

Lincoln J. H. ...

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 5.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1849.

NUMBER 39.

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. Christmas, 1849.

Welcome, dear Christmas, welcome back to earth, Thy beard is hoary, but thine is bright; Oh 'twas a blessed hour that gave thee birth, And those that sat in darkness saw the light, When Judah's plains were o'ral in the night With joyful tidings sent by heavenly grace, That death and sorrow both had taken flight And to immortal life had given place, And God was reconciled to Adam's fallen race.

O'er all creation, since that glorious morn, Two thousand years have shed the mists of time When harps loud hymning of a Saviour born Judah's shepherds caught the joyful chime, And joined their voices with the notes sublime, But still as fresh thy coming fills the soul With joy, O Christmas, in earth's erring climate, As on that morn—and still from pole to pole Mankind will greet thee—'till time cease to roll.

Thy coming wakes joy in every heart, None are too dull to feel the magic hour, Thy honest roughness bids all guile depart, Souls press to souls submissive to thy power, Winds howl without, 'mid snow or sleety shower; Closer we press around the hearth so bright, Where crackling flames huge piles of wood devour, While every soul is filled with wild delight Joy uses up the day, and half consumes the night.

The prattling infant clasps its tiny hands, Half wondering why its little heart is glad, Save that full well it sees and understands That those are merry now who oft are sad; And elder children with delight are mad— And middle life and age partake the mirth That men and angels first at Bethlehem had When woman's seed came forth with mystic birth, And the primeval curse had passed away from Earth.

Oh Woman, thou hast, fairest gift of heaven, Gather'd by man in Eden's blooming bowers, Whether in mercy or in anger given, Thou rulest our destiny with wondrous powers; The proudest hearts at thy displeasure cower Or meekly yield them to love's roseate wreath; Lulled by thee in wild passion's sternest hour, Joy on the saddest soul thy voice can breathe, Thou only constant friend in life, yet author of our death.

Yes—darling mischief—thy mild bonied breath Lured the first man in folly's path to stray, And brought into the world ruin and death, And fenced from his approach the once broad way That to the tree of life immortal lay; The fruit of knowledge, pleasant to the eye, Seduced by the first fiend thou didst betray 'The first of men, although forbade to try, Regardless of true life, to pluck it, eat and die.

Still thou hast subject of creative might, If ruin, yet deliverance, came by thee; Thy seed redeemed for man his forfeit right And from the curse of heaven has set him free. Nor is this all—how deep in misery Would man still plunge did not thy voice restrain! Thou first to taste, yet first from sin to flee, While man would lost and wandering yet remain.

'Tis thine for him and thee lost Paradise to gain. Instruction from thy lips like manna falls On the young heart, in lessons kind & true, To duty's path maternal fondness calls, And (happy thought) it calls in vain no few; For though unheard that voice while yet 'tis new,

Its echoes wake the heart in after years, Like those of pleasant sounds that past it flew— And as the echoes of that voice it hears, Neglect remembered brings the penitential tears.

Then welcome, Christmas, with thy hoary brow, Good-will to man still sparkling in thine eye What holy memories gather round thee now, And thro' Time's centuries may swiftly fly: Past, present, future, all before us lie— In one expanse thy presence fills the whole, Uniting atoms that can never die— Mingling together every human soul In one vast stream of Love, that evermore shall roll.

The Case of Professor Webster.—The Inquest having in charge the examination of the circumstances which implicate Professor Webster in the murder of Dr. Parkman, at Boston, have yet made no report of the result of their investigation. The Boston Transcript of last Saturday evening, in speaking of the state of the case at that time, has the following remarks:

"It is just a week to-day since the terrible developments, which still agitate the public mind, were made known to this community. To how many has this little week seemed more an ordinary month in length, in the emotions and thoughts with which it has been crowded.

"The fallacy of first strong impressions has been signally shown in this case. It cannot be denied that a reaction in public sentiment has already commenced, and that many circumstances, which at first seemed full of confirmation dire against Professor Webster, have, when fairly proved, been shown to carry a very different meaning from that which a first superficial view suggested. "So many facts that seemed to tell against the accused have, on investigation, turned out to be so erroneously or imperfectly stated that every man of reflection will see the propriety of the utmost caution in forming his opinions of this extraordinary case. In a few days, whatever can be discovered, will be known; and, before the community pronounces judgment on what has taken place, it becomes it to wait for those disclosures which are sustained by legal evidence."

