, in resources of the forest, field and mind, which are still undeveloped, in varied and magnificent scenery, in literary institutions, and a substantial and well disposed population. Situated between two States, one of which is foolishly endeavoring to maintain the pomp of departed greatness, and the other having a strange passion for being conspicuous at the expense of both, striving neither to rule nor to dissolve the American Union. Her domestic affairs have been managed with prudence and success. She has neither been eager to try novelties nor neglect the real improvements of the age. In internal improvements she engages cautiously and moderately, anxious to develop her resources, but careful not to hazard her credit. She has an excellent system of courts, and her judiciary has been adorned by some names that would reflect lustre on any tribunal in the world. Her citizens are orderly and quiet, and generally yield an honorable obedience to the laws. She has not been as much distinguished as some other States for the brilliancy of her public men; but a State which has sent to the national councils a Macon, a Stanley, a Gaston, an Irredell, a Graham and a Badger, has no cause for mortification at that score. Her general quietness has gained for her the appellation of Rip Van Winkle; and though she may perhaps be liable to the reproach of inertness, we confess that, in these days of public and private recklessness, we regard such a failing as "leaning to virtue's side."—*Manchester (N. A.) American.*

SOUND ADVICE.

The agricultural department of the Muscogee Democrat contains the following very sound and sensible suggestions to the Farmers of the South. Let them heed its counsels:

Farmers, beware of Speculation.—Past experience should warn us of the danger to the Farmer, of a sudden rise in Cotton. Lands and negroes advance in the same proportion, and in too many instances, we see the Farmer crazy to invest the proceeds of his crop, in extended plantations and in extra negroes, and this too, when the inflated prices of cotton induces every kind of property to sell for more than its real value.—Look around you, and behold how many of your neighbors and friends have been ruined or deeply injured, by rash speculations, in times of cotton excitement. If any of you are cursed with more money than you know what to do with, improve the lands you already cultivate. Beautify and adorn the homestead, and if your heart is near bursting with the idea of extending the field of your operations, just increase the area of your Kitchen Garden, and encourage your children in the culture of flowers.

Husband all the resources of your plantation, for a low priced cotton crop; study, and apply the manures; experiment with fruits and grasses; try the different breeds of stock, and when another four cent cotton crop is raised, you may be found like unto the wise Virgins, with your "lamps trimmed and burning." And if land and negroes you must have, wait until cotton is down, and then you can enter the market with cash in hand, and make your own selection, almost at your own prices.—But above all, whether cotton is high or low, keep out of debt. Whether you have an acre of land, or a single negro, keep out of debt; but if you are determined to purchase on a credit, trusting to a still higher rise to meet your pay-

ments, let me recommend you to take one of Reuben Rich's Patent Cast Iron Water Wheels, fit it snugly around your neck, and lay yourself carefully down in the bed of the River! The loss to your family will be nothing in comparison with the living incumbrance, of the day and night dreams of, that worst of all of human slavery, the thralldom of debt.

Position of Bishop Ives.—The last Southern Churchman, an Episcopal paper, has a brief review of a late pamphlet issued by the Diocesan of North Carolina, entitled, "A pastoral Letter to Clergy and Laity of his Diocese."—The Southern Churchman promises a further notice hereafter. It says: Bishop Ives now candidly discloses what we conjectured from the first, that the proceedings of the late Convention at Salisbury, which have excited so much attention, had reference to himself. In speaking of the Committee which reported on that occasion, he says: "It was still less their business to pass an implied, but not on that account, the less oppressive censure upon that portion of the clergy, with the Bishop at their head. I say the Bishop—since it is notorious that, both in the Convention and the Committee, he was named as the chief offender." And thus viewing the subject the Bishop re-asserts the doctrine he has hitherto taught, and defends it against the censures of the Convention, protesting at the same time against the rights of the Convention to act in the premises. The Bishop in his approbation of the Oxford Tracts for the Times, and declares that it has been his purpose to employ all his influence in bringing his Diocese to a conformity with the system which they set forth. The circumstances which led to the formation of "the Holy Cross," under Bishop Ives at its head, are detailed in the Pastoral Letter, and its objects are explained. These, among other things, were "to meditate upon all within their influence the sacramental system of the Church, particularly the Eucharist, the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and Sacramental Absolution," &c. "The Society" was to "consist of three orders." "1st. Perpetual members, who must be unmarried men. 2. Other persons living in the institution. 3. Persons not residing at Vatie Crucis."—Very much to our astonishment, as we presume it will be to the surprise of a large majority of readers, there is not a word respecting the dissolution of this Society. The fact was affirmed in connection with the proceedings of the late Convention, but has not, we believe, been formally announced by the Society itself or any of its late officers.—*Charlotte Watchman.*

Slaves in California.—The Philadelphia Ledger says: "Notwithstanding the practical difficulty which is said to exist in California against the introduction of slavery into that territory, it appears to have an existence. The Alabama Journal says those who went from that part of the Union, and who carried negroes, have had no difficulty in keeping them, and it is found that they adhere to their masters there with greater zeal and devotion than elsewhere. Several have written back, expressing their regret that they did not carry with their hands from their plantations."

