

Somebody in my Bed.

Some famous writer, whose name has slipped my memory, once asserted that he never opened a book or a newspaper but what he learned something. As an offset to this, I can safely assert that I never listened to the bar room yarns of any company, however un-intellectual an appearance it wore, without gaining a new idea, and occasionally one worth circulating.

A week or two ago during my peripatations through Northern Pennsylvania, spreading knowledge among the denizens thereof. (I sell books) I just dropped in at a comfortable inn, where I concluded to remain a day or two. After a good substantial supper, I lit a 'York county principle,' the like of which sell in those regions, at the rate of four for a penny, and seated myself around the bar room stove. There was the brawny butcher, the effeminate tailor, a Yankee fiddler, two horse dealers, a land speculator, blackleg, the village Esculapian, and the Captain, who in consequence of being able to live on his means, was a man of no small importance, and therefore allowed to sit before the stove with the poker to stir the fire—a mark of respect granted only to persons of standing.

Yarn after yarn had been spun and the hour for retiring had arrived—the landlord was dozing behind his bar, and the spirit of the conversation was beginning, when the Doctor whispered to me that if I would pay attention, he would top off with a good one.

"I believe, Captain," said the Doctor, "I never told you about my adventure with the woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures?"

"No, lets have it," replied the individual addressed, who was a short, flabby, fat man, of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very fat red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded in a house where there were no females but the landlady and the old colored cook—"

Here the Doctor made a slight pause, and the Captain by way of requesting him to go on, said "well."

"I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labors of deep study, and dispel the ennui to which I was subject—"

"Well," said the Captain, "One evening after listening to a long lecture on Physical Anatomy, and dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings—"

"Well," said the Captain, "I went into the hall, took a lamp, and went directly to my room, it being then after one o'clock—"

"Well," said the Captain, "I placed the light upon the table, and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock, and a quantity of petticoats lying on a chair near the bed—"

"Well," said the Captain, who now began to show signs that he was getting very deeply interested.

"And a pair of beautiful shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course, I thought it strange, and was about to retire—but then I thought, as it was my room, I had at least a right to know who was in my bed—"

"Exactly," nodded the Captain—

"Well," "So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain—Heavens! what a sight! A young girl—I should say an angel—about eighteen, was there asleep—"

"Well," said the Captain, giving his chair a hitch.

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a life nightcap, rivaling the snow in whiteness, hung a stray ringle, over a neck and shoulders of alabaster—"

"Well," said the excited Captain, giving another hitch.

"Never did I set my eyes upon a bust more perfectly formed. I then took hold of the coverlet—"

"Well," said the Captain, throwing his right leg over his left.

"And softly pulled it down—"

"Well," said the Captain betraying the utmost excitement.

"To her waist—"

"Well," said the Captain dropping the newspaper, and again renewing the position of his legs.

"She had on a night dress, it buttoned up before, and I softly opened the two first buttons—"

"Well!" said the Captain, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement.

"And then, ye gods!—what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—pshaw! words fail. Just then—"

"WELL!!!" said the Captain, hitching his chair right and left, and squirting his tobacco juice against the stove, so that it fairly fizzed again.

"I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her, so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room.

"It's a Lie!" shouted the excited Captain, jumping up and kicking over the chair. "It's a lie!" I will bet you fifty dollars that you got into the bed!"

All jokes are free at Christmas.

Georgia.—The Augusta Constitutionalist of Wednesday says:

"As it is now a practical question, soon to be submitted to Congress, whether the whole of California is not to be admitted into the Union as a State, with a clause in her Constitution prohibiting slavery, it is proper that Georgia, as one of the States of the South, should express her sentiments on this question. This she will do in a manner not to be mistaken. The Legislature is now in session, and we have no hesitation in predicting that it will declare the determination of the people of Georgia, not to be juggled and swindled out of her share of that immense territory, and not to allow the balance of power between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States to be destroyed by any such arrangement. The right of the mongrel races of California, from all climes and countries, a small minority of whom only are American citizens, to exclude slavery from that entire country by the sham of a convention, is not yet recognized. The claim of the South to the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific is not yet yielded.

The probabilities are, that a Convention of the people of Georgia will be called by the Governor, under authority of the Legislature, to act on this and other questions connected with slavery. The crisis is at hand, forced on by Northern fanaticism, and Georgia is ready to take her position."