The Horse known by his Ears.—The size, position, and motion of the ears of a horse are important points. Those rather small than large, placed not too far apart, erect and quick in motion, indicate both breeding and spirit; and if a horse is in the frequent habit of carrying one ear forward, and the other backward, and especially if he does so on a journey, he will generally possess both spirit and continuance. The stretching of the ears in a contrary direction shows that he is attentive to everything that is passing around him, and while he is doing this he cannot be much fatigued, nor likely soon to become so.

It has been remarked that few horses sleep without pointing one ear forward and the other backward, in order that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in any direction. When horses or mules march in company at night, those in front direct their ears forward; those in the rear direct them backward; and those in the middle of the train turn them laterally or crosswise—the whole seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling, which watches their general safety.

The ear of the horse is one of the most beautiful parts about him; and by few things is the temper more surely indicated than by its motion. The ear is more intelligible even than the eye, and a person accustomed to the horse, can tell, by the expressive motion of that organ, almost all that he thinks or means. When a horse lays his ears flat back on his neck, he most assuredly is meditating mischief, and the bystander should beware of his heels or his teeth. In play, the ears will be laid back, but not so decidedly nor so long. A quick change in their position, and more particularly the expression of the eye at the time, well distinguish between playfulness and vice.

The hearing of the horse is remarkably acute. A thousand vibrations of the air, too slight to make any impression on the human ear, are readily perceived by him. It is well known to every hunting man, that the cry of hounds will be recognized by the horse, and his ears will be erect, and he will be all spirit and impatience a considerable time before the rider is conscious of the least sound.—The Horse and his Rider.

We would call public attention to the following circular, received by our postmaster, C. C. Henderson, Esq. in reply to information called for, as to his duty, and what constitutes a memorandum sufficient to render newspapers, pamphlets, &c. passing through the mail, subject to letter postage. Persons sending papers to their friends, with the short endorsement "from so and so," unless it escapes the observation of those whose duty it is to examine, often unwittingly tax them severely in the way of postage. We, the other day, took out a package, "with a mem." and paid twenty cents—which turned out to be a temperance address from Marietta, Ga. directed to the Sons of Temperance, with "\$8 per 100" written on the cover in pencil mark; this was written, we suppose, in ignorance of the law, as the information could have been given for 5 cents. We feel it our duty to lay the circular before the public, as well to save the pockets of their friends, as the ill feeling sometimes exhibited towards post-masters in the conscientious discharge of their duty to the government. [Ed. Lincoln Courier.

TO POSTMASTERS.

I am directed by the Postmaster General to call your special attention to the multiplied and increasing attempts to violate the law, and defraud the revenue, by writing on the wrapper, margin, or other portions of newspapers, pamphlets, and magazines sent by mail. The cheap postage system has removed every reasonable excuse for violating or evading the law, and too much vigilance cannot be exercised by Postmasters to detect and punish the offenders; and public sentiment, when well informed, will not fail to sustain you in the faithful discharge of this duty, which is as imperative upon you as any other. That frauds of this kind may be detected and traced to their origin, you are particularly instructed to stamp, or mark in writing, every transient (by which is meant all not regularly sent to subscribers) newspaper, pamphlet, or magazine, with the name of the office, and the amount of postage. The wrappers of all such newspapers, pamphlets, or magazines, when they have reached their destination, should be carefully removed; and if, upon inspection; found to contain any manuscript or memorandum of any kind, either written or stamped, or by marks and signs made in any way, either upon any newspaper, printed circular, price current, pamphlet, or magazine, or the wrapper in which it is enclosed, by which information shall be asked for or communicated, except the name and address of the person to whom it is directed, such newspaper, printed circular, price current, pamphlet, or magazine, with the wrapper in which it is enclosed, shall be charged with letter postage by weight. If the person to whom the newspaper, printed circular, price current, pamphlet or magazine is directed, refuses to pay such letter postage thereon, the Postmaster will immediately transmit the same to the office from whence it was forwarded, and request the Postmaster thereof to prosecute the sender for the penalty of five dollars, as prescribed by the 30th section of the act of 1825. Suits may be brought either in district courts or before State magistrates having civil jurisdiction in actions of debt for this amount, under the respective State laws. The name of the sender written or stamped either upon the newspaper, printed circular, price current, pamphlet, or magazine, or the wrapper in which it is enclosed, communicates such information as subjects it to letter postage, and the consequent penalties, if such postage is not paid at the place of its destination.

