

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE.

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Lincoln Business Directory.

Court Officers—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—Wm. Williamson, clerk. County court—Robert Williamson, clerk. Each of these offices in the Court House. W. Lander, Solicitor, law office on the main street, east of the public square. B. S. Johnson, Sheriff. L. P. Rothrock, Town Constable.
Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, John Z. Falls; County Prothonotary, Ambrose Costner; Trustee, J. Ramsour; Treasurer of Public Buildings—D. W. Schlenck.

Committee of Finance—J. T. Alexander, Benj. Sumner, John F. Puffer.
Building Committee—J. Ramsour, Peter Sumner, John F. Puffer, 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. McBee, and W. Williamson, offices at McBee's building, main st. 2d square, east.

Physicians—S. P. Simpson, main street, west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apothecary), main st. two doors east. Elin Caldwell, main street, 6 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite McLean's hotel. A. Ramsour, main st. west.

Merchants—B. S. Johnson, north on square west corner. J. A. Ramsour, on square, north west corner. C. G. Henderson, on square, (postoffice) 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.

Academies—Male, B. Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr. Sumner also; residence main st. 5th corner south east of the court house.

Hotels—Mrs. Motz, s. w. corner of main st. and square. Wm. Slade, main st. 2d corner east of square. A. A. McLane, 2d corner, west, on main st. B. S. Johnston, north west, on square.

Grocers—G. Presnell, main st. 4 doors east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, south west of square. James Cobb, south east corner of Main and Academy street.

Tailors—Dailey & Seagle, main st. one door west of square. Allen Alexander, on square, s. by w. side.

Watch Maker and Jeweller—Charles 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 square, north by west. J. A. Jetton, south west on square.

Printers—T. J. Eccles, Courier office 5 doors north of court house, Island Ford road.

Book Binder—F. A. Hoke, main st. on 2d square west of court house.

Coach Factories—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McKay, main st. east, on 3d square. S. P. Simpson, street north of main, and on 7 of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st. east, on 2d square. A. & R. Garner, on main st. east end, north side.

Blacksmiths—Jacob Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delan, main st. near east end. J. Bysanger, 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' Bee'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. Isaac Houser, on east side of street north of square.

Plate Worker and Copper Smith—Abner R. Shuford, main st. east, on south side of 2d square.

Shoe Makers—John Huggins, on back st. south west of square. Amzi Ford & Co. south west corner Charlotte road and main st. east end.

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, north from public square, 2 doors, west side of st. John Butts & son, on square, south side.

Oil Mill—Peter and J. E. Hoke, 1 mile south west of town, York road.

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

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

Vesuvius Furnace, Graham's Forge, Brevard's, and Johnson's Iron works, east Lime Kiln—Daniel Shuford and others, miles south.

The Leg I left Behind Me.

SANTA ANNA'S SOLO.

I'm stumpless quite, since from the shot
Of Cerro Gordo pengin',
I left behind to pay the Scorr,
My grub, and gave my leg in.

I dare not turn to view the place,
Lest Yankee foes should find me;
And, mocking, shake before my face
The Leg I left behind me.

At Buena Vista I was sure
That Yankee' to surrender;
And bade my men 'Hurrah! for you're
All going on a bender.'

That all my hopes and plans were dashed,
My scattered troops remind me;
But though I there got soundly thrased,
I left no leg behind me.

Should Taylor of my track get scent,
Or Scott beat up my quarters,
I may as well just be content
To go across the waters.

But e'en should that my fortune be,
Fate has not quite resigned me;
For in the Museum I shall see
The leg I left behind me.

"Mason and Dixon's Line."

What was the origin and purpose of it? We hear it frequently spoken of as connected with slavery, and as originally relating to that subject. Nothing can be further from the truth—at the time that line was established, slavery existed on both sides of it. A brief account of its origin may be of some interest just at this time.

As early as the year 1682, a dispute arose between William Penn and Lord Baltimore, respecting the construction of their respective grants of what now forms the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Lord Baltimore claimed to, and including, the 40th degree of north latitude; and William Penn mildly yet firmly resisted the claim. The debateable land was one degree of 69 English miles to the south of Pennsylvania, and extended west as far as the State itself. The matter was finally brought into the Court of Chancery in England, and after tedious delays, on the 15th day of May, 1750, Lord Chancellor Hardwick made a decree, awarding costs against Baltimore, and directing that commissioners should be appointed to mark the boundaries between the parties. The commissioners so appointed met at New Castle on the 18th day of November 1755, and not being able to agree, separated. After a further litigation and delay, the whole matter was settled by the mutual agreement between the surviving heirs of the original grantees.