Tennessee.—The General Assembly of Tennessee has protested against the pretension that Congress has power to prevent the introduction and existence of domestic slavery in the territories, and other power of kindred nature, and has passed resolutions the first of which affirms "a devoted and cherished attachment to the Union," but a "desire to have it as it was formed, and not as an engine of oppression," which possesses generally the same features as the resolutions of the Georgia Legislature, and others requesting the Governor to convene the General Assembly, if necessary, to consider of the mode and measure of redress, and finally, recommending that the people of each Congressional District appoint two delegates, and two alternates to represent them in the proposed Nashville Convention.

In commenting upon an article from the Boston Courier, that able and influential journal, the Mobile Register, says:

"The wilful perverse blindness of these Northern fanatics would be simply amusing, if it were not exhibited upon a subject so painful and momentous. An oppressive system of commercial restrictions, is a matter principally affecting our pockets, and thought to be unconstitutional, yet many do not think so, and the great mass, whether believing so or not, were opposed to a forcible resistance of the authority of the General Government, such as South Carolina marked out for herself, at the period referred to. But the Wilmot Proviso, and the train of evils which will follow in its wake, is another and a very different thing. It is not a question of dollars. It rises infinitely above that. It involves our very existence. And to say that because a majority of the South refused to sanction the nullification proceedings of South Carolina, therefore, the South will yield up her very hearthstones—will consent to consider herself in the Union, when she has been cast out by a violation of the very conditions upon which she came into it, is a wilful and therefore a criminal attempt to mislead and deceive.

North Carolina Money.—The public are cautioned against 10's of the Bank of the State of North Carolina, Raleigh, No. 943, letter A, bearing date 1 Jan., 1844, and payable to A. Smith; signed C. Dewey, cashier, and D. Cameron, president.

The signature of C. Dewey is well executed, and might deceive one unacquainted with the genuine; while that intended for D. Cameron might be read for almost any name other than his. The whole note is indifferently executed, the main defect, however, being in the vignette, the reclining female figure being very badly done. The general look is much lighter in the printing than the genuine ones.

As several persons have already been imposed upon by the one shown us, the public ought to be upon its guard.—S. Carolinian.

To Cure Hams.—If people will pursue the following method of curing hams, they will have them rich, juicy, and of excellent flavor. Take a quarter pound of saltpetre, two pounds of fine salt, one quart molasses, and incorporate them well together; rub the mixture on the hams thoroughly, then pack them in a barrel, or tub, and let them lay one week; take them up and place the upper layer at the bottom, and let them lay another week. Make a pickle strong enough to bear up an egg, and pour it on until the hams are covered; keep them in the pickle four weeks; take them up, and after draining, they will be ready for smoking.

Dr. Parkman.—The whole subject of the disappearance or death of Dr. Parkman being now fairly before the coroner's inquest sitting with closed doors we have concluded not to give the flying rumors of additional discoveries which are current in the street. Some, we have ascertained to be unfounded, and the facts on which others are based do not justify the statements which have been circulated in relation to them.—This is particularly the case with regard to certain mortgage notes given up to the officers by Mrs. Webster, when they called at the house on Wednesday afternoon. The two faggots carried to the college by the express man of Dr. Webster were trimmings of grape vines, and the fact has no relevancy except as it may go to sustain the assertion that Dr. Webster did not leave his laboratory open last week, as had been his custom. The spots of blood on the floor of the apparatus room and the stairs turn out to be such marks as most tobacco chewers make.

The excitement appeared to have somewhat subsided yesterday; but it was manifest, from remarks on every hand, that two zealous parties have been formed in relation to the case—the anti-Webster and the anti-Littfield parties—each exaggerating every circumstance as it is supposed to make for its own side, or against the other.

It is proper to say that there are no less than five ways by which the laboratory may be entered. Two from the entry leading to the dissecting room, which entry opens upon the street.—One from the apparatus room above, and accessible from the lecture room.—One from the passage way connected with the janitor's apartments, which passage terminates in a door in the rear of the building, which is accessible from the water side by a regular landing. The fifth entrance is by a rear window, without climbing when the tide is up.

Some curious attempts have been made to get at reports of evidence before the jury. On Wednesday evening the officer on duty was offered \$20 by a penny paper for what he could remember of the testimony he had heard.