The diminution of the revenue of the Department under the cheap postage system, and the great and increasing demand for additional mail facilities throughout our country, whose territory now extends to the Pacific, render it absolutely necessary not only that every cent of the lawful revenue be collected and accounted for, but that the utmost vigilance should be exercised for the prevention of fraud, and the sure and speedy infliction of the proper penalty upon the offender. This can only be accomplished by the strictest attention of Postmasters, who are the sworn agents of the Department, and are bound to see the laws faithfully administered.

W. J. BROWN,

2d Assistant Postmaster General, Post Office Department, Dec. 4, 1846.

Horrid Suicide.—"On the night of the 11th instant, between 8 and 9 o'clock, there came a certain man who called himself William Harrison, to the house of John J. Miller, in Rowan county about four miles West of Gold-Hill, and insisted on staying all night.—The writer of this article being there at the time, interrogated him, (though much under the influence of spirituous liquors) and learned that he was from Raleigh, and had a family living there; that he came to Gold Hill about three weeks since. He was asked why he left Gold Hill, but could give no satisfactory reply. He was evidently laboring under affection of delirium tremens. At half past 9 o'clock he was put to bed but rather requested that some one of the family should sleep with him.—Some time after midnight he was heard walking about in the house, and talking to himself all the time. After some time he went to bed again, and was silent until about daylight, when he got up, and talked a great deal about cutting of the throat, but could not be understood, his articulation being very indistinct.—He then wanted a razor to shave, but that being denied him, he went to breakfast, and whilst seated at the table, he asked Mr. John J. Miller whether he had a knife. Mr. Miller replied he had. He then requested to see the knife, which Mr. Miller handed him; and as soon as handed to him he put it in his pocket, and handed Mr. Miller a half dollar. Mr. Miller refusing to take it, he threw it on the table, got up, walked into the parlor, lighted his pipe, and walked out about fifty yards from the house, and behind a pig sty. The air with which this was done, was not calculated seriously to arouse Mr. Miller's fears as to the object he had in view; and supposing that he had retired to the place to comply with a call of nature, and that he would soon return, Mr. M. did not follow him. Some minutes after, a struggling, groaning noise was heard in that direction by some children about the house. Mr. Miller was told of it, and in company with the children, went up to the place where Harrison was last seen to go.—There they found him, on his knees and hands, with a most frightful cut on his throat—bleeding profusely—the knife still in his right hand. The alarm was immediately given to the neighborhood, but before assistance arrived the man had expired."

The Coroner of the County having been notified of the above case, an Inquest was held on the body of the deceased yesterday evening, which resulted in the return of a verdict according with the facts as stated in the foregoing article. The pockets and clothing of this man being examined by the Jury, two silver half dollars, and a small piece of tobacco, was all that could be found.—Salisbury Watchman.

Major S. M. Fox, the Engineer of the Western Turnpike with the commissioners and corps of Surveyors, reached this place on the evening of the 11th instant, having surveyed and located since they commenced field operations on the 10th of September last, upwards of two hundred and forty miles of road. The line from the summit of Scotts Creek, ten miles west of Waynesville to Asheville, has been obtained without materially increasing the distance, and without any slope exceeding one foot in seventeen. From Asheville to Buck Creek five miles west of Marion, including the passage of the Blue Ridge—the distance increased but about one mile over the old route, and the slope nowhere exceeds one in twenty. From this point to Salisbury several routes presented themselves, but from the great inaccuracy of the maps and local information, it was deemed advisable to run an experimental line before locating. As a survey had already been made of the route from Buck Creek by Island Ford—the new survey took an entirely different direction—passing down the Catawba river to Morganton, and thence by Morganton, the South fork of the Catawba and Newton to Shuford's Ferry—thence by the dividing ridge between the waters of the Catawba and the Yadkin to this place. This route will give an accurate base upon which to predicate the location of the road.—Salisbury Watchman.