In the year 1761, Mr. Chas. Mason of the Royal Observatory was sent to Pennsylvania with all the necessary astronomical instruments to measure a degree of latitude. That duty he performed, and a report of his proceedings was made to the Royal Society of London, for the year 1767.

This Mr. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were appointed to run the line in dispute, which appears to have been done in conformity with the Lord Chancellor's decree. This is the famous "Mason and Dixon's line," and the boundary between Pennsylvania on the south, and Maryland on the north. Any one desirous of more detailed information, will find it in Douglass' History of America, published in Boston in 1751. Proud's History of Pennsylvania, the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and 1 Vesey's Reports, 352, Penn. & Lord Baltimore.

Little did the actors in this matter think that in after times, the line established with so much trouble and expense, would ever be connected with a subject calculated to shake a great nation to its centre.—*Alb. Journal.*

"Huzza for Doniphan for next President," exclaimed a Missourian (half seas over) on the Pennsylvania Avenue a few evenings since. "No, no," said his companion, "that will never do, we must have old Zach for President and Doniphan is the boy to be elected a Judge of the Supreme Court." "Hardly," rejoined the other, "for he never read a line of law in his life." "What of that," was the prompt reply, "didn't he whip the Mexicans at Chihuahua?"

The Bible and Liberty.

The Bible is the great protector and guardian of the liberties of men. There never has been on earth true liberty, apart from the precepts and principles of the Bible. This remark is fully sustained by the history of the world. Go to the plains of Babylon, and the entire history of that empire, until its destruction by Cyrus, is a history of the most absolute despotism. Egypt and Persia were equally strangers to civil liberty. The same was true, with slight modifications, of Greece and Rome. Facts spread on every page of the world's history point to the Bible as the only basis of the temple of freedom. Where the Bible forms public opinion, a nation must be free.—"Christianity," says Montesquieu, "is a stranger to despotic power." De Tocqueville says: "It is the companion of liberty in all its battles and in all its conflicts—the cradle of its infancy, the divine source of its claims." The Abbe de la Mennais, whom a late writer distinguished as one of the most powerful minds in Europe, speaks eloquently of the Divine Author of Christianity, "as the great republican of his age." Everywhere, the men whose minds have been imbued with the light and spirit of the Bible, have been the devoted friends of civil liberty. Such were the Lollards in England, the adherents of Luther in Germany, and of Knox in Scotland. Such were the Huguenots of France who fled their country, or sealed their testimony with their blood on the fatal revocation of the edict of Nantes. Such were the Puritans, who, with the courage of heroes and the zeal of martyrs, struggled for and obtained the charter of liberty which England now enjoys.—Hume, with all his hostility to the Bible, says, "The precious spark of liberty has been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone, & it was to this sect the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution." [North American.]

The Poisoning Case—In Shelby County Texas.

Of this Case, so fiendish in its conception, so diabolical in its execution, and so mournfully fatal in its results, we have the following further particulars from Mr. Stille, who was the first to inform the public of the tragic occurrence, through the Delta. Many at the time doubted its truth, for it was hard to conceive how any mind could be so totally depraved, so lost to all the feelings of nature and humanity, as to perpetrate on innocent and unsuspecting victims such wholesale murder. Yet true it is, too true, bearing about it, though it does all the malignant and frightful features of the first account. Old Wilkinson, it would now seem from Mr. Stille's letter, is the demon incarnate who did the deed—that is circumstantially evident, from the fact of his sending so goodly a share of the poisoned wedding meats to Spot Sanders, whom he deemed his enemy, or at least, whose enemy he was. But they are now in hot pursuit of him, they will wish that

"—the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for their revenge!"

But we will not detain the reader from Mr. Stille's letter.

BAVON SARA, May 23, 1847.

Dear — I returned from a flying visit to Hamilton yesterday, and learned some more particulars in relation to the poisoning—fifteen are dead, and some eight or ten expected to die daily—some got better, but took a relapse and died. The poison was arsenic. I will relate the circumstance as I heard it.

It appears that old Wilkinson was a man of bad character—a notorious hog thief—and Morris, the groom, had been twice whipped in Mississippi for stealing.—Wilkinson was accused of stealing the hogs of Spot Sanders, and you will perceive, from what follows, how he revenged himself. He sent to the house of Sanders, who lives some two or three miles from him, and who was not at time friendly a half of a shoat, one turkey, three chickens, some chicken pie, butter, pound cake, &c. enough to last the family a week, all poisoned, even to the butter, which was elegantly moulded. The family ate of it.—Mr. Sanders, three children, and a negro boy are dead—the other, and only child left, was dying when I was at our friend