Newspaper Postage.—It is a fact not sufficiently adverted to by publishers, that the postage on papers is enormously high for the times. Everything for the last ten years has cheapened in price, from rail road iron down to horse shoe nails, and from champagne wine down to "rot gut whiskey;" but newspaper postage is nearly, if not quite as high as it was ten years ago. We have the old postage rates before us. Let us see what they say:

The Old Law.—For each paper not carried more than a hundred miles out of the State in which it is published, 1 cent. Over 100 miles beyond the State in which it is published, 1 1/2 cents. Magazines and pamphlets within 100 miles from their office of publication, if periodicals, 1 1/2 cents per sheet; ditto over 100 miles 2 1/2 cents per sheet &c. &c.

These are very nearly the same rates on newspapers, magazines and pamphlets, that are in the law to-day. At that time the letter postage was nearly three times as high as it is now. Why the abatement in one instance and not in another? This "odious distinction" should not be permitted to exist, and Congress should be burdened with petitions for redress, until newspaper postage is much lower than it is at present. Why such a tax upon the diffusion of knowledge and intelligence? Let us have cheaper postage on newspapers.

We learn from the Tarborough Press that the increase of revenue to the State from the Country of Edgecombe, under the law of the last session, will be \$1532, 55. The whole amount of interest given in was \$49,486, yielding a tax of \$1484,58; and the amount on lawyers, dentists, &c. is \$480. The revenue Law of the last session will probably bring in, in the first year, as much as \$40,000.—Raleigh Standard.

The Order of the Sons of Temperance is a unit. In all its operations, it has a oneness of purpose. A chain of responsibility and accountability runs through every grade of its organization, blending together individuals and bodies into one homogeneous whole. Its central power is sufficient to prevent anarchy, and its popular representation adequate to arrest usurpation and tyranny. It is admirably adapted to combine the temperance forces into one solid army, to prosecute a vigorous and successful warfare against the subtle machinations and adroit movements of the foes of total abstinence.

Dr. Dickson, the great English Medical reformer, writing from London, says: that rejecting blood-letting, leeching, and the entire *tragic* of old practice, he is earning a professional income of ten thousand pounds a year, giving certificates of only nine deaths in the whole range of his practice for four years, and one of those a cholera year. He began the agitation of medical reform while connected with the British army, in India, and has pursued it in England until the old conservative fabric of medical practice is shaking to its base.

Scraps for the Million.

The Charlotte Hornets' Nest says, "the location of the Rail Road Depot at this place is not yet decided, but is still creating quite an excitement."

The Rochester American is responsible for the following:

Courting Scene.—Miss Canada—Please, sir, will you marry me?

Uncle Sam—I cannot disguise my affection for so amiable a young lady, but your papa must be consulted and I must procure his consent.

Miss C.—O, never mind; I'll ask him myself, and if he refuses we'll get up an elopement.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate of Georgia, to remove the free negro and colored population from that State, on or before the 1st of February, 1851, under certain penalties—the final one being that of sale as slaves if the provisions of the bill are not complied with.

Dr. Parkman was one of the most liberal founders of Massachusetts Medical College. He gave the land, to the value of \$10,000, on which which it stands, and had the Professorship of Surgery named after him. It seems almost incredible that he should meet with assassination in that same institution at the hands of one of its professors.

It is a fact not yet published, that Tom Thumb took the pledge from Father Mathew during his recent tour in New England. The little man, who stood upon the desk while Father Mathew drew out his certificate, vowed that he would never drink another thimbleful of liquor.

Dr. Parkman had left, it is understood, a fortune of some \$700,000 to \$800,000; and the timely discovery of the body will enable his relatives to administer to the estate, which otherwise might have been kept in abeyance, probably for years.

A telegraphic despatch dated New Orleans, Dec. 13, which came to hand yesterday afternoon, states that the Grand Jury after hearing the testimony of Morantes and Rey, refused to find a true bill against the Spanish Consul. We may therefore regard this matter as settled.

A Washington letter says: "I have just heard that Mr. Johnson, the Attorney General, to whom Mr. Meredith referred the mileage question, has given an elaborate opinion in favor of advances made by the Secretary of the Senate, which Mr. Whittelsey rejected."

The Parker House, the principal hotel in San Francisco, rents for \$260,000 per annum. They charge \$42 a week for board.

To Remove Foul Air from a Well.—Fire a gun down the well and it will consume all the foul air, so that any one may go down with safety.

In youth, says Lord Bacon, women are our mistresses at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends.

The baptismal admonition of the Hindus, is impressive on the bystander as it is beautiful: "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around you smile, contrive so to live, that you may depart in smiles, whilst all around you weep."