Our University.—The Trustees of this Institution met in this City, on Thursday. We learn that quite a respectable number of Gentlemen were in attendance. Doctor White, of Nashville, Tennessee, was elected Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Letures, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Bishop Green. A new Professorship—of English Literature—was created, and the chair appointed to be filled by the Rev. Albert M. Shupp, President of the Greensboro' Female College.—Raleigh Register.

From California.—A Million and a Half of Gold.—The steamship Crescent City arrived at New York on the 7th inst., with San Francisco dates to the 2d of November. She brings one million of dollars worth of gold dust on freight, and four hundred thousand in the hands of the passengers, who number one hundred and sixty, and among them the Minister from the King of the Sandwich Islands. The accounts from California continue encouraging. The health of the mines is generally good, with an immense emigration. The State Constitution had been adopted by the Convention, and was to have been proposed to the people for adoption on the 15th of November, and on the same day a Governor and two members of Congress were to have been elected.—Thomas Butler King, who is said to have resigned his seat as a member of Congress from Georgia, is a prominent candidate for the U. S. Senate from the new State of California.

The Boston Murder.—As thus far presented, and presuming the accounts now given to be true, it resembles more nearly the murder of Adams by Colt, in New York, than any other crime. The circumstances in both cases were similar. The victims went unsuspectingly to the rooms of the murderers, to receive money, which was their due. An altercation may reasonably be supposed to have occurred in each case—followed by a blow, it may be unexpectedly, fatal. Then came the terrible dread of exposure, the device to avoid it, and the deliberate effort to destroy the body, which alone could divulge the guilt.—Scott's Weekly Paper.

A Hog Case.—Rather an amusing hog case was told to us by a legal gentleman recently, which for the benefit of our readers we make public without mentioning the names of the parties.—On the confines of the town lives two small farmers, each, among other things engaged in the rearing of hogs. One is an honest German, the other an Englishman. Not long ago the German missed from his pen several hogs, with peculiar marks and spots, which he thought he could recognize anywhere, and after a diligent search, they, or what was supposed to be them, were discovered by the German's son (Hans) in the pen of his neighbor, the Englishman. Claim was immediately made by the one for their restoration, but was stoutly refused by the other, who maintained that he had raised them from infant piggery to their then condition.—A suit for their recovery was the result; lawyers were engaged, and the case came before a magistrate for his decision.

Holds of witnesses were examined on each side. On the part of the German, it was proved that his hogs were of the same color and spots; that an old dog with but one tooth, had bitten one of them in the ear, and the mark was shown, &c. The Englishman proved by an equal array of testimony, the littering of the pigs, the careful bringing them up to hogdom, the cutting of the dog bitten hog's ear with a knife with a broken handle, &c. It was a most doubtful case. The two women who claimed before Solomon the mother-ship of the child were not more positive in their assertions than were the two litigants as to the ownership of the hogs in question. Testimony was so nicely balanced that the Justice was bothered how to decide.

The lawyers on each side made most earnest declamation, as to the rights of their clients. At last the German's lawyer (who was but a young disciple of Blackstone, and this was his first case) was seized with a lucky thought. He desired the son of the German to be recalled. Hans stepped forth. He was asked if he was not in the habit of calling the hogs, and did they not answer his call. He answered yes. "And now, Hans," said the lawyer, did you call them in German or English. "Me calls dem in Deutch," replied Hans. Resort was immediately had to the Englishman's hog yard.—Hans called the hogs "in Deutch," and lo! those which the German claimed were the only ones out of the number which came forth at Hans's German call. The effect was irresistible.—Judgement was immediately rendered for the German, and the hogs ordered to be restored to him. Whether any further legal steps are to be taken in the matter, we have not learned.—Washington Republic.

A clergyman, when the contribution-box returned with little silver in it, said he had never before understood the text, 'Alexander the copper smith did me much evil.'