"A gentleman from Macon county, who took out three good hands, has written back that he hires them out at three hundred dollars per month each, and has no difficulty in retaining them.—Every man there is so immersed in his own absorbing pursuits that he has no time or inclination to interfere with the business of others, or engage, even if so inclined, in abolition movements."

"The Journal further states that it is in contemplation by Southern emigrants to go out to companies of fifty to a hundred, so as to be able to protect their 'property,' if it should be endangered."

Davidson College.—We are pleased to learn that another Professor is to be added to the Faculty of this College, and that its prospects for success are brightening.

On Saturday, 24th inst. a new Hall, erected by the Lumenian Society will be dedicated, upon which occasion an address will be delivered by R. J. McDowell, Esq. before the two Societies.—*Hornets' Nest.*

"Whose pigs are these my lad?" "Whoy they belong to that there big sow?" "No! I mean who is their master?" "Whoy," again answered the lad, "that little 'un there, he is a rare 'un to fight!"

Great Emigration of Squirrels.—It is stated in some of the Kentucky papers that the squirrels have paid another visit to that good old Commonwealth, and are traversing it in great numbers:

"In 1822 Kentucky was visited by thousands and tens of thousands of these little quadrupeds, which crossed the Ohio river, and steered due south. They were then little disposed to turn aside from man or dog. Thousands were killed by guns, stones, clubs, and spears fastened to long reeds. In 1833 they made another visit to this State, but in less numbers: they crossed the Ohio as in 1822, and pursued the same course. Thousands were again killed by men, boys, and dogs. The sport soon lost its interests, and the unoffending hosts were permitted to pursue their way. We learn that they are now making a third march across the State. Some suppose they follow the cholera, but in 1822 the cholera was unknown in the United States."

The Philadelphia Times says, the ladies have taken to wearing standing collars, and now supply themselves from their broomers wardrobes.

It has not been long since they took to wearing sack coats. Now we see they have got the standing collar. The next thing, we suppose, will be the vest; and then the next step, (we look for nothing else,) will be to draw on the pantalons! Then the only distinction between the sex will be the beard upon the face. The ladies can't obliterate this distinguished mark. But now we shall pity those poor fellows who are not able to start a goatce.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

Trifling Errors.—"When in the course of an argument," said a clergyman to a lawyer, "you find you have made a mistake—as in repeating testimony, for example, what do you do about it?" "Why," said the attorney, "if the mistake is a gross one, I immediately correct it, but if it is only a small error, I pass it over." "That is my rule, exactly," said the minister. "For instance, last Sabbath, in reading the morning lesson, when I came to the passage which says, 'All hairs shall have their part,' &c., I somehow made a blunder and read it 'all lawyers, &c.;' but considering the mistake so trifling as not much to change the sense of the verse, I let it go."

Occupation.—I don't know the reason for it, but certainly it appears to be a fact, that persons prize an occupation in proportion to the fancied ease which it will admit. Of this class is an old woman whom I met in my travels.—We had been busy during the day running a line through a dense piece of woodland. We all saw that she wanted to enter into conversation and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and, as a matter of course, I put "my best leg foremost." Struck with my language, she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity, "Lad! how learned you are." But the compliment received a death blow. "It is as high as high a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit injineerin' and go to keepin' a little grocery!"

Depot Located.—We learn that the Depot at this place has been at last located. The spot selected is on the right hand side of the Camden road, a short distance below the Female Academy. We are glad this vexed question is settled and see hope to the satisfaction of all.—*Charlotte Journal.*

An official statement, made to the Kentucky State Constitutional Convention, shows that there are in that State 70,707 parents, and 129,990 children.

A fellow in jail wishes he had the small pox, so that he could break out. He has tried everything else, he says, but can't come it.

The Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer states that an abundance of rich iron ore has been discovered in the close vicinity of that town, near Rockwell creek, and that David Murphy, Esq., an enterprising gentleman, has purchased the premises, and commenced the erection of a foundry.

We learn by an official announcement in the London Globe, that Mr. Thomas Edward Lytton, son of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart, is appointed an Unpaid Attache to the British Embassy at Washington.]