We were amused the other day, while dining at a hotel, by hearing a green-looking 'un request the waiter in a confidential tone, to take the cheese out and butcher it, as he liked to have his meat butchered before he ate it.

"Strike while the iron's hot," is now denominated "bring thy muscular powers to bear when the metallic combination has assumed a fiery and volcanic appearance."

Hon. George M. Dallas, late Vice President of the United States, is about to visit Charleston.

"Who made you, Obadiah?" inquired a Sunday School teacher of an overgrown new comer. "I dun know," replied he. "Can you tell me who made you?" asked the lady, turning to a diminutive urban by her side. "Oh, yes!" said he. "'Thunder!' exclaimed Obadiah, "I should think he ought to know—he hasn't been made three weeks."

"Ma, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden? As money is the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get the precious stuff?"

"Drat you, you pesky varmint, you're getting too smart, entirely; that's what comes sending boys to macademic."

"I nebber 'teat white man's boot," said a darkey the other day, "dey pinch too much at de heel."

Why is a Yankee in close quarters like a mouse?

Ans. Because he will crawl out through a small hole.

There is a man in Grant county, Ky. who is so very miserly, that whenever he sends his negro servant down into the cellar for apples, he makes him whistle all the way down to the apple box, and back, to prevent him from eating any of the fruit.

A drunken fellow recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had no been afraid of meeting his God. "No," said the poor pig in christian, "I was only afeerd o' 'fother chap."

Lincolnton;

Saturday, December 23, 1849.

A CARD.

The Rev. D. Derwelle, agent of the American Bible Society, would respectfully inform the citizens of Lincolnton, and its vicinity, that he desires to hold a union meeting, in the Methodist Church, on the 1st Sabbath in January. He wishes to meet there all the friends of the Bible cause of every denomination, to call forth their united efforts in this noble work.

In order that those connected with our office, may enjoy in common, the public holiday, there will be no paper issued from this office next week. Our paper to-day contains all news up to 10 a. m. Saturday.

Ere another paper be issued from this office, the present year will be merged with the past. Another will have stolen upon us, amid cheerfulness and revelry. The heart, untravelled, will turn to many a fond reminiscence, and look forward with hopes, redolent with future joy. Still Time will move on, and many the changes it will mark among our friends—the old, the young, the gay—another year, and he that writes may be mouldering with him who reads; it is a reflection which all may well indulge, and when bitterness can only be assuaged in the retrospect of a well spent past. May our readers enjoy its benign influence.

To our friends we wish "a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year," indulging the hope that we may all meet again to exchange the heartfelt salutation.

ROBBERY.—The store house of George Mosteller, Esq. at the paper mill in this county, was broken into on Sunday night last, and a number of Notes and Receipts, abstracted from his desk. Mr. M. offers a liberal reward for their recovery. See his advertisement in another column.

Portrait Painting.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Thomas C. Johnson & Co. in our paper to-day. The gentlemen are from Abingdon, Va. and come highly recommended. We have not seen their specimens, but hear them highly spoken of. Rooms at the Hotel of B. S. Johnson, Esq.

Scott's Weekly Paper, Philadelphia, comes to us this week, increased in size and printed entirely in a new and pretty type. It is really one of the best family newspapers among the list of our exchanges, as it contains a vast fund of general intelligence every week, besides original literary matter. It is offered to subscribers at \$2 per annum—each of whom will be entitled to an elegant copy of Macaulay's History of England, 350 p. 2 vol. in one, or any four popular novels enumerated in its list. Macaulay is worth the money, itself. We wish our friends every success, with the new year.

The Census.—The next year is that for taking the Census in the several States. G. W. Little, Esq. of Raleigh, is the U. S. Marshal for this District, who will appoint deputies in each of the counties so soon as Congress shall make the usual provision, and furnish instructions. It is necessary that the business should be strictly attended to, as it involves our representation, not only in the Federal but State Legislature. Besides a large amount of statistical information may conveniently be gathered at the same time, which compiled in one volume, will be interesting for the future as well as present reference. The resources of our State are developing themselves without the aid of theory, and it requires but a proper attention on the part of our marshals, to show to capitalists the inducements to invest their capital. We have no doubt, as heretofore, be backward in giving correctly all the information required.

Where's Gen. Eddy?—A Washington letter states that Mr. James W. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, has received the appointment of Consul at Glasgow.