Kerr's. Mr Sanders and seven negroes are yet sick—some it is thought, will die. Poor Mrs Sanders did not know that her children were dead or dying, and told her husband to rear them in nurture and admonition of the Lord. She requested, when dying, that her negroes should come and bid her farewell—they could not, all being poisoned. Mr. Sanders' mother, an old lady of seventy, was a victim also. Allen Haley lost a negro man—the man's wife was one of the servants at the wedding, and took him a piece of pound cake—he ate two mouth's-full, and not liking the taste of it, eat no more—but that killed him. An old lady by the name of Edens, made the cakes, and she was poisoned together with her son and a negro girl—the girl is dead and her son not expected to recover. The butter that was left at Sanders was thrown out and some fowls eat of it and died in a few minutes. Allen Haley and his mother were the only persons at the wedding not poisoned. They came late after the guests were served, and eat with the family partaking of the same food as they did—even to the cake. Old Wilkinson insisted on cutting a fresh cake for them, but they refused to partake of it and escaped death by their refusal.

The lady that made the cakes, Mrs. Edens, went on the morning of the wedding day to look at the cakes in the smoke house, where she had put them, and found that the covering she had put on the top of them was removed from all the cakes but one, that was covered with a custard—they looked dark and discolored, and she took loaf sugar, which she grated and put over them, thinking it strange that they were so disarranged. Old Wilkinson and his wife, and Morris' wife, were arrested and examined before Squire Sanders, who committed them to prison. Charles Alexander baited the woman, and Wilkinson was taken out by a writ of habeas corpus before the Judge, Lester, and set at liberty. He was afraid to leave the house during the day as there were persons determined on killing him. During the night he escaped on Morris' horse, which Morris brought to him. Eight persons are in pursuit of him, who have sworn to kill him on sight.—Morris is Wilkinson's agent; he was ordered to leave, or he would first be whipped and then hung. He refused to go, and we may therefore expect that he will be made short work of.

I wrote you in my last that the negroes were suspected of having been hired to poison the food. Such is not the case, as the negroes were all poisoned, they not belonging to Wilkinson.

At the last accounts the pursuers were but a few miles behind Wilkinson—headed by Mr. Castleberry, who was one of the poisoned, and lost his sister; he swore he would follow him to the end of the world, being bent on taking his life. I have seen some of the survivors—they are black under the eyes, and their finger nails and the ends of their fingers are black—they look like walking ghosts. They all think that health and strength are gone, being every one unable to do any laborious work. Poor souls!

English Views of America.

We extract from the London Times, the following remarks on the destiny of the United States:—The present position of the United States is unparalleled in the history of the world. In very much less than a century they have sprung from comparative nothingness to occupy a very prominent and influential position among the nations of the earth. That influence and that power is to be used for good or for evil. They are even now trembling in the balance; and all wise and good men, in all parts of the world, are curious and anxious for the result. A future destiny for the United States opens in brilliant prospective before us. Ere the close of this century it is estimated she will claim 100,000,000 of people, and will occupy a breadth of territory in comparison with which all Europe sinks into the shade. But not in extent alone is this future immensity shadowed forth. In Europe we have forty languages and hundreds of dialects; we have people of various races obeying different princes; for ages engaged in contests with each other, and having opposite reli-

gious and commercial interests. Our trans-Atlantic brethren, on the contrary have a language in common, and that language one of great literary, calm and natural vigor they are sprung from one race and that race the energetic Anglo-Saxon; they obey one federal government, and have, for the length and breadth of their immense land, but one general interest. They have begun the world with political principles which other states have looked to as the acme of civilization; they start in national existence with the experience of the old world for their guidance, and the exhaustless resources of the new world for their portion. The problem is, will they be true to their high destinies?

A Pleasant Surprise.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a University, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was the kindness to the young man whose office it was his to instruct.

While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw an old pair of shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor old man who was hard at work in the field close by, and who had finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "let us play the old man a trick, we will hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind those bushes and watch and see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work and came across the field to the path where he left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar.

Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, and turned it round and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found in the other a dollar!

His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and uttered a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected and the tears filled his eyes.

"Now said the professor, are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never understood, it is better to give than to receive."

Hard Shaving.—An incorrigible joker tells the following for a fact, but we do not vouch for its authenticity. He says:—Walking one morning on the New Jersey shore, I came to a hut erected for the accommodation of the shad fishermen; wanting to light my cigar, I went in, where I found two men, one cooing over an almanac, probably ascertaining the time of high water, the other trying to shave himself before a piece of looking-glass about the size of a dollar piece. After making two or three scrapes, evidently in much pain, he seemed to lose his patience, and, turning to the other one, said, with some asperity, "John, I can send a most any thing from you, but don't you never again take my razor to open oysters with."

Mrs. Partington says she has always noticed that, whether Flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for a half dollar's worth.